

The Lakeside Cottage

Great-grandpa and great-grandma owned a cottage on a lake upstate. My Mom's parents, my grandparents, bought out their siblings' shares when the old folks passed on. That's the story I heard, never having made the acquaintance of either of my great grands. Their children, my Mom and my maternal uncles, kept the property and used to share the upkeep and taxes for the ability to use it as a Summer getaway place, intending to one day sell it and split the proceeds.

About eight years ago, Uncle Jack and Uncle Gary decided to go into business with each other and, needing some liquid cash, asked my Mom and Dad if they were willing to buy them out. That's how the cottage became ours.

Until about the age of fifteen or so, I never went to the cottage except when we all, Mom and Dad, me and my brother, went away for a few weeks in the Summer. Sometimes we rented it out to the occasional tourist at rates far exceeding the monthly cost to maintain it. About then, it occurred to me that it was only a few hours away by train, and that for a small fee, I could use the cottage mid-week when Dad was working and Mom wanted to be home with him after work and it wasn't being rented. My older brother was by then going to school in a distant state and rarely got home where he might use the cottage.

There were several occasions when I would take the train... it was 'New York Central' before it became Amtrak... 2 hours north up the Hudson River Valley, then a taxi out to the cottage. It cost me \$7 for the train and another \$4 for the taxi, and would cost me that again to get home, plus I always had to stop at the IGA in town to stock up on food for the week. I had a Summer job, of course, and savings from previous jobs here and there, and used that to fund one or two trips, and Mom would slip me some cash to pay for groceries. I usually spent the time reading the books that were assigned for the next school year. You can get a lot accomplished when the only things on the schedule are swimming, eating, and sleeping.

Laurel

My then-current girlfriend, Laurel, complained bitterly the first time I disappeared into wilderness without her.

"You know, I have a summer reading list, too. You could have invited me to go along with you."

I got caught by surprise by that. "Would your folks let you go off alone with your boyfriend like that? I mean... unsupervised?"

"The only way to find out is to ask them. When are you going to go

next?"

I had a summer job — at my father's insistence — and getting a week off was *possible*, but I also wanted my boss to believe he could count on me to be available for work when needed. It's not good to be thought of as 'dispensable'. When others were clamoring for hours, I could be magnanimous and offer to let them take some of my shifts and that would free me up for a trip to the lake. When others were not clamoring for hours, I had to be ready to 'pull my weight', as the saying goes.

"It really depends on the job," I explained. "If things are slow, they don't need as many people. If everybody is itching to pick up extra hours, I can let them take my shifts... trade for time in later weeks... and if the boss is in a good mood, I can wind up with free time."

"Well, I'd like a little vacation by a lake where I can work on my tan while I catch up on my reading. Take me with you next time?"

About three weeks later, we had one of those weeks where lots of us part-timers had nothing special we had to do and several of them were fishing for extra hours. I asked my boss if it would be OK for me to trade weeks with some of the others and he agreed.

I called Laurel after I got home from work — this was long before the era of cell phones and instant communication wherever you were on the globe — to let her know. "Pack two bathing suits at least so one can be drying while you're using the other. You'll buy your own train tickets, right?"

She agreed that, yes, she was prepared to pay her train fare.

It took, she told me later, a fair amount of wheedling, whining, and pleading before her mother agreed to let her go with me, but eventually her Mom relented and even gave her a little extra cash 'for emergencies' and some to help with the groceries.

Train service was always spotty on Sundays, and there was no guarantee that the town taxi would be operating if we got there very late, so we went up Monday morning. Going up late, in any case, would mean opening the house in the dark. Sometimes that's not safe. There are bears and snakes in that part of the world.

Grand Central Station is a nuthouse on a Monday no matter what time you get there. We caught a train a little before 10am and got to our destination station a little before noon. The first stop was the IGA to pick up supplies for the week: bread, milk, eggs, bacon, breakfast cereals, hot dogs and hamburgers for the grill, various other stuff. The manager at IGA called us a taxi after we checked out, and twenty minutes later, we were on our way to the cottage.

The path from the road down to the cottage is just a foot path. There was no chance the taxi could deliver our stuff to the door, but it was only about 60 yards or so, so we unloaded our stuff, luggage and groceries, by the mailbox, I paid the taxi driver, and we toted stuff by hand down the hill.

The first task was to switch on the power at the breaker box. We always left at least one outside light switched ON when we left, as well as the hot water heater. Flipping the breaker ON thus gave you positive feedback that power was

available. The water supply and telephone service was left on from the time Dad prepped the house in late Spring until he winterized it along about October.

I unlocked the back door — the one facing the road and away from the lake — and Laurel and I moved our luggage inside and perishable food into the refrigerator. In a few moments, the refrigerator would be cool; in an hour, we would be able to make ice. Before a half hour had passed, all our stuff had been brought down from the road and stowed. Vacation had officially started.

Our first official act was to change into bathing suits and jump into the lake. We spent almost an hour diving off the end of the dock, then climbing the ladder so that we could do it again. This tired us out enough that all we could do at that point was to grab a book and get busy reading. We read until the Sun behind us began to lengthen the shadows.

"Hungry?" I asked, and Laurel admitted she was ready for something to eat. I loaded charcoal into the grill and lit it, then got the makings for hamburgers out. We had long ago learned that keeping ketchup and mustard in jars was a waste of money. We supplied the cabin with those little single serving packets that didn't have to be refrigerated and used just what we needed and no more.

As Laurel and I sat on the deck eating, she cocked her head inquisitively and asked "Is there a TV?"

"Nope. There isn't but one, maybe two, channels you can pull in with a really good antenna, and we figured it wasn't worth it. You can get cable TV, but it's expensive and considering how little it would be used anyway, Dad wasn't willing to pay for it, so we never equipped the place with a TV."

She nodded. "Quiet week," she said softly.

The cabin had three bedrooms, the 'master suite' and two others. Laurel took one and I took the other.

Laurel hardly ate anything for breakfast the next morning. "Anything wrong," I asked her.

"I got my monthly visitor on Sunday," she replied.

I nodded, but my curiosity finally got the best of me. "How does that work?" I asked.

"Menstruation?" she asked.

"I guess."

"As I understand it, my body has this monthly cycle that's connected to reproduction somehow. Getting my 'period' just means that I'm not pregnant. That's a good thing. A girl knows she's pregnant when she misses a period."

"Why?"

"Why does a missed period signal pregnancy? I'm not sure I understand the process well enough to explain it to you."

"I thought girls couldn't go swimming when they're on their period, but you were swimming yesterday..."

"Yeah, in the old days, the answer to 'bleeding from your crotch' was to put an absorbent pad there. If you go swimming with an absorbent pad between

your legs, you get a colossal mess. Nowadays, there are tampons that a girl can wear internally and that allows her to get wet everywhere except where the tampon is. The tampon absorbs the blood without absorbing water and creating a mess, but it's a good idea to change it out pretty soon thereafter anyway."

"Internally?"

She looked at me oddly. "Internally. Your Dad did give you 'the talk' about the differences between boys and girls, right?"

I shook my head. He hadn't quite gotten around to that yet.

She rolled her eyes. "I can't believe I'm doing this..."

"So you don't know how 'sexual intercourse' takes place... Okay, girls have vaginas, and a penis that is adequately stiff can be inserted into a vagina." I nodded. I knew that much. "It's a very pleasant sensation from all I've been told. It's so pleasant that orgasm happens, and the male orgasm squirts semen into that vagina, and if your semen and my egg happen to be in the same place at the same time, we become parents. I will miss my next period because I'm pregnant.

"Eggs are produced in the ovaries which are connected by tubes to the uterus. Every month or so, an ovary will send an egg down the tube, and about the same time, the lining of the uterus starts filling with blood in case the egg gets fertilized and needs to implant. If I have sex around that time, it could happen that the egg will meet your sperm and get fertilized and implant in the uterus — and I'm pregnant.

"If that doesn't happen, the egg isn't needed anymore and it gets flushed along with all that stored blood, and that's called 'getting my period'.

"Anyway, instead of a penis being stuffed into my vagina, I can stuff this little plug of cotton and whatnot called a tampon in there and any blood that leaks out gets absorbed by the plug. Every now and then, I have to pull it out, throw it away, and replace it with a fresh one."

"Pull it out'?"

"Yesss, pull it out. There's a string attached to it so that I can pull the old one out before putting a new one in."

"Isn't it really messy?" I was contemplating what a bloody cotton plug would look like after use.

"It is quite messy and not at all a pleasant experience."

"Would I be totally grossed out if you showed it to me?"

"Only one way to find out. I'll let you know when."

We got busy with our reading lists.

Near noon, Laurel got up and headed for the toilet. She was gone just a few minutes before she called to me: "Hey, Don, come here."

Lying on a wad of toilet paper next to the bathroom sink was a red blob, obviously leaking old blood. "That's what it looks like. Grossed out?"

"No. Amazed."

"Why?" she asked.

"You, yourself, are not covered in blood. How in Hell did you get it out without making a mess of yourself?"

She sniggered and extracted a fresh tampon to use as a demonstrator. "Yes, the string is going to be wet with blood, so I take some TP and blot the string first, then I press that big wad of TP right where the tampon is going to exit my vagina, and gently pull the tampon down into that wad. I never actually touch the tampon itself. I capture it in a wad of TP." She looked at me for some sign that I understood.

"Makes sense," I agreed.

The rest of Tuesday was pretty *blah* after that. We skipped lunch in favor of cheese and crackers, so we were ready with a capital-R when dinnertime rolled around. Laurel showed off her Girl Scout skills by making grilled cheese sandwiches — delicious — and we compared notes on how far we had gotten into our reading — I seemed to be moving a bit faster than she was — and then she hit me with a problem.

"Can we go into town tomorrow?" she asked. "There are a few things I should have picked up at the grocery store when we were there."

We always kept three bicycles in the utility shed behind the cottage, so going into town was no problem. It's only about a mile and a half, maybe a little longer, and we can do that in ten minutes. "Sure. We've got bikes. What did you forget?"

"Not 'forgot', exactly. I didn't pack enough... feminine products. For some reason, I'm going through what I brought much faster than I thought I would. I need to resupply."

"First thing tomorrow," I promised.

We did the dishes and got everything ship-shape, spent 15 minutes swimming in the lake, and then went back to reading until about 10pm. I snapped my book shut and got up.

"Bedtime?" Laurel asked.

"I think I'll wrap the day up with a dip in the lake."

"In the dark?"

I reached for a light switch near the front door and clicked it 'on'. The dock lit up with a half dozen small lights that were just adequate for outlining the shape of the dock and not much else.

"Maybe I'll join you," she said.

I walked down to the dock, looked around, saw no one nearby, dropped my swim trunks, kicked off my flip-flops, and dove in. Laurel arrived a few minutes later, saw my trunks lying on the dock and held them up. "What are you wearing?"

"Skinny-dipping," I admitted.

She hesitated, then peeled the shoulder straps down, stepped out of her one-piece, and dove in next to me. She surfaced laughing. "Gosh, this feels so *different!*"

I stroked over toward her and kissed her on the lips, her breasts pressed to mine, and my boner — it expanded almost instantly when she stripped out of her suit — rubbing against her thigh. Suddenly, my penis felt very warm, and I realized it was because Laurel had wrapped her hand around it.

"So *that's* a 'hard-on'..."

I squirted a whole load of semen into her hand. That seemed to startle her.

"I'm sorry..." we both said at once.

"Did I make you...?" she asked and I nodded. "I didn't realize you were going to react like that."

"It's OK," I told her. "I enjoyed it."

We swam for a short while, occasionally swimming toward each other for another naked kiss before she admitted being tired, and we both climbed back onto the dock. She held out her bathing suit in front of her and was about to step into it.

"I'd rather you left that off," I told her, and she stopped mid-step. Another moment of hesitation, then...

"Okay," and she stepped into her flip-flops instead. We walked, naked, from the dock to the cabin, and locked up for the night. Still naked, we shared a good-night kiss before moving off to our respective rooms.

I guess it's no surprise that I couldn't get to sleep. Around 2am, I got up and decided to sit in the living room until I got sleepy, and noticed that the light was on in Laurel's room. I knocked softly and Laurel opened the door. I was still naked, but she had slipped into a nightgown.

"Trouble sleeping?" she asked and I nodded. "Me, too," she admitted. "Come in."

I entered and sat on the edge of her bed. She bent down and kissed me again and I kissed her back. Without my even realizing it, I think, I began to caress her breasts through the fabric of the nightgown, and I could feel her nipples hardening.

"That's not fair," she whispered. "You're making me real horny and you can't do anything about it without getting both of us into more trouble than we can handle."

"I can't help it," I pleaded. "I just want to be next to you."

"Maybe if we slept together... but no sex! You saw what a mess just a simple tampon was."

"Okay."

She pulled back the covers and slipped into bed. I positioned myself next to her and pulled the covers over. She turned out the light. In two minutes, we were both asleep.

I awoke with the very best hard-on I had ever experienced thus far. It was beautiful! I think Laurel starting to waken had been the trigger for me waking. She turned in the bed and kissed me.

"Did you sleep alright?" she asked sweetly.

