

Whatever Happened To Bobby Porter?

When Grandma Rose and Grandpa Pete broached the subject at Thanksgiving dinner, my mother was uncomfortable but my father was enthusiastic.

"We're heading for Europe again in the spring starting with a trans-Atlantic crossing, and we thought to take Robert along since he's never been abroad except for Canada and the Caribbean. We think it would be far more educational for him than the few weeks of school he might miss. Much of it will be his Easter Break, anyway. He can take his schoolwork with him and get a head start if his teachers think that might be profitable. What are your thoughts, Warren?" Gramps asked Dad.

"I like the idea... if Robert wants to go. I still remember — fondly — my first taste of the Continent, and I think he'd get a lot out of it. When do you leave?"

"The ship departs the first Tuesday of April for the Azores, Cherbourg, Bruges, and Amsterdam," Gramps told him. "Rose and I are planning to debark in Cherbourg and spend another week or so in Paris, depending on how much time the Fontine School will let Robert stay away. Susan?"

My mother's face clearly displayed her reluctance to have me gone a whole month, half of which or more would be actual class time.

"We really ought to ask Robert whether he's interested in spending two weeks at sea in the middle of his Easter Break. Robert, would you like to cruise to Europe with your grandparents?"

I have to admit I wasn't particularly keen on spending two weeks at sea, especially since the cruise line was Holland-America. They're noted for having a very old *clientele* and for not particularly catering to teenagers.

"Well... Would it be possible, do you think, for me to fly into Paris after you arrive and just join you for the Paris portion of the trip?"

"I really don't like the idea of having you fly unattended to Europe. I don't care what people say about how safe it is, I just don't like it. I would be OK — but just barely OK — with having my Mom and Dad escort you."

"You ought to try it at least once," Grandma Rose pleaded, "just to see if you might like it. It's true there won't be many youngsters there, but you've never had a problem finding your own fun, have you? They usually have a garden chess set near the pool and their library is stocked with a wide variety of books, not to mention first-run movies and some very interesting presentations in the theater. Oh, say you'll come along with us, Robert!"

I looked at Mom, then at Dad. "It'll be relaxing if nothing else," Dad assured me, "and Grandpa is picking up the tab." He smiled.

"Can I have some time to think about it?" I asked.

When school resumed, I mentioned the offer to some of my classmates. Their reactions varied from "booooooring...." to "cruising is fun!", but none of them had ever crossed the Atlantic by boat or, in fact, spent more than a few days cruising. I have to admit I wasn't really enthused about being 'confined to quarters' for all that time until one of the upperclassmen said: *"Think of it this way: you're stranded in a five-star hotel in Las Vegas in a blinding sandstorm and you have to tough it out by eating in world-class restaurants and whiling away your days in the casinos or by going to Broadway revues in the theater. Every now and then, the storm lets up long enough to allow you to run across the street to a different five-star hotel but you have to get back to your own hotel before the wind picks up again. That's what a trans-Atlantic crossing is like."*

That didn't sound all that bad, put that way. I began to feel a little more positive toward the idea.

We spent Christmas and New Year's skiing in Breckenridge with Dad's family, and I got more opinions from Grandma and Grandpa Porter, both of whom were veteran cruisers. They convinced me I should let the Swansons take me to Paris. When we got home to Connecticut after the holidays, I called them and told them I wanted to go with them.

On the first Tuesday of April, I flew out of Bradley International to Fort Lauderdale, met Grandma Rose and Grandpa Pete at the airport, and shared a ride to the cruise port. We checked in at the ship and went straight up to the 'welcome aboard' party on Deck 9. My ID badge must have had a secret code saying "under 18 — no alcohol", because I couldn't buy the fancy cocktail they were hawking to the assembled multitudes.

"Don't tell your mother," Grandpa ordered, then handed me his glass.

At 4:00 on the dot, the big whistle blew and the ship moved away from the dock. Before we got to the open sea, everybody on board had to participate in the mandatory lifeboat drill just to demonstrate that each of us knew where we were supposed to be in case the ship sank or something.

Deck 9 had a pool, a hot tub, dozens of deck chairs, tables, a snack bar, a regular bar, a kind of cafeteria, a checkerboard with chess pieces two feet tall, and a sun deck.

One deck up — 10-forward — was what they called 'The Crow's Nest', wall-to-wall windows for viewing the sea ahead of the ship, comfy chairs for sitting and reading or just relaxing, and an animated display showing the ship's progress through the cruise, a bar (naturally), and the library. Directly below that on decks 1, 2, and 3, was the ship's theater. During the daytime, the theater was used for lectures on various topics, and

during the evenings, the stage shows put on by various performers hired to entertain the passengers.

Some of the lectures were pretty interesting and I admit I attended a few. Many of them were things like 'Oil painting techniques of the 16th century' which — I am not ashamed to say — I missed.

Grams and Gramps almost never missed a lecture unless it was preempted by a concert by some classical musicians brought along for those with that kind of taste. I even went to some of those. They were pretty good.

I spent the bulk of my time at the pool or playing chess on the giant chessboard. Lots of my free time was devoted to playing trivia, watching movies in the movie theater, or browsing in the library, often followed by lounging in The Crow's Nest and reading.

One day, I strolled into the library looking for something interesting, found it and sat down to begin reading. There were two other people in the room, a gray-haired man of 70-ish and a brunette woman maybe in her 50s, maybe in her 60s. After a bit, the man closed his magazine, parked it, and left.

"Aren't you kind of young for this kind of cruise?" the woman asked, breaking the silence.

I looked up from the book and into her eyes and realized she was kind of pretty for an older woman. I told her about Grams and Gramps springing me from school so they could take me to Paris for my first time.

We had a very nice conversation, the first of its kind I recall having with an older adult I didn't already know.

Her name was Jane — I learned later that she was Jane Porter, isn't that a weird coincidence? — and we became friends. More than 'friends', actually. Lovers. We became lovers. I don't know whether she was a nymphomaniac or what, but she invited me to her room, we talked about having sex, and then we actually did have sex.

Jane says I shouldn't be embarrassed to admit that I shot my wad almost as soon as I started. She said she wasn't surprised. Just sucking her nipples was all it took. Luckily, she had the foresight to supply me with a condom so I didn't make a colossal mess of her room or my undershorts.

She it was who taught me about 'the birds and the bees' with practical lessons spaced out over about a week between that day in the library and the day we both left the ship at Cherbourg. If I'm a half-way decent lover today, it's because of what she taught me on the way to Cherbourg. I even had my first threesome when one of her roommates decided to try me out — and to let me try her out.

Jane was nice; Lorelei was nicer, but that's a story for another day, I think.

The Fontine School

I'm glad I let Grams and Gramps take me to Paris, not least because I met Jane and got an education I never expected. Paris was lots of fun, too. We spent about nine more days there after the cruise, and I admit I occasionally got a little case of 'horny' when I saw some girl who reminded me of Jane or Lorelei, but I got over it.

I had to hustle to catch up with the class after wasting the bulk of that cruise enjoying the pleasures of the flesh, but I had no cause to complain. I managed to make up all the lost time and made a decent showing at final-exam time, probably enhanced by several first-person essays about that trip to France I turned in for extra credit.

At the end of the term, the faculty always throws a party for the students, not exactly a 'prom', but it's on that model. All the students, whatever year they're in, are invited. Many of the upperclassmen bring their own dates, especially if they've already gotten their driving licenses. There seems to be some significant correlation between 'drives' and 'has a girlfriend'. Underclassmen rely on one of the several all-girls schools nearby being invited to join us for the party.

That means there are dozens of unattached girls for dozens of unattached boys. Most of the boys in the lower grades have a bad case of shyness when it comes to girls their own age.

Thank you, Jane and Lorelei, for breaking me out of my shell.

When the girls arrived in their school's buses, some of us lined up to greet them (as we were told gentlemen would), and I made sure I was on the welcoming committee. That gave me an early look at the selection. Most of them were a little on the young-and-gawky side, but there were a few who were quite pretty. I made special note of their names.

As we all milled about in the gymnasium that now served as a dance floor, I caught the eye of a taller blonde. I'm a little taller than I ought to be, so I made a bee line for her as soon as she smiled back.

I stuck out my hand. "Bob Porter," I introduced myself.

"Diane Darling," she answered, taking my hand.

"Yes, you are," I agreed, smiling back. "Care to dance?" We both moved into the throng and danced for a while until the music suddenly shifted to something much more 'ballroom'. I would have left the floor at that point, but she moved in closer and took my hand. I wrapped an arm around her waist and did my best to move my feet the way the music seemed to suggest.

"I take it you aren't big on the older dances?" she asked.

"Does it show?" I asked in return.

"It's just that I find myself leading..." Then she smiled broadly at me. "Other than that, you're doing fine."

"To be honest," I told her, "I'd much rather sit quietly and talk and find out lots more about this golden goddess I find myself dancing with."

She dropped one hand and led me off the floor to the punch bowl. We got fresh drinks and I led her outside onto one of lawns where chairs and tables had been set up under canopies.

Diane Darling was a year ahead of me, about to be sixteen in a few more weeks, and was surprised to learn that I had just turned fifteen in February. We exchanged information about her parents and my parents and who-worked-where, and then we exchanged phone numbers.

"Honestly, Bob, had you told me you were older, I would have believed you. You're not a bit like other boys your age."

Thank you, Jane. Thank you, Lorelei. "That's very sweet of you to say, Diane. I hope that's a good omen for the future."

She smiled and rolled her eyes into the upper corner of the canopy. "Oh, I think that could be a very good omen for the future, but you won't be hurt if I circulate and meet some of the other gentlemen of The Fontine School, will you?"

"Not in the slightest." I stood, helped her to her feet, and pulled her into a hug to which, to my surprise, she added a kiss on my cheek. As we slowly moved apart, I brushed my lips past her cheek and was gratified that she allowed her lips to briefly touch mine.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh..." Mrs. Griffith remonstrated from her post nearby. "None of that, please, lady and gentleman."

I surveyed the selection of young ladies from The Newington School scattered about the gymnasium and finally found a pretty freckle-faced redhead with long flowing locks in the company of a boy much shorter than her. I followed her with my eyes until she saw me watching her. I smiled. She smiled. I started moving in her direction, never taking my eyes off her until we were within touching distance.

Colleen McKenna was, like Diane, somewhat older than I. She had turned sixteen on a day when, if I have my dates right, I was having a threesome ending with filling Lorelei's pussy to its brim. Just the thought of that caused me to start getting hard.

We milled around talking of this and that, until I mentioned Paris.

"My favorite place in all the world!" she squeaked. "When were you there?"

I told her of Grams and Gramps taking me on a cruise ending in Paris during the Spring just past, and the conversation took off from there for parts unknown.

We finally ended up taking a stroll in The Fontine School's garden but never, alas, out of sight of either one of our chaperones or one of theirs.

Pool Party

As we headed back toward the main building hand-in-hand, Colleen casually mentioned that she was having her own end-of-term party the following Friday and asked if I cared to attend. "I think my Mom would like to meet you," she added as if to sweeten the offer.

It was then that I was forced to admit that, at fifteen, I couldn't drive and had no way — other than having Mom or Dad deliver me — to get to her party.

"Take a taxi. Call one of those ride-sharing services. It's not that far."

She was right. If I lived a whole dozen miles from her house, it would have surprised both of us.

In the end, I called Über and got a quick, inexpensive ride straight to Colleen's door.

My folks are pretty well-off, I guess, but hers were a step up from mine, economics-wise. I say that because, even though I live in a pretty nice house, Colleen's was spectacular. She had warned me to bring a swimsuit so I knew there would be a pool. It wasn't just a pool. It was a tropical island fantasy. There were hidden lagoons behind islands with actual trees growing on them. The Porter property is a full acre of land, and Colleen's pool would have taken all of it.

Colleen had invited a dozen of her classmates and neighbors, boys and girls, and many of them had brought dates. Diane Darling was there as well, accompanied by an athletic-looking guy. She gave me a hug when she saw me coming in the front door, and that hug also included a kiss on my cheek but nothing more.

Colleen introduced me to Mrs. McKenna and let us chat for a few minutes while she did hostess-y things, then came back and rescued me. She pointed to a changing room off the pool and suggested I could change into my trunks there. The changing room had thirty or so cubbyholes for storing shoes and clothing until it was time to change back. In minutes I joined the rest of the party-goers at poolside and made several new friends.

A warm hand on the small of my back made me turn to see who was behind me. "C'mon," Colleen said, "I'll give you a tour," and she dove into the pool, surfaced, and stroked away toward the far edge. I followed her a few lengths behind and caught up to her at the foot of a palm tree. She walked away through chest-deep water with me following, and described the features of her water wonderland as she went. "Some parts of the pool are so secluded," she explained, "that they make a perfect Lover's Lane.

"Here, for instance," she finished, as she turned back toward me and waded into my arms. She kissed me, and I kissed her back the way

Jane and I would have. She let it go on for quite a long time, I thought, before she came up for air.

"Wow," she remarked, "I can't recall ever being kissed like that. And you say you're how old?"

I smiled. "I admit to being fifteen," I told her, "but I have more experience than that," and I winked.

"I can believe it," she answered. "Do that again."

I wrapped my arms around her and our lips met again. As our tongues played tag with each other, I slipped my hand inside the back of her bikini bottom where I found a tight little ass.

She broke the kiss. "Fresh," she whispered, and slapped my face gently as if to tell me that she wasn't really all that offended, before getting back to kissing me some more.

I withdrew my hand from her ass and moved it around to the front of her bikini bottom. She pulled back a few inches from our tight hug so that I would have room to slip my hand in between us. I plunged it down the front of her bikini bottom and found the hairless slit where her clitoris hid. Her torso twisted as a mini-orgasm overtook her.

"You don't waste any time," she gasped into my ear as she pulled my hand free of her bathing suit, "but I don't think we should go any further tonight, do you?"

"Patience is a virtue," I agreed. "I'm happy to follow your schedule. I hope you'll let me know what that looks like."

"Oh, I will," she replied, giving me a quick kiss on my lips, "but now we should get back to the party before someone misses us."

"Let's do a nice, slow walk back so I can let myself calm down," and I pointed down at my crotch.

She giggled and gave my hard cock a quick little squeeze through the material of the bathing suit. "OK, slow and steady wins the race," she agreed.

"Somebody else told me that already." Colleen looked at me with a question in her eyes, but I didn't explore the topic further.

