

Dan's Trip down Route 66

by

Guy Nickologist

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Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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Dan's Trip Down Route 66

Dan angled his BMW 3 Series onto state highway 30 in Erick, Oklahoma. He was in surly mood. It wasn't the weather. Late April was quite nice in this part of the country. Dan had long been a fan of "Old Route 66". With tax season finally over, he decided to take some vacation from his accounting job back in Dallas and retrace his favorite highway. He learned right before his departure that for the most part the road no longer existed. Despite this he drove up to Oklahoma City and followed the old route the best he could, avoiding Interstates, and staying on roads that would give him the feel of driving Route 66. So far the trip lacked any glamor and he was considering just heading home. He was mentally plotting out his trip back to Dallas when he spotted her. A girl stood on the corner of Walnut and Broadway thumbing for a ride. Dan had never picked up a hitchhiker in his life, but he was bored. What could she possibly do?

He pulled the car, which was very out of place in this rural town, up to the curb and rolled down the window. Before he could speak she had tossed her ratty bag through the now open window, opened the door, and plopped down into the seat.

"Headed west?" she asked.

"Yeah. Wherever. Where are you going?"

She shrugged. "Wherever."

Dan pulled away from the curb back into the traffic lane. He didn't want to linger around too long and raise the suspicion of the local cops. Dan grew up in Philadelphia, drove a Beemer, and reeked of a rich city boy, which he was. Picking up hitchhiking girls, especially if they were local wasn't going to be good.

"I'm Dan."

She nodded. "Hi Dan."

"And you are...?"

She giggled. "I'm Kim."

"Good to meet you Kim."

"Yeah."

Kim looked out her window. They had left Erick and were passing through vacant farmland. Dan knew nothing about farming. Maybe these fields of dirt were going to produce food. What the hell did he know?

Kim used the automatic controls to recline the seat back and closed her eyes. She wasn't really asleep and Dan could tell. Oh well. He'd take her a few towns over, say goodbye, and get his ass back to Dallas.

They entered Texola, the last town in Oklahoma. Afterward they'd cross into the Texas panhandle where Dan would be forced to take Interstate 40 again. Just as they hit town Kim sat up and pointed to a Phillips 66 gas station.

"Pull in here!"

"The gas station?"

"Yeah, can you stop here?"

Dan pulled in. The gas station was surprisingly modern considering the town it was in. He noticed Kim digging around in her bag.

"Give me a quarter, I need a quarter."

Dan plunged his hand into his pants and pulled out every coin but the twenty-five cent piece.

"You want three dimes?"

"No, I just got my period and I need to buy a tampon. The dispensers only take quarters."

Dan's subconscious mind was working faster than his conscious. Before he could think of doing it, he was handing Kim a twenty dollar bill.

"Here, just buy what you need."

She gave him a smile, probably the same smile that got her anything she wanted, hopped out of the car and ran into the store.

Dan gripped the steering wheel hard. Those five words kept echoing in his head: "I just got my period... I just got my period..." Dan had a major period fetish. In fact it was probably what caused his last two breakups. He had dated women for months before they'd even admit they had a menstrual cycle. And here was this girl...

"Shit!", thought Dan. He looked up and didn't see her in the store meaning she was probably in the bathroom. He grabbed her bag and looked through it. He found a wallet. She had no money and no credit cards. He looked at her driver's license. She looked like a child in the picture complete with braces. He looked at her date of birth. She had turned 20 back in January. At least she was legal. She also had a Blockbuster Video card and a student ID from the University of Tulsa. He looked back at the driver's license and saw she lived in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. The name didn't mean anything to him. She had brown hair and green eyes and fair skin. She probably wasn't an Indian. But "Broken Arrow" sounded like a reservation. He dropped the wallet back in her bag and waited.

"I just got my period..."

Soon she came bouncing out. She held a white plastic bag with the Phillips 66 logo. She plopped down in the car. Dan could see a box of Tampax and Always Ultra-Thins in the bag. She had gotten other things too like the large bag of barbecue chips that she opened and started munching on.

Dan never ate in his car and never allowed others to do so. But he didn't see a common hitchhiker in his car, he saw a woman blessed with a shedding uterus. Kim put a handful of chips in her mouth, noticed Dan staring at her, and froze.

"Want some chips?"

Dan smiled. "No, sorry, I didn't mean to... uh, what to go to Amarillo? I know a great steak place."

"Mmmmm... steak. Yeah, I haven't eaten much today."

The drive was only about 100 miles and it was only 2 in the afternoon. But he figured he could find something for the two of them to do in Amarillo until dinnertime. He had to keep her with him. He wasn't some raging psycho, he wouldn't hurt her or not let her go. He wanted to talk about her period all the way to Amarillo, but knew he wouldn't get past the Texas Welcome Center with her. "So Kim, did you elect to use a pad or a tampon? When exactly did your period start?" Nah, wouldn't work at all.

The car glided into Texas where Dan picked up I-40. He set the cruise at 80 mph and turned his attention to his potato chip munching passenger.

"Where are you from?"

"Tulsa."

Dan nodded. "Do you go to school here? Grow up there?"

"Yeah, both."

Kim went back to her chips.

Dan let the silence go as long as he could. It seemed like eternity, but it was all of about two minutes.

"Do you always travel light?"

She looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"We're nowhere near Tulsa and you only have that little bag."

"What the fuck does it matter to you?"

"Shit", he thought, "I've blown it again." Composing himself, "I apologize Kim. It's none of my business." He was going to leave it there, but couldn't help but add to it. "Sorry, I see a pretty woman on the side of the road miles from home... I was worried if you were okay."

"I can take care of myself just fine!"

"I know, I know." Dan wanted to point out she was miles from home with no money, food, or tampons, but didn't.

Dan let the next 20 miles pass without a word. Inside he was screaming. He had a young, beautiful, vulnerable, menstruating woman in his car. He wanted to hold her, to taste her, to make love to her. Hell, no he just wanted to fuck her. He wanted her to smear him in blood. He wanted to change her pads and tampons. Why was he cursed with this fetish? He had recently found a couple of online forums full of others, men and women, around the world who shared his fascination with menstruation. He was so relieved. Still, every woman he ever dated was lukewarm at best about her period.

He had learned about them when he was 9 years old. His best friend, Eric, had an older sister. Eric showed Dan her stash of feminine products under the bathroom sink and told him what they were for. Dan thought it was so cool. He immediately decided he had to "use the bathroom" and took several so he could take them home. That night after he had supposedly gone to bed, he opened a pad first because it looked most interesting. It was so soft. He rubbed it against his face. He opened another that was just like it, but smaller, a mini-pad. He liked the maxi better. He found the adhesive strip. Eric had told him girl's bottoms bleed. Maybe the adhesive was to hold it like a band-aid, but it was on the wrong side. He unwrapped the tampon and couldn't make heads or tails of it. A plastic tube with a string hanging out of it. It took him a while to discover the plunger, but even then he didn't put two-and-two together. He hid his goods in his desk drawer. He never figured out what happened to them. If his parents found them, they never let on.

Kim was once again staring out her window. Dan decided to break the silence.

"Have you ever been to Amarillo?"

Kim shook her head without looking at Dan. "Nope."

That was all she was going to say. Dan went back to daydreaming about his fetish. He remembered going over to Eric's one day. Eric led him into the bathroom. "I've got to show you something." The two went in. Eric shut the door. He walked over to the wastebasket and pulled out a wad of toilet paper. He unwrapped it. Dan could see red. Eric showed him a used maxi-pad. Eric tossed it at him and said "Ewwww! You touched it!" as Dan caught it. He touched the surface of the pad. It was slightly wet. "Aw, geez, you stuck your finger in it! You're sick!" Dan looked up at Eric who had a disgusted look on his face. Dan wrapped the pad up and dropped it back in the wastebasket. He then pretended to scratch his nose, but was actually sniffing his fingertips. He could detect the faint scent of blood. He was very excited, but didn't quite know why. Eric turned and opened the bathroom door. Dan discretely licked his fingertips. He could faintly taste blood. Before he left for the day he used the bathroom. He found the pad and took it home. Once in bed that evening he pulled it out. He sniffed it, touched it, even licked it. The phone rang. He could hear his mom talking on it. He panicked. Was it Eric's parents calling to report the missing used pad? Dan wrapped it back up and stuck it under his bed. He stayed awake until after midnight. He snuck downstairs, opened the kitchen trash can and stuffed the pad inside a macaroni and cheese box which he then stuffed inside an old cereal box. His parents didn't take the trash out until that following evening. The whole time the pad called out like Edgar Allen Poe's Telltale Heart. Soon the pad was on its way to the landfill.