"Like a rock. You?"

"Like a rock. Maybe we should do this more often." She swept the covers off to reveal my giant boner. "Goodness! That's impressive! What shall we do with it?"

"The first thing we should do is lose this nightgown. I need to give you another naked hug and some more naked kisses."

She stood to pull the gown over her head revealing her curvy frame before rejoining me on the bed. I pulled her into my arms and rolled her on top of me, sandwiching my penis between our stomachs. I stroked her hair and her back and her ass and continued down the back of her thighs. Eventually, I worked my way back up along the inside of her thighs to the furry patch around the entrance to her vagina. She kissed me even more ardently, so I continued exploring with my fingers and she began to breathe heavily.

"Is that something you like?" She nodded her head vigorously but didn't say anything.

Suddenly, she rolled off me to an empty space on the bed and spread her thighs. "Touch me!" she demanded. I began to gently massage and caress the hair around her pubes while I kissed her nipples, and she began... not 'convulsions' exactly, but close. Her hips began bucking erratically and she began to moan in what seemed to be ecstasy. After a while, she quieted as the feelings subsided. "That was great!" she congratulated me. "I wanted you inside me so badly I was afraid I was going to lose control of myself."

"And that would be bad?"

"Yes," she said, "that would be bad. You're fifteen. I'm fifteen. I could get pregnant. Yes, it would be bad."

"Well, if it's any consolation, I was thinking how nice it would be to be inside of you that whole time, and I still think it would be nice."

She pulled me closer to her, grabbed my still-hard penis and aimed it at her stomach. I reacted much the way I had the previous evening. After just a few moments of finger-play, I ejaculated a load of semen onto her stomach in three strong squirts, a gasp, and a dribble. "Someday," she promised with a smile, then she picked up a dollop of semen on her fingertip and brought it to her mouth. "*Umm, that's* an interesting flavor..."

I tried it myself. "Yukk! That's horrible!"

"Really?" she asked, startled, and swabbed another glob to taste. "No, it's very sweet, isn't it?"

I tried another taste. "No. It tastes like industrial waste!"

She shrugged her shoulders, then swabbed the remainder and licked her fingers clean. I shuddered.

"Let's get breakfast and go into town," she suggested.

While Laurel picked up a fresh box of tampons at the grocery, I went next door to the pharmacy and bought a 3-pack of condoms. Better to have and not need than to need and not have. We also got some peanut butter and some marshmallow fluff before riding our bikes back to the cabin. We had fluffernutters for lunch and went skinny-dipping afterwards, and spent the afternoon reading and soaking up the sun naked. I had a boner almost the whole time. Laurel thought that was really funny. I had a hard time concentrating on what I was reading because I was plotting how I could get that boner inside her vagina.

Finally, I gave up trying to read. I knelt between her legs and leaned in

to kiss her beaver. She lolled her head back as sweet sensations started to radiate out from her crotch. When my tongue started probing deeper into her fur, it found an opening to much softer, sweeter tissue and Laurel started that crazy erratic twitching that stopped just short of convulsions. It sounded like she was talking, but she wasn't saying any words that I recognized. She was, however, holding my head and directing it where she wanted my attentions.

"Donnie, please stop..."

I stopped licking her and lifted my head.

"Any more and I'm not going to be able to resist jumping on your cock and fucking you. No more, okay?"

I half stood and kissed her deeply and she kissed me back just as deeply. When the kiss broke, I gave her left nipple a kiss and a little suck to finish off.

"If you get me pregnant, my Dad is going to chop your cock clean off."

I don't know why I laughed. She wasn't kidding.

When we finally turned in Wednesday night, I didn't even ask her where I was going to sleep. We both slipped into her bed and snuggled until sleep overtook us, and that didn't take long. It was just so... natural... to nestle my naked body against her naked body. I had to actively fight off the impulse to daydream about sex with her, but the effort actually helped, I think, to bring on a deep, relaxing sleep that left us both refreshed and ready for the day about to begin.

Of course, waking up is a joy on those mornings because her first action is to turn toward me and press her soft breasts against mine and tangle her legs with mine, and tangle her lips with mine. One of these days, neither of us is going to be able to resist the urge to tangle her vagina with my penis. I'm dreading it and anticipating it simultaneously. It's a good thing she's on her period. It's one more thing that warns us away from doing something dangerous.

Now that we were comfortable with being naked in each other's presence, we barely made any effort to get dressed at all. We ate breakfast naked, we sat on the porch naked and read together, we went skinny-dipping in the lake and hugged and kissed like Adam and Eve.

After breakfast on Thursday, Laurel came out from changing her tampon and showed the latest one to me. It wasn't blood-red. It was pink, barely tinged with blood.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"I've been changing my tampons every four to six hours since Monday because my flow has been so much heavier than usual. That's why I needed a fresh supply. I usually go five or six days before it's over, but I'm betting I'm on my last or next-to-last tampon for this cycle."

"Okay...?"

"You've been making me hornier than I have ever been before in my life these past few days. How are you feeling?"

"Are you kidding? You haven't noticed my permanent erection? The only relief I get is when you grab my cock and jack me off. How do you think I'm

feeling?"

"Well, then, I have to admit that I really liked what you did with your tongue yesterday, and I'm hoping that you'll do it again, maybe this evening after dinner?"

"Come here," I commanded and she obeyed. I sucked first one nipple and then the other, switching back and forth several times until she grabbed my head with her hands and forced me to kiss her lips. While we kissed, I slipped my hand between her thighs — that she spread apart for me — and caressed her furry pubis until it was wet with her juices.

When she started gyrating her hips, I switched away from her lips and went back to her nipples. She was breathing heavily now, her breath coming in gasps, and her pussy was getting very wet. When she finally calmed down, I glanced at the hand that had been stimulating her and noticed it covered with a slimy pink substance. I excused myself and went to wash it off. It was clearly blood-related, but I did not then know enough about female anatomy and physiology to know how or why.

We managed to calm ourselves down sufficiently to get some more naked reading done that afternoon interspersed with a little naked swimming and naked kissing and hugging in the pond. At one point, my erect penis wound up wedged in her crotch, and it was all I could do to not plunge it into her, but she still had a tampon inserted and I didn't know how much damage it might do to ram that deep inside her.

Just before dinnertime, she came out of the toilet with a tampon dangling by its string, and it was white. "I'm not going home from this trip a virgin," she announced, "and neither are you."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"We should ride into town in the morning so you can buy some condoms."

I went into my room and brought out the box of three I acquired on our last trip. "I have three. Do you think that will do?"

"If it doesn't, we can always ride into town. Put one on. You're making me horny again."

I unwrapped one of the condoms and Laurel watched as I rolled it onto my very long and very hard penis. She took my hand and led me into the bedroom, spread a bath towel across the bed, and laid down with her legs spread. I climbed in atop her and positioned myself between her legs, carefully aiming my cock where I thought it was supposed to go. She used her hand to fine tune my position, and I thought I could feel flesh around the tip of my cock, but I was having a difficult time getting it to go in any further.

"It's my hymen," she announced. "You're going to have to break through."

I tried again, but couldn't bring myself to put that much force on the problem. I shook my head in defeat.

"On your back," she ordered and I complied, lying on the bed with my latex-covered penis pointing at my chin like a loaded gun. Laurel climbed on top

of me, and maneuvered my penis so it was right at the entrance to her vagina.

"Ready?" she asked me, and I nodded. She collapsed her body onto my cock and I could feel it penetrate. She cried out in pain, then lifted her hips and let herself fall back down onto my cock, repeating that until the pleasant sensations began to sweep over her. She lolled her head back and gasped as each thrust delivered another wave of ecstasy.

I exploded into the latex condom. It wasn't long after that that my penis started to soften and shrink, eventually getting so soft and so small that it just oozed out of her.

She rose up and I was surprised to find my crotch area spattered with blood. Laurel herself was bleeding down the inside of her thighs, the blood obviously coming from her vagina.

"You're bleeding," I observed.

"It'll stop soon," she assured me. "Breaking the hymen always causes a little bleeding. My Mom warned me about that. It's normal."

The towel she had laid out to protect the bedclothes was also stained with blood, but not very much of it.

"Let's shower this stuff off," she suggested and I thought that was a good idea. Our shower is roomy for one, cozy for two, but we were long past being bothered by naked bodies in tight quarters. It turns out it's actually fun to help your partner get soaped up and rinsed off.

Laurel was right about the bleeding. It stopped very quickly, quicker, actually, than I expected, and was largely healed by bedtime. Just to be on the safe side, however, we decided to postpone 'round 2' until the morning, at least.

Snuggled together at last, we both drifted off to sleep.

By the dawn's early light, Laurel rolled over to face me, and I came slowly awake in response.

"I would love it if you would fuck me again to help get my day started." As if by command, my penis blossomed to its maximum size.

"Would it be a good idea to check that everything is ready for another session?" I asked. Laurel nodded silently and spread her legs and lifted her pelvis into the air. I spread her pussy lips apart so I could check her vaginal opening for signs of blood, but found none. Since I couldn't resist the sight of that lovely patch of flesh, I kissed her deep within her pussy. She reacted as she had done before to my licking her slot, twitching and gasping.

"Don't stop," she demanded, so I kept licking her and nibbling around the edges. She continued to orgasm. After ten minutes of that, she twisted her body so that she was straddling my head with her pussy in a good position for me to lick it, and I suddenly realized that she had taken my cock into her mouth and was giving me the same treatment I was giving her.

"I'm going to come!" I warned her, but the words were barely clear of my mouth than I began to squirt. I didn't worry about it after that. She had already tasted my *cum* and declared it delicious and had consumed some of it... most of it... so I guessed that she was doing the same with the latest load.

That turned out to be exactly what had happened. When I started

pumping *cum*, she just gulped it down. In a few more minutes, we were both done for the morning. Laurel rolled off to one side of the bed, and I sat up on the edge.

"That was so nice," she said. "Thank you. How was yours?"

"It was great! I'm so happy you like the taste of *cum*. This might be a good way to get our sexual urges out of the way when regular sex isn't an option."

Laurel giggled and I soon joined her. "Of course, I will *still* look forward to getting inside you." She kissed me, and then we headed for the kitchenette to start our day.

This being Friday, the day I had intended to be our last day at the cabin, I had planned to use it to pack and render the cabin ship-shape before heading home.

"Do we *really* have to go back today?" Laurel pleaded.

I used the phone to call the town taxi service. "Do you operate on Saturday?" I asked, and the taxi driver admitted that he sometimes did not, but that he would be available tomorrow. I quickly checked the train schedule for Saturday and mentally calculated when we would need to be picked up in order to make the late-afternoon train down to Grand Central. "I'll call you back in twenty minutes," I told the driver.

Then I called my house to clear it with Mom and Dad. Then Laurel called *her* house for permission to stay until Saturday. Then I called the taxi service back. "I'd like to be picked up not later than 4:00 at the Foster cabin on West Lake Road. I'll need to meet the 4:45 train down to the city. Thanks, see you then."

"Okay, babe, we've got another day."

"Great! I'm going swimming." Wearing nothing but her flip-flops, Laurel headed for the water. I followed.

By late afternoon, we had worn ourselves out in the water and recuperated by lolling in the sun and reading. We had both made huge progress in cutting through our Summer reading lists, and our parents would have no complaints about our accomplishments. They might even let us do it again — which was our major goal for the week.

When dinnertime rolled around, the only thing I craved was my cock inside Laurel's pussy. "Are you horny?" I asked.

"I have been so horny for the last hour, that my pussy is leaking." As if to emphasize what she meant, she swiped two fingers along her slot and showed me the glistening lubrication they brought up. "Are you in the mood to get laid?"

I rose and gave her my hand to help her out of her chair. We went straight to her bedroom where she laid down on her back with her legs spread. "Hurry!" she demanded.

I rolled a fresh condom onto my bone-hard penis and joined her on the bed between her legs. She grabbed my cock and guided it straight into her vagina and began almost immediately to orgasm, her hips gyrating around my

sex organ, while she gasped out a whole stream of nonsense syllables. I nuzzled her throat, kissing it, and occasionally moving off to her lips to pay them some attention.

I was paying so much attention to Laurel's physical needs that I must have defocused from my own. I banged her for what must have been a half hour before she started to calm down. About then, I realized I was still hard, still horny, and still with an unfilled condom. "Are you done?" I asked, and she nodded her head. "Okay if I finish?" and she nodded again. I pulled out of her pussy. "On your hands and knees, please." She rolled over and lifted her ass off the bed far enough that I could stand on the floor next to the bed and plunge right back into her vagina. Not only did it feel absolutely wonderful on my cock, it must have felt pretty good for her because she restarted her hip-twitching and her moaning. I only lasted another four or five minutes before I filled the latex condom and my cock deflated to its non-horny natural size.

Laurel rolled away and lay on her back with a dreamy, angelic expression on her face. "I know why girls get pregnant," she told me. "It feels so good that it doesn't matter whether he has a condom or not. She just needs to feel her man inside her. I love you."

"I love you, too," I told her, and leaned over to kiss her lips. I could feel her hand on my cock, but nothing was going to happen. I was completely wasted after that session.

