

## **Carina**

Carina lived two streets away from me. She was recently widowed and, given her good looks, probably wouldn't stay that way for very long. I knew her from jogging in the park, accidentally at first, then deliberately as I adjusted my schedule to fit hers and she began calling to coordinate when our schedules didn't want to mesh exactly.

"What do you know about plumbing?" she asked me one day as we were cooling down after a run.

"Enough to get myself and everyone nearby into hot water," I admitted. "Why? Do you have a problem?"

"Not 'a problem' exactly. I want to change the kitchen faucet to something a little less paleolithic."

"Oh, I can do that!" I bragged. "That stuff is easy!"

"Oh, could you?" she begged. "It would save me the cost of a plumber, and they're not cheap!"

"It's just the faucet, right? You're not changing out the sink, are you?"

"No, it's just the faucet."

"Sure. Do you have the new one?"

"Not yet. I'll have to buy it."

"Okay," I told her, "you need to get one that fits the holes in the sink. Would you like me to come over and measure it? Then we can go shopping at one of the local home improvement stores and see what they have that you would like."

"How long do you think it will take?"

"To swap the old one for the new one? An hour, maybe two. It's not complicated. It's just tedious."

"Saturday?"

"Yeah, okay. Morning run... finish around eight... run home and shower... be over to your place by nine... measure... go shopping... start the change-out by two in the afternoon..."

Carina gasped. "How long will it take to get the new faucet?"

"Well, you know, guys and gals don't shop the same way. If you tell a guy 'Go get a replacement faucet', he'll be back in forty minutes ready to get to work with a faucet that fits but that you hate. You? You'll go to three different stores until you find the perfect faucet. It could take hours, maybe all day."

Carina glowered at me. "Well, I don't shop that way. I'm very practical when it comes to hardware."

We did a short run on Saturday morning, then split up to go get our post-workout showers to make ourselves fit for civilized company before I grabbed my toolbox and headed over to her house. She greeted me in a green terrycloth one-piece short set that cinched above the bust, still drying her honey-blonde

hair. She pointed at the kitchen and I went to work measuring and surveying while she got ready to go out. Her shut-off valves were in good shape and the sink itself was new enough that I wasn't going to have to deal with obsolete technology. The old faucet looked like it was pretty standard.

As luck would have it, she quickly found a replacement at the hardware store that delighted her and bought it, although the price did shock her.

"A hundred and seventy dollars for a faucet?" she fumed. "What's it made of? Diamonds?" I just shrugged.

"Do you need my help?" she asked as I started to set up for the change-out.

"I might need you to supply an extra hand now and then or to fetch a tool, but mostly this is a one-man job."

"Call if you need me." She disappeared into another part of the house.

I cleared the area under the sink, shut off the water, drained all the supply lines, and began disassembling the old hardware. The new faucet went in slick as goose poop. An hour and a quarter after starting, I turned on the water supply and did the final checks to make sure hot water and cold water were being delivered as expected. "All done!" I called to Carina.

"So soon?" she exclaimed as she entered from another room. "You're amazing!"

"I told you it wasn't complicated."

"Well, thank you, anyway!" She put her arms around my neck and planted a soft, warm, wet kiss right on my mouth.

"Okay, if that's how I get paid for such simple stuff, you can call on me anytime."

"Oh, you liked that?"

"What's not to like?" I asked her.

"In that case..." She kissed me again. I got to kiss her back this time. I wanted it to last a long time. Apparently, she had the same idea. When the kiss finally broke, she seemed a little flushed. "Something to drink? Something to eat? I was expecting this to take lots longer and I was planning to have you stay for dinner as my way of saying 'thanks'."

In truth, I had for a long time been looking for the right excuse to invite her out for dinner, but 'dinner in' fit the bill perfectly. "Is the invitation still on?"

"It is," she assured me, "but we're going to have to kill several hours. It isn't even noon, yet."

"What do you usually do on a lazy Saturday afternoon?"

She cocked her head. "I usually like to take in a matinee..."

"How's this for an idea," I began, "we take in a movie on your big screen TV. I have a Netflix account with an unused slot. I could connect your TV to my account, and we can watch a movie from your couch."

"I love that idea!" she bubbled. She handed me the remote for her TV. In ten minutes, I was scrolling through the offerings. We settled on an older movie that had gotten good reviews but that neither of us had seen before, and I plopped on her couch, shoes off, one leg up, one down. Carina arrived from the

kitchen carrying two glasses of wine, handed one to me, then turned and sat between my outstretched legs, leaning back into my chest as the movie began playing.

"More wine?" she asked after a while, and she turned her face up toward mine. There were those luscious lips again. I couldn't help myself. I craned my neck to kiss them again, and she didn't resist.

Strictly by feel, I gently placed my empty wine glass on the end table and relieved her hand of her empty wine glass, placing it next to mine. That left both of us able to twine arms around the other, and we were soon kissing each other like we meant it. My right arm brushed past her terry-covered left breast and she gave a little squeak, possibly of pleasure. Soon, I was caressing the breast through the terrycloth and Carina wasn't objecting.

Since she didn't seem to be offended by my attentions, I untied the bow that made the bustline tight, and pushed the material down a little to caress the breast directly. Her response, which I admit surprised me a little, was to expose the other breast.

"Isn't this a boring movie?" she asked through the kiss. I nodded. She stood and tugged me to my feet, the top of her one-piece now draped from her waist exposing breasts that were probably once quite perky, but on which gravity had done its work. She pulled me into a hug and another kiss. While we kissed and I caressed her nipples, I could feel her hands working the belt of my trousers, then the button at the fly, and finally the fly itself. I didn't do anything to prevent my trousers collapsing around my ankles, and I didn't protest when her hands plunged inside my briefs and seized my now fully-erect cock.

She turned and, with her finger crooked in a 'follow me' gesture, walked into another room, her bedroom, I presumed. I bent and stripped my trousers from my ankles and followed her, shedding my shirt as I went.

In the bedroom, she turned and tugged my briefs off my waist and down my legs. I kicked them free. She pushed the rest of her outfit down over her ass and stepped out of it, then moved in for a naked hug and kiss and stroke of my rock-solid penis. I ran my hands down her back onto the smooth curve of her ass and her thighs, finally bringing them around to the front to stroke her bushy pubis, finishing by snaking a finger into her split to gently stroke her clitoris.

