

The Gathering

Mensa

Mensa, in case you haven't heard about it, is a kind of club for people with high IQs. The qualification is a score at the 98th percentile on any standard IQ test. That sounds exclusive, but it's not. One out of fifty persons in any random group will qualify.

Members get together for lunch or dinner or to play games or to listen to interesting people lecture about interesting topics. Of course, what's interesting to someone may not seem very interesting to someone else. What happens is that members with similar interests find themselves bumping into each other at this event or that.

Local groups — what you might think of as 'chapters' — sponsor get-togethers for their own members and sometimes members of geographically-adjointing groups.

About annually, some groups — almost all of them — hold a 'regional gathering', a weekend-long party at a nearby resort or convention venue. It's an excuse for the extroverts of the group (and those from other groups who migrate to any nearby gathering) to shrug off the ordinary chores of a weekend and party, staying up late, drinking too much, playing games until the wee hours, and... other things.

It's a running joke within Mensa that the term 'regional gathering' was chosen so that the organizers could use the abbreviation 'RG' with a straight face. Most regional gatherings have more in common with 'orgies' than many of us care to admit. Let me give you an example.

Julianna

A moderately-pretty blonde wandered into the Hospitality Suite, poured herself a glass of white wine, and plunked down in a nearby chair. "My feet are killing me," she announced to nobody in particular.

"I can help with that," I told her, and motioned for her to put her foot up on my leg. She complied and I slipped off her pump and began to knead the bones behind her toes, the metatarsals, the source of most foot pain in those who wear high-heels. Her face immediately took on a look of ecstasy as the pain ebbed away.

Her sighs of pleasure — or maybe it was merely relief — attracted the attention of others, some of whom positioned themselves such that if my current client were to wander off they would be available to take her place.

"Are you local?" I asked her.

"Chicago," she admitted.

"I ask because you're rather well-dressed for an RG." I motioned to the sea of T-shirts and sweatshirts adorning most of the revelers. "You look like you've just come from work."

"I have," she admitted.

"And you work... where?" I prodded.

"Pasco & Kleinmann, Attorneys," she said. "I'm one of their staff attorneys. You?"

This is always an uncomfortable question for me. How do you tell someone 'I work for the government; I kill people'? But that's what I do. I work for one of those agencies everyone refers to by its three initials, except that this agency is virtually unknown to the man-on-the-street, and if I told you the three initials your response would almost certainly be 'huh?'. No, I wouldn't have to kill you.

"I drive things... trucks, cars, boats... from point-A to point-B. It's boring but it pays well."

She leaned a little forward, apparently interested. "How well?"

"Depends on what I'm driving," I shrugged the question off. "Porsches, pretty well; Lamborghinis, better; Pontiacs, not so much." She looked like she was getting ready with another question.

"You're insured, I suppose."

"I suppose," I answered noncommittally. "That's somebody else's department."

"What's a typical trip like?"

"Why? Are you looking for a new career?"

She laughed. "No, I saw a related case pass through the weekly staff briefing two or three weeks back. I'm just wondering, that's all."

"The phone rings," I began, "someone in dispatch gives me an address and telephone number, or I get an email. I call and make an appointment to meet with the owner, I stop by to pick up the keys and documentation, toss my luggage in the back seat, and I'm off to Odessa or Oconomowoc. After I drop the vehicle where it's supposed to go, and all the right signatures are on the paperwork, I go to the airport, get on a plane, and come home. Very rarely, I pick up a different vehicle and drive it someplace else. Boring.

"What sort of cases do you get?"

"Juveniles, mostly. Orphans or broken homes, abused, abandoned, adrift..."

"There's enough of that so you can make a living at it?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Too much. Enough business chatter. This weekend is supposed to be fun. That's my mission tonight."

"What sort of fun are you seeking," I asked. "Maybe I can help."

She smiled. "Maybe you can. How about working on the other foot?"

With that, she dropped one foot off my lap and swung the other over to take its place in a move reminiscent of "Basic Instinct" save only that she was wearing panties. I realized I was staring at the motion and raised my eyes to hers. She was smiling impishly.

"Do you approve?" she asked, still staring into my eyes.

I smiled. "Very much so," I confirmed.

"You're not drinking," she noticed. "Can we get you something?"

"We?" I asked.

"The Hospitality volunteers," she explained. "They'll sometimes get you a drink if you're busy with other things." She pointed at her feet.

She waved at a nearby volunteer. "Harold, can we help this guy out?"

Harold was at her side in an instant. "What can I do for you, Julianna?"

She pointed at me. "This fine gentleman is doing important work that can't be interrupted. Would you be a dear and get him something to drink?"

He turned toward me. "My pleasure. What can I get for you, sir?"

"Arizona Sunset," I told him.

"Never heard of it," he recoiled. "What's in it? How do you make it?"

