

**Re-poster's note:** *"Aaron David Hoke" posted THE GIFT.txt in the author section of ASSTR.ORG in March 2015. It is now four years later. The author has posted nothing else and left no contact information – and unfortunately the sexy novella is full of garble when the txt version is opened on a Mac computer.*

*So, after downloading the file, fixing the garble, and breaking up paragraphs that I found too long for online reading, I decided to post a pdf for fellow Mac users and anyone else who might encounter the garble. I took one liberty with the file: When I encountered a comma splice, I usually substituted a semicolon.*

*If you are "Hoke" and want me to delete the pdf, simply let me know. I'll also zap it if the ASSTR.ORG community thinks I should.*

*Otherwise, enjoy this erotic epic....*

*--A.Mueller (Angler77@Safe-mail.net)*

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Author: Aaron\_David\_Hoke

Title: THE GIFT.txt

Posted in the author section at ASSTR.ORG

Story codes: Mf MF MFF cons 1st oral anal preg

It was the day after my thirty-first birthday when I got the assignment. My boss came in my office and said, "Chuck, we've just won a contract to design a new highway in Ethiopia. We think you'd be a good man to head up the in-country team. You can have a day or two to think about it if you want."

I said, "I don't need to think, Randy. I'll do it. Thanks for the opportunity." I didn't say what we both knew, that after my recent divorce I badly needed a change of scenery and a project that would occupy my mind.

A week later I was on a Lufthansa flight to Addis Ababa, changing planes in Frankfurt. Seventeen hours from Houston. I watched a lot of movies and read several books.

The company had gotten me a suite in one of the better hotels in Addis. I was about as comfortable as one could hope to be in that unfortunate corner of the world. My first official act was to go to bed and sleep for twelve hours. When I woke up I had

mostly adjusted to the local time.

I spent the first week making the rounds of the local people I would be working with on the project: the general contractor who had hired us for the design phase, the subcontractors who would be doing the actual construction, the politicians who had approved the project, a commercial real estate broker who would be finding us the office space we would need, a lawyer, an office equipment supplier, and so on.

I arranged housing for the team of four young engineers I had drafted back in our Houston headquarters to work with me: two men, two women. Our company's policy was to hire at least as many local people on a project as we brought over from the States, so I spent a day interviewing recent graduates with the needed technical skills, mostly from Addis Ababa University but a few from Mekelle University. There was no shortage of applicants. I picked six -- four men and two women -- who I thought were smart and able to work as a team. I contracted with a temp agency for clerical workers.

Within a month we had all the pieces and people and paperwork together and were able to start work for real. The government wanted a highway connecting their Highway 1, from somewhere near Dese, to Highway 3, at Debre Markos, more or less. It was some pretty inhospitable terrain, so the design was going to be a major challenge, but hey, that's why we got the big bucks.

We were deeply involved in site analysis when one day I had a visitor. Our receptionist ushered in a slight gentleman, impeccably groomed and visibly nervous.

"Charles Butterfield?"

"Yes, sir. Please have a seat."

"I am Yonas Akbar. I live near Dese. I understand that you are in charge of building a highway going west from Dese?"

“Just designing it. Somebody else will do the actual construction.”

“But you will decide the route?”

“That’s right.” I now had a sense of where this was going. Highways can have a powerful impact, for good and for ill, on people’s lives. Everyone in the vicinity has a stake in where they are located. It was a regular part of my job to deal with people who wanted to influence the routing decisions.

I tried to be as sensitive and forthcoming with them as I possibly could, because I understood what an emotional issue it could be. I had authority, and often used it, to accommodate their requests when it was feasible to do so without great expense to the company or to the client government. Building roads is hard enough without having an angry mob trying to stop you.

This was earlier than usual in the design process for someone to show up like this, but I didn’t bother asking him how he knew. Undoubtedly someone in the Ministry I was dealing with had some family ties with him, and had figured out from the research my staff people were doing in the public records that his land could be involved.

Once he knew that I was the person he needed to talk to, Yonas Akbar went into the requisite small talk mode, asking where I was from, how I was enjoying my stay in Ethiopia, and so on. When I judged we had done that for long enough, I said, “How may I help you?”

He straightened in his chair, and with some effort presented his case. “My family owns the largest grove of coffee trees in Dese, the only one that produces coffee for export. Most coffee production in Ethiopia is in other parts of the country, but many people say ours is the best.

“You probably know that coffee cultivation began in Ethiopia more than a thousand years ago. We believe that our trees are descended from the very first ones ever cultivated, although we cannot prove that. We do know that our trees

cannot survive being near a major highway. I am asking you to please route the highway so that it does not destroy them.”

“You know that we will pay you a fair price if we use your property?”

“Only if you go directly through my property, not if you are half a kilometer away from it. And in any case, money is not the issue. These trees have been in my family for centuries, they are our heritage, and they cannot be moved somewhere else.”

“Show me where your property is.” I spread out a topo map in front of him. He studied it for a while, but wasn’t able to interpret it well enough to find his property. I sensed his embarrassment and said, “Let’s try another way.” I brought up a Google satellite map of Dese on the computer screen. He immediately recognized familiar landmarks, and was able to point to his spread right away.

“Okay, I’ve got it. No promises, but I’ll see what I can do.” He thanked me and left.

The next day at the morning staff meeting I described Yonas Akbar’s request to the others. One of the Ethiopian guys knew Dese well, and confirmed what Yonas had said, adding his own opinion that the coffee really was very good. I asked how far from the coffee trees the road needed to be so as not to damage them, and the consensus among all the Ethiopians was that it should be at least a kilometer away.

So I told folks to study alternate routes and make recommendations. Within a day they had three alternatives to suggest, and one of them turned out to solve another engineering problem we were wrestling with, meaning it could potentially save some construction costs. We went with that, and I was happy that we had been able to spare the trees.

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Ten months later we delivered a complete set of plans to the Ministry and to the construction contractor. I also burned them onto a DVD and sent that to the home

office. We had come up with a design that would cost about twelve percent less to build than the government had projected, thus saving them more than the cost of our fee. This made the Ministry very happy, the construction contractor "not so much.

We had also managed our own expenses well. I was able to give the entire staff nice bonuses, and still return almost two percent of my budget to the company. I was inundated with congratulatory e-mails from Houston. And we had a major party to celebrate a job well done.

The staff except for me were packing up to leave. I would be the last one out, making sure the lights were out and the doors were closed. It was going to take me two or three more weeks to tie up the loose ends. I kept on one young woman from the temp agency to answer phones and greet visitors. One day she came in and told me that Yonas Akbar was there to see me. I had to think for a minute, then I remembered that he was the man with the coffee trees.

I expected him to be more relaxed and jovial than on his first visit, since his request had been granted, but he still seemed nervous. Maybe that was just his way. He told me that the bulldozers had started clearing and leveling ground for the new road, and it was almost two kilometers from his grove, which I already knew. He thanked me profusely on behalf of himself, his family, Dese, and the entire country of Ethiopia, for ensuring that the venerable trees would still be around for generations to come. I said I was happy that it had worked out.

Then he came to the main point of his visit. He wanted me to come to his family home near Dese so they could thank me properly. I could see the trees for myself, they would feed me a good dinner, and I could stay the night and return to Addis the next day.

I was a little dubious about spending the time when I was getting anxious to get back to Texas, but it occurred to me that I had to go to Dese one more time anyway as part of the wrapping-up process, and the idea of getting to know an Ethiopian family better appealed to me. So he and I agreed on a date.

The event surpassed my expectations. The trees were old and gnarly, but beautiful in their way, and I was impressed by their history. His home was spacious and comfortable. There were dozens of people there, apparently his entire extended family and most of the neighbors as well, and I was their hero of the hour.

The “good dinner” was a feast, including Ethiopian foods I was familiar with that were superbly prepared, plus others I had never seen before. We drank lots of tej, a kind of mead, and got a good buzz on. After dinner there was live music and dancing. I thought I had given my staff a good farewell party, but it was nothing compared to this.

Finally at some very late hour the guests began to say their goodbyes. After they had all left except for some women who were staying to help with the cleanup, Yonas Akbar showed me to my room and wished me a pleasant night’s sleep.

I had taken off my shoes and socks and emptied my pockets, and was about to undress, when there was a tap on the door. I opened the door and a man came in who I recognized as Yaqob Akbar, Yonas’s brother, followed by a very unhappy-looking young girl in a simple white dress. She must have been one of the many children swarming around at the party, but I didn’t remember seeing her.

“Charles, forgive me for disturbing you like this.”

“That’s all right, Yaqob. What’s up? And who’s this?”

“This is Adina, Yonas’s second daughter. She is Yonas Akbar’s gift to you, in gratitude for what you have done for our family. Yonas apologizes that he could not give you his oldest daughter, but she is no longer a virgin. He hopes you understand.”

“A gift to me.” I searched his face to see if he was joking, but he was deadly serious.

“And what am I supposed to do with this gift?”

He looked at me strangely, as though I had just admitted not knowing how to use

the bathroom. “Well, to start with, take her virginity. Then do with her what you wish. She is yours. You can beat her, even kill her if you wish. Yonas does not believe you will want to do that. But no law prevents it.”

“Yaqob, she’s just a child!”

“Yes. She is twelve years old, not yet a fully formed woman. Yonas apologizes for that, as I said. But unless you are unusually large, I’m sure she can still take your penis.”

“That’s not the point. In my country it’s against the law to have sex with someone this young.”

“But we are not in your country.”

“True, but I’m still supposed to obey its laws.”

“How will they ever know?”

“They won’t. But it’s still morally wrong.”

“I believe what is said to be morally wrong may be a matter of circumstance. Here we think it is morally wrong for a woman to show her naked body to men, yet you have famous actresses who do this.”

“I understand your point. But I still think this situation is more serious.”

“Why is that?”

“Because it will drastically affect, uh, Adina’s life. I know the rules here. If she is not a virgin, she won’t be able to find a husband; she’ll never be able to marry. Right?”

“That’s probably true.”

“So what will she do?”

“Whatever you want her to do. She can stay here and help her father and mother. If she is pretty, she can be a mistress to rich and powerful men.”

“And if she’s not pretty, and doesn’t want to stay home for the rest of her life?”

Yaqob shrugged. “Then she can clean people’s houses. What difference does it make?”

“It makes a lot of difference to her.”

“But that is not important. I own two horses. I take good care of them, but they don’t decide what they will and won’t do; I do, because they belong to me. Adina belongs to Yonas, or did until he gave her to you. The person who owns her decides what she will do. That person is now you.”

“Suppose I refuse this gift.”

Yaqob looked pained. “That would be a terrible insult to Yonas, first of all. But it would not be the first time Yonas has been insulted. More important, everyone in our neighborhood, and most people in all Dese, will know what happened, and say that Yonas is a man who does not pay his debts, and cannot be trusted. His business will suffer, and his whole family will suffer because of it. They might have to sell the coffee grove and move to Addis.”

“What would they do there?”

“Whatever they could, probably dirty work that other people don’t want to do.”

“Wow. Okay, suppose I have Adina spend the night with me, and we have a good conversation, and in the morning she’s still a virgin.”

“Then she would be beaten severely and turned out of the house, because she failed to please you.”



“Turned out of the house? To do what?”

“Whatever she can to survive on her own. Probably sell her body to men passing through.”

“And this would not be a shame to the family?”

“They would regret it, but no, it would not be a shame, people would know that Yonas did everything he could to pay his debt to you.”

“I’m really surprised. I thought Yonas was the kind of man who loves his children.”

“He loves them dearly, and Adina especially. Otherwise it would not be much of a gift. He will probably have someone else do the beating, because he could not bring himself to do it hard enough.”

“So no matter what happens, Adina is screwed.”

Yaqob winced at the vulgarity, but nodded.

“Shit.” Another frown from Yaqob. “Let me think for a minute.” I paced around a bit, and glanced at Adina, who was looking miserable. Then I had a thought. “You say she belongs to me. Does that mean I can take her away with me?”

“Of course, if you want to.” Yaqob looked surprised at the question.

“I do. We’ll have a good time tonight, and then tomorrow morning I’ll take her with me back to Addis, where we can have some more fun.”

Yaqob was hugely relieved. “Thank you, my friend. I’m sure you’ll enjoy her.”

“I’m sure I will. Just one more question. Why didn’t Yonas come to see me himself?”

Yaqob thought carefully before answering. "Yonas is not a bold man. He could not stand the thought that you might refuse. He asked me to come in his place, and I agreed."

"You did your job well, Yaqob. Thank you."

He beamed at that. We shook hands and he left, leaving Adina with me.

"Adina, do you speak English?"

"Yes, sir. We study it in school."

"My name is Charles."

"Yes, sir, I know."

"Do you know why you are here?"

"Yes, sir. To give you my virginity, as a gift from my father. I hope I will please you."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"I am happy to do what my father wishes."

"You don't look very happy."

"I'm sorry, sir. They just told me about this after dinner. I will try to show you the joy I feel when you make me a woman."

"Right. Is there anything you want to do first? Go to the bathroom or something?"

"No, sir. I am ready to do whatever you want me to do."

"Do you know how a man takes a woman's virginity?"

“My mother has explained it to me.”

“Then you know that you will need to take your clothes off.”

“Yes, sir.” With her natural modesty she turned her back to me as she began to unbutton her dress. I took the moment to slip my opened pocket knife and my large handkerchief under the pillow on the bed. There was no way to prepare her for what I was going to do, and I figured it was probably better that she not know in advance. She would do her part better if it came as a surprise.

She slipped the dress off her shoulders, folded it neatly and laid it on the dresser. Her only undergarment was a pair of panties that looked like boxer shorts. She paused for a moment, then pulled them down and laid them on top of the dress. Then she turned to face me.

Whatever residual temptation I might have felt to take advantage of the situation vanished in that moment. She looked impossibly thin and frail. I knew she was not malnourished, but she was just at that age where she had grown tall faster than her body could fill out.

Her chest was flat, her ribs showed, she had no visible hips. Her vulva was a hairless slit. The thought of having sex with her was about as appealing as if she had been a female Chihuahua.

Nonetheless, I had a role to play. I told her she was beautiful and exciting, and I was a very lucky man. That seemed to make her feel a little better. I told her to take my clothes off, and that gave her something to busy herself with and take her mind off her nudity and her predicament.

She was obviously unfamiliar with men’s clothing, but she figured it out quickly. She unbuckled my belt, undid the top button on my pants, and started to pull down my zipper. She stopped herself abruptly and moved up to my shirt, which she unbuttoned and pulled off my shoulders.

She pulled up on the bottom of my T-shirt until it was stopped by my armpits. I helped her by pulling the T-shirt off over my head. Then she returned to my pants, pulling down my zipper and guiding my pants to the floor. I stepped out of them, and she picked them up, folded them, lay my shirt and T-shirt on top of them, and put the stack on top of her clothes lying on the dresser.

That left me standing there in my briefs. She pulled them down, exposing my penis and scrotum. If she had any reaction to seeing my male equipment, it didn't show on her face. She was about to put the briefs on the stack of our clothing, but I said those were for the laundry, and took them from her and put them in a laundry bag.

I sat on the bed and asked her to do the same. She immediately lay on her back and spread her legs. I told her that first she had to get my penis hard enough to enter her body. That was apparently something her mother hadn't told her about, because she was completely baffled, she had no idea what to do.

I had her sit up and put her hand on my penis and stroke it up and down. Then I lay back on my back so I wouldn't have to watch her doing it.

I had had sex only a couple of times since coming to Ethiopia, with one of the female clerical workers from the temp agency, who seemed to like me. Occasionally I relieved myself when the pressure got too great, but I was a plenty horny guy.

So Adina's hand rubbing my cock felt very good, as long as I didn't think about the person attached to that hand, and pretty soon it had the expected effect, I began to get hard. I glanced at Adina, and was surprised to see that she looked completely absorbed in what she was doing, staring intently at my penis as it grew and stiffened.

I let myself begin to moan, for the benefit of the family members I knew were listening to the sounds coming from our room. That startled Adina out of her reverie, and she took her hand off me and started to lie down again, but I put her hand back on my penis and moved it up and down to show her that I wanted her to

keep on rubbing me.

My moans became louder and more frequent, and it was only partly acting on my part. It really was exciting me greatly to have her masturbate me. But the timing was tricky.

