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Taxi

By Dorsai

Table of Contents

Taxi..... 1
the Beginning..... 4
Edith & Denise (MF, MFF, FF, oral, mast)..... 4
Chapter 2..... 39
Jyota & Richard (MF, MMF, oral, anal)..... 39
Chapter 3..... 57
Tania & Daneesha (Mf, ff, Mff, oral, inc, IR)..... 57
Chapter 4..... 95
Jenny (MF, oral, mild BDSM)..... 95
Chapter 5..... 140
Evie (MF, oral, DIS)..... 140
Chapter 6..... 168
Helen & Sarah (MF, Mf, MFf, Ff, oral, anal, inc)..... 168
Chapter 7..... 205
Jill (Mf, oral, mast)..... 205
Chapter 8..... 243
Faye, Michelle, and Michaela..... 243
Chapter 9..... 266
Katherine (MF, oral, mast)..... 266
Chapter 10..... 308
Saleh (MF, oral)..... 308
Chapter 11..... 339
Bonnie (MF, oral, mast)..... 339
Chapter 12..... 373
Ellen and Carol (MF, Mf, oral)..... 373
Chapter 12..... 416
Peggy (MF, oral, anal)..... 416
Chapter 14..... 437

Elisse and Gina (MF, MFF, FF, oral).....437
Chapter 15..... 480
Doris and Gail (MF, Mf, oral, 1st)..... 480

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Story Codes:

Male adult
male (young/teen)
Female adult
female (young/teen)
Hermaphrodite adult
violence
incest
beastiality
masturbation
oral fellatio/cunnilingus
anal sodomy
MC mind control
hypnosis
toy sexual device
IR InterRacial
SM Sadism/Masochism
DISabled
+ many

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the Beginning

Edith & Denise (MF, MFF, FF, oral, mast)

Judd Hirsch had it right.

In the first episode of the TV series "Taxi", he said that he was a cab driver. Everybody else in the shop was something else - boxer, actor, artist, *something*. Me, I'm a cab driver.

I was in my Junior year of college and studying for Finals. I was trying to bone up for an advanced Philosophy class, which was my Major, and suddenly realized that the book I was reading was utter, total, complete *bullshit*.

Once I understood that, I thought about the other Philosophy books I'd read - and knew that once I'd gotten past the true classics such as Socrates, Plato, des Carte, Kant, Kirkegaard, and even Ayn Rand, the rest of it was so much people blowing smoke; either to try and justify their salaries, or believing their own publicity.

When I understood that "modern" philosophy deserved the low opinion most people have of the subject, I packed up the little bit of stuff I had at school and dropped out. I simply couldn't see any point to busting my butt to get a degree in something that had come to have virtually nothing to do with the reality that most people live.

The thing was, I still had an interest - a passion, even - in *philosophy*; just not the modern crap they were trying to teach me in college. So I thought about all the different jobs that I could get that would let me meet a wide variety of different people from a wide variety of different lifestyles, occupations, races, religions, and so on. I considered a lot of different jobs: cop, barber, bartender, and so on, but I finally settled on being a cab driver.

Starting out, I was "the New Guy", of course. I got the crappy cabs, the crappy hours, the crappy fares: I've made my share of runs to get a bleeding gunshot or knifing victim from some dive of a bar to the hospital. Sometimes I got them there in time; other times, not. Either way, I caught shit from the other drivers when I was cleaning out the back of the cab back in the shop. I admit, it was one **hell** of a change from the upper-middle-class life I'd grown up in. But I was actually learning something about Real Life along the way, so I stuck it out. It took only a few years before I was one of the 'old-timers' in the company, and with the increase in status came better cabs, hours, and fares. It even got to the point where I was able to lease my rig, and pretty much set my own hours; and I'd developed something of a 'regular clientele' that would ask for me by name. Other times, I just happened to be in the right place at the right time to basically just fall into some pretty unique situations.

I've been at this job for a long time, now, and I'd like to pass along some of the experiences I've had along the way. Not so much to 'brag', but to let people know what can happen if you're

willing to be 'open' to new experiences - and maybe teach folks some of what I've learned about Life, the Universe, and Everything as Douglas Adams put it.

It was a Tuesday night and getting toward the end of my shift, and I got a call from central that one of my regular fares, a lady by the name of Edith, had called for me. I'd gotten to know her a little bit, and knew that it was the right time of the year for her to be working late on some quarterly report she had to do; when I'd dropped off my previous fare, I'd found a spot not far from the office building she worked, so that I'd be handy if she needed a ride home; if she didn't the spot I was in was pretty good for picking up another fare, so I had my bases covered.

I ten-foured the dispatch, and made my way to where I knew she'd be waiting for me - only to be surprised to see her waiting with a guy. Not that it was any of my business, of course, but I'd never heard her talk about boyfriends or going out with guys or anything like that. So, like I said, I was surprised. I get parked, and the guy has to help her out to my cab; I see them coming, and I get out and open the door for them. He gets her in the back seat, I close the door, and get back behind the wheel. The guy asks "You know where she lives, right?"

I tell him I do, and he says "Let's get going then. I've got a big night ahead of me."

Hearing that, my ears perk up, you know? I mean, I know her to some extent, and she doesn't seem like the kind of woman to just jump in the sack with any old guy.

I start checking them out in the back seat, and I can see that Edith is kind of 'out of it'. She isn't passed out or anything, but she's **definitely** not as chipper as she usually is, either. While I'm driving, I keep looking back, and I finally see him reach over and start playing with her tits through her blouse. I see that, and I *know* things aren't right. She's a real classy lady - always dressed nice, polite, sociable, the whole thing; so I'm thinking that she isn't some bimbo that lets guys just start grabbing her tits in the back of a cab.

So to try and find out what's going on, I ask the guy "She doesn't look too good. Is she going to be okay?"

The guy tells me to just shut up and drive, and I told him "Look, mister, she's a regular fare, and she always tips me good. I just don't want her to think that **I** did anything but drive tonight, okay?"

He gives me some kind of look and answers "Don't worry about it. We had a few drinks at a little party we had after we finished a report we were working on, and she invited me back to her place. Maybe she just had one too many, okay? I think she'll be okay in an hour or so."

I tell him "Sure, okay, I can understand that." - except that I'm thinking that she doesn't look drunk to me, not even a little bit. I mean, I've taken her home after some of the after work dinner-and-drinks things she's been on, and she told me one time that she *never* has more than two drinks - **ever**. And God knows, I've seen enough people that have had too much liquor in them, and she just doesn't *look* right.

I take another look in the mirror, and I see that he's got a hand up her skirt while he's trying to lick her tonsils. And she's hardly moving, and not SAYING *anything*. I'm starting to think that maybe he doctored her drink; nothing like Rohypnol or anything like that: she isn't completely out of it like that crap does to a person. We stop at a light, and I can finally see her eyes: it's like she's *begging* me to help her; I mean, I can SEE that she knows what's going on, but just can't do or say anything for herself.

That's it. That's all I need before I pull over and tell the guy "Look, mister - I told you, she's a regular fare, and I don't think she looks right. I think maybe you need to get out so I can get her home safe."

He starts bitching and fussing, and I finally tell him "Look, either you get out now, or I hit the panic switch I've got up here, and you can explain to the cops what's wrong with her, and why you're going home with her. If you ain't outta my cab in five seconds, I'm hitting the switch."

He gets real pale, which tells me that I'm probably right: he's drugged her, and still has the stuff on him - and it's probably something the cops would recognize if they found it on him. He opens the door and gets out before the five seconds are up. I've got no panic switch, but HE doesn't know that. He's REAL pissed off when he wants to know how he's supposed to get another cab. I tell him "Turn right at the next light, and down a couple blocks as you'll be at the Kings Arms Hotel; they've always got a couple cabs waiting there."

He slams the door, and starts walking; I don't mind the noise or the names he's calling me - I just pull out and take Edith the rest of the way home.

When I pull up in front of her apartment building, I call in the end of the fare, and tell them I'm going off shift. When I get the OK, I shut the engine off and get out. I open the back door, and I can see that Edith is in worse shape than I thought - but her eyes are still alert, and she's watching me. I ask if it's okay if I look in her purse for her keys, and figure her eyes are telling me to go ahead. I find them easy enough, but there's nothing on them to tell me what apartment she's in. Nice and safe and sensible - and no help at all in the current situation. After telling her what I'm doing, it's back into her purse for her billfold so I can check it; her driver's license tells me what apartment. I make sure she can see me putting everything back, then I wrap the strap to her purse around the back of my belt a couple of times to keep my hands free. I tell her I'm going to have to get her out of the cab, and ask her to understand that I'm not trying to get fresh. Again, her eyes tell me it's okay, so I reach in and finally manage to get her out and more-or-less vertical.

I put one of her arms around my shoulders so I can hold one hand while my arm is around her waist. She's only a couple of inches shorter than me, and packaged pretty nice, so it's a little bit of a struggle getting her inside and into the elevator. I can prop both of us against the wall on the way up, and it isn't a very long haul from the elevator to her apartment.

I'm trying to hold Edith up AND get her apartment unlocked - and not doing a very good job at either - when the door across from Edith's opens up and a woman comes out. She asks me what's going on, and I tell her who I am, and what happened. She immediately gets worried, and tells

me "I'm Edith's best friend. Here, let me help."

She takes the keys away from me, and it isn't three seconds before the door is open. She leads the way back to the bedroom, and we manage to get Edith laid down on the bed. The woman looks at me and says "I remember who you are. Edith told me how you're the cabbie she calls whenever she has to work late. Do you have to be anyplace?"

I tell her I'm done for the night, and she says "Good. Go on and wait in the living room, would you? I'm going to get her undressed and make sure she's okay. Go ahead and make yourself something to drink, if you want. I'll be right there."

I tell her sure, and clear out - Edith is a looker, but I don't think she wants me looking at her TOO much, you know?

Back out in the living room, I get the chance to notice that it's a REAL nice place before I find the liquor cabinet. She's got my brand of rum, and mixers in a mini-fridge, so I make myself a rum and Coke. I'm quarter of the way through my drink and looking out the glass patio doors at the city when the friend comes in a while later.

She gives me a look and says "Thanks for bringing her home the way you did. I'll be right back." before she goes back to her place. She's back in a minute with a stethoscope and a couple of other things; she tells me "I'm a nurse, and I'm going to check her out. Please, stay, and make yourself another drink if you want."

Since the only one I've got at home is my cat Demosthenes, I'm not in any pressing hurry to leave. I've got time to finish my drink, and make another one before the woman comes out again. The stethoscope is hanging around her neck, and she's wrapping up some doctor-looking stuff when she tells me "She was definitely drugged. She's starting to come out of it, and she asked me to ask you to stay, if you will. Judging from what she was able to tell me when it started, and how she felt then and now, I'd say she's probably going to be pretty close to back to normal in an hour, or so. I'm Denise, by the way."

"Nice to meet you - except for the circumstances. I'm Jim.", I tell her.

She gives me a half smile and says "I think the circumstances are perfect. Edith has told me that you're the one cab driver she trusts when she has to work late, and you've shown she was right to. Let me put this stuff away, and I'll be right back."

She's gone just a couple of minutes, and when she gets back, she heads straight in to check on Edith. When she comes back out a bit later, she says "She's definitely coming out of it. She'll be out in a couple of minutes, so if you'd like to have a seat?"

I find myself a chair, and Denise takes a spot at one end of the couch. We make a little chit-chat, and a bit later Edith comes in. She isn't real steady, but she's moving under her own power, which is definitely a step up from when I saw her last. She's wearing this huge terry cloth bathrobe that looks like it sells for more than I make in tips in a week. Definitely not something you'd find in a suburban mall department store. Edith waves me and Denise both off when we start to get up to

help her; her voice is pretty soft when she tells us she's okay. She really doesn't look all that okay, but she's definitely way ahead of where she was when we got her into the apartment; so I figure she'll BE okay, and that's what matters.

Edith gets herself parked at the other end of the couch from Denise and takes a deep breath before she tells me "Thanks for watching out for me, and getting me home safe, Jim. I don't know *what* that asshole put in my drink, but whatever it was, it was NOT fun. I could see and hear and feel and everything else; but no matter how hard I tried, I just **couldn't** seem to say or do *anything*. It was like the wires from my brain to the rest of me were cut, or something. I was hoping and praying that you would realize something was wrong, and you did."

"Uh, not to embarrass you or anything, but when I saw some of the stuff he was doing to you... well, you've always seemed like a pretty classy lady, and I just couldn't figure you putting up with anything like that. Some people, they talk to me like I'm something they're going to have to clean off their shoe; but you treat me like what I am: somebody doing an honest job the best I can. Once I realized you weren't... *right*, I wasn't going to let anything else happen to you."

She didn't even blush about me seeing him doing all that stuff to her; she just tells me "No, I'm not embarrassed that you saw what he was up to. I expect you've seen worse, driving cabs as long as you have. What I **am** is so pissed at him that I don't have the words for it - but you can be damn sure I will by the time I get to work Thursday! Jim, if somebody from my company calls you, would you be willing to tell them what happened? What you saw, what he said, and all that?"

"Of course I would."

She gives me a satisfied smile and says "I thought you would, but figured I'd better ask first. I don't want you to get into trouble with the company."

"Nah, I wouldn't be in any trouble with them. I lease the hack from them, so whatever happens in it is MY business, not theirs - it's in our contract. It wouldn't matter to me, anyway. Guys like that, they give the rest of us a bad rap."

Denise tells me "Jim, I don't think anybody that gets to know you is EVER going to make the mistake of thinking you could be *anything* like that asshole. Edith has told me that the reason she asks for you is because you ARE somebody doing an honest job the best you can - and doing it damn well. The few times you haven't brought her here the most direct way, you've told her why - and offered to drop the flag when it got to the usual charges. I don't doubt for a minute that you're quite the gentleman."

Edith speaks up then to tell me "Jim, you did a LOT to help me tonight. Not just getting rid of that... person, but getting me up here. I remember how you were careful to let me know what you were doing, and why, when you got my keys and looked at my ID to see what apartment I live in. And I know that when you put your hand on my ass to get me out of the cab and next to you, it was the only reasonable way you had of moving me. I know I'm not some wispy little fashion model, either, and I know it wasn't easy for you to hold me upright and get me up here - but you

did it. So the FIRST thing I want to do is make sure you don't get stiffed on the fare."

She grabs her purse from the table I set it on, and I tried to tell her not to worry about it. She just gives me this Look, and says "Jim, regardless of the other things that happened, you DID drive me home in your cab. I owe you the fare for that. Now shut up and accept it."

It wasn't a *huge* fare, or anything, and actually getting paid for it would help keep my budget happy, so I took the money she offered - only to find out that she'd given me ten times the usual. Not just tip, but the entire fare AND tip; it was a nice chunk of change. I tried to give the extra back, but she wasn't having any; neither was Denise, who told me "Take it, Jim. What you did tonight, not just getting her back here, but keeping that *animal* away from her, you deserve that, and more. She's my best friend - we've known each other since both of us were in second grade, and **I'm** going to give you a reward, too. Not just money, but something as personal as what you did for me by protecting my friend."

I look at her, wondering what she's talking about, when she shows me.

She stands up and tells me "Edith and I talked about it while I was checking her just now, and we decided that BOTH of us want to show you just how much we appreciate what you did. She still needs some time to get herself together, so I'm going first; but she'll be showing you her gratitude, too."

With that, she grabs the bottom of the baggy sweatshirt she's wearing and pulls it up and over her head before she drops it at the end of the couch - showing me that she isn't wearing anything under it. Like I said, Edith is a looker - but Denise isn't too far behind her in the looks department. Short blonde hair, kind of curly. Beautiful green eyes, pretty face with a wide mouth. She kinda looks like an older and slightly bigger Meg Ryan in "Top Gun". The tits she's showing me aren't real big - like the size of a softball, maybe - but *real* nice: they sag just enough to tell me that they're all hers, they're kind of pear-shaped, and she's got these dark pink, puffy nipples I'd LOVE to get my mouth on. She reaches for the waist of the sweatpants she's wearing, and the next thing I know, they're laying on top of the sweatshirt. She just stands there, letting me look at her. Hell, she's **inviting** me to look, and I do. I can see that she does a lot of walking around as a nurse: her legs are trim and strong. They're a little thick, but they look right for her.

It's pretty obvious she's healthy, too: there doesn't look to be an extra five pounds ANYWHERE on her - her belly is smooth, with that little paunch women have from having all their works on the inside. She's got a nice waist that just kind of *flows* into her hips. Between her legs, her bush is just a couple shades darker than what's on her head, and it's pretty obvious that she keeps it trimmed into a strip that's only as wide as the mound of her pussy, and goes up only about a third of the way to her belly button.

When I look up at her face again, she must be able to see that I like what she's showing me: she gets this Mona Lisa kind of smile on her face and comes over to where I'm sitting in the chair. She leans over and puts her hands on the arm of the chair to support herself as she leans in for a kiss. Her lips are warm and soft, and I gotta admit it was REAL nice kissing her. I was trying to

be polite and everything by not just grabbing her tits like I wanted to; she lets me know it's okay by taking one of my hands in hers and putting it on her boob. That's all it takes for me, and I get the other hand filled up on my own. She isn't some teenybopper, so her tits are softer - but they're still DAMN nice: warm and smooth, and still firm enough that squeezing them doesn't feel like I'm grabbing a plastic bag full of water; they feel like they're full of Jello, instead. As I start playing with her tits, I can feel the ends of her breasts puckering up as her nipples start getting longer.

The way we're kissing, I'm definitely getting the idea that she wants to be more than just friends, so I finally turn loose of her boobs and start trying to find out what else she'll let me play with.

The way it turns out, there isn't *anything* on her that's off limits. She's got a really nice ass; it's hard as a rock from all the standing and walking she does, but it's covered with a thin layer of sponge rubber that's warm and soft to my touch. Her bush is thick and soft, and when I ease my hands between her legs, she takes a little step to one side to make it easier for me to find out that she's got these small, thick pussy lips, and that she's already wet inside. I trace my way back up and find her clit. It's bigger than most, and when I touch it, she moans into my mouth - where her tongue is.

I play with her clit a little bit, kind of twirling my finger around it until I can smell how wet she must be getting. I slide my finger back down, and discover that it's like a lake or something inside her, she's so wet. Still, I'm real patient and I go nice and slow when I start slipping a finger into her - and surprised as hell when I realize how small she is on the inside. She isn't a virgin, but she sure as hell isn't getting laid regular, either. I don't think there's any such thing as 'bad' pussy; but if this goes where I'm thinking it's going, then she is going to be *really* nice!

By this time, I feel like I've got a steel bar in my pants, and things are getting crowded and pretty uncomfortable. She pulls her head back to get my tongue out of her mouth, and I can see that she's as worked up as I am. She kneels down and gets my shoes and socks off before she reaches for my belt. When that's undone, she takes her time getting my pants unfastened and unzipped - she seems to be having fun running her fingers along my dick through my pants and shorts. Still, she finally grabs the waistband of my pants and starts pulling them down while I lift up a little to make it easier. Next to go are my shorts, which leaves my dick waving in the air. But not for long, since she wraps her hand around the bottom of it and her lips around the top. She bobs her head up and down a few times while she's using her tongue to rub along the bottom of it; it's like she's just making sure I'm hard all the way. If she'd asked, I'd have told her - but I'm glad she didn't!

Once she gets me slicked up with her saliva, she pulls her head off me and stands up - just long enough to climb into the chair straddling me, take hold of my dick, and sit down on it. She's just as small inside as I figured, but she's also just as wet; I can feel my dick stretching her as she gets her two-sizes-too-small pussy wrapped around me in a single long, slow push that ends only when her ass is resting against the tops of my thighs. That gives me the chance to start sucking on those puffy nipples of hers - which she seems to appreciate, because she releases this deep

groan and puts her hands in my hair to hold me there (like I was going anywhere!).

By the time I get both of her nipples as long and hard as I can get them, she's started moving on me. Just a little at first, like she's getting used to having me in her. But once she gets going, it isn't long before she's bouncing up and down my pole as far and fast as she can manage.

It feels good, having her moving on me like that - *too* good, even. I put my hands on her hips and try to slow her down so I can enjoy it longer, but she tells me "Don't worry about cumming. We've got all night, and I just want to take the edge off for you!"

All night? With her and, if I heard right, Edith? Count me in!

In just a couple of minutes, she's so wet that every time she settles back down on my cock, it makes a squishing noise that just adds to the sight and smell of her to make me even harder and get me even closer to blowing my load in her.

When I'm almost ready to cum, I tell her, and she just says "Yes! Do it!"

A couple more bounces, and that's it - I grab her hips and hold her steady as I push my cock as far inside her as I can before I feel the first wad of my cum try to coat her tonsils. She must feel it, too, because all of a sudden, she gets even tighter around me as she literally screams with the start of an orgasm.

I can feel her pussy clenching around my cock like one of those finger trap toys - except that HER trap isn't wrapped around my finger, and it's a whole lot hotter and wetter.

I finish pumping what felt like gallons of cum into her, but she isn't done with her orgasm yet: under my hands, I can feel her body still going through occasional spasms as her vagina continues squeezing me. Normally, something like that would work to help keep me hard; but she's so tight inside that she's actually forcing the blood OUT of my dick, making me soften and shrink even faster. If she hadn't told me we had all night, I'd have felt pretty disappointed. On the other hand, I got that much more time to suck on her boobs (and make her climax last longer), so it worked out okay.

When a minute or so went by that she didn't have some kind of orgasmic aftershock, she opened her eyes and absently said "DAMN, that was good!" Then she seemed to suddenly realize that I was there, and she kind of blushed a little before she told me "Thank you. That was *really* nice!"

I gave her a grin and answered "I thought so, too", making her smile at me.

A few seconds later, she got off of me, and I realized just HOW tight she was when she didn't have to do anything to keep my cum from running out of her. Even if she was clamping down on purpose, it still impressed the hell out of me.

She took a step back from the chair I was on and gestured that I should stand up. I did, and she reached out to unbutton, and then remove, my shirt before setting it over where she'd put my pants. That left me as naked as she was, though not as nice looking.

Denise turned to Edith and asked "Why don't you show him what you've got for him, when you

feel up to it?"

Edith gives me a smile of her own as she stands up. When she's ready, she unties the belt to the robe and gives her shoulders a little shrug to make it fall to the floor.

I said that Edith was a looker, right? Well, she's got rich, black hair that only goes down to her shoulders, and it's in some simple style that just looks *right* - it accents the slightly oval shape of her face, with it's clear complexion; dark brown eyes; fine, straight nose; and slightly full lips. What I get to see for the first time is what the rest of her looks like.

IF Edith's tits are bigger than Denise's, it isn't by much - but on her more slender frame, they LOOK bigger. They're more rounded, too, and she's got small, dark nipples that are already sticking out a full quarter of an inch - and I can see them starting to get longer, even as I watch. Edith is just as fit and trim as Denise, and the curve of her waist and hips is a little softer. Her legs look incredibly long and slender, shaped by a series of gentle curves that softly flow upward from her ankles. Between her smooth, visibly firm thighs is a narrow wedge of luxurious dark, short hair that makes it easy to see the shape of her mound - and the hood of her clitoris peeking out above the slight gap where the very edges of her pussy lips are visible. She has a tawny complexion that makes me think of brown sugar, and there isn't a damn thing to mar her flawless, velvety skin.

She gives me this absolutely **radiant** smile and says "How about if we find someplace where all three of us can be comfortable?" before she turns and starts walking back toward her bedroom. Her ass is a pair of small, obviously tight globes that don't jiggle in the slightest; the only change in them is from her ass muscles clenching and unclenching as she walks. She's amazingly graceful as she moves; fashion models could take lessons from her, it's so nice to watch. Next to me, Denise says "She's incredible to watch, isn't she? It's like watching a cat move..."

A moment later, Denise takes my hand and leads the way back to Edith's bedroom - giving me the chance to enjoy watching HER ass, too.

Once we're in the bedroom, I see that Edith has already pulled the bed covers down. All three of us find a spot to sit - me and Edith at the head of the bed, resting against the headboard, and Denise sitting more in the middle of the bed, facing us.

Edith starts things off by telling me "You're probably wondering just what's going on here - why two women would be so willing to not just get naked with you, but take you to bed, too."

"Well, yeah... I mean, it's not like I think I look like Brad Pitt or Tom Cruise or anything."

Both of them smile before Edith answers "No, you don't look like either of them - but you're handsome enough in your own way. What settled the matter for us was the fact that you were so willing to help me when I needed it, and you haven't been beating your chest about doing it, or hitting me up for any kind of reward. You see, even though both of us are bisexual, we actually prefer women for the simple reason that most men are just too damn *forceful* for us. Nearly all the guys we meet, they just want to fuck us. Not have sex WITH us, or actually do anything like

making love; just fucking us, them doing something TO us. Neither one of us likes that, so we generally don't get involved with guys much. But you seemed different. Not only did you help me when I needed it, but I could see that you were making a **point** about letting me know what you were doing to help me, and why. Then after you got me up here, you haven't stared, you haven't tried to hit me up for anything, not even for any kind of financial reward - even after you saw that I'm not poor by any stretch of the imagination. Because of what happened to me, Denise was the one to find out if you were as... I'll say 'considerate'... as you seemed. When she came over to you, you didn't just grab her breasts like so many guys would have; and even when she put your hand on one to let you know it was okay to touch her, you were still patient and gentle with her - I mean, I could see it even from where I was sitting. You gave her plenty of time and chances to stop you before you did anything new or different with her. You let HER set the pace, and you were careful not to do anything that would hurt her or make her uncomfortable. And I could see that you were trying to make HER feel good, too, even when she was trying to get you off. Believe me, it worked, too: it's been a LONG time since I've seen her cum like that with anyone but me or another woman. Before I came out here, we decided that if you were the kind of guy we both *thought* you were, both of us wanted to show you how grateful we are for what you did, in a way that would be as special as **you** are. I'm sure that the money you get from us will make a good reward - but we thought you deserve something more, too; something PERSONAL."

Denise spoke up then, telling me "Just so you know, both of us are on birth control; even though we're not likely to get pregnant from being with another woman, it helps keep our periods regular, so it's a matter of convenience for us. From the things you've said to her, neither one of us thinks that you're likely to have anything... contagious. If you do, this would be a good time to let us know; I'm a nurse, and I'll be *more* than happy to take care of things for you, unofficially, so there aren't any records of it."

I didn't accept any of the freebies that the hookers I knew offered me, and the occasional girlfriends I had were appreciative that I was willing to pay for BOTH of us to get checked out at the clinic so we could each see that the other was 'safe'. So I just smiled at her and shook my head before saying "That's not a problem. I'm kind of paranoid about catching something that'll make it shrivel up and fall off; it's kind of grown on me, and I like getting the chance to use it every now and then." - making both of them laugh softly, and smile back at me.

Edith told me "After what happened tonight, I think that both of us can trust you not to talk to anyone about what happens here, or anything you happen to learn about either one of us. We're trusting that what happens between all of us tonight will stay here, in this room, when we're done."

The look I gave them to let them know Denise hadn't had to say what she did on MY account seemed to reassure, rather than offend, them.

The next thing anybody said was Edith telling me "You've already gotten to get familiar with Denise's body, so while I'm cleaning your cum out of her, you're *more* than welcome to get

familiar with mine", with a smile that let me know that she found the idea as appealing as I did.

I'd never seen one woman eating another's pussy before - not in real life, I mean. Sure, I'd seen it on the occasional porno movie I watched, but actually being there and getting to watch as Edith moved toward Denise was something new for me. The first thing Edith did was kiss Denise - and I could tell that it wasn't just a "Hi, friend" kind of kiss, either. It wasn't a minute before both of them had their mouths open, and were trying to check each other's tonsils out as much as Denise and I had. I watched as both sets of breasts got visibly tighter, and two pairs of nipples began to stand at attention. Edith was the first one of them to bring a hand up and cup the other's breast; but Denise wasn't far behind. I could easily tell that although their kisses were deep and increasingly passionate, they were also gentle and loving. I'm normally not a real aggressive kind of guy, anyway, but seeing them made me tell myself to make sure and take it easy with them.

I got to watch as the two of them slowly moved to lie on their sides as they continued kissing. Edith finally pulled her lips away from Denise's, and began kissing her friend's face: eyelids, cheeks, tip of her nose, pretty much everyplace. As she was doing that, she was tracing this elaborate design down Denise's body, as if it was the first time she'd ever been able to do that. When Edith's hand eventually got below Denise's belly button, Denise moaned and lifted her 'top' leg and bent it to put her foot on the bed - leaving her legs wide open for Edith. When Edith's hand got there, I watched as all she did was lay her finger between Denise's pussy lips for a few moments, and then slowly curl it so that the tip slipped between them and moved toward the top of Denise's pussy, where I could see her clit peeking out.

The touch of Edith's fingertip on her clit made Denise moan again before Edith started rubbing it in little circles - which made Denise arch her hips in response. In just a minute, I could see that Denise's lips had gotten dark, and thicker, and she was visibly wet between them. Every so often, Edith slides her finger back between Denise's lips to get it wet again before she goes back to diddling Denise's clit again. After a couple of minutes, I can easily smell Denise's pussy, and I'm starting to look forward to the chance to eat her, myself.

I notice that Edith is starting to kiss Denise on the throat and shoulders, and a bit later, it's the tops of her tits. Real slow like, Edith is working her way toward Denise's nipples, which are all puckered and standing tall. When Edith finally puts her mouth over one of Denise's nipples, Denise groans and puts her hands in Edith's hair, just like she did to me. I'm starting to want to go over and help out, but I figure I'll get another chance later; it's just too damn sexy watching as Edith sucks on first one, then the other, of Denise's nipples until she has both of them shining with her saliva, and traces of her lipstick.

Denise is gasping and panting by this time, and Edith softly bites one of Denise's nipples before starting to kiss her friends tits again. It doesn't take long to see that she's easing her way down Denise's body again, real slow like. And she isn't just heading straight for the promised land, either - she's planting these little kisses, and kind of biting with her lips, all *over* Denise's belly. I can't see any kind of pattern to it, but it doesn't look like she's missing anyplace, either; and as Edith's lips get closer and closer to Denise's bush, Denise is getting hotter and hotter: she's

getting this flush on her face and shoulders, and it's even starting to spread down onto her chest. Edith's head is finally in position between Denise's legs, but all she does is start kissing her friend's thighs real soft, and slowly sliding her tongue along Denise's skin, up toward where Denise's lips are wide open and damn near dripping with her juices.

By the time Edith's tongue finally comes out and starts probing against the entrance to Denise's pussy, Edith has shifted her position so that she's kneeling on the bed and leaning forward, which leaves damn near all of her body exposed to me. But remembering how slow and gentle they are with each other, I don't just move in and grab Edith's tits - even though I want to. Instead, I put my hands on her upper arms, real gentle, and then *softly* and **slowly** move them to her shoulders. From there, I move them down her back until I can bring them around to her hips, then it's up her sides. When I get close enough, I reach around a little farther so I can just BARELY touch the surface of her tits as I run my hands around them before sliding them down her belly - and then on down the fronts of her thighs.

When I get to her knees, I trace my way around to the backs of her legs, and up, letting my fingertips softly caress the insides of her thighs. When I get to the tops of her legs, I don't go right to her bush; instead, I kind of pivot my hands so that I can gently massage her beautiful ass, and softly caress it.

I know it might sound weird, but I've never really touched a woman this way before. Sure, I've touched them - played with their tits and asses, and had my hands all over them and everything; but until then, I'd never just *touched* them. So as I'm running my hands around on Edith's body, I'm finally starting to really appreciate how warm and soft and smooth her skin is, and how it feels just a little bit different on different parts of her body. And once I really start to get into it, I'm even noticing how the different muscles are laid out, and how they have different densities, and everything. I mean, I've got my hands on this absolute BABE, and I'm tripping on the way her body FEELS.

So when I spread my hands out and ease them up her back and sides again, I'm taking my time and enjoying the hell out of what I'm doing - and when I finally get even with her tits, and I slide my hands around and finally just *hold* them, I **really** enjoy it. They're big enough that I can't hold all of them in my hands, and I can feel how warm and heavy they feel; I give them a gentle squeeze, and it's like I've got a couple of really big, fresh marshmallows in my hands - they're soft and firm at the same time, and her skin is warm and smooth. I'm thinking that if I was a girl, I'd want to be a lesbian, just so I could play with tits like that ALL the time. Then I got my fingers on her nipples, and even THOSE were a trip - they have a different 'texture' than the rest of her skin, and I think I can feel that they're warmer than the rest of her boobs. Both of them feel like little erasers, hard and springy at the same time.

I keep my hands on her tits for a while, just enjoying the hell out of having them in my hands before I finally slide my hands down her belly again. When I get to her hips, each hand goes down the front of one of her thighs, then it's back up along the insides until I can feel her soft bush on the sides of my hands. I move one hand back to her belly so I can start using a fingertip

to play with her belly button, while the other hands starts checking out her bush. It's amazingly soft and thick, and the hair is short enough that it's almost like it was painted on her. Except I can feel that it isn't; my fingertips follow the 'grain' of her bush to the slight part where I know her cleft is. I make sure that I'm real gentle when I begin to check out her labia and the area between them. The first thing I discover is that her lips are real thin and small; right after that, I find out that she's already wet, and the entrance to her pussy feels *really* hot and tight. She's kind of pressing herself against me, so I know I'm doing okay, and not rushing or hurting her; as I slip my finger along between her lips toward her clit, I can feel the end of it getting pretty well soaked by her oils - which I'm starting to smell. Edith has a different aroma than Denise, and I don't have any trouble telling the two of them apart as I find her clit and gently press the very tip of my finger against it. Edith makes this noise and suddenly holds still, surprising me. It takes me a couple of seconds to realize that she *liked* what I did, and that the noise was a HAPPY one.

The problem was that when Edith held still, she wasn't doing anything for Denise - who makes a noise of complaint or frustration, I'm not sure which. So I get my finger off Edith's clit, so she can go back to taking care of Denise - who promptly moans in pleasure at what Edith is doing to her.

I run my hands over Edith's body for a bit longer, but the noises Denise is making let me know she's enjoying the hell out of what Edith's doing to her, and I decide to move to where I can watch - and maybe learn something.

I get myself situated to where I can see what Edith is doing, and I find out that I've got a *real* good view of Denise's pussy - I can see from her butt-hole to her clit, and everything in between. Like my fingers told me, her pussy lips are kind of small and thick - but they're straight and soft,too; not like the dried up wrinkled ones you see on girls that have been banging any guy any time any where since they hit puberty.

With the different view of her than I had before, I can see that her bush just kind of fades out real fast after it gets past the bottom of her mound. I don't know if she trims it or if it just grows like that, but it *looks* real nice and clean. I watch as Edith puts her mouth over Denise's opening and kind of sucks on her a little bit, which makes Denise start arching her hips and moaning real loud. I look a little closer, and it looks like Edith is sticking her tongue into Denise's vagina at the same time she's sucking on it. I tuck THAT idea away for future use as I see Edith pull back a little bit. She turns her head to me and says "Every time I do that, I'll get a little more of your cum out of her. I'll get the rest when she climaxes - the way her muscles inside tighten will push it out" before she turns back and starts fluttering her tongue across Denise's exposed clit.

When Edith's tongue goes to work on her clit, Denise lets out this real deep groan and tries to push her clit against Edith's tongue. But Edith just pulls it back a little to keep the same amount of pressure on it. After bit, I can see that both of them are pretty much focused on each other. I don't want to get in the way, but I'd kind of like to join in, too. So what I do is just kind of start working around the edges, so to speak. I reach up with one hand and start playing with one of Denise's tits; I give the inside of the thigh next to my head a series of soft little kisses, starting

around her knee and moving toward where Edith's tongue is busy. I use one hand to start caressing Edith's body again - from her knees to her tits and back again, front and back. I tracing little patterns up and down Denise's legs. It doesn't take long before Denise is panting real hard between all of the happy/excited noises she's making, and that's when I get an idea to try something that an ex-girlfriend did to me one time that sure got MY motor running.

I kind of ease my way down the leg that she has on the bed, leaving a little trail of kisses along the way. Except that I don't stop when I get to her ankle; instead, I kiss my way along the instep of her foot - which makes her moan REAL loud - until I get to her toes. Then after I lick all of her toes, I wrap my lips around her big toe and start sucking on it. It takes all of ten seconds of that before I hear her start making this real high-pitched keening noise. I look up toward her head, and I can see that she's got her head thrown back and the tendons in her neck are standing out like steel cables while Edith is licking and slurping away between her legs.

I watch as Denise takes this huge, deep, shuddering breath before her body arches forward and she releases this groan that sounds like it started from the toe I have in my mouth. When that ends, I hear her gasp out "Oh, god, don't do that!" before her body tightens up again. Edith pulls her head back, looking kind of confused, and that's when I realize that Denise was talking to *me*. I kind of spit her toe out, and give the instep of her foot a kiss before I turn loose of it.

Up between Denise's thighs, Edith turns to look toward me, and that's when she realizes that it was something **I** did that made her friend orgasm so hard, and that Denise wasn't telling HER to stop. She gives me a quick smile, then gets her face into Denise's crotch again.

To tell the truth, I'm feeling pretty good about making Denise climax that hard; but I'm feeling a little embarrassed, too, for making Edith think *she* did something wrong. So I leave Denise alone while she gasps and moans and groans her way through the rest of her orgasm. Getting to play with Edith's body while that happens makes for a nice alternative, though.

By the time Denise is just laying there panting, I'm back next to Edith. So when she lifts her head up and looks at me, I give her a big smile before I reach out and gently cup her face in my hands. She looks at me in curiosity until I lean forward a bit and start cleaning Denise's juices off her face with real small, gentle licks with the tip of my tongue. She gets this big smile on her face, and when I'm done, I move in to kiss her. She doesn't look happy, and I tell her "Look, don't worry about it. I've tasted my own cum before. I saw you swallowing it, so there can't be enough in your mouth to bother me. Okay?"

With that, she held still and let me kiss her - and even opened her mouth to me when I touched my tongue to her lips. After we'd kissed for a bit, I eased back again and saw that she was looking pleased.

Both of us turned to look at Denise, and saw that her eyes were open and she was looking at us. We carefully got her up to the head of the bed and propped up against the headboard before we moved to sit on either side and help support her. That was when Edith told me "I don't know what you were doing, but that was the hardest I've EVER seen her orgasm."

In a soft voice we hear Denise say "That's because that's the hardest I **have**. He was kissing my leg and it felt pretty darn good. Then he started kissing the bottom of my foot, and that was *really* sexy. But then the son of a bitch started sucking on my damn TOE, and that's when the world ended." - the tone of her voice letting us (me) know that she wasn't mad, just kind of stunned by what had happened.

Edith looks at me, and I just shrug my shoulders and say "An old girlfriend did it to me one time, and it sure as hell worked on me, so I figured it was worth a try. I guess it worked on Denise, too."

Edith couldn't help smiling when Denise informs me "Yes, it worked - too damn well, thank you very much. Don't do that again without *warning* a person first, will you? Christ, it felt like every cell in my body was having its own orgasm! I'm lucky I didn't hurt something, I came so hard."

I was real apologetic when I told her "I'm sorry. I really wasn't trying to do anything but make you have a nice climax."

Denise turned her head to look at me, and I could hear the sincerity in her voice when she told me "No, dear Jim, you don't have to apologize. I'm really, truly not upset with you at ALL. You **did** help me have a *very* nice climax - better than any I've ever had before. I was just surprised by it, is all, and I'm just letting off some of the steam from it. Honestly, you didn't do *anything* bad or wrong - quite the opposite, in fact! It just surprised me that I could orgasm that hard, okay?" before she leaned in to give me a kiss on the lips. When it was over, she told me "Really, Jim, you did just *fine*. And you were a perfect *dear* to help us without interfering."

Edith looked at me, too, after that, and said "I want to thank you, too. I absolutely **loved** the way you were touching me; and then you were so thoughtful about not getting in the way of what Denise and I had going. Even more than before, now I'm *glad* we decided to share our bed with you."

Jeez, here I thought I screwed up, and now I've got a couple of knockouts like these telling me I did *good*? And that they're **glad** they took me to bed? Hell, if I wasn't careful, I might start thinking I knew something about how to make women happy - if I didn't have so many ex-girlfriends to tell me otherwise.

Both of them were looking at me closely, and I couldn't think of anything else but to say "Well, if I didn't screw things up, then I guess it all worked out okay, didn't it?"

Edith leaned past Denise to give me a kiss and say "BETTER than okay" before she turned to Denise and asked "After THAT, would you like something to drink? Or eat?"

Denise answered "I need something to drink *desperately* - and lots of it, whatever it is. Food would be good, too. As for eating, I'll take care of YOU two later!"

That made Edith and me both laugh before she moved to get out of bed. When she was standing, she told us "I'll be back in just a bit" before turning and leaving the bedroom. Denise and I both took great pleasure in watching her walk away from us.

When Edith was out of sight, I told Denise "If it's okay, I'd like to hold you, if I can."

She gave me a big smile and said "I'd like that", and then let me help get her turned slightly so that she was leaning back against me so I could put my arms around her. As we sat there, she told me "Jim, you keep surprising me in some *very* nice ways. I know I told you that she's said what kind of guy you are, but I used to have a tough time really believing it. Even when I finally accepted that she might be right, I still had **some** doubts. But when you protected her, and brought her home the way you did, those doubts were gone. Then when I got on your lap out there in the living room, I figured you'd just get off and not think about me, too - but you DID think about me. And now, in here, you were as considerate of Edith and me as either one of us could have asked for, and more. She was giving me an orgasm, but what you did made it *incredible*. But even after we told you what kind of guy we think you are, and even thanked you, you aren't acting like you think you'd some kind of big-league Stud, or God's gift to women. Instead, you're being a gentle, thoughtful, *caring* person by holding me like this. If feels REAL nice to be held by a guy that's content to just HOLD me, and isn't trying to grab my tits or get me going so he can fuck me again. I genuinely hope this isn't the only time you and I and Edith can be together; you're FAR too much of a gentleman to let that happen."

I gave her a little hug and answered "I'm just a cab driver, but even **I** can see that you and Edith, you're a couple of real LADIES. I'm just grateful that two classy women like you would be willing to share yourselves with me."

She turned her head to look at me before she said "Jim, having class, or being a lady or a gentleman, isn't a matter of how much money you have or what your job is or your social status. Yes, those things *help* make it easier to show what kind of person you are - but they aren't the reason. It's a question of respecting yourself, and respecting other people, and how you treat them. I'm a nurse, and I can't tell you how many doctors and surgeons I've seen that act like they're Doctor So-and-so, M.D., and G.O.D. Maybe you're 'just' a cab driver, but you're more of a *gentleman* than most of the other men that I know are. And maybe you wear slacks and a sports shirt instead of an Armani suit, but you've got more **class** than they do, too. You don't have an over-inflated opinion of yourself - but don't sell yourself short, either. By everything I hear from Edith, you've got a legitimate job, and you *invariably* do it well and honestly. That's a lot more than MOST people can say for themselves."

Having said her piece, she turned her head back and just let me hold her as the two of us sat there in silence until Edith got back.

She came in carrying a tray that looked to have enough food and drinks on it to last the three of us well into the next day; when she saw how Denise and I were positioned, she just smiled that she was glad to see us that way before setting the tray on the night table. Denise and I started to move, and Edith just told us "Oh, go on and stay there. Both of you look like you're about as contented as you could be. I can hand you anything you need or want."

I expressed my thanks just ahead of Denise; Edith just made a gesture of dismissal and handed each of us a bottle of club soda, then a small sandwich. Unsurprisingly, Denise's bottle was

empty first (I did mention she gets real wet when she's excited, didn't I?), and it was quickly replaced with another. As we refreshed ourselves, Edith told me what she did at her job. One of the first few times I'd had her as a fare, she'd told me that she was a market analyst for some financial outfit that I saw on TV, but I really didn't have much of an idea of what that was. I knew it was pretty complicated, even though she explained it to me in a way that I could understand. I figured she earned every penny of the money they paid her, and then some.

Then it was my turn - after both of them expressed an interest - to tell them what it was like driving a cab. And they weren't content with the "pick them up here and drop them off there" explanation, either. I had to tell them what it was like when I first started, and how I'd come to lease my own hack. It turned out that Denise had been an Emergency Room nurse at the hospital where I took a pimp that had been knifed multiple times when I was still a rookie; she had been impressed that whoever had driven him to the hospital had known enough first aid to manage to slow the bleeding enough to give him the chance he needed to survive, and told me that he'd made it through surgery and had lived. I didn't tell her that I knew he was in still in prison for killing the guy that had knifed him, though.

When we were all finished with our drinks, and Denise had gone through a couple of sandwiches, the three of us just sat there for a little bit, chatting about stuff until I see that Edith is starting to get this look in her eyes.

Denise sees it, too, and laughs before she says "Watch it, Jim. I think she's recovered, now - I can see she's starting to feel frisky, again!"

Edith says to her "You don't mind?" and Denise answers "Go ahead. I think I need to rest a little more. If he did anything like last time, you'd probably have to call a Code Blue on me!", teasing me.

Denise eases herself out of my arms and tells us "You two go ahead. I like watching, too, and if I feel like it, I'll join in" before she gives me a kiss to let me know she doesn't mind sitting on the sidelines for a bit.

The look in Edith's eyes lets me know that I'm in for a *real* interesting time with her - and she proves it by moving in to give me a kiss that would have had my socks rolling up and down, if I'd had any on. Even so, I make a point of not just reaching for her tits or ass right off; I put my hands on her waist and caress her sides for a little bit before bringing my hands around to her boobs. By the time our kiss ends, her nipples are standing out and both of us are panting softly as we look into each other's eyes. A few moments later, she turns a little bit so that she can lower her head and take my cock into her mouth - the whole thing, I mean: she's got her nose buried in my pubic hair as she starts using her lips to kind of massage me while her tongue is doing all kinds of interesting things. She may like girls more than guys, but she damn sure knows how to get me going.

As I get harder and longer, she lets more and more of my dick out of her mouth, and starts softly sucking on me while her tongue starts rubbing the head.

I'm not just sitting there enjoying the hell out of it, either. I've got my hands on whatever parts of her I can reach - which isn't as much as I'd like. It's a little frustrating, so when I start to smell her again, I know JUST what I want to do. I manage to get turned a little so I can lie down, which makes her happy; then I reach over and start nudging her leg. She knows what I want, and scoots over so she's straddling my head, which makes ME happy. While she starts bobbing her head up and down on my pole, I take a little time to try and memorize the view I have of her. The area between her legs is as beautiful as the rest of her is. The pubic hair I already told you about: short, thick, and soft. But with her pussy right there in front of me, I can see that her vaginal lips are dark with her desire. They're as small and thin as they felt, and I don't have *any* trouble seeing between them well enough to tell that her small opening is all but drooling her juices. Up at the top of her cleft, I can see that her clit is starting to appear out from under the hood that covers it; it looks to be about average in size, but from the way she froze when I just barely touched it, I'm figuring it's pretty sensitive.

She seems to know what I'm doing, and doesn't say or do anything - until I lift my head and run the tip of my tongue along her cleft, and getting a good taste of her oils. When I do that, she moans around my cock - which feels REAL good! - and kind of lowers herself for me to do it again. I'm glad to: she's *delicious*. Her juices are fresh, light, and musky/sweet at the same time. Remembering what she did to Denise, I put my mouth over her opening, and start trying to suck all of her oils out while I see how much of my tongue I can fit in her. She moans around my dick again, and presses herself down onto my face, letting me know she likes what I'm doing. That's good, because *I* like what I'm doing, too, so I do it some more. And get pretty much the same results.

When I can't get any more of her juices out of her, I shift over to trying to get her more worked up: using my lips to kind of nibble at her lips, licking them and her opening like "pussy" was a Baskin-Robbins flavor, and trying different things with her clit - which is easily as sensitive as I thought it was.

She isn't trying to get me off, so I don't have anything distracting me from having a *great* time eating her. As she gets more and more excited about what I'm doing, her woman's oil refinery finally kicks into full production; every few seconds, enough of her oils have leaked out of her that I don't have ANY trouble licking up enough of them to keep my taste buds happy.

So I'm kind of disappointed when she pulls her mouth off my cock and swings her leg back over my head; but my disappointment disappears when she tells me "You do that **real** good - but I want you IN me now!"

She turns herself around and gets one leg on the other side of me before she lowers her head for a kiss. I *know* she has to be able to taste herself when we do, but that just seems to turn her on even more. I put my hands on her sides, and start caressing them; then a bit later, reach a little farther so I can include her incredible ass, too. I can feel her tits kind of pillowed out against my chest, and it feels like her nipples are trying to bore holes through my skin. When the kiss ends, she scoots back a little and reaches between us to take my cock in her hand. It's still got a coating of

her saliva on it, but she runs the head of it along her slit a couple of times to wet it, anyway, before she gets me positioned against her opening.

I can feel how hot and wet she is before she starts this kind of slow-motion rocking that has her pressing herself back against my cock. Her opening feels pretty small, and it take a minute before I feel myself pop through - and I find out that she's damn near as tight inside as Denise. She keeps up with the rocking movement, and starts sliding farther and farther onto me. Once she's got a couple inches of me inside, she turns loose of my dick so she can raise her body up a little. That gets her tits off my chest and up to where I can get my hands on them - which I do, of course, by sliding them from her ass and up her back.

A couple of minutes later, and I feel the end of my cock touching the end of her vagina as the tight ring of her entrance reaches the base of my manhood.

With me all the way inside her, she gets this *look* on her face; it's like she just found out she could lose weight by eating chocolate. She sat up - making it easier for me to get to those *beautiful* tits of hers - and puts her hands on my chest. She held herself still for a little bit, like she was getting used to having a hard cock in her again - which, I suppose, she was.

After a few seconds, she starts rocking her hips again - only she's not moving far, or fast. But as time goes on, she gets a little more enthusiastic: she's moving farther and faster as she slides my erection in and out of her tight sheath.

It isn't all that long before she's really moving on me; not just rocking her hips, but starting to bounce herself up and down on me, letting nearly half my dick slip out before she settles back down. She's really hot inside, and getting wetter and wetter. As tight as she is, it isn't long before every time she drops onto me again, I can feel a little trickle of her oils being pushed out of her to soak my pubic hair, and then hers.

I know she's in good shape, but she surprises me by sliding herself off and on my dick longer than I thought she could. Still, I can tell she's starting to get tired when she suddenly slams herself down on me and begins to have an orgasm. Her pussy starts this kind of milking action that runs from the base of my cock to the head; it feels damn good, and if I hadn't already cum earlier, it would have had me emptying my balls in her. While she's gasping and moaning on top of me, I've got my hands full of her tits, so I start pulling on her nipples and gently pinching them, which seems to make her climax even more intense.

Her orgasm gradually fades out, and it's pretty obvious to me that she's a little worn out. I put my hands on her hips and apply a little pressure for her to get off of me. She looks down at me in surprise, and I just say "You look kind of ragged out; how about letting me take care of it, now?"

She nods her head, and I help her lift up until my cock slips out of her with a soft noise - which doesn't seem to embarrass her like it has other women I've known. She gets herself off to the side of me, and I get up to my knees to see how she wants us to keep going. She gives me this smokey look and turns a little bit before dropping to her hands and knees. I move behind her and she reaches back between her legs to guide the head of my dick to her opening again. I push my

hips forward, and slip right into her. She lets go of me to put her hand on the bed, and I hold her by the waist as I push myself the rest of the way into her in a single motion.

It doesn't take me long to get into the same rhythm she was using to bounce herself on me before she climaxed, and that seems to work for her: it's only a couple of minutes before she's moaning and groaning, and I can see that she's got a death-grip on the bed covers. After a few minutes, I need to take a little bit of a breather, so I slow down and lean forward so I can reach around her and get my hands on her tits again. I lift them up a little, enjoying how full and heavy they are in my hands before I start squeezing them gently and softly pulling on her nipples as I continue to pump into her in long, slow movements. As I'm doing that, I can feel her juices continuing to trickle out of her to soak my balls - and unless I'm mistaken, they're getting spread around where our bodies touch every time I fill her hot pussy with my cock.

Edith isn't as tight as Denise was, but she's certainly tight enough; and I can only keep my hands on her tits for so long before I really *need* to start moving in her again. Still, before I do, I put my hands on the bed to support myself as I lean forward and kiss the back of her neck - which causes her vagina to tighten around me briefly as she groans her pleasure. That kind of inspires me, and I spend a minute or so softly biting her shoulders, and nibbling on her earlobes. That gets her **really** worked up, and I know that if I can find out how she wants me to fuck her, I can make her cum like gangbusters.

I give her neck another kiss and straighten up so I can get my hands on her hips again. By this time, the way I feel, I figure I'm going to cum the next time she does, and I want it to be good for *both* of us. I start experimenting a little, trying to find out just how fast and hard I need to pump into her to really get her going.

I'm not moving all that fast, but I'm humping into her pretty solid when I feel her starting to push herself back at me as she starts making these little noises every time I thrust into her. I figure that's what she likes, and I keep at it. It isn't but a couple more minutes before I can tell she's getting close again.

Another minute or two, and I feel her pussy start these little spasms that make her briefly tighten around me. It feels good enough that I feel myself getting closer and closer. I finally can't stand it any more, and almost pound myself into her a couple of times before I push myself into her as far as I can. Those couple of hard shots I gave her must have been all *she* needed, because even as I feel my balls pull up, she cries out and clamps down around me even as the first wad of my cum rockets out the end of my dick.

I guess she can feel me emptying my balls in her, because every time I dump another load of cum in her, her vagina goes through that kind of milking thing that she did before - which only makes MY climax that much better by making me cum even harder. We keep going back and forth like that for I don't know how long - but it was both too long, and not long enough. It was too long because I was starting to wonder if my *balls* were going to end up in her before it was over, and it wasn't long enough because it just felt so damn GOOD.

When it was over, she started to kind of collapse onto the bed; I managed to keep her from just falling, and was surprised when Denise suddenly showed up to help - I'd completely forgotten that she was there. Between the two of us, we managed to get Edith lying down on the bed without either her or me (I was still almost completely hard inside her) getting hurt. I held myself over her, resting on my elbows and my legs kind of tucked under me while I kept my dick as far inside her as I could. Both of us were panting and covered in a fine sheen of sweat, and every so often she'd give a little shudder under me.

Next to us, I heard Denise tell me "If you can make HER feel like that, I can't **wait** to see what you can do for *me*. She almost never cums that hard from having a guy inside her!"

I can feel my cock starting to shrink, and I tell Denise "I came pretty hard, too - and I don't think it's going to be long before I slip out of her."

Denise gives me this grin and says "Don't worry about it. I'll clean her up the same way she did me - just a little sooner, is all."

I can't help but grin back before I say "If you don't mind my asking..."

"How did I keep your cum from running out?" she finishes for me, smiling.

"Well, yeah."

"Honestly, I don't know HOW or WHY; it just happens whenever I have sex with a guy. It's like when he's pulling out of me afterwards, something makes my opening just get extra small and tight. It isn't uncomfortable or painful for me, but it isn't anything I've ever been able to control, either. If Edith - and you! - hadn't made me orgasm, it would have been an hour before I could even *think* about having you fuck me again. Now I can not only think about it, but look **forward** to it!" she told me, smiling.

Beneath me, we heard Edith say "And you've got every reason in the world to. I haven't climaxed that hard from a guy in a *long* time."

I kissed Edith's shoulder and told her "I'm glad I was able to make it good for you."

She turned her head a little more to look back at me and said "You didn't make it good, you made it **great**. I could feel how hard you were squirting in me, so I know YOU liked it, too."

I kissed her cheek and answered "Oh, yeah, I liked it just *fine*." making her laugh a little before she said "I can feel you still in me, but I think you're getting close to pulling loose. If you can stay in me, I'd like to lay on my side. It feels nice having you over me like this, but now I'm starting to feel kind of warm; but I want to feel you in me as long as I can, too."

Rather than answer, I just started trying to see if there wasn't some way of getting us rolled over like she wanted. It took a couple of tries to figure something out, but we finally managed it. The change also gave me a chance to put my arms around Edith and hold her; it was her idea to move my hands to her tits so I could hold them. When Denise saw how much of the area between Edith's legs was still shining from her juices, her eyes got wide and she said "Damn, woman! I

thought *I* was the one that turned got so juicy when I get turned on!", teasing her friend.

I was slowly and softly caressing Edith's breasts when she answered "And I'll be you get even wetter than usual, too, when he does you. He's almost as good as another woman at eating pussy, and he's a **damn** sight better than most men about paying attention to what a woman wants when he's fucking her."

Denise said "I could tell that he was changing around a lot when he was behind you, but I wasn't sure why."

Edith raised one of my hands to her mouth and kissed the palm before putting it back on her breast, then replied "He was trying to find out what **I** wanted him to do - and he did. Boy, did he find out!", the last few words emphasized by a shiver of pleasure.

Before anything else could be said, I felt myself finally slip out of Edith's pussy - and Denise didn't say a thing before she quickly moved to position herself to deal with her self-assigned task of emptying Edith's vagina of my cum. Edith raised one leg and draped it over mine to give her friend easier access. Denise wasn't too fussy about just taking care of Edith; several times, she detoured to include my cock, licking it clean of the combination of my and Edith's juices.

When she was satisfied with her handiwork, Denise moved up to kiss Edith - and when I indicated that I was willing, me, too.

There were a couple bottles of club soda that we hadn't consumed, and Denise opened them and handed them over before telling us "They aren't cold, but they're wet; I'll go get some more" then to Edith "You let him hold me, so you just stay there and *I'll* take care of things this time, okay?"

Edith nodded, and Denise moved to get out of bed and take the tray into the kitchen. I turned loose of Edith long enough for us to get better positioned for drinking - and probably something to eat - before I put my arms around her again. Each of us was holding our bottle, but I had one arm across her stomach as she leaned back against my chest, and she had her arm resting on mine when she told me "I always like the snuggling and holding afterwards when I'm with her or another woman; but it feels really nice, sometimes, to be held by a guy, too. You're bigger and stronger, and when you're holding me like this, I feel safe and protected and *appreciated* in a way that another woman just **can't** make me feel. I think you're a very special man, Jim. You're patient and gentle and considerate with us, but you do it without being wimpy - you're still MALE, strong and masculine. How can you be like that, when so many other men can't or won't?"

I thought about it for a moment and told her "I told you that I dropped out of college to start driving cabs. What I didn't say was that I was in my Junior year, and majoring in Philosophy. By the time I got to the point of dropping out, I'd already learned to *use* philosophy for what I figured it was meant to do: help answer questions that people have in the real world. Maybe it sounds kind of silly, but I spent some of my free time doing philosopher shit: thinking about things - what was good and bad about them, trying to see things from someone else's perspective, that kind of thing. One of the things that influenced me was some of the other classes I took:

sociology and psychology more than anything else. I realized that those two and philosophy were tied together in a way that most people didn't see."

She turned her head to look at me strangely, and asked "How so?"

"Sociology is basically the study of societies of people, and an attempt to explain why they do the things they do. Except that sociology hasn't gotten to the point where it can explain things about the *whole* of human society - that is, the whole PLANET of people. Why? Because the human race is still pretty fragmented - and each of those fragments is it's own unique sub-society. Sure there a lot of things in common between different societies, but there isn't ONE set of rules that applies equally to ALL of them - at least not in any meaningful or scientific way. I mean, you can't develop an explanation for how things work in, say, China, and have it apply in Egypt or France. And it's already known that different cultures have what amounts to different psychologies. There are primitive tribes that don't have the words for 'me' or 'mine' in them; they literally don't have the concept of self or private property. It seems pretty obvious to me that what they consider a perfectly normal person, psychologically, is going to be different than what someone from an industrialized society does. What would they think if one of their tribe members suddenly wouldn't share with the rest because he or she got the idea that they could OWN something and not have to let anyone else use it? It's a perfectly reasonable idea to us, but the people of THAT culture would think the individual was 'crazy'. Maybe they'd call it 'invaded by spirits' or 'living a different life' or something else - but the basic idea of 'not right in the head' is still there; which falls into the area of *psychology*, or the study of the human mind."

"Except that psychology has a lot of the same problems as sociology: there still aren't a set of rules and standards that apply across all cultures. A Western psychologist would likely think someone wanting to commit suicide was exhibiting symptoms of mental illness; but a Japanese psychologist might see it as a reasonable response *in the context of that culture or society* to some other event. And together, the social and psychological aspects of a society define its underlying philosophy. The philosophy of Bushido was developed in Japan several hundred years ago - but its still such an integral, underlying part of Japanese society that **most** Japanese don't even recognize it as such any more. And in turn, that philosophy affects their culture, which affects their psychology, which affects their philosophy. It's the same way for every other culture and ethnic group and race on the planet, too."

"The difference is that philosophy is more 'generic' than psychology or sociology - philosophy tries to find answers to questions, rather than explanations for events or situations the way the others do. That's philosophy's greatest strength and weakness at the same time: it's far too easy to find a generic answer without considering how to USE that answer in a meaningful way. Without the context provided by sociology and psychology, the answers you find with philosophy can't easily be used to solve actual real-world problems."

"ANYWAY" I went on, "while I was doing my philosopher schtick, I did a fair amount of thinking about people, too - how we treat each other, and why. I decided that women are people, too" - "Thank you" Edith says, wryly - "and that I shouldn't treat you any differently than I would

anyone else. I try to treat women - as individuals - the way they show me they want to be treated. You and Denise, you show me that you want to be treated gently and courteously; and you told me you like for a guy to be considerate - so that's what I try to do. If you'd acted differently, I'd have treated you differently; and if you'd treated me differently, I'd have acted accordingly. I guess the difference between me and most guys is that I'm behaving the way I've already *chosen* to, and know WHY."

Denise comes in with the tray just as Edith asks "You were majoring in Philosophy, and dropped out in your Junior year. Why?"

"Because what they were teaching us was crap. I was reading a book by this guy that everybody else says is the 'father of modern philosophy', like he's the 20th Century Plato or something. Except the book I'm reading, he's going on about how because the word 'water' is an English word, and that the word for water is different in other languages, it doesn't have any meaning - that it's an arbitrary construct that has no value. Except that I knew it DID have meaning. The word 'water' is the English symbol for the concept of water - and that even though other languages have different symbols, *the concept was still valid*. Water is water, whether you call it aqua or l'eau or wasser or anything else. I realized then that if somebody making that kind of silly-ass argument could get the kind of attention and respect he does, then whatever else they were trying to teach me, it wasn't Philosophy. That's when I chucked all the books and other bullshit, and left. I'm still a philosopher, but I'm practicing what I call **applied** philosophy."

Denise hands each of us a cold bottle and half a sandwich before she asks "Why do you call it 'applied' philosophy?"

"Because I'm applying the lessons I've learned, and my philosophical principles, to my real life."

"How does that work?" she asks.

I tell her "One of my principles is that it's wrong for one person to force another person to do something they don't want to do, or wouldn't do otherwise. With that settled in my mind, it wasn't much more for me to decide that if I saw something like that happening and had what I considered to be a reasonable chance of stopping it, then it was my duty - imposed on me BY me - to put a stop to it if I could. When I was first starting out, there were situations where a pimp was forcing one of his girls to do something; but he was either armed, or enough bigger or meaner than me that for me to try and stop him would have been counterproductive. Tonight, with Edith and that... character, I **was** able to do something. I did it not because of any hope or expectation of any kind of reward, but because if I was in a similar situation, I'd want someone to do something to help ME. Someone that fusses about how much crime there is, but isn't willing to say or do anything to minimize it, is ethically and morally bankrupt on the subject - they HAVE no morals or ethics regarding crime, and all their talk counts for *nothing* without action to back it up. Similarly, my philosophical outlook on my job is that I owe anybody that gets in my cab my best effort, honestly rendered, and performed in a pleasant manner - simply because they are willingly providing me with the opportunity to earn my livelihood. Sure, sometimes I get someone that has an attitude for one reason or another - when it happens, I try to find out why

and see if I can't help them find a way of changing that attitude. Some don't have any interest in changing, and that's up to them - it's their life. Others want to change, but don't know how; they're the ones I can help the most. The rest are just having some temporary 'issues' and will find their own end when it's right for them; all I can do for them is maybe say something to them that'll help it happen sooner. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't; but if I want the world to be a better place, it's up to me to at least TRY to make it that way."

At that point, Edith spoke up, saying "It works, Jim. I think it was about the third or fourth time I was riding home with you, and I was telling you about one of the other people in our office that's always bitching and moaning about things. You looked at me with the mirror and said 'sometimes, you run into somebody that just isn't happy unless they have something to fuss about, no matter how small it is'. At first, I thought it sounded pretty flip, and that you were just being a smart-ass. But you'd never said anything like that to me before, either - so I took a second to really *think* about it. And I realized that that pretty much described the person I'd been telling you about; **I** wasn't going to change them, and they didn't seem to have any interest in changing themselves, so there wasn't any point to letting it bother me: IF they were really a problem, I knew how to deal with it. Instead of being upset and distracted by it all night like I'd thought I would, what you said gave me a way to set it aside. By the time I got up here, it was completely out of my mind, and I had a very pleasant evening after all, thanks to you. The next day, I sat down with them and explained how their actions were affecting the rest of us, and gave them the chance to change their ways. They didn't, and I eventually had to transfer them out of my area; but I never brought it home with me again."

I couldn't resist giving her a hug and saying "Thank you. It's nice to know that it works, sometimes."

Denise looks at me speculatively and says "I think you probably have more of an effect on people than you know. Even before you told us you dropped out of college, I figured you were quite a bit smarter than most people. The way you talk - your words, your voice, even your attitude - it makes people *listen* to what you say. Maybe you don't get the chance to see the results as much as you'd like, but I'd be willing to bet that the things you tell them make a lot of folks start thinking differently about whatever is bothering them, just like it did for her."

Edith tells me "I was real surprised when you said that about sociology and psychology being tied together more than most people realize. After I'd been working in market analysis for a few years, I started wondering *why* the different segments of the market reacted so differently from each other, but more-or-less consistent individually, so I went back and re-read my Sociology textbook from college. It explained a lot, but not everything; it wasn't until I was watching some Public Broadcasting Station program about how psychology is practiced differently in different countries that I began to understand why I could count on different segments to react in certain ways, within limits. But it took me almost ten years to get that straight in my head, and you figured it out before you got out of college."

"I didn't get the whole thing figured out all the way that fast; but I knew that those were areas of

human study that related to each other, even if the professors didn't admit it much. And even if the professors call them sciences, they aren't, really - at least, not yet, and not in the way most people think of 'science'." I told her.

Denise asked me "What do you mean, they aren't sciences?"

"I said they aren't sciences *in the way most people think of science*; and they're not. Physics, chemistry, biology... subjects like that are **sciences**: you mix sodium and chlorine together, and you get table salt, whether you do it in China or Chernobyl. If you know the mass and speed, you can use the *science* of physics to predict where something is going to go. If you start breeding white cats with black cats, you're going to have a pretty good idea of how many of what colors you're going to end up with using the SCIENCE of biology. Sociology and psychology haven't progressed to that point yet. If you work out the reactions people have to overcrowding - or even what they consider overcrowding to be - it matters whether you do your work in Bombay or Boston. You can't use sociology or psychology to make any kind of detailed predictions about people and how they'll respond to something. If little green men turned up in their flying saucer, neither one of those subjects could tell you what percentage of the population would go stark, raving bugshit, what percentage would see it as a good thing for the human race, how many would want to wait and see, and what percentages would see it as a hoax or threat. They can work it out after the fact, and maybe even give you some ROUGH percentages beforehand, but not with anything even **close** to the accuracy you can get from the 'hard' sciences. I'm not saying they're bad, or no good; the reason they can't do anything like that is simply because the human race hasn't YET become a single culture or society - those two fields are still in their relative infancy, and they don't have the luxury of dealing with people as an integrated whole, the way biology and chemistry do. I mean, ATP in a Chinese is the same as ATP in a Welshman as in a Nigerian. Sulfur is sulfur, whether it's in Cape Town or Chicago. But the things that motivate somebody in Morocco aren't necessarily going to motivate someone in Madrid or Moscow - at least not in the DETAILS. Sociology and psychology won't be real **sciences** until they're capable of making fairly accurate *predictions* of human responses and actions - and they won't be able to do that until the human race itself is a lot more uniform and predictable. Edith, you have a job precisely BECAUSE sociology and psychology can't make those kinds of predictions. You told me yourself that a lot of what you do is having a 'feeling' about how different people and market segments are going to react to something; if sociology and psychology were sciences, you would have a formula of some kind - you could describe it with numbers, instead of words."

Both of them were nodding their heads in understanding by the time I finished; but it was Denise that took the empty bottles from Edith and me before saying "That's all interesting as hell, but you aren't laying naked in bed with us to be giving us philosophy lectures. I want to *fuck*!" - making me and Edith both laugh.

"Okay, class dismissed, then. But it doesn't look like I'm in any kind of shape to help tend to your wants, Denise."

Edith eased herself out of my arms to say "I volunteer to correct that problem. Jim, why don't

you get her warmed up while I'm getting you ready?", with a mischievous smile.

Pretending a reluctance I *really* didn't feel, I said "Well, I **suppose** I could do that...", surprising Denise - until she realized I was teasing her, and gave me a play-dirty look.

I was grinning when I asked her "And what would you like me to do to help get you 'warmed up'?"

I could see the anticipation in her eyes when she answered "She said you're almost as good as a woman at eating pussy - I think I'd like to find out for myself."

I couldn't help smiling when I told her "I can do that!"

With the 'who' and 'what' settled, it was only a few seconds for us to work out the 'how': I stretched out on my back and Edith got herself situated so she could be comfortable while she used her hand and mouth on me. Denise moved to straddle my head, facing away from her friend - "So you can reach my boobs, too", she explained.

It hadn't been all *that* long since I'd emptied myself into Edith, so I knew that I had some time before I'd be able to respond to Denise's desires in the way she wanted. Until then, I was determined to see just how far past 'warmed up' I could get her.

Since Denise had made a point of telling me that she was faced the way she was so that I could reach her breasts, the first thing I did was reach up and put my hands on them. As I started gently squeezing them, and running my thumbs across her nipples, I was taking the opportunity to have my first clear look at the area between her thighs. She looks pretty much the same as she did when Edith was eating her - but now I can see that her labia are a little longer and thicker than they were before, and that she's visibly wetter than I thought a woman *could* get.

I lift my head up, and stick my tongue out to run it along her slit, from bottom to top; the taste of her is kind of sweet and sour at the same time - but not in any kind of unpleasant way at **all**. There's plenty of her juices for me to sample, too: they're about the consistency of a *real* light cooking oil. It takes me maybe a zillionth of a second to decide that I like it, and I start doing it some more. When I do, I feel Edith take my whole cock in her mouth and start doing some REALLY nice things to it with her lips and tongue.

So there I am, my hands full of a pair of really nice tits, a warm mouth wrapped around my cock, and a mouthful of *delicious* pussy. I'm thinking that if I've gotta die some day, **that's** the time and place to do it, so I go out *happy*.

That doesn't happen, so I get to spend the next little while enjoying the hell out of life: Denise has her hands on mine, guiding them around to make sure I don't miss out on anything. Edith is slowly getting me hard again - and apparently having fun doing so. Above me, Denise is producing her juices *almost* as fast as I can lick them up. That leaves me time to branch out and do a few other things, like kind of 'chew' on her labia with my lips, and see what kind of stuff I can do to and with her clit that she likes; as it turns out, she likes pretty much everything. I even try to see if I can get my tongue inside her, but that just isn't happening; I'd have more luck trying

to push a watermelon through a keyhole. She does seem to appreciate the attempt, though - by the time I give up, she's leaking pussy juice like a water faucet that didn't get closed all the way.

By that point, I'm mostly hard again, and I figure it's time to make a serious attempt to get Denise off.

So between periods of sucking up her oils so I don't drown, I go to work on her clit: circling it with my tongue, fluttering my tongue across it, putting my mouth over it and sucking on it gently, and anything else I can think of. Having to sidetrack so often to deal with how wet she is kind of slows things down, but it has it's own benefits, so I'm not going to complain. Finally, I get her to the point where I can tel she's *just short* of slipping over into an orgasm. I break off from milking her clit with my lips to quickly lap up the oils that she's produced since last time; then it's back to finish her off. It doesn't take me another thirty seconds before her legs try to snap together and she pushes herself down onto my face as she almost screams with the start of her climax.

It's a good thing that I licked up her oils before; with each spasm I feel passing through her body, her pussy is pushing out a little wave of her juices, and I'm having a **great** time licking them up: each one is maybe a teaspoon of her oils - enough that I can actually kind of roll them around in my mouth, which makes my taste buds real happy.

Eventually, the spasms going through her body begin to fade out even though I'm still licking away at her opening and across her clit. She finally turns loose of my hands where they're on her tits and leans forward to put them on the bed so she can hold herself up. I don't know if Edith can hear it when Denise says "That was fucking *marvelous*!"

After a bit, she looks down to where my nose is still buried in her bush and tells me "If you ever decide to go into eating pussy as a profession, you are going to make a FORTUNE", with a smile on her face.

Edith pulls her mouth off my mostly-hard dick just long enough to tell her "I **told** you he was good!"

I ease my hands off her tits so I can start caressing her sides and ass, and she lifts up and moves her hips back a little bit to make it easier for me. A couple of minutes later, when she's caught her breath again, she tells me "I'd let you keep going, but the next time I cum that hard, I want it to be because your dick is in me."

Edith must have heard her, because she pulls her mouth off my cock again and says "Then why don't you come down here and help out, then?"

Denise gives me a smile, and gets up and turns around, apparently to do just that. A couple seconds later, and both of them are working on finishing up what Edith started. The position they're in, and with Denise not blocking the way, I've got easy access to both of their asses - so I reach out and get a hand on one cheek each of two very different, but very nice, butts.

I'm almost completely hard when I realize that as small and tight as Denise's opening was, it

would probably help if I tried to open her up a little bit before we get started. I move my hand down a little bit, and make sure I get a finger nice and slick with her juice before I start trying to ease it into her. I expect she knew what I was doing, and why, because she leaned forward and spread her legs a little more so I could reach her easier.

It takes a little time because I'm going slow and being real gentle with her, but I finally get her opened up enough that I can slide a couple of fingers in and out of her. I'm completely hard by that time, and Denise stops licking my balls to say "He's ready, and so am I!"

When Edith sits up, she sees where my fingers are, and reaches over to take hold of my wrist. She gently pulls my hand back to get my fingers out of Denise, then leans over a bit before guiding them to her mouth. With a mischievous look in her eyes, she watches me as she licks and sucks Denise's juices off of them before letting go of my wrist.

By that time, Denise has gotten up and turned herself around so she's lying on her back next to me. She gives my ear a little bite and says "I'm ready whenever you are, stud!"

I sit up, and that gives Denise some room to spread her legs to make room for me between them; I move to get myself positioned over her, and she reaches out to grab a couple of pillows. One goes behind her head and the other under her ass before she tells me "I want to watch you, this time."

I reach down and grab my cock and run the head of it up and down between her lips to wet it some more, even though it still has a coating of Edith's saliva on it. I get myself positioned against her opening, and she lifts her head so she can look down between us. I start pressing myself into her, and damned if her opening hasn't gotten a little smaller already. I take it kind of easy trying to push my way into her - I go nice and slow so she can let me know if she's having any problems. She doesn't say anything, and I'm starting to wonder if I'm going to be able to get into her again when the head of my cock suddenly just pops through.

I hold still for a couple of seconds, and then I start easing myself the rest of the way into her. After I get about a quarter of the way inside her, the entrance to her vagina has relaxed some more again, and I'm able to go a little faster. While I'm doing this, I can hear her moaning as she watches and feels my dick slowly filling her womanhood. She's hot and amazingly tight, but all the juices she has inside make it possible for me to bury myself in her with just a few pushes; I don't have to back up any to make sure I stay lubricated, that's for damn sure!

When my pubic hair is finally merged with hers, she let her head fall back onto the pillow to look up at me and say "That was incredible - watching it and feeling it at the same time. And you were such a dear to take your time and make it last for me!"

I just smile at her before lowering my head and taking the peaks of each of her breasts into my mouth and sucking on them. When I've brought both to shiny erectness, I kiss her, and then start doing what she'd said she wanted me to: fucking her.

It takes me only a few minutes to find a nice motion of moving my hardness in and out of the

hot, tight sheath of her womanhood that pleases her, and starts increasing her arousal.

Not much more time passes before I figure out that it isn't how fast or hard that I pump into her that she enjoys; it's the actual sensation of my penis moving in her that excites her. So I make my strokes in and out of her long and slow to please and (sort-of) tease her. And while I'm at it, I continue to lower my head or body so that the two of us can kiss, or so that I can kiss or softly bite her shoulders and neck, or even her erect nipples.

As I keep pistoning in and out of Denise's pussy, she lets me know that she's getting closer and closer to having an orgasm: she's arching her hips up each time I thrust into her, and she's spread her thighs as far apart as I think she can to open herself up to me. She even locks her ankles behind me, and I can feel her fingernails digging into my back a little bit. She's tossing her head back and forth, and I can hear all kinds of pleased/excited noises coming from her. The scent of her is almost like a fog in the air, and even though I'm not fucking her all that fast or hard, I can still hear the liquid sounds of my dick sliding in and out of her, and the wet noise it makes when my balls softly slap against her ass.

When I start feeling little twinges in her vagina, I know that she's almost there. I slow down a little bit and make my strokes into her as long as I possibly can. She makes this little noise of frustration at first, but that's all; I can tell that what I'm doing is building up the tension in her even more, and she likes it.

A couple more minutes is all it takes. I'm filling her up again when she suddenly freezes under me as her pussy clamps down on me - *hard*. The ring of her opening around the base of my cock feels like it's trying to pinch my cock off; it's almost painful, it's so tight. I can hear this whining noise coming from her when I start feeling this kind of fluttering sensation in her vagina. It's pretty obvious she's having a pretty powerful orgasm, and I want to make it even better for her. I can't really move much because of the way she's holding me inside, but I figure I've got enough 'slack' and I start bumping my pelvis against hers - trying to apply a little extra pressure against her clit. It seems to work, because her eyes fly open and she gets even tighter as the tremors in her pussy get even stronger around me. If I hadn't already cum twice, it would have been enough to have me blowing my load in her.

She suddenly relaxes and draws in this deep, gasping breath before freezing up again. She isn't very loud or noisy; but there's no doubt when she's having an orgasm, that's for sure.

We go through that cycle a few more times, each one a little milder (and less painful for me, where her opening is clenching around my cock), until she's just lying there gasping for breath. I lower my body to rest on my elbows and start kissing her face and shoulders as she shudders ever so often. She finally gets enough of her breath back to softly say "Holy Christ, that was good!" before wrapping her arms around my body and hugging me fiercely.

I give her a kiss and look into her eyes to ask "You ready to go on, now?"

Her eyes get big when she realizes that I'm still hard in her, and she asks "You didn't cum?"

I grin and answer "Not yet. You 'took the edge' off for me, remember? And then there was me and Edith; so it's going to take more than this for me to get off again - assuming you want to, of course..."

"God, yes!" she declares, making me smile. Only then does she seem to realize that I'm a little sweaty from my happy exercise; she wipes my face with her hand before she says "You look like you're getting a little tired. Why don't we change over to something that's easier for you?"

I admit to her that I'd like that, and raise myself off of her so I can start to ease my cock out of her. The look on her face when I do that tells me how much she's looking forward to the two of us fucking some more.

When I finally get myself pulled free of her intimate embrace, I scoot back a little to see what she wants to do. She sits up and then gets to her knees before she tells me "You go ahead an lay down, and I'll take care of it for a while."

I do as she says, and it isn't but a few seconds before she's got herself situated to where she's ready to lower herself onto my dick. She gets the head against her entrance and starts letting her weight down; there's another brief struggle between the ring of her entrance and the end of my cock before her pussy gives in and lets me almost pop into her again. After that, she's able to drop herself onto me in a single smooth motion which leaves her smooth ass cheeks resting against the tops of my thighs.

I reach up and get my hands on her breasts before she leans forward a bit to put her hands on my chest to help steady herself. She gets this kind of dreamy, far-away look in her eyes when I start running my thumbs across her nipples before she starts rocking her hips to begin moving herself on me.

Apparently, she's still pretty worked up from what we've already done: it only takes a couple of minutes before I feel her have a small orgasm while she's bouncing up and down on my cock. A few more minutes, and she has another, stronger, one that leaves her a little breathless and covered in a fine sheen of perspiration. But she's got stamina, and manages to get herself off a third time before she has to lean forward and rest her body on mine as she recovers from it. I put my arms around her and hold her for a bit before I start caressing her back and sides, which earns me a soft noise of pleasure from her.

After a bit, I feel her start to move, like she wants to get up and do it some more. But I know she's tired, and I hold her in my arms for a few moments to keep her from going anyplace as I tell her "Now *you're* tired, and **I'm** rested. That was really good for me, and I'm ready to cum again; how about if I get behind you so it's easier for both of us?"

She lifts her head and gives me a kiss before answering "I'd like that." with a smile. I release my hold on her, and she raises up to put her hands on my chest again, steadying herself as she lifts her hips and pulls herself off my cock. With that done, she moves off of me, and gets to her hands and knees. It takes me only a few seconds to get myself positioned behind her - where I take a few moments to try and memorize the view she's giving me. I must have taken longer than

she was willing to wait, because she finally kind of wiggled her ass at me, reminding me (as if I needed it!) why she was IN that position.

I move a little closer, and angle my dick down so that the head slips between her pussy lips and pushes against her opening. I start pushing forward, and there's another will-she-or-won't-she period before I finally slip into her again.

Like before, once I'm through, getting the rest of the way into her is relatively easy; it's only a couple of seconds before my pubic hair is wedged between her ass cheeks. I lean forward a little so I can reach around her and hold her breasts as I start moving in her. I start doing the long-and-slow thing again, but it doesn't take me long to realize that every time I get all the way in her, she's pushing back at me. Wondering if she wants something different, I start experimenting again, and figure out that she wants it faster and harder this time - so that's what I do.

I'm not slamming into her as hard as I was Edith, but my thrusts into her are pretty solid: there's a distinct slapping sound each time we come together. And that slapping noise has a noticeable wetness to it, too - Denise is releasing plenty of her juices, and they're getting spread around pretty good by what we're doing. Even my dick moving in her is making a squishing noise each time I fill her pussy with my cock. The sound of it is actually starting to get me pretty excited when I happen look over and see that Edith is leaning against the headboard and masturbating as she watches us.

That's something else I've never seen 'live' before, either - a woman getting herself off. So watching as she squeezes her breasts and pinches her nipples with one hand while the other one is rubbing her clit, and seeing that her fingers are wet when she slides a couple of them into her pussy is getting me even MORE aroused.

I'm pumping into Denise pretty good by that time, and I know that she's getting close to having another orgasm. I look down to where my cock is in her, and watch for a few seconds as her pussy lips stretch out a little bit, like they were trying to hold me inside her, whenever I back out of her; then they disappear when I push back in, as if they were leading the way for my cock. When I look at Edith again, she sees me looking at her and pulls her fingers out of her pussy and raises them up to where she can start licking them while she looks me in the eye with a smile on her face.

That's all it takes for me. With a few hard thrusts into Denise, I try to stuff my hard cock as far inside her as I can as the first load of my jism starts to spray her insides. That seems to be all SHE needs, and I feel her clamp down around me as she screams her pleasure and release with the start of her climax. Again, her pussy starts that fluttering thing around me, and this time I'm able to appreciate it as it makes the next batch of my cum erupt just as hard as the first did. The sensation of her pussy as it continued doing that around me was enough to make it one of the most intense climaxes I've ever had. Even after I've emptied my balls in her, my dick keeps acting like it doesn't know that there's nothing left for it to squirt into her - I'm having some kind of 'dry' climax in her.

By the time even THAT ended for me, Denise's orgasm had tapered off, too. I managed to guide both of us (her pussy still had a death-grip on my erect cock) down onto the bed, and onto our sides. That gave me the opportunity to watch as Edith slid into her own orgasm, gasping and groaning as he body shuddered through several waves of release. I could see that it wasn't anything as powerful as she'd had yet, so I wasn't surprised when she was able to recover from it relatively quickly. She looked over to where Denise and I were laying, and saw what kind of shape WE were in. She got out of bed and went into the bathroom, reappearing a minute later with a small towel and an obviously damp washcloth. First she used the washcloth to wipe Denise's face, then mine, cleaning up the beads of sweat that both of us had on our faces. Then she used the towel to dry the rest of us off - at least, as much of us as she could get to. Lastly, she used the washcloth to soak up the surplus of Denise's fluids that had collected where we were joined, and were threatening to spill over onto the bed.

Having my face wiped off like that had been pretty refreshing, and I managed to tell her "Thank you."

She just smiled in reply before she got out of bed to take the things back into the bathroom. When she was done with that, she took the tray away - reappearing a couple minutes later with it refilled with drinks and food. By that time, Denise was more-or-less alert again, and didn't need much help sitting up after I'd rescued my cock from the clutches of her pussy.

After Denise and I had gone through a bottle of club soda, she told me "For the life of me, I can't imagine why you would have any **ex** girlfriends" making Edith laugh.

I told her "It usually isn't about the sex" - "God, I hope not!" she exclaimed - "but the rest of it. Most of the girlfriends I've had have wanted me to get a 'better' job that paid more, even if I was unhappy with it, and couldn't understand why I'd want to stay in a job that pays enough to keep me comfortable and doing something I'm happy with."

Denise looked at me like she didn't understand what I was talking about, so I just asked her "You like being a nurse?"

She said that she did, so the next thing I said was "But I'll bet you wouldn't give it up to take a job like Edith's, which I expect pays more, would you?"

"Christ, no!", she exclaimed. "I'd hate it!"

I just smiled at her until she realized what she'd just said. She gave me an understanding look, and finished her sandwich in silence.

Edith took that opportunity to tell me "Jim, I can understand why you'd want to stay with a job you like, but do you really make that much money? I mean, what about your old age?"

I grinned at her and answered "It doesn't take much for me to be comfortable at home. I don't feel any pressing need to buy the latest and greatest stuff just because it's new, for example. I've got a TV that's several years old, but still works perfectly. When there's something I need or really want, I wait until I can buy the best I can find, and then take care of it so that it lasts me as long

as possible. For instance, I've got a coffee maker that I bought for twenty bucks - ten years ago. It doesn't have anything fancy - no timer or anything like that; all it does is make coffee when I turn it on. But it does it every day, no muss and no fuss. I've got linen sheets for my bed that cost me three times what the cheaper percale ones do - but have lasted five times longer. My hack was bought from a company that makes **cabs**, not just cars. It costs twice what a car does, but will last ten times as long, even with the kinds of wear and tear a cab is subject to. What I'm getting at is that I'm not penny wise and pound foolish; I save enough that I'm able to put a fair amount of what I earn into savings, and even the market." I couldn't help grinning at her when I added "Some of it's even in the company YOU work for."

She grinned back at me and said "I think that was a *particularly* smart move!"

About that time, Denise yawns hard enough that her jaw creaks before she says "I don't know about YOU two, but I'm starting to feel kind of beat, and ready for some sleep." - and surprises me by blushing when Edith says "Gee, I can't imagine *why*!"

A second later, Edith tells me "Jim, you're MORE than welcome to stay with me tonight. After what happened, I'd like someone to snuggle up to tonight."

Denise plaintively asks "What about me?", and Edith laughs and says "Of COURSE you're welcome to stay, too. Aren't you always?"

So I ended up spending the night bracketed by a pair of good-looking women.

The next morning, Denise had to go in to work, so Edith insisted that Denise and I have another go before she had to leave. It didn't take much convincing on Denise's part, and NONE for me. Then, after she'd gone - she came back to give me a goodbye kiss - Edith and I went back to bed for our own session before I had to leave. I was already in my cab and working when I found the envelope Denise had put in the back pocket of my pants - with a check for as much as Edith had paid me. When I finally got to my own bed that night, I was more than ready for some **serious** sleeping.

It was maybe a week later when I got a call on the radio that Edith wanted me at her office building.

When she got in, she gives me this **big** smile and says "It's good to see you're still alive, Jim. Denise and I both slept like a couple of rocks that night after you left."

I admitted to her that I'd been suffering a little drag-ass, myself, and she laughed before she told me "I guess you noticed that my company didn't have to call you about that jerk. Once word got out that I'd filed a complaint about him, a few other women came forward and said he'd done the same thing to them. The company fired him, and when they went to clean out his desk, they found the stuff he was using. They turned it over to the cops, and now he's looking at maybe spending some time in jail or even prison - they're liking him as a suspect for some other women that had the same experience in some clubs he likes to go to."

I tell her I'm glad to hear that, and she tells me "Denise and I have talked about that night, and neither one of us wants that to be the only time we get to be with you - you're just too nice as a human being, and a *damn* good lover, for that to happen. If you're willing, we'd like to have you over again sometimes."

I look at her in the mirror and can see what she expects my answer to be, and how pleased she is when I give it to her.

She tells me "Both of us still like girls more than most men - but you're not most men. It isn't going to happen all the time, but I'll bet it's frequent enough that you don't have any trouble remembering us, either."

I'm as sincere as I can be when I tell her "Whether we spend time together in bed, or not, I'm *never* going to have any problem remembering the two prettiest, classiest **ladies** that I've ever met." - and I can see her smile when I'm done.

We get to her place, and she gives me the fare, plus her usual tip, and I thank her - and enjoy watching her move as she goes inside, knowing what's under the nice clothes she's wearing.

After that, I continue to treat her the same as I always have - friendly and polite, like nothing's different or changed - whenever she's in my hack. Like I promised her and Denise, what happened in Edith's apartment that night stays there.

But each year, around my birthday, and maybe a couple of other times in between, Edith lets me know that I'm welcome to come up to her place and spend the night with her and her friend; and every time she does, I take her up on it. Not just for the sex, which is great, but for the chance to spend a little time with a couple of the nicest, classiest ladies I know.

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Chapter 2

Jyota & Richard (MF, MMF, oral, anal)

I'm a cab driver.

I'm not something else, driving cabs while I wait for my 'big break' at whatever it is that I claim is my 'real' job.

MY 'real job' is driving a hack.

I've been doing it for a long time, and I've had some pretty wild experiences. This is one of them.

I'm out at the airport one time, and I get this couple that are heading to one of the hotels downtown. The guy, he isn't anything special - mid 30's maybe, average height, weight, looks, he's Joe Average. The woman, though, she's something else. I figure she's Indian - from India, I mean - and *maybe* as old as her late 20's. Long, straight black hair that just *gleams*. Very light brown clear complexion, absolutely **beautiful** brown eyes, a fine, straight nose, and slightly full lips. She's got a medium frame, but a set of knockers that you can't HELP but notice; they're not the huge stick-way-out kind like Pamela Anderson has. Instead, they're more rounded, and full on her chest. I can tell because she has on this lightweight dress that makes it easy to see that she isn't wearing a bra underneath. The dress fits her close enough that I can see she's got a nice, trim waist and nicely curved hips. The dress only comes down to about mid-thigh on her, and the legs sticking out the bottom are trim and strong. She moves with this kind of poise and grace that makes me think that if she should be a model, if she isn't already. As I'm putting their bags in the trunk, she turns around and squats down to do something with one of her shoes - and the dress moulds around an ass that even makes my TONGUE hard. When she stands up and comes over to get in my cab, I see that she's maybe four or five inches shorter than me, and just a couple of inches shorter than he is.

I get their stuff in the trunk, and I head into town. The whole time I'm driving, I can't help but look back at her in the rear-view mirror. I mean, she's just THAT good-looking. But I'm being polite about it, and not staring or anything; besides, she's got her head turned to look out the window, so I'm getting to see this beautiful profile most of the time. A few times, I notice the guy with her is looking at me when I check her out, but it isn't often and he doesn't seem like he minds.

I have to admit, I'm a little disappointed when I get them downtown and to their hotel; but when she gets out of the cab, I get the chance to eyeball her a little more as I'm unloading the trunk. The guy pays the fare, and gives me a nice tip, and I figure that's the end of it.

Except that over the next couple of days, I end up getting them as fares several more times.

Sometimes, shit like that happens in this business: somebody will come in from out of town and you'll wind up getting them two or three or even more times while they're visiting. It doesn't happen all the time, of course, but it's not all that strange, either. It usually works out pretty good - they get to know you a little bit, and if you're a decent driver and friendly, the tips go up real nice.

So anyway, these two keep ending up in my cab. And as I'm taking them to one place or another, we kinda get to know each other a little. I learn he's Richard Thornton, and does some kind of work helping companies find places to build factories overseas. The woman is his wife, Jyota, and he met her when he was working in Bangalore - India, just like I thought. He speaks some Hindi, and a little Chinese and a couple of other languages, which is a big help in his line of work. Me, I'm interested in learning about other places and people - I was a philosophy major when I was still in college - so I ask him some questions about the places he's been. When I ask about India, though, he suggests that she answer me; reasonable enough, since it's where she's from. She speaks better English than I do most of the time, and she's got this voice and accent that go straight to my dick as she answers my questions. This doesn't happen all at once, of course; it takes a half-dozen rides, but we get to the point where each time I pick them up, we just kind of pick up the conversation from where it left off. I also get to see her in a variety of different outfits along the way, too: a simple white sundress that makes her an absolute *knockout* because of the contrast with her hair and skin, to a black shoulderless number that makes her look even MORE like a fashion model or movie star, to what I suspect was a traditional Indian sari that leaves her looking drop-dead **gorgeous**. She sees me looking at her several times, and all she ever does is just smile, letting me know she appreciates the looks I'm giving her. Richard sees them, too, and tells me "It's okay, Jim. I know she's pretty, and guys like to look at her - and you're a hell of a lot more polite about it than most! If *she's* not offended, then I'm sure not going to be."

It's the night before they're supposed to leave town, and almost the end of my shift, and I'm hoping they think to ask for me to take them to the airport the next day - not just for the fare, which is pretty nice, but so that I can get one last look at Jyota before they leave - when I get a dispatch to a local club. I get there, and I'm surprised to see that it's Richard and Jyota. He's in slacks and a sports shirt and she's in this pale yellow jumpsuit looking thing that makes her look stunning.

He tells me they're headed for their hotel, and I get us moving in the right direction when he asks me "Didn't you tell us that you get off work soon?"

I tell him that's right - that they'll be my last fare for the night, and he tells me "Then Jyota and I would like to know if you could come up to our room after you drop us off, and get your cab parked."

I figure they just want to give me an extra tip, or something, and tell him "Sure, I can do that. Take me a couple of minutes to find a spot to park, though."

He assures me that's fine, and tells me what room they're in; I look back at them in the mirror and

see the two of them look at each other and smile. I don't pay any attention to it, figuring that they're just happy from having a good time their last night in town.

We get to their hotel, and after Richard pays me - along with a hefty tip - he reminds me "We'll be expecting you. A couple of minutes, you said?"

I tell him that's right, and the doorman for the hotel closes the door for them when he stands up. I find a spot to park my hack that's not too far away, and make my way to the hotel. I know the place, and I manage to get an elevator up to their floor without being noticed by any of the staff or guests - it's a pretty fancy place, and I don't want to get any bad attention that might keep the doorman from letting me pick up fares there.

I knock on the door to their room, and it opens right up - Richard is standing there, and invites me in. They've got one of the suites, so there's a small living area separate from the bedroom. Richard asks me if I'd like something to drink, and I figure I've still got the drive home ahead of me, and ask for a beer. He pulls one out of the mini-bar, and gestures toward the glasses to see if I want one. Normally, I wouldn't bother, but I figure I'd better put on my 'class' act, and nod that I'll take one. He hands them to me, and I tilt the glass and pour the beer down the side to minimize how much head there is. I take a sip and then look at them - first her, then him. Both are watching me, which makes me a little nervous, but since they asked me to come up, I put it aside as best I can.

I'm looking at Richard, wondering what's going on when he says "Jim, you've been quite the cabbie since we got here. When we wanted to know what places there were to visit, you didn't just rattle off the local tourist spots; you actually took the time to ask what we were interested in, and then told us about some places that aren't on the local Chamber of Commerce list. You've been unfailingly polite and cheerful, and far more helpful than either one of us would have expected. And once you found out that I've traveled quite a bit, you asked me questions that were *much* different than what I'm used to hearing from people. You even thought to ask Jyota things that even **I** had never considered. Both of us would like to know: with your obvious intelligence, why are you driving a cab?"

I took a sip of my beer, and told them about how I'd been majoring in philosophy, and been studying for finals when I realized that the education I was getting wasn't going to do me the slightest bit of good out in the real world. I told them that I'd been interested in philosophy since I first read Plato's *Republic* in my Senior year of high school, and that I was still interested in it; just not the stuff that was being taught as 'modern' philosophy. There were too many people asking questions without worrying about finding the answers; and to me, that seemed too much like the intellectual equivalent of playing with yourself: if you're going to do it, see it all the way through to the end.

We talked back and forth a little bit, and they finally understood that I'd been asking questions because I really wanted to know something about the places they'd been - things that weren't in the tourist books.

I'd finished my beer by that time, and waited as the two of them had some kind of silent conversation with each other. When it was over, both of them turned to look at me before Jyota said "We asked you up here so that we could give you an extra payment for all that you've done to make our stay here as pleasant and enjoyable as it has been. But both of us were also curious to know why you were driving a taxicab when you had the wit to ask some of the questions you did. We also wanted to find out if you're really the kind of person that you seemed to be when you were taking us different places. We've decided that you ARE that kind of person, and that you have a measure of character and intellect that we don't often see in others. So there is something that we would like to ask of you."

I look over to Richard to hear what he has to say, and he tells me "As you might imagine, Jyota and I have a fairly active and happy sex life. But both of us find that we enjoy our time together even more if we *occasionally* let someone else share in it with us. Sometimes it is a female, and sometimes a male; it doesn't happen that often, since we are **extremely** choosy about who we allow to join us. We believe that we've gotten to know you well enough that we would like YOU to spend some time with us. To calm any concerns you might have, your participation would be with Jyota; it would likely happen that both you and I would be involved with her, but certainly NOT with each other. I have no interest in such things, and trust that you don't, either."

Needless to say, I was more than a little surprised. I thought Jyota was an absolute babe, and the idea of getting belly-to-belly with her was appealing as all hell. It was the thought of her husband being there, and joining us, that was throwing me off. I looked at them, and both could apparently see that I was going to need a few moments to decide. Jyota that told me "I *do* hope you'll consider agreeing, Jim. You're quite the gentleman, and I should very much like getting to know you better."

I started to take a sip of my beer to lubricate the thought process before I remembered that I'd already finished it. Richard simply got up and fetched me another one; I absently took a swallow straight from the bottle as I was running their offer through my mind. It took me a couple of minutes before I got things straight in my head, and told them "I would be honored."

Both of them looked pleased - Jyota a little more than Richard - before she suggested "Jim, it might help you to relax if all of us were nude for a bit before we get involved."

At that, both of them stood up and started undressing. They weren't doing it as any kind of strip-tease or anything like that; it was just two people shedding their clothes. I was a little surprised by it, but stood up to join them a couple of seconds later. I'll confess to having a look at Richard, but it was Jyota that I had my eyes on almost the entire time.

The first thing I discovered was that her tits were as full and rounded as they'd seemed the first time I saw them at the airport: each was the size and shape of half a cantaloupe, covering nearly half her chest, and capped with a dark brown areola about the size of a quarter. From the center of that, she had nipples that were maybe the same diameter as a pencil and probably a little short of a half-inch long. Both breasts were the same shade of light brown as what I'd been able to see with her dressed. Either she didn't get *any* sun, or **all** of her did; there wasn't a swimsuit line to be

found.

The next view I got was of her ass - and it was *easily* as nice as I'd imagined it would be - a pair of small, rounded globes that were smooth and obviously firm. I was looking forward to being able to get my hands on it. Between her thighs, I could see part of her mons, covered in a thick black hair. When she turned around to face me, I could see that it ran up to roughly halfway between the top of her mound and her belly button, the shape of it turning her lower belly into a dark, luxurious forest.

I took a quick look at Richard, and was surprised to see that his was a little smaller than my own average-sized penis. My first reaction was one of relief; I'd been afraid that he was one of those super-hung guys that would have stretched her too much inside for me to be able to really enjoy.

When we were all naked, we sat down again; them next to each other on the small couch, while I was in a chair facing them. Richard didn't say anything when Jyota draped one of her legs over his - not only opening herself a bit for me to look at, but her leg serving as an obstruction so that I wouldn't have to look at Richard's package.

I'll admit to being more than a little nervous at first, but the view I had of Jyota and the way they engaged me in some casual conversation soon had me settled down again.

When I'd finished my beer - I'd remembered to pour the rest of it into the glass - it was Richard that told me "If you think you're ready, Jim, we can go into the bedroom now. Of course, your interest is in Jyota, so I'll sit off to the side while you two get acquainted."

I wasn't all that sure that I was ready, but decided that I'd be old and gray if I waited until I was a hundred percent sure, so I moved to stand up. Jyota and Richard both stood, too, and held hands as they led the way into their bedroom, which gave me the chance to watch her ass moving as she walked. She turned her head to look at me and smiled, knowing what I was doing.

When we get into the bedroom, he heads for a chair that's off in one corner, out of the way; she leads me to the side of the bed and turns around to take my hands in hers. She looks into my eyes as she tells me "You don't have to be nervous, really. Richard knows that you want ME, and it pleases *both* of us when he can watch me bringing another man as much pleasure as I do him. He isn't going to say anything while we're together, and he isn't going to interfere with anything you want to do - as long as *I* don't mind, of course. Otherwise, he's just going to sit there quietly. If he gets inspired enough, he may want to use a part of me that you aren't; but he certainly won't get in the way of your pleasure. I should imagine that you'll find this easier and more enjoyable if you can simply act as though it were just the two of us, and act as you normally would. I know that *I* shall certainly enjoy it more!", the last part delivered with a smile before she moves close and kisses me.

When I say close, I mean **close** - I can feel her tits pressing into my chest, and the soft, dark mat of her bush against my leg as she puts her arms around me and pulls us even closer. And the kiss she's giving me is making it REAL clear that she's looking forward to us getting to know each other WAY better.

It takes me a bit, but I finally manage to put the idea of Richard watching us out of my head and give Jyota my **full** attention, and start kissing her back the way she's kissing me. She likes that, and presses herself against me even harder. I put my hands on her waist, then start moving them up and down her back, caressing it, for a little bit before I finally let them slide down so I can hold that marvelous ass of hers. As I squeeze her ass cheeks, I feel them start clenching a little as she starts kind of humping herself against my leg in slow motion. I can also feel her nipples getting harder where they're trying to bore holes into my chest, and I think I can start to detect the unique aroma of aroused female.

Our kisses keep going, getting longer and more intense, and it isn't long until I'm *sure* I can smell her.

She can feel my cock starting to respond to the feeling of her body pressing against mine, and she starts this little side-to-side wiggling thing, brushing the upper edge of her pubic hair against it. It kind of tickles, but it also works to get me a little longer and harder, too.

Holding and hugging and kissing her is nice, but I want to get to more of the good stuff, too, so I finally pull back from her a bit and say "Let's get a little more comfortable..."

She gives me a delighted smile, and takes a step back before turning to climb onto the bed and knee-walking her way across it to lie on her back on the other side. I follow her example, and it's only a few seconds before I'm next to her on my side, propped up on one elbow so I can look down into her beautiful dark eyes. I reach out and put my hand on her belly, holding it there for a few seconds just so I can enjoy the coolness of her skin before I start caressing her. I lean forward a bit and lower my head so the two of us can start kissing again. About the time she gets her tongue in my mouth, I've got my hand on one of her breasts and I'm finally getting to really check her out the way I've wanted to since I first saw her.

Her tit more than fills my hand, and as I give it a gentle squeeze, I find out that it's wonderfully firm, yet slightly spongy. When I get my fingers to the peak of it, I find that her areola is already slightly puckered, and her nipple is standing tall. As I softly run my fingertips across her breast, I feel its apex become even harder, and her nipple get longer as her desire increases.

When I've got the one breast taken care of, I shift my attentions to the other, and begin bringing it to the same level of arousal as the other while Jyota and I continue dueling tongues. I feel her take my semi-erect cock in her cool, soft hand and start caressing it with her slender, nimble fingers - not so much to get me hard, apparently, but simply because she like the feel of it in her hand, much as I'm enjoying touching her breasts.

By the time I get both of her nipples standing out as much as I can, she's starting to pant slightly, and releasing an occasional moan - so I know she's enjoying what I'm doing as much as I'm enjoying doing it. I pull my lips away from hers so she can have her tongue back, and start kissing her face: tip of her nose, her eyelids, forehead, cheeks, and even the corners of her mouth before I expand my range to include her throat, then her earlobes, neck, and shoulders. The kisses are soft, and every so often, I use my lips to gently 'nibble' her smooth skin. I even softly

bite and suck on her earlobes, which earns me a deep groan of pleasure for each of them. As I'm doing all of that, I've been caressing her lower and lower on her body; when I finally get my fingertips into the soft, luxurious thicket of her pubic hair, I feel her spread her legs, inviting me to touch her there next.

I certainly don't plan to ignore the area between her thighs, but I'm enjoying checking out her bush too much just then. I'm somewhat amazed at how thick the hair is, yet still so soft under my fingers.

I haven't given up on kissing her while the tips of my fingers have been delighting in running barefoot through her pubic meadow; I've been slowly kissing her lower and lower, working my way toward her breasts. When I get to the bottom of one slope, I finally tell my hand it's time to move on, and start caressing her thighs as I slowly blaze a trail of gentle kisses and soft bites as I spiral my way up her breast and toward her nipple.

I finally get my lips on the prize, and softly take the puckered mound at the end of her breast into my mouth and suck on it - accompanied by a moan of pleasure from her as she arches her back. Lower down, I've been softly caressing the insides of her thighs, from knee to pelvis, but never quite reaching the treasure between them. But with my lips fastened on her nipple, I finally relent and let the caress of one thigh end with my hand cupping her mons. The contact makes her moan again, and open her legs even more, giving me easy access to the core of her sex.

I take my time letting my fingertips explore her womanhood; her pussy lips are long and thin, the area between them wet with her oils. I gently press the very tip of one finger against her opening, and find it hot, wet, and - as I'd thought - slightly small. My investigations continue, and at the top of her slit I discover that her clit is exposed - and feels to be the size of a small marble. It's easily the largest clitoris I've ever found, and I'm looking forward to becoming more familiar with it. In the mean time, I've transferred my mouth over to her other breast, and I'm trying to see if I can get that nipple as hard and long as the other while I put my hand to work trying to memorize the way her pussy feels.

When I've got both of her nipples fully erect and glistening with my saliva, I figure it's time to head south - particularly since she's moaning almost continuously, and arching her pelvis up toward my hand with little noises of frustration that I'm not doing more with it.

I move myself to where I'm over her, and my legs between hers before I start slowly kissing my way down her body. As I do, I've got both hands busy caressing her, from tits to knees. When I get to her navel, I **have** to stop and give it the attention it deserves by dipping my tongue into it, and kissing and licking the area around it, before continuing my journey. My lips finally get to her bush, and I spend some time just kissing it so I can feel how soft it is on my lips. It's only when I think about what's waiting for me am I able to pull myself away from it. When I finally get low enough, I start using my lips to softly nibble the insides of her thighs, first one and then the other, as I work my way up to where they come together. I eventually reach her pussy, and I plant a kiss right on her lips - then open my mouth and run my tongue between them from bottom to top. I finish it by circling her clit a couple of times, which earns me a deep groan of

pleasure as she arches her hips up and tries to spread her legs even more.

The first taste of her I get is great - her juices are almost as thin as water, but still oily; and they've got a little bit of a tang to them that's *real* nice on my tongue. I go back and give her another pass with my tongue, only I dip a little deeper to brush across her opening along the way; and when I get to her clit, I spend a little more time teasing it.

I reach up and get my hands on her tits, squeezing them and teasing her nipples while I'm feasting on fresh pussy. She's *definitely* aroused, and I spend some time enjoying the hell out of eating her before I settle down to trying to get her off: putting my mouth over her opening and trying to suck her juices out; seeing just how much of my tongue I can get inside her; taking each of her pussy lips into my mouth and softly sucking on them; trying to see if I can get both of them licked clean of her oils; and my favorite, finding out just what I can do to and with her clit that gets her going the most. I'm doing little designs on her clit with the tip of my tongue when I feel her getting close to a climax; as she gets closer and closer to it, I'm gradually slowing down, and applying less and less pressure, knowing that I'm teasing her into one HELL of an orgasm when it finally happens.

And sure enough, it *does* happen: I'm doing real light, slow circles around her clit when I feel her start to tense up with the start of her climax. That's when I increase the pressure and start fluttering my tongue across her clitoris, effectively **throwing** her into the deep end of the orgasm pool.

She practically screams something in what I assume was Hindi as she tries to slam her thighs together. My head is in the way, of course, and I'm wondering if she hasn't broken an eardrum as she starts writhing on the bed. I'm starting to worry that she's having some kind of seizure when her thighs open up again, and I can hear the noises she's making as I'm massaging her clit with my tongue in time with the spasms I feel going through her. She's still talking in Hindi, but from the tone of it, I figure I'm pretty safe in assuming that she isn't calling me names. Or if she is, they're *nice* names, at least.

It sounds like she says something to me, but it's in Hindi, and I don't understand a bit of it. A second later, she tells me in English "Please, stop! I can't take much more of that - it's FAR too intense!"

I get my tongue off of where her clit has disappeared under its hood, but I can't resist getting another taste of her juices before I lift my head from between her thighs.

I look her over, and I can see that she's panting, and that there are little shudders going through her every so often. I ease my way out from between her legs and move up to lie on my side next to her and put an arm across her. To my surprise, she wraps her arms around me and gives me a hug before telling me "That was *quite* good, dear Jim. I hope you aren't disappointed that I made you stop, but what you were doing was **far** more intense that I'm used to. I don't know where you learned to do that so well, but I daresay the women you practiced on were left rather pleased!"

I couldn't help smiling at her before I said "Well, I like doing it" - "I should say so!" she

interjected - "and you tasted pretty good to me, so I wanted to make it good for you, too."

She turned loose of me to lie back again and looked up at me to say "That was rather naughty of you to tease me that way, when I was getting so close - but then just as it started for me, you did that extra bit and made it **ever** so much better! You made it more than just good for me; you made it *wonderful*."

The two of us just lie there for a little while as she gets her breath back; every so often, I lean over and give her a little kiss, which she happily returns. I'm sure she can taste herself, but she doesn't seem to mind it a bit; I can't help wondering how involved she gets when she and Richard bring another woman into their bed.

That makes me think to look over to where he is; he's just sitting there, and when he sees me looking at him, just smiles and nods without saying anything.

I turn my attention back to Jyota, who's starting to move next to me. She looks up at me to say "You gave me such a *wonderful* climax, and now I should like to do the same for you", smiling.

I smile back and tell her "I'd like that", and her smile gets even bigger before she answers "I rather thought you might."

She sits up and gives me a little nudge to let me know she wants me to lay on my back. I do, and she moves to straddle my waist before she lowers her body so the two of us can kiss. I can feel her breasts pillowed against my chest, and her pubic hair is brushing against my lower belly as our kiss lengthens and deepens. When her lips pull away from mine, I look into her eyes and see her desire in them. She gives me a mischievous smile, and lowers her head to begin kissing me much the same way I did her: my face and neck and shoulders were all blessed by her soft, warm lips. When she got to my ears, she didn't bother with my earlobes - she went straight for sticking her tongue in my ear, instead, with predictable results.

As she worked her way down my body, I'm *positive* that she was deliberately dragging her erect nipples across my skin whenever she moved her body over me. I was almost completely erect by the time she was positioned to where her head was hovering over my pelvis.

Our eyes locked, and I watched as she slowly lowered her head and wrapped her lips around the head of my cock - then proceeded to take almost my entire length into her mouth before she started running her tongue along the underside of it. It didn't take much of that before she had me as hard as I'd ever been, and that's when she got **serious** about trying to make me feel as good as I had for her.

I don't know how or where she learned to give head, but she needs to open schools - lots of them - to teach it to other women. She deepthroated me. She used her teeth to softly nibble literally every square millimeter of my cock. She gave my balls a bath with her tongue. She massaged my dick with her lips, from base to crown. She sucked - soft, and hard. She blew: after coating me with her saliva, she pulled her head off and softly blew across my cock, cooling it. She used the tip of her tongue to tickle the bottom of it, right behind the head. And every damn time I got

close to blowing my load, she'd back off and let the sensation fade a bit before she'd start in on me again.

I *knew* I was in for a terminal case of blue balls when she finally had mercy on me - sort of.

Her head was bobbing up and down on me while she was running the tip of her tongue along the bottom when I felt myself getting ready to cum (again). She had my balls cupped in her hand, and was gently squeezing them when she felt them start to pull up next to my body (again). She started twisting her head as she also began sucking on me, and taking more of me into her mouth. As I got closer and closer to to the point of no return, her actions slowed, too. My cock tightened, and right before I started cumming, she buried her nose in my pubic hair, deepthroating me. The sensation of her throat muscles massaging the head of my dick made the first spurt of my cum erupt with even more force and pleasure than I thought was possible; she simply swallowed it, and kept herself in place as I groaned in pleasure with the second surge of my semen into her welcoming mouth and throat. It was the hardest I'd cum in a long, *long* time, and it felt DAMN good.

When I'd emptied my balls, she lifted her head and kept me in her mouth as she took a couple of deep breaths through her nose; then she proceeded to gently suck on my cock as she used her lips to 'milk' it, ensuring that she got every drop she could of my semen. After she let my rapidly-deflating penis slip from between her lips, she gave me a satisfied smile before asking "I presume you enjoyed that?"

I didn't bother to think about what I was saying before I answered "Out-fucking-standing!" - and was relieved when her smile only got wider.

As she moved up toward the head of the bed, I managed to get myself sitting up and resting against the headboard. When she got close, I reached out for her, but she shook her head and said "Just a moment, if you will..." before reaching out for a bottle of fruit juice I hadn't noticed on the night stand. She opened it up and took a mouthful of it and swished it around in her mouth before swallowing, then took a long drink of it before sealing the bottle again. When she turned to me, she could see that I'd been watching her, and she looked mildly embarrassed as she told me "I like the taste of a man's semen, but I don't think it's something the men themselves would appreciate. So whenever I do that, I make sure and rinse my mouth out properly afterwards - particularly when I think that we'll be kissing."

I cupped her face in my hands and told her "You didn't have to do that on *my* account; I've tasted my own cum before, and it doesn't bother me. But if it makes you feel better, then that's fine, too." before I leaned in and kissed her. The kiss I got back was enthusiastic, and we spent a minute or so letting our tongues get re-acquainted before she let me guide her to sit next to me in a way that allowed me to put my arms around her.

Jyota saw me glance over to where Richard was sitting, and told me "Really, it's quite all right for you to hold me like this. Richard and I both understand that there's going to be a certain amount of affection shown when we're with someone else; it's that personal involvement that we

like, as much as the physical part of it. Otherwise, mechanical toys would be **so** much more safe and sanitary, wouldn't they?"

I suppose that if I'd thought about it the way I really SHOULD have, I'd have realized that a guy that's willing to let another man go to bed with his wife isn't likely to get upset if they snuggle a little. After that, I really didn't worry too much about what reaction Richard might have to how I behaved with his wife - as long as I didn't hurt or offend her, of course.

For the next hour or so, Jyota and I talked to each other - she told me about what it was like growing up in Bangalore, and I told her what my childhood experiences had been like. There were certain coarse similarities, since all kids play with their friends and have certain experiences on the way to adulthood; it was the differences due to our different cultures that both of us found amusing and entertaining. As we talked, we shifted positions a few times, and I was lying on my back with Jyota on her side with her head resting on my shoulder when I felt her reach down and softly grasp my penis. I had an arm around her, and was softly caressing her back and side with my hand; I patted her on the butt before asking "Ready to continue, are you?"

She tilted her head back to smile at me before she answered "QUITE ready, if you're up to it."

I couldn't help grinning as I answered "As you can tell, I'm *not* 'up to it' at the moment, but I expect that's a problem easily corrected."

She laughed at my bawdy pun, and said "Yes, I think that's something I can take care of for you" - then laughed again when I said "I was hoping you could..."

When she sat up in preparation for reversing her position, I told her "Of course, I'd be delighted to return the favor."

She gave me a pleased smile and answered "I think I should like that very much." before turning and moving to her hands and knees. She got herself positioned over me - fore AND aft - and I felt her take my penis in her hand as I kissed the insides of her thighs before lifting my head far enough to slip my tongue between her labia again.

The things she did to get me hard were effective, and she was interrupted only once - by the relatively small orgasm she had as a result of the tongue-lashing I gave her clitoris.

When both of us were ready, she slid her lips off my cock, then moved herself from over me. I sat up and suggested "How about if we start with me behind you?"

She nodded her assent, and pretty much just had to lean forward, since she was already kneeling on the bed. I quickly got to my knees and moved behind her, where I took a few seconds to enjoy the view of her tight ass sticking in the air, the dark smudge of her pubic thatch accented by her shiny, parted labia. I got closer, and levered the end of my cock down to slip between her pussy lips, wedging it against her opening. Holding myself in position, I pushed my hips forward and began sinking myself into her. She was certainly wet enough inside, but she was also pretty snug inside - as I'd thought, Richards cock was smaller than mine, even when erect. I certainly didn't want to hurt her, and there wasn't any reason to hurry, so I took my time about getting inside. I'd

press in until there was a little 'drag', slide myself in and out of her to get her oils spread along my length, and then press into her again. It didn't take long, since she was fairly enthusiastic about wanting it to happen, too.

So there came the time when my last thrust into her ended with the head touching the deepest part of her while the tight ring of her opening was wrapped around the base of it, my balls resting against the soft cushion of her pubic hair.

As small as she'd been inside, I thought she might need a little time to get used to having me in her, and waited until I felt her press herself back against me before I started moving in her. Even then, I began with slow, short motions so that she could tell me if she was having any difficulty. I was certain she wasn't when she kept pressing herself back in response to each of my thrusts, and finally turned her head to tell me "You needn't be so gentle with me; I'm *quite* enjoying having you inside me like this."

For a few moments, I was amused at hearing what must have been a proper British way of telling me "fuck me harder".

So I did. I figured if she could tell me I was being too gentle, then she could tell me if I was being too rough, too - and went about trying to find a way of fucking into her that was satisfying for both of us.

It didn't take much, either. She was, so to speak, pretty easy: it seemed that she was agreeable to just about anything I did, as long as I was moving in her. Once that was settled, I just got into a rhythm that would let me enjoy pumping into her for as long as possible. She felt pretty nice around my cock, I didn't have any trouble reaching around her to play with her tits, and I wasn't in a position that was particularly tiring - so why hurry to get off?

I'd been pistoning in and out of her for several minutes when she surprised me by having an orgasm - and not a small one, either.

I'd leaned forward and had her tits in my hands so I could kind of pull and pinch her nipples when she suddenly froze under me and started crying out something in Hindi as I felt her vagina tighten around me. The thing was, I sure as hell wasn't prepared for the sensation of HOW her vagina was tightening as she climaxed. The first thing was that she'd clamp down on me pretty hard, followed by her relaxing for the briefest of moments, then she'd tighten around me again - but not quite as much. Relax, tighten a little less, and so on. And the whole time, she's crying out in Hindi, and her pussy is getting wetter and wetter. The almost-yelling and wetness part, those I was familiar with; it was the way her vagina was clenching around me that was so damn stimulating: TIGHT tIGHT tiGHT tigHT tighT tight - then repeat, and repeat, and repeat, and... It was an incredible feeling, and I started **really** looking forward to being ready to cum in her while she was climaxing.

I continued thrusting in her while she was having her climax, knowing that I was making it last longer, and more intense. After the last of the spasms had faded, I could see that she was a little tired. She wasn't going to fall on her face, or anything, but it was still a little bit of an effort for

her to hold herself up.

I stopped my thrusts into her, and when she turned her head to say something, I told her "I know you're a little tired. Why don't you lie down, and I'll be on top of you while you rest a bit?"

She opened her mouth to object, then thought better of it and nodded her agreement. She groaned in disappointment when I slid my hard cock out of her, but let me help her to lie on her back. She spread her legs and lifted her knees, and I could see the desire - and appreciation - in her eyes as I got myself situated. She reached down between us and used one hand to hold herself open while the other got me positioned at her entrance. A single slow thrust of my hips, and I was buried in her again as she released a loud moan of pleasure.

In less than a minute, I was once again sliding my hard cock in and out of her womanhood to our mutual pleasure.

Though the change in position was a little harder on me, it did have its advantages: with us face-to-face, it was possible for me to arch my back enough that I could get my mouth on the dark points of her nipples, so I could lick and suck on them for short periods before I had to straighten up again. I could also lower my body far enough that the two of us could kiss - not just each other's lips, but faces, necks, and shoulders, too. And if I rested on my elbows, both of us could feel the ends of her nipples dragging across my chest in time with my thrusts into her. It was a pleasant, arousing experience for both of us - her more so than me, since she had another orgasm after we'd been in that position for several minutes. It wasn't as powerful of a climax as the previous one, but she certainly seemed to enjoy it - just as I did.

I was starting to get tired some time later when it happened again. When she'd gotten her breath back, she saw what kind of shape I was in, and reached down to hold my hips still before she told me "Now it's time for YOU to take a rest, I believe."

I couldn't help but grin before I answered "And *I* believe you're right", earning me a smile.

I got myself unplugged - she didn't make any noise, just looked disappointed - and the two of us got our positions reversed. She got herself settled onto my dick easily, and started rocking her hips back and forth as she leaned forward to put her hands on the bed. That gave me the opportunity to reach up and start giving them the attention I thought they deserved: gently squeezing and caressing them, running my thumbs and fingertips across her nipples, and generally acting like an adolescent - something she didn't have any objections to.

We hadn't been in that position for long when she leaned forward so that her breasts were pillowed against my chest. A couple minutes later, I realized that Richard was on the bed with us when I felt another pair of (hairy) legs outside of mine. I felt Jyota pause for a few moments, then start rocking back and forth - shortly followed by the sensation of something pressing against the bottom of my cock. It took me a bit before I realized that he'd apparently applied some kind of lube to her ass, and was then starting to fuck her there. Well, he'd warned me that he was 'likely' to join us, and she HAD said that he might use a part of her that I wasn't; so there wasn't anything for me to do but grin and bear it, so to speak.

It was an entirely new experience for me, and one that I wasn't entirely sure I liked. In fact, it made me distinctly uncomfortable - but how do you ask a man that's sharing his wife with you not to fuck her while YOU are? Answer: you don't. Or at least, I didn't. I simply focused on what I could feel of Jyota, and tried to ignore the feeling of another mans dick sort-of rubbing against mine through the tissues between her vagina, where I was, and her bowels, where he was.

Fortunately, he seemed to enjoy what we were doing to her more than I was - it was only a few minutes before I heard him start to groan as he held himself inside her, and she said something that sounded fairly passionate in Hindi. Not long after that, I felt him leave the two of us alone again - much to my relief.

With Richard's cock out of her ass, Jyota was ready to get enthusiastic about sliding herself up and down my erection - something I found to be a much more pleasant activity than what I'd just experienced.

I was surprised when it took only a few minutes of her bouncing herself on my hard cock for Jyota to have another climax - and a fairly powerful one, judging from the sounds she made, and the way her wet pussy felt around me. I helped intensify and prolong it as best I could by pressing myself up against her, applying pressure to her clitoris, while pinching and pulling on her nipples. By the time it was mostly over for her, the sensations she'd created on my cock had gotten me to the point where I knew my own climax wasn't so far off.

After the last wave of release had coursed through her, she leaned forward to put her hands on the bed to support herself. I was caressing her back and sides - with an occasional side trip to play with her ass - when she told me "If you're feeling up to being active again, there's something I'd like you to do, if you would be so kind."

"What's that?" I asked.

"After Richard has had me there, I always climax hardest when another man uses my bottom. Would you?"

Needless to say, it was another unique experience for me: having a woman ask me to fuck her in the ass - particularly after her husband had just done so. Still, the idea had a certain appeal to me; she must have felt my cock twitch inside her, because she got a delighted smile on her face before she said "I should take that as a 'yes', then?"

I couldn't help smiling back, and answered "Yes, that's a 'yes'."

It was just a matter of a few seconds before she'd slid herself off my cock, and was positioning herself on her hands and knees again. I got to my knees, too, and asked "Uh, do we need to add more lubricant, or anything?"

She seemed pleased by the question, and answered "Oh, no. I can feel that what's there is quite sufficient, and I've already been loosened up, as you know. Everything will be quite all right."

Well, it was her ass - literally and figuratively - so I just moved behind her and got myself into

position. When I looked down, I could see that there was still plenty of some gel-looking lube around her anus, which didn't look all that 'loosened up' to me. I pressed the end of my cock down, and rubbed it around to get the head coated with the gel before pressing the end of it against her sphincter. Holding myself steady, I began to push my way into her - and was surprised when I slipped in fairly easily, accompanied by a deep groan of obvious pleasure from Jyota. Still, I held myself still once the head was through; I was a bit larger than Richard, and I didn't know if she'd need time to adjust.

Apparently, she did, because it was a few moments before I felt her push herself back at me. With my cock firmly in place, I put my hands on her hips and held her steady as I began pushing myself into her most intimate opening. As I did, she began muttering in Hindi, the volume increasing more and more as I got deeper and deeper into her. By the time my pubic hair was wedged into the crack of her ass, she was almost yelling; her arousal was clear, even if the words weren't.

As snug as her pussy had been at first, her ass was even tighter; and where my balls were resting against her pussy, I could feel her opening almost radiating heat, she was so excited at having my cock in her.

I eased my hips back, and slid myself out of her until the rosette of her anus was clenching me right behind the crown before sliding myself back into her. I looked down at her hands, and saw that both were white-knuckled and full of the bed covers. The next time I moved in her, it was a little faster, and when my cock was fully embedded in her ass, I felt her press back against me again. The next cycle was a little faster - and a little more forceful when I entered her, causing her to moan in pleasure. That was all the guidance I really needed on what she wanted me to do, and I quickly increased the pace and force of my thrusts into her back passage. It wasn't long before she was calling out in Hindi again between grunts and groans that were clearly the result of her increasing excitement.

When she'd climaxed around my cock that last time, it had been enough to arouse the hell out of me; then to be sliding my cock back and forth through the tight ring of her anus - well, it wasn't all that long before I could feel myself getting close to emptying my balls into her. As I got closer and closer, the speed and force of my thrusts into her increased, which only seemed to arouse her even more.

I'd hit the point of no return, and was almost slamming myself into her nether hole when I felt my jism start rocketing through my cock; I tried to bury myself as deep in her ass as I could just before the first surge of my cum erupted deep in her bowels. Even as my dick was preparing to fire another salvo of semen into her, she literally screamed her pleasure as her anus clamped down around my manhood. She was so tight around me that I *couldn't* unload the next wad of my cum in her until the pressure had built up enough that it came out more as a high-pressure stream than a sudden surge - the feeling was truly incredible. Apparently, she could feel the difference, too, because the next noise she made was almost as loud as the first before she had to take a deep, gasping breath - which made her relax around me slightly, and gave me time to

spray her bowels once more before she tightened around me again.

By the time I'd emptied my balls in her, the base of my cock was feeling the effects of how she kept clamping down on it with each wave of her release. Happily, her orgasm faded fairly quickly after I stopped spraying my cum into her.

Though shaky, she was able to support herself as I carefully extracted my softening cock from the tight embrace of her anus; once I was free to move from behind her, I quickly got to where I could help guide her to lie on her stomach on the bed before resting on my side next to her. Both of us were panting, she more than I was, and it was all I could do to simply put an arm across her to let her know that I was still there with her. Her head was turned my direction, and I could see the gratitude in her eyes, even though she wasn't in any condition to speak.

Several minutes went by before I had enough energy to sit up and move to rest against the headboard; she'd recovered enough that she was able to provide at least minimal assistance in helping me get her moved to where she was resting against me. I happened to look over and saw the bottle of fruit juice she'd used to rinse her mouth, so I reached over and took it; a few moments later, I had it open and was holding it to her lips so she could drink from it. After she'd had a few swallows, she nudged my hand away and managed to tell me "Thank you, Jim. That helps, but I need something a bit more substantial", then, to her husband, whom I'd forgotten about, she said "Richard, I believe both of us would benefit from something a bit stronger than juice. Would you be a dear?"

I heard him say "But of course", and from the corner of my eye, saw him leave the bedroom. He was back in just a minute or so, setting a mixed drink and another bottle of beer on the night stand before going back to the chair he'd been in.

Jyota was able to sit up a little more, and used me as a backrest while she reached out for the drinks Richard had brought in. Never before or since has something as simple as beer tasted so good to me. I think I must have gone through half the bottle in less than a minute; Jyota killed a full quarter of her drink the first time the glass touched her lips.

Probably half an hour went by with the two of us just sitting there; I was perfectly content to have an arm wrapped around Jyota and take an occasional sip from my beer as I tried to get myself back together.

Jyota was the first to speak when she finally told me "That was quite... something."

"Yeah, it was. I'm not sure what, but it was definitely *something*", I replied.

"You did a perfectly *marvelous* job of finding what I wanted, and then doing it. You are indeed **quite** the gentleman!" - the last with a small laugh.

I gave her a small hug and responded "After you asked me to, what else could I do?"

"Well, thank you, sir!" she said, lifting her glass in toast.

"It was my pleasure, I assure you" I answered, touching my beer bottle to her glass before the

two of us drank.

It was perhaps another half hour before each of us had finished our drinks; I was done first, and Jyota quickly took the last swallow of hers before setting her glass and my bottle on the night stand before she told me "If you'd like to clean up a bit, a shower perhaps, I would be delighted to keep you company. Richard will wait until after you've left, of course."

That was an offer I couldn't refuse, and I said so. She turned to look at me, and I could see that she was pleased when she said "Shall we, then? I should imagine that you would like to get to your own bed and get *some* sleep tonight."

I had the feeling that the two of them weren't done for the night, and that I was being dismissed after having provided them with whatever service or inspiration they needed or wanted from me - but Jyota was being so thoughtful and polite about it that I didn't really mind. They'd gotten something from me, and I sure as hell had gotten something from them (well, her, anyway), and wasn't inclined to try and renege on the deal. Besides, I could think of worse things to end a workday than spending a little time in the shower with her.

We spent a good twenty minutes in the shower together, nineteen of which were spent with my hands on her as she laughingly took care of washing me off. She didn't mind her hair getting wet, and I got the chance to find out that it made a heavy, sensuous rope in my hands before she took it away from me.

As we were getting dried off, she told me "There are some things I wouldn't say before Richard, of course, so I should like to thank you again, Jim, for being with us tonight. You're quite the lover, and you've brought me no small amount of pleasure. More, in fact, than I've felt in quite some time. You've every reason to feel pleased with yourself!"

I reached out to cup her face in my hands and answered "If I was a good lover, then it was because I had you to inspire me. You're a *very* lovely and sexy lady, and if I brought you that kind of pleasure, then THAT is what I'm pleased about."

She gave me a delighted smile, and the brief kiss the two of us shared was somehow more intimate than the ones before. We finished drying off, and went back out to the bedroom to get dressed before going back to the living area. Richard was sitting there, waiting for us, dressed and as friendly and sociable as when I'd first walked into the room. I made an excuse about having to leave, and he stood up to shake my hand and tell me they'd enjoyed my company before handing me an envelope. I didn't bother opening it, knowing that it was the bonus she'd said they wanted to give me; besides, I'd learned enough by then to know that it wasn't considered 'proper' to do so. Jyota escorted me to the door to their suite, and gave me a kiss on the cheek while tolerating the soft pat I gave her ass.

Back down in my cab, I opened the envelope to see that they'd tipped me a thousand bucks: ten crisp new $100 bills. Between that, and the time I'd had with Jyota, I figured I must have done one **hell** of a job of driving them around. I got my rig fired up and headed home, where my cat Demosthenes chewed me out for making supper late.

The next day, I got the call to take Richard and Jyota back to the airport. I didn't say or do anything to indicate that I knew anything about them that I hadn't learned in my cab. But as I drove, I noticed that while Richard was looking out the window, Jyota was looking at me - and when she saw me looking at her, smiled in a way that I knew was just for me.

When we got to the airport, I got their stuff unloaded for the skycap, and made sure they had all of their stuff. Richard gave me a nice tip on top of the fare, and after he'd gone over to tip the skycap, Jyota told me "Thank you again, Jim, for **all** you've done."

The skycap and I *both* watched them (okay, HER) walk away until they were lost in the crowd.

I've never seen or heard from them since then - though there have been a few times that I thought it was Jyota when I saw a woman with long, black hair, or another tallish Indian woman with the right shape.

Those few hours that I spent with Jyota have remained sharp and clear in my memory, and I know that I'll always treasure them. I don't know what the deal was with them, and probably don't WANT to know - it's enough for me that I was able to have that little bit of time with her. One lasting thing that came out of the experience was that after getting to talk to Jyota, I was inspired to get a few books and learn something about India, and the religions and cultures there, and what I learned has given me even more to think about and learn from.

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Chapter 3

Tania & Daneesha (Mf, ff, Mff, oral, inc, IR)

Things were slow, even for early on a Monday evening late in the month, and I was thinking about getting an early start on my days off when Dispatch called on the radio to tell me that Bob Dickens, the night manager of a local hotel, wanted me to call him. I knew the guy pretty well, and rather than just call on the phone, decided to head on over.

When I got there, he told me "Jim, I've got a problem that maybe you can help with. I've got a couple of kids that can't pay the full rate to stay here tonight, but their train home isn't until tomorrow. If I let them stay anyway, even at some corporate rate, I'll catch hell from the manager tomorrow; he's a new guy fresh from the home office, and being pretty hard-ass. *I* can't think of anyplace they could stay until they leave tomorrow, and was hoping YOU had a solution. As long as you've been in this town, I figure if there's an answer, you'll know about it."

I couldn't help looking at him in confusion when I asked "What do you mean by 'kids', and why the hell can't they stay at someplace like the Rescue Mission? Granted, it isn't a hotel or anyplace, but they'd be someplace reasonably secure."

"Come on, I'll show you." he said, before leading me into his office.

Then I saw them, and knew what the problem was.

Both were female, and Black. The older of them looked to be *maybe* 18, and reminded me of Vernee Watson, the Mayors secretary from that old TV program "Carter Country"; the younger of the two was obviously related, couldn't have reached 16 yet, and bore an uncanny resemblance to a young Lisa Bonet. Both looked terrified, and I could see that they'd been crying. The older of them probably could have gotten a bed on the Women's side of the Rescue Mission - but no way in hell were they going to let the younger in. Normally, someone could spend the night waiting in the bus or train station - but the ages of these two made that pretty iffy, even if they WEREN'T female. Bob's place was the least expensive of the decent hotels in town, so if they couldn't afford his rates, then sending them anyplace they could afford was just **asking** for trouble, given their ages (and quite frankly, looks).

I asked Bob "What happened? Where the hell are their parents?"

He told me "Look, I've got to get back out front; we've got a couple busloads of AARPers due any minute now. I'll let them tell it." before he turned to them and said "Girls, if *anybody* can help you, this is the guy that can do it. Tell him what you told me." before he excused himself to go deal with his retirees.

The older of them was visibly frightened when she told me "I'm Tania Wilson, and this is my

sister Daneesha. I turned 18 a couple of days after I graduated high school, and my Dad let me come here as a kind of mixed graduation and birthday present. Daneesha came with me because she graduated middle school, and so that being together, we wouldn't get into any trouble - and we haven't. But we went out and did a lot of shopping, and spent too much money on clothes and things. Now all we have is our train tickets home, enough to get to the train station, and a little more - maybe enough to get something to eat, but that's all. Even if we skipped eating and walked to catch the train" - it was a good five miles, something even *I* wouldn't have wanted to try with all the stuff I saw piled around them - "we don't have enough to stay here tonight - and this was the cheapest place we could find that Daddy would let us stay. And now we can't even stay **here**!"

With that, both of them started quietly crying again.

"Why can't you take some of the stuff back to one of the stores you bought it from?" I asked.

"I thought of that, but because we stayed so late shopping tonight, all of them are closed now." Tania told me through her tears. The names on the bags told me they'd done pretty much all of their shopping downtown, where the stores all closed at 6:00, and it was already pushing 7:00.

"Why didn't you pay for your room ahead of time, when you got here?" I asked.

Again, Tania was the one to answer when she said "Mister, this is the first time I - we - have ever gotten to be away from home like this. I just didn't **think** about it then, and we were having so much fun that I just kept putting it off, and now it's too late. I *know* I made a mistake, and I'm ready to pay for it. But I was supposed to be responsible for both of us, and now Daneesha has to pay for it, too, and it wasn't her fault, it was **mine**", which got her crying even harder.

"You don't know anybody here in town? No family, or friends? *Anybody*?"

Both shook their heads, and I started racking my brain to think of somebody at one of the hotels in town that owed me a favor - and came up blank. Ditto any kind of alternatives - the bus or train station, for the reasons already mentioned, or anyplace else I could think of. I knew that they couldn't just sit in the lobby of anyplace in town, either; even if the staff allowed it, the two of them would be hassled all night by cops, if not drunks and guys trying to pick them up.

I was starting to think that they were seriously screwed when an idea popped into my head - and promptly got thrown out as being even more ridiculous than anything else I'd considered.

But it insisted on coming back, and then got my conscience on it's side, and the two of them promptly commenced to beat the crap out of my good sense. That's how I ended up telling them "I can't think of anything but to let the two of you stay at my place tonight."

Tania promptly looked at me like she thought I was trying to hustle the two of them into bed, and I waved my hands at her as I said "No, it's not like that. My couch unfolds into a bed, which I'd use, and the two of you would stay in my bedroom - which locks from the inside. You'd have a bathroom to yourselves, and once you locked yourselves inside, you wouldn't have to come out until it was time to catch your train home."

Tania still looked pretty uncertain, and I told her "Look, it's the only thing I can think of that would keep you safe and out of jail. I'm not real wild about the idea, myself, so if you don't want to take me up on it, it isn't going to break my heart. The *last* thing I need is for somebody to think that I'm trolling for teenyboppers to take home, for ANY reason. Bob already told you that you can't stay here, and I'll bet he explained why it would be a bad idea for you to go anyplace else."

Both nodded that he had, looking a little frightened again, and I told them "It's up to you. I've told you where you'll stay, and why you'll be safe. I'm doing this even though everything in my head is telling me it's a bad idea. If you want to talk it over, I can step outside."

The two of them turned to look at each other, and did one of those silent talk things that close family members are good for, before Tania turned back to me and said "I... I guess we'd better accept. If it was just me, I'd stay all night at the train station, but I can't make Daneesha do anything like that."

I nodded, and said "Then the only other thing is to ask if you have any problems with cats. I've got one at home."

To my surprise, both looked mildly pleased before Daneesha told me "No, we have a cat at home. Her name is Miss Kitty."

I smiled and told them "Mine is a boy, and his name is Demosthenes. If you give him half a chance, he'll spend all his time on your lap, purring at you."

Though still visibly nervous, they still managed a smile at my description of Demosthenes. I told them "If you'll start getting your stuff together, I'll tell Bob what's going on."

They stood up as I turned to leave. I found Bob, and told him what solution I'd come up with. He looked at me in surprise, and I explained about my couch and the lock on the bedroom door. I also asked for a favor, which he was willing to grant. Then he came back to his office with me when I asked him to. With him present, I told the girls "I asked Bob to come in here so you know that somebody else knows where you're going, and why. So I'm telling you again, with Bob here to witness it, that I'm taking you back to my place, where you'll be sleeping in my bedroom while I sleep on the bed my couch turns into. My bedroom locks from the inside, so you don't have to worry about anything happening to you while you're there. In the morning, I'll drive you to the station so you can catch your train home. Because I asked him to, Bob is going to lend you his cell phone, so you'll be able to call anyone if you need or want to."

With that, Bob reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone and handed it to Tania. He showed her that it was fully charged, and even had her call the front desk of the hotel so she'd know it worked. After that, she and Daneesha both looked considerably more comfortable about leaving with me.

Between the girls and me, we got all their stuff out to my cab in one trip; they had enough stuff to fill the trunk, and each still had a not-so-small bag when they got into the back. I call in to Dispatch to let then know I was done for the evening, and got us moving.

When we got to my place, both girls were relieved to see that it was clean and comfortable, if not overly large. Predictably, my cat Demosthenes was delighted to make a couple of new friends, and quickly began stropping himself against their ankles until Daneesha picked him up and started rubbing his ears - getting him sounding like a Harley with a bad muffler.

I showed the girls the way back to my bedroom, and that it was as I'd described it to them. I don't know what they expected it to look like, but I could tell that what they saw wasn't it. After each had set her bag down, I told them "I'm going to fix myself some supper. You're welcome to join me, or you can stay in here, if you want; either is fine with me. I've got sodas in the fridge, so help yourselves if you get thirsty, or there are disposable paper cups in the bathroom if you just want water."

They looked at each other before Tania said "Uh, I think both of us would like something to eat, if it isn't too much trouble."

I just smiled and said "No trouble, at all. I live here by myself, and I don't cook much, so all I was going to do was microwave some lasagne. It'll be ready in about half an hour." before turning and starting for the door with Tania following. When I got there, I turned back and told her "You've got a TV in there, so it's up to you whether you and Daneesha stay there, or come out to the living room. Either is fine with me."

She nodded her understanding, and closed the door behind me; I didn't stick around long enough to hear if she locked it, or not - I was hungry, and wanted to get supper started.

When they came out to join me for supper, both girls had changed clothes, and were wearing dresses that were considerably less fancy than they'd been wearing when I first saw them at the hotel. I told them to go ahead and sit down, and brought in the lasagne I'd heated, along with some garlic bread and salads. When I asked, I was told that they generally didn't bother with a prayer before meals, so we just dug in.

They were polite and well-mannered, but the way they were tucking into the food, I suspected that they'd skipped one meal, and maybe more, in an effort to save money when they'd realized they were going to run short.

Demosthenes turned up, and tried every trick he knew to try and convince someone - anyone - that he was cute and starving, but when I didn't give him anything, they didn't, either. He finally went to sit in the doorway with his back toward us, radiating Ignore waves at us so we'd know we were being snubbed.

After we'd finished eating, both girls got up and Tania insisted on them taking care of the dishes; not just clearing them from the table, but washing them, too. My opinion of Tania improved considerably; she might have screwed up in taking care of the two of them, but she seemed determined not to be a burden.

I got myself a beer from the fridge and went into the living room. I started some soft classical music going before I got myself situated in my chair, and picked up the book I'd planned to read

that night. When the dishes were done, Tania and Daneesha both came into the living room to look around a bit. Both seemed surprised at the shelves full of books I had, and it was Daneesha that asked if I'd actually read all of them. She seemed surprised when I said that I had, and some of them several times, so I told her "Books are one of the greatest things people have ever come up with. They're a way for one person to share what they think or know or imagine with lots of other people. They don't need electricity, they're portable, you can read them over and over again, and you can share them with other people. The things written in some of those book are what people said thousands of years ago - even before Bible times. And what those people said is as true now as it was then. That dress you're wearing was designed by somebody that read books. You bought it in a store from somebody that learned how to run a business from books. People read books to learn how to make it, and it was put together in a factory designed by people that read books. Odds are that the farmer the grew the cotton it's made of learned how to grow ENOUGH cotton from books. They aren't as fancy and sexy as computers, and they're a bit more trouble than watching TV - but what you get from them can last you your whole life."

She looked doubtful, and I asked her what her favorite movie was. She told me, and I got up and went over to the bookshelves, pulled out one of the books and handed it to her, saying "Here you go. Here's a book with the story that movie was based on - it's called 'Hamlet'. The guy who wrote it lived something over four hundred years ago; his name was William Shakespeare."

She looked at me doubtfully, and I urged her "Go ahead - start reading it, and see if I'm not right." She looked at the book - a Collected Works - then me again, before going over to take a seat at the end of the couch and opening it up.

That got me a grin from Tania before I moved a couple of feet and selected another book to hand to her: Mark Twain's 'An Innocent Abroad'. She looked at me in concern, and I just smiled and told her "Relax - it's actually a fun read. I think you'll find some of yourself in what he wrote."

She didn't bother giving me any looks, she just took it and parked herself at the opposite end of the couch from her sister.

I couldn't help grinning to myself; I didn't doubt that they were basically good kids, just a touch on the spoiled side. Maybe reading something that showed them the world didn't start with their appearance in it would help them get their heads on a little straighter. I went back to where I'd left my book, and picked it up to start reading again.

The next three hours went by quietly. Demosthenes decided that Daneesha's lap was THE place to lay while she absently rubbed his ears; I could hear him purring even where I was sitting. Each of them got up once to get a soda, and Tania thought to ask if I wanted anything when she wanted hers, and brought me the soda I asked for - and smiled when I thanked her.

It was getting a little late when I marked my spot in the book I was reading and set it aside before telling them "You know what time your train leaves tomorrow, so I'll leave it up to you if you want to take those into the bedroom and keep reading. But it's getting kind of late for an old man like me" - both of them smiled at my self-description - "and I'm about ready to go to bed. And

just so nobody gets surprised, I usually sleep until about six o'clock, so if you wait until about six thirty before you come out, everything should be fine." Even if Daneesha didn't understand (which I considered doubtful), I knew Tania would know I was warning them to stay in the bedroom, lest they find me in some stage of undress.

They knew they were sitting where I was going to be sleeping, and both got up, using a finger to keep their spot in the books they were reading. They huddled for a moment to talk to each other before Tania told me "We better get to bed, too", followed by them walking over to my bookcases and putting their books back where I'd gotten them from.

They had another brief whispered conversation before both of them faced me and Tania said "Mister Ellison, we want to thank you for helping us - well, taking care of us, really. I know I made a really big mistake, and you've been a lot nicer about watching out for us that you had to, and both of us appreciate it - a LOT. We could have been in real trouble if it wasn't for you, and I just want you to know that **we** know it, too."

Daneesha followed her sister by saying "Really, Mister Ellison, we're glad you were there to take care of us. Thank you."

Then, much to my surprise, both girls came over to gave me a kiss on the cheek, thanked me again, and wished me good night before they headed for my bedroom.

After I heard the bedroom door close - they didn't lock it, indicating a trust I hoped they'd learn to be more careful with - I got up and unfolded the couch into the not *entirely* uncomfortable bed it converted to. I got some sheets and a blanket for it from the storage areas that the end tables provided, and soon had it ready to sleep in. I undressed, and though I normally sleep nude, I figured I'd better keep my shorts on, just in case. Another minute, and the lights were out and I was ready to go to sleep - despite Demosthenes routine of laying on my pillow and wrapping himself around the top of my head, and then purring loud enough to loosen the fillings in my teeth. He invariably found someplace else to sleep later, but it was mandatory for him that he start the night that way.

It was coming up on midnight, and I was still in kind of a half-sleep when I felt someone slip into bed with me. It took me a few seconds (I *was* half-asleep, after all) to realize that it could only be one of the girls; at which point I somehow teleported myself as far away from her in the sofa-bed as I could before exclaiming "Jesus *Christ*! What the **hell** do you think you're doing here!?"

In the semi-darkness, I heard Tania's voice tell me "I *think* I'm going to show you how much I appreciate everything you've done for Daneesha and me tonight. I don't have any money to pay you the way I'd like to, so I want to give you ME, instead."

"Dammit, Tania, you don't have to do that. This. Whatever. I'm helping you because I wouldn't be happy with *myself* if I left the two of you out there where God-knows-what could happen to you. You're decent kids that just made a stupid mistake because of how young and inexperienced you are, and I just can't see letting you get hammered because of a simple mistake. Now go back

to bed - in the OTHER bed, with your sister."

"Mister Ellison - Jim - you're right that I made a stupid mistake because of how young I am. But I'm not *that* young - I'm eighteen, remember! - and I'm not inexperienced; at least, not in the way I wanted to show you my appreciation. I'm not a virgin, and haven't been for a couple of years, so you don't have to worry that you're going to hurt me. My momma took me to the doctor so I could get on the Pill, so you're not likely to get me pregnant. I've only been with a couple of different boys, so I don't expect I know as much about sex as you do, but I'm willing to **try**, and learn. Daneesha's in there, sound asleep, and I closed the door, so you don't have to worry that she'll hear us. I'm here because *I* chose to, not because you did or said anything to make me want to have sex with you. And after what I did, getting me and Daneesha in trouble like I did, you can be DAMN sure I'm not going to tell anybody about all this. You're right, I **don't** 'have' to do this - but I *want* to."

While she'd been talking, she'd also been easing herself over toward me; by the time she finished, I could feel her next to me - and knew that she was stark naked. I could feel her breasts touching my back as she put an arm across my body. I took her arm and moved it off of me, but she just put it right back again, and scooted even closer.

I tried to fight it, I really did. But it had been a while since my last girlfriend had moved out, and the feel of her young body pressing against mine felt *real* good. And when I started thinking about what she'd said about there not being any real downside... well, it was just more than I could take, right then.

With a soft groan, I got myself turned around so I was facing her - and promptly got kissed in a way that let me know that she was *real* sure about wanting to be there with me.

When the kiss ended, I let her push me over onto my back, and she moved to sit on me, straddling my hips. There was enough light that I could easily make out her face as she told me "Really, Jim, it's okay. I *want* to be with you like this. When you first said that we could stay with you, I thought you were just trying to hustle one of us into bed with you. But when you told us about the lock on the bedroom door, and even had the manager of the hotel let us borrow his phone, I knew that you really were trying to watch out for us. And then when we got here, you didn't say or do anything except be a nice person and let us know that we didn't have to worry. I know I said I wanted to give myself to you because we don't have any money to pay you, but that's not the whole reason I came out here. It isn't even MOST of the reason. I wanted to come to bed with you because of how you've treated us, and because of the kind of person you are. After Daneesha and I got in bed, I couldn't get to sleep; I kept thinking about *why* you would let us stay here, and how you were so careful to SHOW us that we would be safe, and didn't have to be afraid. I finally realized that you were doing all that because you cared what happened to us - and I knew, then, that I wanted to come out here and show you that I care what happens to you, too."

After she leaned in to kiss me again, she went on "I've only been with a couple of boys, like I told you, and I haven't done much in the way of sex stuff. But the way you've been with

Daneesha and me, I think I can trust you to be patient with me and help me learn - and I *do* want to learn, 'specially if it's from someone like you."

Hearing that made me comfortable enough that I was willing to put my hands on her hips as I told her "Tania, I'm still not real comfortable with this - you being in my bed, I mean. Okay, you're eighteen and not a virgin and all that. There isn't a thing in the world to keep us from trying to hump each other's brains out - except that you ARE just eighteen, and I'm pushing forty. Even though you don't know it yet, there's a LOT of difference between us - more than just the years, but what they MEAN."

She cocked her head slightly, and answered "I *know* that, Jim. That's why I wanted to come in here - so that I could **learn** from you, like I said. And so you don't have to say it, I expect that me being Black is part of it, too. Back home, we still sometimes get looks from people when me and my boyfriend go out someplace with some of our White friends."

I couldn't help making a noise of disgust before I said "What color you are isn't what matters to me; it's the fact that you're so young, and I'm *supposed* to be watching out for you, not taking you to bed."

She leaned in to look closely at me, and after a few seconds, said "You really **don't** care that I'm Black, do you?"

"Not so as anyone would notice. What matters to me right now is the fact that you're eighteen, female, and naked in my bed - in that order."

She smiled and said "And what matters to ME is that you're male, naked, AND that I'm here on top of you - and all we've done so far has been kiss a couple of times. I came in here so we could fuck, not talk to each other all night. I've seen you looking at them, but you haven't even touched my tits, yet!"

It was hard NOT to look at her tits. Each was the size of half a grapefruit, sporting an areola about the size of a quarter with a short nipple about the diameter of a kid's large crayon sticking out from it. They looked like two mounds of Hershey chocolate capped with dark chocolate confections, and the more I saw them, the more I wanted to get my lips on them. So when she 'complained' that I hadn't touched them, I corrected that oversight by sliding my hands along her body until I was cupping them in my hands - and then mentally kicked myself for not doing it sooner. They were smooth and warm, and when I gently squeezed them, amazingly firm beneath their outer softness. I ran my thumbs over her nipples and watched them grow a little, and get harder under my touch.

Tania put her hands on mine, and released a small, soft moan, letting me know that she liked what I was doing. While my hands and fingers were busy on her mammaries, my eyes were taking in the rest of her - from her slender and graceful neck, to her trim waist and hips, to the long, slender thighs that were bracketing the narrow wedge of dark pubic hair I could see at their apex. Her skin was dark and velvety, with nothing to mar its soft perfection.

After a few moments of my playing with her tits, Tania took her hands off mine and reached down to begin touching with MY chest; I figured I was getting the better deal.

We continued touching each other that way for a couple of minutes before I decided that just touching wasn't enough. She resisted my first attempt to guide her off of me, but when I told her "If you'll lie down, we can do more", she was agreeable. When she was on her back next to me, I rolled onto my side and kissed her as I got my hand on her lovely mounds again.

Our kisses were initially soft and gentle and affectionate, but as both of us got more comfortable and relaxed, they grew in both duration and intensity. I was determined not to 'push' her (that being the sole contribution my conscience could make), but I was certainly ready to respond in kind to anything SHE wanted. So when I felt her tongue briefly touch my lips, I was more than willing to return the gesture; it wasn't long before our tongues were dancing and dueling in each others mouths.

As they did, I slowly began moving my hand down her body, giving her plenty of time to let me know if she had any objections. I knew she didn't when I felt her open her legs, and the intensity of her kisses increase.

Of course, my hand first came in contact with the dark wedge of her pubic hair, and I spent a little time investigating it - comprised of a million-and-one short, curly hairs, it was thick and soft at the same time. I don't know if she trimmed it, or not; if she did, I doubt that she had to do much. When I'd satisfied my curiosity about her bush, I eased my hand between her thighs and easily found the core of her young womanhood. Her vaginal lips were small and slightly thick, but soft and smooth; between them, she was already fairly wet in her arousal. My fingertip followed her cleft upward, where I found her clitoris was already starting to make an appearance out from under its hood. Using the oils that I already had on it, I began gently caressing and rubbing the small nubbin I'd found, which dramatically increased her pleasure and excitement as she tried to open her thighs for me even more.

When our next kiss ended, I moved my head down so that I could begin sucking on the dark pebbles of her nipples as I continued to use my hand and fingers between her legs. She was arching her hips up in response to my touch, and I'd gotten both of her nipples to full rubbery erectness when she told me "I... I want to do something for you, too. I... I want to suck your cock."

I lifted my head from her breast and held my hand still on her mons as I told her "Tania, you don't have to do that, if you don't want, or you've never done it before."

She informed me "I *do* want to do it. I've done it for my boyfriends before, a few times; I just don't like it when they squirt in my mouth without telling me."

"If you're sure you want to, then I'll be sure and say something before that happens, okay?"

She gave me a pleased smile, and reached down to pull my hand from between her legs so she could sit up. She pivoted on her butt and proceeded to slide my briefs down my legs after I lifted

my hips so she could get them that far. Then she stretched out again, putting her head even with my semi-erect cock. She nudged my hip to let me know she wanted me to lie on my back, and when I had, she unhesitatingly reached out to take me in her hand. A few moments later, and she had the head between her lips, and was softly licking it with the tip of her tongue. From what she did, and how she did it, over the next minute or so, I knew that she really didn't have much experience giving head - and was probably still worried that I would cum in her mouth, despite my assurances.

But rather than try to talk her through it, and probably sound like I was just after my own pleasure, I decided to see if I couldn't give her a little motivation. I reached over and began gently pressing against the inside of one of her legs; after a moment, she realized I wanted her to move it, and she did - only to be confused when I did it again. After a couple cycles of that, she released my cock from her mouth and turned her head to look back at me before asking "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to put this leg" - I softly caressed it to let her know which one - "on the other side of my head."

She looked confused for a moment, then realized the position she'd be in if she did what I asked - and what I wanted to do. She hesitantly told me "Nobody ever, uh, did that to me before. Black men, that's just something almost none of them do. I don't know..."

I interrupted her to say "Then I think it's about time you found out what you've been missing. Don't worry, I **like** doing it, and there isn't going to be anything about you that's weird or anything."

I could see on her face as her doubts and curiosity duked it out; curiosity won, and she slowly moved her leg as I wanted, leaving her body on top of mine with her knees on each side of my head. When she took my cock in her mouth again, I could tell that she was still more than a little nervous.

While I was tempted to look at her for a few moments, I knew that would only make her even MORE apprehensive. So I just lifted my head and softly kissed her clitoris, which was peeking out at me, before extending my tongue and running it between her pussy lips - and getting a good taste of her juices in the process. They were fresh, and light, and slightly musky - and delicious. I didn't hesitate to do it again. She'd frozen over me when I'd first tasted her essence, but after I'd done it a few more times, she relaxed again, realizing that I really DID like what I was doing.

A couple of minutes more, and she was starting to respond to my efforts: licking and sucking on her labia, pressing my tongue against her opening, happily licking up her oils as they appeared, and best of all, the way I was teasing and toying with her clitoris. And the things that I was doing to her inspired her to try and reciprocate, as best she could. She already knew how not to hurt me, but as she got more and more aroused, she went from not hurting me to actively trying to please me. She had me fully erect and was enthusiastically bobbing her head on my cock when I finally pulled my head back from her crotch.

After a few seconds, she stopped and released me from her lips to ask "Is something wrong? That felt **good**!", the pleasure in her voice letting me know that she'd changed her mind about having someone eating her pussy.

"No, nothing's wrong. You're making me feel REAL good, is all, and I told you that I'd say something before I cum - squirt. You said that you don't like it when your boyfriends do that in your mouth. So if you want, we can have sex now."

That was all she needed to hear, and she quickly - and carefully - moved herself off of me to sit by my hip before asking "How... how do you want to do it?"

"How do you WANT me to do it?" I asked in return.

"I want you on top of me, so I can see you, and so we can kiss and everything."

I sat up, too, and took her into my arms and kissed her before saying "Then that's how we'll do it. I'd like us to be able to do all that, too", pleasing her.

It was only a few moments before she was lying on her back, knees pulled up and legs spread as I got myself positioned between them. Though she looked a little nervous, I could also see that she was eagerly anticipating having me inside her.

I reached down and slid the head of my cock up and down between her labia a couple of times to wet it with her oils before positioning it against the entrance to her vagina. I started to press myself into her; but when I felt her tense up, I immediately backed off. She looked up at me and asked "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, I thought *I* was. When I started, I felt you tighten up, so I stopped so I didn't hurt you."

She looked at me in bafflement for a few seconds before she brightened up and said "The guys I've been with, well, they always just try to push themselves in, and it usually doesn't feel good at first, so I kind of tense up because I'm afraid it'll hurt."

"Tania, I'm really sorry to hear that - but I'm not those guys. I'm going to go *slow*, and take my time, **just so** I don't hurt you. You said you wanted to learn from me, so let me teach you what you should EXPECT from a guy, okay?"

She smiled, and nodded, and I could feel her relax a bit under me.

When I tried again, she got tense again, but when I backed off a little and waited, she realized that I *wasn't* going to hurt her, and settled down again fairly quickly.