"Come here," she demanded, "I want to clean you off," and she tugged on my cock to get me moving in the proper direction. With my cock a few inches away from her face, she eased the latex off and took my slimy meat into her mouth to lick it and suck it clean. It felt... nice, but not as nice as fucking her. Then she did something really surprising. She sucked the condom inside out and ate all the *cum* inside it.

"You're down to your last rubber, aren't you? You may need to reuse this one," she said handing me the now semen-free tube.

"I don't think they're reusable. They're meant to be discarded after use."

"Too bad," she muttered, "because I'm going to need another fuck tonight, and one or two more tomorrow before we leave."

"I guess I'll have to go into town early tomorrow then," and I smiled.

Since a 'trip into town' could be accomplished in under a half hour, and since it was still not yet five-o'clock, we raced our bikes into town, I picked up another 3-pack of condoms at the pharmacy, and we raced back to the cabin.

Laurel had by now gotten so comfortable with being nude that she casually shed her clothing whenever the occasion arose to be *au naturel*. Whenever she went nude, I matched her. We cooked nude, we cleaned nude, we did the dishes nude, we swam nude, we sunbathed nude (naturally), we kissed and hugged nude, we lounged on the deck and read in the nude, and, of course, being nude meant that she knew at all times my current state of horniness. She merely had to look at my cock, and whenever I caught her examining my cock, it automatically got hard.

We grilled most of the perishable meats for dinner that night, and largely

cleaned out the refrigerator in the process, saving some bacon and eggs for breakfast. After the Sun went down, we moved indoors to continue our reading assignments, and enjoyed each others' bodies at bedtime before settling down for a long and restful sleep.

As Saturday dawned, Laurel made good her promise to require my sexual services as part of her waking up ritual, and I have to admit I didn't resist her demands. Afterward, she made breakfast while I gathered trash to be put into the dumpster at the end of the rural road that serviced our cabin and several others around the lake. After breakfast, the two of us spiffed up the cabin, did two loads of laundry — wash, dry, fold — made the beds for the next visitors, whoever that might be... maybe us... took a last dip into the lake, and made love one more time before getting dressed, packing our luggage, and running the 'closing up' checklist: one outside light switched on, refrigerator cleaned out, doors locked, shed locked, and finally main breaker turned off.

It was now twenty minutes before 4:00, so we dragged our luggage and the trash bag containing all our week's waste including used condoms and used tampons — you can't flush stuff like that into primitive septic systems — up to the road, tossed the trash bag into the dumpster, and waited for our taxi.

Right on schedule, the taxi showed up at two minutes before 4:00 and delivered us to the train station with plenty of time to spare.

The 4:45 got us into Grand Central a little before 7pm, and we were home before 8pm. Both of us were able to report that we had made serious inroads into our Summer reading lists and were anxious to finish them off by spending another few days in a cottage by a lake upstate.

Tara

When Laurel approached her mother for permission to go off to the cottage for another week just ahead of school restarting, her Mom threw her a curve:

"Laurel, dear, do you think Donald and his parents would consider letting you take your sister along? She also has Summer assignments that might be helped by a week in isolation."

"I don't know, Mom. Shall I ask?"

"Yes, dear, I think that would be a good idea."

"My Mom wants us to take Tara with us to the cabin," Laurel announced. "What do you want to do?"

"I like Tara and all that, but that just sounds like a problem, doesn't it?"

"I can envision problems, yes," Laurel admitted. "Is there any way to work around that?"

"You mean 'hide from Tara the fact that we're having sex off and on'? No, I don't think we'll get away with that. I'd like to have a reasonable excuse to leave her home."

"Is there no way we can work around that?" Laurel asked.

"I don't see an obvious solution," I admitted.

"Okay," Laurel responded, "let's game this out. Tara and I share a bedroom, but I can slip over to your room every now and then..."

"Yeah, but you can forget about skinny-dipping in the lake."

"There's that..."

"Maybe... You know, there are three bedrooms in the cabin. We could give Tara her own room. Then if we got together..."

"That could work," Laurel agreed. "So, should I tell my Mom that Tara can come along?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

At the cabin, Tara very strongly resisted the idea of not bunking in with her sister. "It's an unfamiliar place. I'll feel funny." Laurel and I gave in thinking we'd have to work things out some other way. We all headed for the dock... in our bathing suits.

After a half hour or so of splashing in the water, Tara climbed back onto the dock intending to dive in. Laurel called out to her "I dare you to go skinny-dipping!"

Tara laughed at that, and responded "You first!"

Laurel curled up enough to slip out of her bathing suit and tossed it onto the dock. Tara shrieked in delight. "What about him?" she demanded pointing at me. I looked at Laurel, smiled, then undid the waistband tie, slipped out of my suit, and tossed it up onto the dock next to Laurel's.

Tara's face was white thus having her bluff called.

"Come on..." Laurel called to her, "we've both shed our bathing suits. You next. Let's go."

Tara hesitated for what seemed a very long time before she untied her bikini and let the two parts drop to the dock with the other two. Then she dove in and swam over to her sister.

"Better than swimming clothed?" Laurel asked.

Tara bobbed her head. "I like it. I hope I'll get over my embarrassment..."

"You will," Laurel assured her. "Don and I swim nude all the time when we're up here. In fact, lots of the time, we never get around to getting dressed at all."

"You mean you're naked all day long?"

I had by this time joined the other two. "Yup. We swim nude, we lounge on the porch nude, we eat our meals nude... If you want to improve your tan, that's the way to lose your tan lines," and I smiled.

"So," I continued, "let's see if we can cure you of your embarrassment at being uncovered." I stepped onto the dock's ladder and hoisted myself up. Laurel followed. I reached my hand down to help Tara up, but she managed the climb by herself, and the three of us stood there in the sunlight dripping pond water, slipped into our flip-flops, picked up our bathing attire, and walked back to the cabin.

Tara's skin was by now a lovely shade of pink that was on the verge of

matching her bikini. At 14, she wasn't as well-developed as her sister 16 months older than she, but her breasts were beautifully conical because of it. I was making a conscious effort to not look at her. It just wouldn't do to walk around quite yet with a flagpole, and surely that would only embarrass her more.

On our previous week at the cabin, it was not unusual for either Laurel or me to kiss the other while nude, often accompanied by a loving caress of private parts, but we had privately decided to avoid doing such things in front of Tara.

I pulled up a chair and sat facing Tara. "Now..." She turned her attention to me. "Since this is all rather unusual behavior..." Tara smiled. "...it goes without saying that others need not be made aware of the fine details. Laurel and I are comfortable with each other's uncovered bodies, and we hope that you will soon be as comfortable. If you're not, feel free to get dressed. If you're still uncomfortable, we will even get dressed, too, to preserve your feelings. Understand that should any of this become public knowledge there will be no more mid-week trips to the lakeside cottage... for any of us.

"Is there anything I said that you didn't understand?"

Tara shook her head.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm... adapting," she said. "It's very odd to have a naked boy walking around where I can see every part of his... his..."

"Equipment?" I offered. Tara burst into laughter. So did Laurel.

"By the way," I continued, "you have really pretty breasts. I hope you get comfortable being nude with us, because I really enjoy watching how they move when you walk," and with this, Tara's entire body flushed pink. But she smiled.

Laurel bent down and kissed Tara on her cheek, then turned to me and kissed me as if she were saying *"I'm really horny. Let's go someplace quiet and fuck."* I'm sure my whole body flushed, too.

"Reading," I said, and picked up the last book on my Summer reading list. "When this one is done, I'm all done." I headed for the porch and a comfy chair. Within five minutes, Laurel and Tara had joined me.

We read, as was our custom, until the sunlight began to slide up the trees on the east side of the lake, then I poured charcoal into the grill and lit it. Inside, Laurel and Tara, both still nude, prepped for cooking by getting hot dogs and buns ready. A pot of beans was soon warming on the stove, and we all watched the sunlight fade to black. As darkness crept up on us, the temperature began to fall steadily until we all agreed that we needed some coverings if we were going to stay outside. T-shirts and shorts soon ended our Adam-and-Eve afternoon.

Now wrapped around hot dogs and beans, we sat and watched the fireflies blink in the darkness beyond the aura of the house lights, and made plans for the remainder of the week.

"All we do is eat breakfast, swim in the lake, read when we get tired, have lunch, read some more, swim some more, have dinner, and read until bedtime. That's about the schedule, isn't it?" Tara asked.

"Yup. Pretty much," I confirmed.

"I didn't see a TV," Tara said.

"You're very observant. There's nothing much worth watching on the one or two channels we could get with a good antenna... which we don't have, either."

"In that case," she concluded, "I think I may turn in early and get a good night's sleep." She stood and kissed Laurel on her cheek. Then she kissed me on the cheek. "Thanks for a very interesting and memorable day." She went inside to her bedroom and closed the door.

Laurel stood and pulled me to my feet so that she could wind her arms around my neck. "Feel like a little exercise?" she whispered softly.

"Let's give Tara a chance to drift off to sleep."

Laurel nodded, then kissed me the way she had earlier.

"Is that your '*I'm horny*' kiss?"

"No, it's my '*I'm so horny I'm leaking down the inside of my thighs*' kiss. I can barely wait to feel you inside me. I take it you've brought along adequate supplies?"

"Twelve should be enough for six days."

"...And you can always ride into town if it's not."

"Oh, goodness, you are horny!"

"Darling, 'goodness' has nothing to do with it."

We waited another 45 minutes before slipping into my room, getting properly naked, and into bed. While we kissed, I caressed the furry pelt covering her slot, paying special attention to the little bump, her clitoris, at the front end. I probably didn't need to agitate her as much as I did because when I started she was already, as she had warned me, thoroughly wet. At her insistence, I let her roll the first condom onto my shaft, an action that got my engine started as well. By the time she climbed onto my cock, I was more than ready to enjoy her flesh, and she... she started orgasming almost immediately. I pulled her head down so that I could stifle her noise-making with my kisses. It almost worked.

We made love for, maybe, twenty minutes before I couldn't hold off any longer and filled the little bubble built in to the end of the condom to hold at least some of the semen. My cock goes limp pretty shortly after orgasm and a limp cock won't stay inside a pussy no matter how much we both might like it.

"Can I clean you off?" Laurel asked. I nodded my agreement.

She slowly pulled the condom clear of my limp dick before sucking my meat into her mouth and licking it clean of any residue.

"Thank you, baby," she said while holding out the used rubber, "you did real nice tonight."

"I love to please you. If you enjoyed me, it makes me feel even better than I felt when I had to let go inside you. I can't wait to do it again."

"Me, too. Good night," and she slipped out of bed and my room, closing the door behind her, and joined her sister for the rest of the night.

Tuesday dawned cloudy and rainy. Since jumping into a lake in the rain

didn't get a body any wetter than doing the same in sunshine, we all started the day with a swim, and we all agreed that it was the most refreshing and enjoyable way to go skinny-dipping.

Tara climbed the ladder and lay down on the dock in the rain with her knees up and her legs spread so that anyone following her up the ladder would have a clear view of her pussy. The raindrops spattered across her body and leaked down the strands of her cinnamon-colored hair both on her head and at her pubes. She had, at that point in her life, light brown baby-fine pubic hair that was almost transparent when wet. Her split was, therefore, very obvious. I have to assume the pose was deliberate. I enjoyed it, and I think that was her intent.

The porch had an awning that could be cranked down to provide shade when the Sun got too oppressive, and I had extended it that morning to provide us a relatively dry spot where we could towel off before tracking water into the cabin. Without the ability to sun-dry, our bodies stayed quite damp, and we all wound up wearing terrycloth robes inside the house while we got busy wrapping up our reading assignments.

When Laurel excused herself to use the toilet, Tara looked across at me and asked "How was she?"

"I beg your pardon?" I responded, not sure of what she was asking.

"In bed. How is my sister in bed?"

"What do you mean?" I countered.

"Last night after I turned in, you two went into your room and had sex. I was just asking about whether she's good at it."

"Shouldn't you ask Laurel?"

"I'm asking you. Does she make you happy?"

"She makes me very happy. How did you know we had sex?"

"You're noisy. I should say she's noisy. I know she was having a good time — at least, she sounded like she was having a good time. I was just wondering if you were having a good time."

"I always have a good time when I'm near your sister."

"Did you like my show today? I did that especially for you."

"Why?" I probed.

"You said I had pretty breasts and liked to watch the way they moved when I walked. I wanted to get your opinion about my pussy. Do you like to watch that?" I smiled. "I thought so. Would you like to touch me?"

"You're naughty," I told her. "If your sister knew..."

Tara snickered and the conversation trailed off when we heard the toilet flush. I decided not to share those words with Laurel.

Bedtime Tuesday played out very like bedtime Monday: we waited until Tara had turned in after an active day, then repaired to my room for intimate relations, after which Laurel returned to the room she shared with Tara.

Possibly an hour later, I was roused from sleep by Tara slipping into bed next to me. I was awake in an instant.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"I just wanted to snuggle for a bit."

"You can't be in here. If Laurel finds you here..."

She pressed a finger to my lips. "Laurel is fast asleep. She comes back from your sex sessions completely wrecked. She won't open her eyes until dawn. There's no need to worry about us being interrupted."