Dan and Kim neared the outskirts of Amarillo. Kim became animated again. "Hey, can you stop at that Wal-Mart?"

Dan looked out the right side of his car. Texas uses frontage roads that run parallel to the Interstate. He would have to exit, do a U-turn drive east to the next exit, U-turn, then pull into the Wal-

Mart.

"Sure, whatcha need?"

Dan thought to himself, "Yeah, what can I buy you now?"

"I got blood all over these panties, so I need another pair. Almost maybe a change of clothes." She paused. "I have money. I mean, I don't have money on me, but I have money. I'll send you a check for all of this, I promise. I probably need deodorant. A bra."

Since she mentioned blood, Dan asked casually, "So, those items you bought back at the gas station didn't protect?"

She looked at him and smiled. "What?"

She didn't catch the reference. "Sorry, blood on your panties. The, er, items you bought."

"Oh, it was too late. I got my period this morning and did the toilet paper thing you know. Or you don't know probably. I had forgotten about it, but then I started to get really bloody. Isn't this grossing you out?"

Dan shrugged. "I don't care."

She smiled and patted him on the thigh. "You're a good man."

Dan parked and they walked in. Dan pushing the shopping cart while Kim dropped stuff in. She first got a 5-pack of Hanes Her Way panties in assorted colors. She walked up a little more and grabbed two bras. Dan noticed they were 34-B. He thought she was more of a C cup, but wasn't going to argue. She walked a few more feet and picked up a pair of jeans, a skirt, a blouse, and a couple of t-shirts. Dan couldn't believe how much the cart was filling up. The pair walked over to the toiletries section where she got some deodorant. Dan asked if she needed a toothbrush, toothpaste, brush, etc. She either had everything or said she'd borrow Dan's, a statement he found interesting.

They checked out. Kim spoke quietly to him. "I'm going to go into the bathroom to change clothes. Can you run out to the car and get me a tampon?"

Dan was ready for this. "I was just going to get a hotel room in town. You can just change there."

He was careful not to invite her to spend the night, just change.

"Thanks, that'd be much easier given what a mess I am. Can you still get me a tampon?"

Dan resisted the urge to sprint to his car while pushing the shopping cart. He tossed her stuff in the back seat, then reached into the gas station bag. He noticed the box, well, package of pads was still closed, but the Tampax box was open. She was wearing a tampon now. He grabbed a tampon and slipped it into his front pocket. He looked around then opened the ratty bag she had been carrying. It was too big to be a purse, but not quite backpack sized. And it was mostly empty. He found a date book. It was the standard cheap calendars that places like Wal-Mart sold for \$1.99. He flipped it open.

She had made large dots on January 27th and February 23rd. He did some quick calculations and decided those had to be period dates. She hadn't marked March, but he figured it was around 22nd or 23rd. There were other notes about meeting so-and-so, a dental appointment, etc. He realized she was waiting for him, so he dropped the calendar back into her bag and hurried back to the store. He found her waiting outside the bathrooms.

"Don't worry, I'm just here bleeding to death."

"Sorry, I just... I wasn't gone that long."

"Just give me my tampon."

At that moment a fat woman and her chubby school age daughter walked by and gave Dan a dirty look. He handed Kim her tampon. She gave him a peck on the cheek and scurried into the bathroom.

Dan used to watch "Saturday Night Live" religiously. One of his favorite skits from the 80's was one about the ladies' room. In the skit two men dressed as women and walked in and discovered food better than what was being served in the restaurant. Free massages, free pedicures, hunky men offering sex. No wonder women spent so much time in there. Even though Kim seemed like a cool chick, she was still a chick and spent what seemed like forever in the bathroom. He wished it had been October. He could've found a skeleton in the Halloween section and dressed it in his clothes leaving it for Kim to find. Eventually she emerged.

On the way to the car Kim asked if Dan could find a hotel before going to dinner. He gladly agreed. For one it'd give her a chance to clean up. Two, he didn't know where the hell to find a steakhouse in Amarillo. He had heard they had great ones, but maybe it was Abilene. Maybe Amarillo was run by a bunch of vegans and no one ate meat at all. He'd ask when he checked in.

Dan drove further into town and pulled into a Holiday Inn Express. Kim waited in the car while he checked in. He asked for a room with two beds. His reasoning was she would be more willing to spend the night if she had her own bed. He liked her and she was sharing her period somewhat with him. He didn't want to run her off with just one bed. Soon they were walking into the room. Kim made herself right at home and announced she would be taking a shower. And she did.

While the shower was running, Dan flipped open his laptop and Googled on "Broken Arrow, OK". It pulled up thousands of links of course. The first few dealt with real estate. He choose the Wikipedia entry. Broken Arrow was a suburb of Tulsa and was fairly affluent. He then launched Google Earth and found the address on Kim's driver's license. It appeared to be a large, upscale house with a pool. Sometimes Google Earth was off by a house, but the homes on either side also had pools. Apparently Kim was neither trailer trash nor a native American.

Finally the water stopped. He could hear her in the bathroom probably drying off. She stuck her head out of the bathroom. She had made a turban out of the towel and had another towel around her body covering her breasts down to her upper thighs. Nothing personal showed.

"Can you hand me a pair of panties and a maxi-pad?"

Dan hopped up and fulfilled her request.

"What color panties?"

"I don't care, I'll be wearing jeans."

"Need a tampon?"

"Nope, still have the old one in."

He pulled out the pink panties from the package, then broke open the Always package and took a pad. He handed both to her. She smiled and disappeared into the bathroom again. She kept the fan running, but he could hear her opening the yellow package and thought he could hear her sticking it to her panties. He took a few steps away from the door to the sink and brushed his teeth. She came out minus the turban. She almost shoved him out of the way as she reached for the hairdryer mounted to the wall. Something about women always amazed him. When he wrapped a towel around his waist it'd fall off after walking three steps. She was holding her arms above her head, drying and brushing her hair and the towel didn't budge. She walked over to the first bed and fished one of the bras out of the Wal-Mart bag. She removed the tags and adjusted the straps.

"Would you mind going back to the other bed while I get dressed?"

While very disappointed, Dan smiled and lied down on the bed. She stood in the bathroom area out of his sight. He heard the towel drop, tags get removed, teeth getting brushed, and water running. About ten minutes later she announced she was ready to eat. She looked great.

The clerk at the front desk was named Narha Patel. He asked her about a steakhouse which was akin to asking a Muslim where the nearest Honeybaked Ham was. She suggested a few. He picked the one closest to the hotel and wasn't impressed. Kim, on the other hand, ate everything on her plate. This girl, well, woman, couldn't have weighed more than 120 pounds, yet she ate like a lumberjack. Probably her age. He couldn't believe he had known this woman for only 6 hours.

They drove around downtown Amarillo. There was stuff to do, but nothing sounded too exciting. Dan suggested a movie, but she wasn't interested. He suggested they go back to the hotel. That idea she liked.

Normally Dan took a shower in the morning, but he felt sticky from the day's adventures, so he took a quick one. He came out wearing boxer shorts and a t-shirt. He looked in the sink and saw that Kim was soaking her bloodstained panties in the sink. The water was tinged pink. Kim had stripped out of her jeans and was lying on her front, head propped up, watching television. He noticed her bra lying on the floor. She wore the same t-shirt and could see her panties and signs of wings. He fluffed up pillows and sat on the bed next to Kim with his back against the headboard. She rested her head on the bed.

"My back hurts."

"All day in the car?"

"No, my period."

Dan nodded. "Want me to rub it?"

"I don't think it'll help, but go ahead."

He rubbed her lower back through her shirt.

"You have to go lower."

He rubbed along her panty line.

"Can you put your hand right on my back? I need your warm hands for this to do any good."

Dan very respectfully lifted her t-shirt up about a third the way up her back. He pulled her panties down an inch or two and started rubbing.