I had to assume she understood about ejaculation, and about the refractory period after that when the penis was useless for sexual purposes. If she thought I was about to come, she might well impale herself on me before I could stop her, to avoid being beaten and exiled the next day.

So when I felt the very first signs of orgasm stirring deep in my body, I put my left hand behind her back, reached under the pillow with my right hand and grabbed my knife, and with one quick move stabbed her in the left armpit, not deep enough to injure her seriously, but enough to puncture the skin and draw blood.

She screamed with the pain and the shock, and tried to jerk back, but I was stronger and held her in place while her blood dripped down onto my stomach. I kept moaning, but not loud enough to drown out the sound of her sobs.

When there was a small pool of her blood on me, I shoved the folded handkerchief up hard against her wound, and pressed her arm tightly against it, putting my finger against my lips in the universal “shhh” gesture. Her eyes widened in surprise, but she held her arm to her side and stayed quiet, just sniffing a little.

I took over the masturbatory duty, continuing to moan as I flogged my log. I blocked out all other thoughts and concentrated on making myself come. It didn't take long. Soon my moans were genuine, and loud, and soon after that I let out a real bellow as I felt the semen rushing out of my body.

I pointed my penis so that the ejaculation went directly into the pool of blood. Panting hard in the aftermath, I mixed the fluids together on my abdomen with my hand, then rubbed them onto a spot in the middle of the bed. I took some more of the mixture and rubbed it onto Adina's vulva. I didn't think anyone would be

examining her, but I didn't want to take any chances.

The blood and semen obviously couldn't hide an intact hymen, but I thought the odor of it would be enough to satisfy people. I was particularly concerned about Yaqob, who was the smartest of the bunch, and who had seen my initial reluctance at accepting this "gift." Adina didn't show any reaction; I couldn't tell whether she understood what I was doing, and why, or not.

Since I wasn't sure how much she had figured out, I whispered in her ear. "If you don't want a beating, tell your mother and father that I took your virginity, and it hurt, but you are happy. Tomorrow I will take you away with me. Do you understand?" She nodded.

I said aloud, "Thank you, Adina, you are a good lover, and you will get better. I'm sorry I had to hurt you. Next time it won't hurt." She looked at me quizzically, but I put my finger on my lips again, and she nodded. I checked under her arm, and the bleeding had stopped, so I took away the bloody handkerchief, wiped my knife blade clean with it, and stuck it in my laundry bag.

Suddenly I felt overwhelmingly sleepy. I got into bed naked. Adina hesitated, not sure what she should do, until I beckoned to her to join me. She snuggled up against me, also naked, and I put my arm around her, and we both fell asleep.

In the morning I woke up first. I went into the bathroom to empty my bladder, then came back and jostled her awake. She looked confused at first, but when she figured out where she was and why, she put her arms around me and hugged me tightly. It was the first sign of affection she had given me.

After making her own trip to the bathroom, she came back and dressed in the clothes she had taken off last night. I was pleased to see that the blood smears were still on her crotch, she had figured out that she shouldn't wash them off yet. I left the stains on my abdomen, too, as I put on a clean pair of briefs and the clothes I had worn yesterday.

When we came out of the bedroom I took her hand. We were both smiling as we walked into the dining room, where people were bustling around fixing breakfast and trying to pretend like they were ignoring us.

Yaqob wasn't there, to my relief. I said good morning to Adina's mother. She said good morning, and asked if I had slept well, trying to make it sound like just a polite question. I replied that I had slept wonderfully, thanks to her comfortable bed, and to Adina, but that I was afraid we had spoiled her sheet. That made her blush, and she ran off to the kitchen to do some more about fixing breakfast.

When Yonas Akbar appeared, we went through the same exchange. He didn't blush, though; he looked very relieved. I told him that I liked Adina so much, I wanted to take her with me back to Addis. A flicker of pain passed through his eyes, but then he beamed and said that was wonderful news, he was sure that it would be good for Adina, and he hoped that she continued to please me. He told her to be a good girl and do everything I told her, and she said, "Yes, Papa."

Breakfast was as sumptuous as dinner had been. I feared if I stayed with them for another day it would take me a week to lose the added weight. After breakfast it was time for us to leave.

Adina went around hugging everyone, ending with her father and then her mother. They were talking to each other in Amharic. I was a little concerned that Adina might be spilling the beans, but there was nothing I could do about it at that point. I could see that she was trying hard to keep from crying. Her mother was trying also, but failing.

Tears were running down her cheeks as I shook hands with Yaqob and Yonas. Adina had a small bag of possessions, no bigger than my overnight bag. We tossed them both in the car, and headed off to Addis.

Adina was quiet for a while as she left her home behind for what she knew was probably the last time. After maybe half an hour she started to point out landmarks to me. She had made this trip by car many times, and there were many

spots along the way that brought back memories of those trips.

I said just enough to let her know I was interested in what she was saying, and to keep her talking, which I thought would be good for her. By the time we got to Addis she seemed pretty much like a normal 12-year-old girl, interested in her surroundings and excited to be back in the big city.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I checked her in at the hotel, but I needn't have worried. The desk clerk was totally cool about the whole thing, as though it was an everyday occurrence for an American to bring a young Ethiopian girl to stay in his hotel room.

I told him she would be staying with me for the remainder of my time in Addis. He asked me her name and where she was from. I said she was Adina Yonas, using the standard Ethiopian form of adopting the father's first name as the child's second, and she was from Dese.

He tapped some keys on his computer and asked if I would like for her to have a room key. I hadn't thought of that, but it seemed like a good idea, so he programmed a key card and gave it to her. She looked at me questioningly -- this didn't look like any key she had ever seen -- and I told her I would show her how to use it.

Adina was awestruck by the splendor, as she saw it, of my suite. It probably was one of the nicer habitations in the country, to tell the truth. She walked around touching the furniture, staring at the art on the walls, examining the fixtures. At one point she ruffled her hand in the pile of the carpet. She said, "Charles, you must be very rich." I laughed and told her that I was all right, but that my company was paying for this room.

The suite had a bedroom with one bed, a bath, a living room, and a small kitchenette. I told her we would have to share the bathroom, but that she could sleep on the living room sofa. She looked troubled at that, and I asked her what was the matter. She said she was afraid to sleep by herself, she never did at home,



and asked if she could please sleep with me.

I was a little nervous about that for a number of reasons, but I realized that she was undergoing a major disruption in her life, and needed to find what comfort she could, so I agreed. She hugged me again, burying her face in my chest, thanked me, and promised not to take up too much space in the bed.

I said that if anybody was going to be taking up too much space it would be me, because I was a lot bigger than she was. That made her laugh, the first time I had heard her do so.

We had dinner in the hotel restaurant. The food she wanted most in the world was a hamburger. The restaurant's idea of a hamburger didn't impress me much, but she devoured it. I made a mental note to blow her mind with a trip to Fuddruckers when we got back to Houston.

Back in the room I showed her the shower. Her face lit up. The only showers she had had before, she told me, were in the girls' gym at her school, and that was a big bare-pipes communal affair that looked like it was designed for a prison. The gleaming white tile, shiny chrome fixtures, and plush towels and bath rug in the hotel bathroom were other-worldly to her.

I let her spend as long as she wanted in the shower, which was a very long time. She washed herself with the hotel's scented soap, shampooed her hair with the hotel's scented shampoo, conditioned her hair with the hotel's scented conditioner. When she came out she smelled like a flower shop.

She walked around completely nude in my presence, with no more concerns about modesty. I wasn't sure whether she was thinking of me as a father or as a husband. But if she didn't care, I decided I didn't either.

It would be difficult for us to try to live together without showing our bodies, anyway. So I stripped off while she was watching and got in the shower myself. I had been taking it for granted all this time, but when I saw her delight in the

shower it made me realize what a luxury it really was.

I put on a hotel robe, and it occurred to me that we ought to have one for her too. I would ask for that tomorrow. For this evening she wrapped up in one of the big bath towels. We sat in the living room and watched TV together. She had several shows she liked to watch.

The one on this evening was a rerun of an old American sitcom with Amharic subtitles. It didn't make much sense to me in any language, but she laughed frequently through it. Next on was the BBC news, which I always watched carefully. She leaned against me, and by the time the news ended she was asleep.

I picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. That woke her up, and she put her arms around my neck. I held onto her with one arm and used the other hand to skin back the bedcovers. I lay her gently onto the bed. She said, "Thank you, Charles, for bringing me here, and for taking care of me."

I said, "You're very welcome, Adina. It's my pleasure." She pulled off her towel and tossed it in the corner on the floor, then pulled up the bedcover to her shoulders. I took off the robe and draped it on the chair, turned out the light, and got into bed beside her.

She reached over, felt with her fingers, and grasped my penis and began to stroke it. I took her hand and gently moved it away, saying, "That's not necessary any more, Adina, you're safe now." She didn't say anything else, just turned on her side away from me and went to sleep. I soon followed suit.

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Now on top of everything else I had to do to close up shop, I had to make the arrangements for taking Adina with me back to Texas. That meant buying her an air ticket, easy enough, and dealing with two governments.

The Ethiopians were no problem. The right money in the right hands, and the

paperwork sailed through. Some junior grade officer traveled to Dese, at my considerable expense, and came back with what he said were Yonas Akbar's signatures on the necessary documents.

I had no reason to doubt that they were valid, really, except a sort of general skepticism, but it didn't really matter, as long as the government was satisfied it was okay with me. They took Adina's picture and provided her with an Ethiopian passport.

The Americans were a different story. The case officer I saw at the embassy was a self-righteous asshole who took it as his personal mission to stem the flow of immigration to the US. Worse still, it was clear from the questions he asked and the tone he took that he was certain that I was taking this girl back to be my personal sex slave, although he was careful not to say so directly.

It was hard for me to contain my temper, but it wouldn't have served my purpose to lose it in those circumstances. He told me there were a great many people wanting to move to the US, and it would be at least a couple of years before Adina could be considered.

I patiently repeated that this was an emergency situation, that her family was no longer able to support her and that she might not survive without my help. He suggested I consider adopting her, I think because he thought that would make it possible to prosecute me for incest when I molested her.

I pointed out that that would take as long, if not longer, and would involve a whole other set of people, social workers in both countries, and in any case I had no reason to believe her family would agree to relinquish her for adoption (I didn't mention the fact that that was more or less what they had already done).

I knew that if I offered him money, I would be brought up on criminal charges, and my company would be fined and possibly barred from government contracts. American bureaucrats deal in a different currency. So I thanked him for his time, went back to my hotel, and fired off an e-mail to my boss's boss in Houston, Sam

Shibatani.

Sam was VP for International Operations, the highest ranking person in the company that I had any regular dealings with. He had stayed in the military long enough to become a Brigadier General in the Army Corps of Engineers, before he retired and came to work for us at triple the salary.

He had vast experience in third world countries, and I thought he was more likely to understand what I was facing than anyone else. I described almost the entire situation to him, leaving out only the part about the underarm stab and the masturbation, but making it clear that Adina was still a virgin.

I knew Sam was a demon about keeping on top of his e-mail, so I wasn't too surprised when I got a reply in half an hour. It was brief: "Let me run this by the old man."

The "old man" was Marshall Jenkins, our founder and CEO. I think he maybe had some engineering training in college, but I was pretty sure he wouldn't know a CAD from a Cadillac. It didn't matter. He had high-level connections everywhere, and enormous clout.

He was a frequent invited visitor to the White House, whichever party was in power. The Secretary of State had been his college classmate. He was the one who got us the big contracts that paid our fancy salaries and expense accounts. I had met him a few times at company parties, where we exchanged small talk, but I doubted that he would have any idea who I was.

The next day I got another e-mail from Sam. It was only a little longer: "Go back to the embassy one week from today. Take Adina with you. They'll be expecting you."

Adina was enjoying herself well enough in the hotel. She watched TV programs and pay-per-view movies, read magazines from the lobby store, ordered meals from room service.

I took her clothes shopping. One of the things we bought was a swimsuit. I arranged with the concierge to hire an instructor to teach her how to swim in the hotel pool, and she really took to that.

I did as much of my work as I could in the hotel suite, in order to be with her, but sometimes I had to go out and leave her alone. I worried about it the first couple of times, but then grew confident that she was quite able to take care of herself in my absence.

On the appointed day of the following week, Adina and I went to the American embassy. I introduced myself to the receptionist, who smiled warmly and said, "Mr. Butterfield, how good to see you. I'll tell Ms. Donegan you're here."

A moment later a tall woman in expensive clothes emerged from behind a door, introducing herself as Beth Donegan. She was clearly a person accustomed to wielding considerable power, but she treated me like a peer, and Adina like an adult.

She shook hands cordially with both of us, said she had heard excellent reports about my work in Ethiopia. To my surprise, she talked knowledgeably about some of the particular engineering problems we had faced, and complimented the ingenuity of our solutions.

Then she invited us into her office and closed the door. She said, "Our attorneys have researched your situation, and we believe the best course of action would be for you to be appointed Adina's legal guardian until she reaches the age of 18.

"Then we can arrange for her to have permanent residency in the U. S. She can live with you, and you will be responsible for her education, her health, and her well-being until she reaches majority. That is, if both of you agree to that."

I hadn't thought of that possibility, but as I thought about it, it made a lot of sense. I had come to know Adina well enough, and liked her well enough, that I thought my life could be notably better if I shared it with her. So after a moment I said,

“That would be fine with me.”

Donegan said, “I’d like to talk with Adina in private now. I hope you don’t mind.” I said sure, and went out to sit in the hall and wait. I hoped Adina wouldn’t tell her the circumstances of our first meeting, but there was nothing I could do about it.

After about fifteen minutes, the door opened. When I went back in I saw that they were both smiling, so I figured it must have gone okay. “Adina is a capable and charming young woman,” Donegan said. “I believe she will adjust well to life in the U.S.”

I told her I felt the same, or I wouldn’t have agreed to take her with me. I asked what we needed to do next, I expected there was some paperwork involved. I was right about that. I lost count of how many forms I had to sign, and Adina had to sign a few as well.

Donegan told me that the process would be much faster and easier than it might have been, because I had already gotten all the necessary approvals and documents from the Ethiopian authorities, including the agreement from Adina’s family. She tactfully refrained from asking me how I had managed that so quickly.

Finally we were done, and she gave me the documents we needed for Adina to travel to the U.S. and to stay there in my home, as my ward. As we rose to leave, she said, “If you don’t mind my saying so, I think this is a wonderful thing you’re doing.” I couldn’t resist the opportunity. “Thank you, I appreciate that. But I have to say that your colleague who I met with previously seemed to have a different opinion.”

She actually rolled her eyes. “I’m terribly sorry about that. We have counseled him on how to deal better with similar situations, should they arise in the future.”

I bet you have, I thought to myself. I wonder if he has any ass left after the chewing he got. He didn’t have that much to spare, since he was half-assed to begin with. But I just said, “Thank you again for your help. You’ve made this go much more

smoothly than I was expecting.”

When we got outside, Adina surprised me by putting her arms around me and giving me a big hug, with her head against my chest. She had been completely friendly while staying in the hotel with me, but this was a sign of real affection. When I looked at her face, her eyes were glistening.

“I know what a big thing you have just done for me, Charles,” she said. “I hope someday I can pay you back. Until then, I’ll try hard to be good and do what you say and help you as much as I can, so that maybe you’ll be glad to have me in your home.”

I held her by the shoulders and looked her in the eyes. “Adina, I’m already glad. Like Ms. Donegan said, you’re capable and charming, and you’re going to do very well in America. And you don’t owe me anything. I’m doing this because I want to, I know that you will make my life better than it is.”

She hugged me again and sniffled a little, then took my hand as we set out together for America.

\* \* \*

My house in Houston was a lot bigger than I really needed. When my ex-wife and I bought it we had visions of raising a family, and anyway everybody was buying big then. She said she wanted to leave Texas and never come back, so I ended up with it in the divorce, after paying her half of an inflated estimate of its value.

I thought I would sell it and move into something more suitable for a single man, but I never got around to it. Now I was glad to have the extra space, because it meant Adina could have her own bedroom and bathroom, and some privacy.

She was delighted with the house, to put it mildly. By Ethiopian standards it was a palace, I guess. I hadn’t told her about the pool, kept it as a surprise, and she actually squealed when she saw it, the first time I’d heard her do that. She couldn’t

wait to get in.