I could feel her thighs move apart as my fingertip orbited the fleshy bump, and I heard her breathing deepen as pleasure washed over her. "That's nice," she confirmed to me as I teased her clit, "but I think I need more than that." She inched backward toward the bed and hoisted herself up onto the mattress, spreading her legs invitingly.

I climbed in beside her and resumed kissing her lips. In a moment, she had climbed on top of me and began sliding her pussy back and forth along my cock, swabbing it with her moistening tissues. A few strokes was all it took for her pussy lips to part allowing my meat to become coated with her silky fluids. As soon as she sensed my organ no longer providing friction, she popped the head into the vestibule of her vagina and settled herself onto it. She seemed to know what she was doing. She certainly knew what she liked and what she

wanted. I was just along for the ride, and she knew how to ride.

"Is it okay if I come inside you?" I asked. Carina could still have been pre-menopausal and thus fertile. She broke the current kiss long enough to assure me it was alright, then went back to kissing. I wasn't yet aroused enough that I was in danger of ejaculation, but these things have a habit of developing quite fast, and I didn't want to risk impregnating her in case she was both fertile and not on birth control.

After a while, I rolled her onto her side and withdrew my penis so that I could spend a little time caressing her body.

"Is something wrong?" she asked with the barest hint of concern evident in her voice.

"I just want to make this last. Are you enjoying it?"

She nodded vigorously and rubbed her palms across my chest. I kissed her neck and breasts and nipples and her navel and nuzzled her beaver until I could feel the split, then tickled her clitoris with flicks from the tip of my tongue until I was rewarded by her gasps of pleasure. With my fingertips, I traced delicate swirls on the inside of her thighs that she reacted to by spreading her legs until they formed a straight line. "Baby, that feels so nice..." Spreading her legs like that drew her pussy lips apart so far that it exposed her inner lips to my sight, and I could no longer resist the urge to slurp the softly glistening pink flesh around the mouth of her vagina. She uttered a soft yell as my tongue began to provoke a series of gentle spasms in her abdomen that may have been orgasms or may have been something else, but she didn't seem to be suffering.

"I want to suck your cock!" she demanded, but she didn't move from her present position on her back, legs spread wide and her hips twitching back and forth in response to my tongue's soft urges. I didn't move, either, because I was pretty sure her mouth was fully-capable of bringing me off in short order, and I wanted to stay as hard as I could for as long as I could. Acceding to her demand would mean the end to our sex play, and I didn't want it to end quite yet.

"Come here," I demanded as I slid off the side of the bed. She followed. I turned her toward the bed and reached in under her butt cheeks to spread her pussy, then introduced my penis to her vagina again. While I slowly pumped in and out, I ran my hands across her back and down across her butt and onto her thighs, then retraced the path, finally sweeping forward to gently cup her breasts and tease her nipples.

I could feel the muscles of her vagina tense with each new orgasm and I was enjoying the soft gasps and squeaks she made each time her cunt gave my cock another little hug.

"You're wearing me out," she complained.

"Shall I stop?"

She hesitated briefly. "Yes," she said at last. "I'm going to suck you off."

If she was going to peter out from exhaustion, perhaps it was time for us to take a break. I withdrew my meat from her pussy slowly and turned her around to face me so that I could kiss her luscious lips some more. We kissed a few more times before she slid to her knees and took my cock, still slimy with her

pussy fluids, into her mouth. I freely admit that her mouth felt like Heaven on my cock, and she seemed to know just how to keep the shaft stiff without teasing it so hard that an uncontrollable orgasm would end my fun. Her tongue swept forward and back along the shaft, each pass giving the nerves a little thrill but not yet pulling the trigger.

"How about we sixty-nine?" I asked. "I'd like to enjoy tasting your cunt while you work on me."

She gave a little laugh at this, but stopped her ministrations. She stood and hoisted her butt back onto the bed. She patted a spot right next to her in invitation, and I joined her immediately. She threw a leg over my head so she could position her pussy near my mouth and sucked my still-hard penis back into her mouth before I could start licking her tissues.

The really nice part about sixty-nining one's partner — for a guy — is that if you concentrate on making her enjoy the experience, you tend to defocus from your own pleasure, and that pushes your own orgasm further off. You get to enjoy the sensation of her lips and tongue stimulating your sex organ for much longer than ordinarily. I guess you could view it as 'it makes her work harder to bring you off', and that sounds selfish, I know, but if she's enjoying sucking your cock...

Regardless, there's no way to push the end off indefinitely. Eventually, your nervous system is going to surrender, but you're usually ready to let nature take its course by then. As it turned out, I could detect the spacing between Carina's orgasms growing longer and guessed that she was winding down, so I let my attention shift to the lovely sensations she was providing my penis and it wasn't long before I could feel that delightful tingling in the thighs that is the precursor to a man's climax. In seconds, it seemed, the tingling was in my groin and then all the abdominal muscles spasmed at once squirting semen from the tip of the penis and into her waiting mouth. She sucked and swallowed and sucked some more and my nerves responded by giving me a few last orgasmic twitches before my cock finally went limp. I could feel her tongue lapping up the last few droplets of cum.

When she was sure I was finished and cleaned-off enough that I wasn't going to drip stray droplets onto her bedclothes, she repositioned herself head-to-head and we resumed kissing each other. "That was really nice," she allowed.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. We should do it again sometime."

"I was thinking the same thing," she said with a smile. "Maybe... after dinner?"

"You're a really naughty girl," I told her.

"Shall I reform my behavior?" she asked.

"Don't you dare..."

We found a different movie and settled onto her couch again to watch it. Every now and then I would pause the movie while she pattered in the kitchen doing this or that about prepping for dinner before returning to the couch for more movie-watching combined with gentle cuddling. When the movie finally ended, it was almost dinner-time, and I helped her put the finishing touches on

the meal, set the table, and pulled the cork from a bottle of wine.

'One movie and dinner' seems to be about the amount of time it takes for me to recover from a climax, so when dinner ended and all the dishes were cleared away and stowed in the dishwasher, I was able to respond adequately to Carina's needs, and she made it perfectly clear that she had been serious about me delivering an encore performance. She drifted into a hug with her arms around my neck and planted her lips on mine, snaking her tongue into my mouth.

I let the kiss go on for a long time, letting her be the one to make the first move toward her bedroom. I don't know how long we stood there in a softly erotic lip-lock, but eventually she broke it and nuzzled my neck.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"I think you'll be pleased," I assured her.