The next try went better, and she stayed relaxed until the head of my dick slipped through the tight ring of her opening. She clamped down again almost immediately - but I'd already stopped, which she realized a second later. She gave me an embarrassed grin, and I just told her "It's okay, Tania. If you already knew, I wouldn't have to teach, right?"

She nodded, and I felt her relax even more, and slowly pressed myself into her again. I could still feel that she was a bit tense, so as soon as I felt even a little bit of 'drag', I stopped again. She

looked up at me, a little surprised, and I told her "I said I was going to go slow, and take my time so I don't hurt you, and that's what I'm doing. It takes a little time to get my penis wet with the lubrication you make inside. So what I'm doing is getting myself covered with your juices a little bit at a time, instead of all at once like the guys you know do. It's a lot easier and more comfortable for you, and gives you a little more time to get used to having me inside you."

She nodded her understanding, and didn't seem surprised when I slid myself back and forth a few times to help spread her juices around a bit before pressing into her again. She was a lot more relaxed when I stopped the next time.

Soon enough, I was completely inside her warm, wet channel. When she felt my pelvis pressing against hers, she looked up at me again in delight and said "THAT was a *lot* nicer and easier than I've ever had before."

I lowered my head to kiss her before answering "See? An old fart like me does know a **few** things, after all."

She grinned at me and said "I don't think you're that old. And I think you know a LOT more than you let on. But what we're really here for is **this**", emphasized by clenching her pussy around my cock.

It was a reminder that I *really* didn't need, but since she seemed so interested, I figured I'd go ahead and get things started.

I eased myself back out of her until I felt the ring of her opening clenched behind the head, then slowly pressed myself back into her in a single slow thrust - which was accompanied by her soft moan of pleasure. She demonstrated how limber she was by locking her ankles behind my back and opening her thighs so that I could enter her deeper and easier. When I repeated my previous action, I found that I could slip into her that last fraction of an inch - which had my pubic bone pressing against hers.

She was warm and wet inside, and tighter than I'd expected, so I wanted to take things easy and enjoy the time I had with her. I got into a rhythm of pistoning in and out of her that she seemed to like - it wasn't long at all before the expression on her face and the small, soft sounds she was making let me know that I was pleasing her. She was only a couple of inches shorter than me, so I was also able to get my lips around her marvelous nipples and suck on them for all-too-brief periods. In the times in between, the two of us would simply look into each other's eyes, or kiss - not just on the lips, but each other's faces, and shoulders, and anyplace else we could reach.

I'd lowered my body to rest on my elbows and was firmly thrusting into her with about half my dick while I softly nibbled her earlobe when she had an orgasm. I felt her freeze under me for a second before her pussy tightened around my cock. She didn't get so tight that I had any trouble moving in her, but it sure as hell made it a WHOLE lot more stimulating for me. She stuffed a fist into her mouth and managed to muffle what I'm sure would have been a pretty loud noise as her body - and pussy! - started going through a series of spasms that had her gasping for air between the waves of pleasure that enveloped her. She'd gone through a couple of cycles of

release when I raised myself up to support my weight on my hands and arms; she was gasping and panting so hard that I thought I'd better give her as much 'breathing room' as I could. I couldn't see trying to explain to the cops that she'd suffocated during an orgasm while I was fucking her.

It wasn't much longer before her climax started to taper off; I decided to just hold myself still in her for a bit, since I was starting to get a little tired.

So I was watching her when she had recovered enough to open her eyes and look up at me. It took her a second to recognize who I was, but when she did, she raised her body off the bed and threw her arms around me, hugging me fiercely before she started crying into my chest. That had her lifted completely off the bed, and I was just barely able to get myself lowered so that most of her weight was back on the bed before she stopped crying long enough to give me a passionate kiss on the lips and say "Oh, dear god, that was wonderful! The best I've ever had with a boy before was just a *little* orgasm, maybe, before he shot off in me. That was as good as anything I **ever** gave myself!" - and immediately looked terminally mortified at having admitted that she masturbated.

I couldn't help grinning before I told her "Don't worry about it, Tania. *Everybody* does it, even if they won't admit to it. It isn't going to make you blind, and it doesn't mean you're sick or perverted. It just means you've got perfectly normal, perfectly healthy physical desires, and you know how to satisfy them. It's no big deal, okay?"

I thought I saw her face darken, and it took me a few moments to realize that I'd probably just seen her blush - and couldn't keep my mind from wandering off for a bit to think about other things I'd never considered about being Black.

When she unlocked her arms from around me, that put the rest of her weight on the bed, and changed our positions slightly - enough for her to realize that I was still hard and inside her. Her eyes got positively huge before she asked "Didn't you...? Did I do something wrong?"

I grinned again, and answered "No, I didn't climax, and no, you didn't do anything wrong. You're doing just *fine*, in fact. I'm older, and I've learned how not to climax if I don't want; I like what we're doing, and thought maybe you'd want to keep going, since YOU seem to be enjoying it, too."

That made her blush (?) again before she got a delighted look on her face and said "Yeah, I AM enjoying it, and I DO want to keep going."

"The only thing is, I'm getting a little tired - remember, I'm an old man, and don't have as much energy as you kids - so if you want to keep going, you're going to have to do the work for a while."

She'd released a snort of derision at my self-description, and when I was done, she told me "You've done given me one orgasm, and you've got enough control that you didn't squirt in me so we can do this some more. You ain't old, you're *mature* - and I mean that in the nicest way

possible. You've done more to make me happy tonight than **any** of the BOYS that I've been out with have. So if you need some rest after all that, I'll be damn glad to do the 'work'!" before pulling me into a kiss that damn near turned incendiary.

When it was over, I told her "If you'll help, we can get switched around without me having to pull out of you" - and couldn't help but smile at her enthusiastic "I'm for that!"

She readily cooperated in getting ourselves situated, and released a soft sound of delight when I got us rolled over so that she was on top of me. A little minor adjustment of her legs, and she was ready to go - and did. She started out simply rocking her hips back and forth, sliding herself on and off maybe a quarter of my length as I reached up and started caressing and gently squeezing her breasts, and teasing her nipples to see how long and hard I could get them. After a couple of minutes, she leaned forward to put her hands on my chest to support and brace herself as she started experimenting with how she could move herself on me, and what it felt like to her. She finally settled on simply bounding herself up and down on my cock, and that felt pretty darn good for BOTH of us.

But even her youthful energy had its limits, and she eventually got tired enough that she was willing to simply sit on my 'lap' and rock herself back and forth again - until she discovered that if she shifted her position slightly, she could apply pressure to her clit as she moved. Once she got started on that, it was pretty much the end of it: over the next few minutes, her movements gradually got faster and faster as she got more and more aroused. The way she was shifting around my cock, and the frequent clenching of her pussy caused by her motions, were doing a pretty good job of getting ME closer to having a climax, too.

Unsurprisingly, she finally found the release she sought: she again froze in place for a second before I felt her tighten around me. I was relieved to see her push her fist in her mouth again before crying out around it as she started her second orgasm of the night - one that was even more powerful than the first, judging from the way she felt around me.

I hadn't been far from cumming when she slipped over into her climax, and the feeling of her wet vagina clenching around me even harder than it had the first time was enough to get ME started, too. I grabbed her by the hips and tried to push myself as far inside her as I could as I felt my cock tighten in preparation for filling her with my cum.

There isn't a doubt in my mind that she could feel it when the first spray of my semen erupted in her: her eyes suddenly flew open, and she pressed herself down onto me with a deep groan before she was overwhelmed by the next cycle of her release - one that was more powerful than the one before.

She continued pushing herself down, I tried to see if I could get enough of my cock in her to spray her tonsils as I emptied myself into her warm, clasping insides. I didn't get that far inside her, but it certainly wasn't from lack of trying or unwillingness - by EITHER of us.

By the time her orgasm ended, I had recovered enough to help guide her to lie on top of me so I could put my arms around her while she got her senses back. Several minutes went by with her

head was on my chest; she was panting softly when she told me "Dear, sweet Jesus! I didn't think it could GET any better than last time, but damned if that wasn't the best I ever had!"

I kissed the top of her head and began slowly caressing her back before I replied "It felt pretty good to me, too."

She raised her head far enough to turn and look at me before she said "I know! I could feel it when you started squirting in me, and that just made it even better!"

I gently pushed her head back down and answered "I could tell. You felt different inside after I started cumming."

With a note of awe in her voice, she softly said "I could feel you, and then you could feel me. Can it *always* be like that? So... I don't know... **intense**?"

I expanded my touch to include the firm mounds of her ass - making her shudder slightly - before I answered "I don't know of any reason it *can't*. If you and the other person both want to make each other feel as good as possible, I don't see why not."

"That's all there is to it? Wanting to make the other person feel good?"

"Pretty much. I like what we're doing, and YOU sure seem to, so we're both trying to make the other person happy."

She lay there quietly for a few seconds before she told me "Now I understand why I didn't like being with my boyfriends as much as I've liked being with you. They just wanted to get inside me and hump me until they squirted; they didn't much care how *I* felt about it. But you've been patient, like I wanted you to, and you've actually **cared** about making ME feel good. I think I learned more about sex than I thought I would, being with you tonight."

I quit playing with her ass, and gave her a hug before simply holding her in my arms, my semi-erect cock still inside her. Her vagina was having occasional twitches and tremors that were dramatically interfering with the softening of my cock, and both of us were perfectly content to just lay there for a while.

Then a voice in the dark said "I want to fuck him, too!", and damn near gave me heart failure.

I had been so focused on Tania that I couldn't imagine who it was until I heard her exclaim "Daneesha!"

I barely had time to think "Oh, *shit*!" before the lamp at the end of the couch came on - revealing that not only were Tania and I both nude, but the position we were in, including the fact that my cock was still inside her.

It also revealed that Daneesha was standing there stark naked, too.

I couldn't **help** but look at her - and even as young as she was, I could see that she was most definitely female, and more than passably sexy. Her skin was a couple shades lighter than Tania's - more of a coffee-with-cream color. Her tits were smaller, too; perhaps the size of half a

tangerine, capped with dark brown areolas that were roughly half an inch across, with nipples the size of a pencil eraser sticking out of them. Her waist and hips weren't as curved as her sister, but there was still a distinctively female shape to her. Her legs were long and slender, and at the base of her belly, she had a patch of pubic hair that wasn't as large or thick as her sisters. But despite the lack of development she exhibited, I could still tell that she was going to grow into a real knockout; it was plain to see that she had a damn good start on it already.

As I willed my heart into something approximating a regular beat again, I heard Tania demand "Daneesha, what are you doing here? Why aren't you in bed, asleep?"

"I had a bad dream, and when I woke up, you weren't there. I thought you were in the bathroom, but when you didn't come out after a while, I went to look for you. You weren't there, and I thought I heard noises out here. I came out, and I could see you were naked and sitting on Mister Ellison, and bouncing up and down. I didn't know what you were doing for a minute, then I realized you were fucking, so I stayed and watched - and I got *really* excited, so I took off my nightgown so I could touch myself easier. After you were done, I heard what you said to each other, and now I want to fuck him, too."

"What do you know about it? You only turned fifteen last month, and I was almost seventeen before I started!" Tania demanded.

I could hear the tone of abused patience in Daneesha's voice as she informed her sister "Remember the party Momma and Daddy said I could have in the basement the same night you went to your graduation party? Well, they were so worried about you that they completely forgot about us. We had the lights real low, and me and Jamal, we were kissing and touching and everything, and I decided that I wanted to find out what sex was like. My period wasn't going to start for a couple days, so I knew I couldn't get pregnant, so I let Jamal fuck me. It hurt a little at first, but then it started feeling okay - but he squirted in me after just a minute. I was going to let him do it some more, but Shania said she thought she heard somebody on the stairs, and I just pulled my panties back on real quick. By the time we figured out that she just heard a noise, it was time for everyone to go home. The next time Momma washed clothes, she found my panties and saw the blood and Jamal's stuff. She asked me about it, and I told her what happened. She told me not to say anything to Daddy, and took me to the doctor's a week later. He said I wasn't hurt, and Momma had him inject these little sticks under my skin; they're some kind of birth control, and even though you have to look **real** careful to find them, Momma had the doctor put them where Daddy wouldn't see. She told me that if Daddy found out I was having sex so young, he'd probably have a heart attack, or go crazy. I don't think he would, but I understood what she meant."

I could tell that Tania was *almost* as stunned as I was to learn that her sister had already had sex. More than just the once, since Daneesha went on to say "After I got those sticks from the doctor, I knew I couldn't get pregnant, so I let Jamal fuck me a few more times. It didn't hurt, but he kept squirting in me before I really start feeling good from it, so I don't let him do it any more. I was thinking that maybe one of the older boys at school would do it better, but I heard what you said

about your boyfriends, and Mister Ellison, so I won't bother with them - I want HIM to fuck me, so I know what it's supposed to feel like."

Tania told her sister "Daneesha, you can't just come in here and tell us you want him to have sex with you. Even if you're not a virgin and you're on birth control, you're still only *fifteen*. If he had sex with you, it would be against the law, and he could go to jail or even **prison**. He's a full-grown man, so he's bigger than a boy Jamal's age; even if he DID have sex with you, he might hurt you inside. I'm bigger than you, and he even filled ME up. And besides all the rest, just coming in here and saying you want him to fuck you isn't how you get someone to like you enough to WANT to have sex with you. You listened to me and him talking afterwards, but you didn't hear us BEFORE. I'm old enough that he wouldn't get into trouble with me like he would you, and I *still* had to convince him to even **think** about it. What can you say that would make him WANT to have sex with you, as young as you are, and after you came in here like that? You admitted you spied on us, you like to have scared the *crap* out of both of us, and then you sound like you're DEMANDING he have sex with you. After all that, why should he? And don't be thinking you can threaten us with Momma or Daddy, either! He's been too nice to BOTH of us, and if I have to tell Daddy that I made a mistake and didn't take care of our hotel room like I should have, then I will, if it keeps Jim out of trouble."

The idea that Daneesha might say something that would get Tania or me in trouble was something that I'd already thought of, and was worried about. But I had to figure Tania knew her sister - sex life excluded - well enough to short-circuit any ideas Daneesha might have about using threats as a bargaining tool.

From the expression on Daneesha's face, I knew she'd been thinking of doing what Tania had just told her not to - and that Tania's apparent willingness to 'come clean' with their parents had done exactly what it was meant to: cut her off at the knees. Tania could see it, too, and told her sister "That's what I expected. Now, go on over there and sit down where you can't listen while I talk to Jim. And maybe you should think about what I just told you, while you're there!"

Daneesha looked like she was going to start crying any moment, but did as she was told, taking the chair farthest from where Tania and I were still (barely) coupled on the bed.

Keeping our heads turned away from where Daneesha was sitting, Tania and I spent the next few minutes trying to figure out what to do about Daneesha. It finally got down to the point where Tania told me "Jim, I wish to *hell* none of this had ever happened. As good as you've made me feel tonight, I'd still give it all up if it meant that you didn't have to worry about my damn little sister getting you into some kind of trouble."

"Tania, it's done, and there's nothing that can change it. The thing to do now is figure out what's next. I hate to say this, but she isn't my sister, and I've got no idea what to say or do - which means that it's going to have to be up to you. I'll answer any question I can; and I'm ready to back you up, whatever you decide - but it's still your decision. I'm sorry."

She shook her head, and told me "No, don't be sorry - you're exactly right. Right now, I wish she

wasn't my sister, either, but she is, and I have to figure something out. Except I don't have the faintest idea of where to start."

"If it helps any, try to figure out what you think the most basic problem is, and see if you can find a solution to THAT. Then you can try to find ways to adjust it to work with the rest." I offered.

She managed to give me a small smile, and I just held her for the next few minutes as she thought about what was needed. By unspoken agreement, both of us were careful not to move our bodies any more than necessary; neither of us figured that trying to deal with the Daneesha problem while my cum was running out of Tania would help our case any. I felt her head give a little shake, and then a few seconds later, she asked "Jim, would you have sex with my sister - the way you had sex with me - so that she WON'T want to sleep around, trying to find a guy that'll make her feel good, when there aren't any?"

The question was so unexpected, and so off-the-wall, that all I could do was blink at her a few times before asking "Am I understanding correctly that now you *want* me to fuck your sister?"

She seemed to realize the problem I was having, and said "The basic problem is that she's already started having sex, and isn't happy with it yet. You heard her: Jamal wasn't any good, and she was going to try some of the older guys at school to see if they could make it nice for her. I don't doubt for a minute that she'll do exactly that, either - and unless she's *real* damn lucky, she isn't going to find one that can do what she wants; so she's going to keep trying until everybody in school thinks she's a slut, or until our Dad finds out. On the other hand, if she does find someone that can make her happy, then maybe - maybe! - she'll realize that it's only special if SHE makes it that way, and she'll decide not to let just *anybody* between her legs, and choose to wait until she finds a guy that deserves her. But the only way it'll work is if she's with that special person just the one time, and then no more after that, so she doesn't keep running off to get fucked every chance she gets. In other words, she has to get laid once well enough to make her not want to settle for anything less - at least, not until she's old enough to understand what she wants, and how to get it. I'm thinking that if you make her feel as good as you've made ME feel, then I can convince her not to sleep around. She told us that Jamal didn't do anything for her, and you heard her say she listened to us talking, so I can make sure she understands that younger guys - ones even CLOSE to her age, that even *might* be interested in her - won't be able to make her feel as good as you. I'm thinking that once she finds out how good sex **can** be, she won't settle for just fucking, with somebody like Jamal. You having good sex with her now, once, will keep her from having lots of bad sex with a bunch of guys in the future."

Even after she explained herself, and what she expected would happen, it still took me several seconds to understand that she was actually serious. But I thought about what she'd said, and ran through her explanation several times in my mind; I had to admit that if her premises were correct, and she was right about what Daneesha would do, then her conclusion seemed plausible. The only real problem I had with it, in fact, was the fact that *I* was the one that was not only supposed to have sex with a fifteen-year-old girl, but make it pleasant enough for her that she'd want to forsake all other males until she reached the age of majority - a proposition that seemed

fairly remote, to me. I was confident that I was a reasonably good lover in bed; but **that** good?

I expressed my concerns to Tania, and she just smiled and said "She hasn't had any better of a time with guys than I have; maybe even worse. I'd bet cash money that if you did her the same way you did me, that would be all she'd need. I only see two real problems. The first is that she's only fifteen, and you could get into trouble if she got it into her head to tell anyone. But there are two things that make me believe that would never happen: I don't doubt that if you made her as happy as you made me, she'd never want anything to happen to you because of it; and the second is that even if she DID say anything about it, I'd swear on a stack of Bibles that you never even touched either one of us. She's gotten into trouble enough times that if it came down to my word against hers, people would believe me, not her. The other problem is that she only knows about having a guy inside her - fucking. I don't know how willing she'd be about doing any of the other stuff that you and I did - like using our mouths on each other. But I'm positive that if I showed her that *I* was willing to do that stuff, she'd want to be 'grown up' and try it, too. I don't doubt she'd like what YOU do, and as long as you didn't squirt in her mouth, I don't think she'd really mind the other; she might not like it, but I don't think she'd actually DISlike it, either. So I think the only real question is whether or not you think you'd like to hump my little sister." - the last followed by a wry grin.

I still had to face the question of whether or not I wanted to take the chance of boffing a fifteen year old girl. Sure, she was cute, and sexy as hell - but still only fifteen. Tania seemed to understand that I still had to think about it, and waited the couple of minutes it took me to work things out in my mind.

I finally got things settled, and told her "I'm not real wild about the idea, but if you think that having sex with me would help her, I'm willing to at least *try*. I expect you know that I've got my ass hanging out by a country mile with this, but you've been willing to trust me, so I'm going to trust you."

Tania gave me a smile of reassurance before she told me "You'll see - it'll be okay. I'm going to talk to her first, okay?"

I nodded, and both of us turn our heads to look over to where Daneesha was sitting. I could see that she looked fairly miserable, and thought that the talk she'd gotten might have done some good.

Tania spoke Daneesha's name to get her attention, and then said "Jim and I have made our decisions, but I want to hear if you've got anything to say for yourself first."

Daneesha got up from the chair she was sitting in and came over to tell us "I'm really sorry for spying on you. I hate it when other people do it to me, and I know *I* shouldn't have done it. And I shouldn't have surprised you the way I did, and started just **demanding** things. Mister Ellison was real nice about letting us stay here so we'd be safe, and feeding us and everything, and acting the way I did wasn't the way to show him how much I appreciate what he's done - and I DO appreciate it! I really do want to find out what having sex should be like, but being a brat isn't the

way to get someone to do something nice for me, and I'm sorry I acted that way; I really am. Tania, you've never been mean to me like the way so many of my friends sisters are toward them, and I know that being with Mister Ellison made you feel good, and happy, and it wasn't right for me to even THINK about saying I'd tell Momma and Daddy about what you did here after you've been so nice to me, and tried to take care of me. You didn't even fuss when Daddy said you could only come here if I was with you; you just helped me pick out what stuff I needed to bring, and even asked me what kind of things *I* wanted to do while we were here. Sometimes, I feel like I'm all grown up and can do things for myself, but other times, I feel like I'm still a little kid, and act like it. I know I've been a stinker, and acted like a spoiled brat, and I'm **so** sorry!" By the time she finished, Daneesha was crying - hard; and even I could tell that they were tears of sorrow and shame.

Tania gave me a look that let me know she believed her sister, and I nodded my agreement before she turned back to Daneesha and said "I'm glad you realized that you WERE being a spoiled brat, and what you did was wrong. I know you get tired of hearing it, but you're only fifteen, and you're not as grown up as you want to believe sometimes. I'm only three years older than you, and I promise you, there are times that I'm amazed at how much difference those three years makes. I know it's hard, and it seems like it's going to take *forever*, but just try to BE as grown up as you think you are."

Daneesha was crying even harder, but managed to nod her head in understanding of what Tania was telling her.

Tania looked at me, seemed to consider something, then looked at Daneesha again before saying "Even after you acted the way you did, I still love you. We talked about what you said, and I told Jim what *I* know about you so he could try to make the right decision for HIM. Daneesha, if you keep trying to find guys that will make you feel good when you fuck, you aren't going to find one. All that's going to happen is that you'll let too many guys between your legs, and everyone will say you're a slut or a whore. The guys even CLOSE to your age are too selfish and stupid to know that they don't know anything: all you're going to find is older and bigger Jamals. You heard me - even my boyfriends, MY age! - aren't any better than you told us Jamal was. Anybody old enough to actually **know** anything about how to make you feel good isn't going to want to be with you because of how young you are, and the trouble they could get into. Besides, if you start letting guys fuck you all the time, why should anyone want to risk jail for a fifteen year old that'll let just about *anybody* stick their cock in her? Who's going to want to have sex with a girl that has a wore out old pussy, and maybe a bunch of diseases, before she's even out of high school? The more guys you fuck, the less ANY of them is going to want you for anything besides a place to stick his cock. Is that what you want? Because if you don't learn that sex is supposed to be something **special**, and act like it, then that's how things are going to turn out for you. I thought that being with my boyfriends was something special, but I learned tonight that it wasn't. Jim showed me what it means to be with someone that actually *cares* about me. When we get home, I'm not going to be having sex with my boyfriends like I was; I'm going to wait until I find a guy that cares about me, and wants more than just to get between my legs. You said that you want

Jim to do that for you, too - but why should he? Why should he bother doing anything nice like that for you if you're just going to be a whore when we get home? Why should he risk going to jail or prison by trusting you when all he knows about you is that you started having sex at fourteen - *fourteen*! - 'just because', and that you spied on us, and acted like a spoiled brat?"

Daneesha was nearly wailing when she answered "I'm *sorry*, I really, truly am! While you were talking, I remembered how people talk about Shania, and I knew that I don't want people saying things like that about ME. I realized that I was doing wrong, just wanting to be with guys for sex. But after it was so bad with Jamal, I just want to know that it CAN be good so that I CAN wait! I know I was dumb, and there isn't any reason Mister Ellison should do anything for me; and I wouldn't blame him if he said he never wanted to see me again. But even if he does, I'm never, *ever* going to say anything to anybody about tonight because he's been so nice about watching out for me, and trying to make sure I was okay. He did a lot of stuff he didn't have to because he was worried about me, even though he never even MET me before."

Tania looked at me again, her eyes asking if I was satisfied with what I'd heard. I gave her the smallest of nods, and Tania then told her sister "Now, do you want to hear what we decided? Or do you just want to go back to bed? If you do, I'll be in there in just a minute."

Daneesha wiped the tears from her face and answered "I want to hear. Even if it's bad, I know I deserve it."

Tania told her "Well, you're lucky that Jim is as nice as he is. He told me that if *I* thought you learned your lesson, and that you could be trusted, then he was willing to teach you what having sex is **supposed** to feel like."

Daneesha immediately looked elated, but got serious again when Tania told her "There's more to having sex than just a guy putting his cock in you. *I* learned that tonight, and if you want him to help you learn about having sex so that it feels good, you're going to have to learn it, too."

"What do you mean?" Daneesha asked.

"I mean that I used my mouth on him - more than just a little bit; and that he used his mouth on me - the first time anybody ever did that. And when he kissed me after he did that, I could taste myself a little bit."

Daneesha's embarrassed expression gave us a little warning that something was up before the youngster told us "Um, I haven't had my mouth on a guy, but I've tasted his stuff, you know, when he squirts. And somebody has already used their mouth on me; and I already know what I taste like."

I was amazed at how calm Tania sounded when she told her sister "Tell me."

Daneesha gave me a concerned look before answering "Um, after I was with Jamal one time, I tasted his stuff a little bit when it ran out of me after he left. It... it didn't taste bad, or anything; just a little bit salty. I, uh, kinda like it, even. And one time when I was staying overnight with Shania last year, we were kind of fooling around - you know, practicing kissing and stuff. It was

kind of fun, and we started touching each other, and that felt nice, too. Then Shania had the idea of kissing each other, you know, *there*, and we did - except that it was more than just kissing, and it felt REAL nice. I could tell what I tasted like there when we kissed again afterwards. That was part of the reason I wanted to try fucking - so I could find out if it felt as good. Except that it didn't."

Tania looked at me again, and I just gave her a little discreet shrug of my shoulders; as far as I was concerned, what we'd just heard just simplified things. Tania seemed to reach pretty much the same conclusion, and turned to her sister again and said "Okay, I'm glad you could tell us about that. it makes things easier for us - ALL of us. Now, if you'll excuse me for a few minutes, Jim squirted in me before you let us know you were here. His cock has been keeping it inside me all this time, and I need to get his stuff out of me. You can be with him when I get back, so I can help you if you need it."

Because I'm so much older, I don't think I was *quite* as surprised as Tania when Daneesha hesitantly said "Uh, if you want... if it's okay, I mean... I could, you know, um, do that for you."

Both of us looked at her, and she quickly explained "I mean, I've already done that to another girl before, and I kinda like the way a guys stuff tastes. And I want to show you that I really AM sorry, and that you won't be sorry about trusting me."

Thankfully, Tania didn't bother finding out what *I* thought - I couldn't have said anything about it, either way; so I just waited the minute or so it took before Tania answered "If you really want to do it" - "I do!" Daneesha assured her - "then I guess it's okay. You better get up here, though, so I don't start making a mess on the bed waiting for you."

Daneesha quickly moved to the foot of the bed, and *carefully* found a spot by my feet on the side where there was the most room for Tania to go. Tania looked at me, and I quietly told her "Do it or not, it won't bother me either way. But if she does it, I think it pretty much settles the question of whether or not we can trust her."

Tania asked "You aren't bothered by one girl doing that to another?"

I couldn't help grinning when I answered "I don't have the right plumbing for it to be a problem" - and getting a small laugh from her before she suddenly pulled forward a little to get us 'uncorked', and quickly rolled off of me to lie on her back with her knees pulled up. Daneesha waited only until her sister stopped moving before lying down between Tania's legs and getting her mouth on the older girls mons.

It couldn't have been two seconds before I could hear the licking and slurping as Daneesha went about cleaning Tania's pussy of my cum. Tania briefly looked at me, apparently checking for some kind of reaction (which she didn't get) before tilting her head to watch her sister. I had to figure that Daneesha was doing more than just 'cleaning' when, a few minutes later, Tania closed her eyes and released a soft moan of pleasure.

Figuring "What the hell...", I decided to make my own contribution by rolling over so I could

begin sucking on Tania's nipples as I softly caressed her belly. It didn't take long before I had both of them fully erect, so I expanded my efforts to include all of her breasts - kissing random spots on them, softly sucking different areas, and even licking them from base to peak.

Between what Daneesha was doing between her thighs, and what I was doing to her breasts, Tania was soon slowly writhing and making various noises of pleasure and arousal. Daneesha could see what I was doing, of course, and lifted her head long enough to give me a brief smile before returning to her self-appointed task.

I'd learned the signals that Tania gave, and was ready when she slipped into an orgasm; as I listened to the soft sounds of Daneesha eagerly lapping up her elder sister's juices, I was gently pulling on Tania's nipples, and softly nibbling her earlobe - which she seemed to enjoy quite a bit.

With the end of Tania's orgasm, Daneesha raised up from between her sister's thighs - and I could see that she was coated with Tania's juices from nose to chin. I gestured to her that she should come up to where I was, and sit on the other side of Tania from me. She did, and was surprised when I sat up and cupped her face in my hands, and then gently guided her forward so that I could begin using the tip of my tongue to clean her face of the older girls essence. When I was done, I told her "That was nice of you to go ahead and help her have another climax."

A little embarrassed, she answered "After the way I acted before, I wanted to do something to make her feel good - to kind of apologize for upsetting her." A moment later, she aid "And..." before falling quiet again.

"And?" I prompted.

She looked down at her lap and softly said "And I want to do something to apologize to you, too - but I don't know what."

I looked at her for a couple of seconds before telling her "Daneesha, you don't have to apologize to me; that's not what I want."

She tilted her head back up to look at me before asking "What can I do, then?", the tone of her voice letting me know that she really did want to try and make things 'right'.

I locked eyes with her and said "What you can do - what I really want - is for you to *learn* something from this; and I think you have. I only hope that you remember it, so you don't make the same mistake again."

Curiously, my quiet tone and the fact that I only wanted her to learn from the experience and not repeat the error seemed to affect her more than if I'd called her names or asked her to do something sexual with me. Her eyes started to tear up again, and I patted my lap, letting her know she was welcome to sit on it. She hesitated only briefly before carefully climbing over Tania and taking me up on my offer. I put my arms around her and held her as she leaned against my chest and softly cried for a few minutes.

While that was happening, Tania recovered from her orgasm and opened her eyes to see where Daneesha was, and what she was doing. Tania sat up, but didn't say anything as Daneesha cried into my chest. After a few minutes, her tears slowed, and I told Tania "There are some small towels on the middle shelf of the cabinet in the bathroom, if you want to get her one."

Tania simply got up and headed for my bedroom, and the bathroom where she could get something for her sister to dry her eyes. She was back in just a few moments, and touched Daneesha's arm with the hand towel she'd brought back. It took Daneesha a second to understand what it was, but she readily accepted it and began using it to dry her tears. When she was done, I heard her tell me "I'm sorry, Mister Ellison. I didn't mean to start crying like that, but even after I was such a turd, you were still being so nice to me; and that made me feel even worse about how I acted. Honest, I really DID learn something tonight; and I **will** remember it, so I don't act like that again."

Facing the way she was, Daneesha couldn't see as Tania nodded her head, letting me know that she thought Daneesha was being sincere about what she said.

I gave Daneesha a soft hug and said "Then that's all I need to hear, Daneesha. Everybody makes mistakes - the trick is to learn not to keep making the same ones over and over. I think you did that tonight, and that's all that really matters. Feel better, now?"

She tilted her head back to look up at me, and managed to give me a smile before nodding. I smiled back and told her "Good, I'm glad. There's still something I think you wanted to do tonight, wasn't there? What was it again? Something about learning how to play poker, wasn't it?"

She laughed, and answered "No, silly. You said you were willing to help me find out what having sex is *supposed* to be like. You're still going to do that?"

"If you still want me to. Why, have you changed your mind?"

She got a mildly indignant look on her face before she realized I was teasing, and answered "No, I haven't changed my mind. I still want to be with you, so I can know what it's like to feel as good as I know Tania did. When I get home, I'm going to make some NEW friends, so people won't talk about me like they do some of the other girls; I don't want people calling me a doorknob because everybody gets a turn, like they do Shania and a lot of her friends."

I lowered my head and kissed her softly on the lips before telling her "Daneesha, you've already learned the most important part: other people aren't going to respect you until you respect *yourself* - and by saying what you just did, you're already starting to do that."

She looked pleased, as much by what I said as from the kiss, I think. But just to make sure, I kissed her again - just as softly. When I pulled back to look at her, I could see that she was even happier.

"Now, how do you want to do this? There's you, me, and Tania; I figure you and I have to be here" - she grinned at that - "but how much Tania is involved is up to you. She said she wanted to

be here so she *could* help you. The question is, do you want her help?", I asked.

Daneesha turned her head far enough to look at Tania for a few moments before looking back at me and saying "Yeah, I do. I know I don't know as much about all this as I thought I did, and she already told me that you're going to be bigger than Jamal was. I expect you know more than she does, but she knows more than *I* do, and she's another girl, so she can help me better. Besides, after I watched her with you, it's only right that she see me, too."

Tania moved to where Daneesha could see her easier, and said "Daneesha, it's not about whether or not you saw me or I should see you - it's about what would make YOU feel right, and make it easier for you."

Daneesha looked at her sister and answered "I know, Sis. That's why I said the other stuff first; you seeing me is like an *extra* part of it."

Tania seemed satisfied with that, and smiled her acceptance of the explanation. When Daneesha turned back to me, I told her "I'm going to tell you something I told Tania: I'm going to go slow, because I don't want to hurt you. If there's anything you really don't like, let me know - I'm not going to MAKE you do something you don't want to. If there's something you like, or you want us to do different, don't be afraid or embarrassed to let me know; you want to learn what it's like when having sex is a good thing, and I'll do whatever I can to help make that happen, okay?"

She smiled, and nodded her understanding; and I lowered my head to give her another soft, affectionate kiss.

When our lips parted, I gently nudged her to stand up, and she let me guide her so that she was facing me before I eased her back onto my lap. After her small, firm ass was planted in my lap, she unhesitatingly moved her legs so that they were loosely wrapped around my waist. I put my arms around her and interlaced my fingers at the small of her back to help support her while I leaned in to kiss her again; except that I made my kiss a little firmer, and more inviting, than the previous ones - but without overwhelming her with it.

She responded in kind, and our next few kisses steadily grew in duration and passion. Along the way, I unlocked my fingers and began to hold her waist. We were kissing again when I slowly moved my hands up to her breasts. I felt her tense slightly, but when all I did was to simply hold my hands over them, she quickly relaxed. After our kiss ended, she pulled back slightly to look into my eyes; satisfied with what she saw, she moved close again and closed her eyes, letting me know she wanted to be kissed again.

After our lips touched, I began softly stroking her breasts. Lightly running my thumbs over her nipples, I felt them stiffen in response as she released a soft moan. Though not as large as her sisters, Daneesha's breasts were easily just as firm and warm and smooth. As I continued to caress her mammaries, the passion of Daneesha's kisses increased; when I finally touched her lips with my tongue, she readily opened her mouth in response. I didn't immediately start trying to lick her tonsils or do anything I thought would be too 'invasive'; rather, I let the tip of my tongue touch hers, and carefully tease it into my mouth so the two could get familiar with each

other. When her tongue finally retreated from my mouth to hers, mine followed - but only after she made clear that it was welcome.

Our tongues danced and dueled in each others mouths for several minutes before our lips separated. When she looked up at me again, I could see the desire in her eyes as she told me "I like this. You kiss REAL nice!"

I smiled and told her "And I'm going to try and make the rest of it just as nice as this."

She smiled back, and moved her hands from my waist to behind my neck, gently pulling me into another kiss - one that made it clear to me that she was ready for us to move on.

As our kiss progressed, I slowly moved my hands from her breasts to begin caressing the rest of her body - her sides, her back, what I could reach of her delightful ass, her thighs; anything I could reach was stroked softly and slowly. When I gently dragged my fingernails down the middle of her back, I thought that she was going to try and swallow MY tongue.

The end of our kiss found her softly panting, and the distinct aroma of aroused female faintly discernable to me. She let me guide her off of my lap so that she was laying on the bed, and I quickly stretched out on my side next to her, resting on my elbow. I spared a quick glance over to where Tania was, and saw from the look on her face and her erect nipples that she'd started getting aroused just watching us.

When I looked down at Daneesha, she looked back at me with her desire plain in her eyes. She returned my smile, and I softly touched my lips to hers before moving on to kiss her face and shoulders. I put my hand on her belly, and used my fingertips to map her body from ribs to pelvis; when my hand got close to her mons, she readily spread her legs - only to be surprised when I bypassed her sex in favor of caressing her smooth, firm thighs. I finally did let my hand briefly touch her mound, but only long enough to verify that she was getting aroused - and add a little to that arousal.

I moved my body over hers so that I kiss all of her that I wanted to; my legs naturally moved in between hers, but she looked up at me in complete trust - certain that I wasn't going to do anything to hurt her.

With my new position, I was able to better tend to those parts of her that I'd missed before; I could feel her nipples harden and press against my chest when I gently nibbled and sucked on her earlobe, and kissed the area where her neck and shoulder joined.

I applied my lips to every square inch of her skin as I slowly worked my way down her body. When I got as far as her breasts, I slowed my actions even more, taking my time as I licked and sucked on her breasts. She was moaning almost continuously by the time I had both of her nipples fully erect and glistening with my saliva; then it was time to continue my journey.

Her smooth, flat belly was a delight, and I cheerfully spent a couple of minutes orally assaulting her navel before moving on.

When I got to her pubic thatch, I found that it was soft and not quite as thick as Tania's: I didn't have any difficulty making out the surface of her tawny skin beneath it's surface. My lips followed the edge of it, and as they neared the area between her thighs, she eagerly spread her legs in anticipation of what she knew I was going to do. When I reached my goal, I had a clear view of Daneesha's womanhood. Her vaginal lips were small and thin; I could easily see both her clitoris as it was starting to peek out from under its hood, and the wet entrance to her vagina. Being that close, I didn't have any trouble smelling her, either - her aroma was light and fresh and *very* stimulating. I looked up to see that she was watching me with eager desire - patently unconcerned that I was looking at her.

I lowered my head again, and quickly ran my tongue across her entrance and between her labia; her juices were thin, with a taste that was somehow sweet and slightly musky at the same time. I didn't hesitate to sample them again. And again, and again...

I'd exhausted the immediate supply of Daneesha's oils, and was having fun teasing her pea-sized - and *very* sensitive - clitoris when I heard a slight change in the tone of the pleased noises she was making. A quick glance up revealed that Tania had decided to join the party: she had a hand on one of Daneesha's breasts while her lips were fastened around the nipple of the other. In return, Daneesha had a hand busy on one of Tania's breasts. I couldn't help thinking that it was always nice to see family members helping each other...

I'd pretty much figured to give Daneesha an orgasm to get her 'primed' before letting her (with Tania's help, if necessary) get me hard again. While she was doing that, I planned on bringing her to a second, stronger, climax so that she'd be as relaxed and wet inside as possible before we tried getting my cock in her. With Tania helping the way she was, I simply didn't worry about the details as long as the general plan was working - and promptly applied myself to putting it into action.

Tania and I needed only a few minutes before Daneesha slipped into an orgasm - and not a small one, either, judging by the spasms that wracked her young body. I gladly lapped up the overflow of Daneesha's oils as Tania dedicated herself to caressing her sisters body and sucking on her nipples. As Daneesha's orgasm gradually began to fade, I lifted my head from between her thighs and moved up toward where Tania was applying a few last kisses to the peaks of Daneesha's breasts. When I got close, Tania gave me a mildly defiant look and said "After the way she made me feel, I didn't think you should have all the fun."

I just grinned and answered "She didn't seem to mind, so there's nothing for ME to say about it."

Tania grinned back at me, and leaned over to give me a kiss, which I happily returned. Only when it was over did she seem to realize that she'd gotten a taste of her sister. She licked her lips a couple of times, then hesitantly asked "That... that's what she tastes like? There?"

I nodded, and she considered it for a couple of seconds before she told me "When I tasted me - you know, when we kissed before - I thought it was, you know, *okay*; it didn't taste BAD or anything. I mean, it was **me**, so I didn't think about it much. But now it's another girl, even if she

is my sister, and that's different. I kinda LIKE the way she tastes..."

I grinned at her and said "So now you've got another way of finding pleasure with someone else. Instead of just being stuck with whatever guys happen to be around, you might be able to find another girl that you'd like to be with. Doesn't have to mean anything except that you like a particular girl more than a particular guy in that particular way at that particular time. Now there's something new on the menu that you can choose - or not."

She grinned back, and leaned over for another kiss. When it was over, she smacked her lips a little bit before saying "I think I'm going to LIKE having another choice!"

Daneesha made a small noise, and both of us quickly turned our attention to her - seeing that she was starting to come back to reality, each of us lay down next to her and put an arm across her body. She opened her eyes and looked at Tania, then me, before saying "Mister Ellison, you do that a *lot* better than most of the girls I know. That felt **great**!" before turning back to Tania to tell her "And Sis, what you were doing felt real good, too. It helped a LOT."

Both of us smiled at her before Tania answered "I'm glad you liked it. It was fun for me, too."

I told her "Daneesha, I was thinking that you would have one climax to start with, and then while you - and Tania, if you wanted - got me hard, I could give you another one so that it would be as easy as we could make it for you when I'm inside you the first time. Does that sound okay to you?"

Daneesha looked at me again, and asked "I kinda used my hand on Jamal a couple of times, so I know you can get hard if I do that. But it's faster and better for you if I use my mouth?"

I nodded, and she said "I never did that before, but if it's something you like, then I want to learn how."

Tania spoke up then, saying "Daneesha, I can kind of show you a little bit and help you get started, if you want. Then you can do it yourself when you're ready."

Daneesha was visibly relieved when she voiced her acceptance of her sisters offer. Then Tania said to me "I don't think it was easy for you to use your mouth on me because of how much taller you are. Daneesha's even shorter than I am, and I don't think you'll even be able to uh, reach her. Would it be okay with you if I did it?"

I answered "Now that you mention it, I think you're probably right. No, I don't mind."

Daneesha was looking at her sister in surprise when she said "I... I didn't know you did that..."

Tania grinned and answered "I didn't either - until tonight. I kissed Jim after he did that to you, and found out what you taste like. I like it, so I'm going to learn how to make another girl happy that way with you."

I could hear the wonder in Daneesha's voice as she asked "The first time you ever do that is going to be tonight? And I'm the one?"

Tania nodded, and Daneesha exclaimed "Oh, Sis! I love you so much, that you'd want your first time with a girl to be ME!"

"I just hope I do okay..." Tania told her, and got the answer "Oh, it's *easy*! Just start doing to the other girl what feels good to you; if she likes it, keep going. If she doesn't, try something a little different."

Daneesha's anticipation and enthusiasm were markedly higher when she turned back to look at me and say "Mister Ellison, I'd like to start now, if it's okay."

On the other side of her, I could see Tania's amused smile at the change in her sister, and I answered "If you're ready, then it's okay with me", smiling.

Daneesha was the first to get herself shifted around so that her head was in the general vicinity of my cock. Tania took a little longer, since she moved to the other side of me from her sister. The way they were situated left me with two *very* nice asses to play with as Tania proceeded to give Daneesha instruction in, and demonstrations of, performing oral sex on guys. Daneesha was a trifle hesitant the first time she had me in her mouth, but when I didn't immediately blow my load, she quickly got into the spirit of the thing.

I was about half-erect when Tania decided that Daneesha didn't need any more help after watching as the younger girl started applying the lessons she'd learned. With Daneesha slowly but steadily bringing me to full hardness, Tania soon moved to a position that made it easy for her to get her head between her sisters thighs - but left me with an **excellent** view as she took her first experimental licks of Daneesha's womanhood.

With Tania between her sisters legs, I wasn't able to reach the youngster's ass - but Tania's made a perfectly acceptable substitute. Even as I was caressing one of her delightful ass cheeks, she opened her legs so that I could reach the area between them, as well. That left me lying there, able to enjoy the feeling of Daneesha's warm mouth and limber tongue on my cock while I watched Tania teach herself how to eat her sisters pussy - while I played with her ass and started using my hand and fingers to add to her obvious arousal. Certainly not what I expected when I brought the two of them home with me...

As my cock continued to grow, Daneesha's enthusiasm grew with it - as did her arousal, with the help of her sister. Tania's excitement increased with Daneesha's, supplemented by MY efforts. Daneesha had gotten me hard again, but she was getting closer and closer to having an orgasm, so her interest in my cock was steadily decreasing as the the sensations Tania was causing in her pussy were increasing.

Daneesha had given up even pretending to do anything to my cock in favor of simply enjoying the hell out of what Tania was doing to her when the older girls efforts finally had the desired effect of bringing the younger to what I could easily tell was a thundering orgasm that left her stunned and panting when it was over.

When Tania lifted her face from between her sisters thighs, the lower half of her face was

covered with Daneesha's juices - and the corners of her mouth threatened to meet at the back of her head, she was smiling so broadly. I couldn't help grinning at her as I said "I don't have to ask if you enjoyed yourself", prompting her to blush before she answered "I think I'm going to *like* doing that some more!"

Tania turned her attentions to Daneesha again, but with the goal of helping her recover from the intensity of the orgasm she'd had, rather than being the one to make it as powerful as it had been. When Daneesha let us know that she was ready to continue, I told her "I think the best thing is if you were on top of me at first. That way, you can just kind of 'sit down' on me, and go as fast or slow as you want to. If it gets uncomfortable or starts to hurt, you can stop, or even back up if you want."

Daneesha looked at my erection waving in the air and solemnly told me "I think I'd like that. You're a little longer than Jamal, and a *lot* bigger around. I know you wouldn't be trying to hurt me, but I'd still be a little bit afraid if we did it any other way."

Tania asked "Is there anything you want me to do? Help hold you up, or hold you steady, or anything?"

Daneesha looked at her sister in gratitude and answered "Yeah, you can help keep me from going down on him too fast, so he doesn't split me open!" - getting a small laugh from Tania and me before Tania told her "He wouldn't actually do that, even if it felt that way. I'll be glad to help, Sis."

To my and Daneesha's surprise, Tania moved to take me into her mouth for a few seconds; when she pulled her lips away again, she'd left a coating of her saliva on my cock to help act as a lubricant for the younger girl. Daneesha realized what Tania had done, and I could see the appreciation on her face as she moved to straddle my waist and get herself generally situated. Tania didn't hesitate to take a set behind her, and wrap an arm around the youngster before reaching between us and taking hold of my erect cock. She held it steady as Daneesha got herself positioned so the head of it was pressing slightly against her opening. When everything was ready, she looked up toward me, and I told her "Daneesha, I'm **not** going to move from where I am right now - so this is only going to happen as fast as *you* want it to. The LAST thing I want to happen is for you to hurt yourself doing something you might not be ready for. So I'm going to tell you that if you want to stop at any time, for any reason, I am **not** going to be upset or disappointed or anything like that. Take your time and go SLOW. Back up, if you want. Wait as long as you need or want to whenever it gets uncomfortable. And the most important thing is this:" - she looked at me expectantly as I told her "If it hurts, *don't do that*."

She and Tania both grinned at me on hearing that, and Daneesha assured me "Don't worry, I won't!"

As short as she was, and the way she was sitting, I could only reach her legs from knee to mid-thigh, so that was where I put my hands and started caressing her legs in reassurance as she began trying to lower herself onto me.

Her first attempt was doomed to failure: I could see how nervous she was, and the ring of her opening didn't relax in the *slightest* as she pressed herself down. She tried for perhaps a minute before realizing that it simply wasn't going to happen. When she gave up the effort, she looked up at me again, and I reassured her that everything was fine on my end. I could see Tania saying something to her, but it was so soft that I couldn't make out the words. But whatever it was, it seemed to help, because Daneesha's next attempt went a lot better: she still looked a little nervous, but I could feel her opening relaxing slightly before she finally gave up. I quickly reassured her that she was doing fine by taking her time. Tania continued to whisper in her ear, and a couple minutes later, she had another go at it. I could feel her opening start expanding to accept me; I was starting to think that she was going to back off for another try when the head of my cock suddenly slipped into her. She released a small squeak, and Tania was trying to lift her off of me by brute force before Daneesha managed to tell her "No, it's okay! It doesn't hurt, really, it just surprised me is all."

Daneesha turned her head to tell Tania "Really, Sis, I'm fine. I didn't think I was going to make it, when he just *popped through* all of a sudden, and surprised me."

The two of them did one of those talking-with-their-eyes things before Tania slackened the death-grip she had on her sister.

I gently patted Daneesha's knee, and when I had her attention, told her "You just got the hardest part done. Now it's kind of like the first time you had sex: once I'm inside you a little bit, it's just a matter of you getting used to what's there before you try to go farther. And we have PLENTY of time, so you're not going to hurry things, right?"

She smiled at the reminder before she answered "No, I'm not going to hurry. I think it'll be easier than the first time, because even though you're bigger than Jamal, *I'm* the one that decides how much and how fast."

I smiled back and said "That's right - **you** decide. Take as much time as you want; I'll be right here when you're done."

That last bit got a small laugh from both of them, and helped Daneesha relax enough that she was willing to try to settle herself onto me a little farther - and gained maybe half an inch, which pleased her tremendously.

Over the next little while, Daneesha gradually got herself wrapped around more and more of my cock. Her progress was slow, and punctuated by frequent pauses to get used to my presence, and even lift herself up a bit to make sure I stayed well lubricated with her juices. Finally, though, her last effort brought complete success: both of us could feel that she had all but the last tiny fraction of an inch of my manhood buried in her. As her firm young ass settled onto the tops of my legs, she looked up at me with an expression of delight and awe before exclaiming "I did it! God, you feel **huge**!"

I have to admit that hearing that made me feel pretty good, even though I already knew that I was about as average in size as I could be. What also felt good, in a physical way, was how her tight,

wet vagina was trying to compress my cock down to the size of one of those Vienna sausages you get in a can; she may have already been letting Jamal - whoever the hell he was - fuck her, but the experience didn't seem to have done all that much to stretch her inside.

In reply to her minor outburst, I answered "Yes, you did - and I'm still here, just like I promised!" - earning me some more soft laughter from both of them.

Daneesha held herself still on me, letting herself adjust to having her fifteen year old pussy filled with an adult male erection; Tania gave me a smile that Daneesha couldn't see before moving her hands to Daneesha's breasts, cupping them from behind.

A minute or so went by before Daneesha started experimenting with moving herself on me; as she began moving her hips, Tania started doing her part to make things easier for her sister by increasing her arousal. Tania started with simply caressing Daneesha's breasts, but soon included softly pulling on her nipples, and gently pinching them. I knew that Tania's efforts were working because I could feel Daneesha slowly getting wetter and wetter around me - which made it even easier for her to begin sliding herself up and down on my manhood with slow, short motions at first, and gradually becoming faster and longer.

By the time Daneesha was sliding herself on and off nearly half my length, Tania was kissing Daneesha's shoulders, and even the back of her neck. That increased Daneesha's excitement even more, resulting in a nearly constant stream of moans and other sounds of pleasure to accompany the liquid noises produced by her self-impalement on my hard cock.

Still, I was more than a little surprised at how quickly she was able to have another orgasm. It wasn't as powerful as the one before she'd gotten on top of me, but that she was having it so soon after having the time she did getting my cock into her was just short of miraculous, as far as I was concerned.

Even more surprising to me was the fact that she barely slowed down on me, even as I could feel her body and vagina spasming with her pleasure. The only thing I could figure was that it was her first time having an orgasm during coitus, and her youthful energy and enthusiasm.

As nice (!!) as she felt around me, and the incredible pleasure I got from feeling her hot, wet vagina clenching around me, it was still too soon after my last climax for me to do anything but enjoy the hell out of it every time I felt my cock touching the deepest part of her as she practically slammed herself down on me.

With the end of her orgasm, Daneesha slowed her movements again, and began lifting herself off of me even more. I could see that the greater range of Daneesha's motions made it difficult for Tania to continue what *she* was doing. She definitely had a look of frustrated desire when I managed to get her attention and say "If you want, I'd be glad to make YOU feel good, too..."

She looked confused for a moment, until I asked "Would you like a mustache ride, little girl?"

Since I don't have a mustache, that only threw her even more - until she realized what I was talking about. Then she simply grinned and said "Oh, *yeah*!" and released her tenuous hold on

Daneesha's tits to climb off of me and knee-walk her way toward my head. When she got close enough, I started to guide her over my face, but she told me "I want to watch her...", so I let her turn and face her sister before she got situated. It actually worked out okay for me, too, since I was still able to get my hands on her ass and tits while I happily lapped up the abundant oils she'd produced while molesting Daneesha.

I wasn't feeling any particular need or desire to cum, and Daneesha was doing a *fine* job of keeping me hard and herself entertained, so I figured it was a perfectly good time to see just how hard I could make Tania climax.

I'd gotten Tania to the edge and backed off once when Daneesha went through another orgasm; the sight and sound of her sister forced a sound of frustrated arousal from Tania as I resumed teasing her again. I brought her to the brink again, and was holding her there when I felt that Daneesha was getting close again. From the way she was responding to the sight she had of Daneesha bouncing on my dick, I knew that if I could get the timing right, I could practically guarantee her an orgasm she'd never forget. So I carefully began toying with her clit again, using the tip of my tongue, with the increasingly frequent sensation of Daneesha's vagina tightening around me as my guide. Tania was groaning and pressing herself down onto my face when I felt Daneesha starting her third orgasm since she'd gotten my dick in her. I started fluttering my tongue across Tania's clit, and heard her all but scream in pleasure even as Daneesha was trying to see how much of my dick she could get inside as she started her own climax. I made Tania's orgasm even more powerful by using my tongue to draw firm circles around the hood where her clit had disappeared; with each wave of release that ran through her, she was almost gushing, her vagina was pushing her juices out so hard.

I was still licking up Tania's oils when she lifted one leg and did a controlled crash onto the sofa-bed - and managing to do it without kneeing me in the head, or causing herself or anyone else any physical harm.

With Daneesha visible to me again, I could see that she'd finally managed to tire herself out: she was content to simply hold herself still on my erect cock, breathing heavily.

With Tania lying on the bed next to us, I was able to reach out and put my hands on Daneesha's legs again. It took her a few seconds to realize that I was touching her again, and to look up at me before I told her "You look like you're pretty tired. If you want to keep going, I think it'll be okay if I'm on top, now."

Her immediate response was to nod in agreement that she was tired; it took a couple of seconds for the second part of what I'd said to sink in for her. When it did, though, she immediately perked up and asked "We can keep going?"

I couldn't help grinning before I answered "Yes, we can keep going, if you want. You seem to have gotten used to having me inside you, so I'll be on top, and doing all the work for a while." With the mention of her having adapted to my larger penis, I saw a darkening of her lighter skin that I was sure was a blush before she answered "Uh, yeah, I'm okay with you in me now, so

sure, I'd like to, uh, keep going."

I got her to lie down on top of me, and got us rolled over so that our positions were reversed without our having to uncouple - something that I could see pleased her greatly. A little minor adjustment of our legs, and we were ready for me take over being the active one.

My first considered action was to slide my penis out of her until only the head was inside her before slowly pressing myself back into her in a single long stroke - accompanied by her soft moan of pleasure. With the whole point of the exercise (no pun intended) being to convince her to be much more selective about her partners, I decided that it wasn't out of line for me to pass along a few things for her to think about, as well. So when I was completely filling her again, I told her "I could tell you liked that, so I want to tell you something."

She looked up at me expectantly, and I said "Good sex isn't about how many times you can climax. It's about taking your time so you can *enjoy* it, and making the climaxes you DO have **better**."

Even though she nodded that she understood, I didn't think that she really appreciated what I was telling her, so I decided that a little demonstration was in order.

Over the next several minutes, I consciously and deliberately went about thrusting in and out of her so as to slowly build her arousal and excitement in a way that she wouldn't have experienced before. My strokes where long and slow, and each time I thrust into her, I'd give an extra little 'push' when I was all the way inside her, applying a bit of extra pressure to her clitoris. Her legs were too short to allow her to lock her ankles, but she still managed to wrap her legs around my waist, opening herself to me completely. It wasn't long before she was arching her hips up in welcome to my thrusts, and making any number of small noises of pleasure as I slowly built up the excitement that would culminate in her orgasm.

As she got closer and closer to release, I gradually changed what I was doing: my movements in her became slower and longer, and the pressure I applied to her clitoris became a little stronger; I managed to bring her to the edge of a climax and hold her there through a couple more cycles before she slipped over the edge into a deep, *deep* release.

Her entire body froze under me for several seconds as she released a long, DEEP groan of pleasure before drawing an equally long, but shaky, breath - only to have her body freeze up again from the intensity of the pleasure she was feeling.

Around my cock, her vagina was going through a series of spasms that started at the base and ran toward the head, as though she was trying to milk it. It felt terrific, and moved me a lot closer to the point where I'd empty myself into her - but that was still a little way off, yet.

Even as she was experiencing what I suspected was the most intense climax of her young life, I was throwing gasoline onto the flames of it by continuing to press myself against her clitoris in time with the spasms I could feel running through her.

Even with her youthful energy, her body could only orgasm for so long; the waves of pleasure

running through her gradually tapered off, leaving her shuddering and gasping for air.

Next to us, I heard Tania's awed voice say "Holy crap! After that, I don't think she'll ever want to fuck anybody BUT you! If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe that a girl could climax that hard!"

I turned my head to give her a lecherous grin before telling her "If you want, I can do it for you, too..." - and couldn't help laughing at the way her eyes got wide at the mere suggestion that she could experience something like Daneesha had just gone through. She gave a little shake of her body and answered "I don't think I'd better - otherwise, you'd **never** get me to go home!" with a small laugh of her own.

I felt Daneesha move under me a little, and I quickly turned my attention back to her - and saw that she was visibly stunned by what she'd just experienced.

I lowered my body enough to kiss her to help her get her focus back; when I pulled away from her, her eyes were locked on mine. Several seconds went by, and after a couple of abortive attempts to speak, she finally managed to ask "You did that on purpose, didn't you?" in a voice barely more than a whisper.

I nodded, and said "I wanted to show you what I meant about taking your time, and having better climaxes instead of more of them."

She considered that for a few moments, and then told me "Well, you showed me - **real** good! That's one lesson I'm *never* going to forget - but don't do it again, okay? That was WAY more than anything I thought even **could** happen, and it scared the crap out of me. Jesus, it felt incredible, but it was still scary."

I assured her that I wouldn't, and kissed her again, and got kissed back. When I had raised myself over her, I began to slide my cock back out of her - only to see her eyes get positively HUGE with the realization that I was getting ready to fuck her some MORE.

"It's okay", I assured her, "This time it's just plain old having sex."

That seemed to calm her, at least a little bit, as I started slowly pistoning my hard cock in and out of her young, tight vagina. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before I was in a nice, steady rhythm that seemed to make both of us happy.

I felt Tania moving on the bed next to us, but really didn't pay her any attention - until a few minutes later when I heard her say "God, that is **so** sexy, watching your cock moving in and out of her like that!"

Daneesha apparently heard her, too, and managed to say "I want to see, to..."

Nothing for me to do, then, but pause long enough to get my arms behind Daneesha's knees and lever her up a bit. By lifting her head, she was able to look down to where we were joined and watch as I picked up where I left off. It didn't take a minute for her to let her head fall back and say "I didn't know it could be *so* cool - watching it and feeling it at the same time. It **is** sexy!"

She didn't seem to be in any discomfort, so I continued to hold her in that position, and several

more times she lifted her head so she could watch as my man's cock plundered her young girl's treasure.

It wasn't long before she had a relatively small orgasm, and the feeling of her vagina clenching around me again got me to the point where I knew that it wasn't going to be much longer before I found my own release.

A little later, she indicated that she was getting uncomfortable with her legs where they were. I moved my arms from behind them so that she could straighten them out - which she did for all of thirty seconds before wrapping them around my waist again. That changed the angle that I was entering her at, and slightly increased the sensations she was creating around me. It didn't take much of the new feeling to have an effect on me, and I began thrusting into her faster and faster as that feeling got stronger. Still, even though I was moving faster in her, I was still careful not to get too 'enthusiastic' about how much force I was using - she was, after all, still only fifteen.

I heard a noise next to us, and spared a quick glance to see what it was. I was surprised to find that Tania had apparently gotten so aroused at watching my dick moving in her sister that she'd started masturbating - and was in the throes of an orgasm.

That was all it took for me, and after a couple more thrusts into Daneesha, I pressed my cock as far into her as I could before I finally started emptying my balls into her. She must have been able to feel it, because she suddenly tightened around me again as she fell into her own climax, her young pussy milking my cock as I continued filling her with my cum.

I held myself over, and in, her for as long as I could - but I wasn't as young as I used to be, and satisfying not just one but *two* young girls in one night was finally catching up with me. I eased my semi-erect cock out of Daneesha, and managed to get myself lying down next to her - and watched as Tania promptly replaced my cock with her tongue, eagerly licking and sucking my jism out of her sister. Returning the favor, Tania went past merely 'cleaning' to bring Daneesha to another orgasm as I watched.

When she lifted her head from between her sister's thighs, Tania had a broad grin on her face as she told me "I think I like the way a guy's stuff tastes, too, now."

I scooted over a bit to put an arm around Daneesha, and then stuck the other out to let Tania know that I wanted her on the other side of me. She smiled and readily moved to lie on her side next to me, one leg across mine and her arm on my chest as she nestled her head into the hollow of my shoulder. A minute or so later, Daneesha mirrored her position, leaving me lying there with two very pjretty, very sexy young women in my arms.

We stayed like that until Demosthenes showed up and started sniffing our various and sundry parts, fascinated by the smell of sex. His whiskers tickled both girls, and their laughter and giggles finally ended up with them sitting up to shoo him away.

I sat up with them and said "As nice as this has been" - both girls giggled after Daneesha said "OH, yeah!" - "I think we still need to get some sleep tonight - at least, *I* do. You two need to get

back to bed, now, too."

Tania looked at me and asked "After what we've done tonight, is there any reason you can't come and sleep with us?"

I couldn't think of any, and said so, which pleased both of them tremendously. All three of us got out of bed, and they collected the bedding so it could be cleaned and I folded the sofa-bed back up. When we were back in the bedroom, they insisted that I sleep in the middle, and both of them snuggled into my sides.

The next morning, I woke up to see a naked Tania holding a cup of coffee in front of my face; when I looked up at her, she smiled and said "I thought you could use this. At home, Daddy's always grumpy until after he's had his first cup of coffee."

I sat up enough to accept the cup and take a sip of it before answering "I don't think I'm *grumpy*, exactly, but I'm sure not awake, either. Thank you, you're an angel!"

She smiled at me and said "You don't have to get up, yet. We're making you breakfast, and we'll bring it in here."

I raised an eyebrow in question, and she told me "After how nice you were about letting us stay here, and how you made us feel last night, we decided you deserve at LEAST that much!" before leaning over to give me a kiss on the cheek - and got a pat on the butt for her efforts. Another smile, and she was out the door again.

I was almost done with the coffee when a naked Daneesha came in with a fresh cup. I asked her if she was okay, and it took her a few moments to realize that I referring to what we'd done the night before. She gave me a happy smile before telling me "I'm a *little* bit sore, but it isn't bad. In fact, it's kind of nice, 'cause it reminds me of how good you made me feel last night."

I had to figure she was telling the truth, because I could see the peaks of her breasts crinkle and erect in what I expect was the memory of it. She, too, kissed me on the cheek - and got patted on the butt - before she left again.

I was about halfway through the second cup of coffee when the two of them came in with my breakfast. ONLY my breakfast. I asked if they weren't having anything, and was informed that they'd eaten while I was still asleep; they'd waited as long as possible before waking me. They got me sitting up and resting against the headboard, then took positions on either side of me. Tania held the plate and my coffee while Daneesha fed me the scrambled eggs, bacon, and toast they'd prepared. The only thing I had to do was chew and swallow - and caress or molest each of them every so often, which neither of them objected to in the slightest.

When I was done with breakfast, they left me one last cup of coffee before leaving to take care of the dishes. When they got back, they played paper-rock-scissors to see which one showered with me; Tania won, which Daneesha took with good grace. She took her shower first, and left plenty of hot water for Tania and I as we played a little figurative and literal grab-ass while cleaning up.

By the time we were all cleaned up and dressed, it was close enough to time to get them to the station that we didn't bother waiting. Both of them said their goodbyes to Demosthenes, and we were on our way.

At the train station, they weren't going to have much of a wait, and both insisted that I should go ahead an leave. As Tania pointed out, they'd already taken up enough of my time, and I'd brought them to catch their train 'for free' so they would be able to get something to eat on the way home if they wanted; they were adamant that I not lose any more time or income because of them. I finally acquiesced, and both gave me a parting kiss on the cheek before I left.

It was about a week and a half later that I got a letter through the cab company. The envelope was hand-written, and the return address was unfamiliar. When I opened it and read the letter inside, I found out that it was from the girls mother.

She told me that she and her husband had been concerned about the amount of stuff the girls had brought back with them, and checked all the receipts - including the one for the hotel, which showed they'd stayed one less night than they'd been gone. The girls had initially claimed that everything had been fine; but when confronted with the hotel receipt, Tania had admitted to what had happened. She'd even finally admitted that they'd stayed with me, and explained the events that led up to it.

Both parents had initially been concerned, of course, but both girls had been adamant that my behavior had been entirely proper during the evening, and explaining the sleeping arrangements when we'd all gone to bed. That Daneesha had been able to quote a section from Hamlet had been the thing that finally convinced them that the girls had actually spent the evening reading. Their mother had called the hotel and spoken with Bob, who had confirmed what he knew of things, including that he'd lent them his cell phone - and apparently telling them what a nice I guy I was. Both parents had finally decided that nothing untoward had happened; she was writing to thank me for being kind enough to watch out for them in a strange city. She also included a check equal to what a night at the hotel would have cost them, saying that it was the only thing they *could* do to show their appreciation from a distance.

When I got home, I wrote her a nice letter, telling her and her husband that I'd found the girls delightful (without saying how, of course), and that I was glad that I'd been able to help. I also told her that I figured the girls had made an innocent enough mistake because of their youth, and hoped that she and her husband wouldn't judge them too harshly. I also sent the check back, suggesting that it be used to get the books they'd started reading at my place, so the girls could finish them. I closed by asking her to tell them that I'd remember them with great pleasure - knowing they'd appreciate hearing that they'd pleased me as much as I had them, and the humor of how the message was being passed along.

I never saw, or heard from, either Daneesha or Tania again - but I remember them with great fondness.

Chapter 4

Jenny (MF, oral, mild BDSM)

It was getting late — for me, on a Monday afternoon, anyway — when I got a call from the dispatcher that someone at the airport was asking for me by name.

I couldn't think of any of my 'regular' customers that had been out of town, but figured "What the hell", and headed off.

When I got to the airline area I'd been given, I was flagged down by a tiny little Asian woman — maybe 5-foot and a few inches, even in the high heels she was wearing; she couldn't have weighed 100 pounds sopping wet and with a brick in each hand. She was wearing a lightweight dress that came down to just above her knees; what I could see of her legs made me regret the dress wasn't shorter. She turned slightly, and I could see that she had straight black hair that fell to the middle of her back, pulled back into a loose pony tail. I hustled out to open the door for her and get her bag into the trunk before I got back behind the wheel and asked her "Where to, Ma'am?"

"Hilton, please", she answered.

As I'm driving, I keep glancing back at her in the rear-view mirror, trying to figure out who the hell she is that she'd ask for me by name — and taking the opportunity to look her over. If you've ever seen the Clint Eastwood movie "Magnum Force", she looked a lot like the Japanese girl that Dirty Harry hooks up with. Except that I think this girl is Chinese, maybe, or even Korean — but not Japanese.

I can see that she's looking at me, too, and she finally says "You don't remember me, do you?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I don't. I think that if I'd seen you before, I'd remember; you're too pretty to forget."

She smiled, and said "Thank you. I can't blame you for not remembering, really. I was here last New Years Eve, and you took me and my boyfriend from a bar we were in back to our hotel. Both of us were pretty wasted, and I think you thought I was someone he'd picked up and was going to take advantage of, because a couple of times, you asked me if I was going to be okay."

I thought back to that night — it had been busy as hell — and finally realized that I **had** talked to her that night. She'd been a lot drunker than the guy had, and I try to do what I can to keep drunks from being screwed over; particularly when they're young, female, and attractive.

I nodded my head and told her "Yeah, I remember, now. New Years and Halloween are always crazy in this business, and I was really hopping that night", by way of apology.

She just smiled again, and said "I understand. I don't remember a lot of it, myself."

A couple of minutes went by before she asked me "Aren't you curious about why I would ask for you *specifically*? And considering the shape I was in that night, how I would know **to** ask for you?"

"Well, it DID cross my mind, but I figured if you wanted me to know, you'd tell me, sooner or later."

I saw her make a face before she said "A month after my boyfriend and I got home, the son of a bitch dumped me for some bimbo with big tits and no brains that he met in a strip club. I was pretty pissed off about it for quite a while; and when I got over that, I was really bummed out — he and I had been together since we met in college. But then I remembered *you*. I remembered how you seemed concerned about me, so I called the cab company a couple of weeks ago and asked if they had any kind of record or anything about who took me from the bar to the hotel. They did, and I got your name from them. They wanted to know why I wanted it, and I told them that you had done such a good job that I wanted to ask for you the next time I came here; they told me that you're their best driver, and that you get a LOT of people asking for you by name. I was wondering if you were really as nice as I thought you were, so when I heard that, I figured you must be. That's when I decided I'd come back here and see if you were interested in the two of us hooking up for a couple of days. I'm just looking to spend some time with somebody that seems to give a rat's ass about me, even if it's only a little bit, and for a little while. I called back a few days ago to find out when your days off would be, so I know you have tomorrow and the next day before you go back to work. If you're willing, I'd like you to stay with me at the hotel; I'll cover all the expenses, so that you aren't out any money or anything - I don't figure cab drivers make much, and I'm a graphic artist for an advertising firm, so I can afford it. I know it sounds like I'm maybe trying to hire a gigolo or something, but that's really not what I'm after. I think you're probably a pretty nice guy, kind of sexy, and somebody that I'd just like to spend some time with."

At first blush, it **did** sound like she was just trying to hire an 'escort' or gigolo; but when I thought about what else she'd said, I realized that she was at least *trying* to be considerate. Granted that it isn't always easy to tell the age of an Asian female, I had the distinct impression that she wasn't that old — early 20's, perhaps. So I discounted some on *how* she'd expressed herself, and focused on the **what** she'd said.

Admittedly, I wasn't all that keen on the idea at first. But the more I looked at her in the mirror, and the more I thought about what she'd said about wanting to spend time with someone that seemed to care about her, and how she'd felt after her boyfriend had left her, the better the idea of spending a couple of days with her seemed. Then, too, there was the fact that my last girlfriend had moved out a month before; if I was reading this girls signals correctly, there was a pretty good chance I was going to get laid along the way, too.

Looking at her in the mirror, I said "It sounds like an interesting offer, except that I don't even know your name, and you know mine."

She laughed (a pleasant sound), and answered "Jenny Lao — it's Chinese, if you're wondering. My folks are originally from Hong Kong, but they moved to San Francisco before I was born. They know that the Mainland Chinese are going to get Hong Kong back, and they didn't want to be there when it happens."

I'd already heard stories about how some Chinese were leaving Hong Kong for other places — and that it wasn't the folks living in the slums, either. If her folks had enough money and horsepower to get into the U.S., I didn't figure she would have grown up poor. It also gave me a little understanding of her attitude: if she HAD grown up having money, it wasn't unreasonable to think that she could well have gotten somewhat spoiled along the way. I had a passing temptation to turn her down, just to 'show' her that I wasn't somebody that could be 'bought', before I recognized it as an almost reflexive response that a lot of people have to people with money. Instead of turning her down, I decided to try a different tack.

"I think I *would* like to spend a couple of days with you; but instead of staying at a hotel, how about if we just go back to my place? That way, it doesn't cost either one of us anything, I don't run the risk of getting in trouble with the hotel — remember, they DO know me as a cab driver — and I'd feel a lot less like some kind of male escort or something."

Hearing that last part, I could see on her face as she suddenly realized that her offer to pay for everything *might* not have sounded quite as 'sociable' as she'd meant it to. But she didn't let it fluster her too much, and answered "If you're willing to let me into your life like that, then it's fine with me. I hadn't thought about you being in the hotel maybe being any kind of problem or anything for you."

"As long as we stayed in room, it probably wouldn't be, since I know how to get around in most of them. But since you want it to be a couple of days, and I don't figure you want to spend all that time cooped up..."

She smiled and said "No, I don't want to stay inside all the time. Would you really get into trouble, even if you were there as a friend of one of their guests?"

"Oh, they wouldn't call the cops on me, or anything like that. Shucks, they **might** not even call the company I work for. But I'm 'just' a cab driver, and I'm expected to know my 'place' — which is not wandering around the inside the Hilton, the Kings Arms, or any of the other high-end hotels in town. Like I said, they wouldn't necessarily do anything right then or there, but I might start finding it hard to get fares from there, or they might start calling another cab company if one of their guests didn't explicitly call mine. There's all kinds of things they *could* do to let me know they were unhappy with me."

"Why, that's **terrible**!" she exclaimed, before adding "Can they really DO that? Isn't that, like, illegal or something? That's just wrong; they shouldn't be able to do stuff like that if someone invites you into the hotel!"

"Maybe it is wrong, and terrible, and all that. But that's how things work down here on the streets, Jenny."

At that, she dug a cell phone out of her purse and proceeded to make a call. It was to the Hilton, and I couldn't help but hear as she cancelled her reservation before she put the phone back and told me "Well, if they're going to be stinkers like that, then we **will** go to your place. I'll never stay in one of their rooms again, if *that's* how they are!"

I got her eye in the mirror and told her "Don't get yourself too worked up about it, Jenny. It's not just the Hilton. That's true for pretty much ALL high-end places — not just here, but all over the world. And much — or even most — of the time, they're probably right: us peons that can't afford places like that don't have all the social graces and all that that the Hiltons and those kinds of places expect. The one and only suit I have cost me $200, and that was on sale; it would never pass muster among the thousand-dollar Armani jobs I see coming out of the Hilton and Kings Arms. Sure, there are probably SOME of us out here that have enough manners and class and all that to pass muster. But it's just easier for those kinds of places to just keep ALL of us lower-class drones out, rather than have to make decisions on a case-by-case basis. If I was a waiter or bellhop or other employee of the Hilton, I could go anywhere I wanted — because they would have trained me to be as surface refined and polite as a proper servant *should* be with the guests they have there. Right or wrong, fair or not, that's the way it is. Better to face up to it, and deal with it on those terms. Sure, we can try to change it; but it isn't going to happen fast, or easy. Besides, it's less a question of the Hilton doing it because they *want* to, and more a case of the **guests** insisting on it: too many folks have too much money, and don't know, or don't care, or have forgotten, that everything they have is the product of someone else's — that is, one of us peons — actual labor. They have a lot of money, usually inherited, and think that makes them somehow 'elite' or better than the rest of us — never stopping to consider what their lives might have been like if they **hadn't** been born into wealth. I'm a damn good cabbie, and I've driven a fair number of rich people, and you know something?"

"What's that?"

"Of all the friendly, sociable, just plain *nice* wealthy folks I've driven, almost every last one of them **earned** their money themselves. They started out middle-class, or even poor, and made a success of themselves. It seems that the farther back the family fortune was made, the more the person that inherited it seems to think they're some kind of royalty. It's a little game I play with myself, sometimes, when I get some particularly obnoxious weenie: trying to figure out how many generations ago their family got the money. The few times I've checked to see if I was right, I wasn't more than ONE generation off."

She laughed, but I could see that she was also thinking about what I'd said. She was also paying attention when I dropped the flag on the meter and called in to dispatch to tell them that I was going off-shift. After the dispatcher acknowledged my call, Jenny asked "Aren't you going to get into trouble for turning off the meter that way?"

"Nope. I waited until I'd driven far enough for the fare to be the same as to the hotel; as far as they know, that's where I took you. Besides, I lease this rig from the company, so as long as they get their percentage of what the meter shows, they don't care."

"How much will they expect, then?" she asked. I told her, and she said "Then I'll give you the money to cover it. If **my** paying for things would make you feel like a kept man, then YOU paying would make ME feel like a prostitute."

I grinned at her via the mirror and said "Point taken", and got a smile in return. Fair enough — each of us had staked out our 'territory' in the relationship we'd have over the next day or two.

When Jenny first stepped into my place, I could see from the expression on her face that it wasn't *anything* like what she'd expected: it was clean, neat, and somewhat spacious. My furniture wasn't antiques, but it wasn't beat-up garage sale rejects, either; I had simply bought the stuff with quality and comfort in mind, not with any idea of impressing anyone. Along the longest wall in the living room was a bookcase that I was continually adding on to — at the time, it was 12 feet long, 6 feet high, and full, with another couple dozen books stacked on the floor at one end. I was already planning how to add to the shelves by going around a corner and building more shelves along an adjacent wall.

In one corner was my 'reading' chair, an extremely comfortable recliner, with a small table next to it, that sat under a short section of track lighting with halogen lights aimed at it from the back. Nearby was the sofa-bed that I slept on when I first got started as a cabbie; once I'd had it re-upholstered, it was amazingly comfortable. Across from that was what I suppose could be called my 'entertainment center': another set of shelves that held my TV, VCR, stereo system, and all my videos and music.

Scattered around were small-to-medium paintings that I'd bought. Most of them were from 'unknown' artists - but it was the paintings themselves that had gotten my attention: a landscape, a portrait, a couple of impressionist pieces, and even an abstract.

As she was turning her head and looking the place over, my cat Demosthenes came out from under the sofa to introduce himself to her. She really didn't notice him until he started stropping himself against her ankles and purring loud enough to raise the dead. She bent down long enough to pick him up, and ratcheted his purring up a couple of notches by rubbing his ears as she walked over to look at what books I had. She walked the length of the shelves before turning back to me and asking "You've read all these? *All* of them?"

I laughed, and answered "Oh, those are just the ones I wanted to keep. That couple that aren't put away yet, there at your shoulder, I haven't read, yet, but all the rest of them, yes."

"But there are books here that I didn't even know EXISTED until I got to college, and took an advanced Literature course! And I see all this stuff here by Plato and Socrates and Descartes and what I'm pretty sure I remember as other philosophers, too... you actually *read* all these? For **fun**?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I didn't think *anybody* actually read this stuff for fun — I mean, not anybody that I'd ever actually KNOW, or outside of school."

"Well, school is where I got introduced to some of them. I read Ayn Rands 'Fountainhead' and 'Atlas Shrugged' in high school, along with Plato's 'Republic', but the rest of them I didn't get to until college."

She looked at me in amazement and asked "You've been to college?"

"You don't have to sound **quite** that surprised, but yes, I did. I majored in Philosophy — at least, until I realized that most of what they were trying to teach me was so much bullshit, and dropped out to become a cabbie."

She looked at me doubtfully, and I told her "Really — I was, and I did. Sit down. I'll get us something to drink, and tell you about it."

She parked herself at one end of the sofa, and after telling me what she wanted from the choices I offered, I went into the kitchen to get us some drinks. When I got back, I handed her the soda she'd asked for, and took a sip off my beer before sitting down at the other end of the sofa. Then I explained to her how I'd been going to school to get a Philosophy degree (she was mildly impressed with the school I'd been attending), and dropped out when I'd realized that the author of a book I'd had to read was a Famous Name because he argued that the English word 'water' didn't have any meaning because the word for water was something else in other languages. I eventually had to dig out my last gradecard from college to prove to her that I really, truly had been a student there before she was fully convinced. Then she insisted that I tell her about my career as a cab driver, from the time I got started until then — and more to the point, *why* I'd chosen to become a cabbie. When I was finished, I could see that she'd decided I was worthy of a lot more respect than she'd first thought.

Then it was her turn to tell me about herself: how she'd grown up in a fairly well-to-do part of San Francisco, gotten decent grades in school, and gone on to college without having the faintest idea of what she wanted to do for a career. Then she'd discovered that the doodling and drawing she liked to do was a good start on a career as a commercial artist, and got herself focused on that. Then, when she'd graduated, her family had gotten her a job with an advertising company owned by another Chinese family they knew. She lived in a condo her parents were paying for — she did have to pay her own utilities, phone, and so on — and her car had been a college graduation present from her folks; it had replaced the car she'd gotten as a high school graduation present. By the time she was finished, I knew that I'd been right: she *was* spoiled (even if not as badly as I'd feared), and had never really had to live **completely** on her own.

By the time we'd finished swapping stories, it was time for us to start thinking about getting something for supper. When I said that I was getting a bit hungry, she said that she was, too, and offered to pay for dinner. I said that I'd agree to her paying, but only if I got to pick the restaurant; I could see that she figured I had an ulterior motive, but said that was fine with her.

We went out to my 'personal' vehicle, an old Volvo 264, and I got us to one of my favorite restaurants. It was probably the equivalent of one of those national chain places, with a couple of notable differences: being local, it had it's own character (instead of National Bland), the food

was significantly better. I went there often enough that several of the staff knew me by name, which slightly surprised Jenny. We were quickly taken to an out-of-the way booth where we'd have a little privacy, and given our menus. After a little discussion, we were ready when Eve came to take our orders — that nights Special, catfish dinners. Jenny was more used to her fish meals being sea bass or swordfish or something equally 'highbrow', but had been willing to follow my lead when I suggested that she wouldn't regret it.

As we were waiting for our meal, I took the opportunity to tell her "You said that you were just looking to 'spend some time with somebody' after I picked you up at the airport earlier. That's something that's kind of open to interpretation, so I want to let you know that I'm not coming into this with *any* expectations of **any** kind. There's a double bed in my bedroom. The door locks from the inside, and it has its own bathroom; and the sofa we were on converts to a bed, too - and it's fairly comfortable. So there's a place for each of us to sleep alone if that's what you want; just let me know which one you would prefer. Or, if you like, we can sleep — SLEEP! — together. I'm not some sex maniac that can't control himself around a pretty girl. I know that sometimes it's nice just having another person next to you when you go to sleep at night. While we're together, I'm not going to be any more undressed than you are. But if you decide to run around in your bra and panties, don't be surprised if I look - but that's ALL I'll do, is *look*; I'm not going to consider it as some kind of invitation to grab you, or throw you down and ravage you or anything. Things are only going to happen between us IF, and as fast as, **you** decide they should. I'm not going to 'test' you or push for things to happen — it's up to you to make it clear what you want between us. Okay?"

She gave me a nervous smile and admitted "I'm glad you brought it up — I was kind of nervous about all this. I mean, I think I know what I'd *like* to happen, but I wasn't all that sure about just jumping in and going all the way with it, you know?"

A second after she finished, she realized the sexual connotation of her last sentence, and blushed. I just told her "It's okay, Jenny, I know what you meant. Now you know that you don't have to be nervous or worry, okay?" I really didn't figure she wasn't nervous or afraid any more; I was just hoping that it wasn't as *much*.

Not trusting herself to speak, she just nodded. She was saved from any further embarrassment by the arrival of our meals.

As we ate, we chatted back and forth on pretty neutral subjects. It was after we were finished that she told me "I've got to admit that I was pretty surprised at how *good* everything was. I mean, looking at this place from the outside, I figured it was just going to be pretty, well, average. I didn't figure you would take me to a **bad** place to eat, but I didn't expect it to be as good as it was."

I gave a small laugh, and answered "I know it doesn't look like much on the outside, but the thing to watch for is how full the parking lot is — not just at mealtimes, but the rest of the time, as well. You can bet that a place that's busy ALL the time is doing things right: good food at reasonable prices. I've had the chance to eat in that restaurant at the top of the Hilton, and I've got

to say that I was less than impressed. The fancy sauces, and elaborate way they presented the food, and 'atmosphere' didn't compensate for the small portions and high prices — at least, not for me. I suppose if you've got enough money that you don't have to worry about where it comes from, that's fine; but for the rest of us, we want it to taste good, and to fill our bellies at a fair price. This place does that without all the rigamarole."

About that time, Eve came back to take our plates and see if we wanted anything for dessert. I opted for some Key Lime Pie, and Jenny again followed my example. A couple of minutes later, I could see the delight on her face after she'd taken her first bite, followed by her exclamation "I've had Key Lime Pie before — but never as good as *this*!"

When we'd finished our meal, and settled everything with a cup of coffee, Jenny told me "If you're ready, I think I'd like to go, now. It looks like there are plenty of people waiting to eat, and there's no reason we should keep them from food THIS good" before setting a $20 bill on the bill Eve had left on the table; which meant that Eve got a 20% tip.

Once we were in my car, I said to Jenny "I noticed the size of the tip you left..."

She answered my unspoken question by telling me "The food was better than I had any reason to expect, but what really got me was the fact that our waitress was so darn *good*. She was always there when we needed anything, but wasn't stopping by and bothering us, either. She was friendly, but not **too** friendly, either, you know? I've been in places where the food wasn't as good, the service was *way* worse, and the prices were ridiculous. I figured some of it was because they know you there, but they were busy enough that I didn't think she had the time to give you any special treatment. I left that much of a tip because she, and the rest of them, deserved it."

On the way back to my place, I asked her what she wanted to do that night. She responded by saying that she was still a little tired from her flight, and just wanted to stay in. I said that I had a nice variety of movies, and that if she wanted to pick one out, we could sit and watch it. She said that sounded pretty good to her, and once we got inside my place, she immediately went over to have a look at my collection of videos. It didn't take her long to pick one out, which handed to me before saying "If you want to get this ready, I'm going to change out of these clothes."

I got the movie queued up and myself parked at one end of the sofa while Jenny was in the bedroom changing; under the short silk robe, all she had on was a pair of panties. I knew that was all she was wearing because the robe was sheer enough that I could easily make out not only her small, dark nipples, but the dark smudge of her bush behind the material of the panties. My prayers were answered when she decided to sit next to me, then lifting my arm so she could nestle next to me before letting my arm come to rest along her side. She looked up at me expectantly, and I hit the remote to get the movie started.

As the movie went through the intro, she told me "I've heard about this one, but never seen it. It's supposed to be some psychological thing, right? I don't see how anything with Jack Nicholson and Shelly Duval can be *scary*, but I guess I'll find out."

I couldn't resist telling her "Oh, I think you'll find out how it can be scary — no problem!" She'd selected *The Shining*, and I'd bought it just because it **was** such a strong psychological thriller without all the blood-and-gore that so often passes for 'horror'.

As I expected, it took a little while for her to get into the movie — admittedly, it does take it a little while to really get going. But once it did... well, both of us were pretty much locked into it. Then once Jack Nicholson started going off on Shelly Duval, Jenny was all but grafted into my side, her eyes never leaving the screen. I gave her a brief hug just once, to remind her that it was just a *movie*, but the way she flinched let me know that if I dared do it again, I'd likely give her heart failure: she was 'into' the movie that much.

It wasn't until the credits started rolling that Jenny finally realized where she was, and who she was with. When she looked up at me, I could see that she was still more than a little 'jazzed' about the movie — and apparently a little embarrassed by that fact, too. I just smiled and reassured her "It's okay, Jenny. The first time I saw it, it kind of got to me, too. It still does, if that helps any."

She gave me a tentative smile in return and answered "Uh, yeah, it does, a little. Um, do you have anything to drink? I mean alcohol, besides beer? If I don't get something to settle down a little, I'm *never* going to get to sleep tonight!"

I quickly ran down the list of liquors I had, and she opted for a rum and Coke; I got up and made one for each of us. When I got back to the sofa, Jenny was waiting — and after I handed her her drink and sat down again, she quickly moved to curl up in my lap, telling me "That has **got** to be *the* scariest movie I've ever seen. I mean, it only had those few scenes where there was any blood or anything; it was the way you got to watch as he went crazy that made it so scary", followed by a shiver, before she leaned against my chest.

I put an arm around her, to try and comfort and reassure her as the two of us sat there for several minutes, just sipping on our drinks.

Both of us were nearly finished when Jenny told me "I think I'd like to stay with you tonight", then looked up at me to add "I just want some company, after seeing that movie. Is that okay?"

I gently hugged her before reassuring her "That's fine. I told you you were welcome to share my bed just to sleep, and I meant it."

Satisfied, she finished her drink and told me "Well, I'm going to go ahead and get ready and go to bed. It's been a long day."

"I think I'm ready for some sleep, too", I replied before finishing my own drink. She got off my lap and headed toward the bathroom while I went into the bedroom. It didn't take long for me to get ready for bed, so I was under the covers, and had left the small lamp on 'her' side of the bed on. When she came in, she didn't hesitate to take off her robe, revealing her somewhat small breasts and the dark nipples capping them, and then join me under the covers. She gestured that she wanted me to lie on my side facing her, and after I'd done so, she moved to spoon against my

front. A few moments went by with me laying there with my arm resting on my side before she reached back and took my wrist to drape my arm across her — and put my hand over her breast. Her breasts were small enough that my cupped hand, with all my fingers touching, could cover one of them with no difficulty. While her skin was cool against mine where we touched, her breast was warm in my hand, and its nipple hard enough that I could easily feel it pressing into my palm. I moved my hand a bit so that I could caress her nipple with my thumb briefly, before holding her breast again. She wriggled back against me with a soft, pleased noise before the two of us stilled and fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I was flat on my back with Jenny pretty much wrapped around me - and with one of her hands inside the shorts I'd worn to bed, holding my erect penis. Frankly, I wasn't sure what to do about it: she certainly wasn't hurting me (it felt kind of nice, actually!), but I didn't know if it would embarrass HER any if she woke up with us like that. I was still trying to figure out what to do when she *did* wake up — and after a few moments, realized where her hand was.

While she didn't seem particularly embarrassed, she **did** ease her hand out and apologetically tell me "Uh, I'm sorry about that. Here I was, wondering if you were going to start anything last night, only to wake up and find that I'm the one groping *you*."

I couldn't resist grinning at her before I answered "Don't misunderstand, but you weren't bothering ME any; I mean, you weren't hurting me or anything like that. I just woke up a minute ago, myself, and I was getting ready to, uh, correct the problem so that YOU wouldn't be embarrassed."

She initially seemed uncertain about whether to believe me, or not, and finally seemed to decide to take what I said at face value. I took the opportunity to tell her "If you'll give me a few minutes to clean up and get dressed, I can get some breakfast started for us."

She gave me a small smile and answered "You'll probably be in there before I am" before sliding away from me and getting out of bed. I had the chance to see that she had a *very* cute little ass as she walked to where she'd left her robe, put it on, and walked out of the bedroom, apparently heading for the other bathroom. I got up myself, then, and went into my 'private' bathroom to get ready to face a new day.

I was in the kitchen making French toast when Jenny came in, dressed in a lightweight pantsuit that looked terrific on her. I told her to go ahead and have a seat at the table, and took her a cup of coffee before asking if she needed anything for it. She told me that black was fine, thanked me, and sat sipping it as I finished getting breakfast ready for us. When asked, she told me that 2 slices of French toast were plenty for her; I made 4 for myself. Along with it, I cooked some sausage patties — two of those were enough for her, as well — and got each of us a glass of orange juice. When everything was ready, I put the plates on the table and sat down; as we ate we talked about what to do that day. It turned out that there were a few sights in town that she wanted to see, so that pretty much settled our itinerary for the day. When we were finished with

breakfast, Jenny insisted on taking care of the dishes over my (mild) protests. When those were done, and we'd refreshed ourselves, it was out the door for us.

As a cab driver, I frequently get asked what there is to see or do in town, so I've had to learn a little more about our local attractions than most people around here know; plus I've been to all of them myself, already. So I was able to add a little 'extra' to Jenny's tourist bit. Some of what I told her was extra details that weren't common knowledge; other parts were funny stories and observations about things. Either way, by the time we'd covered the main attractions, the two of us were getting along quite well — even to the point that we were holding hands as we walked around, and sharing jokes and little stories about ourselves with each other. It wasn't until the sun had almost completely set that Jenny finally decided that it was okay to call it a day. Both of us were in a fine frame of mind, if a little tired, as I drove us back to my place.

We were listening to some music on the stereo when Jenny got up off the sofa. I didn't pay any attention to her departure — but her return sure got my attention: again dressed only in panties, she'd foregone the robe she'd worn the night before. Then she opted to plant herself on my lap, her legs outside of mine as she faced me.

Taking my hands in hers, she squeezed them briefly before putting them on her waist and resting her hands on my shoulders as she looked into my face. Mindful of the promise not to 'push' her, I simply waited to see what she had in mind.

A minute or so went by before she quietly asked "You're just going to sit there, aren't you?"

"I said I wasn't going to test you or anything, so, yeah, I'm just going to sit here — at least, until I know what **you** want."

"What *I* want is for us to get closer. A lot closer. I had a really nice time today; not just seeing the sights and all that, but with *you*. You were a lot of fun to be with — telling me all that stuff to make the places we went so interesting and funny, telling me about yourself, really LISTENING when I told you about myself and my family, and all the rest of it. Its been a long time since I spent that much time with a guy and just held hands with him; my ex-boyfriend couldn't go an *hour* without playing with my ass, or touching one of my tits, or doing **something** like that. I found out today that you're just exactly the kind of guy I was hoping you were when I came here. And now I'm ready for something more between us."

Rather than moving my hands to play with her tits or ass — which I most definitely wanted to do — I leaned forward slightly and kissed her. Gently and softly, on her forehead. She looked at me in surprise, and I told her "Even though you're ready for something more between us, it isn't my way to just start grabbing at anything that gets my attention — and you most certainly DO get my attention! If we're going to be physical with each other, then I think it should be something that *both* of us enjoy, and remember with happiness."

She smiled, and gave me a nod of understanding, before I leaned in to kiss her again; my lips touched hers as softly as a snowflake landing on a feather while I let my hands gently caress her sides. When our lips parted, I looked into her eyes and saw something more than mere friendship

or desire in them: unless I was grossly mistaken, she was looking at me with love. The next touch of our lips was firmer, and she put her arms around me to pull me close. As our kiss lengthened and deepened, I moved my hands to begin stroking her back. Her tawny skin had a different feel to it than I was used to with the other girls I'd been with, and I marvelled at how it felt under my hands. When we came up for air, she was panting slightly as she told me "I… I want you to get naked, too. I want to feel *your* skin, they way you're feeling mine!"

I grinned and told her "I'm willing — but that means you're going to have to get off my lap, at least for a little bit."

She just grinned back at me before replying "That's okay — it'll be worth it!"

As she started to scoot back, I thought I caught a faint whiff of aroused female, but before I could decide whether or not I really had, she was standing up in front of me. I stood, too, and began to unbutton my shirt; apparently, I wasn't moving fast enough for her, because she reached out and pulled my shirt loose from my slacks and began working her way up the buttons as I was working my way down. When I reached for my belt, Jenny squatted down and nudged each of my legs so that she could remove my shoes and socks. With those out of the way, she stood again and took over the task of getting my pants undone, and then down around my ankles, where they were quickly joined by my undershorts. There was no mistaking the desire and anticipation on her face — she was certainly no 'inscrutable' Oriental! — when she got them down past my cock and balls. She quickly knelt to pull my pants and shorts away when I lifted each of my legs in turn; when she stood up again, she gently pushed me back to a sitting position on the sofa again and resumed her previous position on my lap. Nothing for me to do, of course, but put my hands back where THEY were, too…

Jenny's small, soft hands felt cool on my skin, just as her skin felt cool and soft under MY touch. I gradually expanded the range of my caresses to include the outsides of her thighs and the small, firm globes of her ass, which was a delight to have in my hands. After a few minutes of our kisses steadily increasing in length and passion, she pulled back slightly so that she could move her hands to my chest. That seemed like a particularly fine idea to me, so I followed her lead. As I'd discovered the night before, each of her breasts would barely fill my cupped hand — but what they lacked in quantity, they **more** than made up for in quality: each was a rounded cone of soft/firm femininity, capped with a small, dark areola that was barely larger than the equally dark nipple that sprouted from it. With her increasing arousal, and my more-than-willing assistance, her nipples were getting longer and harder as we began kissing again. It wasn't but a very few minutes before I knew that the scent I thought I'd detected before really *had* been her; the musky aroma of her excitement was threatening to become a fog that enveloped us.

It hadn't taken long for what we were doing to begin to have an effect on me. I could feel my cock — almost completely erect — pressing against her panty-clad mound when she pulled her lips back from mine to tell me "I know that guys can, uh, go longer after they've already cum. The first time we're… together, I want it to last a nice, long time. So I'd like to get you off, you know, with my mouth first — I mean, if you don't have any, uh, problems with that."

"*I* don't have any problem with it - except maybe from enjoying it too much" I answered, earning myself a small laugh. "I'd just like to do the same for you, though."

That earned me a big smile before she said "Uh, how about next time, okay? Right now, I just want to do that for you…"

As much as the thought of "having lunch at the 'Y'" appealed to me, the idea of being able to just lay back and not do anything but enjoy the hell out of a blowjob sounded even better, and I readily (!!) agreed. She scooted back off my lap and leaned over to nudge my hips toward the edge of the sofa. It only took a moment for me to realize that she just wanted me repositioned to make it easier on herself, and I quickly got myself situated to her satisfaction. She knelt down in front of me, and moved between my parted legs. She reached out and angled my erect cock up so that she could lean over slightly and take the head of it into her mouth. She spent a little time just running the tip of her tongue around on the glans before lowering her head to take more of me between her lips.

I don't know where she learned to give head, and I really don't **care**, except maybe to try and figure out how to get other women to learn from the same place. I honestly don't know how much of what she did was technique, and how much was just *attitude*; but whatever the proportions were, she got them **right**. Most women, even if they're willing to do oral on a guy, it really doesn't DO anything for them; I mean, it doesn't get *them* going, you know? But with Jenny, it was something else, entirely: as good as what she was doing to me felt, I could tell that **she** was getting more and more excited, too, by the increasing aroma of her arousal. It didn't take me long to figure out that she was doing it because it turned HER on, too, and that she was deliberately trying to increase MY pleasure as much as she could.

And she was doing a LOT to increase my pleasure: softly 'nibbling' every square inch of my cocks surface with her lips; taking nearly my entire length in her mouth and the slowly pulling her head back as she *ever* so softly let her teeth drag along the surface; taking each of my balls and gently rolling them in her mouth; running the tip of her tongue from the very tip of my penis to the base, and farther, almost to my anus; sucking on me until I thought she'd suck the cum out of me without my having to climax; using her lips and tongue in ways that I didn't know they COULD be. She brought me to the edge of cumming a couple of times, only to back off and let me get myself back under control before she started in on me again. It must have been half an hour or better before she *finally* let me climax. And even as I was firing cum-rockets at her tonsils, she kept teasing and stimulating me, making my release longer and stronger as she greedily swallowed every drop of my jism. I was a little 'distracted', you understand, but I *think* I heard her have a small orgasm, too, just from making ME cum.

Even as I was getting my breath and senses back, Jenny was lovingly tending to my poor, tired dick: with a happy expression on her face, she almost worshipfully used her lips and tongue to clean my cock. When she finally stood up again, I could plainly see that the entire crotch of her panties was visibly darker than the rest from how wet and excited she'd gotten. With a look of pleasure at how she'd (obviously!) made me feel, she quickly went into the kitchen, returning a

few moments later with a couple of bottles of beer. After handing one to me, she seemed to make a point of letting me see her take a drink before she again settled herself on my lap and saying "If you're okay with me doing that, maybe you don't mind kissing me afterwards before I get my mouth cleaned out — but *I* don't think you should be getting any of your stuff back. That's just the way I am."

I took a swallow of my beer (I needed the fluids), pulled her into a kiss followed by a hug, before I told her "I wouldn't have minded — really. But if it makes you feel better, then that's fine with me."

She looked pleased, and snuggled into my chest while I concentrated on getting myself rehydrated.

We continued to cuddle there on the sofa while I got myself back together. Jenny seemed perfectly content to simply sit on my lap with one of my arms around her.

We'd both finished our beer and set the bottles aside when I finally felt recovered enough to have a go at making love with Jenny. Rather than just telling her "Let's fuck!", I figured to be a little more casual about it, and started using my hand to caress her side - careful not to get too close to her breast, at least, not at first. She didn't seem to notice what I was doing, which left me free to slowly and gradually expand my touch and efforts. I could again smell her arousal before she realized what I was up to — but it was pretty much too late by then.

As small as she was, I didn't have the slightest difficulty in taking her in my arms and standing up, then carrying her into the bedroom, where I gently put her down on the bed. She didn't object at all when I slid my hands under the waistband of her panties and started sliding them off of her; she even lifted her cute little butt off the bed to make it easier for me. After I'd set her panties aside, I turned back to look at her and found myself delighted with the sight she presented: her long, black hair somewhat fanned out on the bed while she lay there letting me look at her nakedness. I quickly saw that the small, dark smudge of her pubic hair that I'd seen through her panties was a patch of sparse, but long, hairs that looked to be as black and straight as what was on her head. The cleft of her sex was easily visible, as was the hood of her clitoris.

She spread her legs slightly when I got onto the bed with her, and I saw that her vaginal lips were small and thin — and the area between them already glistening with her oils. She looked up at me with a little trepidation, and I didn't hesitate to tell her "Just… *damn*!"

That was all the reassurance she needed to know that I found her attractive; but I didn't waste any time in moving to lie next to her and put my hand on her belly before saying "You've probably heard it before, but you look like a lovely, *really* sexy Chinese doll laying there like that."

She graced me with a smile, and answered "Yeah, I've heard that before — at least, the Chinese doll part. But it was always from people that saw me with all my clothes on; never from anyone that saw me *naked* like this. My ex-boyfriend told me one time that he felt like he was fucking a little girl, which wasn't something I wanted to hear — I've always thought that my tits were too small, and that I didn't have enough hair; you know, between my legs. When I had to shower in

gym classes with the other girls in High school, I always figured I looked like I was, like, five years younger than them, or something. Some of them even teased me about it, and that just made it worse."

"Well, trust me on this - you look *lovely*, just like I said. If they gave you crap, it was probably because they were all jealous!"

She brightened considerably at hearing that, and asked "So, are you just going to LOOK at me, or do something?", teasingly.

I didn't bother answering, at least not in words. I just lowered my head and gave kissing her my best shot. When our lips finally separated, she looked up at me with a little surprise on her face before saying "Whoof! I guess you **are** going to do something with me!", pleased with my efforts.

My first considered action was to lower my head and take one of her small, dark nipples between my lips and start sucking on it as I used my hand to again enjoy the cool softness of her skin wherever I could reach it — and I tried to reach as much of it as I could.

Once I had the one of her nipples hard again, I happily changed over to apply myself to the other as Jenny ran her fingers through my hair and moaned her pleasure at what I was doing. When I'd gotten *that* nipple fully erect, it was back to the first to 'freshen' it before returning to the second. Back and forth I went, until I had both of them standing proud from her puckered areolas and glistening with my saliva. The scent of her was thick in the air, and it took me only a moment to decide what my next target would be; it was a matter of just a very few seconds before I started slowly kissing my way down her body as I headed for my next goal.

Knowing where I was headed (pardon the pun!), and why, Jenny readily spread her slender legs even more to make room for me. I took advantage of the opportunity to run my hand up and down the full length of her legs, delighting in their firm smoothness, and the texture of her skin. When I finally slipped between her thighs, I was low enough on her body that I was immediately presented with the view of her sex.

Above, her pubic thatch was small and sparse enough that I could easily see the skin of her pudendum underneath. At the bottom of the small wedge of her hair, the hood of her clitoris was readily visible, with her clit itself starting to peek out at me. As my previous view had suggested, her inner labia were small and thin — and now I saw that they were dark with her arousal, too. They neatly framed her opening, which was starting to overflow with her woman's essence: the was already a small, thin trail of her oils beginning to make its way toward the crinkled rosette of her anus. Seeing it, there wasn't anything for me to do but to extend my tongue, and run it from the bottom of her perineum to her cleft, collecting not only the wayward sample of her musky/tangy juices, but drawing a loud moan of arousal from her.

Before dipping my tongue into the honeypot of her nectar, I took a few moments to delight at the sight before me; when I'd fully appreciated the uniqueness that was *Jenny*, it was on to the happy task of finding out just how much pleasure I could bring her.

As it turned out, I could bring her a **lot** of pleasure.

My first considered action was to extend my tongue and draw it slowly up between her vaginal lips — and collecting a goodly portion of her essence in the process — before fluttering the tip of it across her clitoris in an effort to encourage it to come out and play.

Her response to that was encouraging (at least, I took a deep groan and the spreading of her thighs even more as encouragement), so I did it again. Several times.

It wasn't long before she was moaning almost continuously as she arched her pelvis up toward my face. With the teasing I was giving her clitoris, it wasn't long before it came out to where I could see it. I was surprised to discover that it was appreciably larger than it had first appeared: it was easily the size of a *very* large pea, and apparently quite sensitive. Every time I ran my tongue across it, she would release a deep groan of pleasure and arch herself up even more. Between that, and the way I was cycling between trying to fuck her with my stiffened tongue, gently nibbling and sucking on her delicate little labia, lapping up her abundant juices, and 'nibbling' at her clit with my lips, she was rapidly getting more and more aroused and excited.

As much as I was enjoying the hell out of what I was doing (and the response I was getting!), I wanted to get **her** off, too, after she'd done such a fine job on me earlier. Still, I didn't pass up the opportunity to wet a finger with her oils and begin gently probing her opening to find out if I needed to do anything special. Much to my surprise, I found that she was surprisingly small and tight inside. Either her ex-boyfriend was hung like a field mouse, or she'd been doing without for longer than she'd admitted to. Whichever it was, I knew that I was going to like having her wrapped around me. Still, to make sure I didn't cause her any discomfort, I carefully went about stretching her a little - something made *much* easier by how wet she was inside and how happy she seemed to be with the added attention on my part; particularly when I switched from just my index finger to using my ring finger and pinkie together.

Between what I was doing with my lips and tongue, and what my fingers were engaged in, it wasn't long before I could tell that she was getting close to an orgasm. As she got nearer and nearer to her release, I slowed my actions more and more, drawing things out for her (and frustrating her, judging from the whimpering moans) in an effort to make it as good as possible for her. Finally, when I could tell that she was at the ragged edge, I had mercy on her and fastened my lips around her clitoris and gave the tip of it a furious tongue-lashing.

The way her thighs tried to slam together - with my head between them - she damn near broke both of my eardrums even as her sopping-wet vagina clamped down on my fingers so tightly that I couldn't pull them out of her. All I could do was wriggle them around inside her in time with the clenching of her vaginal muscles, intensifying and drawing out her climax.

I was suddenly surprised by the sudden appearance of a volume of liquid on my hand; I initially thought that she'd lost control of her bladder. But since I didn't detect the smell of urine, it was pretty obvious THAT hadn't happened. I was watching her as best I could when I felt even more wetness flow onto my hand. I managed to tilt my head down enough to see it as a small wave of

fluid gush out of her; I don't know if it was the legendary "female ejaculation" or just the clenching of her vagina pushing out her oils - either way, it impressed the hell out of me, as well as turning me on even more.

Small as she was, though, there was only so much climaxing that her body could do before things began to taper off, and finally stop. When her legs fell apart, I was happy to discover that I hadn't lost my hearing, though it was still a little difficult getting my fingers back from the Chinese Finger Trap between her legs!

I slowly kissed my way up her body — with a brief detour to suck on her nipples a bit more — until I was again face-to-face with her. I admit that I was more than a little surprised at how long it took before her eyes opened up; and even then, it took a few more seconds before she really *recognized* me. When she did, though, her beautiful face got positively radiant before she managed to whisper to me "Holy crap! That was one **hell** of an orgasm!"

Looking down at her, I could see that the force of it had taken a LOT out of her, and I asked her "You look like you could use something to drink. What do you want?"

Her voice was a little stronger when she answered "Yeah, I could use a soda, or some water, or something. Could I maybe get a PBJ or something, too? God! Do I need some energy!"

I just smiled and nodded my head before giving her a quick kiss on the tip of her little button nose and heading for the kitchen.

It was only a couple of minutes before I was back with a couple of cold sodas and her requested peanut butter and jelly sandwich - which she all but inhaled between sips of soda as the two of us sat with our backs against the headboard of my bed.

When she'd finished her sandwich and soda — and half of my soda, when I'd offered it to her — she looked at me and said "My ex-boyfriend really never did that for me. I mean, he kinda did, sometimes, but **never** as much or as long as you did. He was always more interested in having ME do it to HIM. I didn't *know* that it could make me feel THAT good!"

"Well, I guess now that you know how much you like it, you'll be wanting guys to do for you more!", I teased, in reply.

She blushed, and nodded her head slightly before answering "I sure will!" before moving to snuggle into my side. I put my arm around her, and she lifted her head to smile at me as I cupped one of her breasts in my hand and teased its nipple for a bit before starting to caress her side. After a couple of minutes of my doing that, she looked up at me again, grinned, and reached down to take my penis in her hand. With her apparently ready to get things going again, I gradually reduced the range of my touches until I was focused almost entirely on her breasts.

It didn't take much of that before I had the peaks of both of her breasts standing proud; when she started slowly stroking my semi-erect penis, I let my hand trace its way down her body, toward the juncture of her thighs. She looked up at me again and suggested "How about if we go ahead and lie down again?", with a grin. I just grinned at her, and it was just a few moment before the

two of us were again horizontal. She hadn't scooted down *quite* as much as I had to, so it was easy for me to cup her mons in my hand as I laid a finger along her cleft and feeling the heat and humidity of her arousal. For her part, she was doing a FINE job of stroking and massaging my cock back to life as she lay on her side next to me, her head resting on my stomach.

I had been slowly curling my finger to dip the tip of it between her labia, and EVER so softly rubbing them into her clitoris, for a couple of minutes when she said "Jim? There's something I've got to tell you, and something I want to ask."

From the tone of her voice, and the way she said it, I immediately knew that whatever it was she had to say and ask, I was going to have to think *very* carefully before I responded. Putting as much reassurance into my voice as I could, I told her "Go ahead and tell and ask, then."

Even then, it took her another minute or so before she hesitantly told me "Uh, there's something about me you need to know. About when I have sex, I mean. It's, um, kind of different, and I don't know how you'll feel about it."

I managed to sit up enough to give her a kiss on the top of her head before lying back down and answering "Okay, you say it's different. I've been a cab driver a pretty long time, so I don't think you're going to say anything I haven't at least heard about before — but if it helps any, I'll promise to think about what YOU say before *I* say anything, okay?"

I could feel her relax, at least a little bit, and a moment later she told me "What I've got to tell you is that… well… that I don't really *enjoy* sex unless… unless…" she paused to release a heavy sigh before continuing "unless the person I'm with is, um, **forceful** with me."

I gave it a few seconds so she'd know I was keeping my promise to think before speaking before I asked "What do you mean by 'forceful'? Do you mean you like the guy to really pound into you? Or do you mean something else?"

"I mean something else."

"What do you mean, then?"

"What I mean is that I don't really get excited unless… unless I'm… unless he's hurting me when he does it. I don't mean with his cock, but like with his hands — you know, like slapping my butt, and pinching my nipples real hard, or twisting them, and stuff like that. I don't mean like drawing *blood*, or anything, just… hurting me."

I had to think about what she'd said for a while before I was able to ask her "And what was it you wanted to ask me?"

"I'm not sure if it's just one thing, or two, but there's something I've always wanted to try, but I've never done. I mean, I didn't even trust my ex-boyfriend enough to ask HIM to do it — but I know that I **can** trust YOU. First, I want to be tied up; you know, like stretched out so that I can't really move. The second one, I'm not sure if it's something separate, or not, but I… I want somebody to… to command me. I mean, tell me what to do like I was his slave, like, and he was

my master, and I had to do *anything* he told me. So what I want to know is if you'd do those things."

I *really* had to think about what she'd said and what she was asking, and when I didn't say anything for a couple of minutes, she spoke up again to tell me "I never even told my boyfriend about how I liked it when he'd slap my ass real hard, or how much it used to turn me on when he got really rough with me sometimes. I've never really TOLD anybody that that's the kind of stuff that I like, and fantasize about. I know it's kind of… strange, maybe, so if you don't think it's something you want to do, I'll understand — and I'll **still** be MORE than happy to stay here with you, if you want me to, I mean, and suck your cock or let you eat me or fuck me as much as you want. I was just hoping that… that… that I could maybe find out what that other stuff would be like, and finally have somebody that would have sex with me in a way that *I* really like, too."

I left my hand between her thighs, idly toying with her sex, as I thought. — just as she was stroking and caressing my semi-erect penis, with no more intent of trying to arouse me than I was her.

Admittedly, the idea of having a woman stretched out and pretty much immobile was something that had crossed my mind before, and turned me on more than a little bit. And the idea of a woman that was willing to act as my virtual slave was something that I doubt many men haven't entertained at some point in their lives, and here I was being offered the opportunity to do that very thing. Even the thought of having her willing — even *encouraging* me — to 'let go' and treat her pretty much any way I wanted to had a certain appeal.

The thing was, I'm **not** your 'Average Joe', and I couldn't help really THINKING about what she wanted. They were an intriguing set of offers, to be sure; but those were areas of human sexuality and fantasy that I wasn't all that sure I wanted to venture into.

After a few minutes, I moved my hand up to caress her side as I told her "Okay, Jenny, I've thought about it — and decided that I'm willing to at least give it a *try*."

She gasped, and quickly turned her head to look at me as I went on to say "I'm only going to do it for a couple of reasons. First, because YOU asked ME — as in, it wasn't *my* idea. Maybe that's a cop-out; I don't know. But it's something that matters to ME. Second, I am **NOT** going to do anything that I think would really hurt you: like you said, nothing that draws blood. And to make sure of that, you're going to have a 'safety' word that you can use to let me know if YOU think things are going too far. If you say it, then I — we! — stop, right then and there, and that's the end of it. Agreed?"

I could see the mixture of relief, surprise, and anticipation in her eyes as she nodded and told me "I didn't mean for it to sound like I wanted you to do anything you weren't comfortable with; I'm sorry if I did. Yes, we stop if things start to go too far for *either* of us. The safety word is good; how about, um… 'Albuquerque'? I've never been there, and it's different enough that it's not something I'm going to say by accident."

"'Albuquerque' it is, then", I agreed. I opened my mouth and started to tell her that I'd get

something we could use to tie her up when I had a sudden thought, and instead asked her "On the 'slave' bit — um, should I just call you Slave, or is there something else that would make it better for you?"

She understood what I was getting at, and surprised me by blushing slightly before answering "Uh, Slave is okay, but calling me names would, um, be better."

With that settled, there was nothing for me to do but tell her "Okay, bitch, now we're going to do things **my** way! Get your ass up and get over there by that dresser!"

I saw her give a little shiver as she realized that I was starting to do as she wanted, and she quickly got up and went over to my dresser. Once she was there, I forcefully — and profanely — told her which drawer to open up to get out a couple of my ties; then it was over to the closet where she was instructed to get a couple of my older belts. When she got back to the bed, I was standing next to it; when she got close enough, I took the ties and belts before reaching out and slapping her before telling her "That took *entirely* too fucking long, you cunt! When I tell you to do something, I expect you to get your lazy ass in **gear** and do it!"

I saw her nipples start to erect in response to the treatment I was giving her, and then told her "Useless cow! On your knees, bitch; I want you to get me hard again with just your mouth — no hands. Let's see if there's anything your useless ass <u>can</u> do worth a shit!"

Her nipples crinkled even more as she quickly moved to kneel in front of me, careful to move her hands behind her back, before she opened her mouth and took my penis into it. She'd started sucking on me as she ran her tongue along the underside of my cock when I slapped her head and told her "I didn't tell you to put your hands behind your back, shithead! Get those hands up in the air, over your head. Straight up! You're gonna by-God *learn* to do what I tell you!"

She applied herself even more to using her lips and tongue to stimulate me even as she raised her arms so that she was reaching straight up. I tossed the belts onto the bed, then draped one tie over my shoulder before tying the other around one of her wrists — taking my time, so as to try and make her arms and shoulders tired. Then her other wrist got the same treatment with the other tie; by the time I finished — both of her wrists were tied tightly enough that I could see grimaces of pleasure on her face as she slowly slid her lips up and down the length of my stiffening cock — her shoulders and arms were tired enough that her arms were slowly wavering in the air. Perfect.

Pulling my semi-erect cock out of her mouth, I slapped her again before telling her "Useless **bitch**. Get over on the bed, Slave. It's time you learned who's *boss* here!"

She quickly scampered over to the bed, and as she started to get on it, I told her "I know how *stupid* you are, so make sure you lay on your back." Then, after she'd done as I said, I said "Dumbass cunt! Move up! Toward the head of the bed!" as I started moving toward the bed myself, doing my very best to all but *radiate* Threat and Menace - and seeing the look of eager anticipation on her face.

When I got close enough, I told her "Give me your arm, whore", and when she raised the arm that was closest to me, reached down and painfully twisted the nipple of the breast that was farthest from me before saying "THAT arm, stupid!"

She gasped at the pain — but I also saw a shiver of pleasure and perhaps even arousal go through her before she offered me the other arm. Taking hold of the tie, I stretched her arm toward the headboard before demanding the other arm, and stretching it out, too — it being obvious that I could have done either arm first, but that I was **deliberately** making things difficult for her.

The design of the headboard on my bed made it possible for me to tie the ends of the two ties together, fully stretching her arms over her head. Then it was time to move toward the foot of the bed.

I didn't bother 'asking' for one of her legs; I just roughly grabbed her ankle and forcefully pulled her down the bed so that her arms were stretched well past the point of comfort. I slid the end of one of the belts through the buckle, and put the resulting loop around her ankle; then I knelt down and secured the end around one of the legs of the bed. Around the foot of the bed, and I did the same to the other leg, leaving her painfully stretched out, legs spread, and subject to anything I wanted to do to her.

As I moved toward the head of the bed, I gently ran my fingertips along the inside of her leg until it reached the juncture of her thighs - where I took several of her pubic hairs between finger and thumb and pulled them hard enough to make her gasp. I also saw her vaginal lips darken slightly, and knew that she'd felt arousal along with the pain.

Moving a little farther, I was near her head as I reached down to toy with one of her erect nipples as I told her "Okay, bitch. You didn't move fast enough when I told you to do things. You had my cock *right there* in your mouth, and didn't get me hard enough. Since YOU couldn't satisfy me, now I'm just going to have to satisfy **myself**. Except that I'm going use you to do it, so that your dumb ass can at least START to get some idea of what the hell it is you're *supposed* to do if you want to please me" — and giving her nipple a savage twist when I was done.

With that, I moved onto the bed, then on to straddle her chest, so that my penis was dangling in her face, before telling her "Now, suck it, whore!"

Her arousal was such that she didn't hesitate to open her lips and lift her head to take the end of my cock in her mouth. In just a couple of seconds she was enthusiastically apply a combination of suction, her *very* talented tongue, and her lips to massage it to a steadily increasing erectness. As I got harder and harder, I leaned forward slightly and started moving my hips — essentially fucking her mouth. Reaching down, I took a handfull of her hair and wrapped it around my fist, pulling it hard enough to bring tears to her eyes before telling her "Come on, cunt! You can do better than that!", which motivated her to redouble her efforts.

It wasn't long before I was slowly sliding my fully erect penis in and out of her mouth as she continued to stimulate me with her lips and tongue. When I was sure that I wasn't going to lose my erection any time soon, I slid myself out of the suction she was applying to me and gave her

hair another solid pull before telling her "That's a *little* better, slut, but you still need to learn" as a couple tears of pain escaped to roll down her face.

Scooting back until I was straddling her waist, I reached out and 'played' with her breasts: squeezing them hard enough to make her grimace with the pain; and pinching and pulling and twisting her nipples hard enough to bring tears to her eyes — all while calling her any number of demeaning and profane names, and all between brief periods of treating her as gently as I normally would have. The contrast between the two only seemed to make her enjoy what I was doing all the more. After a while, I decided to move on to something else; getting off of her, I slowly moved to lie between her legs, pausing every so often to give her a little caress — or painful pinch — as the mood struck.

When I again had the all-but-hairless center of her womanhood in front of me, I deliberately went about trying to get her as aroused and frustrated as I could. I repeatedly used my lips and tongue on her labia and vaginal opening to bring her to the edge of an orgasm, only to abruptly **stop**, leaving her whimpering and moaning as she wriggled her hips in an effort to find *some* way of relieving the torment of being almost 'there'. Then, when she'd fallen back a bit, I'd start in on her again: slipping a finger into her and slowly fucking her with it, or curling my finger inside her to stimulate what was being called the "Grafenberg" or "G" spot, or gently stroking and teasing her erect clitoris. The biggest problem (if it can be called that) I ran into was that with each cycle of that, it was taking her longer to come down from her near-peak, and less time to approach it again.

I decided that the solution was to stop stimulating her quite so directly; remembering something I'd done to another woman, and gotten good results with, I opted to kiss my way down one of her legs. When I got to her foot, I started things off by giving it a thorough massage. Following that, I went on to begin kissing it: each of her toes, the arch, the sole, and so on. Only after I'd kissed every square inch of surface at least once did I move on to softly licking her ankle — which drew a deep moan of arousal from her as she vainly tried to move her foot and ankle away from my attentions. Then it was on to licking her foot in small swathes, until I'd worked my way to her toes; with her toes, I not only licked between them, but took each one of them into my mouth and softly sucked on it as I teased it with the tip of my tongue. I finished with her big toe in my mouth, and by the time I finished with it, she was nearly insane with desire: between pants and moans and groans, she was literally *begging* me to do **something** — anything! — that would let her reach a climax.

By that time, I was ready to take some more direct pleasure with her, and moved back between her legs again.

Kneeling between her legs, I looked her over and saw that she had a definite blush of arousal — one that extended all the way down her chest, to include her breasts. Farther down her body, her labia were fully extended, dark with her excitement, and well-separated; her opening was glistening with her oils, which she'd produced in such quantities that they'd actually run down the crack of her ass to form a not-so-small puddle on the bedding.

Leaning forward, I levered my erection down so that the head was between her warm (even hot!) vaginal lips. She tried to arch her back to increase the contact, or even get me inside her, but I moved to deny her. She closed her eyes and released a deep groan of frustration, then opened her eyes again when she felt me wedge myself against her opening. With the head of my cock pressing against her hot, wet opening, I used my hand to again take hold of a small patch of her pubic hair — and as I pulled on it hard enough to bring tears to her eyes, I arched my hips. Between the pain of having me pulling her pubic hair, and having me filling her with my manhood in a single hard thrust, that was all she seemed to need to trigger her into an orgasm.

Surprised by her response, I could only enjoy the sensation of her hot, wet sheath clenching almost painfully tightly around me in time with the waves of release that I could see coursing through her delectable little body. When I felt the spasms tapering off, I could help but perform a simple experiment: releasing the tuft of her hair I had, I reached up to take one of her nipples between my fingers; giving it a vicious twist was enough to make the wave of release that followed MUCH stronger than the one before it.

Her orgasm went on much longer than I would have thought it even *could*; still, her body could only find SO much relief before needing to recover. As I felt the last few faint flutterings of her vagina around where my cock was buried in her, I could see that she was nearing the point of losing consciousness. Rather than letting that happen, and having to wait for her to waken again, I decided to see if I could keep it from happening in the first place: releasing my hold on her erect nipple, I got myself positioned so I could start moving in her. First, I pressed myself against her, bumping her clitoris with my pubic bone a few times to get her attention after a fashion, then slid myself out of her completely — stopping only when the head of my penis was pressing against the outside of her opening again.

In response, she started to liven up again; but I didn't judge that it was *enough*, for my purposes. So I thrust myself back into her in another single, hard push that had the end of my penis resting against the deepest part of her. The degree to which I filled her, the suddenness of my actions, and the way her body responded to it, were enough to bring her to full wakefullness: her eyes snapped open again and got nearly the size of saucers as she gasped and arched her hips up in response.

Having her full attention again, I told her "Now, cunt, you find out what it takes to make **me** happy! If you don't pay attention and *learn* something, you'll live to regret it!"

With that, I started **fucking** her — hard: I was all but *pounding* myself into her, and it wasn't but a few seconds before she started responding. It was less than a minute of that before she had another orgasm, though not as strong as the previous one. Again, she got incredibly tight around me, but she was also so wet inside that there was MORE than enough lubrication for me to continue sliding myself in and out of her hot, tight channel. Another minute or so, and she climaxed again; that one a little stronger as I maintained my rhythm of slamming into her.

I was starting to get a little tired, so I lowered myself to rest on my elbows. I took the opportunity to start taking each of her nipples into my mouth and sucking on them hard enough that I knew it

must be painful for her; it also brought them to full erectness, allowing me to bite them, as well. It wasn't but a couple minutes of that before she surprised me with yet another orgasm, nearly as strong as the first. It was soon followed by another, milder one.

The stimulation of her hot, wet vagina clenching around me was quickly moving me closer and closer to my own release. But I wanted to enjoy the experience of being inside her for a bit longer, too. I finally decided that there were a couple more things that I could do that I thought would make BOTH of us happy.

When I felt her getting close to having yet *another* climax, I deliberately waited until just before it hit her to suddenly slide my hardness out of her, denying her the release she sought; the look of frustration and surprise on her face was priceless.

Getting off of her, I moved to stand next to the bed before leaning over to untie the belt that held her leg in place. I soon had the other belt unfastened, as well, and I could see the puzzlement — and yes, relief — on her face as I got onto the bed again. Looking down at her from where I knelt, I told her "You bore me, bitch. I want some *action* out of you, you useless cow! Turn over, and get on your knees, cunt."

She quickly moved to do as I told her - except that she moved toward the headboard, enough so that she was able to put her hands on the bed. I quickly slapped her head and told her "I didn't say anything about moving like that, dumbass! Get back here, and hands off the bed, whore!"

She quickly scooted back so that her hands were again stretched out in the air, toward the headboard, as she knelt over in front of me. I moved up behind her and leaned forward to reach around her and cup her breasts in my hands for a few moments before squeezing them hard enough to make her cry out. Even so, before I released them, I gave the hard, erect nubbins of her nipples a vicious twist — and felt her press herself back against me in aroused response.

Putting my hands on her cute, tight little ass, I spread her cheeks so that I could watch as I positioned the head of my cock between her shiny labia — and again filled her with a single hard thrust of my hips, making her cry out in pleasure.

Moving my hands to her hips, I held her steady as I began moving myself in and out of her again. Stretched out as she was, there wasn't much she could do to move, but that didn't stop me from frequently slapping her ass and telling her to get moving. Each blow of my hand only seemed to make her wetter inside as she struggled to comply with my demands. Every so often, I would reach around to give one or the other of her nipples a savage twist, as well.

I was literally slamming myself into her when I felt my balls signal that it wasn't going to be long before they unloaded in her. I grabbed a handful of Jenny's hair and pulled her head back harshly before slapping her face and telling her "I'm gonna cum soon, you slut. If you don't make it good, I'll cut your tits off!"

That seemed to be all she needed to find yet another release — the start of which was enough to trigger MINE.

Even as I tried to stuff as much of my cock as far into her as I could, I was wetting my thumb with my saliva. As soon as I felt her vagina start to clench around me again, I reached down and quickly stuck it up her ass — greatly aided by the overflow of her juices that had already lubricated her there. The intensity of her climax easily tripled with that one simple act, and she tried to scream through a (thankfully!) closed mouth, the sound escaping through her little button nose.

The dramatic tightening of her vagina was enough to increase the intensity of *my* release, as well, and I could feel myself trying to coat her tonsils with my jism.

About the time my cock and balls stopped trying to fill her with the negligible amount of cum I must have had left, Jenny released a deep sigh and collapsed, my neckties holding her arms out forcing her to fall forward onto her face as she pulled free of my semi-erect penis, my thumb leaving her anus with a loud popping noise.

That was enough to make me realize that she'd probably climaxed even harder than *I* had, and that our activities had undoubtedly had more of an effect on her than me. I quickly moved to untie her arms from the headboard and roll her over onto her back — and wasn't particularly surprised to see that she was out cold. I gently untied the neckties from around her wrists, then got the loops of my belts from around her ankles. That was followed by a quick trip to the kitchen for drinks and munchies, and after setting those things on the night table, a stop in the bathroom for a couple of damp washcloths and a towel.

With everything I'd need in the immediate future nearby, I began doing what I could to clean Jenny up, and help her recover. One washcloth was soon saturated with the combination of the overflow of her woman's juices and my cum. The other was used to finish cleaning her off before I used a clean section of it to gently wipe her face. Then I used the towel to dry the spots I'd used the washcloths on, and gently dry the perspiration from her body, and then my own. By the time I was finished, I could see her eyes starting to flicker, and quickly reached out to grab one of the cans of soda and open it. A few more moments, and her lovely almond eyes opened, though she didn't seem to be able to recognize much of anything. Even that disorientation soon passed, though, and her eyes locked on mine before her entire face lit up as she smiled at me. I gestured with the opened soda, and after she managed a weak nod, I told her "I'm going to get you sitting up, and hold you against me, okay?"

The next nod of agreement was a little stronger, and I quickly got her sitting up and resting against my side with only token assistance from her. I held the soda for her as she took the first few sips; once the fluids, sugar, and caffeine began to take effect, she was able to take over managing it by herself. At that point, I figured she was ready for more, and offered her half of one of the PBJ sandwiches I'd made. She got a delighted look on her face, and managed to consume it in short order, washed down with swallows of her soda. By the time it was gone, so was her drink; when I handed her the other half of the sandwich and another drink, she managed to tell me "Thank you. I *really* **need** this stuff!"

I couldn't resist giving her a small hug before answering "I kinda figured", earning me a smile

and mild blush.

I was content for us to sit quietly and go through my own soda and hold her close for the next several minutes as she got her fluid and energy levels restored. When her sandwich was gone, and her soda empty, she managed to lean over me to put the empty on the night table and get herself another drink before snuggling into my side again.

After a couple more minutes, she quietly said "Boy, that was really… *something*. I mean, I got turned on when you started ordering me around; and when you started tying me up, I could feel myself getting **so** wet inside. Then when you started teasing me" — she turned her head to look up at me balefully — "it was more than I could STAND. And the way you were… doing things to me, it was even better than I thought it would be."

"Well, I've got to admit that it wasn't quite what I thought it would be", I admitted, giving her a hug before continuing "but it isn't something that I think I'd really like to do very much or very often, either."

She turned to look up at me again before saying "No, I don't think I'd like to do it very much or very often, either. But it *is* something I'm glad I, I mean, we, did. I got **so** excited, and I kept having these incredible orgasms. And that last one was just AMAZING, even before you stuck something in my butt! What was that, anyway? It felt like a baseball bat when you did it!"

I couldn't help grinning as I told her "No, no baseball bat. It was just my thumb, was all."

She looked at me doubtfully, and I raised my hand as though swearing an oath. That seemed to be enough to convince her, and she happily wriggled into my side again before saying "Anyway, you did pretty much everything I told you I wanted to try, and you did it about as perfectly as I could have asked, and you made this probably the best time having sex I've ever had. It was really, *really* special, and I've got **you** to thank for it."

The two of us were content to simply sit there, next to each other, for several minutes before she got up enough to swing her leg over me and sit on my lap, facing me. I put my hands on her hips and listened as she told me "Jim, I've had a *wonderful* time here with you. I know from when I called the cab company that these are supposed to be your days off, and I expect that there are things that you really do need to do. But if it's okay with you, I'd like to stay here with you another day; I'm enjoying being with you so much that I don't want to leave yet if I don't *have* to. But I'll understand — really! — if I can't because there are other things that you have to take care of."

I moved my hands to cup her face and gently pulled her toward me so that I could softly kiss her lips before I answered "I'd be delighted to have you stay another day. I like being with YOU, too."

She got a joyous expression on her face, and leaned forward to kiss me before telling me "Thank you, Jim. It really means a **lot** to me that you'd be willing to give up so much of your time to be with me. You're a really special guy; not just for what we just did, but for how you showed me

around today, and how nice you've been to me. I'm starting to realize that I've probably been a little, or even a lot, spoiled up until now, and being with you like today and last night is helping me understand what it's like for people that *don't* have all the advantages I did growing up. And I know, now, that I DID have a lot of things going for me that a lot of other people don't. Last night, at the restaurant, you showed me what it's like for people that don't have as much money and things as me; and today, I know that you took us to places that were all free, or pretty inexpensive to get into. And tonight, you did things with me that *I* wanted. So what I'd like to do tomorrow is for ME to take **you** places — the ones that aren't cheap to get into, so that I can show you some of what *I* grew up with. And then, tomorrow night, if you're willing to teach me again, I want to make love with you the way that YOU like: I think that you're usually pretty gentle and loving when you're with a girl, and I want to find out what **that's** like, too."

I nodded in understanding before answering "I think I'd like that, Jenny. I know that I don't get to see some of the nicer things and places here in town as often as I'd like; and being able to do them with YOU would be a pleasure. And you're right: when I'm with a woman, I'm usually a lot more, oh, *relaxed*, than we were tonight. I'd be **more** than willing to have you stay with me again tomorrow night so I can show you that there's another way to make love with someone."

Pleased at what I'd said, she smiled and said "I'm glad. But for now, it's getting late, and I think BOTH of us need to get some sleep — I know *I* sure do!" before leaning forward to give me another kiss. Sitting back up again, she got a mischievous grin on her face before telling me "I can feel that you were nice enough to clean me up some before I woke up… but I'm still feeling more than little *used*, too. And I can see that I left that **huge** spot on your bed from how wet you were getting me; I don't think either one of us wants to sleep on that, so do you think that there would be enough room for both of us on the couch — after you take a quick shower with me?"

I grinned back at her and answered "No, I don't think either one of us wants to sleep on that **huge** wet spot" — she stuck her tongue out at me for teasing her — "either, and I'd LOVE to take a quick shower with you. As for the couch, I think you'll be surprised at just how much room there WILL be for us."

From the way I said that last bit, she knew that I was somehow going to surprise her, but I could see that she couldn't figure out how. She just gave me a Look, then moved to get off of me and stand next to the bed before telling me "Well, come *on*, then — let's get that shower so I don't feel so yucky, and so we can get some sleep!"

When I was standing next to her, she didn't hesitate to take me by the hand and lead the two of us into the bathroom — where she had me wait while she got the shower turned on and the temperature adjusted to her satisfaction. When everything was ready, she led the way into the shower, and quickly got started on getting me cleaned up. Once that was done, it was *my* turn, and I had a great time returning the favor; after I'd gotten her mons rinsed off, she told me "You missed a spot", and when I looked at her in confusion, she just smiled and spread her legs, letting me know that she wanted me to clean her *insides*, too. It was only a few moments before I had my middle finger back inside the hot confines of her vagina, moving it around to make sure that

all of my cum was removed. Apparently, I took a little longer than she thought necessary, because she laughed and told me "Look, that feels **really** good, but I think you've gotten all your STUFF out — and if you keep that up, we aren't going to get any sleep tonight!"

Even so, I still saw a brief regret cross her face when I gently withdrew my finger from her.

After each of us had another quick rinse, it was out of the shower, where we 'helped' each other dry off. That consisted of applying a towel to a spot, then fondling it to make sure it really dry; each of us had to make several attempts before we were satisfied that we'd properly tended the others more 'interesting' bits…

From the bathroom, it was into the living room, where I started making 'magician' noises as I showed her that my hands weren't hiding anything (I couldn't have hidden anything, anyway, since both of us were nude), then proceeded to unfold the couch into a bed — and earning myself a small, tinkling laugh from her before she called me a stinker. As I got some of the bedding from one end table, I told her where the rest was; she got it out, and together we got things ready. Once both of us were lying down, she softly nudged me to let me know that she wanted to lie on my side facing away from her; when I was, she quickly moved to spoon against my back and put her arm around me and hug me. I took her hand and lifted it so that I could give her palm a soft kiss before putting it back again. I heard her release a pleased sigh behind me, and I held my hand over hers as the two of us slowly drifted off.

The next morning, I woke up to discover that Jenny and I had reversed positions during the night: I was now spooning against HER back, with the addition of having my hand on her breast. I couldn't resist softly running my thumb across her nipple and felt it erect slightly as she told me "Mmmmmm. It feels so good when you do that. It's not like you're trying to get me turned on or anything, just that you like having my tit in your hand."

Mildly surprised that she was awake, I answered "That's because I **do** like having your tit in my hand. It's warm, and soft and firm at the same time, and your nipple feels like a hard little rubber eraser" before tilting my head to give the back of her neck a kiss - and feeling her shiver in response before she told me "If you keep doing that, we aren't going to have time for me to make YOU some breakfast this morning — so behave yourself, Mister!", the tone of her voice letting me know that she was at least *semi*-serious about me not doing it again.

Instead, I elected to play with her nipple a little more as I responded "You're making breakfast, huh? Well, whatever you're going to make, I think I'm going to need TWO helpings, so you probably need to get started!"

She laughed, and pulled my hand away from her breast so she could scoot over a bit and sit up. Looking down at me, I could see the smile on her face before she told me "Yeah? Well, I think I better have two helpings, too, so *I* don't run out of energy tonight!"

I put a mock-surprised look on my face, making her laugh before she leaned over to give me a good-morning kiss. When our lips parted, I could see how happy she was before she moved to

the edge of the bed and stood up. Telling me "You just stay there, and I'll be back in just a bit", she turned and headed for the kitchen. A minute later, I heard my coffeemaker start; just a very few minutes after that, she was back with a cup of coffee. After handing it to me, she said "You just lay there and rest up for tonight; I'll bring breakfast in here."

After hearing my "Yes, Ma'am. As you say, Ma'am", she was smiling again as she headed back for the kitchen.

I was pretty much done with my coffee, and was wondering whether to go get some more or ask her to bring some, when she reappeared with our breakfast — and more coffee. Looking at how much she'd made — scrambled eggs, hash browns, sausages, toast, orange juice — I wasn't entirely sure that she *hadn't* made enough for each of us to have two helpings. But once I got a few bites of it in me, I realized just how hungry I was. I also noticed just how much of an appetite SHE had, too; she barely missed eating as much as *I* did! By the time we were finished, it turned out that she hadn't made too much, after all: aside from the couple of small pieces of sausage and a little bit of scrambled egg that were given to my cat Demosthenes, there wasn't anything left. When Jenny released a soft belch of satisfaction, I couldn't help but laugh, embarrassing her slightly.

After each of us had a final cup of coffee, she let me come into the kitchen to help clean up and take care of the dishes — and patiently tolerated it when I started playing with her cute little ass, or teasing one of her nipples, or any of the other things I did to molest her in the process. With the kitchen cleaned up and the dishes done, it was time for us to share a shower and get ready to go out for the day.

Jenny and I had one HELL of a time; we went places I hadn't been to in entirely too long, we did things that I *very* rarely got to do, we had fun, we laughed, we played grab-ass (sometimes literally!), and just generally had a damn fine time together. For me, it was as much the company I had as it was the places we went and things we did. Still, there came the point where both of us were ready to call it a day, and head back to my place — and what both of us knew would be keeping us occupied that night.

Once I'd closed the door behind us, I turned around, only to have Jenny plaster herself against my front, pulling my head down for a kiss. Surprised, but delighted, I enthusiastically kissed her back; only when our lips parted was I able to ask "I'm not complaining, mind you, but what brought that on?"

Her arms wrapped around me, and she hugged me close before answering "I just wanted you to know how much I enjoyed being out with you today."

"And I had fun being with you, too", I answered, "but you didn't answer my question."

She pulled back slightly to look up at me for a few moments before saying "You really don't know, do you?" I shook my head, and she smiled before continuing "I guess *that's* why: because you were **such** good company today. At first, I thought you were being on your 'good' behavior, but then I realized that you're just being you — that you didn't HAVE to make any kind of extra

effort to be someone that I was glad, even proud, to be with today. I mean, you weren't some choirboy or anything; goodness knows you patted me on the butt enough times! But you were always careful to only do it when nobody was looking, or could see us. And every place we went, you acted like you went to places like that every day, when *know* you don't get to visit them very often. It was just that you carried yourself with such… I don't know… **class**, that you just fit in with everybody else. I know you're educated and everything, but after driving cabs all this time, I wouldn't have been surprised if your didn't quite as… refined as you do. The people we met and talked to, I could *see* that they figured you were someone like them that they just hadn't met yet; because of how much money my parents have, I've met plenty of fairly wealthy people, and I **know** how snobby they can be — so if you were able to get the kinds of reactions from the people we met that you did, there isn't a doubt in my mind that they thought of you as an equal. People like that, they can spot someone that's just pretending or putting on an act from a mile away; THAT'S when I knew that you were just being yourself, and realized just how much class and everything you have."

I smile back at her and answer "A lady friend — that is, a friend who is **very** much a *lady* — told me that 'class' isn't money or job or social status; that it's a matter of respecting yourself and others, and how you treat people. From what I've seen, I think she explained it exactly right."

Jenny got a pleased look on her face as she exclaimed "That's it! That's what I was trying to say, and why I think you've got class! You respect yourself, but without being on some kind of ego trip, and you respect other people, too. And you most *definitely* treat other people like you'd want them to treat you."

I just smiled down at her, and gently got her turned around so that I could guide her into the living room. Once there, she found a spot on the couch while I got some Mozart going on my stereo. When I came over to take my own seat, she patted the spot next to her to let me know where she expected me to sit. I did as instructed, and she didn't hesitate to snuggle next to me, and pull my arm around her waist. We spent the better part of a couple of hours just sitting there quietly, content to listen to the music and be next to each other.

It was probably midway through the evening when she finally spoke up to say "I know that I really DO have to go home tomorrow, even though I wish I could stay here with you for as long as you'd have me. And it's going to be a long flight home, so I have to get going fairly soon in the morning. But I *still* want to find out what it's like to make love with you the way you **usually** do, too."

Knowing what she was getting at, my response was to simply nudge her slightly so that I could stand up and put my hand out toward her. She took it, and let me help her get up from the couch, and then lead her back into the bedroom. Once there, I told her "I want to be the one to undress you; do you want to do me, or watch me do it myself?"

"I just want to watch you", she answered, and I took a small step back so that she could see me better as I calmly went about getting myself naked for her. I didn't pretend to be putting on any kind of show or anything; but the way I did it let her know that I was fully aware of her presence,

and doing it just for HER. Once I was nude, I stood there patiently as she looked me over — I could tell that she was trying to burn the look of me into her memory so she'd be able to 'see' me again in the future.

When her eyes told me that she was ready, I stepped close to her again, and carefully went about removing HER clothes, too. As the different bits and areas of her appeared, I would pause to softly caress them with my fingertips, and gently kiss her exposed skin. By the time I knelt down in front of her to slip her panties down her legs, she was already starting to show an aroused blush on her face and shoulders; and her small breasts were visibly tight, her areolas crinkled with her nipples standing out. Slipping my hands under the waistband of her small, brief panties, I could already detect the distinct aroma of her arousal; I detoured briefly to give the small, firm globes of her cute ass a caress and brief squeeze before slipping her panties down. When the crotch of them pulled away from her mons, the scent of her immediately became even stronger; and when I'd slid her panties a little farther down her thighs, I could see that her clitoris was already peeking out from under its hood, and that her labia were parted and faintly glistening with her oils.

Leaning forward, I placed a soft, gentle kiss on her navel and another on her lower belly, just above her sparse pubic thatch. Standing up again, I guided her to turn slightly, then surprised her by picking her up in my arms. After carrying her over to the bed, I gently laid her down on it — then remained standing next to the bed, so that I could look down at her. It took her only a moment to realize that I was trying to memorize the sight of her, just as she'd done of me, and she readily arranged herself so that I had a full, unimpeded view of her entire body.

Once I was satisfied that I wasn't going to forget her any time soon, I moved to lie next to her on the bed. Resting on my side, I put my open hand on her belly before telling her "I know that you enjoyed what we did last night. There were things that you wanted to experience, and I was able to help you find the pleasure that you were after. Now, tonight, it's my chance to show you a different way of finding pleasure, if you'll accept it."

She looked up at me with, if not love, then certainly affection, and answered "I *do* want to know another way. I don't know if it's going to be the kind of **physical** pleasure I had last night, but I do know that it will be something that touches me in my heart, and in my soul — because it's YOU doing it, and how much you've come to mean to me. I accept what you're offering me, gladly."

Hearing that, I had reason to hope that the young woman that went back to San Francisco wouldn't be the same person that had called for me from the airport just a few days earlier.

But all of that was for later. Right then, I had the delectable little bundle of the cute and sexy Jenny to tend to. And 'tend to' her, I did.

Leaning over her, I started by kissing her. Not on the lips, as she clearly expected, but on the end of her little button of a nose. Then it was each of her eyes, the corners of her mouth, and the rest of her face — and only *then* her lips. She parted them slightly in invitation, but I elected to

continue onward, to her throat and neck; from there, it was out to the point of her shoulder and back again, with a detour to softly nibble her earlobes, then back across her throat to the other shoulder. Back at her neck again, I raised up enough to kiss her lips again — that time, accepting her offer for our tongues to get reacquainted. As our tongues danced in each others mouths, I started moving my hand on her body, my fingertips tracing butterfly-light trails across her skin.

I knew my efforts to make her more aware of the *rest* of her body — the parts normally considered 'nonsexual' — were having an effect when I heard Jenny begin softly panting, and felt her begin a subtle writhing under my touch. Even so, I didn't stop what I was doing; I simply continued my efforts, expanding them to include even more of her body.

Finally moving to hold my body over hers, I lowered my head and concentrated on teasing her with my lips, and the tip of my tongue: giving her soft little lip-bites on every bit of her velvety skin the I could get my lips on, occasionally touching the tip of my tongue to her and then gently blowing on the resulting dampness, and softly sucking on random bits of her anatomy. During all of this, I was slowly working my way down her body — shoulders to breasts to belly to hips. To her suprise, I bypassed the area between her thighs in favor of her legs; it was only after I'd worked my way down one leg and then back up the other that I finally settled in to 'tend' to the center of her femininity.

Before me, I could see that my patience and efforts had had the desired effect on her: her labia were dark and extended, and the area between them shiny with her woman's essence. At the top of her cleft, her clitoris had shrugged off its hood to stand exposed to my gaze.

Again, I took the time to memorize the sight of her before lowering my head to give her clit a soft kiss and quick swipe with the end of my tongue — earning me a soft gasp and arching of her hips in response.

Lowering my head a little farther, I was able to take one of her labia between my lips and begin gently licking the surplus of her oils from it. When there wasn't any more to be had, I readily switched to the other and quickly cleaned it of everything but a faint trace of my saliva. Only *then* was it time for the 'main attraction': extending my tongue, I tried to see just how much of it I could slip past the tight ring of her vaginal opening. I didn't get as much of it into her as I wanted, but judging from the way her legs spread as she opened herself to me even more, she found the results **quite** satisfactory. As my tongue continued to probe her, I opened my mouth and fastened myself to her, leech-like. Except that unlike a leech, what I started softly sucking from her wasn't blood, but the lubrication that she'd made in abundance. Her juices were light, and thin, yet still surprisingly oily; the taste of her was musky and tangy, and easily as unique as she was. As pleasant as her oils were on my tongue, it didn't take me long to exhaust the immediate supply — something I easily corrected through the simple expedient of using my upper lip to begin a soft massaging of her clitoris as I continued to both try and fuck her with my tongue and suckle at her opening. It wasn't but a very few moments before her hands were in my hair, holding me in place as she writhed under my oral assault and produced a nearly constant supply of her nectar for me to consume.

I knew from the previous night that it wouldn't be difficult to bring her to one, or even more, powerful orgasms orally — but what I wanted to do instead was to see how she would respond to more frequent, but perhaps less intense, climaxes. So I contented myself with simply doing what I could to get her aroused — though slowly, because I *was* enjoying what I was doing! — and ending with an 'ordinary' release for her.

It took several (pleasureable!) minutes before I felt her beginning to tense up; a couple more, and she slid into a gasping, moaning climax that caused her spasming vagina to push out small wavelets of her juices for me to savor. While she was in the throes of her release, I didn't do anything special to prolong or intensify it for her; for what I had in mind, I wanted it to be easy for her to recover so that we could continue. When the waves of pleasure had lessened to an occasional shudder of her body, I gave her cleft one last swipe with my tongue before raising myself up and moving to cover her body with mine — though supporting nearly all of my own weight, in consideration of her small size.

As I'd hoped, she was able to regain her senses fairly quickly. When she opened her eyes and saw me over her, she wrapped her arms around me and lifted herself off the bed so she could begin showering my face with kisses. When she finally lowered herself to lie on the bed again, the expression on her face was one of pure delight as she told me "That was just *incredible*! I thought you were maybe going to go nuts sucking on my tits or something, but the way you were kissing me and touching me… it was like I never really knew I had **skin** before, until you started doing all that stuff. It was *so* sexy and — what's the word? Sensual? — that it was like every little bit of me was getting worked up!"

I couldn't help but smile before I lowered my head to give her a kiss, and reply "Sex doesn't just have to be about the parts folks normally think of. And you said something else, yourself: that our time tonight will be something that touches you in your heart and in your soul."

She nodded her acceptance of what I said, and I could see her start think about it — but there were other things that I hoped she'd do. Shifting slightly, I brought my semi-erect penis into contact with the heat and humidity that told me where her opening was; that brought her mind back to where she was, and why she was there. With a smile, and look of eager anticipation, she started lifting her hips off the bed to begin rubbing her labia against my manhood. Her actions helped get me harder, but not enough — something that quickly frustrated her. In a surprising show of strength, she managed to roll me off of her and onto my back before sitting up long enough to say "I want you **in** me, dammit!" before reaching out to wrap her cool hand around my penis. After carefully stroking me a few times, she leaned over and took the head of my cock in her mouth. Swirling her tongue around it, she felt me begin to grow longer and harder in her hand, and quickly took over half my length between her lips before adding a gentle suction to the tongue action she was applying.

With that kind of stimulation, it wasn't but a couple of minutes before I was fully erect.

Satisfied that she'd gotten the results she was after, Jenny bobbed her head up and down my penis a few times, leaving a coating of her saliva as she let me fall from her lips. A few seconds

more, and she was astraddle my hips, holding my erection in her hand as she got herself positioned over it. A little minor adjustment, and she had me pressing against the steamy entrance to her vagina; from there, it took her less than a minute to impale herself on my manhood, her firm ass settling onto the tops of my thighs as a look of absolute bliss took her over.

Reaching up, I ran my thumbs across her stiffened nipples as I savored the sensation of her hot, wet, *tight* sheath wrapped around me; there were frequent involuntary flutterings inside her that delighted and stimulated me, making me perfectly content to simply have her holding still as she was while I teased and toyed with the rubbery hardness of her dark nipples.

Still, when she finally did start moving on me, I quickly decided that the feeling of her two-sizes-too-small vagina sliding **ever** so slowly up and down my erection wasn't such a bad sensation, either.

Jenny's movements on me started *very* slow; from the expression on her face, it was almost as though she were actually **feeling** it for the first time, and found it fascinating. Stimulating too, apparently, because it didn't take long before she was moving herself on me more and more quickly — and lengthening the range of her movements, as well. Looking at where we were joined, I could see that the coating of saliva she'd left on me had been replaced by a film of her woman's oils. Her vaginal lips were so small that I could only see their very edges as my cock disappeared, then reappeared, between them. Easier to see was the fleshy pearl of her clitoris, again making an appearance to let me know that she was enjoying what she was doing. Well, that was only fair — *I* was enjoying her actions, too!

As time went by, her bounces on my 'lap' grew shorter but more frequent. Her increasing activity brought a fine sheen of perspiration to her body, making it a sensual experience for me to slide my hands around on her body. It also meant that her actions began to slow as she got tired. I moved my hands to her hips, and after a little bit managed to get her to hold still over me so I could tell her "You're getting tired. Let's shift things around a bit so I can take over for a while. Okay?"

She considered it for just a few moments before nodding her agreement and answering "Yeah, I've got to admit that I am getting a little tired…"

Sitting up, I took her into my arms then leaned forward enough to gently deposit her on the bed — making sure that we didn't become uncoupled in the process. Once my hands were free, I cupped her face and leaned down so the two of us could share a deep, passionate kiss before rearranging my legs. When I was done, I was almost sitting on the bed, but with my folded legs holding me slightly off of it; Jenny's legs were draped over mine. That left us in a position where I could start thrusting in and out of her with minimal effort: only about half my penis was moving in her, but that seemed to be enough to satisfy *both* of us.

With it taking so little effort on my part, I was able to make love with her that way for a nice, long time. Long enough, in fact, that she went through not just one but **two** orgasms — the

second one noticeably stronger than the first. Along the way, I also discovered that if I was willing to push myself a little, I could bend forward far enough to be able to lick and suck on her breasts and nipples. It was a trifle awkward for me, and mildly uncomfortable, but a sacrifice I willingly made.

By the time our position became bothersome for me, I could tell that Jenny was well on her way toward another climax. I tried to judge whether I'd be able to help her reach it before I became *too* uncomfortable, and decided that it was probably better to change things around. I gradually slowed my movement in her, and when she looked up at me questioningly, I simply told her "Time for us to change again, okay?"

She readily smiled her agreement before responding "Uh, do me from behind again?"

I smiled back, and simply said "Glad to!"

It took only a few seconds for us to get separated and suitably relocated; as I positioned myself behind her, she looked over her shoulder and admonished me "No tricks this time!"

I couldn't help grinning as I answered "I promise: at no point will my fingers leave my hands!"

Her soft laugh was cut off by a groan of pleasure as I pressed myself into her, filling her in a single quick thrust.

It started out with me holding her by the hips as I pistoned in and out of her tightness; but when I moved my hands to play with her breasts and nipples, and then start caressing her body again, she started rocking back and forth to move herself on and off my manhood.

As I'd figured, it didn't take very long before she slid into her fourth — and strongest — orgasm of the evening. Granted, none of them had been particularly 'earth shattering' for her; but I thought I could discern that they were coming (pardon the pun!) closer and closer together, as well as being progressively stronger. If things went as I was hoping and thinking they would, she wouldn't have *any* trouble remembering me, or our time together.

Our activities of the previous night had done a pretty good job of relieving any sexual tensions I might have been feeling; that, coupled with our slower and gentler pace was making it a lot easier for me to control myself as to how quickly I needed to find my own release. So as enjoyable as the sensation of her vaginal spasms had felt around my cock, I was still ready to go back to fucking myself in and out of her as her climax ended. I'd just gotten into a nice rhythm again when she gasped out "Christ! What are you, the fucking Superman of sex or something?"

"Not Superman. Just taking the time to really **enjoy** it, is all", I managed to gasp back.

"I guess!" I heard, in reply.

I was able to 'pace' myself enough that I was able to see her through another orgasm — though the way her pussy felt around my cock made it a lot closer than I would have liked. Close enough, in fact, that I welcomed the opportunity to regain some control after she'd recovered from her climax and told me that she wanted to be on top of me again. When I slid my dick out

of her, I released a small wave of her juices that quickly overwhelmed her pubic hair's ability to absorb it, and began to slowly trickle down the inside of one of her thighs. Ever the gentleman, I backed up far enough that I could lean over and use my tongue to collect them — and then continue my way up her leg until I was able to put my mouth across her opening and gently suck out any surplus that might also escape. Her deep groan of pleasure let me know that she appreciated my efforts…

Rather than just lying back and having her climb on top of me again, I suggested that I sit up enough to rest against the headboard of the bed: that way, it would be easier for us to kiss or do anything else that might come to mind for either one of us. Jenny agreed without hesitation, and a minute later, she was again wrapped around my cock as she sat on my lap while I leaned back and just enjoyed the sensation.

Even with the break she'd gotten from having me as the 'active' partner, the orgasms she'd had had still taken a lot out of her. So it wasn't all that long before the rise and fall of her body over mine began to slow again. As before, I put my hands on her hips and got her settled onto my lap again before telling her "If you're up for something a *little* different, I think I know how we can keep going." It was only after I'd said it that I realized that after the activities of the previous night, something that was just 'a little' different was probably going to sound pretty mainstream to her. The grin she got on her face told me that she'd likely had much the same thought before she answered "I don't think that would be a problem. What is it?"

I quickly suggested that she simply turn around, so that she could lean back against my chest; that would let me start moving in her, or if I got tired, think of something else. Unsurprisingly, she didn't have any problem with it, and carefully got herself turned around without having to lift herself off of me — which was an experience I *still* think about with pleasure!

When she was leaning back against me, I welcomed the opportunity to lower my head slightly and begin kissing and softly biting her shoulder — then the base of her neck, her earlobe, and around to the back of her neck. As I did, I could feel her becoming even wetter around me, and heard as she started panting and moaning softly in response. Her arousal increased even more when I switched over to repeat my actions on the other side of her; by the time I was kissing the back of her neck again, she was writhing in passion. Moving my hands up from her belly, I cupped her breasts and began a slow squeezing and pulling motion, as though I were trying to 'milk' her — except that at the end of it, I was softly pulling and tweaking her nipples. It didn't take much of that before both of her small breasts were noticeably tight and firm, and her nipples long and hard. Keeping one hand busy with her breasts, I used the other the softly trace a path down her body and ending between her smooth thighs. Slowly hunching myself up into her, I used the tip of one finger to collect some of her oils from where we were joined and used it to lubricate things as I started to slowly and softly play with her exposed clit, and the area around it.

By frequently 'topping off' the lubrication from her ample supply, I was able to avoid causing her any discomfort as I added even more to the sensations I knew she was experiencing: between what I was still doing to her neck and shoulders, my hand on her breasts, slowly sliding my hard

dick in and out of her, and twiddling her clitoris, I was doing as much as I possibly could to stimulate her.

It wasn't but a very few minutes after I'd started playing with her clitoris that she fell into her sixth orgasm — one that had her trying to scream through clenched teeth and lips that were tightly closed as a series of powerful spasms wracked her tiny frame; that I didn't let up on my assault on her senses only drew it out for much longer than any of the others she'd had that night. As the post-orgasmic aftershocks going through her body came farther and farther apart, I slowed and finally stopped my attentions to her, giving her the chance to recover. When her breathing had again stabilized, I heard her softly tell me "Damn you! I said no tricks, and you *still* make me cum hard enough to damn near kill me!"

Holding her in my arms, I kissed the top of her head and answered "Oh. I though you just meant no tricks *that* time - like, no doing what I did last night. You didn't like that?"

"Bastard. Yes, I **did** like it! It's just that I like to have died, I liked it so much. Where the *hell* did you learn to DO stuff like that? Christ, you need to be on the Olympic sex team, or something!"

I couldn't help but laugh briefly before I answered "I learned to do stuff like that from women. Surely you didn't think I was a virgin or anything before we met, did you?"

I could hear her soft laugh before she told me "No, I didn't think you were a virgin before we met. But how many women have you have *been* with that you've learned so much?"

"I don't expect that I've been with any more women than any other single guy my age. It's just that I always pay attention to what they tell me they like — whether it's with their words or their actions. And I've driven around enough women together in the back of my cab to hear what kinds of things a lot of them say they like and don't like; I just keep my mouth shut up front and drive, and they pretty much forget that I'm even there, so I get to hear all **kinds** of lessons from them. I learned a long time ago that women talk about guys as much as guys talk about women — and do it in pretty much the same ways, when they think nobody's listening."