"And what do you think is going to happen here?"

"Maybe you'll have sex with me... see if I like it as much as Laurel does."

"Tara, guys aren't ready for sex 24 hours a day. It takes a long time to recuperate from an orgasm. I'm unable to have sex with you for at least another few hours."

As if to check for herself, she took my flaccid penis in her hand and was disappointed with its obvious softness. "Well, that's a bummer! Why don't you play with me for a little while. I think I'd like to have some physical attention from you."

With that, she took my hand and guided it to her crotch and moved it back and forth as if teaching me what I should do. It was such a nice little pussy. I began to caress it and she rolled onto her back and spread her thighs a little further. In seconds, the outer lips had parted and I could feel the wetness of her tissues. She pulled my head in closer for a kiss and I kissed her lips, then moved down to kiss her tiny nipples. On an impulse, I slipped a finger into her vagina and was surprised to feel it go all the way in. Two fingers were likewise able to go in side by side. For whatever reason, Tara didn't have a hymen. Either she wasn't a virgin or some girls just didn't have them to begin with.

Her kissing became more vigorous, and I moved my caressing forward in her pussy until I found her clitoris. As I gently stroked it, her thighs began half-clamping then releasing and I knew she was experiencing orgasm.

I felt her hand wrap around my cock, and I realized I was hard again.

"I want it," she whispered in my ear. I hesitated. "I want you inside me," she insisted.

I reached behind me to the night table, opened the drawer entirely by feel, and extracted a wrapped condom. Still operating by touch in a darkness broken only by a night light, I stripped the wrapping and began to unroll the latex onto my cock which was now in its fully-expanded state. As soon as I was wrapped, Tara spread her legs for me to have unfettered access to her cunt. The lubricated latex slid easily into her vagina and she grabbed my head and pulled me down for another violent kiss.

I began to gently oscillate in and out in short strokes and was rewarded by Tara spasming so violently that she lifted both of us off the bed. I could hear her scream through the kiss, but I don't think the sound escaped. Her next spasm was less violent, and the next less violent still.

"Oh, God," she whispered in my ear, "I didn't realize it was going to be this good. I want more."

I continued pumping her, but it was clear she was winding down. I withdrew and stood by the bed. "Get on your hands and knees."

She flipped over and presented her ass to me. I felt for the back end of her pussy and located the vaginal entrance. I slipped my cock back inside and resumed that gentle in-and-out motion. In moments, I could feel Tara's hips

moving and soon after, her vagina began to clamp and release my cock. She was softly gasping with each clamp.

We continued this for maybe as much as twenty minutes before I finally withdrew since she seemed to be sexually satisfied. She lay back down on my bed.

"Well? How was I?" she asked.

I shrugged. "I didn't come. I must have used it all in Laurel."

"Oh, baby, that's not fair! I want to make you come. Teach me how to do my part."

I stripped off the latex. "You could give me a blow job..."

"How?" I've never done that."

"You take my penis in your mouth and you lollipop it until I come."

"...in my mouth..."

"Yeah, and then you gulp it down."

"Does Laurel do that for you?"

"Sometimes. She likes it, too."

"Okay..." Tara leaned over my cock and let it slide inside her mouth. I grabbed the nearest thigh and pulled it until she crabbed around so I could get my mouth on her pussy. While she licked and sucked my cock, I licked her pussy, its tissues still wet from her earlier excitement. Before I knew it, Tara was enjoying another series of orgasms and was working my meat like a professional.

At last, I orgasmed, but it was just a little squirt or two. I really was all used up from my time with Laurel.

I gave Tara a last kiss and sent her back to her room.

Wednesday was equally cloudy and rainy and we spent much of our time indoors, but since Tara seemed to have become comfortable with being unclothed, we all stayed nude all day. This made it very easy when the urge to take a dip in the lake overcame us. All any of us needed was to slip into flip-flops and walk down to the dock.

"Anybody for a swim?" I asked.

Laurel looked like she was going to agree when Tara caught her eye and gave a very slight head shake. "Maybe later."

I left the house.

Laurel looked over at Tara after I had gone. "What's up?"

"I know you're having sex with Donnie," Tara told her.

Obviously shocked, Laurel hesitated. "Okay... and..."

"And nothing. I just wanted you to know that I know."

"Are you going to tell?"

Tara shook her head. "No. I just wanted you to know. You don't have to hide and make excuses anymore."

"Okay. Thanks."

Tara smiled. "And maybe you'll share the wealth."

"Out of the question," Laurel informed her.

"Tara knows," Laurel informed me later.

I nodded. "With you making so much noise, it's no wonder..."

She glared at me. "She says she's not going to rat us out, but she also suggested she wants to have sex... with you."

I raised an eyebrow. "Does that sound like a good idea to you?"

"Hell, no!" Laurel answered. "I just wanted to warn you in case she gets more insistent."

That turned out to be prophetic.

As we sat in the living room doing our readings that evening, Tara closed her book noisily and put it aside. She came and sat on the arm of my easy chair, draping one leg onto my lap so that her slot was both easily visible and within reach. "Has Laurel told you yet that I'm asking to be included in your next play time?"

I stole a quick glance at Laurel and the look of shock on her face told me all I needed to know. "She may have mentioned something like that in passing," I admitted.

"I think it's very unfair that you two should have all the fun," Tara explained. "I think I should have some fun, too, don't you agree, Don?"

"Aren't you having fun now?" I countered.

She took my hand, the nearest one, and gently placed it on her pubic hair. "Soon, I think."

I moved my hand to neutral territory. "I'm not going to get between you two. Figure it out and let me know what you decide." I stood, slipped into my flip-flops, and walked down to the lake.

"You're fourteen!" Laurel hissed. "You shouldn't be having sex at all, and you're probably still a virgin. It's going to be painful fixing that."

"Fourteen, fifteen, what's the big difference? And I don't think losing my virginity is going to be a problem." She spread her legs and inserted two fingers into her vagina to the second knuckle.

"Who did that?" Laurel demanded.

"Nobody did that. That's the way it's always been."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'm not giving up my boyfriend, and that's that."

"Then maybe I will tell Mom..."

"You're evil!" Laurel spat.

"I'm not evil. I'm horny. Don't tell me you've never been horny. Just think of all the things you would have considered doing when you were, then tell me again that I'm evil."

"You can't have him."

"I don't want all of him, but I do want some of him. You can't hoard him all to yourself. You've got to share. You heard him. He probably won't have sex with either of us if we're fighting over him. If we can't agree to something, you're cut off. You. You're cut off."

Laurel went silent for a long time mulling the possibility that all those condoms would go unused. Tara broke the silence.

"What if I get him in the morning and he puts you to bed at night?"

Laurel considered this at length. "The last time we were up here, we

sometimes had sex three times a day: wake-up sex, mid-afternoon sex, and good-night sex, and we only used one bed. We cut out all but the good-night sex this time because it was too difficult working around you, but if we're all 'with the program', as they say, we can get lots more play time and neither of us will feel like we're getting left out.

"How about this: you can wake him up, I'll fuck him good-night, and if he's horny during the day, we let him pick his own partner?"

"I could live with that," Tara agreed. "Let's wander down to the lake and tell him about the new schedule."

Two naked nymphs kicked off their shoes and dove into the lake to intercept me as I swam. Tara closed on me and supported herself on my shoulders as she wrapped her legs around my torso. I immediately got a stiffie.

"This is what we girls have agreed to," Tara began. "Laurel will help you get to sleep, and Tara will wake you in the morning. If, at any time during the day, you feel the need for some feminine companionship, we are both at your disposal. Pick your partner. Neither of us will complain if you select the other. How does that sound?"

"It sounds very civilized, much more civilized than I expected after what I just witnessed. What got you two talking and agreeing?"

"Well," Laurel began, "you did when you said you weren't going to be put into conflict with either of us. We both want you, and the only way to get what we want is to share, so we share."

Since Tara's lips were so close, I kissed them, and she kissed me back. Then she reached down behind her, found my boner, and maneuvered it right into her vagina. It felt absolutely wonderful for the few seconds before I realized what she had done. I pushed her away and we disconnected.

"You are never to do that again!"

Laurel looked concerned. "What did she do?" Tara had an embarrassed expression on her face.

"She slipped me into her pocket... without a condom."

"Tara!"

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to know what it felt like." She swam away to the dock, hoisted herself out of the water, and ran up to the cabin.

Laurel replaced Tara in a shallow water embrace. "I know it was a stupid thing to do, but I can hardly blame her. I've wanted to do the same thing myself."

"Well, don't. I bought a dozen condoms for a reason."

Tara kept to herself for the rest of the evening. When it was time to turn in, both Laurel and I kissed her good-night. "See you in the morning." Then we turned in, spent the next half hour teasing each other's bodies before allowing ourselves to spend our remaining energy in a very enjoyable series of orgasms. Laurel seemed to love the idea of cleaning me off after the condom was discarded, and I intended never to dissuade her from the practice.

Just after dawn, the door to the room creaked open, Tara entered, tapped

her sister awake, and silently exchanged places with her in my bed. Laurel went off to the other room to go back to sleep, and Tara snuggled up next to me until such time as I woke up naturally.

When that moment finally arrived, I was delighted — I admit it — to find Tara's angelic face and nymph-like body next to me. We kissed passionately and caressed each other's tenderer parts until both of us were ready for something more serious.

"So, sweetheart —," Tara gasped and kissed me again with fervor "— how shall we enjoy each other this morning? Shall I put on some latex and fill your pussy with my cock, or would you like to suck that cock while I eat your lovely pussy until you collapse from exhaustion?"

Tara giggled. "I like both of those. Which one do you prefer?"

"While I enjoy traditional sex, I find your pussy so attractive that I love having it thrust in my face for my tasting pleasure. Let's go totally oral this morning, okay?"

She bobbed her head, then crabbed around so she was straddling my face. I began to lick, and she began to suck, and before long I had her in the throes of ecstasy sufficient that she had a hard time paying attention to her oral duties. That was okay, because whenever she had to take a break from pleasuring my cock, it gave the little guy a chance to recuperate and pushed orgasm off a little further.

I guess she really enjoyed getting her cunt licked because before she could bring me off, she dropped her head onto my abdomen and basically gave up, just surrendering to the series of orgasms delivered by my tongue, most of them accompanied by involuntary twitches of her hips.

"I'm done," she finally admitted. "You can stop."

"I haven't come yet," I told her. "Do you mind if I slip into something latex and stuff my cock into your pussy?"

"Oh, sure. Go right ahead."

I extricated myself from between her thighs and fetched a fresh condom from the drawer, rolled it onto my still-hard cock, and positioned myself to enter her 'doggie style'. As I began my initial entry, I could tell she was still very wet because the condom slid easily into her vagina, giving the impression that her typically tight hole was considerably wider than it actually was.

She may have thought she was done, but a hard cock sliding in and out of her pussy soon had her twitching and gasping with a whole new series of orgasms.

How long we fucked that morning I don't recall, but she was crying — from joy, not pain — by the time I finally filled my rubber. When I pulled out at last, she jumped up, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me like she was never going to stop.

"I love you, I love you, I love you. I've never been this happy in my whole life, and now all I want is for your cock to be inside me forever. 'Oral' is fun sometimes, but from now on I want your cock inside me. I love you."

I carefully slid the condom off my rapidly-deflating penis. Before I got it all the way off, Tara was on her knees before me helping to ease it off, and when

at last my penis was again naked, she sucked it back into her mouth to lick it clean.

Now finished with our active lovemaking, I gently laid Tara back on the bed, lay down next to her, and took her in my arms for some more kissing and some more caressing, until we both agreed that we had to get the day started.

By Saturday, we had grown so at ease with sharing sexual duties among the three of us that we had already had our first threesome where Laurel and Tara knelt or lay on the bed with their pussies presented for easy entrance, and I took turns penetrating first one, then the other, gifting them with orgasms one after another, after which the sisters kissed each other first, then me. We had become a family of sorts. It was our last trip to the cottage for the year.

I learned later that during the school year when it was hard to slip away for a tryst, the girls sometimes satisfied each other, each licking her sister's pussy while getting her own licked. On very rare occasions, I would find myself in bed with one of them or the other, and I treasured each such opportunity, always keeping a condom or two in reserve.

Sixteen

Two weeks after my sixteenth birthday, I got my first driver's license complete with a motorcycle endorsement. My range of 'Summer employment opportunities' expanded sharply, and after talking things over with my Dad, I called the grocery store in town near our lakeside cottage and inquired about working there over the Summer. They were very receptive to the idea, and I made a formal application. The fact that I could legally drive their tiny European-style motorized delivery cart around town was what probably got me the job. I moved to the cottage for the bulk of the Summer, living there, bicycling into town for work, delivering grocery orders, working the store, and bicycling home at closing time.

Laurel and Tara by now had schedules that kept them pretty close to home, and it almost never worked out that I had time off when they had time off, and so there was only one weekend when they could come up to the lake, and it was the same weekend that my Mom decided to spend time in the woods. The four of us enjoyed swimming in the lake and little else.