We dug out the swimsuit I bought for her in Addis, and she was splashing around and practicing her swimming strokes within an hour after we got there. There were no groceries in the house, so I took her to Fuddruckers like I promised myself I would. It was fun to see her amazement at the size of the burgers.

While she was adjusting to jet lag and to her new environment, I asked around about schools. I knew several people in my company who had kids around Adina's age. They all had strong, but varied, opinions, so I got a number of recommendations.

With some Internet research I whittled the list down some, and eliminated others after a phone call to find out if they had openings. After I visited the two remaining candidates, the choice was clear, and the next Monday I took Adina and enrolled her in a private school in a leafy, quiet suburb. I was able to join a car pool with some parents of other kids in the school, so I only had to drive two or three times a week.

Adina thrived in the school. She was very smart, and hard-working, which I kind of expected, but it turned out that she was also popular, to my pleasant surprise. We soon had kids showing up in our house afternoons and on weekends.

I was a little nervous about that at first, when I was away at work, but they never caused any trouble, at least not that I was aware of. I did make a rule about not using the pool except when I was there, because I knew the other parents expected that. I don't know how well that rule was obeyed, but nobody had wet hair when I got home from work.

Her friends called her Deenie, like mine called me Chuck, but to each other we were always Adina and Charles. Not for formality's sake, but because they were our special names for each other.

I started dating again. I made it a point to go out with busy professional women



who, like me, wanted an agreeable companion for dinner, concerts, theater, and so forth, and a good sex partner, but had no time in their lives for a permanent relationship.

When I brought one home to spend the night, every week or two, I always introduced them to Adina, who was always gracious and friendly to them. One woman, a biochemist named Janet who was on the Rice faculty, took a special liking to Adina, and would talk to her at length when she came to visit.

Janet became sort of a surrogate mother. She took Adina shopping for underwear and shoes and jewelry, talked to her about the changes that were happening to her body as she entered puberty, helped her through her first periods, exchanged gossip about the people they knew. It was a great relief to me.

I expected to have to do those things, and didn't really know how. I wondered at first if Janet was campaigning for a job as Mrs. Butterfield, but she soon let me know that was not at all the case. She had no children of her own and didn't expect to, and she found satisfaction in relating to Adina in that way; it fulfilled a need she didn't realize she had.

And Janet was very attractive, as well as smart. She was on the tall side, about five foot ten, and slender. Her sandy hair was cut short in a stylish do. Her intelligence shone through her gray eyes. She had a light sprinkling of freckles on her cheeks, just enough to give her face color without her having to use makeup, which she didn't like. She wore flattering but unobtrusive clothes and jewelry. I really enjoyed spending time with her.

\* \* \*

The next few years flowed by smoothly, or as smoothly as they could with a young teenager. Adina wasn't immune to fits of temper, slamming her door, sulking in her room, that sort of thing. But she would always get over it after a while and show up cheerful, as though nothing had happened.

She and her friends would hang out at the mall for hours, but she kept up with her homework and got consistently good grades, and good reports from her teachers, so I didn't worry about it.

For my part, I made it a point to be home for dinner every evening, even when I was really busy at work -- and after the success of the Ethiopia project, I was usually very busy -- even if it meant that I had to bring work home with me and work on it late at night. I had a housekeeper come in on work/school days to clean the place and fix dinner for us. Adina learned quite a bit of Spanish talking to her.

One evening Adina and I were sitting at the dinner table, finishing up dinner with bowls of ice cream, when she said, "Charles, we need to talk." Words to strike fear into the heart of any man. Trying to keep casual, I said, "I believe that's what we've been doing." She gave me a look, and said, "I'm serious."

"Okay," I said, "what's up?"

"I want to have sex."

Well, that didn't come as a total shock. The movies and TV shows and magazines were all full of sex all the time, and I knew that sexual activity was much more common among high-schoolers than it was in my day. Still, I felt like it was my role as the responsible adult to counsel restraint.

"Adina, You're fifteen years old."

She put on a puzzled look. "Yes, and??"

"Don't you think you're still a little young for that?"

"Charles, five of my friends have already had sex, and two of them are younger than me."

"You don't have to do it just because your friends are doing it."

“Of course not. I want to do it because I’m ready, and because I’m starting to want it a lot.” She looked down at her hands. “I’ve been touching myself, and the feelings are getting stronger, and I know it has to be even more wonderful with another person.”

“Have you talked to Janet about this?”

“Yes.”

“What did she have to say?”

“At first pretty much what you just said. But then we talked some more, and she decided I was ready for it after all. But she said I should ask your permission first.”

“Well, sweetheart, I truly appreciate that, more than I can say. I’ll have to send Janet some roses. But to get back to the point, I know you well enough to trust your judgment on something as important as this. So yes, you have my permission. I’ll make an appointment with Dr. Santana right away to get you started on birth control pills. She’ll give you some advice on how to avoid diseases, too. I hope you can wait until after you’ve started the pills. I’m sure you don’t want to get pregnant.”

She looked at me with her mouth open. “That’s it? You’re okay with this?”

I couldn’t help chuckling. “Yes, I’m okay with it. What did you expect?”

“Hours of argument, and screaming and tears. I had four excellent arguments lined up.”

“Well, you’ll have to save them for something else, like if you decide to vote Republican or to cheer for the Cowboys. Believe it or not, I was fifteen once myself, and I remember very well how it felt. By the way, do you have a boy in mind for this project?”

She said, “No.” I started to say something about priorities when I noticed a grin

that meant there was more to come, so I waited for it. “But I do have a man in mind.”

“Really.” I couldn’t think what man she could have a crush on, or think she could have sex with. One of her teachers? Her soccer coach? Some clerk at the mall? I was beginning to feel disturbed about it, so I said, “And who would that be?”

She put her hand on mine, and with a look and a voice of quiet adoration, such as I had not seen or heard from a woman in years, she said, “That would be you, Charles.”

Wham! You probably saw that coming, but I sure didn’t. I was completely speechless for what seemed like a long time, until I saw an anxious look cross her face, and I realized that I had to be extremely careful, and truthful, in what I said next.

“Adina, I am truly flattered, beyond words. But I’m also totally surprised. Why would you think of me in that way? I would think you would want to be with someone closer to your own age.”

“Charles, you’re the one person in the world that I know truly cares for me. The one person who wants only the best for me. You have given me a life here more wonderful than anything I ever dreamed of, and saved me from a horrible life in the place where I was born.”

I interrupted her. “Adina, I’ve told you before, you don’t owe me anything for that, and especially not your virginity. I did what I did because I wanted to, and you have made my life a lot better than it would have been. I was lonely and bitter after my divorce, and I’m not anymore, and that’s because of you. So you have given me as much as I have given you.”

“Thank you for saying that. You’ve said it before, and I believe you. But there’s more. I have another reason that’s more important. You remember our first night together?”

“Never forget it.”

“Me either. You had me, uh, masturbate you. I didn’t know what I was doing, or why, but I discovered right then that I liked it. I mean I really liked it, and wanted to keep on doing it, and did, until you stabbed me.”

I covered my eyes with my hands. “God, I felt so awful about that, but I couldn’t think of any other way. I kind of hoped you would forget about it.”

“I forgave it as soon as I figured out why you did it. But I couldn’t ever forget it. Anyway, the next night, when we were together in the hotel, I wanted to do it again. I started to, but you stopped me. I was disappointed, and kind of hurt, because that meant you didn’t really like me, you were just being nice to me. So I went to sleep and didn’t try it again.

“But I thought about it a lot, ’cause it sort of made me tingle when I did. And now I think about it all the time, especially when I’m touching myself and imagining it’s you touching me. And I want to stop imagining and feel the real thing. I’m horny for you, Charles. I want to have sex with you.” She looked almost defiant.

“Jeez, Adina, that night in the hotel, I thought you were reaching for me because you felt like you were supposed to, that I expected you to do that because I was giving you a place to sleep. You have no idea what an effort of will power it took for me to tell you to stop. If I had any idea you were doing it because you wanted to ....” I left the rest of the thought unspoken.

“Well, I did, and I do. So are you going to take care of me now? Can we make up for lost time? Or do I have to go find some high school boy, or some biker in a bar?”

“Whoa, slow down. This is all kind of sudden for me. Let me think about it for a while. We can talk about it some more tomorrow. It’ll be a few days before you’re ready, anyway, we have to get you in to see Dr. Santana first and get you pills and give them time to take effect. Oh, and don’t fight dirty. You know better than that.

A biker in a bar. Sheesh.”

A sudden fearful thought struck me. “When you were talking to Janet, you didn’t ....”

She gave me the “duh” look. “Of course not. I know better than that, too.”

“Good. Because if we do this, and I’m not saying we will, nobody can ever know.”

“I know.” She said it with a grin that meant she knew she’d won.

I didn’t get a whole lot of sleep that night. The pros and cons spiraled through my head like leaves picked up in a little whirlwind. The trouble was, the cons all had to do with what I knew other people expected, and the pros were all what I wanted. But I couldn’t be sure that I was thinking with my big head instead of my little one.

Finally at some point I dozed off. When I woke up, I couldn’t remember what I had been dreaming, but I knew it had been a satisfying, happy dream, that made me feel content and at peace with myself and the world, and I knew my mind had made itself up.

At breakfast Adina couldn’t meet my eyes. She stared intently at her granola, and didn’t say anything for an unusually long while. Finally she said, “So?”

I took her hands in mine and looked directly at her. She raised her eyes to look into mine, with obvious effort, and her face was a study in uncertainty, hope, apprehension. I said, “Adina, I would be proud and happy to be your first lover.”

She squealed and jumped from her chair to hug me over the breakfast table, spilling a little milk from her cereal bowl in the process. She said, “Oh, God, I’m so happy, I can’t wait. Will you call Dr. Santana today?”

“I will.”

“And I have to do some shopping. Will you take me?”

“Sure. We’ll combine that with the trip to the doctor.”

Keeping her arms around my neck, she moved her face from beside mine and planted her lips hard on mine, thrusting her tongue deep into my mouth. I put my arms around her shoulders and answered in kind. Our kiss was so deep and so long that it was a sex act in itself.

“God, I’m wet already,” she said as we finally broke for air. She touched the front of my pants. “And you’re hard. Maybe we should do this right now.”

“Not a chance. I haven’t a rubber in the house, and I wouldn’t wear one if I did, and I’m not taking on another mouth to feed. We’ll get you contracepted first.”

“Okay, boss. But it seems like a shame to wait.”

“Like waiting for Christmas. The anticipation is half the fun.”

“Easy for you to say. You can always go have sex with one of your lady friends. I’m the one that has to be horny.”

“Good point. Okay, I’ll make a deal. I won’t have sex with anybody else until I do it with you. How’s that?”

She looked surprised. “You’d do that? I was just jerking you around.”

“I know. But fair’s fair. And honestly, I don’t think I’d be a very good sex partner to anybody else if I was spending the time with them thinking about you.”

“How did you get to be so wonderful?”

“Well, they had this course in my college, Wonderful 101 and 102. I...”

“Never mind. I’m sorry I asked.” She kissed me again, a warm, friendly kiss, full of

promise.

As soon as her office opened, I called Dr. Santana for an appointment. As it happened, they had a cancellation the next afternoon, after Adina would be out of school. So the next day I left work early and picked Adina up after school, and we went to see the doctor. Well, she went to see the doctor and I went to read some excellent 6-month-old magazines.

I expected her to look happier than she did when she emerged from the examination room. She came out with a piece of paper in her hand and a glum expression on her face. I said, "Did you get the prescription?"

"Yeah," she said, waving the piece of paper. But she didn't say anything else.

When we got to the car, I said, "So what's the problem?"

"The problem is, I have to wait until my next period starts, then five more days, before I can start taking the pills. And my next period probably isn't for at least another week. And I don't want to wait that long."

I sat silent for a moment thinking, then said, "I think we can find ways to pass the time. You said you wanted to go shopping?"

"Yeah." She brightened up a bit. She loved shopping.

"How much homework do you have tonight?"

"Not a lot, maybe an hour or two. Why?"

"While we're out, what say we get a movie to watch tonight after you finish your homework, your choice?"

"Sure, I'd like that."

At the mall she wanted to go off on her own as usual, which was fine with me. I



gave her a credit card and we arranged a time to meet. I went and got her prescription filled, and then browsed in the bookstore until she came and found me, carrying a couple of bags.

“Success?” I asked. “Yeah, I think so,” was all she had to say.

We went into the video store and she picked out a romantic comedy that had just come out on video. We had dinner at an Italian restaurant we both liked, then home. While she was doing her homework, I worked a little on stuff from my office, then read the paper and did the puzzles until she showed up, ready for the movie.

Normally when we watched movies together at home, she sat on the couch and I sat on the big easy chair next to it. This evening, though, after I put the movie in the player, I went back and stood in front of her by the couch and said, “May I sit here?”

She looked surprised. “Sure,” she said, and scooted her butt a little to make room. I started the movie running, then put my right arm around her. She nestled happily up against me.

The movie went through the usual preliminaries: the lead actress and actor met cute, got to know each other, got to like each other. A minute or two after the first romantic scene started, as the sexual tension started to develop, I put my right hand on Adina’s shirt, on top of her right breast. She jerked a little, looked up at me questioningly. I smiled at her. Her face relaxed into a smile and she settled back and resumed watching the movie, or pretending to.

We sat still like that for a few minutes as the scene developed. When the people on the screen started making out, she covered my hand with hers and moved it around a little. I took the hint and massaged her breast, and leaned over and kissed her with a nice open-mouth kiss, which she returned with ardor.

With our eyes both turned back to the screen, I put my left hand on her bare

stomach, under her shirt. I held it there for a while, then slowly began moving it upwards. She began to breathe a little more rapidly. My hand reached the bottom of her left breast. She ordinarily didn't wear a bra around the house, and her breast was bare.

I cupped the bottom of her breast with my thumb and forefinger and squeezed gently, released, moved my hand a little higher, squeezed and released. By now she was practically panting. I covered the whole breast with my palm and moved my hand slightly to stimulate the nipple, which I felt grow hard in the middle of my palm.

She suddenly leaned forward and stripped off her shirt with a single motion. I saw her nude torso for the first time since she was twelve years old. Her breasts had grown to A-cup size, but so far without any droop, they were shaped like large pear halves against her chest. The areolas were brown and well defined, and the nipples distinct and erect.

She turned to face me, and I bent down and kissed her breasts, first the left, then the right, laving the nipples with my tongue and pressing a circle around them with my lips while sucking in slightly. She was moaning now, and pressing the back of my head against her. "Oh God, that's incredible, I can't believe how good that feels!" she said between moans.

I pulled off my own shirt, held her bare chest against mine, and kissed her deeply again. Then we settled back to watch the movie some more, with her sitting on my lap and leaning her back against my chest, and me with my two hands on her two breasts. We had to skip back several minutes in the movie to see the part we missed while we were making out.

We didn't go to any more bases for the rest of the movie, which ended -- surprise! -- with the man and the woman getting back together for good. When we turned it off, she said, "You know I'm going to have to go get myself off now."

"Me, too," I said.

“So why don’t we do it together?”

“Not yet, it’s too soon. We have two or three weeks. We’re going to build this thing gradually.”

“Oh, God. I don’t know if I can stand it, but it’s going to be fun to try.”

The next evening, instead of going out to the video store again, we dug into my video collection, and Adina picked out a horror movie, one of those where teenagers in a remote location have sex and then die gruesome deaths. As we sat down on the couch to watch, she started to strip off her shirt, but I stopped her.

“No, we’ll start again from the beginning, but go a little farther this time.”

“Why? Why not pick up where we left off?”

“Well, partly because getting there is so much fun. Partly because we get to spend more time making out. And partly because we’re learning about each other’s bodies, and the more practice we get at that, the better lovers we’ll become.”

“Wow. You convinced me. I never thought of all that.”

“All part of the learning process.”

“I’m glad I’ve got such a good teacher.”

For variety’s sake, I sat to her right instead of her left, and put my left arm around her shoulders. We started the movie, and she leaned up against me and put her hand on my leg. I was going to wait until the first sex scene to do anything, but she took my hand right away and placed it on her left breast, outside her shirt.

Still I just held it there without moving it until the first couple started making out. Then I started to squeeze gently and release, squeeze and release. She made a happy little “mmmm” sound.