She untwined her arms and found my hand, turned, and led me by that hand toward her *boudoir*.

All this time, Carina was in a filmy *negligee* and I had slipped back into my briefs just to keep my cock from crashing into things as I moved around, so we were — both of us — nearly naked and therefore nearly ready for more sex. As we entered her bedroom, I hooked a finger in the neckline of her gown and she paused long enough to untie the sash that held it closed before moving forward again and leaving the garment behind. I dropped it to the floor and peeled my briefs to keep it company. She climbed onto the bed, turned, spread her legs wide to show me her furry pussy, and parted its flesh with two fingers.

"Hurry," she commanded.

"Not on your life," I demurred. "I want this to last as long as possible."

"All night, I hope," she agreed.

"Is this going to be a sleep-over?"

"Yes, because I'm going to need you to fuck me awake in the morning after you fuck me to sleep tonight."

I slid in between her thighs and as I did, she gripped my penis and guided it expertly into her waiting vagina. Then she closed her eyes and leaned back into the mattress to enjoy the sensation of my meat sliding into hers. "Yes," she whispered, "like that."

The warm Summer weather meant that a top sheet was an unnecessary complication for sleeping, so after a few dozen orgasmic jolts for her and one civilization-ending orgasmic catastrophe for me, she blotted her nether regions to forestall leaking semen overnight, and licked my organ clean and dry for the same reason. Then we both drifted off to sleep in each others' arms.

Some time after two in the morning, Carina whispered into my ear "Are you asleep?"

I'm a very light sleeper, possibly a holdover from my days in the military, so I became instantly awake. "No," I assured her.

"Oh, good." She closed her hand around my cock and began a gentle massage, and was pleased to feel me once again hardening. When she had me at last hard enough for her purposes, she rolled on top of me and slid her cunt

down onto my rod. "Oh, you feel so nice," she complimented me as she began a slow and gentle cycle that first filled her vagina, then emptied it, like waves rolling in and out.

"You're never going to get enough sleep," I teased her, "if you stay awake all night fucking."

"Maybe," she agreed, "but between sessions I sleep very, very well," and that was when she had her first orgasm.

She enjoyed another seven or eight massive twitches of her hips before I exploded inside her and soon thereafter went limp.

"Shall I clean you off?"

"If you don't, I might leak onto the bed sheets," I warned her.

"Would you mind cleaning me off?" she asked.

I chuckled. "Sure. Bring your pussy up here."

Now in classic '69' position, she licked the last few droplets of semen leaking from my flaccid cock, and I lapped the semen mixed with her womanly lubrication oozing from her honey pot. It was the first time I had tasted my own goo, and I enjoyed the sensation, especially since the act of licking her cunt gave her another few orgasms. I like to make Carina come. I'm pretty sure she likes it, too.

After a few minutes of that, Carina rolled off to one side. "Good night," she wished me dreamily, and fell instantly asleep, not even having turned herself back around.

The heavy curtains on her bedroom window acted to keep the morning sunlight from waking us prematurely, and that was good because we really needed to sleep a little later than usual given that neither of us had gotten a full night's sleep. As the room began to brighten almost imperceptibly, I slowly transitioned from sleeping to wakefulness. Carina was still lying next to me naked and in the same head-to-toe orientation she had after our two-in-the-morning lovemaking except that she had rolled onto her side and was facing me. Facing my thighs, actually.

With the utmost gentleness I could muster, I lifted her left leg aloft, exposing her gash and began to caress it with barely perceptible strokes. Her pussy quickly went from dry to wet. Each time a fingertip swept past the mouth of her vagina, it brought a little more lubrication along with it until finally her whole slit was thoroughly moistened and Carina herself was both awakening and arousing.

"Is it time for you to fuck me again?" she asked.

"Actually," I suggested, "I think you may be overdue for your morning fucking."

She paused, thinking. "I believe you're right," she agreed. She rolled back on top of me still in our early morning '69' configuration, crawled down toward my feet, and, facing away, slid my already-hard cock back inside her. She gasped as her vagina reacted to being suddenly filled again.

I let her use me for her pleasure for quite a long time before doing a sit-up so that I could actively participate in it. I cupped both of her breasts and

massaged them before pulling her back down onto my chest. In that position, I could now more easily reach her pubis, so I began to tease her clitoris with my fingers and that seemed to put her into a more-or-less permanent state of orgasm. She gasped and mumbled and twerked and clamped and unclamped her vagina on my cock without a rest, probably enjoying a chain of orgasms that I tried to help along by continually pumping my cock in and out of her cunt. At last she gave a little shriek and disconnected. She rolled over and flopped back down onto my chest so she could kiss me deep and hard.

"Oh, baby, that was great. You're not done yet, are you?"

"No, I've still got a little more left," I assured her.

She reached behind her, found my cock, and guided it back inside her pussy, then began to bounce up and down on it. In seconds, she was back in her groove, gasping, mumbling, and clamping her vagina with each new surge of pleasure. I had assured her I still had some left, but her actions soon had me teetering on the edge, and my best efforts at pushing my orgasm off were, in the end, not quite good enough. I pressed her ass cheeks down into my pubis and bucked and grunted with a most satisfying orgasm of my own.

"Good morning," she said finally after both of us had gotten our breath back.

I laughed. "Yes, I think it is a good morning. Thank you."

She laughed, too. "No need to thank me," she said. "I've been lusting after a nice weekend full of sex for a couple of months now. As a matter of fact, since just about the time we started jogging together. You know, being a widow means not having a regular sex partner on call whenever I need a shagging. I'm glad to find you were so in tune with my needs."

"I sort of had the feeling you weren't getting laid on a regular basis from your performance since yesterday morning," I offered. "I'm sort of surprised, too, actually. A beautiful woman like you could have a whole stable full of studs to satisfy you whenever the whim strikes you. Why don't you?"

She shrugged. "Natural shyness, I guess," she replied. I burst out laughing. "It's true!" she protested. "I was a virgin on my wedding night, and we never had sex in other than the 'missionary position'!"

I was stunned. "Are you saying I'm the first guy you ever gave a blowjob to?" She bobbed her head. "Where did you learn your technique?"

I could see her blushing. "One of my girlfriends had a bachelorette party," she began, "and there were some porn videos..." She hesitated.

"Oh, please go on," I urged her. "This is fascinating."

"Well," she continued, "some of them were very... umm... educational. When I asked some of my more experienced friends if what I was seeing was bizarre or unusual, they all... all of them... assured me it was not." She shrugged again. "As I said: educational."