Dad always insisted I have a summer job to keep me busy between terms. Most kids get jobs bagging groceries at the local supermarket or something equally mind-numbing. I always looked at it as a challenge: if I have to work, at least I should be learning something. This year I found a job as an electrician's helper. What that entailed was getting up at the crack of dawn so I could accompany the electrician on his rounds, generally emergency call-outs, but occasionally pre-scheduled installations of various sorts. I didn't touch anything electrified, I just fetched this tool or that one and handed it to him when he called for it. Even not doing any 'real' work and just watching him expose wires, check for current, splice this, solder that, put a new switch or socket where Mrs. Jones wanted it, I learned a lot

about the craft. More important — and I think that was Dad's purpose behind making me get a job — I developed an appreciation for workmen who weren't Chairman of the Board or the Director of Operations.

Craft jobs like that also paid quite well compared to grocery bagging, and it wasn't a surprise that I could bring home several hundred dollars each week. For someone who was just embarking on the dating circuit, it was a very nice feeling to be able to take one's date to dinner at someplace more upscale than Burger King.

Diane

My phone rang and I looked at the screen: Diane Darling. "Hello, Diane," I started, "what's up?"

"Did you enjoy yourself at the party?" she asked as an opening gambit.

"I did. How about you?"

"I always enjoy Colleen's parties. Some pool, isn't it?"

"Pool? It's an inland sea," and both of us chuckled. "So... who was the gorilla?"

"My date?" Diane asked. "Jerry is very sweet. He's a football player and they always tend to run a little on the 'hefty' side. How about you? Did you make any interesting new friends?"

"A few," I admitted. "There were some Fontine guys I recognized as well, but the one person I wanted to snuggle up to was already spoken-for."

"Oh? Who?"

"Cute blonde, tall, skinny, athletic, nice hair — maybe you know her? — Diane Darling?"

"Oh," she said knowingly, "well, maybe you need to get on her social calendar... take her to dinner and a movie, maybe... 'faint heart never won fair lady', they say."

"You're absolutely right!" I agreed, playing along. "You wouldn't know what kind of movies she prefers, would you?"

"She's a chick, so any chick-flick is going to please her. Comedies rather than tragedies. She's a sucker for a happy ending."

"Say, what are you doing Friday night?" I continued.

"Busy," she replied, "try Saturday."

"OK, what are you doing Saturday night?"

"Nothing so far. What are you thinking?"

"Care to join me for a showing of 'Wedding Belles' and maybe grab something to eat afterward?"

"Love to," she agreed. "Where?"

"You pick," I insisted, "and let me know when to come get you."

"Saturday, then."

Saturday was a better day for me anyway because I had the whole day free. Friday would have meant rushing home from work, cleaning up, rushing over to Diane's place, rush to the movie, rush to dinner, kiss-kiss-hug-hug, go home. Yes, Saturday was better.

She called back the next day and told me to come over any time after 2:00pm for a 5:35pm showing.

Diane lived closer to me than Colleen, but not close enough that I would consider using my bike to get there. I called a ride-sharing service and it got me there just a shade after two.

She introduced me to her family and we chatted for a short while before they excused themselves and left to do some errands.

"Now," Diane announced, advancing on me, "I have you all to myself." She floated into my arms, wrapped her arms around my neck, and kissed me. As with Colleen, the kiss seemed to last longer than I would have expected. "Oh, baby," she exclaimed softly when the kiss broke, "I like what you're doing to me."

"What am I doing to you?"

"I'm not completely sure, but I want you to do some more of whatever it is."

I sat on the couch and she settled in next to me to get some more of whatever it was. If she thought I was a good kisser, she didn't appreciate her own talents. She kissed like Jane did and I felt the same urges rising that Jane so easily provoked in me.

After a while, I let my fingertips gently stroke the fabric covering her breast and got no push-back from her. *Nothing ventured; nothing gained.* From her breasts my fingers lightly stroked toward her back and down to her waist, across her gently-curved butt and onto her leg where her shorts ended. The kiss continued unchecked. At her knees, the fingertips flowed from the outside surface of her leg to the inside surface. She must have sensed what was happening because she parted her thighs slightly as my touch moved up toward her groin. Soon, I was back at the hem of her shorts, and then caressing the fleshy mound of her pubis.

"I don't want to have sex," she informed me as my fingertips gently moved across the fabric of her shorts.

"Okay. What do you want to do?"

"Just... let's explore each other."

"Your parents..."

"...will be gone for hours. They won't be back before we leave."

I reached for the top button of her blouse but she stopped me.

"Let's go upstairs. I may want to change my outfit before we leave." She rose and led me upstairs to her room where she drew a new

blouse from her closet and a short skirt from her dresser, both of which she put aside. "Now, you were saying..." and she advanced on me again.

I continued undoing the top button of her blouse, then the one below, until they were all undone. She, meanwhile, had unbuckled my belt and unsnapped the waist of my shorts. I loosened the waist of her shorts and pushed them down.

Now, I can't recall who said it and it may have been said in jest, but either Jane or Lorelei told me: *'If her bra and panties match, having sex was not your idea.'* Diane's bra — and matching panties — were lavender with some sort of fancy stitchery and very pretty. Even so, since she had said 'no sex', it wasn't going to be me who forced the issue.

We closed for another kiss and I reached behind her to unsnap her bra. As I drew it away, I casually glanced at the size label: 34B. I stripped my T-shirt off and pressed her breasts to mine before pushing her panties over her hips and down to the floor where she kicked them free. She peeled my briefs and pushed them down, but they waited for me to finish the operation.

Now with both of us completely naked, I eased Diane back onto her bed, pulled her ankles apart, and dipped my head into her groin and her lightly-furred pussy. With my thumbs, I spread her *labia* so that my tongue could find the entrance to her vagina. After teasing that for a few moments, I moved up to her clit and began to work that for her pleasure.

"Oh..." she moaned, and I knew she had just orgasmed. She sat up and pulled my face away from her pussy and toward her own. I soon lay next to her, kissing her and teasing her pussy with my free hand. I tried to slide my middle finger into her vagina but met resistance. There was a hole, but it was too small, I estimated, to comfortably accommodate my finger. Diane's hymen was still intact, it appeared; she was a virgin, so no searching for her G-spot today. I switched to licking and sucking her pale pink nipples, which she appeared to enjoy.

She had not yet started handling my penis, and that was okay with me for the moment. Since there was going to be no penetration, I was kind of glad she wasn't going to put me into such a state that I would be anxious to violate her explicit wishes. Almost at the same time I started thinking about it, I felt Diane's hand close around my cock.

"Now, don't make me sorry you're a virgin," I warned.

She seemed surprised. "What makes you think I'm a virgin?" she demanded.

In answer, I slipped my hand between her thighs and threaded my middle finger back into the vestibule of her vagina and stroked her hymen with the fingertip. "You're still unbroken. There's no room for a penis without stretching your hymen or splitting it."

Tears began leaking from the corners of her eyes. "I'm so scared..." she started to explain.

I put my finger to her lips to silence the explanation and she kissed it lightly. "I understand," I told her, "but what do you do for your... intimate partners if 'penetration' is not on the menu?"

"I give him a handjob."

"And that's what you have planned for me? Tell me — honestly, now — what do you like?"

She thought for a moment, perhaps calculating how honest she should be with her latest admirer. "I like having my nipples sucked, and I like having my clitoris played with."

"No '69'?" I asked.

"What's that?"

"You bring your pussy up here where I can lick it, and that puts my cock right there where you can lick it... or massage it... or any other thing you can think of. I'll play with your clit using my tongue instead of a finger."

"...Like you just did," she finished. She scooted around so that her pussy was near my face and I pulled her on top of me, one thigh on either side, and gave her gash a lick. She giggled at that, so I aimed for her clit and began gently teasing it. I felt a kiss on the tip of my cock, then a lick running down over the frenulum. I suspected Diane was a lot more naïve about male anatomy than I was about female anatomy. She didn't understand that she could carelessly finish me off for the afternoon. One step at a time. She has to have lived a very sheltered life to, at sixteen, (a) still be a virgin, and (b) be unaware of so much. I went back to teasing her clit. She responded with a series of moans and apparently couldn't keep her mind on pleasuring me. No matter. The object of this exercise is to please her and to make her want to do it again. I thought I was succeeding at that.

We played with each other — with me doing most of the playing — for an hour or so until, with a sigh, Diane collapsed across my torso, completely exhausted from too many orgasms. Still in our '69' position, I massaged her back and neck and arms until she revived and rolled away to one side of the bed. I sat up and leaned across her to look at her face. She wore the most angelic expression, and I suspected she was still in the throes of reverie coming down from previously unimagined heights of sexual ecstasy.

"I love you," she told me dreamily.

I smiled and kissed her lips gently before kissing each of her nipples in turn, her navel, and a final kiss for her pubis. "No, you love what I can do to you, but it's alright. A guy likes to hear that somebody loves him even if it's probably not true."

"No," she insisted, "I love you. I love you because you could easily have taken advantage of me today. There were a dozen times I prayed that you would rape me because all I wanted at those moments was to feel you inside me, to be owned by you, body and soul." She pulled me in closer for a kiss. "You already own my soul. I would gladly have given you my body."

I shook my head. "I'm not going to take your virginity unless and until you fully understand the consequences, and until and unless we're both ready to make a serious commitment to each other. I'm fifteen; you're sixteen. We've got a long way to go. Don't be in such a rush."

"See?" she demanded, "This is exactly what I'm talking about! Any other guy in this town would be embedded in my vagina by this time! You and you alone among all my friends and acquaintances think so much of me and my future that you refuse an offer of me throwing myself at your feet. I love you, Bob Porter, in a way I have never loved anyone else before."

"Shall we get dressed?"

She hopped off the bed and grabbed her panties from the floor and was about to step into them when something occurred to her.

"You didn't come!" she exclaimed.

"It's alright..."

"No, baby, no! Oh, I am so sorry! I was so busy enjoying myself that I forgot all about you! You must hate me! I want to finish you off so you'll forgive me!"

"Really," I told her, "it's alright." I was fine, really, and I could always get myself off if it became necessary.

"Please!" she begged. "Tell me what you want and I'll do it. You can even fuck me if that's what you want."

I could use a little attention, I thought, *but she's not going to want to give me a BJ...* "Anything?" She nodded vigorously. I reached for my jeans and extracted a condom from an inside pocket, ripped it open, and unrolled the latex onto my still-hard cock. "Your first practice blowjob," I informed her, and leaned back on the bed.

She climbed up onto the bed between my legs and took my latex-wrapped penis into her mouth, but she clearly didn't know what to do from there.

"Make believe it's a lollipop. Lick it and suck it and move it in and out," I instructed. In a matter of seconds she got the technique down close enough that I started feeling that wonderful tension in my thighs. "You're doing great, sweetheart, keep it up just like that... Don't stop now..." I exploded into the condom. "Gently... gently... oh, Diane, that was perfect!"

She let my rapidly-deflating penis flop out of her mouth and gazed at the milky semen within the condom. "Was that okay?"

"It was delightful. Thank you. Maybe someday you'll do that for me without a condom."

"...and take all that?..." She seemed unsure of something.

"It's non-toxic," I comforted her. "You can consume it in complete safety. Some girls even say they enjoy it."

She had a deer-in-the-headlights expression on her face. "Really?"

"Really."

I pulled on my briefs, socks, jeans, and T-shirt while watching Diane slip back into her panties and bra. Then she stepped into the skirt she had chosen for our date, and pulled the blouse on over her head.

"What are you going to do with..." and she eyed my crotch.

"I was going to flush it," I explained, "unless you'd like to keep it as a souvenir," and I winked.

"You're so bad!" she shrieked, and swung her jeans at me.

The movie was an unexceptional chick-flick and I took Diane to dinner at a chain restaurant nearby. She really was a beautiful young woman, and I really wish she hadn't been a virgin... or so inexperienced... although it was fun having a student. We spent most of the time in the restaurant gazing into each other's eyes, the time we didn't spend actively eating.

She continued to insist that she loved me, and I sensed that her infatuation — that's all it could be, right? — could easily become a problem. I did what I could to convince her that it was just a crush, a passing fancy, but I'm not sure how convincing I was.

I sprang for a cab for the trip back to her house, met her parents again for the obligatory end-of-date recap, and was about to call for an Über ride when Mr. Darling offered to drive me home. Diane insisted I accept her father's offer and insisted further that she go with us. It saved me twenty bucks, but it meant that Diane and I didn't get to wait together on her front steps and share our lips a few more times while we did so.

Colleen

As charming as Diane was, it was tough keeping Colleen's beautifully freckled face and long flowing red mane out of my thoughts — not that I was trying very hard. When I got a break mid-week, I called her on her cell phone. The call went to voicemail. I left a message thanking her for inviting me to her pool party and asking her to call back some evening when she had time to talk.

She didn't call back that evening, but the following evening my phone rang just as dinner was wrapping up. I fled to the back patio for some privacy.

"Hi. Thanks for calling back. I know you're a busy girl."

"Especially this week," Colleen replied. "I was in 'crew school' at Newport, and they give homework, and it's worse than finals week at Newington. No calculators allowed. You have to prove you know how courses and speeds are set, not just which buttons to push. I didn't do

'lights out' last night until almost midnight. I figured you didn't want to hear from me that late."

"'Crew school'? Are you crewing?"

"Not this year, but maybe next year. Newport-to-Bermuda if I can get a berth."

"I'm impressed," I told her.

"Anyway, I'm home at last and with time to talk. What's on your mind?"

"First, I wanted to thank you again for inviting me to your pool party..."

"I would have been disappointed had you not come," Colleen interrupted. "Even more so now that I've gotten to... umm... know you better."

"...and I'm hoping your schedule will have some time that I can monopolize. A dinner-date, perhaps?"

"Do you sail?" she asked.

"As in 'sailboat'? No."

"Would you like to learn?"

"If you're going to be the teacher, yes."

"Saturday, then? Meet me at the Hartford Amtrak station at 6 am. We'll take the train to New Haven, get there by seven, taxi to the marina, and be on the Sound by nine."

Thinking this could be an expensive outing, I armed myself with what I thought should be sufficient cash. I actually have my own credit card, linked to Mom and Dad's VISA account, but I rarely use it, preferring to deal in paper.

As I milled around the waiting area, my phone rang. It was Colleen.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"In the waiting room."

"Good. My cab just arrived. I'll see you in two minutes." And, indeed, a few minutes later, Colleen appeared at the main entrance with a sea bag over her shoulder.

"Are your folks coming with us?" I asked, somewhat confused.

"Nope," she said nonchalantly, "just you and me. Let's get tickets."

We both flashed student IDs and I bought two round-trips to New Haven Union Station. At New Haven, we used a taxi to take us to the City Point Marina, which was such a short trip I would have considered walking.

We unwrapped the mainsail and got all the lines squared away before Colleen started the outboard. She backed her Dad's catamaran, *Celtic Goddess*, clear of the berth and turned toward Long Island Sound. As we pattered toward open water, she showed me how to get the mainsail up and the jib prepped. As soon as we had wind, she shut the motor off, lifted it out of the water, and we were sailing.