"Is that helping?"

"No, but it feels good."

Dan rubbed some more. She had him make minor adjustments, but seemed to enjoy her back rub. Then he kissed her on the back.

"Did you just kiss me on my back?"

Oh great! She was using the same tone she used when she thought he was questioning her in the car.

"Yeah. I couldn't resist. You kissed me in the Wal-Mart."

"And that gives you the fucking right to get me into your hotel room and start kissing me?"

Dan began wondering if this woman was totally stable.

"Look, I'm sorry. I'm an accountant. I work 60 to 70 hours per week. I haven't had a serious girlfriend in years because I'm always at work. I'm on this trip to blow off steam. You show up. You're flirty. You're cute. You're god damn fucking gorgeous. Then your period."

She laughed and then said, "My period?"

Dan felt the blood rush to his face. He figured he was blushing like a fire truck about now. He couldn't believe he said that.

"You mean you find bitchy, gassy, bleeding women to be attractive?"

"It's a long, confusing story."

She gave a short giggle. "You know, you seemed to be very attentive to me when it came to my period. I knew something was up."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you gladly bought me tampons, but when you saw me munching on the chips you didn't offer to feed me real food. I hadn't eaten since yesterday."

She was right. If she had mentioned hunger instead of menstruation he'd probably have left her at the next town.

"Well, Christ, give me a break. What are you doing miles from home without money or anything. How did you get to that podunk town anyway?"

"It's a long, confusing story. Look, can we just go to bed?"

She was spending the night.

"Yeah, why don't we. It's been a long and confusing day."

Kim turned her body around and got under the covers.

"Do you want me to do something with my panties in the sink?"

"I can hang them over the towel rack or something if you'd like."

"Can you?"

Dan wrung her panties out. She couldn't see him. He looked and saw they were still quite stained. The metal towel rack sat over the toilet. He hung the panties over one of the bars. He doubted they'd be dry by morning, but didn't know what else to do with them.

The small room with the shower and toilet had no wastebasket. While he brushed his teeth he peered inside that one looking for a used tampon or pad. All that was in there was the yellow pad wrapper. She had been in and out of the bathroom. She probably flushed the tampon and was wearing the same pad. At that moment he felt a hand on his back. It was Kim. She was holding a yellow wrapper. She went into the bathroom and shut the door. He wondered if she noticed him looking in the wastebasket. Hell, who cared? The cat was out of the bag. He heard her pee, then rip the old pad out, open the new one, and put that one in. He heard her take about a mile of toilet paper presumably to wrap up the pad. She flushed, pulled up her panties, and walked out. Dan was still lingering around the sink. She dropped the wad of toilet paper in the wastebasket and washed her hands. Dan walked in to take a piss. What he needed was to whack off. The sexual tension inside him was boiling over. He decided not to because with his luck she'd walk in to see the period lover masturbating and she'd call the vice cops on his ass.

Dan flushed, washed his hands, turned out the lights and walked over to the second bed. He pulled down the sheets and was about to get in.

"What are you doing?"

Dan couldn't see Kim, but sensed she had turned his direction.

"I'm getting into bed."

"Come snuggle me."

Dan didn't need to be told twice. He climbed into bed with her. He wrapped his left arm around her. She adjusted her right arm and moved his hand to her breasts. He cupped them. "Yeah, B cups.", he decided.

"So, my period turns you on?"

"Oh, no!" he thought.

"I told you, it's a long and confusing story."

"I like bedtime stories."

Dan sighed. "I feel like some kind of freaky pervert about this."

She spun around and faced Dan. The room was dark, so they couldn't see each other. Maybe the darkness would make it easier to be honest.

"Look, I don't care. I don't think it's perverted. You've been very sweet to me. No other guy I've ever known would go to the car to get me a tampon or rub my back for me. But to be turned on by it? My God, if I saw a bloody pair of panties in my sink I'd throw up and kick the girl out of my room."

"I don't know what it is. Ever since I found out about periods I just thought they were so cool. Women's bodies are so neat."

"Yeah, neat. Periods, pregnancy, yeast infections, sore breasts, cramps it's a blast."

"I know it's not fun. But I find them to be so erotic, so feminine. I can't have a period, so I try to empathize with women who are and make them feel better."

"You do this for every hitchhiker you pick up?"

"No, no. You're the only one I've picked up. Women I've dated."

"What did they think of this?"

"Well, I dated a girl in high school. I picked up quickly when she was on her period. The first time we fooled around I asked her about her period. I asked everything. Did she use tampons? When did her periods start? Did she love having periods? She told me the questions were really weird and wouldn't answer them. About three weeks later I knew her period had started, I was keeping track. She broke up with me."

"Bitch."

"Yeah, I know."

Kim giggled.

"Did any woman answer your questions?"

"Eventually. I dated one woman in college. We were sleeping together. But during her period she'd disappear. I'd see her with friends on campus, but she avoided me. Other times of the month she was great. I think I pushed her too hard. I couldn't know enough about her period."

"My senior year I was dating a school teacher. She had just graduated. At first she was great, telling me whatever I wanted to know. But that didn't last. She said I only loved her for her bleeding vagina. I ignored her the other 23 days of the month."

"Did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Ignore her."

"I guess I did. You have no idea what this fetish is like."

Kim giggled again. "Maybe in your next life you'll come back as a woman." She then yawned and rolled back over. "Snuggle me again and let's sleep."

Dan positioned his hand again on her breasts. He kissed her neck. She patted his ass and said "Good night."

Dan woke up around 7:12. They had gone to bed early the night before. Kim was lying on her front. Her t-shirt was bunched up just below breast level. He kissed her on the cheek. Kim rolled over onto her back. Instinctively Dan look at her panties. There was enough light coming through the openings in the curtains allowing her to see some light staining on the front of her panties.

"I have to go to the bathroom!" she said almost as one word.

Kim sprang up and went into the toilet. Dan walked over to brush his teeth. He could hear her peeing, but didn't hear a pad rip.

"Do you have any Tylenol?" she asked after she walked out.

"Just aspirin."

"Give me four."

"Four?"

"Period headache. Give me four or I kill you."

Dan complied.

Kim plopped down on the bed and groaned. Dan walked over to her. Even though her eyes were

closed and her right arm over her face she knew he was coming. "Don't touch me! Just take a shower and give me time to wake the fuck up."

Dan stood in mid-stride torn between hopping in the shower and doing something, anything, to make her feel better. He decided he should take a shower. He walked into the tub-toilet room and shut the door. Kim had used every single towel when she showered the previous day. One had blood on it. He went to take a piss, but was so erect he had to sit down lean forward. He would've hosed down the walls had he stood. While he showered his erect member shouted "Stroke me! Stroke me! Just like you used to do!" He turned the water to cold. He quickly decided cold showers were just an urban legend. It didn't make him stop thinking about Kim.

Dan stepped back into the hotel room proper. Kim was lying on the bed in the same position. She was silent. He walked over to the sink and shaved. The curtains continued to let him some light. He glanced back at Kim. She was still lying motionless. He dropped the towel. He looked back. No reaction. Oh well. He walked over to his suitcase and took out the day's clothes. After dressing and brushing his hair he walked over to Kim and kissed her on the square inch of forehead that wasn't covered or blocked by her arm.

"Wake up sleepy head", he said in a soft voice.

Kim groaned as she stretched. "What time is it?"

"7:53".

"Oh my God, you have me up at this hour?"

"Ever been to Santa Fe?"

"Where?"

"Santa Fe, New Mexico. Want to go?"

"How far is that?"

"I'm not sure. Probably a 4 or 5 hour drive. I promise I'll feed you along the way."

Kim moved her arm down and smiled. "Gee, with a proposal like that, how can I refuse?" She sat up and rubbed her temples. "I tell you Dan, periods are a lot of fun. My head is pounding, I feel like I'm going to puke, and I'd swear I was sitting in wet mud."

She swung her legs around, sat for a second, and stood up. She walked into the bathroom, but before closing the door, she stuck her head back out and said, "By the way, you have a cute ass." then shut the door.