"Well, remind me to send your porn procurer a dozen roses for the wonderful transformation she has worked on you. I'm sure last night would not have been nearly as much fun had she not educated you. So, now what?"

"Well... we still have all of Sunday left. I'm pretty sure I'm going to need some more sex before it's over... unless you already have plans..."



"No, my schedule is clear until I have to go to work tomorrow. I'll just have to remember to stay hydrated if I'm going to be filling you with my fluids. But right now I'm starting to get hungry. Shall we go out for breakfast?"

Carina nodded her head in agreement.

We got breakfast at her favorite little bistro and took our time about it. It would be a few hours at least until I could perform for her again. She had already changed into an outfit suitable for jogging, so after breakfast we headed over to my place so that I could change my clothes, then we did a quick three-and-a-half miles before circling back to my place.

"Would it be okay if I took a quick shower at your place?" she asked as we slipped into a cool-down pace.

"Yes, of course. You don't want to go home to your place?"

"No, I brought a change of clothes with me just in case, so I'm prepared for all eventualities." She smiled. So that's what was in her backpack! "You're going to need a shower, too," she reminded me. "Maybe we should shower together?"

My shower is comfortably large enough for one. With two of us crowded into it, it was very cozy, just room enough to get wet and have your partner soap you up. The act of soaping her up was very erotic, and she seemed to enjoy soaping me up. Before too very long, she had my soapy cock between her legs and was rocking back and forth on it with her head resting on my shoulder.

"I'm going to need that cock inside me very soon," she warned me.

"Then we better get ourselves rinsed unless you want a pussy full of soap suds."

"Yeah, I think that wouldn't be much fun," she agreed.

I pulled the shower head from its bracket and aimed the stream at her ass, angled so it would flush her vulva and the penis it enclosed like a hot dog bun. As soon as she had confidence most of the soap was gone, she reached behind her and popped the head of my shaft into her waiting vagina. She coiled her arms around my neck and pulled herself up to kiss my lips, and lifted her legs off the tiled floor. I took some of her weight with my hands under her thighs, and rammed my cock as deep as it would go. Her through-the-kiss vocalizations hinted that she was enjoying that very much. So was I.

I let her orgasm for a few minutes before easing her feet back down onto the tile. I shut the water off. "Let's get dry and find a comfy spot to get horizontal, shall we?"

## **Maureen**

We had no sooner settled ourselves on my bed when Carina's cellphone began to purr with an incoming call. She turned and glanced at the display: "Maureen F".

"I should take this," she explained. "I'll only be a moment." She connected the call.

"Hello, Maureen! Where are you?"

"I'm at the airport," Maureen replied. "I have a two-day layover and wondered if we could get together?"

"Hold on." Carina muted the microphone and turned to me with a distressed expression on her face.

"It's my cousin, Maureen. She's a flight attendant. She doesn't get into this town often. Should I try to fend her off?"

I thought about this very briefly. "We can see each other whenever we want. Spend time with your family."

Carina returned her attention to the phone and unmuted it. "Do you need to be picked up?" she asked.

"No, I can get a ride in to your place if that's okay..."

"Sure, come on over." The call disconnected.

"Let's get a 'quickie' in before I have to rush off," Carina offered. "We have a half hour or so." She pushed me onto my back and grabbed my cock, straddled my torso, and settled her pubis onto it. "Damn, I needed that," she sighed as her first orgasm began to subside.

We got dressed quickly and I offered to give Carina a lift over to her place which she accepted. When I pulled the car to a stop in front of her house, both of us were a little surprised to see a pretty redhead in airline livery lounging against the balustrade of the front steps.

"You're here early," Carina called to her from the passenger seat.

"Beat you by a minute and a half," Maureen confirmed. "Are you going to introduce me?"

I got out from behind the wheel following Carina. "Maureen Finnegan, meet Martin Boyle," Carina began.

I reached out a hand and she took it in hers. "Nice to meet you," I told her. "How long are you in town for?"

"Tuesday," she replied, "late. It's nice to meet you."

I turned to Carina. "I'll call you mid-week."

"Okay." She kissed me on the cheek and I got back in the car and drove off.

"I wouldn't mind getting to know him a little better," Maureen told her cousin. "You didn't have to brush him off on my account."

"I didn't," Carina replied. "I brushed him off on my account. Keep your mitts off my boyfriend."

Maureen smiled. "Serious?" she asked.

"It may be too soon to tell," Carina responded, "but I don't feel inclined to write him off just yet."

"I presume he's keeping you happy, then?"

Carina turned, smiling. "Very, until you called."

"Any more at home like him?"

Carina burst out laughing. "No," she told her cousin, "he's one of a kind."

Maureen left for the airport on Tuesday afternoon and Carina called me later that evening.

"So things are back to normal at your place?" I inquired.

"Depending on how you define 'normal', yes," and we made plans to see each other later that week.

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Carina's job rarely took her out of town and when it did the absence was almost never for more than one day. The same was largely true of me. It was most unusual, then, for us to be apart for an entire week.

"I have some bad news," she informed me during our normal morning run.

"Oh?" I prompted.

"I have been asked to help with the roll out of a new product."

"That doesn't sound like 'bad news' to me," I offered. "It sounds like your employer thinks rather highly of you."

"Oh, no, that's good news, of course. The bad part is that I'm going to have to spend lots of time at the plant with the other tech support crew learning the ropes and taking instruction from the engineering staff so that when a customer asks a hard question, we'll be able to answer them intelligently."

"How much time?" I asked.

"The Sunday after next, I fly to Indianapolis for a two-week seminar. I won't see Lubbock again 'til Friday of the second week."

"You won't come home on the week-end between?"

"I've been told to plan on working straight through that week-end, so, no, I'll be stuck there for the duration."

"I'll miss you," I told her.

"You better," she replied.

With Carina gone, I resumed my normal bachelor lifestyle, running in the morning, working nine-to-five, and often having dinner with friends and colleagues before turning in early against the requirement to be up and out by the dawn's early light.

As I settled myself in my office on Wednesday morning, my cell phone purred at me. I didn't recognize the number, but answered it anyway since it might be 'business'. "Good morning, this is Martin."

"Well, good morning Mr. Boyle. I hope I've caught you in a receptive mood," a woman's voice greeted me.

"That depends on who's calling," I parried.