When the actress on the screen bared her breasts, I put my right hand on Adina’s

tummy under her shirt. “That turns you on, huh?” she said.

“You bet. I love breasts.” And I gave hers another little squeeze.

“Well, I’ve got a couple here that would love some attention.”

“Don’t worry. It’s coming.”

As the action on the screen got hotter, I lifted my hand from Adina’s abdomen, then gently settled it back down in the same place. As soon as I felt her skin warm under my hand I lifted it again, then put it back down. I repeated this several times until the actor’s head was suddenly split open by an axe, which made us both jump and the actress scream as she tried unsuccessfully to run away before the axe landed on her spine and dropped her. Adina pressed closer to me and I held both my hands still on her body until we both calmed down a little from the shock.

“You’re sure you want to watch this,” I said.

“Oh yeah, I love the scary parts.”

The other teenagers were oblivious to the murders of their friends, and were partying away. As we followed another couple into a bedroom for their own love-making, I lifted the bottom of Adina’s pullover shirt. She put her arms in the air over her head, and I pulled it off her and tossed it on the floor.

She settled back against me, and I began tracing my fingers all over her front, coming close to her nipples but not touching them. She began to squirm with the pleasure of it.

The actress took off her halter top. She had very pretty breasts, and the actor put his hands on them. Just as he did, I put my hands on Adina’s breasts, and she clasped her hands on top of mine and pressed them hard against her.

I didn’t especially want to watch this couple get killed; it seemed like such a waste of a beautiful sexy girl, so I leaned over and started nuzzling Adina’s neck, kissing

her in that spot right where the neck curves into the shoulder. I messed around there until I felt Adina jump, meaning that the next shocking murder had just happened, and then I kissed her hard on the mouth.

She moved her hands around me and put one on my back and the other on the back of my head, but I kept my hands on her breasts, squeezing and twisting them harder than I had been doing. She began to moan loudly.

When we broke the kiss we were both breathing hard. I took off my shirt and we got back into the lap position, with her leaning back against me and my hands on her breasts. We didn't bother to backtrack in the movie this time; the story line wasn't that interesting. By this time all the teenagers knew there was a killer around, and they were trying to figure out ways to cope. The remaining romantic liaisons, if any, would be tension-filled. But Adina was worked up enough by now that it didn't matter what was on the screen, all that mattered was what I was doing to her.

This was the point where we had left off the night before, and which I had promised to go beyond tonight. I arranged my left arm so that it spanned her breasts, and started moving my right hand slowly down her abdomen. When I reached the waistband of her pants and put my fingers under it, she drew in her breath sharply, as she realized what I was about to do.

Ever so slowly, I slid my hand lower, until the tips of my fingers felt the curly bristles of her pubic hair. I started moving my fingers rhythmically apart, together, apart, together, stimulating her pubis. That got an "Mmmm" out of her. I pressed my left arm against her breasts a little harder, and moved it slightly side to side and up and down, to add some stimulation to her nipples. She rolled her head around against my shoulder.

My right hand descended until I felt the top of the cleft of her vulva with my middle finger. I pressed with that finger and moved it in a small circle, which I knew she could feel in her clitoris. "Oh, Jesus!" she cried. "Why does that feel so much better when you do it than when I do?"

“Because sex is meant to be a two-person activity” I said, knowing she wasn’t really expecting an answer. I extended my finger further down into her cleft, and felt her moisture. “You’re getting wet,” I informed her. “Duh!” was her slightly breathless reply. “And you’re getting hard.” She could feel my penis swelling and stiffening under her.

“Well, now that you can find it, feel free to grab it.” She raised her butt up off my lap and with one swift motion pulled down her pants and panties simultaneously, cocking her knees up to her forehead to slide them off her ankles.

She sat back down beside me rather than back on my lap, opened my fly, and reached in my pants and pulled my engorged organ out into the air. “Balls too, but gently,” I said. My scrotum is almost as sensitive as my penis, and I love to have a woman play with it. She fished back in and got hold of it, and I lifted up my ass a little to ease the passage.

“Now just do what comes naturally,” I told her, as I went back to work on her vulva with my fingers, tickling her labia and dipping a finger between them every few seconds. She wrapped her hand around my shaft and started pumping it enthusiastically. “Whoa, whoa, not that hard and fast,” I said.

“Well, that was what came naturally,” she said with a sly grin. “Okay, okay, I’ll give you instructions. Stroke it about as fast as I’m petting your pussy here.” “I can do that,” she said, and she did, and it felt fantastic. She was very responsive; if I rubbed a little faster, so did she, and when I slowed down, she did too. We had a very effective feedback loop going.

I had intended not to go all the way to orgasm that night, but to save that culmination for the next night, but we were both too far gone for that. I was already on the edge, and I could tell she was too. Neither of us would have been able to sleep if we had stopped at that point.

So I cupped her vulva with my hand, with the heel of my hand on her pubis and my fingers slipping in and out of her labia. Her pelvis began to buck, and she started to

squeal, and a moment later she slapped her hand against the back of mine, pressing it against her and into her more firmly, and I felt a gush of her juices on my fingers.

I gave her a minute or two to come back to earth, then said, "Now do me." She had let go of me completely in the throes of her orgasm, but she put her hand back on my rod and began to stroke it up and down. "How about a little lubrication?" I asked.

She looked at me questioningly, so I took her wrist and pulled her hand to the side, then rubbed my other hand, still wet with her come, on my penis. "Oh!" she said, and rubbed her own hand into her slit until it was shiny wet, and then started jacking me again, this time sliding her slippery hand up and down the shaft. That felt so great. It was almost like fucking.

It didn't take me long to come. I felt the tension in my legs start to build, and was about to warn her, when suddenly I erupted, spraying semen all over the place. Some of it landed on her tits, some on my stomach, and the rest on the sofa (I think). "Wow," she said, "that was pretty spectacular. I didn't know there would be so much of it."

"Usually there isn't," I replied. "But you've got me excited out of my skull."

"You mean all that was supposed to go in me?"

"Right. And that's why we have to get you protected first."

"Mm-hmm." She was trying to play it cool, but I could tell that she was realizing for the first time the immense power a woman has over a man who desires her, and the thrill of being the object of that desire.

The next evening, when she came to me and said, "I've finished my homework" and looked at me expectantly, I said, "I don't know about you, but I think we've watched enough movies for a while. How about we go to the bedroom?"

She looked startled, then excited. “Does that mean....”

“No. You still have to get protection before we go all the way. But there are other things we can do, and the bed’s more comfortable for those.”

“Whatever. Yes. Let’s go to bed.”

As we climbed the stairs to my bedroom, she shed her top and her shorts and her panties, and by the time we were in the room she was naked. I told her to lie on the bed, and she lay back with her head raised to watch me undress.

It didn’t take me long to get as naked as she was. Looking at her lying there had my penis already half erect. I climbed onto the bed next to her and kissed her, lying on my side. She pressed her body hard up against mine and prolonged the kiss, our tongues playing in each other’s mouths. I had a powerful urge to take her right then and there, but I suppressed it.

I disengaged myself from her and pressed lightly on her shoulder to signal her to lie on her back. Then, on my hands and knees, I positioned myself so my head was over her body, and bent down and kissed her in the hollow of her throat. She put her hands on the back of my head.

I started on a kissing tour of her body. To the left and the right of her throat I kissed the soft spots just below her collarbone. A series of small feathery kisses all over her upper chest led me to the top of the swell of her breasts. There I pressed my lips more firmly against her flesh, and put my hands on her upper arms, with my thumbs in her armpits.

My kisses became hungrier and more insistent as I descended to the fuller, fleshier parts of her breasts. She was making happy little murmurs, and pressing harder on my head. I kissed the outsides of both breasts, then the valley between them, then the undersides, below the nipples. With my tongue I drew a circle just outside each areola. Then I let my tongue rest on one areola, not touching the nipple, and breathed warm, moist air gently on the tip of the breast. After a



moment of that I repeated the process on the other breast.

Finally I let my mouth descend onto the breast surrounding the areola. I flexed my lips into a slight pucker that elongated the breast tip in my mouth, and swiped my tongue directly across the nipple. She jerked and cried out, then said, "Ohhh, oh Jesus, that feels so good, you have no idea how good that feels!" Actually I did have some idea, which was why I was doing it.

I moved back and forth between the nipples, sucking and licking, until she was writhing on the bed and moaning constantly. Then I moved my hands onto her breasts, her nipples against my palms, keeping up a very slight flexing motion to keep them steadily stimulated, and resumed my kissing tour, heading southward down her belly.

She calmed down and lay there quietly as I alternated kisses and tongue licks here and there all over her abdomen, moving steadily lower. When I reached her navel I pressed my tongue down inside and wiggled it, which made her giggle. I didn't linger there for long, but kept kissing lower on her torso until I reached the top of her pubic hair. She started breathing a little harder, and pressing harder on the back of my head, but I played a little trick. I abruptly lifted my head from her belly, and my hands from her breasts, switched my position, and took hold of her foot. She whined in frustration.

When I took her entire big toe into my mouth, though, she uttered a surprised "Oh!" I cradled her foot in my hands and sucked on each toe in turn, then licked the sole of her foot. I was afraid she might find that last bit ticklish, but it didn't seem to bother her. I repeated the process with the other foot, then lay her feet down, spread about two feet apart, toes pointing up.

She lifted her head to see what I was about to do. Working with my mouth and my hand, I started kissing her inside the leg and caressing the outside of the leg. Starting at her ankle, I worked my way very slowly up her left leg.

When I reached the knee I raised it a little and stroked it underneath with two

fingers while kissing it strongly and wetly on the inside. Both of those spots, I knew from experience, were erogenous for many women, and that seemed to be true for Adina too, as she once again started vocalizing her pleasure.

In order to keep a good balance of stimuli, I started over again on the right leg at the ankle. Moving no faster than before, I made my way up to her right knee, to her evident delight. This time, though, I continued up her thigh, kissing on the inside and patting lightly on the outside. Here I knew was a very sensitive area. As I progressed slowly up toward her crotch, her breathing became ragged and raspy, and she pressed her hands onto the back of my head again as soon as I got high enough for her to reach me.

When I reached the very top of her leg, where it joined her crotch, I pressed my mouth hard against her and licked my tongue right in the crevice there, while I put my hand on the middle of her right butt cheek and squeezed it. That brought a very satisfying wail from her.

I thought, though, that I could push her still harder and higher before she went over the edge, so I moved back down to her left knee and started the upward journey once again. She gave a strangled cry that sounded almost like a sob, but didn't say anything. I think by then she had decided that I knew what I was doing, and she would profit by not interfering with any directions of her own.

As I kissed my way up the inside of her left thigh, and came closer to her crotch, I felt her start to tremble. I thought about it for a second, and decided that was a good sign. At the crevice where her leg and crotch joined, I repeated the kissing, licking, and squeezing trick. Her fingers were gripping my hair so tightly that it was slightly painful. I decided it was time for the main event.

Putting my head right next to her vulva, I extended my tongue and licked lightly on one of her labia. She gasped. I did the same thing on the other one, then licked her right up the middle, pressing a little harder with my tongue but still not penetrating inside. Adina wasn't really given to squealing, but she made a sound that started out as a squeal until she squelched it.

Aiming at the dead center of her labia, I thrust my tongue rapidly in and out, several times, so that it penetrated slightly, maybe half an inch. I then pressed my mouth against her vulva, my lips open wide enough to encompass her labia completely, inserted my tongue between her labia, and moved it up and down the length of her cleft. She was moaning loudly.

I pulled my head back, and with my fingers spread her labia and looked inside. She was oozing moisture from numerous pores inside her vulva. Her hymen looked up at me, as if to inquire what my intentions were. I answered by touching it directly with my tongue, and then licking upwards, directly over the hood of her clitoris.

She shrieked and clamped her legs tightly around my head. I waited a moment for her to relax, then I pushed her legs gently apart again, and once again licked her from cherry to clit. She said "Aieeee!" and started to clamp her legs together again, but restrained herself. The clit peeked out from under its hood. I took that as an invitation to get better acquainted with it.

Holding her labia apart with my thumbs, I kissed her clit, then flicked it with my tongue. I repeated those two steps several times, until her pelvis began bucking so hard that I couldn't hit the target any more. Her voice was now a continuous wail, punctuated only when she had to catch a breath.

I thought briefly that I hoped the windows were shut. I clamped my mouth down tight on the top of her slit, and began nibbling at her clit with my lips. A few seconds of that, and her orgasm hit full force. I held on tight, riding the waves, and kept nibbling, until she yanked violently at my hair to pull me off.

Her whole body was jerking repeatedly, as though she were having a seizure. Only her death grip on the bedcover with both hands kept her from bouncing off the bed onto the floor. She was beyond making sounds, or even breathing. Her face was bright red, and the veins in her forehead were standing out prominently.

Gradually the violence in her motions subsided. She was breathing in deep, noisy gasps, as though she had just emerged from too long under water. Her coloring and

her veins went back to normal, and she visibly relaxed her tensed muscles. She looked at me.

“Holy Jesus, Charles. If fucking is even more intense than that, I don’t know if I can survive it. I’ll probably pass out and you’ll end up fucking a dead body, or one in a coma.”

“Fucking is more intense, but in a different way. You’ll feel it in a different, deeper part of your body. You won’t pass out. You’re going to love it.”

She reached out her hand to me. “I know I will, because I love you, and I love everything you do to me. What just happened was the most thrilling experience I’ve ever had, and you made it happen. Thank you, my darling Charles.”

I leaned over and kissed her tenderly on the lips. No tongues, this was a kiss of love, but we held it for quite a while.

“Now,” she said brightly, “It’s my turn to do you.”

“Don’t feel like you have to. I’m okay. That was a big turn-on for me, watching you have that huge orgasm.”

“I know I don’t have to. I want to. I’ve heard a lot about blowjobs, and I’ve never done one. It’s time for me to learn how. If you’re willing to put up with a beginner, that is.”

I thought she was joking, but I glanced at her face and saw that she was actually concerned about it. So I said, “I can’t think of anything I’d enjoy more. Well, one thing, but we can’t do that yet.”

She grinned and said, “Good. Now as I understand it, you’re supposed to put your cock in my mouth.”

“No,” I said. “If you’re going to learn how to do this, you may as well learn it right. I don’t put my cock in your mouth, unless I’m a gonzo porn actor. You put your

mouth on my cock. You're in control; it's your show. I'll lie here on my back. You get in a comfortable position, and then do it. I'll make suggestions if any occur to me." My cock had been stiff as a pistol barrel when she was having her orgasm, but it had relaxed some by this point, although it was still somewhat engorged.

She lay on her side next to me, with her head near my crotch and her feet somewhere above my head. Propping her head on her hand, she studied my penis, like an artist preparing to paint a portrait. It started to rise gradually.

"Why is it doing that? I didn't do anything yet."

"Yeah, you did. You looked at it. It's a very sensitive instrument."

"Wow, I didn't realize. This is fun." She broke into a giggle.

She reached out her hand and took hold of it. That felt very nice. It got stiffer. She jacked up and down on it slowly a couple of times, not to stimulate, it seemed, but just to get a sense of its dimensions. Then, holding it upright, she leaned over and plunged her mouth down over it like she would a corn dog, taking a couple of inches into her mouth. She closed her lips around it and sucked hard.

I lay my hand on the back of her head and stroked her hair gently. "Okay, Adina, a couple of suggestions?" She raised her head and looked up at me. "Cocksucking is a metaphorical term, not a literal one. Blowjob too, actually. You aren't really supposed to suck or to blow, except occasionally and briefly. It isn't like the semen is lying in a pool down there somewhere and you're trying to suck it out. Your mouth is a substitute cunt. You want to stimulate my cock with warm, wet friction, like your cunt would be doing if we were fucking."

"I'm sorry." She looked unhappy.

"Don't be. You're learning. Try again."

She leaned down and put her mouth on it again. She began bobbing her head up and down, too fast. I let her do it for a little while, then put my hand on the back of

her head again, and she raised up and looked at me, wondering what was wrong this time.

“Okay, a couple more points. First, it works better to start slow, real slow, and gradually pick up speed as I get closer to a climax. Second, I said your mouth is a substitute cunt, and that’s right, but the mouth has a couple of advantages over the cunt. It has better fine muscular control inside, and it has a tongue. Make full use of those things, like I did when I was eating you out. In fact, licking is a good way to start, before you ever take the cock inside your mouth, and for variety from time to time during.”