"She saw me!", thought Dan, a thought that made his day. He took his normal position outside the bathroom door by the sink. He was starting to feel like a stalker. He heard her pee again and heard the pad rip and heard the toilet paper roll spinning. Before he heard a flush the door opened and she was handing him the wad of toilet paper and pad.

"Can you throw this away for me? Thanks."

As soon as he had it, she shut the door. The bundle was still warm. How he wanted to open it. He was betting it was very bloody. She had worn it for over ten hours, actually more like eleven. And it was the first day of period, probably very messy. Had she wrapped it up in such a way she would know if he unwrapped it and wrapped it again? He heard the shower turn on. Did she know he was standing there? Had she known all along? He dropped the bloody gift into the wastebasket and went back to the bed they had shared. He propped up the pillows and turned on TV to CNN. The usual crap was on. Kim was very quick in the shower this time. He turned the TV off and waited for her to come out.

She came out as she had last night. A towel wrapped tightly around her torso and a turban on her head.

"Can you hand me a tampon?"

Dan had to look around the room for a second. He had moved the gas station bag to a chair on the far side of the room next to the air conditioner. He took out the lucky thing and handed it to her. Standing in the middle of the room she opened the wrapper, used a dangling piece of towel to dry her crotch, then inserted the tampon. Dan couldn't see anything as he was still standing and thought suddenly sitting on the floor at her feet would be a little conspicuous. She pulled out the now bloody applicator and handed it to Dan along with the wrapper.

"Can you take care of this for me?"

Dan stuck the applicator back into the wrapper and non-chalantly walked over to the sink and dropped it in the wastebasket. In that short amount of time Kim had dropped her towel and had her bra on. It was the same one she wore after she shower the night before. Dan had a great view of her ass as she slipped on the khaki skirt. He could see her string dangling. He also noticed she wasn't wearing panties.

She had to have known he saw her, so he asked. "Need a pair of panties?"

She turned around unfastened the turban and started drying her hair with the towel.

"Nah, it's too hot for panties."

"Just a tampon?"

"I'll be fine", she said with a faint smile.

She walked over to the sink, brushed her teeth, used the hair dryer, and put on make up. She slipped on the same shirt she had worn to dinner. She grabbed her ratty bag, the Wal-Mart bag, and the gas station bag. She stood a second, then consolidated everything into her ratty bag.

"Will you feed me breakfast before we hit the road?"

"Of course!", Dan said offering her his arm. She touched his elbow suggesting the hold hands instead, which they did to the elevator.

"Dammit, give me the key."

Dan handed her the key card to the room. She ran in and came back out with the panties he had hung on the rack. They appeared to be damp. She shoved them into her bag.

The approached the elevator. The doors opened. The compartment was empty. Just as the doors closed she dropped her bag, embraced Dan, and planted an enormous kiss on him. She whispered into his ear. "If you plan on sharing a bed with me tonight and not making love to me I'm ditching you right here!"

Dan's member woke up again.

The two drove to the western end of Amarillo and stopped at an IHOP. Dan ordered a stack of pancakes. He loved pancakes. Kim ordered two eggs, bacon, pancakes, and grits. He had never seen a woman eat so much food. After the waitress had left, Kim picked up the container of bright red strawberry syrup, poured it on his pancakes and said, "Eat this blood in remembrance of me and my period." then she giggled. Dan hated the fruity flavored syrups. God had intended pancakes to be eaten with maple syrup only. But how could get mad at this fun-loving young woman. She was such a free spirit.

He tried to imagine his pancakes soaked in Kim's menstrual blood, but still, it was just the sugary, overpowering strawberry taste.

Soon the pair were zipping down I-40 at 85 mph. Dan sped the car up a little. He had a reason to reach Santa Fe as soon as possible. Kim was not being kind. She positioned her body so her back rested against the seat and door. She spread her legs and inched up her skirt just enough to give him a glimpse of her vulva. Okay, her pussy. Who calls it a vulva? She played with her string. Dan reached over and tugged lightly at her string. She giggled and trapped his hand by closing her thighs tightly together. He countered by tickled her. He swerved off the road which sobered both of them up. Still, she gave him glimpses of her prize every so often.

Dan stopped the car at the New Mexico welcome center. He did for three reasons. One, he was anal about time and insisted on setting his car clock and watch to Mountain time. Two, he wanted information about Santa Fe, he had never been. And three, he had to piss like a racehorse. Kim's bladder need relief too. Dan noted she didn't have her bag with her.

"Pull the car over to that picnic area."

Dan looked. There was a picnic area. No one was over there. It was a little early for lunch and summer had come early to these parts. No one wanted to be in the sun.

Kim grabbed him, kissed him, and said, "You can change my tampon."

"Here?"

"Yeah, here. You can't go in the ladies' room with me."

Dan looked around. There was no one around. He reached down in her bag and withdrew a tampon. He set it on his car console. He picked up back up, opened it, then set it down on the wrapper

in the same location on his console. He looked around again. A semi went by, but it was at least 30 yards away. He wrapped the string around his index finger and started to tug. He didn't expect so much resistance. It wasn't much, but there was some.

"You might want to grab a napkin."

Kim had grabbed a fistful of napkins at the gas station. Dan reached in with his free hand and took a couple. He held them below the opening of her vagina. The tampon slid out. Only the top half or so was bloody. It plopped into the napkin. A string of blood stretched back into her vagina, then broke leaving a small bloody bubble on her. He wiped her with the napkin and set it on the dashboard. He picked up the new tampon.

"Do you know how to do this?"

"How hard can it be?"

"I didn't get it the first time."

Dan repositioned himself, placed the tip of the tampon at the opening of her vagina and pushed it in. Kim grunted.

"You're pointing it the wrong way."

She repositioned his hand. Okay, it was harder than it looked.

He eased the applicator in.

"This isn't very easy." she grunted.

"Should I stop?"

"No. Just... keep... going."

He had it in as far as he thought it should go, then pushed the plunger. In it went. He pulled out the applicator.

Kim checked that it was in okay with her fingertip.

"You did a good job for a tampon virgin."

"Gee, thanks."

"You haven't done that before have you?"

"No."

"Changed a pad?"

"No."

"This might be your lucky day." She kissed him. "Want to hang that tampon on your rear view mirror as an air freshener?"

"Tempting. Tempting. But I think I'll throw it away later."

"What if a cop stops us and searches the car?"

Dan hadn't been stopped since he was in high school. But she had a point. He gathered everything and walked over to the picnic area to throw it all away.

Dan pulled onto I-40 towards Albuquerque. New Mexico had 75 mph speed limits in these parts making him feel safer about his 85 mph speed. Kim kept fingering herself.

"Did I not do that right?"

"No, you did fine. I just want to check it. I'm not wearing any backup protection. I'm sure it's okay."

"Ever have an accident?"

Kim laughed. "I could talk about them the rest of the way to Santa Fe."

"That many?"

Kim just shrugged.

Kim resumed looking out her window. Dan had assumed until this point she was ignoring him. Now he began to believe that was just the way she was. He wanted to learn more about her. On one hand he wanted to know more about who she was, why she was in that hick town in Oklahoma. On the other we wanted to discuss periods with her.

"When did you get your first period?"

Kim turned around in her seat and faced Dan.

"You mean like which day?"

"Well, yeah. Or how old were you?"

"The only reason I remember it is because it was Christmas morning."

"Merry Christmas!"

"Yeah, right."

"How old were you?"

"I was almost 12."

"What was it like?"

"Well, blood started to come out of my vagina."

"I know that. I mean, what was the experience like?"

Kim shrugged. "What do you mean?"

"Come on, getting your period has to be one of the biggest events in your life. It's up there with your first baby. Your wedding day. Things like that."

"I've never gotten married and never been pregnant."

Dan wondered if he should just drop it.

"What were your thoughts?"

Kim shrugged again. "This sucks?"

"Weren't you excited?"

"Not really."

"You're kidding me?"

"No, I'm not." Kim repositioned herself in her seat. "I mean what else is there to say?"

Dan thought for a moment. "I'm not sure. It just seems like you'd remember that day forever."

"The only reason I remember it is from the embarrassing Christmas morning pictures."

"What happened?"

Kim leaned back in her seat facing the windshield.