"This is Maureen..." She hesitated waiting for me to recognize her. "Finnegan...?" she hesitated again. "Carina's cousin?" she offered finally.

"Oh, yes, I remember. We met briefly a few weeks back..."

"I'm flying into Lubbock with an extra-long layover. I know Carina's out of town this week, and I wondered if you cared to keep me company in her absence..."

I hesitated, I guess. "How did you know Carina's out of town?" I asked.

"We're *cousins*, Martin. We keep in touch in case we find ourselves in the same place at the same time. You and I didn't get to know each other the last time we met, and I thought this would be a good time to remedy that, especially since your regular girlfriend is busy."

"Okay," I continued, "what did you have in mind?"

"I've been invited to a party this Saturday at a friend's ranch somewhere up north of the airport. I thought you might like to escort me."

"How did you get my number?" I asked, suddenly curious.

"From Carina," she admitted.

That made me feel a little less reticent about this whole thing. If Carina gave my number to Maureen, I'm probably not going behind her back. "Okay, sure, I'd love to escort you to the party. Where and what time?"

"I'm flying in Friday afternoon. Carina said it was okay for me to stay at her place, so you can pick me up there, and I'll have directions with me by then."

"Should I bring something? A bottle of wine, perhaps?"

"I think that would be nice. Yes, maybe we'll both bring something."

"Will I need a bathing suit?"

"Better to have and not need," she advised, "than to need and not have. I'll call you when I get in on Friday." The line disconnected.

I didn't speak with Carina that week. I knew she was going to be busy absorbing masses of technical data on an assignment she warned me could become very '24/7' so I decided not to distract her with idle chit-chat.

Maureen called me late on Friday. "Along with your bathing suit, why don't you bring a change of clothes in an overnight bag. One of the other crew warned me that Doug's parties sometimes go so late that people bunk over and stay for breakfast. In case that happens, it would be good to be prepared."

I picked Maureen up at Carina's place around ten Saturday morning, she tossed a small valise into the back seat, and we were off.

I wasn't very familiar with the territory north of the airport, but I felt there wasn't much 'ranch' up there. It was mostly irrigation circles, dairies, and egg farms, but she had directions.

'Doug's place' was, indeed, a ranch of sorts. It sported the only copse of trees from there to the horizon, that part of Texas being the world's largest imitation pool table. There was a very nice ranch house with the requisite outbuildings clustered around a swimming pool that was partly shaded and partly open to sunlight, and surrounded by a yew hedge.

The most surprising thing about Doug's place, aside from finding a tolerable imitation of a ranch in this part of the world, was that everyone at poolside was naked, guys and girls, lounging on chaises and absorbing rays, working on their tans.

"I guess I didn't need my bathing suit," I tossed off to Maureen.

"You can wear it if it makes you more comfortable," she replied. "It's 'clothing optional'. Suit yourself," and with that, she began peeling out of her own clothing. In a moment, she, too, was nude and heading for the water.

Okay. I shed my own duds, dove in and stroked over toward Maureen,

joining a quintet of others.

"Martin, meet Doug, our host. Doug, this is Martin Boyle, my escort."

Doug shoved a Texas-sized mitt in my direction. "Pleased to meet you, Martin. Welcome to the D-Bar-G."

I took his hand and shook it. "It's something of a surprise, Doug. Maureen didn't give me all the details when she invited me."

"No need to feel embarrassed, Martin. If being in the altogether isn't comfortable, you can slip back into your suit. No one will object."

I shrugged off the suggestion. "I'm okay, I think. It was just unexpected. It's an odd situation, you have to admit. How did this get started?"

"I'm a pilot, and whenever I have time off, I fly into Lubbock, my home base, and spend time here relaxing. A long time ago, I invited the crew I was flying with to do the same. Since it's so isolated — there's nothing around here but agricultural operations and they're so automated these days there's almost never any person close by — a few of the stews went skinny-dipping and realized it was an ideal place to work on their tans. After that, word spread little by little until it got to the point that the place is almost never unoccupied. If I'm not here, some other crew will be.

"There are three bedrooms and two pull-out couches, so it works for stays of a few days or so.

"The airline gives us a *per diem* for not staying at a hotel during a layover, and that *per diem* usually winds up in my tip jar in the kitchen, so it pays for food and supplies and a good chunk of the mortgage. As long as everyone behaves, they're given the digital code for the front door and they can bunk here whenever it's available. We arrange things with email and text and so far it's worked out well. I'm six payments ahead on my loan and at this rate, it'll be free and clear in another four years."

"That sounds like a good deal. What are the rules for 'behaving'?"

"I'm pretty easy-going. As long as the Rangers, the fire department, or the constables don't get called out, I'm happy. Leave the kitchen, the bathrooms, and the bedrooms clean and you'll be welcomed back. Anyone who refills the pantry gets a gold star."

At this, Maureen waded in closer to me and took my arm. "So, do you forgive me for not warning you ahead of time?"

I gave her image, shimmering through the water, a good looking-over. Her flaming red hair atop a very pretty face graced a slim-but-not-skinny frame sporting rosebud-pink nipples on breasts that surely didn't need more than a B-cup. "Yes," I told her, "I forgive you."

"Oh, good," she replied, before snaking an arm around my neck and planting her lips firmly on mine, "because if you wouldn't forgive me, I wouldn't have the courage to make a play for you." I felt her other hand stroke my penis and ball sack.

I ruminated on the situation briefly. Carina and I were, at the moment, just friends with benefits. We had had no discussion regarding 'exclusivity' and there was, therefore, no obligation on either part regarding 'other partners', and Maureen was both stunningly beautiful and refreshingly horny. And naked. Did I

mention that she was naked?

I slipped my hand between Maureen's thighs and she parted her legs to grant me unfettered access.

"I was hoping you'd be receptive," she whispered softly. "Would you like a tour of the garden?"

Given the poolful of naked bathers, I was curious what a tour of the garden might involve, but...

"Sure, show me the garden."

She waded toward the stairs, leading me by the hand, and guided me toward a break in the hedge, both of us still naked and barefoot. The brickwork around the edge of the pool continued through the break in the hedge and became a garden path. Strolling hand in hand with Maureen, her long red hair flowing in whatever gentle breeze could make its way between the leaves made me feel as if we were Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. I tugged her hand and she stopped and turned toward me. I took her into my arms and kissed her again and she returned the kiss with passion.

"Are we going some place where we can be undisturbed?" I asked her when the kiss finally broke.