She didn’t say anything, but went back to staring intently at my penis. Then she steadied it by holding the tip with her fingers, and put out her tongue and licked it from base to tip like a popsicle. I decided not to say anything else, but to try to let her know by my responses what felt good.

She licked it a few more times, then settled her mouth down around it and began caressing it with her tongue. Bingo. “Mmmm,” I said. She kept doing that for a little while, then added a light intermittent sucking motion that made the saliva in her mouth flow up and down the shaft. “Oh, yeah, that’s it,” I said. “Now you can move your head up and down a little. Not too fast, and not too far. Ah! That’s great! You’re learning fast!”

She shifted her position on the bed, getting onto her knees beside me and resting her hands on my thighs, to give her a better angle of attack and more freedom of motion. I enjoyed seeing her breasts dangling, and put my hand on the farther one so my wrist rested against the nearer one. She reestablished her rhythm and resumed doing wonderful things to me with her mouth. I encouraged her with a steady stream of happy sounds.

“Adina, that’s starting to feel really good. Now add to it by playing with my balls.” She reached her hand between my legs and scribbled her fingers on my scrotum. “Yes! That’s how!” My pelvis was starting to jerk of its own accord.

“Adina, hold up!” She looked up at me, surprised. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing at all. But I’m going to come soon, and you have to tell me where.”

“What are the choices?”

“Well, I could come straight in the air, like when you jacked me off yesterday, or I could come on your tits, or your stomach, or onto a handkerchief.”

“What about in my mouth?”

“Yes, I could come in your mouth.”

“But you don’t want to?”

“I would love to. But a lot of women don’t like that, and I don’t want you to have bad memories of this.”

She thought for a moment. “I’m willing to try it. I don’t know if I’ll like it or not. If I don’t, we can do it some other way next time. But then what do I do with it?”

“Well, you can spit it out, or you can swallow it.”

“Will it hurt me to swallow it?”

“Not at all, at least not physically. But if it disgusts you, I wouldn’t want you to have to do it.”

“What would you like me to do?”

“Truth?”

“Truth.”

“Every man would like his woman to swallow his cum. A man sees it as a sign of

deep love.”

“Then I’ll swallow it. At least this time.”

“You’re wonderful. You don’t know how much that means to me.”

She smiled and went back to work on my penis. It had drooped slightly while we were talking, but it quickly rose back to full mast. She had learned quickly what to do to excite me to the max, and I soon felt the tension building. This time I didn’t hold back, I let nature take its course. My hips started bucking again. She rode with me smoothly. The spring inside me wound tighter and tighter, and then suddenly released with a bang that I made audible with a shout.

The semen came jetting out of my penis. Her face took on a thoughtful look as she felt it filling her mouth. I gave her three hard spurts before the supply began to ebb. When it slowed to a dribble, I pulled my hips back and extracted my cock from her mouth. She closed her lips and moved her jaw a little bit, and I realized that she was tasting what I had given her. Then she swallowed it in a single gulp.

“It doesn’t taste like much of anything, really. Maybe a little like snot. Nothing to get disgusted about.” She grinned slyly. “Could use some Tabasco sauce.”

I laughed. “Nowhere near my cock, please.” Then I took her in my arms, and kissed her, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth to show that I wasn’t put off by the fact that it had just been full of my semen. I thought I could taste it faintly, but it may have been my imagination.

The next evening started out the same way, with us going to the bedroom and undressing after Adina finished her homework. When we got on the bed together, I said, “Tonight I’ll show you a variation on what we did last night.”

“That was pretty good last night,” she said. “Is this better?”

“Maybe not better, but it should be just as good, and it’s more efficient.”



“Why do we need to be efficient? I’m not in any hurry. The longer it lasts, the better.”

I laughed. “Just a poor joke. I think you’ll like this. Let me show you.”

I started warming her up as before, with kisses and touches all over, working my way gradually toward the more sensitive areas. She began responding noticeably faster than the last time. Her body was learning what these stimuli mean is happening and is going to happen, and was reacting accordingly.

By the time I was kissing her crotch around her vulva, without actually touching the genitals themselves, she was in a proper state of commotion. I lay back on the bed on my back, with my cock pointing at the ceiling, and told her to get on top of me, with her face at my crotch and her vulva in my face. “Now,” I said, “you suck on my cock and I’ll eat your pussy at the same time.”

“Ooh,” she said, and promptly settled down to feasting on my erect member, while I explored her labia outside and inside with my tongue. Her pussy moved more or less constantly as she ground it into my face. I may have been pumping my cock into her mouth a little too. I wasn’t very aware of what I was doing. She was making what would have been “ah, ah” sounds, or maybe “mm, mm,” if her mouth hadn’t been full.

By some unknown signal, we both came up for air at the same time. “What’s this called?” she asked.

“Sixty-nine, or as the French would say, soixante-neuf.”

“Why sixty-nine? Why not twenty-three, or seventy-seven?”

“Let me up for a minute and I’ll show you.” I went over to the dresser and picked up a sheet of paper and a pen. On the paper I drew a big “69” with long curvy stems on the numerals. On the “head” of each number I drew a little dotted eye, a nose, and a mouth with a tongue sticking out and touching the tail of the other

digit. I showed it to her. She snorted and said, "I should have figured that out."

Pictorial demonstration completed, we got back on the bed. I said, "You can actually do this in different positions, with the man on top, or lying side by side, but for now I think you should be on top, because it gives you better control. If I get on top I'm likely to end up fucking your throat."

"That sounds like fun, but I'm not quite ready for it yet." She clambered back on top of me, stuck her snatch in my face, and went back down on my cock. I grabbed hold of her ass and pulled her harder against me, so I could exert more force with my tongue and lips.

She tried a slightly different technique, sucking upwards on my penis and then holding her mouth open on the downstroke, for a repeated one-way trip on my rod that ended on the sensitive tip. I freed my face from her crotch long enough to tell her how great that felt. She wiggled a little in response.

As I felt my orgasm begin to build, I started licking and chewing her pussy faster and harder, concentrating on the clit. I wanted to try to bring her off at the same time as me, if I could. As it turned out, I did a little too good a job. She wailed out her pleasure and I felt a spritz of her moisture hit my nose and mouth, and her mouth left my cock as she threw her head back and came.

She quickly realized that she had abandoned me, and put her hand around the base of my cock and began jacking it as she sucked on the top part with vigor. Her vulva was still resting on my face, but I did nothing further to it because I knew she would be extremely sensitive. I concentrated my consciousness on the exquisite feelings she was giving me, and in less than a minute I was groaning as my sperm flew into her mouth, spurt after spurt.

When the last drop of semen pushed up from the end of my penis and dripped down the side, she turned around and looked me straight in the eyes, and visibly swallowed my cum, then smiled. "You were right," she said. "That was good too. I liked it because we were able to give each other pleasure at the same time. But,"

she grinned, "it was too efficient. What are we going to do now?"

"We're going to bed, of course. Tomorrow's a school day for you and a work day for me."

"Together?"

"No, not together. Christmas is coming, but it's not here yet."

She made a face like a disappointed kid, then kissed me and went off to her room.

The next evening, as we were finishing dinner, she said, "Charles, I've got a problem."

"What's that?"

"I have a history term paper due tomorrow, and I only started on it this afternoon."

"So what's the problem?"

"It's going to take me hours to finish it."

"And?"

"AND, when are we going to have our fun and games time?"

"I guess we aren't."

"Oh, shit, I was afraid you would say that."

I frowned at her for the bad word. "Well, life's like that. Sometimes duty comes before pleasure."

"That's all very mature, but I'm horny. How am I going to concentrate?"

“Just like any male between the ages of 12 and 50 has to do all the time. It’s a good exercise for you, to learn what it’s like to have to work when you’d rather be having sex. Anyway, when did you get this assignment?”

She looked embarrassed. “A week ago. But I’ve been so excited about what we’ve been doing that I kept putting it off.”

“Well, time to pay the piper. Off you go. I’ll take care of the dishes.” She kissed me and trudged off to her room as though she was headed to the gas chamber.

In the morning I was downstairs messing around in the kitchen when she came in, happy as a lark. She was humming to herself and fairly skipping as she went about fixing her breakfast.

“My, aren’t we cheerful this morning. I take it the paper went well?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah, no problem. It wasn’t hard when I got down to it. I finished before midnight.”

“Well, if that isn’t the cause of this glee, what is?”

She stopped dead still, faced me, took both my hands in hers, looked me straight in the eyes, and, almost bouncing, said, “I got my period this morning!”

I must have looked blank. It didn’t occur to me immediately why this monthly event should suddenly be a reason for rejoicing.

But she didn’t seem to notice. “It’s about two days early. I was hoping and hoping it would come, and now it’s here! Now it’s just five more days until Christmas!”

The penny dropped. We were now on the final countdown to the evening when I would take her virginity. I felt my own thrill of excitement at the realization. I hugged her and told her it was wonderful news, and then we had a long, deep kiss.

The Christmas analogy was apt. The days seemed to drag by, for me as well as for

Adina, who kept saying things like “Is this only Tuesday?” I was sorry I had promised her to abstain from sex with anybody else until she and I finally got together. I was beyond horny, and would have loved to spend some intimate time with some of my lady friends. But I kept my promise, and (barely) kept my sanity by hauling out some of my long-unseen porn books and movies and taking care of my own needs. A poor substitute for the real thing, for sure, but better than nothing. At least I was able to work.

Finally the day arrived. The first thing Adina said when she came bounding into the kitchen: “I just took my pill!”

“Great. And good morning to you too.”

“Sorry. Good morning. Do you think we could...?”

“Dream on. This is Friday. You have to go to school, and I have to go to work. And this isn’t going to be any hurry-up-and-get-it-done affair. We’re going to take our time about it and do it right.”

“I know. You’re right, as usual. But I don’t know how I’m going to pay attention to anything in school today.”

“I’m going to have the same problem at work, believe me. But we have to be little soldiers about it. It will be good discipline for us.” She made a face. Then abruptly her expression shifted to a hopeful, almost pleading one, and she said, “You mean it? You’re that excited too?”

“Certainly. Isn’t it obvious?”

“Well, I thought so, but I like to hear you say it.”

“Well, consider it said. Oh, another thought. Would you like to go out for a really nice dinner tonight, to set the mood, sort of?”

She shook her head emphatically. “It would be a waste of money and good food. I

wouldn't be able to taste a thing. Let's do our celebrating afterwards."

"Fair enough. I'll fix something for us to have at home tonight."

"Something light, that doesn't take a lot of time to make, or to eat, or to clean up."

I had to laugh. "You got it. I'll take care of the making and the cleaning up."

"Good, because I have some getting ready to do."

Somehow I managed to get through the day without making any million-dollar mistakes, partly by artfully managing to postpone any serious decisions until Monday. Unusually for me, I left the office just before five, while some of the folks were still working. I drove straight home, went into the kitchen and made a tuna salad and put it in the refrigerator to hold until we were ready to eat. While I was working I heard noises upstairs, so I yelled to Adina that I was home. She yelled back, "Hi."

I took a good shower, put on a light robe, tapped on Adina's door and told her dinner was ready when she was, then went downstairs and read the paper until she came down a while later. She was dressed in a robe and had her hair tied up on top of her head. When she showed up, I served the tuna salad on lettuce leaves, with Ritz crackers and ginger ale.

She didn't say a word, and I didn't try to press conversation on her. After she'd eaten about half of her tuna salad, she asked to be excused and went back upstairs. I finished my dinner, cleared the table, and cleaned up the dishes and the kitchen.

Then I went up to my room, pausing on the way to tap again on Adina's door and tell her I was waiting for her. I heard some sort of muffled noise that I took to be an acknowledgement, and went and sat in the easy chair in my room and tried to pay attention to a magazine.

After what seemed like a very long while, Adina appeared in my doorway. She was breathtaking. She wore a very simple plain white dress that hung softly on her

body and reached almost to her ankles. Her black hair, which she usually wore in a ponytail, flowed down onto her shoulders in soft waves. She must have brushed it for half an hour; it was that soft and lustrous. Her feet were bare, her toenails painted a delicate pink. She wore no makeup except for a very faint touch of lipstick. Her eyes shone.

“My God,” I said. “You. are. gorgeous.” She smiled but didn’t say anything.

There was something familiar about the vision facing me. I couldn’t place it at first, which irked me, and then I had it. She was dressed just the way she had been the night she was first brought to my room in her father’s house, or as close to it as she could manage in Houston. Except now it was a young woman inside those clothes, and not a gangly kid.

I stood up and went to her. The dress had a column of white buttons down the front, from her neck to her calf. Starting at the top, I began slowly unbuttoning them one by one. As I neared her waist, the dress fell open in front, and I could see that she was wearing some sort of undergarment under it. A few buttons further down, and a similar piece of fabric appeared around her hips.

Bending over to undo the bottom buttons moved my head closer to her body, and I detected a subtle sweet fragrance. That was surprising, as she never wore perfume. I didn’t even think she had any.

The last button yielded its hold. I stood up and eased the dress off her shoulders, then laid it carefully on the dresser. Her underwear wasn’t like anything I had seen before. A band of plain white linen, reaching from her armpits to her sternum, was wrapped completely around her top a couple times, its edge tucked in just under her right arm.

A similar band surrounded her pelvic area, from below her navel down to the middle of her thighs. I didn’t know whether this getup was something she remembered from her childhood, or she had done some research, or if she had just made it up, and I didn’t want to know. I loved the exoticism of it.

I gently tugged loose the tucked-in end of the bandeau around her breasts and unwrapped it from her body. She raised her arms above her head to help. When the first wrap around was removed, the rest of the cloth fell from her, revealing her breasts.

Although I had seen them before, in this situation they seemed newly revealed, and wondrous. I couldn't resist leaning over to kiss them, first the left, then the right, directly on the nipples. She put her hand on the back of my head as I did so.

I dropped the cloth on the floor beside us, and then removed the second one from her midsection. Her pubic hair was fluffy; it had also been well brushed. I resisted the temptation to stroke it; that would come soon enough.

She stood nude and beautiful before me. I looked at her expectantly, thinking she would now take my robe off. Instead, she cast her eyes down at the floor and said, "Sir, please tell me what I should do now."

I thought about that for a minute. Then I put my hands on her shoulders and said, "Adina, look at me." She raised her face to mine, still wearing an expression of uncertainty tinged with fear. "Adina, my love, I understand what you're trying to do. But no. Not tonight. We'll have lots of chances for role-playing games in the future, but tonight is too special, too important for that. This is a night to be authentic. I love the costume, but the cast of characters has to be you and me, Adina and Charles."

Her face relaxed into a grin. "Okay," she said cheerfully. "I thought maybe it would make it easier for you if you could imagine you were having sex with somebody else who hasn't been living with you more or less like your daughter for the past three years."

"That's thoughtful, and I appreciate it, but I came to terms with that before I agreed to this."

She looked down at my tented robe. "It did excite you, though, didn't it?"



“Sweetheart, everything about you excites me.”

“Mmmm,” she said, as she reached inside my robe and grasped my erection and squeezed it gently. “That’s nice.” I wasn’t sure if she meant my penis or what I had just said. Probably both.

She untied the sash on my robe and pulled it off me. “Let’s do this thing.”

“Right with you,” I said, and headed for the bed, my penis pointing the way.

She scooped up her two linen bandeaus from the floor and took them to the bed with her. I didn’t ask why, figuring I’d find out sooner or later.

She lay on her back on the bed, her head propped up on the pillow, and gave me a look so tender and loving that I almost wept. I froze that moment in my mind like a photograph, and it is still vivid to me to this day.

I sat on the bed beside her and stroked her hair. I told her it felt wonderful.

“Thank you,” she said. “I spent a lot of time on it.”

“I can tell. And what’s that scent?”

“Rosewater.”

“Where’d you get it?”

“I made it. Put a bunch of rose petals in some water to soak this morning. I remembered how my sister used to do that.”

I nuzzled my nose into her neck to get another whiff. While I was in there, for good measure, I licked the sensitive spot right where her neck joined her shoulder. She shuddered.

I trailed my hand lightly over her breasts and watched her nipples stiffen. I gave

them the kisses they deserved, and continued exploring her body with my hand. She responded like a cat having its belly rubbed, writhing slowly and sensuously on the bed. When my fingers luxuriated in her fluffy pubic hair, she let out a long “Mmmm” of pleasure.