"My mom bought me these white pajamas with Christmas wreaths and candy canes on them. She insisted I wear them every Christmas Eve so I'd be in them for Christmas morning. By the time I was nearly 12 they were skin tight. I felt something wet there, but didn't put it together with me getting my period. My mom noticed the blood stain. We had no pads or anything in the house. It was..."

"Wait, no pads or anything? What did she use?"

"She had an emergency hysterectomy after I was born."

"Oh."

"So it's 8:30 in the morning on Christmas. She had to drive into downtown Tulsa just to find a drug store that was open. She acted like I ruined Christmas or something. And then we get the pictures

back from Christmas morning and can see the stain on my pants. It just sucked."

"I'm sorry."

"Why, it's not your fault."

"I know. I just hate hearing it wasn't a positive experience."

"Is it ever?"

"I don't know."

Dan paused, but couldn't stop the flow of questions.

"So she bought you pads?"

"Yeah." She paused. "Tampons would've been a little rough on an 11 year-old."

"What kind?"

"How in the hell should I remember?" Kim said with a sarcastic giggle at the end.

"I don't know. I mean, I guess if I were a woman I'd have remembered these things."

"Trust me, you wouldn't."

"When did you start using tampons?"

"You're just full of questions aren't you?"

"I'm sorry, do you want me to stop asking?"

"Well, no, but there's other parts of me than my uterus."

Zing! He should've known that was coming.

After a pause for breath Kim answered. "I don't know. Maybe I was 13? It was so I could go swimming."

"Do you remember that?"

"Yeah, it was no big deal. My mom told me how to use them. I went into the bathroom and stuck it in."

Dan let a mile or two pass by.

"How'd you end up back there in the sticks without any money?"

Kim blew air out of her mouth so as to make her bangs flutter. "Can we go back to talking about

my period?"

"I'd love to, but...", he let the sentence drift off.

"But what?"

"You've been sort of secretive about it."

"I had this horrible accident when I was 14..."

"I just want to know more about you."

"Blood ran down both legs and filled my shoes..."

"How do I know you're not in trouble with the law?"

"There was so much blood I attracted sharks..."

"How do I know you're not underage?"

"It was the first shark attack ever in Oklahoma. CNN covered it. You probably heard about it..."

"I promise I won't turn you in if you're in trouble."

Kim used a fake newscaster voice, "Shark attack in Oklahoma because stupid girl forgot her tampons."

They both sat silently with only the soft noise from the road permeated the BMW.

"Oh God, I feel so stupid."

Dan reached over and patted her knee. "Why? I'm sure it wasn't your period that attracted the sharks."

"Will you stop it. This whole... this whole thing."

"Tell me what's going on."

Kim took a deep breath. That didn't calm her so she took another, longer and slower.

Dan saw tears welling up in Kim's eyes. She wasn't exactly crying, but she was clearly upset.

"I know this is really, really dumb and you probably think I'm a stupid kid."

Dan just sat listening.

"I have great parents and all. But they're loaded. I mean, I don't know what my dad does exactly, but we live in this gigantic house, we go to the country club all the time. I just... I just feel like I don't belong. It's like I have nothing in common with them. I hate money. I don't see any point in it."

Dan thought back to all of his finance and economics classes. He knew the textbook answer, but for now was going with the flow so to speak.

"I started seeing how far I could go with as little money as possible. Without looking I'd grab a bunch of bills out of my wallet, leave them at home, and travel. At first I'd go to downtown Tulsa on the bus. But that got old. Then I went to Oklahoma City. I felt like those monks in Tibet or Thailand or wherever who just travel with no possessions. This time I took too much money out of my wallet and went too far. I ended up in that pathetic little town, Erick was it called?"

"Yeah, that sounds right."

"I slept in the fucking park. Here I am, the princess of Broken Arrow, salutatorian of her high school, sleeping in a park. I knew I was screwed. I could've called my parents, but it would only have proven them right and me wrong. I had no money on me, my period started, I was crampy, weepy, I just wanted to go home. So I started to hitchhike. I felt like some cheap slut standing on that corner. I was there for hours. I couldn't get the nerve to put my thumb up. A cop kept driving by giving me a dirty look. The locals all looked dirty. Then I saw your car. I figured someone in a Beemer wouldn't hurt me or anything. Or maybe you'd give me twenty bucks to go away. And here I am, being whisked away by a handsome stranger to parts unknown."

She looked over at Dan and smiled.

"That's it?"

"What do you mean 'That's it?'"

"You didn't kill anyone?"

"No."

"Didn't rob a bank?"

Kim laughed. "I told you I don't like money."

"Didn't rape anyone?"

"Well, no one yet."

"How old are you?" Dan knew the answer, but wanted to hear it from her.

"I'm only twenty."

"Only twenty?"

"How old do you want me to be?"

"Just eighteen or older seeing as how I've crossed two state lines with you."

Kim just sat there.

"Kim, do your parents know where you are?"

Kim let out with a very fake laugh. "I've been doing this for almost five years now. I've been gone overnight. They never knew I was gone."

"Brothers? Sisters?"

"Only child."

"It's really funny."

"What is?"

"I grew up in a working class neighborhood in Philly. My dad worked at a light bulb factory. I wasn't a very good student, but managed to get into Penn State. I majored in accounting because I liked math and loved money. I didn't have any, but I loved it. I got a job with one of the big accounting firms in Dallas. My parents are still back in Philly working their asses off. I keep telling my dad to invest, to pull his savings out of that 1% savings account and buy stocks, make his money work for him. He won't do it."

"And this is... funny?"

"Maybe not funny. You grew up with money and hate it. I grew up without it and love it."

"There's more to life than money."

"I know and I do appreciate what I have. I don't let money own me, I own it. I bought this car on credit, but paid off my 48 month loan in 24 months. I had to bite the bullet on borrow money to buy a house, but I got a 15-year mortgage and I'm paying it down quickly. Yes, I splurged on this car, but I don't own frivolous stuff. I know guys, hell, hundreds of thousands of dollars in debt between their mortgage, their boat, their cars. It's crazy."

Kim nodded.

"Handsome stranger?"

"What?"

"You called me a handsome stranger."

"Yeah."

Dan just smiled at her and patted her knee again.

A couple of more miles passed.

"Thank you."

Dan looked at Kim. "For what?"

"For understanding me."

"You're welcome."

The two held hands and the New Mexico landscape sailed by.

Dan so didn't want to bring up her period again, but he just couldn't stop.

"How did your period sneak up on you like that?"

Kim looked at him.

"Don't you know when it's coming? Can't you tell?"

"Actually I can't. I don't have PMS or when I do it's very minor. Usually I just go to the bathroom and see blood."

"Don't you keep a calendar?"

"How would you know about keeping a calendar? Oh wait, you know more about menstruation than me. Yeah, I do, but sometimes I forget. Hey, do you have a pen?"

"In the glove compartment."

Kim fished out her calendar and found the pen in Dan's glove compartment.

"When did I get my period?"

"Yesterday."

"It was just yesterday?"

"Yep."

"Seems like a week ago."

She make a large dot, a period, on yesterday's date. She flipped back to March.

"Yeah, I forgot to mark March. Dammit!"

"Don't you always carry a pad with you?"

Kim looked at Dan. "You sound like my mother."

"I do?"

"You should always be prepared for your period, Kim, you never know. You could bleed anytime. You could have breakthrough bleeding..."

She dropped the calendar and Dan's pen back in her bag. Dan almost said something about the pen, but let it slide.

"I hate carrying those things around, especially when I don't need them."

The two continued along the road making small talk. They approached the exit for US-84 that would take them to Santa Fe. Kim pulled up her skirt and was looking down there.

"Dan, can you stop at the next exit. This tampon is falling out. My string is red."

"I didn't do a very good job did I?"

"It took me a few tries to get it right. Just please hurry."

Luckily an exit was less than half a mile away. Dan exited and pulled into the first gas station he saw. He stopped at the pumps. Kim fished out a tampon, gave Dan a kiss, and promised to think of him while she was changing her tampon.

Kim walked out just as Dan was putting the nozzle back in the pump. They got in at the same time.

"Is there a law that says all gas station bathrooms have to be absolutely disgusting?"

"That bad?"

"I wish I could pee standing up."

"There's actually a website about that."

"And you know this, why?"

Dan shrugged. "Just an interest."