Long Island Sound, in case you've never experienced it, is like a little ocean. Between Connecticut and Long Island, it's about fifteen miles of water. Since the observer's horizon is about 4 miles or less, when you're far offshore you can't see land in any direction. Colleen showed me the compass, the boat's speedometer, controls for navigation lights, and winches for adjusting the sails. There was a lot of material to absorb, but I think I mostly caught on pretty quickly, which pleased my teacher.

We stood side-by-side at the tiller and steered east along the Connecticut coast.

"You're buying dinner, is that right?" she asked. I nodded agreement. "In that case, I'll buy lunch."

We sailed east until about noon, when we turned north just after passing a beach-y point. We hauled the sail down part-way and used the outboard to take us in. Colleen seemed to know where she was going.

"This is Clinton harbor, and there's a dockside restaurant that puts out a nice lunch."

She eased the boat into an available slip, we tied it securely, and went inside.

"Hey, Colleen, new boyfriend?" the bartender called as we walked in.

"No one will ever take your place, Danny," she replied, and blew him a kiss.

"I guess you're a regular here, then," I remarked as the waitress seated us.

"Our whole family is. Dad used to wait tables here when he was in school. We're well known."

She was right about 'a nice lunch'. We spent about an hour relaxing and talking.

"I heard you're dating Diane Darling," she began.

"A movie and dinner," I responded. "Does that count as 'dating'?"

"Oh, is that all..."

"Why?" I prompted, "did you hear something else?"

"No, I was just wondering..."

"As long as you brought the subject up," I leaned in so I could lower my voice, "maybe you'd give me some background on Diane." Colleen's right eyebrow smashed against her hairline as if to ask 'Wha...?'. "She seems very... naïve, I guess is the proper word. Has she lived an unusually sheltered life?"

"I'm not sure where you're going with this..."

"Now you're about to embarrass me," I begged off. "Maybe I shouldn't have raised the issue. Certainly, I don't want to do or say anything that might come between you and me."

Colleen leaned in, too. "Listen, I'm a big girl," she said, "and you seem mature beyond your years. Let's be completely open with each other, okay?" I nodded. "Are you intimate with Diane?"

"It depends on how you define 'intimate'."

"'Intimate' as in '*had sex with*'."

"No. No one has been intimate with Diane. She's a virgin."

Her right eyebrow smashed against her hairline again. "And you know this... how, exactly?"

"I was 'intimate' with Diane, but using a different definition for the word. She affirmatively declined your version of intimacy, and it appears that it's her long-standing policy."

"You are the strangest fifteen-year-old I have ever met or can even imagine meeting. Are you speculating or do you know?"

"Is this conversation confidential?" I asked. "I wouldn't want any of this to get out..."

"I consider Diane a friend. I promise that no one will hear about this from me." She made a little 'X' over her heart with a fingertip and raised her right palm.

"Besides being a virgin, Diane seems to be completely oblivious to all sorts of things I would expect a girl of her age to know all about..."

"Like...?"

"Like fellatio, cunnilingus, '69ing', condoms... It gets worse: the little intimacy we have shared now looks to her like 'love', and I don't believe she actually knows what that means, either."

"Oh, brother, are you ever in trouble!"

"Any suggestions?"

"Not yet, but I'll give it some thought. So, does this mean that you and Diane are 'an item'?"

"No, it does not," I protested. "As I said, I'm not interested in doing or saying anything that might come between you and me. If any boy-girl set here becomes 'an item', I would hope it's us."

"Please don't get your hopes up. I don't have a boyfriend; I have boyfriends, plural, and I very much like it that way. As intriguing as you are, you're unlikely to change my mind on that score.

"And speaking of 'intriguing', I'd like to know how you garnered all this knowledge you think Diane should already have acquired. Where did you get all your experience?"

I thought briefly about how I should answer her question and even whether I should answer her question. "That's both a complicated question and a very long story. Some other time after we've gotten to know each other better?"

She looked at me for a long time, possibly thinking. "I can wait," she said at last.

She eased the boat away from the slip, maneuvered it through the inner harbor, and pointed it south toward the Sound. As she did, she had me run the mainsail up and get it ready for open water. I did a pretty good job, too, considering it was just my second time. She took up a course west back to New Haven.

"We've got three hours before we get back," she said. "Is your story longer than that?"

"Probably not. Putting it in terms that won't get me thrown overboard might be, though. Why? Are you that curious?"

"Of course, I'm curious. I like you. I'm developing something of a 'proprietary interest' in you... just in case. I figure it would be good to know what... and who... I'm getting involved with. I have the feeling your story is inextricably tied to that."

"I have to admit I like the sound of '*Colleen is getting involved with Bob*', but now I have to be careful what I say lest I jeopardize that developing involvement."

"Take the helm," she ordered. I slipped in beside her and put my hands on the tiller. She turned my face toward hers with two hands and kissed me deep. I kissed her back, of course. "Nothing will jeopardize that like dishonesty. Stay honest with me and you'll like the results. I guarantee it."

"I never did tell you how I got to Paris, did I?" I began, and let the story of Bobby and Jane and Lorelei unreel slowly.

"Okay," Colleen said, smiling, as my tale came to an end, "so that's where you learned to kiss so your girl thinks she's the only person in the visible universe. That clears up a lot of confusion. It also means that you're a very old 'fifteen' and you probably have a few tricks to teach girls lots older even than I am. So now I have a question or two for you..."

"Do you expect to get me into your bed?"

"Well, not tonight, probably, but yes, eventually."

Colleen laughed. "I did demand you stay honest. I suppose I should have anticipated that. Then, do you have any long-term plans for the two of us?"

That was a weird question. "By 'long-term', I presume you're talking about 'marriage'? I'm fifteen, you're sixteen, I think we've got lots of time before we start thinking about that. On the other hand, a beautiful woman like you would make any man think about walking down the aisle. Right now, my plans are to spend quality time with Colleen, cultivate her as a friend and perhaps as a lover, enjoy life, grow to productive adulthood, and position myself as an eligible suitor she or someone equally charming would consider as a permanent partner."

"It sounds like you've given this topic considerable thought."

"I have," I confirmed. "Jane and Lorelei both drummed it into my head that sexual prowess is both a gift and a weapon, and they would be very disappointed in me were I to use what they have given me for evil — their word. I have sworn to myself that I will not disappoint them."

Colleen pursed her lips and bobbed her head in thought. "Will you be disappointed if we never have sex?"

Careful, Robert, she just led you into a mine field. One false step, and... "Yes, I think I would be disappointed. Something tells me you would be, too."

Colleen turned away, but she was smiling when she did. By unspoken mutual agreement, we let that conversational thread die.

We didn't speak much on the rest of the trip back to New Haven or on the train back to Hartford or in the cab that took us to her home. I would have taken her to dinner as I had promised, but she talked me into coming home with her instead.

"You've spent most of the day being splashed with salt water and having it baked on by the Sun. Come home with me, take a shower, get into your bathing suit, and take a dip in the pool. Dad will probably throw some steaks on the grill, and we can tell sea stories until you get bored."

I surrendered to a much better plan than I could have dreamed up.

Her Dad was, indeed, prepared to have one or two extra for steaks on the grill, and we got to talk at length about sailing and other topics we both shared interest in. Colleen and I got to spend some time, as well, in quiet corners of the pool.

"But I think you should keep your hands out of my bathing suit tonight, if that's okay with you."

"And should I keep my lips to myself, too?"

"Oh, 'kissing Colleen' is something that is explicitly not forbidden. Why do you think I led you all the way over here?"

"Does 'kissing Colleen' also include 'kissing Colleen's nipples'?"

"You're so bad!" she exclaimed with a little giggle before peeling back one half of her bikini top to expose the most beautiful pink rosebud nipple I have ever seen, and this one was real. I pressed my lips to it and gave it a little suck before swirling my tongue around it. She must have liked it because I heard her quick intake of breath when I started.

"Are you absolutely certain I have to keep my hands out of your bathing suit?" I asked between licks.

"Less and less certain with each passing second," she admitted.

"Then maybe you can help me find what I'm looking for..." She took my hand and led it to the waist of her suit bottom. I didn't need an invitation. I plunged in and went directly for her clit and gave it a few strokes with a fingertip. She was now breathing heavily through her nose

as her first orgasm took her. I moved that finger further back to her vagina and felt it slide in easily. I inched it in, feeling for a dimple, and was rewarded by feeling her thighs clamp so hard on my hand I thought she might break a bone.

"Stop, please," she whispered.

I stopped and slowly withdrew my hand. "Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'm very okay," she confirmed after catching her breath. "I had you stop because I was about to make a very loud noise that would have been hard to explain to my parents."

"Oh, I think they would have understood," I consoled her, and she burst into laughter.

"Yes, that's what I was afraid of."

I called for an Über and Colleen and I strolled out to the front steps to wait for its arrival.

"So, is that what you did to Diane?" she asked finally.

"No. With an intact hymen, I couldn't do for Diane what I did to you tonight. That's how I knew she was a virgin: only a virgin would have an intact hymen. A girl without an intact hymen may or may not be a virgin... no way to tell, really." I let the thought die.

"So," she said after a long pause, "you're not going to ask?"

I turned toward her and gave her a quick kiss. "I don't care."

She kissed me back and it was not quick. "You are one step closer to having your wish granted."

Girlfriends

It was several weeks before I got the courage to date Diane again. In the interim, I stayed pretty close to home re-cultivating some of the girls I had associated with in years past. As you might expect, that takes time and effort since most of them had developed attractions to other boys while I was busy with a Fontine curriculum that left little time for outside pursuits. That's why I was so surprised Grams and Gramps were able to pry me loose for 3½ weeks of vacation even if a bunch of it was Easter break.

Lois Morgenstern wasn't the prettiest girl you've ever seen, but she had an easy laugh and a warm personality that drew everyone she met closer. Because she, like Colleen, avoided having a single preferred boyfriend, she was often the 'go-to girl' when a party sprang up unexpectedly or just when a guy felt the need for feminine companionship. As a result, almost everybody in our circle of friends had dated Lois once, and some — like me — several times.

"Hi, Bobby, to what do I owe the honor?" she answered my call, obviously having checked caller-ID first.

"I find myself with time on my hands and hoping that you are similarly afflicted." She laughed. "I wondered if you would be interested in going picnicking this weekend up at the State Park." There are several State Parks and a State Forest within easy bicycling distance from our neighborhood, ideal for those of us too young to be drivers.

"I'm busy Saturday. Is Sunday okay?"

"Sunday's perfect. Shall we get food to go on our way or..."

"No, I'll put together some sandwiches and we'll backpack them in. You bring the drinks. What kind of sandwiches do you like?"

"Chicken salad? Tuna?" I offered, trying to stay away from expensive or laborious selections."

"Perfect. Early or late?"

"Up to you," I said.

"Let's say 10-ish?"

"I'll see you at ten on the dot. Wear your bathing suit."

I pulled into Lois' driveway at two minutes before ten. I had bungeed a Styrofoam cooler and a huge blanket onto my bike's luggage rack and loaded the cooler with ice and a selection of soft drinks before setting out. Lois was ready and we set off immediately after adding her sandwiches to the cooler.

At the park, we found a quiet, mostly secluded spot near the lake and spread the blanket out, I shucked my shirt and shorts, she stepped out of a light dress, and we waded into the pond. We swam back and forth a couple of times until, standing in neck-deep water, I pulled Lois into my arms. She glided right to me, wrapped her legs around my waist, and we kissed.

"I've been wanting to do that for a long time," she said when the kiss broke.

"Me, too," I admitted. "Been wanting other things, too." We kissed again.

"Like what other things?" she asked. I let my hands slide down her back, onto her butt, and between her thighs. She didn't resist. "Oh, those other things," she said, and we kissed again.

"Is there anything else you've wanted to do?" I asked her.

"Uh, let me think..." Her right hand swept down beneath her thigh to my bathing trunks and she gave my cock a squeeze to test its stiffness, and when it met her approval she added a stroke of appreciation. "No, I think that about covers it," she said, "unless you had something else in mind."

"I think it's best to let situations play out naturally, don't you?"

She nodded. "Yes, people tend to over-plan their lives. I like to go with the flow and see what develops." With that, she brought her lips in to re-engage mine, and I ventured to caress her breasts through the material of her suit. She clamped her legs harder around my waist and pulled the shoulder straps of her one-piece down so as to expose the flesh of her breasts. I hoisted her up out of the water as far as I could and brought my lips down to suck her nipples.

"Do you think our blanket is far enough off the path for us to get naked safely?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I'd like to find out."

She dropped off my waist, pulled the top of her suit up, and we walked out of the water and over to our blanket. We carefully surveyed the area and determined that our picnic site was secluded enough.

"Would you like me to use a condom?" I asked.

"I'm on the pill," she said, "but if you don't mind being extra careful, I think that would be a good idea." I nodded.

She peeled her bathing suit and stepped back into her dress. It provided a little modesty in case the blanket wasn't as well-hidden as we thought, and since she wasn't wearing either a bra or panties under the dress, it allowed all the access I needed.

I laid down next to her and pulled her into my arms again before sweeping my hand into her crotch. She was well-furred, not at all a bikini girl, but she seemed to be enjoying what my fingers were doing to her cunt.

"That's nice," she whispered just before her thighs clamped in what was probably her first orgasm. "Do it some more."

After five or six orgasms, I decided it might be time to explore her further. I slipped my middle finger into her vagina — I don't know what her level of experience was, but there was no indication of a hymen anymore — and began searching for that dimple. My finger was in beyond the second knuckle before she stopped kissing me so that she could breathe deeply — 'gasp deeply' is perhaps more descriptive — and her torso started spasming.

"Mo... mor... unh... unh... unh..." she whispered into my ear. I let her go on for about two minutes straight like that before I slowly withdrew my finger and let the spasms subside. "Oh, baby..."

"Are you ready to let me slip inside?" I asked.

She bobbed her head vigorously, laid back on the blanket and hiked her dress up to expose her pussy. I, meanwhile, had drawn a condom from my jeans, ripped it open, and was rolling it onto my very stiff cock.

"Hurry," she pleaded. "Baby, I need to feel you inside."

I gave her clit a few quick strokes to keep her steam up, then slid easily into her vagina before beginning a slow, sensuous in and out motion. Within a minute or so, she began to twerk her hips in rhythm with my thrusts as her breath again started coming in gasps.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes," and her head nodded with each affirmation.

I could feel my loins tightening. It had been months since my last intercourse with a girl and I was horny.

"Baby, can I come?" I begged.

"Yes... yes."