Finally my hand reached the center of her being. “You’re already wet,” I said.

“Sopping. I’ve been that way all day. It was almost embarrassing in gym. I pretended that I was sweating a lot.”

“So I gather a lot of foreplay isn’t necessary tonight.”

“Not really, no, but I am enjoying it.”

I thought it would be good to have her excitement at a high pitch when I popped her cherry. Maybe it would ease the pain. So I gently massaged her vulva, moving my middle finger back and forth in the slit between her labia. She began breathing harder, and pressing her pelvis up against my hand.

While I was doing that, I said, “You have a couple of choices to make.”

“What?” she said, gasping slightly.

“First choice: do you want to be on top or bottom? Top gives you more control, bottom gives me more.”

“Bottom. I want you to be in charge.”

“Okay, fine. Second choice: when I actually enter you, I can go fast or slow. It’s like taking off a bandage. Fast is a short sharp pain, slow is a duller pain that lasts longer.”

She thought about that for a moment. “Fast. I want to get the bad part over with, and get to the good part sooner.”

“Good choice. That would be my choice too. And now I think it’s time for us to start.” I started to climb on top of her.

“Just a second,” she said. She took her two bandeaus and folded them neatly into rectangles the size of small pillows. She laid one on top of the other, and then slid them under her butt so they covered the bed under her crotch. “To catch the blood,” she explained.

“Good thinking. They also help elevate you a little, which will give me a better angle.”

I moved above her. She spread her legs so there was room for me to put my knees between them. I jacked my cock a couple of times with my hand -- totally unnecessary, it was rock hard. Then using my hand on the shaft, I rubbed the tip up and down between her labia.

I watched her face as I did so. It was a wonderful study, a complete admixture of excitement and apprehension. Her copious juices bathed the head of my penis, and the warmth and smoothness of her flesh stimulated it, and I suddenly realized I was in imminent danger of ejaculation, which would have been the worst thing I could have done at the moment. I held still, buried maybe an inch into her vulva, and clamped hard on the base of my shaft, and the crisis passed.

I looked into her eyes, loving and pleading as they were, and said, “Adina, I love you with all my heart.” I pressed my mouth against hers almost savagely, thrusting my tongue into her mouth and meeting hers there.

Then I lunged my pelvis forward hard. I felt the tip of my penis hit the obstruction of her hymen, which resisted a moment before breaking and letting my cock invade her cunt totally, to the hilt. She jerked and grunted, then lay still. I felt the walls of her vagina cling to and caress the full length of my penis, as they explored this new intruder.

Without moving my embedded member a millimeter, I lifted my head to look at her

face. She was biting her lower lip, but managed a small smile.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine. Just give me a minute to let the pain fade.”

“All the time you want. I won’t move until you say so.”

Her eyes moved to the ceiling, and I could see she was thinking. Adina often liked to verbalize her feelings about things and events, it helped make them more real to her and more memorable, and I sensed that she was about to do that.

“It feels like I’ve had an empty space inside me all my life, and I didn’t even know about it. And now it’s filled, and I want it to stay filled, I don’t want it to ever be empty again. And you filled it for me, and that’s the most wonderful thing you could ever have given me or done for me. And I thank you, and I love you.”

I couldn’t think of anything fitting to reply to that, so I kissed her tenderly, and long. She put her hands on my back and rubbed me softly as we kissed.

I leaned back again and looked at her. She looked more relaxed, so I said, “Now when you’re ready, I can show you what fucking is all about. You’ve felt the pain, now it’s time to feel the pleasure.”

“I think I’m ready.”

I withdrew my cock slowly, watching her carefully. She winced slightly, but then looked down her body at my still partially embedded penis. “Wow,” she said, “It’s finally in me. I can hardly believe it. This is so great.”

I said, “I like your notion of me filling an empty space inside you. Fucking is really me filling that space over and over again, until the pleasure of it builds to an orgasm.” I pushed my penis all the way back in, and she said, “Oh yeah, that’s right, That’s the same feeling again.”

I started up a slow, regular fucking motion. She lay there exploring the sensations, and savoring them, I hoped. I knew she was still a little raw inside, and I didn't think we should go on for too long, but I also wanted very badly for her to have an orgasm in this first fuck. So I used my hands to help her along, one on her breasts and the other on her pubis. With the hand on her crotch I pressed and rubbed the area around her clit. As I felt her excitement grow, I moved my hand closer to her slit, and when she began to moan, I let my finger touch the clit itself.

I touched and released, touched and released, a little firmer with each touch. Her moans got louder, and her pelvis started to buck, slightly at first and then more vigorously. I pressed my finger to her clit and rubbed it back and forth, and she wailed and exploded into a powerful orgasm. The muscles in her vagina contracted spasmodically, and the effect of that on my supersensitive cock triggered my own come. I loosed a torrent of sperm into her vagina.

We lay there joined at the crotch for quite a while before our breathing returned to normal. My penis deflated and slipped out of her, which made her make a disappointed face. She stroked my cheek.

"Charles, you were right as usual," she said. "That was more intense than what we did before, but in a different, deeper way. I've never felt anything like that before in my life. It was fantastic."

"For me too. But I'm so glad it was good for you. That was so important to me."

"Well, you did it all just right. I'm just sorry now that we waited this long to do it."

She looked under her at the linen bandeaus. There was a pretty good-sized circle of blood on the top. She took the fabric and wiped her vulva with it, cleaning off the remaining blood, then held it and looked at it for a while. "Is it all right if I keep this?"

"A bloody rag? Why?"

“A souvenir of tonight. This was the most important night of my life. I want something to remember it by.”

“Trust me, you’ll remember it. But if you want to cut off the bloody piece of that cloth, and keep it in a plastic bag so it doesn’t smell, I won’t object. But let me use it for a second first.” I wiped some smears of blood off my penis, and handed it back to her.

“Thanks.” She laid the cloths on the floor beside the bed.

We lay there silently for a while. Then she said, “You know, that didn’t hurt as much as I thought it would. Didn’t hurt as much as being stabbed in the armpit.”

“Christ. Are you ever going to let me forget that?”

“Oh, I don’t think so. It’s too good a story.”

I decided to play my trump card. “Well, I’m glad that you showed me the joy you felt when I made you a woman.”

She put her hands over her face. “Oh God, I really said that, didn’t I?”

“You did.”

“I was terrified, and didn’t have any idea what to do.”

“Me too.”

She looked at me in surprise. “Really?” That was apparently a new thought to her.

“Really.”

She was thoughtful. “Yeah, I guess I can see now how you might have been. But of course to me you were an adult who knew everything and feared nothing.”

“Of course.”

“Okay, deal: I’ll forget about the armpit thing, or at least I won’t mention it again, and you don’t remind me again about how I acted when I didn’t know any better. Deal?”

“Deal.” We kissed to seal it.

A little later: “Charles?”

“Hmmm?”

“Could I sleep with you tonight?”

“I would be disappointed if you didn’t.” She smiled happily and snuggled up against me.

After a bit we both got up and went into the bathroom to perform our bedtime ablutions. She asked me if she should wear any nightclothes to bed, and I said no, and I wouldn’t either. We clambered back into bed naked and spooned up, my front to her back and my arm resting on her leg.

As I was drifting off to sleep, she spoke again. “Charles?”

“Yes, Adina.”

“You said earlier that we’ll have lots more chances to do this in the future. Did you mean that?”

“Sure. This is no one-night stand. Now that we’ve made love to each other, it would be impossible for us to keep living in the same house and not do it again. And again, and again. I figured that out before I agreed to do this. But.”

She turned to face me. “But?”

“This can’t be an exclusive arrangement. We both have to see other people. I will keep dating my lady friends, and you will hook up with kids at your school.”

“Why? None of them could possibly be as good as you.”

“Thank you, but that’s not the point.”

“What is the point?”

“Two things. First and most important, we do not, repeat NOT, want people to begin to wonder what’s happening in this house when neither of us seems to have any social life outside it. Second, you need to go through the same growing-up process as everybody else your age, and have lots of brief relationships, and learn what you really want from a partner, so when the time comes to form a real, lasting relationship, you’ll be ready for it.”

“So let me be sure I understand. You’re telling me to have sex with lots of boys?”

“Yeah, or else enter a convent.”

“Well, if those are the choices, I think I’ll take the sex. But won’t I get a reputation as a slut?”

“Well, think about it for a minute. You said some of your friends are already sexually active. Do they have bad reputations?”

“No, but some girls in school sure do.”

“It’s been a while since I was in high school, but it always seemed to me that the girls that got those reputations were the ones who didn’t have anything else to offer. Putting out was the only way they could get dates.”

She thought about it. “Yeah, I kind of see what you mean.”

“You and your friends are bright and pretty and popular. These days everyone



kind of expects that you guys are going to have sex. As long as you do it on your own terms, nobody's going to fault you for it, at least nobody whose opinions we care about."

She shook her head. "Wow. Okay. I understand what you're saying. But if we're both out screwing around with other people, when are we going to have time for each other?"

"Why, Adina, you surprise me. You don't think I'd let you date on school nights, do you? What kind of guardian would I be? Friday and Saturday nights are date nights, for both of us. I don't know about you, but I don't intend to keep celibate the other five nights a week, especially when I have such a luscious woman in the house."

She was grinning so wide I was afraid she would dislocate her jaw. "You mean we can fuck five nights a week?"

"As long as you can keep up with your homework, and I can keep up the pace. Promise me you'll come visit me if you put me in the hospital."

She put her arms around me and squeezed hard. "I'll be so horny that I'll come fuck you in the hospital, and you won't ever recover."

She turned over and we got back into our spoon position. She said, "It's weird, you know."

"What?"

"Most of my friends go to all kinds of trouble to keep their parents from finding out about their love life. And here you are urging me on. What kind of a man are you, anyway?"

"The kind with a realistic view of life, I like to think. Too many people let their preconceived notions overrule their awareness of plain facts. It's a plain fact that teenagers are going to have sex; the job of the adults responsible for them should

be to make sure they do it safely and intelligently.”

“Maybe I should go find that biker in a bar after all.”

“Good night, Adina.”

She giggled. “Good night, Charles.”

In the morning I woke up first, but not by much. I was sitting up and going over the night’s events in my head when Adina opened her eyes, stretched, and sat up. “Good morning,” I said.

She kissed me. “Good morning,” she replied. “Can we do it again?”

“Are you up for it? I thought you might be too sore.”

“I am a little sore, but you know, get back on the horse and all that. Besides, I think a nice squirt of creamy warm semen would help soothe my insides.”

“Well, I’m all for it. This is Saturday, we can fool around as long as we like. But I do have to go empty my bladder first.”

“Me too.”

We went to our respective bathrooms to use the toilets and to rinse our faces. Soon we were back sitting up in bed together. I really do love sex in the morning, and it had been a while since the last time.

“I suggest,” I told her, “that today you take the initiative. Tell me what you want me to do to you, and when it’s time to fuck, you get on top and control the action.”

“Fine,” she said. “Kiss me.”

I bent to her and put my lips gently on hers. I extended my tongue just enough to touch her lips and teeth. The tip of her tongue touched mine, like a kiss inside a

kiss. She took my hand and put it on her breast. I let it rest there, moving it just enough to rub my palm lightly on her nipple. She reached into my crotch and put her warm hand around my penis, which instantly started to swell. As it grew and stiffened, she jacked it softly up and down.

We kept that up for a while, as our excitement grew. Then she pushed me down on my back and swung around above me so that her crotch was in my face and her head was above my erect prick. She lowered her mouth onto it and began to suck. I put my hands on her butt to steady her, and attacked her vulva with my lips and tongue. It seemed to me she had a deeper, muskier smell and taste than the last time I did that, but maybe it was just my imagination.

Before long her juices started flowing, wetting my chin and cheeks. She lifted her head from my cock and changed her position again. She straddled my hips with her knees, facing me, her hole above my pole. She held it upright, aimed at the target, and slowly lowered herself onto it.

I felt her warm, wet labia surround the head, and then slide slowly down the shaft, as more and more of my hard, sensitive penis reintroduced itself to that exquisite space inside her body. Finally our pubic bones met, and our union was complete.

“Oh, my, God,” she breathed, “It’s just like before, only better, even.” She sat there with her eyes closed. I could feel contractions in her cunt as she experimented with flexing her internal muscles. She didn’t really know how to do it to maximum effect yet, but it still felt great.

After a bit she opened her eyes, smiled at me, leaned forward with her hands on my chest, and raised her pelvis slowly. A fleeting wince crossed her face, showing that the friction was still smarting on her raw tissues. I was expecting to hear her say that she needed to stop, but she didn’t. When she had raised high enough that just the tip of my cock was still embedded in her vagina, she settled down again, a little faster than before, and said “Ahhh.” Soon she was fucking up and down with some vigor, and proclaiming her pleasure in it loudly.

My own excitement was dampened a little by my feeling that it might be hurting her, but that was okay, it helped me to last longer. I certainly wanted her to come before I did if she could. I let her continue to set the pace.

I decided it would do us both good for me to give her breasts some attention, so I put my hands on them and played with them. A moment later, she moved her own hand down to her crotch and started rubbing on her clit. The force and tempo of her pounding on my pud increased, and I sensed she was coming to a climax. Soon it hit her. She stiffened, pressed her pubis against mine as hard as she could, and grunted, "Uh! Uh! Uh!"

When she had relaxed a little, I put my hands on her waist and started thrusting up into her, using my thigh muscles to propel me. I had always found that that kind of muscular tension hastened my orgasm, and so it did. It didn't take too many thrusts before I yelled something inarticulate and felt the fluids rushing from my body into hers.

We embraced each other in a death grip for what seemed like a long time, then added a deep kiss with our tongues pushing at each other almost violently.

When our faces finally separated, she looked at me with a face full of wonder, and said, "Oh, Charles, Charles -- this is what life is all about. I never knew until now."

"That's how I've always felt, too. Every time it feels like the best it's ever been. I think there's no way you can really remember the intensity of that pleasure, so when it comes again it's like it's brand new. But I have to say, even so, that making love with you is something special. I've had sex with a lot of women, and it's always great, but there was something more last night and this morning, something way beyond great, a cosmic connection."

"Oh, wow, really? With me not even really knowing what I'm doing? Maybe you say that to everybody you fuck, I don't know, but I'm going to believe you mean it."

"I do mean it. I love you, and that is NOT something I say often. I love you not just

like a father loves a daughter, but like a man loves a woman. In another world I would want you to marry me and bear my children.”

“Oh, Charles, I love you too, so very much. And in that other world I would marry you, and bear your children. And I would even do that in this world if you asked me to.”

“You don’t know how much that means to me to hear you say that. But I won’t ask you to. You have a right to have your own life. But for here and now we can be lovers.”

“That is going to be so great. I already can’t wait for the next time.”

“I don’t think you’ll have to wait very long. Meanwhile, how about we take a shower together?”

“Fantastic. Let’s do it.”

We wasted no time getting into my bathroom. As soon as the shower water ran hot we both stepped into the tub and slid closed the glass door. We held each other front to front and turned around slowly under the spray. Then I took the hand-held shower head from its clip and sprayed it down between us on our fronts.

Hanging the shower head back up, I took the bar of soap, got it wet, lathered up my hands, and began soaping Adina’s body. Starting at the neck, I soaped her shoulders, her back, the outsides of her arms. She lifted her arms and I washed the insides of them, up to her armpits. Then down her sides, beside her breasts but not yet touching them.

I brought my hands around onto her stomach, put some more soap on, and came upward to her breasts from below. She joined her hands on top of her head and thrust her chest forward a little, pressing her breasts more firmly against my hands. That was an offer I couldn’t refuse, and I massaged her breasts thoroughly.

The erection of her nipples and the happy little humming she did told me she was enjoying it.

A fresh coat of lather on my hands and it was time to move further south. I soaped her right leg from thigh to ankle, then moved to her left ankle and soaped back upwards. When I got to her crotch, I reached around behind her with my right hand and soaped her butt cheeks, while my left hand went to her pussy.

I was hoping the soap wouldn't sting her sensitive inner tissues, and she didn't complain, so I guess it didn't. I had an urge to kiss her breasts while I was rubbing her pussy and butt, but they were still covered with soap, so I refrained. She leaned her head against my chest while she luxuriated in the sensations she was feeling.