Given the Bohemian lifestyle of my fifteenth Summer, my sixteenth was turning to a real bust. Then I met Gloria.

There were 20 or 30 homesites around the lake, most of them pretty isolated by ancient hemlock barriers along the property lines. Our cottage was no exception. I couldn't see the houses next to ours from anywhere except the water. Even the dock was largely protected from the view of anybody except someone on their own dock. Even so, whenever I was outside — if I were nude — I kept my bathing suit nearby in case I had to make myself presentable in a hurry.

I was sitting on the deck looking out over the lake and listening to music on a personal cassette player when I noticed a canoe headed in my general direction. It was hard to make out details, but it looked like a young woman working the paddle. I slipped into my trunks in case she really was heading toward me.

As she got nearer, I could make out a cute blonde with a pixie cut, mid-to late-20s, possibly early 30s. My first thought on seeing her was 'Tinker Bell'.

It turned out that she was just circuiting the lake and stopping here and there to make the acquaintance of other residents when she saw any. When she waved at me, I rose and strolled down to the dock. When she saw me heading for the water, she changed course directly toward me.

"Hello," she started, "do you live here?" She tossed me a rope and I dropped a slippery hitch over the nearest bollard.

"Summers only," I replied, then extended my hand. "Don Foster. My parents own the place. I spend Summers here if I can."

"Gloria Parsons," she introduced herself. "Hey, I know you," she said, recognition dawning. "You work at the IGA in town."

"That I do," I confirmed. "I'm their delivery driver."

"Say, where am I? Is that Waterfall Road?" she asked pointing to our mailbox.

"No, it's West Lake Road. You won't see Waterfall for another half mile at least in the direction you're going. Where are you staying?"

She turned and pointed across the lake to where a strobe periodically blinked. "I left a signal light so I could find my way home even in the dark."

"You'll probably need it if you stay out much longer. All these trees around the lake make it seem like darkness falls quicker than you might expect. Are you with family?"

"Just me. I'm a writer so I like the seclusion."

"Renting?"

"Nope. Just bought it. I guess that makes us neighbors."

"Nice canoe. I guess that's pretty handy for someone who lives on a lake."

She nodded. "I'm kind of surprised everyone around here doesn't have one."

"Yeah, it would be nice to have one. Maybe I'll ask my Dad."

"Well, if you ever want to get out on the water, give me a call." She drew a business card from her wallet, flipped it over and wrote her cabin's phone number on the back. "See you around." She pulled the free end of the slippery hitch and hauled in her mooring rope, pushed off with her paddle, and turned back toward her strobe on the far side of the lake.

It was several days before our paths crossed again, and that was because she had some shopping to do in town. I was on a delivery with the IGA's little Piaggio delivery cart, a 125cc import from Italy that got incredible gas mileage yet handled the town's hilly streets with ease. As I zipped along Front Street with a full load in back, I saw her window shopping and honked the tinny little horn

such vehicles always sported. She waved and I pulled over to exchange pleasantries.

"Do you get a lunch break?" she asked.

I looked at my watch. "In about 20 minutes when I come back from this delivery," I told her.

"Cool. Join me for lunch at Caspar's. My treat."

"Sold," I agreed. "See you in twenty," and I gunned the engine away to finish the delivery. At the store, I clocked out and trotted over to Caspar's. Gloria was waiting, poring over the menu. I didn't need to see the menu. I'd seen it before, so when the waitress stopped by, I was ready. I ordered a cheeseburger medium rare with onion rings and a 7-Up. Gloria ordered a Chef Salad.

"I thought I'd pump you for touristy things around this area," she opened.

"The only thing 'touristy' around here is the river. I've heard people rent sailboats to renters who appear qualified. If you sail, you might try that. Since I don't have a car, I don't go very far afield, so I may be the wrong guy to ask about such things."

"No car? How do you get around?"

"I have a bike, and it's less than 2 miles from here to my cabin."

"So you're either working or hanging out at your cabin?"

"That's about it. I get caught up on a lot of schoolwork over the Summer because there's not much else to do besides swim in the lake."

"Sounds lonely," she observed.

I shrugged. "Every now and then I get visitors from the neighborhood for a week or so at a time."

"Boys? Girls?"

"Generally my girlfriend Laurel and her little sister Tara."

"Well, any time you don't have visitors and feel like a little company, you can pedal up to my place."

"Won't you be writing?"

"Yeah, off and on. I can generally put it off if I have a reason, say if someone knocks on my door."

"Sounds like you have a flexible schedule," I offered.

"I write romance novels. It's mostly fluff and very formulaic, and I can write that stuff in my sleep or blind drunk."

I laughed at that. "Then maybe I'll knock on your door one of these days."

"I'd like that."

Food arrived and we ate mostly without conversation. Caspar's does a dynamite cheeseburger and I was concentrating on getting done so I wouldn't run over the 45 minutes I was allowed for lunch. I finished first while Gloria was still working on her salad.

"Gotta scoot," I told her. "Thanks for lunch."

"Any time. I enjoyed it."

There were no deliveries on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which I thought was a stupid policy — you deliver whenever your customer wants food delivered — but I didn't run the store. Because of that, the schedule was heavy on the days we did deliver and I was rarely off the Piaggio on the days I worked. That Tuesday, I wasn't even scheduled, so mid-morning I rode my bike north up West Lake Road to Hammersmith and east until I came to a mailbox with "Parsons" meticulously hand-lettered in white, and turned down the gravel path that served as a driveway.

She must have seen me coming, because she was standing at the railing for her deck when I rolled to a stop.

"Well, hello," she greeted me, "I didn't expect I'd have your company this soon."

"I didn't have much on my schedule, and since you said yours was flexible, I decided to check out somebody else's house. It's a lot fancier than ours."

"Well, come on in."

I climbed the back stairs and she ushered me into her great room. The furniture was sparse and very utilitarian-looking. It gave the room a clean appearance.

"Something to drink?" she offered.

"7-Up if you've got it."

"A teetotaler?"

"I'm only 16," I admitted.

"My mistake," she parried, "you look older than that. 7-Up it is." She handed me an opened bottle.

"So, what is it you write?"

She walked over to a bookshelf and pulled two volumes and handed them to me. *'The Pirate's Lady'* and *'Spymistress'*, both by Gloria Parsons. "My latest," she explained.

The covers of both featured buxom women with plenty of cleavage evident, a redhead for the pirate, and a brunette spy. "Yumm," I intoned almost as a reflex.

Gloria laughed. "Yes, I've seen that reaction before from men. You know what's odd? My audience is almost all women, and I've seen women react identically."

I smiled.

"That amuses you?" she asked accusingly.

"I guess we men are pretty predictable, huh?"

"Alas, yes. What I wouldn't give for an unpredictable man to surprise me. I'm still looking for one."

"So... you write romance novels for a primarily female audience. What else do you do? Where did you go to school?"

"Just down the road a spell... Vassar, BA English Lit., and the most valuable thing I can do with it is..." She held out her hands as if soliciting an answer.

So, I answered. "...Writing romance novels. Does it at least pay well?"

"It lets me afford a lakeside cottage and it puts food on the table and money in my checking account. Yes, it pays well enough that I can't complain."

"I usually take a dip in the lake about this time of day," I said. "Do you swim?"

"Well... yes, but... I have to admit that I don't have a bathing suit. I usually go skinny-dipping along about sunset when visibility is low..."

Now it was my turn to laugh. "When Laurel and Tara come for a visit, our bathing suits almost never come out of the dresser drawer. And we don't wait for sunset. Most of these lakeside houses, when they were first built 80 years ago or more, had hemlock planted along their property lines. Each of them is about as private as they can be. Haven't you noticed?"

Gloria had a shocked look on her face. "You skinny-dip during the day?"

"Come here." I took her hand and led her out onto the deck. "Can you see another house?" Her head shook side-to-side. I led her down the stairs and across the back lawn to her dock where she had moored her canoe. "How about now?"

"I never noticed," she gasped. "The only houses I can see are a quarter mile or more across the lake."

"You could spend the whole day naked — Laurel and Tara and I generally do — and nobody will know."

With that, I peeled my T-shirt, shorts, and briefs, kicked off my sandals, and dove into the water off the end of her dock. When I surfaced from the dive, I looked back at Gloria on the dock and finally understood the meaning of the term 'deer in the headlights look'. That's what her face looked like.

"Come on in," I called to her, "the water's fine."

She hesitated, then took a last look around to make sure no other houses were visible, peeled her top, unsnapped her bra, shed her shoes, dropped shorts and panties, and dove in.

Surfacing, she swam over closer to me. "I think I may have just found a man to surprise me."

I pulled her to me, breasts pressed to mine, and kissed her long and deep, and was surprised, myself, that she seemed to be returning my attention. You better believe my penis was reacting as nature had intended.

We swam around for no more than 15 minutes, splashing each other and playing silly, juvenile games before she swam back to me and kissed me.

"Let's go back inside."

I hoisted myself out of the water and offered her my hand to help her up, which she accepted. We gathered our discarded clothes and walked naked up to her house, up the stairs to her deck, and inside.

"So, when you and Laura..."

"Laurel," I corrected her.

"...Laurel and Tara spend all day naked, do you three do anything else unusual?"

"If you mean *'do we have sex'*, the answer is *'yes, we have lots of sex'*."

Gloria sprawled onto her sofa. "And what's your favorite form?"

"I like a nice blow job, but the girls seem to prefer traditional forms."

Sometimes after I satisfy one of them adequately, they'll satisfy me adequately."

She patted the cushion next to her in invitation for me to join her. I sat down between her legs, one of which was on the couch and the other dangling off the edge. Her pussy was simply too inviting, so I dipped my head into her crotch and began to mouth her furry patch of pubic hair. In seconds, it seemed, my tongue had found the opening to her inner pussy and I was teasing her clitoris.

"I'm going to wind up in jail for sure," she mumbled.

"You're not going to jail," I assured her, "but you are going to bed." I stood and helped her rise, then fetched a condom from the back pocket of my shorts.

"You won't need that unless you insist. I'm on the pill."

I didn't know what that meant, so I kept the condom as she led me to her bedroom. She lay down on her bed on her back and spread her legs. "I, too, like traditional forms. Show me what you've got."

"Do you mean I don't need to use a rubber?"

"That's right. I'm on medication that keeps me from getting pregnant. We can do this the way nature intended."

That was fine with me. I crawled in between her thighs and aimed my stiff cock at her vagina and connected on my first try. She was very well lubricated and I slid all the way in. She felt like heaven. I must have felt pretty good, too, because she only needed two or three slow pumps before she started her own series of orgasms. She pulled me closer and we kissed again and I caressed her breasts, a little larger than Laurel's, and soon had a nipple in my mouth sucking it and licking it before switching to the other tit.

Her cunt felt so magical that I didn't think I could hold off very long, and indeed, we had only fucked for a few minutes — eight, maybe ten — before I jammed my cock deep inside and emptied myself into her cunt.

"Wow," I told her, "you're something else."

"Don't sell yourself short, baby, you were pretty awesome, too." She kissed me again, and I let my hands roam over her body appreciating her mature curviness.

By this time, my cock had deflated and was oozing out of her vagina. I rolled away and she reacted by sucking my limp dick into her mouth and cleaning me of excess semen and feminine lubrication.

As we lazed on her sofa later, playing with each other's naked bodies, she leaned over and whispered (although there was no one else to overhear her) "What else is on your schedule for today?"

"I just have to be back before sundown," I told her. "My bike doesn't have lights, and I don't want to ride in the dark."

"I could drive you back," she offered.

"I'll need my bike to get to work in the morning."

She affected a 'disappointed' look. "Oh, okay. Do you have enough left for an encore performance? You touching me like that is making me horny. I'm not complaining. I enjoy the way you make me horny," and she leaned back and spread her legs wide. I considered it to be an invitation to continue eating her

pussy, and it appears that's why she did it.

In five minutes, I had her writhing in ecstasy and making lots of non-word noises the way Laurel did. I sat on a clear spot on the couch next to her.

"How about sitting on my lap?"

She glanced once at my rigid penis bobbing in time with my heart, swung one leg over me to straddle my pelvis, and settled herself on my erection. From there on out, she was in the driver's seat, bouncing or grinding her pubis on mine and harvesting pleasant sensations with each new motion. Since she was facing me, it gave me the perfect opportunity to caress her breasts, suck her nipples, and kiss her lips, all of which I did constantly, and all of which, I think, added to her pleasure.

She rode me like a cowgirl for the better part of a half hour before she finally worked me up to the point of no return. I forced her hips down onto my cock and enjoyed a massive orgasm of my own, after which my cock, as was its custom, shriveled to a worm and flopped out of her vagina.

I spent another ten minutes rubbing her back, kissing and sucking nipples and lips, and running my fingers through her hair before she rose from my lap and let me stand.

"Will I get invited back?" I asked.

"Honey, you'll be lucky if I don't kidnap you. You have a standing invitation to knock on my door any time you're horny... or even if you're not horny."

I got dressed for the ride home. Gloria sat there, nude, and watched with a pout, and kissed me good-bye from the deck.