Dan headed up the highway. This definitely wasn't an Interstate. He had to slow to 60, even 50 in places. Still, Kim's words rang in his ears: "If you plan on sharing a bed with me tonight and not making love to me I'm ditching you right here!" He so wanted her and was hellbent to get to Santa Fe as soon as possible.

Both were mostly quiet just admiring the surrounding beauty. Dan did get one more question in: "Which came first boobs or her period." He said her period by far. She really did need a bra until she started school the following year.

Dan got his car into Santa Fe at 1:59 PM local time. He thought he made pretty good time given the stops and the road from hell. The skies were clear and cool. He knew Kim would need a sweater or sweatshirt. She'd look really cute in one. Kim pointed out a Travelodge that she thought "looked cute". Dan had no loyalties to any hotel chain, so he pulled in.

"What do you mean we can't check in until four?"

The clerk behind the desk sighed. "Sir, check-in time is at four. It's hotel policy."

"But I need a room now."

The clerk's eyes darted to Kim, then back to Dan.

"I can appreciate that sir, but I can't let you have the room until four."

Kim whispered to him, "Let's just wait until four."

Dan looked back at the clerk, then at Kim, then walked out to the car.

"I cannot believe the bureaucracy. I know they have a room clean and ready for us. There's no reason to make us wait."

Kim shut her door.

"What's the rush?"

"I want to share a bed with you."

"I want to too, but..."

"I really want you."

"I might disappoint you."

"How can you possibly disappoint me?"

"Well, I'm not very experienced."

"Are you a... have you?"

"Am I a virgin?"

"Are you?"

"No."

Dan wasn't sure if he was relieved by that or not.

"It was silly thing with a boy I knew growing up. We were in ninth grade. Our parents were good friends. They came over for something, we were in my room watching TV, something we had done since kindergarten. He said he wished he knew what sex felt like. I let him have me. He came as soon as he entered me, got scared, got dressed and ran off. We tried again a few days later. It wasn't any better. I told him I didn't want to try it anymore, I was worried about getting pregnant. And that was it."

Dan nodded. "Okay, you don't have to explain everything to me."

"Just details about my period?"

Dan stared at her. She grabbed his ears, pulled him close, kissed him and said, "You're so cute when you don't know what to say to me."

They drove into the historic part of town, parked, and walked. Dan picked out a green sweatshirt that made Kim's eyes glow. She liked it. He bought a matching one. Both thought it was corny, but what the hell. At 3:45 Dan suggested they head back to the hotel.

"You're one horny bastard, Dan."

"I'm male."

They pulled up to the hotel at 4:05. Dan's heart fell. There were several cars parked in front of the lobby. Kim wanted to wait in the car. Dan ran in. There were three groups checking in ahead of him. There was someone else working the desk. The first guy appeared to be a business traveler. He was quick. Next came two women. At first Dan thought "lesbos" but decided they were two frumpy housewives on a trip. The sign behind the clerk said all guests must present a valid credit card and photo ID. A small sign sitting on the desk said the same thing. When the clerk asked for their credit card and ID, both women looked at her like she was from Mars. After a pause they went rummaging in their purses. "Oh my God", muttered Dan. One woman was able to produce a driver's license, the other a credit card. The clerk explained she needed the ID and credit card from the same person. They didn't understand why. One of them shuffled out to the car to get her driver's license. In the meantime the clerk typed a bunch of information into the computer. She finally handed them a keycard. They didn't understand how that opened a door. The clerk explained it. Three times. They then asked about where to eat. What to do. What parts of town to avoid. Could they tour the Capitol. Dan's blood pressure was soaring. Finally the two biddies moved on allowing the couple ahead of him to check in. They spoke a language that Dan guessed to be Dutch. Fortunately both spoke English better than he did. They had their credit card and passports ready. It was his turn.

"I'd like a room, non-smoking, one bed."

The clerk typed some information into the computer.

"Do you have a reservation?"

"No."

She typed some more. Before she could ask he handed her his Visa card and driver's license. She typed more. And more. And more.

"How many guests will be staying?"

"Two."

She typed more. And more.

"Your room rate is \$89.95 per night plus taxes. How many nights will you be with us?"

"Just one night."

She typed what had to have been the opening chapter of "War and Peace".

She handed Dan his keycard and explained where his room was. He thanked her, grabbed the cards, and ran off.

Dan hopped into the car and raced around back. He saw the frumpy old ladies standing outside the building with enough luggage to keep them a month trying to figure out how to get inside. The sad thing was hotels didn't usually lock those doors until after 11, all they had to do was open the door.

Dan flew into a parking place, popped the trunk, and hopped out. He grabbed his suitcase, shut the trunk and walked over to Kim's side of the car. She was slowly gathering her things.

"Ready?"

"Would you calm down?"

Dan waited what felt like three weeks for her to get out. He opened the door for her, walked to the elevator, and rode up to the second floor. They could've walked faster, but didn't want to appear impatient. They arrived at room 204. Dan opened the door, held it open, Kim walked in and sized up the room. Dan dropped his suitcase, turned the air conditioner down, and folded the bed down. Kim smiled, slipped off her shoes, pulled off her shirt, unfastened her bra, dropped her skirt, and lied down on the bed on her back. Dan was still standing there. He quickly stripped and got into bed with her. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him. "Have you ever had period sex?"

Dan didn't want to think about sex with anyone else at this moment, but he answered. "Yes. Why?"

"How messy is it?"

"Not as messy as you'd think."

"I don't want to leave the hotel with bloody sheets."

"I'm sure they see worse."

"Yeah, but they'll know it's me."

"So."

"So, I don't want them knowing I bled over their sheets. They'll know what we were doing."

"I'll take them to a laundromat."

"Promise?"

"Yeah, I promise."

She held Dan, then slid her hand to his erect penis.

Dan reached around and touched her from behind.

"My tampon is still in."

Dan took that to mean, "Don't penetrate me yet, my tampon is in."

Kim kissed him and said it again more firmly. "My tampon is still in."

Dan understood. He pulled on the string and out it came. He reached behind him and set it on the other side of the bed. They kissed some more and slowly fondled each other. He had known this woman a little over twenty-four hours and he was making love to her. He started kissing her neck. He moved down and kissed both breasts, taking time around her nipples. He moved down to her stomach, then headed lower.

"Oh, Dan, no, you don't want to, I'm a mess and..."

Her weak protests stopped the moment his tongue darted across her tender clit. Kim thought she had orgasmed, but wasn't sure. That stupid kid certainly didn't bring her to climax. She had masturbated when she was a lot younger, but was that the same? She spun her body around and had Dan spin the other way. He continued to lick her, to kiss her. She squeezed his ass and brought his penis into her mouth. She had always wondered what it'd be like to suck a guy. She loved it. She couldn't believe it, but she loved it. The feeling of his cock in her mouth was ecstasy. Dan used his left hand to finger her and his right to massage her breast and tweak her nipple. The four sensations, his fingers, his tongue, his breast play, and the piece of flesh in her mouth spawned her into orgasmic fury. She couldn't believe it. It seemed as if every pore on her body, every hair follicle, every cell was climaxing. She didn't want it to stop, but she couldn't take any more. She released Dan from her mouth and nudged his face away. Dan raised his body and Kim spun around so her head was back on the pillows. Dan held his body over hers. She grabbed his erect member. He eased himself onto her. She guided him inside her. She gasped when he penetrated her. He completely filled her. It felt wonderful. He got into a rhythm which she quickly matched. He kissed her. She kissed back, gently biting at his lower lip. Dan raised his upper body up. She ran her hands across his chest. She continued running her hands over his head, down his back, and clawing his ass. He tensed. She could feel him pulsating inside of her. She hoped she had pleased him half as much as he pleased her. He came to a rest on her body. They rolled over so both were on their sides, holding each other as if their lives depended on it. Kim spoke first.

"Dan, that was the most incredible experience in my life."

Dan wasn't sure what to say. "You're a great lay!" just didn't seem right.

"I wish that could've lasted forever."

They just lied there with only the sound of their breathing and air conditioner filling the room. Kim drew small circles across Dan's chest.

"I never knew sex could be so good.", Kim said.

"Sex with you is wonderful.", he added with an emphasis on "you".