I rinsed her off well, handed her the bar of soap, and told her to do me. She went about it with a will, but not a lot of finesse, sort of like she was washing a tall piece of furniture. Until she got to my cock and balls, that is, and suddenly realized she was giving me a hand job. That was exciting enough that my spent prick made a feeble attempt at erection, but it couldn't get to more than half mast.

I offered to shampoo her hair, but she had washed it thoroughly the evening before, and she thought it wouldn't be good for her hair to wash it too often. So we finished up our shower and dried each other off with big fluffy towels. I suddenly became aware that I was starving hungry, and when I mentioned it she said she was too, so I said I would fix us a good breakfast.

She asked how she should dress for breakfast. I thought about it for a moment, and told her to wear some panties or shorts for the sake of hygiene, but to stay topless so I could look at her breasts while we ate. That made her look both pleased and a little flustered, but she happily agreed.

For breakfast I made pancakes, scrambled eggs, and sausage patties. Somehow I managed to get them all done at approximately the same time, and we sat down with those and big glasses of orange juice. It was indeed pleasant to be able to look

at Adina's bare breasts, and once we started eating, she lost any self-consciousness about it, and we had an animated conversation, only partly about sex.

While she cleaned up the dishes and cookware, we discussed what we would do for the day. It was a typical hot steamy Houston day, but we felt like we wanted to get out of the house and into the public for a while, so we decided to go to the neighborhood pool for a swim.

Adina wore her white bikini, which wasn't excessively skimpy by modern standards but still showed off her body very nicely. I opted for trunks instead of a tight racing suit, which turned out to be a wise choice.

It was a short but hot drive to the pool. When we got there we jumped right in to cool off. After swimming around for a little bit I got out to lie on a chaise. A bunch of Adina's friends were there, as it turned out, and she joined them for chatter and horseplay.

As I lay there and idly watched them, to my surprise I began to get turned on. Her girlfriends were more or less her age, give or take a year, they all had on bikinis, most smaller than hers, and they were just blossoming into glorious womanhood. New tits and asses were everywhere. I felt my prick begin to stiffen.

I glanced to the sides of me, and there were neighborhood women lying on both sides, possibly the mothers of some of the girls I was molesting with my eyes. It would not do for them to see me ogling the girls with an obvious erection. So I got up and jumped back into the pool. The cool water didn't dampen my ardor as much as I thought it would, but at least everything below my waist was under the surface and not clearly visible in the rippling water.

When I was pretty sure nobody was watching, I reached inside my trunks and adjusted my cock and balls to give them a little more room to maneuver. I swam a couple of laps, then got back out of the pool, went back to my chaise, flattened it, and lay on my stomach with my head turned so I could watch the girls without being obvious about it.

They were playing Marco Polo. The girl who was “it,” with her eyes closed, was flailing wildly with her arms trying to tag somebody. As she swung her arm down, her fingers caught in another girl’s bikini top and pulled it straight down. The suddenly topless girl was one of the better endowed ones in the group, and her firm, full breasts bounced free.

She shrieked, which of course made everybody look at her. She grabbed her top and tried to pull it back up, but the wet fabric resisted movement, and she jiggled her breasts several times before she got them covered up again.

The woman lying on my right started to get up and go over to help, but when she saw the girl had her top back in place she settled back down. I was grateful that I was lying on my stomach, and hoped nobody would look under my chaise and see the sizable lump I was causing.

The lifeguard called a 10-minute rest break. Adina came over to me and said she was ready to go home if I was. She would ordinarily have wanted to stay a lot longer, so I suspected I knew what she had in mind, which was pretty much the same thing I had in mind.

Somehow I willed my erection to go down partway, and I wrapped a towel around my waist to conceal it further, and we got in the car and went home.

As soon as we got in the house and closed the door behind us, I grabbed Adina and kissed her fiercely. She responded with equal vigor. I grabbed her top and pulled it straight up over her head, breaking our kiss only long enough to slip it up between our faces, then pulled down her bottom to her knees and let it fall to the floor.

I pulled down my trunks with some difficulty past my jutting prick and kicked them away. I turned her around and made her lean forward over the back of the couch. I pushed the inside of her ankle with my foot and she spread her legs.

I was crazy with lust. I put my hand on her vulva, none too gently, and rubbed her



labia. Soon they got slippery wet. I positioned the head of my cock just inside her vagina, and then jammed it all the way in, hard and fast. She grunted.

I reached in front of her and put my hands on her breasts to steady myself, and fucked her violently, rocking her whole body with the force of my thrusts. I wasn't looking at any clocks, but I doubt that it was much more than a minute before I exploded inside her with a roar.

Gradually I came to my senses, and realized that I was lying fairly heavily on her back. I straightened up and my deflated prick slipped out of her body. I said, "I'm sorry, Adina."

"Why? That was exciting."

"I'm glad you thought so. But I was only thinking about me. I know you didn't come."

"That's okay."

"Not to me, it isn't. Turn around."

She turned to face me, her butt leaning against the couch. I got down on my knees and went to work on her pussy with my mouth. I could taste my semen in her. I recognized the taste from similar situations in the past. It didn't bother me.

She put her hands in my hair, and pressed me harder against her as her passion mounted. I stabbed her vagina with my tongue and nibbled her clit with my lips. Her murmurs grew to moans, to groans, to yells. Her moisture began to flow, and her pelvis to buck. I kept attacking her with my tongue and lips until she yelled at me to stop. Then I leaned back and she slumped over me, her hands on my shoulders and her tits on top of my head.

Finally she flopped down on the floor beside me. "Wow," she said, "that was something. What happened?"

“Like I said, I’m sorry. I was completely overcome with fuck-lust. I can’t remember the last time I felt like that. I had just about no control over myself. I’ll try not to let it happen again.”

“Don’t keep apologizing. It was kind of thrilling to be taken like that. I don’t think I’d want it all the time, but it was a real turn-on for you to want me and need me so much. I’m just trying to figure out what brought it on, in case I want arrange an encore sometime. Was it because of the girls at the pool, and Stephanie popping out of her top?”

“That was part of it” I admitted, “but there was more to it. I’ve been to the pool before and didn’t come home feeling like that. I think the extra ingredient was knowing that I had had one of those beautiful girls, namely you, and that I could and would have her again. That reached deep into some primitive part of my brain, made me react to all those fertile females like a rutting male animal.”

“It’s funny. I guess that should make me jealous, but it’s just the opposite. It makes me want to bring those other females to you and watch you breed them.”

“Oh, God, Adina, you keep talking like that and you’ll have me jumping you again.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. It may be useful.”

We got dressed and played a few games of cribbage. Then we worked together on making dinner. I grilled some burgers flavored with onion, garlic, and oregano, while Adina made a salad and some cheese rice, as we called it: steamed rice with butter and grated Parmesan cheese melted in, a kind of quick-and-easy risotto. I had a beer with it, and Adina drank pineapple juice.

With dinner done and the dishes and kitchen cleaned up, it was movie time. It seemed that something romantic and sexy would be right, so I pulled “Pretty Woman” off the shelf. Adina had never seen it, and she loved it. She sat beside me on the couch, and snuggled up as I put my arm around her, but we didn’t make out. We were past that.

The movie ended, and we looked at each other. "Bed?" she asked. "My very thought," I said.

We walked upstairs hand in hand. We were in no hurry this time. In my bedroom -- now it was our bedroom -- we faced each other. I unbuttoned her shirt and slid it back over her shoulders and off her arms. She wore nothing under it. I unzipped her shorts and tugged them down over her hips, then pulled her panties down to her ankles to join the shorts. While I stood and admired her beautiful body, she took off my shirt and shorts and underpants. We climbed on the bed and lay on our sides facing each other.

Looking straight into her eyes, I reached over with my free left arm and stroked her arm. She smiled and extended her arm to me and stroked my side, as I stroked hers. I scooted a little closer to her. There was still space between our bodies, but our faces were in kissing distance, and I could reach more of her body with my hand. We touched our lips together as we continued caressing each other.

I moved my hand onto her back, and she followed suit. I slowly slid my hand around on her back, from the small to the shoulder blades, savoring the feel of every inch of her smooth skin. She kneaded the muscles on my upper back and neck, which felt really nice. We would kiss, then break the kiss to look at each other, then kiss again. We kept that up as our hands continued their explorations and their caresses.

She moved closer to me, so that her nipples were touching my chest and her knees were touching my thighs. I felt my prick start to swell. Both of us became more insistent and vigorous in our handling of the other's body. Our kisses started to include tongue touching. My hand found its way down to her butt and began squeezing her butt cheeks. Again she followed my lead.

As my penis reached full erection, I felt it touch her pubic hair. She felt it too. She reached down and grasped it, and rubbed it back and forth through her slit. That felt so exciting that my body jerked forward, embedding the head of my penis in her vulva. Still holding the base to steady it, she maneuvered her hips to get the

right angle, then slid smoothly toward me and encased me totally in her vagina, our pubic hair mingling and our pubic bones pressing against each other.

Joined like that at the center of our bodies, we embraced and pulled our faces together for a long, deep kiss, tongues rubbing gently against one another. Somehow my hips started moving of their own accord, very slightly, so that my stiff penis was making small in-and-out movements in her vagina, no more than an inch or so back and forth. She voiced her appreciation with little wordless murmurs.

Gradually my strokes got deeper, and she began responding with hip movements of her own, until she felt the need for more freedom of movement than she could get while lying on her side. She pushed on my shoulder to roll me onto my back.

Without releasing my penis from her body, she rolled with me so that she was lying on me. She didn't rise up, didn't break our kiss, but her pelvis started rising and falling, rising and falling, increasing in tempo and distance of movement. I fought to control myself and let her maintain the pace she wanted.

I could tell by the increasing volume of the noises she was making that she was getting close to her orgasm. When it hit her, she closed her lips around my tongue and squeezed it, and slammed her pelvis against mine hard a couple of times, then pressed her whole body as tightly to mine as she possibly could.

We lay like that for a while, until I felt her body relax a little. I began pumping into her, slowly and tentatively at first in case she was still too sensitive. She didn't complain, so I put my hands on her waist to steady her and fucked up into her as hard and fast as I wanted to, which was pretty hard and fast at that point.

Soon I felt my muscles tighten, and the indescribably delicious feeling of orgasm started at the soles of my feet and flooded through my body. I felt my semen rush from my body into hers.

As we lay there in the bliss of the afterglow, it struck me how light her body felt

lying on mine. It reminded me that she was, after all, still a child. Feelings of guilt and excitement dueled in my brain, but with a little help from my conscious will, the excitement won and banished the guilt.

I had not hurt her or coerced her in any way. She had taken the initiative at every step. Our joking about her picking up somebody in a bar aside, I knew that if I had not responded as I did, she would in fact have found someone else to relieve her of her virginity before long, and I was self-confident enough to believe that I had done it better, with more pleasure and better memories for her, than anyone else could have.

It had been the best bonding experience we could have had. I knew that our relationship for as long as she continued to live in my house, as my ward, would be a much stronger and closer one because of it.

She sensed that I was thinking deep thoughts, and asked me about them. I told her, and she said now that it was done, she couldn't imagine having done it with anybody but me. We kissed again, for a long time, and told each other how much we loved each other.

It was tempting just to lie there like that and go to sleep, but I knew my mouth would taste foul in the morning if I didn't brush my teeth. So we both went and did our final ablutions for the day, and got back in bed naked together. I was grateful for the air conditioning that let us cuddle up together even when it was oppressively hot and humid outside. We drifted off into happy sleep.

In the morning I was peeing in the toilet when she walked in the bathroom, said good morning, and announced that it was time for us to take another shower together. I didn't resist.

She picked up a low plastic footstool I kept in the bathroom and put it in the tub. I figured I would find out why sooner or later.

We got in the shower and washed each other like we did before, devoting special

attention to cleaning the erogenous areas. She surprised me by sticking a soapy finger up my asshole and wiggling it around. When I jerked, she giggled. I told her to wash that finger off good before doing anything else with it, and she did.

She rinsed both of us off, then tickled my scrotum and my penis with her fingers until I was straight and hard. She stepped up on the stool, facing me, and leaned back carefully against the wall. With her elevated on the stool, our crotches were almost eye to eye, as it were.

“Now,” she said, “fuck me standing up.”

That was something we hadn't tried, and it sounded like fun. I planted my feet on both sides of the stool, steadied myself on the wall with my left hand, and with my right hand pointed my penis at her vulva, lodging the head between her labia. I leaned forward into her body, burying my cock fully in her cunt and plastering my wet torso against hers. I put my right hand on the wall to help brace myself.

She put her arms around my neck, her elbows resting on my shoulders, and our faces met for a passionate kiss, tongues hammering at each other. As we held the kiss, I began pumping my penis in and out of her slowly. The stool was narrow enough that she couldn't spread her legs much, which made her pussy tighter, increasing the friction on my cock so that I had to be careful not to come too fast.

I raised up slightly, just enough to make the shaft of my cock saw back and forth on her clit as I fucked in and out. Her arms squeezed my neck as her passion grew. Her pelvis began bucking in rhythm with mine. I moved my right hand behind her back and pressed her body against mine. The hot shower water streamed down my back, matching the heat of her body against my front.

My fuck strokes became faster and harder. She broke our kiss to give loud voice to her feelings. As her cries reached a crescendo I stabbed my hard cock violently up into her body over and over until I felt her suddenly go limp. I supported her body with my arm, and with a few more strokes I triggered my own orgasm, feeling my semen rocketing into her.

Somehow we managed to avoid collapsing onto the floor of the tub, even though our bodies were both completely drained. She sort of dangled from my neck, and I supported the weight of both of us with my hands against the wall. If she hadn't had the stool to stand on, I don't think we could've done it.

After a few minutes she straightened up, taking her weight off me, and I did the same. She looked at me seriously and said, "Charles, I think I could get to like this."

I laughed and said if she liked it any more, I'd have to put her in a cage, which made her grin.

We rinsed the sweat and fuck-juices off our bodies, dried off, and dressed. We worked together on making breakfast, chopping vegetables for an omelet, which I cooked while she made toast. She had schoolwork and I had office work to do, so we turned to that for the next few hours.

Then we both felt like doing something active. It was too hot for outdoor sports, and an idea came to me. I asked her how she would like to try ice skating. I was sure that was something she had never done, and I was right. She had seen a little bit of it on TV. Once she got used to the idea, she was excited about it.

There were a couple of standalone ice rinks in town, and a couple of malls had them also. We went to a mall that had a nice, large rink. I had her wear long pants and we took along jackets. She balked at the pants, asking if girls didn't wear miniskirts while skating, like on TV. I said only after they learned how not to fall on their knees. She didn't look convinced, but she went along with it.

On the ice she was like every other beginner at first, flailing her arms around, falling on her butt, hanging from the side rail. I was only a little better; I had skated sometimes as a kid. I wasn't about to do anything fancy, but I could glide around the rink and stay upright.

Gradually Adina began to get the hang of it, and by the end of the session she was

doing almost as well as I was. She chattered happily about it while we were taking our skates off, and said she wanted to do it again. I warned her that she was going to be sore the next day in places she didn't even know she had (which turned out to be true), but she didn't seem to care about that.

The exercise worked up our appetites, so we decided it was time for that celebratory dinner we had promised ourselves. I had to call two or three places before I found one fancy enough for the occasion that still had a table available that evening. We went home, showered again (separately this time), dressed in nice clothes, and were sitting across an elegant table from each other at six-thirty.

I said that since this was her weekend for doing new things, she should try some new foods too, and I ordered caviar for the appetizer. I told her I hoped she didn't like it, because I couldn't afford to buy it very often. When she tasted it, she said she liked it all right, it sort of reminded her of a dried fish dish they had sometimes in Ethiopia, but she could get along without it. I had eaten that fish dish, and it didn't hold a candle to this sublime caviar, but I didn't say that.

I also ordered a split of a very good champagne, and when I was sure the waiter and the management weren't looking, I gave her a sip of it. She absolutely loved that, unfortunately. I promised her I would get some in at home so she could have some from time to time.

For entrees we had veal chops that were cooked to perfection, accompanied by creamy polenta and sautéed wild mushrooms. Dessert was crème brûlée. A wonderful meal, and I was pleased to see that Adina enjoyed it as much as I did. Not all teenagers would have.