On Wednesday after work, I unchained my bike and was surprised to find that sometime during the day someone had added a headlight and a taillight to its equipment. Men are supposed to be very bad at taking hints, but there was no mistaking this one.

Thinking I should — at the very least — thank Gloria for her gift, I rode straight past the cottage and continued up the road until I turned in at the mailbox labeled 'Parsons'.

Gloria wasn't there to greet me, and her canoe was missing, too, but her strobe was blinking. If she's gone off canoeing, there'd be no way of telling how long she'd be gone. I turned the bike around and pedaled back to the cottage, arriving there just as darkness was closing in.

I turned the cabin lights on, and began dinner preparations. Glancing out the window, I noticed ripples in the usually quiet surface of the lake, and I realized someone was swimming in the water just off the dock, so I flipped the switch to light the dock up, and strolled down to the lake to see who it was. Moored to a bollard was Gloria's canoe, and in the water was Gloria — who didn't own a bathing suit.

"Good evening," I greeted her, and offered a hand to help her up onto the dock. As I expected, she was *au naturel*. Her greeting to me was a kiss and a hug that left me damp, but I didn't complain. She picked up her discarded clothing and slipped into her shoes for the walk to the cabin.

"I was about to make something to eat. Will you stay for dinner?"

"Sure. What's on the menu?"

"I never do anything fancy since it's typically just me. I was thinking 'Western omelet' unless you'd like something different."

"No, 'Western omelet' is fine. Why don't you get undressed first so that I can tease you while you cook."

I laughed at that, kissed her lips, and stripped naked. She immediately grabbed my cock and pulled me toward her for a naked hug, and made sure my cock was firmly placed in her crotch area for the length of the embrace. That ensured that I was going to be hard when she needed me hard.

Onions, peppers, and ham sauteed, eggs whisked to fluffiness and poured over the softened ingredients, cooked and folded over onto cheese... simple to make, tasty, nutritious... and fast. Within a half hour, we had both been fed and watered and in bed where Gloria intended we both be. Within an hour after that, we were again on the deck watching fireflies swirl in the Summer night sky.

The telephone rang. When I picked it up, my Mom announced that she and Dad were planning to spend the weekend at the cottage.

"Not a problem. Thanks for giving me a little warning so I can make sure the place is picked up in time for your arrival. I guess you'll be here Friday night?" Mom confirmed that I would have company from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon. "Okay, see you then."

I gave Gloria the bad news that I would have to be on my best behavior for the duration of the weekend.

"In that case, may I sleep over tonight?" she asked.

"If there's nothing you have to be at your house for, I suppose you could stay for breakfast."

"And lunch and dinner? If I can't enjoy you the entire weekend, I'm going to have to stock up ahead of time."

"You are a bad influence, Gloria Parsons."

"Maybe I am, but you could wind up as a character in my next book."

"That sounds more like a threat than a compliment," I told her.

"Nope, all compliment," she reassured me.

She insisted on more sex at bedtime, but let me sleep late on Thursday, my day off. I woke to the aroma of cheese omelets from the hands of Chef Gloria, after which she dragged me back to bed to pay her for cooking.

The cottage is pretty small, so spiffing it up doesn't take much. Between the two of us, we had it mostly ship-shape before Gloria whispered in my ear how much she would appreciate having my sausage stuffed into her tortilla — and she wasn't talking about lunch.

We swam naked in the afternoon, and Gloria begged me to fuck her on a beach towel on the dock where anyone in the houses across the lake might see us. "I don't care," she insisted. "I need your cock right now and right here. Fuck me. I mean it!" I have to admit it was a lot of fun having a nymphomaniac for a neighbor even if every now and then it was kind of unsettling.

I fed her dinner and then insisted... demanded that she head home so I could take care of the last few odd tasks and get a decent night's sleep for what I knew was going to be a busy Friday. Reluctantly, she dressed, climbed into her canoe, and paddled away to her own home.

I got home from work on Friday about 10 minutes ahead of Mom and Dad arriving. I helped mush their luggage down to the cottage while Dad parked the car in the common parking area off the road.

I was glad to see them in more ways than one: Gloria had the power — even if she didn't realize it — to wear me out. I needed the rest and recuperation that company could provide. The other thing was that they brought fresh supplies for the cabin. Then, too, Mom's a much better cook than I am, so I could look forward to better meals. When I cook for one, I tend not to get too fancy. Actually, far from 'fancy', I tend not to get past the basics.

For Friday, I had made sure the charcoal grill was clean and ready to receive steaks if the parents had brought any along, and they had, so it was steak and baked potatoes for dinner.

"One of our new neighbors cruised by in her canoe the other day."

"Oh, who?" Mom asked.

"Gloria something. Bought a cabin on the North end, I think. Nice canoe. We should think about getting one."

"I hate the thought of leaving something like that exposed over the winter. There's no room in the shed," Dad muttered.

"We could flip it onto sawhorses and drop a tarp over it. That might be enough."

Dad shrugged, but I could tell he was thinking about it.

"Tell me about Gloria," Mom asked.

"Cute," I responded, "reminds me of Tinker Bell, blonde, short hair, 30 or thereabouts, I guess. She's a writer."

"Of what?" Mom pressed.

"She called them 'romance novels'."

"Oh, those..."

Saturday morning at breakfast, Dad said "Are you interested in going for a ride?"

"Sure. Where are we going?"

"Oh, dunno... maybe we'll look at canoes." He smiled. So did I.

There was a marina in town down by the river, naturally, and they did have canoes for sale.

"But I've got something else that you may like better," the salesman teased. He led us over to a fiberglass pedal boat that seated five in reasonable comfort. "A canoe will do everything this does plus overturn if it's out of trim. This boat has a five-foot beam. If it turns over, it's because you used it during a hurricane. For family use, this is safer by orders of magnitude, and it's yours for \$60 more than a comparable canoe."

"Delivery?"

"Free within 20 miles. \$25 an hour beyond 20 miles, same as a canoe."
Dad took out his checkbook. "Let's do some business."

Later that afternoon, a pickup towing a trailer on which was our new pedal boat arrived at our mailbox along with four adult PFDs. Dad and I helped the driver hustle the boat down to the lake shore and into the water. I immediately took it for a quick test drive and pronounced it easy to operate and as safe as the salesman had promised. Mom hopped aboard and we ran it out to a small island in the lake about a quarter mile southeast and back as a demonstration. She pronounced it 'a fun thing to have'.

On Sunday after breakfast, I ran the boat around the lake to see how long it would take to circumnavigate, about 70 minutes if one were in a hurry. Passing Gloria's place, I waved at her and she clapped as if to congratulate me on becoming a mariner at last. "Call me when you're alone," she shouted, and I gave her a 'thumbs up' in reply.

By the time I got back, the sky had gone very overcast threatening rain. Mom wanted to get an early break so they wouldn't have to load the car in the rain. I promised to clean up behind them so they could get moving before the weather closed in, and they were packed and gone by two in the afternoon. I called Gloria.

"Maybe we could get together later," she suggested.

"Are you always this horny?" I asked.

"I'm never horny except when I'm with you."

That was a lie, uttered solely to make me think I was some sort of superman, which I am not.

"I don't think it's a good idea tonight. I still have things to do, and tomorrow is going to be a busy day."

"So... Tuesday?"

"You know, Gloria, last week I made zero progress on the thing that brings me up here for the Summer, my Summer reading list. How about this: you can sleep over Monday night if you promise to be gone right after breakfast. Can we agree on that?"

"Alright," she agreed, but she didn't sound happy.

"I'll see you here Monday after work, then." We disconnected and I sat down to read.

I was still absorbed in my reading after supper when the phone rang.

"Hello?" I answered the phone hoping that it was not Gloria.

"How's your Summer going so far?" Tara asked.

"Work, read, eat, sleep," I recited my agenda. "The unrelenting excitement is wearing me down. How is your Summer going?"

"About the same except for the occasional weekend when I find myself with nothing on my calendar. This coming weekend, for instance."

"Are you and Laurel fishing for an invitation?" I asked with a chuckle.

"Not Laurel. Just me. She has to work."

"Is Laurel okay with you coming up on your own?"

"What matters is whether you are okay with me coming up on my own. Are you?"

"I'm okay with it, but I think Laurel has to have a chance to weigh in on it, too."

"I'm pretty sure that if you insist on giving my sister a veto I will not be coming up this weekend."

"You think she'll say 'no'?" I asked.

"Do you think she'll say 'yes'?" Tara scoffed.

"Ask her. Let me know what she says."

"You want me to call you back with the result?"

"Yes."

Tara smooched me through the phone and hung up. I resumed my reading. Just under an hour later, the phone rang again and I answered it. As I expected, it was Tara. "Veto," was her one word response to my 'hello'.

"I'm surprised," I admitted. "I thought Laurel was more secure than that."

"No, I don't believe she is," Tara explained, and I laughed. "So I guess I'm staying home this weekend, then?"

I hesitated. "No. Come on up, but be prepared for a much quieter weekend than you might otherwise expect."

"I'm not sure what that means," she said, "but okay..."

"See you on Friday evening?" I asked.

"Yup, whenever I get there. Make sure the taxi can give me a ride."

True to form and as I expected, Gloria's canoe was tied up at my dock on Monday when I arrived home from work around 6pm and she was sitting in a chair on the deck waiting for me.

"Oh, good, you're home at last." She pulled me in for a hug and a kiss. "Are you going to feed me?"

"Of course. What would you like?"

"Chateaubriand for two?" she suggested.

"I don't have a decent recipe for that, sorry. How about burgers on the grill?"

"Okay."

I poured charcoal into the grill and lit it, then pattered about getting all the makings ready.

Gloria wandered down to her canoe and came back carrying an insulated bag and two wine glasses. In the bag was a bottle of red wine and a few ice cubes to keep it from overheating. "I brought the wine," she explained. From her pocket, she extracted a corkscrew and deftly stripped the plastic collar from the bottle before yanking the cork with a small 'pop'. She poured two glasses and handed me one.

I took a sip. It had a somewhat bitter taste and I made a face. Gloria took a sip. "No, it tastes fine. It may just be a matter of 'getting used to it'."

And, as a matter of fact, I shortly began to appreciate the subtleties of

this particular wine. It went quite well with cheeseburgers and smoothed me out so that when dinner was over, I was by then quite ready to do for Gloria all the things she wanted me to do that night.

I have to admit that I had a slight headache the next morning, but it faded after breakfast. Gloria put herself in charge of 'getting rid of the evidence' against the small-but-non-zero probability of a surprise inspection by one or both parents. When she departed in her canoe after breakfast following an extremely enjoyable morning session between her thighs, the bottle, the cork, and the glassware all went with her.

The balance of Tuesday was spent doing things I had been systematically neglecting over the past week: chores and reading. I also got some exercise into the schedule by running the pedal boat for twenty minutes or so. I made decent progress with the reading, too, now that my primary distraction was far across the lake.

Late in the day, Gloria called to get my okay to sleep over Wednesday night, and I agreed since she had been such a good girl about adhering to our Monday night agreement.

"Shall I bring steaks for the grill?" she asked. Of course, I agreed.

Work on Wednesday was as frantic and strenuous as I anticipated, and I was dog-tired by the time I got home. Unsurprisingly, Gloria was waiting for me there, having prepped the grill on her own in my absence, an uncorked bottle of wine cooling in a wet towel. I brought two potatoes from the store so that I could bake them for dinner, and I got those started right away.

While we waited for everything to synchronize, Gloria and I leaned against the deck railing and kissed and petted.

"I should just strip you naked right here so I can get a quick little bang in before dinner. Would you like me as 'appetizer' or 'dessert'... or shall I be both? I haven't been properly eaten for a long time, and I really like your technique. Who taught you to eat pussy like that?"

"I'm a self-taught pussy eater," I explained proudly. "Both Laurel and Tara have volunteered as test subjects, although they still say they prefer my other parts to my tongue.

"By the way, I'm going to have company up at the cabin over the weekend, so you'll have to find alternate forms of entertainment until next week."

"Who's taking my boyfriend away from me? Who dares...?"

"Now, now, don't be like that. We're not married, you know. You have to share," and I smiled, but Gloria wasn't smiling. She was much more serious than I thought was healthy... for me.

"So, will I get to meet Laurel at last?"

"No, you won't. Laurel isn't coming up, and I don't think it would be a good idea for you to barge in on my visitors. The cabin is officially off-limits for the weekend. Sorry."

We ate in relative silence and turned in early to get all the love-making we could handle ahead of a good night's sleep because Gloria would certainly want an encore performance in the morning before retreating across the lake.

Thursday turned out to be another 'recuperation day'. Few must-accomplish tasks coupled with nude sunbathing and light exercise breaking up long bouts of reading and note-taking. It left me ready for a Friday that was no less intimidating than Wednesday was. I mentioned to my boss that I would rather work an extra day than to cram all his deliveries into three days. It didn't make much of an impression, I think.

I didn't get back to the cabin until almost 6:30, but I didn't have to rush because Tara couldn't possibly arrive before 7:30. Putting all my expectations to the torch, I found her inside the cabin waiting for me. Both she and Laurel knew where the emergency key was hidden.