I had to grin to myself when I saw her ears darken slightly as she blushed, realizing that her 'woman's secret' was out — at least, to me.

She started to move then, only to realize that I was still hard and inside her. Turning her head to look at me in amazement, she demanded "What IS it with you tonight? Did somebody take the Jim I was with last night and give me RoboStud when I wasn't looking? Are you having some kind of uh… problem or something that you *can't* cum? Am I doing something wrong?"

Again, I had to laugh before I answered "In reverse order, the answers to your questions are: no, you're not doing anything wrong; no, I'm not having any kind of 'problem'; yes, I'm still Jim, not RoboStud; and I'm just trying to enjoy being with you like this as much as I can, so I'm trying to make it last longer. If it helps any, all the stuff we did last night is just making it easier for me to, uh, 'hold off' tonight. As a matter of fact, the last couple of times you orgasmed, I got a lot closer to climaxing, too; I don't think it'll be much longer before I can't wait any more, and then I'll be

done — for the night, I think."

From the expression on her face, I could tell that she was both delighted that I'd want to make our last night together so special, and both relieved and disappointed that the end of our lovemaking was getting close.

"Well, *I'm* about worn out, so I hope that whatever you want to do next is a little easier on me!"

I knew from the tone of voice she was using, she really wasn't complaining — far from it, I expected. But I still understood that *I* was going to have to take over for a while; she was understandably tired.

"I don't think that'll be a problem", I assured her, adding "Actually, what I was thinking was that it would be nice to have you on your back and me over you — you know, the old standby. That way, we can still kiss and touch and everything, but I'll be the one doing all the work…"

She grinned and said "It isn't 'work' if it feels this good — but I understand what you mean. Yeah, I think I'd like that; and not just because it means I finally get to rest!"

I grinned back at her, and after I gave her a small nudge, she readily lifted herself off my erection and moved to lie on her back next to me. I scooted down and leaned over to give her a series of soft kisses on her face before touching my lips to hers; the kiss we shared was deeply affectionate and loving. When our lips finally parted, I finally started to move over her; she readily spread and lifted her legs to not only make room for me, but to make it easier for me to enter her again.

With only minor adjustment, I soon had the end of my penis nestled between her labia and softly pressing against her opening. Before I could enter her again, though, she surprised me by raising up to rest on her elbows. Seeing the puzzlement on my face, she looked faintly embarrassed as she told me "All the times I've had sex, I've never really *watched* as a guy put it in me. It always feels so good, so this time, I want to SEE it while I'm FEELING it."

I simply gave a small shrug of my shoulders and answered "If that's what you want to do, then by all means, knock yourself out."

Thus reassured that I didn't mind, she lowered her head slightly and shifted her eyes to where my penis was poised to enter her.

So it happened that **both** of us were watching as I arched my hips and made my manhood disappear into the hot, wet confines of her womanhood. In acceptance of her desire to see and feel it, I entered her as slowly as I could manage; and as more and more of my cock filled her tight channel, I heard her gasp and softly say "God! As good as it *feels*, it's even sexier to **see**!"

Only when my pelvis was pressed against hers did she lower herself to lie on her back again, her eyes still seeing our sexual reunion.

When I started moving in her, though, her attention quickly returned to the physical sensations I was creating within her. Able to simply 'lay back and enjoy it', Jenny's arousal and excitement at

having me inside her again quickly reached their previous levels — and then increased. It wasn't long before she was tossing her head back and forth, her long dark hair whipping around like a cloud of India ink, as she emitted a variety of noises that let me know that what I was doing was pleasing to her.

All I was doing, really, was just *fucking* her: sometimes long, slow strokes that had me almost entirely out of her before I again filled her completely; other times, it was a period of short, rapid thrusts that had my pelvis bumping against hers and applying pressure to her clitoris. Or I'd bury myself in her, and then just 'bump' myself against her, barely moving myself in her. Whatever I did, and how I did it, it seemed to please her and increase her passion.

My efforts saw her through a seventh orgasm without my slowing down in the slightest; I was finally starting to feel the stirring in my balls that meant my own release wasn't far off when I felt her vagina begin a fluttering that I'd learned meant her own climax was approaching, as well.

I somehow managed to hold off long enough to push her into what was apparently the deepest end of the orgasm pool: I'd slowed my actions so that I was making long, steady strokes into her when I felt her clamp down around me as her body froze in place underneath me. I knew that it was her strongest orgasm of *either* night because of the change in the way her vagina grasped at my cock: rather than the simple tightening around me she'd exhibited before, **that** time her internal muscles began a rhythmic spasming that started at the base of my penis and ran toward the head — it felt like she was literally trying to milk the cum out of me.

The sensation of it was so powerful and so different, that it had just that effect: it didn't take me but a moment to try and stuff my cock as far inside her as I possibly could before I began spraying her cervix with my cum in what *felt* like an almost continuous spray of semen. It was easily the hardest I'd climaxed in a long, **long** time.

I can only figure that she must have felt it, too, because her eyes suddenly flew open and she started making a keening sound whose pitch raised and lowered in time with the spasms I could feel in her vagina.

I continued to feel her vagina trying to milk my penis well after I'd deposited every drop of cum I had into her. Looking down at her, I immediately saw that she'd climaxed hard enough that she'd basically lost consciousness as she'd done the night before. So even though I was still semi-hard and delighting in the feel of her around my cock, I carefully withdrew from her so that I could begin trying to help her recover her senses.

As I'd done the night before, my first stop was the kitchen where I got several sodas together with a couple of sandwiches. Then, on second thought, I added a few of the snack bars I usually carried in my cab. Once that assortment was on the night table, it was into the bathroom where I took the opportunity to clean off the majority of the fluids that coated me from navel to knees. That done, I got some things together to clean Jenny up a bit. Back in the bedroom, I saw that she didn't appear to have moved in the slightest; a quick check reassured me that she DID have a heartbeat and that she WAS breathing. I didn't bother trying to wipe up *all* the residue of our

lovemaking that was smeared around on her; I was content to simply get most of it so that neither of us would get too sticky before she was mobile again.

With a damp washcloth and towel nearby, I got the two of us seated and resting against the headboard as I gently went about trying to bring her back to something more closely resembling an actual living being.

It took me longer than I expected; I'd thought that her last orgasm had been like the one she'd had the night before, but it seemed that it, coupled with all the others before it, had hit her a lot harder. I was genuinely starting to wonder if I didn't need to get some medical assistance when I finally saw her eyelids start to flutter. With a little encouragement from me, it wasn't much longer before they opened — though I could tell that she still wasn't coherent enough to actually 'see' anything. Still, it was progress, and I continued my efforts to nurse her back to reality.

Eventually, she was able to focus on me; and shortly after that, I could see that she was getting her thought processes back, as well.

So I wasn't all that surprised when the first thing to come out of her mouth a few minutes later was a soft "Son of a bitch."

By that time, I was *extremely* regretful about what I'd done to (with?) her, and immediately apologized, telling her "I know. I'm really, **really** sorry. I was trying to make you feel as good as I could, but now I know it was too much. I wish I could go back and undo it, but I can't. I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't know that you *could* cum any harder than you did last night, and I'm as sorry as I can be that I was wrong."

She seemed to consider that for a few moments before I heard "Not pissed. Surprised." A few seconds later she managed to whisper "Water?"

I quickly reached over to get a can of soda and open it before holding it for her to take a sip from. A couple seconds later, I did it again. The third time, she got her hands up and put them on mine to let me know when she wanted a drink, and when she was finished. By the time the soda was gone, I could see that she was starting to get some of her energy back.

Her second soda was used to wash down half of a sandwich; only then did she speak again, asking me "What on earth were you telling me you were sorry for?"

"Well, while I was waiting for you to come back to this planet, I realized that I'd gotten too enthusiastic about helping you have orgasms tonight — I mean, it took you *way* longer to recover tonight than it did last night. Then the first thing you said was to tell me I was a son of a bitch."

She took another sip of her drink and gestured for another sandwich half before telling me "No, I wasn't *calling* you a son of a bitch, I was just making a **comment** on how good you made me feel. After how much you showed me you care for me, and how good you made me feel with all those orgasms and everything, why would I be upset with you?"

Well and truly confused, I answered "Uh, how about the fact that you pretty much passed out? And *stayed* out for so long? Honest to God, I was starting to think I was going to have to call a doctor or something when I finally saw you starting to come out of it!"

She shook her head and washed down the food she hand in her mouth before saying "Okay, I guess I can understand that. But I wasn't mad at you last night, so what made you think I'd be upset this time? I mean, you didn't really didn't do anything **different**; you just did MORE of it, is all. And it's not like I couldn't have told you to *stop* if it was getting too much for me, or anything. I'm just surprised that I could cum that hard — even after what happened last night. Yeah, I'm surprised as hell at what happened. But I'm most DEFINITELY not pissed at you about it; if anything, I guess I should be *grateful* to you for helping me find out what happens when I **do** climax that hard."

I have never been under the illusion that I understood a woman's thought processes; and after hearing what she'd just said to me, I knew that there wasn't the slightest chance that I ever WOULD understand what goes on in their heads. Jenny took my silence as an opportunity to finish the half-sandwich she had, and drain the rest of her soda before leaning across me to deposit the can on the night table. When she released a soft belch, she quickly turned her head to look up at me in embarrassment — and both of us started laughing. I was still chuckling when she picked up another can of soda, but stopped when she paused on the way back to stick the cold can against my chest before sitting next to me again.

Once she'd settled into my side again, and opened her soda, I told her "Okay, so you're not mad at me" — she shook her head in confirmation — "and you're saying that I got all worried and everything pretty much about nothing?"

"Yup, that's about the size of it. Like I said, I can understand *why* you were worried, and I think you're an absolute **dear** for it. But there really wasn't any point to it, as far as I'm concerned. I got WAY more than I ever could have expected, but I don't think you did *anything* bad, or wrong. I'm just glad I found out what happens to me with you — I know you care for me, and that I can trust you — instead of somebody that would, like, *ravish* me or something while I was out, instead of caring for me like you did. At least with you, I know I'm not going to wake up and find out that somebody had fucked me in the ass, or that I had cum running out of every hole in my body or anything."

She turned to look up at me with a grin before adding "At least, those things wouldn't happen unless I knew about it BEFORE I passed out!"

The idea that she might be agreeable to letting me have her ass was an interesting one, to be sure. But after the activities of the last couple of evenings, I didn't feel like I was in any kind of shape to really check into the matter. So I fell back to the 'safe' response of hugging her closer to me, and let her finish her drink.

When the soda can was empty, I reached over to take it from her and set it aside so that she wouldn't have to move from where she was tucked into my side. We stayed like for a little while,

until she apologetically told me "Uh, I have to get up for a minute…"

I moved my arm from around her waist, letting her know that I'd heard her, and waited patiently while she got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. She was back a few minutes later, and when she started to get into bed, I patted my lap to let her know I wanted her to sit on it. She smiled and did just that, facing me, only to be surprised when I brought my knees up so that my legs formed a backrest for her. A look at the clock while she was in the bathroom had let me know that it still wasn't very late, and I wanted to take advantage of the opportunity to get to know her even more than I had over the previous couple of days. With little encouragement on my part, we spent the better part of the next couple of hours just *talking*; well, mostly with HER talking and me listening as she told me about her plans, and what she wanted to do with her life. My contributions consisted mostly of asking leading questions, and offering an occasional observation or suggestion. As she started to wind down, I figured it was late enough that some sleep would probably be a good idea — and got a second on the unvoiced motion when she opened her mouth for a fierce yawn. When it was over, she looked a trifle embarrassed, and I just smiled and told her "Don't worry about it; I was starting to think it was bedtime, too."

She told me "It's been nice, resting here like this — but I am most definitely NOT ready to try taking a shower; even with you there, I'd probably fall asleep or something. So if you'll hand me that stuff" — she gestured to the towel and washcloth I hadn't used — "I'll just give everything a quick once-over, and *hope* that we don't get stuck together tonight!"

Once I'd handed the things to her, she raised up and unconcernedly used the washcloth to wipe herself down, from belly button to halfway down her thighs, front and back. After she'd taken care of herself, she did much the same for me; except that she limited her attentions to my pelvis.

When she was done, she started to move with the obvious intent of taking them to the bathroom. I gently stopped her and said "Don't worry about it; that stuff will be all right on the night table tonight."

She looked at me uncertainly, and I just nodded in affirmation. With a slight shrug of her shoulders, she set the towel on the night table and the still-damp washcloth on top of it before moving off of me. I scooted down the bed far enough that I could lie down, and Jenny soon had herself next to me, lying on her side so that her head was on my shoulder and an arm and leg draped across me. I had my arm around her, and gave her a gentle hug and kissed the top of her head before reaching over to turn out the lights. I doubt either one of us had any trouble falling asleep.

Unsurprisingly, I was the first one to wake up the next morning. Still sorry for all that I'd put her through the night before, I made sure not to disturb her as I first made a Priority 1 visit to the bathroom (taking the towel and washcloth with me), then headed for the kitchen to get some coffee started. Once I'd gotten a cup into my system, I was able to give some thought to the idea of breakfast. Before that, though, I went in to check on Jenny — and found that she'd apparently just woken up: she was looking around as if wondering where I might have gotten off to.

When she saw me, she gave me an absolutely *radiant* smile before stretching hard enough that I could hear her muscles creak even where I was. Afterwards, she told me "Thanks for letting me sleep a little longer. How long have you been up? Is that **coffee** I smell?"

Grinning at her, I answered "No problem. I've only been up a little while, and yes, that's coffee." She started to get up, and I quickly told her "No, just lie there and take it easy; I'll bring you some before I start breakfast - which will be in bed."

She looked pleased at the prospect (of resting some more, or breakfast in bed, I'm not sure), and told me "Sounds *wonderful* — thank you."

As promised, I was back in short order with a large cup of coffee for her; she seemed to perk up some after her first sip. Satisfied that her immediate needs were taken care of, I left her alone to take care of anything that she needed to do while I got things going in the kitchen.

When I got back to the bedroom with our breakfast, she was sitting up against the headboard with her coffeecup in her hand. Setting our breakfast tray on the table, I quickly topped off her cup before moving to sit next to her and then setting the tray on my lap. I hadn't had any interest (or the energy, to tell the truth) in making anything too elaborate for breakfast, so what we had was a dish each of scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, and Southern-style hashbrowns (the small, cubed kind). Off to the side was a stack of warm flour tortillas, and smaller dishes with some shredded cheddar and American cheese, and some salsa. She followed my example of taking a tortilla and filling it with her preferred proportions of eggs, bacon, and potato, garnished with cheese and salsa. I'd made plenty, and both of us went through a couple of breakfast burritos each. Along the way, my cat Demosthenes showed up to sit and watch us. He'd learned not to get too close to any food people had, but that didn't stop him from sitting there as though telling us "I'm not *begging*, you understand, but I certainly wouldn't object if you wanted to share some of that **delicious** smelling food…"

Demosthenes and Jenny had taken to each other easily enough that first day, so Jenny was perfectly willing — after I told her I didn't mind — to give him an occasional nibble: scrambled egg was acceptable, potato was a no-go, and bits of bacon as the preferred treat. The act he put on was even enough to convince ME to give him a little bit.

When we'd finished demolishing the food, I set the tray aside while Jenny and I kept our coffee cups. I topped off both, and we sat there simply content to BE with each other.

Jenny finished her coffee before I did, and after setting the empty cup on the tray, moved to sit on my lap. Discovering that my cup was nearly empty, too, she took it and set it next to hers before leaning forward to rest against my chest. I happily put my arms around her, and held her. Several minutes went by before I heard her say "Jim, I've had one HELL of a time, being here with you. I came here with the idea that I could, well, **use** you to help me get over my boyfriend dumping me for that strip club bimbo. But what happened was that I got a *whole* lot more than I bargained for. I don't know if you were trying to do it on purpose or not, and I really don't care; but while I've been here with you, I've learned a LOT more than I ever expected I would — or COULD,

for that matter. You've shown me what it's like to really *care* for somebody, and what it's like to have someone care that much for ME. As much as you've made me happy here in bed — and boy, have you ever made me happy! — it's how happy you've made me feel **out** of bed that matters to me the most, now. While we were talking last night, I realized what kind of person I've been, and how I could, and SHOULD, be living my life better. Until I met you, I never really thought much about other people; I mean, as far as trying to look at things from their perspective. And until last night, when I was on your lap, I never really thought about what I wanted to DO with my life: where I wanted to go, and what I wanted to do with it, and all that. But this morning, while you were fixing breakfast for us, I **did** start thinking about it; and now I'm starting to get an idea of what it is that I *really* want."

I gave her a hug, but before I could say anything, she went on "Thanks to what you've said TO me, and done FOR me, while I've been here, I know that there are things that I need to change — about myself, and my life. It's not that I think I was really a bad person, either; it's just that I know now that I could be a lot BETTER person. And because of the example you've set for me while I've been here, I know that I can *and will* be that better person. I don't think it's going to happen quickly or easily, but I'm determined that it WILL happen. I'm going to change my life, and change it for the better. So what I'm trying to tell you is that the self-centered spoiled little girl that came here is *staying* here; the person that's going back to San Francisco today is an adult woman with her head on straight — and I know that I have YOU to thank for it."

I thought about what I wanted to say for a few moments before telling her "I wasn't *trying* to do anything to change you" — she interrupted to tell me "I know that" — "or make you feel like there was anything 'wrong' with you. All I was really trying to do was help you have a good time and enjoy our time together; and maybe, *maybe*, let you see that there **was** another way of thinking about things so that you could decide if there was anything about yourself that YOU wanted to be different. Maybe I held up a mirror so you could really see yourself, but it's still *your* choice as to how much of what you want to be different about yourself — if anything. I don't think I've GIVEN you anything; at best, all I did was help you find what was already inside you."

"Whether you think you've given me anything, or not, I know that you DID. And I want you to know that I respect you, and love you, for it. I don't mean that I love you like I want to stay here with you forever, or anything like that; I've still got my family and home and job back in San Francisco. What I **do** mean is that I love you as someone that has given me a tremendous gift because you CARE about me — and that I care about you in the same way."

There wasn't anything I figured I needed to say to that, so I contented myself with giving her a kiss on top of her head, hugging her, and continuing to hold her in my arms.

We stayed like that for quite some time before I heard her say "As nice as this is" — "Yup!", I interjected — "I really do have to get back home today." She pulled away from me slightly so that she could look up into my face as she said "IF you think you can behave yourself, I'm willing to let you take a shower with me before I have to pack", with a smile.

I smiled back and answered "If I have to behave myself, is there really any *point* to taking a shower together? How about if I promise to **mostly** behave, instead?"

Her smile got even wider before she replied "Okay, I can live with that!"

Before she could move, I slid my hands down to hold the firm globes of her ass, and give them a little squeeze while looking at her with a raised eyebrow. She responded to the implied question by telling me "Okay, that's **mostly** behaving!" before easing herself off of me. I quickly followed her, and once both of us were standing, she led the way into the bathroom.

As she got the shower started and adjusted, and then as we we cleaning each other up, I behaved myself. Mostly.

Afterward, as she got her things packed, got the bedroom and kitchen straightened out. When she was done packing, we 'helped' each other get dressed, and I took her to the airport. Once I'd gotten her luggage unloaded and under the care of a skycap, she turned to face me and say "Thank you again, Jim, for *everything*" before pulling my head down and giving me a kiss that left no doubt in my mind just how much she cared for me. I could see a small tear in her eye before she turned and headed into the terminal to get her ticket and catch her flight.

Back in my cab, I took a few moments to think back over the previous few days, and marvel at all that had happened.

As I was making my way out of the airport, I got flagged down by a couple of women that had obviously just gotten into town. I stopped to take the fare, and after getting their luggage and them loaded into the cab, headed back into town. In the back, I could hear as the two of them exchanged stories about their respective husbands shortcomings — particularly in the bedroom. I couldn't help but smile to myself the rest of the ride in…

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Chapter 5

Evie (MF, oral, DIS)

It started out as a day pretty much like any other — but by the time I got home that night, I had an entirely new perspective on life.

I'd finished a late breakfast, and was headed in the general direction of one of the busier hotels in town when Dispatch called and let me know that the Central Hotel had asked for me — by name.

Now, I've been driving a hack long enough that I get calls like that: word has gotten around to all the better hotels that I'm somebody that can be *relied* on. I've **never** upset a fare, I'm invariably polite and helpful, cooperative as all get-out, and all that kind of stuff. As a consequence, I've gotten more than my share of good fares, some truly outstanding tips, and had a LOT of 'interesting' experiences. But absolutely nothing in my career driving a cab prepared me for what happend that day.

When I got to the Central, the doorman is watching for me, and as soon as I pull up he comes out and tells me "Find a spot to park, Jim, and come on in. The manager wants to talk to you for a minute before your fare comes down."

Okay, different, but not too much so; I get my rig parked, and once I'm inside, one of the desk clerks I know, Susie, gets on the phone to let the manager know I'm there. She listens for a few seconds, then points back to where his office is, letting me know he wants to talk to me there. Again, different, but not outrageous. When I get to his office, I knock on the door and hear him say "Come on in, Jim."

I do, and once I'm inside, he stands up and shakes my hand, telling me "I'm glad you got here as soon as you did. I've got a little bit of a problem, and I can sure use your help with it."

Now, usually, this guy is polite enough to me, but I can't remember him **ever** talking all friendly to me like he is now, so immediately I start to wonder what the hell is going on, and what I'm getting into. As if he's reading my mind, he tells me "I suppose you're wondering what's going on; I know the desk calls you often enough, but I know you've never been back here in THIS office before. So let me lay it out for you: one of our guests — that is, one of our more, uh, *affluent* guests — is in town for the next couple of days. Tomorrow, she has an appointment at the Stovald Clinic, but today she's just been staying up in her room, which is fine with us, of course. The problem is that she's decided that she wants to go out and do some shopping. Usually, when she comes to town like this, she lets us know ahead of time so that we can make the appropriate arrangements — but this time she didn't, and we've been caught short. You see, she was in a car accident that left her with some spinal cord damage; while we'd normally have a special vehicle and driver reserved for her to go out with, we didn't this time. None of the other

places in town has a vehicle available, and she has simply refused to let one of our staff drive her in one of OURS. She's a bit on the feisty and stubborn side, so the best we could manage was for her to agree to be driven in a cab. She's a *very* special guest, even aside from her medical problems, so we want to make sure that she's **properly** taken care of — which is why we called you."

He paused then, and had one of the staff bring us in some coffee before he continued "Those of our guests that we've called you for before have been QUITE uniform in their praise of you, so I don't have any doubt that you would do your best with THIS guest, as well. The reason I called you in here, really, is to try and give you a little, ah… *forewarning* about this particular guest. As I already said, she's somewhat feisty and stubborn; someone that didn't know her as we do might even say that she was… difficult."

I'm thinking that if this guy is willing to be buddy-buddy with me, and talk about a guest like he is, it's likely that this woman can be more than just 'difficult' — more like a royal pain in the ass, I'm figuring. He just confirms my suspicions when he tells me "In light of how this guest *may* behave, I want you to know that in addition to whatever fare is on the meter when you return her here, you will get that same amount as a tip from us. That will be yours, whether she chooses to tip you as well, I might add."

He paused to look at me, and I took the opportunity to ask him "Okay, that's all well and good. But you said this woman is handicapped, right? So what is it that I'm supposed to be doing, other than just driving her around?"

"I was rather hoping that you would be agreeable to, ah, *accompanying* her during her shopping. Carrying any purchases she might make, that sort of thing."

Something doesn't sound quite right; I finally figure out what it is, and ask him straight out "Are you saying that you're wanting me to push her around? Like in a wheelchair? Doesn't she have one of those electric jobs?"

He gets this pained look on his face before he admits "Well, yes, that was what I was hoping you'd do. She does have a battery-powered wheelchair, but it's large and heavy enough that there really isn't any way to get it into a regular vehicle. She isn't happy about it, but she understands that because of the **unplanned** nature of this outing, she's going to have to use a more conventional wheelchair. Of course, with her condition, there would have to be someone to handle transporting her in it."

I'm finally starting to get the whole picture now. Not only is this woman likely to be a pain to deal with under normal conditions, but now she's having to go out without her go-buggy — and probably pissed about it. And I'm the poor bastard that's been picked to take care of her. Lovely.

I think about what this guy has told me, along with the pros and cons of just telling him to get stuffed; I finally decide that it would be better all around if I went ahead and did as he wanted. But I decide that I've still got a little leverage, and that I'm going to get the best deal I can out this.

He's been watching me as I think all this through, so he's already paying attention when I tell him "Okay, I'll do it. But if I'm going to have to stay with this woman the whole time, I think it would a lot more reasonable if I got paid for it. Instead of paying the meter and giving me a tip for the same amount for the driving, I think it would be fair if I dropped the flag when I left, and it stayed down until I got back — seeing as how you've already 'forewarned' me that she's likely to be a handful. And any tip I get from her is mine, of course." If I leave the flag down the whole time, it's likely going to add up to a pretty hefty chunk of change, what with waiting time charges and all; I know it, and I know HE knows it. But he also knows that he's asking me to do something that's *way* beyond just driving a hack, even for a special guest. Either one of us can 'just say no' to the deal — but there's definite downside if we do. For me, there's the chance he'll get a hair up his ass and I don't get as much — or maybe even NO — business from him and the Central. For him, he's risking the chance that *I* get bent out of shape and spread the word about this little deal, and why I turned it down; if that happens, his (and the hotels) reputation maybe goes down the crapper: a lot of the cabbies in town know and respect me — if I say I felt like was going to get hosed on a deal, he **might** discover he has a cab shortage for a while, which is NOT a good thing for him.

I can see him thinking it over, and he finally agrees. I kinda figured he would; sure, I was bending him over a barrel — but it was only a *little* bit, and I was willing to grease him up first.

With the details of the deal settled, he tells me who the client is: Evangeline Towers, 29 years old. Hearing the name, I finally remembered reading about the accident in the papers some years before: as a college Senior, she'd been on her way to her before-school job in a donut joint one early morning when a drunk driver that a bar had let stay late ran into her little economy car. Her folks hadn't been rich, but they'd had enough money and foresight to get the best reputable lawyer they could — and proceeded to sue the guy that hit her (an executive with some big company), the bar staff, the bar owners (a national chain), and the car manufacturer. The drunk driver had been in a company car, and his history of DUIs was known to his bosses, so the company he worked for paid rather than try to fight it; the driver himself had finally been put in prison for a few years. The bar staff tried to fight, but it was pretty much a losing battle: that they'd let the guy stay late and admitted they KNEW he was drunk didn't help them any. After that, the national chain paid off to try and minimize the bad publicity. The company that made the girls car, though, were the ones that **really** got hit in the wallet: after their design had gotten good crash safety ratings, they'd made some changes that had *decreased* the impact worthiness of the vehicle. It came out in a trial that several of their engineers had warned them about the decrease in vehicle strength that the changes would cause, but some financial beancounters had insisted anyway, gambling that any insurance payoffs would be cheaper.

By the time everything was said and done, the girl had damn near a hundred MILLION in benefits due her over the course of her lifetime — and that was *in addition to* her medical care being paid for. Me, I'd figured everybody <u>but</u> her got off pretty easy.

I nodded my understanding and remembrance to the manager; he looked at his watch and said "She'll be coming down pretty much any time now, so we might as well wait for her in the

lobby" before standing up. I followed his example, and the two of us made our way out to the front desk to wait for her after he reaches into a drawer in his desk to hand me a Handicapped parking placard, saying "This should make it easier for you to find convenient parking. If you get ticketed or anything anyway, we'll take care of it."

We made small talk with each other for a couple of minutes before one of the elevators opened up to reveal that the hotels concierge had gotten her into a non-powered chair (a damn good one, by the look of it), and down to where we were waiting. When they'd gotten over to where we were, the manager took a step forward and said "Miss Towers, this is Jim Stoddard. He's probably the best cab driver in town, and we've made arrangements for him to guide you around today. He'll not only be driving you, but helping you get around, as well as carrying any purchases you make. We think you'll be *quite* satisfied with him."

As he was talking to her, I took the chance to look her over: it had been a few years since the accident, and being unable to move much (if any) hadn't done her any good — but to my surprise, she still looked fairly attractive. Her auburn hair was cut short in a style that complimented her features (and made it easier on whoever took care of her, I figured). She had lovely hazel eyes, and her face didn't seem to have suffered any damage in the accident. Her arms and legs were somewhat thin from lack of exercise, but it was pretty plain that she was careful enough with her diet and got whatever exercise she could to keep from gaining too much weight. Dressed in a lightweight pantsuit, it was easy for me to see that she'd undoubtedly had a *very* nice shape: medium-sized breasts, a waist that was doubtless a little thicker than it had been, and hips that had suffered a similar fate. All in all, even in a wheelchair, she was still something of a looker.

When the manager had finished his little spiel, she turned her head to look me over for a few moments before saying "So you're the poor bastard that's my watchdog today, huh?" Her speech was slightly slurred, but understandable.

Looking into her eyes, I answered "Begging your pardon, Ma'am, but no, I'm not your watchdog. Like he said, I'm here to help you get around. If you want to do something to get yourself arrested or something, that's **your** get-go."

Surprised by my response, she just looked at me for a few seconds while the manager got a pained look on his face. Finally, she gave me a small grin and said "Okay, we know where each of us stands — or sits, in my case."

Looking at the manager again, she said "Okay, can I go now, Dad?"

Hearing that, I knew that she was jerking the managers chain; it reaffirmed that she probably *could* be a real whirling bitch when she wanted to.

The manager quickly assured her that she could; the concierge and manager kept her company while I went to get my hack. Once I was in front of the hotel, the concierge wheeled her out to my cab and the two of us carefully and gently got her into the back seat. Then he showed me how the chair would fold up so that I could transport it in the trunk. As we were doing that, he

told me "Jim, she knows that getting her in and out of this thing isn't easy, so don't worry too much if putting your hand on her ass is the only way to get her moved. She doesn't LIKE it, but she *understands* it." I thanked him for the information, and after closing the trunk lid, went around and got behind the wheel. I asked her where she wanted to go first, and after she told me, started the cab and got us moving.

Ten or fifteen minutes into the ride, I heard her tell me "You don't have to drive like I'm a bottle of nitroglycerin or something. I'm crippled, not something you have to worry about breaking."

I looked at her in the mirror before answering "Ma'am, whether you're crippled or not doesn't have anything to do with how I drive: I'm driving the same way I do for **everybody**. He was wrong when he said I'm *probably* the best cab driver in town: I am the best, and any honest driver will tell you the same thing. One of the reasons I'm the best is because I AM such a good driver. That isn't bragging, it's a **fact**."

Another quick glance in the mirror let me know that she was surprised at my response; she didn't have anything else to say the rest of the way to the store she'd said she wanted to go to.

When we get there, I'm relieved to see that they've got Handicapped parking spots that are right by the doors, and I pull into one — to the surprise of a couple of people outside. When I hang the placard on the rearview mirror, they get even more surprised; but not as much as when I get the wheelchair out of the trunk and get it set up before opening the back door. I take a few moments to look the situation over so I can try and figure out the best way of getting Evangeline from the back seat to the chair. Once I've got that worked out, I have at it; it isn't easy because she's no lightweight. I was surprised to see that she was able to move her arms and legs, at least a little bit, when she tried to help. Once she's in the chair and situated to her satisfaction, I close the door to the cab and start pushing her toward the store. Along the way, she tells me "I could see that you were surprised I'm able to move. I'm not totally paralyzed; what happened was that I suffered a spinal cord injury that only did enough damage to take away most of the motor control from my shoulders down. Lucky me."

I didn't bother saying anything — I mean, what *could* I say that wouldn't sound like I was just dismissing her injuries, or worse still, pitying her?

Once we were inside the store, I noticed that we got more than a few looks. They seemed to fall into one of two categories: either folks couldn't seem to resist looking at her as if she was a freak in a sideshow; or they'd look, and then look away, feeling guilt at the relief they felt that it wasn't *them* in a wheelchair. I couldn't help but watch Evangeline, and realized that she was all too aware of the reactions she was getting; that got me thinking about what it must really be like, being handicapped as she was — the looks, the pity, and all the rest that goes with it.

We spent a little over an hour in the store before she decided she was ready to leave with the couple of purchases she'd made. I'd been pleased to discover that there was a pouch on the back of the chair that would hold the bags; I wasn't looking forward to trying to push her AND carry shopping bags at the same time. While she'd been shopping, all she said to me was to direct me

to where she wanted to go, and to handle getting her credit card in and out of her purse when she'd bought something.

Once we were back at my cab, getting her into the back seat was pretty much the reverse of getting her out of it: awkward, something of a strain on my back, and necessitating that I put my hands places that I wouldn't ordinarily have.

After I got the cab started again, I looked at her in the mirror and asked "Where to next, Ma'am?"

She told me, and I got us moving again. Just a minute or two after I got us on the road, I heard her tell me "I can tell you aren't happy about having to put your hand on my ass. Truth is, *I* don't much like it, either; but I've been in wheelchairs long enough to know that there really isn't any other way to get me in and out of cars. I know you're not getting any kind of thrill or anything out of it, so quit worrying about it. Whatever the hangup is, just let it go."

I give her a quick glance in the mirror and answer "Yes, Ma'am"

Then she tells me "And quit calling me 'Ma'am'. I'm not even 30 yet, not some old blue-haired grandmother. Call me Miss Towers, if you have to, or Evangeline. Better still is just Evie."

"Okay… Evie", I answer.

As I'm driving, I start thinking about what she said to me, and how she said it. Like the concierge told me, she knows I'm pretty limited in how I can get her in and out of my rig; she's admitted she doesn't like it, but that it's about the only way to make it happen, and she's okay with it. That's how things are, and she accepts it — if reluctantly — so there's no reason for me to get 'hung up' on it. I finally decide FIDO: Fuck It, Drive On. As for addressing her by name, I get the impression that I'm being granted a certain amount of liberty and informality that she doesn't give *everyone* that deals with her; far from it, I suspect.

The rest of the ride is quiet, and we go through pretty much the same evolution of getting her into the chair as we did at the first place. The only difference is that it goes a little faster because I'm not so reluctant about laying my hands on her.

Inside the store, she talks to me a little more as I'm pushing her here and there and the other place so she can look things over. Again, I notice the way people are looking at us — even the sales people, who seem to be reluctant to come over and help her, as though whatever is wrong with her that she's in a wheelchair is contagious. It's actually kind of pissing me off, but I keep my cool. We're in there about half an hour before Evie decides there's something she's interested in. I finally have to gesture to a saleswoman that Evie would like some help before she's willing to come over. Evie finally decides to buy the thing, and after she gets it paid for, she tells me "I think I'm ready to try someplace else, Jim." I get her a few feet away before telling her "Would you mind if I checked something back there at the counter? It won't take me but a minute or two." She tells me that's fine, and I go back to where the salewoman is standing with another clerk, and what looks like a management type.

The saleswoman looks at me expectantly, and I tell her "I don't know what your problem is, but

that young lady was in a car accident some years ago that banged her up pretty bad. She doesn't have some kind of disease that you're going to catch, and she isn't some zoo exhibit that I'm pushing around. She's a human god-damned being, and you treated her like crap. You don't think I — and she! — couldn't see that you were staying as far away from her as you could? Hell, even when she said she wanted to look at that blouse closer, you didn't get nearer than three feet! And you were talking to her like there wasn't a real, live *person* inside. For your information, she was in her last year of college and majoring in Economics when she got hurt — so it's pretty likely that she's a HELL of a lot smarter than you seem to be. The way you treated her, you made yourself and this store, look like crap. I doubt that she'll ever be in here again, so you've lost at least ONE customer; and I can damn sure tell you that *I'm* sure as hell not going to be telling anyone what good service you offer! Frankly, she was a hell of a lot more tolerant of your nonsense than I would have been: if it had been me, I'd have told you to stick that blouse up your ass!"

The saleswoman and the other clerk are both looking surprised and even offended at what I said; the other one says "Sir, there's really no need to speak that way."

I just looked at him for a moment before answering "There isn't? Think about how you'd feel if it was YOU in that chair instead of her, and say that!"

He opened his mouth, then closed it again; I just told him "Yeah, that's what I thought" before turning and going back to where Evie was. After we were out of the store, she told me "I heard what you said back there. I know you didn't mean for me to, but I've always had good hearing, and the accident didn't change *that*. What in Gods name ever made you do that?"

By the time she was done, we were at my cab, and she waited patiently until I was back behind the wheel and had us on our way to the next place for me to explain "Dammit, I just *had* to. Even in the last place, I could see how people were looking at us; well, you, anyway. Then when she started acting like you were some kind of leper on wheels, it just made me mad and I **couldn't** let her get away with it. I'll admit that I've never really spent any amount of time around someone that had any kind of handicap, and bugger-all if I know <u>what</u> the hell I should or shouldn't do or say. But dammit, you're still a person, no matter WHAT happened to you, or how you get around!"

A quick look via the mirror let me know that she was looking at me with something akin to interest on her face. Another one a minute later, and I could see that she was deep in thought about something.

So it surprised me, a little, when she spoke up again and said "You're one of the few people that seems to get past the chair, and how I look, and really make an effort to understand that there **is** somebody inside. I've gotten so used to being looked at like I'm — what did you say? A zoo exhibit? — that I've pretty much given up on other people acting any other way. Now I'm surprised when it *doesn't* happen like that. As for how YOU treat us gimps, you said it yourself: we're still *people*. When I told you I wasn't going to explode or break, and you said that you were driving me the same way you do for everybody, that was **exactly** the right thing to do — and I

believe what you said, too, because I've been watching you. I can see that you're always watching the other drivers, and doing everything you can to make the ride as steady as you can — you slow down instead of braking when people let you, and you're just as gentle with the gas pedal." She paused for a moment, then went on "Anyway, what you're doing is fine, as far as how you're treating me. You haven't said much to me, but then, I haven't said much to you; I'll bet you were just waiting to see how much *I* wanted us to interact. Us cripples, we're pretty much like everybody else, in that there simply isn't any ONE way to deal with us any more than there is everyone else. Some handicapped are perfectly willing to milk it for all they can get out of it; others just want to find a way of dealing with it so they can get on with things." She gave a small, wry, laugh and continued "Me, I've still got a lot of resentment about what happened, and it **still** pisses me off sometimes."

I catch her eye in the mirror, and ask "You've been in a wheelchair, what, seven years?"

"Actually, a bit over eight - I took classes at school even in the summer, so I was basically a year ahead. Why?"

"Well, if I can repeat something you said back to you…"

"Go ahead."

"That seems like a pretty reasonable amount of time to get used to it. I mean, it happened, and there's nothing that can be done to reverse it or make it **un**happen. So like you said to me about putting my hand on your butt: whatever the hangup is, just let it go."

A quick glance to see how she's going to respond tells me that she's just sitting there staring at me. A few moments later, I hear her laugh — and keep laughing for the next couple of minutes. When she calms down again, she says "Touché, Jim, touché. I guess I *have* been carrying around an attitude and giving people crap for what happened to me. The **only** people that did anything wrong were the ones that got sued, afterwards. It's done, and over; I know I shouldn't be taking it out on other people, and now I won't. I just realized that other folks don't know any more about how to deal with my handicap than you said you did, and that they really are trying to help me the best they know how. But because I'm no more like any other handicapped person than anyone else is, it's up to *me* to show or tell them how *I* want to be treated, and how they can actually HELP me with my particular problems. How did you get smart enough to think that saying that to me would work — or even **might** work — and not just piss me off?"

We were at a stop light, so I turned to let her see me smile before facing forward again and answering "You're not the only one that's been to college, and had to quit."

The light turned green, and I only had time to spare a quick glance to see she that was surprised before accelerating. Behind me, I heard her ask "You'll forgive me when I say that I'm a little surprised to hear that you've been to college, too. What were you studying, and why did you have to quit?"

At that, I began to tell her how I'd been a philosophy major, and how I'd dropped out after

realizing that my degree wouldn't be worth the parchment it was printed on. As I was telling it, she interrupted a few times to ask questions and get me to provide a little more detail. She'd been going to the same school I had, so when I was able to describe some of the professors and physical features of the school, she quickly realized that I was telling her the truth.

By the time I was done, we were at the next place she wanted to go to. It was in a shopping mall, and after she'd bought a couple of things, she decided that she was ready for a little lunch. After I asked where she wanted to go, she told me that the food court was fine. After we'd gotten our respective meals — she insisted on buying mine, too — we found a table to sit at. I figured I was going to have to feed her, but wasn't quite sure how to go about it; she saw my predicament and simply told me "Go ahead and just pick it up, Jim. You haven't been picking your nose, or anything like that, so I'm going to trust that your hands are reasonably clean. There's nothing wrong with me other than what happened from the accident, so whatever germs are on your hands aren't going to make me sick."

As we were eating, I saw an elderly lady get up from one of the other tables, and after disposing of her trash, head our direction. I was surprised when she stopped, and told Evie "It's so *good* to see that you have someone willing to help you get around, dear; and it's such a **shame** to see someone as pretty as you in a wheelchair!"

I wasn't the one she was talking to, so I kept my mouth shut instead of telling her any of the things that crossed my mind. As it turned out, Evie did an ever better job than I would have by answering "I don't **need** your approval, and I don't *want* your pity. How about if you just fuck off?"

Surprised and offended, the old woman said "Well! I never!"

Evie just grinned and told her "Maybe you should, sometime. There's nothing like a good *fucking* to clear the mind — something you seem to be in desperate need of!"

At that, the granny-lady turned white before heading away from us at a nice, fast clip. When I looked at Evie, I could see the amusement and delight on her face — and couldn't help laughing softly before telling her "Nice. Real nice. I'll bet it's a while before she does anything like *that* again!", and making her laugh, too.

When we'd finished our meal and I'd thrown away the detritus of our meal, Evie decided that there was another store she wanted to hit. While we were there, she told me "I expect this might embarrass you some, but then again, maybe not. Either way, I need to use a restroom. And no, I **don't** need YOUR help, so get that panicked look off your face", the last with obvious amusement. She went on to say "If you'll get me into the ladies room — I'll suggest you get an employee to make sure it's empty first — and onto a toilet, then leave me some paper, I can handle it from there. I can be loud enough to let you know when you can come back in again; just don't expect it to be too soon."

I'll admit that it was a little embarrassing for me to ask one of the store employees to check the ladies room so I could help Evie use it — but that was nothing compared to the relief the

employee had on learning that was *all* the help we'd need from her.

With the way clear, I got Evie appropriately situated before leaving the wheelchair in the stall for her and beating a hasty retreat in favor of 'guarding' the door. As she'd cautioned, it was several minutes before I heard her letting me know it was okay for me to come back in. Once she was back in the chair, it was time for her to do a little more shopping.

As I was slowly pushing her down one of the aisles, I said "You said I should go ahead and talk to you like a real person, so I am. I'm curious about something, and if you want to tell me it's none of my damn business, I won't be offended — but I'm curious to know: you don't need a catheter or something like that?"

Evie gestured for me to stop, then move around to be in front of her. Figuring she probably got tired of having to look up at people, I squatted down so that we were at the same eye level. I saw a brief expression of gratitude cross her face before she softly told me "Yes, it's a little embarrassing for me to hear the question. But if you're willing to ask it, then I'm going to answer. No, I don't need a catheter or anything. I've still got enough control that I don't have to deal with that, thank goodness. And I can still feel most sensations, too — stuff like when there's something on my leg, or when I need to use the toilet, and that kind of thing. The worst problem I have is being able to move and control my arms and legs. It makes peeing and taking a crap a lot harder, but damned if I'm going to have other people wiping my ass for me!", the last with a grin. I grinned back as I told her "Sure, I can understand that!" before standing up and going around to get her moving again.

Before we left the store, Evie did find a couple of things she liked — one of them being a matching bra and panty set that she teasingly asked me if I liked. Teasing right back, I replied that I couldn't tell without having them 'properly filled' — which made her laugh.

The rest of the day went pretty much like that: the two of us chatting about any number of things, the odd bit of teasing, exchanging jokes, and so on.

It was getting toward late afternoon by the time Evie decided she was done for the day. Once we were back in my cab, I got us back to the Central. The concierge had gone home, so one of the desk staff came out to help me get Evie into the wheelchair; one of the bellhops took charge of getting all her purchases up to her room. While all of that was going on, the manager came out to make sure everything was okay — even though the amount of time we'd been gone *should* have told him it was.

I was a little surprised, and even embarrassed, at how Evie told him what an excellent job I'd done. I was **really** surprised, though, when she asked me to find a place to park and come up to her room. The manager started to say something, and she turned her head to look at him before asking "That isn't going to be a *problem* is it?" — making it clear that it had better NOT be. He hastened to tell her that it wasn't, and she replied "Good. He's coming up as a FRIEND, and at **my** invitation, and I would hate to think that he would penalized because of it — now, or in the future."

The manager looked over at me, and saw that I was as surprised by her invitation as he must have been; that seemed to convince him that I wasn't trying to pull anything.

With that out of the way, Evie let the desk clerk know she was ready to go to her room. The manager and I were left looking at each other; I finally just shrugged my shoulders, and got in my cab so I could find a spot to park it.

Back inside the hotel, my first stop was to drop off the handicapped placard the manager had lent me; the desk clerk that had gotten Evie up to her room told me which one it was, and I headed for the elevators.

When I knocked on the door to Evie's room, it opened slightly, and I heard her tell me to come in. I did, only to discover that it wasn't just a room, but a suite. Considering that she was limited to moving around in a wheelchair of one kind or another, I supposed that she needed the extra space just to get around without bumping into things. When she heard me close the door, Evie asked me to put the Do Not Disturb sign out, and make sure the door was locked. Somewhat baffled, I did as she asked; after I got back to where she was, I saw that she was seated in her powered wheelchair. Looking at it, I could see that the thing wouldn't have *begun* to fit in anything like a regular car: it would take a van or something equivalent to haul the thing around.

Seeing me, she smiled and said to go ahead and have a seat. I did, and the curiosity of why I was there must have been pretty plain to her, because the first thing she told me was "I asked you to come up here simply because I had such a good time today — at least, once we got past that me being crippled part. I enjoyed your company, and I'm hoping that you won't mind staying for a little while: you're an interesting person. Of course, if there are other things you have to do, I'll understand; but I really do hope you're able to stay, even if it's just for a little while."

I assured her that I'd gone off-shift before coming up, and that I'd had a nice time, too. I could see that she was pleased at hearing it, and couldn't help but wonder about how much time she had to spend with folks she *didn't* like being around — and considering what she'd said in the cab about giving people crap, how much of that was **her** doing. Still, I kept my thoughts to myself, and after a moment she told me "If you're thirsty, there's stuff in the mini fridge over there; it's got both sodas and a couple bottles of other things, as well, if you'd like something stronger."

All things considered, I didn't figure a beer or something would hurt, and went over to have a look. They had my favorite brand of beer — in a bottle, no less — so I took it back to where I'd been sitting. Once I'd opened it and taken a swallow, Evie started things going again by asking me to let her know if there was any trouble about her inviting me up. I told her I didn't think there would be because I figured the manager already knew it hadn't been any of *my* doing. She said I should still let her know if there was, and I agreed to — though keeping a mental pair of fingers crossed. After that, our conversation ranged far and wide.

With nothing to get in the way of the two of us just *talking*, we had a fine time for the next few hours. Suppertime came and went with Evie deciding that pizza was called for — and allowing me to pay for it. I fed her a couple of slices while consuming three, myself. We washed it down

with sodas that I got from the machines the hotel had — far cheaper than paying for them from the mini-bar.

All in all, it was a pleasant enough way to spend the evening; I enjoyed her company as much as she seemed to like mine.

So I was completely flummoxed when, seemingly from out of nowhere, she asked "Jim, do you think I'm still attractive?"

I made a point of letting her see me looking her over before I answered "Sure. I mean, I can see that your shape has changed some because of the accident, but you're still a pretty girl. What you look like now, I can only figure you must have been a knockout before."

She looked pleased, and then promptly left me stunned by asking "Then would you be willing to go to bed with me?"

She had to have seen the surprise on my face, because she promptly told me "The **worst** thing about being handicapped and in this *fucking* wheelchair is that people seem to think that I can't possibly have any kind of sex life — whether that's because I can't have the desire, or they mustn't do anything with me, I don't know. All I know is that before that asshole hit me with his car, I enjoyed the hell out of sex. I was pretty damn careful about who I went to bed with, but when I WAS with someone, I liked it — a *lot*. Now, I can't even frig myself, never mind getting someone to actually DO anything **with** me!"

I could easily understand that someone else might be reluctant to do anything sexual with her: I was having enough of my own qualms about it. She'd been pretty damn open with me about it, so I figured I owed her the courtesy and respect of being just as open in return, and told her "Evie, God's honest truth, I'm not sure how to respond. Part of it —a small part! — is not being sure about having sex with you in the first place. I mean, you **are** handicapped, and there's something in me that says having sex with you would just somehow be *wrong* — no matter HOW clear you were about wanting me to. I hope you'll forgive me, but I wonder if you aren't just trying to hire a gigolo that you think would stick his dick in pretty much any body, any time, so you can get your rocks off. There's the question in my mind about what YOU expect out of this: are you just looking for a little friendly fornication, or do you think there's going to be something more develop? Then there's another part of me that can't help but wonder how much of it would be US having sex, and how much would just be me fucking you, like you were some kind of high-end sex doll."

As I was talking, I saw that I'd surprised her by just saying what was on my mind without trying to dance around. I also noted that some of what I'd said had hurt, and even offended, her. I regretted causing both of those reactions, but figured that things **had** to be clear between us before anything *could* happen.

She got herself composed after a few seconds, and I waited patiently while she got her thoughts together before she finally responded "Okay, I can appreciate how you would be concerned about that stuff. First, as far as having sex with me in the first place, I can only remind you that I'm

handicapped — not dead. We'd probably have to do things a little differently, but that doesn't change the fact that not only am I *willing* to have sex with you, I'm **asking** you to. So like I said before: let it go."

She went on to say "I'll admit that it hurts, and more than a little bit, that you would think I was just trying to hire somebody to fuck me, like you were some kind of gigolo. I just told you that I was careful about who I took to bed, and that part of me hasn't changed. Hell, the reason I get so damn horny is *because* I'm not someone that's willing to hire someone else for sex — I've still got too stinkin' much pride. I don't doubt that I could find some guy with a twelve-inch dick that would be more than willing to come in and fuck me all day long, if I was willing to pay him for it. But that's not what I want — at least, not just the sex part. I want it to be with someone I can care about, and maybe even love a little, and who will care and love me in return. I want it to be with someone I know and respect, and who respects ME. You're the first person I've met in a long, *long* time that fits all of that: the friendship, the caring, and the respect."

She took a breath and went on "As for the question of 'afterwards', I'll just tell you that I don't think I'd mind us being together more than just this one time — but I am most emphatically **not** looking for a regular boyfriend or anything like that. You've got your life, and I've got mine, and the two places where we are in our lives aren't even on the same *map*. As you so delicately put it, I'm just after a little 'friendly fornication' — nothing more, other than the friendship part. For the last thing you said, about how much I'd be able to participate… I have to admit that I honestly don't **know**. I *think* that I'd be able to do more than just lay there, like some sex toy; how much more… that's the question. I've already told you that we'd probably have to do things differently, but that's pretty obvious. You know that I still have SOME control over my movements, so that should give you reason to think that it's not going to be a case of you just fucking me and me not doing anything. And in case you didn't catch it the first time, I'll tell you again: I do get horny, so I know that I'll respond pretty much the way you'd expect to whatever we do: I have every reason to believe that I'm even able to have orgasms — even though I wouldn't be able to play with your dick the way I'd like to." That last sentence was accompanied by a slightly lecherous grin on her face, letting me know that she really HAD enjoyed sex before the accident.

She finished up by telling me "You're the one that was studying philosophy, and you told me that you like to try and apply what you've learned out here in the 'real world' to help people. So you think about what I just told you, and see if there's any **valid** reason the two of us can't get together on this." The smile on her face made it clear that she was all too aware of the bawdy pun she'd just made; having said her piece, she waited for me to do as she'd said: really think about it.

After several minutes went by, I finally told her "I'm a little ashamed to admit that I had to be reminded that you *are* still a person, even with your handicap — and that basically took care of the problem I was having about whether or not I **should** do anything physical with you after you made it more than clear that's what you wanted. Your point about being able to pay someone to just have sex with you was well made, and I apologize for the hurt I caused by bringing it up. For the reasons you made so clearly about the why, and any 'afterwards', I feel much the same way. I trust that you understand WHY I felt I had to bring it up. As for the 'what' and 'how'…"

I could see the mix of hope and concern on her face as I took a breath before saying "Well, I have to figure that's part of the first time *any* couple are intimate with each other; with us, it'll just be a bigger part, is all."

It took her a couple of seconds to fully realize that I'd just agreed to the two of us having a physical relationship to go with our social and intellectual ones. When she did, though, the expression of delight she got lit up her whole face. It was quickly replaced with one of nervousness at the realization that I **had** agreed — and what it meant: *both* of us naked, *both* of us being physical with each other, and *both* of us learning each other's bodies and responses.

Seeing it, I quickly assured her "It'll be okay, Evie. Even though your body doesn't do everything most other people's does, I'm figuring you've still got the same parts in the same places as other women. If you don't look the same as before, well, hell, you've been in a bitch of a car accident and got hurt in it — and hurt pretty badly. There's no reason in the world for me to think you're going to be some flawless beauty, or that you're going to look like you did before. I already told you that I think you're still attractive, and you *saw* me looking at ALL of you, so there's no reason for you to think I don't have some idea of what you're going to look like. As for anything else… well, that part is going to be a learning experience for **both** of us. If you can be patient while *I* learn, then I know I can be patient while YOU do the same. Fair enough?"

It was obvious that what I'd said calmed her considerably before she told me "Thank you. As much as I wanted this, I never really thought about how it would actually *happen*. I'm still nervous — nervous as hell, honestly — but I know it'll work out. I can't do <u>everything</u> I want to, but the stuff I CAN do… well, I don't think you'll be sorry."

I got up and went over to where she was, then squatted down before leaning over to give her a soft kiss. When our lips parted, I looked into her eyes and told her "I don't think I will, either."

I could see the affection and gratitude in her eyes when she told me "If you'll get the hell out of my way, I'll show you where the bed is."

I stood up again, and stepped to the side with the comment "Lead on, MacDuff!", making her laugh.

It turned out that the bedroom of the suite was as spacious as the other room had been, leaving her plenty of room to maneuver her wheelchair until she was next to the bed and facing me. She seemed to have a brief bout of shyness before flipping a switch on the arm of the wheelchair and looking up to tell me "I don't have enough control to be able to walk or anything, but I've still got enough strength that if I have something to brace or steady myself, I can stand up for a few seconds — long enough to get onto the bed, or take care of my own bathroom needs, and that kind of stuff. I just turned the power off on the chair, so it would be easier for you to get it out of the way; normally, I'd leave it turned on so it didn't move and I could use it as a support. Now you'll have to come over here so I can use *you*, instead."

When I'd moved to stand in front of her, I waited a few seconds as she got herself organized to get out of the chair. She obviously knew what to do, and how to do it, so I simply waited until

she was standing before putting my arms around her and supporting her. To my surprise, she was just an inch or so shorter than I was — which made it easy for me to kiss her when she tilted her head up slightly to look at me. She looked pleased at what I'd done, so I did it again; that time, she was ready for it, and didn't dawdle about kissing me back. I could feel her putting her arms around me, and waited a few seconds until she'd managed to give me a somewhat awkward hug before kissing her again.

When the kiss ended, she told me "If you'll put me down, you can get that damn chair out of the way, and we won't have to worry about bumping into it by accident."

Looking into her eyes, I slid one hand down her back to give one of her ass cheeks a gentle squeeze before saying "Well, I suppose if I **have** to…", and bringing a look of anticipation to her. I let most of her weight down so she could control how and when we moved, and it wasn't but a few moments before she'd gotten turned around so she could sit on the bed. I wasn't overly surprised to learn that she could hold herself in a sitting position before she told me "Just go around to the back of it and push it over in the corner. I'm told that it isn't that much harder than pushing a regular wheelchair with me in it."

She proved to be right, and it didn't take me long to get it to where it was out of the way, but still easy to get to. That done, I went back to where she was sitting and got myself parked next to her, taking one of her hands in mine. Looking into her eyes again, I lifted her hand and kissed it before lowering it and holding it with both of mine. She looked delighted at what I'd done, and told me "I can't help but envy any woman you've taken to bed with you. You're obviously as affectionate as any woman could want, gentle as you could be, and still able to play and tease and have fun without getting too carried away with it. I can only hope that I help you enjoy this as much as I think I will."

I just smiled and told her "I don't think that's going to be a problem."

The two of us just sat there, looking at each other for a few seconds before she said "When I get up and go to bed, I have to ask one of the hotel staff to come in and take care of my clothes for me. All things considered, I don't think that would be such a hot idea right now, so if you'll do the honors?"

I simply responded "And it *is* an honor…" before releasing her hand and moving to kneel on the floor (so we could look at each other) in front of her. First to go was the jacket of her pants suit, which I carefully laid on the bed next to her. Next was her blouse; once I got it unbuttoned, it opened up enough to reveal smooth, clear skin — and what I think is called a half-cup bra, slightly overflowing with her breasts and revealing her light brown areolas (visibly crinkled and about the size of a quarter) and pencil-diameter nipples. As I looked at them, I could see her nipples slowly erecting; I wasn't sure if it was because she was getting aroused, or because of the coolness of the room. Either way, it was a pleasure to watch.

When her blouse was lying on top of the jacket, I leaned forward and took her into my arms, feeling her breasts pressing against my chest as I reached around her to unfasten her bra. She put

her arms around me, too, and tried to pull me even closer — something I readily assisted in. With her bra unfastened, I took a few moments to softly slide my hands up and down her back a few times before sliding them around to cup her breasts for a few moments. As I'd figured, they were medium-sized; although soft to the touch, they were still a bit firmer than I'd expected. She managed to shrug her shoulders enough to get the shoulder straps to fall down to her upper arms, and then helped as I slid her bra the rest of the way off. When it had joined her other clothes, I could see her look of concern at what I might think of how she looked; I happily reassured her by leaning forward and kissing each of her nipples before pulling back and looking into her eyes as I simply told her "Lovely."

After I got her shoes off and set to the side, it was time to remove the rest of her outfit. She was able to help a little as we got her turned, and farther onto the bed, before getting her laid back. I saw that the zipper on the front of her pants had a nice, big ring (apparently to make it easier for her to maneuver); I simply hooked my forefinger through it and again looked into her eyes as I slowly pulled it down. The waistband was held closed not with a snap or button, but a bit of hook-and-loop faster — again, something that she could deal with without much difficulty. As I slowly worked her pants off her waist and down her hips, she was able to move around enough to make it easier. I suppose I could have gotten it done faster and easier if I'd just peeled them off her myself, but I knew that she wanted — no, *needed* — to prove something, not just to me, but to herself. When her pants had lowered enough, I could see that she had on a small, rather filmy pair of panties that matched the bra; shortly thereafter, I learned that the panties barely covered the large, dark wedge of her pelvic thatch. It wasn't much longer before the two of us were getting even the negligible covering of her panties out of the way, as well. As they slid down her hips, it was obvious to me that her pubic hair was short, thick, and somewhat luxurious-looking; I found myself looking forward to getting my fingers into it.

When I slid her panties off her legs, I got a clear view of the area between her legs — and learned that the erectness of her nipples was probably due to her arousal: her labia were slightly thick and already extending, with the area between them shining with her excitement.

With her lying there naked, I took a few moments to look her over again before saying "You are *easily* as pretty and sexy as I thought you would be."

Her eager anticipation was clear when Evie told me "Your turn, now — and I want to watch!"

Ever the gentleman, I did as she wanted: got myself undressed much the same way as we'd undressed her — slowly, but without dragging it out, and doing it in such a way that she had just as good of a view of me as I'd had of her. When I was done, I simply stood where I was for several seconds, giving her ample time to look me over just I'd done with her.

When she looked up at my face, I could see that she was ready for me to join her on the bed. Once I was on my side next to her, I put my hand on her belly and began softly caressing her skin as I said "Before things go too far, I need you to tell me what your thoughts are about making sure you don't get pregnant."

She looked pleased, and told me "I'm glad you thought to bring it up, but it's not a problem: I'm on the Pill. My doctor thinks he's helping me by keeping my periods regular; even *he* can't conceive of me having anything like a sex life."

I leaned over to kiss the tip of her nose, and rose up again to say "Well, I guess we'll just have to show **him**, won't we?" — making her laugh before she answered "Damn right!"

Lowering my head again, I touched my lips to hers — gently at first, then with more and more passion in response to her unvoiced entreaties. I kept my hand caressing her body until I finally felt her mouth open slightly and her tongue touch my lips; only as I opened my mouth to touch my tongue to hers did I move my hand up to hold her breast. When I did, she moaned softly into my mouth.

As our tongues got introduced to each other, I began softly squeezing the breast I had in my hand, then gently caressing it from her torso up to the tip of her lengthening nipple. Her skin was warm under my hand, and the smooth, soft feel of it was a pleasure to my fingertips.

When I had the one nipple standing tall and proud, I moved my hand to her other breast and proceeded to give it the same treatment. The passion and depth of Evies and my kissing increased steadily as I continued my efforts. It wasn't long before I had both of her nipples standing erect from the puckered tissue of her areolas. I thought that I could detect the scent of her increasing arousal, but I was determined to take my time and make *sure* that she was ready — and give her plenty of opportunity to call things off, if she felt the need.

As nice as it felt to play with her mammaries, that wasn't *all* that I wanted to do; so I began splitting my attention between fondling her breasts and caressing the rest of her body: her arms and as much of her legs as I could reach, along with everything in between — with the sole exception of the area between her thighs. It was as I was softly tracing a path from the side of her body to the opposing leg that I realized I could feel her abdominal muscles flexing; it took me a few seconds to realize that she was trying to arch her pelvis up in invitation for me to include **that** part of her, too. It took me only a moment to decide that it was time to find out if the covering of her lower belly was as luxurious as it had looked. As my fingertips got closer and closer, I could feel her trying to move again; it was a matter of but a couple of seconds before she was able to move one of her legs to the side a bit, opening herself up to me slightly.

That was all the confirmation I needed to know that she wanted me to include her mons, and what lay farther down, in my investigation of her body. But before then, I had the delight of my fingers finally coming into contact with her pubic fleece. It was as short as it looked, but much thicker and softer than I'd expected. I just called it her pubic fleece, and that's pretty much what it felt like: an incredibly soft, thick, and positively *decadent* bit of lamb's wool. I let my fingers spend a lot more time enjoying it that I would have with anyone else, it feels that nice. But by that time, there isn't any doubt in my mind that I can smell her arousal; that, and the way she's still trying to press herself up against my hand, lets me know that it's time to move on. Even so, I take my time about blazing a trail through the jungle of her hair as my hand moves lower and lower.

Finally, though, a couple of fingertips happen onto the cleft of her sex — and more to the point, the top of it, where I can feel the hood of her clitoris and the tops of her vaginal lips.

At the first touch of my finger on her clitoral hood, she gasps, and I feel the muscles in one of her legs trying get it out of my way so I can touch her more, and easier. I don't figure she's going to be able to make it happen enough on her own (at least, not any time soon), so I pull my head back from where we're kissing and ask her outright "You want me to help you move your legs?"

There isn't the slightest hesitation before she answers "Oh, God, yes! Even that little bit felt *so* good; I *want* you touching me!"

I slid myself down a little ways, so that I can reach behind her knee and lift her leg up; with me supporting its weight, she's able to exert enough pressure to let me know how far she wants to move it before I can set it back down again. As it turns out, it gets moved pretty far — and with her opened up like that, it isn't any problem for me to slowly slide my hand along the inside of her thigh until I get back to where I was before.

Kissing her was pretty nice — but right there in front of me is what promises to be another interesting spot. Two of them, actually.

I realize that the way I'm positioned next to her, I can stretch out a little and still kiss her, so that's what I do. But when it's over, I kiss a little trail around so that I can use my lips to kind of nibble on her earlobe for a little while before kissing my way back to where her breasts and erect nipples are all but begging me to pay them some attention, again.

Leaning over her a bit, I find that I can easily get my lips fastened on the peak of each of her breasts, and I start sucking and licking her nipples. I hear her pleased moan, and then feel her try to lift her pelvis again to remind me not to forget *that* part of her, too. So I again divide my attentions between softly licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples, and using my fingers to map the area between her legs. My sense of touch tells me that her clit is a little bit smaller than most, but her moans and gasps when I touch it let me know that it's more sensitive, too. Exploring a little farther, I find that her labia are a bit thick — but warm and slick from her arousal; when I finally dipped the end of a finger between them, she managed to raise herself enough that I could feel the pressure. That was invitation enough for me, and I slowly and carefully began trying to slide a finger into her.

Now, it's been eight years plus since she got banged up; and she's already told me that she hasn't had *any* kind of sex — not even the self-administered kind — since it happened. So I know going into it that she has undoubtedly gotten smaller on the inside, what with nobody or nothing to keep her stretched out. Even so, I'm still amazed at how small and tight she is inside. It's only because I can keep my finger lubricated with her juices that make it possible for me to finally get it all the way in her. But after I get it thoroughly coated with her oils, and slide it in and out of her a few times, she surprises the crap out of me by having what could only have been an orgasm. It was small, and didn't last long, but there wasn't a doubt in my mind that that's what it had been — something that Evie confirmed shortly after it ended by saying "Jesus! I never

thought a dinky little climax like that could feel **so** good!"

I raised up from the breast I'd been sucking on to look down at her and ask "You came? You actually had an orgasm, just from *that*?"

The grin on her face threatened to wrap around to the back of her head as she told me "OH, yeah! I told you I liked sex before, and it's been *so* long, that even just your finger moving in me — it feels like something a LOT bigger, by the way! — was enough. It wasn't earth-shattering, or anything, but it damn sure **felt** good, no matter HOW small it was!"

I couldn't resist grinning back at her, and giving her a kiss, before telling her "Well, you were right about being able to have orgasms, then. But I think we can help you have something better than *that* little old thing!"

The look of pleased expectation on her face was all the answer I needed before I went back to what I'd been doing before — after giving her another kiss, of course.

With my lips wrapped around one of her nipples again, I also returned to using my hand to arouse and stimulate her — still going slowly and carefully to make sure I didn't do anything to hurt her. Several minutes (and another small climax for her) later, and I'd been able to loosen her up enough that I was able to slide my finder in and out of her easily — something that pleased her immensely. By that time, I was ready to find out if she tasted as good as she smelled, and I gave each of her nipples a quick lick before sitting up in preparation for moving again. She seemed to realize what I wanted to do, and asked "Are… are you going to use your mouth on me?"

"I was going to, yeah. Would you rather I didn't?"

"Christ, no! I *love* it when a guy eats me; I was just hoping there was some way I could do you, too…"

She'd told me that she was still able to move her head fairly well, so I didn't doubt that she'd be able to do *something*. The problem as I saw it was getting us situated to where she could.

After looking around, and thinking about it a little bit, I thought I had a solution. Looking at Evie, I asked "If you're on your side and your legs are bent a little, do you think you could hold yourself like that?"

"Yeah, I think so."

Hearing that, I moved around so that I could roll her onto her side. Knowing that I was trying to help her do something she wanted to do, Evie helped as much as she could. When we were done, she was lying on her side, with her knees bent to give her some front-to-back stability while leaving her comfortable. I quickly grabbed one of the pillows and got it under her head; a little adjustment, and she was in a position that I thought would let *both* of us have our 'fun'. When I lay down in front of her in a position the would let me get my head between her thighs, she understood why the change in her position: just as my head was even with HER pelvis, hers was

even with MINE — and once I moved close enough, she would be able to do what she wanted with little effort on her part.

Knowing that her range of motion would be limited, I moved myself closer to her until she told me the distance was right. Then I had another thought, and got her arm draped across my hip, telling her "If you want me to move, you can give me a little push or pull whenever you need or want and I'll stop when the pressure stops. That way, I'm never too close or too far for very long."

"Sounds like a plan to me — of course, there isn't any *point* to all of this unless you let me have your cock!"

Hearing that, there was nothing for me to do but reach between us and lift my semi-erect penis to her lips. When I did, she opened her mouth and fastened onto it like one of those fish you see stuck around a shark's mouth in those nature movies. It took me only a minute to realize that she wasn't going to be able to actually move her mouth on me the way most women would have; but she **more** than made up for it with the varying combinations of suction, tongue, lips, and enthusiasm she applied.

As for myself, I had a *wonderful* time after I'd gotten her 'top' leg positioned so that I simply had to apply a slight pressure to keep it in place — that is, out of the way.

I was more than pleased at the sight she presented me: the dark delta of her pubis did little to hide her glistening inner labia — and *nothing* to block the view I had of her opening and clitoris. Her eager attentions to my manhood only encouraged me to start my own efforts at pleasing her as much as she was pleasing me. My first considered action was to fasten my mouth over the entrance to her vagina and see if I could manage to lick her tonsils from the wrong direction. It turned out that I couldn't, but she made it clear that she appreciated the attempt. With the end of that small endeavor, the next thing to try was to see if I could manage to clean her of all the oils between her legs, using only my tongue. I had some success with that, up until her arousal reached the point that her fluids were leaking out of her as fast as I could collect them. Giving that up as a lost cause, I moved on to see what kind of mischief I could bring to her clitoris; and found that *that* was a challenge I was able to 'win' — if the number of progressively stronger orgasms I helped her through could be thought of as her 'losing'.

While I was busy with all of that, I still left a part of myself 'on watch' for the pressure of her arm on my hip to let me know she needed or wanted me to move. I have to admit to no small surprise that she was able and willing to take, and keep, my growing penis between her lips. Even when I'd reached full erection, she had over three quarters of my cock in her *ever* so talented mouth without indicating any discomfort or difficulty.

I'd been able to get my two smallest fingers into her and move them around while teasing her clitoris, and brought her to a fourth orgasm since starting to use my mouth on her when I finally felt her nudge my hip to let me know to move back. I quickly complied with her wishes, and when I'd moved far enough that my cock slipped from her mouth — she managed to give it a

kiss before it got too far away — she told me "**Fuck**, that feels good! Christ, I'd forgotten how much I *enjoyed* all this, until now! But what I want, now more than ever, is to have you IN me. I know I was too damn tight at first, but after what you've been doing with your fingers — which felt GREAT, by the way! — I'm ready to get laid. And it's pretty damn obvious *you're* ready, too", she finished, with a laugh.

"I *guess* I can do that, I suppose…" I replied, teasing her.

I heard her start to splutter a little before she realized that I *was* teasing; then she laughed a little before telling me "Okay, you got me. Ha Ha, very funny. Now, if you're through being a comedian, you might want to get one of those big towels out of the bathroom. I used to get pretty wet inside, and it wasn't anything special for me to leave a big wet spot. I don't think that has changed any, and I doubt that **either** of us wants the hassle of trying to explain to anybody why there's a big puddle on the bed that smells like used pussy — even if we ARE both over legal age and consenting adults. Besides which, it's nobody's business but *ours*."

What she said made sense, so I got up and went into the bathroom to retrieve a towel. When I got back to the bed, she told me "The way I feel, you'd probably better fold it over — and maybe put one of those plastic covers from the drycleaning under it to make sure nothing gets through before we get me shifted around."

All of that sounded a little like overkill to me, but I had to trust that she knew her own body. Besides which, the extra layer of the drycleaning plastic would make **sure** we didn't leave any incriminating evidence. So I got the plastic cover off some of the clothing she'd had drycleaned, folded it over a couple of times, then put the folded-once towel on top of it. With that done, the next step was to get her repositioned, as she'd said. She was able to help some, so it wasn't but a minute or so before I was able to lift her up enough to slip the plastic and towel under her — making sure that everything was positioned to ensure it caught and contained any 'overflow'.

When I finally moved to get between her legs, it turned out that I had to help her spread them a little more; to my surprise, she was a little embarrassed by it — and a little annoyed, too, until I told her "Evie, it's okay. We *both* know that there were going to have to be adjustments before this could happen. In this case, the adjustment is physical, instead of something else. it's no big deal, okay?"

That settled her down easily enough. The next thing I knew, though, she was telling me "It looks like you could use a little, uh, freshening up."

It took me a second before I understood that she was referring to my slightly-deflated penis. I hadn't lost much of my erection while we'd been getting situated, but I wasn't fully erect, either. When I looked at her questioningly, she just smiled lecherously and said "If you'll move up here, I think I can take care of that for you."

I had to smile back as I answered "I'm *sure* you can!"

We tried a couple of things that would let her use her mouth on me again, but neither of them

was satisfactory. Finally, Evie just said "Go ahead and straddle my body, and then lean forward. It'll *look* like hell, but I know you won't put too much weight on me, and I think it's the only way that'll get us lined up right."

I thought to myself that it *would* **look** bad, but that as long as I supported my own weight, it wouldn't be hard on her, at all. I readily moved to get a knee on each side of her and lean forward; with only minor adjustment, I was in a position to where I only had to lower my penis into her waiting mouth. Once she had it, she didn't delay in applying her considerable oral talents toward getting me completely hard again — and reaching that goal in short order.

As I was backing myself out of her greedy little mouth, she deliberately left a layer of her saliva on my cock to act as the initial bit of lubrication I'd likely need to enter her. Once she was able to speak again, she looked up at me and plaintively asked "*Now* can we get that thing in me?"

I looked back at her and answered "If we can't, it won't be from lack of trying…", visibly pleasing her.

I quickly got between her legs again, and was happy to discover that the towel under her ass tilted her pelvis up at almost a perfect angle. Positioning myself over her, I used one hand to support myself as the other guided the spit-shiny head of my cock between her labia, and then against the opening of her womanhood. There were a couple of pillows behind her head so that she could look down and see as I firmly, but carefully, began to press myself into her.

Even with the stretching of her vagina I'd done, she was still small and tight inside. I was afraid that if I pushed any harder to get into her, I'd hurt her; but when I looked up at her in question, she just told me "No, you're not hurting me any. If you do, I'm not afraid to tell you — but you aren't, so keep going."

Hearing that, I was willing to push a little harder — and eventually slipped through the tight ring of her opening. I heard a noise from Evie, and looked up to see if she needed or wanted me to pull back out of her. But the expression on her face let me know that the noise I'd heard had been one of relief or pleasure, not pain, or discomfort.

With my manhood firmly in place, I got both hands on the bed and began pressing myself into her, slowly and carefully, making sure that I stayed wetted with her ample lubrication. As tight as she was, she was also *very* wet inside, just as she'd told me she expected. And in addition to that, she was amazingly warm; almost hot, even. All in all, it was a *most* enjoyable experience, getting myself buried into the core of her sex; and the minor difficulty of it made me damn glad she'd gotten me fully erect before making the effort.

When I felt the tight confines of her womanhood clenched around the length of my penis, I held myself there in favor of lowering my body so that the two of us could kiss; Evie eagerly responded to my lips on hers, and we quickly reached our previous near-incendiary level. I could feel the softness of her breasts pressing against me as the hard pebbles of her erect nipples tried to bore into my chest while the two of us kissed passionately.

We continued like that for a couple of minutes; it wasn't until I decided that she wasn't *quite* as tight around me that I figured it was okay to start moving in her. Resting on my elbows, I kept my body next to hers as I arched my hips to slowly slide myself out of her until only the head of my cock was inside her. Then I reversed course to enter her again, just as slowly as I'd withdrawn. I watched her face as I did, and saw her close her eyes, the expression on her face making it more than clear that the sensation of my hardness filling her again pleased and delighted her.

I gradually increased the tempo at which I was sliding in and out of her, as well as how 'enthusiastic' I was about it. She seemed to like pretty much anything I did, as long as I was moving in her; but I did find a combination of speed and force that she seemed to **particularly** enjoy. With her having little voluntary control over most of her body, she wasn't able to arch herself up at me or do any of the other things that nearly all of the other women I'd been with did when we were together — and with Evie, that wasn't a bad thing at all. Even with the way I was pumping in and out of her, she was still delightfully snug inside; and the addition of how warm and wet she was only added to the pleasure I was feeling. I was perfectly willing to go on fucking her that way as long as I could: it felt damn good, but wasn't stimulating me so much that I had to worry that was going to cum in her any time soon.

At l didn't think I had to worry about it until she had her first climax from having me inside her.

I could tell that she was getting close, but simply continued thrusting into her the same way had been, figuring I already had some idea of what she'd feel like when it happened and that I'd be able to deal with it. What I didn't anticipate was that the *way* she had orgasms would change; whether as a result of it being stronger or because it was my cock moving her. Either way, I could tell as her body tensed beneath me, followed by a deep groan of pleasure as she slipped into what was easily the strongest climax she'd had since we started. I was greatly surprised when I felt her vaginal muscles tighten around me in a rhythmic clenching that matched the tremors I could feel coursing through the rest of her as she gasped and moaned her way through her release. The clenching of her around me was stimulating me much, **much** more than I would have liked — I hoped to be able to take plenty of time to enjoy what we were doing, and the sensations she was creating around my cock would move me to my own climax sooner than I really wanted.

So when it was over for her, I was a little relieved when she told me "Stop for a little bit, would you?"

I did as she asked, and after I lowered myself to rest on my elbows, she lifted her head to kiss me before saying "Christ, that felt good! But it's been too damn long since the last time I came like that, and being stuck in that chair means I'm not as strong as I used to be — and that climax just took too much out of me: I have *got* to rest a little bit before I can do it again." A moment later, she apologetically told me "I'm sorry — really, I am. I guess you want to cum, too, don't you?"

I kissed her back before answering "Yes, I would. But it also feels **real** nice to be with you, so I'm not in any hurry — slowing down or stopping like this just means I get to enjoy it more!"

with a grin.

She couldn't help but grinning back up at me and asking "So, it's not so bad fucking a crip?"

I kissed her again and answered "Not even a little bit." — making her smile.

Several minutes went by with the two of us lying there, giving each other an occasional kiss; the whole time, her vagina continued to clench around me every so often in what were almost certainly involuntary spasms, helping keep me hard. Finally, she told me "Go ahead, if you want - I'm ready to do it *again*!" with a lusty grin.

Looking into her eyes, I slowly arched my hips back to ease my erect cock from the confines of her womanhood; then watched her face get an expression of delight and pleasure as I just as slowly filled her again. The next time was a little faster, and the one after that faster still. In just a couple of minutes, I was again pistoning in and out of her the way I had been before. It wasn't long until I could see that she was getting close again, and mentally prepared myself for what I knew was going to happen.

Her second orgasm from having me moving inside her was a little stronger than the first — and so was the feeling of her hot, wet pussy rhythmically tightening around me as I continued thrusting into her. As I felt the strength of her release waning, I slowed my movements in her so that I gradually got to the point of just holding myself inside her without her having to say anything. Her second recovery time was a trifle longer, I think, but she was still ready to pick up where we'd left off soon enough.

We continued like that through two more climaxes for her; it was after the last one that I knew the next would be the one that had me spilling my seed in her. I told her so, apologetically, and she just answered "Jesus! Don't worry about it, Jim; if you cum, you cum. You've already made me feel better than I have in over seven fucking years! Why would I be *disappointed* about that? Christ, after the way **you've** been humping me, I may need til next year to recover!"

The obvious sincerity in her voice and the expression on her face reassured me that she really wasn't bothered by the fact that our next time would likely be our last for the night. That made me feel better: since she'd had the courage to come out and ask me to go to bed with her, I really didn't want to leave her disappointed after she'd had to go so long *without* having sex.

So when she let me know that she was ready again, I quietly resolved to make it the best of the night for her.

When I'd gotten her close to another climax — and, admittedly, was close myself — I deliberately slowed my pace to draw things out for *both* of us. And it worked **quite** well, thank you very much: even as I felt the stirring in my balls that signalled my approaching release, Evie fell into what was obviously an extremely powerful orgasm. The way her vagina tightened with each wave of her release made her feel as tight as she'd been when I first slid my finger into her; the sensation of that and the hot slipperiness of her combined to trigger my own climax. Pressing myself as far into her as I could, my hard cock erupted to hose her insides with spurt after spurt

of my jism.

I was the first of us to finish, and I managed to hold my body over hers so I could give her small kisses and nibble on her earlobes a little as she went through a series of progressively smaller aftershocks of pleasure. When she'd caught her breath, she looked up at me and said "Damn, that was good — but I'm sure glad you saved it for last! If you'd done that the first time, I really WOULD have been just a fancy sex toy, 'cause I wouldn't have been able to do *anything* after that. Jesus!"

I couldn't help kissing the tip of her nose before I answered "And if they made sex toys like YOU, **every** guy would damn sure want one!"

She laughed, and I told her "When my dick shrinks a little more, I'll get us in there for a quick bath before we get you dressed again."

The question was clear on her face as she looked up at me, and I said "It seems like a good idea if you didn't have my cum running out of you when somebody comes up to get you ready for bed later."

Much to my surprise, she actually blushed before answering "Um, yeah, I suppose so. I really hadn't thought about that part of it. *I'd* be willing to let it happen just to see the expression on her face, whoever she is — but after how you've made me feel tonight, I'm not going to risk making any trouble for YOU."

The two of us spent the time exchanging a number of small kisses; it took a little longer than I'd expected because her vagina was again tightening around me every so often. Still, I finally did soften enough that I slipped out of the warm confines of her. With a final soft kiss to her lips, I got myself back up so that I was kneeling between her legs — and promptly saw that it had been a good thing we'd put the towel (and even plastic) under her ass: I discovered that the wet spot we'd generated not only went through the top layer of the towel, but the bottom layer, as well. If it hadn't been for the barrier of the plastic, we really WOULD have left a big stain on the bed!

Evie must have seen the surprise on my face because she asked me what was going on. Nothing for me to do, of course, but tell her — amusing and embarrassing her, both.

My next task, though, was to figure out how to get her from the bed and into a bath. I wasn't really happy at the idea of trying to get her into a tub full of water — and risking falling or dropping her — so I decided the only way to make it happen was to get us into an empty tub, and then fill it. I told Evie what I figured to do, and she agreed that it sounded right: when others had to give her a bath, they put her into an empty tub, too. After I asked, she told me that if I supported most of her weight, she thought she could manage to walk into the bathroom and stand long enough for me to get us into the tub. And that was what we did, though with a little playing around on my part, such as trying to 'steer' her by holding her breasts, which made her laugh.

Once we were in the tub - both of us sitting, her leaning back against me — I got the water started, and adjusted to a temperature that was acceptable to both of us. Once the water was high

enough, I shut it off and started cleaning us both up. Evie pointed out that the only way to make sure my cum was all out of her was by using my finger in her. That proved to be a trifle counterproductive, because it got her worked up again; I finally had to play with her tits with one hand while the other toyed with her clit until she had another orgasm before I could finish cleaning her up. Once we were out of the tub, she was able to sit on the commode long enough for me to get her dried off, then it was back onto the bed for her — where she insisted that *I* dry off where she could watch me. She was also adamant that I stay naked while we got her dressed again. She was highly pleased with herself when she managed to cop a couple of feels of my ass and even my penis before we were done.

When I'd gotten dressed, too, I took care of the Super Absorbent Mega Pad as we'd started calling the towel and plastic lashup that had caught the 'overflow' of our lovemaking. After giving it a thorough rinsing and squeezing most of the water out of it, Evie had me let it drop in front of the bathroom sink, saying that IF anyone asked, she'd claim to have had trouble getting a drink of water, and put it there to soak up the mess.

Both of us dressed again, I got her chair over to where she could get into it; when she was mobile again, we went back into the 'living room' of her suite. I accepted when she offered me another beer; while I was drinking it, she went through no less than three cans of soda — prompting me to tease her by pretending ignorance and curiosity as to why she was so thirsty.

Still, even with all the fun and pleasure we were having being together like that, both of us knew that I still needed to go home soon or later. When I finally said that I really did have to leave, Evie told me "Jim, I want to thank you again. Not just for giving me the best fucking I've had in *years*" — she grinned at the joke — "but for the way you treated me today — and for what you said to that shithead clerk. I've gotten so used to people looking at me like I just a piece of meat on wheels that I'd almost forgotten what it was like to be treated like a *human being*. And I **particularly** want to thank you for helping me realize that it's up to me to let people know how they can help me, when they want to, and I need it. I still wish I wasn't in this damn chair — but I'm here, so I might as well get used to it, and get on with my life. I expect you're going to get a pretty decent check for today: I did notice that the flag was down the whole time we were out. But I want you to know that you're also going to be getting a proper tip from me, too. Not just for the excellent way you drove today, or for all the help you gave me, but for what we did tonight, too. Don't think that I'm trying to pay you for the sex, either! I'm giving you money because you made love with me because I'm a person that happens to be in a wheelchair, and that's the only way I **can** show my appreciation: too many people would simply freak out and make trouble for *both* of us if I did what I really want to — which is to tell anyone and everyone just how good you were able to make me feel, one human being with another."

I considered what she said for a few moments before I answered "Evie, if you want to give me a tip, that's fine — I'm not going to turn it down just because you're handicapped or anything stupid like that. But don't think that you have to make it any more than you would tip someone, anyway. If I helped you that much today, then you've helped me, too, by teaching me that a handicapped person isn't that much different than anyone else. I'm probably not saying anything

new, or that you haven't heard before, but I suppose *all* of us have a handicap of some kind or other. It's just that yours is out where people can see it, while most of us carry ours around on the inside. I've learned a lot today, and being with you — and not just in bed! — has given me plenty to think about. So as much as you've maybe gotten from me, I've gotten just as much from you."

When I was done, I could see tears in her eyes. I stood up and went over to her and gently wiped them away before telling her "Don't cry, Evie. Be glad, instead: any day that ends with you having a new friend — and I *do* hope you'll count me as your friend, just as I count you as one of mine! — is a good one."

She smiled, and nodded, and I leaned over to give her a soft kiss before standing up again and leaving.

A couple of days later, I was called back to the Central. I was surprised when I was directed back to the managers office again; I'd figured they'd just have a check for me at the front desk. When I got to the managers office, he again invited me in after I knocked. Once I was seated, he told me "I was considerably surprised when Miss Towers invited you up to her rooms after you drove her the other day. But when I asked her about it the next day, while she was waiting for the Clinic van, she made *quite* the fan of yours. Whatever you did, it was just the thing: after you left, she was *far* more pleasant and agreeable than she ever was before, and much less… demanding and troublesome for the staff. So I'm **more** than happy to not only give you a check for the fare" — he handed me an envelope — "but another that includes not only the rather hefty tip Miss Towers wanted you to have, but something extra from us, as well" as he extended another envelope to me.

I tucked both envelopes in my shirt pocket, and the manager looked surprised before he asked "Aren't you going to see what's in the other envelope?"

I just smiled and said "However much it is, I can only trust that Miss Towers felt it was appropriate; and I know that you and the Central to be *eminently* fair."

Of course, I planned to look at the contents of the second envelope as soon as I could, but it simply wouldn't do to do it in front of him.

Pleased with my answer (which was, after all, bullshit), he stood up, offered me his hand, and said "I think perhaps the Central would benefit from having you drive more of our special guests, when they need a cab. I can see, now, that you are much more of a… gentleman than so many of the other drivers I've come across."

I shook his hand, thanked him for the compliment, and made my departure.

Back in my hack again, I opened up the second envelope he'd given me and discovered two checks in it: one from Evie for a hell of a lot more money than I could have even imagined, and the other from the Central for ten percent of what Evies was made out for.

That night, just as I had when I'd left Evie, I spent a lot of time just sitting and thinking about how much I benefitted (and not financially) from having been able to spend time with her.

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Chapter 6

Helen & Sarah (MF, Mf, MFf, Ff, oral, anal, inc)

As any cop can tell you, there are some days of the year when 'business' just picks up for them: New Years, Christmas, 4th of July, Halloween, and a few others. And you can pretty much tell what day of the week it is by how busy the hospital emergency rooms are: Sunday nights are generally slowest, with a gradual build up until the busiest night of the week — Saturday.

So when Halloween fell on a Saturday one year, I was considerably less than enthusiastic about working. But the money, and tips, would simply be too much to pass up. All of my 'regular' fares were either attending parties in one hotel or another, or going out of town to celebrate, which meant that I could look forward to being just one of the vast herd of cabbies working that night.

Except my karma, a particularly kind and benevolent God, the Great Pumpkin, Flying Spaghetti Monster, or **somebody** decided that I needed a reprieve in the form of a call to a new place that had opened up on the edge of town: rather than building a regular hotel or motel, the owners of this place had decided to try something new and different — a mix of individual, duplex, and two-story buildings for people to stay in. They charged out the wazoo, but still seemed to be doing a pretty darn good business; the few times I'd had to go there, the parking areas had all been filled.

The call I got from Dispatch told me which building to go to, and that it was a 'flat rate' job, meaning that somebody had decided to rent me and my cab for several hours. When Dispatch told me how many hours, I figured I'd *really* lucked out: just my cut of the fare would pretty much match what I could have made working 'on call'; by the time you figured in any kind of decent tip, I'd be doing pretty good.

When I pulled up to the building, I saw that it was one of the single cabins, and had a Mercedes 500 in the parking spot. That had me seeing dollar signs, at least, until the people that called came out. At first I thought it was two women, but once I got a closer look at them, I realized it was a woman and younger girl. I had the door open for them by the time they got to my hack, and in the light I could see that the younger looked eighteen-ish, and the older couldn't have been forty. They were both dressed up in costumes, which was why I had the time and inclination to hurry around and get the door for them. The mother (I just got a vibe that was what she was) was decked out to do the Lady Godiva route — and for the life of me, I couldn't figure how much of her getup was costume and how much was her. Whatever the ratio was, it worked, and worked damn well as far as I was concerned. The daughter (it seemed a reasonable assumption, under the circumstances) was outfitted to play Little Bo Peep, if I had my nursery rhyme characters straight; except that all the pictures and drawings I'd seen of Bo Peep in books, she had a hell of a lot more clothes on, and they weren't anywhere *near* as revealing.

Still, what they're paying me for is to get them from 'here' to 'there' with as little fuss and trouble as possible, so I put my eyeballs back in their sockets and get behind the wheel. The mother tells me where they're going, and I get us rolling.

As I'm driving, I can't *help* but use the rearview mirror to look back at the two of them; the streetlights are putting enough light back there that I don't have any trouble checking both of them out. "Mom" is a leggy redhead with a pretty face and nice build; the younger of the two is also a redhead, and simply a flat-out babe: cute face, medium-sized bust, legs that go from here to there, and what looks like will turn out to be a small, tight little ass. I can tell because she keeps turning to rest on one hip or the other. While there's any chance of them looking at me, I'm all polite and formal and helpful, just like usual. But when they can't see, I'm eyeballing them as much as I can.

I'm a little disappointed when we finally get to our destination — at least, until I realize that I'll get a chance to look the two of them over again when they get out, and watch them as they walk away. I get the door of my cab open for them, and get the chance to look them over again as they get out; when both of them are standing, I let them know where I'll be, and that I'll be watching for them to come out. "Mom" tells me that's fine, and that she doesn't think they'll be inside for too long — they're just checking the place out without any expectation of staying. I give her my best "Yes, Ma'am", and watch as the two of them walk away. The daughter's ass is easily as fantastic as I figured it would be, but the mothers is *damn* near as nice to watch.

When they're out of sight, I get back in my cab and find a spot to park where I can watch the door of the place. I've got a little radio that I can listen to so I don't get too bored; one thing you learn real quick driving cabs is how to *wait* without falling asleep.

It's maybe half an hour before I see the two of them coming out the door. I flash my headlights so they can see where I am, and get over to where they are so I can help them in again. Once I'm back behind the wheel, "Mom" tells me where the next stop is. As I'm getting us there, I keep looking into the back every so often; I realize that I had probably estimated their ages a bit high — in good light, the younger looks sixteen, *maybe* seventeen. For the mother, I revise her age down by a good five years, with an option of a couple more.

When we get to the second place, the lighting is a <u>lot</u> better, and I get a real good look at the two of them — and promptly start having fantasies involving them, me, and a gallon of Wesson oil...

Even as my mind is writing a script for a porno movie involving me and them, the front part of my brain is taking care of business. Once they're inside, it's back in the cab for me.

The third place they decide to go, they're inside for quite some time; when they finally do come out it's coming up on midnight. I see that there's a guy with them — except that from the way they're acting, I don't think he's all that welcome. I make sure and get over to where they are a little faster, get out, and open the cab door for them. They get in real quick, and after a second, the guy starts to follow them. I get in his way and say "Sorry, sir, but my deal is just for the ladies, tonight" while I close the door. I quickly get around to the drivers side, and after I open

the door, tell him "Perhaps you could join the ladies at their next stop…"

He's visibly drunk, so I've got time to get behind the wheel and get us moving before he can get his wits together enough to say anything. I was out of the parking lot and heading down the street when "Mom" tells me "Thank you; that was *very* nicely done. He's a friend-of-a-friend, and not someone that I would normally want to associate with. I tried to get rid of him, but he simply wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. But how did you know he wasn't welcome?"

I see her watching me in the mirror and answer "Ma'am, I've been driving cabs for a bunch of years now, and I've learned how to watch for things that might turn into problems. When you came out, the way you were walking and standing told me that you weren't… comfortable with him. Then when I pulled up, it looked like both of you were more than a little relieved to see me. When I stopped him from getting in, and you didn't tell me it was okay, I figured I'd read the situation right. If he knows where else you planned to go tonight, I'm thinking you might not want to go to those places."

She gives me a smile and says "I didn't tell him anything, but he might still be sober enough to think of the few places where I might go. I'm not quite ready to head back yet, though. Perhaps you could suggest a place that wouldn't mind having us? Just for an hour or two?"

I let her see me smile and answer "Ma'am, I expect you'd be **welcome** additions just about *anyplace*. If you're open to meeting some new people, and just looking to have a few drinks and have some fun, I know that the regulars in the place I usually go to for a drink or two would be glad to have you. Or I can just take you to one of the other places I know are having big parties tonight — it's up to you."

I see her smile back at me, and she says "If you're willing to vouch for the place and people, I think I could do a lot worse than your suggestion."

I nod my head, and get us headed that direction. When we get to the Shot Glass, I stop in front of the place — but before I can get out, the woman tells me "I don't think there's any need for you to wait outside, unless you want to. After your help back there, I feel like I owe you at LEAST a drink; and I think I can trust you to limit yourself to just the one."

I think it over for a couple of seconds, and figure it couldn't hurt. I tell her that if the two of them want to wait outside, I'll get parked and escort them in. She agrees, and before I can do it for her, opens the door and gets out, with the kid right behind her. Once she shuts the cab door, I hustle to find a parking spot and get back to them. When the three of us get inside, it's kind of like a scaled-down version of those scenes in the old TV program 'Cheers', when Norm shows up — except that instead of everyone calling out "Norm!", I've only got 3 or 4 welcoming me with "Jim!"

A couple of the barmaids come over to give me a hug and say they're glad I could stop by on Halloween; I start to introduce them to my fares, when the mother does it for me, so I learn that she's Helen Folks and the youngster is her daughter, Sarah. The barmaids, Alicia and Peggy, ask if I'm there to help them close the place, and I tell them that I still have to work so as to not let on

that Helen and Sarah are actually my fares. Both girls look disappointed, but when I tell them that I figure I can stick around at least long enough to have ONE, they cheer up. Since they already know what I drink, Alicia asks Helen and Sarah what they want before she heads for the bar; Peggy says she'll fix us up with a table — something I didn't expect would actually happen.

The place is busier than usual, but it isn't the overcrowded madhouse that the more famous bars and clubs in town are that night; it's possible to get around inside without bumping into more than a couple of people going from one side of the place to the other. Peggy gets us over to a small table off to the side of the main action and tells a group of 4 youngsters that they need to move: the person that had reserved the table showed up; the reservation thing is a complete put-on, but the young folks are sloshed and mellow enough to go for it. They pick up their drinks and wander off; Peggy cleans the table off real quick and we sit down. A minute later, Alicia is back with our order. Helen comes up with a credit card (damned if I know where she could have been keeping it), and says "We'll start a tab, if you don't mind."

Alicia assures her that's fine, and leaves to get the bill started. She's back in just a couple minutes, and hands Helen her plastic; that's when I get to see that what I was *pretty* sure was costume was just that — and that it had a cleverly designed-in pocket.

The three of us barely had time to take a sip of our drinks before a couple of the other regulars showed up to say how glad they were I was able to make it to the party. I was able to make the introductions that time; Chuck, a retiree that was fitter than I was, offered to take Helen out for a tour of the dance floor. Lou, who was younger than me and owned his own music store, made a similar offer to Sarah. Both women accepted the offers, and the four of them disappeared into the crowd.

I'd finished my drink before they came back again; Helen and Sarah were both visibly flushed and perspiring slightly from their efforts. Chuck and Lou thanked them for the dances, and left us alone again.

About that time, Peggy turned up to take my empty drink glass and leave me a glass and bottle of club soda, telling me "When I told Mike that you still had to work tonight, he said to tell you that you're welcome to as many of these as you want — you shouldn't be one of the drunks that'll be out tonight."

I started to protest, but she just gave me a Look, turned around, and walked away. When I looked at Helen, I could see that she was both surprised, and quietly amused.

It was maybe ten minutes later when another guy I knew came over: Arty, who had some ill-defined job in the city planning office. After introductions, he asked if Helen was of a mind to do a little dancing; she was, and they did. A few minutes later, somebody closer to Sarah's age came up to ask if she wanted to dance, as well, which she did. For the next couple of hours, the two of them seemed to have a pretty good time, judging from their laughter and smiles. Enough people came by to take them out dancing that neither one had any reason to feel like some kind of wallflower, but they weren't constantly being hit on, either.

When they decided they were ready to leave, Helen and Sarah were with me as we swung by the bar so I could thank the bartender, Mike, for the club sodas. At six and a half feet tall, built like a power weightlifter, bald, and black as the darkest night, he looked like someone you'd want to make sure you stayed on the good side of; the truth of the matter was that he was happily married to a cop that worked the same hours he did, had a couple of kids, and was as easy-going and friendly as you could ask. After I thanked him, he just waved it off and told me to watch out. I assured him I would, and he gave me another wave and smile.

Helen and Sarah opted to go to the cab with me rather than wait for me to pick them up; both were a *little* tipsy, but certainly not drunk — and having obviously had a great time. When we got close to my hack, Helen told me "Jim, we've had about enough fun for tonight, I think. If we stay out much longer, I think we *will* be taking the chance of meeting up with some of the drunk drivers that I'm **sure** are going to be out tonight. So if you'd be kind enough to take us home? Or at least, back to where you got us?" — her small joke drawing more laughter from both of them that I thought it really deserved (I DID say they were tipsy, didn't I?)

On the way back to their cabin, both of them repeatedly told me how much fun they'd had in the Shot Glass, and thanked me several times for taking them there. They also spent a few minutes huddled together and whispering; comparing notes on the night, I figured.

When we got there, I got the door opened for both of them, and when they were standing Helen asks me "Would you mind coming inside with us? There's something I'd like to give you."

I figure she just wants to give me a tip, and agree easily enough. I follow them to the door, and it's Sarah that pulls the key out from someplace I can't see — but wish I could. Once we're all inside, I see that the cabin is decorated in Expensive Rustic: there's all this exposed wood paneling, the furniture looks like the kind of thing you'd find in a frontier cabin (only a **lot** nicer), and all the fabric I can see has generic-Southwest designs on it. Looking around, I can see that it's the kind of place that somebody with money (and plenty of it) would really go for.

While I'm checking the place out, Sarah leaves the room while Helen goes over to where her purse is laying on a table. She rummages around inside for a bit before finding what she's looking for. When she stands up, I can see it's her billfold; she opens it and pulls out a couple of bills before closing it again. My first thought is that maybe it's twenties, and that I'm getting a pretty nice tip. But when she comes back over and hands them to me, I see that they're **fifties**, and that 'pretty nice' tip suddenly turns into *outstanding*. I sincerely thank her, and she answers "You earned it, easily, between your excellent driving and service, helping get us away from that idiot, and being kind enough to take us where *you* go to drink. That was by **far** the best place we went tonight, and Sarah and I BOTH had much more fun that we expected tonight."

I thanked her again, after I told her "Well, I hope the two of you enjoy the rest of your stay…" with the obvious intention of leaving them. Helen put her hand on my arm and said "Would you mind staying for a few moments? There's something else that Sarah and I would like you to have."

Puzzled, I asked "What would that be, Ma'am?"

Just then, a *very* naked Sarah entered the room, and came over to stand next to Helen, who promptly told me "Us."

Trying my best not to stare at the delectable Sarah, I could only say "Ma'am?"

Both of them smiled and Helen told me "What Sarah and I, both, would like you to have is… **us**."

Having said that, Helen calmly proceeded to shed what little bit of her Lady Godiva look that wasn't actually her — and there was less of it that was costume than I'd thought. When she was as naked as her daughter, Helen told me "James, my husband and Sarah's father, Tom, died nearly a year ago. He was a stock broker, and spent the vast majority of his time and energy on his work. I suppose that God must have a sense of irony, or justice, because Tom died of a massive coronary while working the stock floor one day. From what I was told, he wouldn't have lived through it if it had happened while he was in the best hospital in the world; he was simply living with too much stress, coffee, and fatty food, and not enough exercise or home life."

Gesturing to Sarah, Helen went on "Both of us loved him, deeply, even though neither of us got to see him, or spend time with him, as much as we would have liked. For Sarah, it was her gymnastics and swimming meets that he missed, as well as tucking her in, reading her stories, and all the rest. For me, it was pretty much everything involved in being married — and that includes the bedroom. Because of who Tom was, and what he did, and the people we know in… our home town, I wasn't willing to take any kind of lover, even if I hadn't been as serious about my marriage vows as I was — though I'm a fairly passionate woman, physically. For similar reasons, Sarah wasn't inclined to become too physically involved with any of the boyfriends she's had. She isn't a virgin, but that change didn't happen all THAT long ago, either."

I was listening closely as she continued "So what you have, then, is two women — neither of whom is lacking in physical desires — with virtually no outlet for their passions, no real source of comfort or consolation, and little or no prospect of a solution. Except that they *did* find a solution — each other." It took me a few seconds to get it; when I did, Helen saw the change in my expression and said "Yes, that's right. Sarah and I, mother and daughter, became lovers. But before that, we were family, and even more importantly, **friends**. I raised Sarah virtually by myself, and I remembered, all too well, the fear and anxiety and embarrassment that I went through when *I* was growing up. So as I raised Sarah, I made it a point to avoid inflicting all the misinformation, uncertainties, and hidden answers that I'd been subjected to. She *grew up* learning about the human body, and the changes that would happen to hers, sex, and all the rest of it. I apparently managed to get it right because I don't think she has ever been reluctant or afraid to come to me with problems — no matter <u>what</u> they've been. And because of her maturity, she's been able to understand what *I* was going through, as well. Both of us had tried using different… devices, but neither of us found them completely satisfactory; what both of us found missing was the involvement of a real, live human being. So after the two of us got to talking one night, it was *she* who asked if I was sure that there really wasn't anything wrong with

two women making love. I'd already told her that lesbianism was different, but not wrong; no more than it is between men, if both are agreeable. When I affirmed that I'd meant what I said, it was her idea that perhaps the two of us could 'help' each other, as she put it."

Helen took a deep breath before continuing "As you might expect, the idea was something of a surprise, and rather shocking to me. I mean, no matter how else one tries to pretty it up, it's still *incest* — and like almost any other person, THAT was something I had a deep, DEEP aversion to. But I simply told Sarah that I'd have to think about it — and more to the point, why. She wasn't old enough to understand it quite the same way a grown adult would; but she was mature enough to understand it *well enough*. So she simply waited for me to give her an answer when I had made a decision. WEEKS went by as I argued it with myself; all of my arguments of the pros and cons of it finally boiled down to a few simple facts: that I was neither forcing nor soliciting any such relationship — it had been HER idea, after all. Obviously, the risk of pregnancy wasn't an issue, nor was her age; as I said, she was easily more grown up emotionally and mentally than her physical age. The thing that finally settled it for me, though, was the simple fact that she IS my daughter — and that I love her. Enough so that I was willing to do whatever it took to relieve her of as much of the heartache and loneliness and, yes, unfulfilled desires as I could. That isn't to say, though, that there still wasn't **some** nervousness and awkwardness the first time we were together" — that last part causing both of them to look at each other and smile with their shared memories.

A couple of seconds later, Helen told me "Anyway, even with Tom dead, there really wasn't any recourse for us but to continue as we had, even though there certainly wasn't any lack of men willing to 'console' a grieving widow — or her daughter, for that matter. Then, when we found out just how much life insurance Tom had, neither of us could help but wonder how much of the attention we were getting from men was interest in us, and how much was interest in our money. As a family, we'd been doing quite well while Tom was alive; he was a *damn* good broker, and made top commissions. But with the addition of all the insurance coverage he'd had… well, it was a HELL of a lot to have to worry about. Perversely enough, we even lost the few close friends we had before Toms death: they apparently didn't want us to think that THEY were after our money, either, and the relationships gradually grew apart. I can assure you, coming into sudden wealth is most certainly **not** all it's cracked up to be!"

She finished up by saying "The two of us finally decided that what we wanted to do — NEEDED to do! — was simply get out of town for a while: get away from our new-found 'friends', all the people that we knew and know us, and just *relax*. We also thought that along the way, we just **might** happen across someone that one or the other of us, or even both, found attractive; but someone that wasn't interested in getting their hands on our money, and still had enough… character, or class, or whatever you want to call it, to be good company, too. We've been on the road for the last couple of months, actually, and generally enjoying ourselves when we decided to stay here and join in the Halloween parties. Both of us were *greatly* surprised to find that friend of one of our friends here; you did us a tremendous favor is helping us get away from him. But be that as it may, it's how you behaved tonight that got us interested in you. Both

of us were *fully* aware that the outfits we were wearing were more than a little on the provocative side, but neither one of us ever caught you ogling us. Either you weren't looking, which I doubt, or you were far more discreet about it than most men would be. And when you took us to your bar, everyone there was as friendly as you'd said they'd be; but it was the way they treated YOU, and how you treated them in return, that really convinced us of your other qualities. So it didn't take much for us to agree that, if you were willing, **both** of us would like you to stay with us — even all night, if you can. Of course, we'll understand if you're put off by the relationship between Sarah and I; you've had less time to come to terms with it than I did. Both of us would regret the missed opportunity, but neither of us would take offense — we're fully aware that our relationship isn't something most people would be able to accept."

There was no way that I wasn't going to look at the two of them as I considered what Helen had said. When I looked from Helen to Sarah, and back again, they moved a little closer to each other before each put an arm around the other's waist — then calmly stood there, with no apparent concern.

As I said before, Helen was an attractive, leggy redhead. She's got the stereotypical green eyes, a peaches and cream complexion (all over!), and full red lips in a slightly oval face. Curly red hair falls well past her shoulders; when she was in her Godiva costume, she'd kept it in front of her to help conceal her breasts. Now, though, she'd moved it around to hang down her back; that left me with a clear view of her full, but not overly large, bust. Each of her breasts is capped with a pale pink areolas about an inch across and slightly puffy. Extending out from that was her nipple: the diameter of a large Crayon, and standing out perhaps a quarter of an inch. Her breasts sag only enough to make it clear that she hasn't had anything done to them. The rest of her body is fit and trim, with just enough padding to gentle the curves of her female form. Her lower belly is as flat as a woman's can be, and between her upper thighs is the thick, narrow triangle of her pubic hair — which is maybe just one shade darker than what's on her head. Her legs are long, trim, and made up of a series of smooth, gentle curves.

Next to her, Sarah simply looks like a 90% scale version of her mother; except that Sarah's red hair is a trifle lighter in color. Sarah's breasts are marginally smaller, but then she's still got some growing to do, I figure. It's easy as can be to see that they're related, and I don't figure that it would take much for them to look more like sisters than mother and daughter. Both have a light, sparse dusting of freckles across their shoulders and down onto the upper slopes of their breasts. Neither has any sign of blemishes, scars, birthmarks, or anything else to get in the way of enjoying the smooth, clear expanse of skin they're showing me.

When I'm through looking them over, I say to Helen "Even while you were telling me how and why you decided that there wasn't any reason you and Sarah couldn't become lovers, I understood what you were saying — and even agreed with your reasoning. Both of you are absolute knockouts" — that earned me a pair of pleased smiles — "so the only thing that concerns me is why *Sarah* hasn't said anything. She's certainly been pleasant enough tonight, but I don't think I've gotten a dozen sentences from her; and she hasn't indicated that SHE wants to contribute anything to what you just told me."

Helen opened her mouth, but I saw Sarah give her mother a quick hug to indicate that she wanted to speak, instead. Looking directly into my eyes, Sarah told me "Believe it or not, I'm actually kind of shy around people; particularly people I don't know all that well. I'm feeling a little scared and nervous to be standing here in front of you, naked. But what Mom said was right, about BOTH of us wanting to share ourselves with you, and she was speaking for both of us when she explained *why*. I turned seventeen a few months ago, shortly after I graduated high school — a year ahead of the rest of the kids my age. I had several different boyfriends while I was in school, but it seemed like all any of them wanted to do was **use** me, whether it was to just show me off to his friends, get me naked and play with my tits, or get between my legs. Almost none of them was willing or able to pay any attention to what *I* wanted, and that made me even more reluctant to let anyone get close to me that way. A few months before I graduated, I believed that the guy I had been going out with was the kind of person I was looking for. He wanted us to have sex, but didn't push it when I said 'no'." She gave a wry laugh and continued "Oh, he was a good one, all right. It turned out that he was just playing me along until he could have sex with me; once he'd taken my virginity, he proceeded to tell all of his buddies what he'd done, like I was some kind of prize he'd won. The bitch of it is that he was patient enough, and good enough, that I realized just how MUCH I could enjoy having sex. By the time I found out that he was telling everyone about us, we'd had sex several times; and each time, I liked it more and more. So when I broke up with him, it just made my physical needs and desires that much worse. From what Mom has told me, I'm going through pretty much the same thing she is, so I understand the things she's told me a WHOLE lot better than I did before. As crass or crude as it might sound, I want to get **laid**, dammit! But I don't want it to be by some stud for hire, or someone that's only after our money, or some clown that's just looking to add another notch to his bedpost; I want it to be by someone that is able and willing to let himself 'open up' enough to be with me like Mom is and does. Somebody with class or character or whatever, like Mom said. And I think that someone is, or could be, you."

After she finished, I realized that her quietness that evening was easily explained by a measure of shyness. And if Helen had been doing an adequate job of explaining things, then there really wasn't any need for Sarah to have said anything. The idea of a mother and daughter having an intimate relationship had thrown me at first, but as Helen had told me how and why she'd decided it was acceptable — at least, for her and Sarah — I'd realized that there really wasn't anything for ME to say about it. Helen had given me the tip *before* letting me know that she and Sarah wanted to have me in their bed, so I didn't have any reason to feel like they were trying to rent me for stud services or anything of that nature. All in all, I really couldn't think of any reasons I shouldn't take them up on it, and could see two DAMN fine reasons I **should** right there in front of me.

So I simply looked into each ones face for a few moments before answering "I'd be delighted, then."

Both of them looked more than a little pleased, which surprised me a bit, before they released each other's waist and stepped closer to me. The first to lean in for a kiss was Helen, who made it

MORE than clear that I wouldn't regret my decision to stay with them. When she finally pulled back, Sarah leaned forward to let me know that she was pretty much over her shyness — at least, with *me*. Sarah's kiss was a little more restrained than Helens, but no less promising.

After both of them had kissed me, Helen got a distinct twinkle in her eye and told me "It seems a little unfair that you're getting to look at us, but we aren't getting to see any of *you*!"

I couldn't help but smile, but when I reached for the buttons on my shirt, it was Sarah that said "Let **us** take care of all that for you…"

I let my hands fall to my sides again, and the two of them reached agreement as to which would do what with a brief look into each others eyes. Helen went to one knee and reached for my belt buckle while Sarah got started on the buttons on my shirt.

Helen took her time getting my belt, then pants, undone; Sarah had plenty of time to get my shirt off of me before she knelt down, too. When she had, she and Helen shared a kiss — and brief mutual fondling — before Sarah went to work getting my shoes and socks off of me. With those out of the way, she helped her mother with getting my pants down my legs and then set off to the side. I could see the eager anticipation when both looked at the way my semi-erect penis was tenting my shorts (watching them kiss and caress each other, on top of how good they looked, did wonders for my libido) before Helen slowly reached out to slide her hands under the waistband. Slowly and carefully, she slid them down until my cock and balls were revealed — at which point both of them looked delighted. As Helen went about getting my shorts removed, Sarah reached out to take me into her warm hand and gently squeeze and slightly pull on my penis. Once Helen had rid herself of my shorts, she extended a hand to cup my balls. I must have stood there for a couple of minutes while Helen and Sarah slowly and carefully got themselves familiar with the particulars of my genitals. In the process, they did wonders at increasing the state of my arousal.

When they had ogled my equipment long enough, the two of them stood up again and moved close so that we could each have a turn at kissing the other two. Then each of them took one of my hands and led me into the cabin's bedroom, which was nearly as large as the living area had been. The bed looked to be a bit larger than a King sized, which meant that there would be plenty of room for all of us — though I doubted that we'd really **need** it, or even *mind* all that much if we didn't have it…

With all three of us next to the bed, I was faced with a small problem (if you could call it that): whether I wanted to kiss Helen first (and possibly have Sarah feel like she was somehow being put into a secondary position), or kiss Sarah and risk having Helen think that I was favoring her (younger, arguably more attractive) daughter. I decided to pull both of them close and kiss Helen first — but make my kiss to Sarah a little longer, in the hope of 'balancing' things.

Over the course of the rest of the night, I came to realize that I needn't have worried, or bothered.

After Sarah and I ended our kiss, Helen moved to to plant another one on me, and making it as passionate and inviting and full of promise for what lay ahead as she could. It wasn't but a few

seconds from the time our lips touched until hers parted in invitation, followed by mine in acceptance. Even as our tongues were getting introduced, she lifted the hand she still had hold of to her breast; a second or so later, Sarah did the same thing - leaving me standing there with my hands full of two different but equally delightful mammaries while Helen and I tried to clean each others tonsils.

Helen and I finally have to come up for air, and when I look into her eyes I can see that I've got a *damn* interesting time ahead of me.

Then it's Sarah's turn again — and she makes no bones about letting me know that she meant what she said about wanting to get laid when she reaches out to take my cock in her hand and start stroking it. I begin to grow in her hand, and when our kiss finally ends I'm almost completely hard.

Both of them look down to where my dick is standing out, and I see (and feel) their nipples start to erect before Helen tells me "I can see that you're **almost** ready. Let's go ahead and get comfortable so we can keep going!"

Before we get onto the bed, though, Helen and Sarah take a moment to kiss each other; Sarah turns loose of my dick so she can return the favor when her mother puts her hand on the breast that I'm not busy with. When they're done, Helen guides me to the middle of the bed before she and Sarah move to lie on each side of me. They're on their sides, resting on their elbows looking down at me when Helen tells me "This is the first time that Sarah and I are both with the same man — but we already know that we aren't jealous of each other, and neither of us gets hurt or upset if one of us gets a little more attention than the other; so you don't have to worry about doing something with one of us and not doing it with the other."

Sarah speaks up to let me know "We've learned that both of us like pretty much the same things, though each of us has some things we like more than others. But *both* of us like pretty much **all** of it, so you don't have to worry about making either of us happy. We'll trust that you won't 'push' things if you start to do something that one or the other of us doesn't want — but I don't think that will be a problem."

I looked from one to the other before answering "No, I won't 'push'; it's not my way to try and force somebody to do anything they don't want, or like. And *I'll* trust that you'll understand that I won't know what your 'limits' are until I come to them, if it gets to that point."

Both nodded their understanding and acceptance, visibly pleased to have my verbal confirmation that I wasn't going to try and do anything that would upset them — at least, not deliberately.

That out of the way, the two of them shared another look before each sat up long enough to pivot on her butt so that they were head-to-head (so to speak) with my erect penis. Helen was the first to lower her head and take me in her mouth; Sarah was content to watch after extending a hand and starting to play with my scrotum and testicles.

Helen may not have gotten as much action from her husband as she wanted, but she certainly

seemed to have made the most of the time she DID have with him: she did an *exemplary* job of using her lips and tongue to stimulate the head of my cock before taking nearly the entire thing into her mouth and gently sucking on it for a little bit. Then she got **serious** about getting me fully erect, and started doing everything she knew to stimulate me to full hardness.

It didn't take her long (!!) to accomplish that goal; when she had, she let me slip from between her lips — apparently so that Sarah could have a turn with me, too. Sarah didn't quite have the skills her mother did, but she certainly made up for it with enthusiasm. While Sarah was doing her thing, Helen added to my pleasure by lowering her head and using her lips and tongue on my balls.

I almost as much pleasure from watching them as I did from what they were doing, and I wanted to enjoy it for as long as I could. To 'distract' myself from the sensations they were generating, I decided to take advantage of our relative positions: while they were industriously applying themselves to stimulating ME, I had two *very* nicely shaped asses within reach. I was easily able to reach out and put a hand on one cheek of each of their asses, and both of them wriggled a little closer to me so that I could reach more of them, and more easily.

As I'd thought, Sarah's ass was small, tight, and firm under my hand; Helens wasn't **quite** a match for her daughters, but she didn't miss it by a whole lot, either. In both cases, their skin was soft and smooth and warm to my touch; it was a treat for me to have both of them to enjoy. And when my questing hands finally started to move between their thighs, each of them readily opened herself to my tactile investigation.

My fingertips told me that both sets of labia were long and thick, but still soft; the area between was already slick with eachs arousal. Sarah's pubic thatch was slightly larger than her mothers, and noticeably softer, while Helens was a bit more luxurious in thickness and 'texture'; both were pleasing as hell to my fingertips. Their similarity ended when I reached their clitorises, however. Helens was distinctly larger, while Sarah's seemed to be more sensitive; I was looking forward to finding out just how different they were.

While I was learning all of this, Helen and Sarah had established a pattern of arousing and pleasing me: each would have me in her mouth for a little while, while the other would apply herself to my balls; periodically, they would switch. I could feel a difference in the way each of them went about simulating me — neither was better or worse than the other, just *different*. And it was a difference I would have delighted in having the opportunity to get used to.

Still, I did have two females doing a singularly excellent job of giving me a tag-team blowjob. As much fun as I was having playing with their asses and exploring the area between their thighs, the stimulation they were providing was moving me closer and closer to a climax. I cautioned them "If you two keep going like that, I'm going to cum!", only to have Sarah answer "Good! When you're ready again, you'll be able to fuck both of us for a nice, long time!"

Figuring that if they were going to take that kind of attitude, I might as well give in, I simply quit trying to hold off. It wasn't but a very few minutes before I felt myself getting close to blowing

my load; when I told them that, it was Helen who replied "That's fine — both of us like the taste of cum, whenever you're ready!"

Another minute, and I DID let go — into Helen's mouth, I think. But it didn't matter, really, because after the second spurt of my semen rocketed from the end of my dick, I felt them swap again, so that the other one got the rest of my cum. It mattered even less when I opened my eyes after it was over, and saw the two of them involved in what was clearly a deep, passionate kiss — and obviously sharing my jism with each other.

When they finally separated, they both turned to look at me with cat-that-ate-the-canary smiles on their faces before Helen told me "We both know it'll take a little time before you're ready again. Maybe it would help if you watched while we keep ourselves… occupied? Of course, you're certainly welcome to join in if you'd like."

"Yes, it will take a little time; but maybe not as much as you think. And it certainly *would* help if I could watch and join you", I answered with a smile of my own before moving to sit cross-legged so as to give them more room for whatever they wanted to do.

What they wanted to do was kiss each other again, with the addition of caressing each others breasts. From my vantage point, it was almost like watching ONE woman pleasuring and arousing a copy of herself, the two of them were so similar in appearance. But the knowledge that it **wasn't** just one woman, or even two sisters, but a woman and her daughter that both fascinated and stimulated me more than I thought possible. I could see two sets of very similar breasts develop erect nearly identical sets of nipples as each caressed and teased the other. Their kisses were long and gentle, but no less passionate because of their leisurely pace. It wasn't but a few minutes before I saw Sarah's hand begin to move down her mothers body, and end its journey between Helens thighs; soon afterwards, one of Helens hands followed much the same path, and stopping at the same spot on her daughter. After only the briefest glance toward me, Helen lifted one leg to put the sole of her foot on the bed — giving me a clear view of how Sarah was softly stroking her labia and clitoris. A moment later, Sarah mirrored her mothers position, and giving me the opportunity to watch when each of them eventually slid a slender finger between the folds of the others labia and slowly bury it deep inside her partners vagina.

The way they were sitting, I could easily see that my fingers hadn't lied to me: both sets of vaginal lips were somewhat long and a little thick; at the apex of their clefts, their respective clits were readily visible. It wasn't but a few seconds before eachs finger was shiny with the others juices; it wasn't long before I could detect the heady aroma of aroused female.

Over the course of the next few minutes, the scent of their arousal quickly filled the room as I witnessed their labia getting longer and thicker and darker with their increasing passion and desire. As was to be expected, there came the time when simply kissing and touching wasn't enough for them; Helen was the one to break off their kiss so that she could move to lie down — considerately, crosswise from where I was seated. Sarah started to follow her mothers example, then changed her mind, moving instead to mirror it: leaving them lying on their sides in something like the traditional '69' position. Each readily lifted a leg to put her top foot on the

bed, opening herself to the other; from where I sat at the head of the bed, I had a clearer view of Helens head between her daughters thighs as she moved her head forward to begin licking the oils from Sarah's labia. From the movement of Sarah's head, I figured she was doing much the same for her mother.

As I watched Helen continue to eagerly lap at Sarah's opening, I knew that she was teasing out even more of her daughters essence — and knew, too, that Sarah was almost certainly producing them in abundance, judging from the way Helen was licking her and the increasing thickness of Eau de Femme in the air.

I was content to watch the two of them for several minutes as I recovered from the blowjob they'd given me; but the time came that I simply *couldn't* just play the part of an observer any longer. I wasn't ready to join them, yet; but I couldn't just **sit** there, either. So I moved to where Helen was enthusiastically laving her daughters labia and quietly asked "You don't mind if I do a little… exploring?"

She paused only long enough to tell me "Go ahead — I think *both* of us would like that!"

Still, I made my way toward where Sarah was happily teasing her mother's clitoris to repeat the question, and received her ready approval.

Careful to avoid getting in the way of what they were doing to (and with) each other, I took the opportunity to begin caressing and investigating each of their bodies: they were so similar in appearance that I wanted to find out just HOW similar they were, aside from the obvious difference in physical size.

Since I was already in the neighborhood, so to speak, I started by simply having a look at the target of Sarah's attention: the area between Helens thighs. My manual exploration of the area had told me that her vaginal lips were long and thick, something that my eyes confirmed: the stimulation she was experiencing had made them easily visible among the russet thicket of her pubic hair. Even though they were larger than some womens, they were still soft and smooth — not like some I'd seen that looked like a pair of dried-up leather shoe tongues. They, and the area between, were glistening with the mix of her own woman's oils and Sarah's saliva. As Sarah's tongue toyed with her mothers clitoris, I could see Helens vaginal opening clenching slightly in response before Sarah lifted her head far enough to block my view.

Moving around them a bit, I could see that Sarah's breasts were visibly 'tight' and her nipples were standing out from her puckered areola. I take the opportunity to slide my hand between the two women so that I can play with them a little — and feeling her nipples get even harder as she softly moans, verifying that she likes what I'm doing.

Easing a little farther along, I get to where I can do pretty much the same thing with Helens tits. With her slightly larger bust, her nipples are pressed against Sarah's lower belly, but Helen arches her back a little to lift her bust up enough for me to reach them. Helens tits aren't as firm as her daughters, but they're easily as smooth and warm, and each makes for a delightful handful. Helen responds to my touch, too, except that she's able to *tell* me that she likes it, instead of just making

a noise, before I scoot myself a little farther.

I stop when I'm in a position where I can watch as Helen uses her tongue and lips to pleasure Sarah; by lowering my head a little, I can see Sarah's mons and the area between her legs. Again, Sarah looks to be about a 90% scale version of her mother. Sarah's labia are shaped a little different than Helens, naturally enough, and I figure that she wasn't 'fudging' any about how little experience she's had with me: from my own experience, I pretty much knew that a woman's vaginal lips tended to stretch some in proportion to the amount of sex she'd had (or, at least, the number of times she'd had something filling her vagina); Sarah's labia were easily even softer, more flexible, and younger-looking than Helens. I can't help but look forward to the time when I'll get to do with them what Helen is.

The two of them are obviously really getting into each other (pardon the pun!), and I'm not ready to join in in any kind of active way — so I decide to kind of 'nibble around the edges' to help them along.

Getting up to my knees, I move close enough that I can start caressing Helen, since she's the one on top. But I'm careful not to ignore Sarah in the process. Where I'm at, and the way I'm touching them, is a little awkward, though; so I move around to where Helens head is so that I reach along the length of her body. It's still going to be a little bit of trouble to include Sarah, but it's a sacrifice that I'm willing to make...

It doesn't take long for us to realize that things are a trifle crowded where I'm at; it turns out that the solution is for Sarah to spread her legs a little more and drape the one on the bed around mine; that opens her even more to her mothers attentions, though, so it worked out.

I start out by just touching them in more-or-less neutral parts of their bodies: slowly and gently running my hands up and down their arms and legs, and along their sides, treasuring the feel of their smooth, soft skin under my hands. I took my time about extending the range of my touch, and making it softer on them; still it wasn't **too** long before I was including as much of their bodies as I could get my hands on. Along the way, both of them started making pleased/aroused noises in response to what I was doing, and could easily tell that they were also getting closer to climaxing. And where I was, I could feel Helens hair softly tickling my cock and balls — between that, the sounds they were making, and the increased aroma of their arousal, I could feel my penis starting to get longer and harder.

It didn't take much longer of my contributing to what they were doing with each other before I felt Sarah's body begin to tense up under my touch; a little longer, and I could hear her start to make a low-throated moaning sound. Not much later, and I wasn't left with any doubt that she was having an orgasm when I heard her release a series of soft cries as her body gently convulsed underneath her mother.

After Sarah got her wits back, she applied herself to bringing an equal measure of pleasure to Helen — something that resulted in Helen lifting her head in response to something *particularly* pleasurable that Sarah did, spying my mostly-erect penis waving in the air, and quickly taking it

into her mouth after a muttered "That is **just** what I need now!"

The attention she paid to my manhood soon had me fully erect, despite the fact that she was obviously having to split her attention between what she was doing to me, and what Sarah was doing to *her*. It wasn't long before her daughters attentions between her thighs (and my activities with the rest of her) had Helen nearly deep-throating my cock as she started groaning her way through her first climax of the night. Only after the first few spasms has washed through her did she release me from between her lips so that she could start taking deep, shuddering breaths between the waves of pleasure that coursed through her.

When it was over for her, Helen looked up at me and said "The way I feel right this moment, I think I'd better pass on doing anything with you for a bit. But I'm **sure** that Sarah would enjoy having some time with you…" before easing herself from over the youngster.

The look of eager anticipation on Sarah's face when she saw me kneeling there with my erect cock waving in the air in time with my heartbeat made it clear that she'd not only heard what her mother had said, but agreed with it whole-heartedly. Spreading her legs a little farther, she lifted her arms in invitation before telling me "Yes, I *would*!"

I had to take a few moments to enjoy the sight before me: the delectable bundle of Sarah lying there exposed to my gaze. From the curly red hair framing her lovely face to the delightful orbs of her breasts to the shiny lips of her sex framing her opening, she was a treasure open to my view.

The first thing I do is lean forward so that I can give Sarah a kiss — on the tip of her nose, surprising her, before I tell her "I'm honored that you would be willing to share yourself with me. I can't make up for all you've lost, or for the way you were *used*. But I **can** try to give you some comfort, and show you that there ARE guys that can appreciate you for who you are, and treasure what you have to offer them — not just physically, but the rest of it, as well."

She looked into my eyes for several seconds, as if needing the reassurance of my sincerity. It was only after I could see that she was that I lowered my head to kiss her lips: starting softly and gently, then by matching her increasing affection, and finally by helping to fan the flames of her desires. Along the way, I got to sample the taste of her mothers juices; something that had me looking forward to being able to 'sample' both women. When our lips finally parted, she looked up at me again with something akin to awe before telling me "I thought I was just going to get the chance to really get off tonight. But what you said, and the way you started kissing me… I know that I'm going to get a lot more than that. And that just makes the physical part of it even better, somehow — knowing that you're here with me — us, I mean — because you *care*."

Having said that, she lifted her head in invitation for me to kiss her again. After our lips separated again, I branched out to apply myself to other parts of her. Not wanting to rush things, I started by gently touching my lips to her face: forehead, eyes, and the tip of her nose again, before moving on to her earlobes and the hollow of her throat. From the point of one shoulder to the other, with a delay to nibble on her slender neck, then slowly working my way down until I

was able to take the erect peak of one of her breasts between my lips.

With her hands in my hair to guide me, I applied myself to teasing and pleasing each of her alabaster globes until both were obviously at the peak (pardon the pun!) of arousal. She willingly released my head when I began kissing my way farther and farther down her body; she had no doubt about where I was headed next, and the look on her face made it plain that she was looking forward to my attentions.

As I got closer to my destination, my lips reaffirmed what my eyes and fingertips had already told me: that Sarah's mound was covered with a soft, thick forest that felt wonderful to run my lips through. Between her smooth, firm thighs I finally found the goal I sought: the darkened lips of her womanhood, glistening with the overflow of her oils. Where they came together at the top, the hood of her clitoris was pulled back to expose the small nubbin of her clitoris. After pausing for a few moments to enjoy the scenery, I extended my tongue and ran the tip of it from the bottom of her cleft to the top — collecting a healthy sample of her nectar before giving her waiting clit a small, gentle 'flip' and drawing a gasp of pleasure from her at the contact.

My next pass with my tongue delved a little deeper between her labia; the one after went deeper still. It wasn't long before my tongue and lips were in almost constant motion, accompanied by Sarah's moans of pleasure and increasing arousal.

The taste of her was light, sweet, and fresh; tempting as it was to stay and make a meal of her, the probing of my tongue at her opening had let me know that she was warm and wet and small inside — and I was *more* than ready to move things along.

After I'd slowly moved my way back over her, she didn't hesitate to pull my head down for a kiss — and getting a taste of herself in the process. As our tongues dueled in each others mouths, I shifted my hips slightly so that my erection was pressing against her mons. She responded by pressing herself up against it and slowly arching her back so that she was rubbing her clitoris and the opening to her vagina along the base of my penis. I wasn't surprised when, a minute or so later, she reached down between us to take me in her hand and slip the head of my cock between her labia and against her opening. When she was ready for me to enter her, she let our kiss end so that she could look up at me in expectation.

Ever the gentleman, I looked into her eyes as I began to ease my hips forward: as tight as I expected her to be, I didn't want to cause her any pain or discomfort in the process of burying my cock in her.

Realizing what I was trying to do, Sarah deliberately tried to relax herself to make it easy for me, too. She didn't give any indication of any difficulty at all as I tried to ease the head of my penis through the tight ring of her opening. In fact, her response was to simply try to press herself up in encouragement for me to continue — and then release a soft groan of pleasure once it happened.

It was at that point that I was surprised by the feeling of a *very* limber tongue being applied to the rest of my shaft; it took me a moment to realize that it could only be Helen, apparently trying to provide the lubrication that would make it easier for me to fully penetrate Sarah.

Not one to let the gesture or results go to waste, I began pressing forward again — Helens contribution making it possible for me to embed my erect penis in her daughter in a single long, slow thrust that ended with Sarah's russet pubic hair merged with the darker cloud of my own.

Though Sarah's eyes were closed, there was no mistaking the expression of delight on her face. Farther down, her vagina was wrapped around my entire length so tightly that I could almost feel her heartbeat through my penis. On top of that, she was easily as warm and wet around me —if not more so — as I'd thought she'd be. All in all, it was a **most** delightful beginning to our time together.

In addition to savoring the experience of being inside her, I also wanted to give Sarah the time and opportunity to get used to my presence; she and Helen had made it clear to me that Sarah didn't have all *that* much experience with guys, and I wanted to make sure that she didn't have any reason to be displeased with the time **I** spent with her. So I simply held myself still, waiting for the youngster to let me know that she was ready for us to continue. As I did, I heard and felt as Helen sat up on the bed so that her head was no longer between my and Sarah's legs. Looking first at the expression on her daughter's face, then to where we were joined, Helen softly told me "I could see that you were trying not to hurt her. But I knew that she'd like the way it felt if you could get all the way inside her the first try, too — so I did what I could to help make it happen. It was *so* sexy to watch when you did it; and I can SEE how much she liked it!"

A few moments later, Sarah opened her eyes and said "I'll bet it was sexy to watch — but not as sexy as it **felt**! Thanks, Mom; and you, too, Jim for taking your time, and being so gentle about it."

Helen leaned forward so she and Sarah could share a soft, loving kiss; then it was my turn. Except the kiss that Sarah and I had started affectionate, and quickly escalated to something on the far side of incendiary in a matter of just a few seconds. BOTH of us were panting when it ended. Sarah looked up at me for a few moments before telling me "It feels <u>really</u> good to have you inside me like that. But I'm ready for you to do more than just hold still — and I can *damn* sure tell that you're 'up' for a little activity, too!"

Her bawdy pun made all three of us laugh for a bit before I lowered my head to start kissing her again as I began to slowly withdraw my cock from the almost too-small confines of her womanhood.

When only a third of my penis was still inside her, I reversed direction and began pressing myself into her again. I wasn't quite as slow about it that time because of the ample coating of her oils that she'd left on me. My inward journey ended with a bit more of my cock inside her than the first time: I could feel the deepest part of her touching the very tip of my manhood. A moment later, I repeated the cycle a trifle faster. Then again, faster still. Over the course of the next couple of minutes, I began making love with her: slowly at first, then gradually increasing the speed and length of my strokes until I'd settled into a rhythm that clearly pleased her but without stimulating ME too much — I still had her mother to deal with, after all.

It didn't take me long to realize that the kid that had gotten her virginity *must* have been as good as she'd said: there couldn't be any doubt at all that she enjoyed the hell out of sex, rather than still trying to get over some bad initial experiences. I thought to myself that if he'd been as good with his brain as he was with his dick, he'd still have her.

That train of thought was quickly derailed, however, in favor of focusing my attention on Sarah — and more to the point, what we were doing.

As I looked down at her, I could see that Sarah was fully and completely into what we were doing; the expression on her face was one of pure, unadulterated joy and pleasure while she made an assortment of small, pleased noises. She would frequently look up at me, but I could tell that she wasn't really *seeing* me — she was simply too immersed in the sensations created by our union.

I knew that my wish to get Sarah off before I did was working just a few minutes later, when I felt her body begin to tense underneath me. Not only was she getting tighter around me, but her entire body was intermittently tensing up. It was infrequently, and just for a second or two at first; but as the seconds ticked by, the spasms not only lasted progressively longer and longer, but hit her more frequently, too. I wasn't surprised in the slightest when they finally merged into one **big** spasm that froze her in place for several seconds as she released a prolonged soft groan. Her vagina got even smaller around me as it happened, but I was able to continue thrusting myself in and out of her womanhood because of a dramatic increase in how wet she got inside.

With the passing of the first wave of her release, Sarah wrapped her arms around me and pulled me down on top of her as she arched her back, trying to get as much of my cock inside as she could. I managed to bury myself in her a fraction of an inch farther - which seemed to be enough, since her second spasm easily seemed to be the equal of the first. As it overtook her, she hugged me tightly enough that it wasn't easy for me to breathe; but the warm cushions of her breasts and the hard pebbles of her nipples easily made up for it.

When I could make my escape from her tight embrace, I resumed my pistoning in and out of her before lowering my head to begin sucking on the peak of one of her breasts. I feel it respond to my efforts by getting firmer between my lips, and its nipple erecting even farther before I switch my attentions to its mate.

Before her orgasm has finished, I've gotten both of Sarah's nipples glistening with my saliva and standing as tall and proud as I think they can. When she's aware of me again, Sarah looks up at me with a mix of appreciation and raw, unbridled *lust* before she manages to softly tell me "**Damn**, that was nice! And you're able to keep going, too!"

Beside me, I hear Helen say "She's got the same problem I do — when we climax, we get so small and wet inside that guys usually cum because of it. If you can keep that from happening, then I *know* I'm going to like having you do me, too!"

Hearing that, I figured I was going to like DOING her. But before then, I wanted to make sure and enjoy the experience of the lovely young Sarah — and do my best so that she enjoyed it, too.

It's only a few minutes before Sarah starts to go through the cycle of body-tension that she had on her way to her first orgasm. The second iteration of it seemed to be a 'condensed' version of the first, but with the same end result. Sarah didn't try to hug me after the second; I could feel her body starting to respond again even before she fully had her wits about her.

The third time, it took only a couple of minutes before Sarah was again tensing underneath me, and her climax hit her even faster and more powerfully than the previous times. She barely had time to catch her breath before the cycle began to repeat itself; by the end of it, I could tell that having had four progressively more powerful orgasms in such a short period of time had exhausted her. I gradually slowed, then stopped, my movement in her to look down at her and ask "Do you need or want to take a breather?"

Still panting, she stared up at me for a couple of seconds before answering "Yes, to both — I want, and *desperately* **need** a rest. I didn't think that last one was EVER going to end! And you weren't helping any by biting my earlobe while you were still fucking me, either!" — the playfully accusing tone of her voice telling me that she wasn't <u>really</u> upset with me, only tired.

Helens shared a deep and loving kiss with her daughter before she turned her head to tell me "She doesn't have all THAT much more stamina than I do, so if you can tire *her* out, I **know** that I'm in for the fucking of my life — and I can't wait for it!"

I took that as my cue to ease myself out of Sarah's intimate embrace and sit back on my heels. Helen looked first at where my erection was standing up between my thighs, then at the rest of me. Seeing the fine sheen of perspiration I'd developed, she told me "When we stop, I want it to be because either I wore out like she did, or you came — not because you got too tired. Lie down, and *I'll* get on top. At least, for as long as I can, judging from how you left Sarah feeling!"

I did as she instructed, but before she could move over me I told her "I expect it would be a little easier for you to get started if you'd let me get you a little 'warmed up' first…"

Helen looked pleased at my offer, and readily moved to straddle my head so that I had a MOST delightful view up the front of her body. Cupping the firm globes of her ass in my hands, I lifted my head and ran my tongue along the divide formed by her labia. She'd apparently enjoyed watching me and Sarah, because there was a ready supply of her juices for me to sample before the tip of my tongue reached her clitoris. She tilted her head back and moaned in response to my effort; with that kind of feedback from her, I was more than happy to repeat my actions again and again and again…

It couldn't have been but a minute or two before Helen was moaning almost constantly; I slid my hands upwards from her ass, so that my hands could slip under hers where they were squeezing her breasts and pulling and pinching her nipples.

With me providing the desired stimulation there, too, Helen leaned backwards, supporting herself with her arms. That tilted her pelvis enough that I could run my tongue from her perineum to her clit, stimulating her that much more. She was fairly *dripping* her nectar onto my tongue when she sat up again, telling me "Dear God, I didn't think a man *could* eat me as good as another woman,

but damned if you can't! But I don't want to cum that way; I want it to happen from a nice, hard COCK in me."

Having said that, she was visibly reluctant to lift herself off of me and move down to my waist and hips. Looking at where my now-only-mostly-erect cock was resting against my belly, she said "It looks like YOU could use a little 'warming up', yourself…" before leaning over enough to take my slightly Sarah-sticky penis in her mouth and both cleaning it and bringing me back to full erection. Once she was satisfied with her handiwork, she swung a leg across me so that she was straddling my hips.

I was momentarily surprised when I felt a hand wrap itself around my manhood — both of Helens were in plain view. Then I remembered Sarah, and looked down to see that she'd managed to roll over onto her side, and was holding me steady in preparation for her mother.

Helen must have known what the youngster was doing, because she leaned forward to put her hands on my chest to steady herself before lifting her hips. Sarah quickly got me positioned against Helens opening, and held me there as Helen started impaling herself on my manhood.

Once Helen had gotten me started inside her, Sarah released me and moved her hand away. As her mother settled lower and lower onto me, I heard Sarah softly comment "God, that is *so* sexy to watch!"

Helen must have heard her, because she replied "And it's damn sexy to **feel**, too, as you well know!" — drawing a soft, short laugh. Once she'd settled herself onto me completely, Helen announced to nobody in particular "Damn, this is nice. Toys are okay, but there's not substitute for a real, live MAN!"

After sitting up again — and getting another fraction of an inch of my cock inside as a result — Helen looked down at me and said "Give me a minute, will you? You're not any bigger than anything *we've* got, but it's somehow… different with you. I want to get used to it — and enjoy it."

I just smiled up at her and nodded, then eased my hands from her thighs up along her body to her breasts, so that I could cup them and softly tease her nipples with my thumbs. As I was keeping myself entertained that way, Helen simply sat there with her eyes closed. Perhaps a minute or so went by before she opened her eyes again, and started making a few tentative movements with her hips — apparently reacquainting herself with how to move when there was a real, live man beneath her.

She got the hang of it quickly enough, though, and it wasn't long before she started raising and lowering herself above me. She was nearly as tight inside as Sarah had been, as well as just as wet and warm. If I'd had to judge solely by the feeling of how they felt on my penis, I'd have had a damn hard time identifying which was which.

Helen seemed to like what I was doing with her breasts, and leaned forward again, supporting her torso by putting her hands on the bed — which left me with plenty of room to manhandle her

mammaries while she started bouncing herself up and down on my cock. In fact, I had enough space that I was able to lift my head far enough to begin sucking on her nipples; and when she let me know it was okay, gently biting and 'chewing' on them, too. When I started doing that, I could feel her getting even wetter inside as she became even more 'enthusiastic' about sliding herself on and off my pole.

Helens breasts were swaying slightly in sympathetic reaction to the motions of her hips and pelvis; but not so much that I couldn't keep her nipples between my lips, or change from one breast to the other. That gave me the freedom to use my hands to re-explore the rest of her amazing body.

After delighting in the feel of the rest of her body, my hands finally settled on squeezing and caressing her incredible ass. Each time she arched herself down onto my cock again, I could feel the muscles under my hands clenching under the warm smoothness of her skin. Helen had started her own version of the body-tensing thing that Sarah had demonstrated, and I knew that she was moving toward her first climax since she'd climbed on top of me. Remembering what she'd said about not 'pushing' them, and what I'd replied about not knowing what their limits were, I decided to do a little experimenting.

By reaching around her a little farther, I was able to slip the end of one of my fingers through the oils that overflowed from where we were joined. With it suitably lubricated, I them ran it up the crack of her ass — and particularly across her anus. The reaction I got from that little test was considerably different than anything I'd expected.

I'd *thought* that if Helen didn't like it, she'd simply tell me not to do it again; if she **did** like it, the most I anticipated was some small noise letting me know it was okay to continue.

What I got was a near-scream of "Ohgodyes!"

Getting THAT kind of response from her, I didn't delay in repeating what I'd just done — with the addition of pressing a little harder against her rectum. She let me know, rather enthusiastically, that she welcomed my second effort, as well. That was all I needed, and I began transferring as much of her lubrication as I could to the pucker of her anus and carefully applying it not only to the outside surfaces, but working it into her opening as well.

While I was engaged in that little task, Helens passion and arousal steadily increased along with the frequency and intensity of the spasms coursing through her. An idea came into my mind, and I quickly went about preparing to put it into action.

So I was completely ready when Helens body finally froze over me as her body tensed with the start of her climax. After the first wave of release washed through her and her body relaxed slightly, I quickly slid my well-wetted middle finger through her back opening and tried to bury it in her as far as I could.

Her reaction was immediate, and extreme: she threw her head back, the tendons of her neck standing out like steel cables in a (thankfully) silent scream of pleasure while her entire body

froze in place. That included the muscles of her vagina, which suddenly tightened her so much that I was almost afraid they would force my erect cock out of the warm confines of her womanhood.

She stayed like that for several long seconds before she went through a series of intense spasms that were duplicated around my erection. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever been privileged to witness and experience up until then; and I've never been involved in anything quite like it since.

When it was over, Helen nearly collapsed on top of me; and when I carefully extracted my finger from her nether regions, her body spasmed yet again in response.

I wrapped my arms around her and held her limp form as she panted into my chest. Down toward my feet, I heard Sarah solemnly announce "I've **never** seen Mother cum that hard! I could see that she liked it, and everything; and I could hear what she said when you started touching her… there, but I didn't think anything like *that* would happen to her!"

Directing my voice in the general direction of Sarah, I answered "Honestly, I didn't either. I mean, hell, I was surprised when she reacted the way she did when I just touched her there the first time. Do you think she's going to be okay?"

I heard Sarah's soft laugh before she replied "Oh, yeah, I think so, even though that was the hardest I've ever seen her cum. Usually, after she has a really good one, it takes her a while to recover, though. I think it's going to be even longer after *that*! Why? Are you uncomfortable, or is she too heavy or something?"

"No, I'm not uncomfortable, and she's certainly not too heavy. Matter of fact, it's kind of nice just holding her like this. I just wanted to make sure that everything is going to be all right."

Just then, Helen managed to whisper "Damn you, Jim! Yes, I'll be okay — *after* my heart quits beating like a jackhammer and my muscles stop feeling like they're made out of rubber bands. There I was having a **very** nice orgasm, thank you very much, when you went and stuck your damn finger up my ass and tried to kill me with a climax!"

I heard Sarah's soft snicker as I gently hugged Helen before telling her "I really wasn't trying to kill you — honest. You just seemed to like what I was doing, so I figured you might like that, too."

"No, I know you weren't trying to kill me, dear Jim. And I'm really not upset with you about it — ANY of it. Yes, I *did* like it, as you say. It's just that I've always been sensitive there; even more so when I'm with someone, and what you did caught me by surprise. It felt damn good, but it was a surprise, none the less. You're being a perfect *dear* to hold me like this, and be worried about me and that you'd somehow done something wrong — you most **certainly** didn't. But I have to warn you that it's going to be a little bit before I'm ready to have another try with you!"

I knew that Helen heard Sarah's soft laugh when she told her daughter "Go ahead and laugh if you want to — but I'll bet that he could make YOU feel something like that, too, if he wanted

to!"

When I saw Sarah sit up, the expression on her face was a mixture of amusement and anticipation as she asked "Mother, is there anything I can get you? Or you, Jim? Something to drink, or eat?"

I could hear the humor in Helen's voice as she answered "I think I need about a pound of steak to get my energy back, and a gallon of some kind of sports drink would be good. But I'll settle for a soda or two and some snacks if Jim will help hold me up."

I softly stroked Helens back and told her "I'd be *glad* to" before letting Sarah know that something to drink would be appreciated. I watched as Sarah climbed off the bed on her mission of mercy; Helen felt the movement on the bed as her daughter left, and began to get up — only to realize that my erection was still buried in her.

Lifting her head to look into my face, she demanded "Christ, you're still hard? Even after *that*?"

I gave her a small kiss on the lips before answering "Obviously, I am", prompting her to stick her tongue out at me before carefully lifting her hips to separate us. With only a little help from me, she was able to sit on the bed long enough for me to get myself situated so that I was resting against the headboard before moving to sit on my lap with her back resting against my chest. When Sarah came in with some drinks, she saw that my penis was still erect enough to lie along her mothers cleft — causing her eyes to widen in amazement.

Sarah's eyes stayed locked on my penis except for the few moments it took her to set the drinks on the night stand and tell us "I'll be back in a minute with the rest…"

When she returned, I'd softened a little — but was still fairly close to fully erect. Helen saw where she was looking, and told her "Yes, the son of a bitch is still damn near hard", the tone of her voice telling me that she meant the comment on my parentage as a joke, before she added "He **was** still as hard as I could have wanted until we got switched around like this. I don't know how he does it; I'm just glad he *can*."

Sarah set a couple more sodas on the night stand, then handed Helen and I each a warm pocket sandwich. I took a bite, and was surprised to discover that it was actually a fairly tasty barbecue beef.

Helen leaned back against me, and I put my arm around her as the two of us got a little of our energy back; Sarah helped by handing each of us our soda when we indicated we were thirsty.

I was a little surprised when Helen asked me "Jim, I notice that you aren't wearing a wedding ring. You're **obviously** not gay" — causing all of us to laugh for a moment — "and I somehow get the feeling that you wouldn't be here if there was a woman in your life. Would you mind telling me how it is that someone as good with a woman as you doesn't have a wife — or at least, a girlfriend?"

Nothing for me to do, then, but try to explain to them that the girlfriends I got invariably ended

up getting upset with me because I was perfectly happy just driving a cab, and not interested in "making more of myself". It was Sarah that commented that I seemed fairly intelligent, and from there it was a brief period of question-and-answer as I explained to them how I'd dropped out of college, and why. Both had a little trouble understanding it (Helen more so than Sarah), until I explained it by telling them "Look, it's actually pretty easy to understand. If I'd stayed in school and gotten my degree, I'd be just ONE of a bunch of kids with philosophy degrees. I'd have had to continue on to a a Masters, or even Doctorate, to even *begin* to stand out from the crowd. Except that I realized that my interest — passion, even — for **philosophy** in the classical sense didn't jibe with what philosophy had become. Facing that, I knew that I wouldn't be happen doing it as a career; so that left me to decide what I DID want to do. Keep in mind that I fully knew that whatever it was, I knew that I'd be doing it for long time — I mean, it would be a career, right? So I looked around at what kinds of jobs an almost-college-graduate could get, and tried some of them. The one that I like most, because it let me *apply* what I'd learned as a philosopher, was driving a cab. I could have been mediocre to good at anything else, but I KNEW that I could be a damn good cabbie, so that's what I went with. And I'll point out that it was you, Helen, that told me that I provided — and I quote — 'excellent driving and service'."

Helen pulled my arm from around her waist, but only long enough to get up and turn around on my lap so she could look at me before asking "Okay, I guess I can understand that part of it. I mean, you are **easily** the best cab driver I've ever ridden with. But how in the world do you get to *apply* philosophy, as you describe it?"

I smiled at her, and answered "I drive people around. A LOT of people. All KINDS of people. And like pretty much everyone, sometimes these people have problems. Cabbies, we're kind of like a bartender or barber or any other profession that provides an individualized service to people: our customers or clients *talk* to us. Sometimes, it's just about trivial stuff like they've got to mow the lawn that weekend and that kind of thing. But there are also times when people will talk to us about stuff that really bothers them, too: a cheating spouse, or knowing about a co-worker that's stealing from their employer, or some other problem that's tying them up in knots. When that happens, I've usually got enough leeway and rapport with the person that I can ask a few questions. I make it sound like I'm trying to understand the problem from their perspective, but what I'm trying to get THEM to do is shift their view or focus — even a little bit. If I can do that, and I can tell if it's working by how they answer my questions, then I can turn around and maybe ask THEM a couple of questions to get them started on finding an answer to their problem that works for *them*. It doesn't always work, of course, and I don't always get to learn the results. But I *do* hear back often enough that I know it works, and that I AM able to help folks. So, as a cabbie, I'm able to take what I've learned about philosophy and actually **use** it to help real people solve real problems in the real world."

Both of them sat there, just blinking at me for a few seconds, before Helen said "I'll be damned. I couldn't understand how a college dropout could actually be doing anything to HELP people; but damned if I don't think that you do! You seemed fairly intelligent to me, but I can see now that I wasn't giving you the credit you deserve. And I *think* that I can understand how and why you

would be happy driving cabs, now. I'll bet that you don't get tips like the one I gave you tonight very often; but I'd be willing to bet that you get enough LIKE it to be fairly comfortable — particularly if your tastes aren't expensive."

I smiled and shook my head before replying "No, my tastes are pretty simple, actually. I'm fine with a good beer instead of expensive scotch. I don't feel like I have to have the latest gadgets or gizmos advertised on TV, and I shop for quality instead of brand name or fashionability. And so you don't have to ask, I'm also able to take care of my future, too; I've made some investments, and got some nice savings built up."

I was surprised, then, at the question that Sarah asked me: "What do you think about what Mom told you? About our money, and friends, and all that? And about maybe meeting someone that cares about US, and not our bank accounts?"

Both of them were watching me closely as I thought about it, and were paying close attention when I said "I'm not sure why you figure it has to be an all or nothing deal, as far as the money is concerned. Couldn't you work it as something like a trust, where you get a fixed amount every so often? And from what you said, it sounded like both of you have a lot of free time; is there any reason you can't find something else to do with your time, like working or volunteering someplace so that you come across more real folks, instead of rich people; and get to meet regular guys?" Looking at Helen, I said "I'll bet when you met your husband, he wasn't doing the same job that he was when he died — I mean, didn't he have to pretty much work his way up, too?"

She nodded, and I continued "There you go, then. If you're worried about the money, take it out of the equation: fix things so that even if you DO happen across a leech, he can't take you for *everything*. If you're not happy with the men you're meeting, then get out to where there're more and different guys. If you've got a problem and an answer that don't match up, then you can either change the answer or change the problem."

Again, both of them simply sat there for several seconds before Helen uttered a soft "Damn", followed a few seconds later with a slightly louder "Well, *crap*."

Looking at me intently, Helen told me "Damn, you **are** smart. I've been beating my head against the wall for months trying to figure out how to keep the gold-diggers away from all of our money, and you come up with answers to the problems I was having in just a couple of minutes! Changing the money or guy situation either one would have given me a way out, but you found solutions to BOTH problems — and a third one that I hadn't even *recognized* yet. You're right; Sarah and I DO spend most of our days just killing time and looking for things to do. She wants go on to college, but she doesn't have any idea of what she wants to do, or what she's interested in."

"Why does she have to?" I asked. "The way I figure it, college is to give a young person exposure to a broader variety of subjects; then once they found something that sparks their interest, they could narrow their focus on that particular field. Let her go to college and start

taking all the general education classes that aren't taught in high school. Maybe she'll hit on her life's passion in one of them. Remember, there's a lot of stuff available at college that they can't even TOUCH on in high school: sociology, philosophy, mathematics, psychology, accounting, finance, the sciences, history, languages, technology — all *kinds* of things. If nothing else, she comes out the other side with a pretty good general education, a degree, and more maturity and discipline. At best, she graduates with a whole career ahead of her."

Behind Helen, I could see that Sarah welcomed my input on the matter. I didn't figure the cost of a college education was the problem for them, so it must have been Sarah's uncertainty about what she wanted to do with her life; and I'd just made a fairly reasonable case to her mother why she SHOULD be allowed to go.

Teasingly, Helen asked me "Has she been after you to convince me to let her go? If so, you've done a fine job of making a case for it!" with a smile at the end.

I just smiled in return and answered "No, she hasn't. Maybe you just needed to hear it from someone else, too."

"Well, whatever else, we all aren't here to talk philosophy or higher education or anything like that. We're here for a MUCH more serious purpose: getting laid! I don't think I'm *quite* ready to try you again, though." Turning her head, she asked a grinning Sarah "Perhaps you'd like to be with him?"

Sarah enthusiastically nodded before saying "I think I can figure out something to keep him occupied while you get yourself together" — and then laughed when Helen said "I thought you might."

So it was that the delectable bundle of Sarah and I were engaged in a rather pleasant and stimulating session of '69' to get each other going again, while Helen looked on.

Once she had me hard again, Sarah said that as nice as it was to have me over her the first time, she'd like to do things a little differently; I readily agreed. Me behind her for 'doggy' style saw her through one climax, then we changed over to lying on our sides with me behind her for her second. It wasn't that I was particularly 'long-winded' with either of them; rather, that both of them orgasmed so damn *easily*.

Her on her back with me sitting between her legs got her through orgasms three and four; I was on my back with her enthusiastically impaling herself on my manhood when Helen decided that she was ready again — and let me know that fact by moving to straddle my face; something I didn't mind in the **slightest**.

Helen had positioned herself so that she was facing Sarah, who in turn was facing *her*. I felt both of them lean forward, and could only guess (but an educated one, I think) that they were kissing and/or molesting each other. A few moments later, that guess proved correct when I felt Helens slightly larger hand between Sarah's thighs, teasing her clitoris. Sarah's hands may well have been on her mothers breasts; all I know for certain is that nothing got in the way of my lips and

mouth and tongue plundering the treasures between Helens firm silken thighs.

I soon had Helens clit exposed to my negligible mercies, and her labia warm and slick with her tasty nectar. I made a concerted effort to see if I could lick her tonsils from where I was; I couldn't, but the effort earned me a surfeit of her oils when she climaxed. She orgasmed again after I'd sucked on, and gently 'chewed', her labia before fluttering my tongue across her clitoris; the resulting mini-flood of her essence delighted my tastebuds.

While I was busy pleasuring her mother, Sarah had been busy pleasuring herself by bouncing her way through another orgasm — and was slowly approaching another; her progress was slowed not by her lack of responsiveness, but by the limits of her stamina: she was simply getting too tired to keep moving over me as quickly as she obviously wanted to. Lifting herself off my face, Helen then turned to give me a kiss and say "Finish her, then there's something I want you to do for me…"

I nodded my understanding before reaching out to Sarah's hips and getting her to stop her movements. When she looked down at me, I simply told her "You can stay there if you want, and I can take over."

Her face shiny with perspiration, she nodded her agreement before leaning forward and putting her hands on my chest to support her body. Arching my back, I was easily able to begin thrusting up into her. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before she started the cycle that I knew would lead to her release.

I was finally starting to feel the sensations that I knew would end with my own climax when Sarah's orgasm overwhelmed her. Remembering that Helen had said there was something she wanted me to do for her (I doubted that it involved washing and waxing their car), I managed to stave off my own climax — despite the not inconsiderable stimulation that Sarah provided.

With the end of her orgasm, Sarah managed a controlled collapse on top of me; in the process of getting my arms around her and the two of us comfortable, I contrived to slide my hard cock from the too-stimulating clutches of her womanhood.

I carefully rolled us over so that we were laying on our sides and began caressing her side and back as both of us caught our breath. When she was able to speak again, Sarah looked deep into my eyes and with a note of awe in her voice quietly told me "That was fucking *incredible*. Why in gods name would people do drugs when there's sex?"

Off to the side, I heard Helen's soft laughter before she told her daughter "See? I **told** you he could do it to you, too!"

We stayed like that for a few minutes longer before Helen asked "Dear, there's something I want him to do for me — if you don't need him?"

Sarah softly laughed before answering "Oh, I *need* him, all right — so he can keep me feeling like this for, oh… the rest of my life? But I know what you mean, and no, I don't need him just now."

Having said that, Sarah moved her arms from where she'd been holding me, allowing me to sit up. I looked over at Helen expectantly, and she answered my unspoken question by telling me "There's something I've been tempted to do several times before, but never had the desire and opportunity at the same time — until tonight. I wanted someone that I knew I could trust to do it *right*; my first choice would have been Tom, but either he wasn't around when I was willing and able, or we were too busy with other things. Now, tonight, you've not only shown me that you're someone to be trusted, but you've also reawakened the desire."

Seeing the confusion on my face, she told me "I want you to have sex with me — in my ass."