I stopped trying to hold it off for her sake and let my orgasm happen as nature intended. Two or three strong squirts and I was done. In a minute, my cock had deflated and oozed out of her cunt.

She watched the semen-filled latex sheath gently bobbing with the last pulses of a fast-receding orgasm and her eyes were wide. "Oh, Bobby, if this is what 'sex' is going to be like, I think I'm going to like it — a lot." I slowly turned toward her with what must have been a started look on my face, I guess. "I'm so glad 'losing my virginity' was as much fun as this. And they say it gets better!"

"They?" I asked.

"You know... my girlfriends... some of them are 'sexually active'... and they say the first time is the least enjoyable, that it gets better with practice and time. Did you enjoy it? I hope you did, because I thought it was so good I can hardly wait to do it again."

"So this was your first sexual experience?"

She bobbed her head several times. "Was I okay? Did I do it right?"

"Yes, you were great," I reassured her, "but the girl usually licks her man clean afterward," I suggested as I peeled the condom from my now-limp organ.

She looked somewhat unsure, but leaned forward and slurped my penis into her mouth. After a few minutes of licking, she judged it was about as clean as it was going to be and pulled away. "Like that? Was that okay?"

"That was perfect. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" I pulled my bathing suit back on. She pulled her dress down.

She blushed. "Well... I gave someone a blowjob once before..."

"Who?" I asked. "I'm jealous."

"Oh, don't be jealous, Bobby. You were way better than he was. I liked what you just did so much, I can hardly wait to do it again!"

"So, how much experience do you have? Have you had your pussy eaten?" She shook her head. "So, no '69', either, where he eats you and you eat him." She continued shaking her head. "And since this was your first sexual intercourse, you've never tried it 'doggie style'..."

"Wow!" she exclaimed, "How do you know all this stuff?"

"I had good teachers," I admitted. "C'mon, tell me: who did you give a blowjob to?"

"Well..." She seemed very reluctant. "My brother."

I was surprised. "Barry?" Barry was her older brother by a few years and he was in college now.

"No, Henry." Henry was a younger brother not yet in high school.

"Oh, you naughty girl," I teased. "Who started that?"

"I don't know that anyone 'started it'. It just sort of happened. And I told Henry that was the one and only time it was going to happen, too."

"So," I pressed, "do you spit... or swallow?"

She looked shocked. "Spit, of course! Who swallows that stuff?"

"Lots of girls," I told her. "Some of them even do blowjobs because they like it."

"Who?" she demanded.

"I don't think you'd know the same girls I do, but I assure you it's true. Ask your sexually active girlfriends if you don't believe me." I leaned back to lie next to her and gently caressed her breasts through the thin material of her dress. She rolled into me and offered her lips.

We played with each other for a half hour or so, ate sandwiches for lunch, Lois stripped out of her dress and got back into her bathing suit, and we swam for a while. Every once in a while, Lois would swim over to me, latch onto my neck and kiss me.

"Was I good enough for you to do it again?" she asked on one of those times.

"If you weren't," I told her, "I would lie and say that you were, but I don't have to lie. You were very enjoyable, and I hope that I was as enjoyable to you."

"You were dynamite," she said with a broad smile. "In fact, just thinking about it is making me horny. So, can we do it again? I mean 'soon', like 'today'?"

"We took an awful risk, having sex out in the open like we did this morning. Maybe the only thing that saved us was that the park doesn't get busy until later in the day. If we were to fuck now, there's a good chance we could get busted."

"Okay, let's go back to my place."

"Won't your folks..."

"Nope. They took Henry to the zoo. I was going to go with them, but then you called about this date. They're gone for the day. The house is ours. No interruptions."

I thought about it very briefly. I was starting to get a little horny myself. "Sure, let's pack up."

In less than an hour, our bikes were parked in her driveway again.

"Would you like to shower that pond water off first?" she asked.

"I think that would be a good idea. Where's the shower?"

She led me to the bathroom that connected her room with Henry's and latched the other door for privacy. "Towel, washcloth, soap, shampoo," she ticked off my supplies. "Do you mind if I watch you shower?" she begged.

I smiled. "Sure, you can watch me shower." I stripped to the skin, turned the water on, stepped into her shower, and slid the glass door closed. As the water began to play on my body, I heard the shower door slide open, and a naked Lois Morgenstern stepped in to join me.

"I figured since we're already familiar with each other's bodies and since I need a shower, too..."

I soaped her body and she soaped mine, paying special attention to my cock which was already fully-erect and hard as a rock. I paid special attention to her vulva. In five minutes, she was breathing hard.

"Bobby, I don't want to wait any more. Can you fuck me right here?"

I quickly rinsed the soap from both our bodies. "Turn around," I ordered. "Bend over." She did as I told her. I probed briefly for her vaginal opening, found it, and slipped my penis in. Slowly and gently, I pistoned her pussy while teasing her clit with a free hand. Soon she was adding her own hip motions to my humping.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

I slowed my pumping down and gradually eased out of her cunt, then shut the shower off. "Let's get dried off."

"Then can I have some more?"

"Then you can have lots more," I assured her.

We dried off and walked, still naked, into her bedroom. She laid on her back on her bed and spread her legs in invitation. I took her ankles and dragged her body to the edge, lifted her ankles to my shoulders, and plunged my cock back into her furry snatch. In no time at all, it seemed, she was gripping the bed covers and moaning with pleasure. I gave her five or ten minutes of that before shifting position. "Roll over," I instructed, "so I can demonstrate 'doggie style'." She flipped onto her front and allowed me to raise her butt into the air, positioning it to receive my penis. It slid in easily, and she immediately started twerking on me and babbling incoherently.

We fucked for a long time; I don't know how long, but it had to be over an hour. Lois was physically exhausted, and I wasn't all that energetic, myself, anymore.

"I think I'm done," Lois sighed.

"Thank goodness," I agreed, "I don't know how much more I can give." I let myself slide clear of her cunt. My cock was still hard and jutting out from my torso.

Lois rolled onto her back and smiled that angelic smile of a woman who is completely sexually satisfied. "That was great," she congratulated me. "How about you?"

I glanced down at my rigid penis and she saw immediately that my sexual needs had not yet been satisfied.

"Oh my god!" she squeaked, "you didn't come! How much longer were you going to make love to me?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "When I get on a roll, I kind of forget about my own pleasure because it's so much more important that you be satisfied."

There was a long pause while Lois connected thought with thought. Then she patted the bed next to her. "Lie down here."

I climbed up onto the bed next to her, and was pleased when she sucked my cock into her mouth. She had just volunteered to give me a blowjob.

"Bring your pussy up here," I said, and she stopped sucking my cock long enough to allow me to position one of her legs on either side of my head, then she went back to work on me.

While she sucked my cock, I teased her clit with my tongue. Every few minutes, her hips would jerk with another orgasm.

"Stop that, dammit!" she ordered. "I'm trying to blow you and I can't concentrate with you doing that."

I laughed, but I left her pussy alone after that, and in just a few more minutes, I was filling her mouth with semen.

"Goddamn, you're good," she congratulated me after swallowing my whole load and licking me clean.

"So, you swallowed it?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I figured you wouldn't have let me consume something dangerous, so I decided to take a chance."

"And..."

"It's not as disgusting as I thought it would be. Besides, any guy who can ruin my day like you did deserves a special reward. Was it okay?"

"It was very nice. Thank you."

"So... can we do it again?"

I looked at her with my mouth open.

"I didn't mean 'again today'; I just meant 'again sometime'."

I laughed with what was probably 'relief'. "Yes, I think we can do it again sometime."

Five girls sat around Peggy Carlson's dining room table: Peggy, Joan Tinsdale, Lois Morgenstern, Teal Ransome, and Diane Darling; sipping milk and nibbling cookies. Each wore pajamas of varying flimsiness to suit the late-Summer weather. Their conversation was heavily invested in the

risqué, primarily 'boys' and 'sex', and their voices were kept deliberately low so that nosy parents wouldn't be shocked at some of the revelations being made.

"I've always heard that 'first sex' was an uncomfortable experience..." The others turned their heads to pay Lois all their attention. "...but I just surrendered my 'V-card' and if that's what others call 'uncomfortable', I'm thinking of becoming a hooker."

"I almost gave up sex entirely after my first time," Teal offered. "It was painful and bloody and I didn't even orgasm. I'm glad I tried again, but that almost didn't happen.

"Who was your initiator, Lois?"

"I don't think I'm ready to share that quite yet," Lois demurred, "especially since I'm still working on him." She smiled. "Anybody else?"

Peggy Carlson blushed. "Mine wasn't quite as bad as Teal's," she admitted, "but I was surprised at the stab of pain as he pushed through and tore my hymen. It was also kind of bloody."

Joan Tinsdale shook her head. "You didn't stretch yourself before you let somebody break in?" she asked incredulously. "Geez, no wonder you had bad experiences!"

"What do you mean, 'stretch yourself'?" Lois asked.

"If your hymen is intact, your lover has little option except to force his way in by ramming you with a stiff penis. Of course it's going to be painful! You solve the problem by probing the very small natural opening in the hymen with something that will stretch it. A fingertip or a dowel, maybe, or something like it. A carrot might even work. When it's a little more open, you repeat with a fatter dowel, and continue until you can stick a cucumber into your vagina. Do you girls know nothing about your own anatomy?"

"Well, I've never done anything like you suggest," Lois said, "and I didn't have a painful or bloody experience. What about me?"

"What sports do you do?" Joan asked.

"Nothing," Lois answered, then added "horseback riding."

"Sure, bouncing up and down on a saddle on a regular basis. Did you ever have a bloody incident? Possibly even before you reached puberty?"

Lois nodded her head.

"Your lover didn't have to break in," Joan announced triumphantly. "Your horse took care of that years ago.

"What about you, Diane?"

Diane shook her head.

"Still?" Peggy asked.

Diane nodded.

"And your hymen?" Joan asked.

"He said it was still a barrier," Diane admitted.

"He?" Lois probed.

"Since, like you, I'm still 'working on him', I think I'll keep that to myself."

"*Hmm*," Peggy said with a wink, "maybe we should do some 'orifice widening' on our reluctant virgin after we go upstairs. What do you think, ladies? We want her to be prepared in case the opportunity arises for her to — ahem! — get a promotion."

All of them were laughing except Diane. "Don't I get any say in this?" she demanded.

The pajama party eventually moved upstairs, and Peggy carried a carrot just in case Diane grew bolder.

"As long as we're on the topic of 'boys and girls', I have a question from a virgin to her more experienced sisters" Diane started. "Any words of wisdom about blowjobs?"

"Boys like them," Teal jumped in. "A lot."

"My guy really liked my first and so far only blowjob," Lois added. She wasn't about to share sucking off her younger brother with anyone else but Bobby.

"No guy you ever meet who isn't gay will refuse a blowjob," Joan said, "and I'm not sure a gay would refuse, either."

"No, what I mean is: is there a right way and a wrong way to deliver a blowjob?"

"I think it all comes down to 'spit or swallow'," Joan said. Everyone was paying rapt attention to her since she seemed to have lots of inside information on lots of varied topics, all of which or any of which could induce feminine horniness. "Naturally, he prefers that his jizz disappears without a trace down your throat. If you choose the 'spit' option, it means collecting a mouthful of semen, halting your attention to his dick, and rushing off to the bathroom to dispose of your cargo." The girls were all giggling by this point.

"Isn't it really yukky?" Peggy asked.

Joan was clearly in charge of this conversation. "Who has given a BJ and chosen the 'spit' option?" she asked. Peggy raised her hand. So did Teal. "'Swallow'?" Lois and Joan raised their hands. "Not you yet, Diane?"

"My guy was wearing a condom when I did it," Diane explained. "He came into the condom so I didn't have to make that choice."

"Thoughtful," Joan commented. "Lois, what did you think about the 'swallow' option?"

"I expected it to be pretty awful," Lois said, "and I don't really care for the taste, but you should have seen the look on his face afterwards. He had given me a trip to the moon and I was happy — really — to do the same for him. If he were here right now, I'd suck him dry and swallow it all."

Joan looked at the others and shrugged her shoulders. "That's what it all comes down to. How much do you want to please him after he has

pleasured you. You know, if a guy leaves me gasping for breath and wanting nothing other than for him to get back inside me and fuck me for another week straight, I'm not going to worry about how odd his semen tastes. I'm going to suck his cock until he begs me to stop. Which happens, by the way.

"After a guy unloads, the end of his cock, the *glans*, the part you're probably concentrating on, gets very sensitive, and I mean it gets sensitive like..." she snapped her finger. "Work it like he still hasn't come and you'll have him howling in pain that fast. If you want to finish him off so he'll want to date you again, steer clear of the top surface of his penis. Lick the shaft, lick underneath, lick his balls, play with anything except that top surface at the back of the *glans*."

"'69'," Diane prompted.

"Who knows about '69'?" Joan asked. Of course, Joan raised her hand. So did Teal and Diane. "They call it '69' because his head is at her pussy and her head is at his cock, both of you head-to-tail. It's strictly oral intercourse. You suck his cock, he eats your pussy."

"Oh, yeah," Lois chimed in, "we've tried that. It was nice except that I was trying to eat his cock and every couple of minutes I'd jump out of my skin from what he was doing down there. Pretty distracting, but if that's how we were going to get it on that day, we could have 69'd from sunup to sundown."

"Oh, I think I'm going to have to try that pretty soon," Peggy said.

"But..." Joan wrapped up, "who, having tried both 69 and traditional sex, would give up traditional sex?" Nobody raised their hand.

"Who's got that carrot?" Diane asked.

Summer's End

My phone rang. It was Lois. "How nice to hear your voice!" I greeted her.

"Well, that's encouraging," she replied. "I called because I've been invited to a party and I thought I might bring you along as my date. What do you have on your calendar for Saturday the 22nd?"

I already knew that whole week was empty of social obligations. "I'm pretty sure that's open. Whose party?"

"Jim Burke, Peggy Carlson's steady, so I guess you could say that Peggy and Jim are hosting. Interested?"

"Yeah, I think I am. Who else will be there?"

"I don't know. I was thinking you could come by in the early afternoon to pick me up, and we could have some time to ourselves before the party."

"Time to ourselves?"

"Yes," she confirmed, "time to ourselves."

My phone rang. I didn't recognize the number, so I let it go to voicemail. Two minutes later, my phone chirped to let me know I had a VM message.

Bobby, it's Jim Burke. Listen, Peggy and I are having a party at my place to wrap up Summer, and we hope you can make it. It's going to be on Saturday the 22nd starting around 4:30. Bring a date and your bathing suit, and if you want anything special to drink, bring that, too. There'll be soda and chips and dips and we'll have the grill going for hot dogs and hamburgers, so we've got that covered. Call me at 867-5309 to let us know if we should expect you.