"I caught an early train," she explained. "I hope that's okay. I was just starting to put something together for dinner." We hugged and she kissed me. I didn't know whether I should kiss her back, and she noticed. "Was it a mistake coming up for the weekend?"

"No. I have lots of things on my mind. I'm distracted. I'm sorry," and then I kissed her back like I meant it... because I did.

We both worked on putting food on the table, then sat and ate together without much in the way of conversation.

Tara shared my bed that night. We made love until we were both completely satisfied, and slept like we were dead until the morning.

Tara let me sleep, but got herself up and out by sunrise. Intending to swim naked to get her day started, she was surprised to see our newest addition, the slinky little pedal boat, but decided not to take it for a (nude) test drive. I joined her in the water to shock myself awake, and she took advantage of our nakedness to tease me with her beautiful little pussy by assuming her favorite pose: on her back on a towel on the dock, her knees up, and her legs parted, exposing her gash.

"You're a little witch, do you know that?" I said accusingly. "I see that pretty slot of yours, and I can't prevent a permanent boner."

"Good," she answered, smiling, "I love your boner, especially when it's deep inside me. Are you ready to take me? Come here and let me please you."

"I don't have a condom out here," I informed her.

"I don't care."

"I do," I said as I climbed onto the dock. I took her hand and helped her rise. "Let's go back to bed."

She grabbed my cock and stroked it. "Okay."

She worked me for almost an hour, missionary, doggie, cowgirl, repeat, before finally making me empty myself. I played with her tender bits for another fifteen minutes until she finally pulled the rubber off my penis so she could lick me clean. Then we got to work on our schoolwork.

After lunch, we took the pedal boat for a ride, and — probably not coincidentally — bumped into Gloria. There was no way to avoid introducing Gloria and Tara to each other, but I didn't share any secrets initially.

"Who is she?" Tara asked as we pedaled away in the opposite direction.

"Gloria," I replied.

She slapped the back of my head. "You know what I meant."

"She's a new neighbor. We met a week or two ago while she was surveying the lake."

"She seems to know a lot about you," Tara said accusingly.

"We talked for a long time..."

"I don't think she likes me much. Why would that be?"

"Because you're paranoid? Because you're sexually insecure? Because you're jealous?"

"Why would I be jealous?"

"Competition," I offered.

"For you? Is she competition for you?"

"Not for me. For you."

"Would you fuck her?"

I hesitated. "She seems to have all the right equipment," I told Tara.

"Better 'equipment' than me?"

"I'll check her out next week and let you know. Would that be okay?"

"You better not check her out! You'll get me more pissed off than you have ever seen a woman in your whole life!"

"Okay, then... it's 'jealousy'," I concluded. Tara shrieked. "I think you need to have a 'come to Jesus' meeting with your sister. She thinks I'm hers and you think I'm yours. You two need to settle that issue before I wind up bloody in a back alley somewhere.

"Listen. I love being inside you. I love making love to you. I love that you think so highly of me, but you cannot put me in a position where two sisters are having a blood feud over possession of my body. It's not good for me and it's deadly for you, and I do mean 'deadly'.

"If you do this, I will have to abandon both of you simply for self-preservation. Do you understand what I just said?"

Tara looked at me with the same deer-in-the-headlights look I had seen on Gloria's face when she first considered skinny-dipping with me in the lake.

"I'm not kidding," I told her. "This is serious."

Tears started leaking from Tara's eyes. "I can't lose you," she wailed.

"You won't," I assured her, taking her into my arms, "but you cannot be at war with your sister. Especially, you cannot be at war with your sister over me. Or any other guy, for that matter. You and Laurel must come to an agreement. You know what that means, right?"

"Yes," she acknowledged, "it means that Laurel has a veto and I do not."

"That's right."

"What if we can't 'come to an agreement'?"

"Well," I started, "there's always Gloria..."

"And if that doesn't work out...?"

"Actually, Tara, it already has worked out."

"You've had sex with her?"

"Yes, and she's pretty happy with my performance, so if you two can't hammer out a satisfactory agreement, I have options."

"That puts a whole new light on the subject," Tara muttered thoughtfully.

Autumn Leaves

'Closing the cabin for the season' was the last thing we did each Fall, and I almost always got deeply involved in the process. "One of these days, this will be yours, and you'll be responsible for winterizing the place," Dad would always remind me.

"What would it involve to make the cabin livable through the winter?" I asked.

Dad thought for what seemed to me a long time. "Insulation," he began, "and lots of it... the attic floor, all the exterior walls, the entire under-floor... and then we'd need a source of heat. During the warmer months, when things get cool as they occasionally do, we can always light a fire in the fireplace just to take the chill off, but a fireplace is a horribly inefficient way to heat a home for an entire winter season. People who live rurally through the winter lay in several cords of wood ahead of the cold weather. For this little thing, two or three cords — but I'm guessing — and a Franklin stove or something similar to burn it in.

"Why do you ask?"

"This place has been so useful during Summers for the past few years, that I'm wondering if it might provide the same kind of service over winter break because there's always lots of schoolwork to prep for the Spring session as well as catching up with work that didn't get handled during the Fall session. Then there's this lovely lake that — I'm betting — freezes near to the bottom for ice skating. The deepest spot in the lake is supposed to be only about thirteen feet.

"Besides that, a winterized cabin is one that can be rented around the time the leaves turn in the Fall, not to mention other times during the year, and it might turn into an asset that pays for itself even with the expense of making it cold-weather livable."

Before we left for the last time after draining the pipes, Dad spoke with a heating contractor in town, gave him our cabin's address and our home telephone number, and asked him to do a cocktail napkin estimate of what it would cost.

A week and a half later, Dad got his (rough) estimate. It was a lot more than I expected, I can tell you that. "On the other hand," Dad mused, "during leaf season, we might be able to get \$100 a day, \$550 to \$600 a week, and maybe that again for Christmas week. There are probably lots of city folk who wouldn't mind spending some money for a holiday getaway.

"If we could do two or three weeks of rental per year, the upgrade would be fully amortized in just two years, maybe less."

He started thinking about it, I'm sure.

When Mom and Dad and I went to open the cabin for the Summer, Dad called the same contractor back and told him to begin the upgrade.

Seventeen

Doctor Evans finished his GYN examination of Laurel and talked with her quietly afterwards. "Do you parents know?"

Laurel put on her best 'innocent' face. "Know what?"

"Laurel, 18 months ago at your last exam, you were a virgin, and now you're not. From what I can observe, you didn't have sexual intercourse just once. You have had substantial experience since then. Now, obviously, I'm not going to do anything except suggest to your Mom that perhaps pharmaceutical birth control is something the two of you ought to consider. I will frame it as 'going off to college provides opportunities for error' if you wish, but I really think you ought to level — with your Mom, at least, if not both parents."

Laurel got serious. "How do you think she'll take it?"

"I've seen a complete rainbow of reactions from parents. There's no way to tell."

"Do you have any advice?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. Let me raise the issue to your Mother, and it would be a good thing if you were present when I do."

"Okay."

Mrs. Oxley seated herself next to Laurel.

"I'm going to recommend you let me prescribe birth control for Laurel. She's about to head off to college, and that lifestyle may be different enough that it will provide... call it 'opportunities for error'." Mrs. Oxley nodded.

"Laurel, the prescription I'm about to write is 'precaution', not 'license'. Thinking this makes you immune from consequences is shortsighted. It most certainly does not shield you from a whole catalog of adverse consequences none of which, I assure you, you will want to face. Do you understand what I just said?"

"I believe I do," Laurel answered.

"And Mrs. Oxley, does this action meet with your approval?"

"Doctor, I feel as if I have little choice in the matter."

"Why is that, Mrs. Oxley?"

"The... *zeitgeist*, Dr. Evans, the spirit of the times. I hope my daughter would be able to stand against it, but I don't wish to test her, so, yes, I approve your medical judgement, no matter how much I wish I did not have to."

Evans scribbled a notation on a prescription pad, ripped the sheet clear, and handed it to Laurel.

"These have to be taken exactly as prescribed — don't miss a dose — if they're to be effective. Their action is timed to coincide with your natural cycle and convince your body each month that you are not pregnant. Your body reacts to the chemical signals by behaving as it would had conception not occurred. You can still get STDs — venereal diseases — PID, pelvic inflammatory disease, and a host of others. That's why I say they're only a precaution — against getting pregnant, but they're not a precaution against anything else. Your parents still must rely on you using good sense."

Laurel nodded her understanding.

Tara and Eddie

Tara and Eddie had always been 'a thing' since eighth grade or before but had never progressed past kissing and caressing. The events of the Summer just past had elevated Tara's expectations well beyond that.

As Christmas approached, Eddie casually asked Tara what she would like for Christmas. Twining her arms around her boyfriend's neck, she kissed him deeply, looked straight into his eyes, and answered: "Condoms."

"C- c- condoms?"

"Yes," she said looking deep into his eyes, "condoms. What I want for Christmas is for you to always have a condom standing by just in case."

"J- just in case what?" Eddie probed.

"Just in case I need to have sex with you in a hurry."

"I- in a hurry?"

"You seem to be having a lot of trouble understanding me today. Are you okay?"

Eddie was having trouble understanding Tara. He couldn't, in fact, believe what he was hearing, but as the words began to sink in, he reached for confirmation of what he thought was happening. "You want to have sex with me?"

Tara shrugged. "You... or an acceptable substitute. You do understand what condoms are for, don't you?" Eddie didn't react at all, so stunned was he by Tara's bold admission. "A condom," Tara began patiently explaining, "is a latex sheath that slips over your penis so that when you come, you don't spread your semen to places that might result in pregnancy and fatherhood. Anyone who has sex with the expectation of starting a family doesn't need a condom, but if you're not trying to start a family, then you do need one. Or several. You should buy a box of three at the very least, because I'm not interested in starting a family quite yet, but," she purred, "I am interested in getting past the 'kiss and grope' stage of our relationship. Have I said anything you still don't understand? Anything you think I need to be more clear about?"

The stun was beginning to wear off for Eddie. "Where and when were you thinking we would have sex?" he asked, still, really, grasping for information the way a drowning man grasps for flotsam.

"I don't have that part worked out yet, but, like a good Boy Scout, I want you to be prepared."

The following morning, Eddie picked up a 3-pack of condoms at a pharmacy well outside his regular neighborhood.

And they were put to use much sooner than he expected. When, during the week between Christmas and New Year's, Tara found herself in sole possession of her house, she and Eddie escaped to Tara's bedroom.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked and Eddie nodded. "Give," she

demanded holding out her hand. Eddie placed the plastic-wrapped condom in Tara's grip. "Take off your pants," Tara ordered, and Eddie, still moving as if he had just been sucker-punched by a heavyweight, complied. His penis, however, was a limp as well-done spaghetti. "Lay down," and Eddie complied. Tara sat on the edge of the bed and toyed with Eddie's penis until it began to stiffen and elongate. When it seemed to Tara that it was sufficiently hard — not quite as hard as she remembered Don's beautiful stiff shaft — she stripped the outer wrapping and began unrolling the latex onto Eddie's cock. She had it worked about halfway down the shaft when Eddie grunted and emptied himself so forcefully that some of his semen oozed from the end of the condom where Tara was still unrolling it.

"Well, that's a bummer," Tara grumbled as she watched Eddie's erection collapse. "And here I was thinking I was about to get laid..."

"I'm so sorry..." Eddie was on the verge of tears, it seemed to her.

"Ah, it happens," she comforted him. Then she slipped the latex off his shriveled penis and took the soft flesh into her mouth to lick it clean. "Maybe next time..." She wrapped the now-used condom and its covering into a paper towel and dropped the package into the waste basket next to her bed.

"There is, of course, a price to pay for non-performance," she warned him as she undid the waistband of her slacks. She peeled her slacks down almost to her ankles, and her panties with it. "Eat me," she commanded, and leaned back, her legs spread, so that Eddie would have a clear path to her pussy.

Obediently, Eddie leaned in and began to lick and nibble Tara's flesh, and it wasn't long before his labors resulted in a series of minor orgasms flushing across her abdomen. Tara let him work her for fifteen or twenty minutes before rolling away, signaling that she was satisfied.

It was several months before Eddie and Tara had an opportunity to repeat the exercise, and Eddie, having had months to think about what he had seen and what he had done and what he had done to him, was mentally prepared for what was about to happen. Instead of letting Tara place the condom — an act that he was quite sure would bring him off just as it had done before — Eddie dressed himself for action.

"Play with me," Tara instructed, and Eddie began to fondle her breasts and her pubis, stroked her legs and back and hair until it seemed to him she was becoming aroused. When she gently stroked his latex-clad cock, he knew, and moved to enter her.

It was his first time slipping his organ into a vagina and it was a thrilling experience, but he had spent a long time readying himself for the moment. Even so, he was unsure how long he could hold off his body's mandate to orgasm. Tara had collected only about three orgasms for herself, when a really pleasant convulsion caused her to clamp her vagina against the flesh that was stimulating it. As Tara's pussy gripped Eddie's cock, Eddie lost all control and began humping furiously. That action caused Tara to experience a rapid-fire series of orgasmic convulsions of her own that tapered quickly as Eddie's penis deflated and withdrew, unbidden, from Tara's vagina.