I heard Sarah's gasp of surprise, and Helen must have seen how much of a shock it was to me, too, because she said "I already told you that I get sensitive… there… when I'm having sex. You told us that you wouldn't 'push' things while you were with us; and you haven't. When you first started touching me there, you were thoughtful enough to use some of my… wetness to make sure you didn't cause me any discomfort. And you were slow about doing it so that I could let you know whether or not it was okay with me; I expect you know that it was!" — the last part with a small, nervous laugh before she continued "In fact, you were SO gentle and considerate about it that you actually made it even **better** for me when you did what you did while I was having my climax. *That* got me thinking about trying anal sex again — and particularly with YOU. I rather suspect that I'll like it, all things considered, if it's done right; and I think that if there's anyone I can trust to do it right, it's you. So assuming that the idea of anal sex doesn't push one of YOUR limits — would you?"

It took me only a few moments to make my decision: she wanted me to, and I was certainly willing enough, so there wasn't anything for me to say to her except "I'm not going to insult you by asking if you're sure — you wouldn't have said anything if you weren't — so yes, I'll do it. I'm honored that you would trust me enough to ask, and I'll do my best to do it 'right', as you say."

A look of relief flashed across Helens face before she turned her head slightly to tell Sarah "Dear, I know it's maybe a surprise to you to hear that I'd think of something like that, but I really have wanted to try it before. I don't want you to think that I want to keep you out of this, either: I'm *certainly* going to want your help! As much as I want to do this, I'm still nervous as hell about it; and you know **just** how to help me relax so that it's as easy as possible for me."

Sarah solemnly nodded her understanding and agreement before asking "So… what can I do?"

"First, you can stop looking so damn serious! Honestly, dear, I really **do** want to do this — here, and now, and with Jim. God! I can feel myself getting so wet, just THINKING about it! Then, if you would, you could get the lube from your suitcase; I expect that we're going to need it, don't you?"

The question at the end was what brought a smile to Sarah's face before she answered "Yeah, I expect you will!" before getting up and leaving to do as her mother had asked.

Helen turned to look back at me, and saw that I was sitting there patiently. After she raised an eyebrow, I answered the implied question by telling her "I'm not going to force this, or push for it

to happen. In fact, I'm perfectly willing to stop and call the whole thing off any time — but the call whether or not to do that is *entirely* up to you, and for whatever reason YOU choose: whether because you think it'll be too messy, it gets too painful, you change you mind, **whatever**. Even if you want us to stop after things get going, I'll do as you ask. If you're not *one hundred percent* sure, at any time, then it stops, as far as I'm concerned."

I could see her visibly relax at hearing that, and told her "I already told you that I don't 'push'. And I most *definitely* don't willingly hurt people. You said that you trust me, and I'm letting you know that you're right to."

A moment later, Sarah reappeared with a tube of something in one hand, and what looked like a couple of different-sized towels in the other; she showed me the brand, and I recognized it as one of the water-soluble types. That little bit of information started a little movie going in mind, visualizing the two of them playing with the 'toys' they'd mentioned. The movie was cut short when Sarah handed it to her mother, who then told me "I'm going to presume that you've done this before — had anal sex. With a woman, I mean."

I couldn't help grinning before I answered "As a matter of fact, I have. With women."

Helen was blushing slightly as she said "Well, I'd welcome any suggestions or advice you might be willing to share. How should we do this?"

Looking into her eyes, my first response was "However is easiest and most comfortable for you."

I followed that up by saying "You said that Sarah knows just how to relax you so that it's easier for you, didn't you?"

Helen nodded, and I went on "Then my first thought is to get that stuff on me. Then Sarah can get you 'relaxed', and when you're ready, I'll use it on you and we can give it a try."

From the expression on Helen's face, I knew that she understood that the bit about me using the lube on her was to give her plenty of time to change her mind, if she wanted to. But to my surprise, she got a look of resolve and anticipation before answering "That sounds just fine, Jim; that's what we'll do." Then turning to Sarah, she asked "Do you want to do the honors, dear?" while offering the tube back.

Sarah considered it for a moment, and then answered "No, Mother, you go ahead. I'm glad to *help* in whatever way I can; but I don't want to take anything away from what should be **your** experience."

Helen smiled, and gently caressed Sarah's face before whispering "Of course, dear. Thank you."

That settled, I moved over to where Helen was; she looked into my face for a few moments before uncapping the lube and squeezing a generous amount into the palm of her hand, saying "This is NOT the time to be stingy with this stuff, is it?", and laughing when I answered "I think not."

A trifle nervous at first, Helen was soon enjoying the experience of getting my erect penis

thoroughly coated; once she was satisfied, she picked up the smaller of the two towels Sarah had brought and wiped the surplus from her hand.

What could have been an awkward moment turned into something far more loving when Sarah leaned forward to kiss her mother. That kiss started with obvious love and affection, but ended with no small amount of passion and desire. Another kiss followed that soon had them caressing each others breasts as their tongues danced in each other's mouths. As a third kiss progressed, Helen gently guided Sarah onto her back. When the kiss ended, Helen went about reversing her position, then slowly kissed and sucked her way down her daughters body while Sarah returned the favor. It wasn't long before they were in a '69' position, just as they'd been before — and doing much the same things. It wasn't long before the scent of aroused female waxed strong again, and even less time passed before I heard Helens cry of pleasure and release.

That was the cue for me to move behind her, and after applying a goodly amount of the gel to my fingers, begin applying it to her anus and working it into her opening. Helen moaned in increasing arousal as I proceeded; but it wasn't until I'd refreshed the supply of lube a couple of times that I was satisfied that we could begin.

After cleaning my hand of the excess gel, I gently put my hands on Helens ass and carefully spread her cheeks before moving to rest my penis against her pucker. I paused then, waiting for her to let me know what she wanted me to do. She made her choice known by pressing herself back against me.

The angle was a bit 'off', and the head of my cock slid away. Helen seemed to realize what the problem was, and arched her back slightly to compensate. For my part, I released my hold on one of her ass cheeks to hold my erection steady after getting it repositioned. Again, I waited for Helen to push back against me slightly before trying to press myself into her.

I knew that she was nervous, and slowly increased the pressure I applied to her rectum so that she'd know I wasn't going to 'force' the issue. I felt her begin to calm down, and then deliberately try to relax herself in response. Below us, I knew that Sarah was watching us — I could feel her warm breath on my balls, and her hair softly tickling the insides of my thighs.

As snug as Helen's vagina had been, her anus was even tighter; I was starting to think that it simply *couldn't* happen when she suddenly rocked backwards hard and far enough that I popped into her — accompanied by a deep, loud groan.

Immediately, Sarah reached up to grab my hips, ready to try and force me back; her grip on me relaxed only when we heard Helen's throaty, but obviously pleased, "Holy Christ!"

I heard a still-concerned Sarah ask "Are you okay, Mother? Do you want him back out?"

I could hear the mixture of amusement and arousal in Helen's voice when she answered "Yes, I'm fine, dear; and for God's sake, don't pull out, Jim! I wanted this SO badly, and I was afraid that it was *never* going to happen. Now that it has, it feels **so** much better than I thought it would! I just need a minute to get *used* to it, is all; it feels like someone stuck a telephone pole up my ass!",

followed by a short, soft laugh.

Satisfied that her mother wasn't in any pain — and apparently quite the contrary, in fact — Sarah released her hold on my hips. I heard her softly apologize "I'm sorry if I… bothered you, Jim."

I quickly assured her I understood, then Helen asked what had happened. Sarah hesitantly explained what she'd done, followed by my reassurance that not only wasn't I wasn't bothered or offended, I lauded Sarah for her willingness to try and protect Helen.

Understanding the what and why, Helen didn't hesitate to let Sarah know that she hadn't done anything wrong; just the opposite, actually. That seemed to give Sarah permission to tell us "Well, I just wanted to be *sure*. I mean, watching it from here, it was absolutely **amazing**. I mean, I didn't think he was going to be able to get it in you without like, ripping you open, or something."

Again, I could hear the amusement in Helens voice as she answered "That thought crossed *my* mind, too! I'm happy to say, though, that it wasn't necessary. As a matter of fact, I think I'm ready to go on if you are, Jim."

I knew that both of them could hear the humor in my voice when I replied "I think I can manage that…" before getting both hands on Helens hips.

Holding her steady, I began easing my way farther and farther into Helen's incredibly tight ass — greatly assisted by the lubrication that both of us had been so generous with.

It likely took a couple of minutes before I was fully embedded in Helen's sphincter, my pubic hair wedged into the crack of her ass. When it happened, I heard Sarah's soft gasp, accompanied by a deep groan from Helen. I quietly told Helen "That's about it. We *might* get a little more in once you're ready for me to start being active, though."

"Jesus! This is MORE than enough, thank you very much! Damn, and I thought your *finger* felt big…"

I couldn't help grinning as I told her "Well, I suppose I can just wait here, then, until you're ready."

In return, I somehow knew that Helen was amused, too, when she answered "Thank you, I appreciate your patience and forebearance. The rest of it was pretty easy, so I don't think you'll have to wait *too* long…"

True to her expressed desire to help without getting in the way, Sarah started her contribution just then by starting to apply her considerable oral talents to her mother's mons — and teasing my balls a little in the process.

I did my own part toward helping Helen by leaning forward enough that I could begin stroking and caressing her body, just as I'd done earlier. Between Sarah and I, it didn't take long at *all* before I felt Helen begin a slow rocking motion as she tentatively slid the tight ring of her anus on my manhood. It took even less time for her to decide that she liked the sensation, and start

expanding the range of her motions until she had nearly half my cock sliding in and out of her ass.

What she was doing felt pretty damn good, but there wasn't any chance that I was going to cum any time soon, either, so I was perfectly content to let her move along at whatever pace she was comfortable with. I didn't have the slightest doubt that with the added stimulation that Sarah was providing, it wasn't going to be long before Helen would be ready for me to become more 'active'.

As I'd expected, the combination of having me in her ass and Sarah between her thighs soon had Helen frozen in the throes of an orgasm. And also as anticipated, Helens sphincter clamped down on me *far* more tightly than her vagina had. It was going to be a bit of a challenge, finding something that would leave **both** of us feeling pleased.

As Helens orgasm tapered off, I started moving in her. That let her hold still, making it easier for Sarah to pleasure her mother — and if she wanted, for Helen to do the same for Sarah. Sarah demonstrated her appreciation by tilting her head back every so often so she could lick my balls as they swung forward; it was a gesture that I truly appreciated.

It took only a little experimentation for me to find a stroke and tempo that satisfied both Helen and me — long strokes or short ones, fast or slow, she seemed agreeable to damn near anything, as long as it involved my cock sliding in and out of her ass! Between the sound and scent of what Helen and Sarah were doing to and with each other, Sarah's attentions to my balls, and how close I'd been to unloading myself into Sarah not so very long ago, it didn't take long for me to get that old familiar feeling once again. The only challenge left to me, really, was that of timing: when I **did** cum, I wanted it to be with Helen, figuring that way BOTH of us would enjoy it more.

I didn't have to 'pace' myself very long before Helen started her second orgasm since I'd gotten my cock buried in her ass; between the time she spent recovering from it and getting started toward another, I had ample opportunity to get the timing lined up for what I had in mind.

As Helen started moving toward another climax, I was doing my part to stimulate her — and myself. The sensations she created around my manhood as it seesawed through her sphincter was moving me toward my own release, even as I was moving her closer and closer to her orgasm. The two of us kept feeding off of each others arousal as Sarah's attentions to both of us accelerated the process. Things reached the point where I knew that Helen was about to climax; for myself, I was feeling the stirring in my balls that signaled my own imminent release.

It was when Helen froze in place again with the start of her orgasm that I let myself go, all but slamming my hard cock as far into her as I could in time with the contractions that clenched her anus around me.

The reaction from her was almost identical to the one I'd caused by slipping my finger into her ass earlier — but with the addition of a high-pitched keening sound. And that sound only intensified when she felt me finally emptying myself into her, jetting spray after spray of my jism into her bowels as the rosette of her anus repeatedly clenched around the very base of my

manhood.

Helen remained all but motionless for the first few eruptions of my penis before her head dropped; she managed to take a deep, shuddering breath and press herself back against me before lifting her head and freezing in place again. I'd nearly finished emptying myself into her when she relaxed long enough to lower her head again and take another gasping breath before the onset of the next wave of her release overwhelmed her. Once that one was over, the force of the ones that followed seemed to taper off rather quickly; it wasn't until later that I realized that if she'd had the strength and energy, her last orgasm would likely have lasted much, *much* longer.

Even so, I'd completely emptied my balls in her and even gotten MY breathing back to normal when I felt her body begin trembling. It took me only a second to realize what was happening and tell Sarah "Sarah, you'd better get out from underneath her, **now**. I think she's about to go down."

It took Sarah only a moment to realize that her mother must be going through an even more powerful response than before at what I'd done, and she quickly managed to eel herself out from underneath us. It was a good thing she did, too, because it was all I could do to control Helen's collapse onto the bed so that she didn't hurt herself — or me, since her anus had a near-deathgrip on my penis, and I found it prudent to keep up with her.

Once both of us were on the bed, Sarah quickly helped me get her mother and me rearranged so that we could be at least *semi* comfortable while we waited for Helen to recover.

Helen's sphincter gradually relaxed to the point where I could consider rescuing myself; I let Sarah know what I was going to do and what I thought would happen, and she got ready with the larger of the two towels she'd brought. Arching my hips back, I managed to ease myself out of Helen's ass — and as I figured, making it possible for my cum to start oozing out. Sarah quickly got the towel positioned on the bed, and then helped me get the almost catatonic Helen rolled over onto her back.

I told Sarah "I'd like to wipe myself up a bit; would you stay here and hold her until I get back?"

Sarah answered "You go ahead and stay there; I'll go get you a damp washcloth…"

She wasn't gone long, and when she got back onto the bed with us, I reached out for the slightly steaming cloth she had in her hand. With a small shake of her head, she told me "No, you just hold her — I'll clean you up."

Putting my arm back around Helen, I twisted my body slightly so that Sarah would have easier access to my equipment. After she'd gently, but thoroughly, wiped me off, I thanked her. She just gave me a look and said "You don't have to thank me. What I just did for you is **nothing** compared to what you did for Mother. I… I'm kind of glad, now, that I didn't ask you to do anything that would have left ME like that, though."

The two of us looked at each other for several seconds before we heard Helen croak "You SHOULD be glad."

Of course, both of us immediately tried to find out if there was anything we could do for her; after only minor confusion, Helen finally managed to let Sarah know that she *desperately* needed something to drink. Sarah left to do as asked, and quickly reappeared with a large cup of something with a straw sticking out of it. I managed to lift Helens upper body far enough that Sarah was able to bend the straw so that her mother could drink. Both of us waited as patiently as we could until Helen indicated she was done — at least, for the moment.

When her head was resting on a pillow I'd gotten under it, Helen looked at both of us; me first, then Sarah, who she told "Thank you, dear. That was absolutely the most *incredible* orgasm I've ever had — and I truly hope I never have another one like it."

Seeing concern on Sarah's face, Helen said "No, don't be worried or anything, darling. I wouldn't have passed that experience up for the **world**. I'm glad I did it… really. I just don't think that it's anything that I'd want to do <u>again</u>, is all. I don't think I could stand it!"

She gestured that she was ready to drink again, and when Sarah had brought the cup close enough, Helen was able to raise up enough to drink on her own. That done, she turned to me again and said "And I DO hope you aren't experiencing any regrets about it, either, Jim. You did just *exactly* what I wanted you to, and the way I wanted you to do it. You were patient and gentle and caring at the beginning, when I needed you to be. Then once I was… comfortable with it, you were as 'enthusiastic' as I could have wanted. I think **both** of us knew that if it worked out, I was going to have an even stronger reaction than when you just put your finger in me — and damned if that isn't EXACTLY what happened. I just told Sarah that I wouldn't have passed up the experience, and I meant it: I don't have even the *slightest* regret, except for possibly causing either of you any worry or concern."

I looked at Sarah, and she understood that being Helens daughter and family, I wanted her to speak first. She hesitated only a moment before saying "I wasn't *worried* about what happened, exactly; it was more that I was surprised by how HARD it hit you, is all. I could tell that Jim wasn't hurting you, or anything, and that you were REALLY enjoying it — a **lot**. Like I said, I was just surprised at how MUCH!"

Reassured that Sarah was okay with what had happened, Helen turned to me so I could tell her "Yeah, I figured it could be more. And I've got to confess that I wasn't afraid to try and MAKE it more, too. But I guess if you're okay with it all, then there's nothing for me to say about it, really."

Helen looked a little surprised to hear that I'd actually *tried* to make her orgasm stronger, but easily accepted the rest of what I had to say before extending her arm and gesturing that she wanted Sarah to snuggle up with her, too — something she did quickly and happily.

When Sarah and I were both on our sides and each had an arm draped across Helen, she got a look of pleasure and contentment on her face before she told us "If you two don't mind, I think I'd just like to lie here for a bit and get my strength back." She looked at me first and said "After the way you've made us feel tonight — particularly me! — I think we girls could use a little

freshening up and cleaning. I think BOTH of us got much more from our time with you tonight than we had any reason to expect, or even hope for; and I know that *I* want to give you a proper 'thank you' and sendoff." Then she told Sarah "I expect that Jim would still like to go home and get at least *some* rest after all he's done for us tonight. If you're willing to wait for me, I'm fairly certain that all three of us will fit in the shower. God knows, I'm going to want someone in there with me to make sure I don't drown!"

Sarah and I both laughed at that last part before she happily nodded her head.

I'm not sure how long the three of us just lay there; I know that I was fairly content to simply be there with them, holding Helen close. But the time finally came when I heard Helen say "I think if I stay here and 'rest' any more, I'm going to fall asleep — and I don't want that to happen, just yet. Are you two ready to make sure I stay safe by joining me in a quick shower?"

Naturally, both of us were, and Sarah and I each held one of Helens hands as we made our way into the bathroom. I got to hold Helen while Sarah got the water started and the temperature adjusted; then it was all three of us under the spray. We **may** have been a *trifle* crowded, but I don't think any of us really noticed, or cared, for that matter. Each of us got an extremely thorough cleaning by the other two; when I was helping take care of Helen, I couldn't resist running a fingertip across her anus a couple of times. Both times, she shuddered in pleasure, then told me after the second one "Damn it, Jim, if you don't stop doing that, I swear you'll make me cum again — and I'm *already* too damn weak!" — the tone of her voice letting me know that she was teasing me back, rather than being upset with me. Sarah, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind in the slightest when I did it to her.

Once we'd rinsed off and gotten dry, the two of them teamed up to 'help' me get dressed again. I hadn't been groped that much since the time I accidentally wandered into a gay nightclub.

When I was finally ready to head home, Sarah moved in front of me and pulled my head down for a kiss; to my surprise, it was (mostly) chaste, and affectionate. Looking into my face afterwards, she told me "Thank you, Jim. Not just for what you did WITH me, but for what you did FOR me, too."

Then it was Helen's turn, and her kiss was as chaste and loving as Sarahs had been before she quietly told me "I want to thank you, too. Not just for what you did for us with your body, though that was *incredible*, but what you did for our hearts, and even minds. You did more for us than we had any right to expect, or hope for. I doubt that we'll ever see each other again, but I want you to know that **neither** of us is ever likely to forget you, or tonight."

With that, Sarah moved close again, and both of them gave me a hug; after I hugged them back, I each of them graced me with a kiss to the cheek before letting me leave.

Once back in my apartment, my cat Demosthenes complained about supper being late; once I'd quieted his demands, I undressed and headed straight for bed: it HAD been a 'strenuous' evening and somewhat long day. As I drifted off to sleep, I couldn't help but reflect on how lovely the two of them had been, and how lucky I was to have had the time with them that I did. Not only were

they attractive and passionate lovers, they were good and kind *people*, too. I managed to send them my best wishes for their future before finally falling asleep.

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Chapter 7

Jill (Mf, oral, mast)

It was one of those rare occasions when I'd been called on to take someone to the bus station, as opposed to the train depot or airport.

It's been my experience that folks that need or want to travel on the Big Gray Dog are usually willing to take public transit to get to the station. In this case, it had been an older couple that were traveling across the country in a series of relatively short hops with a couple of days between trips — the idea being to 'see the country', as they'd expressed it, and they simply didn't want the hassle of trying to get themselves *and* their luggage on and off a city bus. I was helpful as always, and they gave me a decent tip at the end.

I was pulling out of the station when I saw one of the pimps I knew flagging me down; normally, I'd have pretended not to see him, but two things caused me to go ahead and pull over again: first, it had been a slow day, and the fare would help. Second, it looked like the girl he had with him was younger than most.

I vaguely knew the guy, and knew that he preferred to pick up younger girls that were new to town — particularly if they looked like they weren't in any hurry to get back to where they came from for some reason. I could see that this one fit the bill, since all she had for luggage was an over-stuffed knapsack and a faint look of desperation on her face. What looked like dishwater blonde hair framed a fairly attractive — if smudged — face. The clothes were a little loose and baggy, but there wasn't any reason to doubt she was female, either. She was a few inches shorter than he was, and I already knew that he was a couple inches shorter than me; that put her something a bit under five and a half feet tall.

The pimp, Charley, and the girl hopped into the back seat before I could get out — which I wouldn't have done, anyway, for him. Once the door was closed, he just gave me an intersection for a destination. I recognized it as more-or-less the center of his 'territory', and got us moving that direction.

Now, normally, me and the assorted denizens of the towns underworld, we had an understanding: as long as all that happened in my hack was me taking them from 'A' to 'B' with no conversation or activity, it was cool. But the minute, the *second*, anybody started 'working', all bets were off: at best, I'd stop and put them out; if provoked, I wasn't above pulling up next to a cop car, rolling down my window, and registering a complaint about whatever was going on in the back.

The latter had happened to Charley a few times; he was one of those folks that just **has** to push things, for whatever reason. Still, I was surprised when, rather than just sitting back and enjoying the ride, he started trying to hustle her with stories about how he tried to help girls that were new

in town.

That lasted a couple of blocks before I finally told him "C'mon, Charley — you know the rules in this rig. No business in the back."

"Aw, Jim, I ain't doin' *business* with this young lady! I'm just esplainin' to her how I can help her have a care."

"I don't care what you **call** it, Charley, you're still trying to work her into your stable. Either you stop, or I do."

That was good for maybe another couple of blocks before he started in on her again.

I didn't bother saying anything else to him before I pulled over to the curb and stopped the meter — not coincidentally just a short distance from one of our city's "cop shops". I turned around and asked the girl "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Bullshit. Try again."

"Seventeen."

"Sorry, I'm not going for that one, either. Tell it straight."

"Sixteen — next month."

"That's about what I figured" I said, before turning to Charley and telling him "Charley, Charley, Charley. You **know** how it works in my rig. I even *reminded* you, and you STILL had to push it, didn't you? Well, it looks like I'm going to have to remind you — **again**! — that I don't fuck around. Out."

He started to fuss, and I interrupted him to say "Save it, Charley. Out — and don't forget the meter, or I might have to wander down the street there and swear out a complaint."

It hadn't escaped Charlie's attention where we were, and I could see the anger and annoyance on his face as he turned to the girl and said "C'mon, honey, we'll get us *another* ride…"

"No, I think the girl needs to stay, Charley. Unless you want to explain to the guys in uniform why a guy with your rep is in the company of an underage girl?"

The girl looked at me in wonder, and I explained "Charley here, he's a 'player' in town. Runs a string of girls — whores, not to put too fine a point on it. Keeps them in line with crack and beatings. He's also been busted for theft of varying degrees, assault, attempted murder, carrying a concealed weapon, and a few other things. The cops in town, they know him pretty good. Now, if you want to go with him, I'm not going to get in the way. But this is probably the only chance you're going to get to stop a nightmare before it happens. You decide."

She looked back and forth between us for several seconds before making her choice known by scooting away from him.

I could see how pissed Charley was, and he opened his mouth to say something. Before he could speak, though, I told him "Don't bother, Charley. Both of us know *you* aren't going to do anything; and if there's any trouble from someone else, all I've got to do is tell one of your competitors about why I think the trouble is coming from you. You know damn well that they'll take care of it, rather than have me push it to the cops. So just cough up the money, and be on your way before I start leaning on the horn."

He visibly quailed at the idea that I'd tell the other pimps that he'd caused me trouble: all of them knew that I got around enough to know what was going on in their various 'enterprises'. If I ever got it into my head to have a sit-down talk with the police, there wasn't a one of them that wouldn't suffer because of it. So if he gave me any crap, and I told one of his peers about it, they'd *all* be after him just to keep me from making trouble for THEM. And they weren't the kind of folks that would simply slap his wrist, either.

Charley just shut his mouth with a snap, and reached into his pocket to pull out his wad of cash. He peeled off a bill that would cover the fare, tossed it into the front seat, and left — slamming the door hard enough to rock my rig. Hurt my feelings something terrible, it did.

I looked at the girl again, and said "THAT is what he really would have been like, if you'd gone with him. Now, who are you, and what's the story?"

She spared a glance toward the departing Charley, then looked closely into my face before answering "Jill. Jill Nordberg. I… I left home."

"Okay, Jill, just exactly *why* did you leave home? And when?"

She tilted her head forward and looked at her lap as she told me "I left Tuesday before last. My folks got all upset with me when they found out that me and my boyfriend, Todd, had been… kissing, and touching. They said I was gonna go to Hell for sinning, and get a reputation as bein' easy, and all kinds of stuff like that. Daddy even called me a… a whore, and a harlot. I tried to tell them that I was still a virgin, but they didn't believe me — not after Momma saw me and Todd. We was… we was touching each other, kinda. She said we was perverted, and disgusting. Todd and me, we been boyfriend and girlfriend 'bout long as I can remember; but we're more than that, too — we're **friends**, if that makes sense. Ain't nothin' either one of us won't talk to the other about. So when I started trying to tell Daddy that we weren't like what him and Momma were sayin', that he was wrong, he hit me."

She lifted her head then, and I could see the anger in her eyes as she told me "I don't mean slapped, either — I mean *hit*, with his fist, like he'd hit another man! Momma kept him from hittin' me again, but it was close, let me tell you. Then they sent me off to bed after tellin' me they was gonna talk about what to do about me, and Todd. While they was doin' that, I got the stuff that was important to me, and some clothes, and put it all in this rucksack. Then after they went to bed, I went out the window and lit out. I ain't plannin' on **ever** goin' back, either!"

I sighed to myself, and wondered what it was about religions that made people turn so easily into fanatics. Even if they didn't go around killing others in the name of whatever their God was, they

still managed to be a general pain in the ass and screw up (and over!) otherwise reasonable and normal people around them. Calling a young girl like this a 'harlot'? And a 'Sodomite'? Damning her to an eternal hell because she was feeling perfectly normal physical desires, and expressing a completely natural curiosity about sex?

I put those thoughts away in favor of asking her "How much money do you have?"

Suddenly suspicious, she asked "Why?"

Doing my best to stay patient with her, I answered "Relax — I'm not after any of it. I just want to know if you can afford a room someplace reasonable tonight, and maybe something to eat. You're too young for the Women's shelter, or any other place that does charity work. They wouldn't believe you're old enough any more than I did."

Relaxing slightly, she hesitantly told me "I've still got almost ten dollars. There was a few folks that owed me money for babysitting and such, but I didn't want to stay long enough to collect — not after Daddy hit me. I've been buying little bits of stuff in grocery stores, and eating it before it spoils, so as to save money. It cost more than I expected to get here, too. That's why when… Charley?… said he could help, I was willing to go with him. I had no idea he wasn't really tryin' to help me. Where I come from, folks usually try to do right by each other, even in the towns."

The money she had wouldn't even get her a room for an hour in the worst flea-infested dump in town. And now that there wasn't any air circulating in my cab, I could tell that it had been a little too long since the last time she'd cleaned up. Her clothes weren't *too* dirty, but I suspected that what was in her bag was a lot worse.

I told her "Okay, what I'm going to do first is take you back to my place" — and seeing the expression on her face, I quickly added "BEFORE I go back to work. You can fix yourself something to eat, and take a nap; you look pretty tired. I've got a small washer and dryer combo you can use to wash your clothes, and if you want to, you can take a bath or shower. I've still got to work for another few hours, so you'll be there by yourself — I'm going to trust you not to make a big mess or steal all my stuff while I try to figure out what to do about you. When I finish work and get home, we can talk some more and see if maybe we can't get all this crap straightened out."

I saw a glimmer of fire in her eyes when she told me "I TOLD you: I ain't goin' back there! Not after Daddy hit me, and my folks talked to me like they did!"

I waved my hands at her and said "Okay, fine, you aren't going back there. But while you're getting yourself together at my place, you might want to think a little about what you left behind" before turning around and getting my hack started again.

Once I had us rolling again, she asked "What do you mean, think about what I left behind?"

"I mean just what I said. You told me that you and Todd were boyfriend and girlfriend for as long as you can remember, and that you were friends that told each other pretty much everything. Hell, he's even the one you were with when your mother found you. Isn't he somebody that you

want to keep in your life?"

Looking at her in the mirror, I could see the wistful look on her face as she answered "Yeah, he is. Doesn't seem to be a day go by that I don't spend half of it thinking about him."

"Before your mother found you and Todd together, didn't you figure her and your dad loved you?"

"'Course I did. But not now. Not after what they said and done."

"Maybe you need to think on that, too, then. If they didn't love you, do you think they would have given a happy damn about what you did, or with who? Think about the other girls you know; I'd bet one of them that DOES have a reputation with the boys, and that it's pretty obvious HER folks don't care what she does."

She started to get thoughtful on that, but I had a few more things to say to her, starting with "And maybe you need to think a little bit about just what the hell you're going to DO from now on. I don't figure you've even graduated high school; how the hell are you going to make a living? Sure, you *might* get a job doing hair or nails or something in a salon — but do you really think those folks are getting rich doing that kind of work? Or even HAPPY doing it? And what do you figure to do about your friends you left behind, and all your family? Just going to drop them like a hot rock, and never see or talk to any of them again? Wherever you land at, you're going to be pretty lonely at first, with no real friends or family around you. Even if you find a place you want to settle down, how do you figure to get started? You've got to have money to do damn near anything: get a place to live, feed yourself, or even get a job so that you HAVE money. I don't doubt that you're honest and responsible and all that, and that you do good work at the stuff you know; but what do you know how to do well enough that you can get a paying job at it?"

I could see her watching me in the mirror and said "I'll bet that while you were on the way here, you tried to get some money by going into places to see if there was anything you could do for them."

I could see on her face that I was right, and continued "And I'll bet that every last one of them turned you down, didn't they?"

Her expression was answer enough, and I told her "Know why? A couple of reasons: first, you're obviously too damn young to be looking for regular, full-time work. That tells folks that you're out on your own, and THAT makes them wonder *why*, which is a big enough worry for them to turn you down. Second, you even **look** like you're on the move: it's obvious that everything you own is in that bag. People with jobs aren't going to want to give one to somebody they're afraid is maybe going to skip on them. Anybody that DID have some kind of little chore that they could pay you for is going to be afraid of doing anything to help you because of your age — which makes two strikes against you the minute you show up. And even if someone DID give you some kind of work like that, you'd run the risk of them not paying you when it was done, anyway; I mean, what would you do? Call the cops on them? Not likely!"

"No", I told her, "you need to stop and really **think** about what you're doing, and why, just like you did when I told you about Charley. Except the questions aren't as obvious, and the answers aren't in the back of the book. You can do that for a little while at my place, while you're getting yourself cleaned up and fed, and I'm out here."

The rest of the ride to my place was quiet, what with both of us trying to get things worked out in our minds.

As we pulled up in front of my apartment, I told Jill "I hope you don't mind cats. I've got one named Demosthenes, and he likes *everybody*. If you rub his ears, you'll have a friend for life."

That made her smile before she told me "I had a cat at home. Her name was Princess Pretty Paws, and she always slept on my bed with me."

"Well, if you'll let him, Demosthenes will probably keep you company if you decide to take a nap. Grab your stuff, and come on."

She hesitantly followed me into my apartment, and after I'd shown her where the bathroom, kitchen, and washer/dryer were, I could see that she was surprised at how neat I kept the place. I somehow had the idea that her dad was The Man Of The House, her mother played the role of cook and maid, and Jill didn't have a lot of reason to think a guy could or would deal with his own household needs.

As expected, Demosthenes made an appearance and made his new best friend welcome by stropping her ankles until she picked him up and started rubbing his ears. The resulting purr could be heard across the room.

By the time she was ready to put him back down, she had visibly relaxed and I told her "Okay, I'm heading back to work. You know where everything is, so go ahead and fix yourself something to eat, if you like. There're cold drinks in the fridge, along with a few beers. I'd *rather* you didn't drink any of them, but I'm not going to fuss at you if you do." I had a look at my watch before adding "I should be back in, oh, three hours, three and a half, tops. I usually don't eat until I've had a chance to relax a little and catch my breath; you're welcome to join me or not — I'm fine with either. Okay?"

She said that it was, and after I'd gone outside and closed the door, I heard her set both of the locks.

Things didn't get any busier for me the rest of my shift, so I had plenty of time to try and figure out some way of helping the kid.

Simply putting her on a bus and sending her home simply wasn't going to happen — there was obviously too much going on there. I knew of a few places that would have been able to help her find a place to stay while she went back to finish high school, and even get some college. The problem was that they were all booked up, and had months-long waiting lists. Anyplace I could think of that could give her any help 'now' wouldn't touch her because of her age; the places

where her age wasn't a factor already had more than they could handle.

After trying to find *some* angle I work it, some small crack I could get my fingertips into, **anything** that would let me break the situation down into smaller pieces for damn near the rest of my shift, I still couldn't figure anything. I finally admitted to myself that there wasn't any ready solution that didn't involve her going back. That settled, I went to work on trying to come up with a solution at the far end. By the time I was ready to go home, I had a couple of ideas. The one that seemed best was a pretty long shot; the other was less appealing, but looked to be possible. I decided that the one that looked like the better choice was the one to start with, and see if I couldn't try to work things to improve the chances of it happening.

After I let myself in and got the door closed behind me, I turned around to find a young girl standing there that looked appreciably different than the one I'd left a few hours before. Cleaned up and in different clothes, she was a lot cuter than I'd first thought: what had been dark blonde hair in a limp ponytail had turned almost white and hung well past her shoulders in an almost silvery waterfall. Blue eyes that sparkled had replaced the fairly dull orbs that had looked at me before; the baggy clothing had been supplanted by a reasonably nice dress that showed her curves — and she did have them! — to good effect. It also revealed a pair of strong but nicely curved legs.

Smiling, I asked "Excuse me, Miss, but have you seen another girl around here? Her name is Jill…"

She laughed, obviously pleased at my acknowledgment at the change in her appearance. Standing with her hands clasped in front of herself, she told me "Oh, piffle. You know it's me! After I got my stuff washed, and took a shower, I decided I wanted you to see what I *really* look like. I only had a little snack, and then took a short nap — you were right, I *was* tired. But while I was doing all that other stuff, I was thinking, too, like you said I needed to. And one of the things that I realized is how nice you've been, and how you're really trying to help me. So I decided that I'd go ahead and wait until you got back and make something to eat for us."

I raised an eyebrow, and she blushed slightly before telling me "I mean, not that I think there's an *us*, I mean, not **that** way." Then she realized that I might be offended at being dismissed as unsuitable, somehow, and hurriedly told me "Not that there's anything wrong with you, or anything, or that I don't think you're not a nice person, or…"

I spared her any further embarrassment by interrupting to tell her "It's okay, Jill — I know what you meant. You've been on the road for a while, and just wanted some company for a sit-down meal."

She blushed again, and hesitantly responded "Um, yeah, that's what I meant."

To distract her a bit, I asked "What are you fixing, or planning to fix?"

Visibly relieved to have something else to talk about, she answered "I saw that you had some nice pork chops, so I thought I'd fix those, some green beans, and some potato cubes." Then,

worriedly, she asked "Unless you want something else?"

I smiled again, and told her "That sounds pretty good, actually. And thank you for offering to cook; it saves me from having to eat one of my own concoctions, or reheating some leftovers."

That last bit earned me a smile from her before she told me "If you want to go sit down, I'll bring you one of your beers — which I did *not* drink, by the way."

I laughed, and told her "I'd appreciate that. Thank you" before heading into the living room and parking myself at one end of my couch.

She appeared a moment later, and after handing me the bottle, took a seat at the other end of the couch from me. I could see that she was having an attack of nerves, but figured the best thing I could do was simply act as though everything was perfectly normal. After I'd had a few swallows of my beer, I asked her if Demosthenes had been any trouble while she tried to sleep. She blushed slightly, and said that once she got him to understand that laying on her chest wasn't comfortable for her, everything had been fine. He wasn't what you could call a small cat, and I could understand how having him trying to lay on her breasts would make it difficult to sleep; I simply told her that if she'd managed to get him to behave himself, she was doing better than I ever had. That made her smile, and I told her a story about one of the silly things I'd seen him do. That got a laugh from her, and she told me a story about her cat that made ME laugh. We spent almost all the rest of the time before supper swapping stupid-cat stories.

While she was cooking, I took the opportunity to wash up before going in to see if there was anything I could do to help her. She assured me she was doing fine, but that I could set the table if I wanted. I took my time about it, and the two of us chatted until it was time to eat.

Unsurprisingly, Demosthenes turned up as we sat down. He'd learned not to jump up on the table (after getting sprayed with a water bottle a few times), and simply had too much dignity to outright beg; but he wasn't above simply sitting there and *watching* us while projecting a telepathic guilt trip that we were eating, and he wasn't. Jill didn't give in to his ploy any more than I did, though I could see that she was tempted a time or two.

After we finished, Jill was willing to let me help clean up the kitchen, but was adamant about doing the dishes herself. I gave in to her wishes easily enough, and after grabbing another beer, went back into the living room.

When she came into the living room some time later, I could see that Jill had lost much of her good humor. She again sat at the opposite end of the couch from me, and said "I guess we have to talk, don't we?"

"Yeah, we do", I agreed. "I spent pretty much all of the last several hours trying to figure a way out of this for you, and I'm sorry to say that there aren't a whole lot of options."

She looked sad as she told me "That's kinda what I figured out, too."

"I can't figure *anything* that can be done around HERE to help you — at least, not in anything

less than several weeks, not at your age. There might be things that could be done other places, but you'd actually have to go there to find out."

She nodded, and said "And if I went there and they couldn't help, I'd still have the same problem, just in a different place, and after the trouble of getting there."

I agreed, and added "Me, I don't figure it's worth the bother or risk."

She said she didn't either, and I told her "Best I could figure is that the only **real** solution is to be found back where you came from. The one I think would be your best *all around* choice seems like a pretty long shot to me: try to work it out with your folks so you can go back home, and then play nice until you ARE ready to go out on your own or with Todd. That way, you'd have a decent place to live, family and friends around, and the chance to finish school under something like normal circumstances. Even if that one pans out, your folks may or may not be willing to let you keep seeing Todd; if they don't, then you'd have to choose between basically sneaking around so you can see him anyway, or letting it go until you're on your own."

"And the other choice?"

"The other thing I thought of *could* be a whole lot harder on you, and in a different way. But it **might** be easier on you, and make you happier, too — there's simply no way of telling. And that would be for at least you, and maybe Todd, to get completely out of this particular situation and into another one where you've got more options. The way it looks to me, the less likely the first one becomes, the more certain the second seems."

"What do you mean out of this situation and into another one?"

"I mean that you at least get out of your folks house and go live somewhere else: an aunt and uncle, a cousins, some other family member's place, or even the family of one of your friends. The farther from your folks the better, I think. I don't know the particulars of yours and Todds families and friends, of course, but it occurred to me that if you had to move very far away, it *might* be possible for Todd to move, too, so that you two don't get broken up. From what you said, it sounded like both of you pretty much figured to get married some day, and I don't know of any reason why that shouldn't be given a chance. But like I said, if you and Todd had to move away, you'd still have each other — which would maybe make it easier, and both of you happy — but you'd likely lose all the friends you have now, and maybe some of your family, which would be the hard part."

"Neither one of them's easy; they're just hard in different ways, and I can see that", she told me, then saying "Like I told you when you got home, I really *thought* about all this stuff this afternoon. I mean, I'd **kinda** thought about a lot of it after I left home and was on my way here — but not really putting my mind to it like I did today. What you told me in your cab, you were right. I don't like it, but the truth of the matter is that I AM still too young to be trying to make it on my own. As mad and hurt as I am about how Momma and Daddy talked to me, and him hitting me, I've got to admit that they did love me — at least, the way they think of love. And it sure as hell was a lot easier living at home and going to school and such than it's been since I

left! Thing is, church and the Bible was what mattered in our house, and I don't know that Momma and Daddy would even have me back. I'd be willing, if they'd have me; I'm just not too sure they would, truth be told. If they told me they didn't want me going out with Todd any more, well, I reckon me and Todd could learn to live with it. I mean, I expect we'd still be able to see each other at school, and we'd just have to learn to live with that."

Both of us sat quietly for several minutes; then Jill told me "I reckon you're right, about the best solution being for me to go back home. I don't much care for it, but it's a load better than NOT doing it. If you think you can help, I'd sure appreciate it."

Knowing that no 'possible' solution would work unless she signed off on it, I'd been waiting for her to decide which way she wanted to go. Hearing her choice, I nodded in acknowledgment and said "Then if you'll give me your folks phone number, I'll call them and see if we can't get you home. If money's tight, I'll pay your bus fare home, and you can pay me back a little at a time, if you like."

She nodded, and got up to get a piece of paper and pencil from the small desk I had. A few moments later, she handed me her home telephone number.

As I started dialing the number, it crossed my mind that with her sitting there, she'd be able to hear my side of the conversation — and pretty much know what was being said on the other side, for good or ill. But I was damned if I was going to treat her like a child by sending her out of the room, either. I finally decided that if she'd had the guts to stand up to her parents, and then take off to try and make it on her own, she deserved to know how things went.

My thoughts on the matter were interrupted by the sound of the distant phone being answered with a woman's polite "Hello?"

I quickly introduced myself, and told her that I was calling about her daughter, Jill.

Much to my surprise, she didn't ask a single question: no 'where is she', no 'is she all right', *nothing*. All she said was "Jill doesn't live here any longer."

"Yes, Ma'am, I know that. That's what I wanted to speak with you about. I've met Jill, and I was hoping that it would be possible for her, and you and your husband, to work things out."

"Well, I couldn't say anything about that. You'd have to talk to my husband."

"If he's home, could I speak with him, please?"

"Just a moment while I check…"

Several seconds went by before I heard a man's voice say "Hello? Who is this?" in a rather aggressive and demanding tone.

I introduced myself again, and said "Mr. Nordberg, I've met Jill…" only to have him interrupt and say "Jill? She left. Snuck out one night, like a thief. What about her?"

"Yes, sir, I know she left. As I said, I've met her, and after talking to her some, I think she'd like

to come home."

"There's no home for her here!" he declared before telling me "We're decent God-fearing folks, mister, and she was caught with a boy. Naked as jaybirds, both of 'em. My wife saw 'em, and told me what they was doin'. Sinning! And not just sinning, but giving in to sins of the flesh — and perverted ones, at that! She ain't nothin' but a painted whore, a Sodomite, livin' in sin and wickedness. A harlot is what she is, and we got no use in this family for such folk, even if she is our blood. We tried to raise her up to believe in the Bible, just like us, but all she is now is a heathen sinner, going straight to the fires of hell and eternal damnation."

Hearing that, I figured that Jill going home was pretty much a lost cause — but I still spent the next hour trying to find out if there wasn't *some* way that he'd let her back into the house.

The conversation finally ended with him telling me "Mister, me and my missus, we been going to Sunday church near to thirty years, and praying to God for salvation every night. Jill, she done made it plain as day that she ain't worried about the hereafter, and we ain't going to have her sinning ways here in our house of the Lord! She left us, and we don't want her back. If somebody else wants to take her in, that's up to them — but we ain't doin' it."

Hearing that, I asked "If someone IS willing to take her in, would you let them take responsibility for her? Let them be her legal guardian?"

At that, he mellowed enough to tell me "We could do that. It ain't that we don't love her, mister; just that we won't have a sinner in our house. Now you're gonna have to excuse me; I got to get up and go to work in the morning."

"Of course, sir. Thank you for your time. I expect you'll be hearing from someone about becoming Jill's guardians."

"I'll sign whatever papers is needed. Good night."

"And good night to you, sir" I said, hanging up.

When I looked over at her, I could see that Jill had been able to keep up with the conversation. No surprise, really; I had to figure she'd know what her father was likely to say. Still, I could see that she was saddened and hurt that the conversation had gone the way it did: it was all she could do not to burst into tears.

I could only admire the strength of spirit and character that had gotten her that far in life, with the kind of home life she must have had. I put my arm out, and she readily closed the gap between us so that I could comfort her as she quietly cried.

When she was done, she tried to apologize before I simply told her "It's okay. I know it couldn't have been easy for you to hear all that, and that it had to have hurt, even though you told me yourself that you didn't think they'd let you come home. I'm just glad I was here so you'd know that you aren't alone."

At that, she seemed to realize that she was leaning against me, and I had an arm around her.

Suddenly nervous and embarrassed, she hesitantly started to move away from me again. I readily took my arm from around her, and she quickly moved to the other end of the couch again.

After she'd dried her tears, I told her "I think it's probably a little late to call anyone else tonight, so I'll do it after I get off work tomorrow. In the mean time, you can be thinking about who might be willing to take you in."

She nodded her agreement and understanding, and then a few moments later asked me "Uh, what about until then?"

"Tomorrow, you can stay here and watch TV or listen to music or read or whatever else you want to do. As for tonight", which was what I knew she was really asking about, "one of us sleeps in there in my bed, and the other one sleeps here. This couch opens into a bed, and there are sheets and everything in the end tables. If it would make you feel better, there's a lock on the bedroom door and you can sleep in there; you'll have your own bathroom, too, so you won't have to come out until you want to. I've slept on this thing often enough that it won't bother me in the slightest."

Reassured that she'd have her own place to sleep, Jill told me "No, you go ahead and sleep in your own bed. You're the one that has to go out and work tomorrow. There's no need to bother making this a bed, either; I'll be fine right here, sleeping on the couch."

I told her "Well, I'm going to head on to bed, then. I pretty much set my own hours, and I want to get an early start so I'll have plenty of time for talking to people tomorrow night."

She voiced her understanding, and stood up when I did. To my surprise, she came over to stand in front of me and looked up into my face to tell me "Thank you, Jim. I know you're going out of your way to help me, and you saved me from going with Charley earlier when I didn't know any better. I don't think you'd just put me out on the street, but you're being a lot nicer about me being here than I think most would. I know what you're doing, and I really, truly do appreciate it."

"That's okay, Jill."

"Well, I just wanted you to know, is all" she told me before surprising me by standing on her toes long enough to give me a kiss on the cheek, and then blushing furiously.

Asking her to stay there a moment, I went into my bedroom, and then came out a minute later with my 'winter' bathrobe. I had another, lighter, one that I generally lazed around in during the summer months. The 'winter' one was a lot heavier and warmer, and I figured she'd be more comfortable if she could use it after we went to our respective beds.

Handing it to her, I said "I don't know what you've got to sleep in, and don't need or *want* to. So you can wear this to keep it a mystery, okay?"

She responded with a relieved half-smile and told me "Thank you."

I just grinned, and after telling her "Good night" and getting one in return, went into my bedroom and closed the door behind me. Demosthenes didn't turn up after I'd been in bed for a couple of

minutes, so I figured he must be keeping Jill company. Soon afterwards, I was sound asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, the first thing I noticed was the smell of coffee. Close on the heels of that was the fact that my bedroom door was partway open.

My confusion was cleared up by Jill's voice coming from the other side of my door, telling me "I hope you don't mind, but I knocked to see if you were up yet, and when you didn't answer, I peeked in. You said you wanted to get an early start, so I left the door open a little and started coffee; I figured that was the nicest way to wake you up."

After clearing my throat, I told her "That's fine. Yeah, the smell of coffee IS a nice thing to wake up to. I'll be out in a couple of minutes."

"You don't have to hurry. I haven't started breakfast or anything; I just made coffee" she told me, before closing the door.

Since I usually don't get hungry in the morning until *after* my first cup of coffee, I was relieved that she hadn't started cooking yet. Still, I didn't dawdle about getting a shower and getting dressed — the coffee had simply smelled too darn good.

When I stepped out of my bedroom, she appeared from the kitchen a few moments later to tell me "Go ahead and sit wherever you usually do, and I'll get you some coffee."

When she saw me start in her direction, she quickly disappeared back into the kitchen, and was waiting there with two cups and the coffee pot when I came through the door. I barely had time to get myself seated before she had the cup in front of me and started filling it. When she was done, she set the other cup across the table from me and filled it, as well, before putting the pot back.

When she'd sat down, I thanked her (embarrassing her slightly, I think) before taking a sip. Somehow, the coffee tasted better than it did when I made it, and when I commented on that fact, she hesitantly told me "I'm glad you think it's okay. All I did was just add some eggshell to the grounds before I started it. They help make it less bitter."

I assured her it was fine, and asked her how much eggshell she used. She told me, and I asked her to write it down and leave it next to the coffeemaker so that I'd be sure and remember. Pleased, she said that she would, before starting on her own cup.

When I got toward the bottom of my cup, she got up and refilled it before asking if I was ready for breakfast. I decided that I was, and said so before asking if she'd be eating with me. She said she would, and asked if scrambled eggs, reheated meat from the leftover porkchops, and hash browns would be okay. That was more than I would have bothered with on my own, but it sounded pretty darn good, so I said it would be fine.

It wasn't ten minutes later that she set a plate in front of me, then eating utensils and a napkin. I waited until she'd gotten her own food on the table and sat down before digging in. Demosthenes showed up, and both of us again ignored his psychic admonishments about sharing. As we ate,

she told me about the rest of her family, and what she knew about Todds.

When the food was gone, Jill told me not to worry about the dishes, or cleaning up — that she'd take care of it after I left. With one less thing to do, I was able to sit and enjoy my coffee that much more.

Finally, though, it was time for me to get moving. After getting ready to face the public, I'd just finished collecting my things so I could leave when Jill came up to me. When I looked at her, she shyly told me "I… I hope I made it better and easier for you to go to work this morning. You've been so nice, and done so much to help ME that I wanted to do something to help you, in return. I know it wasn't much, but…"

A little surprised, it took me a moment before I could answer "Why, yes, you *did* make it nice, and easy for me, Jill. Thank you."

Leaning forward slightly, I gave her a quick kiss on the forehead before telling her "Really, Jill — I'm glad I'm able to help you in whatever way I can. You don't have to do anything special for ME except just keep being the good person I already know you are."

Surprised at first at what I'd done, she was looking quite pleased by the time I finished. With a smile, I told her "I'll be gone for about nine hours, or maybe a little more, and I'll take care of my own lunch. If you want to go out, there's a spare key for the front door with a tag that says what it is hanging on a hook in the kitchen; just make sure you lock the door while you're gone. I'll see you later, okay?"

She nodded happily, and after I was outside, I heard her locking the door behind me.

That day was a little busier than the one before, but I still had plenty of time to think about what Jill had told me over breakfast. Once she'd understood the kinds of things I was after, she was able to give me plenty of information to work with. By the time I was ready to head home, I had a number of options that could help her have a better future than she would have otherwise.

When I got home, I no more than opened the door than I was greeted by a pleased-looking Jill. Telling me to go ahead and sit down, she disappeared into the kitchen; I'd barely taken a seat in the living room when she appeared with a beer for me. After handing it over, she took a seat at the other end of the couch and asked me how things had gone that day. It surprised me a little, but I just chalked it up to her finally getting comfortable and relaxing. Driving a cab isn't what you could call a real exciting job, so telling her about my day didn't take all that long. When I was done, I asked her if she was fixing supper, or if I was; she let me know that she'd already gotten everything ready and was just waiting for me to let her know I was hungry.

Lunch had been light, and fast, so let her know that she could start it any time. She immediately got up and headed for the kitchen again, returning a few moments later to ask what I wanted to drink with supper, saying it wouldn't be long. I told her that iced tea sounded pretty good, and she left again.

Sooner than I'd expected, Jill let me know that it was time to eat; when I saw what it was, I

understood why: a basic simple meal of cheeseburgers and fries. As we ate, Jill told me a few more things that she'd remembered during the day; from the way she talked, I knew that she'd not only recognized the necessity of going back, but was starting to look forward to it.

After we finished eating, I was surprised to discover that she'd separated out a *little* bit of the hamburger and cooked it up for Demosthenes — earning herself a place on his Favorite People List.

I was allowed to help clean up, and dried the dishes after she'd washed them. Then it was back into the living room so that I could use the phone. Hopefully, I'd only have to call one of the families whose name she'd given me; but I think that both of us knew that was a bit much to expect.

I think both of us were surprised, however, when we essentially hit the lottery with the third call.

One of the family's three daughters was a good friend of Jill's; Jill had thought they might be willing to let her stay with them for a little while as a kind of 'transition period' between when she got back, and left for wherever she ultimately ended up. Instead, they'd been delighted and relieved to get my call: they'd heard that Jill had left, and vaguely under what circumstances, and had been both worried about her and sympathetic to her plight. While not as 'devout' as Jill's parents, they were still religious, and were more than willing to take Jill in when she returned; even more to the point, they *offered* to let her **stay** with them — at least until she graduated high school.

It wasn't that Jill would be doing anything like checking into a hotel, however. They made it clear that they would expect certain things from her, and weren't above removing their support if Jill didn't comply. Jill indicated that she was agreeable to their conditions, and I left her and them on the phone for well over an hour to work out the details — not just of her actually staying with them, but the rest of it, too: getting her back into school, them taking legal guardianship of her, and so on. To give her some privacy, I told her that I'd be in the kitchen and that I didn't think I needed to talk to the family again. She nodded her understanding, and I left her to it.

I'd just gotten up to get myself some more tea when Jill came into the kitchen — and surprised the hell out of me by coming up to me and immediately wrapping her arms around me and giving me a fierce hug. Up to that point, I'd been careful about engaging in any physical contact with her, and she hadn't shown any interest in it, either.

Still, I wasn't about to let the opportunity pass, and readily returned it. When she finally released me, she stepped back and I could see tears in her eyes; I knew they were a byproduct of the happiness I could see on her face.

Taking my tea glass, she said "We're all done, now, so you can have your living room back. Go ahead, and I'll bring you some more."

She was just a minute or so behind me in getting seated on the couch, and after we'd each take a drink, told me "Thank you for leaving me to talk to them alone. After all you've done to help me,

I really wouldn't have minded if you'd stayed — but it was a little easier for me with you gone."

I smiled and answered "I kinda figured it would be."

I heard her softly say "Yeah, I reckon you would" before starting to tell me what all was going on; something that lasted a little while. They were willing to pay for her bus ticket home, and they were going to see if they could get her clothes from her parents (if not, they would *loan* her some money to get a **little bit** of new stuff). They were also willing to assume legal guardianship for her, subject to her good behavior for 6 months; they were (reluctantly) agreeable to her continuing to have Todd as a boyfriend — but if there was ANY kind of repeat of what had provoked her parents or anything like it, that relationship was to be either terminated fully and completely, or she'd be asked to leave. She was to have the same limited dating hours as she'd had under her parents roof (which were appreciably more restrictive than their daughters'), and was expected to raise her gradepoint average a full quarter point *at a minimum*. She was to be completely on her own for 'pocket money': anything beyond food, clothing, and shelter, she was expected to earn it herself. There were a few other conditions and caveats, as well. Jill wasn't entirely pleased with all of them, but told me "They're doing me a kindness, taking me in like they are. Last couple of weeks — 'specially since I got to town here — I've realized that I'm not as grown up as I thought I was, and nowhere *near* ready to be out on my own. They're willing to help me, but they want to make sure they're not going to get stuck doin' it, either — and I can understand that. I know I'm going to be something of a burden on them, what with them already having three girls; but I'm dang sure it's gonna be as small a burden as I can manage."

She thought for a few seconds, and then said "Besides, I got something to prove, too. I know I'm gonna have to show *everybody* that I'm not like my folks have been sayin' I am, and that being gone like I have hasn't changed me" — and after a glance at me, added "At least, not in any way that isn't good."

She finished up by telling me "Some of the things they want and expect… well, I'm not real happy about. But they aren't asking anything unfair, and like I said, I understand **their** point, too. If they're willing to give me a chance, then I'm by-God gonna show them they were right to do it."

I told her that it sounded like everything had worked out a lot better than we'd hoped, and she said "Way, **way** better. Jim, if I hadn't had the luck of gettin' into YOUR cab with that fella, I'd be in a whole lot worse shape than I am now, never mind what I got to look forward to, now. I'm not gonna forget you, or what you've done for me."

A little embarrassed, I just waved a hand at her and answered "Don't worry about it. I'd have done what I could for any other girl like you. This time, it just worked out, is all."

"Maybe so. But I'm still not forgetting."

By that time, it was late enough that I could reasonably claim the need to go to be as a reason to bring an end to the conversation. Jill accepted it easily enough, and asked when I was going to work the next day. I just told her that I had the next couple of days off, and that seemed all she

needed to hear. In return, I asked her if she had to be at the bus station any particular time. She told me that the family had said that they'd make arrangements for her to pick up the ticket any time she was ready. I smiled and said that it sounded like both of us got to sleep in; she just laughed.

Both of us stood up, and after she'd given me a kiss on the cheek, she took my iced tea glass and headed for the kitchen while I made for the bedroom.

Once the door was closed behind me, it didn't take me long to get undressed and into bed. I'd been a little tense that day, so the relief of knowing that Jill would be going home the next day made it pretty easy to fall asleep.

I woke up to the feel of a small female body pressed against my back and a soft, cool hand wrapped around my erect penis.

I can only plead the fact that I had been sound asleep for how long it took me to connect the presence of a female in my bed to Jill.

Once I'd made that connection, though, significantly less time passed before I'd exclaimed "Shit!" and rolled myself as far away from her as I could.

That accomplished, I demanded "Jesus jumping Roosevelt Christ! Why the **hell** are you in here, and what the crap do you think you're doing?!"

I could hear the humor in Jill's voice as she asked "Don't you know you're not supposed to take the Lords name in vain? And that cursing is a sin?"

"Yes, to both. Now answer the questions!"

Patiently, she told me "I'm in here is because I wanted to do something *extra special* for you, and maybe learn more from you than I already have."

"I already told you, you don't have to do anything 'extra special' for me — particularly nothing physical, and not at your age. And what makes you think I've got anything to 'teach' you?"

I heard her make a sound of derision before she said "I know, I'm 'jailbait': an underage female. But if the cops and everybody are so damn worried about that, why the hell aren't there more places to help when something happens like it did with me? I realized today that as much as I loved them, that didn't change the fact that my folks are a couple of religious nuts, and that I was right to get away from them. But once I left, where was everybody — all the folks that are supposedly so concerned for my welfare, I mean? Whatever else happened, I still don't turn sixteen until next month: if I'm too young or stupid or inexperienced to know what I can or should do with my body, where the hell are the people to protect me? And if there isn't anyone to protect me, who the hell do they think they are to tell me what I can or can't do if THEY aren't going to? You said it yourself: it'd take several weeks to get me any help at my age. Even *I* have to figure that if my age was really *that* important, I wouldn't have to stay on the street that long", getting more and more worked up as she talked.

She took a breath, and was noticeably calmer when she told me "Today, while I was waiting for you to get back, I had a look at all those books you've got. I've never seen that many in one person's home, before!" My library was five shelves high and over twelve feet long — and overflowing; I didn't doubt that it was a novelty for her.

Hesitantly, she said "While I was looking, I… I found one that… that you'd been writing in. And I read it."

"That's okay, Jill. If I was worried about people reading it, I'd put it someplace more private. Go on."

"Well, like I said, I read it. There was a lot of it I didn't understand. Truth be told, I didn't understand **most** of what you wrote. But the parts I *did* understand, they made sense to me — I mean, I knew what you were saying, and understood why you were saying it. And I thought about it some, and figured you were right, what you wrote. Then I realized that I'd learned something, and right after that, I figured that I could learn more from you, too, if I wanted."

She released a soft laugh and continued "I don't mean I learned anything like we do in school, either — like in history or grammar or any of those things. It was like I learned something about *real life*, and how I want to live, and that kind of thing. I got an idea of what kind of **person** you are, and what you try to be like. I spent almost all day, reading what I could of that book, and thinking about the things you wrote in it. And I decided that there were things that I don't know about, and want to learn — from YOU."

Afraid that I already knew the answer, I still had to ask "What things? And why just from ME?"

"Things like being with other people. Not just talking with them and working, and suchlike, but being **friends**, and even… closer. And just you because you're the only person I know of that has actually took the time to figure out the who and what and WHY of what's important to you — *including* people. You've got to understand that while I was growin' up, all I ever learned from about stuff like that was the Bible, and goin' to church with my folks. 'Cept what was taught in the Bible never really made a lot of sense to me. I mean, it says things like turning the other cheek — but all I ever saw happen from that was the other cheek just got hit, too. Shucks, anybody with any sense can tell you that a bully'll keep at it until you stand up to 'em, but the Bible, it don't say nothin' about standing up that way — unless it's for God or Jesus, of course. And I used to hear that God gave us the choice to worship him, or not — but would send us to Hell to burn forever if we didn't. What kind of choice is *that*? I was told that God gave us 'free will' — and then saddled us with 'urges' and 'desires', and tempted us on purpose. That always sounded like us humans, we was playing a rigged game, with God just setting us up to fail. Kinda like having crooked dice at the Kiwanis Casino Night — not that I ever got to go to one" she finished, with a laugh.

She took another breath, and went on "Anyway, the Bible and church and such, it never made much sense to me. I learned what was expected of me, and tried to do what they said I was supposed to as best I could. But I was never really **happy** about it, and couldn't understand how

folks COULD be. Sure, trying to do good and all that, that was fine; it was the idea that I was being punished for doing something wrong when I couldn't see how or what — that I couldn't get hold of. I reckon that's why I was willing to do the things I did with Todd: I WAS happy with him, and what we did with each other, it felt pretty good. So when I read what you wrote down in that book of yours… well, I realized that you had a way of thinking that I wanted to hear."

Both of us were silent with our own thoughts for some time before I finally asked her "Okay, *maybe* there's something about how I think that I can explain to you. But why are you naked and in my bed, instead of us sitting down in the living room or in the kitchen?"

"Because some of what I understood in your book was about being with *people* — being… physical with them, I mean. I ain't looking to give myself to you; my virginity, I mean. If any guy I know gets me that way, it'd be Todd. But from what I figure, there's plenty you can still teach me **without** that happening. And I expect that once I learn that much from you, it wouldn't be that much more for me and Todd — or whoever my husband is, if it isn't him. Me and Todd, we've touched each other some — but not as much as Momma and Daddy thought, never mind all the other they thought we did. And what we've done… well, it hasn't been much, and it's been in the dark 'cause even with me not believing everything they said, Momma and Daddy and the church folks and such still made me ashamed to do anything any other way."

"You say you're ashamed to do anything except in the dark, and even the touching you and Todd have done hasn't been much. So what in the *world* are you doing in <u>here</u> stark naked and touching **me**?"

I could hear the shame and embarrassment in her voice when she answered "I'm not saying I wasn't scared about coming in here — I was. But I figured if I *didn't* come in here, I'd never have the nerve to ask you about this stuff otherwise; and I decided if I WAS going to be getting into your bed with you, I wasn't going to do it halfway. So I got naked and opened the door — took me three tries to get nerve up, but I did it — and got into bed with you. As for the other, I figured touching your… parts would wake you up." She released a soft laugh before telling me "I didn't figure on how you'd react *before* that, or what you'd do when it happened."

The two of us lay there quietly in the dark as I thought about what she'd just said. What she'd told me earlier about religion and her opinion of it — that I could understand easily enough. Even without the family history that she had, I'd had something of a problem trying to reconcile the *teachings* of Christianity with the **actions** of so many that practiced it.

To an extent, I could appreciate her wish to understand and deal with her own desires, and curiosity about her body. She'd made a reasonable case for why she should be allowed to decide for herself what she wanted to do sexually, and she'd properly expressed (and demonstrated!) that she was serious about what she wanted and expected. When I thought about it, I realized that thinking of her as only being fifteen wasn't fair to her: she was, at most, barely a month from the magic age of 16, when she'd be presumed mature enough to decide such things for herself.

I certainly didn't have any problems about her looks: cleaned up and wearing the right clothes,

she was definitely attractive and cute as she could be.

But I couldn't forget that she was there because she'd already shown that she was capable of acting impulsively, without thinking of the potential consequences of what she did. She *seemed* to have learned better, but I still needed to be SURE that she was committed to any kind of intimacy between us.

I finally told her "Okay, Jill, you've explained why you're here and what you think you're doing. Now, I hope you can understand that even though you **said** you're sure you want to be here and that you *want* to learn about being… intimate from me, I'm still not ready to start doing anything with you. I mean, I've only known you for a little more than just a single day — I'm not convinced that you're really, truly ready for this. So what I'm going to do is get up and go into the bathroom; If you're not sure, then you leave and we'll act like you were never here. If you're really sure of what you want, it's going to be up to YOU to make ME believe it. If I don't, then it's back to the couch for you — even if I have to pick you up and carry you in there. Understand?"

She said that she did, and after a couple of seconds, I tossed the covers aside and went into my bathroom; closing the door behind me, I turned on the dimmest of the two lights before taking a seat on the commode so I could hold my head in my hands and mutter curses to myself.

I waited for as long as I could, then dawdled in getting myself a drink of water, taking as much time as I could in the expectation that she'd be gone when I came out.

So when I turned the light off again, and opened the door, I was damn near stunned to see that she was still in my bed. Not only that, but she'd turned the light on, and was lying on her back on top of the covers — her entire body on display to me.

And it was quite the show, too: the faint tan lines on her body told me that she only wore fairly modest one-piece suits — influenced or coerced by her parents, no doubt. At the top of that pale zone, her breasts stood proud; each was perhaps the size of half a softball, somewhat conical, and capped by small areolas and nipples that formed pale pink peaks at their summits. Her belly was flat, and her waist curved nicely into her hips — which, in turn, flowed into a pair of legs that almost *any* woman would be proud of. At the juncture of her smooth thighs, I saw that she had a small wedge of hair that was nearly as pale as what her head sported. Looking at her nearly took my breath away.

Through sheer force of will, I managed to get myself walking toward the bed. As I got closer, I saw that the expression on her face was a combination of nervousness and apprehension. I figured the nervousness was about what I, or we, might do that night; the apprehension had me baffled for several seconds before I figured out that she really was innocent enough not to realize just how damn attractive and appealing she was. I didn't have the slightest reluctance about telling her "Jill, when I saw you yesterday, after I got home, I thought you were a very pretty young lady. But now… getting to see all of you like this… the only word that describes how you look is **lovely**. Anyone you let look at you this way is going to consider themselves to be very,

very lucky. *Thank you* for letting me see you like this."

I knew that my words had the desired effect when she became visibly more confident — though still nervous. I addressed *that* little problem by letting her know "You told me that there are limits to how much you want to do with me tonight. I understand that, and I will respect those limits, no matter what else happens with us. You told me that you read the things that I wrote in my book, so I think you know that I will keep my promise on that. But you also said that you want to learn things from me; things about how two people can be intimate with each other. What I hope you learn tonight, more than anything else, is that it isn't *what* two people do, but **why they do it** that really matters. I'm willing to be with you like this not because of how you look — and as I say, you ARE lovely! — but because I care for you. You could even say that I love you."

I saw her eyes go wide at that, and went on "No, I don't mean that I love you the way Todd does, or anything like that. But I *do* love you enough to be willing to help you learn how you can be intimate with another person — knowing that it won't be me. Because by helping you learn that, I know that it will make YOU happy. Not just for what happens with you directly, but because I know that whatever you get from me, you'll help the other person learn it, too; and that by THEM learning it, they'll be able to make YOU happy, in return."

I continued to stand there looking into her face as she thought about what I'd just said. When I saw that she understood it, I asked "Are you afraid, now?"

"No. I was, a little bit, before — but not now. I know what you mean, now, when you say that you love me; and I know that I love you, too, the same way. After I read what you wrote in your book, I knew that you wouldn't do anything that would… hurt me. And what you just said… I know that I'm right to trust you."

Knowing that she was ready to accept what I had to offer, I moved to lie down next to her, on my side. Moving slowly, I put my hand on her belly — surprising her a little that I didn't go for one of her breasts — and looked into her eyes as I told her "We are **not** going to be having sex. When you leave here, you won't be any different physically that you were when you came in. *However*, we WILL be making love, in a way."

She didn't react in the slightest, and I went on to say "To be intimate with someone else, it isn't a matter what body parts you use. What's important is what's in your heart, and WHY you're doing it. If you care for someone else, and you're doing the things you do because of that care, then it's fair to call it 'making love'. You can 'make love' a little bit, like we'll be, or you can 'make love' a lot, like you will when you and the right guy decide it's time. Whatever you do, never, **ever** be intimate with someone because you think you 'have' to, or because you think you 'owe' them something. Any woman that will have sex with a man for money is a whore. An honest one, but still a whore. Any woman that will go to bed with a man if he says or does or has the right things is still a whore — just not an honest one, because she's still selling her body; she's just not honest enough to admit that's what she'd doing."

I saw Jill consider that for a few moments before nodding her head in understanding, and telling me "A couple of the girls at school… well, they'd be all kinds of mad if you offered them cash money for sex. But if you brought 'em flowers, took 'em out to eat someplace fancy, and was polite enough, you'd likely find out they'd be pretty agreeable along 'bout the second date. I guess it **is** whorin', isn't it? Just a different way of paying, like you said; and not as honest."

"Don't forget the other part of what I said", I cautioned. She looked at me, and I reminded her "I also said that when you ARE with someone, it doesn't matter what body parts you use."

She looked at me expectantly, and I continued "You said that you and Todd have already touched each other some. And I expect you already have an idea of what parts are involved for the actual sex part."

She didn't hesitate to answer "Yeah, we did — and I do."

"I'd be willing to bet that you've heard about other things, too — whether it's from hearing other girls talk, or wherever."

She did blush faintly, but admitted that she had.

"Well, now you're going to get the chance to find out **for yourself** what's *really* involved in some of those things. I expect that some of what you heard didn't sound very nice, the way people talked about it; what I hope you'll do is have the courage to try them and decide for yourself. I'm not going to 'push' you to do anything, and I'm certainly not going to FORCE you — I'm just going to give you the opportunity; the final decision is yours."

She assured me that was fine, and I told her "Now, I may have to ask you different things. They aren't 'trick' questions, and there aren't any 'right' or 'wrong' answers. I'm not asking them to make you feel embarrassed, though they might make you feel that way; and I'm not trying to make you feel bad or that you don't know something or any of that kind of nonsense. I'll be asking them so that I don't waste any time telling you something you already know, or skip over something that you need to learn. Okay?"

She said it was, so the first thing to do was ask her "You said that you've always been ashamed to do anything except in the dark; I take it that means the touching you did with Todd, too?"

She visibly pinkened with mild embarrassment, but told me "Um, yeah. And the touching we did, it was almost always on the outside. Of our clothes, I mean."

"That's fine, Jill. You told me that you've done a lot of babysitting, and I'm going to figure that included boy babies, too, so you already know pretty much how boys and girls are different — at least, in general terms. But I'm also going to figure that you've never really gotten to look, either; not at a guy that had at least started puberty. So what I figure to do first is for me to just lay back, close my eyes, and let you look at ME."

She was definitely surprised, and I told her "You can look, touch, move things around, ask questions, whatever you want to do for as long as you want to do it. I'm only going to ask that

you take it easy about squeezing or hitting anything", the last part in an effort to get a smile out of her. She looked suitably horrified at the very *idea* of hitting or squeezing before smiling when she realized that I was letting her know that she didn't have to worry about simply touching.

Having told her what I was going to do, I did it: simply rolling over onto my back, putting my hands behind my head, and closing my eyes.

Even so, it took almost a minute before she worked up the nerve to sit up and move to where she could get a proper view.

As was to be expected, her initial touches were brief, and tentative; but when I didn't react in any noticeable way, she gradually got confident enough to touch me for longer periods of time, and move things around as she asked a number of questions. I gave her the best answers I had, and when I wasn't sure, readily admitted so. I also took the opportunity to make sure she knew not only the 'proper' names for things, but had the slang terms correct, as well. Somewhere along the line, she'd gotten at least a *basic* grounding in male versus female anatomy, so she didn't have to ask any of the more rudimentary things. She didn't do anything overtly sexual, so I didn't have any difficulty keeping control of myself. When she was done, I felt her move to lie next to me again.

Opening my eyes, I rolled onto my side again and returned my hand to her belly. She looked up at me in expectation, and I asked "Think you're okay with guy parts, now?" She grinned, and nodded her head, so my next question was "Have you ever had the chance to do anything like that about girl parts?"

Surprised at the question, she told me "No, never. After I started growing hair, you know, between my legs, Momma and Daddy was pretty particular about what friends I got to spend the night with. Oh, we pretended to kiss boys and practice hugging, but never anything more than that."

I reassured her "There's nothing wrong with that, Jill. If you want, I can help you learn girl parts, too."

She grinned at me and asked "How you gonna do that? I'm the only girl *here*!"

I grinned back and said "Exactly." The resulting look of bafflement on her face was priceless.

I finally had mercy on her by explaining "Yes, you're the only girl here — so you're the one you'd learn from. What I can do is get a mirror so that you can look at *yourself*. If you want, I can stay with you, and try to answer any questions you've got. Or I can leave you alone until you tell me you're done; or you can skip the whole thing — it's up to you. That's assuming you haven't already done something like that yourself, of course."

She didn't even blink at the suggestion she might have already examined her own genitals; she simply shook her head in the negative before telling me "No, I haven't." Then, a moment later, she said "Uh, yeah, I think I'd like to do that. You... you don't have to leave, or anything; I know I'm going to, uh, have questions."

"It's okay. If that's what you want to do, and how you want to do it, then that's the way it'll be. Just give me a minute to get a mirror, okay?"

Apparently not trusting herself to speak, she nodded her agreement; I left the bed just long enough to retrieve a large hand mirror I had — I'd bought it with the vague idea that it might be useful, and had actually found plenty of instances where having it HAD been a help.

Back on the bed with Jill, I told her "You're going to have to sit up; I'd suggest that you kind of rest on your tailbone, and lean back against the headboard. Bring your knees up and get your feet as far apart as you can. I'll hold the mirror so you can see yourself; I will *not* be touching you unless YOU tell me to, only the WAY to tell me, and for as LONG as you tell me."

She found her voice long enough to let me know she understood, then started to sit up. Positioning herself as I'd suggested, she spread her legs as far as she could before starting to bring her knees up. I quickly got the mirror positioned, then made a little bit of a 'show' out of turning my head so that I wasn't looking directly at the area between her thighs. That seemed to reassure her, and she soon had herself as opened up as she could. It took only a few commands from her before I had the mirror positioned to her satisfaction.

While she was engrossed in examining herself, I took the opportunity to have a look at her myself; while my head was turned away from her crotch, I was still able to shift my eyes enough to see her: her pale muff appeared to be much shorter and thicker than most I'd seen; the edges of her growth were sharp and clear, and I couldn't see the skin I knew was underneath it. It extended something over inch above where I estimated her pubic bone to be, and formed a narrow vee that tapered out just below the cleft where her sex was starting to make an appearance.

After simply looking at herself for a bit, she reached down to begin touching — and more to the point, opening herself up so that she could see her particulars. That made them visible to me, too: the small, thin lips of her womanhood, all but hidden; the hood of her clitoris, which was the size of a small pea, and starting to make an appearance. I saw that she was starting to develop a slight flush, and a few moments later, my nose told me that it was one of arousal. That was further verified by the appearance of a thin sheen of her oils on the inner surfaces of her labia. To my mild surprise, she was bold enough to spread her vaginal lips so that she could have a look at what lay further inside her: the ring of her hymen. She seemed to examine it closely, and even gave it a few tentative nudges with the very tip of her finger before she was ready to start asking me questions.

To help keep her relaxed, I made a point of 'obviously' looking at her when she asked a question that made it necessary; the rest of the time, I made sure to make it clear that I *wasn't* looking — at least, not overtly.

Finally satisfied that she knew her particulars, she hesitantly asked if she was like other girls. That gave me an excuse to be seen looking at her for several seconds before tilting my head up to look into her face as I told her "Just like I'll bet you saw differences among the boy babies that you sat for, women aren't all exactly the same, either. But just like there's only so much

difference among guys, there are limits to how different women can be, too. You look about as normal as any other woman that I'm aware of. I don't mean to embarrass you, but even there, I think you look better than most of the females I know."

What I said *did* embarrass her, of course; but it also reassured her somewhat that not only was she not 'weird' there, but actually attractive — to me, at least.

I moved the mirror out of the way, and she scooted herself down until she was laying on her back again. I took my position on my side next to her, but kept my hands to myself as I said "Jill, trust me on this: you are most **definitely** an attractive young woman. I know that you haven't had much experience or chance to learn about boys and girls and all the differences between them. I hope that by getting to look at me, and then yourself, you realize that there really isn't all *that* much difference between individuals of either gender. Any difference you can think of between girls, there's something that applies to guys. Just like there are some girls that have really large or small breasts, there are guys that have really large or small penises — and just like most girls breast size tends to be more in the middle, a guys size does. The same thing about how much or little hair they have between their legs, what color or shape it is, ALL of that is going to be a *little* bit different between individuals. But if you took any two random people of either sex and compared them, the differences wouldn't be all that much. Pretty much everybody of either sex has the same things in the same places, with only minor differences between them. Remember that it's only the extremes that most people really notice, not the average."

The next thing I had to say was "Now that we've got that part out of the way, we can start helping you learn how to give *and receive* pleasure from being intimate with someone. To do that, there's going to have to be touching — and different KINDS of touching. Nothing is going to happen that is going to hurt you in **any** way; but if you really want to learn anything from me about being intimate with another person, then you're going to have to understand that you're going to have to be willing to try new things. I mean, if you already KNEW everything, there wouldn't be anything for you to learn, right?"

She smiled at that, and answered "Yeah, that's right. I know I'm going to have to try stuff I never thought of before. I'm kinda scared about it; not because I don't *want* to try, but because I'm afraid I'll get it wrong, or you'll be disappointed with me."

I reached over to cup her cheek in my hand as I looked into her eyes to say "Jill, I am **not** going to be disappointed with you about *any* of this. If you decide there's something you don't want to do, then I'll be sorry that you'll be missing out on something that you might have liked — but I will NOT be disappointed. And if you try something and decide you don't like it… well, that's up to you, for you to decide, and there's NOTHING for me to say or think about it. The whole idea is for me to help you discover what's possible, so that you can choose for yourself what you want. Don't worry about getting anything 'wrong', either: what you need to understand is that when you're being close with someone else, if something feels good to the person it's being done to, then the one doing it is getting it *right*. Once you've got that part, doing it so it's better for the other person is just a matter of practicing" I finished, with a grin.

She grinned back at me, and I told her "I said that it doesn't matter what body parts you use to be intimate with someone else. What I'd like to do is *show* you now that that's true — that what really matters is how you THINK about things, and what's in your heart. You don't have to do anything but accept what I'm going to offer you. If something feels strange or different, I'd ask you to give it a little time before you decide whether it feels good or not, okay?"

I could see the trust and confidence she had in me when she nodded her agreement.

Looking into her eyes, my first considered action was to slowly and softly draw my fingertips down her cheek — then onward down her throat, between her breasts, and ending with my hand gently resting on her abdomen. Lowering my head, I kissed her lips lightly and chastely, and then did it again before beginning to caress her body. Wanting to help her understand that there was more to intimacy than just breasts and crotches, I deliberately went about touching and teasing as much of her as I could reach, *except for* her breasts and pubic area. I didn't do anything to try and **get** her to open herself to my touch; rather, I simply invited her to LET me have access to more of her body. That way, it was HER idea to open her legs so that I could caress the insides of her thighs, and it was HER idea to move her arms away from her body so that I could reach their insides, and the sides of her body. Throughout, I continued to give her soft, pleasant kisses — sometimes on her lips, other times on her cheek, forehead, or even the tip of her nose.

It didn't take long before I had her fairly writhing beneath my hand. Only then did I gradually begin to include the more conventional erogenous zones, starting with her breasts.

Even after I'd gotten both of her nipples erect and all but *begging* to be sucked on, I limited myself to using only my hand and fingertips; the inclusion of her mons and the area between her silken thighs seemed to happen purely by coincidence — a pleasant one, judging from the soft noises she began to make. So gradual and careful was my touch that she never exhibited any concern or notice of it when contact with the core of her womanhood was finally made.

With the faint scent of her arousal, I slowly began to increase my efforts, starting by finally allowing my lips to leave her face and end at her breasts via a random and circuitous path. My lips slowly and gently climbed their way up her breasts until reaching their peaks; the first touch of my lips to each nipple was simply to kiss it. More kisses followed; and each time, I took a tiny fraction more of her nipples between my lips until I was finally able to suckle on each — my efforts accompanied by moans of pleasure and arousal from her.

As my mouth and tongue brought the peaks of her warm, firm mammaries to stand tall and proud, my hand was busy lower down. I wasn't focusing my attentions solely on her sex, either: the area between her thighs was only the endpoint of each journey my hand and fingers took.

When her pelvis began an involuntary arching upwards in welcome to my touch, I slowly transferred my attentions from her breasts to her pubis, a process that ended with my head between her thighs.

The feeling of my breath on her mons caused her to start to raise her head and say something, but the effort was cut short by my tongue dipping between her labia before tracing a path upwards

across her opening — and ending with a brief caress of her clitoris. When I started to do it again, her head fell back and her legs spread even more as she gave herself over to the sensations I was creating in her young body. Her woman's oils were thin, light, and fresh; I delighted in collecting them on my tongue to savor before stimulating her into producing more. I was always careful to avoid trying to penetrate her in any way; there was no need, since the rest of my efforts proved to be more than sufficient to inflame her passions and bring pleasure to both of us.

From the things that Jill had said to me, I didn't figure that she pleasured herself much. And I figured it was a virtual certainty that she'd never had an orgasm — an oversight that I was patiently and deliberately trying to correct.

With my hands teasing and caressing her breasts and nipples as my lips and mouth and tongue were doing the same farther down, she was steadily being raised to higher and higher levels of passion and arousal. I knew when she got close to the summit, and took great delight in being the one to introduce her to the indescribable pleasure of her first climax: I heard her start to cry out before her thighs all but slammed against the sides of my head as her body went through the first of a series of powerful spasms that seemed all the world like convulsions. After experiencing her initial reaction, I didn't dare do anything to prolong or intensify it for her; instead, I quickly tapered off the various things that I was doing to her. When her legs finally fell apart, I took the opportunity to move so that I was laying next to her again before wrapping and arm around her and holding her close as her young body went through the last few spasms of her release.

She was trembling against my chest, panting as her lungs tried to gather the oxygen that the rest of her body was demanding.

When her breathing had slowed again, she brought a hand up and pressed against my chest, letting me know that she wanted me to release her. Helping guide her as she rolled onto her back again, I left my forearm resting on her belly as I looked down at her.

Though visibly stunned by what she'd just experienced, she still managed to look up at me in something akin to awe to ask "That… that's an orgasm? Like I've read about?"

Smiling, I answered "Yes, that's what it was. That was the first time for you, wasn't it?"

She nodded slowly before telling me "Sometimes, I used to… to touch myself, and it always felt good. But I always stopped after a bit because I felt ashamed and dirty, doing it. If I'd kept going, I'd have had one of those before, wouldn't I?"

"Probably, depending on how much you did it, and how often."

"Then how come they say making yourself feel good is so bad, when it can make you do **that**?" The tone of her voice made it clear that she literally couldn't comprehend why *anyone* would say that what she'd just been through was 'wrong'.

"Jill, the only thing I can figure is that there are some people that just *can't* be happy unless they're doing **something** to make themselves miserable. And if they can make someone else miserable in the process, that just makes it even better for them."

Several seconds went by before she hesitantly asked me "Is… is it like that when you're being physical with someone else, too?"

"It can be; I even think it should be, if the ones involved care about each other in their hearts and minds."

"And if they don't?"

"Then what they have may satisfy their bodies, but that's not really enough, to my way of thinking."

"What do you mean?"

I considered it for a moment, then asked her "Have you ever cheated at something? A game, or a test, or anything like that?"

She reluctantly admitted that she had, and the next thing I asked was "Were you *really* happy with the result? Or did it turn out not be as nice as you thought it would?"

"It wasn't as nice. Not really."

"The way I figure it, it's kind of like that when you're dealing with people, too: if you're going to share your most personal possession — your body — with someone, then if you don't have your mind and your heart involved, too, then you're basically cheating yourself."

She didn't look like she quite understood, so I asked her "When I told you that I love you, did you believe me?" She said that she did, and I continued "Do you think that *because* I love you, I was trying to make you feel good?"

She said that she did, and my next question was "Do you think you would feel the same way about what happened if you **didn't** know that I love you?"

I watched her face as she considered it, and already knew the answer when she told me "No, I wouldn't. *This* is special because **you're** special. You mean that when it's me and Todd, it'll be like this?"

"Yes, it will. Maybe not at first, because both of you still have to learn how to give and receive pleasure from each other. If both of you have your hearts in the right place AND are willing to use your minds, then the rest of it should be as good, or even better, than tonight. Remember, I'm older and have more experience than you or Todd, so I was able to kind of 'make up' for what you didn't know; but you and Todd love each other more, so that'll make it easier for you, too. It's kind of like when you're cooking: if you don't have QUITE enough of one thing, then you can usually add a little more of something else to make up the difference."

She smiled her understanding, and when I saw her start thinking about what I'd said and what it meant to her, I was willing to wait for her to work things out.

Several minutes went by before she looked up at me again, a guilty expression on her face. I reached up to cup her cheek again before telling her "It's okay, Jill. You're here because you

wanted to learn things from me; I'm not going to be upset with you when you want to think about what I say."

She gave me a shy smile and slowly rubbed my palm with her cheek before saying "I guess I shouldn't be surprised that you'd understand, and be so willing to be patient with me. After I read your book or diary or whatever you want to call it, I knew that you had to be a good person."

I softly kissed her, and after I'd raised my head again, the look in her eyes told me volumes about just how much heart and soul she had in her small body.

The next thing I knew, she had a mischievous grin on her face, and she asked "I just accepted what you said you had to offer me, didn't I?"

"You certainly did!" I teased.

Her grin got wider before she asked "Then is it time for ME to offer, and YOU to accept?"

I couldn't help but grin back at her as I answered "If you think so, and want to."

"I do — to both!" she declared before sitting up and turning to face me.

After I'd rolled onto my back, she scooted a little closer before asking "What should I do? I *want* to do this, but I'm not sure what or how, is all…"

I smiled up at her and answered "Remember, I told you that what body parts you use doesn't really matter. Anything I did to you, you can do to me — and if you think of something you want to do that I didn't, then that's okay, too."

Reassured, she smiled at me before announcing "Then what I want to do first is *this*!", followed by giving me one HELL of a kiss. While there was **some** passion in it, what it was mostly was loving.

When our lips finally parted, Jill looked down at me for a few seconds, as though memorizing my face. Then, perking up again, she moved to straddle my waist before commencing to shower me with a number of small, soft kisses, just as I'd done to her.

I had put my hands on her thighs, and while she was leaning over and kissing me, I slowly slid them upwards — giving her plenty of time to object, if she wanted to, before I had them on the small, tight globes of her ass.

The next several minutes were almost a sensory overload for me: between the feeling of her hard nipples pressing into my chest, her luxuriously soft bush tickling my lower belly, and the feeling of her ass cheeks in my hands, I couldn't decide which one I liked the best. So I finally gave a mental "The hell with it!" and just enjoyed it ALL.

Jill did to me pretty much the same things I did to her; the difference was that she was finally getting the chance to really touch, and explore, as she saw fit. While she was trying to bring pleasure to me, I could tell that she was also pleasing *herself* with her actions.

Of course, there finally came the time that she wanted to include my penis in her activities. I'd

gotten semi-erect from her attentions, and she took me into her hand to gently squeeze it a couple of times before I heard her say "I've heard a couple of girls at school talk about using their… their mouth on guys. It sounded like the guys liked it and all, but then I'd hear people talking about it — even guys — like it was a bad thing, too."

I simply told her "Remember, Jill, that it's up to YOU to decide what you want to do, and *why*. If **you're** happy about it, then what anybody else thinks doesn't matter."

She considered that for a few moments and nodded to herself before saying "I heard the other girls saying that if they used their mouth on the guy long enough, he'd… squirt his stuff while they were doin' it." She looked at me and hesitantly told me "I don't know if I'd like that, not while I was doing it."

"You don't have to do *anything* you're not sure of. If you want to try using your mouth on me, then I'll be sure and tell you before anything happens, okay?"

Reassured that there weren't going to be any 'surprises', Jill gave me a relieved smile before turning her attention back to my penis.

It took her a little experimentation to find out how to get my penis responding; but once she got started, she was a fast and enthusiastic learner. Once I was fully erect, she continued with her hand for a little bit before giving my manhood a small, tentative lick. Apparently satisfied that the taste was acceptable, her next move was to open her mouth and take just the head inside so that she could softly lick and suck on it. I assured her that she was doing fine, and that what she was doing felt good; that seemed to give her the encouragement she needed to start taking more and more of me between her lips, and expanding her efforts to include licking *all* of my penis, among other things.

At the rate she was progressing, it would have taken quite a while for her to get me even **close** to cumming. I decided to see if I couldn't give her a little non-verbal encouragement.

Reaching over a little bit, I was able to put my hand on her calf, and start caressing her leg. After doing that for a little bit, I gently nudged her leg to indicate that I wanted her to move it. She complied readily enough up until I tried to get her to lift it up: letting my cock fall from her mouth, she turned her head to ask me "What?"

I smiled and told her "If it's okay, I'd like to do it to you while you're doing it to me."

Remembering how I'd used my mouth on her before, she asked "We'd be doing what they call '69', then?"

When I nodded that it would, she got a pleased look on her face and unhesitatingly moved so that she was straddling my head before turning back to wrap her lips around my cock again.

Though amused at the increase in her sexuality, I didn't delay in raising my hands to hold her cute ass again and lift my head to begin orally plundering her female treasure.

It wasn't long before my nose was filled with the heady aroma of her uniquely feminine scent

while my tongue was being treated to the musky sweetness of her virginal oils. When I lowered my head to rest a bit, I had the enticing view of her pale pubis being divided by the glistening lips of her vaginal opening. Although they were small and relatively thin, they were still dark with her arousal and easily visible. I took a few moments to memorize the sight she presented to me before resuming the ever-so-pleasant task I'd assigned myself.

As I'd hoped, my attentions to her womanhood provided the stimulus for her to increase HER efforts: as I moved her closer and closer to an orgasm, she got more and more enthusiastic about what she was doing to *me*.

Still, I had more experience with women than she did with guys, so I was able to bring her to her second-ever orgasm well before she was even *close* to getting ME off. When it hit her, she released my erection from her mouth in favor of breathing while she arched herself down toward where my tongue was doing various geometric patterns around and across her engorged clitoris. The waves of pleasure coursing through her body dramatically increased the amount of her lubrication between her labia, and I finally shifted my attentions to begin lapping them up as her orgasm began to taper off.

With the end of her climax, she didn't delay in lowering herself to pick up where she'd left off; I noticed a marked increase in her enthusiasm and willingness to stimulate ME when she resumed her efforts.

With the two of us feeding off each other's increasing arousal and pleasure, it wasn't too long before each of us was approaching our release. I think Jill knew that she had me at the edge of emptying myself, but I was trying to hold off until I could stimulate her into another orgasm. It was a race, but of the kind that nobody really *loses*.

She'd spread her legs to open herself to me as much as she could, and I had her moaning almost constantly when she found a combination of suction, head twisting, and tongue stimulation that was simply more than I could stand. I managed to pull my face from her crotch long enough to warn her that I was going to cum; the noise that she made told me that she'd heard me — but she continued what she was doing. Lifting my head, I put my mouth over her erect clitoris and began doing the best I could to bring her to climax along with me.

Even as I was rhythmically sucking on her clitoris, I felt the first wad of my semen erupting from my cock and into her warm mouth.

The only thing she did in reaction was to let most of my erection slip from her mouth, so that her lips were wrapped around it just behind the glans as she continued to suck on me, and tease me with her tongue. As my semen continued to spray into her oral cavity, she swallowed several times while doing what she could to make my release as powerful as she knew how.

When the biggest part of my climax was over, I quickly resumed trying to bring her to an orgasm; I was surprised to discover just how much wetter she'd gotten, and how amazingly close she seemed to be. I made a couple of swipes of my tongue across her vaginal opening, and had only to tease her clitoris again for a few seconds before I felt her reach her own release — one

that was easily more powerful than either of the previous two.

I pretty much knew when the worst (best?) of her climax was over when I felt the full weight of her body come to rest on mine. Figuring that she was simply exhausted by the orgasms she'd had so close together, I managed to get us onto our side, then disentangle myself from her. Moving so that the two of us were head-to-head, I saw that while she was awake and (mostly) alert, she was still more than a little stunned by what had just happened to her.

Looking into her eyes, I told her that I was going to leave, but that I'd be **right back**. Her eyes let me know she understood, and I quickly left to get a couple of sodas and some bottled water from the fridge. Setting them on the night table, I got back into bed, where she was able to offer at least token assistance as I got her moved around so that I could hold her while I rested against the headboard. Opening one of the sodas — figuring she'd benefit from the sugar and caffeine — I held it to her lips and carefully helped her drink from it. Over the next few minutes, I helped her replenish the fluids and energy she'd lost.

Whether it was the ingredients from the soda or just her youthful resilience, she was pretty much back to normal by the time the soda can was empty. I offered her the second one, and she indicated her acceptance. Since she was able to hold it herself, I opened one of the bottles of water for myself.

We sat there quietly for several minutes with her tucked into my side. The silence was finally broken by her telling me "What you were doing to me… it felt good, *real* good, just like before. But because I knew I was pleasurin' you, too… somehow, that made it even better. I heard when you told me you was going to do it, but I liked what I was doing to you so much that I just didn't **care**. Least, not until that first time you squirted; I didn't know it could come out so hard, or that there'd be so MUCH of it!"

I gave her a hug and answered "I was a little surprised, too. I didn't think you'd do that, and when you did, that just made it even better for me. Thank you *very* much!"

I could feel her blush slightly as she replied "I was glad I did it, once it was over. Your stuff tasted kind of salty, and it was a little thick, like custard." Tilting her head to look up at me, I could see she was a little nervous about admitting "I… I kinda liked it, even."

I lowered my head to kiss her on the lips, which I saw surprised her. I simply raised an eyebrow, and she told me "When I heard the other girls talking about doing that, I heard 'em say that their boyfriends usually didn't want to kiss them too soon after they done it."

"I suppose that's how most guys are; but I'm not most guys."

She laughed and said "I'll vouch for that!" before I continued "First, you did that to make ME feel good; so why shouldn't I want to kiss you afterwards? Second, **if** there's still any of my semen in your mouth, so what? — it was mine to start with!"

She laughed again at the end of what I said, and looked pleased as she snuggled a little closer to me. I put my arm around her again, and I heard her release a soft sigh of contentment.

It was some time later, and I was debating whether or not to open another bottle of water when I felt/heard her yawn. Looking down at her, I could see that she was a little embarrassed about it; I gave her another hug and said "It's okay, dear; it IS getting late. You've had a busy day, and even busier night." Blushing in embarrassment, she looked up at me as I continued "The only worry about when we get up tomorrow is when you want to go to the bus station and head home."

Reminded of what lay ahead of her the next day, I could see that she was pleased at being able to go back where she'd come from — and a little saddened to be leaving where she was, too. Getting her empty soda can and setting it on the night stand, I told her "If you want to, I think it would be okay if you stayed with me tonight; but if you want to sleep on the couch again, that's okay, too. Either way, I think it's time for BOTH of us to get some sleep."

She didn't hesitate in the slightest before moving away from me — but only far enough to turn out the light; then the two of us got ourselves under the bedcovers. She guided me onto my back, and lay on her side next to me so that she could put an arm and leg across me while resting her head on my shoulder. I put my arm around her and gave her a hug, prompting her to kiss my cheek before the two of us settled in to get some shut-eye.

It was the smell of coffee that woke me up again the next morning. Except the coffee was in a cup, and in front of me. Looking beyond it, I saw that Jill was sitting cross-legged (and naked!) across from me, holding it. Seeing that she'd succeeded in waking me, she gave me a positively *radiant* smile before saying "Time to get up, sleepy head!"

Cute and chipper as she was, I simply **couldn't** do anything but smile back at her and wish her a good morning before sitting up far enough to take the cup from her. After I'd taken the first sip, I asked what time it was; her answer told me that we'd gotten more sleep that it really felt like I had. Then I remembered the activity of the night before — which improved my attitude considerably.

A few more sips, and I was ready to ask her how long she'd been awake; learning that she'd been up for nearly an hour only made me feel every bit of my age and a little envious of her energy and enthusiasm.

She must have noticed that I was looking her over because she told me "After I woke up this morning, I started thinking about last night, and the things you told me. I was more scared than I let on when you came out of the bathroom; I *never* had a guy see me naked like that, not even the doctor — he always had me wearing one of those hospital gowns, and there was always a nurse there. But when you came out, all you did was tell me how pretty you think I am. And the whole time we were together, you was always nice; I mean, you didn't go grabbing at me or staring or anything like that. Oh, you *looked*, all right, but you didn't **stare**, and that helped me a LOT. After getting to look at you, and then myself, I realized that there WASN'T anything wrong 'bout being naked; not like my folks and the church and such said. That got me to thinking about a lot of other things that they tried to make me believe, too — and I finally decided that what you told me about thinking about things and deciding for myself was right. First thing I decided was that

it actually feels *good* to be naked!"

She grinned at me before saying "Oh, I know you're looking at me and seeing my boobs, and between my legs. And I expect you're remembering last night, too — and that's okay. That's something else I figured out this morning: that being with somebody like that, sharing my heart and head with 'em, 'long with my body… that ain't a BAD thing, at all. You're sitting there remembering last night, just like I am; and both of us are happier because of it. I don't see how two folks being happy about something they shared can be *wrong*. Oh, I **know** there's folks out there that'd have a conniption fit if they saw us now; but they aren't here, and I ain't going to let them worry me like they done, not any more. So if you want to look, then have at it, 'cause I'm doing the same!"

I couldn't help but smile in reaction to what she'd said; I was delighted that she HAD thought about the things I'd told her, and started making her own decisions. Still, I had to caution her "Of course you're still going to be careful about what you say and do, and when and to who."

"Oh, sure! I don't figure to start runnin' around without a bra, or wearing skimpy clothes, or sayin' or doin' anything to provoke anyone. And I'm *dang* sure gonna do what I promised the Olsens about staying with them! I'm just saying that if the only reason somebody has for telling me something is because the Bible says… well, it isn't going to fret me like it used to — not by a long shot. I'll be polite enough, all right; it just won't worry me any, what they say."

It sounded to me like she'd managed to get her head on pretty straight, and that she understood that making decisions for herself didn't mean that she was exempt from the rest of society's rules. She still had a lot to learn, and needed some more experience with life, but she had a pretty good beginning. The way I figured it, she was getting off to a better start than a lot of people her age.

Both of us finished our coffee about the same time, and after Jill had taken my cup, she set both cups on the night stand. When she turned back and saw my confusion, she got a lecherous grin on her face before telling me "How good you made me feel last night, those were YOU doing things to ME. This morning, I figured it'd be a good idea to make sure I can take care of my own needs before I leave."

Okay, it took me a few seconds to realize that she was talking about masturbation; I still didn't understand where she was going until she told me "I figured it'd be more… *intersting* if you were watching me."

My expression must have told her that I understood what she was saying, because she went on to add "And if I was watching you, I'd sure have reason to do it. I'd sure like getting the chance to see what happens when there isn't something there to catch it when you shoot, too."

Again, it took me a second to realize that she wanted me to watch *her* masturbate while she watched ME doing it, too.

She must have seen my penis twitch at the idea, because her grin only got wider as she turned to fully face me, and spread her legs.

Looking into my face, she used one hand to cup her breast and begin playing with its nipple as the other hand slowly traced its way between her thighs. Once there, I saw her finger curl as she drew the tip of it up through the cleft of her sex; when it reappeared, it glistened with her oils.

I was completely shocked, though, when she lifted her hand to begin sucking her own essence off of it. Seeing my surprise, she grinned wickedly, and told me "When you kissed me last night, I got a little bit of a taste of myself. I decided that I liked *my* taste, too!" before repeating her action.

I could feel myself begin to grow longer and harder in response to the show she was putting on for me, and decided that it was time for me to return the favor. Taking myself in hand, I began stroking my cock; Jill watched me slowly become fully erect even as she continued to tease her nipples, and play with her labia and clitoris.

By unspoken agreement, neither of us tried to move things along too quickly; rather, each of us was putting on a show for the other — deliberately going slowly so as to make it last as long as possible. It wasn't long before I could detect the unique scent of her arousal, and hear the small noises of pleasure she made as she toyed with herself. We made no effort to touch each other in any way — everything that was happening between us was because of what each of us was witness to, and the pleasure we were giving ourselves.

Jill had developed a flush that extended to the upper slopes of her breasts; I thought that I could hear the faint noises of her finger sliding through the visibly wet folds of her labia, and a soft sucking sound each time she cleaned her finger of moisture it had collected. Both of her breasts were visibly tight, her areolas puckered and nipples standing tall and proud as she gently pinched and pulled on them.

From the soft groans she was making, and the way she was arching her pelvis when her hand was there, I knew that she was getting close to her climax. That knowledge, coupled with the sight of her involved in such an intimate act, moved ME closer and closer to my own release.

It was when I started thinking about being able to **watch** her *as she orgasmed* that I felt myself slip past the point of no return. It wasn't but a couple more minutes before I had to tell her "I'm going to cum!" — only to hear her reply of "Yes! Do it! I want to see!"

A few more strokes, and it happened: with a guttural groan, I felt my semen begin jetting out of me, the first blob landing on my chest.

That was all Jill needed to trigger her own climax, accompanied by an impassioned moan of pleasure and relief — something that made the second spray of my cum erupt almost as powerfully as the first.

I don't think either of us closed our eyes for even a moment; I know that I was equally fascinated and amazed by the obviously powerful spasms her body went through as the waves of her release coursed through it. The sight of her vaginal opening clenching as small waves of her essence were pushed out was incredible; the sudden increase of the aroma of her arousal, and the panting

moans she made delighted me because I *knew* they were happening as a result of what she'd seen ME doing. It was a uniquely erotic and satisfying experience.

Still, there was only so much each of us could contribute to the situation; with my male and age limitations, I was the first to lie back as I caught my breath and tried to recover. Several seconds later, Jill followed my example, leaving the two of us lying there gasping like a couple of fish out of water.

When I was feeling approximately normal again, I turned my head to look over towards Jill, who was already looking at me. Seeing that I was responsive, she told me "That was absolutely *amazing*. I thought it would be sexy, watching you while you were watching me — but I didn't think it would be **anything** like that!"

"I didn't know what to expect, really; but that wasn't it", I assured her, in return.

Several seconds passed before she got another grin on her face and announced "I want to clean your stuff off."

"If you want to", I agreed — only to be surprised when she added "With my mouth."

It took me only a second to decide to tell her "Okay, if I get to do the same for you!"

She nodded happily, and the two of us worked our way close enough to each other that we could begin our respective cleanup tasks. She greedily vacuumed my semen from my chest and belly before using her tongue and lips to clean my penis. I, on the other hand, took my time about lapping up the ample supply of her nectar from between her thighs; I was still trying to gather up any faint traces I might have missed when she told me "Damn you! If you keep doing that, you're going to make me have another orgasm — and we still have to clean up and have some breakfast before I go. It feels *really* good, but I don't think we've got **time** for it. So stop it, would you?"

I could tell from the tone of her voice that she was just trying to be 'practical', even though she obviously liked what I was doing — but I stopped anyway, if reluctantly. Once she'd mentioned it, I realized that I WAS hungry for something besides HER.

Shifting myself around, I got face-to-face with her and gave her a kiss on the lips; she looked pleased, and didn't say anything. We lay there looking into each others faces for a couple of minutes before I offered "If we need to clean up, I suppose we should get started. IF you think you can <u>behave</u> yourself, you can take a shower with me."

Looking delighted at the prospect, she told me "Yeah, I *think* I can behave… mostly."

Pretending to give her the fish-eye (which amused her greatly), I answered "Well, if you can **mostly** behave, I <u>guess</u> I can live with that…", making her giggle.

A few moments later, I sat up and gave each of her nipples a kiss before telling her "Okay, come on. If we're going to have to do this, we might as well get it over with…" with feigned reluctance. She saw right through it, of course, and happily moved to follow me into the bathroom. Once we were in the shower, I discovered that a wet and slippery Jill could be *almost*

as much fun as a dry one. And she behaved herself — mostly.

Once we were dressed and fed, a call to the depot got us the schedule of buses that could get her home; it didn't take her long to decide which one she wanted.

We had some time before it left, so we spent it cuddling on the sofa, with Demosthenes making sure Jill didn't float up off my lap by laying on HER lap and purring as she rubbed his ears.

It was a quiet trip in my car as I took her to the bus depot. Once we were there, though, she took my hands in hers and looked up into my face to tell me "Jim, I can't *begin* to thank you. Not only for saving me from Charley, but for everything else you've done since then. You're the kind of person I think folks that want to call themselves Christians **should** be like: kind, and gentle, and patient, and most of all, not judging other folks too harsh — at least, not without reason. I know I was pretty messed up when I got here; but talking to you, and being with you, has helped me get rid of a LOT of the stuff that was on my mind. It isn't any exaggeration to say that what you've done for me, you've given me my *life* back — and that's something I'll never be able to repay. But I'll never forget it, either. Or you."

"Jill, dear, I didn't *give* you anything; all I did was help you to claim what was already yours by **right**. I don't expect you to go looking for dragons to fight, but if you get the chance to help someone else, I hope you'll do it."

"That I'll be doing — you can count on it", she declared, tears welling in her eyes.

She pulled my head down far enough that she could give me a kiss on the lips before saying "I got to go. Thank you again — for *everything*."

With that, she released me and quickly grabbed her knapsack before hurrying into the depot. I watched her until she was out of sight, but she never looked back.

A few weeks later, I got a hand-written letter from the Olsens, the family that had taken her in. They told me that she spoke highly of me, and credited me with helping her understand that it was in her own best interest to return. They also said that after her first visit to the doctor, she'd told him that it was okay for him to tell them how she was — and that they were happy to learn that she was 'fine'. I figured that was their 'polite' way of saying that they were relieved that she was still a virgin. Also in their letter was the comment that not only was she doing better in school than they'd asked, but that she was cheerfully following all the rules they'd established. Everyone that knew her was mildly surprised at the change in her — again, something she was attributing to my influence. They thanked me for all that I'd done, and said that if I was ever in the area, I should stop in; they were looking forward to the chance to meet me.

I replied with the appropriate comments, and finished up by asking them to let Jill know that I remembered her with fondness.

It was a couple of years later that I got a graduation notice in the mail, accompanied by a wedding announcement. Both were from Jill: she was graduating from high school in the top ten

percent of her class, and she and Todd were getting married a few months later.

Remembering how she'd been with ME, I was tempted to send the two of them an illustrated copy of the Kama Sutra; but the thought that they might open it in company convinced me to come up with another gift.

Less than a year later, I got a card announcing the birth of James Thomas Kirk, along with a photo of the happy family. I still have both, framed and hanging on my wall where I can see them every day.

Chapter 8

Faye, Michelle, and Michaela

It wasn't uncommon for some of the college kids on Spring Break to come to town, rather than head for the beaches — particularly those kids that were on budgets.

It happened one year that toward the end of my shift, I got a call to pick up 3 people at one of the bars in town. I knew the place favored the younger crowd, and pretty much expected what I got: college kids, in town on Break. I wasn't even surprised that it turned out to be 3 girls; what DID catch my attention was that it was a pair of twin brunettes and a diminutive blond. When I pulled up, the three of them hopped into the back before I could get out; the blond told me "Can you get moving, please? There are some guys that we're trying to get away from."

Doing as they asked, I was fifty yards down the street when I saw five guys come piling out of the place — and how disappointed they were that the girls weren't there, judging from the histrionics they put on.

The girls were watching it, too, and the two brunettes both laughed before all three turned back around. Since the blond seemed to be the spokesperson for them, I asked her "Where to, ladies?"

She graced me with a smile before saying "Thanks for getting us out of there so fast. Um, we're going to the Cheshire Inn — Room 117."

I knew the place; it was on the other side of town, and specialized in weekly rentals — mostly for those that couldn't come up with the money to rent an apartment. It wasn't a dump, exactly, but it was close enough that they usually only got the Breakers that were on tighter budgets than usual.

As I drove, I listened to the girls in the back talking about all that had happened before I showed up. Apparently, the guys had been more persistent — and childish — than the girls cared for. One of the girls had finally snuck away to call for a cab, and after waiting the promised time for it to arrive, they'd given the guys a story about going to get the van they'd driven and coming around front to pick up the guys. The guys had been drunk/stupid enough to go for it, and had waited inside for one of the girls to come back when the van was waiting. I'd arrived a little later than they'd expected, and had apparently whisked them away just as the guys got suspicious. All three of them were jazzed on liquor from the bar and adrenaline from the encounter, and made for a slightly noisy fare.

They began to quiet down again soon enough, though, and began chatting amongst themselves. I could still hear most of what they said, but kept my silence, figuring that they were only interested in heading back to their motel room.

So I was a little surprised when the blond read my ID placard and asked me "Um… Jim, you're a guy; what do YOU think those creeps were thinking back there?"

Looking at her in the mirror, I asked "What makes you think they were thinking?"

"What do you mean?"

I laughed and told her "That age, most guys aren't much more than mobile semen dispensers; what little bit of brains they've got are pretty much stuck between their legs, and mostly nonfunctional. I wasn't much better than that, and it *still* took me a while before I got things figured out."

All three of them though my description was pretty funny, and laughed before going back to what they'd been talking about.

As the drive progressed, they gradually got quieter in the back; they didn't stop talking, they just weren't as loud.

Once we arrived at their room, the two brunettes were out of the cab in a heartbeat. Even after she handed over the fare and a small tip, the blond didn't get out right away, though. I finally asked her "Is there something else, ma'am?"

She started to say something, stopped, started again, stopped again, and finally asked me "Are you done for the night? Is there anyplace else you have to be?"

"I'd usually have another hour on my shift, but it's a slow night, so I'll probably knock off. The only one waiting for me at home is my cat. Why do you ask?"

After another false start, she told me "Me and Michelle and Michaela, we… we were wondering if you'd… you'd like to come in for… for a little while. To talk, and, uh, whatever. I'm Faye."

Amused, I told her "I suppose I could do that, sure."

"Uh, just so there aren't any, um, misunderstandings? Michelle and Michaela, they're, uh, they're not really into guys."

"And what about you?", I asked.

Blushing slightly, she answered "I'm bi. I mostly like other girls, but if there's a guy I like, I can do that, too. Oh, one other thing: Michelle and Michaela, they're, um, sisters. I mean like with the same mom and dad. I don't know if it matters to you, or not."

"I kinda figured, with them obviously being twins. Do they know you're inviting me in?"

"Oh, sure! It was actually their idea! I said that I thought you were being kinda cool, and we talked about it a little bit, and then they said that if I wanted to, I could invite you in as long as you understand about them. You do, don't you?"

Actually, I did understand about the brunettes — probably better than any of them thought, or expected. But that wasn't the way she meant the question, so I simply answered "Yeah, I think

so."

Visibly relieved, Faye told me "So you'll come in?"

"Sure. Just let me park this thing and let the office know I'm done for the night."

Satisfied, she quickly scooted out and closed the door to my hack before rushing into their room.

It seemed like a good idea not to be too obvious, so I skipped parking in front of their room in favor of a spot away from the building. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before I softly knocked on their door, and heard a voice tell me to come in.

When I opened the door, the sight that greeted me came as no small surprise: Michelle and Michaela were sitting next to each other on the one (large) bed in the room, wearing only matching pantie and bra sets. Closing the door behind me, I looked around, but couldn't see Faye; it took me only a second to decide that she was behind the closed door that I figured went to the bathroom. Both of the girls on the bed were more than passingly attractive: curly black hair that fell below their shoulders, natural black eyebrows, dark eyes, full red lips, and small noses. Below, both were somewhat buxom, slightly overflowing their bras, with pale (but not white) skin. Trim waisted, each had nicely curved hips and long, trim legs. Since they'd invited me in and chosen to greet me that way, I didn't make any pretense about NOT looking at them. Smiling, I simply told them "Lovely!", before taking one of the two chairs facing them.

A few moments later, I heard a door open, followed by the appearance of Faye — wearing only a pair of *very* skimpy panties.

Again, I didn't pretend that I wasn't looking at her: short blond hair, lovely green eyes, and a small mouth with sensuous lips, she looked vaguely elfin. Her bust wasn't as large, but what it lacked in quantity, it MORE than made up in quality — each breast looked to be little more than a handful, rounded, and capped with a dark pink areola and small nipple that protruded quite clearly.

While the sisters were more medium-framed, Faye was distinctly on the slender side, though still nicely curved. Her legs were even more slender than the two sisters', but pleasantly shaped. The panties she was wearing covered so little of her mons that I couldn't help but wonder if she took the trouble to keep herself trimmed that closely, or simply shaved off ALL her pubic hair. When I was done looking her over, I smiled and told her "Very nice, indeed", making her smile in return.

Faye opted to take the other chair, and got herself situated, folding her legs underneath herself. I opened the conversation by asking Michaela and Michelle "It's obvious that you're identical twins; so how do I tell you apart?"

The one on my left answered "I'm Michaela; if you look close, you can see that my nose points a *little* bit to the right; Michelle's points the same amount to the left."

Both of them were considerate enough to look at me face-on, patient while I identified the distinction between them. It took several seconds, but I finally saw it; once I was sure I could tell

them apart, I thanked each of them by name.

My next question was "What is it that made the three of you think to invite me in?"

They looked at each other briefly before Faye answered "When we were in the cab, and you said what you did about those guys we left at the club — and then said that it took *you* a while to figure things out. Like I said, I told them I thought you were being kind of cool, and we talked about it a little bit before we decided it could be… fun finding out if you really **had** figured things out."

I smiled and told them "I'm not claiming to be some kind of super-stud, or the worlds best lover. I'm just a bit more mature — obviously — and 'grown up'.""

Michaela grinned and answered "No, we didn't figure you were. But we think you'd be a hell of a lot better than *those* guys."

That Michaela would say 'we' after Faye had told me that she and her sister 'weren't really into guys' caused me to ask her "Faye told me that you and your sister aren't much on being with guys; but you just said '**we** think'. Now I'm a little confused: I had the idea that if anything happened, it would be between me and Faye. Either way is fine with me, but would you and your sister be involved with us? Or more specifically, me?"

It was Michelle that answered the question by telling me "Yeah, there's a chance that one or both of us would be… involved with you. Neither one of us is a virgin, and both of us have been with guys more than just once or twice. It's just that none of the guys ever seemed to care about making **us** feel good, too; all they ever wanted to do was just get *themselves* off, mostly. We think that we're just better off with other girls, since they're usually more considerate and patient. That's even MORE true when we're with each other."

I'm not sure if she was just trying to shock me, or if they were finding out if I was going to freak out and take off. I could see the surprise on both twins' faces when I answered "Sure, I can understand that. I mean, who else would know, if not your twin sister?"

Apparently satisfied that I was accepting of the closeness of their relationship, Michaela told me "We're not saying that anything **would** happen with us — only that it *might*."

I simply told her "Whether you do or don't, either way is fine with me. Just so I don't do anything wrong, though, what are the, uh, limits?"

She and her sister had one of those silent communication things that twins are good for before answering "As long as you don't actually try to fuck us, and don't hurt us, touching and kissing and everything is fine. If one of us wants you inside, we'll be the one to do it."

I nodded my acceptance before telling them "I don't do that kind of crap, anyway, so that's not a problem at *all*."

That seemed to be all the twins needed to hear before turning to each other for a kiss.

Unsurprisingly, it was gentle and loving — at first. But as they continued, it became obvious that

their passions and desires were becoming inflamed. Michaela was the first to raise a hand to her sisters breast, but Michelle readily responded in kind.

I sat there, captivated, as I watched the two of them gradually expand their touches to include more and more of each others bodies. I was feeling no small measure of arousal at the sight they presented me when I heard Faye whisper to me "It always turns me on **so** much, watching them like this. I mean, you can *see* how much they love each other, even for sisters."

Michelle and Michaela's arousal was steadily increasing — but slowly. It was several minutes before Michelle's hands finally went between her sisters breasts and unhooked the fastener holding it closed. With easy access to Michaela's mammary, Michelle slid her hand under the cup of the bra and began a slow and obviously gentle caressing of the breast beneath. It wasn't but a minute or so later that Michaela did the same for and to Michelle.

So focused was I on the twins that I didn't notice Faye get up and move to stand next to me; the touch of her hand on my shoulder startled me slightly. Faye didn't seem to notice, however, since her eyes were locked on the tableau on the bed; it was only when I put my hand on hers that she turned to look down at me and softly tell me "If… if you want to take your clothes off, I'd like to… to sit on your lap so we could, um, make each other feel good."

It took me all of a zillionth of a second to decide that that sounded like a *fine* idea. It wasn't but a couple of minutes later that I was standing naked, my semi-erect cock standing out from my body.

After gently nudging me to sit down again, Faye slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of them — revealing that she didn't bother with trimming her bush to fit the tiny scrap of cloth that made up her panties: she simply shaved the entire area, leaving her as hairless and smooth as when she'd been born. At the top of her slit, I could see the outside of the hood that covered her clitoris; farther down, the edges of her labia were barely visible. With her so close, I could see that my hands wouldn't quite cover each of her breasts. It was also plain that her areolas had begun to pucker and her nipples erect; and I thought that I could detect the faint aroma of her arousal, as well.

Once Faye had settled herself onto my lap, I didn't immediately grab for her tits or crotch: from what they'd said, I knew that one of the things that these girls didn't like was guys that just started *grabbing* at them. So I began by simply putting my hands on her waist, and slowly caressing her sides; over the course of the next few minutes, I gradually expanded the range of my touch to include her thighs, lower belly, and eventually, her breasts. It had been my experience up to that point that girls as small as Faye *tended* to be a bit more muscular and less soft than their larger compatriots — but that proved not to be not entirely the case with Faye. Yes, she was a trifle on the wiry side, and I could definitely feel the strength in her body; but she was also delightfully soft and smooth on the outside. All in all, she made a tidy little bundle on my lap; and I didn't have any trouble reaching all of the 'interesting' bits on her once things had progressed to that point.

By the time I felt it was okay to start enjoying the access Faye was granting me to her body, Michelle and Michaela had managed to rid themselves (or each other, I wasn't entirely sure - I'd been a little distracted) of their bras. Even as my hands were caressing Faye's smaller bust, I was looking at the two sets of exceptionally fine breasts that the twins sported. Little that I know of women's sizes, I was still able to figure that each of the twins probably wore a C-cup bra and was content to over-fill it, as previously noted. Their breasts were full, rounded, and appeared to sag only enough to make it clear that they were natural. Both sets of nipples were the diameter of an ordinary pencil, and protruded from areolas that were perhaps a little larger than a quarter. Light chocolate-brown, I was eagerly looking forward to an opportunity to get my lips on them.

Until then, however, I was having fun with Faye: with her cute, firm ass planted on my lap, I was softly 'milking' her breasts and teasing her nipples while she kept her hands on my forearms. It took a little while before I had both of her nipples standing fully erect, but I willingly applied myself toward making it happen.

It was after we'd watched Michaela and Michelle slip each others panties off that things began to get 'interesting': one of Faye's hands left my arm to make its way between her thighs so that she could not only tease herself, but stimulate my growing erection. In short order, the scent of her was clear in the air, and her fingers shiny with her oils. We continued like that for several minutes as we watched the twins efforts expand to include caressing each others thighs — and the area between. From where Faye and I sat molesting each other, I could see that the sisters also had similar growths of pubic hair: narrow strips of short, dark black that went from a couple of inches above their pubic bones to quickly taper out past the cleft of their sex. The angle they were at, we could watch as Michelle's fingers dipped between the small, thin lips of her sisters womanhood and teased the exposed nubbin of Michaela's clitoris — even as Michaela was obviously doing the same to her.

Faye and I spent the next several minutes getting each other more and more worked up as we watched Michelle and Michaela. She soon had me fully erect, and it wasn't much longer until I could feel her oils being transferred to my cock where it was rubbing against her.

When we saw the two of them move to the center of the bed and lie down, Faye told me "God, I can't *stand* it any more!", before lifting herself up and moving forward slightly as she took my erection in her hand. Positioning herself over me, she then lowered herself until I was pressing against her opening. It was then that I discovered that as a result of her infrequent involvement with guys, she was unusually small: it took her several tries before the combination of her wetness and determination allowed her to press down hard enough to let the head of my penis slip through her opening.

With that much accomplished, she paused for several seconds before trying to settle herself even further onto me. I did my part to encourage her by playing with her tits again as I softly kissed and bit her shoulders and the back of her neck; as much as I wanted to feel her obviously tight vagina wrapped around my cock, I wasn't about to do anything that might cause her to get off of me.

It took her quite a few tries, and a LOT of stimulation for me, but she finally managed to get herself settled onto my lap again with my manhood almost completely inside her. When she'd done so, she leaned back against me and said "I don't know if it's been **that** long since I've been with a guy, or you're that big — but you feel *huge* in me. Give me a little to get used to it again, okay?"

I simply answered "I'll wait right here", making her smile.

I'm convinced that the only thing that made it possible for her to get my penis inside her was her ample lubrication — she was simply *that* small inside. I knew that I was pretty close to average in the size department, so I could only figure that it really had been a **long** time since she'd had sex with a guy: she felt to be about three sizes too small where she was wrapped around me, even though she was MOST pleasantly hot and wet and stimulating.

Continuing to play with her tits with my hands, I could watch and feel as she resumed toying with her clitoris. By the time the twins had rearranged themselves into a classic '69' position, Faye had apparently stretched enough inside that she felt comfortable to begin moving on me. It started with small, slow movements at first, but as the seconds ticked by, she gradually got more and more enthusiastic. It wasn't all that long before I could feel the amazingly tight ring of her opening sliding up and down nearly the entire length of me as we watched Michelle and Michaela teasing and pleasing each other in front of us.

Still not wanting to mess up a good thing, I was perfectly content to let her do what she wanted, at whatever speed she was comfortable with: she felt pretty damn good on me, I was having plenty of fun of my own gently kissing and biting her while molesting her body, and I had the added benefit of a *very* erotic live show to watch.

Even as I judged that the two on the bed were approaching their orgasms, I felt Faye begin to slow her movements on me. It took me only a moment to realize that she was reaching the limits of her youthful energy, and after wrapping my arms around her to get her to stop, I told her "You're getting tired. Let me do it, now.", She voiced her agreement, and repositioned herself slightly so that I would have room to begin thrusting up into her.

I was starting to feel the first stirrings in my balls when we watched as first Michaela, then a second later, Michelle, tripped into their climaxes. That seemed to be all Faye needed to trigger her own release; her body froze in my lap as she began a groan that intensified in time with the spasms I could feel going through her body — and her vagina.

THAT added bit of stimulation quickly raised my own level of arousal nearly as high as hers; it was when the more powerful waves of her release had passed and her womanhood began a kind of 'fluttering' around me that I simply couldn't stand it any longer. With a deep groan of my own, I pressed myself up into her as far as I could before the first jet of my cum erupted from the end of my dick.

The sensations she was creating continued as I emptied myself in her in a release that was a lot more powerful than I'd experienced in quite some time; it was actually something of a relief

when I felt her vagina settle down again as the last of my cum spurted into her.

When I opened my eyes, I looked over to see that Michelle and Michaela were both watching us — with large grins on their faces. I'm pretty sure it was Michelle that said "That was really something. It looked like she enjoyed that a *lot*!"

I felt Faye give a little shudder before she said "I **did** enjoy it a lot! More than I thought I would, even; he was *real* nice about how he touched me and everything, and as patient as I could have asked for when I finally wanted him inside me. He even let ME be the one in control, instead of just trying to fuck me. If he doesn't have things figured out, he's damn sure close!", Her last sentence drew smiles and appraising looks toward me from both of the girls on the bed.

Faye's tightness was helping shrink my penis inside her — despite the constriction of her opening. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before I gently nudged her to get her attention so I could let her know "It isn't going to be much longer before I 'uncork'. It doesn't bother ME any, but I figured I'd better let you know in case *you* wanted to do anything."

Blushing slightly, she answered "I kinda forgot about that part. Um, yeah, I'll want to clean up a little. Thanks for letting me know."

I just smiled and said "No problem."

As predicted, it wasn't but another couple of minutes before I felt myself finally slip free of her. She must have felt it, too, because she quickly moved a hand to use as a block before hurriedly getting up and heading for the bathroom with a quick "'Scuse me!", in passing.

Michelle and Michaela were both visibly amused, and after we heard the door close behind Faye, Michaela turned to tell me "If you want to come over here, I think both of us would like to talk a little, and get to know you better."

Though starting to get a little sticky from the residue of my time with Faye, I did as they suggested. After I stood up and moved to stand next to the bed, I waited to see if they wanted me any particular place. I wasn't overly surprised when they moved apart to let me know they wanted me between them. As I moved to do so, both of them sat up again, so I followed their example by sitting with my back resting against the headboard of the bed with my legs crossed. They turned to face me, each of them sitting cross-legged as I was, but leaning back and supporting themselves with their arms.

We were just getting settled when we heard the door open, followed by Faye's reappearance. She had an obviously damp washcloth in her hand, and when she got close enough, she extended it toward me with the explanation "I thought maybe you'd want to clean up a little, too…"

I accepted it with a "Thank you, I would", and after I'd unconcernedly wiped myself off, she reached out to take it back again. She headed back into the bathroom, and we heard as she rinsed it out before she came out again. Taking a seat between the twins, she duplicated their position.

The twins looked at each other for a moment before Michelle (I'm pretty sure) asked me "Okay,

after seeing you with Faye, I'm willing to believe that you've got it figured out; at least, better than most. How'd you do it? Did anything special happen that helped?"

Then Michaela said "Yeah — you seem like you've got it together a **lot** more than most of the guys we know, even the older ones like you."

I didn't particularly need to be lumped into the category of "older ones" that way, but understanding what she meant, all I did was to start telling them how I'd been in college and majoring in Philosophy when I'd decided to drop out of school.

The telling took a little while, and was followed by the three of them quizzing me, as if they weren't quite sure whether or not to believe me. It turned out that Faye had spent her first year at the same school I'd gone to, and I was able to describe the place well enough to satisfy her that I really had gone there.

After we'd gotten my bona fides settled, it was Faye that said "The way you let me get on you and everything was nice, and it was *great* getting fucked again. Do you think you could do anything for one of them?", gesturing to include both of the twins.

"Well, I've had a very good lady friend of mine tell me that I could make a living at eating pussy, if one of them wanted to give me a try", I answered.

Both twins looked at me appraisingly; a few seconds later, they looked at each other for a few moments before Michaela started to move toward me as Michelle headed for Faye. When she got close enough, Michaela softly told me "I'd usually figure a guy that said he could eat pussy was just bullshitting — but somehow, I don't think *you* would. And if you're not, I want to find out just how good you are."

Grinning, I simply told her "Well, I guess I'll just have to give it my best shot, then, won't I?"

By that time, she was close enough that I could reach out and touch her, and I did: putting her a little off-balance by taking her hand and lifting it to my lips to kiss it.

When I had released her hand again, I told her "You said that you don't like it when guys go too fast, and I told you that I wasn't going to push things. That's to show you that I really mean it."

That got me a pleased smile from her, and she didn't have any problem with it when I leaned forward to give her a brief, soft kiss on the lips. When I pulled my head back, I could see that she was a little surprised by it. "One of the things I've learned is patience. Just about everything nice or fun is better if you take the time to ease into it, and enjoy it while it's happening", I explained. She nodded her understanding, and I moved to kiss her again; the second kiss was longer and had the two of us getting a little more involved in it. When we separated, I could see anticipation and the beginnings of arousal in her eyes.

It was only when we kissed for the third time that I actually touched her body — by putting my hand on her waist and simply holding it there. Our lips separated only briefly before we started kissing again; it was only when I felt her passion increase that I finally started softly caressing

her side. That worked to raise her desire a little higher, and I expanded my reach to include her hip and even part of her thigh - but no farther. At least, not until I felt her lips part slightly, and the tip of her tongue come out to graze my lips.

After opening my mouth in welcome to her tongue, I finally put my other hand on her and caressed her entire body before slowly bringing my hands around to cup her breasts.

Our tongues introduced themselves to each other, and then proceeded to engage in a dance that ranged from my mouth to hers and back again; as we tried to check each others tonsils out, I softly caressed Michaela's breasts and gently teased her nipples to erectness.

When our kiss finally ended, I moved to put my arms around her, and carefully guided her to lie down on her back. Thinking that she knew what I wanted to do, she opened her legs to make room for me. But I surprised her again when I moved my body over hers so that I could lower my head to softly kiss her on the forehead, then each of her eyes. The next kisses I gave her were to the tip of her nose, and the corners of her mouth; from there it was on to her throat, a trail of kisses up to her ear (which got a soft nibbling), and out across her shoulder. Back across her shoulder to her neck, then around to the other ear (similarly nibbled) and shoulder. Then it was a zig-zag pattern across her entire front, starting at her upper chest and ending when I had one of her hard nipples between my lips. After softly milking it with my lips for a minute or so, I blazed a trail of kisses down one breast and up the other, where I gave that ones nipple the same treatment.

With both of her nipples standing tall and glistening with my saliva, it was time to move on — creating an elaborate and convoluted pattern as I slowly worked my way down her body. On my arrival at her pubis, I deliberately went around it in favor of applying a series of soft 'bites' with my lips down the inside of one of her thighs, then back up the inside of the other. By the time I reached the area between them, I could easily see the cleft of her sex; her thin labia were parted, and the area between glistening with dewdrops of her woman's oils.

Lowering my head slightly, I extended my tongue and slowly curled it, drawing the very tip of it up between her vaginal lips and collecting a goodly sample of her light, tangy, and *delicious* nectar. A second pass of my tongue through her cleft went a little deeper, and ended only after making a brief, light touch across her exposed clitoris — something that earned me an aroused moan as she lifted her hips in an effort to maintain the contact.

Cupping her firm ass cheeks in my hands, I was able to use my thumbs to gently separate her labia before putting my mouth over her opening and trying to see how much of my tongue I could fit into her. It wasn't as much as I'd have hoped, but her moans of pleasure let me know that she appreciated the attempt. Still holding her open, I next went about seeing just how excited I could get her — something that took a little time, since I went at it slowly, and with great deliberation.

After a bit, I released my hold on her tight little ass in favor of filling my hands with her mammaries as I continued my oral assault. I quickly discovered that her breasts were

surprisingly firm for their size, and that she liked it when I gently pinched and pulled on her dark nipples.

Even as my hands were keeping themselves occupied above, my lips and tongue were staying busy farther down. I discovered that it didn't take much teasing of her clitoris for her to produce an overabundance of oils, so I had a delightful time alternating between delighting in the flavor of her and ratcheting up her arousal by tonguing and gently nibbling her clitoris with my lips. I was actually feeling rather pleased with myself when her moans were punctuated by unintelligible muttering as her head tossed back and forth.

As nice as she tasted, I felt a tremendous enjoyment at slowly bringing her close to an orgasm, then letting her slide back a bit as I eagerly lapped up her essence — then starting the cycle all over again.

I could hear her start to make noises of frustrated arousal, and finally had mercy on her: carefully bringing her to the edge of release, I held her there for several seconds before a furious tongue-lashing of her clitoris all but **threw** her over the edge and into the abyss of an orgasm. Even then, I was using my upper lip to press against her clit in time with the spasms I could feel passing through her as I tried to fuck her with my tongue again.

She finally collapsed back onto the bed, gasping with the intensity and duration of the climax I'd helped bring her; when her legs fell away from my head, I couldn't resist giving her labia one final pass with my tongue, causing her body to shudder.

When I sat up again, I saw that Michelle and Faye had stopped whatever they had been involved in in favor of watching Michaela and I — and I could see on their faces that both of them were all but stunned at what they'd just seen her experience. Still, I knew that Michaela would likely want or even need some support and cuddling after what she'd been through, and quickly moved to lie next to her and take her in my arms. Though I could see that she was still in something of a state of shock, she was still able to put her hands on my arms before turning her head to look at in something akin to awe.

A couple of minutes went by before I heard Michelle murmur "I've *never* seen her orgasm like that from a guy eating her before!"

Moments later, Michaela managed to answer "That's because I **haven't**! Whoever told him that he could make a living eating pussy wasn't bullshitting — I really think he *could*! If I thought I could afford it, I'd pay him to eat me like that all the time — he's that damn good. First he actually bothered to find out what felt good for ME, and then he kept doing it. On top of that, the son of a bitch kept *teasing* me, too, and not letting me cum. I was about ready to start BEGGING him when he finally finished me off!"

Faye and Michelle were both looking at me in wonder when I told them "What can I say? I *like* doing it, and she SAID she wanted to find out how good I am. So I showed her."

I head Michaela say "If you're that damn good with your tongue, I've gotta wonder what you can

do with your *dick*!", followed by a short laugh.

"I said I wasn't going to push it, and I won't — but if you want to find out, I'm sure willing", I answered.

Her response was to turn her head and look at me appraisingly for several seconds before saying "You know, I think I might like that…"

Several seconds quietly ticked by before Michelle quietly declared "If you can get her to climax like that and then be willing to fuck you, I have GOT to try that tongue of yours, too!"

"Again, I'm perfectly willing", I told her, followed with "But what about Faye, then?"

Faye didn't hesitate to tell us "I've *already* had you, and after seeing what you did to Michaela, I don't have **any** problem believing what you said. Honest, I'm almost as happy watching as I am participating. Besides, you'll only be using half of each of them, mostly, so that leaves plenty left over for me!"

Figuring that it was her decision to make for her own reasons, I accepted her at her word and turned to look at Michelle again to see what she wanted to do.

Several seconds went by before Michelle finally started moving toward me; when she did, I felt Michaela start to get up as she told her sister "You'll want to start with kissing him — he's real good at that, too!", chuckling briefly.

I followed Michaela by moving to a sitting position; as she and Michelle moved past each other, they shared a brief kiss before each gave one of the others nipples a little tweak.

When Michelle turned her attention to me, I simply waited until I had her full attention before saying "I'll tell you what I told your sister: something I've learned is that patience makes the fun and happy things in life more pleasurable because it lets you sort of ease into them, and enjoy them while they're happening. I think I've shown you that you don't have to worry about where we go — that you can just enjoy the getting there."

Smiling at me, she nodded her understanding; when I saw her start to lean forward, I readily did the same so that the two of us could start with a brief, chaste kiss. When we'd pulled back from each other slightly, I reached out to put my hand on her arm and slowly caress it; my touch was light and gentle, and I saw her eyes close so that she could focus on the sensation of my hand caressing her skin. When she opened them again, we looked deeply into each others eyes and I knew that she was starting to accept my advice.

I moved my head forward to kiss her again, and as our lips touched, I reached out so that I had both of my hands on her arms. As our kiss lengthened, I gradually moved to put my arms around her and softly stroke her back from her shoulders to just above her cute ass.

My touch only seemed to increase her desire, and it wasn't long before I felt her lips part so that she could briefly touch my lips with her tongue. Accepting her invitation, I sent my own tongue out to say hello to hers, belatedly realizing that she could doubtless taste her sister — then

quickly remembering that she likely wouldn't mind.

With our tongues dueling in each others mouths, I wasn't hesitant to move my caresses from her back to her sides and then to her front. Before long, I had her large, warm, and surprisingly firm breasts cupped in my hands as I slowly ran my thumbs over her nipples. She softly moaned into my mouth as I felt the dark peaks of each of her breasts pucker, and her nipples erect under my touch. She raised her arms and began touching my body in return; my back, shoulders, and chest were all subjected to a gentle exploration by her fingertips. Though not a body-builder, I still managed to get enough exercise that I knew I was in good enough shape that I didn't worry that she wouldn't like what she found.

When our kiss ended, she willingly let me guide her to lean back a little bit so that I could start kissing her face — then neck and throat, then shoulders. Along the way, I made little 'side trips' to include her ears, where I softly sucked and nibbled her earlobes. By the time I started easing my way down toward her breasts, she had developed a slight blush and was panting softly.

On reaching the valley between her breasts, the only question in my mind was which one to start with; after flipping a mental coin, I opted to direct my lips toward the right one and made sure to cover it with a random mosaic of little 'bites' with my lips before taking her erect nipple into my mouth. Once I'd brought it to full hardness, I kissed a circuitous path to the other. It received much the same treatment as the first before I started toggling from one erect nipple to the other and back again, gently biting and sucking on them, and 'milking' them with my lips. Michelle's response to all of that was to put her hands in my hair and softly moan her pleasure and arousal.

The peaks of both of her breasts were puckered and glistening with my saliva when she moved her hands from my head to my chest, applying only a slight pressure as she told me "You're *way* better than just 'real good' at kissing — and that just makes me want your head between my legs even **more**!"

Hearing a soft laugh from where Michaela and Faye were, both of us turned to look at them; each had a hand between the others thighs, but it was clear that most of their attention had been on us. Seeing us looking at them, Michaela told her sister "I'm glad you're finally ready for him, 'cause *I* sure am!", with a grin.

Reminded of what Michaela wanted (yes, I'd been distracted again — so shoot me!), it took me only a moment to decide how best to proceed.

Easing myself down to lie on my back, I pointedly looked at my penis, then at Michaela before asking her "Think you want to get me ready?".

Michaela and I both laughed when Faye said "If she doesn't, **I** sure as hell will!"

Next, I looked into Michelle's face and asked "Would you like a mustache ride, little girl?" — prompting all three of them to laugh before she told me "I think I'd like that a *lot*!"

It wasn't but a few seconds before she'd moved to straddle my head, her back toward where Michaela had positioned herself over my pelvis.

Putting my hands on the warm, firm globes of her ass, I held Michelle over me for a few seconds so that I could try and memorize the sight of her. Having already gotten the same view of her sister, I pretty much knew what I'd see; it was only the differences that made her unique from her sister that I wanted to learn.

Seeming to understand, she waited patiently until I moved my hands to her hips and guided her down so that the area between her thighs was *just* above me: with almost no effort, I could bury my nose in the dark cloud of her pubis before extending my tongue and penetrating her cleft — and getting a full taste of her in the process. Using just the tip of my tongue, I was able to toy with the tight ring of her opening and earning myself a deep moan of arousal in response.

That moan from Michelle seemed to inspire Michaela to greater efforts at arousing me by just using her lips and tongue. Though her efforts were somewhat limited due to her interest being primarily in other girls, I had absolutely *no* cause to complain about insufficient enthusiasm, or lack of oral talents. It was when I heard (and felt!) as she started making noises of pleasure and arousal that I realized that Faye was likely doing *her* part by getting Michaela ready to take me. The thought of Faye muff-diving Michaela, who was industriously using her mouth to bring me fully erect, while I had my head between Michelle's smooth thighs certainly contributed to getting me ready for Michaela to mount herself on me.

Still, I didn't lose sight of what *my* job was, and I didn't neglect to give Michelle's womanhood the attention it deserved.

I honestly don't know if Michelle had already been as aroused as she was, or if what I was doing to her pleased her that much. Whichever it was, I was greatly surprised when it took only a couple of minutes of my tongue collecting her oils and teasing her clitoris before she had an orgasm. It wasn't as powerful as the one her sister had had with me, but there couldn't be any doubt about what it was, either: as several strong spasms passed through her body, and with each one a goodly portion of her essence was pushed out of her vagina for me to happily lick up.

When her climax was mostly finished, Michelle reached to get a hold on the headboard of the bed to help steady herself; that left the way clear for me to reach up and take her breasts in my hands again. I began by using only the lightest touch of my fingertips to try and memorize the feel of her mammaries, much as a blind person would. After satisfying myself that I'd never forget the sensations my fingertips had enjoyed, it was on to make firmer — but still gentle — contact: squeezing her mounds, running my thumbs over her areolas, and taking her nipples between two fingers and softly pulling on them. Between the way I was touching her and the gradual approach I was taking at moving her toward another orgasm with my mouth, it wasn't long before I could hear her soft moans and panting again.

I was trying to see if I could touch the tip of my tongue to Michelle's ovaries when I felt Michaela release my erect penis from between her lips; a few moments later, she had moved so that she was straddling my hips. When she was satisfied with her position, she reached down to take me in her hand and angle my penis up so that she could slide the head back and forth between her vaginal lips a couple of times to wet it with the abundant lubrication she was

producing before setting the end of it against her opening.

With both of us ready, I could feel her start pressing herself down against me — but from my perspective, it felt like the entrance to her vagina was about 3 sizes too small; I genuinely had my doubts that she'd be able to get me inside.

As I continued my oral assault on Michelle, Michaela was doing her best to impale herself on my manhood: several times, I felt her try to all but *force* herself onto my cock without success. I was starting to think that I was going to have to say something to her, or even tell her to forget the whole idea, when I heard Faye tell her "Here… Let me open you up some with my fingers…"

A couple of seconds later, Michaela lifted herself off me a little bit, and what could only have been Faye's hand got between us. I could tell that Faye was carefully working a couple of her fingers into Michaela's channel, and felt relief that Michaela wasn't going to hurt herself (or me!) trying to get laid. Several minutes went by as I ratcheted up Michelle's arousal — quite a bit, judging from the way she was groaning and pressing her pelvis down toward me.

Finally, Faye and Michaela seemed to decide that enough assistance had been rendered: the hand left Michaela's crotch, and was replaced by Michaela taking hold of my erection again. She lowered herself and re-wetted the head of my cock with her oils before settling herself against me again; a few moments later, she started to press herself down against my cock. I could tell that her opening was a little larger, and thought that she might actually be able to get me inside. It still took her a few tries, but I finally felt the head of my dick pop through the incredibly tight ring of her entrance. When it did, she immediately released a small cry and froze over me.

Being held in place by identical twin brunettes, there wasn't a whole lot I could do; and with the lower half of my face covered by Michelle's pubic area, there wasn't a whole lot I could effectively say, either. I could only hope that Michaela hadn't done something to hurt herself as I waited to see what she was going to do.

That question was resolved a minute or so later when she again started pressing herself down onto me.

Over the course of the next several minutes, Michaela somehow managed to get more and more of my erect penis into her hot, wet, and still-too-small vagina. Looking back on it, I'm amazed that she managed it — she felt **that** tight around me while it was happening. But there finally came the time when I felt the end of myself firmly pressed against the deepest part of her as the incredibly tight ring of her entrance was clenched around the base of my cock.

I wasn't surprised in the slightest when, after getting herself settled onto me, she simply held herself still on me for several minutes: if what I was doing to her was the reverse of what she was doing to me, she <u>needed</u> the time to get used to having me inside her — I sure as hell needed it adjust to BEING there!

To distract myself from the almost painful feeling of having Michaela's vagina trying to squeeze all the blood out of my cock, I applied myself to doing what I could to further raising Michelle's

arousal. I could only hope that Faye was performing a similar service for Michaela.

It didn't take long for me to devote all my attention and efforts on doing pretty much anything I could think of to ease Michelle along: fluttering my tongue across her clitoris, putting my mouth across her opening and trying to suck her juices out, gently nibbling on her labia with my lips, and lapping at her like she was a new flavor of ice cream cone. I'd increase her arousal a bit, then let her slip back *almost* completely by doing something else, then go to work on her again. She was moaning almost constantly, and moving her pelvis around as she tried to get me to settle down and focus on just **one** spot when Michaela started moving herself on me again.

It started with a few tentative movements: slightly raising herself and settling down onto me again, moving her hips in a small circle so that the pressure I was obviously applying to her vagina shifted around, and experimentally clenching herself around me. Her efforts were small and hesitant at first; but as her comfort with my presence in her increased, so did her efforts.

It wasn't long before she was slowly sliding herself up and down nearly half of my erection, her movements made possible not only by her copious lubrication but her own adjustment to my size.

A few minutes more, and she was taking nearly my entire length in slow, steady motions; a little longer, and she'd gotten comfortable enough to increase the tempo of her activity a bit.

Michaela was almost painfully tight around me at first, and that worked wonders on keeping me from wanting to climax again — which left me free to devote my attentions to her twin. I was free to enjoy the dual pleasures of having a hot, wet pussy sliding up and down my cock while being involved in my *second* favorite sexual activity.

As I continued to sample the delights to be found between Michelle's thighs, Michaela gradually got used to being filled with my erect penis; from the assorted noises I heard and the way the bed moved as she shifted around, I don't doubt that Michaela received no small assistance from Faye. As the other two were keeping themselves occupied, I brought Michelle to one climax, and was happily easing her along to a second when I realized that Michaela's movements on my penis were slowing down. It didn't take me but a moment to realize that she was likely getting tired, and after a couple of gentle nudges, got Michelle to lift herself off of me long enough for me to tell her "I think your sister's getting tired."

She turned her head, and saw that I was right before looking down at me to answer "Yeah. It sure looks like she's enjoying it, and I want her to feel good, but I don't want you to stop doing *me*, either!"

I considered that for a few moments before saying "If she just want to hold still, I can kind of take over — and if you'll turn around, I'd bet you could help her, too."

It took her only a moment to understand what I was getting at, and she gave me a mildly lecherous grin before moving off of me. I was able to reach out and take hold of Michaela's hips and get her to hold still while I told her "I can tell you're getting tired. We don't have to stop" —

"Good!", she declared — "but we need to change things a little so I don't have to leave Michelle out."

Faye heard me, too, and nodded her agreement; I could tell that she was a little disappointed that she wasn't able to participate more than she had.

Panting slightly, Michaela asked "Changed how?"

"You can just stay there, and I'll move up into you", I answered.

Michelle spoke up then, saying "I'm going to turn around so that he can keep going with me, and then we can keep going."

Michaela and Faye both voiced their understanding and agreement, and it wasn't but a few seconds before Michelle was again getting herself positioned over my head, but facing her sister.

When Michelle had lowered herself again, I reached out to take her breasts in my hand — only to find that one of the other two had already beaten me to it. Instead of filling my hands with Michelle's mammaries, I opted to caress my way down her back until I could hold her delightfully smooth and firm ass in my hands as I raised my head between her thighs again. Extending my tongue, I toyed with her clitoris for a few moments before using it to lap up the nectar that had collected between her labia while we'd been getting ourselves rearranged.

Down by my penis, I felt a hand — whose, I don't know — touch where I was still embedded in Michaela; that was the cue for me to start moving myself in her. I started slowly so that I could make sure that I was able to do a proper job of tending to *both* of the twins. I'll admit that it was something of a challenge dividing my attention that way, but if I couldn't get both of them off it wasn't going to be from lack of **trying**.

It took several minutes, but I finally did manage to get the two of them going again with able and enthusiastic assistance from whoever was using her hand to stimulate Michaela's clit while I was steadily pistoning up into her. With my ears no longer covered by Michelle's thighs, I could hear all three of them softly panting and making various pleased noises about what was happening to them. It was only later that I learned that while I was busy with the twins, Faye had each of her hands filled with one of each of the twins breasts while Michaela had her hands busy at Faye's crotch and her sisters other breast. It was Michelle's hand teasing Michaela's clitoris while the other was occupied with the breast that Faye wasn't busy with.

What with not being able to dedicate myself to pleasuring just ONE of them, it took that much longer for what I was trying to do to have the desired effect. But that it *was* working was fairly obvious: as the seconds and minutes ticked by, the sounds of arousal and pleasure I could hear became more and more frequent, and impassioned.

I was surprised when I felt the weight on the bed shifting, followed by Michelle leaning forward and to the side a bit, so that the upper part of her body was next to my hips, instead of being over me. A few moments later, her hand disappeared, only to be replaced by what I had to figure was Faye's face: the breasts pressing against me were simply too small to be Michelle's. It took me a

few seconds to figure out what had happened: they'd moved around so that Faye could make a more direct contribution to the pleasure Michaela and I were giving each other; she'd also moved so that Michelle could lean forward enough to tend to HER needs and desires, as well. That left us with my face in Michelle's crotch, Michelle's head between Faye's thighs, and Faye using her tongue on Michaela's clit while I was thrusting my hard cock into Michaela's oh-so-wet and incredibly tight pussy.

That arrangement seemed to be something that *all* of us found satisfactory — it wasn't much longer before I felt Faye's head separate from Michaela's pelvis, followed by her cry of pleasure as she slid into an orgasm.

With Faye out of the loop (so to speak), I felt Michelle lift herself up again, followed by feeling her and her sister both lean forward. I slid my hands from Michelle's lovely ass, up her back, and around to her breasts — not surprised in the slightest when I found them already partially covered by what could only have been Michaela's hands. There was enough room, though, that both of us were able to have fun. That was even more true when we figured out how to work together to please Michelle: while one of us would be gently pulling and pinching her nipples, the other would be softly squeezing or caressing her breasts. Teamed up that way, we were effectively doubling the pleasure Michelle was getting by being able to do two things to her at the same time.

Coupled with what I was doing between her thighs, it didn't take us long to get Michelle close to having another climax. Wanting to give Michelle as good as I had for Michaela, I pulled my hands back to the firm globes of Michelle's ass and spent the next little while to bringing her to the very edge of release and letting her slide back again, then repeating the process. I was getting her close for a third time when I heard Michelle release a sound that was a strange mixture of a moan of intense arousal and frustrated whimper. Realizing that she was as ready as I could want, the rest of my efforts were both slower and gentler, teasing her closer and closer. I managed to hold her at the very brink of release for several seconds before taking her clitoris between my lips and softly fluttering my tongue across it while I held myself still in Michaela.

The response to my efforts was **much** greater than I could have anticipated: with a grunt that choked off an incipient scream, Michelle tried to slam her thighs together before her body seized up and became absolutely motionless over me. She stayed like that for several seconds, then collapsed on top of me and drew a deep, gasping breath before her body seized up again. She came out of it just a couple of seconds later, and somehow managed to keep breathing despite the several obviously powerful spasms I felt her experience.

Peering over the mounds of Michelle's ass, I could see as Michaela stared at her sister for several seconds before looking at me. With awe in her voice, she told me "I know she can have some <u>really</u> strong orgasms, but I have never, **ever**, seen her cum that hard! What did you *do* to her?!"

"Pretty much what I did to you, only more of it. I don't think it was *just* me, though. It was probably what **all** of us were doing that did it."

Michaela looked like she didn't *entirely* believe me, but I wasn't worried about that. What DID have my interest was what the hell I was going to do about Michelle — who was doing a damn fine job of holding me down so that I couldn't pick up where I'd left off with Michaela.

That Michaela hadn't lost track of where she was, and why she was there, was evidenced by the fact that after starting to move to help her sister, she realized that she was still impaled on my erection. I could see by the expression on her face that THAT little fact had her in something of a quandary: she could either help her sister *or* get off my dick — but not **both**. After only a few seconds of indecision, she seemed to conclude that Michelle wasn't in any actual danger, and elected to stay where she was — and that since *I* couldn't move, SHE would.

Michaela had started sliding herself up and down my manhood again while I tried to figure out what to do about her twin. It didn't seem polite or appropriate to simply roll her off of me, but the way she was laying on me didn't leave me with a lot of choice in the matter.

I'd just decided that there was nothing for me to do but what needed doing when Faye came to the rescue.

Sitting up from where she'd been recovering from the orgasm she'd had, she leaned over so that she could see my face and asked me "Um… you and Michaela… you're not done yet, are you?"

"Well, no, not yet."

"Then if you can help me move Michelle, you two can maybe finish while I take care of her, okay?"

"That would be great, Faye. Thank you", I answered, before Michaela added "Yeah, thanks, Faye. *God*, I was getting SO close!"

With me providing the motive power, and Faye and Michaela the control, the three of us managed to get Michelle rolled off of me, and even moved over a little so that Michaela and I had a bit of space.

With nothing blocking the way, I was able to look directly at Michaela as she was moving herself on me again. Putting my hands on her waist, I got her attention again and told her "There's nothing to keep me from being the active one, now — the only question is if you want to stay where you are, or if you'd be comfortable with me on top."

She considered it for a few moments before answering "After everything else that's happened tonight, you've shown me that I can trust you not to just start *fucking* me like most guys would. Yeah, I'd be okay with you on top."

Having said that, she started to move off of me, but I quickly told her "We don't have to actually separate to get switched around. Just follow my lead, okay?"

Visibly pleased that she could keep me inside, Michaela didn't hesitate to nod her agreement. It was only a few seconds before we'd gotten ourselves rolled over away from where Faye and Michelle were, and repositioned with me between her parted thighs. We even managed to keep

most of my dick in her in the process, which plainly delighted her.

With the two of us ready to continue, I paused long enough to look down and tell her "Thank you for trusting me."

The smile she gave me quickly disappeared when I slowly eased my hips back, sliding my erect penis almost all the way out of her before pressing it back in again, accompanied by her soft moan of pleasure.

Carefully and slowly, so that I didn't violate the trust she was giving me, I increased the speed and force of my movements in her — always making sure that I wasn't doing anything that hurt or bothered her. My consideration was rewarded by her increasing willingness to *participate* in our lovemaking: lifting her hips in welcome to my thrusts, opening herself to me so that I could enter her even farther, and so on. It wasn't long before I was in a steady rhythm of pistoning myself into her as deeply as I could, with enough force that each meeting of our loins applied an extra bit of pressure to her clitoris that increased her pleasure and excitement.

The sight of her breasts swaying in reaction to my thrusts was delightful to witness, and I simply *had* to lower my head and try to capture one of her nipples with my mouth. I finally succeeded, and happily sucked on it, milked it with my lips, and softly bit the areola it extended from; the response I got encouraged me to do much the same with its mate, and it wasn't long before Michaela's hands were in my hair, letting me know that she found my efforts at least agreeable.

Still, it had been some time since I'd gotten off with Faye, and the pleasure of moving in Michaela was having its effect on me — she was simply to wet and hot and tight inside for me to be able to put off my release for as long as I might have liked.

Things had progressed to the point that Michaela had locked her ankles behind me and was digging her fingernails into my back as she got closer and closer to her climax. The only sounds I could hear were her pants and moans and the liquid slapping noise that resulted each time our loins met; I was starting to think that I was going to disappoint her by filling her with my cum when she suddenly cried out and froze under me with the start of her climax.

The feeling of her vagina clenching around me as I continued to thrust into her was enough to trigger my own release. Pressing myself into her, I could feel the end of my cock touching the deepest part of her as the first hot jet of my semen erupted into her. That first spray of my cum was quickly followed by another, and another; each one feeling nearly as powerful as the first because of the sensation of her hot wetness spasming around me: the power of *her* climax was making mine even stronger in response.

Both of us finished at roughly the same time, but when I looked down at her, I could see that Michaela had been affected by our pleasure much more than I had. I didn't hesitate to lower myself to rest on my knees and elbows, holding myself over her as I softly kissed her face and shoulders. After a bit, she opened her eyes to look up at me, but it was another couple of seconds before she seemed to recognize me. When she did, though, the happiness and pleasure she felt were clear.

I'd lowered my head and given her a soft kiss on the lips when she wrapped her arms around me and gave me a fierce hug before showering my face with a number of small, soft kisses.

I was reminded that we had 'company' when I heard Michelle say "I think we can safely say that she liked doing *that* with him, too."

Michaela seemed as surprised as I'd felt on hearing Michelle, and told her sister "OH, yeah, I liked it! There isn't a doubt in my mind that he's got things figured out, all right!"

After responding to her sisters comment, Michaela started to move under me — only to realize that I was still semi-erect inside her. Looking up at me in a mixture of surprise and happiness, she asked "I felt you cum, so why are you still holding yourself over me? Why didn't you pull out yet?"

I gave her a little kiss on the tip of her nose and answered "First, I figured you'd like for me to stick around for a while afterwards. Second, it feels **real** nice to stay inside you like this. Finally, I *like* holding you this way. You want me to move?"

"God, no! You figured right — I DO want you to stick around for a while; I'm just not used to guys thinking of it. It feels real nice to me having you inside me, and *I* like you holding me like this, too."

I turned to look over to where the others were sitting, and told Michelle "I'm glad to see you're back among the living", teasing her a bit.

Giving me something of a baleful look, she answered "Yeah, I'm still living — though I don't know how or why after what YOU did to me!"

"What, you didn't like it?"

"Oh, I *liked* it all right. At least, up to the point where you started teasing me, and then when you got me SO damn close and just *kept* me there until you did that little bit with your tongue and made the world cave in on me!"

Beneath me, I heard Michaela laugh briefly before telling her sister "I **told** you he wasn't bullshitting about knowing how to eat pussy, and you *saw* what he did to me… what did you THINK he was going to do to you?"

A little chagrined, Michelle answered "Not as much as he did, that's for damn sure!"

Apologetically, I told Michelle "I'm sorry if I got a little carried away; I just wanted to make it special for you."

Surprised, she replied "No, there's nothing for you to apologize for — honestly. I figured tonight would be something special after we invited you in here; I just didn't expect anything quite THAT special, is all. It's not *your* fault that you gave me a hell of a lot more than I expected, and I wouldn't have missed that for the **world**. For the life of me, though, I just CAN'T understand why all you have at home is a cat — I'd think you'd have to be chasing women off with a stick!", drawing laughs from Faye and Michaela.

Sadly, it was Michaela's laughter that finally caused us to separate; when I turned to look down at her, I could see the surprise she felt at the sudden draft, and the mild embarrassment she was experiencing as my cum started to leak out of her. Responding to the expression on her face, I readily moved off of her so that she could cup her mons with her hand as she quickly scrambled off of the bed and headed for the bathroom.

She reappeared a couple of minutes later, blushing slightly as she told us "Um, I kinda forgot about that part…"

Following her example, I moved off the bed and headed for the bathroom to clean myself off in the hope that Michelle might want to have a go with me, too. When I was done, I left the bathroom to find that all three of them were in something of a huddle, whispering among themselves. With my reappearance, all of them sat up straight again; the guilty looks I got told me that I'd likely been the subject of their discussion.

As I moved toward the bed, it was Michelle that said "If… if you're not too… tired, we'd like to stay for a while more. We were kind of, uh, talking, and we decided that we could learn a few things from you. Besides sex stuff, I mean…"

I raised an eyebrow in question, and Faye told me "We figure that you've got your sh- stuff together a WHOLE lot more than we thought at first, and that you're actually a pretty good person, so we were hoping that maybe you'd be okay with us just, you know, talking for a little while. And if you, uh, feel like it, we could even do some other stuff."

Despite the amusement I felt at hearing them, I managed to keep a straight face as I answered "Sure, we can do that. What did you want to talk about?"

They waited until I got myself situated on the bed before Michaela hesitantly suggested that they'd like to hear what I had to think about boys and girls and relationships.