My phone rang. It was Diane. "Hi, Diane, what's up?"

"I called to invite you to a party. Are you open for Saturday the 22nd?" *Uh-oh...* "Peggy Carlson and Jim are throwing it and I don't have a date. I was hoping you and I could go as a couple."

Note to self: When dating two girls from the same social set, never answer your phone. Route all calls to voicemail.

"I may have a conflict," I told her without going into detail. "Can I get back to you?"

"Oh, sure." She sounded disappointed.

I hung up and immediately dialed Colleen.

"What does your schedule look like for the 22nd?" I asked.

"I don't think I have anything going on. Why?"

"I find myself in desperate need of a 'prior obligation' and I can't think of anyone I would rather be priorly obligated to than this incredible redhead who, much to my surprise, I find within my circle of friends."

Colleen laughed at this. "What have you gotten yourself into this time, my horny young friend?"

"How is it you know me so well, my sweet?"

"You're a fifteen year old boy. There isn't a dime's worth of difference between any of them. Let me make you an offer I hope you'll have a hard time refusing: I can give you a prior obligation for the 22nd and the 23rd, and make sure no one from your neighborhood can even locate you for two days."

"A two-day date with Colleen? You're right, that is an offer I can't refuse. What do you have in mind?"

"I have homework and you can help me finish it. I have to overnight away from home by charting a course and sailing it both ways. I

was planning to do it solo in the Spring, but if you'll crew for me, we can do it on the 22nd and the 23rd. The boat sleeps four, and I'll pick a port that allows you to finally buy me that dinner you still owe me."

"You have saved me again, Captain, and I am in your debt."

I called Lois. "I am so sorry," I told her, "I just realized I have a conflict that will take me out of town on the 22nd. I won't be able to be your date for Peggy's and Jim's party."

"Well, that's a bummer," she pouted. "How about the 23rd?"

"I won't be back until late on the 23rd, so I probably shouldn't commit to anything that whole weekend. Sorry."

"Oh, alright," she agreed, "next time, then," and hung up.

I called Diane. "I checked my schedule for the 22nd, and I'll be out of town the whole weekend, but a beautiful girl like you shouldn't have any trouble finding another date."

"I doubt I'll find anyone like you anytime soon. I was hoping we might take the whole of Saturday for ourselves, maybe find some secluded spot and..."

"Now, Diane," I interrupted her reverie, "I think you need to slow down just a little bit. I know we've developed something of a bond, but moving forward from that spot, if it happens at all, is something we should do slowly and carefully and with full appreciation for all its ramifications."

"I love you," she sighed dreamily. "Every time you warn me to slow down, I dampen my panties. Do you know that? In fact, I dampen my panties every time I think about you. You're going to slide into me so easily the next time, you'll think I've turned into a loose woman, and that doesn't bother me as long as I can be your loose woman."

I didn't have a response to her words, so I kept silent.

"Did you hear me?" she continued after a pause. "I'm telling you that I want to lose my virginity to you. I've made some special changes just for you, kind of like a birthday present from me to you, and I can't wait to watch you unwrap it. Oh, God, I should put on a pantyliner before I answer any call from you. You should see my slacks! I have to go change before anyone sees this. Call me for a date anytime." She blew a kiss through the phone and hung up, presumably to go dry off a too-leaky pussy.

Woods Hole

I met Colleen at the Amtrak station at 6am. I had purchased two round-trips to New Haven already, and we boarded the train as soon as it pulled into the station. Saturday 6am, the train was almost empty, so I felt comfortable spending the bulk of the trip in an almost permanent lip-lock.

We cast off about 7:30 and Colleen went below to spread charts out on her bunk that doubled as a chart table, and mark them to show our progress. Every once in a while she would pop her head up to take a few quick bearings before ducking below decks again. I told her she reminded me of a prairie dog.

"Prairie dog, okay; Whack-a-Mole, not okay. Keep the heading I set."

"Aye, aye, Captain."

Our destination was the Woods Hole Yacht Club where Colleen planned to moor overnight courtesy of her parents' membership in an affiliated club.

Colleen appeared in the companionway. "What's your course?"

"85° magnetic," I read off the display.

"Make your course 91° magnetic," she ordered.

"Aye, aye, 91° magnetic," and I steered right until the display read '91'.

"Would you care for a glass of wine?" she asked.

I thought for a moment. "I'm on watch," I reminded her.

"Skipper's boon," she replied. "We'll both be on watch for the next half hour." She ducked below and soon reappeared with two glasses — plastics, actually — of red wine, one of which she presented to me. We sat together scanning the horizon for obstacles or ships approaching until the wine was gone. Colleen took three bearings on shore points, ducked below for a few minutes, then reappeared. "91? she queried?"

"91," I confirmed.

"Stay the course."

A little after 7pm, we made landfall at Uncatena Island. Colleen started the outboard and ordered me to furl the jib and reef the mainsail. She used the outboard to bring us in to the Woods Hole Yacht Club, tied us up at the end of the pier, and went inside to present herself to the master. The master was very apologetic about their restaurant having closed for renovations. Since there wasn't much in the way of other restaurants nearby, the club always kept a snack bar operating or ready-to-operate, especially, as now, when they expected late arrivals.

We shared hamburgers and salad for dinner with soft drinks to wash it down, and the officials recorded our arrival in their log book. This would be used as corroborating evidence that Colleen had made the journey she claimed.

With full bellies, we returned to the McKennas' boat, *Celtic Goddess*, and secured it for the night.

"My berth is port side," she informed me. "Yours is starboard... unless you're inclined to join me."

"I bunk where the Captain orders me," I told her, letting her know that this was entirely her decision.

"You're off duty now," she countered.

I closed on her and captured her lips with mine. "Oh, no, my sweet, this will be your decision and none other. If I am to join you in your berth, it will be because you ordered me... or asked me."

She looked at me for a long time, obviously thinking, composing her response. "You insist that I surrender..."

"My love, if you view this as 'surrender', then I apologize for giving you entirely the wrong impression. I want you to want me as much as I want you. If you consider this a battle to be won or lost, we are communicating on very different frequencies."

Colleen kissed me again. "My sweet, would you please keep me company tonight?"

"Nothing could make me happier."

I have no idea what Colleen's sexual history looked like and I intended never to ask, but she was receptive to my advances that night and seemed to appreciate the skills I employed in the quest for her enjoyment. She was pleased that I was prepared to use a condom, although she claimed to be otherwise protected. I used the technique Jane had taught me to agitate her G-spot, and I think I brought her to levels of physical pleasure she may not have experienced before. When at last the time came for me to enter her, she gave every indication that I was not unwelcome, and she soon drifted off to sleep in my arms, having exhausted herself and me with sexual ecstasy.

It would be hard to describe the delight I felt waking up the next morning physically entwined with this red-headed sylph, tempered only by the realization that, as happy as this made me, it was only temporary, for Colleen did not have a boyfriend and I was only one of many.

After breakfast at the yacht club, we prepped the boat for sea and cast off headed back to New Haven. Colleen barely spoke to me for the entire 10-hour passage, tacking against adverse winds. Perhaps it was the necessity of sailing the boat on many different course changes. I didn't know and I couldn't spend too much time thinking about it because I was busy steering and flipping the jib from port to starboard and back again. Although the weather was mild, the winds being against us kept both of us too busy to do anything but sail.

Around 5pm we changed course northward into New Haven Harbor, tied up at City Point Marina, made the boat secure for long-term storage, and grabbed a cab to Union Station. By 8pm we were at Colleen's house.

"I have to work tomorrow," I told her, "so I have to get on home."

"I had a wonderful weekend away with you," she told me. "I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did."

"Oh, I did," I admitted. "The only downside is that now I know what I'm missing when I'm parted from you, and, Colleen, the pain of that is worse than when I didn't know." I'm not ashamed to admit that I had tears leaking down my cheeks.

We kissed good-bye and I think some of the tears weren't mine.

Colleen rushed straight up the stairs to her room without even acknowledging her parents in the living room. Michael McKenna glanced at Paula McKenna who glanced back at him. He nodded his head in Colleen's direction to encourage his wife to action.

"I don't think so," Paula said softly. "This is 'boy trouble'. Maybe you need to get involved in this one."

Mike rose from the couch and headed for the stairs. Pausing at Colleen's door, he rapped gently.

"Come in."

He opened the door and found Colleen swabbing her eyes with a tissue. He sat on the end of the bed. "Anything I can do?"

She paused, took a deep breath to get herself under control. "I don't think there's anything anyone can do," she sighed.

"Broken hearts heal, sweetheart," he comforted her.

"He didn't break my heart, Daddy. He stole it." She blotted her eyes again. "And he's fifteen."

"Oh... Is this the same boy you brought home after a day of sailing? He and I talked for hours about sailing and high school and almost nothing else?"

Colleen bobbed her head vigorously.

"Do I need to have a man-to-man talk with him? Although, to be fair, I'm not sure what advice I could give him... I think your problem is one your Mom is better equipped to handle... unless you want to call your sister..." He kissed her on the top of her head and left, pulling the door closed behind him.

"Yes, it's boy trouble," he told Paula downstairs, "but it's not something she's comfortable having me handle. I think you need to spend some girl time with your daughter."

Paula rolled her eyes and headed for the stairs. She knocked gently on Colleen's door, entered without waiting to be invited, and sat on the end of the bed.

"Alright, Mom's on the case. What — or probably 'who' — is the problem?"

"Bob Porter is fifteen and I love him," Colleen started.

"Don't say that," her mother cautioned. "You've got lots of years ahead of you and lots of boys to fill those years. I know a sixteen year old girl's hormones may make you feel like it's love, but I assure you it's not."

"You sound like him," Colleen said.

"He's saying that? He's a lot more mature than I would normally expect from a fifteen year old boy. I take it he's not serious... that is, not as serious as you are."

"He says neither of us is old enough to be serious."

"Well, that much is true at any rate. I take it he's not pressing you for..." She let the thought trail off.

"No, he's not, although he says his future plans include it."

"My, my," Paula exclaimed softly, "a fifteen year old boy who plans. Will wonders never cease? That makes these tears all the more mysterious. What can he have done to cause tears? Unless... Is it that his future plans are far too 'future' for your taste?"

Colleen burst into fresh tears.

Paula hugged her daughter. "This is not the end of the world, Colleen. Just because other girls lose their virginity at sixteen... or fifteen or fourteen... doesn't place any obligation on you. I'm sure Dr. Spencer gave you advice along those lines when I allowed him to prescribe birth control pills for you. They're just a precaution, not an excuse, and certainly not license."

"Even so," Colleen added, "It's a good thing I'm taking them."

Paula turned to look directly at her daughter. "Have you...?" Colleen hung her head and bobbed it. "With Bob?" Colleen bobbed her head again.

"Well that puts an entirely different light on the subject, doesn't it? "So, he charmed you into sex..."

"Not exactly," Colleen said softly. "I charmed him into sex."

Paula's face had a shocked expression. "Your first?" Colleen shook her head: *no*. "His first?"

"No. If it was, I'm eloping with him in the morning."

Paula paused in contemplation of how she should answer that and snorted with laughter. Colleen snickered, too.

"Oh, Mom, I know how crazy this is, but he would have waited ten years for me to come around on my own. He refused to pressure me. I'm not proud to say I threw myself at him, but I'm not used to guys who say 'no' to me.

"I've dated guys 'way older than me but not as mature, and here comes this sophomore who acts like he's twenty-five and treats me as if he thinks I have a brain and am a person worth paying attention to. Mom, could he be the one?"

"Relax," Paula cooed. "It's not impossible that he's 'the one', but it's so unlikely that it's not worth serious consideration. You've just been

introduced to a gentleman — although I would have much preferred that he fended you off successfully. Real gentlemen are quite rare in this world. Now that you know what to look for, I hope you find a few more.

"And, please, no more sex. Neither one of us wants an accident. Do you need something to help you sleep?"

"I think so. I'll never get to sleep in this condition."

—==+++==—

Lois Morgenstern was nice if not exceptionally pretty, and with mature attitudes toward sexuality. She was a fun date whom I could count on when I desperately needed to get laid.

Diane Darling was a knockout blonde, but she made me think she was thirteen. If you told me she still played with her Barbies, I wouldn't bat an eyelash. She always made me feel like a pedophile when we got into sexually-charged situations, and she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in steering me into sexually-charged situations.

Colleen McKenna made me feel like I was twenty-two. She aroused in me a lust that would have made Jane and Lorelei call me up and give me a stern talking-to. Being around her was, at the same time, delightful and unnerving. Yes, she was pretty in a way that Lois could never aspire to and that even made Diane look rather dull in comparison, and I could forgive myself for desiring her. The other side of that coin was that she seemed to have a clear vision of who she was and where she was going that I had never seen before in my contemporaries. Because Jane and Lorelei had gifted me with a much more adult perspective than I would normally have had, given my age, I felt a kinship with Colleen that gently urged me to cultivate her as a friend, and possibly a long-term life-companion. At fifteen, I can't quite bring myself to say 'wife', but if things worked out that way, I don't think I'd complain very loudly.

Was it selfish of me to spend so much time with Colleen? As much as I liked her (and sensed that she liked me) I couldn't shake the feeling that I could be depriving her of — what? — opportunities to meet people who might be better for her than me. You can't know how much it hurt for me to write those words, but I would hate myself if I thought I had somehow deprived her of a future she deserved.

My phone rang. I didn't recognize the number so I let it roll to voicemail. A few moments later, the phone burred at me to let me know a message had been left.

Hi, Bob, my name is Paula McKenna. I'm Colleen's Mom. Would it be possible for you and me to get together for a quiet chat sometime? I'd like to exchange views on a

common interest of ours. Call me back at this number whenever you have a moment.

I called her back immediately. I knew exactly what our 'common interest' meant. "Hi, Mrs. McKenna. I'm sorry I didn't pick up. I was just too far away from the phone. What can I do for you?"

"I'm heading into Hartford to run some errands, and thought this might be a good time for us to have a talk." That didn't sound at all like a good thing. "Are you near the Panera's on Main St.?"

"Yes, it's quite close."

"Twenty minutes?"

"That's great, Mrs. McKenna, I'll see you at Panera's in twenty." We hung up.

I recognized her from the first visit I had made to Colleen's some weeks back. I waved to her as she entered and we picked out a table off to one side.

I must have had a worried look on my face as we sat down, because she reached across the table, took both my hands in hers, and said: "There's nothing to be worried about. I just wanted to get to know you better since Colleen seems to have taken something of an interest in you. I think a Mom should be interested in the boys her daughter is interested in, don't you?"

"Of course," I agreed. "I'm guessing that Colleen doesn't need to know about this?"

"I think if we kept this just between the two of us, that would avoid unnecessary stress." We both poured ourselves coffees and sat down at our table. "Tell me a little about yourself."