She squeezed him tight. He reciprocated. She didn't say anything, but Dan could hear, could feel, her stomach rumbling. This girl had a ferocious appetite. They never did eat lunch he realized.

"Okay, Dan, blood is running up my butt crack. Why don't we take a shower and you buy me dinner?"

He ran his hand near her butt crack. She swatted his hand away.

"What are you doing?" she said with wide eyes before she planted a kiss on him. "I'm a mess and I'm going to mess up this bed."

At this point Kim was more on top of Dan than beside him. She rolled off of him and stood on the floor.

"Ewww! God, Dan, I'm sorry. Blech!"

"Why are you apologizing?"

"Look what I did to the bed. And you."

"Will you stop it! There's nothing gross about your period."

"Dan, will you look at yourself. It looks like you were shot." She paused. "I'm dripping, let's take a shower and go eat."

Dan rolled off the bed and followed her into the bathroom. Kim sat down to pee while Dan started the shower. She leaned forward and grimaced like peeing hurt.

"Ewww!"

"What?"

"I felt a big glob of something plop out of me."

"It was probably me."

Kim wiped and started to flush.

"Are you going to go?"

"Yeah."

Kim grabbed two wash cloths and got into the shower. Dan stood and peed. Right after sex he peed like a woman. It went all over the place. He noticed Kim left some blood on the seat. She cleaned that up too, flushed, then joined her in the shower. The water was a faint pink, but after Dan entered it

briefly resembled a river of blood before fading again. Kim was wetting her hair. Dan filled his hand with shampoo and washed her hair. She seemed to enjoy it. She soaped up a washcloth and washed his groin area of all the blood. He did the same for her, but had to bend down to do it. He started to wash up into her butt crack, but she took the washcloth and did that. She rinsed it out and handed it back to Dan. He scrubbed her back. He was amazed at how they seemed to read each other. They finished bathing each other, then washed themselves in boring places like between their toes and behind their ears. Kim turned off the shower. Dan hugged her from behind. She let him hold her, then spun around and returned the embrace. Dan stepped out grabbed two towels and handed the to Kim as she stepped out. Instead of taking them she held her arms in the air. He transfixed on her breasts when she did that. When he came out of his daze he wrapped her in a towel. He had no clue how to tie a towel turban, so he placed the second towel over her head like Little Red Riding Hood. He kissed her and grabbed a towel for himself. Both exited the bathroom. Kim had to readjust the towel. Dan just didn't have the knack for securing a towel to a naked body.

Kim lied down on the bed avoiding the blood stain. She spoke.

"I'm going to wear a pad tonight."

Dan was in his suitcase and he noticed Kim had put the package of maxi-pads in there. He grabbed one and walked it over to her. She looked at it and smiled.

"I'll need some panties."

She had also stuffed her package of panties in his suitcase.

"What color?"

"Something you like. I'll be in jeans, nothing will show through."

The next one in the package were yellow. He liked yellow. He walked the pad and panties back to her.

She looked at him. "I need the pad inside the panties."

She was sitting there like a little princess, but she was so incredibly cute and sharing her period with him, how could he refuse. He opened the wrapped and removed the pad. He tried to hold the panties and attach the pad, but needed three hands. Kim laughed.

"Why don't you put the panties on, it'd be easier."

"You mean on you?"

"No, I mean on you. Just up to your knees."

"Uhhh..."

"Oh come on!"

Dan did exactly that. The panties wouldn't have gone much farther. They were tiny. But now the

crotch of her panties were held tight. He attached the pad, folded the wings over, removed the panties and handed them to her. She held her feet up playfully. He took the hint and put the panties on her. He got them up to her thighs. She lowered her feet and raised up her butt. He pulled the panties up, the kissed her.

"You have to check."

"What?"

"Is the pad positioned right?"

He pressed the pad into her and felt the perimeter of it. He spoke in a fake German accent as if he were a wise, old-world doctor.

"Vell, having examined you veddy vell, I can convirm the sanitary napkin is centered over the opening of your vagina assuring your vuterus can shed vithout fear of accidents."

"Very good. No stop wasting time and get dressed, I'm starving."

Kim sprang off the bed, avoiding the blood stain, and quickly slipped on her jeans and her new sweatshirt. She skipped her bra, a detail not missed by Dan. She put on some lipstick and was ready to go. For a woman she got ready fast. Hell, for a man she got ready fast. Dan was still lacing up his shoes when she tugged on him to go.

Kim insisted they stop at the first restaurant they saw which was "Tres Verdes Chilies". The server was a young woman named Maria. She took their drink orders. Kim ordered a margarita. The waitress looked at her.

"I'll need to see your ID."

Kim's heart fell.

"Dan, is my purse in the car?"

Dan knew she wasn't of drinking age.

"No, you left it back in the room, remember?"

Kim turned back to Maria. "I'm 23."

Maria shook her head. "I'm sorry."

Dan spoke up. "Two Cokes then."

Maria smiled and walked away.

Kim held Dan's hands on the table and said in a quiet voice, "Why is it I can travel across the country and have mind blowing sex, but can't have a margarita?"

Dan held up his hands.

"I think the laws suck. It's the 1% of the people who screw it up for the other 99%."

"Do you think she'll report me?"

Dan shook his head. "Nah. You didn't use a fake ID. You did lie about your age, but I can swear you said 20. You just didn't know the drinking age in New Mexico. They have bigger fish to fry."

Maria brought their Cokes and took their order. Dan ordered two shrimp tacos with rice and beans. Kim ordered the steak and chicken combo fajitas, black beans, rice, extra tortillas and lots of sour cream. And a chicken quesadilla for an appetizer. The two made small talk while they waited for their food. She told him how she spent three semesters at the University of Tulsa and how she hated it. He began to understand a little more about her. She grew up in a conservative household. It wasn't Republican, George Bush conservative. It was don't make the wrong impression conservative. She was her parents' showpiece. Her parents had her path through University of Tulsa, then Oklahoma Law School mapped out. She just wanted out. Kim was funny, cunning, pretty, and incredibly smart. A lot smarter than him.

The meal ended with Kim eating every last tortilla chip molecule and even snacking off Dan's plate. He had seen her naked. She was as thin as a stick. Where did all that food go?

Dan paid the bill and they walked back to the car.

"Where to?"

Kim looked at him. "Where the hell do you think? Back to our hotel room!"

Dan looked at the clock in his car. They had eaten an early dinner.

"It's 6:11."

"Meaning I only have another 5 or 6 hours to bang your brains out."

Dan looked at her. "I think I bang your brains out."

"Oh, is this a male domination thing?"

"You're supposed to lie back and think of England. It's unwholesome for a girl to think lusty thoughts."

"And what will you be thinking about?"

"That's easy. A young woman I picked up by the side of the road in Oklahoma."

"So you have a history of picking up stray tramps from the streets."

"Yes, but only wholesome stray tramps with stunning green eyes."

Kim paused. "Nah, I think I'll bang your brains out."

"Okay."

By this point they were already back at the hotel. Dan's clock read 6:15. Kim did pick the first restaurant she saw. Suddenly Kim gasped.

"What's wrong."

"What did you do with my tampon?"

"I set it on the bed."

"After that?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"What if someone finds it?"

"Oh my God. They'll know... woman... have... periods!"

"Yeah, but it's my period."

"Who would be in our room?"

"The maid?"

"At 6 PM?"

"You never know."

"It's still on the bed. Trust me."

And it was. Dan picked it up and tossed it in the wastebasket.

"You didn't wrap it up."

"Why would I?"

"So people can't see it."

"Everyone over the age of 10 know women have periods. Why hide it?"

"You don't understand do you?"

"I try."

"I noticed something else."

"What?"

"Since I banged your brains out, you haven't once mentioned my period. Lost interest already?"

"Oh? No."

She wrapped her arms around him.

"My bloody little vagina no longer interests Dan?"

Dan reached his hands down intended to yank her sweatshirt off. Unfortunately it got caught on her head and hair. She removed it and tossed it on the floor.

"You're going to pay for that."

"Oh, I am?"

"Pay!"

"How?"

"I am a woman on her period. You don't fuck with me."

Kim pushed him down onto the bed. He sat there. Then he grabbed the waist of her jeans. He quickly unfastened and unzipped them. He stuck his hand into her panties.