That got us started on a conversation that lasted for over an hour and a half; along the way, each of the twins decided that they wanted to sit next to where I was leaning back against the headboard; from there, it wasn't much longer before each was leaning against my side. Faye seemed perfectly content to sit either cross-legged in front of me, or, later, straddling my lap.

There was a brief respite when I went out to get us some sodas and munchies from a nearby convenience store; when we'd finished those, Michelle let me know that she'd decided she wanted to try making love with me; Faye and Michaela kept each other occupied while we were occupied. Michelle had the same problem getting me inside that her sister did, but asked for MY help instead of Faye's. Once we got started, Michelle proved to be as willing and eager as her sister had, with pretty much the same results.

My time with the three of them ended much as it had started: with the twins pleasuring each other while Faye and I watched. The exception was that rather thank Faye mounting herself on me when she got excited, she positioned herself over my head — *after* receiving my promise not to do to her what I'd done to the others.

When I finally declared that I really, truly did have to get home so I could feed my cat and get at least SOME rest before work the next day, all three of them happily kissed me goodnight, and expressed how glad they were that **I'd** been the one to rescue them.

I never saw any of them again, but I'll always remember them — and particularly the twins! — with fondness and gratitude.

Chapter 9

Katherine (MF, oral, mast)

I'd just called in to Dispatch to let them know that I was starting my shift one morning when they came back and told me that one of the local high-end hotels had called and asked if I'd be available for a 'flat rate' fare. A fare like that is one where the cab (and driver, of course) were hired for a period of time to work 'off the meter' — payment was to be a fixed amount for whatever was to be done for however long it took. Usually, a flat-rate gig is something of a crapshoot: it could be anything from just driving partiers around so none of them risks a DUI, to helping some disabled or elderly person go out and do their weekly shopping at a number of different stores. The trick was to know (or have some idea, anyway) of the who, what, and how long, and balance that against the pay. Driving a couple of partiers around for 3 or 4 hours for a hundred bucks was better than getting a granny-lady that wanted to you to spend all day taking her all over town to shop and expecting you to do all of her hauling and carrying for fifty. Too, the partiers were a lot more likely to come up with a nice tip than the granny; that's just the way things work. But the place that had asked for me was the best hotel in town, so the risk of getting a crap deal was a lot lower — almost nonexistent, even.

So I told Dispatch I'd take it, and headed that way. When I got there, the manager of the place was waiting for me at the front desk. We weren't buddy-buddy, but we *had* developed a liking and respect for each other. As I got close, he gestured that I should follow him a little ways away from the desk, which I did. Once we had a little quiet and privacy, he told me what the deal was.

"Jim, we've got a guest from out of town that wants to go out and do some shopping. The problem is that the car we had reserved for her from the limo service got into an accident last night, and there simply isn't anything else available — from *anybody*. Now, we've explained the problem to the guest, and she understands and doesn't have any problem with taking a cab. But the limo company and us, we don't want her to have to be sitting around waiting for her next ride to show up, either; she's a **very** special guest for us AND the limo company. So what we came up with was to set her up with ONE cabbie, and your name was at the top of the list. I know you do good work anyway, but I want to make sure you understand that this lady is extra special."

Curious, I had to ask "What makes her so special?"

"Money. Lots and LOTS of it. She comes in here several times a year, stays in our best suite for a week or so, does some shopping, and then she's gone again for a while. She's a **damn** good tipper, if that helps any."

The subject of tips gave me the excuse to ask what the fare would be; the answer I got back would mean that I made half again what I'd normally make in a day. That, more than anything, convinced me that the manager of the hotel and the limo company were SERIOUS about wanting to keep her happy.

"Okay, she's somebody you want to keep, I understand that. But what do *I* do to earn this? Besides drive her around, I mean."

"Not a hell of a lot, Jim. The places she's likely to want to go shopping, they all deliver, so there won't be any carrying stuff. She might want you to keep her company in some of the places, and even ask what you think about a few things, but mostly it'll just be driving her around and making sure she stays happy with all of us."

I at least knew *of* the higher-end stores in town, the ones that would deliver. From what I understood, nearly all of them were clothing places that tailored purchases to a customers measurements — thus their willingness to deliver the finished item. If this woman was shopping in those stores, I could be fairly confident of getting a better than usual tip if I did my job right.

I agreed to the deal, and the manager looked pleased before he gave me the details by saying "The woman's name is Kathryn McGreevy. She's forty-ish, and her husband was some high-dollar financial type before he got killed in an airplane accident — in his private plane. She's got more money that God, but she isn't snooty or demanding or anything like that; she's pretty nice, actually. But for God's sake, Jim, don't let that make you start thinking she'll put up with anything, either. She's a good tipper for good service, but she isn't bashful about letting folks know when she ISN'T happy, either! There's a store in town that she won't go to any more because one of the clerks *told* her when she could pick up something she'd bought, instead of asking where she wanted it delivered to."

I nodded that I understood what he was telling me, and satisfied that I wasn't going to let him down, he went on to tell me "I know you're damn good, Jim, I just wanted to make sure you understood how important it is that this lady stays happy."

"Yeah, I can understand that, and I'll make sure I don't do anything to screw this up for *any* of us!", I assured him.

With that out of the way, he let me know that she'd be down in a few more minutes, and the two of us went back to the front desk to wait for her.

The elevators had cycled a few times when one of them opened up and a nice-looking redhead came out; the manager gave me a little nudge to let me know that she was to be my fare for the day.

When she got close enough, I could see that she was a lot nicer looking than I'd first thought, and outfitted *real* nice. Just a couple inches shorter than I am, she had curly hair that looked like it was made out of fine copper that someone had polished for hours on end; her face was attractive, with emerald green eyes that sparkled nicely, a small, straight nose, and full (but not overly so) lips. Her skin was pale, but not the white-with-freckles that a lot of redheads seem to have. Her bust was a *trifle* larger than average, and the dress she was wearing revealed an interesting amount of cleavage. Her waist was trim, and turned into a set of hips that was definitely womanly without being too wide. Her dress ended a little above her knees, and the legs that I could see were trim and muscular. There wasn't any **one** thing that really stood out as making her

attractive; rather, it was the way that all of her fit together that made her appealing.

Though I'm not one to keep up with fashion or anything, I didn't have any hesitation deciding that the dress she was wearing easily cost as much as I took home in a month — the material and cut and attention to detail were THAT obvious. Seeing her, I was glad that I'd gotten into the habit of dressing better than almost all of the other cabbies in town. Not that I actually put on a suit or anything, just that the slacks and collared shirt I was wearing were nice enough that I didn't feel like some war orphan standing in front of her.

When she got close enough for the manager to introduce us, I got a whiff of the perfume that she was wearing and decided that I wouldn't mind having her in the cab with me *at all*: it was a soft and delicate scent that put me in mind of a field of wildflowers.

When the manager had told her who I was and that I'd be driving her that day, she gave me a pleasant smile before saying "It's a pleasure to meet you, James, and thank you for being willing to answer our call for help, and getting here so quickly."

"It's my pleasure, Ma'am", I assured her, with a smile of my own.

"Shall we get started, then?" she asked, and I hastened to let her know that I was hers to command - something that earned me a pleased smile.

It didn't take long for us to get out to my hack, where I readily opened the door for her and helped her in. Once I was behind the wheel, I told her "I'm yours for the day, Ma'am, so please don't hesitate to let me know if you want something — the windows up or down, more or less air conditioning, or whatever."

"It seems like a nice enough day, so the windows down a little would be fine."

Figuring that she wanted fresh air without having her hair blown all over hell and back, I got a couple of windows to half-open before saying "I'll adjust them so your hair doesn't get mussed once we get going, if that's okay."

"That's fine, James", she told me, then following that by giving me the first place she wanted to visit.

I got us headed that direction, and as we were moving, tweaked the windows until I could see her hair moving a *little* bit, but no more. The ride was quiet, and I was even more careful than usual about my driving. Normally, my goal is pretty simple: to take as little action as possible — that is, to speed up or slow down gradually, to avoid having to brake or swerve, or do anything other than maintain a nice, steady ride. To do that, I do pretty much all the things that they try to teach in Drivers Ed: plenty of room between me and the vehicle in front so I have more time to respond; staying alert to what people are doing around me — not just in front, but to the sides and even back; looking at not just the couple of cars in front of me, but watching what's going on for the next couple of **blocks**, in ALL the lanes; and using my turn signals not just for turns, but lane changes, too. I usually don't get to my destination as fast, but I DEFINITELY get there with a lot less hassle and aggravation.

Anyway, when we get to the place, I hustle out to get the door open and help her out. She hesitates a moment, then tells me "There's no need for you to come inside unless you really want to. I don't think they have anything I'd be interested in, but I still have to at least *look*; I doubt that I'll be in there more than half an hour, or so."

"As you said, it's a nice day, so if it's okay with you, I'll stay out here and enjoy it. I'll be watching for you when you're ready to leave, though."

She nodded, and made her way to the door to the place; once she was inside, I found a spot where I could keep an eye out for her.

Just as she'd predicted, it wasn't much more than half an hour when I saw her just inside the door, talking with someone. I quickly got my rig there, and was waiting for her when she came outside. Once she was in the back, and I was behind the wheel, I asked her where she'd like to go next. She gave me the name of a place, and I headed us that direction. When we got there, I helped her out just as I had at the first place, then waited to see whether she needed or wanted me to go inside with her. She seemed to consider it for a few moments before telling me "I think I'll be in here for a while, so you're welcome to come inside with me if you like."

With my assurance of "I'd be glad to, Ma'am", she led us inside— I got the door, of course — after I got the keys and locked my cab.

I'd never been in the place before, and was more than a little surprised at the service they gave us: leading us to a private viewing area, giving us coffee, and generally fawning over us. Well, her more than me, of course, but they didn't fail to be polite to me, too. After getting the cup of coffee they offered me, though, I kind of wished I'd stayed in my rig — the cup was some tiny little thing that had me sticking my pinkie out because there wasn't anyplace else for it. On top of that, the coffee wasn't all that good; the stuff I had in my thermos was a LOT better.

But I kept my mouth shut except for saying "please" and "thank you", and stayed as much in the background as I could. The stuff they showed her all looked pretty good — at least on the models that were wearing it; I didn't figure it would look as nice on her, since she didn't resemble any of the wispy fashion models that had the stuff on. Nobody asked my opinion, though, and I *damn* sure didn't volunteer it.

There were a couple of things that she decided she liked, and made arrangements for them to be altered to fit her. When I heard what they cost, I damn near dropped my dinky little coffee cup; the two outfits she liked cost more than I had EVER made in an entire month.

I could tell when things were getting close to being done, and quietly excused myself so I could get outside and be ready to take her to the next place. I hadn't been standing there but a couple of minutes when she came outside and saw me. I could tell that she was pleased that I'd gotten ready ahead of her, and quickly got her settled into the back again as she told me our next destination. I got us there easily enough, and she again suggested that I might want to come inside, since she didn't know how long she'd be there.

That place seemed to specialize in lingerie and filmy underthings, and the show I got made up for the tepid mediocre coffee they served us. Again, I was staying in the background, content to watch the models showing us the wares (the stores AND the models!) when Katherine turned around to ask me "What do you think, James?"

I visualized Katherine in the little bustier thing the model was showing us, and after a couple of seconds, answered "I think it looks real good on her."

Apparently satisfied, Katherine started to turn to the front again, then quickly reversed course to look at me again before saying "You said you thought it looked good on *her*. How do you think it would look on **me**, though?"

Trying not to mess things up, I tried to give her some kind of response without actually having to tell her what I really thought: that it simply wouldn't do a thing for her. Katherine wasn't having any of that, thank you, and finally told me "James, I want to know what YOUR honest opinion is."

Reluctantly, and apologetically, I answered "I don't think you would look anywhere near as good in it as she does."

Hearing that, Katherine immediately wanted to know "Why not?"

"A couple of reasons. First, that color goes a lot better with her dark hair and complexion than it would with your red hair and lighter skin tones."

She considered that for a moment, then said "And?"

"And what?"

"You said there were a couple of reasons, and you've only given me one so far."

Damn. Busted again. All I could do was reply "You've got a different figure than she does, so it would look different on you."

"How so?"

"You're, uh, shaped more like most women; she's thinner, like most of the fashion models I've seen on TV. As a guy, I just don't think that the way it looks would be the same on a different figure than hers, is all."

She must have realized that I was a bit uncomfortable about admitting that I'd visualized HER in the damn thing, because she gave me a strange smile before telling me "Thank you, James. I wanted an honest opinion, and you gave it to me. Have you seen anything yet that you thought I *would* look good in?"

"Uh, that camisole thing a couple outfits ago, if it was in a light gray or green."

Katherine turned to the salesperson, and asked if the one I was talking about came in either of those colors. The salesperson had to go check, and while she was gone, Katherine turned to tell me "I'm not upset with you, James, for giving me your honest opinion. I asked you what you

thought, and it wouldn't be right for me to be upset with you for giving it. I thought that bustier *might* be acceptable, but I wasn't quite sure. What you told me made me realize that it wouldn't, and saved me the bother of finding out **after** I bought it. In addition to what you're making driving me around, I'll be adding ten percent of what it cost, for saving me the other ninety percent."

That damn bustier would have cost her a cool grand, so she'd just told me that I'd be getting a hundred dollar tip!

Keeping my composure, I told her "Thank you, Ma'am, I appreciate that."

She gave me another strange smile before saying "If I'm going have you imagining me in something like that, or even that camisole, I think that I can let you call me Katherine."

"Thank you… Katherine."

That was when the sales clerk came back in to let Katherine know that the camisole *was* available in a pale green; Katherine said she'd like to see it, on a blond, if a redhead wasn't available. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before we were seeing it on one of their less emaciated models wearing a wig that wasn't too far off from Katherine's own tresses. Seeing it that way, it didn't take me long to figure that it would look *real* good on Katherine. She apparently reached the same decision, and said she'd take it.

A couple more times, Katherine asked me what I thought of something they were showing her, and I politely told her what I thought of it. She ended up buying several different things, and when she was done the arrangements for getting things altered and delivered were quickly settled.

By the time we got out of the place, it was getting close to lunch time and I was starting to wonder how the heck we were going to manage THAT. Much to my surprise, Katherine brought the matter up by asking if I would accompany her to one of the nicer restaurants in town — her treat, of course. I'd been there exactly ONCE, a long time before, and hesitantly agreed. Realizing what the problem likely was, Katherine told me "It'll be fine, James. Such places *always* have a spare jacket and tie for customers that might not have anticipated eating there. You'll see."

When we got there, I learned that she'd been absolutely correct — it wasn't but a minute or so before they'd outfitted me with a nice jacket of the correct size. It being lunch time, it was judged that my open-collar shirt was good enough that a tie wasn't necessary.

Once we were seated, I wasn't the least bit bashful about telling her "I'm sorry, Katherine, but I don't get to eat in places like this very much, so I really don't have much of an idea of what to order this time of day."

Surprising me somewhat, she gave me a look of appraisal before saying "I don't think that was easy for you to admit, was it?"

"No, not really."

"But you said it anyway. Why?"

"Because I'm not going to pretend to be someone I'm not, or that I know things I don't. You know I drive a cab for a living; so there's no point to acting like this is anything but what it is: a new and novel experience for me. You wanted my honest opinion before, and I'm going to be just as honest with you now."

She considered that for a few moments, then smiled before saying "Thank you, again, James. It's very seldom that I get to meet people that aren't trying to put up at least *some* kind of a front for others to see. I've been watching you, and I don't doubt that your manners and all are anything less than entirely suitable; the only concern I had about bringing you here was addressed when you admitted to not knowing what to order. If you've got the courage to admit what you did, then I won't say or do anything to embarrass you in front of others. I'll order first, and if you'll order the same, everything will be fine."

She started to say something else, but let it go because the waiter turned up with water and menus for us. When he'd gone again, Katherine asked if there was anything I didn't particularly care for, or was allergic to. Once I'd assured her that there wasn't, both of us looked over the menu. I was able to work out what was offered from the French on the menu, though the prices shocked me. When our waiter came back, Katherine was ready to tell him what she wanted; I pretended to give the menu another look before telling him that what she'd ordered sounded good to me, too. When he'd gone, she smiled and said "That was very nicely done, James. I'm glad you understand the distinction between putting on a front, and simply making the effort to fit in."

While we were waiting for our meal, Katherine and I made a little small talk — which included me having to tell her that I'd dropped out of college to become a cab driver. I got a brief reprieve from having to explain myself by the arrival of our lunch; but as soon as the waiter had left us again, I had to give her the whole story while we ate. In return, I learned that she spent a lot of time just looking for things to do. Which explained, she said, why she was spending an entire day doing nothing but shopping.

Both of us passed on dessert, but we did have a cup of coffee. While we drank it, Katherine didn't have much to say to me — though she did look at me a few times.

When she'd paid the bill, the two of us went back to where I'd parked and I got her settled into the back seat again before getting behind the wheel. I asked her where she wanted to go next, and the place she named was clear across town. As I was getting us there, she asked me a few things about myself, and I didn't have any problem with answering her.

Once we got to the place, she had me park my rig and keep her company inside the place. As they were showing her stuff, every so often she'd ask me what I thought of something or other; I'd tell her, and she seemed to actually think about what I had to say before deciding on whether or not to buy. We weren't in the place for long, though, and after we got started toward the next place she told me "James, if you think that I'm missing out on something, I want you to let me

know. You seem to have a good eye for what would look good on me, and I don't want to pass on something I shouldn't."

I told her that I would, and that seemed to satisfy her, since she remained quiet until we were inside the next store.

It was another place that seemed to specialize in what I learned was called "intimate apparel" — negligees, nightgowns, and undergarments. At one point, Katherine passed on a bra and panty set, and I quietly told her "Katherine, you might want to look at those again." She turned to look at me questioningly, and I simply nodded my head that I was sure. She had them bring the model back in, and checked the items out again. After a bit, she asked if they had the things in her size, and they said they did; then she asked if it would be possible for her to try them on, as well as a few other things she'd seen. They assured her that was fine, and it didn't take long before one of the clerks brought the stuff in. Katherine asked where she could change, and they offered to show her to it. When she got up, I stayed where I was, figuring that I wasn't needed — but she surprised me by asking me to come with her. I figured she just wanted someone to stand outside the door or something to make sure she wasn't disturbed, and stood up to follow her and the clerk. We were led back to a small room that had one of those old-time privacy-screen things over in the corner. Katherine dismissed the clerk, and I started to back out of the room so she'd be alone, but she told me to stay, and close the door. I did as she said, though I wasn't real comfortable about it.

I felt a *little* better when Katherine went behind the screen, but I was still careful to face away from where she was. I heard an assortment of rustling noises, but didn't turn around; at least, not until I heard her tell me "No, don't do that, James. I wanted you in here so that you COULD look at me and let me know if this really looks as good as you seemed to think it would. So turn around, and tell me if you like it."

It took me a second to work up the nerve, but I did manage to get turned around so that I could see her — and about fell on the floor when I did.

She'd gotten out of her dress and other stuff, and was standing there wearing the bra and panty set, and not a damn thing else.

Since she'd *said* she wanted me to look, I did, and was glad for the chance. I saw that I'd been right about her bust being a little larger, and the bit of cleavage I'd first noticed proved to be just a sample of what the bra she was wore was displaying. The material and fit of the bra made it easy for me to tell that each of her breasts was generally shaped like half of a small melon, capped with a dark pink areola about the size of a silver dollar that sported a nipple that looked to be about the diameter of a large crayon. Each of her nipples stuck out far enough to make a distinct dent in the fabric of the bra, and unless my eyes were lying to me, looked to get a little longer and harder as I was looking at them. I couldn't help but notice that she also had a sparse dusting of pale freckles across her shoulders and upper chest.

Her belly was as flat as a woman's could be, and drew my eyes down to the small, sheer panties

that matched the bra. Behind the material, I could easily tell that her pubic thatch was just a shade darker than what was on her head, and thick. It formed a small wedge that guided my eyes even lower, where I could see that the material dipped into her cleft a bit, forming something of a 'camel toe'. Bracketing her mound, her thighs were a perfect match for the bit of her legs that I'd already seen — smooth and trim, they seemed to make her legs go on *forever*. I was still trying to memorize the sight of her when she calmly turned around to show me how everything looked from the back, too — and I immediately fell in love with the size and shape of her ass.

I was trying to keep my cock from turning into a steel bar in my shorts when she turned to face me again. Hoping that she wouldn't notice the tenting of my pants, I managed to drag my eyes up to look her in the face as I told her "You", then clearing my throat so I could speak, "Um, you look good. I mean, **real** good."

Her smile and the amusement I could see in her eyes reassured me that she wasn't offended by the way I'd looked her over, and that she was pleased with the reaction and answer she'd gotten from me. She turned to look at herself in a full-length mirror on the wall, and I had the pleasure of seeing her in profile for a little while before she turned back to me to say "Yes, I think you were right — these DO look better on me than I thought they would."

Looking at me closely, she suddenly asked "You're not comfortable like this, are you?"

"Well, no."

"Why not?"

"Because even though I'm working for you, and you invited me in here and *told* me you wanted me to look at you, I'm still in a position where I'm not entirely able to stay completely… professional."

She looked a bit confused for a moment, then asked me "You're saying that seeing me like this makes you think of me more… personally, shall we say?"

"Yeah, that would be a good way to put it", I admitted.

She examined my face for several seconds before smiling and telling me "Again, thank you, James. I hadn't considered what affect it might have on YOU seeing me like this, but I'm not offended that you would think of me that way. If anything, I'm pleased and flattered to know that I still have that affect on men. I saw that you were looking at me more than I expected, but it simply didn't occur to me that you would be thinking of me in *that* way. Though now that I really think about it, that's just exactly what I wanted to happen when a man saw me in these. I apologize if my thoughtlessness has upset you, and I want you to know that I understand that you would think of me in a different way when I ask you how you think I'd look in something like these."

Then I saw as something else occurred to her, and she looked down to see that my pants were more than a little tight in one particular area. Without seeming to realize she was doing it, her hand moved to press her palm against my incipient erection. Surprised, she looked into my face

and asked "I did this? I mean, letting you look at me this way made this happen?"

I couldn't help blushing slightly as I admitted "Uh, yeah, it did. Like I said, you look *real* good."

Closing her eyes, she released a soft moan — then surprised the HELL out of me by suddenly opening her eyes again, taking a step back, and quickly peeling the panties off. All I could do was look at the view she'd just given me: I could see that her bush was as thick as it had seemed, a luxurious patch of soft, short fur; the bottom of the vee showing a cleft where I knew her womanhood was. At the sight of her, my cock turned into a full-blown erection that not only tented the front of my pants, but felt like it would split them.

Her eyes locked onto the front of my pants, and she released another, deeper moan on seeing that I'd gotten even harder.

The two of us just stood there looking at each other that way for a full minute before she was able to move her gaze to my face, and tell me "My husband died in a plane crash several years ago. The insurance he had was outrageous, and added to the money we already had, it has made an ungodly sum. So much so that I've been afraid of having anything to do with the men that I've met — I've simply been too afraid that they were more interested in my money than in **me**. But now… today… knowing that you're excited because of what you see… that it's *me*, myself, that makes you hard… it brings out all the feelings and desires that I've had to hold in since I lost him… I had to take those off because I was getting SO excited that I was afraid that I'd stain them from how wet I could feel myself getting. And now, seeing you get even harder after I took them off… dear God, I need you!", before plastering herself against my front and starting to kiss me.

I could only stand there, stunned, for several seconds before Katherine took hold of my wrists and moved my hands around and put them on the firm globes of her ass.

That was all the prodding *I* needed, and it wasn't but a second before I was squeezing and massaging them as I kissed her back. I could hardly believe the desire and passion she was exhibiting, and as she started pressing her pelvis against my erection, I moved my hands from her ass in favor of caressing her back and sides — and when she pulled her upper body away from me a bit, her breasts and nipples.

It took a minute or so, but she finally decided that the bra she still had on was keeping her from really feeling my hands on her, and pulled away from me just long enough to rid herself of it before moving in again so that we could continue.

Her tits had felt pretty good through the lightweight material of the bra, but they felt even better without it. Between her age and the size of them, they did sag a bit — but only a trifle. Holding them in my hands, I could feel how warm and soft they were; and running my thumbs over the peaks of her breasts soon had her areolas crinkled in response, and her nipples standing tall and proud.

As I was becoming familiar with her body, she was getting to know mine: her hands were all

over my chest and shoulders, and even down to my ass, as we shared a number of impassioned kisses. She'd been grinding her pelvis against mine, rubbing her mound against my erect cock through my pants, for a couple of minutes when she pulled away from me. The desire she was feeling was plain on her face as she told me "Now I really *am* worked up! If I don't get you inside me, and damn soon, I'll go crazy!"

Flabbergasted, I could only ask "*Here*? **Now**?"

"Yes, dammit, here, and now!", she declared, before turning around and dropping to her hands and knees. Looking over her shoulder at me, she exclaimed "All I need is for you to **do** me! God! It's been SO long, and I'm SO ready!"

Below the globes of her ass, and between her smooth thighs, I could see the cleft of her womanhood — and that her labia were dark and extended, and the area between them all but dripping her essence. That view of her was all it took to demolish what little bit of resistance I had left. It wasn't but a few moments until I'd unfastened and dropped my pants, and pushed my shorts down. Kneeling behind her, I levered my erect cock down to press the end of it against her opening. Before I could do anything else, she rocked back, forcing the tight ring of her entrance over the head.

I didn't have any trouble believing that she'd been going without sex for as long as she'd said: she was definitely tight inside. But she was also amazingly wet and *very* hot. Putting my hands on her hips, I started to press myself into her as she moaned her pleasure at what I was doing. I had to back out a little a couple of times to keep myself coated with her abundant oils before I could get my manhood buried in her.

When she felt my lower belly pressing against her ass, she lowered her shoulders to the floor and muttered "Dear God, that feels so good!" before she told me "You don't have to do anything special, or try not to climax; the way I feel, just having you move in me is going to be just *fine*!"

Still, I didn't just start humping her. Figuring that she still might like a little time to get used to me, I took a little time to gradually work my way from simply BEING in her to sliding nearly the entire length of my erection in and out of her womanhood. I'd been moving in her for a couple of minutes when she had a small climax that had her clenching around me in a **very** interesting and stimulating way. She quickly recovered from that, and few minutes later, had another — stronger — climax that moved me a HELL of a lot closer to cumming. Still, I was able to enjoy plundering her woman's treasure for a couple more minutes; until her third, and strongest, climax had me pressing myself as far inside her as I could before trying to coat her tonsils with my cum.

When I'd finished emptying myself into her, I leaned forward and put my hands on the floor to help support myself as I got my breath back; by letting my head drop a little, I was able to give Katherine a number of soft kisses on her shoulders, and even the back of her neck as she was panting below me.

Despite how friendly she'd become, and how understanding she'd shown herself to be, I have to admit that I was still more than a little concerned about what had just happened between us.

Sure, she'd invited me into the room, *asked* me to look at her in just the bra and panties, and been the one to grab my dick and tell me she wanted me inside her — but I still knew that 'right' didn't always match up with the way things **really** happened. It was well within the realm of possibility that even if she didn't kick up a fuss, she might still decide that she didn't want to have to look at the common cab driver that she'd given herself to, and either trade me out for some other cabbie or even call the whole thing off (with an option of canceling any bonuses, as well).

Needless to say, I had considerable interest in what she'd say (and more importantly, DO) when she got herself back together again.

I could feel myself shrinking inside her, and was wondering what the hell to do when I heard her tell me "You're going to slip out of me in a bit; when you do, I'd appreciate it if you could go behind the curtain in the corner, there. You'll find that they leave some small towels for the customers. If you'll bring one back for me quickly, we can avoid staining their carpet."

Figuring that I might as well do what I had to do and be done with it, I eased my hips back and stood up. After pausing just long enough to fasten my pants so I didn't fall on my face, I hustled to get her the requested towel. When I got back, I simply unfolded it and leaned over to drape it along the curve of her ass so that the end of it was in easy reach for her. She quickly reached back between her legs and pressed it against her opening before slowly raising herself up so that she was kneeling on the floor.

She didn't look at me right away, and I figured that she was embarrassed by what had just happened between us. She looked at the floor for a few moments before raising her head to look up at me and say "I don't know about you, but I'm *extremely* embarrassed by what just happened between us; and feeling more than a little awkward."

I looked at her as I answered "I'm not as embarrassed as I am feeling awkward. Different social level, I suppose."

She looked at me sharply before telling me "No, I don't feel that way because I'm rich and you're not, or because you're a cabbie. I'm embarrassed because I just let you have me on the floor of a shop, and because I just got too damn excited and couldn't control myself."

Hearing that, I knew that I **might** be able to set her mind at ease — and maybe save myself some grief, too.

Squatting down so that we were on the same level, I took her hand in mine and said "Katherine, it sounds to me like you're beating yourself up about it — and there's no reason for you to."

She snorted, and wryly said "What, I should think that you're just too damn studly for me to resist your charms?"

I patiently answered "No, I don't have enough ego to try and say anything like that. Would you give me the courtesy of listening to me for a moment?"

She nodded her head, if a bit reluctantly, and I told her "Katherine, I don't know if you

remember, or not, but you said a few things before we got… distracted."

Snorting again, she muttered "Yeah, distracted!" before I continued "You said that your husband died several years ago, and that with all the money you have, you feel like you have to worry about whether a guy is interested in **you** or not. You also said that you've had to hold in all your feelings and desires, too, since then. Maybe I'm a little out of line, but it sure as hell seemed to me that you're a fairly passionate woman, and that you've got a healthy interest in physical pleasure. So considering how long it's been since your husband died, AND how little intimacy it sounds like you've had, I don't think it's unreasonable to figure there was a **lot** of pent up emotion and everything in you."

Seeing that I had her attention, I continued "Something else you said was that knowing that I was getting excited by looking at you made those feelings even stronger. That sure sounds to me like seeing that I was getting excited by looking at you made you realize — consciously or not — that I could maybe be a… I don't know… *safety valve* of sorts for everything that you've been keeping pushed down. I mean, think about it: we're from two different towns, pretty much opposite ends of the economic spectrum, and basically just thrown together for just a single day. There isn't a chance in hell that I'd ever have the opportunity to try and wangle money out of you — even if I had the desire, which I **don't**. But I'm not really a complete stranger, either: you've gotten to know at least a *little* bit about me, after all. And because I'm a cab driver, and not some professional gigolo, you know that the reaction you got from me was true, and honest; I started to get hard not because you were paying me, but because of how you looked."

Taking a breath, I went on "That was even MORE obvious when you took the panties off, and then the bra — I mean, you *did* say that you **needed** me; and then later, that you'd go crazy if it didn't happen. Finally, there's the way you responded when it DID happen; I already know that I'm not some great stud lover or anything, so those orgasms you had happened because you *needed* them — all I did was provide the necessary stimulation. I'm saying that I don't think that it was your 'fault', any more than it was mine. What I think maybe happened was just the unique match of you, and me, and here, and now. Just think about it: how many little things could have gone differently today that would have kept this from happening? That first time you asked me what I thought of something — what if I wasn't who *I* am, and had just said I thought it looked fine, instead of answering the way I did. Would you have gotten as interested in **me** as much as you did, and taken the time to learn about me, and get to know me? Would we have even BEEN in this room together?"

I could see by the expression on her face and the look in her eyes that Katherine understood what I was saying, and was thinking about it. I simply shifted my position to rest on one knee while I waited to hear what she had to say in response.

A minute or so went by before she looked into my eyes and said "I… I think you're right. About it being just one of those freak occurrence kind of things, I mean. Except that I haven't experienced too many of those that have ended with semen leaking out of me!"

I couldn't help smiling as I replied "I don't doubt that's true. But then again, how many of them

have there been where you've had orgasms?"

Giving me a surprisingly shy grin, she answered "Um… that would be the same number — just the one."

"There you go then; that just proves my point, don't you think?" I asked, grinning back at her.

"Be that as it may", she told me, "we still have something of a problem, here: how to get out of this place without them realizing that we've been in one of their changing rooms, fornicating like a couple of rabbits. This towel alone will have them talking for *weeks*, never mind the smell in here!"

Once she mentioned it, I realized that there was a distinct aroma of aroused female in the air. I considered things for a bit, then suggested "Would you be willing to dump some of whatever perfume you have with you right before we leave? You could claim you spilled it, and that would cover the smell."

It took her only a moment to respond "Yes, that would work quite well, I think. But this towel…"

"It goes with us, then. You *obviously* wouldn't have any reason to take it, so even **if** they notice a shortage in this room, they'll figure they just mis-counted somewhere along the line. If you'd like, I'll even be the one to take it."

"No, that won't be necessary; I have plenty of room in my handbag for it" she replied, somewhat absently — at the time, she was checking to see if all of my cum had drained out of her. Apparently deciding that it had, she moved to stand up again; I quickly got to my feet and helped her up. When she was on her feet, she finally noticed that I hadn't yet fastened my pants all the way. With a wry grin, she extended the towel to me, saying "If I'm going to be stealing this, you might as well get some use out of it, too!"

I couldn't help blushing slightly as I took it from her; as I started to turn around so I could clean up, she told me "James, this hardly seems the time to start getting bashful, after making me feel so good and dumping what felt like *quarts* of your semen in me!"

That only made me blush harder until I realized that not only was she not upset about what had happened, but that she was actually feeling somewhat *playful*. Taking what she said at face value, I simply unfastened my slacks again, and unconcernedly went about cleaning off my cock as she watched me. When I was done, I simply folded the towel over a few times so that the wettest part of it was on the inside before she gestured for me to set it next to her purse.

With our bodies more-or-less cleaned up, the next order of business was to get ready to make our exit; Katherine asked me to gather the bra and panty set while she got dressed again. I had picked them up and straightened them out so that they looked approximately like they had in the box when she asked me if I'd bring them to her behind the privacy screen. I wasn't prepared to find her wearing only a pair of stockings (sans garter belt) and pair of *very* brief, French-cut panties — but no bra. She was easily as attractive and appealing in her (apparently) original clothes as she'd been in the items from the shop, and I couldn't help looking her over again. She didn't seem

to notice, and simply took the stuff and put it in the box with the other items after shuffling them around a bit.

My hands empty again, I took a step back so I could give her some privacy again, but she stopped me by saying "No, don't go. I could use your help with my dress."

I managed not to gawk at her too much as she stepped into the dress, then got it pulled up over her hips and her arms into the sleeves. I was still a little wrapped up in the idea that she'd been braless under it when she turned her back toward me and asked me to help her with the zipper. I did as she asked, trying not to notice that she contrived to get my hand on her ass to hold the dress steady as I ran the zipper up.

Once both of us were ready to face the world again, she had me take the box of stuff from the store and stand over by the door while she quickly poured a quantity of her perfume onto the small table behind the screen. She hurried to join me, and calmly buried the towel in the depths of her handbag. When the scent of her perfume was strong enough, she said "There, that should do it. Time for us to leave, James!"

I followed her back into the showroom, carrying the box of assorted items that she'd intended to try on. One of the clerks readily relieved me of that minor burden before asking Katherine if there was anything she was interested in. She calmly answered "Yes, I think I'd like all of them. There's no point to having you deliver them, so if you would be kind enough to wrap them, I can take them with me."

They readily agreed to that, and she paid for everything while they got it all packaged for her. Naturally, I carried the bag for her as we left.

Once we were outside, she quietly asked me "Is there someplace that we can put the towel? I'd just as soon not carry it around with me the rest of the day…"

"We can put it in the trunk, if you like. I lease the vehicle, so it goes home with me each night; I can take care of it for you this evening. If you'll watch to make sure I put this in the trunk properly, you can give it to me then."

Turning her head slightly, she gave me a smile before saying "Yes, that would do nicely. Thank you."

When we'd taken care of those two items, I helped her into the back before getting behind the wheel again. Ready to resume my duties, I asked her "Where to, Ma'am?"

She named another store, and I got us moving. I was perfectly willing to keep my mouth shut and wait to see what, if anything, Katherine had to say about what had happened between us. Sure, I'd likely gotten her settled down *then*, but now she had the opportunity to go back and think about it some more.

The ride to the next place was quiet, though, and she told me I could wait outside if I wanted; the place was another one she 'had' to visit without any expectation that they'd have anything of

interest to her. Sure enough, she wasn't in the place an hour, and it was off to the next one. It was one where she figured to be inside for a bit, and suggested that I come in with her. I did, and got served another couple of tiny cups of bad coffee while she looked at the various evening gowns that they offered. She asked my opinion on a couple of them, and I gave her my honest answer. She ended up buying a couple of things, and by the time we got back out to my cab, it was getting toward late afternoon.

I had asked her for our next destination when she told me "Actually, I think that's it for today, James."

"Yes, Ma'am. Back to the hotel, then?"

"I'm not sure. I'm getting a bit hungry again, but I *really* don't want to go **out**, and I don't want to deal with room service, either. Is there someplace that you could recommend?"

I'll admit that I was a little surprised by the question, but told her "There are a couple of places that *I* like to go to, but they aren't quite up to the standards of where we went for lunch."

"That sounds perfect, then. I don't want to have to change like I would if I went anyplace I usually would."

I asked her if she was interested in anything in particular, and she said that she thought that something a little more substantial than the fettuccine we'd had for lunch would be good. It took me only a moment to decide where to go, and I quickly had us moving.

When we got there, I could see that Katherine was somewhat underwhelmed, but she didn't say or do anything to indicate she wasn't willing to at least give it a *try*.

It was when we got inside that she realized that although the outside of the place looked a little run-down, the inside was flawless. The hostess recognized me, and quickly showed us to a quiet spot over in one corner. As we waited for our waitress, I told Katherine that the place semi-specialized in steaks, and that her beverage choices were going to be fairly limited: water, coffee, tea, a few soft drink flavors, or one of a limited number of brands of beer. Again, I could tell she was a little surprised, but still game.

Our waitress greeted me by name, and let me know what that nights specials were, before leaving us to consider our options for a few minutes. When she was gone, I looked over at Katherine and pleasantly asked "You took care of me at lunch; will you let me take the lead, now?"

She gave me a smile before answering "Of course, James."

When our waitress came back, I ordered something that the place did **particularly** well; Katherine followed my lead, though with a smaller portion. For drinks, both of us went with iced tea. When it had arrived, and she'd had a chance to doctor it, Katherine sipped hers and exclaimed "This is excellent — *much* better than I've had anywhere else!"

I couldn't help grinning as I told her "They make their iced tea by starting with actual tea — not

tea BAGS or instant, but real, live **tea**. Almost NO place does that any more, because it takes time and effort, and a lot of folks either can't tell or don't care about the difference in taste. Faster and easier to use the bulk stuff they get from whatever their supplier can provide. But if you actually *like* tea, it's worth the few cents more a glass."

As we waited for our meal, the two of us casually chatted about a number of different things; but neither of us got anywhere even close to the events of that afternoon.

Our meal finally arrived, and I could tell that Katherine was looking forward to finding out if the same attention was paid to the food as had been lavished on something as simple as a glass of iced tea. I couldn't help but be amused when she discovered that it was: "This is the best prime rib that I have EVER had, *anywhere*! How in the world do they do it?!"

"For starters, the owner doesn't get his meat supplied by any of the big national outfits. He deals with a small co-op somewhere in Montana, so that he can get the kind of product and service that he wants. Just by himself, he takes nearly a quarter of their output, so they're more than happy to see to it that he gets what he wants. Again, it costs him a little more, but the business he does **more** than makes up for it."

"I don't doubt that for second!" she said around another bite.

After that, conversation was pretty sparse as we got ourselves wrapped around some damn fine food. When all that was left was some happy memories, I had to laugh when Katherine tried to stifle a soft belch; her ears pinked a little, but she otherwise managed to maintain her composure.

Next on the agenda was what to do about dessert; again, she followed my example of a slice of cheesecake — and found it every bit as tasty as the rest of the meal had been.

When we were finally ready to leave, Katherine was adamant about leaving the tip — half of what the meal had cost me. I tried to tell her that she didn't have to leave that much, but she told me "Nonsense. Even granting that you *might* have gotten **some** extra attention because the waitress knew you, it was still excellent service. She was there when we wanted her, but not hovering over us; she was polite and friendly and helpful, but without being cloying. The food was a DAMN sight better than lunch, and there was plenty of it — I was half afraid I wasn't going to be able to finish that slice of cheesecake! The place was bright and cheery and clean, and I don't doubt that we could have stayed there another hour and they wouldn't have said a word to us; at lunch, I felt like they wanted me to eat and get out so they could serve someone else."

Once we were back in my cab, I told her "I've known the waitress we had for some time now. I wasn't going to say anything in there, but you might be interested to know that she's getting close to getting a law degree — *after* getting away from an ex-husband that used to beat her, and abuse their two daughters. He came home drunk one night, beat the hell out of her, and was headed for the bedroom where the two kids slept when she nailed him in the head with a cast-iron skillet. She got the kids and some clothes together, and hid out in an abused women's shelter until the divorce was final. First place she had of her own was a one bedroom dump in the worst part of

town, but she got a job and started getting her feet back under herself. That was ten years ago, and she graduates college the semester after next."

Katherine sat there quietly for a few seconds before asking "How do you know all that?"

"I give free rides to the shelter to women that need it, and she was one of them. After she got her divorce, we became friendly — as in friends, I mean. She used to talk to me about all the crap that happened to her and the kids, and I kind of helped her understand that none of it was anything that *she* should be ashamed of. With her and the kids being all alone and not having anything at first, she was in pretty bad shape, and I stayed with her, as a friend she could talk to, through it. She's getting government help with her tuition, but pays for all her books and other stuff herself from what she makes there — on top of taking care of her kids and everything else, of course."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"So that you know that that oversize tip you left is actually going to do something to help someone that deserves it."

"But *why*?"

"You told me at lunch that you spend a lot of time being bored. I'm letting you know that you don't **have** to be bored; there are plenty of things that you could do that would not only help fill up your day, but actually accomplish something. You said that you have an 'ungodly' amount of money, and that it makes you wonder about the motives of some of the people you meet. Why not use some of the money that you don't need to help people like that woman in there? Did I mention that the lowest GPA she's had has been 3.51? And she plans to work helping *other* abused women when she graduates? If I'd asked, she'd have been glad to show you pictures of her girls; they're both pretty as they could be, smart, and good kids — neither one has EVER been in trouble at school, or with the cops. If you've got so damn much money that you have to worry about the kinds of guys you're meeting while you kill time, how about doing something to change all that?"

Katherine considered that for several seconds before quietly telling me "I think it's time I got back to the hotel, now."

Neither one of us said anything on the trip. When we got there, I helped her out of the cab, and then hurried to get the one package that she had out of the trunk. I was waiting to see what she wanted me to do with it when she reached out and took it from me and started for the door. She was just a couple of steps away when she turned and said "James? Would you be good enough to come up to my room? I think I'd like to talk with you a little more."

The doorman heard her, and after she'd gone inside, he gave me a look of curiosity; I simply shrugged my shoulders and got back in my rig to go find a place to park it. I'd just gotten inside the lobby when the night manager spotted me and came over to me. I figured I might have some explaining to do, but he said "I know it wasn't your idea to come in here, Jim. Ed" — the

doorman — "told me that Mrs. McGreevy said that *she* wanted YOU to come up, so I figure that whatever the hell you did today, she was happy about it. So there isn't going to be any trouble about you being in a guests room."

"Thanks. I gotta admit, I was a little worried about it."

"No need, Jim. We aren't going to hold it against you if a guest wants you upstairs — particularly HER. Just try not to mess things up now, okay?" — that last with a grin.

"Not if I can possibly help it!", I assured him, before heading for the elevators.

I'd been told she was in their best suite, and I knew where that was, even though I'd never actually been in it myself. The elevator got me to the top floor, and the name of her suite was right there by one of the half-dozen doors on that floor.

I knocked softly, and it was only a few seconds before the door opened to show her standing there. Seeing me, she stepped aside and invited me in. Once I was, she closed the door behind me, and then led the way into the living room area. I accepted the glass of wine she offered me, then took a seat on the opposite end of the couch that she led us to.

We'd each taken a couple sips of our wine when she told me "I have to admit, that was some story you gave me in your cab after dinner, James."

"Katherine, it wasn't a story — it's the truth."

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean 'story' that way. No, I meant it was something hearing about all that woman has been able to accomplish after all she's been through. But what really surprised me was what you had to say about *me*, and my life."

"I hope you'll forgive me, but it was something I figured needed to be said."

"What do you mean?"

"Even before lunch, I could see that you were mostly just going through the motions at those different places. I mean, sure, they had nice stuff, and you bought some of it, but it seemed to me like you weren't really *involved*. I've been out shopping with girlfriends and other women, and even when they're just looking, they're a whole lot more interested than you were. Then when you told me that you spend a lot of time just looking for something to do, and about the guys you meet and everything… well, it just seemed to me that somebody needed to point out to you that there were ways of solving those kinds of problems."

"And what made you think you could say something like that to me?"

"Well, after a good meal like that, you seemed to be in a fairly receptive frame of mind; I didn't figure it was *too* big of a chance. And like I told you, it seemed like something that needed to be said."

She looked at me contemplatively for several seconds before saying "Well, you were right. My life HAS been pretty empty since my husband died, and it **was** something that needed to be said.

When you told me that you'd been a philosophy major, but dropped out, I have to admit that I thought that it was just because you were someone that got bored with studying; I wasn't quite ready to believe what you said about your reasons. But after we were… intimate, the explanation you gave me simply made too much sense for me to think that you'd been anything **but** a good student. And when I started really *thinking* about what you'd said, I had to start thinking about everything else I've seen, and learned about you. Once I did that, it didn't take me long to realize that you really, truly are a **philosopher**, in the classical sense of the word."

I nodded my head in acceptance of the compliment she'd just given me, and she went on "On the ride back here, I was thinking about what I want to do to change my life. I've got a few things that I think I'd be interested in doing, but I expect that it would be to my benefit to get some input from you before I start throwing money and time at them and possibly wasting both. Then when we're done with that, there's something else I'd like you to do for me — but I want to save that until we're done with this other part, first."

"I'll be glad to do whatever I can", I assured her.

She looked at me for a few seconds before standing up; I started to get up, too, and she gestured that I should stay where I was before telling me "Before we get too far into this, I want to make sure and give you an appropriate gratuity for all you've done for me today."

She disappeared into one of the other rooms, then reappeared a few moments later with an envelope in her hand. When she was seated again, she handed it to me, saying "That is from *me* to **you**, person to person. There will be an additional sum with the payment you receive for driving me around today."

I thanked her, and simply folded the envelope in half and stuck it in my shirt pocket. She asked "Aren't you going to look to see how much it is?"

"Katherine, you have been nothing but kind and generous with me today. I know that whatever is in here is what you think is fair and reasonable, and what I have *earned*, for good or bad. I won't embarrass either of us by opening it in your presence."

I could see that she was pleased with my reply, and had to figure that however much was in that envelope, it was probably a fairly nice tip.

Each of us took another sip of our wine, and she started telling me about some of the things that she'd thought she might like to start doing when she got home. She also asked me a fair number of questions about different aspects of them, and sought my opinion on their relative merits; the resulting conversation lasted for well over an hour.

I thought we were pretty much done when she reminded me that there was still something else by saying "With that out of the way, all that's left is that one last thing I wanted you to do for me."

"What would that be?"

"This afternoon… when we were… intimate…"

I hastened to tell her "No one will ever hear about it from me, I assure you."

She waved her hand dismissively, saying "I'm not concerned about that. If you have the principles to say something that you thought *needed* saying, despite the risk that I might take offense, then I think that I can trust you **not** to speak out of turn, as well. No, what I was going to say was that what we did — and more to the point, what you said about it afterwards — made me face up to the fact that I am, as you said, a fairly passionate woman. I've always enjoyed sex when it has happened, but I've never been one to initiate it. At least, not before today!", the last with a wry grin.

Taking a breath, she went on "That you helped me have no less than *three* orgasms so closely together… well, it made me realize that I've been holding things in that I really didn't need to — and perhaps shouldn't have. But it's an area that I've held in for so long that I'm not entirely sure I can release control over it all on my own."

Seeing from the expression on my face that I really wasn't understanding where she was trying to go with all of that, she told me "What I'm trying to say is that as good as you made me feel earlier from that brief encounter, NOW I want to find out if you can help me learn to loosen my sexual restraints, too."

From the faint blush I could see on her, I knew that she was a bit embarrassed; but the expression on her face told me that her determination was even greater.

The idea of getting intimate with her again certainly had its appeal, but I wasn't sure that I understood just what it was that she wanted from me. The only thing I could figure to do to try and settle the matter was to say "Katherine, you're a lovely woman, and I'd consider myself fortunate to share your company. But I'm afraid that I'm not entirely sure how I can help you."

Realizing that I was generally agreeable, but that she hadn't really given me any indication of what she wanted, she told me "My upbringing was rather… conservative. While my parents weren't particularly religious, subjects like sex were only spoken of *very* infrequently. Similarly, the schools I went to weren't inclined toward liberal teachings, either, so the little bit of sex education that I got was pretty much limited to explaining what a menstrual cycle was, and how babies are made — using animations, no less. I was a virgin up until my wedding night; my husbands history wasn't all that different from mine, so neither of us was particularly experienced or adventurous. The entire time we were married, the only sex we had was either with him on top of me, or the way you and I did it. There wasn't a lot of foreplay, and only rarely did we ever see each other actually nude. The pleasure I had today… it made me realize that there is a **lot** that I've missed out on, for one reason or another. I know that I can't learn everything all at once; but as much help as you've been, and after how good you made me feel, I would like to start learning from *you*."

"Are you sure you really want to do this? And with me? You understand that there are going to be… challenges?"

After she'd taken a deep breath and released it slowly, I could hear the certainty in her voice when she said "Yes, to all of that. I'm nervous, and even a little bit afraid — but dammit, I want better!"

I scooted toward her, then reached out to take one of her hands in both of mine before telling her "If it helps any, Katherine, I'm not going to try and force or push you to do *anything*; and I'm not going to do anything that you really don't want me to. All I ask is that you be willing to at least **try** something before deciding whether or not you like it. The very definition of discovery is to go beyond what's already known, right?"

Somewhat reassured, she managed to smile at me as she nodded her head in understanding and agreement. Lifting her hand to my lips, I kissed it before telling her "There are a couple of things you've said that caught my attention: that you've held in your desires, and that you and your husband almost never saw each other nude. If you've been holding those desires in, then I'm taking that to mean that you haven't taken care of them yourself — or at least, not often, anyway."

Seeing the uncertainty on her face, I elaborated "You don't masturbate?"

The resulting blush was something to see before she got control of herself enough to answer "Uh, no, not… not really."

"That's okay, Katherine. You told me how you grew up, and I can understand that it would be a little embarrassing to talk about it."

"Try a LOT embarrassing!", she declared, before I continued "What you need to understand is that not only is that a perfectly healthy and reasonable thing to do, it's also something that *everybody* does."

She looked at me a bit uncertainly, and I told her "Okay, then, how about if we start out by taking care of a couple of things: nudity and pleasuring yourself?"

The first reaction I saw was reluctance; but after a few seconds, she realized that she had to start *somewhere*, and nodded her acceptance before asking "Will… will it just be me?"

"If I'm not there for the nudity part of it, you aren't actually accomplishing anything, are you? As for the rest, that's really up to you. I think that I can probably help you, but if you're really THAT worried or nervous, then I can leave you alone. Or, if you think it would help, I'm perfectly willing to be nude and masturbate WITH you, to show you that it really <u>isn't</u> something you need to be embarrassed or ashamed about."

She considered that for a few moments before responding "I think I'd like that — you being there, too, and, um, doing it with me. I think I'd like to see how you, I mean, a man… does that."

I waited a bit, and finally realized that she was going to need a little help getting started. After standing up, I gently guided her to stand with me before moving behind her and slowly unzipping her dress, then slipping it off her shoulders. That done, I slid it down past her hips and

carefully guided her to step out of it. Then I had the pleasure of rolling her stockings down her legs before I finished up by slipping my thumbs under the waistband of the panties she had on and slipping them down her legs, too.

With her standing there nude, I moved back around so that I was standing a few feet in front of her before calmly taking my own clothes off just as I would at home. I noticed, but didn't comment on, that her nipples erected as she watched me undress.

Once both of us were ready, I stepped forward again and gently guided her to sit on the couch again before taking a seat next to her. Her legs were closed, and her hands were fidgeting slightly in her lap; knowing that I needed to settle her down a bit, I took her hands in mine and held them before looking into her eyes and calmly telling her "Katherine, it's okay — really. I'm here to help you, just like you said you wanted me to. I'm not going to push you, but I'm not going to let you give up, either, okay?"

Slowly, she nodded, and finally answered "Yes, thank you, James."

Still looking into her eyes, I said "You told me that you're nervous, and even afraid — and I can understand that. I'm not going to just start grabbing you, or poking at you, or anything like that. Instead, what I want is for you to tell me what you feel and what you like, and I'll help YOU make it happen. If you can let go of some of that, I can *help* you learn to give yourself pleasure. If you can stay with me, WE can help you learn what feels good and how to make yourself feel good. Do you think you can do that?"

Realizing that I was willing to take things slowly seemed to give her some comfort, and even confidence: she managed a weak smile and nodded again before closing her eyes.

"When you think about having sex, what's the first thing you notice about yourself?", I asked.

"My breasts; I can feel them get tight, and my nipples get hard."

"Do you like to have your breasts touched? How? What about your nipples?"

"Yes — I want to feel his hands on my breasts; just holding them at first, but then caressing them, and squeezing them."

I released one of her hands and moved it to her breast, cupping it from underneath, and heard her say "Yes, like that."

"Go ahead and put your hand on mine, and move it. Show me what you want", I suggested. A moment later, her hand was on mine and she was guiding my hand around on first one mammary, then the other. I continued to softly talk to her, directing her to guide my hand and change how and where I touched her. It didn't take long before we had both of her silver-dollar-sized areolas puckered, and her crayon-diameter nipples standing erect in response to the caresses and soft squeezing of her breasts, and the gentle tweaking and pulling of her nipples.

I maintained an almost continuous soft patter with her: offering encouragement, seeking and offering guidance, and giving and receiving feedback as I slowly and carefully drew out more

and more detail, and helped her move along the path toward higher and higher arousal. She didn't hesitate in the slightest to let me know when she took notice of the area between her thighs, and readily parted them so that we could include her vaginal opening and labia and clitoris in her ministrations; when my hand left her breasts, she didn't hesitate to replace it with her own.

It was her hand that guided one of my fingers between her engorged labia and into the hot, slick depths of her vagina; and it was she that wetted a fingertip with her oils and began teasing and caressing her clitoris. As she became more and more involved in learning her own body and how to please it, I gradually reduced my own involvement in favor of watching her and offering her the verbal support and encouragement she needed to continue.

When I had both of my hands free again, I carefully moved myself away from her a bit, giving both of us room for what I next had in mind for us. That accomplished, I was free to enjoy being witness to all that was happening with her: the aroused flush she developed, the scent of her woman's essence, the faint liquid sounds of her finger moving in her channel, and the slow evolution of her increasing desires.

All of that was having an effect on me, too, and I was slowly stroking my cock when Katherine suddenly opened her eyes. At first glance, she seemed embarrassed to realize that I was watching her as she masturbated — but when she saw that my erect penis was in my hand, she released a soft moan as I watched the peaks of her breasts tighten even more.

"You're… you're hard — from watching me?"

"Not *just* that, but mostly, yes."

"But… *why*?"

"Because you're a *very* attractive and sexy woman, and seeing **you** excited is making ME excited."

"And you're… touching yourself… because of me?"

"Yes."

Hearing that, she released another moan — deeper and louder than the first — before saying "I… I've never seen a man… *do that* before… it… it makes me feel so **excited**… knowing that I can do that…"

"Would you turn toward me? So that I can see YOU better? That would help get me more excited, too…"

It took her only a moment to decide that she was willing, and but a few seconds to get herself rearranged so that she was facing me almost straight on. Then she surprised me by spreading her legs — putting one foot on the couch and leaning her leg against the back while keeping the other foot on the floor. That left me with a clear view of the area between her thighs: the russet wedge of her pubic thatch, parted at the bottom by her long and thick labia. At the top of her furrow, I could easily make out her clitoris between the two fingers she'd been using to rub it.

Even as I was looking at her womanhood, I saw her vaginal lips get a trifle darker, and the area between them get even more shiny with her oils.

Dragging my eyes upward, I saw her breasts appeared to be tighter, and her areolas more puckered, than they'd been when I'd looked at them just seconds before. The upper slopes of her breasts were tinged a light pink — but the color darkened as moved my view upward. Her face had a distinct blush to it, and I could see that her eyes were locked on where my hand was wrapped around my manhood.

It was obvious enough that seeing me erect, and masturbating, was dramatically increasing her own arousal; it was an easy decision to mirror her position, and change how I was stroking myself so that she could see more of my hard cock. It was a matter of just a couple of seconds before she was again stimulating herself under my gaze: her hand moving on her breasts, squeezing them; softly pinching and pulling on her nipples; rolling her nipples between two fingers. Farther down, her other hand was just as busy: sliding one of her fingers into her obviously wet channel, and collecting her oils to use as lubrication while she toyed with her clitoris. Without seeming to realize that she was doing it, she even moved her self-wetted finger to her mouth and sucked her own juices off of it a few times — something that further inflamed her passion and arousal.

I found the entire situation and experience *incredibly* erotic and stimulating: not so much because of how she looked (though she was most certainly attractive), but because of what she was doing, and that she was granting me the priveledge of *watching* her do it. The knowledge that she'd patently never let herself 'go' that way before, and that she was so obviously enjoying the experience, only served to amplify the effect.

Though I could feel myself moving toward my climax, I could also tell that Katherine was somehow unable to find the release that she was patently so close to. I tried to hold off, thinking that she just needed a little more time, but the sight (and scent!) of her contrived to make that more difficult. Finally, there was nothing else I could do, and with a groan of pleasure, felt my cock erupt.

Even as the first wad of my semen was landing on my belly, I saw Katherine convulse with the start of an orgasm. Each eruption of cum from my erection seemed to trigger another spasm through her body, causing her to grunt with the force of it. Being witness to such a powerful orgasm only served to intensify and prolong my own pleasure, and thus extending hers, as well.

It was my own male limitations that finally allowed things to taper off — I could only climax for so long and so hard before my body decided that enough was enough; by the time my penis was back at half-mast, Katherine was lying back on the arm of the couch, gasping for air.

Looking around, I quickly spotted the napkin that had been with the wine bottle. Grabbing it, I quickly wiped my hand and belly off before moving to sit close to Katherine. I managed to get her sitting up enough that I was able to take her into my arms and hold her as she slowly got her breath back. Her head was resting on my shoulder, and I felt her blush before she managed to

softly tell me "That was absolutely *amazing*. I didn't know that I could **get** that excited, or have an orgasm anywhere NEAR that good!"

I gave her a small hug and answered "I guess now you do, don't you?"

She blushed again before telling me "I certainly do! I was really nervous and everything, there at first — but you were so gentle and patient with me; and the way you kept talking to me, and asking me how I felt, and doing what I told you would feel better for me… the next thing I knew, I was making *myself* feel so **good**! And then… when I saw that you were hard, and… what you were doing… it made it even *better*, and I could feel myself getting so WET inside. Dear God, I've missed out on so much!"

After giving her another hug, I told her "It doesn't matter what you missed out on before — there's nothing you can do to go back and change it. What you **can** do is choose to take control of your life, now. Now you know that you are a passionate woman, and that you *don't* have to try any hold in your feelings and desires. I'd say that you have the solution to at least PART of your problems well in hand."

I felt her blush again, accompanied by a soft laugh at the somewhat bawdy pun I'd deliberately made.

She nudged me, and I readily released her so that she could sit up again. She turned to face me, and I could see from her expression that she was appreciably more relaxed about the two of us sitting there nude than she had been before. Looking into my face, she told me "Yes, I do — thanks to you. What I — we! — did felt *very* good to me; but when I saw that you were watching me as I did that, I started to feel nervous and even ashamed. Then I saw that what I was doing was making *you* excited, too, and that you weren't afraid to let me see YOU touching yourself, and that somehow made it all right. Better than 'all right', even — it made me even **more** excited than I already was. You kept doing it, and I could tell that you were getting more excited, just like I was. I could feel myself getting closer and closer, but it still seemed like nothing was really going to happen until I saw you… finish. Then it seemed like the whole *world* fell in on me!"

Even as she was saying that, she looked down to my belly, and saw that I'd cleaned myself up a bit. Looking up at me again, she asked "You cleaned it up? When? Why?"

"Yes, I did; a little after you fell back on the arm of the couch. I wanted to hold you, and didn't know how you'd feel about getting my cum — my semen — on you."

"Why would you worry about something like that? I've already had your… cum IN me, so why would getting it ON me matter?"

I gave her an apologetic shrug before I answered "Some women I've known… they're okay with having semen *inside* them, but are a whole lot more particular about getting it on their outsides. I didn't know how YOU would feel about it, so I just wiped it off first."

She sat there for a bit, looking contemplative, before telling me "You are much more thoughtful and considerate than I realized, or gave you credit for. Actually, it wouldn't have bothered me in

the slightest, getting your semen on me — but you didn't know that before, so you took the time and made the effort to clean yourself off a bit before holding me, so that you could be *sure* not to bother me about it. Now I'm even MORE certain that I want to ask you if you'll help me finish what we've started."

"I'm certainly willing to do that, Katherine, but what you just said is pretty open-ended; I've got to ask: just what do you mean by 'finish'?"

After taking a deep breath, she answered "What we've done already… it's a *start*. What I mean is that I don't doubt I can find my own pleasure from now on. What I'm **far** less sure of is whether, or even how, I can do it with anyone else. If I do find someone that's interested in me, I don't think that he'd be satisfied with the two of us masturbating ourselves all the time. I want, even *need*, to learn what else feels good for me, and what I can do for HIM. And what happened for me this afternoon — well, that was after I'd spent YEARS without having any pleasure like that; so I want to know if I can feel that way again, without having to wait so long, or doing it just by myself."

"To do that, it could be even more difficult than before — you won't be just touching yourself. And if you *really* want to know what can be done, then it's almost certainly going to involve more than just hands."

Hearing that last part seemed to throw her off balance, but she quickly understood what I was getting at. She didn't seem to have any problem with telling me "What we just did… it wasn't the actually DOING that was so difficult for me, as it was just getting started. You've shown me that you can be as patient and gentle and considerate as I could possibly want, or need; so I think that I'll have a much easier time *keeping* things moving than I did **getting** them moving in the first place. As for the rest of what you said… well, I've already learned that a lot of what I thought I knew wasn't entirely correct; I'm perfectly willing to let go of a lot of other misconceptions, as well. As you said, discovering something new means going beyond what's already known."

I nodded my acceptance of what she said, and asked her "Where and how would you like to start?"

Hesitantly, she said "When I was first married, sometimes my husband would… want me more than just one time. Of course, both of us were a lot younger then…"

I couldn't help smiling as I told her "That won't be a problem — at least, not much of one. I'm not as young as I used to be, either, but given time to recover, and a little inspiration, I can still go more than just once."

Though she tried to hide it, I couldn't miss seeing that she was both pleased and relieved at hearing that. She tried to cover both by telling me "In answer to your questions, the 'where' is someplace that both of us can be comfortable, like the bed", the last with a faint blush before she continued "As for the how… considering how little it turns out that I know, I think I'd better start with the basics: I've never really gotten to *look* before, and I'm still feeling a bit… bashful about just being naked with someone else."

Again, I had to smile as I told her "The bed sounds like a fine idea, and if that's how you want us to begin, then that's how we'll do it."

The next order of business was the *when*; I certainly wasn't going to rush her, so I simply sat there. Once she realized that I was literally waiting for her to make the first move, she gave me a wry smile before standing up. I followed her example, and she led the way to the bedroom; I had a fine time watching her walk ahead of me.

As we approached the bed, I told her "You said that you'd like to look, and that you'd like to get comfortable being nude with someone else. I think both of those would be a little easier and more pleasant for you if I could finish wiping myself off with something like a damp washcloth."

I was rather surprised when she responded by telling me "I… I think I'd like to do that for you — if you don't mind, of course."

"That's fine with me, Katherine. Really, you don't have to be afraid to ask me things like that, or tell me if there's something you want me to do, or just do something yourself. One of the best things you can do to make being intimate with someone else is to simply *relax*, and enjoy yourself."

Nodding her head in understanding, she smiled as she replied "Okay, James, I'll try."

I stopped, and she did, too, before turning to face me. Taking her hands in mine, I told her "Katherine, it's okay to call me Jim, if you like — that's part of relaxing. If you have a nickname that you'd like me to use, I'd be happy to hear it. And while we're at it, I'll tell you that I'm not going to take it as anything more serious than as a term of affection and friendship if you want to call me 'dear' or 'honey' or anything else like that. I'll likely say such things to you, and mean them *just* that way."

The expression on her face told me that she was both pleased and relieved at what I'd just said before she told me "Yes, I'd like that, Jim — to hear words like that, and to have you call me Kat. That was what my friends called me when I was younger, and I'd like to hear YOU use it, too, because I DO think of you as a friend."

I brought her hands up to my lips and kissed them; she responded by smiling and telling me "Now, let's get you cleaned up, okay?"

Releasing her hands, I grinned and answered "Yes, dear" — making her smile before she turned and led us off again.

Once in the bathroom (which was *almost* as large as the living room in my apartment), she didn't hesitate to take a washcloth, wet it with some warm water, and kneel down to begin wiping off the residue of my climax. She found a small blob of my semen that I'd missed, and readily collected it on the tip of her forefinger. She gave it a tentative sniff, then used her thumb to test its texture; she hesitated a moment, then looked up at me. Before she could say anything, though, I asked "You want to taste it?"

After she gave me a small nod of her head, I told her "Go ahead, then, if you like. It isn't going to bother *me* any, and I'm certainly not going to be afraid to kiss you if you try it."

On hearing that, she tentatively stuck her tongue out and touched it to what she'd been examining. Her tongue didn't explode or fall off, and she apparently decided that the taste wasn't outright offensive, because she then stuck her thumb and forefinger in her mouth and sucked them clean. A couple of seconds later, she crinkled her nose and told me "It didn't taste like I thought it would. A little salty, but bland. Not like me…"

Realizing what she'd just said, she blushed furiously and looked up at me to see what my reaction would be.

I just smiled and told her "It's okay, Kat. I saw when you did it, and it didn't bother me. In fact, I thought it was pretty sexy."

"You saw, and you don't mind? You don't think I'm… strange?"

"No, I don't think you're strange. I think *all* of us wonder what our various secretions and fluids taste like, at some point or other. I can't fault you for being willing to taste yourself, because the way you smell makes ME want to taste you, too."

"You don't think that I'm some kind of lesbian or something?"

"I don't think that you CAN be a lesbian — at least, not as long as you're willing to have sex with men. Until or unless you ever have sex with another woman, I really don't think you can know if you like women; then you'll have to decide if you like women ONLY, or if you like them more or less than men. But whether you choose to try another woman or not, and what you decide if you do… that's up to you — not me, or anyone else."

"Have you ever…"

"Been with another guy, or tasted myself?"

She nodded, and I said "Like most kids, I had a couple of experiments with another guy, but it really didn't do anything for me. As for tasting myself — well, not in any quantity, but I've gotten enough at various times to know what it's like. It was mine to start with, so I really don't worry about it all that much."

"You… you said that the way I smell… that it made you want to taste me, too. You do that?"

Grinning, I answered "I sure do. I actually *like* the way most of the women I've done that to taste."

"You said 'most' of the women — why not all of them?"

"The ones that I didn't like, it turned out that they weren't as careful about their… grooming as they should have been."

Satisfied with my answers, she went back to what she'd been doing and soon had me as clean as I could be. She stood up, and after setting the washcloth aside, told me "If you want to go ahead

and lie down, I'll be with you in just a bit."

I closed the door to the bathroom behind me, and after turning the covers down, made myself comfortable on the bed. I was lying there with my hands behind my head when Katherine made her reappearance. As she walked over to join me, her breasts swayed in a way that absolutely fascinated me; when she got close enough, she could see where I was looking, and teasingly asked "Bottle baby?"

I grinned and answered "Damned if I remember. Yours look good, so I looked — what else can I say?"

Once she'd gotten onto the bed, she moved to lie on her back next to me; I repositioned myself so that I was on my side, then propped myself up on my elbow so that we could see each other. Putting my hand on her stomach, I told her "I already know that it's going to take a little time, probably an hour or so, before we can get involved again. You want to look at guy workings, and that's fine — but our stuff just isn't all that complicated. So we have plenty of time to talk, or cuddle, or both, if you like. We can touch as much or as little as you're comfortable with, in whatever way makes you happy. If it helps any, I <u>like</u> cuddling; and just touching you the way I am now, or just caressing you. Okay?"

Seeing that she was both reassured and pleased by what I'd said, I slowly lowered my head and gave her a soft, chaste kiss on the lips. When I pulled back again, I could tell that she was a little surprised at what I'd done — and perhaps a little concerned about it, too. Looking into her eyes, I said "Something else you might be interested in knowing is that despite what happened earlier today, it really isn't my way to become intimate with a woman unless there's at least a *little* bit of care and affection involved. I'm not saying that I'm falling madly in love with you, or anything like that — just that I <u>am</u> interested in you as another human being, and that I'd like to be able to express that interest and affection."

Having said that, I lowered my head to kiss her again — and she kissed me in return.

When I was looking down at her again, she told me "I have to admit that there are parts of this that I've been a little concerned about; I didn't think that you were after my money, but I have to confess that after you kissed me just now, it DID cross my mind that you might be feeling that there was more between us than there really is. But what you said about being interested in me, and having just *some* affection for me… I'm far less apprehensive than I was before. I'm perfectly fine with having you touch me, too — it's been entirely too long since I've had that kind of contact with a man. In fact, if you'd be kind enough to lie down again, I **would** like to just cuddle for a while."

I didn't bother saying anything in response; I just lowered myself back down to the bed and rolled over onto my back. Katherine readily rolled onto her side to rest against me before putting her leg across mine and her arm on my chest. Once she'd settled her head into the hollow of my shoulder, I put my arm around her, resting my hand on her hip.

Until or unless she indicated she wanted to talk, I was content to just lie there and hold her for as

long as she wanted us to stay that way. After a few minutes, I started caressing her body — just from her hip to her waist, at first, but gradually expanding my touch until my hand was tracing slow, soft patterns from her shoulders all the way down to include her delightful ass. Her only response was to wriggle a little closer to me, and release a gentle sigh of content and happiness.

We must have stayed like that for the better part of an hour before she started doing anything herself. At first, she simply held her hand in place on my chest while slowly drawing her fingertips across my skin; but as the time passed, she began to increase and expand her efforts to touching my chest and belly much the same way I was doing to her. After she finally reached my pelvis, she seemed a trifle hesitant about actually touching my cock, and balls — but once I casually told her "You said that you've never really had a chance to learn about guys, so if you want to touch, or even look at me, that's fine", she didn't delay any longer in getting her hand on my equipment.

She was as careful as I could have wanted about not doing anything to cause me any pain or discomfort — but that doesn't mean that the manual examination she gave me was any less thorough, either. I couldn't help growing a little bit as a result of her manipulations, and that only seemed to prompt her to continue. Along the way, I calmly let her know what the common and slang terms were for things.

Once she was satisfied with the tactile part of the exam, she sat up and pivoted around so that she could have a closer and better view of me as she continued her lessons. The first couple of questions she had were asked a little hesitantly, but after I'd answered them as matter-of-factly as I could, the rest came much more easily. When she was done, she readily moved to lie down next to me and resume her previous position before telling me "Thank you, Jim."

"You're welcome, but what for?"

"For being as patient with me as you were while I was doing that, and for answering my questions the way you did. I'm still a bit embarrassed about being as ignorant as I've been, at my age."

I gave her a gentle hug before saying "It's okay, Kat. You told me why, and you decided to correct that ignorance; I'm glad I was able to help."

"Still, it means a lot to me. I think that I was *very* lucky to get you, today."

Not figuring that there was much I could say to that, I simply gave her another brief hug before starting to caress her again.

Several minutes had gone by when she surprised me by raising up enough to give me a kiss on the cheek and tell me "You're being such a *dear*, Jim."

Looking at her, I asked "How so?", a little confused.

Seeing that I didn't know what she was talking about, she smiled and answered "By just being who you are, I think. For being honest with me, but polite about it. For your willingness to help

me, but not taking advantage of my ignorance. For your patience and understanding. For your gentleness, and your tolerance. For your caring about me, and interest IN me."

I raised an eyebrow in question, and she elaborated by saying "After we were together this afternoon, you helped me to understand why I did something that was so *incredibly* out of character for me. Then, later, having the courage to tell me something that you perceived that I really DID need to hear. Earlier this evening, you did **just** what I needed to get me to understand that it was okay to bring pleasure to myself, and helping me to to find it. And now that we're naked and in bed together, you're willing to give me the time to get used to our being together like this without rushing me, and patient with me while I learn things that I should have been exposed to long before now. I don't doubt that you would like for us to be intimate again, but you're not doing *anything* to try and make it happen before I decide that I'm ready for it — even when you're touching my ass, I know it's because you like it, and nothing more. You're a patient, generous, thoughtful, and above all considerate individual; and I'm letting you know that I appreciate those traits **tremendously**. Particularly under these circumstances!"

"Kat, it just isn't who I *am* to be any other way — at least, not without damn good cause. You tell me that I've shown you all those good traits, but I've only responded to the way that *you* acted toward me. Instead of treating me like a hired lackey today, you were gracious and considerate. Rather than barricade yourself behind your money, you chose to be courteous and friendly. You could easily have made yourself unapproachable, but instead, you let me know that you would **welcome** my thoughts and opinions. I've driven other wealthy people who made it MORE than clear to me that they thought they were somehow 'better' than I am — and if you'd acted that way, I'd have willingly let you continue in that fantasy. But because you dealt with me as another human being, I was happy to respond in kind. So any good will I showed you was only my reciprocating what you showed ME."

A couple of seconds passed before she told me "And **that** is a lesson that I'm never going to forget: that a person's worth as a human being is NOT determined by their social or economic status, but by what's inside them. You can be sure that I won't tolerate any of that nonsense when I get home and get my projects started — the waitress we had is simply too much of an example why not to."

With that, she let me draw her down so that she was lying next to me again, and I gladly put my arm back around her.

Several minutes later, she softly nudged my arm out of the way so that she could roll over onto her back. I didn't realize that she wanted anything more than a change of position until she reached over to take hold of the wrist of my arm that was away from her and use it to get me to roll over onto my side, facing her. That done, she put my hand on her breast and quietly told me "I'm ready to have you teach me the rest, now, Jim."

I got myself propped up on my elbow again and, looking down at her again, asked "You're sure?"

She didn't have any problem with looking into my eyes as she confidently answered "Yes, I'm

sure."

Lowering my head, I gave her a soft, brief kiss on the lips; when our lips touched again, she made it *more* than clear that she wanted to learn what I had to offer.

Even as our next kiss was growing longer and more passionate, I was using the hand she'd put on her breast to gently squeeze it, and toy with its nipple; when she softly moaned her pleasure, I traced a path over to the other, and happily gave it much the same treatment.

I'd gotten both of her nipples hard and erect when Kat opened her mouth slightly and tentatively touched her tongue to my lips. I didn't hesitate to open my mouth in return, and send my tongue out to welcome hers to the neighborhood. Once they'd introduced themselves to each other, they began playing a game of 'tag' that ranged from her mouth to mine, and back again.

With her willing to to take things that far, I figured I'd find out what else she was agreeable to — and slowly moved my touch farther and farther down her body, giving her plenty of time to let me know if I was trying to advance things too quickly for her. When my fingertips found the lush forest of her pubis, she moaned softly and parted her thighs in invitation for me to continue. Even with her opening herself to me that way, I still had to take a little time to marvel and delight in the thick softness covering her mons. When I finally progressed to the area between her thighs, I found that she was well along the path of arousal: her labia were full and extended, and the area between them slick with her oils; at the top of her cleft, her clitoris was starting to make its appearance.

Though we had to come up for air every so often, our kisses continued as I used my hand and fingers to not only learn more about her particulars, but to increase her excitement. Wetted with her essence, my fingertip teased and toyed with her clitoris to ratchet up her passion and desire; a bit later, she arched her hips in welcome when I patiently worked a finger into her hot, slick channel.

It wasn't long before kissing her was all but impossible — she was simply panting and moaning too much. Moving my head lower on her, I found something else to do to keep my lips and mouth and tongue busy — well, two things, actually.

Using what I'd learned and witnessed while the two of us were on the couch, I had a *wonderful* time with her breasts while my hand and fingers stayed busy even farther down. I knew my efforts were appreciated when she held my head in her hands as the duration and intensity of her sounds of pleasure increased. She seemed to particularly enjoy it when I gently chewed on her areolas and softly bit the hard erasers of her nipples.

The scent of her arousal was thick in the air when I decided that it was finally time I found out if she tasted as good as she smelled. Moving my body over hers, I covered her shoulders and throat in small, soft kisses, with brief side trips to softly nibble her earlobes before slowly kissing my way down her body. I delayed at her breasts long enough to freshen the coat of saliva I'd left on her nipples, and cover her breasts with small 'bites' from my lips; then it was time to continue my journey.

She readily spread her legs to make room for mine, and didn't show even the slightest nervousness or concern about what I was going to do — not even when my lips reached the edge of her pubic thatch. In fact, when I first kissed the inside of one of her thighs, she spread them even farther before pulling her knees up to open herself to me even more. My kisses started near her knees, and alternated from one leg to the other, each kiss a trifle higher as I slowly worked my way closer and closer to the core of her womanhood. After I'd finally kissed her on each of the creases between her pelvis and thighs, I got the opportunity I'd been waiting for: the chance to have an up-close, clear, and unimpeded look at her fully aroused womanhood.

And was damn glad that I did.

Her labia weren't particularly long or short, or thick or thin — what they WERE was as young-looking as if she were still a teenage virgin: smooth and straight, without the outer edges of them looking like dried-up old shoe tongues. They were visibly soft, and dark with her arousal. Between them, the opening to her sex was visible, the entire area glistening with her essence; at the top, her pea-sized clitoris was almost completely exposed.

It took me all of a zillionth of a second to decide that hers was the single best-looking pussy I'd EVER seen.

Then, after I'd had the chance to extend my tongue and trace it along her cleft to sample her nectar, I decided that hers was the best-*tasting* pussy, as well: her oils were light and thin, fresh, and tasting vaguely spicy. I could only mourn the fact that I'd likely never get the chance to see and taste her again, and resolve to make the best of the opportunity that a particularly kind and benevolent Deity had given me.

The next pass of my tongue delved a little deeper, and extended a little farther to include her clitoris — and earned myself a deep, passionate moan from her in the process.

Over the course of the next several minutes, she couldn't have been left with any doubt that not only did I enjoy what I was doing, but that I *particularly* enjoyed doing it to **her**.

I knew that SHE liked what I was doing, too, from the variety of noises that she made and the way she arched her hips up in welcome each time my tongue dipped into her womanhood or fluttered across her clit. As wet as she was getting, and from the sounds that she was making, I knew that I was getting her close to an orgasm — and quietly resolved to make it a damn good one for her.

Softly sucking on her clitoris brought her to the edge, and I suddenly gave that up in favor of licking up the copious oils that she was producing, and then softly 'chewing' her labia with my lips. When she'd fallen back a little, I went after her clit again by gently 'milking' it with my lips until I'd again taken her to the brink — only to abandoning that to collecting her oils again, then trying to see how far I could get my tongue into her vagina. Only when she was nearly whimpering with frustrated arousal did I have mercy on her: gently fluttering my tongue across her clitoris, gradually slowing my actions as she got closer and closer to her climax. I managed to hold her on the verge for several seconds before a furious tongue-lashing pushed her into a

deep, *deep* release that had her almost convulsing with the power of the spasms coursing through her body.

With her thighs all but fused to the sides of my head, I delighted in lapping up the waves of fluids that her vagina was pushing out to me, and prolonging her orgasm in the process.

When her legs finally fell away from my ears, I moved up to hold my body over hers so that I could softly kiss her on the forehead; once I'd done that, I waited patiently for her to get her breath back. It took a couple of minutes, but she eventually opened her eyes, and when she saw me, it took only a moment for her to wrap her arms around me and pull me down for a long, passionate kiss. After our lips had separated, her voice held a trace of awe as she told me "That was *incredible* — I had no **idea** that someone doing that to me could make me <u>feel</u> like that!"

I couldn't help grinning at her as I answered "Well, you certainly seemed to enjoy it. I *like* doing it, and you certainly tasted as good as you smell!"

"Would… would it be okay if I tried doing that for you, too? I've never done it before, but I want to learn, if I can make a guy feel that way, too — I mean, if you don't mind having to teach me…"

Gee, there's a question: would I mind teaching an attractive woman how to give blowjobs by letting her learn and practice on me?

"Kat, you don't have to do that on *my* account; but if you really want to, then yes, you can learn with me."

"What do I do first?"

"I think it would be easier and more comfortable for you if you let me lay down on my back. Then you can start however and whenever you want, and go however fast you decide you're ready to."

Smiling, she nodded her understanding, and waited patiently for me to move off of her and get myself repositioned. Once I was lying on my back, she didn't hesitate to sit up and get herself situated so that she was again face-to-face with my manhood. She wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to reach out and take me in her hand, but before she could go any farther, I told her "There are a couple of things that you need to know before you get started."

She turned her head to look at me, and I explained "First, I am **not** going to be upset or anything if you decide that you don't like doing that for *any* reason. If that happens, then just go ahead and stop, and we'll figure something else out. Second, it's been long enough that I can conceivably climax again if I'm stimulated enough — which brings us to the last thing: I'm perfectly willing to let you do that as long as *you* want to, so it's going to be up to you if you want to take it all the way and wait some more before we can actually make love, or if you want to stop before then so that we CAN make love. Again, I'm fine with either one. If you want to take it all the way, I'll let you know when I'm going to climax so you can decide what you want to do; otherwise, you can stop whenever you're ready for us to go on."

She smiled her understanding before turning her head to look at where she had my penis in her hand. After only a momentary hesitation, she lowered her head and softly kissed the end of my cock. A moment later, she opened her mouth and took the head between her lips before giving me a tentative lick.

Over the course of the next several minutes, I patiently and gently told her some of the things that she could do to please and arouse the male of the species. She was a willing student, and wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to at least *try* the different things that I brought up. Most important to me was that she was **most** careful about not doing anything that would hurt me — she didn't need to be told that teeth were a Bad Thing, she didn't squeeze or pull or or poke anything to excess, and as she began to get the desired results, her enthusiasm increased proportionately.

She'd brought me to full erection and was taking her time to practice the different things she'd learned when she finally let me slip from between her lips again. Sitting up, she turned and told me "I'd like to keep going so that I could taste *you*, but I'm just getting too damn excited to want to wait until you can get hard again afterwards — I want you IN me!"

That seemed like a particularly fine idea to me, and I readily told her "I'd like that, too. It's up to you if you want to start with something more familiar, or try something new…", with a Significant Look toward where my erect penis was waving in the air.

It took her a couple of seconds to realize what I was suggesting, but when she did, she got a delighted look on her face before asking me "Which way do I face?"

Keeping my grin to an only *slightly* lecherous level, I responded by asking "Which side do you want me to be able to touch the most?"

She made her choice known by moving to straddle my hips so that she was facing my head — a decision I welcomed, since I wanted to get my hands on her delightful breasts again.

When she'd leaned forward slightly, she asked "What now?"

"When you're ready to take me inside" — "I **am** ready!" she declared — "you just raise up. One or the other of us holds me steady, and you just kind of sit down on me however fast you're comfortable with."

She nodded her understanding, and lifted herself over me before reaching between us to take my erect penis in her hand. Angling it up, it took her only a moment to realize that we weren't quite lined up, and she quickly scooted herself 'up' a bit until she could position me at her opening. I reached up and cupped her breasts in my hands and began running my thumbs over her nipples as she slid the end of my cock along her cleft a few times. With the head of my cock wetted, she lowered herself so that I was pressing against the entrance to her vagina. I paused in my ministrations to her mammaries long enough to tell her "Kat, there's no need to hurry on *my* part. Take however much time you need so that it feels good for **you**. Okay?"

She nodded her head before telling me "Sometimes my husband would want to be inside me

before I was completely ready — but because we couldn't, or wouldn't, talk to each other, I never felt like I could say anything to him about it, even though it was uncomfortable, or even hurt sometimes."

"We don't want that to happen, now or ever again, Kat. Sex, and making love, should feel as good at the beginning as it does later", I told her.

She smiled in reply, and I felt her begin to press herself down onto my erection. When I felt myself start to enter her, I also got an idea of just how aroused and excited she was: her core was delightfully hot and wet; I didn't think that she'd have *any* trouble getting me inside.

Doing as I'd suggested, she took her time getting herself wrapped around my manhood; it was probably a couple of minutes before the firm globes of her ass settled onto the tops of my thighs as she released a pleased sigh and looked down at me with an expression of self-satisfaction on her face. I was back playing with her breasts again, and simply smiled up at her before gently pinching her nipples and telling her "If you'll raise up so that I'm just barely in you, and then slowly sit back down again, I think you'll like it. And if you want to lean forward a little bit, you can see what it looks like, too."

Knowing that I was trying to help her enjoy something new, she readily did as I said: leaning forward and resting her hands on my chest, she watched as her labia clung to my penis as she slowly lifted herself off of me. Then, when she had only the tight ring of her opening clenched behind the glans of my cock, she just as slowly lowered herself back down again — accompanied by a deep moan, and followed by the soft comment "Dear God! I never knew it could look so sexy, or feel this incredible!"

She repeated her actions several more times before looking into my eyes and telling me "It used to feel good, sometimes, at first — but **never** like this. And to *watch* while it's happening… it's just amazing!"

With that, she leaned forward and kissed me; I readily wrapped my arms around her so that I could prolong it, and build on it. It wasn't long before our tongues were happily playing 'tag' in each others mouths as the flames of our passion and desire blazed higher and higher.

When our lips finally parted, Katherine raised up and put her hands on my chest to steady herself as she started arching her hips to slide herself off and on my erection. She started slowly enough, but readily increased the pace of her movements until she was in rapid and constant motion on me. For my part, I was happy to keep myself occupied with the orbs of her bosom: squeezing and caressing them, teasing and softly pinching her nipples, and delighting in their warmth and heft and feel.

Raising my head, I was able to fasten my lips on the peak of one of her breasts; as I softly sucked and 'chewed' on it, Kat settled into a rhythm that clearly pleased her even as it provided the stimulation I needed to stay erect in her. As she continued moving over me, I switched from one of her breasts to the other and back again while I brought her nipples to full extension and hardness, glistening with my saliva.

Between the attention I was paying to her mammaries, and her own efforts on my erect cock, Kat's pleasure with our coupling steadily increased; it wasn't long before I could feel her tightening around me as she approached her climax. A few minutes later, I enjoyed the hell out of it when she all but slammed herself down on me before starting what was clearly a powerful orgasm. When it was over, she was visibly tired (and pleased). Running my thumbs over her nipples, I told her "I can see you're a little tired from all that. We can change things around a little, if you don't want to stop."

Several moments went by before she realized that I hadn't climaxed, and that I was still hard inside her. The look of surprise and pleasure on her face was priceless as she asked "You… you didn't… Did I do something wrong?"

Smiling, I told her "No, I didn't, and no, you didn't do anything wrong. One of the things about us guys is that after we've had a climax, it takes longer before we can have another one — and you remember what happened in the other room, so it'll be a while before it happens again for me. Besides that, I can usually hold off on letting it happen. So we can keep going for while, if you want."

There was no mistaking her delight at hearing that, and she readily told me "Oh, I *want*, all right! What did you want to do?"

"If you'll lie down on your back, I can be between your legs, but in a way that makes it easy for me to make love to you for a nice, long time."

Her grin threatened to wrap all the way around her head as she answered "I'd like that!" before slowly raising herself up enough to let my erection slip free of her intimate grasp.

As I sat up, she moved off of me to lie back on the bed as I'd suggested — not only leaving room for me between her smooth thighs, but giving me a view of her womanhood: the russet wedge of her pubic thatch cleaved by the entrance to her vagina, her labia dark with her arousal and visibly wet as a result of her recent orgasm. When I was finally close enough, I couldn't resist the temptation to lean forward and run my tongue along her cleft a few times (prompting her to moan and arch her hips up in response) before I continued getting the two of us positioned for what I had in mind.

That I stayed on my knees plainly confused her while I reached down and took her by the hips and guided her a little ways onto my 'lap'. Once I angled my penis down and got the head of it positioned at her opening, though, she understood what I was trying to do, and readily cooperated in getting us positioned "just so". With roughly half my erection in her, I could simply rock back and forth to slide nearly my entire length in and out of her with minimal effort; it also left my hands free so that I could continue to touch her in all sorts of interesting and pleasurable ways.

Once we were both ready, I simply *had* to lean down and take each of her erect nipples between my lips and gently 'chew' on them before sucking on them for a few moments — accompanied by her soft moan of pleasure, and bringing both of them to glistening hardness before releasing

them again.

With my hands on either side of her body, I held my torso over hers as I slowly pressed myself into her; she responded with a deep moan, spreading her legs to let me enter her as deeply as possible while she lifted her hands to begin caressing my chest and sides. When I could feel my pelvis pressing against hers, I just as slowly eased myself back out of her until the tight ring of her opening was clenched around me just behind the glans of my erection. As I started to move into her again, she lifted her head to watch as my manhood gradually disappeared into her hot, wet channel. Her eyes widened, and I could see as the blush of her arousal deepened and extended to the upper slopes of her breasts; she groaned passionately before I heard her soft mutter "God! How much I've missed out on, not knowing how good this should feel!"

Over the next few minutes, I gradually and carefully increased the speed at which I moved in her until I found the rhythm that pleased her the most. With that accomplished, all that was left for me was to delight in the feel of her as I tried to see just what kinds of orgasms I could help her have before I either climaxed myself, or had to change positions again.

I easily saw her through three progressively stronger climaxes before I started to feel the first sensations of my own release. By the time her fourth orgasm ended, I knew that her next one would have me spilling my seed into her — and quietly resolved to make it as good of a memory for her as I could.

I started by ending each penetration into her with a little extra push of my hips, causing my pubic bone to bump against her clitoris a bit more. As I'd figured, it didn't take much of that before she was arching herself up toward me in response; from there, it wasn't difficult to slowly alter the way that I did it: from simply 'bumping' her clit at the end of a gentle thrust into her, to making the thrusts themselves more energetic. I deliberately made the transition from one to the other as gradual as I could and Kat not only accepted change, but plainly found even more pleasure from it as evidenced by an increase in her wetness inside and the amount of noise she made.

I could feel it when Kat's vagina started clenching around me, and the added stimulation moved me toward my own release a lot more quickly than I wanted it to; I was even starting to wonder if I'd started something I couldn't properly finish when she suddenly froze under me. The rippling of her vaginal muscles around my cock was a LOT more stimulating that the way she'd felt before, and it wasn't but a few more strokes before I simply **had** to try and stuff as much of my cock into her as I could before trying to coat her tonsils with my semen. Even as I was emptying myself into her with more force than I'd experienced in a long time, I could tell that her orgasm was far, *far* stronger than anything else she'd experienced thus far: between the powerful spasms that I could feel coursing through her body, it was all she could do to take deep, shuddering gasps of air before the next wave of pleasure overwhelmed her.

Well after I'd emptied my balls in her, the sensations her womanhood created around my dick were enough to keep me aroused: if I wasn't still completely hard, I was damn sure close to it!

Still, the human body has its limits, and Kat proved to be no exception. Eventually, her climax

simply *had* to end; when she finally opened her eyes and saw that I was holding myself over her, she surprised me with how quickly she wrapped her arms around me, and the ferocity of the hug she gave me. Still panting slightly from oxygen deprivation, she managed to tell me "Dear God, that was **incredible**! I didn't know anything like that was even *possible*, never mind thinking that I could ever experience it!"

Lowering my head, I softly kissed her lips before telling her "I was trying to make it the best I could for you. I'm glad you liked it."

Amazed, she looked up at me and asked "You were *trying* to make that happen for me? On **purpose**?"

Smiling, I answered "Yes, to both. You said you wanted to find out what feels good for you; you seem to have enjoyed the other things we've done, so I figured you wouldn't mind trying one more."

Looking at me, she said "It felt *real* good when you started pressing yourself against me, and by the time I realized that you had changed to doing MORE than that, it simply felt too damn good. Before, when my husband did anything like that, it didn't feel good for me — but it only happened when he was almost done, so I learned to live with it. But now… tonight… somehow, you made it different. How? Why?"

After kissing the tip of her nose, I answered "I think it was probably a couple of things. First, we were making love because you *wanted* us to. Second, you had already learned how to enjoy sex, so when I changed from doing the one thing to the other, you didn't have any reason not to continue enjoying it. Or even enjoying it MORE, if I'm not mistaken", with a grin.

She grinned in response before telling me "Oh, yes, I enjoyed it just **fine**."

My shoulders were starting to get a little tired, and when I shifted my weight slightly, Kat realized that I was still inside her — and still (mostly) erect. I saw her eyes get big before she said "I… I was *sure* I felt you squirting in me. It made me climax even harder…"

"Yes, I did cum in you. But the way you felt around me, and the way you STILL feel, feels real good to me, and is helping keep me like this. Are you saying you don't want me in you now?", I asked, teasing her.

She immediately informed me "I'm certainly **not** saying that!" before realizing that I was teasing. Somewhat abashed, she quietly told me "No, I was just surprised, is all. It feels GOOD having you in me like that, and it's nice how you're holding yourself over me the way you are. It's like cuddling, only better."

After kissing her lips again, I told her "I'll be happy to stay like this for as long as I can."

She crinkled her nose before she said "I know we can't stay like this for *too* long."

"No — but that doesn't mean that we have to make any big deal about what happens, either."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that when I finally slip out of you, there's no reason that either of us has to jump up and run off to clean up. I liked the holding and touching and cuddling before we started making love, and I just don't think there's any reason not to do those things afterwards, too." I pretty much expected that she'd gotten up as soon as she could after sex (I didn't figure it could rightly be called 'making love') with her husband, and hoped to get her to start thinking differently about post-coitus, too.

She seemed a bit uncertain, and I remembered something she'd said earlier: "After we touched ourselves and I was holding you, you told me that after you'd had my cum in you, you weren't going to worry about having it ON you. Unless something has changed since then, is there any reason for us not to simply enjoy being together for a little longer after we've made each other feel so good?"

She considered that for a few moments before smiling up at me and saying "No, nothing has changed; and there's no reason *at all* we can't do that. In fact, I think I'd like that!" before lifting her head long enough to give ME a kiss on the lips.

We stayed like that, with me over her, as my penis *ever* so slowly deflated; when I finally slipped out of her, we shared a kiss before I lifted myself off of her to see what she wanted to do. She rolled over onto her side before turning her head to look at me and ask "Hold me?"

I happily positioned myself behind her, and put my arm around her — not surprised in the slightest when she moved my hand to her breast before wriggling herself back against me. Neither of us felt the need to say anything more to each other, though I did give her an occasional soft kiss on the shoulder or the back of her neck or anyplace else that struck my fancy.

Quite a few minutes passed before I heard her say "As nice as it feels to be with you like this, I'm starting to feel a little cold and squishy. Would you be upset if I wanted to take a shower?"

I gave her a brief hug before answering "Only if you wanted to take it alone."

She turned her head to look at me, and I could see how pleased she was as she told me "I certainly wouldn't want to upset you…"

A few moments later, and the two of us were in her bathroom, holding each other as she got the shower started, and the temperature adjusted. Once that was done, we had a splendid time helping each other clean up — with a fair amount of playful molesting, groping, fondling, and general grab-assery along the way.

Dried off and dressed, she let me hold her on my lap on the couch for a little while as we chatted about the different things she planned to do when she got home. Finally, though, it was late enough that I simply *had* to get home. Before she would vacate my lap, though, Kat told me "Jim, I want you to know how *very* lucky I feel I am to have met you. You started out as a damn fine cab driver, and just kept getting better and better from there. Not only have you proven yourself to be a friend, but you've helped me find a way to give some purpose to my life. On top of all of that, you've given me the guidance I needed to turn loose of some of my fears and

inhibitions — and brought me pleasure and feelings I hadn't known were even possible. You're intelligent, thoughtful in BOTH senses of the word, considerate, patient, and too many other things for me to mention. You're the kind of person that this sorry world of ours needs more of, and I can't begin to tell you how happy and grateful I am to have gotten to know you. I don't think that it would ever occur to you to ask, so I'm going to tell you: if you **ever** find you need or want to stop driving cabs, there will be a job — and a good-paying one! — waiting for you at one of the foundations that I'll be setting up. There isn't a doubt in my mind that any organization that you were a part of would benefit from having you around, and listening to you."

I didn't figure that there was a whole lot for me to say in response, except "Thank you, Kat. All I've done for you is to help you find what was already inside you. You're a damn fine person, yourself, and I think you've brought as much into my life as you say I have to yours. It truly is a pleasure for me to have gotten to know you, and I'm honored that someone such as yourself would think so highly of me."

With that, the two of us stood up, and I readily let her pull me into a kiss and hug before we headed for the door. When we got there, she told me "Thank you, James, for **everything**", and I responded by taking her hands in mine and kissing them before saying "And thank *you*, Kat" before taking my leave.

It was maybe a month later when I got a letter through the cab company office. When I opened it, all there was inside was a clipping from a newspaper. Reading it, I quickly saw that it was about Katherine: it told about how she was using a surprisingly high percentage of her fortune to establish a number of non-profit groups intended to assist those that needed it. The thing that really got my attention, though, was something that she said in it: "Thanks to the example of someone very special to me, I've learned that each of us — even a cab driver — can have a positive impact on someone else's life if we have the courage and compassion to speak and act when it is needed."

I never saw Katherine again. From that time onward, though, I would continue to get the occasional envelope through the cab company; inside, there would be another newspaper clipping about her, and the good she was doing. I knew that she wasn't 'bragging' by sending them to me, but rather, letting me know that she was doing what she said she would. When I got one that turned out to be a society page announcement of her engagement, I silently congratulated her, and wished the two of them the best…

Chapter 10

Saleh (MF, oral)

I'd had a fare that needed to get to the airport, and after dropping them off, I'd gotten into line to wait my turn for a fare to take back into town. Just for a change of pace, the timing was such that I was pretty sure to catch the tail end of the 'busy' period at the airport and get something fairly quickly so that I could finish up for the day.

My estimation of the situation proved to be pretty good, and the line of us cabbies moved forward fast enough that none of us had time to get out and bullshit with each other.

As I got close to being at the head of the line, I couldn't help noticing that there was what looked like a Middle-Eastern couple exiting the baggage area — I mean, his burnoose and her headdress kind of stood out in the crowd, and seemed like pretty reliable indicators of where they were from, you know?

I thought that one of the cabs ahead of me in line was going to get them, but something happened that had a couple of other sets of people move ahead of them before they got queued up again. I was still surprised, though, when it worked out that *I* got them as fares. While some of my fellow cabbies had 'personal issues' with people of different types, I didn't share any of their foibles; I just hopped out and did my best to help them with their luggage and get them settled in the back before heading back into town. Once I'd cleared the airport, I asked where they were headed, and the guy gave me the name of one of the better hotels in town. I assured him I knew right where it was, and turned my attention to my driving.

The airport is kind of far out of town, so I had plenty of time to take a look at the two of them — particularly after they started talking to each other in what I can only guess was Arabic. The thing was that the tone of their conversation told me that *something* was going on between them: even discounting my ignorance of the language they were speaking, he still sounded like he wasn't too happy about something, and she sounded like she was trying to placate him — but not having a lot of success at it. He looked pretty much like the stereotypical Arab: somewhat dark complexion, dark eyes, goatee, and all the rest. On the other hand, she didn't look quite like the TV images I'd seen of women from that part of the world; it wasn't anything that I could put my finger on, though. None the less, she was definitely a looker with a pretty face and absolutely **beautiful** dark eyes. Again, I can only guess, but I figured that he was likely in his late 40's while she looked to be a good 15 years younger.

Still, my job was to drive a cab for them, and I pretty much kept my attention on the road and not them — at least until I heard what could only have been the sound of a slap. A quick look in the mirror told me that she'd been on the receiving end of it: there was a distinct hand-print on one of her cheeks, and she'd turned about as pale as anyone I'd ever seen. I didn't care for that much, but I wasn't a cop or in the marriage counseling business, so I kept my mouth shut.

Several minutes later, they started talking again, and it sounded to me like he was starting in on her again: his was the louder voice, and his tone seemed to make it pretty clear that he was considerably less than pleased about whatever it was they were talking about. Again, she seemed to be doing her best to settle him down, and my impression was that he wasn't interested.

The rest of the ride into town, the two of them kept going, off and on: they'd sit back there quiet as could be for a few minutes, then they'd be at it for a minute or so before they got quiet again.

We were almost to their hotel, and I was thinking that I was going to be damn glad to be rid of them when I heard another noise from the back — except that it sounded a lot worse than when he'd slapped her.

Another look in the mirror let me see that whatever he'd done, it had resulted in a cut on her lip that was visibly bleeding even when I saw it.

That was all I needed to see. A minute later, when we pulled up to their hotel, I dropped the flag and turned around to ask her "Ma'am? Would you like some help?"

She just looked at me for a couple of seconds before he tried to start in on ME, all but yelling "You do not speak to her! She is my wife, and it is not proper! You have no right to speak to her!"

Trying to stay calm, I turned to him and answered "I don't care *who* she is to you — it isn't right for you to hit her like that."

"You do not tell me what I can do! I tell you, she is my wife, and in my country I can do what I want with her!"

"Yeah, well, you aren't IN your country now, pal, so you better knock it off before you find your ass in jail", I answered, before turning to her again and asking "Ma'am? Do you speak English? Would you like to get away from him, so he doesn't hit you any more?"

I have to admit that I was more than a little surprised when I heard her Chicago-accented "Yes, I understand you quite well — I'm an American, actually. My name is Saleh, and yes, I **would** like to leave so that I don't get beaten again."

Hearing that, he damn near lost it, and rattled off a long spiel at her while she just sat there looking at him and not saying a word. When he finally ran down, even *I* could hear the bitterness in her voice as she finally gave him a piece of her mind. It didn't take long for her to say what she wanted to, and when she was done, I thought he was going to blow a gasket right there in my hack. When he finally got it together again, he started to reach for the door handle, but I quickly hit the electric locks before telling him "You don't go anywhere, buddy, until you pay the fare" and pointing to the meter. He looked like he wanted to take a swing at me — I was kind of hoping he would, so I could get his ass tossed in jail for a while — but he calmed down enough to fork over the fare. I unlocked the doors again, and as he started to get out, I asked her "Ma'am, do you have anyplace to go? Friends? Family? Can I take you to another hotel? If you want, I can take you to an abused women's shelter, where they can protect you."

She managed a wan smile before answering "No, I don't have any family or friends here. The shelter won't be necessary; I can call my parents, and they'll send me some money for a hotel for tonight. I can go home to them tomorrow, I think."

"It's up to you if you just want me to take your someplace so you can make your call and wait until you get the money from your folks, or there's something else you'd rather do. I'll be glad to take you to a police station if you want to swear out a complaint, and I don't have any problem with being a witness for you. Wherever you want to go, I'll be glad to take you there for free."

She considered it for a few moments before telling me "No, there's no need for the police, now. What you heard him telling me was that he is going to divorce me when he gets back home. I don't have any money or credit cards with me because he insisted on controlling all of our money — so I couldn't afford even so much as a cup of coffee while I wait. My real worry is his family: there are several of them in this city, and it could happen that they would look for me with the idea of beating me for insulting him and them by speaking with you, and acting against him."

"I'll tell you what — you stay here while I get his stuff unloaded, and then I can take you to a coffeeshop or someplace and wait with you until you hear back from your family. I mean, if that isn't an imposition, or something that would cause you or your family offense."

She gave me a pleased smile, and answered "No, I or my family wouldn't be offended, and I would welcome your company."

"Okay, that's what we'll do, then" I told her before moving to get out and get her now-ex-husbands stuff out of the trunk.

He wanted to take **all** of the luggage, and was pretty adamant about it until I asked him if he planned to start wearing her underwear. I thought his head might explode before he relented and pointed out a couple of bags that I could re-load. I didn't figure she'd traveled all that distance planning to stay in the stuff she had on, and was glad that I was able to get at least *some* of her clothes back.

After he turned away from me and headed into the hotel, I quickly stowed her luggage in the trunk and got back behind the wheel to get us the hell away from there.

I called in to let Central know I was going off-duty, and once I'd gotten the acknowledgment, headed for one of the chain restaurants where I knew they wouldn't mind having us around for however long it would probably take for her to hear back from her folks. When we got there, I told her that I had a small first-aid kit in my cab, and asked if she needed or wanted to use it. She graced me with a small smile before answering "No, there's nothing I need anything like that for. All I need to do is clean up a little, and I'll be fine."

With that settled, the two of us went inside, where she would only let me spring for a cup of coffee before she headed to the ladies room. When she got back, she had not only cleaned her face off, but shed the headdress she'd been wearing — revealing a lovely head of long, luxuriously black hair. She still had on the rest of the outfit she'd been wearing, and it somehow

made her even more attractive even as it did a fine job of hiding whatever shape she had underneath.

When she sat down across from me, the first thing she said to me was "Before anything else, I want to thank you for all you have done to help me. Ever since we were married, he has hurt me more and more, and I was afraid that it would never end. When you not only told him to stop hitting me, but offered to help me and get me away from him, I knew that I was saved."

I had to ask "Why were you even married to him in the first place?"

She gave me a wry smile before explaining that her parents had emigrated to the U.S. before she'd been born, and had made every effort to become a part of American society while maintaining ties to other immigrants from their homeland. She'd grown up comfortable in both cultures, and when she'd graduated college, she'd only hesitantly accepted the idea of an arranged marriage after it was suggested by her parents — who, she'd found out later, had felt pressured to propose it to her by the less assimilated members of their immigrant community. They hadn't been real wild about the idea, it being contrary to the American ways they'd learned to appreciate; they'd hoped that she was American enough to reject the idea, letting them off the hook. What they hadn't anticipated was how much of their native culture and customs she'd absorbed while growing up. It wasn't until after she'd married someone from 'home' and started suffering his abuse that she and they had actually talked about what had happened — and by that time, it was too late, and there were simply too many people expecting her to 'reclaim her heritage', not knowing what was happening between her and her husband. She explained to me that with what had happened in my cab, and his declared intent to divorce her on his return home, she was actually something of a non-person — not yet actually divorced, but because of what he'd said, she wasn't considered to be actually *married*, either. I could see that she was still a bit overwhelmed and saddened by it all, and did my best to try and comfort her, and even cheer her up a bit. Along the way, she asked my help in finding a reasonably priced place to stay so that she wouldn't have to ask her parents for too much money; rather than pry, I simply gave her the details of several places I knew of across a range of prices.

I'd managed to draw a small laugh from her — a delightful sound — before she decided that it was time to call her parents. After she left to use the pay phone I could see from our booth, I got the attention of our server and ordered supper for both of us. She didn't spend *too* much time on the phone, and had just sat down again when the spaghetti I'd ordered arrived. She started to object, and I simply told her "I would usually be having supper about this time; it has been a long day for me, and I'm *hungry*. I wouldn't be comfortable eating while you just had coffee, so I ordered something for both of us."

By taking the responsibility onto myself and presenting her with a *fait accompli*, I hoped that she'd be willing to accept it — after what she'd said about not having any money or credit cards, I had the suspicion that her pride was getting in the way of being sensible. I watched her face as she debated it with herself before she told me "This is the first time I've gotten to have pasta in a long time. Thank you", and picking up a fork.

As we ate, she told me that she'd been able to reach her parents, and that they would be wiring her enough money for a hotel room and a train ticket home. It would take a couple of hours for it to get to her, and she asked if I would be willing to keep her company until she could pick it up. I assured her that I would be delighted to spend the time in the company of a pretty girl such as herself, and she graced me with a lovely smile.

When our dishes had been cleared away, the two of us sat there and I listened as she told me what her life had been like after she'd married. Despite all the assurances she'd received beforehand, and how lovely and elaborate the marriage itself had been, it hadn't taken her long to realize that life in her husbands country and her 'parent' culture weren't going to be all that she'd thought. Her wedding night had been both painful and embarrassing — her husband hadn't been patient or gentle in the slightest, and she hadn't even fully recovered from the experience when his family was being shown the bloodied sheet of her wedding bed as proof of her "virtue and honor". Then, in the weeks and months that followed, she came to realize just how constrained her life was to become: growing up in America, she found, her parents had let her pass on so many of the restrictions and limitations women lived under in their native land. While she could have *theoretically* gone to the U.S. Embassy as an American citizen and tried to make arrangements to return, as a **practical** matter, she couldn't get anywhere near the place without the help/approval of a male member of her husbands family. The only people she could have unsupervised contact with were other females — and those were either of her husbands family, or so imbued with the culture and customs as to be useless. On top of that, her husbands own habits and personality further limited her options: he allowed her only extremely limited amounts of cash, and her infrequent shopping trips with other women were accomplished with HIS credit cards which he monitored VERY closely. For all intents and purposes, she was a prisoner in her husbands home and granted only extremely limited privileges.

And as if that wasn't enough, she was also subject to whatever physical abuse her husband wanted to heap on her. If she did *anything* to upset him, the best she could hope for was simply to be slapped; there had been a few times, however, where he'd actually beaten her — though not to the point of needing medical attention (which, she explained, would have actually *diminished* his status: beating a wife was okay; beating her until she needed a doctor **wasn't**). Their "married life" (it took me a bit to understand she was referring to the physical part of the marriage) consisted of his efforts to cause her to produce a son, without concern about HER. Those efforts had been frequent and vigorous at first, but as time passed without the desired results, he became less and less interested in her (much to her relief). What she confided in me (with admonitions that it should never get back to her parents) was that the few reservations she'd had about the entire situation had been enough that she'd had her doctor fit her with an IUD for birth control before the marriage; she'd wanted to hold off on children until the marriage was 'stable', and the absence of children was one of a very few consolations she had about the entire experience. One of the other things that I learned was that she'd spent the entire time since the marriage in her husbands country; this had been her first trip back to the U.S. in several years.

The entire time she was telling me all this, I expressed my sympathy and understanding and

appreciation of it all to give her as much support and encouragement that she'd done the right things as I could. Inside, however, I cycled between disgust, anger, and horror. Hearing about all she'd been through only made me that much more relieved and happy that I'd done what I had.

By the time she was ready to see if the money from her parents was available, I could see that she'd managed to purge herself of at least *some* of all the assorted crap that had been weighing her down: she was visibly more relaxed and calm than she'd been when I first saw her in my cab. A quick check of a phone book told me where I could find the wire transfer service her parents had told her, and it was less than half an hour later that she had cash in her hand. From there, it was a fairly quick trip to the hotel that she'd opted for — a decent middle-class kind of place. The only ID she had was her passport, and the hotel was initially reluctant to give her a room without some means of guaranteeing any additional charges, like phone calls and the like. When I gave the desk clerk my ID and a credit card, though, that was enough.

I'd set her bags down on the floor of her room, and was about to leave when she turned toward me and said "Thank you, Jim, for *everything*."

"I'm happy I was able to help, Saleh. *Nobody* should have to put up with that kind of nonsense, and I'm glad that you have a chance to be **happy** now."

She moved to stand in front of me, and I wasn't particularly surprised when she hesitantly put her arms around me and gave me a hug which I softly returned. What practically floored me was when it went from being a soft, chaste hug to having her holding me tightly enough to damn near cut off my breathing, and crying into my chest in great wracking sobs. All I could do was put my arms around *her* and gently hold her while I offered words of comfort and reassurance. What really threw me, though, was the feel of her body against mine: underneath the shapeless sack she was wearing, I could detect a medium-sized frame with all the usual parts in the usual proportions — all in all, she made for a nice little bundle in my arms, and I couldn't help but start to react to the feel of her body against mine. Still, I knew she was at a delicate point in all **kinds** of ways, and simply turned my body a little so that she wasn't pressing (as much, at least) against my semi-erect penis while I continued to try and get her settled down.

We must have stayed there like that for a good fifteen minutes: she'd settle down a bit, and then the whole thing would start up all over again. Her crying was frequent and hard enough that the entire chest of my shirt was wet before she'd calmed down enough to relax her hold on me. Even then, it was still a while longer before I heard her tell me "I… I'm sorry to cry on you like this, but when I started to hug you, I was just trying to let you know I appreciate everything you've done to help me. But when I looked around this room, I suddenly realized that I was finally back in my own country, and that I was truly **free** again — that I didn't have to worry that people were spying on me, or that I was going to be hurt because of some bullshit honor thing, or any of the other crap I've had to live with for so long. Then everything that's happened just *hit* me, and I lost it."

"It's okay, dear", I assured her. "I kinda figured it was something like that."

It wasn't until she tilted her head to look up at me that I realized that I'd used the endearment; I was looking into her red, puffy, and still beautiful eyes when she asked me "Why did you call me that?"

Apologetically, I told her "I hope you'll forgive me, but after everything that has happened, I can't help but feel at least a little bit of affection for you." Seeing the expression on her face, I hastened to say "No, I'm not saying I'm madly in love with you, or that I want us to run off together, or that I think we should spend the rest of our lives with each other; just that after hearing all that you've been through, and holding you while you cried, I can't *help* but feel a little protective of you. And along with all the rest of that, you're a very pretty young lady."

She considered that for a few moments before telling me "Okay, I can understand that. I mean, having your arms around me is making me feel like I'm **being** protected, now."

She looked into my face for a few more seconds before letting her head rest against me again.

I was perfectly willing to stand there and hold her for as long as she wanted me to — both to let her hold on to that protected feeling she'd mentioned, and for the simple pleasure of feeling her body against mine.

A bit later, I heard her softly ask "After you've been so generous to me… and so patient and understanding… and not judging me for what happened to me… would you do one more thing for me?"

"If I can", I answered, thinking she wanted some small favor or other — only to be amazed when she asked "Would… would you show me what it's like to be *loved* by a man?"

After getting her pried loose from me, I held her by the shoulders at arms length when I asked her "Are you asking me to be with you… physically?"

I could see the nervousness and fear (of rejection?) in her eyes as she answered "Yes, that's what I'm asking. All I have ever known has been… *him*… and I'm **sure** that it's supposed to be better than that! But I'm afraid, too — that what I had with him has ruined me for other men; that I'll never know pleasure or happiness because of what he has done with me. You know that I'm not a virgin now, but that also means that no one will have to know if you will do that for me. Please, Jim… you have already been so gentle and patient with me — could you help me find comfort *that* way, too? I could… feel you, when you were holding me, so I think maybe you think I'm pretty enough…"

Over the years, I'd been on the receiving end of all manner of questions, requests, offers, and outright propositions — but hearing that from her was definitely a first. If I hadn't been aware of how she'd gotten to that point, I'd likely have taken her up on it in a skinny minute; but I **did** know, and I was all too aware of what kind of emotional and psychological shape she was in just then. I certainly thought she was pretty enough, and didn't doubt for a moment that the body I'd felt against mine would be just as appealing. It was my ethics and morals that were keeping me from closing the door behind me and fulfilling her request. That left me standing there trying to

decide just what the hell to do as my desire and compassion battled each other.

I could see her getting more and more nervous and fearful, and finally got the front part of my brain working well enough to mediate between my compassion and desire.

Looking into her eyes, I asked "Saleh, a lot has changed for you today. Are you sure that you want THIS to happen? And NOW?" My conscience demanded that I give her the chance to call it off, at least *once*.

She stood a little straighter, and I could hear the certainty in her voice as she answered "Yes, much *has* changed. But ever since I was married, I have dreamed that I would know hope and happiness; and each time he was **with** me, I lost some of that dream, and I was afraid a little more. Today, because of you, I have my dreams again. Will you not help me lose the fear, too?"

I ignored her question in favor of asking one of my own: "If your married life was difficult with him, what makes you think that it might be better with me?" I had to know if there was any chance that we'd actually accomplish anything, or if the whole deal would just end up with hurt and frustration.

I saw her eyes flicker from the directness of what I'd asked; she was just as direct when she replied "When I could feel you, while you were holding me… you were being so gentle and considerate… that I could imagine what you would be like that way, and I began to feel my own desire."

Hearing that threw me for a few moments before I could ask "What would you have me do with you?" If anything was going to happen between us, I damn sure didn't want to push her too hard — so I needed to get at least some idea of where the line was. Still, I wasn't prepared to hear her say "I only know about one thing, from him. But before I married him, I knew that there are a lot of other things that a man and woman can do together. If you will teach me, I want to learn about them."

That was a pretty open-ended response, to be sure; but I didn't figure that I'd be suggesting anything *too* outrageous to her. The last thing I needed to be sure of was that she really was open to the idea of physical intimacy with me. I addressed that question by gently guiding her to stand in front of me, then softly cupping her face in my hands while I tilted my head down and chastely kissed her on the lips.

It wasn't but a moment before she had her hands in my hair as she kissed me back, moving even closer to me so that her body was touching mine.

When our lips parted, we looked into each others eyes as I told her "Saleh, if you think that I could make being with a man a good thing for you, then I will consider it a priveledge to try."

She smiled and nodded as I saw tears of what I thought were happiness begin to well up in her eyes; but she quickly got control of herself and told me "Thank you, Jim" with quiet sincerity.

That settled, I released her so that I could turn around to close and lock the door that I'd left open

— I'd only expected to be there for as little time as possible, and had left it open so as to avoid giving her any cause for concern, little suspecting what would happen instead…

As I was doing that, I couldn't help but wonder if closing the door wouldn't cause her to have second thoughts; but when I turned to face her again, she looked every bit as certain as she'd been before. As we looked at each other, I took the opportunity to tell her "If we are going to do this, then I want you to know that I am **not** going to 'push' you to do anything, or be angry or upset with you if there's something you don't want to do — I'm not that kind of person, anyway. You've said that you would like to learn from me, and I am perfectly willing to help you discover those things that you want to learn. But if it happens that I start to teach something you don't want to learn, you only have to say so, and that will be the end of it. You are an intelligent, good, and very pretty young lady, and all I want is that you enjoy what happens between us, and think kindly of me when our time is finished."

I saw her gain a little confidence at hearing that, and listened as she answered "Thank you, again, Jim. From everything you've said and done, I know that I don't have to worry about what happens while I'm with you. I'll admit that I'm still a little bit nervous, and even afraid — not because of you, but because of *me*. Don't be afraid to offer me things to learn, and don't think that you have to worry about hurting or frightening me. I'm **sure** that I want to do this, and I *know* that I CAN do it, if you'll help me."

After that, she stepped forward a bit and took me by the hand to lead me over to the bed. Turning to face me again, she looked up at me and smiled as she said "Please, Jim… help me learn that I don't have to be afraid any more."

After I softly kissed her forehead, which surprised her, I replied "I would be honored. Can I start by taking that… whatever-it-is off of you?"

She shook her head 'no', and crossed her arms as she reached down to take hold of it. Pulling it up over her head, she rid herself of it and revealed that she'd been wearing *very* modest street clothes underneath. Only then did I realize how uncomfortable she must have been in it — not just that day, but all the time she'd had to spend dressed that way in the heat of the Middle East. When she'd tossed the thing off to the side with a self-satisfied flourish, she looked at me again to say "The first one of those that I ever wore was put on me by women in his family. Now *I'm* taking off the last one of them I'll ever wear!"

Hearing that, I understood that that simple act was her way of declaring her independence, and reclaiming her freedom. I made a small show of applauding her — causing her to blush — before taking her hands in mine and kissing them. When I was done, she mischievously told me "Now, if there's anything else you want to take off of me, that's up to *you*…"

Looking at the long-sleeved blouse she was wearing, and the ankle-length skirt below it, I couldn't spot any kind of fasteners. I softly put my hands on her shoulders, and she let me gently guide her to turn around; as my limited experience with women's clothing had me believe, the back of the blouse had the buttons, while the zipper for the skirt was similarly located. When I

reached for the top of the blouse, Saleh tilted her head forward and pulled her hair out of the way; that gave me the opportunity to softly kiss the back of her neck. She shivered faintly and turned her head to give me a pleased smile before I started working my way down the buttons of the blouse. I'd gotten half of them undone when the blouse parted enough for me to see that she wasn't wearing a bra. That discovery had all kinds of Evil Thoughts running through my mind, but I maintained both my composure and the pace I was working at: I'd said I wanted to make our time good for her, and I was determined not to screw it up.

When I'd finished with the last of the buttons, it was easy enough to slip the bottom of the blouse out of her skirt; my next considered action was to slip my hands underneath the material of it and slide them around her until my palms were resting between her breasts and her navel. My thinking was that it was better to ease into intimacy with her, rather than heading straight for the fun bits. When she put her hands on mine, I leaned forward a bit and used my chin to nudge the collar of the blouse out of the way so that I could kiss her on the shoulder. That small act earned me a soft moan, so I repeated it on the other side, with much the same result. Only then did I move my hands a little to softy caress her belly — carefully staying away from her breasts — for a few moments before bringing my hands around to her sides, then finally easing the blouse off her shoulders and then off of her completely.

I have to admit to being more than a little pleased when she didn't cross her arms over her chest, or do anything else to cover herself; she simply waited for me to continue with undressing her.

The next thing, of course, was to see what waited for me under the skirt. I unzipped it slowly, followed by using my hands to trace her curves as I guided it over her hips and down her legs, then moving it out of the way when she'd stepped out of it. Along the way, I learned that she was wearing a pair of *very* brief panties and a pair of very sheer stockings — sans garter belt.

As I'd thought, she had a delightful shape: medium-framed, nicely curved in all the right places, a small heart-shaped ass, and a pair of legs that went from *here* to *there* in a MOST attractive way.

That left me with something of a problem, though: as nice as her legs looked in the stockings, did I want to leave them on her? Or would it be more fun to get them off of her? Decisions, decisions…

I finally settled on getting her out of the stockings; the idea of being able to get my hands directly on her legs was what finally decided the matter. I took my time about rolling them down her legs, savoring every moment of the process. When I finally reached for the waistband of her panties, I could faintly detect the aroma of aroused female; it was then that I **knew** that I could help her learn to enjoy physical intimacy. Before then, though, I still had the task of getting the last bit of clothing off of her. Her panties easily slid down her hips and soon revealed the smooth orbs of her ass. Once I'd gotten her panties down her legs and she'd stepped out of them, I simply *had* to lean forward and kiss her: once at the top of the crack of her ass, and again on each cheek.

Having relieved her of all the clothing that I wanted to — that is, all of it — I stood up and

moved close enough to take her into my arms again. By that time, my cock was considerably more than 'semi' erect, and I didn't doubt that she could feel it pressing against her; but because I was holding her as steadily and gently as I was, she knew that I wasn't trying to rush her.

My arms were folded across her belly, under her breasts; my height advantage over her let me see that her breasts were medium-sized tawny mounds that were capped with small, dark areolas that were barely larger than her visibly erect nipples.

As she leaned back against me, I could hear the happiness and pleasure in her voice when she softly said "*This* is how I dreamed of being touched, and how a man should be with a woman: gently, with care, from the heart…"

It wasn't until I softly kissed the top of her head that she seemed to realize that what we were doing was real. Once she did, she didn't hesitate to gently pull herself away from me and turn around to make the front of herself visible to me, too. Unashamed, she stood there, letting me look at her: the firm mounds of her breasts standing out from her chest; her flat belly, and the small dark strip covering her pubic mound; and the trim smoothness of her thighs. When I looked into her eyes again, I could only tell her "You are far more lovely than I could have imagined. Thank you for sharing your beauty with me." The resulting smile from her made my entire *year*.

Stepping close to me again, she looked up at me to ask "Do you want to undress, too? Or can I do it for you?"

"If it would make you happy, then help yourself", I replied.

With a pleased smile, she calmly reached up and started with my shirt; when she had it open, she slid her hands underneath it to feel my chest and belly for a bit before pulling them back out again so she could finish removing it. That was followed by my pants, and after only the briefest hesitation, my undershorts. When my cock and balls were exposed, I heard her breath catch in her throat before she continued sliding my briefs down my legs. Once I was as naked as she was, she took my penis in her hand, and after only a moments consideration, leaned forward to kiss the head of it before standing up again.

Looking into my eyes, she told me "Already, you have shown me more kindness and patience than I have known with a man. Because of how you have been with me, I am not nervous or afraid any more; and I know that I can trust you to help me lose my fear. You are a **good** man, and I know that what we do is the *right* thing."

There wasn't anything for me to say in response to that; and all I could do was take her hands and softly kiss them again. She smiled at me, and without either of us having to say anything, we made our way toward the bed. She moved to the other side of it, and when she started to pull the covers down, I readily did the same on my side. Though she tried not to show it, I could see that she was both surprised and pleased that I did so as the two of us moved to lie down.

When we were next to each other, I rolled onto my side and propped myself up on my elbow so

that I could look at her. I put my hand on her belly — surprising her again — before gently asking her "What we do, and when, is up to you, Saleh. How would you like to start?"

"I have never seen, I mean really *looked* at, a mans parts before. Is it okay?"

"Of course it is. If you have questions, I will answer them the best I can", I told her, before moving to lie down on my back again. It took a few seconds, but she soon realized that I was making myself available to her; she readily sat up and moved around so that she could get a proper view. I didn't hesitate to tell her "If you want to touch and move things around, that's okay, too."

She was a little hesitant at first, but when I continued to simply lie there while she examined me, it didn't take her long to become more confident and inquisitive. She had a few questions (my circumcision included), and my calmly factual responses seemed to encourage her to ask pretty much anything that popped into her head. Still, the male genitalia simply aren't that complex and it didn't take long before she knew as much as she wanted to. Satisfied, she moved to lie down again, but on her side so that she could put her head on my shoulder as she draped a leg and arm across me. I put my arm around her, and softly caressed her side while I waited to see what she wanted to do next.

Several minutes went by before I heard her ask me "You are waiting for me, aren't you? To see what I want?"

"Yes. I told you that I'm not going to push you, and I meant it. Like I said, what we do, and when, is up to *you*."

Another minute or so went by before she told me "I only thought that you meant you would not hurry me, not that you would let ME decide."

"Now you know that that's *exactly* what I meant: that the decisions are up to you."

"Are you doing that because of what happened with me?"

"No, I'm doing it because that's my way. I am like this with any woman that needed to learn about being with a man and finding pleasure."

That prompted her to raise up enough to look into my face as she asked "You have been with other women like me?"

"Not other women that have been *exactly* like you, no. But there have been women that didn't know about men, or that they **should** be able to feel physical pleasure."

She considered that for a bit before asking "Do you still spend time with them?"

"No. They have all been people that I have met, and seen that they needed help with something. It wasn't until after I got to know them a little bit, like I did with you, that I learned what the problem was, and helped them — just like I'm doing with you. Each of them had her own life that she had to live, and after we were together, I have never seen them again."

She lowered herself to rest on me again, and a few minutes went by before I heard her say "I think that you are much kinder and more generous than I thought, to do that for them. Didn't you ever want any of them to stay?"

"No, I didn't want any of them to stay. Like I said, each of them had a life different than mine that SHE had to live. For me and any of them to stay together, she or I would have had to change our lives. It isn't my way to ask anyone else to change themselves to be with me, and I'm too happy with who I am and MY life to want to change for someone else."

Another minute went by before she said "I think maybe knowing those women for so short a time has sometimes made you sorry."

"A little bit. But it has also made me happy, and feel good, to know that I *have* been able to help them. Sometimes I've heard from them later, and I know that they are much happier now; so the good feelings I have about what happened with them is greater than the sadness of only knowing them for a little while."

"And me?"

"Yes, I will be sorry when you have to go. But it will comfort me and make me happy that I was able to help you — even more so because I will know how much your life will change: from what you have already had to go through, to what I think your life will be like afterwards, it will be like the difference between night and day."

"How can you know that?"

"How can it be otherwise? I understand, at least a little bit, how unhappy you were after you married. And you have already told me that I have been more patient and kind than you've ever experienced with a man. How much happier and content do you think you'll be when you find the man that you want to spend your life with, and have his children? Won't that be so much greater than whatever little bit that we have together?"

Several seconds ticked by before I heard her quiet "I… I hadn't thought of that, really. But you're right."

A few moments later, she raised up again to look into my face as she told me "If we are only to have this little time together, then I should start learning what I want from you — and making our time something that you will be happy to remember."

"Dear one, however much or little we do, it is that I have had you in my life that I will remember, and treasure."

She was visibly pleased to hear me address her that way, and I could see that she was deeply touched by what I'd said. But she hadn't lost sight of why the two of us were naked on a bed, and didn't delay in telling me "Even so, I want to learn pleasure from you so that I can lose my fear."

"What do you want to do, then?"

"I… I would like you to touch me, and make me feel good in the ways that I know *should*

happen between a man and a woman."

Putting my hand on her hip, I carefully rolled the two of us over so that she was on her back and I was on my side next to her. She looked up at me in complete trust, and utter confidence that I was going to do just as she'd asked.

With my hand on her belly, I lowered my head and kissed her with as much gentle invitation as I could manage. Her initial response was to simply return the softness of it; but when I started moving my hand and caressing her, she readily got into the spirit of the thing and our kisses gradually became more and more passionate. When I felt her body begin moving underneath my hand, I knew she was ready for me to increase the intimacy of my touch; it wasn't but a few moments before I was finally cupping her warm, firm breast in my hand. I'd barely run my thumb over her nipple when I felt her mouth open slightly, and her tongue tentatively touch my lips. I happily reciprocated, and it wasn't but a few seconds before our tongues were dueling from my mouth to hers, and back again. Even as that was happening, I was keeping my hand busy on her breasts — first one, then the other, had me softly stroking it with the lightest touch of my fingertips before I gently teased and pinched her nipples to bring them to full, glorious hardness.

With that accomplished, I gradually shifted and extended my touch to include as much of her as I could reach — with the deliberate exception of her womanhood. I delighted in being able to caress the insides of her thighs, and running my fingers through the soft thicket on her pubis; but I never directly contacted her sex.

Only when her passion and desire had reached the point that her panting made it difficult for us to continue kissing did I move my body over hers. Even then, it was only enough to allow me to use my mouth and tongue on her breasts to do much of what I'd done with my hand. In short order, she was almost writhing under me, and I let my hand make its first contact with her mons; she responded by opening herself to my touch, and arching her hips in encouragement for me to do more. Carefully and patiently, I applied myself toward using my fingers to both explore and stimulate her womanhood as I continued my efforts at her breasts. As quickly and easily as her passion and desire increased, I couldn't help but feel disgust toward the bastard that hadn't cared about her enough to give her the kind of pleasure she was so obviously capable of.

It didn't take long before I could feel the area between her labia getting wetter and wetter with her steadily increasing desire. My fingertips told me that her labia were thin and soft, and that higher up, her clitoris was a trifle larger than most — and from her reaction when I first touched it, sensitive.

With her moaning almost constantly by that time, I finished moving myself over her; apparently without realizing it, she spread her legs even farther apart to make room for mine as I used my arms to hold myself over her. That accomplished, the next thing for me to do was to gradually shift my oral attentions from her breasts to include more of her; my lips nibbling on her ears had her groaning with desire and running her fingernails down my back in mere seconds.

Slowly, gradually, and as indirectly as I could, I worked my way down her body as I applied soft

lip-bites, kisses, licks, and other ministrations to every square inch of her flesh that I could reach. I had my lips in the luxuriousness of her pubic thatch before she realized where I seemed to be headed, and what I might have in mind. She managed to pull herself together long enough to look down at me and mutter "I never… that hasn't… no one has ever done that to me before…"

I paused only long enough to tell her "Wait until you know what it feels like before you tell me 'no', okay?"

She managed a reluctant nod before letting her head fall back and a soft moan escape her lips.

It wasn't much longer until I was in one of the positions I'd wanted since I'd first seen her nude: looking at the core of her as I prepared to sample her treasures. I saw that her pubic hair stayed dense until just after it passed the bottom of her cleft, then ended abruptly. Just above, her dark and extended labia bracketed her opening, which was all but dripping her essence. At the top of her cleft, her clitoris was the size of a large pea and had made its appearance from underneath its hood; the scent of her was strong, but still pleasant. Lowering my head, I stuck my tongue out and softly ran it along her opening from bottom to top so that I finished by gently running the very tip across her clitoris. My efforts were rewarded with a deep and impassioned groan from her while I savored the light and vaguely salty taste of her oils. A moment later, I repeated my action, only letting my tongue dip a little farther into her. Getting pretty much the same response from her as I had the first time, that was all the encouragement I needed to continue.

I happily spent the next several minutes introducing her to the pleasures of being on the receiving end of oral sex: running my tongue between her labia and tasting her essence, gently pulling on her vaginal lips with my tongue, fluttering the very tip of my tongue across her sensitive clit, and all manner of other things I'd learned to please and arouse a woman. As I was doing all of that, the sounds of her passion increased in frequency and intensity; I knew I was having the desired effect, and have to admit to feeling rather pleased with myself as I moved her closer and closer to what was most likely her first-ever orgasm with a man.

She'd taken to trying to clasp her thighs together — my head prevented her from succeeding — and I could tell that she was *almost* there when she suddenly arched her pelvis up and spread her thighs farther than I thought she could as her body was overwhelmed with powerful spasms.

Half-afraid to do anything to intensify the experience for her, I pulled my head back a bit and watched as her vaginal opening alternated between clenching in time with the tremors going through her body, and then relaxing enough to allow a small amount of her oils to flow out of her. After witnessing that happen a couple of times without doing anything, I simply couldn't pass it up any longer and *had* to begin licking them up as they appeared. The taste I'd gotten of her before had been faint and light, but the greater amount of her essence that I got proved to be even better: still light, but also a trifle musky and earthy at the same time — and most definitely delicious!

I didn't figure that I was doing anything to actually make her orgasm more powerful, but as I continued, I didn't have any doubt that I was dramatically slowing the process of her recovery;

she'd stopped gasping for air and was lying there panting, but each pass of my tongue across her opening would cause her breath to catch in her throat and and have her lifting her hips in response to my actions.

Still, the human body does have its limits, and the intermittent release of her fluids eventually (mostly) dried up. After delaying long enough to try and memorize the sight of her, I moved over her again so that I was in a position to enter her.

When she opened her eyes and looked up at me, I could see how much pleasure she'd felt; I didn't doubt what the answer would be when I asked "Would you like us to make love now?"

Realizing that all I'd done had been use my mouth on her, she got wide-eyed at the thought that there was still more. It took her only the briefest of moments to answer "Yes, dear Jim — I would like that very much!"

When I shifted my body a bit and got the head of my erection touching the entrance to her vagina, I saw her get a bit apprehensive. Knowing what the problem was, I gently told her "Saleh, I want to make *love* **with** you. I don't want to only feel my own pleasure, and I'm NOT going to do anything that would hurt you or make you unhappy. I won't take what you will not GIVE to me. Nothing will happen between us that you don't want to happen. Okay?"

Between the words I'd spoken, and the way that I waited patiently for her answer, she seemed to get the reassurance that she needed. I saw her visibly relax before spreading her legs to open herself to me a little more. There was trust and confidence in her voice when she answered "Yes, Jim, I understand. You've shown me that you are patient and gentle, and that I can trust you. Please, accept what I give you of myself."

Reaching between us, I took hold of my erect penis; moving the head of it across her opening a few times, I was able to wet it with enough of her oils to let us begin. When I positioned myself at her opening, I softly pressed against her to hold myself in place. Looking into her eyes, I could see that she was a willing partner in what was about to happen.

Still, when I began to press myself into her, I felt her tense up. I immediately eased up, and waited to see what would happen. She quickly relaxed, and I tried again — though a bit slower and easier. When she started to get tense again, I stopped what I was doing (though without backing off) and waited. It was then that she really believed that I truly wasn't going to do *anything* to hurt her or make her unhappy. She readily relaxed, and indicated to me that she was ready for me to try again. I did, and felt it as she deliberately relaxed so she could *give* herself to me.

Holding her eyes, I patiently and carefully increased the pressure so she would know that if she had any problems of any kind, I was ready to stop. Simply knowing that seemed to be enough for her, and my progress into her was steady, if still a bit slow — and ultimately successful. When the head of my cock finally slipped past the tight ring of her entrance, she gasped slightly even as I stopped and held myself still in her. She closed her eyes, and several moments went by before she opened them again and arched herself up toward me in encouragement for me to continue.

Lowering my head, I softly kissed her lips before raising myself back up and gently easing my hips forward again. She was small inside; whether that was because her ex was hung like a gerbil (as I silently hoped), or because of how long it had been since he'd been with her last, I'd never know. What was certain, though, was that the tightness (and incredible heat!) of her felt great around me. Wet as she was, I was able to fill her with my manhood in a single long, slow thrust; even as I felt her opening clenching around the base of my cock, I could feel the end of it touching the deepest part of her. I again held myself still in her, giving her however much time she needed or wanted to not only get used to having me inside her, but become *comfortable* with it.

I waited patiently (as far as she could tell, anyway) for her to let me know if/when she wanted me to continue. As I held myself still over her, I could feel occasional twitches in her vagina which were quite sufficient to keep me erect.

To my surprise, it wasn't but a minute or so before she told me "I'm ready, Jim. Make love with me."

Even hearing that, I was still careful to start slowly and gently: easing my hips back so that I slowly withdrew from her until only about half my cock was in her, pausing for a moment, then just as slowly entering her again. As I re-filled her, she closed her eyes and released a soft moan; at first, I thought she was in pain — but quickly realized that quite the opposite was true.

Over the next few minutes, I steadily increased the length and speed of my movements in her to the accompaniment of her moans of pleasure. By the time I'd settled into a steady motion in her, she was running her hands along my sides and her fingernails down my back as she held her pelvis tilted up and her legs parted in eager welcome to my actions. To my amazement, it wasn't but a few minutes more that she slid into another orgasm: as her fingernails dug into my back, I felt her vagina tighten around me and begin an incredible rippling that started just behind the opening of her womanhood and progressed inward from there.

As wave after wave of pleasure ran through her body, the feeling of her vagina around my cock got to me more and more; it took everything I could manage not to empty myself into her before her climax began to taper off — and even then, if she'd gone on for another ten seconds, I might have done it anyway. She simply felt THAT damn good!

However it happened — sheer willpower, mentally distracting myself, or the grace of the Great Pumpkin — I was able to keep making love with her after she had her first coital orgasm. Still tight, she was even wetter inside, and the aroma of her got even thicker in the air as the room was filled with the liquid sounds of our coupling and her sounds of pleasure and arousal.

It didn't take long for me to get back into the rhythm that I'd been in before. I didn't have the slightest doubt that her next climax would do me in; what I was hoping was that after I had a chance to recover, my natural male limitations would work to my benefit. That was assuming that after having experienced those few orgasms, she didn't decide that she'd had enough 'teaching', and wanted me to leave…

But that was for later. Of more immediate interest to me was what I was involved in right then: not only pistoning in and out of her, but lowering my head so that I could nibble on her earlobes and kiss her shoulders and suck and gently 'chew' on her erect nipples.

Sadly, I didn't get to do those things as much as I'd have liked: it didn't take as long as I would have wanted before she was approaching her release again. For the life of me, I couldn't understand how or why her ex-husband had failed to bring out the passion and desire that she was so capable of; if he'd given her the care and attention that she deserved, BOTH of them would have been a whole lot happier. But his loss was my gain, so to speak, and I was having a *great* time taking advantage of his shortcomings…

As Saleh got closer and closer to her climax, I simply tried to make the best of the situation by doing what I could to make our respective experiences as powerful as I could — not that I doubted *I* was going to enjoy it!

Although it was a bit awkward for me, I kept my mouth busy on her breasts as I continued my thrusts into Saleh's channel. Judging from the noises she made, she seemed to particularly enjoy it when I suck and 'chewed' on them at the same time. I'd taken a brief respite from doing that by nibbling on one of her ears, and had just started in on one of her nipples again when she fell into an orgasm that I could tell was stronger than either of the other two: she all but froze underneath me for a few moments before her body essentially *convulsed* with the first wave of her release.

After that first awesome spasm passed through her, the rest of them were relatively tame — but the operative word there is *relatively*: there couldn't have been any doubt in *anyones* mind that she was experiencing a powerful sexual release. I managed to make several more strokes into her before finally giving myself over to the fluttering of her vagina; pressing myself into her as far as I could manage, I felt the first jet of my cum erupt from the end of my cock. That was followed a moment later by the sensation of her fingernails digging into (but thankfully not scratching!) my back as she tried to press her pelvis up against mine.

I continued to pour myself into her in powerful spurts, in counterpoint to the waves of pleasure that coursed through her body and the feelings her womanhood created around my penis.

My age and gender were the deciding factors in which of us reached the end of our release first: she was continuing to have occasional 'aftershocks' when I reached the point of being able to get myself together enough to lower my body over hers. Supporting myself on my elbows, I used my body as a kind of living blanket for her as I began softly kissing her face and neck and shoulders. I felt her begin to relax under me after a bit, and her hands went from pressing against my back to slowly caressing my sides. Shortly after that, she raised her head to give me a deep and heartfelt kiss before looking up at me and saying "That was so *wonderful*! I never thought that having a man inside me could **feel** that good! When you used your mouth… it felt good, and the pleasure was amazing. I was still a little bit nervous about the other part — but when you were so gentle, and showed me that you were willing to wait until *I* was ready, I knew that you could make it feel good for me. I couldn't imagine that it would be like **that**, though! And to have it happen twice!"

Between her words, the way she was reacting, and the expression on her face, there wasn't any reason to think that she would be anything but a willing and enthusiastic lover for any man that she chose to share her bed and affection with.

"Saleh, dear… that is what it is *supposed* to be like when you share yourself with someone. But it isn't just the physical part of it that matters. It's what you have in your mind, and in your heart, and what he has in his, that make the difference. You told me before that the reason your husband wanted to marry you was for the status that having a young and pretty wife would bring him. Can you see that it is the affection we feel for each other that made it possible for you to enjoy what happened with us? That I was patient and gentle with you because I CARE about you? And that you were able to accept what I offered you because you care about me?"

I watched as she considered that for several seconds. She was smiling when she finally responded "Yes, Jim, I **do** see that. I think maybe what we feel for each other is something more than just 'affection', though. But I also understand what you said about people having their own lives to live — so the 'affection' that we have will have to stay just that, only for us, and just for the time that we have together."

After I gave her a soft kiss on the lips, I had to shift my weight a bit to rearrange the pressure in my shoulders. When I did, she realized that we were still somewhat coupled.

The expression of mixed surprise and pleasure she got almost had me laughing, but I somehow kept a straight face. After a false start, she managed to ask me "You're still with me? After you…? Why?"

Kissing her again, answered "Because it feels good to me to be in you like that, and I like being next to you this way. I thought that you would like it, too. Do you want me to move?"

She immediately exclaimed "No!", then blushed slightly and more calmly said "I **do** like having you with me like this — inside and over me, both. I just wasn't expecting it, is all. Before, when he was finished… *using* me, he would just get off of me and usually fall asleep for a little bit. This is what they call 'snuggling' in the magazines?"

Smiling, I answered "Yes, that's what this is — or one way to do it, anyway. Pretty much anything that lets the man and woman be close to each other and happy can be called that."

After I had to shift myself again, she told me "I think maybe you are getting tired, staying like that?"

I admitted that I was, a *little* bit, and she said "I… I like the way you feel… the way your body touches mine. Would… would it be okay if I was the one over you? For just a little bit, so that you could rest?"

"Of course it would, dear. You don't have to hold yourself up the way I am, either; I'm doing this because I'm so much bigger than you are, and I don't want to make you uncomfortable. If you wanted lie on me, that would be fine."

Looking pleased, she told me "I would like that."

After a little minor adjustment, the two of us were able to roll over so that I was on my back with her on top of me — without my slowly softening penis slipping out of her. She was able to lay her head on my chest while I put my arms around her and started softly caressing her back. After a few moments, she released a contented sigh and I heard her say "It feels so nice, to be like this. To have known pleasure from being with a man, and then to be held and touched so…"

A couple of minutes went by with us like that before my cock finally shrank enough to slip out of her. Moments later, I felt her blush when some of my semen leaked out of her. She started to get up, but I held her still as I told her "No, Saleh — please don't think that you have to get up just because of that. When we moved like this, I knew that would probably happen, and I *really* don't care about it. I would much rather have you with me like this."

I felt her blush again before she softly asked "You don't mind that? Before, if something like that happened, he would look at me as though I disgusted him, and even call me names…"

"But this isn't then, is it? This is now, and here, and you're with ME. I told you that I expected it, and that it doesn't bother me. If you like the way we feel like this, then why get up before you have to?"

It took a couple of seconds, but she gradually relaxed and let herself rest on me again. A bit later, when it happened again, I felt her blush in reaction. I simply hugged her in reassurance before going back to caressing her back and sides — and the delightful globes of her ass.

Several minutes went by with us together like that before she apologetically asked "Jim? Would it be okay if I… if I got up now? I'm starting to feel a little cold, and… sticky."

I kissed the top of her head before giving her a hug and answering "Of course it would. Before, I was just trying to tell you that you didn't *have* to get up for any OTHER reason."

She said something in Arabic, and then lifted her head to look at me. Seeing the puzzled expression on my face, she realized that I hadn't understood what she'd said. Embarrassed, she told me "I'm sorry. I was **there** for so long, that I started to speak in the language. What I said was that you make me happy that we are lovers."

I gave her a tender kiss on the forehead (it was all I could reach) and answered "And YOU make ME happy that we are lovers" — which earned me a look of love and happiness such as I'd seldom seen; I knew that I'd touched her heart in a way that was as special as she was.

We happily just *looked* at each other for several seconds before I asked her "Do you want to clean up by yourself? Or would it be okay if we took a shower together? If you want to do it alone, that's fine."

I could tell that she was more than a little surprised at the idea that I could want to take a shower WITH her, but after a moments consideration, she got a look of pleased anticipation before answering "I think I would like to take a shower with you."

"I think I would like that, too", I replied.

Hearing that, she quickly got off of me and moved to stand next to the bed. I followed her, but opted to sit on the edge long enough to gently pull her in front of me so that I could kiss each of her nipples before standing up. She looked up at me in amusement before taking my hand so the two of us could head toward the bathroom. Inside, I stood back and looked at how lovely and sexy she was as she went about getting the water started, and the temperature adjusted. Once she was satisfied, she turned to give me a brief look of invitation (that I most definitely didn't need!) before getting in. It wasn't but a couple of seconds before I was in there with her, and the two of us started getting each other cleaned up.

It proved to be a considerably less than utilitarian shower, however: after only the briefest of hesitation, she wasn't reluctant about washing me with her bare hands — feeling every part of my body, from my hair all the way down to the soles of my feet, with repeat 'cleaning' of a few areas in between. In return, she seemed to enjoy the way I washed *her*: thoroughly, and with close attention to detail.

If she had let me, I could have spent a LOT of time just washing her hair; it was thick and sensuous in my hands. Still, after she took it away from me, there were other bits of her that proved to be entertaining, too…

Once we'd managed to get ourselves out of the shower and dried off, it was back to the bed again. I had the pleasure of introducing her to 'spooning' by getting her nestled against my front; after she'd wriggled herself as close to me as she could, and I'd put my arm around her and cupped her breast, she released a deep sigh of contentment.

By asking her a few open-ended questions, I was able to get her to start talking about herself. Not a repeat of the things she'd told me about her marriage, but things about *her* — how she'd grown up, what she'd wanted to do when she was younger, what she could expect when she got home, and so on. Along the way, I casually asked her a few leading questions to get her to think a little more about something she'd said. I also made a **very** few observation to her, trying to help her consider options or details that hadn't occurred to her. And the whole time we lay there, I would happily give her brief, casual kisses: on her shoulder, on her ear, the back of her neck, or any other place within easy reach.

We must have stayed there, talking, for an hour or more before gradually lapsing into a comfortable silence.

I'd released her breast in favor of caressing her side and hip and thigh when she quietly asked me "Jim? I know that it's the right thing for us to only have this little bit of time together. You have already made me so happy, and shown me the pleasure I can know from being with a man. If you will, I would like for you to stay with me until I have to leave. Would you do that?"

I gave her a soft hug as I answered "Nothing would make me happier, dear one."

A moment later she told me "I… I do not want to offend you or cause you to be embarrassed,

but…"

"But what?"

"What we have done… is it possible that we can continue? That there can be more between us before I must leave? Before, he would use me only once, and I was happy about that. But now…"

I put my arm back around her and softly kissed her shoulder before I answered "Yes, we can make love some more, if you like. And because you have already brought me pleasure, I will be able to make love with you even longer if that is what you want."

To my surprise, she scooted away from me a little bit — then rolled over so that she was facing me. Looking into my face, she seemed uncertain as she asked "Truly? How… how can you do that?"

"It isn't anything special about *me*, Saleh. That's just how men **are**: we are easily aroused and satisfied the first time that we make love. After that, it takes a little longer for us to be ready again each time; but when we ARE ready, it takes a little longer before we finish, too."

She looked at me intently for a few seconds, as though she was trying to make sure that I wasn't just trying to blow smoke up her cute little butt. But it didn't take her long to decide that I wasn't, and she graced me with a happy smile before telling me "I would like that."

She was close enough that I could kiss her lips before answering "I would like that, too", with a smile of my own, and to her visible delight.

I watched as she got thoughtful for a few seconds before hesitantly asking "What you did to me before, with your mouth… it made me feel very good, and that I… wanted you. Is that something that I could do, too? To help *you* be ready again?"

"You don't have to do that for me to be able to make love with you again, if you don't want to."

Blushing, she told me "But I think that I **do** want to. What you did, it felt so good to me, and I want to bring you pleasure like that. And I told you that I wanted to learn about the things that a man and woman can do. When I marry again, it will be for *love*, and I want to be able to show that love to my husband."

"If you're sure, then *I* don't mind. But I have only one question, first."

A trifle nervously, she asked "What question?"

"Can I do that to you while you do it to me?"

It wasn't but a minute later that Saleh was straddling my head as she made her first, tentative efforts at learning how to give blowjobs. After cautioning her about how pressure-sensitive my testicles were, and assuring her that I'd let her know if I was going to climax, I left her to her own devices — I figured it would be fairly obvious to her when she got things right, and as long as she didn't hurt me, she couldn't really do anything all that wrong.

For my part, I was delighted at having the opportunity to not only have my head between her thighs again, but to be able to get my hands on her lovely ass again. After she gave the head of my dick a first tentative kiss, I lifted my head and happily ran the tip of my tongue between her labia. She wasn't as aroused and wet inside as she'd been before, but I figured that I could correct that little problem — and proceeded to do so with a will.

It didn't take me long to realize that she was taking a lot of her cues from me: when I started toying with her clitoris with my tongue, she would try doing much the same thing on the head of my penis; when I stiffened my tongue and tried to slide it as far into her as possible, she'd take as much of my slowly-stiffening cock into her mouth as she could. Rather than take advantage of that knowledge, I elected to simply continue enjoy the process of arousing her as much as I could. I will confess to doing a couple of things differently, though, in order to give her some 'hints' about what SHE could be doing.

She learned easily and readily enough, and it wasn't long before she had me fully erect — and in return, I had her fairly dripping with desire.

I was having a fine time trying to see if I could suck her ovaries out through her vagina when I felt her release me from her mouth; a moment later I heard her ask "Please… we can make love, now? I want to feel you inside me!"

After running my tongue between her labia one last time, I gently guided her off of me and sat up. She was sitting, too, and the two of us shared an impassioned kiss before I told her "The way we made love before is just one of many ways that a man and woman can find pleasure together. Do you want to try some of the other ones, or is that one enough for you?"

It took only a moment for her to eagerly answer "I want to learn more!"

I couldn't help grinning at her enthusiasm, and calmly proceeded to guide her so that she was on her hands and knees. I saw her get a look of delight when I started to move behind her, and she told me "I've seen when animals are like this, and I though that it looked… sexy. I never thought to do it myself!"

Rather than say anything, I simply let her *experience* it: after getting the head of my penis wedged against her opening, I leaned forward enough that I was able to reach around her and hold her breasts in my hands before I started pressing myself into her. Knowing that I wasn't going to hurt her, she willingly relaxed herself to make my entry easier; I felt myself slip into her quickly and fairly easily. Still, I paused for a few moments to see if she needed or wanted any time to get used to me. She let me know she didn't by pressing herself back against me, and sliding herself a little farther onto my erection.

Still holding her breasts in my hands, I gently rolled her nipples between my fingers as I arched my hips to ease myself deeper into her; I was both pleased and surprised that her wetness made it possible to bury myself in her in a single slow thrust — one that was accompanied by a continuous moan of pleasure from her. Only when my pubic hair was firmly wedged into the crack of her ass did she stop, only to tell me "It feels different, somehow, to have you in me this

way. I *like* it!"

Again, I chose to let my actions speak for me as I slowly eased myself back out of her until the tight ring of her opening was clenched around my cock just behind the glans, then sliding myself back into her a little more quickly. I'd no more than filled her again than I was doing it again, a little faster. Then again, faster still, and again.

It didn't take but a couple of minutes before I was pistoning in and out of her at a steady and fairly quick rhythm. I could feel her breasts get tighter in my hands, and her nipples getting longer and harder as I continued moving in her.

As I'd learned from the first time, it didn't take her long to find pleasure in what we were doing, or for that pleasure to reach the point of her experiencing an orgasm. The sensation of it felt just as good to me as it had before, but with that being my second time with her, I was able to enjoy it a lot more without having to worry about it having too much of an affect on me; I simply kept sliding myself in and out of her in time with the waves of pleasure that I could feel coursing through her.

I had to release her breasts when she lowered her body to rest on her elbows afterwards; I simply used the opportunity to play with her ass for a bit before starting to caress her body. As she supported herself on her elbows, I could feel a change in how I was moving in her when she tried arching her back in different ways; one particular position seemed to please her the most, and she held herself there for the few minutes it took for her to climax again — the second one being *much* stronger and lasting longer than the first.

When she'd caught her breath, she managed to raise herself up off her elbows again. Taking a grip on the bed covers, she propped herself up and began pressing herself back against me again as I continued to slide nearly my entire length in and out of her. Reaching down, I cupped my hands under her breasts — but only enough to let the hard peaks of her nipples drag across my palms as her breasts swayed in time with my motions. It took only a few seconds of that before she started to moan at the sensations it caused, and I could feel her get even wetter around me than she'd been before. It was a little bit of a strain on me, so I wasn't able to keep my hands the way they were for very long, and I heard her groan in disappointment when I finally had to pull them away from her. When I leaned forward to use my arms to support my body, though, I was able to lower my head and begin kissing her shoulders and neck and even softly nibble her ears; those actions seemed to be agreeable substitutes to her, judging by the noises she made in response.

I was finally starting to get a little bit tired, and had my hands on her hips to help steady the two of us when she slid into her third climax since we'd started. It didn't seem to be as strong as the one before, but it easily lasted just as long. After it ended, I slowed my strokes into her and asked if she'd like to try something else. Panting and still feeling some of the effects of her most recent release, she could only turn her head to look at me and nod her agreement. After kissing the back of her neck, I carefully eased myself out of her, hearing her soft moan of disappointment when I finally slipped free.

Taking her into my arms, I got the two of us lying on the bed again, with her on top of me and straddling my hips. I readily held her in my arms as she got her wits and strength and breath back. When I could tell that she was ready, I gave her a hug and told her "I think maybe that's too many, and too close together, yes?"

She nodded, and I continued "What we can do now is have *you* be on top, and the active one. That way, **you** decide how much and how fast. Okay?"

She lifted her head to look at me, somewhat perplexed — it took me only a moment to realize that she really didn't understand what I was telling her. After kissing the tip of her nose, I explained "This is like the first time we were together, except upside-down. Now you'll be the one on top of me; instead of me moving in you, you'll be the one moving **on** me. Understand?"

It took her only a moments consideration to realize what I was saying, and return my smile. As she started to lift herself up so that she could begin, I told her "Once you get me started, you can lean forward and you'll be able to see as it happens."

Again, she seemed to be thrown, this time at the idea of *looking* at what was happening as she made love. But from the expression she got on her face, I knew that the idea had a fair amount of appeal to her. A few seconds later, she'd moved herself back enough that she could lift up and get herself situated over my erect cock as she held it in position. She carefully lowered herself, and I don't think that either of us was surprised by how quickly and easily it popped into her. Without even seeming to realize I was there, she leaned forward and put her hands on my chest to support herself as she looked down to where we were joined. A moment later, she began to lower herself onto me the rest of the way — and I heard her gasp, then moan softly, as she watched her self-impalement onto my manhood. When our pubic hair had merged, she lifted her head to look at me in pleased amazement as she quietly announced "To see it… and feel it at the same time…"

I just grinned in reply as I reached up to take her breasts in my hands, then begin running my thumbs across her nipples, watching as they again lengthened and hardened in response.

With my touch on her mammaries, Saleh realized that if she wanted my penis moving in her, it was up to her to make it happen. She started easily and slowly enough by simply sliding herself up and down on my erection; it didn't take her long to branch out and start trying other things, as well: holding herself as far onto me as she could and investigating how it felt when she simply moved her hips and pelvis in different ways, leaning a good ways in different directions so that her movements on me had my cock rubbing against one particular area or another of her vagina, and even holding herself well over me so that the end of my penis was contacting her only in the area right behind her opening.

The whole time she was experimenting, I simply found things to do to keep myself occupied with her body. If I could, I was happy to play with her breasts; if they were out of reach, I was equally fine with being able to caress her silken thighs and toy with the firm globes of her ass. And, of course, when the opportunity presented itself, I'd kiss her — lips, tip of her nose, ear, shoulder, hand, nipple, or anything else that I could get my lips on. It wasn't 'just' kisses, either;

I'd softly bite, nibble with my lips, suck, lick, or anything else that I could think of.

All in all, the two of us had a pretty damn good time with each other: her learning how it felt to have my cock moving in her in different ways, and me free to do pretty much anything I wanted to any part of her that came within reach of what I wanted to do it with.

Ultimately, she settled on something that clearly pleased her immensely: leaning forward with her hands on the bed and supporting herself with her arms while she rocked her hips to slide herself up and down my manhood. My contribution was to lift my head so that I could lick her breasts, and suck and 'chew' on her nipples, while my hands roamed across the rest of her body.

The first orgasm she had while on top of me was relatively small; the second was a bit stronger. The third and fourth weren't any more powerful, but each lasted a bit longer than the one before. By the time the fourth had passed, though, I could tell that she was starting to tire a little bit. Releasing her nipple from between my lips, I put my hands on her hips and applied just enough pressure to get her to slow, then stop, her movement over me. Covered with a faint sheen of perspiration and her hair hanging over her shoulder and partially covering the breast that I hadn't been occupied with, she looked incredibly lovely and sexy. Looking up at her, I suggested "I can tell you're getting tired. How about if you stay where you are, and I start making love to you again?"

It took only a moment for her to accept my offer with a small nod of her head; a moment after that and I was lifting my hips as I started to keep my end of the bargain.

It was easy enough for me to get into the same rhythm that she'd been in, and it didn't take long before I could tell that having ME move in her was letting her enjoy the feeling of our union more than she had before. I wasn't having to exert myself all that much, so I was able to maintain the pace of our lovemaking enough to see her through a fifth orgasm — one that had her panting and groaning for longer than I thought she even *could*.