She nodded and smiled. When the path divided, she led me into an alcove formed by the shrubbery. As we entered, she took a plastic chain that hung from a branch of the hedge and drew it across, clipping it to the other side of the hedge forming a barrier of sorts. Inside the alcove, another turn of the path revealed a cushioned chaise within, its presence hidden by the shrub from the garden path.

"Is this private enough?" she asked.

I nodded and took her into another embrace. This time, we let our hands roam over each other's bodies, exploring, stroking, teasing. I kissed and licked and sucked her nipples while I fondled the gash between her legs. She moaned and sighed appreciatively while her hands did their best to arouse me.

At last, she sat on the chaise and took my cock into her mouth for a little more vigorous teasing.

"Not too much of that, sweets, unless you want to forego the real thing."

She stopped tonguing my penis and leaned back onto the cushions, spreading her legs. I knelt and leaned in to taste her pussy, playing the tip of my tongue onto her clitoris and letting it dance around the entrance to her vagina. She gave every indication of having an enjoyable experience, and I let her spin up as far as her body wanted to go.

"Baby, I'm ready," she gasped.

I moved my kissing and licking up toward her breasts which placed my cock near her vagina. I could feel her hands guide my meat into her own and was surprised at how easily I slid inside her. She had to have been very well lubricated. As I made my first thrust, she arched her back and cried out, but softly, as if she didn't want to draw attention to the fact that we were fucking in the garden.

We made love like that for twenty or thirty minutes before she opened her eyes, looked straight into mine, and clamped her vaginal muscles on my cock.

It caught me by surprise and I orgasmed before I realized what she was doing. In two or three squirts, I was wiped out and she had semen dripping from her cunt.

"We need to get back," she informed me. "I can smell cooking happening at the pool. Hungry?"

I laughed. "For lunch, yes. You've satisfied my other hunger."

"Good," she said. "You took care of my needs as well."

I stood to leave and offered her my hand to help her up, but she only rose far enough to take my drooping cock into her mouth.

"Let me clean you up so people don't suspect us of hanky-panky." She licked any remaining droplets away before standing and leading me back to the pool. At the entrance to the alcove, she unclipped the plastic chain and returned it to its original spot.

Hot dogs, hamburgers, and chicken parts along with various other things were cooking on the grill when we arrived back a few minutes later. We all dug into a casual lunch, everyone still nude.

I suppose airlines rate 'pulchritude' highly when hiring cabin attendants, and these were surely well qualified in that department. It might also have been true that only the good-looking crew members were invited to spend their free time lounging around Doug's pool. Whatever the reason or reasons, no one was embarrassed by their own *au naturel* bodies being seen by others.

I noticed a pretty blonde glancing in my direction every now and then, and when she wasn't looking at me, she was looking at Maureen. I met her gaze the next time it shifted onto me. She smiled. I got up and moved toward the grill for a fresh hamburger. She got up and did likewise.

At the grill, her hip brushed against mine. "Martin Boyle," I introduced myself, holding out a hand.

She ignored the hand. "Greta vanBrunt," she replied with a delightfully round Dutch accent. "Pleased to meet you." I nodded in acknowledgement. "Are you Maureen's 'regular'?"

I laughed softly. "No, Maureen is just an acquaintance at the moment..."

"Ah," Greta murmured, "I suspected the relationship was deeper because Maureen is leaking something between her legs..." I turned to look at Maureen who was leaning back on a lounge chair and basking in sunlight. Her thighs were parted slightly and, yes, I could see a creamy discoloration in her copper-colored pubic hair. "...and I figured you to be the cause."

I chuckled. "Guilty," I admitted.

"Well," she continued, "since you're just an acquaintance, perhaps you and I should get to know each other better?" and she raised an eyebrow queryingly.

"Perhaps we should," I agreed.

"Tell me your phone number," she demanded.

"806-555-1137," I replied.

"I'll text you and you'll have mine," she finished as she slipped a fresh burger onto a paper plate, turned and walked away. A few moments later, I

heard my phone *chirp* with an incoming text, but otherwise ignored it. When I finally got a quiet moment, I looked at it and read: "*Greta vanBrunt 914-555-2040.*" I made an entry in my directory for her.

As the day wore on toward evening and the temperature dropped, the guests, one by one, transitioned from nude to clothed. Before long, we were all 'presentable' and inside the ranch house.

"Are we staying for breakfast?" I asked Maureen when Doug issued the first call for dinner.

"Up to you," she replied, giving me the opportunity to bail out if I wished.

"Are you comfortable sleeping double?"

"Sleeping double with you?"

"Have you found someone else already?" she asked with a smile.

I shrugged. "My plans for the evening are really dependent on your plans for the evening, aren't they? I mean... these are all your friends and acquaintances. You might have already scheduled some variety for yourself and I would have to find a replacement if I were going to 'sleep double'. The ratio of females to males here would make that a possibility." I referred to the fact that five of today's guests were women and I was one of only three men.

"Well...", she began, "Boris did ask earlier if I were going to let you monopolize me all day..."

"And are you?" I asked.

Now Maureen shrugged. "See anything that strikes your fancy?"

"There's Greta..."

"Greta, The Great Horny Lizard? She'll cripple you! You won't get any sleep because you'll be servicing her until daybreak!"

I gave her a shocked smile. "Who's her regular boyfriend? Is he here today?"

Maureen shook her head. "Greta doesn't have a regular boyfriend, at least, none that any of us know about. None of the guys will bed her unless they have a spare day to recuperate. You're smiling? You think I'm kidding? Maybe I should give you over to Greta's tender mercies and tell Boris I'm his for the night, *hmm?*"

Now I laughed. "I think you're exaggerating. I'm happy to stay with you or hand you over to Boris, whichever is your pleasure."

Maureen turned and caught Greta's eye, then crooked a finger in a 'come hither' gesture. Greta took a sip of her drink and began moving toward us.

"Boris has requested the honor of my presence later tonight," she explained to Greta after she closed in on us. "Are you looking for a partner yourself for tonight?"

"You know me, Maureen," she began her reply, "I'm always looking for a new partner." As she spoke, she twined an arm inside mine in a gesture that could not be mistaken. It whispered '*I'm going to eat you alive.*' I began to wonder if this were such a good idea.

Maureen kissed me on the cheek. "Good luck," she wished me, then turned and made a bee-line for Boris.



"Let's get dinner," Greta suggested, and led me toward a pile of barbecued chicken parts.