The two rolled away onto their backs and let a wave of relaxation wash over them. When they had each caught their breath, Tara rolled back toward Eddie to give him a kiss to thank him for his performance.

"Oh my God!" Tara almost shrieked.

Eddie was alert in an instant and sat up next to her. "What?"

The condom wrapped around his wrinkled penis had a gash down along one side, and semen was obviously leaking from it.

"Oh shit!" Eddie wailed.

Tara leapt from the bed, grabbed a hand mirror from her vanity, and used it to inspect the area around the entrance to her vagina, and was horrified to see a pale gray splotch of semen that had obviously leaked from within. Eddie was equally horrified at the implications of a torn condom.

"If I wind up pregnant..."

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Eddie pleaded.

A thought flashed through Tara's brain. Her mother had sometimes used a small rubber bulb syringe for various purposes, and it occurred to Tara that it might be used to flush her vagina internally.

"Get cleaned up and dressed," she ordered Eddie. "I'll be downstairs later. If anybody asks, I'm in the toilet."

She found the little squeeze-bulb syringe in the linen closet next to the upstairs bathroom and quickly filled it with warm water. Standing precariously perched over the toilet, she inserted the nozzle and squeezed a flood of warm water into her vagina and allowed it all to leak into the bowl, then repeated the process twice more. *"If that doesn't handle it,"* she thought, *"I'm literally screwed."* She dried herself off, got dressed, and went downstairs to join Eddie.

"How did that happen?" she asked him quietly. Eddie shrugged. "Let me see your hands." Eddie held out his hands and Tara took them in hers. In an instant, she knew what had happened. The thumbnail on his left hand had a rough edge. Running her fingertip along it, she was almost certain it would have been able to snag on the delicate latex material of the condom. If that had happened, it might have been just enough to run the latex like a nylon stocking.

"Stop biting your nails," she ordered and Eddie nodded. "Get a good nail file or emery board, and use that when your nails need shortening. I did what I could to repair the damage you did. Let's hope it was enough."

Three days later Tara started getting cramps, and the next day her period began. She breathed a sigh of relief that she had escaped catastrophe.

Senior Year

Since the cabin was by now livable year-round, it could be rented to anyone who felt like a week or a weekend away from civilization, but word had not yet spread far enough that there was much demand for it. That meant that the cabin was free most weeks, including Spring Break. The weather in Spring, of course, was not yet of the sort that invited skinny-dipping in the lake, or even

sitting nude on the back porch, but as long as the parents didn't decide to crash the party, it still provided the kind of seclusion teenage love-making found attractive.

"Should we invite Tara?" Laurel asked when I proposed using the cabin over Spring Break.

"Up to you," I said. "If you don't mind sharing me with your little sister, I'm pretty sure I'd enjoy it." Laurel laughed at that.

"Would it be okay if I invited Eddie?" Tara asked when Laurel raised the topic with her.

Laurel cocked an eyebrow at this. "You're not planning to be taking liberties with my boyfriend?" she inquired.

"No," Tara replied nonchalantly, "he's all yours."

"Well, let me ask Don."

"Tara asks if she can invite her regular boyfriend if we all go to the cabin. What do you think?"

"There's room," I mused. "I wonder what's going on there. Is Tara having sex with her regular *beau*?"

"Eddie's such a mouse," Laurel observed, "that I doubt he's ever had the courage to broach the subject to her, but I guess it's possible. Should I ask?"

"No, don't bother. Either she is or she isn't. It really doesn't make any difference as long as they stay out of our way, right?"

"Right."

School ended on Thursday before Spring Break which allowed us to head up to the cabin Friday morning. We would have to return by Sunday of the second week, except that the taxi service didn't often operate on weekends, so we'd have to come back the Friday before. Two weeks. As usual, it was associated with assignments that were expected to be completed during that vacation period.

The town taxi was barely able to handle four people plus luggage plus groceries, but we managed by getting very cozy with the seating arrangements. Luckily, it was a short trip, less than two miles, so we could put up with the discomfort. Having four people to help meant we unloaded the taxi in record time and had the cabin prepped for human habitation soon after. The lake water was decidedly frosty, almost too cold for swimming, and nobody was anxious to put the pedal boat into the water, either. Those were strictly Summer activities.

Or so I thought.

"Well, Eddie, are you ready for your initiation?" Tara asked Eddie as we all munched hamburgers from the grill that afternoon. Laurel looked at her questioningly. So did I.

"Initiation?"

"Yes," Tara continued, "all first-time guests are initiated by diving naked

into the lake."

Eddie smirked. "You did that?"

Tara nodded. Eddie looked around at me and Laurel. We both nodded in affirmation.

"All of you?" he asked.

Laurel was smiling and trying hard not to laugh out loud. "Yes," she confirmed, "all of us. Although... we all did it in the Summer, so the lake water was considerably warmer, but, yes, we all did it."

"When?" Eddie asked.

"Now would be as good a time as any," Tara informed him matter-of-factly. "Might as well get it over with."

"Really?" he asked me.

"Well, the water has been warming in the Sun all day, so it's better now than, say, tomorrow morning after cooling overnight. The water is probably about as warm as it's going to get today."

Tara flicked her hands as if shooing him away from the table.

With his eyes as big as saucers, Eddie rose to his feet and began walking toward the dock. Tara followed him. Laurel and I watched from the deck.

On the dock, Eddie shucked his shoes, shirt, and pants, then stripped out of his underwear. Now completely bare-ass-naked, Tara pointed him at the water. "Off you go," she told him.

Eddie hesitated for just a moment wondering if he was being played, but the serious expressions Laurel and I managed seemed to convince him that this was all on the up-and-up. He turned toward the water and dove in.

Tara immediately shed her sandals, shorts, shirt, bra, and panties, and dove in after him.

"Holy shit, that's cold," she shrieked, surfacing from her dive. She swam over to Eddie who was starting now to shiver, pulled him into a hug and gave him a naked kiss. "Welcome to the cottage," she told him. "You're official."

When we saw Tara strip to dive in, I looked at Laurel and we both smiled, dashed down to the dock, stripped, and joined Tara and Eddie in the water.

Tara was right: it was really cold, and after a few minutes, we all climbed back onto the dock, gathered our clothes, and ran — not walked — to the warmth of the cabin interior where we could towel off and get re-dressed.

Before Eddie could start to put his clothing back on, Tara, still naked, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again. Eddie's entire body turned pink with a head-to-toe blush, and his penis stiffened noticeably.

"We sometimes never bother getting dressed at all during the day, so if you're not too embarrassed at being naked, you don't have to get dressed now... if you don't want to."

Eddie paused. "Are you going to get dressed?"

Tara smiled at him. "If it starts to get too cold... Otherwise..." She turned toward Laurel and me. "Are you guys going to stay nude?"

Laurel shrugged, I shrugged. Laurel and I moved to the couch where we usually sat to read during the evenings and settled ourselves there.

Eddie was obviously startled at the situation into which he had been

thrust, not knowing exactly how he ought to react. Tara leaned in and whispered into his ear "All these naked bodies are making me horny, and I can see that you're on your way there, too. Why don't we slip into my bedroom and we can solve each other's problem?" She took his hand and led him toward the bedroom assigned to 'the girls', closing the door behind her.

They made love for nearly an hour, with Eddie exhibiting a stamina that surprised even himself. When Tara, completely sated, realized he had not yet orgasmed, she rolled onto her hands and knees to present her bottom to him. "Fuck me like the horny dog you are," she teased, and Eddie entered her from the rear for the first time ever. She let him slide in and out as long as he wanted until he gasped with the first hints of an unstoppable spasm. Tara squeezed her pussy onto his cock and he exploded.

"That was so good," he nearly sobbed, overcome with emotion.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," she whispered. "Now, how would you like to eat my pussy to bring me down slowly from where I am?"

"Yes."

Tara rolled onto her back and grabbed her ankles to pull her legs up so that her pussy was wide open. Eddie began licking and sucking, and Tara went back to a series of gentle orgasms that lasted for another ten minutes until she was ready to relax in her lover's arms.

"You're turning into quite the expert lover, lover," she congratulated him. "I may not need to steal my sister's boyfriend anymore," and she laughed.

"Have you had sex with Donnie?" Eddie asked.

"Why do you think I'm so horny all the time?" she asked in return.

She pulled the condom from his shriveled penis and licked him clean. "Ready for dessert?"

When Tara and Eddie strolled, still naked, into the living room, Laurel and Don were missing. "See? We're inspirational," Tara said with a smile.

"Do you think they're...?"

"Not a doubt in my mind. They'll rejoin us later."

Barely over a half hour later, Laurel and Don joined Tara and Eddie.

"Everybody relaxed?" Tara asked the newcomers.

Laurel and Don burst out laughing. "Yes. We presume you two have taken care of business as well?"

Tara leaned over and kissed Eddie. "By tomorrow, this will all seem perfectly normal," she told him with a broad smile. Then she rose, approached Don, twined her arms around his neck, and kissed him long and hard. "Thank you for letting Eddie and me join you two at the cabin." If she noticed that Don's penis hardened and rose between her legs, she didn't say anything.

When the phone rang, I picked it up. "Hello?"

"I *thought* I saw some activity in the water near your place," Gloria started. "So you're back. What's the occasion?"

"It's Spring Break," I explained.

"Ah. How long and who's with you?"

"Tara and Eddie and Laurel and I are here for about two weeks — until the Friday after next."

"So everybody is paired up already..."

"I'm afraid so, but we already threw Eddie into the lake starters," I told her.

"*Brr!* Wasn't it cold?"

"It was so cold Laurel's nipples and Tara's nipples almost turned into deadly weapons. They were lovely." Gloria laughed at that.

"Well," Gloria finished, "if you get tired of Laurel or she gets tired of you, you can always pedal up to my place. I'll keep the bed warm for you."

"You are, of course, always welcome to join us, especially if you bring steaks for grilling."

"I might just do that," she said. "How about Monday?"

"We'll see you then." She disconnected.

"We're going to have company for dinner Monday," I announced. "My neighbor, Gloria Parsons is joining us and she's bringing steaks."

The IGA in town has beef for sale, but it's not as good as the steaks available at Hemmer's butcher shop, and that's where Gloria got the meat for Monday's dinner, apparently.

A little before six, her canoe arrived at the dock and she moored there. I met her at the dock and carried her cooler up to the back deck where waited a charcoal grill ready to be fired up. On the walk up, I told Gloria that I planned to introduce her to the group as if she had never met any of them before. Gloria nodded her understanding.

"Gloria, meet Laurel Oxley," Laurel shook Gloria's hand, "her sister Tara," Tara repeated the gesture, "and Tara's beau, Eddie. Everyone, this is Gloria Parsons who lives across the lake. Gloria is a writer of romance novels and has had several published."

Eddie and I went outside to start the grill, leaving the females to chat among themselves.

"What is a 'romance novel'?" Laurel asked as if to start the conversation. She already suspected, because Tara had briefed her, that Gloria had made my intimate acquaintance.

"A 'romance novel' is light fiction, generally aimed at a female audience, featuring adventure and romantic involvement, often in an exotic locale. For instance, my last two books are '*Spymistress*' and '*The Pirate's Lady*', the first somewhat in the 'James Bond' mold, and the second... if you've seen the movie '*Captain Blood*' starring Errol Flynn, you'll have a good idea of its general drift. Fluff, mostly, for the bored housewife with a streak of Walter Mitty."

Laurel, who planned to major in English Literature at college, was by now smiling broadly. "So, a modern Rafael Sabatini in our midst," she offered. Gloria responded with a bow and a flourish. "I guess it pays well?"

"Well enough," Gloria admitted, "to treat new friends to *filet mignon* for dinner. Well enough to provide a lakeside retreat where I can write my next

novel. I can't complain. It's not allowed."

Laurel snickered. "I'm guessing you live here year-round, or else us being here at the same time is an odd coincidence..."

"Yes," Gloria began her reply, "the solitude and the tranquil setting are the perfect *milieu* for a writer. When there are few distractions, ideas flow more easily onto the page. I've made this my permanent home."

"I guess you have another book in progress?" Laurel asked.

"Two, actually. The one that will probably finish first is set in a college town where a new professor meets the chief librarian and things go from cool to hot in short order."

"Does it have a name?"

"Not yet. Are you about to suggest something?"

"No, but if you want, I'll think about it."

Everyone enjoyed Gloria's steaks, and I noticed that Laurel seemed to be prodding Gloria for bits and pieces of her biography all through the meal. Gloria seemed to be aware of what was happening, too, and she was remarkably open, I thought. Gloria helped clear the dishes away before making her farewells.

"I have to get rowing," she announced. "It's twenty minutes back to my place by canoe, and it's getting cold out there. I enjoyed meeting you all, and I hope to repeat it before you head back to civilization."

I helped carry her cooler down to the dock, kissed her good-night, and saw her safely on her way. I made her promise to call when she got home so we would know she made it.

"Interesting neighbor," Laurel observed after I returned from the dock.

"Yes," I agreed, smiling, "she is."

"Should I worry?"

"Not in the slightest," I assured her.