By the time she was ready for her sixth, though, I was feeling a little bit of strain. Not just from the physical effort, but trying to hold back from emptying myself into her in response to all the pleasant and stimulating sensations she was creating around me. So when I realized that she was actually getting close again, I decided that it would probably be best if I did what I could to bring the evenings activities to an end by making it as good for her as could be managed.

Toward that end, I did something that an old girlfriend had taught me to do with her: as I could feel/see her getting closer and closer to the start of her climax, I would gradually slow and lengthen the way I was stroking into her — doing with my penis in her vagina what I would sometimes do with my tongue on her clitoris. I'd been assured that although the resulting orgasm wasn't as 'strong', it was somehow *deeper*, and more satisfying. That it also had an affect on ME only made it that much more appealing.

Even though I hadn't done that much since the girlfriend involved had moved out, I discovered that I still had a good 'feel' for it as I started using it on Saleh: we were a bit past the point that I knew signaled her approaching orgasm when I heard her start making a faint noise. A little

longer, and closer still to her release, and the noise was loud enough that I could recognize it: a vaguely-frustrated whimpering noise, apparently in response that I was delaying and intensifying her climax. I *might* have been tempted to have mercy on her if it weren't for one small detail: what I was doing was having the same impact on **me**, too.

Saleh and I were *both* at the ragged edge of release when I finally did the one thing that would do us both in: slowly withdrawing from her before all but slamming myself into her in a single powerful thrust.

The sudden hard pressure against her clitoris pushed Saleh over the edge with a vengeance; the physical stimulation she created around my cock did it for ME.

Even as I was emptying myself into her in what felt like a continuous spray of semen, I could tell that even though Saleh wasn't exhibiting the physical responses I'd seen in her before, what *was* happening to her was having more of an impact.

My climax was so intense that my cock was still twitching as it tried to fill her with cum that I simply didn't have when she all but collapsed on top of me. Surprised at the suddenness of it, I quickly put my arms around her and checked to make sure that she was okay; it didn't take but a few moments to determine that she had a pulse and was still breathing. When I pulled her hair out of the way to look into her face, I saw that she was plainly stunned by what she'd just been through. I spoke her name and saw her eyes move toward the sound of my voice, so I knew that she hadn't passed out or anything like that — she was simply overwhelmed, and unable to respond.

Wrapping my arms around her again, I gently stroked her back and sides as I softly spoke to her — repeatedly telling her that I loved her, that everything would be okay in a bit, and generally reassuring her as she slowly got herself back together.

After a couple of minutes, she finally started to stir in my arms; I quickly moved my head to look into her face and saw that she was again more-or-less alert and coherent. Tilting my head a bit, I was able to kiss her forehead; when I pulled back, I could see how much that simple gesture meant to her. She started to speak, but all that came out was a weak croaking noise. I rolled us over onto our sides, then carefully guided her to lie on her back. After a quick kiss to her lips, I looked into her eyes as I told her "I'm going to get you something to drink. *I'll be* **right back**, okay?"

She gave me a small nod, and I released her so that I could make a hurried trip to the bathroom, returning with a glass of cool water. I set the glass aside long enough to take a position resting against the headboard of the bed, and get her onto my lap. With her in a position to be able to drink properly, I picked up the glass and held it to her lips. Over the next couple of minutes, I was able to help her drink more and more of the water; she also recovered enough of her strength that she was able to take the glass from me and hold it herself. After it was empty, she held it out to me and softly asked "More?"

She was able to get herself off my lap, and I quickly refilled the glass in the bathroom. When I

got back to her, she indicated that she wanted to be next to me instead of on my lap, and I readily guided her to nestle into my side before handing her the glass again.

She'd gone through about half of the glass of water when I heard her say "I thought the other times I felt that were good. But *that* one…!"

After seeing how what I'd done had affected her, I was feeling a little ashamed of myself, and told her "I'm sorry, Saleh."

"Why are you sorry?"

"For what I did — for making you have an orgasm like that, and what happened to you because of it."

"But there is nothing for you to say you are sorry *for*. Yes, I know that you were teasing me, and that you made me orgasm even more. And yes, I know what I have been like since that. Do you think that you are the only one that made that happen? Don't you think that I could have changed things, that I could have started moving on you if I didn't like what you were doing? I *knew* that it was going to be our last time, and that you were trying to make it special for me; **I** wanted it to be special, too. And it WAS special, Jim! If I had known what would happen because of it, I don't know that I would have the courage to do it — but I am not sorry that it DID happen. You are a good and loving man, and you have given me great pleasure and happiness tonight. I simply *couldn't* be upset or angry with you, after you have given so much of yourself to me!"

I was under no illusions that I had even the *slightest* understanding of how the female mind worked, and what she just said to me only confirmed my ignorance: I was worried that I'd upset her, only to learn that not only wasn't she upset, but that she actually *appreciated* what I'd done!

Well, I certainly wasn't going to argue the matter with her. I thought I screwed up, and she had informed me that what I'd done had actually been a GOOD thing. All I could do was let it go in favor of hugging her, and giving her a kiss on the top of her head. She responded by trying to wriggle a little closer to me and releasing a happy and contented sigh.

A bit later, she drained the rest of the water from the glass and set it on the night stand before telling me "If you would have me, I would like us to lie together again, like we did before."

"Spooning, you mean?"

"No, the one before that — when you were holding me."

Understanding that she wanted to lie on top of me, I didn't hesitate to tell her "Yes, I would like that, too."

In short order, we had gotten ourselves repositioned just as she'd wanted: her lying on her stomach on top of me as I held her in my arms. A lot of my cum had drained out of her while she was sitting on my lap, but I didn't mind that in the slightest; what was important to me was that I was able to hold her in my arms and feel her heart beating against my chest.

Several minutes went by before she asked "Dearest one, I'm starting to feel a little bit cold again,

but I don't want to get up this time. I want to stay here like this with you as long as we can. Is there anything else that can be done?"

Looking around, I saw that we'd pretty much managed to ruin the arrangement of the bed covers; it looked to me like I might be able to pull enough of the bedspread over to cover the two of us. Telling her what I planned to do, she managed to keep from falling off of me while I tried, and succeeded, in doing what I'd set out to. It took just a few seconds for her to start feeling warm again, and she kissed my chest and hugged me before sighing her happiness.

I'm not quite sure when, but somewhere along the line, both of us fell asleep with her lying on top of me. When we started to get up so that we could pull the rest of the covers down and properly go to bed, we discovered that our pubic hair had gotten somewhat glued together by our mixed secretions. Saleh found it amusing and embarrassing, by turns, as we carefully got ourselves pried apart. Both of us passed on the idea of a shower, deciding instead that it could wait until morning — that we **much** preferred spooning as we went back to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I was lying on my other side, with Saleh neatly tucked against my back and her arm draped across my body. With the opposing needs of thirst and a full bladder, I started to ease myself away from her, only to hear "No, you don't have to go."

"I'm sorry, but I *do* — but only for a moment. I'll be right back."

When I got back to the bed, I let her guide me to the position I'd been in, so that she could snuggle up against me again. When she put her arm around me, I took her hand and lifted it to my lips so that I could kiss her palm. After I released her hand, I could hear the love in her voice when she told me "Jim, you are such a dear, dear man" before putting her hand on my chest.

I don't know how long we lay there like that, content to simply *be* with each other. Still, both of us knew that the end of our time together was approaching, and I finally heard Saleh start to speak.

"Dearest Jim, I can't thank you enough for all that you have done for me. Not just in helping me get away from that horrible person that I was married to, but for everything else, too — keeping me company in that coffeeshop, really *listening* to me while I told you about everything that I've have to live through, and all that happened between us last night. First you held and comforted me when I started crying with relief that I was finally free, and then you gave me my dreams back by showing me that I didn't have to be afraid that I couldn't love or know pleasure and happiness again. You were patient and gentle with me, and you gave me great comfort. We talked about affection, but I think that both of us know that what we feel is love, because that is what we made with each other. You gave me more of yourself and your love than I thought one person could, and you have made me feel whole again because of it. I know that what we have had is a special thing, and not something that we can have forever. But I want you to know that you will always be in my thoughts, and in my heart; and that what you have given me and done for me will let me live the life that you said I deserve. I know that you were right when you said that my life will change, and why. I know that I will find the man that I want to spend my life with, and

you should know that I will be happy with him because of what I have gotten from YOU. I will feel the loss when we must go our own ways, just as I know you will; I beg you, *please*, to take comfort in knowing that I will **live** my dreams because of our time together."

Following that, I heard her say something lengthy in Arabic; when she was done, I asked "What did you say?"

"I said that you are a good man — kind and wise and patient and loving, and asked whoever is in charge of the universe to watch out for you; that the people down here needed you."

I was so touched by what she'd done that I simply couldn't think of anything to say; the best I could manage in response was to kiss the palm of her hand again before simply telling her "Thank you, Saleh. It means a lot to me that you would do that."

Several minutes later, I told her "If I could, I would stay with you like this all day; but I think that you want to go and see your family. If you want to take a shower with me, we can get some breakfast and find out when your train home leaves, and I'll get you to the station. Or, if it would be easier for you, I can just leave now."

She hugged me before answering "No, Jim, I don't want you to leave yet. I would be *delighted* to take a shower with you."

A few moments went by before we both got out of bed by mutual accord. Thinking that she might want a little time alone in the bathroom, I suggested she go ahead after saying there was something I had to do. When I knocked on the bathroom door a few minutes later, she let me know that it was okay to come in.

Our shower was as fun and playful as the one we'd shared the night before, if also bittersweet. After we'd dried off, she wasn't the least bit bashful about letting me watch as she got dressed; when she was done, and asked me how she looked, she was tolerant and amused when I took her into my arms and kissed her while caressing as much of her as I could reach before announcing that she looked wonderful.

Breakfast was her treat at her insistence; after we'd eaten, she used the pay phone to find out when the next train was that would get her home before calling her family and letting them know when she'd arrive. The departure time wasn't for another hour, so we stayed in the cafe and had another cup of coffee before heading for the station.

Once she had her ticket and checked her bags in, the two of us moved to a quiet area off to the side to say our goodbyes. I could see tears in her eyes as she told me "I know how lucky I was that we got into *your* cab yesterday. Because of you, I don't have to be afraid any more — of being beaten, or abused, or any of the other horrible things that happened to me before. I can't thank you enough, and I know that I could never repay you for all the good things that you'd done for me."

Looking into her beautiful eyes, I told her "If I have done good things for you, then it is because you *deserved* them, just for being who you are. If I have made your life happier, then you have

made **my** life richer for having known you. You said that I will always be in your heart and in your mind; know that you will be in MINE, too. What we have felt for each other is love, and I will carry my love for you with me forever. I will never forget you, and whenever I think of you, it will be with the love that we have known. You go home now to your family, and that is right. You will find the man that you can share your life with, and be happy, and that is right, too; it will comfort me greatly to know that these things will happen. When my time has ended, and my spirit goes to see whoever is in charge of the universe, I will be able to tell him 'I have been loved by Saleh', and that will be all I need."

By the time I finished, she was openly crying; cupping her face in my hands, I used my thumbs to brush away her tears before leaning in to give her a soft, loving kiss on the lips — one that she readily returned. When we pulled apart, I saw that she was trying, valiantly, to smile. As much as it hurt me to, I told her "Goodbye, Saleh" and turned to leave. I heard her say goodbye in return, but I didn't turn around to look at her as I continued on my way out of the station.

I never saw, or heard from, Saleh again. But to this day, I can close my eyes and see her, and the love I felt for her comes flowing into me. I do take consolation in knowing that she has undoubtedly gone on to live a life that is much better than the one she had — but that doesn't really do anything about the hole she left in my heart.

Chapter 11

Bonnie (MF, oral, mast)

I've been a cabbie for a number of years, and have certainly had my share of experiences. Some of them happened as a direct result of my driving a hack; others not so much…

One of the things about driving cabs is that there isn't a lot of exercise involved. I mean, think about it — when I'm doing what I'm paid to do, I basically just sit on my ass all day.

One of consequences of driving a cab is that if you do it for very long, you run the risk of putting on weight; there are a few guys that just don't give a shit, and that's pretty much what they look like — big, blubbery, overweight lumps sitting behind the wheel. There are a few that are genetically blessed with metabolisms that keep them thin; me, I don't have that benefit, so I decided that I'd better do something to keep myself more-or-less in shape. I also figured that it wouldn't hurt to learn how to defend myself at least a *little* bit, so I signed up to start taking karate from a place that was just a couple of doors down from the extended-hours gym I signed up with. I wasn't specifically looking to take karate; if it had been any other kind of self-defense place like judo or boxing, I'd likely have still ended up there.

The thing was that it was a small enough dojo … Japanese for "school" … that there weren't all that many students cycling through the place. As a matter of fact, in the month after I joined, only 3 others started there, too; a couple of kids that I figured were probably in middle school, and a woman that looked like she was maybe in her early 30's. It didn't take long before it was clear that the two kids both went to the same school, and were almost certainly friends outside of class. Since they tried to get teamed up together whenever there was any kind of sparring or one-on-one practice, that pretty much left me and the woman as partners — almost everyone else in the place was at least one belt higher than us.

She was attractive, with butter-blond hair a bit over shoulder-length, lovely blue eyes, and a nice figure (in street clothes; in a karate *gi* [uniform] she was pretty shapeless). She didn't come up but to about chest-high on me, so when we first started practicing together, I tended to try and take it easy on her. But she was a lot more interested in karate (as self defense) than I was, and it didn't take me long to get cured of any such gallantry — if I let myself get distracted by her looks, she wasn't above trying to take my head off or breaking some internal organ that I was still using. What with the padding we wore on our heads, hands, and feet, I finally realized that my chances of actually hurting her were pretty slim, and started trying to do unto her before she could do unto me. When I'd connect with a good one, she'd just get fired up and come right back at me — and likely as not pay me back, with interest.

Naturally enough, there was time for us to learn at least a *little* bit about each other. Over the course of a few weeks, I learned her name was Bonnie, she was divorced, and shared custody of

her ten-year-old daughter with her ex-husband. Though she never said anything about him directly, I was left with the distinct impression that she welcomed the divorce and wouldn't willingly have anything to do with him if it weren't for the kid. She let me buy her a cup of coffee a couple of times after classes, and even celebrate her first promotion with ice cream, but that was pretty much it — she made it **more** than clear that she wasn't looking to get into another relationship any time soon.

I was working out in the gym one evening when I saw someone that looked familiar. It took a little time for me to realize that it was Bonnie because I'd really only ever seen her in karate class — the face-and-place connection was missing in the gym. I watched her for a little bit as I was doing my routine, and quickly saw that she was as committed to getting herself fit as she was to learning to defend herself. When I finally finished up, I had to walk by where she was working out on one of the machines so that I could get to the men's locker room; as I passed by, I saw from the corner of my eye that she did a double-take when she recognized me.

The next karate class, she surprised the hell out of me by all but *demanding* to know what I was doing in the same gym she went to. I calmly pointed out to her that it was just a few doors down from the dojo, and reminded her that I needed the extended hours it offered because of the varying hours of my cabbie gig. She didn't seem all **that** receptive to what I was saying, so I offered to show her that I'd joined the gym about the same time I'd started taking karate. That apparently made her realize that she just MIGHT be suspicious of an innocent coincidence, and she was appreciably calmer when she said she'd appreciate that.

I was waiting for her to emerge from the ladies locker room after class, and when she appeared, I didn't hesitate to pull out my wallet and show her my gym membership card. The "Member since _____" clearly showed that my own membership predated hers by nearly a month. When she handed me the card back, she was clearly embarrassed when she told me "I'm sorry, Jim. You know I'm divorced, but I never told you that my ex-husband was a bit… possessive. When we separated, he essentially stalked me for *months*, and when I finally got a restraining order against him, he got some of his friends to do it for him. So sometimes I get a little paranoid when something like that happens. I hope you understand, and you're not upset with me."

"No, I'm not upset. Now that I know what the problem was, I can appreciate how it must have looked to you. We're cool again, now?"

With a smile, she answered "Yeah, we're cool again."

I didn't figure she wanted to hang around and chat, so I just told her "Glad to hear that. I'll catch you next time, then" before moving to put my gym membership card away. She simply told me "Next time", and headed for the door.

I didn't hurry about getting my card and wallet put away, or getting out to where my car was parked; I was just unlocking the door when I saw Bonnie pull out into traffic.

It was a few months later, and I was on my way home after a late shift one Friday evening when I

saw a bunch of cop cars coming up on me from behind. They were all in full "Hollywood" mode — lights, sirens, and moving fast — and I quickly found a spot at the curb to hug until they'd all gone by. I had just put my rig back into gear when a figure appeared from between a couple of bushes and quickly jumped into the back, then told me "Could we get moving, please? I need to get out of here…"

It took me only a moment to recognize Bonnie; she didn't seem to realize who I was mostly because she was hunkered down in the back seat and trying to look in all directions at once. Only when I asked "It would help if I knew where to, Bonnie" that she stopped to look at who was driving.

When she saw that it was me, the look of surprise on her face was priceless — but didn't compensate for the feelings I got when she told me "I don't know if I should ride with you, or not, Jim. I got myself into something that I wouldn't want you to get dragged into. Maybe I should wait for another ride."

"If you wait, it'll be a while — this isn't what you could call a high-traffic area for cabs. What you got yourself into… would it be what all the cop cars were all about?"

She stayed quiet for a few moments before silently nodding her head. "Suppose you give me a little idea of what's going on, and let ME decide if or how much I'm willing to get involved. If I don't help you, I won't turn you in, either", I suggested.

She hesitated a bit before finally telling me "I got started with an animal rights group some months ago. At first, it was just helping at their facility, but then they started asking me to join them for other things. Each time, it was a little more… unofficial. Tonight, we got into a research place a few blocks from here to rescue some of their lab animals — dogs and cats. I was pretty much okay with that until some of the people I was with started trashing the place, and a couple of others started hiding some kind of *devices* around the place. That was when I bailed on them. I guess they weren't as good with the alarms as they thought they were, either, because I barely got away from the building when a bunch of security people turned up. After that, I started hearing the sirens and everything, and got as far away as fast as I could."

I nodded my head and told her, "Okay. You were doing something illegal, but you stopped before it got too serious. I can live with that,", before getting us moving.

I'd gone only a few blocks when we came up on what could only be called a police roadblock: a couple of cruisers parked diagonally across the street, nose-to-nose, with only enough room for a single vehicle to pass between them. I could see Bonnie starting to get scared in the back seat, and quickly told her "Just stay calm, and pretend you're tired and sleepy — look out the window, and don't pay any attention to what's going on."

She nodded her understanding, and was ready when I stopped next to the cop with a lighted wand signaling me to do just that. I recognized him, and asked "What's the deal, Sarge? Somebody just rob a doughnut shop, or something?"

He recognized me, too, and laughed before answering "Nah, not that bad. That medical research outfit over on Figueroa had a break-in, and we're trying to catch some of the ones that got past their security. What're you doing here, Jim?"

"Just getting the lady home from work."

He gestured to where I hadn't dropped the meter flag and asked "Picking up a little money off the books?"

"Nah, just doing a favor for a friend of a friend. She just got off a late shift over by Helms and Industrial. Her old man has a broke leg and their car is tits-up until she can get a leak in the radiator fixed tomorrow. Instead of making someone else get out of a warm bed, I said I'd get her home when she had to work overtime tonight."

Nodding, he asked "Where you headed?"

"Olive and Elm. You said it was that medical place?"

"Yup."

"Figure it might have been some of those animal liberation types?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Way I hear it, sometimes they leave little 'presents' behind to screw things up when they hit some place. Hope your guys are watching out."

He considered that for a moment before telling me "Y'know, you're right. Might not hurt to remind 'em. Go ahead, Jim. Catch you later."

As I put my hack in gear, I answered "Catch a bad guy for me, Sarge", then carefully eased my way between the two patrol cars. As I was pulling away, I could see him talking to someone on his radio.

A block later, I asked Bonnie "Okay, now where am I *really* taking you?"

The address she gave me wasn't drastically off course from the direction I was headed, but I still gave it several more blocks before turning off the street I was on. As I was driving, Bonnie asked me "What's at those places you told him?"

"Helms and Industrial has a lot of small manufacturing outfits. That suit you're wearing doesn't have any loose cloth or anything to get sucked into a machine." She looked at the dark blue jumpsuit she was wearing, and nodded her understanding before I continued "The area around Olive and Elm is ass-deep to a tall giraffe in apartment complexes, and the street we were on was a perfectly reasonable way to get from your 'work' to 'home'."

After that, she didn't have anything else to say until I pulled up at the address she'd given me. It was a small house on a small lot, but neat, tidy, and looked to be in good repair. It took her a few seconds to realize we weren't moving; when she came out of whatever daze she was in, she told me "Thanks, Jim. I owe you more than I can say. Will you at least let me pay you for the ride,

and maybe have a drink? I need somebody to talk to, and I think you're *just* the person."

I considered it for a moment before answering "Okay, I'll take you up on the drink. Don't worry about the ride; I was on my way home, anyway, and getting you here isn't much off of that."

She graced me with a smile, and got out. She waited until I'd shut down and locked my rig before leading the way to the front door. The outfit she had on *was* pretty damn form-fitting, and I could see that she had a particularly fine ass sitting atop a couple of nicely-shaped legs and from the way she moved — that she was not just fit, but graceful as well. It was nice watching her walk ahead of me.

The inside of her place looked to be fairly nice. It wasn't loaded down with antiques or anything, just simply furnished and decorated. The couch she directed me to was large and *very* comfortable; when I was seated, she told me "I'm going to go ahead and change out of this into something more comfortable. It won't take me but a minute. What would you like to drink?", followed by a list of the liquors she had on hand. I named my preference, and she said that sounded good to her, too. With a brief "I'll be right back…", she left. As I was sitting there, a couple of cats wandered in, and both came over to check me out. It didn't take long for one of them to take up station on my lap so she could purr at me while I rubbed one of her ears; the other sat on the arm of the couch where he found my chin-rubbing skills acceptable. We were still like that when Bonnie made her reappearance — wearing only a too-large football jersey and a pair of panties. I knew the jersey was all she was wearing up top by the faint swaying of her breasts as she moved; the panties were revealed when she sat at the other end of the couch after setting my drink on the end table, and tucked her legs underneath herself.

A clearly amused Bonnie told me "I see you've met Antony and Cleopatra."

"Yeah, they came in to see who the tourist was, and decided I was okay."

"Oh, Cleopatra likes pretty much *everybody*, but Antony's a little pickier. Actually, I'm surprised and impressed that he's letting you touch him."

"Okay, the surprised I can understand. But impressed?" I asked.

"Yeah, impressed. If Antony is willing to let you rub his chin like that, then it tells me a lot about you; most people don't like, or don't understand, cats enough to be able to relate to them. You do, and that's actually kind of rare."

I smiled as I told her "I'm owned by a cat at home" — she laughed — "by the name of Demosthenes, so I get plenty of instruction on how to please my betters."

She got a slightly puzzled look on her face and asked "Demosthenes? That sounds familiar… Greek, I think, but I can't remember exactly."

"Demosthenes was guy in Greek legend that wandered the countryside with a lit lantern, day or night, looking for an honest man."

"And has *your* Demosthenes found an honest man?" she asked, taking a sip of her drink and

watching me over the rim of the glass.

"If he hasn't, it isn't because I don't **try**", I answered.

About that time, Antony decided that he needed some attention from her, and simply walked across me to get to where Bonnie was sitting — much to her amusement. With my hand free, I took a sip of my own drink, which turned out to be some damn fine scotch. When I set the glass down again, Bonnie asked "How is it that an honest man is willing to tell lies to a police officer?"

I considered what I wanted to say for a few moments before answering "You told me that you were involved with those animal rights types, but that you bailed out on them when they started trashing the place and leaving those whatever-they-were things around. The way I figured it, there wasn't any purpose to letting you get busted for the crap they were doing. Yeah, you went IN with them, but you also left when they went too far. I think that it would be a bigger injustice for you to get lumped in with whatever punishment they get, than it was to lie to the Sarge. If I was wrong about you, then you'll probably end up getting busted for something else later on. If I was right, then this was the wakeup call you needed to get your shit together. Either way, I don't think it's likely to happen again."

"Well, it *was* a wakeup call, and I **am** going to get my shit together, as you put it. I can only hope that those clowns have at least some honor, and don't get ME arrested, too, because they're mad I ran out on them."

"You said that it wasn't long between the time you decided to split, and when the security people turned up?"

"No, not even a couple of minutes, I don't think. Why?"

"They may decide that you just did a better job of hiding or getting away than they did. Or it may pop into their heads that you left *because* you knew security was coming — there's no telling. Whichever way it goes, you still need to figure out not just what you're going to do, but what you're WILLING to."

"What do you mean 'willing to do'?"

"I mean, if you decide you don't want to be part of their group any more, how far are you willing to go to keep it from happening? If they threaten you with something, what then? Do you give in, or are you going to 'fess up to the cops if necessary to put an end to it? That kind of thing."

She nodded her understanding, and got lost in her own thoughts for a bit. After I'd taken another sip of my drink, she came out of it and asked "What do YOU think about all of this? What I was doing, and who those folks are, and such?"

"I don't fault you in the slightest for your desire to help abused animals. I know that there are still too many places that don't follow the 'rules' about how they treat the animals they use. One of the arguments used by animal rights people is that animals are animals and people are people, and

that there's nothing to be learned from using an animal to try and find cures for human problems. Except that any biologist will tell you that there *are* similarities between humans and some animals. So while finding a treatment for heart disease that works on, say, a pig isn't an *exact* cure for a human, it's certainly close enough to let them know whether or not to at least **try** it on people. Another part of the deal with them is that they try to lump all animal researchers together, so that if or when they find even ONE that abuses animals, they can use that as justification for going after ALL such research. Before you went to that place tonight, what did you know about them?"

Embarrassed, Bonnie admitted "Not much. Nothing, actually, except what the others told me."

"Think back about how the animals looked tonight, and decide whether or not they looked 'abused' to you."

She did, and when she was done, she told me "They didn't — not even a little bit. They were all friendly, and seemed to be pretty happy, and in good shape."

"That's because the place you went to does BEHAVIORAL research, not *medical*. You probably missed the newspaper article some months ago that told how that facility even has what they call a 'Care Critters' program to take dogs and cats into hospitals as therapy for some of the patients. All they ever do with the animals they have is try to figure out **why** the animals do what they do; none of them is EVER given any kind of drugs or chemicals, injected with anything, operated on, or anything else. In fact, there's a waiting list of people that want to adopt their test animals when they're done with them. Does that sound like the kind of place that was worth the crimes you committed? Trespassing? Breaking and Entering? Theft? Burglary? Or any of the things that the other folks with you started doing?"

The look on Bonnie's face was all the answer I needed before I continued "I'll bet you feel some affection for Cleopatra, here — maybe even love her. But if your daughter was sick, and the doctors told you that the cure for her might — not *would*, but just 'might' — be found if they could do some experiments with Cleopatra, what would you do?"

Again, Bonnie's expression was answer enough for me to continue "What a lot of people don't think about is that when the animal rights people say that the rights of the animals counts for more than the results of the medical and scientific research, those groups are saying that the rights of the animal count for as much — or even more, since they don't want the animal involved — than those of the people who would benefit; and when you boil it all down, that means that they're saying the rights of an abstract animal count for MORE than the rights of an abstract human being — which is the same as saying that they don' t think that people count for as MUCH as animals, never mind more. So the same animal rights people that steal animals from research facilities are stealing the futures of the people that depend on that research to stay alive. In essence, they're saying that the life of this cat on my lap counts for more than the life of your daughter. Are those **really** the kind of people you want to associate with?"

After taking another sip of my drink, I finished "If you really want to help abused animals, then

fine — *help* **abused** animals. Make sure of who you're targeting, and what they're doing. And do it legally; letters to the companies, telling your friends and neighbors, that kind of thing. Hell, organize a protest outside their company, if that's what it takes. But the minute, the *second* you try to deny those people the rights to THEIR property, then you're effectively forfeiting your own."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You told me you're an accountant?" I asked. She nodded, and I said "Research places get their animals one of two ways. Either they have to buy animals with specific characteristics, like lab rats that have been raised in a sterile environment and don't have any antibodies to diseases, or they get ordinary animals from the open market, like breeders or even shelters. Either way, they have pay for the animals. So when somebody comes in and takes the animals away, they're STEALING them. When those folks were trashing that facility tonight, and planting those devices, they were destroying someone else's property. They did all that because THEY thought it was right to do something illegal because THEY thought their reasons were 'right'. Now, if it's okay for them to do something like that, why wouldn't it be equally right for someone that doesn't like accountants — remember, there are <u>some</u> accountants that are involved in organized crime, for example — to do the same thing to YOUR company? Or even you? What's the difference, if the only justification is the intensity of the desire to correct what they *perceive* as a wrong? Isn't that the whole <u>reason</u> we have laws? To protect ourselves from that kind of thing?"

Bonnie sat silently as I added "I've got a pretty simple way of deciding whether some action on my part is 'fair', or not."

"What's that?"

"I just switch the whole thing around to look at it from the other direction — how would I feel if this was happening to ME? Would I be just as happy with how things turn out if I was on the other side, knowing what I know now?"

"For example?"

"Okay, how about something like gay marriage. Most of the people saying it's wrong are straight, and in the majority. Let's turn the whole thing around, then — *gay* people are in the majority, and they're trying to pass a law that only GAY marriage is legal, and that heterosexual couples can only have 'civil unions' and such. Would <u>that</u> be fair? No? That brings up something that far, **far** too many people aren't willing to do — just leave other folks <u>alone</u>. If you don't want people interfering with YOUR life, then you have to show them the courtesy and restraint of not messing with THEIRS. You don't have to like it, but if you want others to respect your rights, you have to respect theirs — which gets us back to deciding whether or not something is 'fair'", I finished.

Bonnie was silent for several seconds before asking me "How the *hell* did you get so smart?"

I had to laugh before I answered "I'm not smart. If I was, I'd be a hell of a lot richer. No, I've had

to study, and think about what I figured was important, and what it meant."

"What are you, some kind of philosopher or something?" she asked.

"Or something", I answered — which prompted her to ask what I meant, followed by my having to explain how I'd dropped out of college while studying for a Philosophy degree, and settled on driving cabs. By the time I was done, I could see that she wasn't entirely sure that I wasn't just pulling her leg, or making it all up. We sat there for several minutes with her contemplating me as we sipped our drinks. She finally broke the silence by telling me "I think I'm going to have to believe what you just told me about yourself. What you said, and the way you were explaining things… it all sounded just too damn… well, *philosophical*. But how does that 'applied philosophy' thing work?"

I had to smile as I told her "You tell me. That's what I was doing when I was talking to you about what happened tonight, and the people you were with. Did what I had to say help you any?"

Slightly chagrinned, she answered "Yeah, it did, as a matter of fact."

"Was that what you wanted to talk to me about?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was. And I was right about you being the person I needed to talk to, too."

I smiled before telling her "That's nice to hear. It's getting a little late, and I think I'd better head home before Demosthenes starts thinking I've abandoned him."

Both of us stood up, and after I'd tipped my glass to drain the last few drops out of it, Bonnie took it from me. She escorted me to the door, and after I'd opened it, she said "Thanks again, Jim, for not just being there when I needed a ride, but someone to talk to."

"I'm glad I was able to help", I assured her. She surprised me by reaching up to hook a hand behind my neck and gently pull me down to where she could give me a kiss on the cheek before releasing me. When I was standing up again, she blushed and said "That's just for being a decent guy."

I just smiled again, and let myself out; I heard the door close behind me, and waited until I heard her turn the deadbolt before heading for my cab.

After that, Bonnie was noticeably more sociable with me. Oh, she'd still try to punch my heart out when we were sparring, but was friendly enough otherwise. She was even willing to smile at me the few times we saw each other in the gym.

Several weeks later, I'd had a busy and profitable day and was thinking about knocking off early when I got a call that someone had asked for me at one of the financial outfits in town. None of my regular customers worked there, so I was wondering who'd called when I pulled up in front of the place — only to be surprised when a grinning Bonnie came out. I had the door open for her when she got to my rig, and once she was seated I got myself behind the wheel and asked "I'm not complaining, you understand, but why am I presumably driving you home?"

Laughing, she told me "I had to work late, and missed my carpool. I figured if I had to take a cab, I might as well see if it could be with someone I know."

I smiled at her via the mirror, and got us headed toward her place. When we got there, it was still light enough outside to see that her front door was open and that there was a guy looking around — apparently watching for her. In the back seat, I heard Bonnie mutter a soft curse before saying "I *told* those assholes that I wasn't coming back. Why the hell can't they listen?"

Turning to look at her, I asked "Something going on? Need me to call the cops or anything?"

That seemed to make her remember who was driving the cab she was in, and she contemplated me for a few seconds before saying "No, I don't need a cop. As for the 'anything', yeah, I could use your help, if you're willing. The 'something' is that those assclowns from the animal group have been after me to come back, even after I told them 'no' — several times. Now the bastards are breaking into my house!"

I could see on her face that she remembered the talk we'd had, and didn't miss the irony of what was happening as she asked me "Jim, I've tried everything else; I guess I'm just going to have to *convince* them to leave me alone. I'm hoping it won't come to that, but I'm afraid this may get physical. Would you be willing to come in with me, and back me up?"

My answer was to simply drop the flag on the meter and radio the office that I was going off shift. Once they'd acknowledged the call, Bonnie and I both got out. When the guy in the doorway saw us, he disappeared farther inside the house; I followed Bonnie inside, where we found him and 3 other men in her living room. Two of them were sitting on her couch, while the guy at the door and another were standing a little inside the doorway. I stopped just inside the living room, while Bonnie headed straight for the two on the couch, telling one of them "Charles, I **told** you that I wasn't coming back, and I meant it. Why the hell won't you listen to me, and what the *fuck* do you think you're doing breaking into my house?"

The two on the couch stood up, and one of them (Charles, I figured) stepped forward to tell her "Nobody quits, Bonnie. We've got to save the animals from those places, and we need people like you to do it. Why did you leave, anyway? We thought you might have called the goons down on us, except they showed up too soon after you left; we figured you must have just gotten away."

Bonnie told him "Well, *I* quit, whether you like it, or not. I left because shithead over there" — she gestured to the guy that had been at the door — "started trashing the place while that other jackass was busy. I saw in the paper that he was planting smoke and stink bombs behind; how the hell does <u>that</u> help the animals?"

"We *have* to tear those places up! If we didn't, it'd be too easy for them to just get more animals and pick up where they left off. We leave other stuff behind to slow them down about fixing what we do while we're there. It doesn't do any good to just liberate the animals if they can get more and be back at it in just a couple of days! Besides, we can usually use some of what we find to show other people what they're doing to the animals they're abusing. We used the smoke and

stink bombs because that building was too close to the oxygen tanks for the hospital to leave incendiaries!" Only after the last sentence had left his mouth did Charles seem to realize what he'd said, and admitted.

"So if you'd had your way, you'd have torched the place, too. Fucking *marvelous*. Well, **that's** why I don't want any part of you assholes any more, Charles. That place wasn't doing *anything* to hurt the animals. I looked them up, and all they do there is test what the animals DO — how they think, and that kind of thing. No operations, no drugs, no chemicals, NOTHING like that. Did you know they even take their animals into hospitals and retirement homes and such as therapy for people, to help cheer them up, and make them feel better?"

"But they're still holding all those cats and dogs against their will!" Charles declared.

"Against their will, my ass! When we let the dogs out of their cages, there wasn't a SINGLE ONE of them that tried to run away, like you'd figure they would if they were being abused. Hell, all the ones *I* saw came over and just wanted to play! The cats weren't even afraid of the **dogs**, you asshole. We weren't 'liberating' shit; just stealing and tearing up what belonged to someone else — and I'm not going to do that any more. Not for you, not for your group, not for *anybody*. So you and your shithead friends get the hell out of my house, and don't come back. If I see **any** of you assholes again, I'm calling the cops — even if it means that I have to go to jail, too. What you're doing is WRONG, but you're so full of yourself that you can't see that. Well, I do, and I don't want any part of it. Now get out!"

Charles tried a different tack then, telling her "I'm telling you, Bonnie… if you don't come back, you'll regret it", threateningly.

Bonnie laughed before she answered "Big fucking whoop. Dumbass over there couldn't even disable their alarm system right. What the hell have I got to be afraid of?"

Visibly angry, Charles suddenly yelled "Get 'em!"

While Bonnie and Charles had been going back and forth, the two with me had shifted their positions a bit; the one from the door had moved to stand a little to my side while the other got himself facing me. So when Charles yelled, the one in front of me started to move like he was going to tackle me. I short-circuited his plan with a snap-kick to the balls; the other one grabbed my arm and pulled me around before trying to nail me with a haymaker. I blocked his punch, and followed through with a quick chop to his collar bone — and heard it snap before his face turned a pasty white. When I looked over to see if Bonnie needed any help, I saw that she was doing fine; Charles' friend was laying on the floor moaning with his hands on his knee. Charles hadn't moved from where he was — which was probably a good thing, since Bonnie was slightly crouched and had her fingertips just a tiny fraction of an inch from his eyeballs. When he realized that she could easily have blinded him for life, Charles turned ghostly pale before I heard Bonnie tell him "Charles, you're a fucking idiot. I'd probably be doing the world a favor if I just killed you right where you are. But that's probably more bother than it's worth, right now. So I'm going to tell you something. I'm going to say it plain, and simple, and in little words, so

that even **you** can understand it — I… am… not… coming… back. Did you hear what I just said?"

I heard his soft "Yes."

"Do you understand it?" she asked. Again, he said that he did, and she wanted to know "Do you believe me now?"

He managed to stammer that he did, and she quietly told him "Good. I'm not going to tell anyone what I know about your operation. Not because I don't want to go to jail, but because I just don't want anyone to know that I ever had anything to do with you and your bunch of losers. IF, however, you **ever** bother me again in any size, way, shape or form, I'll make it my personal goal and life's work to see you and every other asshole LIKE you put away. And if any of you assholes tries to come after me for what happened here, I'll fucking kill you. Got it?" before pulling her hand back from his eyes a bit.

Slowly and carefully, Charles nodded that he did. Satisfied, Bonnie told him "Now, get your sorry ass out of my house, and don't forget to take your garbage with you. If I can still see anything even *associated* with you five minutes from now, I'll call the cops anyway. Get moving!"

With that, Bonnie took a couple of steps back and stood up again — while keeping a wary eye on Charles. He didn't say anything, and leaned over to help his companion get to his foot — the one leg was't functioning properly, and the guy could only stand on the other. My playmates weren't in appreciably better shape; the one with the broken collar bone moaned as he moved to help his buddy get up. Hunched over and holding his crotch, the one I'd kicked managed to shuffle toward the front door; Charles followed, supporting the other guy, while the last one followed along. Bonnie and I followed them outside, and watched as they helped each other into a van that was parked a few vehicles down the street. Bonnie called out to them "You're almost out of time, morons. Best get moving!"

Thirty seconds later, the tail lights of their van were almost out of sight. When they had disappeared completely, Bonnie turned to me and said "I'm sorry for getting you involved in all that, Jim. Those idiots just *couldn't* or *wouldn't* let it go, or get the message."

Looking toward where their van had gone, I answered "I'm thinking they probably got the message THIS time", making her laugh. When I turned to look at her again, she said "Come on in, and I'll buy you a drink."

"Deal!" I answered, and the two of us turned and made our way back inside again.

After getting both of us set up with drinks, Bonnie excused herself to change clothes. When she got back, she was again dressed in the jersey I'd seen her in before. As she got herself settled at the other end of the couch, though, I couldn't help noticing that she didn't seem to be wearing any panties — at least, if the brief flash of blond pubic hair that I saw was to be believed.

With her drink in her hand, Bonnie told me "I want to make *sure* you understand that I really **am**

sorry about getting you involved with those jackasses. I must have told them a dozen times since that night that I wasn't going to help them any more, and they just kept coming back and coming back and PUSHING me about it. When I saw that idiot tonight, I finally decided enough was enough, and that it had to end, once and for all. I wouldn't have been upset or blamed you in the slightest if you hadn't wanted to help, but I'm glad you did."

"Honest, Bonnie, I was glad to help — though I'm not all that sure that you needed it. What mattered to me was that you learned from what happened, and weren't going to do that kind of nonsense again. If they couldn't understand that 'no' means 'no'… well, that's *their* problem. At least now they know YOU mean it when you say it, anyway."

We sat in companionable silence for a couple of minutes before she asked me "I'm curious about something. You're taking karate, and you're fairly good at it. But it seems like there's something… I don't know… *missing* when you're in class. If you don't want to answer this, that's fine but… what are you doing there?"

I smiled, and answered "Maybe what you're getting is the vibe that I'm just not as serious as you seem to be about it. Sure, I'm looking to being able to defend myself, but I'm there more for the exercise and all that than I am for being able to whip somebody's ass. I'd be the same way if that place had turned out to be a boxing gym, a judo dojo, or any other kind of self-defense school."

With a small grin, she told me "Yeah, I am pretty serious about it. Like I told you before, my -ex was… possessive. He was also abusive. He never outright hit me or anything like that, but he sure wasn't above using his bigger size to intimidate me. After I got divorced, I decided that I wasn't going to let anyone push me around any more, no matter *what* size they were. So yeah, I am interested in karate for being able to whip somebody's ass — if that's what it comes down to. Same thing with going to the gym; since I'm smaller than most people, I figure I'm going to have to be stronger and have more stamina if something happens."

I chuckled before I told her "Well, it's working. When we spar, you damn near wear me out before it's over", and getting an answering laugh from her.

Another minute went by before she asked something that just about floored me, "Why haven't you ever tried to hit on me? Get me to go out on a date with you, or hustle me into bed or anything? Are you gay, or don't you think I'm attractive? Does me being better than you at karate throw you, or am I just not your type?"

"No, I'm not gay; and I most certainly DO think you're attractive. Being better than me at karate only counts for anything if we were fighting; I don't know that I even *have* a 'type'. I've left you alone because you've seemed to make it pretty clear that was what you wanted. Me, I don't like the little games that a lot of women like to play; being coy, not saying what's really on their minds, and that kind of nonsense. Things have changed a little between us since that night, sure — but not all THAT much, that I've seen. Of course, I could be missing something, too, so you'll have to tell me if that's the case."

She considered that for a bit before telling me "You were right about me not being interested in

any kind of relationship. I married my -ex right out of high school, and my family was pretty conservative, so I never really got a chance to learn who *I* am before. Now that I'm divorced and on my own, I'm finding that I'm actually pretty happy about making my own way. And after you helped me that night, I've got to admit that I was kind of playing you a little bit, to see if YOU were going to try and make anything out of it. But you didn't, and that got me started thinking about a lot of things. I've been trying to get full-time custody of my daughter, but my -ex has been fighting it with everything he's got. Not so much because he loves her, but so that *I* don't have her the way I want. I told you he was possessive, and that doesn't even *begin* to describe it, really. The whole time I was married to him, I had to answer to him about pretty much **everything**. To this day, I'm surprised that he agreed to let me even *go* to college in the first place. But once I got started, I wasn't about to quit — no matter how much he bitched. Between the grants and other programs, all my schooling cost us was my supplies for notebooks and such; my classes were all during the day when he was at work, and even the part-time job I took to cover what little expenses we did have only kept me out of the house for an hour when he was home. I had to put school off when I had my daughter, but as soon as she was old enough to get into day care for the times I was in class or at work, I was back at it. Except that the son-of-a-bitch made it even worse for me by dumping all this *crap* on me about how I wasn't taking proper care of my family — not just him, but our daughter, too. All the suspicions about where I was going and what I was doing and who I was meeting and talking to finally got to me, and I took our daughter and bailed out on him. That's when he began stalking me to see where I was and what I was doing. I finally got enough evidence to prove to a judge that that was what he was doing, and got a restraining order against him; that's when he got his friends and some of his family to do his dirty work for him. That was all happening while the divorce was going through, and his lawyer made it sound like I was some paranoid nutcase, and got him equal custody. The last few months, I've heard from my daughter that he has been bringing home all kinds of women for the night, and even long weekends. He makes her keep the door to her bedroom open because he wants to control *her*, too; and he kind of 'forgets' to close the door to HIS bedroom, so there have been times when she's heard him screwing whatever bimbo he happens to be with at the time."

I just looked at her, and she said "I'm *trying* to be a good parent, and not <u>asking</u> her to tell me what happens when she's at his place. But when I get her, there have been plenty of times when she's asked ME about something that happened there, and I have to try and explain it to her without making him look like the bastard he is. There's a meeting in a few months to see if anything needs to, or should, be done about the custody situation, and I'm **hoping** that the children's advocate the court appointed for her will hear what's going on, and understand that she shouldn't be with him. The other thing that I'm hoping will help is the fact that she's coming up on twelve, and going to be hitting puberty soon — which would presumably make ME the better parent for her to be with."

Both of us sat there in silence for a bit before she continued "The thing that hurts me more than anything else is the fact that he gets what HE wants by dipping his wick in any female he can get

to spread for him, while I'm so terrified about losing custody of my daughter that I won't let a guy get anywhere near me!"

With that, Bonnie started crying — not just tears running down her face, but in great, wracking sobs. Despite everything she'd said (or perhaps because of it), I didn't hesitate but a moment to scoot over and reach out to her. She resisted only briefly before letting me guide her onto my lap so that I could hold her as she cried into my chest. Eventually, my soft words of comfort and condolence, along with the way I was gently stroking her arms and back, began to have an effect. It probably took a good half hour before all that was left in her was an occasional sniffle.

I was still sitting there with her on my lap when I heard her say "Oh, *god*, now I'm so embarrassed!"

"Whatever for?" I had to ask.

"First I'm kicking ass and taking names, and now I'm parked on your lap crying my eyes out like a little girl. Your shirt is soaked because of me; I mean, I was crying and my nose was — still is! — running, and everything."

I gave her a gentle hug before answering "Bonnie, it's okay. You've had a devil of a time with your ex. You want your daughter — who I can tell you love VERY much — with you, and you've obviously been under a lot of pressure and stress, what with your -ex and those other characters. All that tension and emotion had to come out somehow, sooner or later. It just happened this way, tonight, with me. If my being here triggered it, or made it better or easier for you, then I'm glad for whatever I was able to do. As for me and my shirt… well, I'm waterproof, and I can wash the shirt", the last bit drawing a small laugh from her. Apparently satisfied that she didn't have anything to be ashamed of and that I wasn't bothered by what had happened, she seemed willing to stay where she was — which suited me just fine, since she made for a pleasant bundle on my lap and in my arms.

Another couple of minutes went by before I heard her tentatively ask "Jim? Would… would you stay? Tonight, in bed with me, I mean? And if… if you want to, even make love with me?" while her face was still buried in my chest.

"Bonnie, why are you asking me that? *Really*?"

"Because sometimes I just feel so damn *alone*. As much of a rat bastard as my -ex was, there were still times that it feel nice just to have someone warm next to me to cuddle with — even if he DID suck at cuddling, too. I'm not looking for any kind of commitment or anything; I just need some time with someone so I can get my strength back to keep fighting that asshole and get my daughter here with me, where she belongs. And no, I'm not offering you 'rebound sex', either. All I know about is being with my ex, and ignorant as I was, I still knew that he was a lousy lover; all he ever wanted to do was get it in, pump 'til he came, then go to sleep afterwards. The only times I got even *close* to enjoying it was when he was a little drunk, and it took him longer to get it up and climax. All the books and magazines I read, I **know** it can be better than that… or maybe even SHOULD be, I don't know. But I am sure that I want to find out. From everything

you've said and done, and all the help you've given me without asking for anything in return, I think that I can trust you to do right by me. Even if you're more like my -ex is than I think you are, I'm hoping that you'll at least *try* to do better with me. I don't know *squat* about sex, but I want to learn — and I think that you're someone that I'd like to learn WITH. If you don't want to for some reason, yes, I'll be disappointed; but I'd still like you to spend the night with me, if you would. As much as it might have griped me to say it before, I have to admit that it feels GOOD to be held by someone bigger and stronger than me, and that's what I need right now."

I understood the law of TANSTAAFL the first time I read it in a book by the science fiction author Robert Heinlein, and pretty much took it to heart; I didn't figure that spending the night with Bonnie, or jumping her bones, was going to be without *some* cost. But I figured that it would almost certainly be worth it, and if it gave her the strength or whatever she needed to continue her battle with her ex, then I was agreeable.

"I think I'd like that, then. At least spending the night with you; we'll see how things go on the other", I answered.

Happy with what I'd said, she somehow managed to snuggle herself a little closer to me. A few moments later, she took my hand from where it was resting on her hip; after pulling her jersey away from her body, she calmly slid our arms underneath it until she could put my hand on her breast before letting go of it and pulling her arm back out.

Her mammary was warm as it slightly over-filled my hand, and wonderfully smooth. When I gently squeezed, I found that it was firmer than I'd expected. A moment later, I ran my thumb over her nipple and felt it spring up in response. I did it again, and Bonnie lifted her head to look up at me and say "It… it feels nice, you touching me."

Tilting my head down, I softly kissed her on the forehead before answering "And it feels nice to BE touching you."

She closed her eyes when I started softly teasing her nipple again, and I lowered my head again to give her a soft, chaste kiss on the lips. When our lips separated, she opened her eyes to look at me again. After she'd searched my face and found whatever it was she was looking for, she quietly told me "I think I was right to trust you, and ask you to stay with me tonight. And if you make love with me, I'm sure I'll be happy about that, too."

I kissed her again, and she readily returned it — and encouraged me to continue, and make even more of it.

We spent the next little while like that, with me slowly and gently exploring her breasts while the two of us exchanged a number of kisses — each one a little more inviting and intimate than the last. There came a point when I felt Bonnie start to move on my lap; when I pulled my arm out from under her jersey, she quickly moved off my lap to stand in front of me. Without hesitating in the slightest, she pulled the jersey off and tossed it to the side — leaving her standing stark naked in front of me. I looked into her face, and saw that she didn't seem to be the slightest bit embarrassed; taking that as my cue that I was welcome to look, I did.

I already knew that she was fit, and trim. What I saw from looking at her then was that any "extra" weight she might be carrying was nicely distributed as padding, softening her shape into a *very* nice collection of curves. Her breasts were generally conical, and capped with small dark pink areolas which surrounded nipples that were perhaps as big around as a child's pencil. Both sagged only enough to make it clear that she hadn't had any kind of surgery on them. Neither of them showed any indication that she'd had a child. Her belly was as flat as a woman's could be, and the area between her thighs sported a narrow vee of hair that was the same pale yellow as what was on her head. I could see that it was thick and short, and had the idea that it was also going to be soft to the touch. Her legs were slender, but also visibly muscular. When I managed to pull my eyes back up to her face, she simply smiled at me and turned around — leaving me with my first clear view of her delightful ass. Made up of a pair of small and obviously tight globes, it was a treasure to behold. I also saw that the back of her was as smooth and flawless as the front had been; there wasn't a scar, mark, or blemish to be found on her *anywhere*. When she finally turned around to face me again, I had to clear my throat (visibly pleasing/amusing her) before I could say "Yeah, you're most definitely more than just 'attractive'."

On hearing that, she came forward again and moved to my lap again, though moving her legs to bracket mine and facing me full-on. When she'd moved close enough, I put my arms around her and laced my fingers together behind her. I didn't doubt that she could feel the start of my involuntary reaction to the sight she'd presented when she looked up at me and gave a small wiggle of her ass before giving me a smile. Her eyes were laughing when she told me "Okay, I guess I can believe you like how I look *now*."

With that settled, she reached for the buttons on my shirt while still looking up at me. When I didn't express any objection, she smiled again and started unfastening them. Once she was done, she opened my shirt to expose my chest; after running her hands across it for a little bit, she leaned forward so that she was pressed against the front of me before reaching around to hold me close. I was more than happy to do the same, and we stayed like that for several minutes.

The silence was broken when she told me "As much as it pains me to say this, I still have to get up and go to work tomorrow — earlier than you do, I'm sorry to say. So I think that it's about time that the two of us went upstairs…"

"I think you're probably right", I agreed. A few moments later, I felt her release her hold on me and quickly opened my arms so that she could get off my lap. When she was standing in front of me again, I stood up, too, before taking her hand and saying "Lead on, MacDuff", making her laugh. With her naked as she led us up the stairs, I got a delightful view of the way her lovely ass moved; I was so fascinated by watching her ass cheeks clenching that it's a wonder I didn't fall on my face from not watching where I was going. At the top of the stairs, she led the way to a bedroom at the back of the house; the room across the one she led the way to had the door open, and I could see that it was patently her daughters — at least, if the stuffed animals on the bed and decorating were any indication.

Bonnie's bedroom was large and sparsely, but comfortably, furnished; the bed, a dresser, a

wardrobe, makeup table and chair, and a few small rugs at strategic locations on the hardwood floor. She pointed toward the chair in front of the makeup table as she told me "You can put your clothes there…" before releasing my hand and going over to pull the covers down on the bed, and then climbing into it. As I started getting undressed, she didn't even *pretend* not to be watching. When I was done, and turned to move to the bed, I could see that she'd enjoyed the involuntary show I'd given her — her breasts appeared to be tighter than they'd been before, and both of her nipples were standing tall and proud from the crinkled rosy volcanoes of her areolas. When I started to get into bed next to her, she rolled onto her side and told me "Please… on your back. I want to snuggle next to you."

I did as she asked and discovered that when she said "next to you", it meant **next** to me. I think the only way she could have gotten any closer would have been if we'd been grafted together. It did have its good points, though — I could feel the hard pebbles of her nipples pressing into my side, as well as the soft, lush mat of her pubis against my hip after she'd curled one leg on top of mine and nestled her head into my shoulder. When I put my hand on her waist, she released a soft sigh before telling me "I've missed just *laying* with someone like this. I don't care if it would piss of the Women's Lib types, or not — it just feels **good** to be snuggled up with someone that's bigger and stronger than me. It makes me feel safe, and protected… and even… loved, a little."

"I do love you, Bonnie", I told her. She tilted her head back to look at me, and I quickly explained "No, I'm not trying to get you into a relationship, or professing eternal undying love. I'm simply saying that the affection I feel toward you is much the same as I have for *any* of my female friends; it's just a little more because of how I admire the strength and determination you've got inside to get your daughter back, no matter what, or how long, it takes. I'm telling you I love you because of what I see in you, not because I want anything from you or as any kind of claim or demand."

She looked at me in silence for a few seconds, then said "When I first got away from my ex, I was afraid *all* guys were like him. Then, over time, I figured out that he was more toward the 'complete jackass' end of the spectrum. Having met you, and learned who you are and what you're like… and now, hearing what you just said… I know there are guys that are about as opposite from my -ex as they could be. You're one of them. And now I'm even MORE glad that I met you — and more certain than before that I want to share myself with you, because I **know** that you'll show me what it's *supposed* to be like when a man and woman are together. Please, Jim… help me learn what CAN be, so that I'll have the strength and patience to wait until I meet the one I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Looking into her face, I could see that she really did want to experience what it was like to be with somebody that would treat her differently than her ex-husband had; it wouldn't be "rebound sex", it wouldn't be "I'll-show-HIM sex", or anything other than a simple affirmation that sex *could* be better than what she'd experienced up to that point.

To try and lighten the mood a little, I put a troubled look on my face and answered "Well, I *suppose* I could do that…"

Much to my amusement, it took her a second to realize that I was teasing her — and the look on her face was priceless.

But she DID realize I was teasing her, and smiled up at me for a few seconds before suddenly shifting from being *next* to me to laying **on** me, straddling my hips and resting on her elbows so that her face was right in front of mine. She took a few seconds to look at my face before slowly lowering her head to give me a soft, gentle kiss on the lips before saying "Thanks, Jim. Even joking with me like that makes me think that you care."

"I *do* care, Bonnie."

"I know. That's what makes you so special. But we aren't here to get all philosophical or maudlin — we're here to **fuck**!"

I had to smile at her enthusiasm before asking "And just what did you have in mind?"

"I was never really a *participant* before. Since I got divorced, I've found out that there's a lot that I maybe missed out on. If… if you don't mind, I'd kinda like to, um, make up for that."

"You want to be the one 'in charge', and try stuff that you've read or heard about?" I asked. She slowly nodded her head, and I told her "That's fine, Bonnie. I'm not going to feel threatened, or like I'm any less of a man just because you want us to do what YOU want. And so you don't have to ask or worry about it, I'll tell you up front that the chances that you'll do or want anything that'll put me off are pretty slim. If you're not sure, go ahead and try it; if I've got a problem with it, I'll let you know *nicely*, okay?"

I could see that she was relieved by what I'd said, and put my arms around her as she lowered her head to kiss me again. It was soft, and affectionate — and went on long enough that I was able to give her a gentle hug before sliding my hands down to hold the firm mounds of her ass.

Our next kiss went on even longer, so I had plenty of time my hands to learn that her cute little buns were as smooth as they'd looked on the stairs, and as firm as they'd appeared when she walked. And given the way her arousal was increasing as our kisses continued, she liked what I was doing as I alternated between softly caressing them and giving them gentle squeezes. Only when I was satisfied myself that hers was one of the finest asses on the planet did I release them to begin stroking her back and sides. After I'd been doing that for a bit, she broke off our kisses to raise her body over mine and give my hands free access to the most obvious signs of her femininity. I was cupping one of her breasts in each hand when I finally raised my head and fastened my lips around one of her nipples; as I started softly sucking on it, she released a soft moan of obvious pleasure and arousal.

I happily spent the next few minutes focused on her bust: caressing, kissing, tenderly 'biting' with my lips, sucking on her nipples, teasing her nipples and areolas with my thumbs, and generally acting like any teenage boy with his first set of real tits. And while I was so engaged, Bonnie was making any number of soft noises that let me know she appreciated my efforts.

I had the peaks of both of her breasts swollen and her nipples hard and glistening with my saliva

when she finally called an end to my playtime. Slowly, giving me time to give both of her nipples one last quick lick, Bonnie sat upright before telling me "I never really had a guy DO that before, and it feels *really* nice. But there's more I want to do…" before carefully getting her position reversed so that she was facing my feet. It wasn't difficult figuring out what she wanted to do next, and I wasn't surprised in the slightest when she began to ease herself backwards. It was easy enough to get her to let me help guide her, and it wasn't long before she was able to lean forward so that her face and head were in immediate proximity to my semi-erect penis. It took several seconds of having her just *looking* at me before she even touched me for me to understand that she'd never had the chance (or inclination, anyway) to see a guy's workings before, and really **look** at them. Rather than embarrass her by saying anything, I contented myself with getting my hands on her ass again and alternating soft kisses to the insides of her thighs. As I was doing that, she was moving things around, weighing them with her hand, and generally learning the particulars of male genitalia. Once she was satisfied with what she'd learned, she didn't seem to hesitate in the slightest to lift my penis up and take the head of it into her mouth.

Knowing that she had virtually no sexual experience other than being a passive partner for a guy that didn't care in the slightest about her pleasure, I pretty much expected that she wouldn't have any way of *knowing* what to do or expect. She may have read about things, and decided she wanted to try them; but that was something completely different from the actual **doing**. Still, once she had me in her mouth, it didn't take her long to decide that there wasn't any kind of bad taste and realize that I wasn't going to immediately blow my load. So it was just a matter of a few seconds before she was ready and willing to get things going.

As she started applying herself toward finding out what giving oral sex was like, I decided it was up to me to teach her what *receiving* it was all about. With my hands still busy playing with her delightful ass, I started gradually kissing my way farther and farther up her thighs. I don't doubt that she knew what I was going to do, since she readily moved her knees a little farther apart to give me slightly easier access. It also improved the view I had of her womanhood; the pale delta covering her mons was split between her thighs by the cleft of her opening. Her labia were of medium thickness, but shorter than most I'd seen — and still looked as soft and smooth as they could be. Slightly dark with her arousal, the area between them was faintly shiny with her oils. They were also parted enough that I could make out the entrance to her vagina, which was starting to leak even more of her essence. It took me only a moment to extend my tongue and collect a sample of the nectar she was producing. Light and thin, her oils were slightly salty and sweet at the same time — and definitely worth tasting again.

It didn't take as long as I wished it had for me to exhaust the immediate supply of her juices, but the idea of stimulating her into producing more had its own appeal; when I started teasing her clitoris with the tip of my tongue, the vibrations from the heartfelt groan she released went all the way down to my balls (which she was cupping in her hand). It also seemed to give her the idea to try and find out if she couldn't do something similar to me, and she was shortly using the tip of her tongue to see what she could do. When she got to the area under the head of my cock, my

reaction was more than sufficient to let her know she'd found a Good-Thing-To-Do.

The next little while went by with her learning what she could do to and with my cock with her lips and tongue and mouth, while I demonstrated what I already knew how to do. I'm fairly certain that both of us enjoyed the hell out of the experience.

Of course, as she tried different things, she found out what worked well and what didn't — and she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to do even more of the ones that got the kind of response she wanted. She wasn't particularly good at giving oral sex, but she was most definitely *persistent*. I'd taken her to fairly high levels of arousal a couple of times and then let her slide back a little bit, before she got me to the point that I was about ready to climax. I was softly sucking on her labia when she started using the tip of her tongue under the head of my cock again as she gently applied a rhythmic suction on my erection. The combination of what she'd been doing was the final straw for me, and I pulled my lips from hers long enough to exclaim "Bonnie! I'm going to cum!"

Her only response was to let a little bit of my hard penis slip from between her lips a she continued her efforts — which were soon rewarded by the first powerful blast of my semen into her warm mouth. I felt her start slightly in response, but she never took her mouth off me as I continued to try and spray her tonsils with my cum. Only when she felt me start to soften in her hand did I feel her swallow before using her lips and tongue to make sure that she'd gotten every bit of my jism that was available. It wasn't until I felt her let me slip from between her lips so that she could start licking my flagging penis that I was able to lift my head so that I could try to bring her the kind of pleasure she'd given me.

Applying myself with will, it took me only a very few minutes to bring her to the highest level of excitement; and after holding there for just a couple of seconds, I pushed her into the abyss of an obviously powerful release. Even as she was almost convulsing on top of me, her vagina was pushing out small waves of her essence for me to happily lap up. By the time the spasms wracking her body had faded, there was only a small trickle of her oils available. I was perfectly willing to keep consuming even that little bit of her, but gave it up when I heard her soft plea of "Dear god, will you STOP that? It feels *wonderful*, but I'm too damn weak to enjoy it the way I want to!"

Realizing that I could feel more of her weight on me than I had before, I figured that she was feeling too weak to support herself over me as she had been. Resisting the temptation to give her cleft one last pass with my tongue, I carefully and gently got her off of me before reversing my position so that we were again head-to-head (though oriented the 'wrong' way on the bed). Able to see her face, I could tell that the orgasm she'd just been through had left her pretty wrung out. She was awake and coherent enough, just tired and apparently a little overwhelmed by what she'd just experienced. I gave her a small kiss on the forehead before telling her "Just a minute, okay?"

She nodded, and I quickly got out of bed and headed for the other door I could see, figuring that it was to her private bathroom. It was, and it didn't take long for me to get myself armed with a

damp washcloth. Back in the bedroom, I saw that she'd managed to get herself turned over on her back — which made it easy for me to gently wipe her face, despite her objections that she could do it herself. That accomplished, I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before going back into the bathroom again to swap the washcloth for a glass of cool water. When I was on the bed with her again, she let me help support her as she quickly drained half the glass, took a deep breath, then finished it before handing it back to me with a soft "More?"

When I got back with the second glass, she'd moved so that she was leaning back against the headboard. She accepted the glass from me before patting the spot next to herself and asking "Could you hold me, please?"

I was happy to do so, and it wasn't but a few seconds before she was nestled into my side with my arm around her as she slowly sipped at her water. I was content to wait to see what she had to say about what had happened; it wasn't until she'd gone through nearly half the water before the silence was broken by her telling me "I told you that I never really enjoyed being with my ex, except for the times that he was drunk enough that it took him longer to get off. Those were the only times that I ever had even a *tiny* climax. Once I got divorced, I started, um, taking care of myself, and things got a LOT better. But I have never, *ever* experienced anything like what just happened. Hell, I didn't even know anything like that was even **possible** for me! How the hell can you DO something like that to me?"

I gave her a small hug before answering "I didn't do it all by myself, Bonnie. I think maybe it was a combination of things."

"Such as?"

"Such as the fact that you seemed to like what you did to me. Unless I miss my guess, you liked it a LOT." I could feel her faint blush before I continued "And unless you're a lot more limber than I expect, I don't think that you were able to do take care of yourself the way *I* was doing it, which you **also** seemed to like. So on top of the purely physical sensations, there was the mental stimulation from knowing what you had done, and what I was doing."

"Yes, I liked what I was doing to you. I was kind of surprised at how hard it came out when you climaxed, but that was it. And I *loved* what you were doing, even if you WERE teasing me. I know you were doing it so you could taste me more — I could feel myself getting SO wet! — but I knew you were trying to make it even better for me, too. I just didn't expect 'better' to be THAT good!"

Several seconds went by before she continued "When I first heard about doing stuff like that to a guy, I thought it sounded kind of… nasty. But after I got divorced, I finally really *thought* about it, and realized that a lot of the things that I had learned while I was growing up, and after I got married, weren't what they'd sounded like. I wasn't real sure what to expect when I finally got to try it, but I was determined that I was damn well going to find out for myself. It was kind of strange, at first; but once I realized that I was getting you hard, I was okay with it. You were a dear to tell me when you were going to cum, but I already got a little bit of a taste of it before

then and it was okay." Only then did she seem to realize that I'd kissed her after she'd had my cum in her mouth, and she tilted her head up to look at me as she asked "You didn't mind kissing me after I did that?"

"Not in the slightest. You kissed me back after what I'd done to YOU, didn't you?"

Not particularly reassured, she answered "I think it's probably different with guys… that whole macho, I'm-not-gay thing so many of you have going on."

I had to laugh before I told her "Yeah, there is that. But you might also remember that I said that I don't feel threatened or like I'm any less of a man by a strong woman, either. So why should I feel like my masculinity is in question if I kiss you after something like that?"

She gave me a little smile before answering "No reason at all. I just forgot that you're not most guys — which is something that I'm **very** grateful for, right now."

When she'd lowered her head again, she told me "I want to make sure and thank you for everything you've done the last little while, too. Wiping my face to help me get myself together, and bringing me the water, and just *being* here with me."

"There's nothing to thank me FOR, Bonnie", I told her. "I did that stuff because I care for you, one human being for another. I don't doubt that if the situation had been reversed, you'd have done the same for me."

"Yeah, I would have. But I still appreciate it, because it's something my -ex never would have even THOUGHT of, never mind done. I'm thanking you because you're letting me know that I'm *right* to think that people that care for each other would do stuff like that."

After Bonnie had finished her water, the two of us sat there in companionable silence for a while. Again, she was the one to break the quiet by asking me "I… I don't mean to embarrass you or anything, but… Sometimes, when I was first married, my -ex would want us to be together more than just once. In a single night, I mean."

I managed not to laugh, and kept the humor I felt out of my voice, when I asked "You want to know if I can still make love with you tonight?"

I could feel her blush as she answered "Well, uh, yeah…"

"I can, if that's what you want. If you do, then how soon is up to you, too. If you're willing to provide a little stimulation to help get me going, I can be ready sooner."

I got the answer to whether or not she wanted us to, and how soon, when she eased herself out from where I was holding her so that she could park her fanny next to my feet. Then she leaned back with one arm to support herself before pulling her knees up and spreading her legs to give me a clear and unimpeded view of the area between her thighs. With a devilish smile on her face, she sweetly asked "Is THIS stimulating enough?" before moving her free hand to her mons and drawing a fingertip up between her labia.

Her smile only got bigger when I answered "Well, it's a *start*…"

Over the next several minutes, I was privileged to watch as Bonnie slowly and deliberately pleasured herself. She started by simply dipping the end of one finger between her vaginal lips and drawing it upwards, wetting it before using it to softly tease her clitoris. With each pass of her finger along her cleft and across the nubbin at its top, she became noticeably more aroused — which, in turn, only served to make the *next* time a little easier and more 'productive'. It wasn't long before her labia were well-parted, making it easy for me to see that the area between them was visibly wet with her lubrication; her clitoris (the size of a small pea) had appeared out from under its hood, and each time she caressed it, her vaginal opening clenched slightly… something that absolutely fascinated me. I was half-expecting the accumulated oils at her opening to start trickling down when she changed over to slipping one of her fingers inside herself; when she finally drew it out again, I could plainly see how wet it was as the delicate aroma of her essence wafted into my nostrils. She repeated her efforts several more times, each time probing herself a little deeper and longer. From where I sat, I could also tell that she was doing more than just penetrating herself — she was moving her finger inside herself in different ways, as well.

With the entire length of her finger well-wetted, she shifted her attentions back to her clitoris again — slowly circling it with a fingertip, gently stroking the fleshy pebble of it, and simply putting her finger on it and pressing against it rhythmically. Her efforts had a salutary effect on her arousal, and it looked like her juices were again threatening to overflow the confines of her core when she moved her hand back down again. That time, she began by working to fit two of her fingers through her opening. It took her only a little longer than it had before for her to work her middle and ring fingers all the way into her woman's sheath, leaving them glistening when they reappeared as she slowly and deliberately went about finger-fucking herself. That she was enjoying what she was doing was indisputable, and it wasn't long before the sight of her fingers moving in and out of her vagina was accompanied by a soft and faintly liquid sound. Even without touching myself in any way, the sight and sound and smell of her was enough to get me almost fully erect — it was that intimate and erotic. From the look on her face and the way she was moving, I knew that she wasn't actually trying to get herself off. Rather, she was simply enjoying the feelings she was generating, and getting herself 'primed' for having me inside her.

She'd developed a blush of arousal that had extended to include her shoulders and the upper reaches of her chest when she looked at my manhood and said "Looks like you're almost as ready as I am…"

"*Almost*", I agreed.

"Well, even though I can see that you like the warm-up, I think it's about time we got to the main event…" she told me. Withdrawing her fingers from the confines of her vagina, she got a sultry look on her face as she stuck both fingers in her mouth to clean them. If I'd thought of it at the time, I'd have asked her to save one for me…

Once that was done, she turned toward me and lowered her body so that she could take nearly half my cock into her mouth. After teasing me with her tongue for a few seconds, she changed over to gently sucking on me as she began slowly bobbing her head up and down. With the

addition of the direct stimulation, it wasn't but a minute or so before I was fully erect. But to my delight, Bonnie kept going for several more minutes; I could only figure that she really **did** like what she was doing, and was duly grateful for my good fortune.

Finally satisfied with her handiwork, Bonnie released me from between her lips and got to her knees. A few seconds later, and she was straddling my hips. I took the opportunity to put my hands on her hips to hold her still so that I could lean forward and get my mouth on her breasts again — at least, for a little while. She tolerated my actions just long enough for me to get the peaks of both of her mammaries standing proud and shiny with my saliva before gently pushing my head away. I kept my hand on her hips as she reached between her legs to take my erection (still slick with HER saliva) in hand and lever it up. It took only a minor shift of position on her part to get me where she wanted; the end of my manhood nestled between her labia and faintly pressed against her opening.

It was when she started to press herself down onto me that I realized that I hadn't paid attention to something — with Bonnie's smaller size, it meant that her hands were smaller and more delicate, too; which meant that the two fingers she'd been sliding in and out of herself weren't even *close* to being the same diameter as my average-sized erect cock.

Bonnie's first efforts to impale herself on my cock didn't work; both of us could feel the ring of her opening stretching, but not enough. Her second attempt went only a little bit better, though she tried longer and harder. It was when her third try actually started to cause me physical pain that I asked her to stop. I could see the frustrated disappointment on her face when she asked "Dammit, it isn't like I don't *want* you in me! What's **wrong**?"

"Couple of things", I answered. "First, you're physically smaller than I am — which means that you're smaller *there*, too; particularly after you left your husband and didn't have anything keeping you stretched inside. I know you were using your fingers, but those still aren't as big as I am. Because of that, we still need a little more lubrication if this is going to happen without one or both of us getting hurt along the way."

She silently considered that for several seconds before saying "Okay, yeah, I can understand the smaller inside part. When my -ex took my virginity, I thought I was gonna die, he seemed so big", then, with a grin, she added "As for the lubrication part… well, I think I know how to deal with <u>that</u>!"

With that, she started sliding the head of my dick back and forth across her opening to get more of it coated with her oils. After a moment, she mischievously told me "If you want to suck on my tits some more, this would be a good time" — a suggestion that I was more than happy to accept. As I went back to sucking on her nipples and gently 'biting' them with my lips, Bonnie continued with trying to get the two of us lubed up enough. Every so often, she'd stop sliding my dick around and position it at her opening so that she could try to press herself down on it; each time she did, both of us could feel that she was getting closer to success.

I don't know whether it was because of what I was doing with her breasts, or what she was doing

with my cock, but Bonnie had been softly moaning for a little while when she was finally able to get the entrance to her vagina to stretch enough to get past the head of my dick. As I'd expected, she was still incredibly tight inside, and it took several seconds of her just holding still on me before she felt able and willing to try and get more of me inside. Since I was having a simply *dandy* time with her tits, I didn't mind too much as she slowly got herself worked farther and farther onto my manhood. She'd make a little progress, then have to wait a bit to get used to it, then try some more. Every so often, she'd even raise herself up a little a few times to make sure that both of us stayed wetted with her juices. The disappointment I felt when she'd dropped enough that I couldn't easily reach her tits any more was more than compensated for by the feeling of her warm two-sizes-too-small pussy wrapped around my dick when her ass was finally touching the tops of my thighs.

After she'd wriggled around a little bit and gotten a couple more millimeters of my erection through her opening, she told me "Damn, you feel big. Good, but **big**! I think I'm gonna *like* doing this, now…"

With her breasts out of range of my mouth, I had to find something else to entertain myself with while Bonnie got comfortable about having me inside her. Her ass was within my reach, and it didn't take me long to decide that it was an acceptable substitute. I didn't just play with her ass, though — she felt good enough around me that I was looking forward to the time when we could start moving things around. To help move things along, I also used my hands to caress her thighs, sides, back, and even breasts to not only help her relax to my presence, but to try and draw her attention away from where I knew it must be. Gradually, I felt her begin to relax a bit where we were joined; a little later, and she started making a few small, tentative movements as my hard cock inside her became more acceptable. Putting my arms around her, I pulled her close so that we could kiss; as our tongues fenced back and forth in each others mouths, I used my hands to caress and tease every bit of her that I could reach. By the time she pulled her face back from mine, she was panting softly and the aroused flush I'd seen on her before was back. Our kiss seemed to have done wonders toward her adjustment, too; she readily raised herself up to let perhaps a quarter of my erect penis escape her clutches before lowering herself back onto it with a smile.

From that point, it didn't take much longer before she was slowly (but steadily) bouncing herself up and down on my manhood as her breasts gently swayed, her nipples drawing fascinating patterns in the air. She was easily making enough of her woman's oils to make the sensation of her warm vagina moving around my cock a delight — and the only thing that made it even possible, considering how small and tight she was inside. She'd stretched inside to accept me; but what was simple 'acceptance' to her was near heaven for ME. But after the blowjob she'd given me, I was free to simply enjoy the hell out of how she felt on me; there simply wasn't any way that I was going to climax again any time 'soon'.

As her comfort (and pleasure) with what she was doing grew, so did her enthusiasm. It didn't take much time for her to increase the range of her motion to the point that she was sliding herself up and down nearly the entire length of my cock, accompanied by a number of moans,

groans, whimpers, and other noises of arousal and pleasure. I couldn't resist the temptation, and got her erect nipples between my thumbs and forefingers — holding them in a fixed position while her up-and-down motions caused them to be stretched/pulled at the limits of her movements. That only seemed to excite her even more, and she got even wetter around me as she became even more forceful about how she stuffed herself with my dick on her downward motions.

From sparring with her in karate class, I thought I had a pretty good idea of how much energy Bonnie had, and how far her endurance could take her. As she slid herself up and down on my manhood, I discovered that what I'd thought I knew wasn't even *close* to what she was capable of — at least, not with the motivation she seemed to have just then. She'd developed a fine sheen of perspiration from her efforts (which only made her look even sexier to me), but hadn't given any indication that she was even **thinking** about taking a break. From the way she was panting, and the increasing frequency of the noises she was making, I didn't doubt for a moment that she was enjoying what she was doing; what I was starting to wonder about was how long it would take her to orgasm from 'just' having my cock moving in her. I considered the situation for a bit, and finally decided that since she'd said that she wanted to learn from me, there wasn't any reason I shouldn't become a more active participant. With that settled in my mind, it took me only a second to decide that helping her have a climax before she exhausted herself was probably a good idea. From there, it was only a few seconds before I settled on getting my hand between her thighs and extending my thumb so that when she came down on me, it would rub across her clit.

When she discovered what I'd done, her first reaction was to open her eyes and release a deep groan. Her second was to shift the way she was moving on me; from up and down being at roughly equal speeds, she changed to the up part being pretty much the same, but the down happening much faster. As wet as she was, and the way she was leaning forward, her oils were naturally being drawn down by gravity to her clitoris, keeping it (and my thumb) well lubricated. It didn't take her long to discover that there was a limit to just how fast she could raise and lower her whole body; she simply shifted her efforts so that her upper body remained still while she arched her pelvis up and down more and more quickly. I moved my thumb a bit to better accommodate what she was doing, and earned myself a loud moan of pleasure for my thoughtfulness. Then when I used my free hand to start playing with her breasts again — and particularly gently pinching and pulling on her nipples — she seemed to go into overdrive; it couldn't have been two minutes before she all but slammed herself down onto my cock as she nearly screamed with the start of an orgasm.

As tight as she'd been before, the additional pressure of her vaginal muscles clenching around my cock almost had me convinced that I HAD gone to heaven. Starting from near her opening and progressing deeper inside, her vagina would tighten around me — except that when she had clamped down on nearly my entire length, the deepest part of her would seem to *expand*, creating a sensation that felt for all the world like her insides were actually **sucking** on me. It was the damnedest thing I'd ever experienced, and made me look forward to having it happen when *I* was ready to climax, too.

Somewhat selfishly, I didn't want her to have TOO strong of an orgasm, so I refrained from doing anything to intensify or prolong her pleasure. I wanted her to get herself together sooner than she had after I'd used my mouth on her, so that we could change positions and we could start fucking.

When the waves of release coursing through her body began to taper off, I leaned forward and took her into my arms, supporting her as she recovered from what she'd just been through. It also gave me the chance to kiss her again — lips, shoulders, neck, and even her earlobes were touched by my lips. I knew she was starting to recover when I heard her soft "Dear **god**, I didn't know it could feel like that to have a guy in me!"

I softly nuzzled her ear (causing her to shiver) as I just as softly told her "That's what it *should* be like for you, every time."

She pulled herself back a little bit so that she could look into my face as she told me "But only when I'm with a guy that cares about making ME happy, too — and **that's** something I'm not going to forget", before leaning against me again and resting her head on my shoulder as she finished catching her breath.

It wasn't much more than a minute later that I figured it was okay to ask her "You think you're ready to go on now?"

She pulled back from me a little bit, and the expression on her face made it clear that she didn't know what I was talking about — until she shifted her weight slightly, and felt that I was still hard and still inside her.

I was surprised by the troubled look she had when she asked "Didn't what we were doing feel good for you, too? Did I do something wrong?"

After giving her a quick kiss, I answered "Oh, what you were doing felt just *fine* to me; and no, you didn't do anything wrong. After what you did for me before, it's just going to take longer before I climax again. With us guys, it's pretty much the opposite of how it is for women; instead of climaxes happening faster and easier like it is for you, the more we have, the longer it takes and more difficult it is for us to have another one", in reassurance. "If you hadn't already given me one, what we were doing would have finished me off for certain — I promise!"

Hearing that everything was okay, it took only a moment for Bonnie to perk up and tell me "If you still can, then **YES**, I'm ready to go on!"

"You still look a little tired", I told her. "How about if we change around a little bit so you can take it easy for a bit?"

She readily agreed, and it took only a few seconds for us to decide what to do next. My suggestion that I do her from behind visibly aroused her. Lifting herself off my erection with a small moan of disappointment, she quickly got herself turned around before getting positioned on her hands and knees. I got so fascinated by the sight of her ass and the slightly-drooling slit of her sex surrounded by her pale pubic hair that she had to wiggle her ass at me to get me moving

again.

When I was positioned behind her, I levered my cock down and got the head of it wedged against her opening — whereupon she promptly pressed herself back and onto my cock, groaning her pleasure as she took nearly a third of my length before the way her body was lowering toward the bed forced her to a stop.

Getting my hands on her hips, I guided her back up again before arching my hips forward and filling her with a single slow thrust that ended with my pubic hair nestled between the cheeks of her ass, followed by her impassioned "DAMN that felt good!"

Figuring she might like it if I did it again, I did. After slowly easing myself out of her so that the tight ring of her opening was right behind the head of my dick, I again filled her with my manhood. She didn't bother saying anything the second time; she just released a soft moan as I felt her get a trifle wetter around me.

That pretty much set the tone for the next little while; me fucking her with long, slow strokes, each one adding to her accumulating pleasure and arousal. When I leaned forward to get one hand on her breasts (I needed the other to support my body), that only increased how quickly her excitement grew. The problem was that bent over her like that wasn't just awkward, it was tiring, so I couldn't spend as much time that way as I wanted to. Still, I managed to get Bonnie going pretty good, so when I had to raise back up again, she was pushing back toward me with each of my thrusts.

It took only a few more minutes before I could tell that she was getting close to having another orgasm. She was noticeably wetter inside than she'd been when I'd first pressed myself into her from behind, and I could see that her grip on the bedcovers was tight enough that all of her knuckles were white. I continued my long and relatively slow thrusts into her, and felt the start of a series of progressively stronger and more frequent spasms pass through her vagina. Mild and infrequent at first, they gradually grew in frequency, strength, and duration as she clearly got closer and closer to her release. Between how affectionate and responsive she'd been up to that point, and how she'd felt around me, I couldn't help but conclude that her ex-husband had been a complete moron not to have been able or willing to bring out (and reap the benefits of) the desire and passion she was so clearly capable of. Well, his idiocy was benefitting ME, and I was more than willing to do whatever I could to make the night something that Bonnie and I would **both** remember favorably for a good, long time.

With the sensations I could feel in Bonnie's pussy as a guide, I was as ready as I could be when she slipped into her third orgasm of the night. My only concession when it started was to hold myself still as far inside her as I could — both to savor the feelings as her vagina again tried to milk my cock, and to keep from over-stimulating her so that she'd be in shape for us to keep going. With the change in our position, the feelings she created around me were slightly different, but certainly no less enjoyable; by the time her climax began to taper off, I knew that the next time she came, it would be the end for BOTH of us.

I waited until I heard her breathing stabilize before I started moving in her again; when she felt me start to slide my cock out of her, she turned her head to look back at me to exclaim "I sure as hell hope you climax before too long — I don't know if I can *stand* many more of those!"

I leaned over her again so I could give the back of her neck a kiss (and her shoulder a little bite) before telling her "No, it won't be too long. The next time you cum, that'll be it for ME, too."

"Thank god! I went from a guy that couldn't make me cum to one that makes me cum too much! Isn't there a **middle ground** in there someplace? Jeez!"

From the tone of her voice, I knew she was just teasing me. But I could also tell that she was more than a little tired, too. After giving her ear a little nibble (which prompted her to shiver), I told her "If you want, we can change around again…"

She considered my offer for only a moment before telling me "Yeah, I think I'd like that — would you be okay with you on top of me? You know, just plain old *fucking*?"

"I think I could handle that", I answered, before giving the back of her neck another kiss. Raising up again, I eased my cock out of her and moved back a little ways to give her some room. In less than a minute, she'd gotten herself repositioned onto her back, with her knees pulled up and her legs spread in invitation for me to again fill her with my manhood. And again, I had to pause for a few seconds to try and memorize the sight of her before moving between her smooth thighs and getting my cock positioned between her glistening labia.

Bonnie lifted her head and watched as I slid myself into her in a single long, slow thrust; when she let her head fall back again she didn't say a single word — only releasing a deep and clearly heartfelt groan of arousal before wrapping her legs around my waist to open herself to me as much as possible.

It didn't take long for me to get into a nice rhythm of fucking into her; the way that I was positioned over her had her nipples stimulated almost constantly as the peaks of her breasts drew little designs on my chest as they shifted in response to my thrusts. It felt great to me, and from the way I could see the flush on Bonnie's face and shoulders darkening, I knew it was doing even MORE for *her*. For the next several minutes, the only sounds in the room were the soft liquid slapping of our loins meeting and her almost continuous noises of pleasure and arousal.

I'd reached the point where I knew that my release wasn't far off when Bonnie opened her eyes to look up at me and say — between pants — "Jim? I… I want to feel you in me — as far as you can get. And… and I want to see while you're doing it…"

It took me only a moment to realize that that would have me cumming in her sooner than I would otherwise — primarily due to the way her vagina felt when she climaxed. So I was certainly agreeable when I told her "*I'm* willing, but it might not be too comfortable for you — you'll be almost bent in two."

She surprised me by smiling briefly before answering "That won't be a problem; I've always been pretty limber."

With that, there was nothing for me to do but raise up and support myself with my straightened arms; Bonnie unwrapped her legs from around me and brought her knees up toward her head — and getting them farther than I'd expected. It was only a few moments before I got first one arm, then the other, behind her knees and levered even farther up. Lifting her head, Bonnie grabbed one of the pillows and got it wedged behind her so that it kept her head tilted forward. That left us with Bonnie spread wide underneath me, my arms behind her knees (which were almost even with her breasts), and giving her a clear view toward where we were joined. The moving around had caused me to slip out of her a little bit, so that about half my glistening erection was visible to us before it disappeared between her vaginal lips. Once more, Bonnie watched as I pressed myself back into her until the entire length of my manhood was encased in her sheath. Both of us could see that my pelvis had somewhat flattened the appearance of her mons because of how deep I was inside. When I started to slide myself back out of her, I heard her release a soft gasp. When I looked between us, just as she was, I saw that her labia were clasped around my cock and being pulled out and away from her body. I stopped my movement when I felt the tight ring of her opening clenched just behind the head of my dick, and both of us again watched for several seconds as her labia remained stretched out. I shifted my focus to Bonnie's face, and watched as she closed her eyes and uttered a soft "**Christ**, that is so hot!"

When she'd opened her eyes again, I began to lower my hips, and both of us were witness to seeing her labia shift from trying to hold me in to *guiding* me when they disappeared from our sight. The scene ended only when our pubic hair had merged, accompanied by a soft moan from Bonnie.

It didn't take long for me to repeat my efforts, though I moved a little faster and not quite as far. Then I did it again, and again, and again… soon getting into a cyclic rhythm of steadily seesawing nearly half my dick back and forth through her opening as her excitement rapidly increased to higher and higher levels.

I was starting to get a little tired, but the faint tingling in my balls told me that I wasn't far from filling her with my cum when Bonnie suddenly tripped over into what was clearly a *very* powerful orgasm. The incredible milking sensation created by her spasming vagina was all it took to trigger my own climax. With a deep groan of pleasure, I tried to stuff as much of my cock in her as I could before the first wad of my jism erupted. I can only think that Bonnie could feel it, too, since the pressure of her spasming pussy got even stronger; she nearly screamed her pleasure as she dug her nails into my back. The curious milking effect of her vagina intensified and prolonged my release; by the time I got my senses back, I thought the next thing to leave the end of my dick would be one of my balls.

Looking down at Bonnie, I could see that she was as stunned by what had happened to her as I was by what I'd just experienced. It was all I could do to get my arms from behind her legs, letting them fall to the bed, so that I could support myself on my elbows over her while I tried to get my breath. Even the little aftershocks going through her were amazing as they provided enough stimulation to keep me much harder for much longer than I'd thought possible. Even so, there still came the point where I had shrunk enough to slip out of her.

A quick look at her told me that Bonnie wouldn't be in any condition to do much of anything but lay there and breathe for a while, so I pulled myself together and somehow managed to get out of bed and into the bathroom. I quickly dampened another washcloth to wipe my face and get myself refreshed a little before taking it, and the washcloth I'd used before, back into the bedroom with me. With the cloth that I'd used on myself, I gently wiped Bonnie's face before using it to wipe up the majority of the fluids at her pelvis. The second was used to collect the semen that was starting to leak out of her. When I'd gotten what I figured was most of it, I hurried back into the bathroom to rinse both items out before grabbing a small towel and making my way back to bed. Folding it over a couple of time, I got it positioned under her and generally between her thighs — despite her mild protests. A quick trip to raid her refrigerator, and I had some cold sodas handy when I got myself stretched out next to her before taking her into my arms and simply holding her.

My fingertips were drawing lazy patterns on her hip when I heard her softly tell me "I'm trying to figure out how I make the way I feel right now *your* fault… but I can't. I just wish I'd known what I was letting myself into — or to be more precise, **who** I was letting into ME!"

I couldn't help but release a short laugh before asking "I've got some drinks here; would you like one?"

"Yes! But you'll have to help hold me up; that last one was a **doozy**…"

After I'd gotten myself resting against the headboard, Bonnie was able to provide a little more than token assistance in helping me get her sitting up next to me — not neglecting to make sure the towel stayed between her legs and underneath her. With her resting against me and the headboard, I reached over and got one of the sodas and passed it over to her after opening it for her. She saw me watching to see if she needed any help holding it, and gave me a half-smile before saying "THIS much, I can do by myself. Beyond that… I wouldn't make any bets."

After both of us had taken a few sips, she told me "Thank you for holding yourself over me after… and for wiping my face and cleaning me up a little. I knew what you were doing, but that last time was *so* much that I just **couldn't** do or say anything except lay there and try to breathe! I said that I wanted to learn from you, and I've got to tell you… you are one hell of a teacher! And so you don't have to worry or anything, I want you to know that I am **not** upset with you in ANY way… not even a little bit. I wanted to be with you so I could find out what it was like to be with a guy that would treat me right, and that's just *exactly* what you did — and I'm glad of it. I don't know if you were doing anything 'special' just for me" — "I wasn't, really", I told her — "but you damn sure showed me what it's like to be with someone that really cares about me when we're together. If you ever get married, I know your wife isn't going to have **any** doubt that you love her!"

After a brief glance at the alarm clock at her side of the bed, she told me "In the last three hours, you've shown me more care and compassion, and brought me more pleasure, than I've experienced in the last ten *years*. After we'd been in karate class for a while, I decided that I kinda liked you. And when you got me home that night, and sat and talked with me, I even felt a

certain amount of I guess you could call it affection for you. But now, after what happened earlier, and then up here… what I feel is *love*. Not the romantic kind, like I had at first with my ex, but the mature, adult kind — the caring and concern and wanting good things for you kind that comes from knowing — **knowing**, mind you! — that you feel those things for me, too."

Hearing that, I knew that Bonnie had found at least *some* of what she was after; some healing from what she'd gone through with her ex, feeling stronger from knowing that she wasn't alone in the world, and starting to learn how to not just give but *accept* love and affection. Giving her a soft hug, I told her "I do love you, Bonnie. The same way I said it before, and the same way you just said it, as one adult human being to another. Now that I have some idea of what you life with your -ex was like, I'm sorry about what you had to go through. Not out of pity or anything like that, but simply because I don't think **anybody** should have to put up with that kind of crap. As I've gotten to know you, I've learned that you're smart and strong and loving and affectionate and a whole raft of other good things. On top of all that, you're also a VERY lovely woman, physically, and a delightful lover. I actually envy anybody that you choose to share your life with, because of the kind of person they'll be getting."

Hearing that, Bonnie turned her head to look up at me — and I took advantage of the opportunity to give her a soft, affectionate kiss that she readily returned. When our lips parted, I could see that she would be able to handle the changes that were coming in her life. After a whispered "Thank you", she lowered her head to rest it on my shoulder.

I'm not sure how long we sat there; it was Bonnie that broke the silence to say "I think it's probably time that we actually went to bed — you know, to *sleep* this time? It's already late enough that I know I'm going to have a little bit of a case of drag-ass tomorrow…"

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea", I answered.

Lifting her butt off the bed, Bonnie pulled the towel out from underneath herself. After giving it a look, she casually tossed it toward the bathroom before telling me "If there's any of you left in me, it's not enough to worry about — and I'm too damn tired to clean up, anyway. So if sleeping with a woman with a squishy pussy bothers you, you're just going to have to live with it."

Grinning, I answered "I won't say anything about your squishy pussy if you won't say anything about my sticky dick. Okay?"

She grinned back at me before answering "Deal! Now lay down, so I can cuddle up to you and we can go to sleep."

After I'd gotten myself facing her on my side, she quickly matched my position before plastering herself against my front. After I'd put my arm around her, I cupped her breast in my hand as she released a soft sigh of contentment. Reaching back, I turned off the lamp, leaving us laying there in the darkness. I was starting to drift off when I heard her soft "Thank you, Jim."

Giving her a soft hug, I answered "You're welcome, dear" — something that apparently prompted her to pull my hand off her breast long enough to give my palm a soft kiss before she

put it back. I don't think that it took much longer before both of us were fast asleep.

The next morning, there wasn't any awkwardness or anything else to interfere with the two of us getting ready to leave. Bonnie didn't hesitate to invite me to join her in the shower, where we found a few pleasant ways to help each other wake up. We easily worked together to make breakfast, playing a little literal and figurative grab-ass along the way. Only after we'd shared a loving and lengthy kiss outside did we go our separate ways.

After that, Bonnie and I continued our karate classes, and continued to try to wreak mayhem on each other when sparring. Our friendship continued to grow, and every so often Bonnie would indicate that she was interested in the two of us spending the night together — sometimes at her place, sometimes at mine.

It was maybe six months later that Bonnie finally got full custody of her daughter. The child advocate for her daughter told the judge in the divorce about what had been going on, and he apparently nearly hit the roof. Not long after she got her daughter home, Bonnie started inviting me over to her place every so often for an evening. Though she was a bit shy with (and suspicious of) me at first, I just treated her like what she was; Bonnie's daughter, a twelve-year-old female with her own mind and personality. I didn't try to become her best friend or a substitute parent, or any of that kind of nonsense. After a few such occasions, Bonnie was amused to tell me that her daughter liked me; I was nice to her, but without "sucking up". It took a few weeks, but Bonnie finally asked me to spend the night with her at her place; the next morning, I treated her daughter the same way I always did — which Bonnie later told me actually made an impression on the girl because I'd neither acted like it was anything to be ashamed of, nor did I brag or talk about what had happened. She knew that I'd spent the night with her mother, and pretty much 'knew' what we'd done; my actions the next morning had made it clear to her that I cared for her mother, and simply considered sex to be something *private* without being good or bad.

When her birthday came, I got Bonnie's daughter a nice (but not *too* nice) gift, and celebrated with them at my place, where she was delighted to meet Demosthenes.

It was roughly a year later that Bonnie told me that her company was ready to promote her — IF she was willing to take the job in another state. I didn't hesitate in the slightest to encourage her to take it. After no small amount of soul-searching, Bonnie did just that. A couple of nights before she was to leave for good, we spent our last time together and said our goodbyes the next morning. After I told her "I love you, Bonnie. And so will the guy that's right for you", she started to cry and said "I love you, too, Jim. And thank you for **everything**", before pulling my head down to give me a soft kiss on the cheek. After she'd released me, she resolutely turned and made her way to her car before getting in and driving off. Showing the courage I knew she had inside, she didn't look back even once — I know, because I watched her until she was out of sight.

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Chapter 12

Ellen and Carol (MF, Mf, oral)

I've been a cabbie for a number of years after dropping out of college while trying to get a degree in Philosophy.

Driving a hack, I've gotten my share of offers from various passengers — in addition to those from the usual assortment of pimps, hookers, dealers, and other underworld denizens. Then, too, I've gotten some that seemed to come out of nowhere, and were so unusual that there was simply no forgetting them.

It was shortly after school let out one year, and I had occasion to pick up three generations of women from the train station. No biggie, and I got headed for their hotel pretty much like I do for everyone. Along the way, they asked me about some of the local sights and tourist attractions, and I answered them. I also offered a couple of suggestions about some other places they might want to see, and they seemed to appreciate it. When we got to where they were staying, I helped with their luggage like I usually do, and got my usual decent tip. I was one of the best cabbies in town, simply because I **did** do stuff like that — along with being a good driver, consistently helpful and friendly, and maintaining a professional appearance.

The days that followed, though, these three — a girl about sixteen, I figured, her mother, and grandmother — kept asking for me *explicitly* when they needed a ride from point 'A' to point 'B'. Apparently, they liked me, and were perfectly willing to chat with me about different things as I took them to where they wanted to go. The grandmother (Beth) and mother (Ellen) were the most sociable and talkative; the daughter (Carol) not so much — there seemed to be something going on with her that the other two were trying to work on, but without saying anything.

I got along with them well enough, even, that they offered to treat me to lunch one day. I tried to beg off, but they were insistent enough about it that I finally gave in and took them to a place that I knew that served good food at reasonable prices. It was while we were eating that I learned that Ellen's husband had died in an accident caused by a drunk driver when Carol was just 10, and that she and Carol were able to have a comfortable (but certainly not lavish) life because of the insurance he'd had and the money they'd gotten from the claim against the other driver. I also learned that Carol had never been in any kind of trouble, was a straight 'A' student, and wanted to go on to college and become a teacher — preferably in one of the sciences. Beth's husband had died of a stroke just a couple of years before.

As I sat there at the table with them, I could easily see that they were all related, and it didn't take me long to decide that all three of them were more than passingly attractive. Beth, the oldest, was just starting to show her age — but doing so with class and a simple attractiveness. It wasn't difficult to imagine what she'd looked like when she was younger, and I didn't doubt that she'd

pretty much had her pick of guys to go out with.

Beth shared her mothers basic good looks, but in a slightly different way; while not 'pretty', she had a kind of handsomeness that would stay with her well into old age. She was also doing a fine job of being middle-aged: there didn't look to be ten extra pounds on her *anywhere*, her skin was still smooth, and she had a shape that I noticed more than a few men (including some younger ones) appreciating.

Despite the faint 'attitude' she was packing around, Carol was a looker in her own right: the smooth, soft skin of her age and a trim (but not thin) figure, coupled with being a trifle more buxom than her mother, made her REAL easy and fun to look at. All three of them had lovely brown hair, simply styled, and soft brown eyes. I could only hope that the woman that I settled down with would look as good…

Of course, the three of them (Beth and Ellen more than Carol) wanted to know something about me, too, so I had to explain to them how and why I'd dropped out of college to start driving cabs. Beth didn't seem to quite know how to deal with it, while Ellen gave every indication of understanding my motives while not necessarily agreeing with them. Carol was the only one that indicated that she really understood. After we'd finished eating, I drove them to their next destination before finding a spot where I was likely to pick up my next fare.

We pretty much went through the same routine the next day, and then the day after that. Though I felt kind of spoiled by their interest and attention, I didn't take it (or them) for granted even a *little* bit. So when I didn't hear anything from or about them the next day, I was still ready to take care of getting my own lunch — and was about to do so when I got a call to pick someone up at their hotel. When I got there, I was surprised when Ellen was the only one waiting for me; I'd pretty much gotten the idea that wherever one of them went, all of them went. But my job is driving a cab, so after I'd gotten her into the back seat and myself behind the wheel, I asked here "Where am I taking you, Ellen?"

"We're going to whatever place you know that's fairly quiet at lunch. There's something I need to talk to you about, and I'd feel better if it was someplace where nobody could or would hear what I have to say."

Trying to lighten the mood at least a little bit, I responded "Sounds serious…"

She didn't even crack a smile; she simply said "Believe me, it is."

I considered it for a few moments before putting my rig into gear and getting us moving — I knew the waitresses at a place that even though it was generally fairly busy during lunch, they could get us a spot that was as quiet and private as Ellen had said she wanted. That proved to be the case, and Ellen and I had both ordered and gotten our drinks (tea for both of us) when Ellen told me "I expect that you've noticed that Carol hasn't exactly been thrilled while we've all been here."

I answered "Yeah, I have. It seemed like you and Beth had something going on with her, but I

didn't figure it was any of my business."

She released a half-laugh before she told me "Well, that was true — right up until last night."

Seeing the confusion on my face, she went on to tell me "I need to give you a little background, so you can understand the problem I have, and why I've come to you with it."

I told her to go ahead, and she did:

"All three of us — Mother, me, and Carol — have always been close. When I was growing up, I was always able to go to Mother about anything: a question, a problem, just someone to talk to while I got something straight in my mind, or whatever; and I was always there for Carol the same way. After her father died, I think I was the *only* person she felt she could count on and we became even closer. That continued even after she hit puberty and started developing physically; when she started going out with boys, she wasn't afraid to come and talk to me about what happened on her dates. Whether it was to try and find out what he was thinking when some boy did something stupid, or how she felt about it when she started being intimate with them, I always knew what was going on with her. At least, I knew up until a couple of months ago, when she suddenly stopped coming to me. I wasn't foolish enough to think that nothing was going on with her; I just figured that she needed a little time to get used to whatever it was before she could talk to me about it. I let her know several times that I was there if she wanted to talk, but I was careful not to get even a <u>little</u> bit pushy or inquiring. It was nearly a month before she finally told me what was happening: some of the people she knew at school had found out that she was still a virgin, and started making a MAJOR deal out of it. Not just harassing Carol, but telling *other* people about it, too. I'm sure you remember how much pressure there was in middle and high school to 'fit in', and not stand out from the crowd too much. Well, let me tell you, it's apparently even worse now than it was then — and to be singled out for something like **that**, AND having everyone talking about her because of it, almost destroyed her. From what she told me, she even briefly considered running away as a way to get away from all of it before she settled on doing something else."

"What was that?" I asked.

"She told me that she'd decided to stop being a virgin. At first I couldn't imagine what she was talking about, and she finally told me what she'd settled on: simply figure out which of the boys at school she thought would be acceptable, and start letting him have sex with her — *knowing* that he'd tell his friends what was happening, and that all the ones that had been harassing her would hear about it. She thought that once they knew she'd lost her virginity, and to who, they wouldn't have any reason to bother her. Needless to say, I was considerably less than enthusiastic about the idea, and somehow managed to get her to put it off for a little while; I expected that the whole thing would simply blow over before much longer. That didn't prove to be the case, and it was just a couple of weeks ago when she told me that she figured she needed to do it anyway. I made up this trip with the three of us to use as a reason for her to wait again, and she eventually agreed to it. THEN I had to talk to Mother and explain what all had been happening, and what I'd said and done. She wasn't real happy about the situation either, but agreed that I'd done the best I

could and started trying to help get through to Carol that her idea of a cure was as bad, or worse, than the disease — which is *another* reason we've given her for not following through with her plan: she's had the health classes in school, and we've reminded her of just how bad some of the things she could end up catching could be. But the idea of **maybe** getting infected with an STD doesn't stand up very well against all the other nonsense she's already experienced. She hasn't argued with us about it, or acted up, or anything else; it's just that nothing we've said or done has changed her mind any."

"Until last night", I prompted.

"That's right. I was getting ready to go to bed last night when she came to me and said that she didn't think that she wanted to lose her virginity to one of the boys at school. When I asked her to tell me what she meant, she said that she'd been thinking everything over the last couple of days, and decided that some of what Mother and I have said to her was right. I was considerably relieved until she told me that she still wanted to lose her virginity, just not with one of the boys at school — that she wanted it to be with someone that really knew what they were doing. We started talking about it, and when Mother heard us, she joined in. All three of us were up past midnight, going back and forth and explaining and questioning and everything else until all of us knew where the others stood on all of it. After that, *I* was up until nearly four this morning, thinking about everything: what I wanted FOR her, what I wanted FROM her, what I was and wasn't willing to do, and all the rest."

"And you wanted to talk to me about this because…?" I asked, figuring she (or they) just wanted an outside opinion, or something.

Instead, the answer I got back left me stunned: "Because Carol has decided that she wants to give herself to YOU for her first time."

I took me a while to get my thoughts together enough to ask "Why *me*? And isn't there something **else** you can do, like send her to a different school or something?"

From the tone of voice I used, Ellen must have understood that I was hardly agreeable to the idea, and told me "You because of what you told us about yourself that first time you had lunch with us. Carol figures that somebody that had enough sense to figure out that what they were learning in college was gibberish AND had the courage and integrity to drop out so they could try and **use** what they *had* learned was the kind of person that would treat her right. Last night, when she explained it to me — saying a WHOLE lot more than I just did — I understood what she was saying, and had to admit to myself that she had a point… at least, in the abstract. Sitting in front of you now, it's not so easy to deal with — but I still understand what she said. As for the other… we live in an area that isn't *quite* rural. There isn't another school for her to go to that isn't at LEAST a two hour commute each way. And from what I've heard from some of my friends, some of the kids at even *those* schools have at least heard about what's happening, even if they don't actually know Carol's name yet. We've also considered home-schooling Carol, and a number of other things — including getting lawyers involved. But it seems that everything we've thought of has **something** about it that makes it unworkable. Believe me on this: I've looked into

every idea I've had that has been good, bad, or indifferent to try and find a way out of this for the last two **months**. After last night, this is the only thing that I think even *might* work. Do you think I'd be sitting here telling you that my sixteen-year-old daughter — seventeen in a couple of months, if that helps you any — wants to go to bed with you if I had any kind of alternative?"

When she put it that way, I had to figure that if me boffing her daughter was the solution, then she had a REAL problem.

About that time, our food showed up. By unspoken agreement, we set that subject aside as we ate. It was after the table had been cleared that we picked up where we'd left off. Ellen got things going by telling me "As much of a shock as it was for you to hear what I said before, I've got to tell you the rest of it, too."

Seeing that she had my full attention again, Ellen went on to say "Carol understands that she literally *doesn't know* what she doesn't know — that is, despite the talks we've had, the things she's read and seen, and all the rest, she doesn't have any direct and personal knowledge of sex itself." Visibly embarrassed, Ellen continued "I even got a porno movie that one of my friends husbands had for her to watch, so she would have at least <u>some</u> idea of what was involved. It apparently also made her realize that she was going to have to be careful about who she was with so that she wasn't hurt; at least, no more than necessary. So after she said that she wanted to give herself to YOU, and I said that she wouldn't know any more about being with you than one of the boys from school, and that she'd likely be even more nervous and everything, she said that she'd thought of that — and wanted my help with it. Of course, I had to ask what she meant."

Ellen got even more embarrassed then, and fell silent. When she didn't say anything for a little while, I finally had to ask "And what DID she mean?"

Blushing furiously, Ellen made a couple of false starts before taking a deep breath and telling me "She wanted me to be there, too. And specifically, for me to go first so she could see if you would be as considerate as she needed, and then stay in case you were different with her or she needed any kind of help or encouragement. She knows that there haven't been any men in my life since her father died, so she figures that I'd need the same things to be with A man as she would for ANY man: someone that could be patient and considerate and supportive with a female that was nervous and more than a little embarrassed to be with someone she didn't know particularly well. Believe me, I was even more shocked to hear that from her than you are to hear it from me. My first response was simply to refuse — if she wants to stop being a virgin, that's ultimately HER choice; I'm not about to start jumping into bed with men I hardly know just because of HER problems. As you might imagine, there was no small amount of… discussion on the matter before it became simple and clear-cut: if she's to be with you, then I'm there, too, and go first. If it isn't you, or I'm not present, then she's perfectly willing to follow through with her original plan when we get home. She's decided that if she can't have it happen 'right', then she'll just do what she thinks she *has* to — it's everything or nothing, as far as she's concerned."

"What do **you** think about it?"

She took a few moments to compose herself before telling me "She's my daughter, and I love her — no matter HOW crazy she's making me. I can even understand what she's saying, after a fashion. There's a *reason* there hasn't been a man in my life since her father died: I loved him very, **very** much, and he loved me. Both of us — he and I, I mean — enjoyed our intimate times together; if it wasn't for a problem I had when I was pregnant with Carol, we'd likely have had several more children. After he was gone, I simply didn't think that I'd ever meet anyone that really *loved* me the way he did, and I wasn't enthralled with the idea of casual sex."

"But…?"

"But while I was thinking last night, after we'd all talked ourselves out, I started thinking about what I know about *you* — what you've told us about yourself, and what I've seen and heard while we've been around you. And I figured that you didn't seem to be someone that would be with a woman simply for the purpose of getting intimate with her; that you're too ethical and conscientious for anything like that. I had to conclude that if you were with a woman, it would because there was at least *some* kind of affection and bond between you and her. And I realized that even though that wasn't as much as I might want, either for Carol or myself, it was almost certainly **enough**. As embarrassing as it is to admit, I have missed being with a man and having to tend to my own needs. Essentially, I think that you could not only take proper care with Carol, but ME, as well."

"And Beth?"

"She doesn't like it — **any** of it. She *definitely* doesn't approve of what Carol has said, or the idea of my involvement. But she hasn't been able to offer up any alternatives, either; as bad as this is, it seems to be the only thing we CAN do. Thankfully, she's been content to tell us she doesn't approve, and leave it at that."

"So if I were to agree to what Carol wants, you would be there, and a participant, too?"

Blushing, Ellen answered "Yes, that's right."

"Why would you agree to something like that?" I had to know.

"Please understand me, Jim: I love my daughter. If it meant saving her, I'd give her my own *heart*. I'm absolutely disgusted that things have gotten to this point, and why — but they have, and none of the three of us has come up with any other way of addressing the situation. The LAST thing in the world that I need or want is for my daughter to watch me having sex, or be there when SHE is. But I'm facing the choice of having my daughter essentially becoming a semen repository after having what I suspect would be the worst experience of her life, or setting aside my own foibles in the interest of seeing to it that the solution she's come up with for a problem she has doesn't hurt her and mess up the rest of her life. You're the one that has studied philosophy… tell me, what's the answer? If there's another solution, what is it?"

When I didn't have anything to say, Ellen told me "I can only *imagine* what you must think about all this. As bad as it is for me, I'm still her mother, and have been there as we were getting to this

point. You've just listened to me **dump** all this in your lap over lunch, with absolutely no clue it was coming. I don't doubt that you're going to want some time to think about all of this before you give me — us! — any kind of answer, and Carol knows it, too. I've got a hundred dollars cash in my purse that I'm willing to give you right now, to keep regardless of what you decide: I know that if you have to say 'no', it would be… awkward for all of us to see each other again, and I don't want you to be out any income because of something like *this*."

"You're right about it being awkward, but the money isn't necessary. Yes, I **do** have to think about it — but I'll make my decision for my own reasons that won't be financial." Somehow, that last bit seemed to reassure her for some reason before I continued "When do you need an answer?"

"We were thinking of heading home Saturday" — it was then Thursday — "but we wouldn't have any problem with making it a few days later, instead."

After considering it, I told her "Okay. I'll have an answer for you, one way or the other, by early tomorrow afternoon — say, before two o'clock."

She nodded her understanding, and I told her "If you're ready, then, I can get you back to the hotel — or anyplace else you want to go."

"No, the hotel is fine", she assured me before digging into her purse and pulling out enough money to cover our meal and a tip for our server. Once we were back out in my rig, I didn't bother dropping the flag for the ride back to their hotel; once we got there, it wasn't until she offered me a twenty for the ride out that I realized what I'd done. I thanked her, and asked what room number I should ask for when I called. She told me, and after telling me "Thank you, Jim. It's been a pleasure meeting and getting to know you, and even if you have to say 'no', I want you to know that you've still been a BIG help", she turned and went into the lobby.

Needless to say, I was considerably distracted the rest of my shift. Once I got home, I fixed myself a quick meal so that I'd have more time to really *think* about what I'd heard, and they wanted. Once I'd gotten myself parked in my 'reading' chair, I spent the entire evening there with my cat Demosthenes in my lap as I considered what had been said to (and asked of) me. It was later than usual when I finally went to bed… and even then, it took a while for me to get to sleep.

Having pretty much decided what to do the previous evening, I still spent the next morning going over it again to try and see if there was anything I was leaving out, including when it wasn't necessary, or mis-judging. Lunch was by myself, and on my own dime.

I caught a fare right afterward, so it was coming up on the deadline I'd given her when I finally got the chance to make the call. I have to admit that I felt a certain amount of relief when it was Ellen that answered the phone.

After identifying myself, I told her "As I promised, I'm calling to let you know what I decided. I expect you can appreciate that it wasn't easy — but I finally decided that I'm *generally* agreeable." I heard her soft gasp, and went on to say "We have some details to work out, of course, but they shouldn't be difficult. There are also a couple of things that I'd **like** to see

happen, but they aren't strictly necessary."

"We'll be happy to do what we can, of course. When and where would you like to get together?"

"I've thought about that, and would like to invite you — and Carol — to have dinner at MY place, if that's acceptable."

I could tell that she was a bit taken aback, but it took only a moment for her to answer "That would be fine, Jim. What time?"

"How about if I pick you up at the hotel about six? If that's too early, later would be fine with me, too. And to put your mind at ease, I'm just thinking it would help if both of you got to know me a little better."

I could hear a trace of relief in her voice when she replied "I think six would be fine. We'll be waiting."

"I'll see you then", I said, before ending the connection. I planned to knock off a little early, so picking them up at six would give me time to get home, clean up, and change clothes without making supper too late.

The rest of my day went pretty much as usual, and I didn't have any trouble making it to their hotel to pick them up in my personal vehicle. I saw that both of them were a little surprised at the change, but pleasantly so. It was also clear that both of them were a bit nervous and uncertain — understandable, of course. Both of them were dressed nicely, though casual: Ellen was in a blouse and skirt that flattered her figure and showed a good measure of a pair of *very* nice legs; Carol had opted for a simple one-piece dress that accomplished the same things. After I'd opened the passenger-side doors for them, Carol didn't hesitate to take a seat in the back, which left Ellen up front with me. The ride to my place was mostly quiet, with only a few innocuous comments between all of us.

Once they were inside my apartment, I could tell that it wasn't anything like what they'd expected when they saw that it was neat and clean, somewhat sparsely appointed with good quality furniture, and nicely decorated. Both were visibly surprised to see the bookshelves in my living room — all of the longest wall was floor-to-ceiling, and full. Demosthenes turned up to greet them, and as Carol was holding him and rubbing his ear, I got Ellen a bit off to the side to tell her "I can appreciate that you might have some… concerns about being here with me. So I'll tell you again that I'm only seeing this as more of a get-acquainted session than we've had before." After handing her an unopened telephone bill I'd received in the mail that day, I told her "I'm not going to be offended in the *slightest* if it would make you feel better to call your mother at the hotel and tell her **exactly** where you are. If you'll excuse me for a few moments, I'll finish getting supper going. We can talk a little while before it'll be ready."

With that, I left her with Carol so that she could make her call if she wanted, and do so with some privacy. When I got back a minute or two later with iced tea for all of us, both of them were looking over my books; I saw that Ellen had set the envelope on my desk, next to the

phone. When I got close to them, it was Carol that asked me "You really bought all these books?"

I assured her that I had, and Ellen said "Some of these I've only heard about, and a few of them I didn't have reason to read until I went to college. And you've actually read all of these? And thought enough of them to want to keep them?"

Both listened as I explained "Yes, I've read all of them — and these are just the ones that I wanted to keep the *most*. I think now you understand just what I meant and how serious I was when I told you that I really am interested in philosophy, and how to put it into practice."

"I guess!" Carol exclaimed before her mother asked "But how do these **novels** fit into that?"

I smiled as I asked "Do you really think that in the many thousands of years of human existence, people haven't had to go through different variations of the same basic problems, or had different versions of the same fundamental experiences? And done so over and over and over again? How many books and movies have been created that were just different approaches to the story of Romeo and Juliet, for example? Shakespeare did a particularly fine job of telling it, but it was still an old tale, even for him. And even a novel has some basis in philosophy."

Both of them looked at me in confusion before I explained "Whoever writes a novel has to come up with the basic story. By telling their story, they're implicitly stating premises: that the characters have certain traits and will behave in certain ways, that the interactions between the various characters will be based on certain assumptions, and so on. Using Romeo and Juliet as an example again, think about what the basic story is, and what would have happened if various things had been different. When someone else tells it in a different way, they have to make changes if they want it to have a different ending — which, to a philosopher, is simply changing one or more premises to reach a different conclusion."

Ellen asked me "Do you read fiction like that to get the philosophy behind it?"

I laughed, and answered "No. I enjoy a well-told story as much as anyone else, and for the same reasons — but I can't help examining it that way afterward: I like to *learn* and **understand** too much."

It was Ellen that got us focused on the main reason for their visit when she said "As impressive as your library is, and as much as I like hearing what you have to say, there are still some things that we need to discuss."

"Of course", I answered. After showing them to my couch, I sat in a chair facing them before saying "I wanted us to work out the details of what you want someplace away from your hotel for the simple reason that because they know me as a cab driver, the hotel wouldn't be particularly happy about me visiting with any of the guests in their rooms; they wouldn't consider it 'appropriate'. I invited you *here* for a couple of reasons: first, I thought it would help if we could get to know each other a little better as **people** in a more casual and private environment. Second, I think that we'd ALL be a little more comfortable about all this if it happened here. Your hotel would be out for the same reasons that me just visiting to talk would be. Another hotel

would feel even stranger and more uncomfortable for all of us, and would add an expense that I don't think any of us would particularly welcome even if we shared it. If you don't think you'd be comfortable with being here, or have another suggestion, then I'm certainly willing to listen and consider it. The other part of this is that while I pretty much set my own hours and days to work, I do so with the idea of supporting myself as best I can. Ellen, you said that it wouldn't be a problem for all of you to stay another few days; with that in mind, I'd like to ask if you and Carol would be agreeable to waiting until Sunday."

Ellen and Carol looked at each other without saying anything for several seconds before turning back to me and Ellen answering "No, that wouldn't be a problem, at all. And I think that offering your own home to us is **most** kind and generous of you. I know that it would certainly help ME deal with all of this, for the very reasons you said."

Next, I addressed myself directly to Carol, saying "I think you know that you didn't *have* to be here tonight — I explicitly asked for you for the simple reason that this whole thing is ABOUT you, and it seemed right that you should be here."

It took a few seconds before Carol was able to tell me "Unless you had specifically told me NOT to come, I wanted to be here, anyway. What Mom said about you letting us be here… that's what I think about it, too — and I want you to know that I **do** appreciate it."

After taking a deep (and shaky) breath, she went on to say "I know that I'm asking for a lot from you, and even Mom. As weird as all this feels to me, I have to believe that it's even worse for Mom, and particularly YOU since you didn't even KNOW me until just a few days ago. I feel nervous and scared and relieved and all *kinds* of things; even… even a little bit, uh, excited", she admitted, with a brief glance at Ellen. I thought I could see a bit of surprise on Ellen's face, but kept my attention on Carol as she continued "I wish those idiots at school could have just left me **alone**, but they didn't — they made going to school every day a living HELL for me. I've even found, um, artificial penises in my locker; not just the one for my books, but in gym class, too. So what you're doing — trying to help me feel better so I'm not so scared and nervous and everything… it really means a **lot** to me. When you told us about why you left school and why you chose to be a cab driver, I figured that you were honest and sincere. And I knew that if you were as careful and principled about THAT as you were, then I could trust you to be the same way about ME. *Obviously* I can't know how much trouble I'm going to have, or whether or not it'll hurt, or anything else. But I do know that I can trust you to make it as easy and everything as you can for me. If the circumstances were different, you're still the *kind* of person that I would WANT to be with for my first time with a guy. That you care enough about me to be willing to do this, even though you hardly know me… it makes you somebody even more special to me, and even makes me love you for how kind and patient you're being with me."

Seeing that I was surprised by what she'd just said, Carol told me "I'm not saying that I want to stay here with you, or that I want us to keep being together; just that because of how you're treating me, you're making this special for me in a way that it wouldn't be otherwise, and that you'll always be in my heart because of it, is all."

With essentially no prompting on my part, Carol had just addressed the things that I'd needed to know: not just what she felt about the situation, but what her thoughts were about afterward. Satisfied with what I'd just heard, I simply smiled at her and nodded in acknowledgment of what she'd said before turning back to Ellen and saying "I don't think that any of us wants the added pressure of a deadline, or any kind of time constraints or schedule, so I'm fine with both of you being here for however long you want to stay. All I need to know is what time you'd like me to come and get you."

Both of them looked a little relieved to hear that, and I listened as she and Carol discussed the matter. They finally settled on sometime in the afternoon, and Ellen suggested "Three o'clock?"

"That's fine", I assured her. A glance at my watch told me that supper was about ready, which I relayed to them — along with the menu: roast beef, potatoes, green beans, and dinner rolls, with lemon sherbet for dessert. After Carol had displace Demosthenes off her lap, the three of us got up and went in to eat. Both complimented me on my cooking skills, and neither fell for any of Demosthenes' starving-kitty ploys. After we'd finished, both insisted on helping clean up. Before we left the kitchen, both looked on in amusement as I put a little bit of the beef in Demosthenes' dish. Back in the living room, all of us sat down again, and spent the next couple of hours in casual conversation. It was Ellen that brought the evening to a close when she said "You still have to work tomorrow, Jim, so I think that it would probably be best if we went back to the hotel now."

Once I'd gotten them there, all three of us got out of my car; I told them that I'd been glad to have their company for supper and the evening, and it was Carol that told me "You made it easy for us to to enjoy ourselves tonight. It was the nicest time I've had in *weeks*. Thank you for having us."

To that, Ellen added "You were a gracious and friendly host, Jim, and supper was **delicious**. I actually had a marvelous time, thank you. We'll see you Sunday at three, then?"

"Sunday at three", I confirmed. After a smile from both of them, they turned and headed for the lobby; after I made sure they were safe inside, I got back in my car and headed home.

I got to their hotel a little bit early on Sunday, and was surprised to discover that Ellen was apparently waiting for me in the lobby. I went inside, and the two of us moved off to a quiet spot where she told me "When we got back from your apartment, Mother simply **had** to know how things had gone. She wasn't worried about us, even though I didn't call as you said I could. When we told her what all had happened, you should have seen the look on her face — it was *priceless*. While she hadn't been worried that you'd do anything terrible, she was still surprised when we told her how neat and clean you keep everything, and your books. When we told her how you'd given your cat some of the beef from the roast… well, that just seemed to put her mind at ease. She told me that she figures anybody that's willing to spoil a cat isn't likely to be anything less than considerate and understanding with people. Carol and I talked about it yesterday, when Mother wasn't around, and we both agreed that you were a perfect gentleman — and that you put both of us *very* much at ease, and helped us be as comfortable about all this as we CAN be. Both

of us are still more than a little nervous and embarrassed, but nowhere near as much as we would have been otherwise. Nor is either of us is afraid or apprehensive, I'm glad to say. Carol will be down in a bit; I came down earlier just to be sure that I had the opportunity to thank you for the other night, and all that you've done and said to make all of this as easy as it can be."

"You're certainly welcome", I told her. "It wasn't difficult to imagine what your, and Carol's, concerns might be, and I simply tried to show you that there *wasn't* anything to be afraid or apprehensive about. I tried to do what I could about your nerves and embarrassment, too — and will continue to do so. Frankly, this is the damnedest situation I've ever been in; but I'm determined to make it as easy — or at least as untraumatic — as I can… for BOTH of you. I'll help you and Carol as much as I can, and you'll let me; both of you, and Beth, strike me as honest and caring people that have found yourselves in the most fouled-up mess I've ever heard of, and I'm willing to do what I can."

Looking at me, she asked "I have to know: what was it that made you agree to all this? I don't think it was so you could get ME into bed; I know I'm still attractive, but not THAT much. It can't be to spend time with Carol, either — the questions you asked, and the things you said, tell me that you're not one of those men with fantasies of deflowering teenage girls. It isn't for money, since you refused what I offered you before. I think you've got too much integrity to say anything about it to anyone, so it can't be for status or prestige, either. So why?"

I considered what I wanted to say for a few moments before answering "Short form: because I can. The longer explanation is that I know that I can help you and Carol with problems that you're having NOW. I *think* that the solution will go a ways toward making your lives better in the future, and I'm **hoping** that what I've already talked to both of you about — and may well say while we're together — will provide you with at least the basics of what you'll need after you're gone."

"What problem do I have NOW, other than my daughter and I seeing each other being intimate with the same man?"

"You know what it is, I just don't think that you recognize how much of a problem it is for you because you've gotten so used to it."

I was saved from having to explain myself further by the appearance of Carol. She surprised me by giving me a brief kiss on the cheek after she'd greeted me. With her arrival, there wasn't anything to keep us from getting ourselves into my car and headed back toward my apartment. While conversation among us started out strong enough, it tapered off as we got closer and closer; when all three of us were inside, I saw that they were having an attack of nerves once they were faced with having their request actually fulfilled. I'll admit to being a little nervous, myself — but nowhere near as much as they were; I was simply able to be more, well, philosophical about what was going on.

But since Ellen had made a point of thanking me for how I'd made them comfortable and helped them relax before, I figured that my best bet was to keep doing so while not aggravating their

situation by commenting on it. After I asked them if they'd like anything to drink and listing their choices, both opted to join me in having a beer — Ellen didn't seem to react in the slightest when Carol made her choice known. Suggesting that they might like to sit down, I went into the kitchen to get beers for all of us. When I got back to the living room, they were seated at opposite ends of the couch: Demosthenes had jumped up between them, and both were petting him and rubbing his ears, to his infinite (and loud) pleasure; when he was happy and got going, Demosthenes' purring sounded like a particularly large lawn mower idling. After setting their beers on the coffee table where they could reach them, I simply took a spot in the chair across from them to watch as Ellen and Carol made themselves Demosthenes' friends for LIFE.

They kept at it until about twenty minutes later when he decided to jump down, and come over to where I was sitting. After stropping himself against my ankles several times in welcome home, he headed off toward his dish to see if there was anything special in it.

Both of them were visibly calmer by then, though I could still see that they were still a bit apprehensive to see what was next.

After taking a sip of my beer, I told them "I thought you might like to watch a movie after supper", gesturing toward where my TV and movie collection were before adding "Until then, maybe you'd like to try something that I'll bet you haven't done for a while: Monopoly." An ex-girlfriend had had a fascination with the game, and insisted that we get it — then left it behind when she'd moved out after deciding that I was too intellectual for her taste, and didn't have enough "gumption" to suit her.

It took only a few moments for Ellen and Carol to brighten up and agree that that sounded like a *fine* idea. Rather than shuffle furniture around, we elected to simply sit on the floor and use the coffee table. Once the game was underway, Demosthenes came back in and jumped up on the couch, where Carol and Ellen would pet him between turns as he pulled guard duty for the bank.

With only the three of us playing, the game couldn't go on too long, but there were still enough of us to make it last long *enough*: I deliberately played a somewhat riskier game than usual so that I would be free to take care of dealing with supper when it came time. I was nearly bankrupt when it was decided that we were all hungry; my offer to spring for pizza was welcomed by both of them, since their home was well outside the range of the nearest place. I'd gone broke and was serving as banker when the delivery person showed up; Demosthenes lost his servants when they opted to eat between turns, instead of petting him. They made it up to him by giving him a few pieces of meat from the pizza, after they'd cleared it with me. It was a little past seven when Carol was able to put an end to the game after her mother landed on her (Carol's) hoteled Park Place with only two railroads and a hundred and fifty dollars to her (Ellen's) name.

All of us were laughing and teasing each other as they helped me get the game back in the box; as I was leaving to put it away, I saw Ellen head for the bathroom while Carol made for my movie collection. When I got back to the living room, Ellen was with Carol, who had apparently found something that both of them wanted to watch. When they asked, I assured them that I was fine with whatever they wanted to see. When they handed it to me to load up as part of getting

the TV and everything started, I felt a certain amount of satisfaction: from the way previous girlfriends and other females had responded to it, I was fairly confident that the nervousness about any physical contact with me that Ellen and Carol had would be gone by the time it was over.

Once I'd gotten everything set up, I loaded the movie and stood up. When I turned around, I saw that they were at opposite ends of the couch again — and had displaced Demosthenes, apparently to make room for ME. When she saw me hesitate, Ellen told me "Yes, we left room for you between us. We know you aren't going to start trying to *grope* us or anything, and we'd both like to have you next to us. So come on and sit down, before the movie starts."

Smiling, I did as I was told, and neither of them hesitated to scoot a little closer. Nor did either of them exhibit any concern when I put my feet up on the coffee table and my arms on the back of the couch.

Halfway through the movie, both of them were snuggled into my sides; by the time it was nearly finished, each had taken one of my hands and was holding it between both of hers. When the movie credits started rolling, a quick glance told me that Carol was wrapped up in her own thoughts; she didn't say or do anything as I gently extracted my hand from hers. When I looked at Ellen, I saw that she was looking at *me*. Something about her expression, and in her eyes, told me that it would be okay to give her at least a *little* kiss. Moving slowly, so that she'd have time to say something if she wanted to, I moved my head forward enough to place a brief, soft, and chaste kiss on her lips. When I looked at her again, I saw that she was a little surprised by it — and that she wouldn't be put out if I wanted to kiss her again.

I did, and it wasn't but a second after my lips touched hers that she began kissing me back. The second kiss went on for several seconds before I felt her start to pull away; I pulled my own head back, as well, and we sat there for a bit just looking at each other before she quietly stated "You're not going to push us about **any** of this."

"Not even a little bit. I don't do stuff like that anyway, but I'm being even more careful not to NOW — this is tough enough on the two of you without me pulling *that* kind of crap."

"Then why did you kiss me that first time?"

"Just so you'd know that I **care** — about you, and Carol, and what happens to both of you."

"And if or when I'm ready for it to be more than just caring?"

"Then you'll let me know. You're a grown woman, and you were married; I'm sure you can make it clear when you're ready for us to be more involved without me having to 'test' you every so often."

She considered that in silence for a few seconds before leaning toward me and making it plain that she wanted us to kiss again. My lips met hers, and it didn't take but a few seconds for our kiss to cease being just 'caring', and start meaning even more.

Several more kisses followed, and with each one I could feel things growing progressively stronger between us. Still, I was surprised when I felt her take one of her hands off of mine before using the other to guide my hand to her breast. As our kisses continued, I slowly and gently explored the mammary she'd entrusted to me: roughly the size of a grapefruit, it somewhat over-filled my hand; though I could feel that she was wearing a bra made out of some soft material, it wasn't difficult for my fingertips to find her nipple — and patiently tease it into standing up. After I had, I ran my thumb across it several times, accompanied by Ellen's soft moan. When I calmly moved my attentions to it's twin, I felt Ellen's tongue make glancing contact with my lips; I opened my lips in welcome even as I cupped her other breast in my hand. With the added stimulation of our tongues starting to fence in each others mouths, it didn't take anywhere near as long for me to get the peak of the breast in my hand to make itself known. Then it was back to the first to help it regain it's previous state before checking back with the second. It didn't take much of that before I had both nipples hard, and interrupting the otherwise smooth surface at the top of the blouse she was wearing.

It was after one of our latest kiss had ended and I heard her softly say "Dear *god*, it's been so long!" that I asked her "Do you want to stay here? Or would you rather we continue this someplace more comfortable?"

She looked into my face and saw that I was perfectly willing to accept either answer; satisfied, she hesitated only a moment to say "I… I think I'm ready for it to be more, now…"

I took her hand in mine, and as we stood up, I could see from the corner of my eye that Carol had been witness to what we'd been doing. Ellen didn't even seem to realize that her daughter had been with us when I directed her toward my bedroom. Once we were standing next to the bed, Ellen released my hand before reaching for the buttons on the blouse she was wearing. As she started unfastening them, she told me "I wasn't sure how we were going to get past that first physical contact with each other; but when you kissed me the way you did, and answered my questions that way, I knew I didn't have to worry about it — what you were doing just seemed so… *natural* and **right** that I finally realized that I <u>wanted</u> you to touch me. And when I put your hand on me, you were so gentle… it didn't take long for me to realize what I've been missing since my husband died, and that you're the kind of person that can show me the kind of love and pleasure that he did. I would have been nervous and embarrassed before, but now I'm not — I <u>want</u> you to see me, and touch me, and be with me."

She saw me glance toward the door, and told me "Just so you know, Carol and I worked things out, yesterday. We're going to give each other some privacy with you at first, so that there isn't *too* much embarrassment; she'll come in later, quietly so that she doesn't disturb us, after we get more… involved. I'll do the same thing when she's ready to be with you. Beyond that, we'll just have to see how things turn out."

With nothing to concern myself about, I didn't hesitate to start taking my own clothes off — noticing that Ellen was watching ME as much as I was watching her. When she removed her bra, her breasts sagged only a *little* bit; she paused what she was doing for a few moments so that I

could see that each of them was capped with a medium-brown nipple that was perhaps the diameter of a pencil, set in an areola that was perhaps the diameter of a quarter. Both nipples were still mostly erect, and got a trifle longer as I looked at them; her areolas were puckered out from the rest of her breast.

She was able to shed her skirt faster than I was able to get my pants off, revealing that she was wearing a brief pair of panties that matched the bra she'd had on. As I was getting my feet out of my pants legs, she slid her panties down her legs; when she raised up, I could see that she had a medium-sized wedge of dark hair that looked to be somewhat lush. Standing naked in front of me, she didn't make any bones about the fact that she was watching me undress. When I'd slid my briefs down and stood up again, I knew that she could see that I'd started to respond not only to what we'd already been doing, but the sight of her, as well. She graced me with a pleased smile, letting me know that she liked what SHE saw, too, before turning to pull down the covers on my bed. When she did, I got the chance to see that she was as fit as I'd thought: she had an ass that a girl half her age would have been proud of. Clearly firm, smooth, and nicely rounded, I wanted to get it on my lap — or even better, in my hands.

I was there with her when she moved to get into bed, and readily got myself laying on my side next to her. Propped up on my elbow, I looked into her face as I told her "You said that you knew you're attractive, but that you didn't think *that* much. Well, I don't think that you're giving yourself the credit you deserve. That first time all of us had lunch together, I saw guys a lot younger than I am looking at you — and liking what they saw. I consider myself **very** fortunate to not only have the chance to see you like this, but to have you share yourself with me. But more importantly, it's that I've gotten to know you that I'm most grateful for. You're clearly intelligent, you've got a delightful personality, a quirky sense of humor, and you're a pleasure to be around. My life would have been richer simply from having spent the time with you that I did; for us to be together like this is something that I'll always treasure. You told me that it's been a long time since you were with a man — that you weren't big on the idea of casual sex, and there wasn't anyone that touched your heart the way you wanted. I hope that you'll let ME do so, at least a little bit, so that our time together like this has some meaning to you; I can assure you that it does for **me**."

We looked into each others eyes for several seconds before she told me "Thank you again, Jim. What you just said about what you think of me, and what kind of person you think I am… it means a lot to me, hearing it from you. As patient and considerate as you've been, this would have meant something to me anyway. But knowing how you feel about it — well, that just makes this even more special. You ARE touching my heart, and I'm glad of it. I came into this simply because I was ready to do whatever I had to, to help Carol. But now I'm doing it because I <u>want</u> to, too. You've shown yourself to be the kind of person that I *want* to let close to me — not just physically, but emotionally, as well. While I'll be with you like this to help Carol, I'll also be doing it to make **myself** happy, too."

With that, I lowered my head to kiss her again. Starting even with the first touch of our lips, I could tell that she wasn't just 'there', but actively participating. I didn't need any prompting to put

my hand on her belly and start softly caressing her smooth skin. Slowly and gradually, I extended the range of my touch until I was able to include her breasts; when I'd worked my way to the summit of one of them, I found its peak clearly standing above the surrounding flesh with her nipple fully extended. She'd indicated that she'd enjoyed sex with her husband, and it didn't take me long to decide that she hadn't been exaggerating; she responded quickly and fully to the different things that I was doing to her: not just kissing her lips, but her throat and shoulders, and softly nibbling on her earlobes with my lips. My hands tended not only to her breasts (which proved to be firmer than I'd expected, considering her age and that she'd had a child), but her neck and sides and the insides of her arms. When her soft panting started making it difficult for us to continue kissing, I eased my attentions lower and lower until I was able to put my mouth on the peak of one of her breasts and start gently sucking on it. It took only a moment for her to get her fingers in my hair, holding my head in place as I firmly sucked her nipple to full erectness.

In shifting myself so that I could get my mouth on her mammaries, I'd also made it possible to reach even lower on her body; after continuing to play with the breast that I didn't have my lips on for a bit, I gradually transferred my manual explorations to her belly, then abdomen and further, to include her hips and the upper reaches of her legs — and gently, her thighs and the soft skin on their insides.

The first time I softly drew my fingertips from just above her knee to just short of her mons, she released a load moan of pleasure as she spread her legs in invitation for me to do it again. When I repeated my actions on the other thigh, she made it just as clear that she appreciated my attentions.

I happily spent the next few minutes nursing at her breasts while slowly working my caresses of her thighs higher and higher. The first contact with her sex happened when I felt the side of my hand brush across her labia; the resulting groan and arching of her hips let me know that more such contact would be welcome. Still, I didn't just stop what I'd been doing so I could stuff a couple of fingers inside her; I simply included the area between her thighs more and more, until I was able to cup her mons in my hand. My finger was laying along the cleft of her sex, slightly nestled between her labia, when I began to curl it — dipping the tip a little farther between her vaginal lips before slowly drawing it across her opening on the way toward brushing it across her clitoris, and causing her to gasp at the contact.

When I got my finger back to where it had started from, Ellen pulled her knees up slightly before spreading her thighs to give me better and easier access to the core of her womanhood. With that kind of invitation, I was happy to continue my efforts. It wasn't long until my hand was in almost constant motion between her thighs as I would collect some of her oils on the end of my finger and transfer them to her clitoris, which I'd softly rub between bouts of gently circling it. She was slowly tossing her head from side to side when I finally dared to tentatively press my finger against the tight ring of her opening; the sound of her enthusiastic "ohgodyes!" told me that I was doing a Good Thing. Patiently and gently, I worked my digit into her, making sure to keep it wetted with her lubrication as I did so. Along the way, I discovered that she was incredibly warm inside — as well as very wet, and as tight as should be expected after several years of celibacy.

When both of us felt that I'd gotten my finger into her as far as it would go, she released a deep and heartfelt groan of pleasure. From the way she was reacting, I got the idea to try something that I thought would make it easier for her to accept me when it was time for my finger to be replaced with my hardening cock. As I slid my finger out of the confines of her vagina, I used the palm of my hand to apply a slight pressure to the area of her clitoris. When I heard a slight catch in her breathing, I knew that I was on to something. Reversing direction, I slid my finger back into her as I eased off the pressure at the top of her cleft; once my digit was buried in her again, I repeated what I'd done before — except that instead of hearing the change in her breathing, she softly moaned as she pressed her pelvis against my hand. From there, it didn't take me long to find a combination of timing and pressure that quickly and dramatically increased her excitement.

It increased her excitement enough that she surprised me when she had what could only have been a fairly small orgasm as she gasped and moaned while several small spasms coursed through her body… and around my finger.

As her climax tapered off, I released her nipple from between my lips and eased my hand from between her thighs; when I got my hand closer, it took only a moment for me to decide that I wanted to clean her essence off it: the faint aroma of her made my mouth water. Sadly, it was only a few moments work to get that accomplished before I moved to get my head even with hers again. When she saw me looking at her, she gave me a smile that lit up her face before she softly told me "What you were doing with your hand… it felt REAL good, but I didn't expect *that* to happen!"

I grinned back as I told her "Kinda surprised me, too", teasing her a bit. As she started to blush faintly, I asked "Do you need or want a little time, or would it be okay if I kept going?"

"I don't doubt that you can make me feel **way** better than <u>that</u> little old thing", she declared, "and I'm looking forward to it!"

Lowering my head, the two of us shared several kisses that were small and brief — but no less affectionate than the ones before. She was willing to accept it when I changed from kissing her lips to the corners of her mouth, the hollows of her throat, and shoulders. As my lips touched farther and farther afield from hers, I gradually moved my body over hers before starting to blaze a trail of kisses, gentle lip-bites, and softly sucking on random spots of her smooth skin that moved me lower and lower on her body. I gladly applied myself to bringing her nipples to rubbery hardness before easing myself even farther down her body. It was after I'd dipped my tongue into her navel and had my lips *just short* of where her pubic hair started that she seemed to realize where I might be headed, and tell me "I don't think… I don't know… Nobody ever…"

I interrupted to tell her "Ellen, it's okay. I think if you'll give it a chance, you might find that you like it — and I'm going to do it because *I* like to. If you really want me to stop, I will; just give it a chance first, okay?"

Uncertainly, she asked "You'll really stop if I want?"

I simply nodded, and I heard her soft "I guess it couldn't hurt to find out…"

A few seconds later, my lips were being caressed by the soft strands covering her pelvis. Her pubic thatch was short and amazingly thick — easily as lush as it had appeared to be. Even as close as I was to it, I could barely make out the skin beneath it. That close to my goal, I could also make out the distinct aroma that was hers alone: pleasantly tangy, with a trace of an underlying sweetness, just as her oils had tasted.

When I finally had my head between her thighs, I spent several extra seconds alternating kisses to the insides of her thighs simply so I could use the time between to look at the sight of her — the soft dark petals of her extended labia splitting the bottom of the vee. Slightly thick, they looked to be as soft and tender as when she'd been half MY age; their inner surfaces gleamed with the juices that had escaped through the slightly-winking opening I could faintly see between them. Satisfied that I'd never forget the sight of her, I finally extended my tongue and ran it from the bottom of her cleft to the top, circling her pea-sized clitoris a couple of times at the end.

After I'd repeated my efforts a couple more times, Ellen started bringing her knees up more and more, and spreading her thighs even farther apart. When I stiffened my tongue and tried to worm it through the entrance to her vagina, she groaned and arched her hips up in response. Unable to penetrate her that way, I lapped up what I could of her oils; after gently 'chewing' on her labia with my lips, I used my tongue to tease her clitoris for a little while. It didn't take long for her to go from simply accepting what I was doing, to welcoming it by spreading her thighs as far as they would go while giving voice to her pleasure almost constantly. As I continued my oral pillage, I worked my arms under her legs so that I could reach up and take her breasts in my hands; the parallel assaults at her pelvis and mammaries soon had her unable to do much more than simply moan almost constantly as she tossed her head back and forth.

I'd had a couple of things I wanted to accomplish while I had my head between her legs. First, as tight as she'd been around my finger, I figured that getting her as wet and relaxed as possible would make it easier for her to accept my hard cock. The other was that after she'd said what she had about her orgasm and knowing that I could make her feel better, I meant to do just that: bring her to as strong of a release as I could — which, of course, would help with the first matter, as well. That I was able to savor the taste of her and generally enjoy myself along the way was simply a bonus. A very NICE bonus.

Using pretty much everything I'd ever learned about orally pleasuring a woman, I devoted myself to deliberately ratcheting Ellen's pleasure and arousal to higher and higher levels — with brief periods of letting her "fall back" along the way. Drawing random patterns on and around her clitoris with the tip of my tongue, using varying amount of pressure, and at wildly varying speeds. Repeatedly trying to penetrate her opening with my tongue, then worming it against her opening when I couldn't. Softly using my lips to "chew" and nibble various amounts of her labia. Fastening my mouth over her clitoris and sucking on it in assorted ways. Simply licking between her vaginal lips and across her opening as though she were an ice cream cone. Fluttering my tongue across her clit like a tiny little vibrator. Getting my mouth across her opening and trying

to *suck* her juices out. Anything and everything was in the play book, as far as I was concerned — and every bit of it worked on her. Still, it wasn't until my tongue started to get tired that I finally had "mercy" on her. She'd been making plaintive whining noises of frustration for a little while when I settled on bringing her off: as I pinched and pulled on the hard pebbles of her nipples, I began firmly circling her erect clitoris with my tongue. Under my mouth and hands, I could feel as she started moving down the last stretch of arousal that would end with her release; and as she progressed, I deliberately slowed my actions on her clitoris in proportion. I was easily able to bring her to the very edge of release and hold her there for an extra couple of seconds before simply pressing the end of my tongue against her clitoris let her find the release she sought.

After releasing a brief scream, her entire body froze in place as the first wave of her release simply overwhelmed her. When it had passed, she barely had time to take a shuddering breath before another spasm overtook her — one that lasted nearly as long as the first due to the way that I was softly rubbing her clitoris with the tip of my tongue. When it ended, her body all but collapsed before she managed to draw a deep and shaky breath just ahead of the next wave of release. Realizing that having her pass out or collapse would put an end to our fun, I refrained from any further efforts to prolong or intensify her climax; even so, the third spasm to course through her didn't end much sooner than the previous two had. But without me aggravating the situation, the rest of Ellen's orgasm passed with progressively shorter and less intense periods running through her. After a final shudder of her body, she lay still, breathing heavily.

After pausing to lick her juices from my lips as best I could, I moved up so that I was supporting my body over hers on my elbows, while the rest of me remained between her spread legs. That had my mostly-erect cock resting in the soft carpet covering her mons, but I didn't figure she would mind, just then. Avoiding her mouth so that she could continue to try and breathe, I started placing soft kisses at random places on her face and shoulders. After a little bit of that, she finally opened her eyes. She looked at me for several seconds, as though unsure of who I was or what I was doing there; when it finally came to her, her eyes got nearly as big as dinner plates before she managed to gasp out "I… I never knew… or even… **thought**… that someone doing that… could DO that to me!"

Figuring that if she could talk, she wouldn't need her mouth for breathing long enough for me to kiss her, I did — though I kept it short. When I'd pulled my head back again, I told her "Go ahead and get yourself back together. I'll still be here when you can breathe again", which earned me a look of reproach. Still, she did as I suggested, and it wasn't but a minute or two before she was able to tell me "Damn you! I *know* you had to be teasing me while you were doing that! What in the **world** would make you DO something like that to me!?"

I had to grin, because the tone of her voice let me know that she wasn't angry, only surprised and stunned by what had happened. After giving her another soft kiss, I answered "Well, you said that the first one was a 'tiny old thing', and that you knew I could make you feel way better. I figured I'd just show you what I *could* do, since that was your first time for someone to do that to you. What, you didn't like it?"

The look I got likely would have felled an ox before she answered "Oh, I **liked** it all right, even though you damn near killed me! If that's what you do to a woman on purpose, I don't want to know what happens if you ever get carried away. I just thought that it felt, you know, okay at first; but when you tried to get your tongue in me that first time, it started feeling better and better. And when you kept doing all those different things to me, I kept getting more and more excited — even… even more than when my husband was still alive", the last a bit guiltily.

Knowing that she might be feeling as though she were somehow betraying his memory, I didn't hesitate to tell her "Maybe so — but I'd bet it would have been even better for you if he HAD done that."

After she'd considered that for a moment, she apparently decided I was likely right, and the look of concern on her face quickly faded. Smiling, I asked her "Now that you're able to breathe and talk again" — I got a Look for that — "do you think you're ready for what's next?"

The question made her realize that she could feel my cock resting on her mons. Mischievously, she asked "Are you?", with a grin.

Smiling back, I answered "Well, I suppose I could use a *little* more time, and maybe a bit of assistance…"

I saw the concern in her eyes as she told me "I… I don't know that I want to… do anything like you did…"

I kissed her lips again before I told her "I'd never ask anything like that from you, Ellen. If you wanted to, you would, without me having to. All I'd ever want would be for you to do what you're comfortable with, and WANT to."

Visibly relieved, she answered "THAT I can do!" before reaching between us to take my penis in her hand. As she started slowly stroking me, I lowered my head and the two of us shared a number of affectionate kisses as she got me harder and harder. When she could feel that she'd brought me to full erectness, she released me before looked up at me to ask "You're going to have sex with me now?"

Tenderly, I answered "No, Ellen. I care for you too much for that. What WE are going to do is make LOVE." Her smile and the look on her face went straight to my heart.

Slowly, I eased myself down her body a little ways until the end of my penis slid down to her cleft. I reached between us to angle myself down a little bit so that I could feel the warmth and wetness of her entrance. Sliding myself up and down a little bit along her furrow got the head wet with her oils, and I got myself repositioned so that I could begin the process of filling her with my manhood. Our eyes were locked as I started to press myself into her; knowing that I was taking my time so that I wouldn't hurt her, Ellen smiled up at me as I felt her start trying to relax herself to let me in. As I felt her opening up more, I carefully increased the pressure I applied so that she'd know I wasn't trying to rush her. Neither of us was surprised when the head of my cock slipped through her tight ring — though she did gasp when it happened. I immediately stopped

when I heard her, and waited to see what (if anything) she wanted me to do. She reached up to put her hands on my sides as she said "Yes, that's it… just hold still a bit. It's been a long time… *too* long, even. I need to get used to having something in a place I'd never thought I'd use again."

Lowering my head, I tenderly kissed her before softly telling her "Of course."

She looked up at me in gratitude before I saw her concentrate on trying to get used to my presence. To try and distract her from any discomfort, I placed a number of soft kisses on her shoulders and neck. I could feel it as she slowly relaxed around me, and after I hadn't felt any change after a minute or so, I began to gently press myself into her. She made a small noise of pleasure, and I felt her lift her hips in welcome. When I began to feel even the *slightest* amount of drag, I stopped and moved myself back and forth in her for a bit to get myself properly coated with her oils before continuing. We went through several cycles of that before I felt my pelvis come to rest against hers as she moaned her pleasure.

Opening her eyes again, she looked up at me and said "Dear lord, I didn't realize how much I've missed having a man inside me! Even though you're the same size my husband was, you feel HUGE right now. But you feel damn *good*, too…"

I went back to kissing her until I felt her press herself up against me slightly. Taking that as my cue that she was comfortable, I began to ease my way into being more active. I started by simply sliding about half my erection out of her, pausing for a moment, then easing my way back into her. When she didn't indicate that she had any problems, I did it again, only a little faster. Over the course of the next several minutes, I gradually increased my movements in her until I was cycling nearly three quarters of my manhood through her opening in a steady rhythm that clearly pleased her. As her arousal increased, I began trying to find out what I could do that would do the most for her — and found that she seemed to think that about anything I did was agreeable: even just plain old ordinary fucking steadily increased her arousal and passion. That was just fine with me; the sensation of having her warm and tight sheath to bury myself into was something I was perfectly willing to enjoy for as long as possible.

As recent and powerful as Ellen's last orgasm had been, I didn't think she'd be anywhere *near* being ready to have another when she suddenly cried out and her vagina began clenching around me. As wonderful as it felt, I was glad that it didn't last much longer than the "tiny old thing" had. When it happened again a few minutes later, I wasn't *as* surprised — and even more relieved when it ended, after it lasted appreciably longer than the one before. Even though it wasn't as strong as the one I'd given her with my mouth, I got the idea that it was somehow *deeper* and more satisfying for her.

I was feeling the increasing urge to climax when Ellen had her third orgasm since I'd first gotten my cock in her. It was even stronger than the last, and the clenching of her vagina around my penis proved to be more than I could stand; with a deep groan of my own, I buried myself into her as far as I could just as the first wad of my jism erupted from me. Ellen could apparently feel me emptying myself in her, because she wrapped her legs around my waist and tried to pull me even farther inside as she dug her fingernails into my back. Her pussy also got tighter around me

as the intensity of her orgasm increased, too.

Even after I felt the last trickle of my cum leave me, Ellen's vagina continued its rhythmic clenching, though it was getting progressively less intense. Because of that, I was still almost completely erect inside her when I felt her let her legs slide from around me and all but fall to the bed, and her arms relax where she held me. She was panting as hard as I was when she opened her eyes and muttered "**Christ**, that was good!"

When I kissed her cheek, she turned her head to look at me for a second before wrapping her arms around me and hugging me fiercely. When she relaxed her arms again, I pulled back a little to look at her before she told me "I don't need to ask if you enjoyed that as much as *I* did — I could FEEL it when you started squirting in me, and that just made it so much better! I can feel you, still inside me, and it feels so *good* — not just having you there, but that you're staying with me, and holding yourself so close over me."

"I like BEING in you, and over you", I assured her. She was clearly pleased by what I said as I continued "I'm glad I was able to make you happy with *that* part, too."

With that, the two of us simply lay there looking at each other.

"That was just… **amazing**!"

Carol's soft voice reminded me that we'd undoubtedly had a witness to what had just happened between (and with) Ellen and me. From the way she blushed, I had to figure that Ellen had forgotten about her daughter, too.

Looking the general direction the voice had seemed to come from, I saw that Carol had gotten herself settled into a chair a little past the foot of the bed, and off to the side a bit. I didn't doubt that she'd been able to see and hear pretty much everything. Ellen and I shared a look of commiseration before she told Carol "It certainly FELT amazing, dear. We completely forgot about you; how long have you been here?"

I could hear the mild embarrassment in her voice as Carol answered "I, uh, I got here right before you started talking… there on the bed."

"So you've seen and heard everything?" Ellen asked.

"Um, yeah, I did."

"Carol, dear, it's awkward talking to you like this. Would you mind coming around to where we can see each other?" Ellen asked — then blushing when she realized that her daughter could likely see her (us!) all too well.

But Carol did as asked, and quickly found a spot on the floor next to the bed; the look on her face was a mixture of embarrassment, awe at what she'd just seen, and what I suspected was no small measure of arousal and anticipation. The look I got from Ellen told me that she'd likely seen much the same things.

Both of us were looking at Carol as Ellen asked "If you've been here that long, then you've heard

what Jim and I have said to each other. And not just that, but when we've said it — that is, what happened before and after." Carol nodded, keeping her focus on Ellen's face and not letting it drift any lower. Ellen then asked "Is there anything either of us said that you have a question about, or want explained or anything? You understood what we were saying, and why?" I couldn't help but be impressed by the way Ellen was able to maintain her composure while laying stark naked in front of her daughter, with an equally naked man with his dick still in her laying over her.

Carol said that she didn't have any questions yet, and that she'd understood, before Ellen wanted to know "Was there anything that either of us DID that you want to ask, or talk about?"

Blushing, Carol said that there wasn't before adding "It… it was pretty much like what I saw before. You know, in that movie. Not exactly the same, though; but I think that that's because the people in the movie were actors, and you and Jim actually, um, like each other."

"It's okay, dear, you can say it: Jim and I love each other. Not as much or the same way that your father and I did, but enough, and certainly close enough. We aren't thinking of getting married, but what we've had together DOES mean something to us."

"I know. I was listening when you were talking about it, and I understood what both of you were saying."

Ellen nodded, and asked "Was there anything else?"

Plainly feeling a bit uncomfortable, Carol said "I was kind of surprised when Jim didn't, um, pull out of you like they did in that movie, when he climaxed. And when you said you could feel it, and liked it, when he squirted inside you, too."

"Carol, when you're with someone you care about, the physical things you do with each other become very special. And when the person you're with cares about you enough to actually *try* and make you feel good, as Jim did with me, then that makes it even easier for you to enjoy your time with them, and what they do. As for the other…" Ellen turned to look at me for help explaining the difference between what happens in a porno movie and real life. I thought about it for a few moments, then told Carol "A lot of what you saw in that movie was just that: a movie. One of the things they do in movies like that is that the men pull out of the woman when they're going to climax. That's so that the people that *watch* it will know that he isn't just pretending. I **think**, but don't KNOW, that the idea is that if they show that the man's climax is real, then the people watching will think that the ones the women have are real, too. Since women don't climax the same way a man does, there isn't any way to really *know* if they're pretending or not. But since most of those kinds of movies are sold to men, the people that make them try to do everything they can to keep those men happy — and that includes the guys in the movie SHOWING that they're climaxing, so that the men **watching** can pretend to believe that the WOMEN in the movies are really climaxing, too."

It took a few seconds, but Carol finally understood just how ridiculous all of that was; and she couldn't help smiling at the humor of it. That was when Ellen demonstrated a courage and depth

of character that I hadn't expected by asking "Carol, would you be kind enough to get a damp washcloth and a towel for me? Jim is going to pull out of me, and I don't want to leave a mess for you two to have to deal with when his semen starts leaking out of me." I had been shrinking inside her, but the position I was in (and that I was holding as still as I was) would still have made it possible for us to uncouple and get cleaned up without too much fuss or hurry. But she'd made the request, so I was willing to go along with it, figuring that she had her reasons. After I'd gotten myself onto my side next to her, I found out what those were when Carol got back from my bathroom with the requested items. Taking the towel from her daughter, Ellen told her "You might as well stay to see this; it's something you'll have to deal with, as well, and there's no point to being shy now…" before gently nudging me to get off of her. I did, and she paused what she was doing long enough for Carol to see what the problem was before quickly getting the towel tucked under herself. She then took the washcloth and told Carol "Whether you want to do this or not is up to you. As wonderful as Jim made me feel, and as much as he's come to mean to me, I'm glad to do something this *personal* for him" — and calmly proceeded to use the damp washcloth to (thoroughly!) clean my cock and pelvis. Once she was done with me, she simply shifted her attentions to herself, cleaning up what she could as my cum slowly dribbled out of her. Then, to top things off, when it was clear that Ellen was done with the washcloth, Carol simply reached out to take possession of it without either of them saying a word.

After Carol had headed for my bathroom, Ellen quietly told me "I hope I didn't embarrass you by doing that", to which I replied "Embarrassed, no — surprised, yes."

She gave me a smile as she answered "Well, thank you for going along with it so well. I figured I needed to make the point one last time that there are going to be aspects of this that she hadn't thought of."

I smiled back and told her "I think you accomplished that!", drawing a small laugh from her, before I moved my hand to be belly. She put hers on top of mine, and the two of us were laying like that when Carol got back.

Carol stood there for a few seconds before deciding to take a seat on the floor again. I noticed that her eyes kept wandering to points south of where my hand was on Ellen. Ellen apparently saw it, too, and when I looked at her after she'd given my hand a little squeeze, she made a couple of gestures to point it out. I just gave her a nod and brief smile, causing her to grin before both of us turned our attention to Carol again.

Perhaps a couple of minutes of awkward silence passed before Carol looked at her mother and hesitantly observed "When Jim started to, um, be in you, it looked like he was taking longer than the guys in that movie did."

"He was", Ellen answered. "He knew that it's been a long time since I've been with a man, so he was going slowly so I wouldn't be uncomfortable. If we women aren't with a man often enough, we get smaller inside. By going as slow as he was, he was letting me stretch to fit him a little bit at a time, instead of all at once. Because the women in those movies are having sex all the time, they don't have that problem except with the very large men."

Blushing slightly, Carol said "I saw that Jim isn't as big as most of the guys in the movie."

A slight nudge let Ellen know that I wanted to field that one, so she let me tell Carol "That's another one of those movie things. Most men wish that they were larger than they are because they think that 'bigger' equals 'better' — it's one of those 'guy things'. So it helps them with their fantasy when the men in adult movies are big. I'm about average in size, and I'm fine with that."

Ellen added "And *I* was fine with it, too, as I'm sure you noticed." Carol blushed furiously as Ellen continued "Dear, it isn't how big the man is, or any tricks he might know. What **really** matters is whether or not he wants to make YOU feel good, too — and Jim certainly wanted to with me! If you still want Jim to be with you" — "I do!", Carol exclaimed before blushing again — "then he'll be as patient and slow as you need him to be, and I don't doubt for a **moment** that he'll show you that he wants to make YOU happy, too. I'm not the *least* bit reluctant to tell you that you don't have to be afraid or nervous about being with him."