"Why you are on the rag aren't you?"

She kicked off her sandals and pulled her jeans off.

"Yeah. I'm on the rag."

"Get that nasty twat away from me."

"Nasty twat?"

Uh oh, was she no longer role-playing?

"Yeah. Get it out of here."

Kim pushed Dan so he was lying on the bed. She ripped his shirt off. He pretended to fight back, but not much. He slid off his shoes and she stripped his shorts and underwear off.

"Nasty twat?"

"Yeah. Nasty with a capital 'N'."

Kim slid her panties off. Her pad wasn't very bloody, but it'd have to do. She rubbed it across his mouth."

"Get that nasty rag away from me."

"I'm so tired of hearing the word 'nasty' out of you."

Kim climbed on top of Dan placing her crotch right into his face.

"Is that 'nasty' enough for you, Danny?"

Dan was through with role play. He was licking her with fury.

Kim decided the game was over too and went down on him.

It took Kim a little longer to climax this time. The sensation wasn't as new. But it was better. Much better. Dan lasted much longer in her. They found themselves in the same hugging position.

"Dan, that was amazing."

"Yes you were."

"Do you know how much I hate the word 'twat'?"

"Most women do."

"If you weren't so gorgeous, I'd have to leave you."

"So, you're only interested in my looks."

"Your looks." She kissed him. "Your penis." She kissed him again. "Your sexual skills". Another kiss. "And that whole you're a nice guy thing."

"Good thing you said I'm a nice guy. Otherwise you were sleeping in the street."

"I'm sure I could find another horny, period fascinated man in town."

"Right."

"There are hundreds. Thousands. I'd just dangle a tampon and they'd start making bids."

"Bids?"

"Yeah, I could be driving a Mercedes and living in a mansion tonight if I just flung a tampon. Let me get that out of the trash."

Kim pretended to get out of bed. Dan grabbed her and kissed her hard.

"I believe I had the winning bid."

The two held each other for a while longer. It was only 7.

"I probably should put my panties back on at least."

"Why?"

"Uh, I have my period."

Dan shrugged. She held her panties, but dropped them to her lap.

"Please don't tell me you expect me to bleed all over the bed tonight?"

"It'll be fun. And it's not that messy."

"Not that messy? Look at us. Look at the bed. You're washing the sheets, right?"

"Maybe."

"You're incorrigible."

She tossed her panties into a chair and got back into bed with Dan.

The evening wore on. They made love three more times. Dan wanted one more, but Kim said she was tired. Actually her legs were tired. Against her better judgement she slept naked with no tampon.

Dan woke up first around seven. He seemed to have a built-in alarm clock. He looked over at Kim. She was flat on her stomach, her head facing him. She was drooling on the pillow. He couldn't help but check. The sheet stuck slightly to her ass. Blood was smeared between her upper thighs. He couldn't see any more in the low light. He got out of bed to pee. He was a bloody mess. He found a blood clot in his hair of all place. That being the hair on his head. He returned to bed and kissed Kim on the cheek, then the neck, then her back. She started to stir.

She stretched and rolled over, then grimaced.

"Ouch."

"What's wrong?"

"My hair is stuck to the sheets."

She worked herself loose. Dan peeked under the sheet. She was a mess.

"Okay, my butt is in a pool of blood."

"Well, you have your period."

Kim looked under the sheets.

"Oh my God. She held her mouth like she was going to vomit."

"What's wrong."

"I'm hopping in the shower, you're not stopping me."

She got out of bed. Dan really didn't know how messy she'd be. No woman had ever agreed to this. He read a woman loses like a tablespoon of blood or something. Kim looked like she had half-a-gallon dried on her. She went into the bathroom. He flipped on the light and started to remove the sheet.

"Whoops."

Dan only heard the tub run. It sounded like she was cleaning herself with a washcloth. She came out, still a little bloody, but cleaner. She saw the bed. When she did she covered her mouth with both hands.

"That is never coming out."

"Relax, I'll find a laundromat."

Kim walked around to the other side of the bed and got under the covers.

"I thought you were going to take a shower?"

"I want to fuck you one more time. Or I did until I saw that mess."

"I'm all yours."

"Can we skip the whole oral thing. I know you like it and we skipped it once last night."

"Do you get anything out of sex when you don't orgasm."

"I do. I like being near you. I like pleasuring you."

Dan felt her. She was moist. It was probably mostly blood. It took a little effort to slide inside her. Her vagina felt swollen. He came. It wasn't as explosive and wonderful as the previous day, but it was good.

"Okay. Shower time."

Dan followed her cue into the shower. They cleaned each other up.

Afterwards Kim was back in the room in her standard towel and turban. She got out her skirt to wear again along with her sweatshirt.

"Need a tampon?"

Kim gave him the look of death.

"I am so sore down there between my period and having you inside me 19 hours yesterday. Pad

me a panty." Dan shrugged. He picked a mint green pair of panties. By placing them on the bed he was able to secure the pad. He helped her into them, checked the fit, and kissed her. She slipped on the skirt and her sweatshirt without a bra.

"Now go wash these damn sheets."

Dan removed the sheets. There was a mattress pad underneath which was also bloody. He took that off and the mattress had a fresh stain.

"Great, not messy huh?"

Dan wadded up everything, grabbed his wallet and keys and promised to be back as soon as possible. And he was, about five minutes later. Without the sheets.

"Where are the sheets?"

He stared at her with a slight grin.

"Did you throw them out?"

"You know those stairs, the ones we never take because we can't make out like we do in the elevator?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you know where they go?"

"Downstairs."

"Right in front of the housekeeping closet."

A look of shock overcame Kim.

"There were three maids there. They didn't speak much English. I don't know much Spanish. They wouldn't let me leave with the sheets. I showed them part of the stain."

Kim put both hands over her mouth again.

"I said 'girlfriend'. They laughed. They grabbed the sheets. Then they saw the stain."

"I can never show my face here again."

"The look on their faces was priceless. I wouldn't be surprised if the Santa Fe Police show up here looking for the murder victim."

"I gave them \$20. That's \$20 each."

"Okay, can we go?"

They took the elevator down. As they passed through the lobby the youngest maid saw Dan. She did a double-take and looked at Kim.

"Was that one of the maids?"

"Yeah, she's a maid."

"You know what I mean?"

Dan shrugged.

"Can I have the keys while you check out?"

Dan handed them to her.

A few minutes later Dan got into the car.

"Ready?"

She looked at him.

"Did that go okay?"

"Yeah."

"Where are we going?"

"Colorado?"

"Can we eat somewhere out of town?"

"I'm sure we can."

About an hour out of town they stopped at a small diner. Dan never expected to find a diner, well, a real diner, out west. This one wasn't bad. Kim was in a much happier mood. About two hours later they were in southern Colorado. It was cold and the wind was terrible. They stopped at a scenic picnic area. There was no traffic and certainly no picnickers. The mountains in the distance were still snowcapped.

"It's beautiful."

"Yeah, they're not the only iced peaks. I should've worn a bra."

Dan looked at Kim. Really looked at her. Her sandy brown hair was plastered against her rosy cheeks in the cold wind. Her green eyes radiated. She was the most beautiful site in the world.

"Kim, I have a crazy idea."

Thinking the "sleep without a tampon" idea was the craziest she couldn't wait for this one.

"What?"

"Let's drive to Vegas and get married."

She blinked at him. And it registered.

"Married?"

"Yeah, let's go. Now. We can be there in a couple of days."

Kim looked at the highway sign in the distance. A pickup drove by. She grinned.

"I don't like the way this is going."

Dan's heart fell.

"I mean look Dan. That sign says the road goes north. Vegas is west."

He looked at her confused.

"And I don't know how you do things in Texas, but that's not how you propose to an Oklahoma girl."

She brushed the hair out of her face, but it flew back in.

"And you haven't told me you love me."

Dan fell to his knee. Kim was embarrassed that someone would drive by.

"Kim, I know we just met. But these three days have been the most amazing in my life. I cannot imagine spending another second without you. I love you. Will you marry me?"

Dan could see tears in her eyes. She pulled on his arms to get him to stand up. She looked at him for about three seconds, flung her arms around him and said "Not just yes, but fuck yes!"