"I'm fifteen. My Dad, Warren Porter, is an attorney. My Mom, Susan Swanson Porter, is the volunteer coordinator at the hospital. I'm entering my junior year at The Fontine School. I visited Paris in the Spring with my grandparents. I think your daughter is the prettiest girl in Connecticut. I hope you're not the bearer of bad news."

Paula McKenna laughed out loud. "It sounds like you were prepared for that question," she said. "Are you always thinking ahead?"

"I play chess," I told her. "Sometimes I play chess for money," and I winked at her. "It comes with the territory."

"I see. Tell me about you and Colleen. If you're always thinking ahead, I'm sure some of those thoughts would be most interesting to hear."

I paused while looking straight into her eyes. "Colleen has taken an interest in me and I'm not yet entirely sure why. It's no surprise that I have taken an interest in her, of course: charming, pretty, talented, and self-assured. Who wouldn't be interested in such a person? The problems I foresee come in many different uniforms. For one, she's older than I am,

and culturally that's odd; girls usually choose boyfriends — and I'm not sure I qualify to use that description — who are older than they.

"For another, we clearly come from very different social sets. The Porters aren't poor, but they don't have the resources of the McKennas, not by a long shot. Your pool, just to name one thing, left me speechless. We don't have a family yacht. There are other things."

"You shouldn't sell yourself short," Paula McKenna soothed. "If I understand Colleen correctly, you absolutely are 'a boyfriend', if not 'the boyfriend'."

"I doubt that," I told her. "Colleen doesn't have a boyfriend, singular; she has boyfriends, plural."

"That was then; this is now," Paula corrected me. "That trip to Woods Hole probably changed her policy."

Alarm bells started ringing in my head.

"In what way?" I probed.

"Colleen and I had a very frank mother-daughter chat the night you got back from Woods Hole. She was highly distraught because the word you left her on was 'goodbye'..."

"I'm almost certain I didn't say that word."

"Maybe not, but that was the word she heard, and it sent her into near-hysterics. My purpose here today is twofold: one, I want to assure you that neither Colleen nor I would like you to disappear out of her life forever. If you still care for my daughter, you should think of yourself as 'welcome' at our house and into her life. I don't believe I'm saying anything here that Colleen would disapprove."

I nodded my head. "Thank you for that, Mrs. McKenna. That's very good to hear. And the second?"

"Ah, yes... as I said, Colleen and I had a very frank discussion the other night, so I'm privy to some disturbing facts" — the alarm bells were drowning out all other thoughts — "among which is that my daughter, the jewel in my crown, is sexually active, so my second mission today is to warn you in the most serious terms I can manage that you are not to repeat, or allow Colleen to repeat, certain socially unacceptable activities for teenagers. Your agreement to that means that Mr. McKenna need not be read into the back story, if you catch my meaning."

"Mrs. McKenna, I cannot guarantee Colleen's behavior, and to be honest, I don't think anyone can, but I promise you that mine will be everything you could hope for. Thank you for being so understanding."

"I'm Colleen's mother. As you say, it comes with the territory."

Well, if Colleen's pussy is now off-limits, I'm going to have to satisfy my teenage horniness some other way with some other girl. Lois or Diane? I remembered Diane's call about having a present for me, so I called her back.

"Oh, nothing," I responded to her initial query. "I just wondered if you wanted to get together and hang out."

"Wednesday?" she offered.

"I'm working, but we could see each other Wednesday evening."

"That's what I meant," Diane confirmed. "I've got the house to myself because Mom and Dad are playing cards with some friends at their house and my sister will be at a sleep-over. I can throw something on the grill and we can just chill..."

"...And you can give me that present you have for me?"

"...And I can give you that present I have for you."

Wednesday arrived in due course. I went straight home from work, jumped in the shower, told my folks where I could be found, and went outside to wait for my Über. I was at Diane's place by 6:30. She was outside by the pool fussing with the grill. She saw me approaching, put down her grilling tools, and accepted me into her arms for a welcoming kiss.

"How do you do that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Your kisses," she began. "They..."

"Someone said '*...so the girl thinks she's the only person in the visible universe...*'. Is that what you mean?"

Diane laughed. "That's a very good description. Yes, I feel like there's just you and me and everything else fades to black. I don't know where you learned that, but I love that I get to experience it. Hamburger?"

"Yes, I'm starving!"

I wolfed down two hamburgers and a cola while Diane chomped her burger, never, I noticed, taking her eyes off me the whole time.

"Did you bring your bathing suit?" I admitted that I hadn't thought about it far enough in advance. "Maybe we should just go skinny-dipping," Diane suggested with a wicked gleam in her eye. She leaned in toward me for another kiss and as she did, she grasped the bulge in my jeans.

Well, I came here for some sexual release. Maybe it was worth the risk.

"You're a very naughty girl, do you know that?" I chided her.

"You're not some paragon of virtue yourself, Bob Porter. Get naked with me." She shucked her top and shorts to reveal her pink bikini, then unclipped the top and peeled away the bottoms just before diving, naked, into the pool.

Okay, I can do this. I shucked my T-shirt, kicked off my sandals, dropped my jeans and undershorts, and dove into the pool toward Diane. Surfacing from the dive, I rolled onto my back so my cock was on top. Diane shrieked and grabbed my meat as I glided by, pulled it toward her mouth, and took it all in. In a moment we were joined in a naked hug that I hoped felt as nice for Diane as it did for me. She jumped up, clasped her

legs around my waist, and guided my penis toward her vagina. To my very great surprise, I slid inside her like she was greased.

"Surprise!" she whispered into my ear as she hugged me tight. Then her lips captured mine and we kissed again, deeply, the way her kisses always reminded me of Jane's.

"Who was the lucky guy?" I asked.

"Lucky guy?"

"The one who took your virginity. You're no longer a virgin."

"Oh, but I am, or at least I was until a minute ago when you became the first to enter me. I told you you already owned my soul. Now I have surrendered my body to you as well. Thank you, my love. I love how you feel inside me. Please let me please you the way you have pleased me in the past." She began to bob up and down on my cock and was soon breathing heavily into my ear. I have to admit, her tight little pussy really felt amazing and I soon feared I was going to fill her.

"You're still on the pill, right?" I asked.

"Perfectly safe. Enjoy yourself."

My mind slipped back into the mode Jane and Lorelei had taught me: how to please your partner so that she didn't feel 'used' when your turn arrived.

"Since your vagina is now fully-opened, I have something I want to do for you."

"Does it involve fucking me?" she asked.

"It will involve fucking you later," I told her.

"I want you to fuck me now. Then you can do whatever to my vagina and fuck me again later."

There was that alarm bell again.

"Don't I even get to suck your nipples?"

She stopped bobbing on my cock so I could lift her body slightly out of the water which, not coincidentally, disconnected us. I began licking and sucking her nipples as I waded toward the stairs. In shallow water, I laid her down, brought my lips to hers, and as I did so, slipped my middle finger into the vagina that had just surrendered my penis. The finger went in slowly as she sucked my tongue into her mouth. Suddenly, she released my tongue, threw her head back, and began to utter a scream of ecstasy. I put my lips to hers to stifle it, but nothing could prevent the fit-like twitching of her torso as my fingertip found her G-spot.

I worked her for less than a minute before slowly extracting my finger.

"Holy fuck!" she exclaimed after she had caught her breath, "what did you just do?"

"That's my present to you to celebrate your transition from girl to woman. Did you like it?"

"I don't have words..."

"Well, maybe we should get dried off so I can escort you to your bedroom where I will be pleased to fuck you senseless. How does that sound?"

"That sounds like exactly what I had planned for tonight."

We dried our bodies off, gathered up our clothes, and wandered naked upstairs to Diane's bedroom. I threw her bodily onto her bed, pulled her ankles apart, and first kissed, then licked her pussy until she was showing signs of onset of orgasm.

"Baby, fuck me," she begged. "Hurry."

The time I had spent between her legs had left both my hands free enough to pull a condom from my jeans' pocket, strip the wrapping, and roll it onto my cock. When I finally climbed in between her thighs, she only felt the shaft sliding in, but wasn't yet experienced enough to know that there was a latex barrier between us. I started that slow in-and-out that all women like and her body responded as nature decreed it must: she twitched and twerked with each new orgasm, holding tight around my neck and enjoying those kisses that made her feel she was *'the only girl in the visible universe'*.

As she wound down from a long series of jumps, I asked her "Are you about done?"

She had that dreamy countenance that said I had permission to do to her body anything that pleased me. "I'm done," she confirmed. "You?"

"Another few minutes," I told her, then I increased the rate of stroking of penis against vagina. In just a few minutes, I emptied myself into the condom and allowed my body to collapse onto hers.

"That was so nice," she said dreamily. "I'm numb. How was yours?"

"I enjoyed your charms."

She stretched and stroked my shoulders. "Did you fill me? Is it going to be a big mess?"

I kissed her lips. "It'll be fine," I assured her.

My limp dick was already oozing out of her tunnel of love and she probably felt it. I drew away and rolled onto the edge of the bed, and that's when she noticed the condom.

"You used a condom?" She sounded angry.

"I always use a condom," I informed her matter-of-factly.

"I wanted you to fill me for my first time!"

An alarm bell started ringing again. "You should have said something."

She burst into tears. "You've spoiled everything! I planned this as a special surprise for you, and now you've ruined it!"

"I'm sorry... I should go. I have to get up early for work tomorrow."

"Yes, go," Diane said coldly.

I got dressed and went downstairs, calling for an Über on the way, and waited outside, alone, until it arrived.

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I called Colleen when I got a break the next day. "You said you're a close friend of Diane Darling?" She confirmed that she was. "I heard a rumor that Diane has gone off birth control. I wondered if it were true."

"And your interest in this is...?" she probed.

"If it's true, any of her boyfriends would find that to be valuable information, wouldn't you think?"

"I see where this is headed. I'll see what I can find out."

"Someone said you've gone off the pill," Colleen casually offered to Diane as she and Diane and another girl from The Newington School sipped coffee at a local cafe.

Diane looked at her in surprise. "Who? Nobody knows that but me."

"Why?" Colleen pushed.

"Side effects," Diane said without elaboration.

"How did you know Diane was off the pill?" Colleen demanded.

"Uh-oh," I replied, "this is where the honesty you demand is going to get me into serious trouble. Alright. After your Mom's ultimatum..."

"My Mom's *what*?"

"Didn't your mother forbid you having sex...?"

"What the hell is going on?" Colleen shrieked into the phone.

"Oh, boy... Colleen, please forgive me in advance for all the honest things I'm about to tell you, and please forgive your mother in advance for her efforts at keeping us together..."

"I can't believe...!" she bellowed into the phone.

"Please calm down, Colleen, and I will do my level best to bring you up to speed."

"Start," she commanded.

"You've spoken with your mother at length and in detail about our trip to Woods Hole, is that right? So your mother knows that you and I are... were sexually involved, is that right? I understand your mother has sworn you off sex generally, and with me in particular, right so far?" Colleen issued a series of *uh-huhs* to indicate she was following the thread. "She and I met for coffee a few days ago" — Colleen muttered something unintelligible — "and she read me the Riot Act after telling me that she approved your choice of me as a boyfriend. She basically told me I was not to have sex with you or allow you to have sex with me under pain of having your father become involved."

"While I treasure you like I have never treasured anyone else before, I still do have a *libido* to accommodate. I had sex with Diane, and she was very upset that I used a condom. She apparently had plans for me to do it bareback, and it now appears she intended that I get her pregnant.

"Am I forgiven?"

There was a long pause during which nothing was coming over the phone.

"Colleen?"

"I'm thinking."

"I'll wait."

It seemed like forever while I awaited her judgement.

"I deem it supremely unfair," she said at last, "that someone I thought I loved is frolicking with other women while I'm confined to my convent. I understand that my mother only demanded you not have sex with me, but I'm going to demand that you have sex with no one but me.

"I demanded honesty of you and I got it. You passed on that test. I had hoped our relationship was off to a good start, but maybe we need to start again.

"I can see I'm going to have to have another mother-daughter chat, and this will be one my mother is not going to like. Or my father, for that matter.

"I'll call you tomorrow. In the meantime, my dearest sweetening, keep it in your pants." She hung up.

"I need some more motherly advice," Colleen whispered into her mother's ear, and pointed to the garden. Paula followed her daughter outside to the garden sitting area adjoining the pool.

"I hope everything is still alright," Paula started.

"No, unfortunately, it's not." Paula's face darkened with worry. "When we discussed the 'Incident at Woods Hole', you asked me to abstain from sex. Then, it seems, you made a somewhat stronger demand of Bob."

Paula's face registered surprise. "I thought he wouldn't have shared that with you."

"He probably wouldn't have, except for a very unusual set of circumstances we needn't detail here that forced him to reveal the text of your meeting last week. He didn't fink on you until I forced his confession, so he's not to blame.

"You are."

"I'm still your mother," Paula protested, "and I insist on doing whatever I think is most likely to bring you long-term success and happiness even if that means interfering in your sex life... especially if it means interfering in your sex life."

Colleen paused. "I know how much you and Dad love me and how much it would hurt you were I to make a life-threatening error, and I

appreciate your concern. I will likely have the same concerns and may even take the same actions with my daughter someday.

"What I'm asking my mother for today is, perhaps, more trust than she's prepared to dispense. I'm asking my mother to take a leap of faith, trusting that the girl she raised to be so well-adjusted and self-assured will also show the kind of judgement that would justify my mother's exceptional reliance on her child's wisdom.

"I know that's a lot to ask, but my momma didn't raise no stupid daughters and my momma's daughters don't date no stupid boyfriends."

Paula was by now quietly crying, the tears streaming in rivulets down her cheeks, and Colleen was dabbing at them with a tissue.

"I know what's behind your actions: you don't want your child to grow up prematurely, to be forced into adulthood. That's a natural reaction; I understand it. Last night I was infuriated that you were treating me as an infant and I was ready to go to war with my parents. Then I asked myself why you and Dad would spend so much time and energy forming me, molding me into who I am today, and then deny the reality you can see before your very eyes every day. The answer is that you're a mother. You're my mother, and you have an ownership interest in your children and their success.

"You've done a spectacular job, if I do say so myself, but you know that old saying among sailors: *A ship in a harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are for.*

"Isn't it time for you to splash some champagne on me, Mom?"

"Not yet, sweetheart! Oh, please, not yet!" The tears continued unabated.

"Sometimes life deals us weird hands. Success is knowing how to play the cards we've been dealt. Bob Porter isn't what you expected, I know. Hell, Bob Porter isn't what I expected, but there he is. Mom, these are your cards. How are you going to play them?"