Carol looked at me as if she needed confirmation; when I smiled and nodded to her, she looked relieved — even as she started blushing again.

Another couple of minutes of silence went by before Ellen said "I think it's about time for Jim and I to clean up a bit. So if there isn't anything else?", the last directed to Carol, who simply shook her head. When Ellen started to pull the towel out from between her legs and underneath herself, Carol quickly got to her feet and moved to the foot of the bed so that she wasn't in our way. Ellen and I were soon on our feet, and held hands as we made our way to my bathroom. Once the door was closed behind us, I was surprised when Ellen suddenly turned and wrapped her arms around me. I didn't hesitate to put my arms around her, and listened as she told me "I have never been so embarrassed in my *life*! I'd completely forgotten about her, and got **so** involved with you that I just… let myself go. My own daughter has watched me have some of the best sex of my life, with a man that isn't her father, and then seen as I've had his semen dribbling out of me — and I've had to just LAY there and discuss it with her afterward!" before she started quietly crying.

After rubbing her back and offering what words of reassurance and consolation I could, her tears began to taper off a bit. When I'd thought about what I wanted to say, and how, I told her "Ellen, all you've done has been what you **had** to do to keep her from making what I'm sure you know would have been one of the biggest mistakes she could have made in her life. Yes, she just saw you have sex with someone and enjoy it. Instead of being embarrassed all that, maybe you should think about what it TOLD her."

Somewhat muffled, I heard Ellen's "What's that?"

"It told her that it's something that she *should* enjoy; and if it's something she should enjoy, do you think she's going to be anywhere near as willing to be with a guy if she doesn't know what he's going to be like and if he'll treat her the way she thinks he should? After hearing and understanding the things that we said to each other, don't you think she's going to understand that what WE had was something special — and that it should be special for HER, too? When you

DID discuss it with her afterward, can't you figure that she's going to know that while sex isn't something to be ashamed of, it IS something to be treated seriously — maybe even more than she has before?"

Somewhat calmer, Ellen listened as I continued "You just told her that you knew that I'd try to make her feel good, too — and I will. As patient and easy as you know *I'll* be with her, do you think she'll put up with anything less from other guys?"

Ellen gave a small shake of her head, and I hugged her before finishing "I don't doubt that it was embarrassing and all that for you — it was for me, too, afterward. But I expect that everything you and I have been through has accomplished *exactly* what it was supposed to, and what you hoped it would. Knowing that, was the rest of it too high of a price to pay?"

Several seconds went by before Ellen answered "It was a high price, but no, not TOO high." She let me hold her for a little longer before pulling back a little to look at me and say "I'm going to have to remember to start calling you whenever I'm feeling bad, or having problems. This philosophy thing of yours works pretty good."

I grinned at her, and asked "You know what else philosophy tells me?"

She shook her head, and I told her "That it's time for us to get cleaned up. I'll wash your back, if you'll wash mine…"

Laughing, Ellen told me "Deal!"

That was how I ended up with Ellen plastered to my back as I got the shower started and temperature adjusted to our mutual satisfaction. Once we were under the spray, we had the time and opportunity to get a lot more familiar with each others anatomy. I finally got my hands on her ass, and found it to be as tight and firm as it had looked; she seemed to be just as satisfied when she reciprocated. Drying off afterward took longer, since we continued to repeatedly molest each other along the way. Finally dried off and more-or-less presentable, we opened the bathroom door again; when we went back into my bedroom, we saw that Carol had straightened out the somewhat rumpled bedding — and gotten her nude form planted in the middle of it.

I'm sure that Ellen was as surprised by it as I was, but she didn't let on. Instead, she simply told Carol "You were nice enough to let me have a little time alone with him, and I'm glad to do the same for you. I'll just go into the kitchen and have some tea while you two get acquainted" before serenely walking past the bed and on out of my bedroom — and pulling the door mostly closed behind her.

When I got close enough, I could see that Carol was still nervous but not afraid. Figuring that she wouldn't have stretched herself out on her back if she didn't want me to look at her, I didn't make any pretense of not doing so. As I'd thought, she was a trifle more buxom than her mother; her breasts were more conical than her mother's rounded bust, and her areolas were barely larger than her pencil-diameter nipples — which were visibly standing out. She was trim and nicely curved at her waist and hips, with slender and nicely shaped legs. At the apex of her thighs, she

sported a smaller and narrower strip of dark hair that didn't appear to be as thick and dense. She made for a delightful sight, particularly parked in the middle of my bed that way. When I looked into her face again, I smiled and told her "You are *lovely*. You're very pretty, and most certainly sexy. Though you're probably tired of hearing yourself compared to your mother, I have to say that you are **easily** as attractive as she is — but in your own way, that is yours and yours alone, as a separate person."

From her reaction, I knew that she HAD heard a lot of comparisons between herself and Ellen; but I saw that what I'd said had done what I meant it to: let her know that I saw her as a unique individual, and not some sort of clone or copy of the original. The smile I got was pleased, and delighted and touched me. Once I was on my side next to her, I took one of her hand between mine and gently held it as I told her "Carol, I want to make sure and tell you something. I know that this is your first time, and I truly am honored that you would want to have ME be with you for that. I know it's something special for you, and I'm going to do the very best I can to make sure that it *stays* special. I would never do anything to hurt you on purpose, but if something I do DOES hurt you, I **want** you to tell me, so I can stop. Would you do that for me?"

She nodded, and I went on "I know that you've got some idea of what we CAN do. What I want to say is that we don't have to do anything that you don't want, and there's *no* reason that we can't do anything that you DO want. If there's something you want to know, I'll do my best to answer you. If there's something you want to say, I'll listen — and I can honestly promise I won't take it personally or let it upset me. I'm not going to push you or rush you in any way; and if you want to stop any of this at **any** time, that's just exactly what we'll do: STOP. I care about you, and what happens between us is important to me. Important enough that what *I* want when we're done is that YOU'RE happy with how things turned out, not that I am. Okay?"

Smiling, she nodded again before telling me "I know you wouldn't hurt me, or try to make anything happen before I was ready. And I know that I can *talk* to you, and ask you stuff. After I saw how you were with Mom, I know that you want to make **me** happy and feel good, too. I'm a little bit nervous about this, but I know that I don't have to be <u>afraid</u> — I know that I can TRUST you."

Hearing that, I lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the lips, making it as tender and *loving* as I could. When I pulled my head back again, I could see in her eyes that she wasn't afraid, or even nervous any more: she knew that I really cared for her, and would do right by her.

When I put my hand on her abdomen, she was willing to let me caress her soft skin with my fingertips for several seconds before she took my hand and moved it to her breast before telling me "I know you wouldn't rush me — but I **want** you to touch me like this. When I told you the other night that I felt a little bit excited about the idea of being with you, I meant it. Except that it's even more now that I've seen how good you made Mom feel. I still don't know if I'll have any problems or anything, but I'm *sure* that you'll help me make them as small as they can be."

From the tone of her voice, I could tell that she was sure of what she wanted; hearing what she said, I didn't have any reluctance about running my thumb across the rubbery pebble of her

nipple as I moved to kiss her again.

She not only welcomed the touch of my lips to hers, but built on it: it was her that increased the intensity and desire of our kiss, and prolonged it. And when we kissed again, it wasn't long before she opened her mouth to let her tongue brush my lips and then come in to introduce itself to mine when I opened my mouth in response. As our tongues danced and played in the field that our mouths made, I could sense the passion rising in her as I expanded my investigation of the mammary in my hand. Her breast was as smooth and firm as any I'd ever held, and over-filled my hand by a good measure: cupping it next to her body, the edge of my hand was only about halfway to its peak while my palm and fingers covered only about three quarters of its circumference. It was warm to my touch, and when I returned to its peak, I found her nipple standing out even farther from the puckered flesh of her areola.

When I gently pinched and pulled on her nipple, she released a soft moan into my mouth; that prompted me to shift my attentions to the other — which I found to be just as delightful. When she moved her hand to my chest, I went about tending to both of the most obvious symbols of her femininity; gently, softly, and happily, I mapped every bit of their surface with my fingertips, caressing ever square millimeter repeatedly as I brought the peaks of both to full erectness while the two of us continued to duel with our tongues.

Our kisses had shortened due to the need for each of us to pant with our increasing desire when Carol told me "I want you to touch me…"

Not understanding what she meant, since I had a handful of her left breast at the time, I was glad to hear her continue "*There*… between my legs…"

Even with such a clear and unambiguous request, I wasn't inclined to just start pawing at her crotch. Instead, I took the opportunity to go back to what I'd started before: mapping the soft expanse between her breasts and pelvis. And since the kissing thing wasn't working particularly well at that point, I blazed a trail from her soft lips, down her throat — with a detour to an earlobe — out onto one shoulder, and then across and down to the valley between her breasts. By the time I got my lips fastened around one of her nipples, my fingertips had reached the edge of her dark bush. It didn't take me long to decide that although her pubic thatch wasn't as lush and dense as her mother's, it was still delightfully soft and thick, and a wonderful place for my fingertips to play. As I continued to suck on her hard nipple, I gradually worked my way through the forest on her lower belly to the area between her thighs. Still unwilling to move too quickly, I branched off to caress the insides of her smooth, firm thighs; a task that she made easier by moving her legs apart.

When I finally lay my hand on her mons with my fingers aligned with the cleft of her sex, Carol released a passionate moan as she opened herself to me even more. With the pad of my finger that was nestled between her labia, I could feel that she was already feeling no small measure of desire: she was quite wet, and I could feel the heat escaping the core of her womanhood. As I dipped the end of my finger between her vaginal lips, she arched her pelvis up in welcome to my touch before I carefully drew it upwards to collect a goodly sample of her oils — which I then

used to keep things slippery as I softly teased the fleshy pearl of her erect clitoris. As I amused myself with getting both of her nipples as hard and erect as I could with my mouth, my hand stayed busy between her thighs: with frequent replenishment of the oils coming from her well, my tender ministrations to her clitoris soon had her making all manner of pleased noises between moans and pants for air. After I'd reluctantly concluded that I couldn't get her nipples any longer, or her areolas any more puckered, I started kissing my way down her body. I'd had a dandy time with her unconscionably cute navel and had placed a couple of kisses farther down her body when I felt her hands on my head. Thinking that she might have some reason she didn't want me to do what I obviously meant to, I raised my head and looked at her. But instead of an objection, what she told me was "I'd like you to do that — but I want to look at you, and maybe even do it for you, while it's happening…"

Surprised that she'd want to (but not shocked; I had some idea of how much kids knew about sex), I just got myself straightened out next to her after we'd shared a couple of lengthy and passionate kisses. With me in position, all that was left was for Carol to get herself situated — something that took only a few moments, even when I had to help guide her leg so that she didn't knee me in the head.

Once we were in the classic '69' position, I got my first real look at the area where my hand had so recently been. As my fingertips had told me, her labia were medium-thin and soft. Slightly dark with her arousal, they were distinctly smaller and shorter than Ellens, and looked particularly tender and tasty to me. The area between them was glistening from the way my finger had been between them when I'd collected her juices, but they weren't parted enough for me to see the opening behind them. At the top of her slit, I could see her erect clitoris was about the size of a small bean, and still shiny. My first considered action was to ease the tip of my tongue between her folds and gather a sample of her essence. With the first touch of it on my tongue, I knew that I was going to enjoy what I was about to do to her: her oils were thin and light, fresh, and somehow sweet; I was looking forward to feasting on them. Then I took the opportunity to get my hands on the rounded globes of her ass, and was glad I did; they were incredibly firm, warm, and smooth. I simply *had* to run my hands back and forth on them, giving them occasional squeezes for quite some time.

When I resumed running my tongue between her labia, I felt Carol make her first tentative touch on my penis. I could feel as she moved it around so she could apparently look at it from all angles — including end-on, when she lifted it up. She then spent a little time checking out my balls, hefting them in her hand and (thankfully!) carefully testing their size and density. Satisfied with what she'd learned about them, she went back to checking out my cock; I had to figure she really was interested in the sciences (particularly engineering) when she felt she had to test its compression and stretching capabilities, as well as flexibility and structural characteristics. As she continued to manipulate me, I could feel myself begin to respond to her attentions. I knew she'd noticed the changes in me when she began deliberately stroking me with her hand; she kept at it until she'd gotten me about half-hard.

While she'd had her hand on me, I'd been content with collecting as much of her essence as I

could on my tongue; but when she started deliberately trying to get me harder, I was glad to start trying to increase HER arousal, too. I started by taking each of her labia between my lips and gently pulling on them; then moved on to softly teasing her clit with the tip of my tongue. It didn't take much of that before I noticed an increase in the amount of fluid leaking out of her vagina, and I put her clitoris on hold long enough to reacquaint my taste buds with her flavor. Having gotten such a favorable (from my perspective, anyway) response to what I'd been doing, I expanded my efforts at her clitoris by adding a little more pressure and "twiddling" it — something that earned me a deep groan as she pressed her pelvis down onto my lips.

It also seemed to be all the reason she needed to begin using her mouth on ME: when her first hesitant touch of her lips to the head of my cock didn't cause them to burst into flame, and the first brief taste of it wasn't cause for projectile vomiting, she carefully took the head into her mouth. Once she'd gotten that far, though, she seemed uncertain what to do. It took a bit before she apparently thought of trying to see if she could take what *I* was doing, and apply it TO me. When she did, though, the wait was <u>well</u> worth it: she didn't seem to be the slightest bit reluctant to at least *try* pretty much anything, or if she couldn't do it differently. And when she began to get the kind of reaction she wanted, she'd keep at it until she figured she'd gotten it right. She was an enthusiastic and eager pupil, and I was **damn** lucky to be her teacher. Her initial progress was a bit slow, but progressed rapidly as she learned. As far as I was concerned, even her "mistakes" felt pretty good; so I didn't have any reason to stop what I was doing to correct her. Nor did I ever have cause to offer any kind of "suggestions" — she seemed to know that teeth weren't appropriate, and that judicious use of her saliva helped.

Still a considerable distance and time from being able to climax again, I was free to enjoy the hell out of her efforts even as I was deliberately getting **her** more excited, too. I was half-afraid she was going to smother me when she squealed through her nose and arched her pelvis down after I first tried to see if I could eel the tip of my tongue into her; when I put my mouth over her opening and tried to suck more of her juices out, she got the idea of trying to do the same thing to me — and damn near succeeded, just from the suction she managed to apply. For my part, I was happy to split my time between greedily licking up the juices she was presenting me with, and stimulating her into producing more of them: using my tongue to toy with her clitoris in various ways, putting my mouth over it and "milking" it with my lips or softly sucking on it (a delight when she mirrored my actions!), trying to see if I couldn't lick her labia *completely* clean of her oils, and so on. It was a contest that neither of us was losing, and both of us enjoyed.

I was perfectly willing to keep going as long as she was, and felt a mild disappointment when she finally let my erect cock slip from between her lips. That disappointment was quickly replaced with anticipation when I heard her tell me "I… I'm ready, Jim. I want to feel you IN me, now…"

When I pulled my face back from her mons, Carol lifted her leg so that she could turn and sit on her cute little butt, facing me. I sat up, and when we were close enough, I told her "That's fine, dear." I didn't realize I'd used the endearment until I saw the sudden smile on her face; I just smiled back before I told her "The *easiest* way would probably be if I stayed on my back, and

you were over me so that YOU were the one that was in charge of how I get into you. If I'm the one on top, then it's all up to me. I'm fine with either one — I just want you to do whatever would make **you** the most relaxed and comfortable."

She considered it for only a moment before she asked "I'm not afraid or anything, but I'm not sure I could actually make it happen — you know, when we got to that part, if I was on top of you. But I don't want to put all this on YOU, either, by making you be on top of me. Is… is there any reason that I shouldn't be on my hands and knees, and you behind me? When… when I saw that movie, that was the way that looked like it felt the best, to me."

When she suggested it, I realized that there really *wasn't* any reason she couldn't be deflowered that way, if that was what she wanted. I even suspected that it would make it would make it marginally easier for her, since she'd said that dog-style appealed to her (and thus make her more receptive [no pun intended] to what was happening).

"Absolutely no reason at all, if that's what you want", I told her. Pleased, she leaned forward with the obvious intention of kissing me — and I welcomed the touch of her lips on mine. As it progressed, I put my hand on her hip; but when I felt her make a slight movement, did as she wanted and moved it to her breast. While I softly caressed her young mammary and gently teased her nipple, we opened our mouths and let our tongues meet and start to play again. When our lips finally separated, I could see in her eyes that she was *more* than ready to take the final step toward becoming a woman. Looking into her face, I told her "Carol, I'm not going to stop unless you tell me to. But I love you, and don't want to hurt you, either, so **tell me** if you need me to slow down or wait or do anything else that would make it easier for you. Okay?"

Pleased and reassured by what I said, she didn't hesitate to tell me "I will, Jim… honest."

After another we'd shared another brief kiss, she pivoted on her hip so that she was facing away from me before moving to her hands and knees. I quickly got to my own, and situated myself behind her after trying to memorize the sight she presented me. It took only a little adjustment before we were in position. I levered my erection down from where it was generally pointed at the ceiling, and got the head of it between the parentheses of her labia. Though I was still somewhat slick from her saliva, I still ran the head up and down a few times to get it thoroughly coated with her lubrication before bringing it to gently rest against her opening. Holding myself *very* still, I leaned over to softly tell her "I'm not going to do *anything* to <u>force</u> my way into you. You'll feel me pressing AGAINST you, but it's up to you to **let** me in."

After I heard her softly answer "I understand — and thank you", I raised back up and put one hand on her hip while using the other to hold myself in position as I carefully pushed against her wet opening. I could feel it start to give way a little, and pushed a little harder, opening her even more. But as I'd told her, I wasn't going to do anything to hurt her. Holding myself still again, I could feel as Carol got some measure of control over herself and began trying to relax to let me through. When I could feel that she'd made some progress, I eased my hips forward again so that I was a little farther into her. The two of us slowly went back and forth like that a few times before I felt the tight ring of her clamp down, pushing me back out.

She immediately started to apologize, and I interrupted her to say "No, you don't have to say anything. Something happened, and that's fine. I told you we'd take as much time as you needed and wanted, and I meant it. I'll just wait like this until I know you're ready for me to try again."

She turned to look at me over her shoulder, and her gratitude about my understanding and patience were clear on her face. I just smiled in reassurance to her, and after she'd turned her head back again, I felt her press back against me to let me know she wanted me to try again. After once more wetting myself, I again began to ease myself into her. We soon equaled our previous gains, and after several more cycles of press-and-relax, the head of my cock slipped into her. Even before she was able to complete her squeak of surprise, I'd stopped; several seconds went by as I could feel her consciously learning to accept my presence. When it seemed that she was ready again, I slowly increased the pressure I was applying so she'd have time to let me know if she wanted me to wait, or go slower. She didn't indicate that she was having any problems, so I was able to gradually slide perhaps another inch of my manhood into her before her increasing tightness around me told me I should give her some time to adjust again. After a couple of minutes, I could feel enough of a change in her that I knew it was okay to continue; when I felt her getting uncomfortable again, I stopped, and then backed out a little bit — not only to make it a little easier for her, but to make sure I kept myself properly coated with her lubrication.

Several iterations later, we could both feel it as her warm, tight sheath completely encased my erection. Both of us had been so thoroughly focused on getting my cock into her, that it wasn't until then that I realized we hadn't had to deal with the impediment of a hymen. Leaning over her again, I gently nibbled her earlobe for a few moments before quietly asking "You're okay? No pain?"

Just as softly, she answered "No, not even a little bit. Feels *good*, even! Why?"

"Just that I'm all the way inside you" — "Believe me, I can tell!" — "and we don't seem to have had any problems — or run into any obstructions."

It took her a second to realize what I hadn't had to stop for anything, and she turned her head to look at me before saying "I never even noticed. What happened?"

I gave the corner of her mouth (all I could reach) a quick kiss before answering "Beats me. Could have been that it just collapsed without a fight. Maybe you lost it when you were younger, or didn't even have one when you were born — sometimes that happens, too. Whatever the deal is, I don't think it's something to complain about, is it?"

That drew a smile from her before she replied "Not even a *little* bit! Just give me a minute, and I'll be okay for you to start moving in me, all right?"

After another kiss, I told her "Of course it's all right. Heck, I'll even give you TWO minutes", making her laugh.

I'm sure it was past even the "deadline" that I'd given her when I felt her lean forward a bit to

slide herself a little ways off my erection, before pushing herself back onto it. After she'd done it again a couple of times — each time going a little farther — I put my hands on her hips; it took only the slightest pressure for her to agree to hold herself still so that I could be the one to start moving in her. Arching my hips back, I slid nearly my entire length out of her, then paused for a moment before again filling her with my manhood; as I did, I hear her moan her pleasure while she pressed herself back to me.

As the next few minutes passed, I carefully and gradually increased my activity until I was pistoning in and out of Carol's tight, wet channel almost constantly. As my efforts grew, so did her soft moans, groans of pleasure, and other sounds of arousal and excitement. She also continued to press herself back toward me with each thrust; there couldn't have been any doubt that she was enjoying her first sexual experience tremendously.

Looking down, I watched as the tight ring of her opening stayed clenched around me when I withdrew from her, only to disappear when I reversed direction; I also realized that the scent of her arousal was thick in the air.

Leaning forward slightly, I was able to reach around her and cup her breasts in my hands and feel their weight shift in time with the way I was thrusting into her. It also shifted the way her nipples pressing into my palms, and that prompted me to shift the way I was touching her so that instead of feeling the weight of her breasts moving, I had her hard nipples dragging across my palms — which seemed to be something that she enjoyed feeling, too. As I felt her get wetter around me in response, I figured that if that little bit of attention to the peaks of her breasts was arousing her that much more, then I had to find out what happened if I became more active about stimulating them. It took only a few seconds of rolling her nipples between my fingers, and gently pulling and pinching them for her to call out "Yes! Like that!" in encouragement for me to continue. A little bit of experimentation revealed that she particularly liked it when my touch was *slightly* harsher; I continued firmly teasing them and felt it as her vagina not only got wetter around me, but began a faint rhythmic tightening. It didn't take long for me to realize that the added stimulation I was applying to her dark nipples was quickly moving her toward an orgasm.

It was more than a little tiring (and awkward) to stay like that, but I wanted Carol to get as much pleasure and satisfaction as possible from her first time with a man. So despite the growing protest from my back, I remained somewhat hunched over her so that I could continue to give her what she needed to ensure she had at least ONE orgasm while we were together.

But from the way she was reacting to what I was doing, I suspected that having *more* than one climax wasn't going to be a problem for her: it seemed that the closer she got to an orgasm, the faster she got there. The ghostly effects I'd felt in her vagina before had gotten progressively stronger and more frequent, and I didn't figure it was going to take much more before it happened for her. That proved to be the case just a couple of minutes later, when the soft cry she started to release was transformed into a loud, deep, and guttural groan as I felt her clamp down around me — and **stay** clamped. It took only a moment for me to realize that I literally couldn't move in her; that what little bit of motion I could simulate was simply me sliding back and forth

within my own skin. Relief, when it came, was temporary: I doubt that I'd have had time to get my erect cock out of her (if I'd wanted to, which I didn't!) in the brief time period between the end of one wave of her release, and the start of the next. I thought that I could also feel a *slight* decrease in the pressure of her sheath around me, but wouldn't have been willing to actually bet cash money on it.

It wasn't until the end of the third session that I was sure that the duration and intensity of the spasms were decreasing as her release tapered off. By that time, I'd released my hold on her nipples and gratefully gotten my torso vertical again, content to hold her hips as I enjoyed the pressure she was applying.

When her orgasm was all but finished, Carol's vagina relaxed its hold on me as a series of fluttering sensations that I found to be quite stimulating and erotic. She was left covered in a fine sheen of perspiration, and panting for air. The experience had plainly been a powerful one for her, but her youth and vigor kept her where she was; I couldn't help but wonder if I would have been able to do the same after going through something like that. I was happy to give her the time she needed to get herself back together so we could continue — it gave me the opportunity to slowly run my hands across every part of her that I could reach, delighting in the feel of her soft, smooth skin.

With most of the broken glass absent from my spine, I leaned over her again to get my head close to hers so I could ask "You think you're ready to go on, now?"

She turned her head to look at me, and the expression on her face almost made me laugh out loud: she plainly thought I was insane, or joking with her, and couldn't believe that I'd just asked her that question. But I saw when she suddenly realized that it was actually a valid question: that not only was I still inside her, but I was still hard and apparently ready to keep going. The transformation from the first expression to one of stunned awe was something to behold before she pulled herself together enough to answer "I am if you are!", with no small measure of eagerness in her voice.

It took a little extra stretching for both of us, but we managed to exchange a quick kiss before I moved my body back to where it had been. Still holding her hips, I started sliding myself in and out of her in small, slow motions; it didn't take long for her to let me know that she wanted me to become more active about pistoning myself through the portal of her womanhood.

I was certainly willing enough, and I was soon moving over half my cock in her at a pace that pleased both of us rather nicely. But after several minutes of that, I began to feel the effects of holding myself over Carol so I could manipulate her nipples: my back started getting not just tired, but actually sore. Thinking that it might just be a temporary thing, I tried to "work through it" — without success. It finally got to the point where I had to stop what I was doing (the LAST thing I wanted to do!) and support myself with my arms after I bent over Carol again. Regretfully, and a little embarrassed, I had to ask her "Would you mind if we changed things around? So that you were on top of me? I guess I'm getting older than I thought I was, and my back is starting to bother me…"

It took no time at all for her to answer "Of *course* not!", clearly concerned for me.

After I gave her cheek a grateful kiss of thanks, I slowly extracted my cock from the wet and warm confines of her pussy; once we were separated, it didn't take but a few seconds for us to get re-situated: me sitting with my back resting against the headboard, and Carol straddling my waist on her knees, facing me. That put her bust right in front of my face, and when I put my hands on her hips and got my lips wrapped around one of her nipples, she willingly held herself there long enough for me to bring the peaks of both of her mammaries to glistening points. When I pulled my head back, she gave me a pleased smile before taking my still-slick erection in her hand and lowering herself so that she was poised above it. Holding me steady, she began to settle herself onto me — taking nearly half my length in a single movement. After she'd released me and pulled her hand from between us, another downward push ended with the firm globes of her ass resting against the tops of my thighs. With me firmly embedded in her again, she didn't delay to start moving herself on me.

With us in the position we were, it was a *lot* easier (and more fun) for me to get my hands on her — my first target being the firm mounds of her ass, which I caressed and squeezed as she slowly bounced herself up and down on me; the feel of her ass clenching in my hands is something that I **still** remember, and treasure.

When I'd had my fill of *that*, I had a nice time caressing her body between her ass and my next target: her breasts, which were slowly gyrating (in some truly **fascinating** patterns) on her chest in reaction to her movements. Her hips, waist, back, thighs, sides, and pretty much everything else within range of my touch had my hands on it — repeatedly — before I gradually focused my attentions on her firm mammaries.

My touches on her body had added no small amount of pleasure to the arousal and desire that Carol had been feeling, so by the time my hands were on her breasts, she had gone from the longer and slower movements she'd started with to a pattern of smaller motions that only had about a quarter of my cock moving in her — but letting her shift herself on it more quickly. More comfortable and without the distraction of having to hold myself over her, I was able to more fully appreciate the way she felt: how warm and wet and tight she was around me, and the delightful sensations that combination were creating as she continued her self-impalement. It was enough, even, that I could feel myself finally starting to edge closer and closer to my own release with her.

Despite the fun I was having with her breasts in my hands, and my mouth and lips on them, I decided that if I was going to have the kind of climax I fully expected she would bring me, I was damn well going to go out with a bang by helping HER have one she'd never forget, either.

Reluctantly, but knowing it was for the greater good, I reassigned one of my hands from duty at her breast and sent it off on a special mission: to find the area between her thighs, locate her clitoris, and apply just enough of the right kinds of attention to it to ensure that when *I* climaxed, she would, too — as hard and powerfully as could be managed.

Once released to its mission, my hand moved slowly but steadily downward. After a brief liaison of teasing her navel, it ultimately found itself in the target area. It took only a brief search to locate the objective, and my fingertips carefully examined the area for possible resources to use once contact was made. With the discovery that she was fairly *leaking* her woman's juices, a plan was formed to accomplish the mission. Once everything was in place, and with the target blithely unaware of what was to come, the assault began…

After wetting the pad of my finger with the overflow of her oils, I got it positioned so that it made only the lightest contact with her clitoris as she rocked her hips back and forth to slide herself of and on my cock. Even that faint touch was enough to cause a noticeable increase in her arousal, and I *ever* so slowly increased the level of pressure that I applied to her tender nubbin while making sure to keep my fingertip well-lubricated with her essence. When the contact between my finger and her clitoris was at the proper firmness, I started moving it from side to side — slowly, and only a little at first, but again patiently extending my efforts until she began to slow and minimize HER movements to try and maintain the contact. That was what I'd been waiting for, and when the time was right, I was able to begin making small and slow thrusts up into her as I continued to twiddle my finger across the fleshy pearl at the top of her cleft. Able to hold still while experiencing the dual stimulation of having her clitoris teased and feeling me pressing myself up into her with progressively longer and faster strokes, Carols excitement increased even faster, and to higher and higher levels. Her face and neck were already pink with the blush of her arousal; as I continued my nefarious plan, I watched as it deepened, and expanded to include the upper part of her chest. Her breathing was coming more and more quickly, and the sounds she made took on a distinctly erotic and lusty tone. Patiently and deliberately, I slowed my actions in proportion to the frequency and strength of the clenching I could feel happening in her vagina — carefully drawing out the time it would take until she found her release, and consciously amplifying the effects when it happened.

She was practically *dripping*, and making small frustrated whimpering noises when I finally had "mercy" on her. Feeling the stirring in my balls that told me my own climax was imminent, I thrust myself up into her hard and fast as I suddenly applied a firm pressure to her clit and began "vibrating" my finger on it.

Her attempt to scream her pleasure was cut off by the power of what seemed to be almost a convulsion as her young body was overwhelmed by the power of her release. I knew that I'd had the desired effect on her when it wasn't until a couple of her spasms had passed that I was even *able* to release the first wad of my jism into the pussy that had been clenched so tightly around me as to prevent it from happening until then.

When she felt me begin to flood her insides with my cum, Carols eyes flew open and she again tried to cry out — and again had her voice cut off by the sudden, more powerful, spasm that overtook her. The increased force of her vaginal reaction also served to increase the pleasure and intensity *I* was experiencing, as well.

My own climax had finally ended, and I was watching her closely when I saw that she was about

to lose the ability to hold herself upright on me. I quickly took her into my arms, and was able to guide her forward to rest against my chest and get her head onto my shoulder when it happened. I expect that several minutes went by before I heard her softly tell me "Please… don't **ever** do that to me again. It was fucking *incredible*, but I don't EVER want to go through anything like that again, either", her voice hoarse.

I was trying to figure out whether I should continue to hold her, or get her something to drink, when a small motion caught my eye — and when I looked, I saw that Ellen had joined us somewhere along the line. Looking closely, I could see that she was easily as aroused and excited as she'd been when I'd been with her: her breasts were visibly tight, with her areolas crinkled and nipples long and hard; between her thighs, her labia were plainly evident, and dark with her desire. The area between them was shiny with her wetness — some of which had apparently gone on to be soaked up by the small towel she'd thoughtfully placed under herself.

When she saw me looking at her, Ellen gave a small start, and blushed slightly before looking at me in expectation. Rather than disturb Carol by reminding her that her mother had been there to watch as she'd not only given up her virginity, but gone on to have a couple of fairly powerful orgasms, I simply used one hand to mime something to drink and eat to Ellen before pointing at both Carol and myself. When she nodded her understanding, I mouthed "Thank you" to her, and she just waved it away before quietly getting up and leaving my bedroom.

She returned just a couple of minutes later bearing a small tray with a few sodas and a couple of sandwiches on it; looking to see which way Carol was facing, she set it within reach for me on the other side before heading for the bathroom. A few moments later, she reappeared with a towel and the washcloth we'd used before, which she'd apparently dampened again. I smiled my thanks, and she returned it before going back to where she'd been sitting.

With the requisite supplies at hand, I carefully got Carol turned enough that I could take the washcloth and use it to wipe her face — something that seemed to refresh her quite a bit. Next, I grabbed the soda that Ellen had apparently opened in the kitchen, and brought it up to Carols lips. I carefully helped her take a few sips from it before she indicated it was enough for the moment, then took a healthy swallow from it myself.

In somewhat improved shape, Carol was able to look at me as she said "I wanted my first time to be with someone that would be patient and gentle with me, and you were as perfect as I could have dreamed. I never imagined that I'd actually be able to have *orgasms* when it happened, though. Then to have something like **those**…!"

I gently hugged her, and kissed the tip of her nose (delighting her), before answering "Carol, I did the things I did because I **care** about you, and wanted you to KNOW that I care. You're smart, intelligent, brave, and a whole lot of other good things in addition to being as pretty and sexy as you are. All I did, really, was treat you the way I know you *deserve* for being the person that you are — I didn't do anything special or different JUST for you. I'm genuinely honored that you would want to give yourself to me this first time, and from what you just said, I'm glad that I was able to make it as special FOR you as you are TO me."

I could see tears starting to form in her eyes from her happiness at what I'd just said, and quickly told her "No, don't start crying — unless you want to see ME start doing it, too!", trying to draw a smile from her. It worked, and she managed to blink back her tears as she did.

I offered her the soda again, and she was feeling better enough to hold it herself — though with both hands. I opened another one one-handed and took possession of it for myself. After she'd had a few more sips of hers, she was comfortable about using just one hand, and I asked if she was hungry. She was, and gratefully accepted the cheese sandwich I offered her. I latched onto the other one, and the two of us sat quietly as we dealt with our food and drink. Once both of us were finished, she let me take the empty can and set it back on the tray with mine; when she moved to get herself a little more comfortable, she realized that my softened cock was still in her. Shortly on the heels of that, she remembered that I'd emptied myself in her, and that there were going to be Things to Deal With when I finally slipped out of her. I could tell when it happened by the blush I saw creep up into her face, and gave her another hug and kiss before saying "It's okay, Carol, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. That's just what happens when two people care about each other enough to share themselves with each other. Would you rather we *hadn't* done what we had to end up like this?"

She gave a small shake of her head before answering "No, not at all. I'd just forgotten, is all." With that, she also remembered that she'd watched as Ellen had dealt with it — as well as when and where. She quickly turned her head to look around, and quickly spotted her mother sitting quietly, and naked, in the same spot as she'd been in not too long before.

Before she could say anything, Ellen spoke up to tell her "It's okay, dear. There's nothing for you to be ashamed or embarrassed about. I'm just glad to see that you were able to enjoy yourself as much as I could see you did. I could tell that Jim was doing right by you, and making you as happy as he made ME feel. Now you understand how and why *I* forgot about YOU being there when I was with him! Just stay there and let him hold you as long as you want — everything is just FINE."

Spotting the tray and towel, and washcloth I'd used, Carol told her mother "Thanks for bringing us this stuff, Mom. It felt *so* good when he was holding me, and you getting this let us stay like that."

Smiling, Ellen answered "I was happy to do it, dear, after you helped US the way you did."

With that, Carol rested herself against me again, letting me hold her in my arms as she sighed her contentment.

Several minutes passed before Carol and I could both feel that my cock had finally shrunk enough that I'd uncork from her at any moment. I could hear the resignation in her voice when she told me "I suppose we'd better get ready, instead of putting things off until it actually happens."

"I think you're probably right", I answered before carefully (!) reaching over to grab the towel. Carol took it from me, and just as carefully got it refolded to suit her wishes. After she'd pulled

away from me a little bit, I told her "If you want to, you can just move next to me, and I'll be glad to stay with you for however long you want."

Pleased, she nodded her agreement before counting down "3… 2… 1… NOW!" and lifting herself up and getting the towel between her legs in a single quick movement. That accomplished, she didn't have to rush as she got herself off of me, and then seated where she could lean against my side. I put my arm around her, and when she turned her head my way, softly kissed her on the lips. She happily kissed me back before taking the washcloth in her hand and telling me "Now it's MY turn to clean you off — and I know why Mom said that she was glad to do it, 'cause that's how I feel too… like this is something I can do to show you I appreciate how good and happy you made me feel" before calmly using it to clean my cock and balls of our combined (mostly mine, but SOME of hers) juices. When Carol was done, Ellen didn't hesitate to get up from where she was and come to collect it, then take it into the bathroom where we could hear as she rinsed it out. When she was satisfied, she simply came back into the bedroom and took her seat again.

I was content to sit there with Carol against my side, and my arm around her, for the several minutes that silently passed before she told me "I… I'd like to clean up with you, but would it be okay if I was in the bathroom alone first?"

"Of course it would", I assured her. "What do you need? Ten minutes? Twenty?", I asked, teasing her.

Knowing that was what I was doing, she gave me a You Know I'm Just Putting Up With You, Don't You? look before answering "No, just a couple, is all" before getting up and heading that direction. I was entranced with watching her ass as she walked, and regretted the short journey she had to make. When she'd closed the door behind herself, Ellen got up and came over to sit on the edge of the bed before telling me "Thank you, Jim, for making it easy — and pleasurable! — for her to lose her virginity. It actually makes me envious of her, a little, that it was so nice and *good* for her. I could **see** that you were doing everything you could to help her enjoy it, and what you were doing with her got me SO excited… particularly there at the end when I could tell that you were trying to make it as good as you could for her. After something like <u>that</u> I don't think she's going to have ANY interest in being with any of the boys at school. Or even *college*, unless they're a whole lot different now than when I went. You've done everything either of us could have wanted, and done it in a way that I know that both of us will always remember with gratitude and happiness."

Before I could answer, the bathroom door unlatched, letting me (us) know that Carol was ready for me to join her for a shower. Ellen just smiled and told me "No, you don't have to say anything; just go on in there and have as much fun with her as WE had."

Taking Ellen's hand in mine, I gave it a small kiss before releasing it and doing as she'd told me to. The shower that Carol and I shared was easily as affectionate and fun as the one I'd enjoyed with her mother, differing only in the details of the literal and figurative grab-ass along the way.

When Carol and I got out of the bathroom, we found that Ellen had taken the opportunity to get dressed again — but when I told them that either or both of them were welcome to stay the night, they only had to share a brief look before she quickly got herself nude again, then called Beth to let her know not to expect them until the next morning.

We spent the rest of the evening with one or both of them cuddling with me as we talked about a wide range of different things. Neither of them indicated any possessiveness or jealousy, and both were a delight to have next to me. When it came time for us to go to sleep, both were perfectly fine with the idea of all three of us sharing my bed; it was Ellen that silently indicated that I should spoon with Carol at my front. I wasn't bashful about holding Carols breast, and she covered my hand with her own before releasing a happy sigh.

The next morning, Carol learned that the events of the previous evening hadn't been without cost with the discovery that having me inside her had left her a trifle sore — but adamant that not only didn't it actually hurt, but that she was happy that it reminded her of what had happened. When Ellen and I shared a few kisses, and things started heating up between us, Carol quietly left us to ourselves as we discovered a few minutes later. That was all Ellen needed to ask if I'd make love with her again; something I was quite happy to agree to. To my surprise, Ellen had decided that *giving* oral sex was worth at least **trying** after seeing Carols willingness and enthusiasm. I enjoyed the teaching experience again, and was glad to be able to bring her to a fairly powerful climax before we moved on to other things. We closed out the experience with Ellen bouncing her way to an orgasm on my cock as I teased her nipples and clitoris; the resulting climaxes were deep and intense for BOTH of us.

After an abbreviated and playful cleanup, we were still naked when we left the bedroom and discovered that Carol had made coffee, and was just waiting for us before she started breakfast. When we'd all finished, Ellen was adamant about dealing with the leftovers and dishes, shooing Carol and I out of the kitchen — and didn't exhibit even the slightest concern when she was done and came into the living room to find her daughter on my lap, and that I was tenderly molesting her. Carol was content to stay where she was (and molest me back) as we all conversed with each other. It wasn't until almost noon that Ellen pointed out that it was probably best if they went back to their hotel before Beth decided she had better call the police, or send out a search party. Carol reluctantly got off my lap, feigning not to notice when I played with her butt for a little bit before the two of them went back into my bedroom to get dressed. I didn't expect that they'd mind if I watched, but opted to stay where I was so they could have some time to talk to each other before they left. They stayed in the living room while I got dressed; once all of us were ready to be seen in public, both wanted to say their "real" goodbyes before we left.

When we'd gotten our clothing back to where it was supposed to be, we loaded ourselves into my car and I got them back to their hotel. Carol had the passenger seat, and didn't mind having me playing with her thigh under the dress she was wearing as I drove. Standing in front of the lobby to the hotel, both gave me polite kisses to the cheek while taking the opportunity to tell me again how I'd made them feel, and thanking me. I returned the kisses and sentiments the same way. I waited until I saw them safely in the lobby before getting into my car and heading home for

some MUCH needed rest.

Late the following morning, I got a call to go to their hotel; I wasn't surprised to see that all three of them were there and obviously ready to head back home, since their luggage was neatly stacked with them. I got everything and everyone into my rig, and headed for the train station. I maintained my "public" persona with them, but noticed that Beth was looking at me with an expression that seemed to be a mixture of awe and disbelief. When I looked at Carol and Ellen, I could see that both had noticed it, as well — and were quietly amused. Indirectly, Ellen let me know that they'd had to explain themselves (and what had happened) to Beth; with that, I understood the look on her face, and felt my own amusement. At the train station, I got their luggage transferred to a handler while Beth took care of getting their tickets. She got back just before Carol and Ellen again thanked me for *everything* I'd done… and gave me kisses that left no doubt about how sincere they were. From there, the three of them disappeared into the darkness of the terminal…

School had been in session again for maybe a month when I got a letter in the mail from an unfamiliar address. When I opened it, I saw that it was from Ellen and Carol.

Ellen's part, the first couple of pages, told me that after being with me, she'd decided that she should start "getting out" more — and met a couple of nice men her age. Nothing serious had developed, but she thought that things would get that way with one or the other of them before long. She went on to tell me that she'd come to see the problem I'd mentioned, and thanked me for helping her know that it WAS a problem.

Carols contribution (on different stationery) was to say that after experiencing what being close to someone was *supposed* to be like, she'd discovered that when the kids at school had started trying to pick up where they'd left off, she was able to deal with it better — that the person they were trying to go after simply wasn't HER, and so didn't bother her the way it had. She also told me that she'd told the couple of close friends she had what had happened (minus any incriminating details), not only impressing them mightily, but effectively squashing the ringleaders of the crew that had been bothering her: that she'd had such a **satisfactory** introduction to sex from an older man had left the others knowing what they'd missed out on by making themselves as easy and available as they had. She told me that there was a guy that was interested in her, and that she liked him; he was a *little* bit nerdy, but that was okay — she figured he was a big improvement over the ones that the 'easy' girls liked to hang out with.

Both of them also made a point of telling me how much they'd enjoyed not only the time we'd spent together at my place, but simply getting to know me. They also said that after listening to what I had to say, and what I thought about things, they also had a different perspective; that they were learning that there were different ways of handling life than the ones they'd always used before.

I wrote back, and told them (separately, even to using two different types of paper) that it was

nice to hear from them, and that I was glad that things were working out so well for them. I said that I was happy to have met them, too, and that it was good to hear that I'd been able to help as much as I had. I closed out by telling each of them that I would always remember her with fondness.

I never heard from them again, but I don't have any doubt that their lives after that were happy, and full; mine certainly was from having met them.

Chapter 13

Peggy (MF, oral, anal)

I was majoring in Philosophy in college when I realized that the majority of the "modern" stuff they were trying to teach me was basically just *bullshit*.

The thing was that I still had an interest (even passion) for philosophy and how to use it to solve problems in the Real World. So I chucked the whole thing and decided to find a career that would let me meet people and try to *use* philosophy (in the classical sense) to help them.

I finally settled on driving a cab instead of becoming a barber or cop or bartender or anything else that would let me meet a variety of people. Along the way, I've been able to do what I could to help people the way I wanted to, and had some pretty unique experiences. Some of them came as a direct result of my driving a cab, while others only peripherally involved my profession. Then there were those occasions where my job simply provided the opportunity for something else…

I was in line at the airport after getting one of my regular fares out there for his flight to some business conference, and idly speculating about some of the people in the line for cabs when I saw a woman exit the terminal and take her place at the end. Dressed in a lightweight blouse, and skirt that stopped a few inches short of her knees, she was far enough away that I couldn't make out the details of her face; but even from where I sat I thought she looked pretty damn good: blond hair pulled back into a pony tail that hung to about the middle of her back, slightly buxom, slender waist and trim hips, a compact little ass, and a pair of legs that went from 'here' to 'there' REAL well. When I got close to the head of the line, it started looking like the rig behind me was going to get her as a fare, but what I'd thought were two separate people turned out to be together — meaning that I won the jackpot, as far as I was concerned, when I reached the head of the line the same time she did.

I hustled out of my cab and did my usual helpful-and-friendly schtick, and got a chance to look at her a little closer — and was glad I did: looking to be maybe in her middle twenties, she was an absolute *knockout*: light pink complexion, ice-blue eyes, straight slender nose, and **slightly** full red lips. I also discovered that if she was wearing a bra, it had to be the lightest and thinnest model on the planet; I didn't have any doubts about where her nipples were. All in all, she looked like the prototype for your classic California Blond.

Once I'd opened the door to my rig for her, and handed her inside, it was behind the wheel for me. In the relative confines of my cab, I could detect the soft pleasant scent of her perfume and started debating whether I should ask her to marry me before or after I found out what her name was. But my mouth took care of business for me by asking her where she was headed, and much to my surprise, she gave me the name of one of the cheapest decent hotels in town. The place she

was going to had the basic hotel stuff covered, like room service and the like, but didn't have much to offer beyond that: no concierge, no laundry, no conference rooms, or any of that. Even their BEST room would barely qualify as acceptable in the high-end places. But it was decent, and most of all, cheap — and did a fair amount of trade with the businessmen-on-a-budget crowd.

Telling her I knew right where it was, I got us out of the airport, and started on the longish drive back into town. I'm a *damn* good driver, in part because I'm always watching what's going on around me; not just looking at the couple of vehicles in front of me, but even farther. So I noticed when the spacing between the vehicles up ahead got smaller and smaller as they gradually slowed down — and finally came to almost a complete halt. I tried to ease my way over to the righthand lane as soon as I saw what was happening, but didn't get very far when a group of big trucks got in the way. That left us in the middle of a four lane parking lot just a few minutes later. My fare could see what was happening, of course, and was listening closely when I switched on the radio I keep in my rig for when I expect to be sitting for a while. I dialed in an all-news station, and it didn't take but a couple of minutes for them to report that there had been a big accident up ahead… a good TEN MILES ahead of us, in fact. I let dispatch know where I was and what was happening, so they could try to warn as many other drivers as possible to avoid the mess.

I asked my fare if she needed or wanted to get word to her hotel that she wasn't going to be there quite when she'd expected, and she decided that it would probably be a good idea. After getting her name (Peggy Davies), I asked dispatch to call her hotel and let them know she'd be late. They said they would, which she heard. She thanked me, and I told her that it wasn't a problem and that I was glad to do it.

After we'd listened to the radio station go through their news cycle and get back to the accident ahead of us, I asked her if there was anything she wanted to listen to. She said she didn't, so I just turned it off.

With nothing else to do, the two of us started making conversation with each other; I learned that she was in town to make sales presentations to a couple of stores for the line of womens wear that she worked for. I also learned that she was single, twenty-eight, and didn't have any regular guy at home because she spent so little of her time there due to the fact that she was the most junior of the salespeople. After a little questioning from her, I had to explain how I'd ended up driving a cab after dropping out of college; that I'd done so *deliberately* simply baffled her. But it didn't stop us from continuing to chat about different things, and discover that we got along pretty well. When the meter in my cab hit what the normal fare to her hotel would be, I stopped it. She saw what I did, and thanked me after admitting that she was limited by the company on what she could claim for business expenses. She also gratefully accepted the coffee I offered her from my thermos.

It took a good nearly an hour before we could go anywhere at all; then another fourty-five for us to move more than fifty feet. But once traffic started moving, it didn't take all *that* long until I

had us moving along at the stately pace of five miles an hour. Even though my focus was on my driving, it didn't demand enough of my attention to keep me from maintaining the conversation with Peggy (as she'd insisted I call her). It was coming up on three hours after she'd gotten into my rig when I finally pulled up in front of her hotel. She was relieved to learn that the cab company had called as promised, and that they'd held a room for her, even though it was past their usual deadline. I helped get her luggage inside, and up to her room (the place didn't have anything like bellboys, either); once I'd set her couple of suitcases on the floor, she dug into her purse and pulled out enough money to cover the fare — and a fairly nice tip. After handing me the money, she said "That's not the way I would have **wanted** to spend the last couple of hours, but if it had to happen, I'm glad I was in *your* cab."

I accepted it, and thanked her before telling her "I wasn't overjoyed about it, myself… I'm glad I had somebody as nice as you to make it as pleasurable as it could have been", earning myself a pleased smile from her. I started to turn away when she asked me "Jim? I'll be giving both of my presentations tomorrow, but won't be flying home until the next day; would you be interested in showing me a little bit of the nightlife around here tomorrow night?"

"I'd be *delighted* to", I assured her. "I know a place that serves some real good beef, if you're interested in a nice supper first."

She looked delighted, and agreed — but only if she could pay for dinner, as a way of thanking me for making sure she didn't lose her room. The place I had in mind was pretty reasonably priced, so I agreed. It took only a few moments for us to agree that I'd be there to collect her at 7:30. That settled, made my exit so I could finish what was left of my shift.

With the prospect of a pleasant evening out in the company of a smart and pretty girl the next night, the rest of the afternoon passed easily enough.

I got an early start the next morning so that I'd be sure and have time to get home and get ready for my "date" with Peggy. Seven thirty found me softly knocking on the door to her room; it took a few seconds before it opened to reveal that she was ready to go — in more ways than what I'd expected. Her hair was tied back in a loose ponytail, and revealed her soft and slender shoulders had only the thin straps of her dress to interrupt their loveliness; I wasn't about to try and guess whether or not she had any makeup on, and really didn't *care*. When my eyes dropped a little lower, I could see that she was showing a nice amount of cleavage while still staying classy. The dress was a simple design, very tasteful, and moulded to her shape VERY nicely. It ended about mid-thigh, leaving a delightful expanse of nicely-turned legs showing. The pumps on her feet made her only a little bit taller, bringing the top of her head up to about eye level on me. I released a soft whistle to let her know that I appreciated the way she looked, and she graced me with a smile that let me know she was pleased with my reaction. After she'd closed the door behind her, she took my arm and the two of us went down to my car.

She was delighted by the small steaks we had for supper, and almost giddy by the time she'd finished the Key Lime pie I'd suggested for dessert. From there, we were off on a night of

visiting some of the better (and lesser-known) places that I knew of that offered live music. We chatted, we drank (a little), we danced, and generally had a pretty damn good time with each other for the next several hours. Along the way, we started holding hands like a couple of kids; and she even blessed me with a few happy kisses on the cheek. It was coming up on midnight when we left the last place, and she was holding my arm while we walked to where my car was parked. When we got close to it, she released her hold on me and said "As much as I'd like to stay out with you like this all night, I still have to get home tomorrow — so even though it's the last thing I *want* to do, I suppose it's time I got back to the hotel."

I just smiled and answered "Of course" in a way that told her I was disappointed, too.

I'd kept her company back to the door to her room, and we chatted for a few moments before I slowly leaned in and gave her a soft kiss on the lips so that she'd know I was glad to have spent the evening with her. When she returned it in kind, and let it continue, I gently put my hand on her hip and held it there so she'd know I wasn't trying to make any advances. Several seconds passed before I felt her start to pull her head back, and I didn't try to draw the kiss out any more that she was comfortable with. After she'd pulled back far enough, she considered what she saw in my face for a bit before seeming to come to a decision.

"I had a *real* good time tonight, Jim. Better than I can remember having for a long time, in fact. I told you that I don't have a regular boyfriend. The truth of the matter is that I don't have **any** boyfriend; the last one I had broke up with me after I had to go on a two week sales trip — and that was six months ago. I've been out with guys, and had a nice enough time, but there hasn't been anything even CLOSE to what we had tonight. I know I'm pretty… I mean, I can see the way a lot of guys look at me. Don't get me wrong: it's nice, knowing that. But it seems like almost all the guys I meet ONLY see how pretty I am, and don't get past that. From the way I've seen *you* looking at me, I know you like how I look, too; but you're one of the few guys that has actually taken the time or trouble or whatever to actually talk to me and try to get to know me. And you've even DONE that more than the others, too."

Taking a deep breath, she went on "I like sex; I like it a *lot*. But only when it's with someone that I have some kind of… **connection** with: someone that I like, and that likes ME for what's inside me as much as what I look like. I mean, if all I wanted was to just get fucked, I wouldn't have any problem with finding a guy willing to hump me for as long as he could get it up. But like I said, *I* want it to mean more than that. So what happens is that I have a couple of toys at home that I can use when the physical part of it gets too bad, but getting someone that I actually want to be with is a big problem. Now that I've had a chance to talk to you, and get to know you better, I figure that you're not the kind of guy that just jumps into the sack with girls — that you're kind of picky, even. I never liked the kind of pretend coy bullshit that most girls are into, and we don't have the time to hint around at it and be polite. So I'm just going to ask you straight out: would you be willing to help me get *laid* like I want, and maybe even spend the night so I have someone I actually like next to me when I wake up in the morning?"

As she'd talked, it had become pretty obvious what she was getting at; the only thing that

surprised me even a little bit was how direct she was about asking. The thing was that I *did* like her, and understood what she'd said. So not only was I perfectly willing to accede to her request, but looking forward to the chance to wake up next to HER. That she was interested in the two of us getting belly-to-belly only made it better.

"I'd like that…", I told her, "not just getting you laid, but waking up next to you."

Hearing that, she moved closer and put her arms around me. I happily took her into my arms, and when she tilted her head back to look at me, I didn't hesitate to kiss her again — trying to tell her through my lips how much I thought of her, and how happy I was to be there with her.

I can only figure that I succeeded, since she began to kiss me back the same way. Only when our lips parted by mutual accord did she tell me "I think I'm going to be glad I had the guts to just come out and ask you to stay…" before gently pushing me back so she could turn around and get the door to her room open. After taking me by the hand, she led the way in before turning to close and lock the door. Facing me again, she simply told me "I don't have to be at the airport until a little before noon, so there isn't too much of a hurry; I just want us to be together as soon as we can…"

With that, she simply moved past me. I followed her the rest of the way into her room, and got my first look at what the place was like. As I'd known, the hotel catered to the low-cost business crowd, and didn't offer much in the way of amenities and services — and it showed in the room, too. Not that the place was dumpy or wasn't clean or anything, just that it was pretty minimalist: she had a bed, a small table and couple of chairs, dresser, TV, phone, a cheap generic painting on one wall, a heavily curtained window, and that was about it. If she'd had a way of getting around, she likely could have gotten the equivalent at one of the discount motel chains strung along the freeway for a bit less. But what really mattered to me was that the room had HER in it. After setting her small handbag on the dresser and slipping her shoes off, she turned to face me again. I thought I could see a trace of nervousness on her face, and didn't delay in going over to where she was standing and taking her into my arms again. The next kiss that the two of us shared was appreciably more friendly, and began to take on the undertones of the desire that we felt for each other.

As our kiss progressed, I gently moved my hands to her hips and started caressing her from them up along her sides and back again. I'd only done that a few times when I felt her begin the press herself against me; taking that as my cue, I gradually expanded my touch to include her back — and finally, the nicely rounded globes of her small ass. She responded to my touch by moving herself even closer to me; I could feel the hardness of her nipples against my chest even as she was pressing her pelvis against mine, and knew that she could feel that I was starting to respond to the feel of her body againt mine. It wasn't until I'd squeezed the cheeks of her butt a few times (delighted by how firm they felt) that I felt her move her hands up to begin unbuttoning the shirt I was wearing. That prompted me to reciprocate the favor by sliding my hands to the top of her dress until I could take hold of the tab of the zipper, and ease it down.

Bowing to necessity, she took a small step away from me so that she could reach the rest of the

buttons on my shirt; she didn't seem to mind in the slightest when I slid her dress off her shoulders and it slid to the floor. That left her standing there in just an incredibly sheer bra and all but nonexistent panties. Through the filmy material of her bra, I could easily see that the tips of her breasts were a dark pink and that her nipples were about the size of a small marble — and were already standing out from the small crinkled mounds of her areolas. Farther down, I saw that her panties barely covered her mons; I only got to look at her for a few seconds before she had her hands busy with my shirt again.

When she'd gotten my shirt pulled off and tossed to lay on the small table in her room, her next considered action was to get her hands on my belt buckle. As she was getting it undone, she stayed right with me as I slipped my feet out of my shoes and nudged them aside. By that time, my belt was undone and she was working to get my pants unfastened. I pulled my abdomen in a little, and that seemed to be all she needed; after her trembling hand pulled down the zipper of my fly, she knelt down as she slid my pants down my legs. After I'd stepped out of them, her eyes were locked on where my semi-erect cock was creating a bulge in my shorts. Licking her lips, she reached out again the slip her thumbs under the waistband, and slowly pulled them down. I heard a small gasp when my cock popped free after she'd lowered my shorts enough, and watched as her face began to develope a faint tinge from her increasing arousal.

When my shorts were around my ankles, she softly nudged each of the calves of my legs so that she could remove my socks before collecting my clothes from the floor. Calmly stepping out of the puddle her dress made on the floor, she stepped over to lay my things out on the table before collecting her dress and draping across the back of a chair. As she was doing that, I had the chance to have a nice look at her ass. Small and tight, I could see how smooth and flawless it was because there wasn't anything as mundane as cloth covering it: the material from her panties met at the top of the cleft of her ass as three relatively thin strands, leaving her lovely ass cheeks exposed.

When she turned around, she could see that I had responded even more to the view she'd given me. With a pleased smile on her face, she moved to stand close enough to me that I could have taken her in my arms again. But before I could move to do just that, she looked up into my face and simply told me "Your turn, now."

After I tilted my head forward so that I could start kissing her again, I reached out and slid my hands up and down her waist and hips a couple of times before reaching around and taking careful hold of the back strap of her bra. It took only a few moments to get it unfastened; once I'd nudged it out of the way, I spent several happy seconds caressing the smooth expanse of her back as our kissing intensified. When we finally had to come up for air, I knelt in front of her as I slowly drew my fingertips down and around to the upper edge of the panties she was allegedly wearing. Slipping my fingers underneath, I carefully began to slide them off her hips. My head was close enough to her pelvis that I could easily detect the exciting aroma of aroused female, and I felt my cock growing even longer and harder in response. When I started to lower them, I first thought that she kept her bush trimmed uncommonly small — and soon discovered that she simply didn't bother: she shaved her entire mons, leaving her completely bare. The sight only

added fuel to the lustful fires building in my loins.

For the entire evening, I'd thought that she had on a particularly fine pair of stockings; knelt in front of her, I saw that I was wrong: what I'd been pleased about had simply been her bare legs. Legs that I soon discovered were not only nicely shaped, but smooth and firm, as I ran my hands down them while getting her panties low enough for her to step out of them.

Once she was clear of the impediment of her panties, I took the time to run my hands along the length of her trim legs before reaching out and cupping her bare ass in my hands and giving it a few tender squeezes. When I finally stood up again, I got a double surprise: not only hadn't she finished taking her bra off herself, but it so closely moulded to the shape of her that it hadn't fallen off on its own, either. Ever the gentleman, I assisted her by slowly removing that last "obstruction" and setting it aside. Having nothing to impede the view, I could see that her breasts were roughly the size of half a softball, and didn't appear to sag in the slightest. Her nipples had gotten a bit longer, and her areolas protruded slightly from the larger mounds of her mammaries, but weren't the 'puffies' that I'd seen on other women. I couldn't resist the urge to lean forward and place a kiss on the peak of each of them, drawing a soft gasp and pleased smile from her. With both of us naked, I stepped closer to her and took her into my arms. As we held each other close, I softly told her "You aren't just pretty, as you said. I'm an authority on these things, so you can take my word for it: you're *lovely*. I'm grateful that you would be willing to let me look at you like this."

"You don't look bad yourself, there, fella", I heard her answer. I'd started working out some time before, so I knew that while I didn't have six-pack abs, I was still fit.

We stood there for a few more seconds before she quietly said "Now, about this getting laid business…"

I had to laugh for a moment before releasing her; together, we went over to the bed and I helped her pull the bedcovers down before we both climbed in and met in the middle. After we'd shared a few kisses, she told me "Just so you know, you don't have to worry about birth control. I'm on the Pill, more for convenience than need, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, we'll just have to see what we can do about *that*", I told her, getting a small laugh in return.

Our lips met again, and as we rekindled our passion, I placed my hand over her breast. She released a soft, short moan, and I began to explore the warm bundle of flesh in my hand and its twin; it didn't take me long to conclude that her breasts were as wonderful to hold as they were to look at: each nicely overfilled my hand, and felt smooth and soft on its surface while having the firmness of a marshmallow underneath. My fingertips easily found the circle where her areolas rose up from the surrounding flesh, and carefully mapped their pebbled surface before continuing onward. Her nipples were apparently made of some new rubber-like plastic with amazing capabilities: even as I was gently teasing and pulling on them, they would get longer and harder. When erect, they stood out a good half an inch from their base. I was having a dandy time

amusing myself with them when she reached between us and took my semi-erect penis in her hand. As she started slowly and gently stroking me, I figured it wouldn't be polite to let her get too far ahead of me — and reciprocated by caressing my way down her body until my hand was at HER pelvis. Her mons being shaved, there wasn't anything to keep me from enjoying how soft and smooth it was; when my fingers first eased between her legs, she quickly moved one aside in invitation for me to explore farther. It didn't take me long to discover that her labia were somewhat long: I could feel their edges simply by running my fingertip along her cleft. Further investigation let me know that they were also thin and soft — and the area between them already wet with her juices.

Farther up, her clitoris had started to make its appearance; with the encouragement it got from my fingertip, it soon threw off its cloak so that I could tend to it properly. The size of a small pea, it proved to be very sensitive to my touch. Peggy's soft moans quickly and steadily grew in frequency and volume when I used the oils she was producing to lubricate things as I softly petted it. That also inspired her to stimulate ME more, too, and it didn't take much time before she had me fully erect.

Once she was satisfied that I was as ready as I needed to be, she was panting softly as she told me "I want you in me… it's been too damn long, and you're making me crazy. I'll do whatever you need to get ready again, but I've got to have you in me **now**!"

I'll admit to being surprised at hearing that so soon; but if she said she was ready, then I had to figure she was. When I eased my hand from between her legs, she moved from laying on her side to being on her back before pulling her knees up and spreading her legs. I got to my knees so that I could move to between her legs, but before I could start to move she told me "I know I'm already *so* wet inside — but it'll be easier if you let me get YOU wet on the outside" before licking her lips suggestively. I moved closer to her head, and she raised her body enough to support herself on her elbow before turning her head and opening her mouth. Before I had time to even *think* about it, she'd taken half my length into her mouth and was using her tongue to do some rather interesting things as she applied her saliva to my manhood.

While I would have been willing to let her continue her efforts for, say, the next couple of years, she was satisfied sooner than that: with me as hard as possible, and suitably lubricated, she let me slip from between her lips and lay down again. It took me only a few seconds to get myself in position; then I took a few more to look her over: the firm thighs that led my gaze to her bare mons, with her slightly parted inner labia visible at the bottom of her cleft. Even as I was looking at her, she reached down and covered the lower part of her mound before using her fingers to open herself up to me and letting me see the glistening ring of her opening. I could swear it winked at me before I heard her plaintive "*Please*?"

Leaning forward, it took only a few moments for me to get the head of my erection between her fingers and gently pressing against the entrance to her womanhood. As I pressed myself forward, I could feel her deliberately relaxing herself as I slowly penetrated her farther and farther. When the head of my cock slipped through, I held myself still for a few seconds — both to see if she

needed or wanted time to get used to me (she HAD said it had been months for her), and to let *myself* get used to the incredible warmth and tightness of her.

She pulled her hand from between us, then put it and the other on my ass and pulled on me, trying to get me farther into her; apparently, the only problem she had was that I wasn't moving fast enough for her. Lowering my body so that I was supporting myself on my elbows, I nuzzled her ear as I arched my hips and started sliding more and more of my hard cock onto the tight confines of her pussy. I was able to keep filling her with that slow thrust until my balls were resting against the bottom of her ass — something made possible only by the combination of how wet she was, and the liberal coating of saliva she'd left on my cock. Both of us could feel that I was inside her about as far as I could go, and I heard her softly say "**Damn**, that feels good!".

I had to agree, since her warm sheath was wrapped around my entire length, feeling like it was at LEAST one size too small. Feeling how wet she was inside, and from how she'd wanted me to get my cock in her as soon as she had, I didn't figure that there wouldn't be any problems if I wanted to start moving in her. After taking a moment to enjoy the feeling of her vagina clamped around me while the warm pillows of her breasts pressed against my chest, I began slowly easing myself back out of her until only about a quarter of my penis was still inside her before reversing direction and filling her again. Arching her hips up in welcome to my penetration, she released a deep moan of pleasure that lasted until my pelvis came into contact with hers. I repeated my actions several more times, each a little faster and harder than the one before, and her response left no doubt that she really **did** enjoy sex — a LOT.

It wasn't long before I was steadily pistoning in and out of Peggy's girl chamber, and hearing as her increasing wetness added a distinctly liquid tone to our activity. The abundance of her fluids also resulted in the unique aroma of aroused female getting steadily thicker in the air. And as if all that wasn't enough to keep me interested, she was also considerably more vocal than most women I'd been with. Not that she was loud or anything, but that she was actually **talking** as I moved in her — telling me such things as "Oh, god, yes, fuck me!" and "Ohhhhh, that feels so good!" and other such verbal encouragements. I already knew that I was a good lover from the reactions I usually got from women; but the kind of feedback I was getting from Peggy was as clear and unambiguous as could be.

I was in that phase where the sex was feeling better and better, but not yet approaching release, when she started having a series of small orgasms. I doubt that the first one lasted more than a couple of seconds, but she clearly found it satisfactory. A couple of minutes later, she had another one that was a trifle stronger. After that, they started happening for her with gradually decreasing time in between, and increasing intensity. With each one, she would get tighter around me and her vagina would go through a number of mild spasms; by the time it was over, she'd be a little wetter and even warmer inside — and just as tight around me as when I'd first entered her. The end result was that each of HER climaxes was pushing me closer and closer to my own. It was when she had three progressively more powerful orgasms in what couldn't have been longer than a single minute that the cumulative effect of all the stimulation got to me. With a deep groan of

my own, I buried myself in her as far as I could, just ahead of the first eruption of my cock. I don't know if it was because I was trying to fill her with my cum, or simply because that was what her orgasm was going to be like anyway, but the clenching of her vagina didn't begin to taper off until after I'd emptied myself in her.

Panting slightly, I was holding myself over her when I felt her wrap her arms around me and pull me close so she could shower my face and neck and shoulders with a multitude of kisses as she repeatedly thanked me and told me how good I'd made her feel. She finally released her hold on me, and I was able to raise up enough to see her face; still a bit flushed from her arousal, there was no mistaking the sheer joy on it. Her eyes were twinkling when she told me "In-fucking-credible! I knew I was going to have orgasms, but I never expected them to be like **that**… I've had guys tell me that the way I feel inside when I orgasm makes them climax sooner than they want to — so there haven't been a lot of times that anybody has been able to make me feel THAT good. And now you're being *such* a dear by staying with me, instead of pulling out and going to sleep. I thought you were someone special before… but **now**…!"

I got her to quiet down through the simple expedient of kissing her; if I'd had any doubts before then, the way she returned my kisses made it amply clear that I'd brought her no small measure of satisfaction and pleasure.

The next couple of minutes were spent with the two of us intermittently sharing small, soft kisses — not just lip to lip, but to each other's face, neck, and shoulders, as well. While we were doing that, my penis was gradually shrinking inside the tight confines of her womanhood. When it was clear that I wouldn't be able to stay in her much longer, she surprised me by blushing slightly before telling me "When you slip out of me… I… I'd kind of like it if you could, um… move off of me, that way" — nodding her head the direction away from the door where I figured the bathroom was — "so I can get out of bed and into the bathroom. I'm not worried about getting pregnant or anything; I just don't want to make a big ol' wet spot we'd have to sleep in, and I want to clean up a little so I'm ready when you are again."

I smiled before giving the tip of her nose a small peck and answering "I can do that. I don't want us to sleep in a big ol' wet spot, either." She blushed again before I asked "So you think you want to stay up long enough for me to be ready again?", teasing her.

Somewhat bashfully, she answered "Yeah, I do. I know that all happened kinda quick for you, and I want to find out how good it can be with you when we take our time."

"Well, I don't think you'll have to wait *too* long for that—" I replied.

About then, I could feel it as my penis finally started to pull free of her. Doing as she'd asked, I managed to get myself off of her and out of the way as quickly as possible. Cupping her hand against her crotch, she hurried to scoot to the edge of the bed before making a dash into the bathroom and closing the door behind her. Amused, I was content to simply lay on my back with my hands behind my head as I waited for her to reappear. When she did, she saw me watching her, and faintly blushed before showing me that she had a damp cloth and towel in her hands.

From the way she was looking at me, I got the idea that she wanted to clean my pelvis of our combined juices herself, so I held still as she did just that. Once she was satisfied with her handiwork, she took the things back into the bathroom before getting back onto the bed with me and snuggling into my side. I put my arm around her so that I could hold her breast in my hand; she sighed her contentment before putting her hand on my chest and resting her arm on me.

We lay there like that in silence for several minutes before I heard her say "It makes me feel so good to just be next to you like this. I'd probably get into trouble with the femininists if they ever heard me say this, but it just feels *nice* to be laying next to the guy that just made me feel so darn good while he was screwing me. And I like the way you're touching me, too — how you're holding my tit, I mean. I can feel it when you move your fingertips, and I know that you're doing that just because you like the way I feel; you're not getting worked up because you're playing with my tit, you're just enjoying the way my skin feels and that's just where your hand happens to be. And it makes ME feel good, knowing that you like touching me that way. Nobody has ever gotten past just getting their hands or mouths on my tits, and touched me the way you are. It lets me know that you like me for more than just how I look, and that you care — that there's a *connection* between us, like I like to have."

After hearing that, I couldn't resist running my thumb across her nipple (she tilted her head back to smile up at me, knowing that I was just being mischievous) before I answered "Yeah, I like holding your breast in my hand; it's warm, and soft and firm at the same time, and moving my fingertips around like that lets me enjoy how smooth it is, too. I do care about you, Peggy, and there IS a connection between us. We actually *like* each other for who we are — for what we see in each other. Yes, you're certainly attractive and sexy; but if we hadn't had the chance to get to chat and learn a little about each other while we were waiting for that traffic jam to clear up, I don't think that either one of us would have given the other another thought after I dropped you off. Then, tonight, we got to know each other better, and found that there's a lot that we have in common — but that there's enough different between us to make things **interesting**, too. So yeah, there's a connection there, and I like it as much as you do."

When I'd finished, she looked up at me again to smile before nestling her head into the hollow of my shoulder. Both of us were content to just lay there next to each other as we got ourselves recharged for the next go-round. As I continued to delight in the smooth surface of her mammary, she started doing the same to me, and letting her hand wander around my my chest and belly.

I knew that she was feeling frisky again when her hand began to drift lower and lower. Her fingers finally came into contact with my flaccid penis, and after she'd nudged it with her fingers a few times, she took it into her hand and gave it a couple of experimental strokes. When she didn't get the response she was hoping for, I heard her ask "You think we can get this thing working again now?"

I gave her breast a gentle squeeze and ran my fingers across her nipple before answering "I don't suppose it would hurt anything to at least *try*. Of course, there's no **point**, really, if THAT'S

working and you aren't ready — how about if we see if we can't help each other out a little?"

She tilted her head to look at me again, and I could hear the mix of amusement and pleased anticipation in her voice when she answered "I think I'd like that…"

From there, it took less than a minute before we were in the classic "69" position with her on top of me. As she was taking my cock in her hand, I got my first good look at her deforested mound. Her mons was full and distinct, flowing from the front of her pelvis to between her thighs in a smooth curve; along the lower half of her cleft, the edges of her labia protruded slightly. Visibly soft, they were indeed thinner than most I'd seen. Realizing that I was looking at her must have aroused her, because I saw her thin petals get a trifle darker and thicker. When I shifted my focus, I could also see that the hood of her clitoris was starting to make an appearance. I didn't have any difficulty detecting the unique aroma of her increasing arousal, and finally lifted my head so that I could slip my tongue between the delicate gates guarding her womanhood.

There weren't a lot of her oils available to me, since we'd just gotten started; but the little bit that I was able to gather proved to be light, with a faintly sweet tanginess that I found delightful. With my hands on the firm globes of her ass, I went about seeing just how much fun I could have with her bare playground.

It was certainly a different experience, being able to use my lips and tongue and mouth anywhere on her soft, smooth skin. I didn't have any problem understanding why some guys really went for women that shaved themselves this way, and appreciated that I didn't have to worry about having my nose tickled the wrong way, or dealing with a stray or loose pubic hair. That it also made her look younger — even child-like — didn't hurt things, either. I had a pleasant time using the tip of my tongue to tease her clitoris into coming out from under its cloak; being able to directly kiss, and use my lips to nibble on, the tender ridges of her mons was unique and enjoyable. So, too, was gently pulling on her soft labia, and even softly sucking on them. My efforts met with no small measure of success, and I soon had a ready and almost constant supply of her nectar to lap up as she pressed her crotch down in encouragement. She also took me into her mouth; and soon had me erect with the application of an incredible combination of suction, head-bobbing, and tongue action that varied widely from one minute to the next.

After the way she'd responded to having my cock in her, I wasn't shocked when Peggy had a small climax as I was using my tongue on her clitoris; I just welcomed the increase of her tasty juices that resulted, then went back to wreaking whatever oral mayhem I could between her thighs. I managed to get my tongue partway through her opening before her next orgasm pushed it back out again. Then it was back to her clitoris for another orgasm, and then to the entrance to her vagina for a fourth. I cheerfully toggled between bedeviling her clitoris, and trying to see if I could lick her tonsils from where I was, as I again brought her to — and through — a couple more before she let my erection slide from between her lips to tell me "If you don't stop doing that, either we're going to be up all night because you have to wait for me to recover from all the damn times you make me cum, or I pass out and you have to fuck me while I'm unconcious. Now, *I* need to get some sleep tonight, and I don't think **you** want to be humping what wouldn't

be any better than a sex toy — but it's up to you."

I didn't figure I liked either of those choices, either. After running my tongue between her labia and getting one last taste of her, I answered "Well, if *that's* the way you're going to be about it, I guess I'll just have to stop. Just when I was getting good at it, too!"

That last part drew a laugh from her before she told me "If you think that's just 'getting good', then I don't want to be anywhere NEAR you for what you'd call 'excellent'! You'd kill me, likely as not!"

After I kissed the inside of her thigh in response, she carefully got herself off of me; when she'd turned around so she was facing me, she said "After you made me feel so good, I'd like us to go a little slower now, and do something for you."

Playfully, I told her "If you want to be on top, then climb aboard. If you're doing all the work, then that just means I get to play with your fun parts!", making her laugh and give me the fish-eye before getting to her knees, and then straddling my waist. When she reached between us to take my erection in her hand, I made a little bit of a show of reaching up and cupping her breasts in my hands. With an amused smile on her face, she leaned forward and lifted her cute little butt up so that she could position the end of my cock against her opening; when she did, I raised my head and torso far enough to get my mouth on the peak of one of her breasts, and start sucking on it as I tongued her nipple. Even after she'd gotten me wedged against the warm, wet entrance to her vagina, she stayed where she was so that I could duplicate my actions on the other breast — leaving both of them sporting erect nipples that shined with my saliva when I finally lowered my head again.

Feigning a tone of weary resignation, she asked me "Are you happy, now?"

Grinning, I answered "For now…", causing her to give up any pretense of being serious when she smiled down at me. A moment later, I felt it as she started to lower herself onto my erection; there was a brief struggle between the tight ring of her opening and the end of my cock — it took only a couple of seconds before the head slipped through, causing her to gasp slightly. From there, it didn't take her long to get herself securely mounted on me, with the bottom of her ass resting against the top of my thighs. As she held herself still on me, I gently squeezed the firm masses of her breasts, and ran my thumbs across her nipples, several times before she finally started to move. Though her initial efforts were small and slow, it couldn't have taken two minutes before she was enthusiastically sliding herself up and down nearly the entire length of my manhood at a steady clip.

As nice as her ass had felt in my hands when she was holding still, I **had** to find out what it felt like when she was putting it to use as she was then. Releasing her breasts, I slid my hands down her body, then around, so that I could hold the cheeks of her ass as she continued to bounce herself up and down on me as though she were on a pogo stick. Beneath my hands, I could feel the muscles of her ass clenching and relaxing as she moved; I could only wonder at how something that fit and strong could still look so good, and so sexy.

Above my head, I saw that Peggy's breasts were swaying slightly in time with her movements; raising up a bit, I was able to stick my tongue out far enough so that one of her nipples brushed across the end of it. It took a couple times of that happening before she looked down to see what was going on; when she did, she managed to give me a brief smile before once more getting lost in the pleasure she was getting from her self-impalement.

I wasn't able to continue that for as long as I wanted to, and finally had to let my head rest on the bed again. But rather than just lay there, I released the soft hold I had on her tight buns in favor of using my hands to begin caressing her. With a variety of touches, I mapped every square millimeter of her soft skin that I could reach — from her earlobes to her shoulders to her breasts to her back and all the way down to the calves of her legs, there wasn't a part of her that I didn't go over several times, slowly and in lovingly gentle detail. By the time I was finished, I could see that her breasts were somehow "tighter" than they'd been, and her areolas puckered well out from the flesh that supported them. She'd also developed a slight flush that extended all the way down to the upper slopes of her breasts; even her breathing was coming faster between her exclamations and assurances that she liked what we were doing.

Her movements on my hard penis had gradually gotten shorter and faster, and she was wearing a fine sheen of perspiration that looked lovely on her when she practically slammed herself down, and then tried to press herself even farther onto me as she started what was clearly a powerful release for her. The climax I'd had with her had still been to recent for me to do anything but enjoy the sensation of her hot, wet pussy rhythmically gripping the entire length of my manhood. Knowing how much effort she'd exerted, and seeing how her orgasm was hitting her, I was watching closely when it began to taper off. Near the end, I saw her eyes open just ahead of her arms beginning to shake from the effort of holding herself up. I quickly took her into my arms and told her "C'mon, lay down, and get yourself together, okay?" She nodded her agreement, and let me guide her down so that she was laying on top of me. Her firm breasts made for a pair of nice, warm pillows around the nipples that were pressing into my skin; her head was resting against my shoulder as I put my arms around her, and began softly stroking her back while murmuring soft words of comfort to her.

It took a couple of minutes for her to get her breathing back under control, and perhaps half again as long before she had enough strength back to raise up and kiss me before telling me "I don't know who you've been having sex with, but she is one **damn** lucky woman. As nice as it felt to have your cock in me, the way you were touching me was the icing on the cake — I knew I was going to have a nice orgasm, but you made it SO much better with what you were doing."

I happily kissed her back, a couple of times, before answering "It isn't just one; I just tried to learn something from each of them so that I could make the next one feel that much better, is all."

With a snort, she told me "Judging by how you've been making me feel, I'd have to guess that you've probably been with six different women a day for the last ten years to have learned THAT much!"

I couldn't help but smile at her exclamation before gently pulling her back down so that the two of us could exchange several tender and affectionate kisses. With more of her strength back by then, Peggy started to lift herself up again — and felt my hard cock move inside her. The stunned expression on her face was almost comical, and I managed to keep my expression neutral when she almost demanded "Didn't you cum? Mine was enough that I couldn't tell; I just figured you did. Is something wrong?"

She let me pull her close and kiss her again, then I answered "No, I didn't cum, and no, there's nothing wrong; it's just still a little too soon from last time. If you want us to keep going, then it'll probably happen next time."

It took a second before she was able to respond with "*If* I want us to keep going? Hell, yes, I do! I wanted to get laid, and you're doing a damn fine job of it, mister! You're making up for *months* of doing without, all by yourself. IF I want us to keep going…", the last in a tone that let me know she thought I was being particularly dense.

To try and mollify her a bit, I gently pulled her into another kiss — one that went on longer than I'd initially meant for it to, due primarily to her tongue teasing mine into a rousing game of "Tag". Only when it was over (damned if I know who won, and don't care) did she pull back again to say "I'm all for us going on, but not like we just did — I'm too damned tired to finish it."

"I think I can take over from here", I assured her. "Think you'd be okay with me behind you?"

It took only a second for her to brighten up and answer "I think I'd be *way* better than just 'okay' with it!", and giving me a quick kiss before raising up and then easing herself off of me — and softly moaning in disappointment as she did. When she got herself clear of my body, I saw her seem to go "inside" herself as I got to my knees. By the time I was facing her, she'd come out of whatever place in her mind she'd been, and was looking at me rather speculatively.

I simply stayed where I was, looking at her as I waited to see if whatever it had been was something she wanted me to know about. I wasn't anywhere near prepared to hear her tell me "If… if you want to… I mean, if you don't think it's gross, or anything… I… I'd like to find out what it's like to… to be fucked in the ass."

I could only raise my eyebrow in question, and she told me "It's something I've thought about before, and the idea of having a guy doing that to me *really* turns me on. I never asked anyone to do that before because I didn't want them to think I'd do it ALL the time, if I didn't like it for some reason. I'm not so much worried about it hurting, 'cause I wouldn't want to do it with someone that I didn't think would take it easy on me, as I am what he might think about me for wanting to try it. But I don't think that you're the kind of person to **judge** somebody about something like that, and I know that I can trust you to be nice about it, and even stop if I want you to. If you don't want to for some reason, that's fine — I mean, I know that you fucking me the regular way is going to feel good, and make me have another orgasm, and everything. I just wanted to know if you'd be willing to help me find out what <u>that</u> felt like."

While it wasn't my first choice for how to have sex with a woman, I certainly didn't have any

objections to Peggy's offer to let me have her anally. She was (obviously) a grown woman, and after she'd explained herself that way, there wasn't anything for me to say, except "If that's what you want, we can give it a try. But the minute, the *second*, it hurts you, we call it off, right?"

"You betcha!", she hastened to assure me. After a second, she realized that if we were going to do that, it was to her benefit to get something to make it possible; after telling me "Just a sec…", she scrambled off the bed and headed into the bathroom. She reappeared a few moments later with a small plastic bottle in one hand, and a couple of hand towels in the other; when she was on the bed with me again, she told me "This is some baby oil I use to keep my skin soft. Ummm… how did you want to do this?" — then blushed when she realized what she'd just asked before adding "Getting the oil on, I mean…"

I couldn't help but grin at her as I answered "Probably be easier if you got me lubed up, then I did you.", deliberately making the double-entendré, making her blush even deeper … and her nipples re-erect.

It took a moment for her to regain her composure; when she did, she set the towels aside and opened the bottle; after she squirted a healthy dollop of the oil into her palm, she reached down to where my erection was waving in the air in time with my heartbeats. It took only a few seconds for her to get me thoroughly coated with the baby oil, and after she'd wiped the surplus off her hand, she handed me the bottle saying "You're not going to be stingy with this stuff, right?"

I assured her that I wasn't, and she turned away from me before lowering herself so that her shoulders were on the bed. Reached back, she put her hands on her ass and spread herself so I could apply the oil. With her spread that way, I could easily see that her labia had gotten darker with her increased arousal — and perhaps a bit longer and thicker, too, in anticipation. After squirting a little of the oil into my palm, I let it warm up for a few moments before cupping my hand at the top of her ass and gently pouring it so that it ran down the crack of her ass and across the pucker of her anus. Using a forefinger, I gently spread the oil around before adding a little more to what was already there; then I slowly and carefully worked into her nether opening, and a little beyond. As I was doing that, I heard her release a couple of soft moans as the area between her labia got visibly wetter.

Once I was satisfied that I *could* get into her that way, I close the oil and set it aside before wiping my own hand off. Moving closer to her, I levered my erection down and held the end of it so that it was touching — but not pressing against — the rosette of her rectum before telling her "Just so you know, this is only going to happen as fast as you LET it. I am **not** going to push you, and if you want me to stop at *any* time, I will."

She turned her head enough to look back at me before answering "I know you're not going to do anything to hurt me, but thanks for saying it, anyway. Go ahead, whenever you're ready."

With one hand on her hip to steady myself, I used the other to hold my cock in position as I started pressing myself against her — gently at first, the slowly increasing the pressure to not

only reassure her that I *was* going to take it easy on her, but also to give her time to let me know if she was having any problems or second thoughts.

Once I felt her begin to open up to me, I carefully maintained the same pressure against her so that I kept my promise to her that it would happen only as fast as SHE let it. I could feel it as she went through a period of relaxing enough to let me in a little ways, tightening again, then relaxing. There were a few times when we (she) lost a little progress, but over the course of the next few minutes, we got closer and closer to getting the head of my manhood through the tight portal of her back entry. I could feel that I was *almost* through when she suddenly rocked herself back hard and far enough to make it happen.

Other than releasing a loud gasp, she didn't indicate that she had any problems with having me in such an intimate place as she held herself still again. I asked if she was okay, and she didn't hesitate to let me know that she was before adding "It doesn't actually *hurt*, or anything — it just feels **damn** strange to have something in me like that… GOOD, but strange. And you feel positively *huge*! Just let me get used to it a bit, could you?"

I told her that was fine, and waited patiently while I felt her gradually learning to accept what was happening. She released her hold on her ass in favor of filling her hands with some of the bed covers; perhaps a minute went by without my feeling any change in her when she told me "Okay, I think I'm ready. Just take it slow at first, until I'm sure, okay?"

Putting the hand that had been holding my penis on her other hip, I slowly began to press myself farther and farther into her. I could see that her grip on the bedding had turned her knuckles white, but the low moan she made as I carefully sank my manhood into her bowels told me that I was far from hurting her. I stopped my forward movement only when my pubic hair was the only thing between my pelvis and the crack of her ass.

It seemed to take her a few moments to realize that I was in her as far as I could go; when she did, I heard her tell me "This feels **so** much better than I thought it would! The rest of you was easy, once you were inside; it felt like your dick was ten feet long, you were going so slow."

Though she still had something of a death-grip on the covers, I could see that her knuckles weren't white any more. Comfortable that *she* was okay, I held myself still in her for a few seconds before slowly easing myself back out of her for about half my length. After only a brief pause, I pressed myself back into her, then held still. When I didn't move again for several seconds, she told me "That was fine, you moving your dick like that. Keep going!"

That was all I needed to hear, and I gladly went about sliding my oiled cock back and forth through the tight ring of her anus… slowly and gently at first, but as she let me know that she was ready and willing for me to become more "active", with increasing speed — and even force. It wasn't but a very few minutes before I felt her have an orgasm; not just one of the "little" ones that she'd started out with before, but something much closer to the last one she'd had. The clenching of her vagina along the bottom of my penis as I see-sawed in and out of her felt incredible, and moved me a good way toward finding my own release. A couple more minutes

went by, and I could feel that she was getting ready to climax again; and I also knew that when it happened, I was almost certainly going to cum with her because of the increasing pressure in my groin from how good it felt to be fucking her tight little ass.

Trying to draw out, and intensify, the pleasure for both of us, I slowed and lengthened my strokes into her warm bowels; I doubt that I delayed our releases by more than a minute or two, though — both of us were simply too aroused, and the pleasure too great.

When I felt her start to clamp down with the start of her orgasm, I practically slammed myself into her as far as I could get; the sensation of her vagina underneath my cock caused my climax to be stronger and longer than any I'd had in a good, long time. Only when I was able to draw a breath again did I realize that I could hear a high-pitched noise; when I looked, I saw that Peggy's head was thrown back and the tendons in her neck were stretched out like steel cables — and the noise I was hearing was a whine coming out her nose because her jaws were so tightly clenched. It was the first time I'd ever seen anything like that, and it actually distracted me from how my cock still felt in her for a couple of seconds.

For good or ill, the human body can only stand so much pleasure for so long before it has to take a break; when that break came for Peggy, it left her exhausted. I'm sure that if I hadn't still had my hands on her hips to hold her steady, she would have simply collapsed right where she was. I judged it prudent to rescue my quickly-deflating penis from her nether regions before carefully easing her over so that she was laying on the bed. When I looked into her face, I could see that she was awake and somewhat alert, and plainly stunned by what she'd just experienced. Pulling my pants on, I made a quick run to the vending machines the hotel had by the elevators, and brought back a couple of sodas for each of us. After setting them where I could reach them, I slipped my pants back off and got back into bed. After I'd gotten the hand towels refolded and positioned, Peggy wasn't able to provide any help as I got her sitting upright and next to me so that I could hold her. Getting one of the soda, I opened it and drained nearly half of it before turning and putting it to her lips. When she realized I was offering her something to drink, she opened her mouth enough for me to pour just a small sip between her lips. I saw her swallow it, and a few seconds later, she indicated she was ready for more. Over the course of the next couple of minutes, I managed to get about half of what was left of it into her before she managed to tell me "Gimme minnit", in a hoarse voice.

I drained the rest of what was in the can, and took a couple of health swallows from the next while waiting for her to let me know when she wanted some more. When I saw her reach for it, I helped her hold it as she carefully took several sips from it before lowering it again. She still wasn't back to normal, but she was in considerably better condition when she told me "If I'd had any idea that a guy fucking me in the ass could do THAT to me, I'm not sure if I would have done it sooner, or not done it at all. And you didn't help any by slowing down like that at the end, either!"

Doing my best ignorant innocence ploy, I told her "Well, you acted as if you <u>wanted</u> to like it, so I figured I'd try to make it better for you when you came that second time…"

It didn't fly even a *little* bit, and she told me "That FIRST orgasm I had should have told you that I liked it. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to kill me! I can just see the death certificate now — cause of death listed as Terminal Orgasm!"

I couldn't help laughing at something like that, and it took only a moment for her to join me. When we'd both settled down again, she said "I'm really not upset with you — not at all. I asked you to do that, and you were as NICE about sticking that telephone pole of yours up my ass as I could have wanted. And then you gave me those two *incredible* orgasms while you were fucking me. I don't have **anything** to bitch about or be sorry for at all. You've been a perfect DEAR ever since I got into your cab."

I gave her a hug, and she relieved me of the soda I still held so she could finish it off. I set the empty can aside, and asked if she wanted another. She said to save them for later, and when she started to nestle herself into my side, she realized that she was sitting on the hand towels. Blushing furiously, she asked "You put those there?"

I simply answered "I didn't figure either of us would want to sleep in THAT big ol' wet spot, either.", causing her to have a fit of giggles that alternated with more blushing before she got herself under control again.

I was content to sit there and hold her for several minutes; it wasn't until I heard her fierce yawn that I told her "Yeah, probably a good idea if we cleaned up a little and went to bed… to sleep.", getting a laugh from her. She agreed, and asked for some time alone in the bathroom before we took a shower together. I said that was fine, and watched as she gingerly made her way off the bed and into the bathroom. When she saw that I was watching her, and how she'd walked, she blushed again before giving me a defiant look and closing the door. When it opened slightly again a few minutes later, I knew she was ready to have me join her. Both of us were tired and feeling sleepy, so our cleanup was brief, but thorough. Dried off, we spooned with me behind her as we quickly fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning to discover that Peggy and I had reversed positions at some point; she was now practically grafted to my back, with her arm draped across me. When I turned my head to try and look at her, I heard her say "I'm already awake, if that's what you wanted to find out. It feels nice, laying here like this, so I wasn't going to wake you up until I had to."

I considered it for a moment, and then asked her "Do you want to stay like this, or for me to hold YOU?"

"Unless you want to move more than I do, this is fine."

As nice as she felt against me, I *didn't* particularly want to move, so I didn't say anything. I don't know how long we stayed like that; it was Peggy that broke the comfortable silence by telling me "Thanks for coming in and staying, Jim. Not only did you give me the fucking of my life last night, but it felt so nice to have you holding me when I went to sleep last night. And waking up next to you like this is a *wonderful* way to start my day."

With the mention of what we'd done the night before, I asked "You okay this morning?"

She knew what I was asking, and I could hear the humor in her voice when she told me "So far. I can still feel a little bit of the after-effects, but it isn't bad. Of course, I haven't tried to walk anywhere yet, either!"

I took her hand and brought it up to where I could kiss her palm before putting it back; when I released it, she gave a happy sigh and tried to wriggle herself a little closer to me.

A little while later, I heard a small alarm go off, followed by a muffled curse from her. I felt her roll over, then heard the alarm shut off a second later. A few moments passed before I heard her say "As much as I'd like to stay with you like this all day, I *have* to get up and get to the airport so I can catch my flight home."

"If it's any help, I'll be glad to take a shower with you.", I offered.

A moment later, I felt her snuggle next to me again before she softly told me "It **does** help, and I'd *love* having your hands on me again before I have to go. Do you want one of the sodas from last night? They aren't cold, but they aren't warm, either."

The idea of tepid soda wasn't all that appealing, but I knew the sugar and caffeine would help get me going, so I said I'd take one. She moved away from me again, and I used the opportunity to sit up and rest against the headboard. She sat up and mirrored my position before reaching over and grabbing both of the drinks left over from the previous night. After she handed me one of them, we both opened opened them and took an initial drink — and both grimaced. Laughing that we'd had the same reaction, we shared a quick kiss before downing nearly all the rest.

With that little bit of a jump-start, both of us got out of bed, and I got to watch her breasts sway slightly as she walked around the bed to where I was. When she got close enough, I took her hand in mine (making her smile) before the two of us went into the bathroom. There, I let her get the shower started while I "helped" by standing right behind her with my flaccid penis tucked into the crack of her ass while I supported her breasts with my hands. When the water was warm enough, she turned and gave me a fake-dirty look before laughing and putting her hands over mine on her breasts and leading the way into the shower.

It was a fun and playful cleanup for both of us, and ended only after she'd gone to her knees and given me one HELL of a blowjob — swallowing every drop of my cum when I erupted into her warm and talented mouth. When she stood up again, she had a self-satisfied smile on her face. Once out of the shower, we helped each other dry off; when she started to get dressed, I could see the amused tolerance on her face as I provided additional assistance by making sure her breasts were properly supported, that her panties weren't too tight against her mons, and so on. In return, she checked my shorts for proper fit after I put them on. When she'd gotten her suitcase repacked, I carried it while she carried her samples case out to my car. The blowjob she'd given me had cut enough time out of the schedule that she told me she'd get something *else* to eat at the airport — which let me know that I needed to get her there, instead of stopping for breakfast someplace.

Once we were at the airport, it didn't take long to get her stuff handed over to the skycap. I was standing with her when she turned around to face me and say "I had a *great* time with you, Jim. Not just in bed, but going out, and just **talking**, too. I hope you'll be available the next time I have to come to town."

"If I am, I'll be MORE than delighted to hear from you", I assured her, "whether it's just dinner, drinks, and a little dancing, or to share your company for the night."

When I'd finished, she gave me a delighted smile, and leaned forward so the two of us could share a kiss before she turned and made her way into the terminal.

I did hear from Peggy a couple of times after that, when she came into town on sales calls. Both times, we had a pleasant evening of socializing before retiring to bed — at my place. She never mentioned whether or not she found another boyfriend, and I didn't ask — I just figured if she did, it was up to HIM to be the kind of person she wanted to come home to. The last time we were together, she told me that she was up for a little bit of a promotion that would have her working a different group of clients; when I didn't hear from her again, I knew she'd gotten it, and wished her well.

Chapter 14

Elisse & Gina (MF, MFF, FF, oral)

I dropped out of college in my Junior year when I realized that the studying I was doing for a test was all stuff that had virtually *nothing* to do with the "classical" Philosophy that I had a passion for, and was trying to get a degree in.

With the end of my formal education, I had to find another line of work — and eventually settled on being a cab driver. I wanted a job that would let me deal with the public and engage in what I came to think of as "applied philosophy": using the tools and techniques of philosophical thinking to help people find their own solutions to their problems.

Sometimes, it was just a matter of asking them a few leading questions to get them thinking about things in a different way. Other times, I became much more directly involved.

In either case, it's been a long time since I first got behind the wheel of my first rig, and I thought I'd pass along some of the various experiences I've had…

There was one particular place that several of us cabbies like to go to for lunch. It wasn't real big and kind of off the beaten path, but the food and atmosphere of the place were second to none.

One of the things that I figured out real early was that the two women that ran the place had a special relationship — the way they talked to each other, the way they interacted, the looks I saw them give each other sometimes… I had to figure that they had a **serious** commitment to each other. I eventually learned that they were a lesbian couple; Elisse (pronounced Eh-lees, a slightly willowy brunette) got absolutely no pleasure from being married, and ultimately divorced. After that, she met Gina, a blond that looked like a scaled-down Dolly Parton. Gina had known she only liked girls from the time she hit puberty, and was the one to help Elisse learn and admit that *her* interests and pleasures lay in that direction, too.

I didn't learn all of this all at once, of course; just that being a regular in the place, and my interest in people, it wasn't long before both of them were comfortable talking to me when they weren't busy. That I didn't see anything wrong with their relationship, didn't judge them, and simply treated them as the hard-working, decent people they were helped, too.

There were several of us having lunch in their place one day when a new driver with one of the other companies started running his mouth — starting with his prowess with women, and then on to what he'd like to do with Gina and/or Elisse. A couple of the other drivers tried to clue him in that he was being an asshole, but he was too young and full of himself to pay any attention to them. Finally, somebody told him about Gina and Elisse being a "couple", and that *really* set him off. He was from some jerkwater town in a real conservative part of the country, and he started spouting off about "fags" and "dykes" and a bunch of other trash… until I finally got tired of hearing it, and suggested that he close his yap before it got him into trouble. He wasn't any better

at listening to me until one of the guys at the table with him whispered something in his ear. I don't know what was said, but it was enough to convince him to get up and leave.

I contrived to hang around until almost everyone else had left, then went over to try to apologize about him to Elisse and Gina, and make sure he hadn't said anything to hurt them. To my pleased surprise, both of them had simply ignored him once they realized that he was an opinionated jackass with a big mouth and tiny little mind. Elisse assured me that she'd heard much worse, and that she knew none of the rest of us cabbies were like him — and that both of them knew *I* was even more different from the rest of the drivers. She and Gina shared a Look, then Gina turned to ask me if I could swing by the place again when I got off my shift. I raised an eyebrow in question, and she told me "There's something that Em and I would like to talk to you about. There's something we need some help with, and we figure you're *just* the person."

Smiling, I asked "Do I get even a hint what it is?"

Only a small smile touched her lips before she answered "If I did, I don't think you'd drive worth a damn. We both stay late to get things ready for the next day, so even if we look closed, we'll be here. Just knock on the door — maybe 'shave-and-a-haircut', so we know it's you, okay?"

I said that was fine, and that I would, and headed back out to the rig that I lease from the cab company. If I'm not <u>the</u> best driver in town, then I don't miss it by much; I get enough people calling for me by name that the company pretty much lets me set my own hours, and do what I want. The owner told me one time that I pull in half again as much for the company as the next highest driver. For a novel change of pace, they leave the golden goose alone, and keep the administrative bullshit to a minimum.

Between fares, the rest of my shift was pretty much occupied with wondering what Gina and Em could want to talk to me about. I'd gotten the impression that it was something serious, but neither of them had indicated any hurry, either.

After I'd finished up for the day, I went back to their place and knocked on the door the way I'd agreed; it took a minute for Elisse to come and let me in. She called out to Gina and told her that I was there, and guided me over to a booth at the back. After she'd gotten me seated, she asked what I'd like to drink, and I went with some iced tea. A few moments after she left, Gina slid in opposite me; when Elisse came back she had drinks for all of us.

We spent a couple of minutes just relaxing and shooting the breeze before Elisse said "I expect you're wondering why we wanted you to come back after we closed for the day."

"Well, yeah…"

The two of them shared another Look, then Gina said "You know that we live together — that we're lesbians, and how we got together and all that. I don't know if either of us ever told you, but we've been together for almost ten years now. That's longer than most hetero couples manage, and we're both still happy and in love with each other, and there's nothing that I think either of us would change about our situation… except for one thing."

I simply nodded for her to go on, but it was Elisse that said "As happy as we are, we're still aware that we aren't getting any younger. We've talked and thought about it, then talked and thought some more, and *both* of us want to have a family — besides each other, I mean. Being lesbians, we obviously can't make it happen ourselves, so the first thing we thought of was to try adoption."

Gina joined in by saying "But there was a problem: that we **are** lesbian. All of the adoption places we applied to weren't going to tell us 'no', directly, but they damn sure said so by what they did and didn't say and do. Oh, they used words like 'priorities' and 'legal ramifications' and 'precedent' and 'unconventional', but what it all boiled down to was that they weren't going to let us have a baby — or even a small child."

Elisse picked up there by telling me "We heard about artificial insemination, and a couple of other things, but if they weren't outrageously expensive or unreliable, we pretty much ran into the same problem as the adoption agencies: nobody wanted to let a couple of 'queers' anywhere near a child, or reproducing. Of course, the bigoted idiots think we're going to… DO things, or maybe do 'something' to make any child we have as 'perverted' as WE are. Except that neither of us would ever think of doing anything like that, even if we could! Dammit, we even *want* our child to be hetero, if only so that they don't have to go through all the crap that WE did!", nearly in tears when she finished.

Gina was the one to tell me "The short version is that we've tried or checked into **everything** that would let us have a child; and after a couple of *years* of rejections and other blocks, we've had to face the reality that if we want a family, it's going to have to happen the old-fashioned way. And that's what we'd like your help with."

Despite paying close attention as they'd been talking to me, I was still baffled about how I could help them when Gina finished. Seeing the confusion on my face, she told me "Jim, we'd like YOU to be the one to help us start a family."

Hearing her say it that way finally helped me understand what they wanted my help with. Even so, it took a few seconds before I could ask "You want me to be the, um, donor, then?"

After sharing a look, both of them smiled, and Gina answered "Yes, but not the way I think you're thinking. Because of our business, we've got *some* health and other insurance, but we've learned that we can't qualify for anything like *in vitro* due to our… situation. When I said 'the old-fashioned way', I meant exactly that: for you to impregnate one — or preferably, both — of us. DIRECTLY."

I could only sit there and blink at them as I tried to get my mind around what they were saying to me. The thing was, I couldn't quite make it happen. Their explanation and everything very neatly led up to what they wanted me to do, and why — except that to me, it was like someone trying to tell me that the alphabet started out A, B, C, D, 42, purple. It just didn't *work*.

When I finally got my mind wrapped around the idea, the first thing I had to ask (of course) was "You're *sure* that's how you want to start a family? I mean, both of you are more than passably

attractive, so it isn't that the idea doesn't have some appeal — it's your 'situation', as you called it that's throwing me off. I know you were married before, Gina, but what about you, Elisse? You've said that you've always been a lesbian, so I'm not sure how well that would work out."

Gina answered first by telling me "When I was married, I never really did *enjoy* sex with my husband. Oh, it felt good, sometimes, even though I never had orgasms with him or anything. Don't take this the wrong way, but being with you wouldn't be any big deal for me. If you're anything in bed like what I've seen the rest of the time, I'll probably have a better time with you than I ever have with a guy before."

Then it was Elisse's turn, and she told me "As a matter of fact, I'm not a virgin — but not because of any guy. I lost my hymen when I was with an older girl while I was still in high school; she was **real** patient and gentle about using her hand, so I don't have any kind of phobia or anything about having something inside. You'd be the first *guy* I've ever had inside me, but like Gina says, I expect you'd be nice enough about it that it'd be okay. Even if you weren't, though, I want a baby bad enough that I could go through with it, no matter what."

From what she said, and the tone of her voice, I didn't doubt that she could (and would) do just as she said. That left just a few more points that I figured we needed to all get clear on.

"Okay, it <u>can</u> happen. What about when it **does**? You've said that you've got 'some' insurance… I'm figuring that it provides enough coverage to handle two pregnancies. But there's still *after* to think about: how much are you going to want — or let — me in their lives? Who am I going to be to them… 'Uncle Jim' or something else? Do you tell the kids who their father is, and if so, when? Who gets listed as their father on the birth certificates? How much of my medical history do you need or want? How much, if any, financial support are you thinking? Those are just for starters; I'm sure other things would come to mind for ALL of us, if this happens."

Elisse fielded the questions, answering "We have no plan or desire for **any** kind of financial assistance from you — and we're ready to put that in writing, in a contract. How much you're involved in their lives is something I think we'll have to work out; we both know that you'd be a damn good influence on them, and we don't have any problem with you taking them to the park or to a movie or anything like that. We aren't looking for — and don't want, honestly — any kind of lifetime commitment from you, either, though. Like I said, we'll just have to work that part out. Same thing on who you are to them… I think we'll just have to see how it works out. We'd *prefer* to tell them who their father is when they get older, but if you have any objection, we'd understand. Ditto on being named on the birth certificates. As for medical history, we'd like however much information you're willing to provide; not so much for this, as for the kids, later. From what we've seen of you, and know, we figure that if there was any reason that you *shouldn't* have kids, you'd say something — you're just too honest not to."

"We figured there would be other things that we haven't thought of yet, too, so we're expecting a lot more back-and-forth on this, too", Gina added. When she recognized the double meaning of what she'd just said, she surprised me by blushing faintly while Elisse just grinned.

The two of them sat there patiently as I thought about what they'd asked, and the answers they'd given in response to my questions. After a few minutes, I told them "Of course, you know you're asking a lot — but you've told me what you want, and why, and covered the 'big' issues. It's a pretty damn serious thing you're asking, and I'm going to have to think about it for a while."

Both gave me small smiles before Gina said "Of course, Jim. We certainly didn't expect an answer right away, and wouldn't have been happy if you'd tried to give us one. Yes, it **is** a big deal, and we know that. And we know that if you have to tell us 'no', then it won't be because of our relationship."

I smiled back before answering "No, that's the last thing I'd trouble myself with. I don't doubt that either, or both, of you would raise great kids — the only question, really, is whether I want them to be MY kids, too."

With that, we all finished our drinks and got out of the booth we were sitting in. Saying that there were a few things that they still needed to take care of, Gina let me out, and gave me a little wave after I stayed to make sure she locked the door behind me.

It was summer time, and I was kept busy for the next couple of weeks ferrying assorted visitors, tourists, conventioneers, and so on around town. While I couldn't devote ALL my time to their request, it damn sure filled in the empty spots between everything else I was doing. I had lunch in their place a few times, and neither one of them ever said or did anything to see if I'd made a decision; they seemed to know that I'd let them know when *I* knew, and were content with that.

It was nearly 3 weeks from the time we'd all sat down that I was finally able to discreetly tell Elisse "I've settled on what to do about that question you had for me. We probably need to talk about it; will you be here after I get off shift about six tonight?"

Her eyes widened slightly, and she answered "No, we're usually home by then." She quickly wrote something on an order pad, then tore the sheet off and handed it to me; when I looked at it, I could see that it was an address. She told me "Come there. We can talk after we have a nice supper — both of us want to thank you for at least *thinking* about it."

I thanked her, and asked "Would it be easier if I showed up a little later?"

"Oh, no, six is fine!", she assured me. After telling her that I'd see them later, I headed back out to my rig.

The address Elisse gave me was for a modest little house in an older suburban area. The streets were quiet, and the neighborhood looked to be pretty decent: middle-class, but well-maintained, and somehow feeling 'neighborly'. I knocked on their door just a few minutes after the hour, and it took only a few seconds for Gina to open it for me. After inviting me in, she guided the way into their living room, where Elisse was sitting at one end of a couch. After I'd taken a seat in a chair facing it, Gina asked if I'd like something to drink. After she ran down the list of choices, I said that a beer would be fine, thank you. She disappeared toward where I figured the kitchen must be, and was back in a couple of minutes with beers for all of us.

After we'd been chatting for a few minutes, I could see that while both of them were doing their best to be gracious hostesses, they were all too aware of why I was there. With that, it took only a moment to throw our plans for the evening out the window in favor of telling them "You can relax. I'm going to help."

It took a couple of seconds for what I'd said to sink in; when it did, both of them quickly set their beer bottles aside so they could rush over and pull me out of the chair and hug me. All things considered, I wasn't reluctant about hugging them back, and quickly decided that both of them made for a nice armful of curves. When they'd gotten themselves calmed down again, we all sat down again before Elisse told me "*Thank you*, Jim. I guess you know how happy that makes both of us."

Gina laughed, and said "If he didn't, he sure does after **that**!", drawing chuckles from me and Elisse.

"Jim, after so much time, we were afraid that you were going to have to tell us 'no'; dinner tonight really was our way of trying to thank you for at least *thinking* about it. But now it's going to be a celebration dinner!", Elisse exclaimed.

Just then, I heard a kitchen timer go off; both of them stood up and Elisse said "That's supper. If you'll give us just a couple of minutes to bring it out, we can sit down to eat."

The promised couple of minutes went by before Elisse came in to let me know my presence was requested. When I got into the dining room, I was surprised at the spread that they'd laid out: it looked like they'd prepared a five course meal for just the three of us. After I sat down, Gina told me "As much as both of us want to hear what you have to say, we've gotten into the habit of suppertime being about just *talking* to each other, like friends and family."

I smiled before answering "That sounds like a wonderful habit to get into, and I certainly don't have any problem with it."

After Elisse learned that I didn't have any need or desire to say a prayer, we had a delightful time just chatting with each other as we ate. The food proved to be even better than what they served in their place, and early on I had to remind myself to leave room for the rest of the meal — and was glad that I did.

After our second cup of coffee after dessert, we all stood up. I offered to help clear the table, and was politely informed that if I attempted to do so, I would be severely dealt with. Too chicken to find out what they'd do, I gave in; when I went back into the living room, Elisse came along to keep me company. Several minutes later, she and Gina traded; a bit longer, and both of them were again seated on the couch, facing me.

Elisse got us started by saying "You said we probably need to talk, this afternoon, so I guess it's up to you to let us know what's on your mind."

"It's nothing *dramatic*, or anything like that", I told them. "Just some things that came to mind while I was thinking about all of this."

"Such as?", Gina asked.

"Such as you saying that you'd be fine with a contract saying that you wouldn't have any financial claims against me. Not that I'm worried about that, but for what it does: makes things *absolutely clear* between us. I'm not just talking about the financial side of it, but **all** of this — or as much of it as we can get put on paper, and signed off by a lawyer. We covered the obvious stuff when you asked me to help you start a family; but from what I've seen of life, it's usually the seemingly little things that turn out to be the biggest headaches. So what I'd like to suggest is that we spend some time, I don't know… brainstorming, I suppose, to try and address as much of that kind of thing as we can. I don't know about you, but I don't think that's something we can do in just one go-around… which leads me into something else."

With them looking at me expectantly, I continued "The whole **point** of all this is for me to get one or both of you pregnant. Now, *I'd* certainly be more comfortable about that if we kind of eased into it, instead of me just showing up like a bull servicing a couple of cows — which brings up the last thing: when does all this start to happen, and how? I mean, the obvious thing is that it'll work best when each of you is most likely to conceive, but that leaves a lot to be settled, like how and when and where."

With me reminding them that I'd actually be having sex with them, both of them blushed faintly before Gina said "Um, yeah, I think 'easing' into it would be better, too" — Elisse nodded her agreement — "and neither of us has really thought of much past the point of finding a **way** to get pregnant. I think we both just figured that we'd deal with that part of it when we got to it."

Elisse spoke up to say "I never bothered to think about anything past that, like Gina said. The information we got on artificial insemination said that sometimes it takes several tries before it 'takes'. I… I guess that means that you might have to… BE with us more than just once, doesn't it?"

Smiling, I answered "That's a distinct possibility. *I* certainly don't mind, if you don't — but it's just <u>one</u> of those things that it's best to be aware of ahead of time, don't you think?"

Both of them smiled briefly before Gina said "I think we asked the right person to help us. Not just because of what kind of guy you've shown us you are, but because you really DO use that philosophy stuff you talk about to think about things. If we know what's good for us, I think we'd better find out what YOU think we should do, first — **then** we can start talking about it, and working things out."

Elisse voiced her agreement, and I told them "Just to make it clear, I am <u>not</u> trying to dictate terms or conditions, here. All I'm trying to do is toss out some *ideas* as kind of a starting point. Okay?"

They both voiced their understanding, and I continued "Since we aren't going to get all, or even MOST, of the little detail stuff taken care of in just one or two meetings, how about if we use them as part of the 'easing into it' process? I can come over here, or you're certainly welcome to come to my place, and we can get to know each other better, and get comfortable, while we get

things worked out?"

Both said that was a fine idea, and I went on "Since we're looking at handing this off to a lawyer, it would seem like a good idea if we wrote things down as we think of them and get them settled — maybe even all three of us initialing or signing each thing, so we can make sure we're all saying the same thing? I was thinking that maybe we could get together a couple times a week at first; then more or less often once we get an idea of how things are going."

Taking a breath, I said "Something else I want to make clear is that the 'easing into things' with you is only going to happen how and as fast as YOU want it to. I'm already comfortable with the idea of being with a woman; what happens between me and you, and how, is entirely up to you — I'm not going to 'test' you, or push you, or anything like that. To make it as plain as I can, *you're* going to have to make the first move, and be the ones to move things along between us: if all you want is for us to hold hands, then the only place my hand will be is in yours… until **you** put it somewhere else. If you need to go back a little bit, that's fine — but if you don't let me know that things have changed, don't be upset with me for not knowing, either. Okay?"

Looking considerably relieved, Elisse and Gina both nodded before telling me that they appreciated my understanding. I simply told them "You said you chose me partly because of they kind of guy you think I am. I'm just trying to live up to that standard."

The next thing I had to say to them was "Of course, all the talking and discussion and the rest of it is pointless if you two don't end up pregnant. That's something that can only happen when your bodies make it possible. I've said that I'm not going to pressure you about the rest of it, and that applies to the getting pregnant bit, too: if you only want to try on the one day when you're most likely to catch, that's fine with me. If you want to try and increase the chances of it happening, I can do that, too — it's your call. And just to make it clear, it's also your choice whether I'm with just one, or both, of you; I've been with two women before, and what you do with each other won't shock or offend me, and I won't interfere with you, either."

They were both plainly surprised, and it was Elisse that asked "You've been with lesbians before?"

Smiling, I answered "No, they're not lesbians. They're bisexual — they prefer each other most of the time, but think I make for a nice alternative."

It was Gina that asked "How did you meet them? Who are they?"

"One of them is a regular fare that I got to know casually; when she was having a problem one night, I helped her out. Along the way, I got to meet her friend, and the three of us got to know each other even better. I still see them, every now and then", I answered.

From the way I was talking, I think both of them realized that there was more to the story (and situation) than I'd let on; the way they were looking at me told me that I'd not only surprised them, but given them — particularly Elisse — some reason to think (or even hope) that my time with them might not be as bad as they had feared it could be.

It was Gina that got us back onto the subject at hand by saying that there were a couple of things that had occurred to her since they'd first talked to me. After she'd told me what they were, and the three of us had reached agreement on them, we went on to other things, as well. It was nearing ten o'clock when we finally called an end to the evening. On my way out the door, I said that I'd get a notebook to write everything down in before inviting them over to my place. After only a little discussion, we settled on them coming over three days later.

Their first visit to my apartment went off about as well as I could have hoped.

I was ready when I heard the doorbell, and after they were inside, I could see that they were more than passingly surprised at the place: somewhat sparsely furnished, simply decorated, and (of course) my shelves of books. As they were looking them over, Elisse said "I've only *heard* about some of these. And you've actually **read** all of them?"

I laughed before answering "Yeah, I have — these are just the ones I've wanted to keep", causing her eyes to widen. Gina looked at me with a hardbound copy of Plato's *Republic* in her hand and asked "You read this stuff for fun?", in disbelief.

"Not for entertainment, like I would Mark Twain or Shakespeare; but for enjoyment, yeah", I replied. She just looked at me like she wasn't entirely sure she believed me.

We were able to chat for a little while before supper. I told them that I wasn't about to try and compete with the spread they'd put on for me at their place, and both of them laughed when I said that they'd just have to settle for something within my limited capabilities.

After dinner, they went to check out my books again while I got the table cleared; by the time I got in to join them, both were sitting on the couch, with my cat Demosthenes on his back between them. Elisse was rubbing his ears while Gina petted his belly; the resulting purr sounded like a diesel truck engine with no muffler.

After getting the notebook I'd promised, I sat down across from them and went over the things that we'd already talked about, getting a consensus on how to phrase what I wrote down. It didn't take us long, and when I was done, all three of us initialed each item. Then it was on to other things — casual conversation between brief periods of discussion when one of us had a question or thought to share. After a while, Demosthenes opted to come over and park himself on my lap, which didn't leave me much space to write. Elisse took over the journal duties while Demosthenes draped his heavy and over-sized carcass across my lap and purred at me in response to being petted. Elisse and Gail both looked on in amusement.

When they were ready to go home, I had to lift the limp form of Demosthenes off my lap and deposit him on my chair so I could escort them to the door — something that they found highly entertaining. We easily agreed on the time and date of our next meeting (at their place), and both surprised me by giving me a hug and brief kiss on the cheek before thanking me for having them over, and telling me that they'd actually enjoyed themselves.

That pretty much set the pattern for the next few brainstorming sessions we had. Alternating between their house and my apartment, it didn't take long for us to realize that we enjoyed each others company — and that we had common ideas and opinions about how we wanted things to work out between them, me, and 'our' kids.

They understood that by me being the father, I was going to have an interest in the kids that *any* parent would (or should, anyway); in return, I readily accepted the fact that **they** were going to be the ones actually raising the kids, and had a primacy of place that I wouldn't have dreamed of contesting. Something else that happened was that all three of us grew more and more to trust each other's intentions and basic sense of what was and wasn't appropriate. I think all of us were surprised when we realized that we'd had three complete 'sessions' where none of us had thought of anything we though necessary to discuss — we'd simply reached a point where we'd found such easy agreement and so much common ground that we didn't feel it necessary to belabor the matter any longer.

There was only a brief discussion about how to get our notebook translated into legalese. I offered to get it done (I knew someone that I trusted), but wasn't put out in the slightest when they wanted to handle it themselves. The word we got back was that an agreement would be ready for all of us to sign in about a month. That was longer than I think any of us would have liked, but better than we expected.

It also marked the beginning of the "easing into it" process for Elisse and Gina.

It started simply enough, with the two of them simply getting used to being "with" me — sitting next to me, and casually touching my hand or arm or leg.

From those humble beginnings, it didn't take them long to realize that I'd been completely serious and sincere about not pushing things. It wasn't but a couple of weeks before they were agreeable to my putting an arm around them when they sat next to me during our frequent evenings of watching a movie or two together, holding hands with them, and even exchanging friendly kisses. Then they ratcheted the closeness between me and them even higher…

They'd invited me over to watch a couple of movies that had recently been released as videos with them, and the three of us had settled on the couch together as had become our custom — me in the middle, and them bracketing me. I wasn't surprised when Elisse pulled my hand down from where I'd been resting my arm on the back of the couch, and held it in front of her for a few minutes; what got my attention was when she put it on her breast and held it there. After promising that I wouldn't be trying to grope them or anything, I simply held it there — cupping her breast in my hand, but not doing anything else. Nor did I turn to look at her, or say anything about what she'd done. I did notice, though, that Gina turned her head and saw what Elisse had done.

When the closing credits for the movie started to roll, I calmly moved my arm back to the couch when I felt Elisse begin to move. After she stood up, Elisse asked Gina if she'd rewind the movie; that she (Elisse) wanted to take care of something before we started the next. Gina easily

agreed, and Elisse left the two of us alone to chat while the movie rewound. I got up to change out the videos, and had gotten settled next to Gina again just ahead of Elisse making her reappearance — wearing only a long and over-sized t-shirt. I knew that was all she was wearing because I could detect the gentle swaying of her breasts as she came toward us, and when she sat down, the material pulled against her ass tightly enough for me to see that she didn't have panties on, either. I was able to take notice of both of those facts with only brief and casual glances at her as I continued my conversation with Gina.

Without saying anything to Elisse, Gina started the other movie they had for us. Just a few minutes into it, Elisse again pulled my hand down; she didn't bother holding it in hers that time, choosing instead to simply put it directly on her breast again. She kept her hand on mine again, and just as I had before, I simply held it in my cupped hand. When I didn't do anything for several minutes, Elisse gave my hand a little squeeze before moving it on her breast a little bit. That was all the prompting I needed to begin a tactile exam of the warm orb I had hold of.

Slowly and gently, I began trying to find out what I could about the half-tangerine of her breast through the thin material covering it. It was pleasantly warm, and just a little less firm than a fresh marshmallow; I couldn't tell how large her areolas were through the material, but discovered that her nipple was about the size of the eraser on one of those over-sized child's pencils — and pleasantly rubbery. After I'd finished my initial investigations, I was content to simply hold her breast in my hand and softly draw my fingers along it from base to peak, and occasionally use my thumb to gently toy with her nipple.

When it became clear to her that that was *all* I was going to do, she reached up to pull my hand away — but only long enough to pull the collar of her nightshirt out, and get my hand re-positioned on her bare skin. Taking that as my cue that it was okay to take things a little farther, I took my time about getting more familiar with both of her mammaries. Her skin was soft and smooth, and as my fingertips explored, I could hear her breathing grow slightly faster and shallower. For the rest of the movie, I was more than happy to move my hand from one breast to the other and back again, holding them, softly caressing them, teasing her nipples, and just generally enjoying myself.

When the movie ended, I carefully extracted my hand when I felt Elisse start to move. When my arm was back on the couch again, she turned to me and looked deep into my eyes. I easily looked back at her, and after several seconds she seemed to be satisfied with what she saw. After breaking eye contact with me, she stood up and told me "It was a pleasure having your company tonight, Jim. I have to get up early tomorrow; so if you'll excuse me, I'll be going to bed, now."

I thanked her, and wished her a good night. When she was gone, I turned to Gina and said that I didn't want to keep her up, too, and that I'd be going.

She surprised me by telling me "No, don't go… please. You're not keeping me up, at **all**. Besides, there's something I wanted to ask you while it's just the two of us."

Curious, but unconcerned, I asked "What's that?"

"I know this may sound a little silly, but… could you help me get over my nervousness about actually having a *guy* seeing me naked? And… and even just **touching** me?"

Looking at her, all I could think of was to ask "Excuse me?"

Patiently, she told me "I've never been afraid of having another woman see me naked, or touching me. But a man — that's something different, *entirely*. Oh, sure, I've been kinda close to naked, like when I wear a bikini to go swimming; and I've had guys touching me before, too… but never anything like what we'd be doing when… it's that time. There isn't a doubt in my mind that I **can** be with you if it means being able to have a family with Lis" — she used just the last syllable of Elisse's name — "but I don't want it to be a matter of 'putting up with' being with you — these last few weeks, I feel like I've really gotten to know you, and what kind of person you are. I don't think you'd be happy about being with me if all I was doing was *tolerating* us being together like that, and that isn't something that I'd want to do to you… not after I've gotten to know you the way I have, and how much you're willing to help us. But I know that I'm not going to be able to do anything else until and unless I can get over the bad case of nerves I have about being looked at, and touched. I saw that while you were touching Lis, you were keeping your promise about not trying to push things; so I'm hoping that you just looking at me and not doing anything at first, and then maybe just touching me only as much as I say is okay… that I can learn that I don't have to be nervous — at least, not about YOU."

"Why just the two of us, without Elisse? And what did you have in mind?"

Blushing slightly, Gina told me "Just you and me because I'm actually kind of embarrassed about it. I mean, I was the one that came on to Lis; and I'm always the one that confronts people that have an attitude about us. After being the 'strong' one for damn near everything else, I feel kind of silly being nervous about THIS." Taking a breath, she went on "As for what I have in mind… just that I'd let you start by letting you look at a little bit of me — like maybe my tits, since I think most guys notice those first. If I'm okay with that, then I start taking stuff off until I'm either naked or just can't make myself do it. If I make it as far as getting naked, then we start the whole thing over again, only with you touching. However far we get tonight, I was thinking that we kind of pick up from there the next time — or a little before, if I get nervous again — until I'm as comfortable with you as I can get."

She wasn't asking for anything outrageous (it actually sounded pretty fun for me, even), so it took only a couple of seconds for me to tell her "Sure, I can do that."

Visibly relieved, Gina gave me a happy smile. The two of us sat there in silence for what was probably a couple of minutes before she realized that I was waiting for her to literally make the first move. When she did, she sat up and turned to face me; as I saw her reaching for the buttons on the blouse she was wearing, I asked her "Do you want me to not look until you tell me it's okay?"

She considered that for a moment before answering "No, you don't have to do that. Actually, having you watch makes it easier for me — each button or whatever is just one little step I have

to take, instead of taking several big ones."

I just smiled in response, and then pretended not to be paying any attention to what she was doing as I tried to get her involved in a conversation. While she wasn't able to hold up her end of things as well as usual, the fact that I didn't seem to be taking any notice of what she was doing seemed to help settle her nerves somewhat.

She got all the buttons unfastened, she carefully pulled her blouse open to reveal that she was wearing a bra that was thin enough for me to see the pale pink circles of her areolas, and how the small pebbles of her nipples dented the fabric. Her ample breasts somewhat overflowed her bra (I found out later that she wore a 'C' cup), but not excessively. In response to what she'd done, I simply looked at them for a few seconds before telling her "Very lovely", and continuing the conversation — figuring to acknowledge what she'd done, but nothing more.

It apparently worked, because she was a little less apprehensive about getting the blouse completely off, and hesitating only slightly about reaching behind herself to unfasten the bra. When it had joined her blouse, my only comment was to tell her "You've got such pretty skin…" before returning to what I'd been saying.

It took a couple of minutes, but she finally worked up the nerve to reach for the waist of the skirt she was wearing; I certainly wasn't paying any attention as she got it unfastened, then unzipped. When she stood up, I simply turned so that I was still facing her, my eyes on hers (just as hers were on mine) as she wriggled her hips a bit, making the skirt fall to her feet; that left her standing there wearing only a pair of stockings (no belt) and very brief and sheer panties. I let her see me looking her over before telling her "You have a *delightful* shape", and went on talking to her. It took only a few seconds for her to slip her thumbs under the tops of her panties; after only the briefest hesitation, she slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. With her standing there all but completely naked in front of me, I finally took the opportunity to be seen looking her over.

With no bra to distort them, I saw that her breasts didn't stick out so much as cover her chest — each was almost a perfect half-sphere, the same pale pink as the rest of her skin, and capped with a half-dollar diameter areola and dime-sized nipple that stuck out perhaps half an inch. Her areolas and nipples were almost exactly the same shade as a pencil eraser; her bust sagged, but only **slightly**.

Farther down, she had a small, trim waist over full (but certainly not over-wide) hips; seeing her, it was easy to imagine what an equally naked Dolly Parton might look. At the juncture of her thighs, she had an obviously-trimmed wedge of thick hair that was as blond as her head. Her legs were in proportion to the rest of her, and composed of a nice series of gentle curves. When I looked into her eyes again, she smiled before turning around to let me see the rest of her.

Her ass was, quite simply, a thing of beauty: full and rounded, without being too large or 'bubble-y'. I looked forward to having the opportunity to not only get my hands on it, but being able to play with it.

I cleared my throat to let her know that it was okay to turn around again. After she had, I looked into her eyes again as I told her "You're *easily* as attractive and sexy anybody could want. I'm grateful that you're willing to let me look at you like this — and even more, share yourself with me."

After I finished, I could tell that she was still nervous… but nowhere *near* as much. But what really surprised me was that she continued to stand there, letting me continue looking at her; she even did a couple of slow pirouettes, so that I could look at her from pretty much every angle. After she'd been standing still in front of me again for a minute or so, she said "I… I think I'd like to try letting you touch me — at least, a little bit. I don't think I'm ready for anything more, but my tits would be okay, if you want."

"Gina, I'd be fine with however much, or little, **you're** comfortable with. I think your tits are lovely, and if you're okay with me touching them, then I'll be glad for the opportunity."

Thus reassured, she came over to stand in front of me, letting me get an even closer look at her for several seconds before she turned and sat sideways on my lap.

Even if she hadn't been as nervous as I could see she was, I wouldn't have just started grabbing her breasts — that's just not me. Instead, I put my hands on her waist (surprising her) before telling her "Gina, I appreciate not just how tough it must have been for you to show yourself to me like you have, but how very lovely you are. I want you to know that I'm going to be grateful for *however* much time we have together, and that I'll ALWAYS remember you and Elisse with fondness — not just for the physical things that happen with us, but for the kind of people you are in your hearts, and minds, and souls."

With that, I leaned forward slightly with the clear intention of kissing her. She readily accepted the touch of my lips to hers, and when she felt that it was a kiss of love and affection, she readily returned it. When I pulled my head back afterwards, I could see that I'd touched her heart, as I'd hoped to do. As we sat there looking into each others eyes, I slowly raised my hand from her waist, keeping a light contact with her body so that she would know where my hand was moving. It wasn't but a few seconds before my hand was cupped under her breast, feeling how heavy and full her mammary was. From the base of my palm to the tip of my middle finger, I don't think that I reached even a third of the way around her breast, and certainly no more that half the distance from the base to its peak.

I waited until she gave me a small nod, letting me know that she was okay with what I was doing before beginning a gentle exploration of her bust, always moving slowly enough that she would have ample time to object to anything I was doing.

It didn't take me all that long to make a number of discoveries. Chief among them was that her breasts were a LOT firmer than I would have expected — or even thought they could be; the slight sagging I'd seen was due entirely to their size, and nothing else. They were also surprisingly warm; I somehow had the idea that as large as they were, they'd feel cooler because of heat loss or something. There was nothing to mar the lovely expanse of either one of them,

and I was pleased to note that my ministration had resulted in her areolas puckering a little bit, and her nipples getting a trifle longer.

With one hand still on her waist, I didn't have any problem feeling it as she got more comfortable and relaxed about having my hand wandering across her bust. Still, I waited until I was sure that she had completely accepted my touch before lowering my hand to her waist again.

She was looking at me in expectation when I told her "You said that you didn't think that you were ready for anything more, and I'm perfectly willing to accept that, and stop here. And just so you know, I don't think that what happened between us tonight has anything to do with when it's you and me and Elisse — this was just you and me, and that's the way it'll stay, until and unless **you** decide differently. The same way, it's up to *you* to let ME know if and when you want to continue this; if we happen to be by ourselves, I'm not going to take it as an opportunity to look down your blouse or start touching you. Okay?"

She gave me a pleased smile before answering "Thank you, Jim. You told us before that you aren't going to start anything with us, or push us, and you haven't. You've done a LOT to help me tonight, and done it with grace and patience. I was glad when you agreed to help me and Lis start a family, but after tonight, I'm actually *happy* about it — that it's YOU, I mean."

I just smiled in reply before telling her "I think I'd better be heading home, before Demosthenes forgets who he owns", making her laugh. After she got off my lap, I stood up, and the two of us made our way to the front door. Before I could open it, though, she took my arm and gently turned me to face her before moving close and giving me a hug, and kiss on the lips. Her nude body felt real good against mine, and I didn't hesitate to hug her back — and even caress her back a little bit. After we'd wished each other a good night, I slipped out the door, then waited until I heard her lock it before starting toward where I'd parked my car.

The next time the three of us got together, it was so that we could all go to a traveling circus that had come to town; though there wasn't any real intimate contact between any of us, there was plenty of hand-holding, hugging, and even some kissing. They were both amused and disgusted when I bought them a bag of Genuine Elephant Poop (it even said so, right on the bag) as fertilizer for the garden they had in the back yard.

After that, we spent the better part of a day and evening at the State Fair, enjoying a variety of shows, exhibits, and rides. We made a pass through the midway, and Elisse surprised the hell out of me by knocking over enough lead milk bottles to win a large stuffed dog. Nothing for me to do, of course, but have a try at something I thought I could win at; remembering some of the math and physics I'd learned in college, I figured I might be able to do pretty well at ringing the bell with the big mallet. It was close, but I managed a weak but distinct ring on the last try I needed to earn a stuffed bear — which I promptly turned over to Elisse and Gina, saying "I hope you'll have somebody that will like this, before long", and drawing a few happy tears from each of them. By the time we were ready to leave, all three of us were tired, a little queasy from all the junk food, and happy as we could be.

That meant that our next get-together happened at my apartment. We agreed on them coming over around mid-afternoon on a Saturday, so that we could spend a few hours around the communal swimming pool at my apartment complex. When they came out of my bedroom after changing into their suits, I wasn't entirely sure that taking them down to the pool would be a very good idea. Gina in the surprisingly skimpy bikini she had on was an invitation to riot; the addition of Elisse in another bikini that *barely* covered the essentials was simply **asking** for trouble, as far as I was concerned. But we went on down, anyway, and ended up having a good time. There were a few guys that tried to put a move on one or the other of them, only to slink away when told "Thank you, but my friend and I are with Jim, over there — and he's *more* than enough for BOTH of us!". It apparently didn't take long for word to get around the other single guys that it was best not to bother those two.

Once we were back in my apartment, I was in for another shock. Both of them insisted that I rinse off from the pool first; I did, got dressed again, and was out in the living room when Elisse came out after cleaning up — stark naked, as she casually dried her hair with a towel. The first thing I noticed (!) was that her pelvis was as bare as it could be; I could easily see the edges of her labia in the cleft of her sex. When I was able to pull my eyes away from *that* sight, I got my first look at her breasts. Sized and shaped as my hand and fingers had found them, I saw that her nipples were a light brown, with areolas that were only a little bit bigger in diameter. On her slender frame, her bust looked a bit larger than it actually was — not that I'd complain, or anything. Her skin was a slightly tawny expanse of unblemished perfection.

When Elisse was done drying her hair, she casually arranged the towel she'd been using into some kind of turban to hold it in place. By that time, I'd managed to shift my attention so that I wasn't taking any obvious notice of her, though the image of her was still in my mind. After I'd taken a couple of seconds to regain my composure, I turned my head her direction again. Letting her see me looking her over for a couple of seconds, I casually asked if she had any thoughts about what she wanted to do — a movie? some music? I had a couple of board games, if she'd like to try something she probably hadn't done in a while…

Smiling, she said she'd wait and see if Gina had any preferences; she needed to get something to drink, first. With that, she made her way toward the kitchen, giving me the opportunity to watch her small, tight ass moving away from me.

She was back in just a couple of minutes, and we were standing there chatting when Gina came out, wearing only a pair of panties, and nothing else. Pretending that half-naked buxom blonds was something I saw every day, I asked Gina much the same question I'd had for Elisse. Gina said that a board game might be fun, but would leave it up to Elisse. After a few moments, Elisse decided that a game of Monopoly was called for — that she hadn't played it since before she started middle school.

It took almost four hours before the game ended. Part of that was because we weren't in any hurry — at least, *I* wasn't with the two of them to look at as long as the game was going on. The first to get pushed out was Gina, when she started landing on hoteled properties that weren't hers.

Elisse and I fought it out, tooth and nail, until I had enough properties that she was landing on my stuff a lot more than I was landing on hers. The end came when she has the misfortune to land on my Park Place (with a hotel, of course) with only $240 and no property. Teasing me, she thrust her chest out at me (oy!) and coyly asked "Is there anything else I can do to try and work this out with you?", prompting Gina to start giggling.

After pretending to examine all of the properties on the board, I lifted my head and looked at her as seriously as I could before telling her "Sorry, lady, I don't see any cathouses on the board" — which reduced Gina to almost hysterical laughter just ahead of Elisse doing the same. When she'd managed to stop laughing, Elisse pretended to be mad when she told me "Okay, fine, you win, you… you… **man**, you!" — which was all it took to get ME laughing, too.

As we were getting the game put away, we got started on what we wanted for supper. It didn't take us long to decide that pizza would be good. When the delivery person showed up, I was the only one fit (dressed enough) to pay for it. Once all of us had a cold beer handy, we dug in while still sitting on the floor and using the coffee table. As we were eating, Elisse told me "Jim, I *know* it had to surprise you when I came out here naked — but you didn't say or do **anything**. When Gina stayed with you the last time, I finally asked her about it, and she told me what happened, so I'm not surprised that you were able to be so nonchalant about seeing *her*. But even though both of us have been sitting here with you practically all evening, I haven't seen you staring or **looking** at us even once. I don't believe for a minute that you haven't looked, but you've been polite enough about it that I don't think either of us has noticed you doing it."

"I haven't", Gina told her, before Elisse went on "You got dressed again when we got back, but even after you saw that I was naked, and going to stay that way, and that Gina only had her panties on, you just stayed the way you are. I think most guys would have used US being naked — or almost, anyway — as an excuse to do the same thing. But you've stayed dressed, and you haven't said anything about us being like like this. I don't believe for a minute that it really doesn't matter to you, so I have to figure that you're just being… polite; that you're showing us that you aren't going to test or push us, like you promised. Gina and I talked about it while you were ordering the pizza, and we decided that if… if you didn't want to be dressed all the way like you are, it's okay with us."

I finished the last bite of pizza in my hand before answering "Yeah, I was keeping my promise about not pushing you. But there was something else that I was trying to do, too."

"What's that?", Gina wanted to know.

After hesitating for a moment, I told them "Both of you are *very* pretty, and physically attractive. As long as I'm dressed, I don't have to worry about anyone being bothered by any involuntary reaction I might have to you."

Both of them looked baffled at first; it was Elisse that realized what I was getting at first, and asked "You didn't want us to be surprised or offended in case you got an erection?" — the question cleared up Gina's confusion, once it was asked.

"Yeah, that's pretty much it", I replied.

The two of them looked at each other for several seconds before turning back to me. I was surprised when it was Gina that told me "Jim, both of us already know that that happens with guys… and that it's going to happen with you if you're going to help us start a family. If you get hard from looking at us like this… well, I guess it just means that you like what you see; I don't think that either one of us is going to be *offended* by it."

Smiling, Elisse told me "**I'm** certainly not! We've talked about it, and agreed that you're being an absolute dear about not doing anything to rush us. But I wish you HAD said something to us about this, though, so that we could have gotten this straightened out before now. If you get an erection, then you get an erection — sooner or later, we'd see you with one, anyway, don't you think? At least if we start seeing it happen now, we'll have a chance to get used to it! Besides, we both trust you, and know that you aren't going to try to DO anything with us until we're ready. If we can open up to YOU like we are, won't you show us the courtesy of doing the same?"

I considered the question for a couple of seconds before asking "If you're okay with it, then that's all I need to hear. My only question is that there's only one pair of panties between the two of you — which way would YOU like me to be?"

They 'talked' to each other with their eyes again, and I got my answer when Gina calmly stood up and slid her panties off, leaving her as naked as Elisse. Following Gina's example, I simply stood up and shed myself of what I had on. Setting my stuff off to the side and out of the way, I calmly sat down again — feigning not to notice that both of them had been checking me out. It took a couple of tries, but we finally got started talking again, just as we had been. Between the three of us, we managed to take care of the pizza, except for a few bits of meat that the two of them set aside to give to Demosthenes. He'd waited patiently under the coffee table while we were eating, and was ready and waiting when they started offering him tidbits. His attention lasted only as long as the food, however.

Gina offered to deal with the pizza carcass; when she got back, Elisse suggested that it would be nice to just sit back and relax for a little while. Gina and I agreed, and after I got my music system set up with several CDs, the three of us got ourselves comfortable on the couch — me in the middle, with them tucked into my sides. Each pulled my arm around her so that my hand was resting on her belly. As we sat there listening to the music (they were more than agreeable to my suggestion of some Bach and Beethoven and Mozart), I slowly and casually caressed the soft, smooth skin under my hands. After a bit, I simply had to ask "What was it that got you two to come out here the way you did after we got back from the pool? You've got to admit that it was quite a jump from how things went when I was at your house last time…"

Several seconds passed before Elisse told me "When I put your hand on my boob, all you did was just *hold* it there; even after I let you know that it was okay to touch it more, you still didn't do hardly anything until I moved it inside my shirt. I just figured that if I was going to get you to do anything more with me, I was pretty much have to hit you over the head with it. Besides, I wanted to start finding out about you, too, and I expected that if I just came out here naked, that

would get things started. What I didn't expect was that you'd be SO damn polite about it!", with a small laugh.

A moment later, Gina said "After I told Lis about letting you look at me, and even touch me a little bit, I realized that I was actually *okay* with all of it — that I wasn't nervous or afraid about it any more. She told me that she was thinking about maybe moving things with you and her a little faster, so when I saw that she wasn't going to get dressed again after she cleaned up from the pool, I figured I'd let you know that *I* was okay with you, too — at least, as far as we went, before. So all I did was put my panties on before I came out here. I didn't think you'd be as nice about us as you were, either. When Lis and I were talking, I realized that I should start getting used to YOU, too; so when you asked whether you should keep your underwear or not, I decided that getting ALL of us naked was a good start. Lis already knows a lot more about guys — I mean your penis, and it getting hard, and how it feels and looks and everything — than I do; I've seen naked guys and penises before and all that, but not the way Elisse has. Sitting with you like this is as close as I've ever been to actually *being* with a guy."

I continued to enjoy the way their skin felt under my fingertips as I mulled over what they'd had to say. After several minutes, I told them "Well, it was a pretty big surprise for me, seeing the two of you like that. What was going on in MY mind was that with both of you showing me yourselves that way, I had to just *accept* it even more than I would have… that you were maybe trying to find out if I could behave myself as much as you needed me to before you were okay with us doing anything else. I think **all** of us started making assumptions about things, instead of doing what we SHOULD have by dragging it out into the open and actually talking about it. But now that I know what each of you was thinking, and have at least SOME idea of where you are and what you want, I'll do my part about getting all of us on the same page again."

Taking a breath, I continued "Elisse, since you seem to be okay with it, I won't be quite as 'backward' about it when you let me know you're ready for us to be more intimate. I'm still not going to start just grabbing at you every time we're together, but I won't be more polite than is necessary, either; if the time and circumstances are right, then I'll be fine with being just as intimate with you as you've let me know is okay up to that point, but no more. If it's okay for me to have a HAND on your breast, for example, then I'm going to figure that lips and mouth are okay, too. Gina, I'll be the same way with you — except that I want to let you know that I'm okay with it if you want to really *learn* about guys with me. If it would help you, I'm fine with you looking or touching or doing whatever you need or want. If you accidentally do something that hurts, I'll let you know — but I won't call it off. If whatever you do happens to get me hard, I will **not** consider that as an invitation for anything to happen between us. It sounds like there's more that you want to learn, so I'm giving you the keys to the classroom, so to speak."

Several seconds went by before Gina sat up and turned to face me before asking "You'd do that? Let me… do stuff with you, without trying to do anything back?"

Looking into her eyes, I answered "Yes, I would. I'm not going to tell you that I won't THINK or WANT things — only that I won't **do** them, until you let me know it's okay."

That I was willing to look her in the eye while I said that, and the tone of my voice, let her know that I meant what I'd said. She looked at Elisse, and from the corner of my eye, I could see Elisse nod her head that SHE knew I meant it, too.

Gina sat back again, and after I'd gotten my arm around her, told me "I… I'd like that. I know I'll never really USE it with any guy but you, but if one of us has a boy… well, it couldn't hurt to know what's going on with him."

When it was clear that Gina didn't have anything else to say, Elisse calmly told me "What you said sounds *fine* to me, Jim. I know you still aren't going to push me, but doing more with what I let you know is okay — I'm good with that."

"Me, too!", Gina quickly assured me.

"As far as I'm concerned", I continued, "what I do with one of you is completely separate from anything that goes on between me and the other one — just as what you do with each other is separate from me. Something else that I'd like us to all be clear on is that if one or the other, or both, of you wants to get intimate with the other, I will not consider it an invitation to do the same unless you *explicitly* tell me it's okay. Even if you really get going, and end up getting each other off, I'll stay out of it — but that doesn't mean that I won't enjoy the hell out of being able to watch it", that last bit making both of them laugh briefly.

After that, the three of us lapsed into silence again, content to simply listen to the music. A little while later, Gina moved my hand to her breast, and I wasn't the least bit reluctant to casually toy with it, and its mate. Gina was happy with my hand on her belly, and released a contented sigh as I idly enjoyed the feel of her soft skin. Both of them eventually put a hand on my leg, which I didn't pay the slightest attention to.

When it got late enough, Elisse declared that they needed to get home. Both of them got up and went into my bedroom to get dressed; I simply stayed in skin. When they came out again, I accompanied them to the door, and both gave me a hug and kiss on the cheek before wishing me a good night.

After that night, the level of intimacy I shared with them rose quickly. It wasn't but a few more times of us being together that Elisse was comfortable with letting me touch her *anywhere* — breasts, butt, and even her pubis. Our kisses also went from affectionate pecks on the cheek to dueling tongues in each others mouths.

Gina was, understandably, a little slower — but not by a whole lot. She worked up the courage to begin checking out my package, and learning what she wanted to know. As was to be expected, there were times when I would respond to what she was doing; not only did I behave myself, but I readily answered the questions she had about different things.

Both of them happily accepted the occasional affectionate pat on the butt from me, and I was privy to witness the casual affection they demonstrated with each other. Things even got to the point that the three of us would sometimes spend the night together.

After that had happened a couple of times, they were comfortable enough with me that they were willing to let their intimacy go beyond merely playful, and into passionate. As I'd promised, I simply waited off to the side as they got more and more involved with each other. I marveled at the gentleness with which they made love; after they'd finished pleasuring each other, I got a couple of small towels so they could conveniently clean themselves up a little and brought them some refreshments. Both were grateful for my consideration, and when Elisse saw the effect they'd had on me, she offered to help me with it — and used the opportunity to help Gina learn a few things, too. My climax was intense, and when I'd recovered, I was amused to see that Gina was more than a little surprised by what had happened. *That* got me and Elisse explaining a few more things to her, and culminated with Gina getting her first ever taste of semen (which she found tolerable, but not enjoyable).

A couple of visits later, I got the opportunity to demonstrate my humble talents at oral sex with each of them. Both were surprised and delighted to learn that I could give them almost as much pleasure as they did each other. It also gave them the impetus they needed to do the same for me. Neither of them was particularly *good* at it, of course, but they were certainly **willing** enough. Gina wasn't ready to have me climax in her mouth, so Elisse took care of finishing me.

A few days after that memorable evening, they called to tell me that the lawyer had said that the paperwork was ready; I easily agreed to their request that we sign it the next day.

When we got to the lawyers office (amusingly, it was the same person I'd thought to approach about it), we found that they had three copies of the contract for each of us to sign. After the lawyer told us that we could have some more time to think about it if we wanted, and cautioned us about the seriousness of a legal contract, each of us readily put our names to each copy.

Back outside, each of us holding our copy of the paperwork, Gina suggested that we get together again that evening — something I was happy to do. I went on to suggest that I take the three of us out for dinner, to celebrate. Delighted, both of them agreed, and we quickly settled on a time for me to pick them up.

We had a wonderful time, and I saw no small number of guys heads turn to watch my two lovely companions. It was starting to get late when I finally pulled up in front of their house; before opening her door, Elisse asked me if I'd come inside with them. I did, of course, and waited patiently when they left to change out of the evening clothes they'd been wearing. I didn't expect that they're reappear with both of them stark naked — and even less that they'd get me standing up so that they could get ME naked, too.

Once they'd gotten me planted back on the couch, and themselves tucked into my sides, it was Gina that told me "Jim, you said before that there were some other things for me and Lis to think about — stuff like the how and when and where of you impregnating us. Along with everything else, we HAVE been thinking and talking about that with each other, and we've figured things out."

I just nodded, and listened carefully as she went on "After the last few weeks of being with you

like we have, neither one of us is concerned about actually having sex with you. Actually, something BOTH of us think is that what'll happen is that you and us will be making *love*; we both know that you care about us too much for it to be anything else. I've **never** been with a guy before, and I still don't know whether or not I'll actually <u>like</u> it, or not. But I want you to know that one thing I'm absolutely positive about is that it'll be a whole lot better than just 'putting up with it' for me. You're a patient and gentle and LOVING man, and I know that you're going to make it as easy and good for me as you can — and I can't begin to tell you how much that means to me. All I can tell you is that if I'm going to be with ANY guy, I'm glad it's going to be you."

I smiled at her, and she let me pull her into a mutual hug before we shared a brief, but loving, kiss. After we'd separated again, I told her "Thank you, Gina. It means a lot to me to hear that. I promise you, I'll do my best for you."

"I know, Jim", she replied, happily.

Elisse spoke up then, saying "With both of us being okay about being with you, we decided that we'd *like* to be with you more than just on the day that we're most likely to catch. We were hoping that you'd be okay with the couple of days before, and the couple of days after, too."

"Don't get me wrong", I told them, "but I'd like that, too", making them smile.

Elisse went on to tell me "We had a little trouble figuring out just HOW we wanted to do this. Both of us want to have a child, but we had a dickens of a time trying to decide how to make that happen. What we finally settled on was that you would take turns with us. Hopefully, we'll both 'catch'; but if it's only one of us, then you would be with that one until she did. Like I said, both of us want this to happen, and as soon as it can. I don't think you'll be *too* upset to hear that we'd like you to be with us as often as you can. After the way you reacted when you saw us that first time, we're pretty sure we can give you whatever, um… **inspiration** you might need. I've already explained to Gina that guys aren't like us, and that you have physical limitations — so if you need or want to take a break, don't be embarrassed about saying something."

I said that I wouldn't, and Gina was the one to tell me "I guess ONE thing in our favor is that our periods have gotten almost… synchronized. That's something I'd heard happens if two women live in the same household for very long, but I was still surprised when we realized it had happened. At least that'll save you from having to come over one week for one of us, and the next week for the other one. Also, neither one of us thinks you'd really be happy about just jumping on us and getting yourself off. We just want to tell you that we'd be just as happy if you didn't try to make either of us feel any better than necessary, either. Not that we think you'd try anything like that, but we're lesbians, and happily so — we're doing this so we can have children, not with any idea of becoming straight, or even bisexual."

I couldn't help chuckling before I told her "I never thought I'd hear myself saying this, but… yes, ma'am, I'll try to keep your pleasure to a minimum."

That drew a laugh from both of them before Gina continued "You're doing us a *tremendous* kindness, Jim, and we'd like to show at least **some** of our appreciation by making all of this as

easy for you as we can. So we'd like to invite you to spend the entire time you're going to be with us here, at our house. We'll take care of as much as you'll let us — everything except going to the bathroom, we hope. And so you don't have to worry about your cat, you're certainly welcome to bring him over, too. He's adorable, and we wouldn't have any problem with having him here."

Hearing that they were that agreeable to me bringing Demosthenes along so that I wouldn't have to take any time away from them to tend to him told me more than anything else just how much they wanted all this to happen — most people that don't already have a cat usually aren't all that enthusiastic about having one brought into their homes.

"If you really don't mind having him here, then I'm fine with bringing him along. The only thing I need to warn you about is that I've kept him an indoor cat; I'd just as soon he didn't get outside to get run over, or anything bad happen", I told them.

"That's not a problem", Elisse assured me. "It wouldn't be any problem for us to make sure he doesn't get out for a few days", accompanied by Gina's nodding in agreement.

After looking at each of them, I said "It sound like the only thing left is for you to let me know when I need to have my bags packed."

Grinning, Gina told me "You got a little bit of a reprieve on that one. Both of us just passed the midpoint a couple of days ago, so you've got almost a month to get yourself psyched up for this — three weeks, actually, if the medical establishment is to be believed, and you're going to be here the couple of days before, too."

Going over my schedule for the period in question, I realized that I could work in a couple of regular days off — meaning that I'd only have to take three or four days of vacation time. I didn't say anything about having to take vacation time to them, though. I had the distinct idea that they'd be offering to pay me for them or something, if I did; the *last* thing I wanted to happen was for this whole thing to turn into some kind of payment for services rendered deal. Instead, I just told them that that was fine — that I'd go into training as soon as I got home, prompting laughter from both of them.

In the weeks between when we'd made the final arrangements, and the time that I was to spend with Elisse and Gina, I went to their place for lunch pretty much the same as I always had. Except that every time I showed up, they made sure that I not only got the best they had, but without having to pay for it. A couple of the other drivers noticed, and asked me what was going on; I just told them that I was doing a favor for the girls, and they were paying me back. I also saw that they'd put a sign up on the door, warning customers that they were going to have to be closed during the period I was to be with them.

When the time came, Demosthenes was well-behaved enough that I didn't have any trouble getting him into his pet carrier, and over to the girls house. Inside, he was initially a little apprehensive on discovering he wasn't at the veterinarian; when he found out that his new friends were there, he didn't hesitate to come out of the carrier and receive the attention he knew he

deserved. While they were making him welcome, I brought in his food and litter box — which I put in a "guest" bathroom, per their suggestion.

As for me… I didn't have any expectations of going out much, but I didn't figure to be running around naked all the time, either; I brought a couple changes of clothes, my regular grooming stuff, and called it good enough.

From the way they acted, I could tell that they were both anxious to get started, they were also a bit apprehensive about it it, too. They'd fixed a nice (but not elaborate, like the first time I'd visited) dinner for all of us; after they let me help clean up afterwards, the three of us got settled in the living room. We chatted for a little while before Gina let me know who I was to start with by moving to sit on my lap before giving me a kiss. I could tell that she was a little nervous, and simply return the affection that she was showing me. A few moments later, she kissed me again — but with a little more enthusiasm, and the addition of slowly rubbing her breasts against my chest.

When she pulled back from me that time, I put my hands on her hips; when I looked at her in question and saw her give me a small nod that it was okay, I slowly eased them upwards so that I could cup her breasts. That was when she told me "We decided that I'd go ahead and be with you first — mostly so that I don't get any more nervous by having to wait while you're with Lis."

I smiled, and gave her a brief kiss before answering "That's fine, Gina. I know this is your first time, and I'm going to make it as easy for you as I can — and as nice as *we* can make it, okay?"

She managed to smile back at me as she nodded her head in understanding.

When I kissed her again, she readily returned it; as I continued exchanging kisses with her, she settled down more and more as I demonstrated that I wasn't going to do anything to make her uncomfortable — even though I was slowly including more and more of her body in my caresses. With my attention completely focused on Gina, I didn't notice when Elisse left us. It was only when Gina finally told me "If you want to go now, I'll be all right" that I realized she'd left the two of us alone.

Getting up off my lap, Gina took my hand after I was standing next to her and led the way back to their bedroom. Once there, she released my hand before telling me "If you want, I'm okay with you undressing me."

I gave her a gentle smile before answering "I'd like that."

Moving behind her, I took a moment to ease her hair to the side so that I could place a soft kiss at the juncture of her neck and shoulder; in return, she turned her head and graced me with a pleased smile. Slowly and patiently, I undid the fasteners that held the back of her dress closed until I'd gotten the last one just above the curve of her ass. Easing the edges of the material apart, I softly kissed my way up her back before slipping her dress off her shoulders. I helped as she pulled her arms out of it, and steadied her as she stepped clear of it. After carefully setting it aside, I put my hands on her shoulders, caressing them and her upper arms for a bit before sliding

my hands around to her back. When I'd unfastened her bra, I slipped the straps off her shoulders and down her arms a little way before easing my hands under the cups so that I could hold her ample bust in my hands.

After giving her kiss on the shoulder, I put my mouth next to her ear and softly told her "I think you've got such *lovely* breasts. Not because of how big they are, but for how nicely they're shaped, and how firm and smooth. I actually envy Elisse, that she's the one you share them with."

After I'd gently caressed Gina's breasts for a little bit, she helped me get her bra the rest of the way off so that I could set it with her dress.

I wanted Gina to know that I appreciated *all* of her beauty, so I spent a little time letting my hands wander across more of her body before eventually slipping the ends of my fingers under the waistband of the brief and delicate panties that she had on. Kneeling as I did so, I carefully worked them past her hips, and then down her legs; she put a hand on my shoulder to steady herself as she stepped out of them.

After I'd set them aside, I leaned forward and applied a feather-light kiss to each of the delightful globes of her ass; that done, I slowly stood up again, lightly drawing my fingertips up the smooth flesh of her stocking-less legs until I could rest my hands on her hips. It took only the slightest pressure to get her to turn around and face me. When she did, I saw that the way I'd gone about undressing her had accomplished what I wanted it to: not only relax and reassure her, but begin to arouse her, too.

Looking down at her (the top of her head only came to my chin), I asked "Did you want to do me? Or would you prefer I take care of it?"

"I… I think it'd be better if you did it", she answered.

I just nodded my acceptance of what she said, and reached for the top button on my shirt. When I did, she gave a little start before quickly turning around and moving to the side of the bed. After she surprised me by setting the bedside lamp to its lowest setting, I realized that watching me undress wasn't something that she'd be interested in. With that in mind, I quickly got myself undressed as she went about getting the bed covers turned down. A few moments later, we were next to each other on the bed.

After a minute or so had passed without Gina saying or doing anything, I rolled onto my side before propping myself up on my elbow and putting my hand on her belly. When she looked up at me, I could see that she was once again apprehensive about what was going to happen — and ashamed of it. I quietly told her "It's okay, Gina. I know this isn't the way you'd choose to start a family, and probably the last thing you *want* to do."

I saw her eyes tear up before she told me "I'm sorry, Jim. I didn't think this was going to be **easy**, but I never thought that it was going to be this HARD, either! I mean, you know that I wasn't anything like this when it was you and me and Elisse, before…"

"No, you weren't. But before, we were just… practicing, I guess you could say. We never

actually went **this** far with it. Believe me, I really do know how different it is, now that it's really supposed to happen — things that I never thought I'd have a problem with… well, now they're not so easy."

"What do you mean?"

"Right up until we came in here, I really didn't *understand* how different it would make things, you and Elisse being lesbians. I mean, all I could ever think of you as was women; sure I 'knew' you were lesbians, but it never really hit me until a little bit ago how much difference there was between the 'girls too' of being bisexual, and the 'girls ONLY' of being lesbian. I'm ashamed to admit this, but I kept thinking that there wasn't really all THAT much difference — that even a lesbian would respond at least a little bit to a guy. I really didn't comprehend that a female could be completely and totally oriented toward other women, and not find **anything** appealing about men. What opened my eyes was how you reacted just now, when I asked if you wanted to undress ME. I was so arrogant that I actually thought that you might like it — at least a *little* bit. It wasn't until you turned away from me that I finally **knew** I was wrong… and how, and why. Now that I DO know, I'm ashamed of myself. I expect that I must have come across as some kind of arrogant self-satisfied jerk to the two of you — and I'm sorry as I can be for that. If I could, I'd go back and undo it in a heartbeat. But I can't undo it; all I can do is apologize, and hope you and Elisse can forgive me some day."

Gina considered that in silence for quite some time before telling me "No, you never came across as any kind of a jerk. Lis and I were both a little surprised at how comfortable and confident you were, but we never thought you were arrogant or self-satisfied."

Still unhappy with myself, I stayed quiet until a minute later, when Gina asked "Are… are you telling me that you… that you can't, or don't want to, go through with this?", her concern clear in her voice.