I motioned for him to come closer and I whispered in his ear: "7-Up, grenadine, orange juice over ice, cherry garnish." He winked at me and disappeared, returning soon with my drink.

"Are you staying over at the hotel tonight, Julianna," I asked using her name at last.

"All checked in," she crowed. "How about you?"

"We out-of-towners have little choice unless we want to sleep under a local bridge."

"Save my seat," she instructed as she put her wine down before rushing off, purse in hand. She was back in just a few minutes and re-took her seat, replacing her foot on my knee. "You may continue," she told me with a smile. I resumed my ministrations. After a few more minutes, she said tersely: "other foot", and she swung her legs to position the other foot to receive attention.

It must be a reflex for guys. I couldn't help glancing between her legs as she did the maneuver. That's how I realized she wasn't wearing panties anymore. Whatever had been the reason for her recent absence, it had resulted in the loss of some undergarments. I couldn't help but smile.

"Do you approve?" she asked, smiling.

"Even more than before," I smiled back at her.

She only let me work on her other foot for a few minutes before slipping her pumps back on and standing. "I think I ought to change out of these work clothes and into something more relaxed." She paused.

"Would you like an escort to your room?" I asked, hoping the pause had been an invitation.

"I would." She handed me her room key, a little plastic card in a folder on which was written '1203'. We left the Hospitality Suite, Julianna leading.

Before the door to room 1203, I slipped her card into the slot and opened the door for her to enter. Inside, she handed me the ice bucket.

"Would you fill this for me while I change?" I took the bucket and left to find the ice machine, filled the bucket with ice, and returned it to room 1203. Julianna was in a light robe, standing before her closet, trying to decide between two blouses. "Which do you prefer?" she asked, holding them both out for my approval.

"Is there a correct answer to that question?"

She giggled. "Of course," she assured me, "the truth."

"That one," I said, pointing to a white, lace-fringed one.

"I agree," she told me, and with that she slipped the hanger onto a nearby protrusion, and untied the robe, letting it drop to the floor, revealing her entirely unadorned body, and a very nice unadorned body it was, I can assure you. "Perhaps you'll help me into it later," she continued as she slipped her arms around my neck.

"Perhaps I will," I mumbled through the kiss she used to stifle my objections.

One hand dropped to my crotch and she palmed my now fully-formed bulge. "I think you may be ready," she opined, then turned and, with one finger hooked into the waistband of my trousers, towed me toward the bed. She plopped herself down on the still-made bed, spread her thighs and began to finger her lightly-furred slot. I wasn't about to refuse such an invitation. In fact, from the moment I first saw her I had been plotting to put myself into exactly this position. I kicked off my loafers and undid my belt, letting my trousers fall to the floor, unbuttoned first the cuffs of my shirt, then the buttons marching down the front, peeled the shirt and let it, too, drop to the floor, stepped out of my trousers, pushed my briefs down to the ankles, reached down and pulled my socks clear of my feet. I was now quite as naked as Julianna as I crawled up onto the bed between her legs.

She crabbed backwards to give me more room on the bed and also, I suppose, to position her pussy where I might find it convenient to eat her. I dipped my head and let my tongue find her vulva, then began a long, slow, sensuous caress of tissues that had already started to moisten. She sighed as the sensation swelled, let her head loll back onto the pillows, and began a series of what seemed to be involuntary twitches.

"More," she gasped.

I began to kiss her abdomen on my way toward her lips, pausing briefly to taste her nipples before continuing. Her lips were warm and inviting and, frankly, irresistible, and I didn't resist. While we kissed, she used her hand to guide my penis into her vagina. It was warm and wet and silky-smooth, and I began half-involuntarily to slip my meat in and out until I could detect her twitching had restarted, accompanied by soft moaning that I interpreted as appreciation for my efforts.

We fucked for a remarkably short time — not more than ten minutes or so — before her eyes opened, the kiss broke, and she whispered in my ear "If you haven't taken your pleasure yet, I'll be happy to take care of that later... or you can enjoy me now... and later."

I was just about ready anyway, and after a stroke or two my whole body tensed and I emptied my load into her.

"Thank you," I told her. "May I escort you to dinner?"

Bree

While Julianna was a blonde and reasonably attractive, I freely admit to a preference for brunettes. Bree caught my eye about the same time she caught mine. It wasn't 'love at first sight', but it was certainly 'instant appreciation' on my part, and perhaps on hers as well. Lush brown locks with a hint of rust perfectly framed her oval face. She moved in my direction, although not directly toward me. I began moving to intercept her.

"Major Lang," I addressed her while giving her a salute, "I didn't realize you were in Mensa!"

She smiled. "I'm afraid you have me mixed up with someone else," she explained. "I'm not 'Lang', nor am I now, nor ever have been, 'a major'."

"How odd," I said. "Well, they say everyone has a twin somewhere. You're Liz Lang's twin and you'll recognize her immediately should your paths ever cross. Then what is your name?"