Paula heaved a huge sigh and managed to turn off the waterworks. "I'm confident your father would have supported my original decision, had he all the background," she began after a longish pause to collect her thoughts. "If I'm going to change that decision, I'm going to have to be equally sure your father would support the changed decision."

Now it was Colleen's turn to have a darkened visage.

"A daughter can talk to her mother," Colleen offered. "Talking to her father is a different problem."

"I'll be there with you," her Mom told her.

Colleen tapped Mike McKenna on the shoulder from behind. "Mom asks that you join us in the garden."

"Now?"

"Yes, right now."

Mike rose and followed Colleen out into the garden, taking a seat in a ring with his wife and daughter.

"Is there a problem?" he asked Paula.

"It could be a problem, or it could be something else entirely," Colleen butted in. "Mom and I don't know how to characterize it quite yet."

"Colleen and I want your input — your carefully considered input on a very sensitive topic. To that end, we ask that you not take a position *pro* or *con* until all the facts are clear. Agreed?"

"Yes," Mike offered hesitantly.

"We have two remarkable daughters, of whom we are justifiably proud, and who continuously ratify our child-rearing decisions. We are about to make another such decision and since this one intimately affects Colleen, I feel our young adult daughter needs to be part of that process, if for no other reason than to see how it happens. For this, as for no other, caution is indispensable, yes?" Mike nodded his assent.

"You are aware Colleen is on birth control?"

"I was not aware, but I support your joint decision for all the obvious reasons," Mike told Paula.

"I've recently been made aware that Colleen is sexually active. I have not delved into that topic far enough to be certain what that means. Do you think we need to go there?"

Mike stared into space, thinking. "It might be valuable to know how close we are to 'problem' and how close to 'something else entirely' as Colleen phrased it." Mike turned toward his daughter for elaboration.

He listens very well, Colleen thought. *Very little will slip by him.*

"I have had intercourse with three young men of my close acquaintance, and with no others. There were four incidents in all. If I may, I wish to avoid 'naming names'."

"How is your overall health?" Mike asked. Colleen distinctly heard the question-behind-the-question.

"I am not now pregnant, nor have I been, nor do I wish to be for the foreseeable future. I have Newington to finish, and as you know I have my eye on several colleges with prestigious law schools. I'm working my plan the way you taught me. Good health seems a prerequisite so I'm careful about that, too."

"Continue," Mike cued Paula.

"When I discovered how adult our young adult daughter was, I forbade her further sexual activity. I even went so far as to confront her most recent co-conspirator" — Colleen snorted in laughter, then apologized — "and warned him off in quite stern terms." — Mike chuckled — "When Colleen found that I had inserted myself between her and a boyfriend... Let's just say we had a very frank discussion about several topics and leave it there?"

"Okay," Mike said slowly after a short pause for digesting the tactical situation, "so what is it we're being asked to decide here? I'm not sure I have all the facts yet."

"I've demanded Colleen and her boyfriend halt having sex until they're more mature and more ready to take on the unintended consequences. Colleen is rebelling against that demand. I'm not sure 'rebellious' is the right word, either. She's asking that we treat her as the young adult we've methodically raised for sixteen years. I won't bend on that unless I have your support, Michael. I'm asking you to help me make a very difficult decision."

"Can I get a drink?" he asked and rose. "Would you like something?" he asked Paula, but she declined. He walked inside to the bar, mixed a drink slowly so as to allow himself more time to think, and returned to his seat across from his wife and his daughter.

"Stop me if I get this wrong," he instructed. "Our beautiful, talented, and smart daughter is asking that we treat her like the adult we hope she'll be — and may in fact be right now." Colleen nodded: *He gets it, alright.* "It seems to me that we have only two choices: one, we can say '*all that effort we put into making Colleen a functioning adult didn't work; we failed*', or we can say '*all that effort we put into making Colleen a functioning adult really panned out; go, us!*'."

"I, personally, hate to think of myself as a failure, and in Colleen's case, it would be an entirely incorrect judgement. We trained her to make good decisions. This is absolutely the wrong time for us to be second-guessing her.

"Colleen, we will always be here for you, and you can always ask us for advice when you're unsure, but your decisions have to be your decisions. Anything else?"

Colleen leaped from her chair and flung her arms around Mike's neck and kissed his cheek. "Thank you, Daddy! I won't let you down!"

"Does that mean her interdict has been lifted?" Mike asked Paula.

Paula nodded, but she still wasn't happy.

"So," Mike asked his daughter, "who's the lucky guy?"

"Daddy! I don't have a boyfriend, singular, I have boyfriends, plural!" and she winked.

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My phone rang. It was Colleen. "Hey, are you up for a sailing weekend?" she asked.

"Sure, where are we going?"

"Nantucket."

"There once was a girl from Nantucket..." I started.

"Well, it all depends on how good a mate you are."

I chuckled. "We'll have to wait on that, I think," I told her. "Your mother was quite clear on the terms under which you and I would continue as friends, and she left no room for doubt that we would not be engaging in any further intimacy."

"That was then; this is now," Colleen informed me. "I think you will find that my parents — both of them — have revised that order. We can deal with each other as adults as long as we're not idiots about it. Of course, that means we don't want to create a scandal that will bring either of our families into disrepute. I had a long talk — a very long talk — with my mother and my father and I managed to convince them that I, at least, am enough of an adult that they ought to let me make my own decisions on such matters.

"Let me run this idea past you and get your candid thoughts:

"I think you ought to have a similar conversation with your parents. I demand honesty from you when you deal with me. Don't your parents deserve the same?"

I rolled that idea around and around in my head trying to imagine how I might broach such a subject: *'Hey, Mom and Dad, what would you think if I told you I was having sex on a regular basis? Don't panic. She's on the pill and I always use a condom anyway, just in case.'*

"I plan lots of things ahead," I told Colleen, "but I'm not sure I can plan that out in a way that won't get me — and you — into a heap of trouble. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Not at the moment," she admitted, "but if we sail to Nantucket and back, we're going to have lots of time to mull all the possible scenarios. There's something else that just occurred to me: would you like to sit down with my parents and me so I can introduce them to the boy who started all this?"

"I've already met both of your parents. What more..."

"The last time you met my parents, you were just a boy I was teaching to sail. The next time you meet my parents, you'll be the boy who's taking their daughter to bed every now and then. There's a difference."

"Only for your father. Your mother already thinks of me that way."

"And it wasn't an uncomfortable meeting with her, was it?"

"No, I have to admit that it was not nearly as uncomfortable as it could have been. Colleen, is it your wish that I meet with your parents this way? Understand that if you say 'yes', I will do as you ask because I'm finding it increasingly difficult to deny you anything you want."

"Robert, you have no idea how happy I am to hear you say that. It tells me that you are ready to endure hardships, to face perils, if it makes me happy. That's called 'love', Robert. You just said *'Colleen, I love you'* without actually using those words. Yes, Robert, I want you to face my

parents while holding my hand so that we can demonstrate that we truly do love each other.

"And I want you to observe that *I* just said '*Robert, I love you*' without actually using those words."

Colleen met me at the door as the Über driver departed.

"You're sure about this?" I asked her. She bobbed her head and stepped aside for me to enter.

"Mom, Dad, Robert's here."

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. McKenna," I greeted them. Mike McKenna waved me into a nearby chair. Colleen perched on its arm and placed her hand gently on my shoulder.

"Colleen said you have a problem and thought we could be of some help?" Mike started the conversation.

"Yes," Colleen began her reply on my behalf. "I should introduce it by first saying that I have been in love with young Mr. Robert Porter for some time now. It has just recently become apparent that Robert feels the same way about me. That's very comforting for me and, I hope, for you.

"The McKennas already know the back story on this: that Robert, at fifteen, is as sexually active as I am, and we are trying to be as prudent and discrete about that as you should expect young adults to be. In fact, we're both," she gazed down at me, "trying to be more prudent and more discrete than my parents expect.

"The problem that Robert — and, by extension, I — have is not with my parents, but with his. As of right now, the Porter parents are blissfully unaware of how grown-up their fifteen year old son actually is. I believe it is not a viable long-term strategy to let them stay blissfully unaware, and I have asked Robert to broach the subject to them.

"Daddy, you said I could always come to you and Mom for advice. Robert and I would like a more experienced solution to this problem, and I'm hoping — we're hoping — you'll be able to point us in the right direction."

Mike turned to Paula. "Damn, she comes up with some great problems, doesn't she?" Paula stifled a laugh. "What have you considered so far?" he asked me.

"Mr. McKenna, I have nothing. Every scenario I can imagine ends with sirens wailing and one or both of them being taken to the hospital on a gurney. I so envy Colleen's ability to deal with her parents as if she were an adult —"

"I am an adult," Colleen interrupted, "and so, my love, are you."

"I appreciate your vote of confidence, but it doesn't alter by one bit the fact that I'm fifteen and my parents may not agree with you."

Mike nodded. "And that, Colleen, is the heart of your problem. Before Bob can approach his parents with so delicate a topic, they are going

to need a much more elevated appreciation of their child's maturity, and he had better not bludgeon them into that appreciation."

He turned to me. "That's why all your scenarios involve heart attacks. They will have to be gently and gradually introduced to reality. That was easy for us because we have always raised Colleen and Paulette to be independent decision makers. It was a very short step for us to accept a decision we would not otherwise have made. We merely had to recognize that Colleen was carrying out the training we instilled, and to accept that it was a reasonable decision given her reality. You're right: you can't just drop this on your parents like a bomb. They'll react as if it were a bomb, and you don't want that. None of us wants that. Let me think..."

"Bob, have you had dinner?"

"I'm fine, Mr. McKenna. I haven't had much appetite since Colleen gave me this assignment..."

Colleen bent down and kissed me on the top of my head. "Oh, sweetheart, I'm so sorry! I just don't feel comfortable with your parents being left in the dark..."

I lifted my head to hers. "I'm not complaining, Colleen. I actually agree with you that this is the right thing to do. It's the 'doing' that's worrying me."

"Paula, do you think we should invite the Porters over for dinner? It might give us some insight into how we need to handle this."

"I think that's a good idea, Michael. I'll send them an invitation."

Meet The Parents

It took a little coordinating between Paula McKenna and Susan Porter before they each found empty spots on their calendars. By that time, school had already resumed for the Fall semester and Colleen and Robert — he had finally surrendered to Colleen's wish for a little more formality than 'Bob' — were seeing less of each other than they would have preferred due to the demands of school.

"So... tell me about this girl you're dating whose parents want to meet us."

Robert sighed. "Colleen and I met at the end-of-school prom at Fontine," he started. "We hit it off very well if I do say so myself. She's astoundingly pretty and smart and self-confident and... She asked if I sailed, and when I admitted I didn't, she offered to teach me. One Saturday we sailed to Clinton... for lunch, then a few weekends later we did that overnight to Woods Hole so she could complete an assignment from the Newport Crew School..."

"Yes," Susan interrupted, "what was that all about?"

"Colleen is mad to crew on the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race next year. Some of the Newport yacht clubs do a crew school for newbies, probably to weed out the ones who can't hack it. She had to plot a course to a destination, overnight there, and plot the return course the following day. It may not sound like it, but that's a lot of work, so she asked me to crew for her."

"Where did you stay... overnight?"

"On the boat," Robert explained patiently. "'*Celtic Goddess*' sleeps two easily, four if they're not claustrophobic. It's a 26-footer. Colleen says she'd take it to Key West if she could convince her Dad to let her go."

"To The Keys? How long would that take?"

Robert shrugged. "A week? Two weeks?" he guessed.

Warren and Susan Porter were suitably impressed by the McKenna house. "'Estate' is more like it," Warren noted.

By mutual agreement, Colleen and Robert made an obvious show of holding hands whenever they were together. It did not escape the notice of the Porters, as was intended.

"Robert told us Colleen was ravishingly pretty," Susan confided to Paula, "but I assumed it was just puppy love talking. I was wrong. Colleen is stunning. She looks older than fifteen."

"Colleen turned sixteen in April. I understand Robert was fifteen in February?"

"Yes," Susan confirmed. "How odd that she would find a younger boy attractive."

Paula smiled. "I've had a chance to speak with Robert on several occasions. He's quite bright, isn't he? I mean, he confided to me that he will sometimes play chess for money, and he said he almost never loses. I wonder what that converts to in 'spare income'?"

"I don't know," Susan admitted. "This is the first I've heard of that. Perhaps I ought to put a stop to it before it becomes a problem." Paula frowned.

Warren and Michael sipped cocktails by the pool and exchanged trivia about their lives and careers while Robert and Colleen whispered to each other in a distant corner.

"Your son is quite the character," Mike quipped. "He seems game for just about anything... if Colleen suggests it. She seems to have taken quite a liking to him."

Warren nodded in their direction and smiled. "Robert talks of nothing else these days but the gorgeous redhead he met at school. Looking at your daughter, I can hardly blame him for going all googly-eyed. She's... dynamite. I love my son, but Colleen seems like the kind of girl who could have her pick of boyfriends, yet she chooses — and according to Robert it was her choice — a boy more than a year younger."

"Oh, Robert is much more mature than his chronological fifteen years," Mike responded. "I've had a chance to engage him in conversation and I've been impressed by his grasp of areas most boys his age have never given a second thought to. Robert is a planner. He's methodical about where he wants to go and how he's going to get there. He's an 'A' student, right?" Warren nodded. "And he's an 'A' student at Fontine where, if what I've heard is true, getting an 'A' is no easy task.

"He says he's not sure he's going to go to college! I found that startling. Nearly everyone of his age you meet thinks college is the be-all and end-all for success. Robert is contemplating a craft profession first, and college later, if at all. Unless I've pegged him completely wrong, I think he might have such a successful career as a plumber or electrician or engine mechanic that we'll each wonder whether we made the right career choices. Certainly, he won't be amassing mountains of debt or draining his parents' retirement funds by going that route, and experience like that coupled with the education he's getting at Fontine could put him in exactly the right position to become a pillar of the community.

"I think Colleen sees that, too, and that may explain why she sees a methodical fifteen year old planner as a much better catch than someone older who's asleep and flying on autopilot."

Warren chuckled. "He certainly is a planner. Everybody at Fontine wants Robert as their lab partner or their science project partner or their whatever partner because he plots everything out beforehand so all the tasks come together like finely-engineered parts. He apprenticed with an electrician over the Summer and he's been invited to do it again next Summer. He says he wants to see what welders do, so you could be right that he'll wind up running a craft business. If he does, you'll want to invest in it because he will be successful at it.

"I'm also very pleased that he and Colleen seem to think so much of each other. They make a charming couple, don't you agree?"