"No, I'm definitely not saying THAT", I told her. "I said that I was willing to help you, and I still am, because I really do like and care about both of you. What I *am* telling you is that I'm not going to be able to carry as much of this as I probably made you believe I would. Now, you and me, and Elisse and me… we're going to have to help **each other** — a lot more than I thought we would. I still wouldn't willingly do anything to hurt or rush either of you, and I'll still do anything I can to help make this as easy and agreeable for both of you as I possibly can. But now I'm going to need more direction from both of you on how I can and should do that — at least, about this final step."

Gina was visibly relieved to hear that I wasn't trying to back out on our agreement, and that I was still committed to making the experience as pleasant for them as I could. But I could also see that my admission that I needed more help from them had put her somewhat off-balance. I tried to steady her again by telling her "I'm not saying that I need you and Elisse to tell me every little thing; both of you, and I, know that I've already shown you that I can bring you pleasure. What I need from you is help getting from *that* to doing what's necessary to help you start your family."

"What do we have to do?"

"You don't **have** to do anything", I said. "What I *hope* you'll do is correct me when — not 'if', I think — I start doing something wrong, and giving me more guidance about what you'd LIKE me to do, and letting me know how I can make things better for you. Gina, I know I can't make this **easy** for either of you; but what I'd like to try to do is minimize how hard it is. Some of that I can do just by keeping my promises not to rush either of you, and so on. But the only way for me to do the rest of it is if you and Lis are able and willing to help me."

She looked up at me in silence for several seconds before asking "You really do want to try and make this easier for us, don't you?"

"If I can, yeah. Like I said, I can't do it by myself, though. If you or Elisse can't or don't want to help me, then I'll still try to help you start a family — but I don't think that **any** of us would be happy with how we got there when we were done, even though we got the results you wanted."

I waited patiently as she thought about what I'd said. I felt like a complete jackass for all the mistakes that I'd made up to that point, but I was determined that MY screw-ups would hurt them as little as possible; I really had come to like both of them.

I wasn't surprised when a few minutes went by before Gina's attention returned to me. Frankly, I half-expected that the first things she'd say to me would be to tell me what a jerk I was — and I was fully prepared to accept whatever she had to say about me (and whatever names she wanted to call me) as being what I deserved, if it meant that she and Elisse would be able to help me get my act together for them.

Instead, what Gina had to say to me was "I know that it couldn't have been easy for you to admit all that, Jim, and I can appreciate how tough it must have been to come out and tell it to me. But you did it anyway, and I'm grateful. I've been thinking about what kind of person you've shown me you are… everything that you've said and done to try and help me and Elisse get comfortable with you, and show us that we didn't have to be afraid or embarrassed about being with each other, or with you. From what you said to me, and how you said it… it told me how much you regret the mistakes you made, and how serious and sincere you are about trying to do right by us."

I nodded my head, and she went on "I've also thought about me, and Lis, and how we've been with you, too. We haven't lied to you, or deceived you; but I think maybe we could have been a little more open and honest. As we got closer and closer to tonight, I've been having more and more second thoughts about actually *being* with you, for example, even though I haven't said anything — either to you OR Elisse. But tonight, after we got in here, and you asked me if I wanted to undress you… I had to face the fact that the **last** thing I wanted in my life is to have a man inside me. If you hadn't started talking to me, and telling me what was going on with YOU, there's a pretty damn good chance that I'd have told you that I just couldn't do it — have sex with you, I mean. But you DID start talking to me, and telling me what was going on with you, and all that. Listening to you has gotten me to think about what was going on with *me*, and made ME

think about what I wanted, and why, and all that. I've realized how much I love Elisse, and how much I want to have and raise a family with her. Because those things are so much bigger inside me than my dislike at the idea of having sex with a man, I've found that I **can** do this with you. I'm not going to bullshit you about it, though — the chances of me enjoying it are probably about the same as you enjoying sex with another guy. But what I know about you tells me that it isn't going to be as bad as it *could* have been. I don't doubt that you're going to be able to make parts of it actually pleasant for me; after hearing what you said, I even believe that you're going to TRY to make the rest of it as easy for me as you can… and I can live with that, if it means a family for me and Elisse."

I expressed my understanding and acceptance, and she finished by telling me "I'm not under any illusions that just laying there will work — I expect that would just make it take longer for you to finish. So I'll do what I have to to please YOU if only so that it's over as soon as possible. But this is **not** the time and place to be asking someone to help you live out whatever fantasies you may have, okay?"

"Of course not, Gina", I assured her.

"It might be different when you're with Lis, since she was married and has been with a man before; for me, you don't have to try to make me have an orgasm, like you would with another woman — I think you know that just isn't going to happen. The one and only thing you can do to make this as agreeable for me as you can is to let yourself climax as quickly as you could. I'll be glad to snuggle with you afterwards, if you like, if we can get *that* part of it over with as soon as possible."

"I told you and Lis that I wouldn't try to draw things out, and I won't — on that you have my promise", I assured her. "In return, I'll trust that *you'll* remember that each time I have sex, it takes longer before I can finish the next time."

"I haven't forgotten", she told me. "I'm not looking forward to it, but I remember."

After all of that, it shouldn't come as a surprise that neither of us was particularly "in the mood"… least of all Gina, of course. But the whole *point* of my being there was to try and help them start a family. And to do that, I had to try and impregnate both of them — the old-fashioned way, as Gina herself had expressed it. I suppose I could have simply tried to wait until Gina was in a little better frame of mind, but that seemed like it would be wasting THEIR time, as well as mine. I really did want to try and bring them whatever pleasure I could (outside of the act itself, of course), so that they would be reasonably happy with the way things had gone when we were done. That pretty much meant that it was up to me to try and start edging Gina out of the mood she was (understandably) in then, so that I could help her find at least **some** pleasure while the two of us were together.

After a little time had gone by, I looked into Gina's eyes and told her "I really do like you, you know. Even more than I did before, after spending all the time together that we have. I've gotten to know you more, and I **like** the person you are, on the inside. What you and Elisse do to and

with each other… that doesn't matter to me, except to tell me that you really do *care* for, and love, each other. The first time I came into your place for lunch, the first thing I noticed was how pretty and sexy both of you are; I mean, that's just how us guys ARE. But I could also see that there was some kind of bond between you, too; I'm not someone that can ignore something like that just because of how attractive I thought you were, or in the hope of getting intimate with one of you. Then, as I kept coming back, I grew to understand just how deep that bond between you was — and that made me respect you even more. Once I found out you were a lesbian couple, I gave up any thoughts of intimacy with either of you; but that didn't mean that I had to stop appreciating how you looked. You know that the first thing most people notice about you is your breasts — I'm sure you know that folks just can't *help* it. But it wasn't their size that pleased me as it was their **shape** — I kind of figured out what they were like from some of the blouses and things you wore, and it was that they were so nicely rounded that I liked, not that they're as large as they are. I could also tell that they were a lot firmer than most that size; they didn't sway around like a couple of balloons full of water like a lot of large breasts do. And it wasn't just your breasts that pleased me, either. You have such a lovely face — those beautiful blue eyes, soft lips, and clear complexion. The way you wear your hair… I know you keep it short because of working around food and all that, but it's still styled very nicely, and compliments your face so well. I can see a resemblance to Meg Ryan, and I'll hope you'll take that as the compliment as it's meant to be."

She nodded that she did, and was looking at me in fascination as I continued "Then, that night that you took your clothes off and let me look at you… I told you that I was grateful that you'd let me look at you that way, and I meant every word of it. I got the chance to see that *all* of you, together, makes such a lovely person; your strong, graceful legs that just… flow into your cute butt. I saw that all the rest of you was as soft and smooth and lovely as what I'd already seen, and your skin made me think of some porcelain that I saw in a high-end store one time — a pale pink that just *begged* to be touched. Then when you sat on my lap and DID let me touch you! That night, more than anything else in the world, I wished that I could give you a massage so I would have the time to enjoy the feel of as much of your skin as I could get my hands on. It was a delight for me that you were agreeable to letting me learn about your breasts after I'd grown to appreciate them so much; they were so wonderfully warm and firm and smooth, and even better than I'd dared **hope** they be."

It was plain that I'd gotten her out of her previous frame of mind as I went on "You let me kiss you that night, too — and that meant as much to me as all the rest of it; particularly when you were so willing to kiss me back. Since that night, you've been willing to share yourself with me… not just your body, as lovely and delightful as it is, but some of your heart, and mind, and even *soul*. I've grown to love you, Gina — not the way you and Elisse love each other, of course, but simply as someone that I've learned is such a good and decent human being… honest, and loving, and sincere; for your courage and intelligence, and the kindness and trust and respect you've graced me with."

I'd started by moving my hand and cupping her face, then softly caressing it when I was

describing how I saw her; as I continued talking to her, I casually shifted my touch to include the parts of her that I was talking about, until my hand was wandering at random over as much of the front of her as I could reach. As I finished, I slowly centered my attentions on her breasts — tenderly stroking them, gently squeezing their firm mass, and lightly running my fingertips across her slowly erecting nipples. When I was done talking, I looked into her eyes for a few seconds before gradually lowering my head to kiss her — giving her plenty of time to let me know if she had any objections.

She didn't, and the first touch of our lips was brief, and chaste. I saw in her eyes that she'd welcome another, and readily touched my lips to hers again; before our lips parted, I could feel her starting to return the love and affection that I was offering her.

Over the next few minutes, our kisses gradually grew longer and more loving… as well as deeper. After our tongues had danced and dueled in each others mouths several times, I started shifting my kisses to other areas. Starting with her face, I patiently began to ease my attentions lower: a little bit of nibbling on her earlobe with my lips was followed by a series of kisses down her neck and onto her shoulder; then it was back to apply a number of soft bites and kisses to her throat on my way to the other side. After mirroring my actions, my lips blazed a trail along her jaw, then down her throat — and continued on to the valley between her breasts. With my hand on one breast, I used my mouth and lips and tongue to duplicate its actions on the other.

When I shifted my oral efforts to the other breast, I began caressing her between her breasts and pubis; hips, sides, waist… all were subjected to my patient attentions. When my ministrations to her mammary began to have the desired effect, I casually and indirectly eased my hand farther down her body to begin softly stroking her thighs: down the tops or outsides, but always along the insides as I lightly brought my fingertips back up. It didn't take but a very few minutes for her to begin opening herself up to my touch; the first time I drew my fingertips along the cleft of her sex, she raised her hips in response while releasing a soft moan.

I continued to lick and nurse at her breasts as I deliberately teased her arousal higher and higher. Only when I began to hear a hint of frustration in her moans was I ready to continue.

After releasing her nipple from between my lips, I started to apply various combinations of kisses, softly "biting" her with my lips, and using just the very tip of my tongue to taste tiny patches of her soft skin in as random and indirect of a manner as I could — though the general direction tended to be lower and lower on her body. After several minutes, I once again had my second-most favorite view of her: looking up her body from between the firm, smooth expanses of her thighs.

Directly in front of me was the pale yellow thicket of her pubic hair. I'd already had the opportunity to learn that it was easily as thick and luxurious as it had first looked, and an amused Gina quickly got used to having me running my fingertips through it when given the chance. She kept it trimmed in such a way that it flowed down onto her mons… but no lower than just above where her clitoris was starting to make an appearance. I'd been amazed when I'd discovered just how small her clitoris was — and equally delighted by how sensitive.

Flowing out from the hood of her clitoris were her labia; they were thicker and longer than I'd expected them to be, but still soft and smooth. Farther down, they separated enough that I could see the entrance to Gina's vagina and the oils beginning to collect there. The scent of her had a slight "tang" to it that corresponded with her taste; rather than being offensive in any way, it actually made her essence even more appealing to my taste buds.

Gently pulling her labia a little farther apart, I lowered my head and began to extend my tongue as I looked forward to once again sampling her nectar.

It didn't take me but a couple of minutes to stimulate her into producing more of the oils that she so readily produced when she was aroused, and I happily lapped them up between bouts of teasing her clitoris with my tongue, and taking her labia between my lips and softly sucking and "chewing" on them. But the thing that excited her most (and baffled me, quite honestly) was when I would try to see how much of my tongue I could get through the tight ring of her opening, and into her vagina. It was never as much as I would have liked, but Gina invariably found the attempts to be eminently pleasurable.

The greatly increased level of her arousal also resulted in her vaginal lips staying parted — which freed my hands so that I could reach up and get them on her breasts. She seemed perfectly willing to let me take over pinching and pulling on her nipples so that she could use her hands to squeeze and caress them; our combined efforts at her bosom only fueled the conflagration building where my lips and mouth were busy.

From the amount of her woman's juices that she was producing, and the noises that she was starting to make, I knew that Gina wasn't far from having an orgasm. That was something that I was looking forward to for several reasons. The first was that her vagina would push out even more of her oils when it happened, and I really did like the taste of them. Second was the fact that I felt no small affection for her, and was happy for her that I was able to bring pleasure to her. The third was that after an orgasm, she'd be more relaxed (and agreeable, I thought/hoped) about our first pass at letting me attempt to impregnate her. I **knew** she wasn't going to *like* it; all I was really hoping to accomplish was to make it as easy and trouble-free as I could for her. I expected that if I could at least do THAT much, then the times after that would be relatively easy.

So I was perfectly willing to continue my efforts at helping her find a release to the sexual tension building in her — and completely ready when she DID find that release. Accompanied by a deep groan, Gina's thighs tried to come together with the start of her orgasm. Much to my relief, the attempt was neither rapid, nor forceful; I could easily hear her gasps and moans as her body spasmed with the intense pleasure coursing through it. For my part, I was as happy as I could be about the amount of fluids that her vagina was pushing out for me to consume.

As her climax began to taper off, I figured it was time to get my "game face" on; after treating myself to one last sample of her essence, I raised up and moved so that my body was over hers. I got myself positioned over her so that I could feel her hard nipples against my chest, and with my erect penis resting on her mons — but NOT against her opening.

When she finally opened her eyes and saw me, she gave me a smile of delight before telling me "Your friend was right — you really *are* almost as good at that as another woman!"

The two of us exchanged an affectionate kiss, and after she'd lowered her head to the bed again, I softly asked her "Do you think you'd like to have a try at starting a family?"

She looked at me for a second, then realized how I was positioned over her; a moment later, I could see from the expression on her face that she'd discovered where my erect penis was.

I was sorry to see all the joy and happiness go out of her face, but found some consolation in the fact that nothing worse happened. I could hear the note of resignation in her voice when she answered "I know it's got to happen if I want to have a baby, so I might as well say 'yes' and get it over with."

A moment later, she looked up at me and asked "Why didn't you just… start, instead of waiting and asking me?"

I lowered my head and gave her a tender kiss on the lips before answering "Gina, I wouldn't do that to you — it would be too much like I was raping you, or something, and I'm not that kind of guy. I'm only going to do this with your permission, and only as fast as you're comfortable with."

From the expression on her face, I knew that I'd surprised her a little bit — and pleased her, too. After a second or two, she told me "Okay, Jim… you have my permission, if that's what you need."

Slowly, I shifted myself so that my erection slid back and down so that the head was generally touching her vaginal opening. Gently, I told her "This will be easier for both of us if you can bring your knees up, and open your legs a little more."

Keeping her promise to be cooperative, she did as I suggested; after a little minor adjustment, I could feel that the head of my cock between her vaginal lips and lightly wedged against her opening. I could also feel that she was more than a little tense. I gave her another soft kiss before telling her "Gina, if there was another way for us to do this, I'd be **delighted** to do that, instead. But there <u>isn't</u> another way, so if I'm going to get you pregnant, I'm going to have to be inside you. I know this is the first time for you, and I care enough about you that I don't want to hurt you. So I'm going to ask you to let me know what YOU want — do you LET me in, so WE can make this as easy and painless as possible? Or do you want me to just get it inside you however I can, and go from there? Like I said, I don't <u>want</u> to hurt you — but if you want a baby that bad, I will if that's the only choice you give me. Or do you want to call it off?"

She immediately exclaimed "NO!"; a moment later, and a little calmer, she told me "No, I don't want to call it off. And I don't want you to just 'get it inside', either. Can you give me a second, so I can at least *try* to see I can do something that would help?"

"Of course I can", I assured her. "I'm willing to give you as much time as you need, for as long as you want me to, if it'll help."

Holding myself steady over her, I could feel as she tried to relax — both the entrance to her womanhood, but the rest of herself, as well. When I figured that she'd made enough progress that it might be worth trying, I told her "Okay, Gina. If it's all right with you, I can start trying to see if I can get inside. You'll be able to feel me pushing, but I am **not** going to force it to happen. If you want me to get you pregnant, it's going to be up to you to LET me in. I'll be perfectly happy to stop any time you tell me to, and wait for however long you want. I really, truly did mean it when I said that I don't want to hurt you, okay?"

Somewhat relieved by what I'd said, she nodded her understanding. I gave it a few more seconds, then began to *slowly* increase the pressure of my dick against her opening. Realizing that I really was taking my time and trying to be gentle with her, I felt her relax even more. As the seconds ticked by, I could feel myself gradually penetrating her farther and farther as more time passed without my causing her any pain or (obvious) discomfort. There were a few times that I felt her begin to tense up; when it happened, I **immediately** stopped so that she'd know that I wasn't trying to force anything to happen. Each time, she was able to "recover" a little faster and easier, and it was a little longer before it happened again.

I knew that I was getting close to the head of my manhood slipping through the tight ring of her entrance, so when it finally happened, I was able to hold myself still on (and in) her before she could even react. Looking down at her, I could see that she really wasn't pleased about having me there — but I could also tell that she wasn't in any pain or significant discomfort, either. I managed to lower my head so that I could give her a soft kiss on the forehead, and she found it in herself to give me a brief smile in return. To put her mind at ease, I told her "I'll just wait like this until you tell me you're ready for me to go on, okay?"

I got a little bit more of a smile in response before she answered "Thank you, I'd appreciate that. You aren't *hurting* me or anything, but you're bigger than anything I've ever had there before, too. I just need a little time to get used to you."

I readily told her "That's fine, Gina. I told you I'd stop when you needed me to, and that I'd wait until you said you were ready to go on — and I meant it."

It was probably a full five minutes before she looked up at me and nodded, letting me know that it was okay for me to continue. After sliding myself back and forth in her a few millimeters to try and wet myself with her oils, I once again gradually increased how hard I was trying to slide myself into her. I got perhaps an inch more of my erect manhood before I saw her start to get a troubled expression on her face. Rather than wait for her to say anything, I simply eased off and held myself still again. When she looked up at me, I could see that she appreciated what I'd done. It didn't take quite as long before she let me know that it was okay to go on. Able to move inside her a little more, I was better able to get her lubrication distributed before starting to ease myself farther into her.

I got maybe another inch and a half of my erection through her portal before I saw that I should probably stop again. I got another brief smile from her, and it didn't take but a couple of minutes for her to tell me she was ready again. After making sure I was well-wetted, I picked up where

I'd left off. I'd gotten roughly three quarters of myself into her before she asked me if I could wait a moment; I promptly backed off from what I was doing, and waited patiently for the minute or so it took for her to tell me it was okay to go on.

My pubic hair was merged with hers before I had to stop again. Looking down at her, I said "That's about it, Gina. There's a *little* bit more of me that will go in, but not until after I've been moving in you for a little while."

From the expression on her face, I could tell that she was a little surprised by what I'd told her. After a few seconds had gone by, she hesitantly told me "It… it's not as bad as I thought it would be. I still don't really **like** it — but I can live with it". A few moments later, she added "Thank you for taking your time, and being so patient with me. You were very gentle, and there were only a couple of times that it was uncomfortable. You promised me that you'd make it as easy for me as you could, and that's what you did. That means a *lot* to me."

"I'm glad to hear I didn't hurt you, and you're okay with it. If it helps any, I'm going to be the same way about moving in you after you tell me you're ready."

"I understand… and thank you."

I didn't say anything, of course, but I was glad of the reprieve I was getting from waiting for her to tell me that it was okay for me to start actually fucking her — she was *wonderfully* hot and tight inside. Sure, I'd agreed not to try to **delay** climaxing in her, but I figured that was a completely different proposition than agreeing to let it happen too soon.

Thinking that it might help (and certainly couldn't hurt), I lowered my head far enough to be able to begin first kissing, then gently "nibbling" and sucking on Gina's breasts and nipples. It took a few minutes, but I was finally able to get her nipples to begin to erect. I knew that she wasn't actually getting aroused; she simply liked the feeling of my lips and mouth on them. Still, it was fun, so I kept at it. From the way she felt around my cock, I could tell that she was slowly becoming more and more comfortable about having me inside her.

I was glad to hear it when she told me "Okay, Jim — I think I'm ready for you to start moving in me."

My first few motions were small and slow, to make sure that I was still coated with her oils. I was, and took my time about carefully increasing the length and speed of my strokes in her tight, wet sheath. After I'd gotten into a steady rhythm, I looked down at her and saw that although she wasn't getting any pleasure from what I was doing, she wasn't overly troubled by it, either.

With that settled, all there was for me to do, really, was keep at it: burying my manhood in the hot, wet core of her before sliding myself out of her until I could feel the tight ring of her entrance clenched around me right behind the head.

The feelings I was getting from my thrusts into her were building, but slowly; rather than have her think I'd forgotten my promise not to draw things out, I asked her "I can keep going like this, but it'll take longer before I climax; as I move faster and harder, it'll happen that much sooner.

Which would you prefer? I can do the faster or harder only as much as you say is okay…"

"This isn't *bothering* me", she answered, "but I wouldn't mind if it was over sooner, either. Go ahead and do what you like, and I'll tell you if it gets to be too much."

Hearing that, I began ratcheting up my efforts; I was able to find a nice rhythm that felt pretty good — and without Gina having to say anything to me. While the feelings in my dick were nice, I found that I regretted not having a more active and enthusiastic partner; the physical part was okay, but there wasn't any kind of *emotional* bond between us that would have made the experience more meaningful. The only consolation I could find was that I was helping fulfill her dream of having a child.

So despite knowing I was just providing stud services, instead of actually making love, I kept fucking her. Her pussy felt pretty damn good around me, and I steadily moved toward my climax. When it got close, I slowed down and took several long, slow strokes into her before pressing myself as far inside her as I could — just ahead of trying to fill her with my cum. When I was done, I took a minute to get my breath before carefully easing my cock out of her. After I'd moved to lay next to her on my side, she pulled the pillow from behind her head and tucked it under her ass… tilting her pelvis up so that my cum wouldn't run out of her. She turned her head and looked at me, blushing before saying "If you want to move closer to me so we can snuggle a little bit, I… I'd actually like that. I wouldn't mind if you wanted to play with my tits, or touch me, or anything, either."

I readily got myself settled next to her, and got my hand on one of her breasts. As I slowly teased its nipple, she put her hand on my arm and softly told me "That wasn't what I thought it would be like. I didn't **like** it, but it wasn't anywhere near as bad as I was afraid it would be. You kept your promises about how it would happen, and that made it a *lot* easier for me, Jim. Thank you."

"I'm glad to hear that, Gina — and you're welcome. Don't misunderstand this, but… it was my pleasure."

She smiled at what I'd said and patted my arm before replying "No, I don't misunderstand. Elisse and I both know that you care about us, and the way you were with me — well, that just showed it, again. I'm sorry if I made things more difficult for you; I think it'll be a lot easier for BOTH of us, next time."

"You don't have to apologize. We all knew that there were going to have to be some… adjustments that we needed to make if this was going to happen. You made some, and I made some, and we got to where we wanted to be. That's all that really matters."

She smiled at me again and nodded. As I gently caressed her breast and toyed with her nipple, she softly stroked my arm; after a few minutes, I thought I'd go ahead and close my eyes for a few moments…

When I woke up, it was to discover that I was laying on my other side — and that a naked Elisse was spooning against my front while I held her breast in my hand. When I started to move, I

heard her say "You don't have to go — you're just fine."

"No, not fine", I answered. "But I will be after a minute in the bathroom", drawing a small laugh from her.

After I opened the door to their bathroom, I saw that she'd moved to lay on her back. I got back into bed, and moved to lay on my side next to her before draping my arm across her body. The two of us stayed like that for a couple of minutes before I told her "There's something I think I need to tell you."

"I know — you weren't as ready to be with two lesbians as you thought you were. Gina told me, and it's okay, Jim. She told me that SHE wasn't as ready to be intimate with a man as she thought she was, either. But you did what you said you would with her, and she's a lot more comfortable about being with you than she thought she'd be, so everything is fine."

"And what about me being with you?", I had to ask.

She considered that for a few seconds before telling me "I never *enjoyed* sex with my ex-husband, mostly because he was such a selfish ass about it. Sometimes it felt good, but that was a rare occasion. If you're anything with me like you were with Gina, I think that might actually change — that I could actually LIKE having sex with you. I'm not figuring to have **orgasms** or anything like that, but I expect I'll be able to respond to you a lot better than Gina did."

"I'm not going to be any different with you than I was with Gina", I answered. "I have to figure that if you *wanted* to be having sex with guys, you wouldn't still be in a ten-year relationship. If it turns out that you really <u>can</u> like having sex with me, that'll be a plus for **both** of us — but I'm not going to try to MAKE it happen. I'm here to see if I can help you and Gina start a family, and that's it. As Gina pointed out, both of you are happily lesbian, so I'm not going to try and do anything to change that; I wouldn't, even if I could."

Elisse smiled in acknowledgment of what I'd said before taking my hand and moving it to her breast. I gave it a gentle squeeze, and then started caressing its warm, smooth surface with the tips of my fingers. She knew that I wasn't trying to get her aroused, just enjoying the softness of her skin.

I was perfectly willing to just lay there and enjoy the feeling of her breast in my hand until Elisse let me know that she was ready for things to start happening between us. She did that several minutes later by reaching down and taking my penis in her hand. After she'd been stroking it for a little bit, I could feel myself beginning to respond to her manipulations.

That seemed to be her cue to tell me "Gina told me that you helped her cum before you were inside her. I think I'd like you to do that for me, too — it's been a long time since I've had anything your size in me, and I expect it would help if I was as wet and relaxed inside as possible. Of course, I'll be glad to help get *you* ready, too…"

My answer was to release my tenuous hold on her breast and roll over onto my back. It didn't take long for her to sit up, and then get herself situated with a knee on each side of my head. I

used my hands to caress the backs of her thighs and the incredibly firm mounds of her ass as she leaned forward and got positioned where she needed to be. After she'd taken my penis in her hand and started stroking it again, I began kissing the insides of her thighs; first one, then the other, then back again — each kiss a trifle closer to her shaved mons than the one before.

It took a couple of minutes before I was again privileged to be able to see the soft, smooth mound between her thighs, and the target of my desires.

Unlike her partner, Elisse's vaginal lips almost didn't exist, they were so small and thin most of the time. But they were also incredibly soft, and grew appreciably longer as her arousal increased. At the apex of her cleft, her pea-sized clitoris was starting to make an appearance from underneath its protective cover. With her labia as small as they were, I didn't have any trouble seeing the entrance to her vagina — or that it was already starting to glisten with her oils.

Elisse didn't produce as much lubrication as Gina did — but I'd found that what there was of it was *delicious*. Very light and thin, it was also vaguely sweet and spicy at the same time. I didn't delay in trying to collect what I could of it by pressing the tip of my tongue against her opening; I did manage to get a small taste of her, which was all the inspiration I needed to begin trying to stimulate her into producing more. After gently pulling on her small labia with my lips for several seconds, I shifted my attention to her clit. It took only a minute or so for me to entice it into exposing itself to my further attentions as Elisse began to moan her appreciation of what I was doing. Once again, I found myself wondering what kind of idiot she'd been married to that he could manage to fail to please a woman that was as sexually responsive as she was.

As I was happily twirling the tip of my tongue around the sensitive nubbin of her clitoris, I felt Elisse take my semi-erect penis into her mouth. She wasn't particularly good at giving oral sex; but what she lacked in skill she more than made up for in persistence — from the couple of times before that she'd used her mouth on me, I knew that she wouldn't release me from between her lips until she had to. Before, it had been when I'd climaxed; then it would be because she was ready for us to start having sex.

Elisse was starting to arch herself down toward me when I went to treat my taste buds to the flavor of her again. There was a nice supply of her nectar, and I had a *fine* time collecting and savoring it before moving on again.

Her labia had gotten a bit longer, and a little darker, when I looked at them again. They'd grown enough, in fact, that I was able to take each of them between my lips and softly suck on it — something that I'd learned she liked. I hadn't forgotten that I was supposed to be helping her have an orgasm, though, so it was soon back to her clitoris for me. With it fully exposed, I had a dandy time applying the oral skills that I'd been able to learn toward bedeviling the small pearl of flesh she was offering me. I twirled the tip of my tongue around it. I put my mouth over it and gently sucked on it in a slow rhythm. I applied a pulsating pressure against it. I tried to milk it with my lips. I even fluttered the very tip of my tongue **ever** so softly across it for as long as I could… something that aroused her tremendously.

Even as I was enjoying what I was doing to move Elisse closer and closer to release, she was doing her part to get (and keep) me hard by softly sucking on my erection while slowly sliding her lips up and down it.; or simply holding me still in her mouth so she could use her tongue in different ways and on different parts of it; drawing her fingernails across my scrotum as she massaged the shaft with her lips. To my surprise (and pleasure!), she even managed to take nearly my entire length in her mouth and hold me there for a surprisingly long time — she wasn't "deep throating" me, but she damn sure didn't miss it by much.

I'd managed to collect the overflow of her oils a couple more times, and was enthusiastically tormenting her clitoris when I realized that she was on the verge of having her climax. Knowing that it was going to happen for her, I simply kept doing what I was at the time: using my tongue to draw slow circles around her clitoris. It wasn't but a couple more minutes when she pressed her pelvis down onto my face as she released a deep, *deep* groan of pleasure around my erect penis. I quickly fastened my mouth over the entrance to her vagina, and eagerly lapped up the small waves of her fluids that her spasming vagina was pushing out to me.

After the first wave of her release had passed, Elisse released my hard cock from between her lips so that she could breathe easier; when the force of the spasms coursing through her began to taper off, she managed a controlled crash so that she was laying on me. After a few minutes, she told me "I sincerely hope that the women you learned to do that with appreciate just how damn **lucky** they are. If you were any better at that, I'd think that YOU were a lesbian!", with a brief laugh.

I responded by telling her "I suppose it helps that I <u>like</u> doing it, too…"

She laughed again before saying "Believe me, I can tell!"

As she lay there getting herself back together, I was content to get my hands on her again; I happily left fingerprints on as much of her as I could reach — legs, ass, sides, and back all got my attention. I even managed to raise my head far enough to give her tight little ass a kiss, too.

I doubt that five minutes went by before I felt her start to raise herself off of me again. When she was as far as her hands and knees, I got my hands on her ass again and held her in place long enough to run my tongue along her cleft from clitoris to the entrance to her vagina — and getting a final taste of her. After I'd given her ass a little squeeze and soft pat, she got off of me; but before I could move, she reversed the direction she was facing and straddled my hips. I looked up at her, and she answered my unspoken question by telling me "It's been long enough that I think I'd better be the one on top, so I'm in control. I know that you wouldn't rush me, or do anything to hurt me, but I'd still feel better if this part of it was up to me."

I didn't hesitate to assure her "That's fine, Elisse — whatever it takes to make sure you're comfortable is okay with me."

"Well, once I get used to having you there, I'm sure it'll be okay for you to be in charge of things again."

I just nodded before asking "Is there anything I can do, or not do, to help?"

She just gave me a nervous grin as she answered "Not really. If you need something to do, though, you can play with my tits if you want to."

I pretended to consider that for a few seconds before saying "Well, I guess I can do that…", to her amusement.

Having told me what she wanted (needed) to do, she didn't delay any longer in getting started. Reaching down between us, she took my erection (still slippery from her saliva) and angled it up. After a little minor adjustment on her part, she settled down on it just enough to have me positioned against her opening — but with only enough pressure to ensure that I didn't slip away from her.

I caressed her from the tops of her thighs all the way up to her sides and back again a few times before easing my hands around so they were holding her breasts. As I ran my thumbs over the dark pebbles of her nipples, I told her "You go ahead and do whatever you need to, and I'll just wait right here…", earning me a smile and soft laugh.

For the next several minutes, I amused myself with Elisse's delightful breasts as she slowly and carefully got herself settled farther and farther onto my hard cock. I could see the relief on her face after the firm globes of her ass had settled onto the tops of my thighs, and teasingly told her "See? I'm still here, just like I said I'd be!"

Grinning, she responded by saying "Attaboy, Jim! I knew you could do it!", teasing me right back. With my erection pretty well buried in her, I toyed with her breasts a little more before going back to caressing her again as she got used to being filled with hard cock again. Much to my surprise, she was even tighter inside than Gina had been — and easily just as warm and pleasant around my manhood.

It pleased me greatly when it took only a few minutes for her to get comfortable with having me inside her, and start moving on me. Her initial efforts were small and bit tentative, but it didn't take long for her to become more and more active. When she leaned forward and put her hands on the bed, that brought her close enough that I was able to lift my head and start licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples. As the peaks of her breasts slowly rose up, so did how wet she felt around me — which only made it even easier for her to slide herself up and down on my cock.

With her being the active one, I was free to enjoy feasting on her mammaries as my hands wandered as far as I could reach on her body. The feeling of her tight, slick channel enveloping my penis was slow enough that she was barely moving me toward having a climax… particularly after I'd already emptied myself into her lover.

Elisse had developed a fine sheen of perspiration when I noticed that her movements on me were beginning to get slower and shorter. Putting my hands on her hips, I applied a slight pressure until she stopped her motions and looked down at me. Sliding my hands down her back and then

onto her ass, I held her firm butt in my hands as I told her "Unless I miss my guess, you're starting to get tired. Would you like me to take over, now?"

Panting slightly, she nodded, then answered "But I don't want to just lay down and have you on top of me, either."

Giving her ass a squeeze, I replied "That's fine. If you're okay with staying like that, I can just get behind you."

She considered that for a moment before telling me "Yeah, I'd like that."

I waited a few seconds, and when she didn't move off of me, I gave one of her ass cheeks a soft pat. That was enough to get her to raise up again, then lift herself clear of my erection. Free to move again, she got herself re-situated next to me so that I could get up and move behind her. As I was getting my penis positioned against her opening, I heard her tell me "Having a guy inside me wasn't like what I remembered. I was actually kinda starting to like it, even — so if… if you wanted to be a little more, um, enthusiastic, it'd be okay with me."

Leaning forward, I managed to kiss the back of her neck before softly telling her "Thank you, I think I'd like that; but you'll still tell me if I get *too* enthusiastic, right?"

"**If** you do, yeah, I will", she assured me.

When I raised up again, I put my hands on her hips to help steady myself as I pressed forward so that I slowly filled her womanhood again. Once I was balls-deep in her, I paused for a few seconds to enjoy the feeling of her warm, tight vagina wrapped around me before I started moving in her. I started out by fucking her with fairly short, slow strokes; but as the seconds passed, I gradually increased my efforts. Knowing that she'd let me know if anything I was doing bothered her, I simply tried to find a combination of speed and length of stroke that <u>both</u> of us found satisfactory. Keeping my promise, I wasn't trying to *delay* my climax — only seeing if I could bring her some pleasure on the way toward ensuring my own. I felt a certain satisfaction when I was able to start drawing pleased sounds from her while steadily moving myself toward my release.

As I continued fucking myself in and out of Elisse, I found myself fascinated by the sight of her labia wrapped around my cock: being drawn out away from her when I moved back, only to disappear when I reversed direction. Added to that was the way my manhood glistened from her oils, and the faint squelching noises that accompanied my movements.

Each time I leaned forward enough to cup her breasts in my hands, they seemed to feel a bit tighter and firmer; her areolas were puckered, and her nipples fully erect when I gently pinched and pulled on them.

As I got closer and closer to climaxing, I let myself thrust into her a trifle harder; not only didn't Elisse have any objections, the pleased noises coming from her became more pronounced. In turn, that only encouraged me to let myself go a little farther — which increased her audible enjoyment.

When I knew that I was just seconds away from hosing Elisse's insides with my semen, I dramatically slowed my thrusts — making them as slow and long as I could, knowing that it would increase the pleasure of my release. Finally, with a deep groan of relief, I stuffed as much of myself as I could through the tight ring of her opening as the first spray of cum erupted from my cock. Just ahead of each spasm of my pleasure, I tried to press myself even deeper into her so that the extra little bit of stimulation around the head of my penis would make it a little more intense and powerful.

When the waves of pleasure that I'd experienced had been reduced to mere ripples, I let myself fall forward enough to support myself with my arms as I held myself over Elisse's back. Softly panting, I managed to kiss her shoulder before telling her "Thank you for letting me do that; it felt *real* damn good."

She turned her head enough to look at me, giving me the opportunity to kiss her cheek ahead of her responding "I was glad to do it, Jim. Not only did you make me feel better than my ex **ever** did, you actually made me ENJOY having sex with you. I didn't orgasm, or anything, but it was damn close when I could feel you squirting in me! If this is what having sex with you is like, then I'm not going to mind being with you *at all*…"

A drop of sweat dripped off my chin and landed on the back of her neck; wondering what the sensation had been, she looked at me again and saw what it must have been. I could see the concern on her face when she told me "If you'll give me a second to get something underneath myself so your semen doesn't run out, we can lay down. I don't mind if you want to stay inside me for a little bit… I'd like that, even. When you want to pull out of me, or… or you slip out, just go ahead and lay down if you want. I'll want to keep your stuff inside me for a little while, so there's as much chance of one of your swimmers finding its way to where it's supposed to go as possible — assuming it doesn't get lost because it won't ask for directions. But I'd still like it if you were close enough that we could touch each other, and talk."

"I like all of those choices", I told her, making her smile. A few moments later, she pulled two of the three pillows at the head of the bed underneath herself; I stayed with her as she started to slowly ease herself forward, and held myself inside her as she got them situated so that they supported her hips while her head and shoulders were on the bed. That left her ass sticking up in the air — and nicely tucked into my "lap" as my cock slowly deflated inside her. When I felt my cock finally pull free of her, I got myself situated on my back next to her. As she'd requested, it was close enough that we could touch each other, and see each other well enough to talk. Despite the fact that she was essentially kneeling on the bed with her ass waving in the air while I lay next to her with my flaccid penis resting on my leg, the two of us actually chatted about such things as how she and Gina were doing with their little café, gay and lesbian rights, and a host of other things.

I'll confess that I was amazed at how long she was willing to remain there, keeping my semen inside in a valiant attempt to get pregnant. When she finally quietly told me that she was ready to clean up, I mischievously asked if she needed or wanted any help. Her response was to tell me "I

don't *need* any help, and if I wanted it, Gina would be more than happy to provide it. But in the interest of saving time and water, I **suppose** I can let you take a shower with me — assuming you won't be grossed out by the sight of me cleaning the rest of your STUFF out."

I couldn't help but grin as I told her "I won't be grossed out. I've seen it before, and I actually think it looks kinda sexy…"

She couldn't *quite* stifle her own grin when she said "I swear — you guys can be SO primitive and disgusting! Well, if it starts turning you on to watch, you'll just have to save it for next time, okay?"

In exaggerated disappointment, I answered "I **guess**", making her laugh. A minute or so later, she announced that it was time to clean up — and that if I wanted to clean up WITH her, I'd better stick close. After we'd both gotten out of bed, I got about a half-inch behind her and stayed there all the way into the bathroom, much to her amusement. I made no pretense of not watching as she cleaned out her vagina, and she saw my penis start to grow in response. I could tell that she was just kidding with me when she exclaimed "Men!", in a disgusted tone. When she was done, I made it up to her by washing her back; I could see her amused tolerance when I "helped" wash her breasts and ass. In return, she dealt with cleaning our combined juices from MY pelvis — a couple of times, even.

When we'd dried off, she suggested a little something to eat and drink to refresh ourselves. I agreed, and went over to put on some undershorts even though she'd indicated that she wasn't going to bother putting anything on. When she looked at me with a raised eyebrow, I told her "I got the idea that Gina wasn't comfortable about me being naked, now."

Elisse shook her head and replied "No, that's not it. She told me that when you asked if she wanted to undress you that she just turned around and started getting things ready; it wasn't you being naked that bothered her as much as it was her having an attack of nerves. She'll be just fine now… you'll see."

Hoping that if there WAS a problem that Elisse would be just as quick to tell Gina that it was her idea, I set my shorts aside and just followed Elisse — and enjoyed the view I had of her ass moving as she walked ahead of me. When we got to the living room, I saw that Gina was there with Demosthenes on her lap, petting him as he purred his contentment. Gina's only reaction to our appearance was to encourage us to sit down, and ask if we wanted anything.

That basically set the tone for the next few days. Between bouts of fornicating with one or the other of them, they made sure that I got all the tender loving care I could want. The only time I had to open the bag of clothes I'd brought along was when I was ready to go home; the rest of the time, getting "dressed" consisted of putting on undershorts when it was time for meals.

I really don't remember how many times I had sex with each of them; all I'm sure of is that it was the same number for both, since Elisse was the last one I was with before I went home for some much-needed rest.

Each time that Gina and I were together after the first, she was more comfortable about it… as well as better able to participate in what we were doing. That was even **more** true with Elisse. Though she never did have an orgasm while I was fucking her, it was pretty clear to me that she liked having me fucking her more and more. I found out later that Gina was aware of that — and not only didn't mind, but was actually *happy* for Elisse.

Just over a couple of weeks later, after I'd had lunch in their place, I was quietly informed that Gina had "caught" — she was several days past the start of her period, and early pregnancy tests the previous few days had all read positive. A few days later, Gina was present when Elisse asked me if I'd be willing to come over and try it again. I said that I would, pleasing both of them.

The second time, Elisse and I barely had to get out of bed the entire time; Gina happily dedicated herself to taking care of almost anything and everything we needed.

The next thing I heard from them was that Elisse was pregnant, too. As both of them steadily grew larger and larger (!), they continued to invite me over — and not just for the foot rubs, massages, and shoulder to cry on that I willingly provided.

I was in the waiting room when each of them gave birth, and wasn't particularly surprised when Gina's boy got the name Edward James; Elisse's daughter was Jamie Lynn. Both kids had the normal compliment of appendages and innards, and proved to be in fine shape. Gina and Elisse both breastfed, and both offered me samples of what the kids got; I accepted in both cases, and complimented the chef.

True to their word, neither of them ever asked me for any kind of financial or other support, though they welcomed the gifts and supplies that I willingly offered. Known to them as "Jim", a friend of their mothers, I was a small part of the kids lives as they grew up — taking them to the park every so often, maybe to the circus when it was in town, or keeping their mother(s) company during school plays or similar functions. Both kids were coming up on ten years old when Gina and Elisse were offered the opportunity to take over the operation of a full-blown restaurant in another state. Though it hurt me some to do so, I encouraged them to accept. They finally did, and we said our farewells at the train station. Both of them were crying, and I think they knew how sorry I was to see them go, even though I managed to keep my own eyes dry.

That was several years ago, and I still get letters from them, as well as photos of the kids. Both are almost done with high school, and ready to go on to college with *excellent* academic histories. I wish I could go to their high school graduation, but that would risk my being too close when Gina and Elisse find out about the college education accounts I set up for the kids — I just hope they don't come back to town for the express purpose of kicking my ass… or even worse, taking me to bed *together*.

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Chapter 15

Doris & Gail (MF, Mf, oral, 1st)

I've been driving a cab for a lot of years. Along the way, I've gotten the usual offers from hookers, pimps, dealers, and other lowlifes. I've also had no small number of out-of-towners hinting that they'd like to get hooked up with one or more of the previously mentioned underworld denizens.

On the plus side, I've also had the chance to meet a pretty fair number of honest, decent people. Some of them have had problems of one kind or another, and as a college philosophy major that dropped out so that I could try to put what I'd learned into practice, I've been able to offer some help to those that seemed to need it — or even those that have come right out and asked for it.

Part of my outlook on life is that there are certain obligations and responsibilities that go along with the rights and privileges that a free society enjoys. One of the things that I do to help fulfill those obligations is that I offer free rides to women and kids that need to get out of an abusive household and to a shelter. Sadly, I usually get several such calls during a year; most of the time, the women and kids completely forget who gave them the ride — which is fine with me. A few of them, they not only remember, but actually take the time to find me afterwards and thank me. An even smaller number have gone on to become friends. Only once did it go even farther than that…

Several years ago, I got word from a women's shelter that they'd gotten a call from a woman that was ready to get away from her abusive husband. I got over to where the woman lived just a couple of minutes ahead of her husband getting home. I'd gotten her and her 8-year-old daughter into my cab when he pulled up. When he saw that she was leaving, he got all *kinds* of upset and irate… even to the point of threatening ME. He got up in my face and said he was going to kick my ass, only to be surprised when I told him that if he so much as touched me, he'd draw back a bloody stump; then that I'd call the cops and not only have him arrested, but actually press charges — and file a civil suit against him when all of THAT was over. He'd backed off, and I'd been able to get the woman and girl away from him. He'd tried to follow me, but the one thing a cabbie knows how to do is drive; I used a few tricks I'd learned to get rid of him before I took my two passengers to the actual shelter location, which was someplace completely different than their offices (for obvious reasons). Before the staff got her and her daughter inside, the woman — Doris Thompkins, I'd learned — hugged me, and thanked me for being willing to stand up to her husband. I just told her that I was glad to do it, and wished her well.

To my surprise, I got a call from her a few weeks later; she'd written down my name from the hack license in my rig, and wanted to know if it would be okay for her lawyer to depose me as part of the divorce proceedings. I said that I'd be delighted, and did just that. As it turned out, my statement of what had gone on influenced the judge; not only was Doris granted her divorce in

something close to record time, but the judge had gone on to slap an *extremely* restrictive restraining order against her ex.

While she was getting herself and her daughter, Gail, ready to start living on their own, she continued to stay in touch with me: not only was I someone that had helped her, but I "knew" what her ex-husband had been like, and could understand the things she told me as she got herself purged of the fear and feelings of helplessness and everything else she was carrying around inside. I was also there to listen to Gail when she wanted to talk about what her life had been like, too, and help her understand that none of what had gone on had been *her* fault. As the weeks passed, I became a good friend to Doris and something like a favorite uncle to Gail.

When the two of them were finally able to leave the shelter, I was able to help them find the resources they needed to get started on a new life — a decent inexpensive apartment, some used but serviceable furniture, and a few of the other things they had to have. Doris let me know how much she appreciated all I'd done by inviting me over to join them for a **damn** fine meal they'd teamed up to make. Even after that, Doris and I stayed in touch regularly; she had a wonderful character, a fine wit, and was certainly attractive enough to make it a pleasure looking at her. Gail proved to be an intelligent youngster, and without the oppressive influence of her father, soon developed a pleasant and outgoing personality. There wasn't anything more to it than my being a good friend to the two of them, which was fine with me.

With me being that friendly with them, I was there to watch as Gail grew over the years — eventually becoming a lovely young woman after she started puberty. That was also when I started getting more and more requests for assistance from Doris… most of them involving how to deal with Gail, or to provide an outlet for Doris' infrequent need to vent the frustrations of raising a teenage daughter.

Doris asked if I'd like to spend the evening with her one Friday night while Gail was at a sleepover one of her friends was hosting. I said I'd be delighted, and she fixed a nice meal for the two of us. After I'd helped with clearing the table and doing the dishes (over Doris' protests), the two of us went into the living room to listen to some music. I was sitting at the end of their couch with Doris tucked into my side when I heard her ask "Jim? Why haven't you ever made a pass at me, or tried to get something going between us?"

More than a little surprised by the question, I had to think about it for a few seconds before I could answer "Several things, really. The first one is how we met. Considering how your last relationship with a guy turned out, I didn't figure that you'd be in too much of a hurry to get into another one any time soon. Another part of it is that we've got an actual *friendship* going on — I like you, and Gail, and the two of you seem to like me; I have to wonder what would happen if you and I got… involved. Then there's always the question of where things go afterwards. Would it be two people enjoying some physical intimacy, or just the beginning of something more serious or permanent? What if one of us thinks of it as being one way, and the other one sees it as the other? Then there's the question of Gail — does she know about it, and if so, how much? Remember, it wasn't so long ago that you had the talk with her; how much difference would there

be between what you *said* to her, and what you'd be **doing**?"

She pulled away from me long enough to give me a Look, then settled herself into my side again before saying "You've told me about going to college, and why you're driving a cab, and everything — and you always seem to have pretty good answers for the questions I've had. But I never really appreciated how much time you must spend just *thinking* about stuff until just now. I mean, I asked you what I thought was a pretty simple question, and I figured I'd get a pretty simple answer. But what you actually said… it made me realize that my question wasn't as simple as I thought, and that I shouldn't have expected a simple answer, either. The stuff you brought up, I don't know that I would have thought about any of it until a LOT later — maybe TOO late, even."

I gave her a soft hug before saying "Sorry."

"No, don't be. The things you mentioned, you were right about them. I *was* pretty gun-shy about guys, and for a long time. I think the only reason I did get over it was because of you — you're about as different from that jackass as anybody COULD be, and you've shown me what I should expect from a guy. I thought we were friends, too, and that our friendship is special. I didn't think about **how** special it is until you said something about it maybe changing."

Taking a deep breath, she went on "The idea of us having any kind of relationship — that never even occurred to me, but I have to admit that the questions you asked are good ones. And the same thing goes for what you had to say about Gail, too."

She hesitated a moment, then said "I… I have to admit that I was starting to think of you and me maybe getting… involved, like you said. But now you've given me reason to stop and think about what I wanted — and I will, I promise."

It didn't escape my notice that she hadn't said she **didn't** want us to become more intimate; only that she'd think it through before anything actually happened. Quite honestly, I wasn't sure how I felt about EITHER possibility.

The two of us continued to sit there and listen to the music for a while before going on to other things. When it started to get a little late, I excused myself and got ready to head home. At the door, she moved close to kiss me goodbye as she usually did — except the kiss that I got made it *more* than clear that the idea of intimacy between us appealed to her; to my relief, she broke the kiss off before I had to decide how to respond.

For the next several weeks, it was as if Doris and I had never had that brief conversation. When Gail "graduated" from middle school, we celebrated by my taking the two of them out for a nice dinner. Despite the fact that *I* had been the one to suggest it was a good reason for them to get "gussied up", I wasn't anywhere **near** prepared for the sight they presented when I got into their apartment.

I'm not quite sure how Doris managed it on what I knew was a fairly limited budget, but she'd somehow gotten herself and Gail coiffed, manicured, pedicured, made up, dressed up, and

generally loaded for bear. Doris was wearing a strapless sheath number that contrasted nicely with her ash-blond hair and complimented her light complexion. It revealed enough of her ample bust to make it enticing, but without making her look top-heavy or trashy. It followed the curves of her waist and hips to good effect, and was short enough to leave a goodly expanse of well-shaped leg exposed.

Next to her, Gail wasn't dressed as overtly womanly, but that wasn't at the expense of making it clear that she was a nubile young female. Gail had on a sleeveless number that did a **fine** job of hugging her developing bust, trim waist, and slender hips. The color nicely offset her hair (only slightly darker than her mothers), and it, too, was abbreviated enough to leave plenty of her long, smooth legs nicely displayed.

When the two of them did a little pirouette, I saw that Doris' dress was backless to just above her hips; her hair was fastened in a loose ponytail that hung to the middle of her back. Below her hair (which was put up in a French braid) Gail's outfit had a single not-very-wide strap across the back, leaving a nice expanse of her lovely skin exposed. Their outfits also showed that each of them had a small, nicely-shaped ass. Looking at them, I was glad that I'd made the reservations for the restaurant I had. Although they'd have easily fit in (and complimented!) Chez Snooty or any other high-end restaurant in town, they still wouldn't be overdressed for where we were going — I *really* hadn't expected the two of them to take getting dressed up as far as they had.

In response to the little show they'd given me, I applauded loudly and gave them a few whistles to let them know they'd succeeded in getting my attention. Both laughed, and even blushed a little bit, before Doris suggested that we might want to get going.

As we were being shown to our table, I saw quite a few male heads turning to watch my companions — and a fair number of shins being kicked under the table, as a consequence. Dinner was a casual and and pleasant experience with both of them displaying a measure of class and elegance that I seldom saw. We took the time to enjoy our meal, including the dessert and coffee (me and Doris) and hot chocolate (Gail) that we finished things off with. After we left the restaurant, I delayed the necessity of taking them home through the simple expedient of an unplanned side trip to a small club I knew that featured live Jazz music. That got me another couple of hours of their delightful company before Doris suggested that it really was time that the two of them got home. Bowing to necessity, I took them back to their apartment — getting there somewhat later than was Gail's usual bedtime. To my amusement, both of them shed their shoes as soon as they were inside the front door.

A jubilant Gail graced me with a fierce hug, a kiss on the cheek, and profuse thanks before practically floating back to her bedroom. Once she was out of sight, an amused Doris turned to me and said "I guess you know that you made her entire *year* tonight. I just want you to know that you made **me** a lot happier than I've felt in a long time, too. Just going to dinner like that was wonderful; but when you took us to that club, too… and then danced with us — well, it was like a dream come true."

Smiling, I told her "I was glad to do it, Doris."

She smiled back, then moved close enough to hug me tightly. Of course I hugged her back, and used the opportunity to lightly caress the expanse of her exposed back. After a happy sigh, she told me "I can't begin to tell you how happy and good you made us feel tonight. We haven't been able to go out for anything like that since before the divorce. Hell, just going for a sit-down dinner at a chain restaurant is something of a treat for us; so getting to dress up and actually go *out* like tonight was incredibly special — for BOTH of us. Thank you."

"I was glad to do it", I replied. "The two of you were delightful company, and I had as good of a time as you did — maybe better, even, because I had BOTH of you lovely ladies to enjoy it with."

"You really noticed how Gail got dressed up?" she asked.

"Of course I did. She didn't look as good as YOU do, but I still thought she looked pretty damn good — particularly for being almost fifteen", the latter a reference to Gail repeatedly mentioning her rapidly approaching birthday.

Doris laughed, and answered "She'll be glad when I tell her you said that 'pretty damn good' part. The whole time we were getting ready, she kept asking if I thought you'd think she was pretty. After the way her father treated her, the compliments you give her and all the other good stuff you say and do means SO much to her… she almost worships you, even."

"Well, you can tell her that I said I was **proud** to have her company tonight, and that I thought she looked absolutely lovely."

A couple of seconds went by before Doris asked "And what about me?"

I gave her a brief hug before responding "That goes double… no, *triple*… for you. I hadn't planned on going to that club after supper; but it was so nice being with you at dinner, and you looking as good as you do… well, I just wanted to spend some more time with you."

"I'm glad to hear that, because I've decided that I want to spend some more time with YOU — for the two of us to get… closer."

I pulled back a little bit to look down at her for a moment, then took her into my arms again before she told me "After what you had to say that night — you know, when I asked why you never made a pass at me — I've been thinking about what you said. And once I started doing that, I couldn't help but start thinking about other stuff, too… things that you hadn't said, but that I knew you *would* have. Doing all of that, I've had to figure out where I am in my life, and what I want to do, and a whole lot of other stuff that I maybe should have been taking care of before now. It's cost me a few sleepless nights, and a headache or two, but I've gotten my act together, finally."

I waited to hear what else she had to say, and after a couple of seconds, she went on "I know that I don't want to get into any kind of *relationship* just yet. This friendship thing you and I have going on is **plenty** for me. But I've also realized that I miss being physical with someone else; before my ex became such a jackass, I really enjoyed the intimate part of our marriage. It wasn't

anything like I read about in the women's magazines, but it was still good, and I REALLY want to get some of that back — preferably with you, because I know you'll treat me right, and make me happy."

"What about Gail?", I asked.

Doris sighed before answering "There's no way in hell I could hide it from her, even if I tried or wanted to. What I'm going to have to do is try to get her to understand that if I have a relationship with someone that way, it isn't *just* physical or *just* emotional, but BOTH — that as much as I'd like the physical part of it, I'd only be with someone like that if they and I really **cared** about each other… like the way you and I do."

"And what about your time together?"

"I'd dearly love it if I and… whoever could spend the night together; it would be **so** nice to have someone next to me, sometimes, and wake up in… someone's arms. But I'm not going to *demand* anything like that if it would make the other person uncomfortable, or it would bother Gail too much. I THINK she's old enough to understand, but if she isn't then I wouldn't want to rub her nose in it."

Listening to her, I knew that Doris really had done what she'd said; that she'd actually taken the time and made the effort to figure out where she was in her life, and where she wanted to go — and how to get what she knew she wanted, but without hurting the people most important to her. So when she'd finished what she had to say, it took me only a moment to softly tell her "Doris, if you really think that you want US to become lovers, then I'd consider myself privileged to share your bed."

I heard her gasp before she pulled back a little bit and looked up into my face to ask "You… you will?"

"If you're sure that's what you want."

"I am!", she declared, before asking "Would tonight be okay? For us to… start, I mean?"

After placing a soft kiss on her forehead, I answered "Of course it would."

Visibly pleased — as well as a bit nervous, truth be told — Doris eased herself out of my arms. After taking my hand in hers, she led the way back to where I knew her bedroom was. Once we were inside, she closed the door behind us; after a moment's consideration, she then locked it before turning around and telling me "I don't think she would, anyway, but I think it's better if I make sure Gail doesn't come in while we're… busy or anything", blushing faintly.

I simply agreed that seemed like a good idea before holding my hand out to her. When she'd moved close enough to take it, I gently pulled her closer before telling her "It's okay, Doris. I'm a little nervous about this too — being naked with each other the first time, feeling a little worried about making the other person happy, wondering if *we'll* be happy… but it'll be okay. You know how I know that?"

She gave her head a little shake, and I said "I know it'll be okay because we already care about each other — a **lot**. We even love each other — as *friends*; and we know that we don't have to be afraid to talk to each other, and HELP each other feel good. You said that you wanted to be with me because you know that I'll treat you right, and make you happy — and I'll tell you right here and now that that's exactly what I'm going to do. I can see that you're a little nervous about being with me because of how long it's been since you were with a guy. You don't have to be. *I* know it's been a while, and I'm fine with letting you have however much time you need or want to be comfortable about this. I already told you this, but I'll say it again so you know that I mean it: I think you look *lovely*. Not just dressed up the way you are now, but the rest of the time, too — you've got all the right parts in the right places, and in VERY nice proportions. I really do mean it when I say that I consider it a privilege to be with you like this."

My words had the desired effect of calming her down… and doing so a lot more than I'd hoped they would. All I could see were the normal jitters **any** person has the first time they're intimate with someone they care about. She even managed to give me a smile before saying "Thank you, Jim. Now *I* know it'll be okay, too."

I moved a little closer to her, and when I tilted my head with the obvious intention of kissing her, her expression told me she welcomed my advance.

I made the first touch of our lips as gentle and loving as I could, and Doris responded in kind. After a couple more osculations, she put her arms around me; in return, I put my hands on her hips and started slowly caressing her sides. Each of our next few kisses increased our mutual affection — and desire. After that, our kissed began to last longer and longer, and increased our passion for each other apace. I'd moved my hands from her sides so that I could enjoy the surprisingly tight globes of her ass when she briefly touched her tongue to my lips; I didn't hesitate to send MY tongue out in welcome to hers. It didn't take but a few seconds for them to begin a game of tag that ranged from her mouth to mine, and back again.

She also began pressing herself against me, and I delighted in the feel of her breasts pillowed against my chest — even through the clothes that we had on. I decided to remove any impediments to feeling her body against mine through the simple expedient of taking the tab of the zipper that held her dress closed, and running it down as far as it would go.

The added ventilation at her hindquarters must have drawn her attention to our shared problem; after taking her tongue away from mine, she released her hold on me and took a step back. Looking into my eyes, she didn't hesitate to reach up to the shoulders of her dress and slide them down — and revealing the orbs of her breasts to me. Each was about the size of half of a grapefruit, though slightly pear-shaped, and capped by a slightly puffy areola about the diameter of a half-dollar and just a couple of shades darker than her skin. Her nipples were perhaps three-quarters of a centimeter across, neatly centered, and stuck out roughly a quarter of an inch — that latter figure increasing even as I watched.

When she paused what she was doing, I took the opportunity to lean forward and place a soft kiss at the apex of each mammary before giving it a brief lick. When I raised up again, I could

see that that simple gesture both reassured and pleased her. Accompanied by a little wriggling that I found quite entrancing, Doris got her dress down over her hips. With nothing to hold it in place, it simply fell to the floor around her ankles when she let it go; that was when I discovered that in addition to being braless, Doris had been sans panties, too: there wasn't anything else to impede my view of the narrow strip of her muff. Barely wider than the mound underneath, it was as pale as the hair on her head and extended only a little way up her abdomen. Even standing up as I was, I could see that it was soft and lush — and looked forward to feeling it against my lips and nose later.

I hadn't been *entirely* sure that she'd had stockings on; it was only when she reached down and began to roll one of them down her legs that I noticed the tops of them. She looked at me in surprise when she heard me tell her "Go ahead and leave them on, if you want — I like the way they look on you."

Smiling, she smoothed out the one she'd started to remove; once she was done, she gave me a come-hither look before slowly turning herself in a full circle and giving me the chance to see the delightful ass that I'd had in my hands.

Facing me again, she put her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow; recognizing it as the "Well? It's *your* turn!" it was, I proceeded to extract myself from my best suit — something that took appreciably longer than she'd needed. When I was done, though, she seemed to be every bit as pleased by what she saw of me as I'd been of her. When she stepped close and took me into her arms again, I delighted in the feel of her pubic thatch teasing my semi-erect cock, and her longer and harder nipples boring into my chest.

Our kisses quickly picked up from where they'd left off, and then proceeded to become even more passionate as our hands wandered each other's naked bodies.

There was a distinct aroma of aroused female in the air, and I was appreciably more than semi-erect when Doris pulled her head back to tell me "Kissing is good, but I'm ready for more now!"

That was all the prompting I needed to turn loose of her so the two of us could go over to her bed. I helped pull the covers down, and the two of us met again in the middle.

She readily let me guide her to lay on her back after I got propped up on my side so we could go back to kissing again — but with the added benefit of being able to reach the really fun parts on each other. I was more than a little pleased to discover that Doris' breasts were surprisingly firm for a woman that had borne a child, and just how *luxurious* her pubic hair was. Judging from the way her cool hand stayed busy with my erect penis, and scrotum, she found me to be more than acceptable, too.

We'd reached the point that it was a tough proposition kissing each other because of how much we were panting with our increasing desire. At great personal sacrifice, I gave up her lips in favor of moving my oral attentions to other places on her body. Starting with her neck and ears and shoulders, I gradually shifted my efforts lower and lower until I was finally able to take the peak of one of her breasts between my lips… something that was accompanied by a moan of

pleasure from her. It didn't take me long at all to get her rubbery nipple as long as the first digit on my little finger, and the pink flesh around it tight and swollen.

While I was happily trying to see what kinds of things I could do to her breasts with my mouth and lips, my hand was busy further down. I suspect that I could have spent *hours* running my fingers through her pelvic thatch, it was that soft and enticing; but there were other parts of her that I wanted to investigate, too. The first time I softly ran the tips of my fingers up the insides of her thighs, Doris moaned deep in her throat as she opened herself up to me. Even with an invitation like that, I didn't immediately begin checking out her womanhood. Slowly and patiently, enjoying what I was doing, I took the time to manually learn as much about her as I could before finally letting my fingers come to rest along her cleft.

Underneath the pad of my middle finger, there was the warmth and wetness at the entrance of Doris' vagina; from there to the base of my finger, I felt what could only be the edges of her labia softly touching me. Simply curling my finger, I was able to dip it between her vaginal lips and draw it lightly across her wet opening before easing it further along between her furrow. Doris moaned again as I did, and even lifted her hips to try and increase the contact I was making. I repeated my efforts several more times, each ending with my fingertip a little closer to her clitoris.

When I finally made the softest and briefest of contacts with that organ, Doris released a deep groan as she tried to open her legs even farther. Carefully and gently, I went about mapping every crevice and every fold of her pelvis between bouts of teasing her opening and toying with the sensitive pearl of flesh that she was granting me access to.

By the time I was ready to concede that I couldn't think of anything new or innovative to do to Doris' breasts, she was moaning almost constantly. When I finally raised my head, I saw that not only had she developed an aroused blush, it had extended partway down her chest. I'll confess to feeling rather pleased with myself as I lowered my head again so I could go back to giving her soft skin little lip-bites and kisses as I blazed a circuitous trail from her mammaries to points south…

She didn't seem to notice where I'd gotten to when my lips finally began to feel the tender touch of her pubic covering. After I'd gotten a little farther along, I found that the feel of it against my lips and lower face were even more pleasant than I'd expected; more than anything, it was as though my skin was in contact with the softness of a cat's belly.

But that also put my nose that much closer to the source of the enticing aroma emanating from between her smooth thighs — a siren call that I could resist for only so long. Moving my body over hers, then settling between her spread legs, I was left with a truly incredible view of her.

Directly in front of me was the mound of her sex, of course. The thick, soft carpet over her mons was faintly split at the top, where her quarter-inch-high clitoris was fully exposed. As the part in her hair progressed south, it also became more pronounced and revealed more and more of her medium-thick and slightly long vaginal lips. The last of it was plainly split by the parentheses at

the entrance to her vagina — which was plainly visible, and glistening darkly with her arousal. That close to her, the heady scent of her was thick in my nostrils and got my mouth watering in anticipation of sampling oils I could see beginning to pool.

After taking a deep breath through my nose (to try and memorize her aroma), I lowered my head and let the tip of my tongue touch the ring of her opening before slowly curling it upwards to collect what I could of her essence. The taste of her was a treasure: vaguely sweet, yet with a most appealing earthiness. I wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to collect sample after sample of her nectar, then do whatever I could to please and tease her into producing more.

Without intending to, I managed to bring her to a small orgasm from the enthusiasm and dedication I demonstrated. I had gotten distracted by wondering how she'd react when I *meant* to have her climax when she got my attention again by telling me "That felt **real** good, but what I want is to have you inside me — humping me, to be perfectly frank and crude about it."

Deciding that *I* wanted that, too, I made one more pass across her opening with my tongue before getting to my hand and knees and moving myself back up her body. When I was in position above her, I carefully lowered myself so that our bodies were touching — and more importantly, so that my erect penis was nestled against her mound. With my upper body not being quite as far down, I had the sensation of her breasts pillowed against my chest with her hard nipples as their center points. Doris reached up and pulled my head down so she could give me a kiss that barely started before her tongue was trying to power-clean my tonsils. When she was done, there was a smokey look in her eyes as she asked "You gonna just leave that thing laying there, or are you gonna stick it in me?"

I couldn't help grinning as I answered "I guess I'll stick in in you, since that seems to be what you want." That got her to grin back at me before I started moving my hips until the head of my erection began to slide down her mons. Once I felt the warmth and wetness of her vaginal entrance against the end of my penis, I reached between us to take hold of it and slide it up and down to wet the head with her oils before settling it against her opening again.

I began to press my hips forward — only to feel her start to tense up in response. I immediately backed off, and waited several seconds before trying again… and getting the same results. Only after I'd ceased my efforts again did I realize what might be going on.

Patiently and gently, I told her "Doris, I don't want to just fuck you — and that's what I'd be doing if I had to force myself into you. I said I was fine with you taking however much time you needed to be comfortable about this, and I meant it; I'm not going to be inside you until you LET me in, okay?"

Doris looked at me blankly for a second, then surprised me by blushing faintly before telling me "I'm sorry, Jim. Toward the end, before I left him, the rat bastard would just… *fuck* me whenever he had the passing desire to get his rocks off — without bothering himself about whether or not I was ready. I got so used to it that when I felt you start pushing against me, I guess I just flashed back to what HE did."

I quickly reassured her "It's okay, Doris. I expect that if it had been me, I'd have had the same reaction."

She answered "I'm still sorry, though. But now that I know I was doing it, I can **stop**. Please… try it again — I *want* you in me!"

Looking into her eyes, I began to ease myself against her again — and knew that she DID want my cock in her when I felt the tight ring of her opening begin to relax, granting me entry. I discovered that she was more than a little snug inside, but her lubrication made it possible for me to get nearly a quarter of my erection through her portal before I decided to stop. She pulled my head down to give me another kiss, and when she let me lift my head again, the expression on her face told me that she was pleased to have even that much of me.

After I made sure I was wetted with her oils, I began to slide myself farther into her to her visible happiness. There was only about a third of my penis still outside her when I paused again. Another brief session of sliding myself back and forth to keep us lubricated, and my last slow-motion thrust into her ended with my penis thoroughly encased in her warm, wet channel — something that plainly delighted her.

After giving her a little time to let me know if she needed anything, I slowly eased myself back again until only the head of my erection was inside her. I paused for a moment, then pressed forward again and slowly buried myself in her in a single long stroke… to the accompaniment of an equally long pleased groan of pleasure from her. After that, my movements in her gradually became faster with her arousal and passion rising proportionally. It wasn't but a very few minutes before I was sliding in and out of her in a steady rhythm that pleased BOTH of us.

As warm and tight and wet as she was inside, I was getting a lot more pleasure from what we were doing than I necessarily wanted. But from the way Doris arched herself up in welcome to each of my thrusts, and the nearly constant moans and groans of satisfied desires she was making, I didn't figure that I needed to worry about making sure she enjoyed our activities. In fact, I could tell that she had moved a good ways toward her release when I began to feel the sensations that told me it was going to happen for me, too. As both of us got nearer and nearer the finish, I started thinking that she was going to be the one to find her release first… and found myself looking forward to the feelings that I figured she'd create around me when it happened.

As I'd thought might happen, Doris slid into a climax ahead of me. Whether it was wish fulfillment or not, I'll probably never know; what I'm sure of is that the clenching and spasming of her vagina was enough to push ME over the edge with her — and had me spraying her insides with my semen MUCH harder than I'd experienced for quite some time.

Both of us were panting heavily, and sported a fine sheen of perspiration as I held myself over Doris after our respective climaxes had ended. Since I'd been the more active of the two of us, I wasn't surprised when Doris was the first one to speak, softly exclaiming "Holy crap, that was good!"

I somehow managed to find the breath and energy to tell her "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"That was a hell of a lot more than just 'enjoyed', and you damn well know it!" she told me, a trifle testily.

I couldn't help chuckling for a moment, then heard a more contrite tone in her voice as she said "Okay, fine, you were teasing me. Ha, ha, very funny. But that was still a hell of a lot better than anything else I *ever* had with that rat bastard. Now you've got me looking forward to what happens now that we've gotten past the first time together. I don't know if I'll be able to wait to find out what you do to me next time!"

I couldn't resist tweaking her a little more by telling her "I think you'll be able to wait, okay — I mean, an hour or so isn't all *that* long, is it?"

A couple of seconds went by, then she gave me a couple of nudges that let me know she wanted me to raise up a little bit. I did, and saw that she was looking at me strangely before she demanded "Are you just jerking my chain some more, or can you really get it up again tonight?"

I just gave her a lecherous grin before answering "I guess you'll know in an hour, won't you?", causing her eyes to widen at the idea that I might not be jerking her chain. She started to move under me then, and suddenly realized that my semi-erect penis was still inside her. Her expression quickly changed to one of tenderness as she told me "You are **such** a dear — not only holding yourself up so you don't squash me, but staying *with* me like this to let me know you care."

"Doris, I do care. But if you don't like it or anything, I can get up and off of you if you want."

Realizing that I was teasing her again, she just gave me a withering look before saying "When you slip out of me, I'd appreciate it if you *would* get up and get off of me so I can go clean your **stuff** out of me before it leaks all over everything. It felt like you'd NEVER stop squirting in me!", the last in feigned indignation.

Going along with her, I did my best unfairly accused innocence act as I answered "Well, that wasn't my fault… I mean, you made ME feel pretty good, too…"

I must have done a pretty good job with it, because she looked like she wasn't sure whether I was sincere or just messing with her again. She was spared from having to decide which one by the feeling of my flaccid penis pulling free of her intimate embrace. It crossed my mind to pretend ignorance of what happened and what I was supposed to do, but I didn't want to push things *too* hard; so I quickly lifted myself up, and got out of her way. With a blush, she pressed her hand against her crotch to stem any leakage before quickly getting out of bed and disappearing into her bathroom — and securely closing the door behind her. After laughing to myself for a bit, I just laid back and waited to see what she wanted to do next: clean up a little (my preference was together), or snuggle for a while.

I got my answer a couple of minutes later when the bathroom door opened, and I heard her say "I guess you might as well wash up with me… just in case you're not just bullshitting me about later."

I happily went in to join her for a quick (but thorough) and intimate shower. Dried off and back in bed, the two of us spooned with her in front of me while we talked about how we wanted to deal with letting Gail know about us. That didn't take as long as it could have, leaving us with some time before the "deadline" I'd given her.

We were laying there in a companionable silence as I toyed with one of her nipples. The feeling of her firm ass against my penis started feeling pretty good, and the way that it would occasionally flex started to have an effect on me. I think she may have been half-asleep, because it took longer than I thought it would for her to notice what was happening. When she did, though, she turned her head to look at me in surprise.

I just grinned, and asked "So… still think I might have been just jerking your chain?", causing her to blush.

She scooted herself away a little bit so that she could roll onto her back again. As she looked at my semi-erect penis, I heard her softly mutter "I'll be damned!" before she looked at me again and asked "We can? Really?"

"Yeah, really", I told her. "Of course, it would happen faster if I had a little assistance and inspiration; and I'd be MORE than happy to help get *you* going again, too…"

What started as a look of anticipation on her face dissolved into something else before she told me "What you did to me before… with your mouth… that was the first time anyone ever did anything like that to me. The first time I heard about it, I thought it sounded like it would feel real good; so when I realized you were going to do it, I didn't mind. And you made it feel as good as I thought it would."

I nodded, and she went on "Now, tonight, I… I want to do the same thing for you — except I don't really know how. I saw it done when *he* made me watch porno movies with him, but I'd never do it myself 'cause I knew it'd just get him going too much and there'd be even less time for me to start feeling good. So I <u>want</u> to do it, with you, but I'm not sure how and I don't want to make you disappointed."

I leaned over far enough to give her a soft kiss, then told her "It's okay, Doris. Whether you want to do that or not, either is fine with me. You've told me you've never done it before, and that's okay. If you want to learn how with me, I can promise you that you won't disappoint me — that's just not what happens."

Somewhat reassured, she gave me a brief nod of her head before saying "I know you'd never lie to me, Jim, so if you say it'll be okay, then… then I'd like to try."

I gave her another soft kiss and told her "You'll do fine. You'll see."

With that nonsense out of the way, it didn't take long for us to get situated in the classic "69" position with her on top of me. Of course, I certainly didn't notice her initial hesitation, or how tentative she was at first. With the non-verbal encouragement I gave her, it didn't take her long to get into the spirit of things. Not everything she did felt *good*, but nothing she tried felt **bad**,

either; and as she started getting the results she wanted, her confidence increased accordingly.

Meanwhile, I was having a *dandy* time taking care of things at my end. She'd said that what I'd done to her before felt good, and remembering how she'd had a small orgasm just from me trying to get her "warmed up", I figured it was my duty to show her just how good it could make her feel. It was an obligation I fell to with a will.

I'd been told once before that I could make a living eating pussy, and I deliberately went about doing everything I could to give Doris as much pleasure as I could manage. It didn't take me long to get her almost dripping her oils for my happy taste buds to collect. I had a *fine* time seeing just how long I could tease her medium-thick and velvety-soft vaginal lips into becoming. My efforts to lick her ovaries failed, but not from lack of trying. Her sensitive clitoris was subjected to all manner of torture and gentle abuse by my lips and tongue and mouth. When the supply of her nectar waned slightly, I did my best to softly vacuum them out of her. My lips massaged and tenderized her dark and engorged labia. Anything I'd ever learned about arousing and pleasing a woman orally was put to use.

Doris had gotten me back to semi-erect about the time I brought her to an orgasm. By the time she got me fully erect, she was on the verge of having a second one that was even stronger. I was simply enjoying her dramatically improved oral skills when I teased her into a third that ended only when she all but collapsed on top of me.

I was content to caress her sides and back (and her glorious ass!) while alternating soft kisses to the insides of her thighs when I head her hoarsely tell me "Damn you, Jim!"

Feigning ignorance of what the problem might be, I asked "What?"

To my amusement, she had to clear her throat before she could say "I already told you that it felt good when you do that to me. You didn't have to go and try to kill me with it!"

"Who? Me?"

Yes, *you*, damn you! That first one was just **fine**, thank you very much; but you just HAD to keep doing all that other stuff, too, and make me have another orgasm even stronger. And then you try to kill me with this last one! Christ, I didn't think it was **ever** going to end! And now all I can do is just *lay* here, and not even THINK about doing anything else."

"You didn't like them?"

"Dammit, that's the problem! I *did* like them — too damn much!"

With a bit of effort (she wasn't a small woman, after all) and little more than token assistance from Doris, I got her off of me and settled on her back on the bed. After quickly reversing my orientation, I got myself settled in next to her. Cupping her breast in my hand, I looked at her and saw that she wasn't so much upset with me about what I'd done as she was stunned and surprised by the results. When I lowered my head to kiss her, she put her hand behind my neck and held me in place so she could fence tongues with me for a bit. By the time she let me go again, I knew

that she was starting to recover. After I raised my head, I saw that she granted me provisional forgiveness — and quietly resolved not to do anything like that to her again until we'd gotten her stamina built up.

So that she'd have some time to get some of her energy back, I figured to just let her lay there until she let me know she was ready for us to go on. Rather than just *lay* there, however, I continued to exchange kisses with her; some of them were loving and affectionate, while she turned others into more passionate and lusty events. I also kept my hand in almost constant motion on her: caressing or squeezing her breasts, teasing and toying with her nipples, softly stroking her abdomen, running my fingertips through her pubic pelt, and generally acting like a pubescent boy with his first naked female.

Doris had started responding to my touches, so it wasn't any surprise when I felt her reach down to take my penis in her hand. I simply **had** to smile at the expression on her face when she discovered that I was still fully erect — the mixture of surprise, awe, and delight were almost comical. Still she didn't let anything stop her from giving me a gentle squeeze before she started stroking me in an apparent effort to make *sure* I was ready for what she wanted us to do.

It didn't take her long to satisfy herself that I was "up" to the task; with a gentle nudge, a few soft touches, and a look, she let me know that she wanted me inside her again.

She'd spread her legs and pulled her knees up to open herself to me as much as she could before I moved between her thighs and got myself positioned against her opening. Our eyes locked, and with only the most minute nod of her head, she let me know she was ready. When I started to press myself into her, I quickly learned just how ready she was — much wetter than she'd been the first time, she provided ample lubrication for my penis as it slowly filled her chamber. She was still damn near as tight inside as she'd been before, and easily as warm… almost hot, even. By taking it slow and easy, I was able to fill her with my manhood in a single continuous push.

With the ring of her entrance clenched around the base of my cock, I paused — but only for a moment, because she pressed herself up against me… making it clear that she wanted me to continue.

Since she was so obviously ready and willing, I knew that I didn't have to concern myself so much about not rushing her or making sure she stayed comfortable. It took only a couple of minutes for me to get into the cycle of penetration and withdrawal that had pleased both of us before. Doris responded to my efforts even more quickly than she had the first time, and went even further to become an **active** partner in our copulation.

It didn't take long for the room to be filled with the enticing aroma of aroused female, and the liquid sounds of our coupling. Those were leavened with the assortment of moans, gasps, groans, and other noises of pleasure and arousal both of us were making.

Doris didn't have any trouble reaching a fairly strong orgasm, and sooner than she had when I'd been in her the first time. When it was over, she was feeling frisky enough to want to try being on top of me — something that she'd never done before. Feeling a little tired, I was agreeable

enough, and we got ourselves changed around. Doris got a look of absolute bliss as she settled herself down onto my erection the first time… and looked even more pleased when she somehow managed to get the last fraction of an inch of it. I'll confess to enjoying the several minutes that followed as she experimented with how it felt when she moved in different ways, and even gained some rudimentary control over her vaginal muscles. That accomplished, she went on to enjoy the hell out of her first experience at self-impalement. My ability to reach up and do a variety of things to her wobbling breasts, and even suck on her nipples at times, may have contributed somewhat. Supporting her body with her arms, she was able to bounce herself on my erection to a second (if slightly less intense) release. With all the really fun bits available, I had a nice time molesting her as she got her breath and energy back.

When she was alert enough to realize that I hadn't climaxed, and was still hard and inside her, she was *more* than ready for us to continue. My suggestion that I do her from behind met with her approval; the slight noise that resulted when she raised up and my penis pulled out of her caused her to blush furiously — but didn't lessen her enthusiasm. A minute later, she was on her hands and knees with me tucked in behind her. I easily buried myself in her again, and we were off on another adventure. She found the different angle I was entering her at to be a little more stimulating, and it wasn't but a couple of minutes before she orgasmed *again*. The feeling of her hot and wet vagina around my cock as it happened did wonders at stimulating ME, and got me started toward finding my own release.

The increase in my "enthusiasm" as I increased my pleasure only served to stimulate Doris even more. I'd reached the point where my finish was inevitable when I realized that I was probably going to cum before she could climax again. I didn't expect that she'd be upset if that happened, but I was reluctant to leave her feeling unfinished, too. Leaning forward enough to get my arm around her, I slid my hand between her thighs and used the overflow of her juices so that I could start adding to her pleasure by teasing her clitoris.

It worked a **lot** better than I'd thought, and it wasn't long until I could feel her body begin to tense up with an approaching climax. Figuring that it was better to cum in her after than before, I just kept doing what I was; I doubt that it took even a full minute for her to find her release for the fourth time since our second session of lovemaking had started.

As it turned out, I was a lot closer to my own finish than I'd thought; the repeated clenching and spasming of Doris' womanhood proved to be all the trigger I needed to find my own release. I managed to stuff myself as far inside her as I could just ahead of trying to coat her tonsils with my cum.

By the time I finished emptying myself in her, I felt nearly as weak as a kitten; judging from the way Doris was gasping and weaving around underneath me as I supported myself with my arms, she wasn't doing any better, and probably worse. Letting my head hang down so that my mouth was next to her ear, I told her "I think if we help each other, we can lay down without getting hurt… or having to unhook."

It took a second for her to raise her head and turn it to look at me after she realized my penis was

still mostly inside her. Still panting, the best she could do in response to my suggestion was to nod her agreement.

After giving the situation a few seconds thought, I provided the guidance that let her cooperate with me so we could move from where we were to where we *wanted* to be. We managed to get it done without any mishaps, so when we were finished, I was laying behind her with my arm across her body — and one of her breasts in my hand, with her holding it there. The way we were positioned, my penis continued to serve as a plug, even after it had gone completely soft. Both of us were careful not to move too much because neither of us was in any condition to do anything about it if it slipped free.

I was content to wait and see what Doris' reaction would be to what we'd just done, and I found out what that was when she quietly announced "If I'd known that sex could be *anything* like *that*, I damn sure wouldn't have gotten married the way I did. Or were you doing something special that other guys don't?"

"I don't think I was doing anything really different than any other guy", I answered. "Except maybe that I've learned to hold off cumming so that I and whoever I'm with can enjoy it more. If I'm doing anything 'special', it's just caring about you, and trying to make YOU feel good, too."

She seemed to consider that for a few seconds before telling me "After the way you've made me feel tonight, I can tell you that that 'just' is by-god special enough for me! I have *never* had it feel that good before, never mind having anywhere **near** that many orgasms in one night." A moment later, I heard her laugh briefly before she told me "And to think that I was worried that I wouldn't be able to enjoy sex with you!", causing me to chuckle.

Another couple of minutes went by, and I heard her say "I'm grateful that you're holding so still so that your penis stays where it is, but I'm still going to have to clean up sooner or later. Thing is, I'm not sure how soon I'll have the energy, after what YOU did with me!"

I knew what kind of condition Doris was in, and I readily told her "Don't worry about it. Just hold still, try not to leak all over the place, and I'll take care of it" — earning myself something of a dirty look before she asked "What do you mean you'll 'take care of it'?"

"Just what I said. When it happens, *I'll* be the one to get up; I'll go into the bathroom and get a couple things. Then we can stay here until you're ready to get up."

She looked at me uncertainly, and I decided that rather than keep trying to convince her, I'd just go ahead and DO it. Without bothering to give her any warning, I simply pulled my hips back before quickly scrambling out of bed. A quick trip into the bathroom netted me a towel which I hurried to get out to Doris. Somewhat bashfully, she took it from me; to spare her any further embarrassment, I went back into the bathroom. I took a little more time to get a washcloth, and dampen it with some warm water. Back in the bedroom, she didn't object when I had her roll over onto her back — but DID protest when I leaned over and started to wipe up the surplus of our combined fluids that glistened on her legs and pelvis. Ignoring her voiced complaints, and not letting her have the washcloth when she demanded it, it didn't take me long to take care of

things. Then it was into the bathroom again to rinse the cloth out and set it to dry before going into the bedroom to lay next to her again — ignoring to Look she was giving me.

Laying on my side, I let my arm rest on her belly so I could use my fingertips to enjoy the softness of her skin.

Doris didn't wait long to tell me "Thank you for bringing me the towel; but you didn't have to do that other part."

"No, I didn't… but I was glad to. You've told me how good I've made *you* feel, and I wanted you to know that I've enjoyed it as much as you have. Besides, it was from both of us; I care about you and you're tired, so I just took care of it FOR you. So quit fussing at me."

I could see that she still wasn't happy about what I'd done, but my words had gone a good way toward settling her mind about it.

We continued to lay there quietly, content to simply be next to each other, for several more minutes. It was Doris that broke the silence by telling me "If we stay like this any longer, I'm going to fall asleep here. I think we'd better clean up a little before we go to bed."

I asked if she wanted the bathroom to herself, and she told me "No, not now. If you want to, we can take a *quick* shower together; I'm just too damn tired for anything more."

I agreed that that sounded like a winner, and the two of us got each other rinsed off and ready for bed in fairly short order. After the lights were out, Doris was spooning against my front with my arm around her when she told me "What we did… it was *really* nice, Jim, and you made me feel SO good. But it's laying here like this, with you holding me, and knowing that you'll be here in the morning, too, that really makes me happy."

I gave her a gentle hug and kissed the back of her neck before answering "I makes me happy, too, Doris."

With a contented sigh, she wriggled herself a little closer to me; I don't think it was much longer until both of us were fast asleep.

The next morning, it took a couple of tries before I was able to get Doris to wake up. Once she opened her eyes and saw me, though, her whole face lit up in happiness. I regretted the necessity of telling her "As much as I'd like to stay here with you, I really do need to get to work. If you're feeling brave and feisty, you can take a shower with me; but if you're tired, go ahead and go back to sleep."

Almost immediately, she threw the covers back and told me that a shower was just what she needed. After we'd given each other time to take care of our personal needs, we had a wonderful time cleaning, teasing, and molesting each other in the shower. We'd dried off, and I was getting dressed when Doris suggested that I could keep a change of clothes there so I wouldn't have to go home before going to work in the future. When I said that I would, she looked delighted.

We were in the kitchen while I finished up the breakfast she'd made me when Gail came in —

considerably surprised to see me there that early. As we'd discussed the night before, Doris was the one to tell her daughter that I'd spent the night with her. From there, Doris went on to explain things (with some assistance from me), and answer the questions that Gail naturally had. By the time it was all over, Gail seemed to be quite accepting of the situation… much to my, and Doris', relief.

The rest of that summer, Doris and I spent quite a few evenings and nights together. I wasn't over at her place every night, of course, but we did manage to spend enough time together that she was able to develop her stamina for lovemaking and orgasms considerably. In return, I was the beneficiary of her desire to learn how to give better oral sex. Throughout, the two of us made it clear to each other that we *cared*. Neither of us made any demands on the other, and both of us were clear that there weren't any expectations, either. Basically, we were just a couple of people that really liked and enjoyed each other, and let that expand into a physical relationship.

Along the way, Gail stopped being surprised when she found me having breakfast with her mother. With me spending more evenings there, Gail also gradually lost her inhibitions about how she was dressed. The first time she got ready for bed before coming in to watch TV with us, I was more than a little surprised when she showed up dressed only in panties and a slightly too-small shirt of some kind that clearly revealed the size and shape of her breasts, and the precise location of her nipples. But I carefully didn't take any notice of it; nor did Doris, after a glance to see if I was bothered by it.

Gail never made a habit out of dressing that way when I was there; but it wasn't uncommon, either. What she wore to bed fluctuated considerably, as well — it could be anything from an over-sized T-shirt that revealed nothing (other than she was naked under it, when the material got pulled too tight) to even more abbreviated outfits than the one she'd turned up in the first time. However she was dressed, I simply acted as though such things were commonplace in my life, and continued to treat her the way I always had.

It was a few weeks after school started again that Doris told me she thought something was going on with Gail. I asked her what she meant, and she said that Gail's grades were poorer than when she'd been in middle school. She went on to tell me that she'd also heard from a couple of Gail's teachers that she was being somewhat disruptive in their classes. The last thing she had to say was that Gail was starting to make new friends that Doris didn't care for.

After a little bit of question-and-answer, I had to admit to Doris that I really didn't have any idea of what was going on. We talked about it a little bit, and finally decided that the only thing to be done was wait to see if it was just a temporary adjustment problem for Gail, or something more serious. Doris wasn't real happy about it, but conceded that the situation wasn't severe enough for her to be able to take any kind of definitive action. She was somewhat reassured when I said that I'd see if Gail wanted to talk to me.

When I'd first started talking to Gail about leaving her father, and her parents getting divorced,

I'd done so while it was just the two of us — taking her out for ice cream, or to play miniature golf, or some other fun event. Over the years, I'd continued to do such things with her, if only to make sure everything was still okay with her; the next time it was just me and her doing something fun together, I casually asked how things were going now that she was in high school. She admitted to having some unspecified problems, but then told me that high school wasn't anything like middle school had been. I agreed with her on that, and after reminding her that she could come to me if she was having any problems, let it go. I didn't want to get in the way of her finding her own solutions to her problems, and she'd already shown me that she was willing to let me know if something was bothering her.

After a few more weeks went by, it was pretty clear even to me that *something* was going on with Gail. Aside from the problems she was having about her grades, and at school, she was in almost constant conflict with her mother — and was sometimes even getting an attitude with ME. I tried to stay out of it as much as possible (other than doing what I could to help Doris), but there finally came a point when I figured I couldn't let it go any longer.

Doris had invited me over to watch a movie at their place, and I'd agreed — it was a recent release, and something I'd been waiting for. When I showed up, Gail was the one to let me in. Gail made some passing comment about the popcorn I'd brought for all of us; just as casually, I said that I'd only be watching the movie with them. Gail responded with "You're not spending the night? Mom's going to be disappointed…"

Not only was it the first time she'd *ever* made any comment about my spending the night there, but what she'd said (and how) left me stunned. I could only stand there in silence as I watched her go back to her room.

A few seconds later, Doris came out — and after seeing the expression I must have had on my face, wanted to know what was wrong. Hesitantly, and careful about how I said things, I told her. Doris' first reaction was horror that Gail had actually said anything like that. Immediately following that, she was embarrassed that Gail would be commenting on HER sex life. When those two reactions had passed, she wanted to force Gail to apologize to me before being severely punished. It was when she was psyching herself up to go get Gail that I told her "Doris, don't."

"Don't what? Make her apologize? Try to get her to understand that she shouldn't be saying things like that — to *anybody*, never mind **you**? Let her know that she shouldn't be taking any interest in her mother's sex life? Don't WHAT, Jim?"

Having calmed myself down, I had to try to do the same for Doris. Patiently (and slowly, so she'd have more time to get herself under control again), I told her that I wasn't *offended* by what Gail had said, though I was certainly surprised by it. Then I went on to point out that for Gail to say something like that to me was so out-of-character that it might even give us some idea of what was bothering her. Doris didn't seem entirely certain, but her willingness to hear the rest of what I had to say may well have prevented an outright fight between the two of them.

As Doris sat there listening to me, I was able to get her to understand that Gail's comment gave us the perfect opportunity and reason to set the youngster down and find out what the hell was going on with her. Doris agreed that Gail would know that what she'd said had been inappropriate — even if it was after the fact. I also pointed out that we could use whatever guilt Gail felt about it as leverage to learn what the real, base problem was so we could try to deal with it. While it wasn't as direct and immediate and viscerally satisfying as storming into Gail's room and getting into some kind of screaming match, it *was* likely to prove more productive… a point that Doris finally had to cede.

Next to be dealt with was which one of us was going to go get her. After no small amount of back-and-forth, Doris ultimately agreed that Gail was more likely to be cooperative with me. I was relieved when it took only a little discussion for us to agree to have our "sit-down" with Gail around the kitchen table. Both of us got up, and when I went to get Gail, Doris went into the kitchen.

As I'd thought, Gail was pretty much expecting a visit from me; from the way she acted, I knew that SHE knew she'd way overstepped her bounds. When I asked her to, she reluctantly followed me into the kitchen, where I found that Doris had gotten drinks for all of us. Gail was visibly less than happy to see Doris there, too, but sat down easily enough when I asked her to.

As Doris and I had agreed, I was the one to get things going by asking Gail to tell me what had made her talk to me the way she had. I wasn't above using every advantage I had available, and used the tone of my voice to convince her that she'd hurt my feelings… terribly. Instead of answering, Gail started to cry, and I used her silence to lay a guilt trip on her that would have made a Jewish mother proud. By the time I was done, it was all Gail could do to blubber out that she was sorry. Playing on her emotional state, I told Gail that I accepted her apology, but that I really liked her and cared for her and that I was worried about her — and asked why she would say something like that to me.

Another bout of crying and sniffling ensued, and my patient, gentle questioning finally drew the answer that there was something bothering her. When I looked over to Doris, she silently let me know to keep going, since I was doing so well.

With Gail's admission that there was something bothering her, I had all the reason I needed to continue. Keeping my voice soft, I kept prodding at her, and asking her open-ended questions to encourage her to give me more than short, simple answers. I took my time about it, too; I'd ask her a question, then let it hang in the silence until she responded. It didn't happen quickly, but I was able to peel away the layers of excuses and justifications and imagined wrongs to get closer and closer to whatever the core issue was. Along the way, Gail focused more and more on me; either forgetting or ignoring that her mother was there — greatly helped by the fact that Doris remained quiet, and still. The few times that Gail raised her gaze from her lap, it was to look at me… without so much as a glance at Doris. No small number of tears were shed (by Gail and Doris, both), we'd all exhausted the beverages we'd started with, and a couple of hours had gone by before I figured it was the right time to ask my final question.

"Gail, honey, we've talked about all kinds of things, and you've told me about all the problems you're having with the kids at school, and a lot of other stuff. But there's still one thing that I don't understand, and I've been hoping that you cared for me and trusted me enough to tell me: what is it that's **really** bothering you, deep down inside?"

Gail started crying (again), and nearly a minute went by before I heard the anguish in her voice as she softly told me "I… I… I wish you weren't staying in Mom's bed."

"Why not? Because I'm not your Dad? You don't like it that we're having sex?"

She shook her head, and managed to tell me "I don't care that you're not Daddy — I'm glad, even, 'cause I see how happy Mom is. And it isn't because you're having sex with her, either. It's…" before falling silent again.

After waiting a few seconds to see if she was going to continue, I finally asked "Then what is it, honey?"

She raised her head then, and I could see the disappointment and hurt on her face as she told me "I want to be with you, too, like Mom is! But even when I try to show you that I'm old enough, you don't pay any attention to me that way!" before lowering her head again.

To say that I was stunned at hearing that wouldn't even **begin** to cover it; when I looked over at Doris, it was plain that she was as shocked as I was at hearing what Gail had said.

When I'd gotten my wits back, I told Gail "Sweetheart, I'm flattered that you would want to be with me — really, I am. But remember that it wasn't so long ago that you turned fifteen. *Fifteen*, honey. That's less than half as old as I am, and it's too young for me to be with you that way; it's even against the **law** for anything like that to happen. Maybe you don't think I've noticed how much you've grown up, but I have. Didn't your mom tell you what I said about how you looked that night we went out?"

Talking in the general direction of her lap, Gail answered "*I* know I'm only fifteen, Jim! But I found out that a LOT of girls have sex by the time they're my age… even <u>most</u> of them. And I know that I'm a lot younger than you are, but I don't care! I don't want you to be, like, my **boyfriend** or anything; I just want to BE with you. I… I want you to be the one I give my cherry to, 'cause I know you'd be nice about it; not like the older girls I hear talking at school, that say it hurt and went too fast when they were with a guy the first time. I know there's laws against you being with me, too, but I'd never, *ever* say anything to ANYBODY about it, because you've always been so nice and everything, and I know how much you care about me. Yeah, Mom told me what you said, about me being lovely and how you were proud to have me with you. But if you really think I'm pretty, why won't you even <u>look</u> at me when I try to show you how nice I look?"

"Gail, just because I don't stare or say anything about it, that doesn't mean that I don't notice that you're growing into a very pretty and sexy young woman. Yes, a woman — but still a *young* one. Besides, I don't think your mom would appreciate it if I started looking at you too much, or

saying anything about how you look or what you have on."

"But it's not like you're doing anything to trick me, or anything; I'm showing you how my boobs look because I want to. And don't think I don't still want us to be together, either! I was thinking about maybe finding out what sex was like even before you stayed with Mom that first time; and I was wanting you to really LOOK at me even before that. It wasn't until you'd stayed here a couple of times that I realized I wanted to be with YOU my first time. Sometimes I can hear it when you and Mom are doing stuff, and I can tell how good you make her feel — and I want it to be like that for me, too. I touch myself sometimes, and it feels good, and I've even had orgasms; but they've never been anything like what it sounds like happens to Mom when she's with you. I told you, I don't want us to be a **couple** or anything like that. I know how lonely Mom gets sometimes, 'cause I feel like that, too, and if you staying with her and everything makes her feel better, then I think that's a GOOD thing. I just want you to be with me, too, so *I* can feel better like that. But you won't even look at me!", she finished, the intensity of her crying picking up.

Even under the best of circumstances, I'm not that good about crying females. When it's one I actually like, it's even worse. Then to have her be so young… well, I wasn't in much of a condition to try and deal with her at that point.

Turning to Doris, I gave her a silent plea to take over.

I was looking at Gail again when Doris spoke up — something that made Gail jump a little, then blush when she realized her mother had heard everything she'd said. I was frankly surprised at how calm and patient Doris sounded when she told her daughter "Gail, honey, I know how you feel right now — honest. When I was your age, I had the same kinds of feelings and thoughts and everything that you're having now; and I know how hard it was for **me** to deal with them. Really, I haven't forgotten any of that. But I'm older now, too, and I've learned a lot of things since then; and I know how much the way I think has changed, too. I know you feel like you're all grown up, and ready to find out about sex, and all of that… I felt the same way. Now that I'm older, I'm actually *glad* that I didn't do any of the things that I wanted to so much back then. I know it's hard to hear, but that doesn't make it any less true: you're only fifteen years old, and there's still a whole lot that you don't know… and **don't know** that you don't know. I love you, honey, more than anything or anyone else in the world. The biggest reason that I wanted to get us out of there and get a divorce was because I didn't want you to grow up with him acting the way he did. *I* could have put up with it, but I didn't want YOU to have to. Sweetheart, I'd do anything to keep you safe and happy — and I just don't think that you being with a guy is the right thing for you yet. I'm not sure you really understand what it is you want, or what it means; and I'm afraid you'd get hurt — maybe physically, because you're not a full-grown woman yet, but more because I don't think you understand in your heart and in your mind what you want… from Jim or any other guy."

After sitting quietly for a while, Gail lifted her head and looked at her mother as she replied "I know you're worried about that stuff, Mom, and that you love me so much. But this isn't, like, the *fifties* or something, any more! I had sex education in middle school; I was hearing about things

like people using their mouths on each other even before you had that 'growing up' talk with me that time. There's **birth control** now, and all kinds of sex talk, and sexy ads on TV and radio and all OVER the place. There's all kinds of magazines that have articles about sex, and how two people can try to make each other feel good, and how a girl can masturbate to make herself feel the best, and all that — and that's just in the *women's* magazines, like you buy! When we were still living with Daddy, sometimes I saw those MOVIES he used to watch, and what the people were doing. **Think** about it, Mom… when you were growing up, didn't you learn a lot of stuff about boys and girls that wasn't on TV or in movies or anything? Do you really think that it's any different NOW? That with all the other regular sex talk, kids aren't learning even more than they did when you were my age? How many times have you told somebody that kids are more grown up, or mature, than when you were a kid? Even if you don't like it, can't you understand that I'M like that, too?"

Taking a deep breath, Gail went on by saying "Mom, I *know* that I couldn't go back to being a virgin if I had sex with someone; I don't think YOU understand that nobody really cares any more. I **know** that it could maybe hurt me the first time I have sex; that's why I want to be with Jim… because I know he really cares about me, and would try to make it hurt as little as he could. I KNOW that being with a guy isn't just about the physical part of it; that I don't want to give a guy my body unless I'm willing to give him my heart, too — YOU told me that, when you explained about Jim staying with you. I understand it, too… and that's what I want to do, with Jim. I know there's laws against me and him doing things together; but those laws were written a long time ago, back when they thought women *belonged* to men, like a cow or a chicken. They changed the laws so that a woman isn't something a guy OWNS any more — but they haven't changed the laws that try to say I'm too innocent to know whether or not I want to have sex; or that if I do, it's because some guy 'tricked' me because I was stupid. How can they teach kids about something like birth control as though they think we're responsible enough to actually use it, and then tell us we aren't smart or responsible enough to decide about the sex that would happen AFTER the birth control? We can choose to have the ice cream and the chocolate syrup and the whipped cream and the nuts — but not the cherry on top? How does **that** make any sense?", then lowering her head again a few moments later.

I have to admit that, abstractly, I thought she was making a pretty solid argument for herself, and had some good points. It was the fact that my name kept creeping in that bothered me: I really did like Doris (and even loved her), and treasured Gail; that my lover's teenage daughter wanted a physical relationship with me didn't sit well.

Though she'd never gone to college or anything, I knew that Doris was far from stupid. When I looked over at her after Gail had her say, I could tell that she hadn't expected to have things turned around on her: instead of her giving counsel to Gail, her daughter had handed HER several things to think about.

Doris looked at ME, and as much as I hated it, all I could do was shrug — Gail wasn't MY daughter, after all. Using just hand gestures, I got Doris to understand that I'd talk with her about it without Gail present. Looking relieved at not having to respond to Gail right away, Doris told

her "Okay, honey, you've told us what's bothering you… what you want, and why you think it should be allowed. I'm sure you can understand that I'd like some time to think about it before I decide anything."

When Gail raised her head, I knew that she understood that her mother and I wanted to talk alone. Mustering what dignity and composure she had left, she wished both of us a good night before going back to her bedroom.

I don't know how much time passed before I head Doris' resigned "Well, *fuck*."

With the silence broken, I told Doris "Before either of us says anything else, I want to make it as clear as I can right up front that I do **NOT** have any designs on your daughter, or *ANY* interest in helping her fulfill any fantasies she might have."

"I know that, Jim. I saw the expression on your face when she said she wanted you; nobody that wanted to get in bed with her could have looked quite the way you did. I'm just at a total loss about what to DO about all this. Coming in, I *thought* that all we'd have to do was find out what was bothering her so much and then do whatever we could to fix it. But after what she said… and the questions she asked… I just don't know."

"You know I'll do what I can to help, Doris — but she isn't MY daughter. I'm sorry, but you're the one that's going to have to make the final decision."

"I know. I understood, even when all you did was shrug at me. Thing is, I don't even know where to start trying to figure this out."

"THAT much I think I can help with. If I can offer a suggestion?"

"Please!"

"Get a pad and pencil, and while it's still fresh in your mind, write down everything she said and asked — each one on it's own line. Reorganize them, so that the things she said or asked that are alike are grouped together in whatever way makes sense to you. Then go through them one at a time, and deal with each one *by itself*. When you've done that, read everything you wrote for each **group** and write a brief summary for it before going on to the next. Finally, read all the summaries to see what things contradict each other, and which ones are similar before making whatever changes you have to to make the contradictions go away. After you've done all that, you should know what you want to do… which should give you some idea of how to do it."

Doris just sat there for a few seconds, blinking at me, before saying "That's a damn good idea. I see how it works, too. I'll do it!"

Hurriedly, she found a pad of paper and a pen, and quickly wrote down everything she remembered. After she read it aloud to me, I reminded her of a couple of other things, which she added to the list. She tore off the page with the list, and marked off each item on it as she got it re-ordered on a fresh sheet. Once she'd gotten that far, "all" that was left for her was the thinking part. I stayed with her as she worked, answering her infrequent questions and doing what I could

to help without intruding on her thought processes.

A little over an hour later, she set the pen aside before standing up and stretching. Then she came over to where I was sitting, and leaned over to give me a kiss before telling me "Thank you, Jim. Not just for the suggestion, but for helping me without getting in the way."

I gave her butt a caress and squeeze as I told her "My pleasure… on both counts."

When she'd sat down again, she looked over what she'd written before telling me "Here's how it looks to me… First, she's right — society today *isn't* what it was when I was growing up. That brings up the second thing: whether I like it or not, she ISN'T as naive and ignorant about life as I was at her age. Which means, thirdly, that she's going to be more knowledgeable and aware. So fourth, since she IS more those things, she's going to have more opportunity to demonstrate that she's mature and responsible. Fifth, what she said she wants, and why, tell me that she's really thought it through. Finally, the things she said about what she expects from all of it lets me know that she's at least **trying** to be as grown up about it as she SHOULD be."

Taking a deep breath, Doris told me "Jim, she isn't like how *I* was at her age. I can either bitch and moan about it, or I can simply accept it as the **fact** that it is. I'm not going to pretend that I'm HAPPY about what she wants — but I probably wouldn't be if it happened any time while I was alive. But I have to admit that she gave me good reasons about why she wants what she does. I think she also made a case for why she should be allowed to have it."

After pausing for a few moments, Doris looked me in the eyes and said "Jim, my virgin teenage daughter wants you to be the one she gives herself to the first time… and even after that, if I understood her correctly. I'm telling you that not only would I not have a problem with that, I'd be happy for her — because I know that you'd do right by her, and help her learn what sex *should* be like. I'm telling you that you have my permission to take her to bed and make a woman of her, and that's what I'll tell HER, too. If you can't or won't do that for her, then it'll be up to you to tell her why."

As I'd listened to Doris go through her list, I'd figured that she was probably going to be agreeable to what Gail had said; when she told me the rest of it, I'd known what her decision had been before she'd said it. But it was still something of a surprise to hear her just come right out and tell me she was okay with me fornicating with her teenage daughter. Still, I did notice one thing that Doris hadn't said anything about.

"What about you, Doris?", I asked.

"What do you mean, 'what about me'?"

"You just said that if you understood correctly, she might want me to be with her even after her first time. But everything else you said, it sounded like you expected it would be just one time with her. So my question is: what about you? How are *you* going to feel if she wants it to be more than just once? If I'm in **her** bed, then I'm not going to be in yours — how is <u>that</u> going to work?"

Doris made a face before answering "I thought about that. Yeah, there's no denying that it's going to be… different, knowing that you'd do to Gail what you do to me. But I *love* her, Jim — more than I could ever say. There isn't a doubt in my mind that you'd be everything she needed if you agreed to be the one she's with the first time; and after that, I don't doubt that you'd be the same way with her as you are with me: patient and loving and gentle when she needs it, or passionate and lusty and enthusiastic if those were what she wanted. Knowing that you were doing **right** by her, whatever she needed or wanted… that's all I'd need to be okay with it. Are you saying you'll do it?"

"Not yet — if ever", I answered. "Even with her saying she wants me to, and you saying you don't mind — it's still something I'm going to have to think about before I can say anything. One thing I *will* tell you is that it would be a good idea to get her on some kind of birth control; I don't think **any** of us wants her getting pregnant at fifteen, no matter WHO does the honors…"

"I thought of that, too — but I'm still glad you said something."

After a few more minutes went by, I looked at my watch and saw what time it was. Sighing, I told her "Well, so much for watching the movie. Next time we decide to try to watch it, *I'll* get it, okay?"

She agreed, and after a bit, the two of us got up. She escorted me to the door, where we hugged and kissed before I left to go back to my apartment.

That Gail was pretty and sexy was beyond doubt or question — and played virtually no part in my decision process. What I concerned myself about was the possible and/or likely impact and effect there would be on all of us, for either answer. Could Doris *really* accept the idea of me boffing her daughter, 100%, forever? What happens if it's only 99% of the time before, EACH time? If I started having sex with Gail, is she going to get jealous of the time I spend with her mother? Are they going to start competing with each other for my attention? If I tell Gail "no", what is she likely to do? What reason could I give that would minimize any negative reaction from her? What would Doris likely think if I turned Gail down? Who decides — and how? — which one I'm with, and when? And for how long? What are the chances that they might start quizzing me about what I do with the other? If they do, how do I respond? I haven't engaged in anything overtly sexual or intimate with Doris while Gail has been present; would either or both of them want that to change? If so, how much? Each, or both? If they don't agree on how much, then what?

Those, and a lot more, were the questions that kept my mind busy during my free time… for over a week. The only bright spot (such as it was) was that Doris didn't do or say anything when I didn't come over while I was trying to resolve what to do. I don't doubt that if Gail hadn't been quite so young, or not Doris' daughter, or Doris and I not been involved with each other, I could have reached my decision sooner and easier. But that wasn't the case, so all I could do was take the time I needed to get things settled in my mind — and heart.

It was almost two weeks to the day from when I'd last been to their place that I found myself

ringing their doorbell again. I'd let Doris know that I'd reached my decision, so my visit wasn't a surprise; it took just a few seconds for the door to open, and Gail to invite me in.

Once I was seated in the living room, the first thing I did was to tell them "I know that my answer is the thing that both of you are waiting to hear, so I'll just get that out of the way right off the bat."

Both were watching and listening closely as I said "I expect you know that I had a hard time with this. A **lot** of what I had to think about was how *either* answer was going to affect things between all of us — me and Gail versus Doris, me and Doris versus Gail, both of you versus ME, and all of us versus each other. Most of the problem was that I really care about BOTH of you — and love you, even if it's not a 'family' kind of love. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt either of you, or do anything that would destroy the relationships we have with each other. Against that, I had to try to figure out how much of what kinds of good things would happen; once I got THAT far, I still had to try and decide if the maybe-good was enough to take the chance of the maybe-bad happening. I've never lied to either of you, and I won't now; it was a tough choice, and a close one — but I finally decided that if Gail wants us to be together, then I'll agree."

Gail, of course, was delighted; I didn't know *what* to make of the expression on Doris' face.

Once Gail had settled down a bit, I got her attention so that I could tell both of them "I told you that there were some negative things that I worried about. I don't think that I'm some hotshot, or that I should be trying to tell you what to do — but I don't want those negative things that I worried about to actually happen, either. So all I'm going to do is tell you what they were, and leave it up to you to decide if any of them is something you need to pay attention to, or do something about. Okay?"

Both of them nodded, and it didn't take me long to make them aware of the things that had crossed my mind. Both of them nodded at various points, and sometimes even together. When I was done, I simply said "Like I said, I'm not going to try to tell you what to do — that's obviously for you two to decide. What I'm going to figure is that whatever you do, it's because BOTH of you are okay with it. If you're not, I don't want to hear about it; I don't want to find myself in the middle of an argument or a fight or any yelling and screaming. If any of that happens, then I'm going to think that this was a bad idea and just leave until I'm sure it won't happen again. Do we understand each other?"

From the expressions on their faces, I knew that both of them believed that I'd do exactly what I'd said — each of them had been witness to at least one of the infrequent times that I got aggravated about exceptionally bad service, a defective product, or some other problem. I invariably tried to resolve such situations politely and amicably; but when sufficiently provoked, I wasn't afraid to rear up on my hind legs and become a real whirling son of a bitch.

Then next thing I had to say was appreciably more pleasant: "Gail, I know that this is something special for you, and it's special for me, too. I think you'd like some time to get ready for it — taking care of things like making sure we have however much time you want, that the place is

just right, and stuff like that." Smiling, she nodded, and I continued "That's fine — more than anything else, I want YOU to be happy with how things turned out when we're done, okay? So you figure out how much time you need to get ready, and let me know when you want it to happen. You know I don't have a regular kind of job, so whenever you decide is fine. If there's anything you need or want me to do or wear, I'll be glad to, if you'll tell me. Does that sound okay to you?"

Happy once again, Gail answered "That sounds *wonderful*, Jim."

"I'm glad to hear that. Now, you'd better go, so you can start figuring everything out. Besides, I think your mom wants to beat me up or something", the last part making her laugh. She was practically floating as she went back to her bedroom.

When the two of us were alone, Doris started to reach out for me, and I pretended to flinch from her as if afraid that she really was going to beat me up. She just smiled at me before gesturing that she wanted me to shift on the couch a little bit so she could sit next to me. I did as she wanted, and tossed in another small flinch when she began to scoot over. That got a laugh from her before she tucked herself into my side.

After a while, she told me "I really wouldn't have taken bets on what answer you would have given her. I'm not sure why, really, but I kind of thought that you'd turn her down. What made you agree?"

"Don't think that didn't cross my mind", I answered. "It did — plenty of times. I told you that it was a tough decision, and it was probably closer than you might think."

She tilted her head to look at me, and said "Oh, I believe you! Damn near a week and a half, thinking about it? I don't doubt that it was close! But what finally settled it for you?"

"Something simple, but tremendously important: the fact that you agreed to it."

Seeing that she didn't understand, I explained "You're Gail's mother. As much as you were uncomfortable about it, I could see that you were trying to put what was *best* for her ahead of what YOU thought about what she wanted. You have a couple of different perspectives on all this that I could never really understand — you're a female, like she is; and you're her mother. I had to figure that the female-empathy part of you really **knew** how important it was that she get a proper introduction to that kind of intimacy; just like I had to think that if you were okay with it as her mother, then it was something that I'd better pay attention to. If you'd said that you didn't like it but wouldn't object, or even that you were just 'okay' with it, I'd have turned her down."

Almost staring at me, Doris asked "The fact that she's as pretty and shapely as she is didn't figure in?"

"Not even a little bit. In fact, whenever I did think about that, I'd try to imagine her as being homely and deformed — kind of like you."

It took a second before Doris really caught what I'd said; when she did, she immediately got

indignant and declared that she'd kick my ass if I didn't take it back. I think she'd have tried, too, if I hadn't started laughing about how easy she'd been to get riled up, making her realize that I'd deliberately baited her. A bit peeved, she called me an asshole under her breath before snuggling into my side again. When I had my arm around her, I told her "Actually, I did do something kind of like that. Any time I wondered if how pretty she is was influencing me, I'd turn around and ask if my answer would be any different if she *wasn't*. But for the most part, I didn't think of her that way at all."

A couple of minutes must have gone by when Doris asked me "Don't you even *care* that she looks the way she does?"

I chuckled for a moment before answering "Of *course* I care — I'm damn glad and grateful she's so pretty, and has the shape she does. And when it's just me and her, I'm going to enjoy the hell out of being able to look at her. But even if she didn't look the way she does, it wouldn't make any **difference** to me; I'd still do the best I could to make her as happy and satisfied as possible about how things turned out when we were done. If anything, I'd even try to convince her that I thought she was the most beautiful fifteen-year-old on the planet. But that won't be necessary; Gail's pretty and sexy, and she already knows that without being vain about it — you've done a good job of raising her."

Mollified, Doris wriggled herself a little closer to me before pulling my hand down and holding it on her breast. Content just to have her next to me, I idly toyed with her nipple as the two of us sat there.

A little while later, Gail came back into the living room. I saw her glance to where my hand was on her mother's breast, but that was the only notice she seemed to take of it. Her attention was on me when she asked "Jim? Um… does it matter how long you're with me the first time?"

I pretended to consider it for a bit, then told her "Well, I've got to get back to work *sooner* or later, so I suppose 'forever' is out. Why?"

Blushing at the idea that I'd consider spending that much time with her, Gail replied "Would it be okay if… if we stayed together a while? Like all night?"

Quietly amused, I told her "*I* don't have any problem with it, if your mother doesn't."

Doris quickly reassured her daughter "If you want him to spend the night with you, that's fine, dear."

Pleased, Gail thanked both of us before disappearing again.

"All night, huh?", I observed to Doris. "She's her mother's daughter, all right…", earning myself a playful pinch on the side.

Later, when I was ready to go home, Gail came out to give me a fierce hug and kiss on the cheek before whispering "**Thank you**, Jim."

It was after I'd spent the night with Doris, and we were having breakfast the next morning that Gail let me know what she'd decided she wanted to happen: since I was to have Thanksgiving dinner with them (just over a couple weeks away), she thought it would be good if I spent that night with her so that if she had any problems, she'd have the weekend to recover from them. That was fine with Doris and me, which settled the matter. I didn't doubt that there would be other things Gail had in mind, but figured that Doris would be able to help her with most (if not all) of them.

As we got closer to the Fateful Day, I learned that Gail wasn't afraid to give me some idea of what was in store for me. When she asked, I said that it was okay for her to sit on my lap — and discovered that her cute little butt felt *real* nice. A bit later she put my hand over her breast, so that I could feel it through the material of the light shirt she had on; it filled my cupped hand rather nicely, and when she squeezed my hand to let me know it was okay to do more than just hold it, I learned how delightfully firm it was. The pebble of her nipple grew in response to my gentle and patient investigations, and I heard her breathing quicken as her body reacted to what I was doing. Doris saw what was going on, and simply gave me a smile to let me know she was okay with it.

Along the way, I was also "forward" enough to give Gail more than the usual brief little pat on the butt I had before… even going so far as to squeeze and caress it, pleasing her immensely.

Gail also contrived to let me see in her in just bra and panties a couple of times, which didn't hurt my feelings *at all*.

When I showed up at their place on Thanksgiving, I barely had time to get my finger off the bell before the door was opened — by Gail, unsurprisingly.

Once I was inside, Gail informed me that her mother was finishing up in the kitchen, so she'd be the one to keep me entertained; "I'll just bet you do, too", I thought to myself, amused.

We were sitting on the couch with Gail next to me when she took my hand in hers and told me "I… I'm really glad that you said you'd be the one to help me learn about sex. I know you think I'm still kinda young, and that you had a *really* hard time deciding. It means a **lot** to me that you love me and care enough about me to do this, and I want you to know that I'm really, REALLY sure this is what I want. I'm nervous about later, but I'm not afraid."

Putting my hand under her chin, I gently tilted her head up so that I could give her a soft kiss right on the lips. Surprised, she locked eyes with me, and I told her "You don't have to be nervous, sweetheart — everything's going to be just fine. And I'm glad you're not afraid, because there's nothing for you to be afraid *about*; I'm going to do my very best to make this as special for you as I can."

When I was done, I could see from the expression on her face that I'd said the right things… as I'd tried to. She was a lot calmer when she gave me a radiant smile before leaning against me and resting her head on my shoulder.

Doris came in a couple of minutes later, and when she saw how happy Gail was, and how we were sitting, she changed course slightly to take another seat. When she looked at me, it was plain as could be that she was comfortable with seeing us that way, and was glad to see that Gail was so happy.

Doris and I talked a little bit as we watched the various parades that morning… though I doubt that Gail was actually paying much attention to them. When it was ready, all of us got up and went in to enjoy the delicious meal they'd prepared. I couldn't help noticing that Gail was as careful not to over-eat as I was; Doris apparently noticed it, too, and looked amused when I glanced at her.

After dessert (I limited myself to just one small slice of Doris' **excellent** pumpkin pie), it was back into the living room for us; Doris didn't even *pretend* that she was going to sit anywhere but by herself, leaving Gail to nestle herself next to me again.

Somehow, the three of us made it all the way through one of the football games before Gail quietly asked me "Jim? Could… could we go now?"

"Of course we can, honey."

With that, the two of us stood up. I know that Gail and I BOTH looked at her mother, who only told her "It's okay, dear. Go ahead, and don't be nervous — everything will be just FINE… you'll see."

Blushing faintly, Gail took my hand and we made our way back to her room. When we got inside, I saw that it was immaculate — a truly rare and memorable condition, since it usually looked like it had been decorated in Early Tornado.

Gail released my hand so she could close the door behind us, then moved to stand in front of me. Looking up at me, she told me "After you and Mom talked to me… you know, that night… she took me in to see the doctor — about getting me started using birth control. I'm on the Pill, so you don't have to, um, use anything or, uh, do anything special. I already knew a little bit, and Mom talked to me, too, and I'm glad that we don't have to, you know, do anything extra. I'd want us to do this anyway, but I think now it'll be nicer, 'cause it'll just be you and me without having to worry about the other stuff."

Tilting my head down, I again kissed her lips before answering "I'm glad we don't have to worry about the other stuff, too. I'd do the other, if we had to; but what I *want* is to be with YOU — a hundred percent."

Gail was pleased by what I said, and reached up to pull my head down again so that she could be the one to kiss ME on the lips. After she released me, she said "For a long time, I… I've wanted to be naked with you", a bit hesitantly.

I smiled in reassurance before responding "I'd like that. How did you want it to happen?"

"I want to take your clothes off, then you do mine…"

My response was to slip my loafers off, then raise my arms in a "Well, here I am" gesture. With a smile, Gail reached up for the top button on the shirt I was wearing. I saw her hands tremble slightly, but pretended not to. She fumbled a little bit with the button for a few seconds, then took a deep breath before trying again. Her second attempt went easier and faster, giving her whatever confidence she needed to continue — which she did. She didn't rush it, but she certainly didn't dawdle, either; it didn't take her long to have my shirt completely undone and hanging loose.

Her next considered action was to slip her hands underneath it so that she could put them on my chest — accompanied by a soft intake of breath when she made contact with my skin. The next minute or two was occupied by her running her hands across my chest, and even along my sides and across my belly. When she was satisfied, she let me help as she slid my shirt off before she carefully draped it across the back of a chair. After looking at my naked torso for a few seconds, her hands went to my belt. That was undone in short order, followed by her getting my slacks unfastened. She hesitated a moment, swallowed, and got the tab of my fly between her fingers; after a brief hesitation, she slowly drew it down. Of course, my slacks opened up as she did so, revealing my undershorts. She somehow managed to take hold of the waist of my pants before gravity took over, and slowly knelt as she slid them down my legs. Once they were all the way down, I calmly stepped out of them; Gail's eyes never left the front of my undershorts as she set my pants on the same chair that had my shirt. Her focus didn't change as she took care of getting my socks off, either.

Still kneeling in front of me, Gail reached for the waistband of the last garment keeping me from being completely nude. Her face showed the anticipation she felt, while her slightly trembling hands revealed how nervous she was.

Once she'd gotten control of my shorts, Gail began to ease them down slowly — whether to tease herself, or because of nerves, I'll never know. When they were low enough that my cock popped free and my balls were revealed, I heard her gasp in surprise. It took a couple of seconds before she remembered what she'd been doing, and she went back to sliding my briefs down my legs. Again, her attention didn't waver as she absently set my last item of clothing on the chair.

She remained kneeling as she got what I expect was her first real look at adult male genitalia — and they seemed to fascinate her. She moved around a little bit, looking at me from a variety of angles before finally extending her hand again. Her first touch was soft and tentative; when she tilted her head to look up at me, I just smiled and nodded that it was okay. Slowly, and carefully, she touched me again, then gradually expanded her efforts so that she took my length in her hand and lifted it up before leaning forward slightly so she could look at me more closely. When she'd satisfied herself with my cock, she gently held it aside so she could cup my balls in her other hand, weighing them, before carefully rolling them between her fingers to learn about the orbs inside. When she'd satisfied her initial curiosity, she released me and stood up again. Still looking at my package, she softly announced "You're *beautiful* there…" — something that didn't hurt my ego in the slightest.

After she pulled her eyes away, she looked up at me and saw that I'd been watching her — and

promptly blushed furiously. I reached out to caress her cheek as I told her "It's okay, dear. I know you've never really seen before, and I don't mind if you want to look or touch — now, or **any** time." That seemed to help relieve her… at least a little bit.

Perhaps a minute went by before she realized that I was standing there naked, and she wasn't. After giving me a bashful smile, she took a step back and asked "Would… would you be the first man to see me naked, Jim?"

"I'd like that honor very much", I assured her.

The dress she had on was a sleeveless one-piece number that flattered her shape — and fastened down the front, thankfully. Moving a little closer to her, I reached out and got my fingers on the first button. Looking into her eyes, I waited until she gave me a small nod, letting me know that she was sure that it was okay for me to continue. I took my time about getting each button undone, and as her dress slowly opened up to reveal the body underneath, I softly touched my lips to her exposed skin. First were the upper slopes of her breasts, above the small, light bra she had on. Then it was the smooth expanse of her belly, just a little way below her bust. I had to lower myself to one knee to continue with opening her dress, and leaned forward to kiss the cute dimple of her navel; and the last was applied to her abdomen, just above the brief panties she had on.

Still on my knee in front of her, I carefully eased my hands underneath her garment and softly set them on her hips for a bit before gently caressing the curves of her hips and waist a few times. Tilting my head back, I looked up at her and simply told her "Beautiful", earning myself a pleased smile.

Standing up again, I helped her get her arms free so that I could put her dress with my shirt. Moving behind her, I felt a little relief at seeing where here bra hooked closed. I took a few moments to slide my hands across her shoulders, and then down to include her upper arms. She'd let her hair grow a bit longer; I carefully moved it to hang down in front of her, then gave the junction of her neck and shoulder a soft kiss before reaching for the closure on her bra. It was only a few moments work to get it undone, and then I brought the soft cascade of her pale tresses back to where I'd found them. With her bra still covering her bust, I put my hands on her sides and slowly caressed them for a few seconds before drawing my hands around and up — slipping them under the material so I could cup Gail's breasts in my hands.

She was faintly trembling, but continued to hold herself where she was as I enjoyed how warm and firm her breasts were in my hands, and how smooth they were to my fingertips. I heard her breath catch in her throat when I finally settled on investigating her nipples. I could feel that each peak was tight and crinkled, and learned that her pencil-diameter nipples were extended a quarter-inch or more.

Released my tenuous hold on her mammaries, I slid the shoulder straps of her bra off, and she helped me slide that item off her arms; a second later, it was keeping company with the rest of my clothing.

I lowered myself to one knee behind her before softly sliding my hands down to I could take the waist of the small panties she was wearing between my fingers. Leaning forward, I gave her tailbone a soft kiss before slow drawing her panties off her hips — then past the small, tight globes of her ass, and finally down the deliciously curved and slender lengths of her legs. When they were around her ankles, I offered her a hand to steady herself as she stepped out of them before I set them aside to join her bra. With nothing to impede the view I had of her, I took a few seconds to enjoy how incredibly sexy she was.

Putting my hands on her hips again, it took only a gentle nudge to get her to turn around and face me — giving me the opportunity to touch my lips to her belly, just above the small, narrow strip of her pubic hair, then again to each of her pale pink nipples before I was standing in front of her again. When I opened my arms to her, she happily moved into them so we could hold each other close. The feeling of her firm breasts pressed against me, and faint tickle of her pubic hair, drove home for me just how much she'd grown since I first saw her.

When we finally released each other, Gail led the way to her bed, which had already been turned down. She hesitated a moment, and I solved her obvious quandary by picking her up with my arms behind her knees and back, then setting her down on it. She looked at me in a mix of embarrassment and humor as I got myself settled next to her.

Putting my hand on her belly, I told her "Gail, you said that you wanted us to be together — but that's not what I'm here for."

In response to the look of surprise on her face, I continued "What I'm here for is to try and make you happy. If that means that you're not a virgin when we're done, then I'll be happy with you. But if it means that you *are* still a virgin, because you changed your mind, I'll be **just** as happy with you. Whatever happens between us, however all of this turns out, I can promise you that I'll be happy when it's over if YOU'RE happy. That's <u>all</u> that matters to me: that when we leave here, you feel good about how things turned out. If you change your mind about wanting us to be together, that's okay with me. You don't have to tell me why, or explain anything — I can promise you that I won't be upset or unhappy or angry. Okay?"

Gail was silent for a few moments, then told me "I understand what you're saying, Jim — and it makes me feel better, knowing that it would still be okay with you if I wanted to change my mind. But I really am sure that this is what I want… to give my virginity to you, and learn about sex and making love with you."

I took her hand in mine and brought it to my lips to kiss it. I continued to hold it as I told her "Thank you, dear. I want you to know something else, too."

Unworried, she listened closely as I went on "I'm not going to do anything to try and hurry you, or make anything happen before you're ready. If you want me to stop, for any reason, just say so; I will, right then… and wait until you tell me it's okay before I go on. If there's something you want to do, you can do it — you don't have to ask, and I'm not going to be upset. If you want ME to do something, I will, and I won't think there's anything wrong or bad about it or you. You've

never done any of this before, so I know there are things that you're going to want to find out… and that's okay. Sweetheart, I *want* you to learn things with me because I know that I'll be as patient and understanding as you need me to be."

She nodded her understanding, and I finished by telling her "There are some things that I think will help you feel good, and I'm going to try them. If you *really* don't like them, I'll stop — but I hope you'll give them a chance, first. The same way, I know that there are things that you probably **wouldn't** like, and I WON'T be doing any of those. Okay?"

Smiling, Gail told me "That's why I wanted to learn about this with you, Jim — 'cause I know how much you care for me, and love me. I really do trust you to try and help me feel good, and like what we do; and I know that you aren't going to hurt me, or do anything to make me unhappy. Like I said, I'm a little bit nervous because this is all new — but I'm not afraid of what's going to happen with us."

I lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the forehead before touching my lips to hers, making it as gentle and caring as I could. She didn't hesitate to kiss me back; from the way she responded, I knew that she trusted me and wasn't afraid.

We exchanged several more kisses, each one lasting a bit longer and with us getting more involved. When I pulled my head back to look into her face, she told me "I want you to look at me, and… touch me."

It was a command that I was more than happy to comply with.

When I sat up next to her, I was roughly even with her waist — which made it easy for me to see as much of her as I wanted to. Her face was lovely, with its turquoise-blue eyes, slender nose, and slightly full lips. A graceful neck and delicate shoulders just *begged* to be nibbled on. Her breasts were more rounded than her mother's, with dark pink areolas that weren't much larger than her pencil-diameter nipples. A flat belly and abdomen led my eyes down to the pale narrow strip of her pubic covering; even sitting up as I was, I could see that though it wasn't particularly thick, it was soft and lush. The thighs that bracketed it were trim and continued into the smooth curves of her calves. I couldn't see a mark or blemish anywhere on her healthy light pink skin.

I looked into Gail's face and quietly told her "Believe me on this: you're *lovely*", drawing a pleased smile from her.

Extending my arm, I softly placed a hand on the outside of her ankle. I began to draw my hand upwards slowly, savoring the feel of her warm, smooth skin under my fingertips. When I got to her knee, I moved my hand enough that I was able to caress the inside of her thigh — then lightly brush against the wispy mat covering her mons before reaching the expanse of her abdomen. I couldn't resist tickling her navel as my touch moved higher, and got a soft giggle in response. After circling the base of each of her breasts, I finished by drawing my fingertips up her throat so I could tenderly caress her cheek.

After laying next to her again, I cupped her breast in my hand as I told her "Thank you for letting

me do that. Your skin is so soft and smooth, and it was a real pleasure being able to touch it that way."

"I liked it, too. But what I like more is the way you're touching me now."

Recognizing a hint when clubbed over the head with it, I started doing more than just hold her firm young mammary in my hand. As I slowly mapped every square millimeter of it with my fingertips, I placed several soft kisses on Gail's face — each of her cheeks, her eyes, her chin, her forehead… and finally, her lips again. Our kiss began to lengthen, and I readily shifted my hand to the other half of her bust — and found it to be just as warm and firm and smooth as its mate. When my fingertips reached its summit, they found her areola puckered and her nipple erect.

The need for oxygen finally broke us up, and I was pleased to see a faint flush on Gail's face as I listened to her pant softly. Unashamed, she told me "It feels *way* better when you do that than when I do!"

Smiling, I told her "Now I'm going to do something you can't do at all" before lowering my head again… and taking the peak of her breast in my mouth.

For the next several minutes, I had a **dandy** time using my lips and tongue and mouth on the delightful mounds of her breasts: licking, biting with my lips, gently sucking on them at random places, and just generally doing whatever I could to tease and please her. It didn't take long for me to hear her breathing become more rapid, or for her to start emitting small noises of pleasure and arousal. She held my head in her hands, as if there was any chance that I was going to stop what I was doing any time soon…

I had both of her nipples erect and glistening with my saliva, and she was softly moaning almost continuously when I finally stopped my oral torture of her lovely bust. I'd softly kissed my way a little distance down her belly when she lifted my head up to tell me "I… I think I know what you want to do — and… and I want to do it to you, too."

Although a little surprised that she'd want to try anything like that so soon, I didn't hesitate to tell her "That's fine, sweetheart. If you'll get on top of me, we can do it together."

I could see that she wasn't quite sure what I had in mind, but was perfectly willing to take my word that it could happen. After I directed her to sit up, I lay down, confusing her somewhat. But when I had her get to her knees, then move to straddle my head, she understood and readily let me help her get situated so that we were in the classic "69" position. That left me with a view of her that I never thought I'd see: the smooth firm globes of her bare ass above the exposed mound of her young womanhood. I saw that the forest on her mound quickly tapered out as it passed the parentheses formed by her labia; at the top of her cleft, her clitoris was starting to show itself from underneath it's hood. Of more immediate interest to me was the damp entrance to her vagina that I could just barely make out between her vaginal lips, which were thin and delicate.

Even as I was trying to memorize the sight of her, I felt Gail take my penis in her hand, and begin examining it again. I'd told her she could look and touch anytime, and didn't say a thing as

she went about learning even more about my penis, then my scrotum and testicles. Instead, I occupied myself with caressing her sides and back, and learning what I could about the globes that made up her cute little ass.

My hands were filled with her ass, and I was applying soft kisses to random points on the insides of her silken thighs when Gail apparently decided that she'd learned enough. I felt her take my semi-erect penis in her hand and begin slowly stroking it; a few moments later, there was the sensation of what could only have been her soft lips kissing the head. With her apparently ready to go on, there wasn't a reason in the world for me to delay any longer about lifting my head and running the tip of my tongue along her cleft from clitoris to perineum. She gasped loudly, and tried to press herself down on my tongue in response. Admittedly relieved that she'd had such a positive reaction, I was glad to repeat my efforts… and even dip my tongue a little farther between her vaginal lips when it got to her opening — something that got me my first taste of the delicious nectar she was starting to produce. I'd had the faint aroma of her in my nose for a little while, and the oils that I sampled only confirmed what my nose had told me: that her essence was light, fresh, and slightly sweet. Patiently and carefully, so as to not overwhelm her, I went about doing what I could to arouse her into producing even more of them.

As I was starting to learn how soft Gail's pubescent muff felt against my chin, she was starting to get involved in learning how to orally stimulate me. After she'd given the head of my penis a kiss, she'd dared to give it a brief lick. Deciding that the taste was acceptable, she'd gone on to take me into her mouth; while her initial efforts were somewhat tentative, they were pleasant enough for me that I began to respond to them — if slowly. Gradually, as I reacted more and more to what she was doing, her actions began to increase in enthusiasm. With only a *very* few words of suggestion from me, it didn't take long for her confidence and willingness to experiment to rise dramatically. I suspect that she tried pretty much anything and everything that popped into her head, leaving me as the beneficiary of her apparently quite good imagination. While she didn't have the talent necessary to bring me to erection quickly, she certainly had the eagerness to accomplish her goal of getting me erect… eventually.

The limited pleasure that Gail was bringing me meant that I had enough time and attention to dedicate myself to pleasuring *her*. It didn't take me long to get the small button of her clitoris to throw back its hood so that I could tend to it the way I wanted to; just as it was easy enough for me to tease her velvety soft labia into growing longer and thicker, and her vaginal opening into releasing more and more of her nectar. Her steadily increasing arousal and the sounds of pleasure that she began to make gave me permission to increase my efforts. Even with half my cock in her mouth, she tried to squeal her pleasure the first time I attempted to worm the end of my tongue through the entrance to her vagina; when I fastened my lips over her clitoris and sucked on it in time with the way her head was bobbing on my mostly-erect penis, I thought she was going to deep-throat me. My attempt to suck the juices out of her had her pressing herself down onto my face as she released a deep, *deep* groan. I didn't have **any** doubts that I was making at least that part of her introduction to sex eminently satisfactory for her.

I'd succeeded in getting an almost constant trickle of her oils leaking out of her, and knew that

my efforts to slowly bring her to an orgasm were almost complete: she was so focused on what I was doing to her that she was frequently forgetting what she wanted to do to ME — most of her time was being spent holding still while she had some fraction of my erection between her lips . I could feel the tension building in her ass and thighs as she got closer and closer to her release.

I licked up the immediately available supply of her nectar, and was slowly twirling the tip of my tongue around her clitoris when I felt her pull her mouth off my penis; a second later, I heard her start to make a faint keening noise as her thighs started to tremble slightly against my ears. Knowing that it was about to happen for her, I lightened the pressure I was applying to her clitoris while increasing the speed that I was circling it; a few seconds later, I heard her cry out just ahead of her thighs trying to slam together — despite the obstruction of having my head in the way. Her young body almost convulsed over me before her clitoris hid under its cloak again. On the plus side, I discovered that the clenching inside her vagina was pushing small waves of her essence out, where I could happily lick them up. From the way her body tensed each time I ran my tongue across her opening, I knew that I was prolonging the pleasure she was experiencing as she lay on top of me.

Still, her youthful body had its limits; there finally came the time when there wasn't any more of her nectar for me to consume, and only an occasional slight tremor ran through her.

She responded readily enough when I used her name, so that relieved me of any concern that I might have overdone things; she was able to cooperate with me as I got her off of me and onto the bed. Free to move, I got her sitting up, then moved to where I could take her onto my lap after I was leaning back against the headboard of her bed. Holding her against my chest with her head on my shoulder, I softly caressed her as she got her breath and energy back. I knew that she was firmly back among the living when I heard her say "I've had orgasms and everything when I touched myself; but I never knew they could be anything as *incredible* as that! What you were doing, you know, with your mouth and tongue… it felt **really** good, even at first. Then it just kept getting better and better, and the next thing I knew, <u>that</u> happened. Is… is it going to be like that when we have sex, too?"

I gave her a hug and kiss on the shoulder before answering "That depends. If we can keep from hurting you, and you can enjoy what we're doing, then there isn't any reason it CAN'T. But if you're afraid or nervous or anything like that, then probably not. I'll do everything I can to help it happen, but it's really up to you."

She sat silently for several seconds before telling me "I'm still not afraid, and I'm not even nervous now. Even if I don't have orgasms from it the first time, I still want to be with you because I know that you'll still make me feel good."

I gave her another hug, and answered "Thank you for trusting me, sweetheart", and heard her sigh her contentment.

It was perhaps a minute later that she started to wriggle around a little bit on my lap; it took only a moment for me to realize that she could feel my erect penis nestled along the cleft of her ass. I

addressed the situation by telling her "Yes, that's me, and yes, I'm still hard."

I felt her blush, and a few moments later she pulled back from me to look up and ask "If you're still hard, that means that we can… you know, make me not a virgin any more?"

I *had* to smile as I told her "Yes, that's what it means — if that's what you want."

"I do!", she exclaimed, followed by asking me "What do we do now? I mean, I know you're going to be inside me; and from those movies I saw Daddy watch, I kinda know how, but…", embarrassed.

"It's okay, honey", I assured her. "There are three ways that people usually use when it's a girl's first time. The easiest one for her is if the guy is on the bottom, and she's on top. That way, she can put herself ON him however fast or slow she wants to, or even back up a little bit. Another one is if she's on her hands and knees, and the boy is behind her; that way, she isn't doing everything, but she can still move if it starts to hurt, or doesn't feel right to her. The last one is if the girl is on the bottom, and the guy is on top of her. That's probably the most common one, because that's how most people usually have sex. That one's good if the girl **absolutely** trusts the guy not to hurt her, or if she's afraid she won't be able to make it happen when it's time to stop being a virgin. As much bigger than you as I am, *I* think it would be easiest and best for you if we used the first one — with you on top of me. But I told you that I wouldn't hurt you, and I won't, so whichever one of those you like is what we'll do."

She had to consider it for only a few seconds before telling me "I think the first one is best, too. I know you wouldn't hurt me on purpose, but if I'm the one on top, then you don't have to worry about it."

I suspected that she was having something of an attack of nerves now that it was actually going to happen, but was willing to accept the reason she'd given at face value — after all, the whole idea was for her to be able to have her first sexual experience with as little pain or discomfort as possible.

So what I told her was "Thank you, I appreciate that. Now, if I lay down, it'll probably be a *little* easier for you to what you want to; but if I'm sitting up or leaning back like this, then I can touch you better afterwards, or even help you while it happens, if you want."

Pleased, she told me "I'd like you to stay like this — I *want* you to be able to touch me! Um… what do I do?"

Cupping her face in my hands, I moved forward enough to give her a soft kiss on the lips before looking her in the eyes and gently telling her "Just do whatever you're comfortable with, and doesn't hurt you, honey. It'll be easier for you if both of us are slippery, though — you on the inside, and me on the outside. When you're ready, you move so that you're right over me; you hold my penis where it's supposed to go, and then just kind of sit down on it — but only as fast or far as YOU want, right?"

With a lusty grin, she answered "You betcha!"

Remembering what else I'd said, she wasn't the slightest bit embarrassed to reach between her thighs and check that she was (still) wet inside. Following that, she took hold of my penis; discovering that it was dry, I saw her eyes twinkle with humor as she quickly scooted herself back so that she could lean forward and take me into her mouth again. After bobbing her head up and down for a minute or so, she let me slip from her mouth, leaving me glistening with the saliva she'd left behind.

She got herself positioned at my hips again, and took hold of my erection; after she levered it up and got herself positioned against it, she realized that the angle wasn't quite right. After she'd moved forward a bit, she tried it again, and found the results satisfactory. I put my hands on her hips, which didn't bother her in the slightest — all I was doing was steadying her, without applying any downward pressure. When she looked into my face, I told her "I really mean it, Gail — only as much as you're comfortable with. Take your time, and *don't hurt yourself*. **I'm** not in any hurry, so don't you be. I'll just wait right here until you're done, I promise."

She'd nodded at the appropriate points when I was talking, and graced me with a small laugh when I was done.

With nothing left but the deed itself, I was prepared to wait however long it took for her to either start impaling her fifteen-year-old vagina on my man-sized cock, or call it off. Still steadying her with my hands on her hips, I sat there in silence, watching her.

Honestly, I was a little surprised at how soon she began to press herself down on me; I'd thought that she'd have to gather her courage for a little longer. From the way she was moving, I got the idea that her first couple of attempts were more to test herself than with any thought of actually having anything happen. The third time she pressed down, I knew that she really meant to get me inside.

I could feel myself begin to penetrate her, a little, but I could also tell that her opening was still too small and tight. After a few seconds, she gave up the effort, and raised up a little bit. A couple of soft squeezes of her hips got her to look at me so I could tell her "Maybe it'll help if you don't try to *push* yourself onto me, and try to LET me in, instead."

She nodded her understanding, and after taking a breath, tried it again. That time, I could feel as she tried to relax herself — and succeeded in getting a bit farther onto me before backing off. She lifted her head to tell me "It does help… that was a lot easier than last time."

I smiled and mimed kissing her, making her smile in return.

Several more tries followed, and it was plain that each one was a little easier for her — and each got her that much farther onto my manhood. She was making the effort again, and I could tell that I was on the verge of slipping through her opening when she began to raise up again… only to reverse direction, and allow herself to almost *fall* onto my dick. I not only slipped through her opening, but into her for perhaps a half inch — accompanied by a soft cry from her.

I was trying to lift her off of me when she told me "No, it's okay, Jim. It only hurt for a second; I

was surprised, more than anything else."

I looked at her reproachfully as I said "Honey, I don't think it had to hurt at ALL. The way it felt to me, I'm almost positive it would have happened the next time; the one after that for certain."

"Maybe", she conceded, "but now it HAS happened — you're *inside* me… and it feels **good**!"

I muttered something about impetuous youth under my breath before answering "Okay, fine, I'm in you, and it feels good. Now, take it easy for a bit, will you, before you go on?"

The tone of voice I used must have let her know that I wasn't particularly happy about what she'd done. I could hear the contrition in her voice when she answered "I will… honest. I could tell it was close, too, and I just wanted it to *happen*, was all."

To let her know that I wasn't upset or angry, I took her into my arms and hugged her before telling her "I can understand that. I just wish you hadn't been in so much of a hurry and gotten hurt, is all."

"I'm sorry, Jim. I'll go slower from now on, I promise", she answered.

After giving her a kiss so she'd know she was forgiven, I released her to sit up again. I readily took advantage of the opportunity to get my hands on her again, from her knees to her shoulders, and paying *extra* attention to her tight little ass and lovely breasts. The expression on her face told me that what I was doing pleased her — not only physically, but in her heart.

After a few minutes, she was ready to continue. With my cock firmly embedded between her labia, she was able to lean forward and support herself on her arms. That brought her close enough that I could lift my head and get my mouth on her nipples. With my mouth at her breasts and my hands on her ass, Gail began to press herself down on me again… slowly and carefully, as she'd promised. She would settle herself onto me a little ways, pause for a bit, then raise up to make sure we stayed lubricated before lowering herself a bit farther. She got as far as having half my cock inside before I had to lower my head from her mammaries. Looking between us, I could see how tightly her labia were wrapped around my penis; when she raised up, I saw something that surprised me.

A few seconds later, Gail realized that I was looking at her intently; baffled, she asked me "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Reaching between us, I ran my finger along the line where we were joined before showing it to her. Seeing the traces of blood I'd seen, she looked at me in surprise as she said "I didn't know. All I felt was that little bit of pain at first — it only lasted a second, and there hasn't been anything else since then!"

Looking at her closely, it was easy to see that she was as surprised by what I'd shown her as I'd been to see it. It took only a moment for me to decide that if it hadn't bothered her that much when it had happened, there wasn't anything for me to say about it after the fact. All I could do was tell her "As long as you're okay now, I guess it doesn't matter, does it?"

Smiling at me, she answered "I'm okay, really — better, even, 'cause it feels better and better the more I get you in me!"

Hearing that, I reached up to cup her breasts in my hands and run my thumbs over her nipples; a moment later, Gail pressed herself down on me again, a broad smile on her face.

Several minutes later, Gail's firm ass settled onto the tops of my thighs. Realizing that I was fully inside her, she closed her eyes before softly saying "Oh, **god**, this feels so good!"

As Gail held herself still on me, plainly enjoying the feel of being filled in a way she'd never been before, I was glad that she wasn't moving. With all but a small fraction of an inch of my manhood encased by her sheath, I was experiencing just how wonderful she felt inside — not just tight, but also wet, and warm (almost hot, even). I wasn't in any danger of climaxing just from having her on me, but she felt good enough that I welcomed the absence of additional stimulation. By the time Gail opened her eyes again, I was ready for what I knew was next: one or both of us getting my hard penis moving in her.

Looking down at me, Gail's expression only emphasized her words as she told me "I thought that it would feel good, having a guy in me… but I never even *dreamed* it could feel like **this**. It's like now I understand why I'm a girl — it feels so good, and so right!"

With my hands on her hips, I asked her "You're ready to find out what the rest of it is like, then?"

The blank look on her face amused me, but not as much as the look she got when I managed to arch my hips down a little bit, sliding perhaps half an inch of my erection out of her before easing it back in again. That small gesture made her realize that all she'd done thus far had been simply get herself wrapped around me; there was still the actual having sex part for her to experience.

There was a look of eager anticipation on her face as she slowly lifted herself up, stopping only when the tight ring of her opening was clamped around me, just behind the glans of my penis. As she started to lower herself again, her eyes widened as she experienced being filled with hard cock in a single long motion. Once her ass was touching my legs again, it didn't take her but a moment to repeat her efforts; the second pass was accompanied by a soft moan from her. After that, she was in almost constant motion as she repeatedly impaled herself on me.

Some of her movements were slow and languorous; other times, she would delight in spending some time making smaller and faster motions that plainly aroused her. She went on to find out what it felt like when she moved on me at different angles, and in different ways — leaning back as she slid herself on and off my member, or holding her body steady as she tried just moving her hips and pelvis in different ways. All in all, it was a pleasant experience for BOTH of us.

By the time Gail was finished with her different "experiments", I could see that she was starting to get a little tired. Happy, but still tired.

Taking her into my arms again, I gave her a kiss before asking "It looks like you're getting tired. Think you'd be okay with letting me take care of things for a while?"

Panting slightly, she smiled at me and nodded before answering "Yeah, I'd like that."

Holding her with one arm, I was able to move forward and get my legs under me before gently setting her on the bed. She looked up at me in absolute trust, knowing that not only wasn't I going to do anything to hurt her, there was a damn good chance that I was going to make her feel even better than she had already. I lowered my head so the two of us could exchange several kisses before I started moving in her.

My first thrust into her was slow and stately, intended to make sure that she was okay with having me as the active one. The way she arched her pelvis up in welcome to my advance easily resolved *that* question. A few more cycles of gently pistoning in and out of her ensured that the two of us were sufficiently lubricated, and that she wasn't having any problems. After that, I simply kept going — slow and easy at first, then gradually increasing my efforts so that she'd have ample opportunity to let me know if I was doing more than she was comfortable with. To my surprise, I was eventually able to cycle myself in and out of her much as I would a full-grown woman… though I remained careful not to thrust myself into her too hard.

As I got into a comfortable rhythm of sliding myself through her tight opening, Gail not only spread her legs and brought her knees up to open herself to me as much as she could, she went on to try and wrap her legs around my waist. She failed in that last endeavor only because of her smaller size, and had to satisfy herself with locking her ankles behind my back.

Warm and wet and tight as she was, the addition of Gail's enthusiasm as she pressed herself up in response to each of my thrusts only added to the pleasure and excitement I felt. With her being so much shorter than I was, I couldn't lower my head to kiss her, or suck on her nipples the way I wanted to; I had to be satisfied with the sight of her squeezing her breasts, and softly pinching and pulling on her nipples as she gave voice to the pleasure that she was feeling.

Even though she said that she wouldn't mind if she didn't have an orgasm the first time, I still wanted to bring her as much pleasure as I could. The problem was that she was proving to be a *lot* more stimulating than I'd thought she'd be; I was starting to feel the first faint twinges that signified I was starting down the path of my own release much sooner than I wanted — and there didn't seem to be a damn thing I could do about it: when I tried to slow down a little bit, Gail started making little noises of frustration that I wasn't moving in her the way she wanted me to. In fact, if I tried to do **anything** that would put off my climax, it reduced her enjoyment of what we were doing. I finally had to reconcile myself to the fact that I was going to fill her with my cum before she had her first coital orgasm. Once I accepted that basic truth, I simply continued to piston myself in and out of her — not trying to put off my release, but not giving in to letting it happen any sooner than I had to, either.

As I got closer and closer, I was moving in her more and more quickly… and somehow managed to keep from entering her too hard in the process. Even when I knew my next thrust would be my last, I restrained myself to simply trying to see how much of my cock I could get into her.

Before the second wad of my cum could erupt from me, I heard Gail cry out. Her vagina got

incredibly tight around me, then went through a kind of fluttering as it relaxed around me before clenching the length of my penis again. The sensation was enough to dramatically increase the intensity of my own release. Only afterwards did I realize that she'd had an orgasm, though only a small one (for her).

After I'd emptied myself in her, it was all I could do to hold my body over hers so that I didn't crush her with my weight. Letting my head hang down, I could hear her panting nearly as hard as I was. Due to her youth and resilience, she was the first of us to recover enough to move; the first thing she did was try to wrap her arms around me and shower as much of me as she could get to with kisses while thanking me and trying to tell me how good I'd made her feel. By the time I got my breath back, she'd *mostly* settled down again; I only had to tell her that she was welcome and that I was glad for her a half-dozen times or so before she released her hold on me and fell silent.

With something approximating two-way communication possible again, the first thing I did was ask her if it would be okay if I let a little more of my weight rest on her. She immediately assured me that was fine, and waited until I wasn't supporting so much of myself before telling me "Oh, that was **so** wonderful! It felt so *good* having you inside me and moving like that, I didn't want you to stop EVER, and then you started moving in me faster and faster, and when I knew that you were going to climax because *I* was making YOU feel good, it made me feel so… so… **special**, even though I thought I was going to miss out on having another orgasm, and that was okay because you gave me one before and you were making me FEEL so good and everything — and then I could feel you start to shoot your stuff in me, and I had a climax *anyway*, even if it wasn't as big as the other one I had with you, it still felt **so** good, knowing that I could make you happy like that after you made me feel so good."

How she got all of that out in a single breath, I'll likely never know. I was spared having to try to respond by the feeling of my penis pulling free of her; she was tight enough inside that her vagina essentially *forced* the blood out of my cock, then practically pushed me out. I started to move so that she could get up if she wanted, and she immediately told me "No, you don't have to move — I like having you on me like this!"

"It's going to make a mess", I tried to caution her, but she wasn't having any; she simply told me "I don't care! I've got more sheets, and it's no trouble to change them. I'd rather have you stay with me — and maybe move down a little bit, so we can kiss and stuff."

So all I did was ease myself down her body a little ways to get our heads more-or-less even, so that we could kiss and stuff. The kissing was a big part of it, but Gail seemed to get a lot of mileage out of being able to hug me when she felt like it (fairly often), too.

I found myself being impressed with how long she was willing to lay there with me. I *knew* that my cum was leaking out of her, and that her nether regions had to be getting cold and sticky — never mind the wet spot I figured she was laying on. It was quite a while before she finally suggested that we could go to "her" bathroom (separate from her room, but the only other one in the place) for a shower… together, if that was okay with me. I conceded that I wouldn't mind showering with her, much to her delight, and the two of us finally got out of bed. When I saw the

serving-dish-sized wet place she'd been laying in, I couldn't help but wonder how much of it was my contribution, and how much was hers…

We didn't bother putting anything on for our trip to the bathroom since it was just across the hall. Inside, she was adamant that I simply sit on the commode while she got the shower started and temperature adjusted. When she was satisfied that everything was ready, she took me by the hand and led me into the spray. The first order of business was her insistence that she had to get me clean — something that I enjoyed the hell out of. Then I got to have even MORE fun by demanding the right to wash *her*; she didn't object, that I noticed.

As we were drying off, there was a light knock at the door. A moment later, we heard Doris tell us "I thought you might like something to eat and drink. There's some pie and drinks on a tray out here."

I spoke up to thank her, and she just answered "Just let me know if there's anything you need or want, and I'll take care of it."

When we were ready to go back to Gail's room, I was the one to bring the tray with us — in addition to slices of pumpkin pie, there were carafes of coffee and milk, and cups to drink from.

I helped Gail change her bedding before the two of us got ourselves propped against the headboard while we refueled.

After we'd topped up our energy levels, I put on a pair of shorts and left to take the tray back into the kitchen. Doris came in right behind me, and waited until I'd turned around before asking "Is she okay?"

I just smiled as I answered "She's fine. She said it only hurt for a moment, and she was right enthusiastic. I dunno where she gets *that* from."

Doris grinned, and told me "I heard her once, and it didn't sound like she was <u>hurt</u>, but thought I'd check."

"That was probably when I helped her have an orgasm to try and help make it easier for her later."

"Well, like I said, I just wanted to make sure. Go on back in there, and take good care of my baby, okay?" Doris told me, with a smile.

I just smiled back, and nodded before making my way back to Gail's room. Once I was seated next to her again, she wanted to know what took me so long; I told her about the brief conversation I'd had with her mother, which she decided was okay.

After a bit, she decided she wanted the two of us to lay down; she spooned against my front, and moved my hand to her breast when I draped my arm across her waist. For the next little while, the two of us just talked while I caressed the mammary in my hand and toyed with its nipple. She got somewhat animated about some of the things that we talked about, and the movement of her ass where it was touching my cock eventually began to have an effect. A little later, she realized

that I was responding to the contact — and calmly proceeded to start deliberately trying to arouse me again. That only prompted me to reciprocate; the next thing I knew, we were again engaged in a pleasant session of "69".

Of course, that led into other things — well, one, anyway. She wanted us to start out with me on top of her; that lasted until she orgasmed. Then she agreed to having me behind her while she was on her hands and knees, which got her through two more. We finished with her happily bouncing her way to a climax that stimulated me into filling her with my cum again. She was content to just lay on me and let me caress her body (and play with her ass) until we discovered that we were getting glued together… something that amused and embarrassed her, by turns. Another fun shower together, and we were ready to finally get some sleep.

The next morning, Gail discovered that the experience hadn't been *entirely* without cost for her: she was a bit sore in a particular area. She was adamant that whatever discomfort she was experiencing was **more** than made up for by her experiences of the previous evening — and that she was eagerly looking forward to when I could spend the night with her again.

All Doris needed was to see how happy and contented Gail was; she never said a word to me about that night, or any of the ones that followed.

For the next few months, I ended up spending *about* a quarter of my nights at their place with Gail. She was an eager and enthusiastic lover, willing to try about anything I suggested, or offer up her own ideas. It didn't take long for her to learn to give truly outstanding oral sex; I had fun learning how I could best arouse her using just my mouth. Things even got to the point that I was willing to "let go" a little more with her, and make love with her with <u>almost</u> the same enthusiasm as I would any other woman.

Neither Gail nor Doris ever indicated any interest in what I might be doing with the other one, nor did they ever exhibit any jealousy of each other. It became common for one or both of them to wear little or nothing when I was at their place; nor did who I was going to spend the night with make any difference — Gail might be nude when I was going to share Doris' bed, or Doris might opt to go topless even if I was spending the night with Gail. It certainly made MY life more enjoyable, since neither of them objected in the slightest to whatever fondling or molesting I did, regardless of who's "night" it was.

It was coming up on the end of the school year when the school got back the results of a series of aptitude tests all the students had taken. Doris and I were stunned to learn that Gail scored nearly off the chart in math skills; her grades in that subject had always been good, but not particularly noteworthy. After a lengthy discussion of the situation with her, we learned that Gail's grades had been a direct result of being bored to tears in regular math classes: by the time the teachers had gone over something the third time for the rest of the class, she'd lost interest and gone on to do something else to keep herself occupied.

It was suggested that Gail should be in a more "targeted" environment, which Doris was more than willing to do. The only problem was that the nearest school that could handle Gail's math

talents was in a town nearly two hundred miles away — something that had both of them in anguish until I told them that as much as I'd miss them, the **important** thing was Gail's education. And just to make my point, I went on to tell them that if they stayed and threw away the one-in-a-million chance to get Gail into the proper environment, it would upset me so bad that I wouldn't want anything to do with them anyway… so they might as well go. I was *mostly* bluffing, but they didn't know that; the threat itself was enough to make them realize what kind of opportunity was being handed to them. With a lot of tears and hugs, and after a final bout of lovemaking with each of them, they left in late summer so that Gail could start the next academic year in the new school.

That was several years ago. Both of them have taken the time to keep me informed on how things are going for them:

Gail got her Doctorate with a thesis on something called "chaos theory", which she explained to me well enough for me to understand that it's **way** past my meager math skills.

Doris found a new job, and learned that she really got along well with one of her co-workers. The two of them eventually became something of an item, and the expectation is that they'll be getting married before long.

I'm still driving a cab, and giving rides to the shelter to women that need them — and remembering a particular woman and her little girl…