She extended her hand. "I'm Bree Carville. And yours?"

"Dan Benz," I told her, having already selected one of my cover identities for use this weekend. "May I freshen your drink?"

She handed me her glass. "Tanqueray and tonic."

I returned a few moments later after reloading my Arizona Sunset and her T&T, and we sat on a nearby couch to get to know each other better.

She was a high school teacher specializing in chemistry, putting her B.S.-ChemEng degree to work where it would actually bring in some cold cash, and worked in a different part of the state.

"That's a long way to travel," I offered. "What is it about gatherings that would bring you this far?"

She gave me an obvious vertical scan from my head to my crotch and back before replying. "Actually, I come for the sex," and she grinned in a way to make her dimples pucker.

I laughed. "Well, that's straight-forward! Any particular kind?"

She was now smiling broadly. "I'm in a committed monogamous relationship, so conventional casual sex is off-limits, but every now and then I find someone who likes to eat pussy, and we can come to an arrangement. How are you at eating pussy?"

"I won't say it's my strong suit," I admitted, "but I do qualify as a 'gifted amateur'. On the other hand, I'm always looking for opportunities to sharpen my technique. I'm guessing you're prospecting because your boyfriend isn't attending?"

"He works in the oil patch, and he's gone for weeks at a time. This happens to be a working period. So, you want me to critique your style?"

"At your convenience," I told her.

"Good. Follow me. I'm horny as a rhinoceros and all this talk of *cunnilingus* is making my panties damp."

Taking her drink, she rose from her seat and headed for the elevators.

Of course, I followed! Do I look stupid?

She got off the elevator on the 6th floor and I trailed her to room 633 where she used her room card to unlock the door. I held it open and she entered ahead of me.

No sooner was she behind closed doors than she kicked off her shoes, stood and peeled her slacks from her legs, and did the same for her panties. She plopped back on the couch, put her heels on the seat cushion, and spread her legs. "Let's see what you've got," she demanded.

I knelt before her inviting gash, leaned in, spread her hairless outer *labia*, and began to lick.

"More circular motion around the vestibule," she coached, and I adjusted the path of my tongue. "Yeah... now up along the sides... like that... you can tag my clit anytime you're ready."

When I finally did 'tag her clit' I could feel her thighs clench in a very satisfying — for me — reaction. While I worked on her, she managed to unbutton the neck of my shirt and now she tugged it over my head and tossed it aside.

After five minutes or so of *zinging* her with a series of orgasms, she pushed my head away from her crotch and stood up.

"Take your pants off," she instructed as she unbuttoned her own blouse, tossed it, unsnapped her bra, and tossed that.

I kicked off my loafers, peeled my socks, and dropped my slacks.

"Yeah, those, too," she pointed at my boxers. We were now both completely nude. She led me to the as-yet-unused bed and pushed me backwards onto it. My cock was now quite erect. She clambered onto the bed in such a way that she could position her cunt directly in front of my mouth. I took the hint. A few seconds later, I could feel her hands gently caressing my organ, which started involuntarily bobbing back and forth.

"Be careful. You'll make me spout!" She moved down to my much-less-sensitive ball sack and played with it just enough to keep me stiff.

Every now and then, I could feel her body stiffen and her back arch as my tongue delivered another jolt to her nervous system. It was... eerily enjoyable to know I was providing her with so much pleasure. It wasn't as good as having an orgasm myself, naturally, but it was nice all the same.

I licked her and sucked her and toyed with her clit and lapped up a half-pint of lube-juice for maybe twenty minutes before I realized she had taken my penis into her mouth and was working it. I didn't know whether she meant to finish me off, but she was about to, whether she intended to or not.

"You're about to make me spout, baby."

"Mmm-nnn-mmm," she acknowledged, and kept doing what she was doing.

I considered that I had given her fair warning, and went back to working her pink. It couldn't have been longer than three minutes later she let out a muffled yell — muffled because she still had my cock in her mouth — and I knew she had just experienced a monster orgasm. That was all it took for me. My cock started squirting semen and Bree started sucking and swallowing.

"Not bad for a gifted amateur," she allowed, "not bad at all. I would suggest that you put your hands to better use. Stroke the back of her thighs and along the outside edge, caress her butt, massage her back, play with her tits. Your tongue work gets an 'A+' and any girl would be nuts not to let you work her over, but I think I could have had twice as many jumps as I did if you were just a little more aggressive."

"So, can we do this again?" I begged.

"No, I'm afraid not," she said, disappointingly. "There are a couple of 'regulars' that are expecting to de-horn me and I won't have time for a second round. I can point out some likely prospects, though, if you'd like me to."

"I'd like that," I told her.

Heading home

I got Julianna's contact information and Bree's as well before the gathering broke up after Sunday brunch, and both allowed that they wouldn't be averse to getting the occasional call or email from me when my travels brought me into their neighborhoods

Worse things could happen.