"I do," Mike agreed. "I think they are very much in love" — Warren gave him a querulous look — "despite being as young as they are. Paula and I have worked very hard to give Colleen a good head for decision-making and I'm quite sure she is looking to her long game with your son. From what I've seen with Robert and heard from his father, I would not doubt that Robert is also playing his long game. What do you think, Warren?"

"Until you put it so succinctly, Mike, I hadn't seriously considered that this could be more than just two teenagers gazing into each others' eyes. Looking at them interacting with each other, though, makes me think there could be more there than just hormones. Should I be worried? Should you?"

Mike shook his head. "Colleen's smart as a whip. So is Robert. Both of them have firm plans for the course of their foreseeable future, what

we call 'the planning future', and neither is likely to do anything to threaten those plans. That's why I let Colleen invite Robert on that overnight excursion to Woods Hole. I trust her implicitly. After talking with your son, I think he's equally trustworthy. I don't believe we have anything to worry about."

"Accidents happen, Mike," Warren warned, "and hormones rage. Mother Nature has rigged us all to take crazy chances that sometimes disrupt the best laid plans of mice and men. Remember that Romeo and Juliet both wound up dead from an overdose of hormones."

"But Juliet's parents didn't invite Romeo's folks over for dinner, did they? It's time to eat." Mike whistled at Colleen and Robert and waved them in to the table.

In their car headed for home after a pleasant evening of two families getting to know each other better — simply because their children seemed to be quite serious about each other — the Porters recapped for themselves what they thought had transpired.

"I can't say I ever recall one family inviting another to dinner merely because their kids were dating, can you, honey?"

"No, I can't say that I have, dear, although it was a very nice dinner and I enjoyed meeting the McKennas. Robert, what can you tell us about the McKennas that we might not already know?"

"Nothing," Robert answered. "From what I heard at the dinner table, the McKennas were remarkably open. I think you probably have an accurate impression of Colleen's family."

"Colleen herself is an interesting person," Susan offered.

"That she is," Robert agreed. "I know I'm not what you might call 'experienced', but Colleen fascinates me in a way no one else ever has."

"And what way is that?" his father probed.

"She's smart, she's pretty, she plans like me, and she has talents that are not common among most of my friends. She trusts me and I trust her. She's the kind of girl I could think of with my diamond on her finger given another few years."

"That's pretty serious talk for a teen," Warren added. "Do we need to have a man-to-man talk?"

"I'm always ready to share thoughts and ideas with my Dad, especially if it means I can profit from his experience."

"Well, maybe we should do that pretty soon, son."

That man-to-man talk happened the very next day. Something in the way Robert talked about Colleen coupled with the whole notion of the Capulets having the Montagues over for a meet-greet-and-eat whispered uncomfortable things in Warren's ear about teenagers dying because their

parents weren't very good at 'communication', and he didn't like it in the least.

"Got some time?" Warren asked Robert.

"For you, all the time in the world."

"Let's take a ride."

As he pulled the car clear of the driveway, Robert's Dad began to summarize his thoughts. "It's odd to hear a fifteen year old boy saying some of the things you said yesterday," he started. "Boys your age almost never think about engagements, weddings, and long-term relationships, and it surprised me, and it surprised your mother. It means we haven't been paying enough attention to our boy as he grows up, and he appears to be growing up a lot faster than either of us expected." Robert nodded but didn't say anything. "Normally, a father will sit down with a son when it comes time for that young man to start thinking of the opposite sex, and he'll explain lots of things that young men haven't experienced or, sometimes, even thought about.

"Because I've let this slip a little too long, I guess we should start by my asking you to brief me on what you know or think you know about girls, sex, conception, and the whole topic of 'the birds and the bees'."

"Where to begin?" Robert started. "I typically carry a condom or two at all times."

Warren turned into a local park and eased the car into the first parking spot he could find. He was sure he was going to have to use 100% of his concentration for what followed.

"Have you had occasion to use them?" he asked Robert.

"Yes. In fact, I think I should stop buying 3-packs and start buying 12-packs."

"Where..."

"That's a very long story, Dad, and one I'd prefer not to pass along until the statute of limitations runs out. Yes, I've had sex and with several partners, some of whom preferred sixty-nining, and others who leaned more toward blowjobs, but almost all of whom enjoyed traditional forms."

"Colleen...?"

"Umm... yes. Her idea. I would have waited for her because she's different and she's special, but she didn't see the need to wait, so, yes."

"Well. Do you understand the mechanics of conception and pregnancy?"

"I'm probably not an expert, but most girls these days are on some form of birth control, and I add a layer of security just in case, so I think it may not be a critical problem."

"That's actually a relief. It takes a big load off my mind. I have to tell you that I don't think it's a good idea for a fifteen year old boy to be sexually active, especially as sexually active as you seem to be, and I'm absolutely sure your mother would agree."

"You're probably right, Dad, but if you knew how many girls in my age range are sexually active, I think you'd be rendered speechless."

"How many...?"

"You mean that I...?" Warren bobbed his head. I did a quick inventory: Jane and Lorelei, even though they weren't actually my contemporaries, Diane, Lois, and Colleen. "Five so far. Colleen has developed something of a possessive streak where I'm concerned, so it will probably stay right there for the foreseeable future. I'm okay with that."

"So, does that mean that you and Colleen regularly have sex?"

"I guess that depends on how you define 'regularly'. She's in school, I'm in school, we get to see each other on weekends, and her parents aren't entirely happy with our situation as it is, so they don't go out of their way to give us free time in which we can have sex with each other. Colleen demands that, if this relationship is going to move forward, she wants exclusive access... and has promised me the same."

"I'm startled to learn that Colleen's parents know about this and haven't moved to put a stop to it," Warren remarked.

"They did. Mrs. McKenna warned me off in no uncertain terms, but when Colleen found out her mother was meddling, they had it out, and the result is that the McKennas, having raised a thoughtful young adult, have agreed that she deserves to be treated as an adult. At Colleen's insistence, that policy extends to me as well."

"Wow, it sounds like you're married already. You just haven't gone through the motions. I think I'm not going to share this conversation with your mother quite yet. How does that sound?"

I laughed out loud. "When Mrs. McKenna found out Colleen and I were lovers, she demanded I halt those activities... or she would bring her husband into the mix. Yes, I think Mom doesn't need to be bothered with the details. The less said, the better. Is there anything else we should discuss, man to man?"

"Nope," Warren said, "I think this about covers it. You will be extra careful, though, won't you? Your Mom and I want to be grandparents, but not quite yet."

I clapped the old man on the back and he eased the car out of the parking spot and headed on home.

"How did it go?" Susan asked Warren when they were finally alone.

"He's a good kid," Warren told her, "he's smart and he understands a lot more than either of us expected. I'm not worried and you shouldn't be, either."

Susan looked at him oddly, but Warren didn't elaborate.

Nantucket

Colleen eased *Celtic Goddess* clear of its slip and guided it toward open water while I prepped the jib and mainsail. As soon as the wind caught the canvas, she cut the engine and hauled on the mainsheet to take better advantage of the wind. "85°, please, helm."

"Aye, aye, eight-five degrees magnetic." We took up a broad reach straight down the spine of Long Island Sound. Two hours into the leg, we changed course to 88°, aiming for the break between Plum Island and Fishers Island.

Suddenly, the satellite phone hanging from its charging cradle started burbling with an incoming call. Colleen pulled it from the cradle and turned it on. "*Celtic Goddess*," she acknowledged.

"Colleen, it's Dad. The weather service just downgraded the Sound hard enough for me to order the boat home with all speed. How does the weather look to you?"

"It's getting wet and blustery," she admitted. "I've started to worry about it myself. We'll head back to New Haven right away."

"Okay. If it turns bad, any port in a storm."

"Roger that. *Celtic Goddess* out." She hung up.

"Come left to new course 280°," she ordered. "We're going home."

I eased the tiller to starboard, bringing the stern across the wind while Colleen went forward to coax the jib to the other side. As we turned through the wind, the boom snapped over to starboard and the jib soon joined it. Colleen snugged all the lines and joined me at the tiller.

"I was hoping for a little quiet time alone with you in Nantucket tonight," she said. "It looks like we're both going to be disappointed."

"It could be worse," I told her. "We could be fighting for our lives in an Atlantic storm, one sailor and one tyro. The sailor might survive. The tyro would wind up in Davy Jones' locker."

We made good time back to New Haven, secured the boat in its slip, grabbed our sea bags, and took a cab to the station. We just missed a train and had to wait another 40 minutes for the next one. I snugged with Colleen in the waiting room until it arrived.

A cab dropped us, wet and tired, at Colleen's front door and we entered the empty house. A note pinned to the refrigerator with a magnet informed us that the parents were running errands and would be home in time for dinner, four hours hence.

Colleen coiled her arms around my neck and kissed me. "I hope you're as horny as I am, because I could sure use some intimate company right about now. Are you interested in making love to me for an hour or two?"

I kissed her back. "I would like to make love to you for a week or two, but I would not like to be found in bed, naked, with Dad's favorite daughter."

"They said they would be gone until half past five, and the note is in Dad's handwriting. He's telling us that we may safely rely on several hours of undisturbed lovemaking. I think you should take me to bed. Please take me to bed." With that, she took me by the hand and led me upstairs to her bedroom.

By the time we were naked, my cock was doing its best imitation of a flagpole. Colleen closed on me for our first naked hug and as she did, she pushed that hard penis between her legs and began to oscillate on it until it worked its way between the folds of her hairless vulva. I could feel how wet she was, and I could feel my penis becoming well lubricated with her fluids. She felt like silk and I felt my passion growing uncontrollably.

She reached behind to gently pop the head of my penis into her vagina. It slipped in like it was magnetized and went deep.

She hugged me tighter. "Oh, baby, you feel so nice..."

"I'm not wrapped," I warned her.

"I don't think it matters. I'm at a low-fertility point in my cycle. Even if I weren't protected, my chance of getting pregnant is almost zero."

"But you are protected, right?" I asked.

"Yes, I am. I'm not ready to become a mommy any more than you're anxious to become a daddy. I really want to feel the real thing, but if you're concerned, you can slip into something latex..."

I began a slow in-and-out with my penis while I sucked on her rosebud nipples and massaged her lovely little ass. Every few minutes, she would reward my ministrations with a gasp and a twitch, and every now and then 'I love you'.

We played like that, vertical and horizontal, for an hour or more, with me constantly listening for any sound that indicated the McKennas were home early from their errands. Finally, Colleen rolled away onto her back and splayed herself out, exhausted.

"Did you come yet?" she asked. I shook my head. "Would you like me to make you come?" I must have smiled at that. She slithered around on the bed to take my cock into her mouth and gave it a few exploratory licks. "Tell me how to do this," she said. "I've never given anyone a blowjob before."

I thought back to my first blowjob on board the ship when Jane managed to give me a little BJ after making me lose my stuff during one of our tutorial sessions.

"Notice the head is shaped like a helmet," I started. *Uh-huh*. "It's all sensitive, but the trigger, the most sensitive spot is called the frenulum. It's a string-like structure on the bottom surface." *Uh-huh*, and she gave it a lick. "The whole shaft gets pleasure from sliding in and out of your mouth

and being licked along its length, and being gently sucked, and at some point I'm going to be unable to keep nature from taking its course."

"At that point, I'm going to want nature to take its course. I'm going to want you to come in my mouth."

"I'm looking forward to that myself," I admitted. "Some girls spit; some girls swallow..."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Swallow. It can't hurt you, although I've heard that it tastes funny. Others have said that they like the taste of semen. I think it depends on the guy and the girl.

"When the guy finally comes, that back part of the helmet gets very sensitive. Touching it is painful, so you have to stay away from it from then on." *Uh-huh.*

My cock disappeared into Colleen's mouth. A lovely sensation washed across my groin. I let myself enjoy the feeling of the soft wetness of her mouth pleasuring my cock for a while.

"If you like," I offered, "you can bring your pussy up here and I'll lick it while you do the same to me."

She stopped. "Is that what they call '69'?"

"Yes."

She slithered some more until I could position my head between her thighs. I began to kiss and lick her tissues, especially her clitoris and the flaps of her *labia minora* around the entrance to her vagina while she lollipopped my cock. Every now and then she would stop working on my penis when an orgasm would sneak up on her and distract her attention from everything else in the whole world.

"I'm never going to get you finished if you keep doing that," she complained after one particularly wonderful orgasm had rocked her pelvis so hard I had a heck of a time maintaining contact between my tongue and her cunt. "I don't mean to complain... it feels wonderful, what you're doing, but I really want to feel you lose yourself in me... if you don't mind."

"Okay, I'll go easy on you." I contented myself with kissing her outer lips and let her concentrate on my pleasure. It wasn't long after that I felt a growing urgency somewhere near my cock. "I think it will be soon," I warned her. She kept slurping my meat in and out of her mouth, giving it gentle sucks and licks. Suddenly, I just lost control. My hips bucked a little, and I started pumping semen. Colleen withdrew her lips to just the tip of my cock, the orifice from which spouted streams of cum, and brushed her upper lip against the frenulum to see if she could coax a little more fluid from me. Eventually, my cock just went limp, and Colleen knew that she had finished what she had started.

She sat up and opened her mouth to show me it was full of milky semen just before she gulped the whole load down her throat. Then she

licked the last few droplets of cum that were leaking from the tip of my penis.

"How was it?" she asked.

I was in delirium from the wonderful sensations of her maiden blowjob. "You were great. I can't recall a nicer blowjob ever. What did you think about your first?"

"It was okay!" she said in a somewhat upbeat tone. "I'd do it again for my lover. So, tell me, whose blowjob did I push into second place?"

I had to pause to formulate an answer to that. "My first lover — I was about to say 'teacher' — impressed upon me something I hope you will take in the right spirit. I know you insist upon brutal honesty between us, but this is different. She pointed out that those who brag of their sexual conquests and exploits are not real men; they're just boys in grown-up skin. 'Real men don't tell', she reminded me on several occasions. If I were to answer your question, I would mark myself as just another boy in man's clothing, and I couldn't then blame you for dumping me. Why would anyone like you consort with boys?"

"So the answer to your question must be that 'real men don't tell', and that's where I intend to leave it."

Colleen looked at me with the faintest hint of a smile while she considered what I had said.

"I am so lucky to have found a real man so early in my life." She kissed me.

We got ourselves dressed and went downstairs to await the return of her parents.

Epilogue

Robert opened his email program and started a new note:

From : Bobby Porter

To : Jane Porter

Subject : Reconnecting

I just wanted to thank you again for all the time you spent with me on board and all the life-lessons you shared with someone who badly needed an education in so many areas. I know you were very concerned that I would put those lessons to a use you would approve, and I wanted to assure you that your faith in me is not misplaced. I'm going to be as good as you hoped, as good as you insisted I be. RMDT.

I hope our paths will cross again.

Love,

Bobby