With that hunger satisfied and fresh drinks filling our hands, Greta led me onto the patio where an onrushing Texas evening was filling the sky with stars.

"Was Maureen unhappy with your earlier performance?" she asked me.

"I don't believe so," I answered. "She mentioned that Boris was interested in cutting in on our dance and I offered to let her circulate. She did warn me against you, 'though."

"She did? What did she say about me?"

"She said you were incredibly horny and wear out your partners with your demands."

"Ah," she said, nodding, "well, yes, that part is true. I think it's because I'm Dutch. We're a very sexy bunch, we Dutch."

Now it was my turn to laugh. "Then you're in the wrong business," I told her. "You could open a shop in Amsterdam and you would have all the sex you could handle for the foreseeable future!"

"Do you know how expensive it is to find a window in the red light district?" she challenged. "Those cunts have to turn tricks all day just to pay their rent. No, I like working for an airline, traveling the world, seeing the sights, and fucking a wide variety of men — and women — for free." She coiled an arm around my neck to pull me in closer for a kiss. "And all this talk of fucking is making me hornier than I usually am — which is 'very horny' — so would you mind taking me to bed so we can get a head start. My cunt is feeling uncomfortably empty right about now, and I need you to fix that."

I let her drag me inside and toward the corridor that led to all the bedrooms. At the entrance to the corridor was a small white board with the names of the bedrooms: Beech, Cessna, and Piper; and next to each, space to fill in the names of the occupants for the night. Someone had already written in 'Doug', 'Boris', and 'Martin' with the dry-erase marker hanging by its cord. Greta took the marker and added 'Greta' next to my name.

## **Greta**

The bedroom was decorated with pictures and other memorabilia largely concentrating on, I suppose, Piper aircraft. I'm guessing; I'm not an expert on small aircraft by any means.

"Undress me," she suggested as she turned to face away from me.

I unzipped her summery cotton dress and she shrugged it from her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Her bra followed, and her panties after that. She wasn't wearing hose, so when she kicked off her shoes, she was completely nude. Then she turned toward me and gave me the same treatment, pulling my shirt over my head and undoing the belt that held my slacks up, and finishing me off by tugging my briefs down to my ankles. There, she knelt and sucked my penis into her mouth, teasing it with her swirling tongue. She didn't have to do

that to get me hard. I was already rock-solid.

After just a minute or two, she stood, twined her arms around my neck and kissed me. While we kissed, I ran my fingertips down her back and onto her delightfully small butt which caused her to sway as if she were dancing. "That's making me very horny," she warned, "hornier, in fact, than I was before."

"That must mean that you're extremely horny."

"Yes, and you had better do something about that... and be quick about it."

"Oh, no," I told her, "I don't do quick sex. This could take all night."

"Hmm," she moaned, "that sounds just delightful. Show me." She parted from me, hoisted herself backward onto the room's queen-sized bed and inched over far enough to give me room to join her.

Greta's breasts were... different. She didn't seem to have nipples, just areolas, but when I started to play with them, brushing my thumbs over them, the nipples that had to be there began to rise in response. Her little peanut-sized nipples were, despite their diminutive scale, every bit as sensitive to licking and sucking, and I think I actually gave her her first orgasm of the night with my attentions. I suppose that teasing her clit while I sucked her nips may have added to the total package of sensation.

All the while I teased her, she fondled my cock, and I began to feel that I had to put a stop to that lest she bring me off accidentally. I pushed her onto her back, pulled her ankles apart, and took a position between her thighs. She was smiling an impish smile when I entered her at last. The third time my cock oscillated into her pussy, she lost control, bucking and moaning and gasping. I stopped pumping her and she calmed down almost immediately.

"Do that again," she commanded. I complied, but slowly, what's sometimes called "a rule-book slowdown". I never actually stopped, but my pumping her cunt was never vigorous, and it was rewarded with, every two minutes or so, a grunt and a bucking of hips followed by her sighs of pleasure. By playing her like a fish on a line, I was able to milk orgasms from her for nearly an hour without arousing myself to 'the point of no return'.

I was surprised, then, when she sat up, pushed me onto my back, and crawled forward so her pussy was right over my mouth. "I need you to eat me," she informed me matter-of-factly, and settled her pubis onto my face. I began to swirl my tongue around her clit and let it slide to the back where her *labia minora* guarded the entrance to her vagina. It didn't take more than a minute of doing that when she started to show clear indications of losing control. As her hips gently gyrated, I could taste the sweet saltiness of her feminine juices begin leaking from within, and I took immense pleasure in hearing the sounds she — probably involuntarily — made every time another orgasm swept over her.

I ate her pussy for — maybe — 20 minutes or so before I tired of it and pushed her over onto her side, took a position behind her, and entered her 'doggie style'. We alternated between that and 'missionary' and a few other orientations that I had seen in videos but never myself tried before, and Greta seemed to like all of them. I think if we had been counting, her 'orgasm count' would have reached three digits that night. How long we made love to each other

I cannot honestly say, but when I finally thought to glance at the bedside alarm clock, it said '2:27 am'. We had been at it for almost four hours and I was surprised to realize that I had, as yet, myself, nearly no urgency to orgasm. I know this may sound strange, but I was *enjoying* being able to manipulate Greta's appetites. It was almost as if I were a puppeteer and I knew what all her strings controlled. It suddenly occurred to me that Greta (and everyone else at the ranch) expected that she would destroy me with her sexual demands, but that it now seemed more likely that, when dawn finally broke, it was going to be Greta who would badly need a rest, and with that thought, I laughed – softly – to myself and silently vowed that she – and not I – would lose this battle of the sexes.

And with that, Greta closed her eyes and fell asleep, probably from exhaustion. *Never pass up an opportunity to rest* I recall someone advising me, so I disconnected from Greta, rolled off her body into the space next to her, closed my eyes, and fell instantly asleep.

When I finally awakened, the clock said '5:41 am' and Greta was still asleep. I felt refreshed and decided to wake her and deprive her of the pleasure of waking naturally. I reached around her body and caressed her breasts for a few moments until I could feel her peanuts begin to swell, then switched my attention to her pussy. She grunted and turned away, but I wasn't letting her off the hook that easily. I slipped my hand between her knees, balled it into a fist which parted her thighs ever so slightly, and with my other hand, probed her cunt from behind. In mere moments, she began to moisten.

"Later..." she mumbled in a voice that clearly displayed her unwillingness to be roused before she was ready.

"Now," I insisted. "I'm horny and you haven't let me come yet. It's my turn to enjoy you." I snaked a finger into her vagina and she twitched, but it wasn't a sexual twitch. It was an annoyed 'leave me the hell alone' twitch.

"Later," she repeated.

I smiled. *Okay, later*, I thought. I rose from the bed, found a robe in the closet, wrapped myself in it, and headed for the kitchen.

## **Dorie**

The kitchen was dark, lit only by the night light over the stove, but not unoccupied. Sitting at the kitchen table sipping coffee was Dorie, one of the other female guests. She looked up at me and smiled as I strolled in. "Coffee?" she inquired. I nodded.

She rose, pulled a mug from the overhead cabinet, and filled it with the steaming black brew.

"How come you're up?" I asked.

"Dunno," she answered. "I woke up horny but I didn't have a partner for the evening. I figured I'd start a pot for when everyone else gets up. You?"

"I woke up horny and Greta's sleeping the sleep of the dead. Coffee's no substitute for sex, but it's better than nothing."

Dorie snorted, and it was a good thing she didn't have coffee in her mouth or it would have sprayed the whole room. "You wore Greta out? Jesus, that's a first. Everybody figured you for a quick trip to the E.R. about now. What did you do to her?"

I shrugged. "I just fucked her until she collapsed from exhaustion. It surprised me about as much as it surprised you."

"How long did you 'fuck her until she collapsed from exhaustion'?"

I did some quick math before telling Dorie "We turned in around 10:30, I guess, and it was around 2:30 that Greta conked out. Four hours or so, I think."

"You banged her for four hours straight? Nobody's ever lasted that long against Greta. And you're still horny..."

"Well," I demurred, "I did get about a three-hour nap that I just woke up from, but Greta wasn't ready for round two..."

"Are you still horny?" Dorie asked. I nodded. "Me, too," she admitted. "Maybe we should solve each other's problem." She pointed to the couch in the living room.

I put my coffee down and she put hers next to mine. I offered a hand to help her rise and together we moved into the living room. I sat on the couch with my robe parted and my cock standing straight up. She parted her robe, climbed onto the couch straddling me, and settled herself onto my pole.

Dorie had the prettiest little A-cup breasts you've ever seen and her nipples made them seem like they had points. They were just right for sucking and licking and I admit I couldn't resist. She, meanwhile, was enjoying the feeling of having her vagina filled and massaged from the inside. She hadn't bounced more than a half-dozen times before her eyes glazed over and she began having orgasms.

"Suck my tits!" she whispered. "I love the way you suck my tits!"

I obeyed her command as best I could. "I hope I get to eat your pussy as well," I told her. She nodded her head vigorously but didn't say anything other than the grunts that accompanied her twitching hips.

It was just after 6:30 by the clock on the mantel when Dorie slowed her bouncing on my cock, and by that time, I was on the verge of spouting all the cum my body had prepared for her. "Are you done?" I asked.

She nodded. "Almost there," she admitted.

"Well, good," I told her, "because I'm about to fill you."

Hearing this, she leapt up, disconnecting herself, dropped to her knees, took my cock in her mouth, and began to suck and nibble and tease. I exploded, and she gulped my whole load as fast as I pumped it out. As my penis finally went limp, she licked the last few droplets of semen oozing from its tip, rose to her feet, and kissed me. "I am so glad Greta was too worn out to enjoy you," she said, and she smiled.

"I didn't get to eat your pussy," I reminded her. She laughed, then stepped up onto the couch, leaned her knees against its backrest, and positioned her slot right in front of my lips. I began to probe it with the tip of my tongue until I found that tell-tale little bump of flesh, her clitoris, and that's where I directed my efforts. Before long, I had her back in her groove, moaning and

swaying to the waves of orgasmic ecstasy.

She was enjoying my attentions, head lolled back, breathing deeply, gasping, when Greta entered the room, and Boris and Maureen a few moments later.

Maureen laughed, and Dorie and I, distracted, turned toward the sound.

"Martin, does this mean you have pleased three of the women attending this party? That may be 'a first'."

Greta interrupted. "He hasn't finished pleasuring me, yet," she announced.

"Not for lack of trying," I objected. "I tried to wake you up for round-2, but you were too tired. Lucky for me, Dorie was horny... and available."

Dorie laughed, then turned and looked down at my face. "And I'm still horny... and available. That felt so nice... would you mind eating my pussy a little more?" I went back to licking her cunt, and everyone else headed for the kitchen to get their morning coffee. I was still giving Dorie orgasms when Doug and Judy, his bed mate, finally joined the rest of the group, smiled at Dorie enjoying my tongue, and moved toward the smell of fresh-brewed coffee.

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Just after lunch, Maureen and I said our good-byes to everyone, tossed our luggage (such as it was) into the car, and left. I had Maureen drive because I was — I admit it — worn out and badly in need of some shut-eye.

Dorie had placed her name, address, and phone number into my phone 'just in case she was ever in town and unaccompanied', and Judy and Peggy, the two I hadn't bedded that weekend, had done the same. That meant I had contact information for all five.

I can't actually sleep in a moving car, but I could rest my eyes, and that's what I did. As we drove, Maureen and I talked.

I'm guessing you enjoyed yourself this weekend, huh?" she asked at one point.

I laughed. "Being surrounded by beautiful women and having sex with several of them? Yes, I enjoyed this little weekend getaway. Thank you for inviting me. I think we probably shouldn't share this story with Carina."

"Yeah, about that..." Maureen began, "I may not have been 100% honest with you about all the details..."

"Like... which details?" I inquired.

"You may recall asking me how I got your number... I told you that Carina shared it with me. That's the part that might not be 100% true. In fact, I found your number in Carina's phone and copied it to mine..."

I thought about this for a minute. "Are you saying that Carina doesn't know that you have my phone number?"

"Yes."

"And Carina doesn't know that you invited me to accompany you this weekend."

"True."

"You're a bad girl, Maureen."

"Also true." She snickered. "Should I change my behavior?"

"Give me some time to think about that."

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Carina came home the following Friday and we resumed our previous arrangement, which was fine with me. I didn't mention Maureen... or Greta or Dorie. I suspected Carina hadn't availed herself of the male company at her two-week seminar because she was very ardent about her lovemaking Friday night, all day Saturday, and all day Sunday. By the time she let me leave for home Sunday evening, I was beginning to understand Greta better.