Back at home, I asked her how she wanted to spend the rest of the evening, before we went to bed in time to get up early and go to school and to work the next day. She looked at me archly and said, "You have to ask?" I laughed and said that I didn't want to presume anything, but we would both probably sleep better if we made love first. She let me know she would have been very upset if I had suggested anything different.



In the bedroom, we each undressed ourselves, slowly, while watching the other one. It was very erotic, a striptease without the music, but with the knowledge that it would end in sex. The sight of her body coming into view was enough to make me fully erect before we ever touched each other. She smiled when she saw my cock stand.

We got into bed naked, lay face to face next to each other, and kissed while our hands roamed over the other's body. This time I didn't try for an arousing sequence of caresses, I just let my hands go wherever they would: her back, her face, her butt, her thighs, her stomach, her breasts, her shoulders, her arms, her hair. I felt her hands all over my body too.

I don't know how long we lay there stroking each other, it must have been a long time. I was in some altered state of consciousness, not even aware of the passage of time. I came to when she started stroking my erect prick and whispering, "I want you, I want you."

I rolled her gently onto her back and got above her. Ever so slowly I eased my phallus into her warm, moist vagina, keeping my eyes locked on hers and savoring the delight I saw there. When I was fully encased in her I rested the weight of my body on her pelvis and kissed her long and tenderly.

Our tongues met and caressed each other, not frantically like before but slowly and lovingly. I held myself in her depths until my body demanded to move, and I began long slow strokes out of and back into her welcoming channel. I wanted to make this session last as long as possible.

She seemed to understand, and responded in kind, gently caressing my back and butt with her hands, and occasionally saying "Mmmm." I forced myself to maintain the same slow, steady pace, even as my body urged me to speed up. Her breathing got gradually heavier, her eyes closed, her hand went down between our bodies and rubbed her clit.

Finally she thrust up against me, pressing her pubic mound into mine, and exhaled

a long “Uhhhh,” and I knew she had come. I abandoned my restraint and fucked her hard and fast until my own orgasm hit, which didn’t take long. As I felt the seed shoot from my body into hers, I was overwhelmed with love for this creature who had transformed my life twice now.

We embraced quietly until my penis softened and slipped out of her body. I rolled off of her and lay beside her, holding her hand. She said, “Charles, this has been the most wonderful weekend of my whole life. I’ll never forget it.” I said, “You liked ice skating that much, huh?” She punched my shoulder.

“Just kidding, kid,” I said. “I don’t think I can remember a better one myself.”

She propped herself up on her elbow and looked at me. “And you know what else? I adore you.”

“And I you. We’re going to have a wonderful time together for the next few years.”

She snuggled her head into my shoulder and threw her arm across my chest. I pulled the covers up over us, and we went happily to sleep together.

My alarm woke us up. As we were bustling about getting ready for the day, I reminded Adina to get dates for the weekend. She made a face and said, “What if nobody wants to go out with me?”

“Then they should be expelled from school on grounds of stupidity.”

“They probably should be anyway. Never mind, there’s this junior who’s been trying to hit on me. I’ll pretend like I’m interested.”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. As soon as the word gets out that you’re available, you’ll be having to beat them off with a stick.”

“I would, but you won’t let me.”

I had to laugh at that. “Once you have a whole platoon to choose from, I’m sure

you'll find some who turn you on."

"We'll see. But I'll do as I'm told."

"I appreciate your sacrifice."

For my part, during my lunch break I called some of my female friends. They were all glad to hear that I was back in circulation. One was going to be out of town for the whole weekend, but I got dates with two others.

Over the dinner table that evening, I was curious whether Adina had lined up dates for the weekend, but I didn't want to seem to nag, so I waited for her to bring up the subject first. Finally she said, "So, did you get a date?:"

"Two of them, actually, one for Friday and one for Saturday."

"With Janet?"

"No, with Sarah and Nicole."

"Oh, yeah, I know them, they're nice. But what about Janet?"

"I thought I'd better wait a few weeks to have Janet over, until you've had a few different lovers. She's bound to ask you what's happening, and I want you to have something to tell her."

"What if she asks me who was first?"

"Then you either lie to her, or tell her you want to keep that your secret. I recommend the latter, I think she'll respect that."

"Are you going to ask Sarah or Nicole to spend the night?"

"Maybe. It depends on how the evening goes. Why?"

“Oh, God, I don’t know if I can take it, knowing you two are in there having sex.”

“What’s this, jealousy? Where did that come from?”

“Not jealousy, horniness. I’m going to wish it was me.”

“Not if you’re not here, out having fun of your own. How about it? Did you get dates?”

“Yeah, with Jason, he’s that junior I was talking about, for Friday. Saturday there’s a party. Knowing the people who are having the party, I’ll probably get laid that night, anyway, whatever Jason does or doesn’t do, but I don’t know by who.”

“This party. Are there going to be people there who aren’t from your school?”

“I dunno. Maybe. Why?”

“When you start having sex with strangers, you have to be a lot more careful about disease.”

“Oh. Good point. Okay, I’ll make sure only to go to bed with somebody I know.”

“I think that’s wise, not just this week but in general.”

“Got it. And I still can’t believe we’re having this conversation.”

I laughed. “Well, I think we’ve had enough of it for now. Sunday you can tell me all about it.”

“I will. So what about tonight?”

“Tonight, as they say, is the first night of the rest of our lives. After we’ve both finished our homework, we will go to bed and make rollicking love, and again tomorrow night, and every night until we go out on our dates.” And we did.

Friday night I went out with Sarah, marking my return to dating and having sex with women my own age. We had a great time, but I have to confess I couldn't entirely banish thoughts of Adina from my head while Sarah and I were banging each other.

Saturday morning Adina and I both slept in, but ended up at the breakfast table at the same time, each fixing our own breakfast (granola for her, peach turnovers for me). After our good mornings and inquiries about the other's health, I asked her how things went with Jason. She rolled her eyes.

"Not so good, huh?" I said.

"Oh, it ended up sort of okay, but God, that Jason should get a clue."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he took me out for pizza, and we talked about school, and our teachers, and how our football team was doing, really fascinating stuff. Then he got all nervous and asked if I wanted to go park by the ship channel. I said sure, and I held his hand on the way back to the car to calm him down.

"He drove to some deserted road by the channel and we parked. It really was kind of pretty with the big ships all lighted up. His car has bucket seats in the front and a bench seat in the back. He got nervous again and asked me if I wanted to sit in the back, quote to see better. Of course we could see better from the front, but I knew it would be more comfortable to make out in the back, so I said sure again.

"We sat in the back for a little bit, not saying anything, just looking out the window. Then he sort of sneakily put his arm around me. I decided at that pace we were going to be there all night, so I got right in his face and kissed him, full tongues and all.

"I guess that was enough of an invitation, because his hands were suddenly all over me. Outside my clothes. That got old pretty quick, so I leaned back and pulled off

my top, and undid my bra and took it off.

“He was trying to act cool but not doing a very good job of it. I took his hands and put them on my breasts. It felt good at first, until he started to maul them. So I said, why don’t you take off your shirt too, and he took his hands off me to do that. When his chest was bare I leaned up against him and put my chest against his and kissed him some more.

“I was starting to get turned on, being close to a man like that, even Jason. So when he put his hands on my butt, I put my hands on his. Somehow that seemed to make him act funny. He jerked and sort of stopped kissing me for a second, then started again. What was that about, don’t guys like that?”

“Most do, when they get used to the idea, but it’s not part of their fantasy about how women are supposed to act, so it comes as a surprise.”

“Wow, that’s strange. Anyway, we kissed some more, and scrunched our chests together, and rubbed each other’s butts. Then he pulled back and started to stammer out a question, but he couldn’t seem to say it. He hemmed and hawed and asked things that sounded wildly beside the point. I finally figured out that he was asking me if I was a virgin. I told him I wasn’t.”

“How did he take that?”

“It was hard to tell whether he was disappointed or relieved. Probably a little of both. Then he got flustered again, and managed to say that he didn’t have a rubber. I said that was all right, I was on the pill.

“I guess at that point he finally realized that I was willing to have sex with him. He got a little more confident and started to kiss my tits. Right on the nipples, of course, but it still felt good. I guess I was pretty well warmed up by then.

“He leaned me back on the seat and unbuttoned my pants and pulled them and my panties down past my knees. They hung up on my shoes, so he yanked off my

shoes and pulled my pants and panties the rest of the way off. Then he leaned over me and kissed my nips some more. His belt buckle banged right on my crotch and I said ow. He jumped back and asked what was wrong. I said his belt was hurting me and he should take it off.

“So he took off his pants, hesitated for a second, and then took off his underpants. His prick was stiff. I thought he might ask me to suck it, but all he wanted to do was stick in me as fast as he could. Good thing I was already wet enough that it went in without any problem.

“At that point he forgot about me completely and just started fucking hard and fast. I might as well have been a pumpkin with a hole in it. Since there wasn’t anything else for me to do I started thinking about you. That got me in the right frame of mind to enjoy the fuck, and it was starting to get me going good when he came. Then he collapsed on top of me.

“I lay there for a little while, and then said, ‘Jason?’ He just sort of grunted, so I said ‘Jason!’ He said, ‘Huh?’ I said, ‘I hope you don’t think you’re finished.’ He said, ‘Whatcha mean?’ I said, ‘I didn’t come yet.’ He started to apologize, and I said, ‘Don’t apologize, take care of me.’

“He said, ‘What should I do?’ I told him to rub my pussy and get me off. I really wanted to tell him to eat me, but I was afraid that would gross him out.

“So, give him credit, he gave me a good hand job, and I had a good orgasm. Nothing like the ones you give me, but it was still good. Then we pulled our clothes on and he drove me home. He didn’t say he’d call me, or try to make another date, I think he was too shell-shocked at his good luck, but that’s okay; once with Jason was enough for me.”

“Thank you for telling me all that. I think you handled it perfectly. There’s just one thing I don’t understand.”

“What’s that?”

“Why did you have sex in a car?”

“ ‘Cause he didn’t have a room we could go to.”

“But you do. You could have brought him here.”

She stared at me. “It never even occurred to me that that was possible.”

“Well, it’s possible. Not only possible, but a lot better. It’s more comfortable, and you don’t have the chance of some policeman coming up and shining a flashlight in the window at you. Or some creeps who get their kicks out of harassing couples.”

“What if you’re here?”

“What if?”

“Well, am I supposed to introduce him to you?”

“Yes, if I’m in sight, that would be the polite thing to do.”

“And then what? Say excuse us, we’re going up to my bedroom to fuck?”

I laughed. “No, I think that would be beyond the borders of politeness. All you have to do is excuse yourselves and go upstairs.”

“And what am I supposed to tell my date about you when we get up there?”

“Well, that depends on the guy. If you think it won’t freak him out, you can tell him that I know you’re sexually active and I approve. If you don’t think he can handle that particular bit of truth, you can pretend to be keeping it a secret from me. In that case, though, you should both try to be quiet, or you’ll blow your cover.”

She did a long, loud exhale. “This is soooo weird.” Then she looked at me and grinned. “And soooo cool.” And she leaned across and gave me a granola-flavored kiss.



Adina wanted to have some friends over for a swim that afternoon, so I occupied myself with work and reading. After the last week's experience, I didn't want to take the chance of ogling all that young female flesh. I did sneak an occasional peek out the back window. After all, I was responsible for the kids in the pool.

Come evening, it was time for my date and her party. We told each other to have a good time, and after her ride came by to pick her up I locked up the house and left to meet Nicole. She was a curator at the Museum of Fine Arts, and they were opening a new exhibit that she had helped put together.

We had wine and cheese and canapés and talked to lots of the Houston elite who were patrons of the museum. Actually Nicole did most of the talking, since it was her show, which was fine with me.

As things were winding down and the staff were cleaning up the wineglasses, we left and went to dinner at a French restaurant we both liked. After an excellent meal, she invited me to her house. I figured Adina would be out late, and could let herself in when she got home, so I agreed.

At Nicole's house we had some cognac and some conversation, and then she stood and extended her hand to me. I took her hand and followed her into the bedroom. We had made love many times, and knew what to expect from each other, and there was no awkwardness as we undressed and came into each other's arms and embraced and kissed, standing at first and then tumbling onto the bed.

Nicole was a lovely woman and an energetic and enthusiastic lover, and I always enjoyed our sex together immensely. Again, I thought of Adina from time to time as we coupled, but the thoughts didn't distract me or detract from the experience; they added to it.

When we were both well satisfied, Nicole invited me to spend the night. I thought for a moment about Adina, and decided, again, that she would be all right without me, so I said that would be great. After our nightly ablutions we slipped into bed together and I held her in my arms as we fell asleep.

In the morning I was randy again, and she was game for another go, so we had another good fuck, a vigorous one which had us both howling with pleasure by the end. Then we showered and dressed, and she cooked me an excellent breakfast, a strawberry omelet with fresh croissants and delicious coffee. Finally we said our goodbyes and I went home.

The first thing I did at home was check on Adina. I found her in my bed, sound asleep. So I sat down to read the Sunday paper. After an hour or so she appeared, wearing a thin robe, looking disheveled and sleepy. We said good morning, and then she went back upstairs to shower and dress and wake up.

When she came back down she was her normal self. I asked her if she was hungry, and she said yes, and asked for French toast, so I made that. Once she'd had a chance to eat the first half of it, I asked her how the party was.

Still facing her plate, she raised her eyes to me and said, "It was fantastic."

"Wow," I said, "tell me about it."

"It may turn you on, and make you want to jump my bones. Maybe I should tell you tonight?"

"Nicole drained me just a couple of hours ago, so you're safe around me for the moment. And I won't have any trouble getting turned on tonight, and now that you've got my curiosity up, I won't be able to think about anything else productively until I hear the story. So tell me now."

She ate a couple more bites of French toast and pushed her plate away. "Okay. We went to this big, fancy house, even bigger and fancier than this one." She stopped short and looked upset. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"I love this house. I didn't mean...."

A little bit of her Ethiopian childhood coming through. "I know you didn't. There are lots of houses bigger and fancier than this one. Go on."

She relaxed. "It belongs to one of the guys in school. Or to his parents, I mean."

"Were his parents gone?"

"No, they were there. We met them when we came in. They were really nice. They said the party was downstairs, and they would be upstairs if we needed anything."

"Cool people."

"Very cool. Like you. The house was built on the side of a hill, with the downhill part at the back, so when you went downstairs there was this big rec room that opened out onto the back, where there was a patio and a pool. There was music playing and some people were dancing. Out on the patio there was food, pizza slices and little wienies on toothpicks and chips and dips, stuff like that."

"Were there drinks?"

"Yeah, they had a table full of Cokes and Sprites and stuff."

"I meant booze, alcoholic drinks."

"Oh. No. Maybe some people brought their own; I don't know, but I didn't see any."

"Good. The parents can get in real trouble if they knowingly let the kids drink."

"This party was about sex and making out, not about drinking."

"Do go on."

"Yeah, I thought that would get your attention. One thing, I found out right away

that everybody knew that Jason had scored with me the night before. At first I got mad, but then I decided he'd done me a favor, now people knew I was quote sexually active, as you call it. And it gave me a good reason to turn him down if he ever asks me for another date.

"Anyway, like I said, people were dancing, and more people kept showing up, so more people were dancing. Including me. After a while, maybe an hour or so, somebody said we were going to play some games.

"They turned off the music, and people that were outside came in, and we were standing around for a minute, then one of the seniors got up in front and said we were going to play strip charades. We all kind of looked at each other, nobody knew exactly what that meant. He said, didn't you ever see Meatballs 4. A couple of people said yeah.

"The guy in front said, it's just like regular charades, with two teams, except when one team guesses the other team's charade, all the people in the second team have to take off one article of clothes. If they can't get it, then everybody in the first team takes off a piece of clothing.

"Everybody thought that sounded like fun, so we divided up into teams, just sort of split the room in half so the team you were on depended on where you were standing. We agreed the theme would be movie titles. Somebody on our team volunteered to go first, and did 'Dead Man Walking.' They got that pretty quick, so most of the people on our team took off one shoe.

"Then somebody from their team did 'The Hurt Locker,' and we got that, so they all shed a shoe or something. We kept on going like that, both teams were guessing the other team's charade pretty quick. I don't know if that meant they were good or bad charades players.

"Anyway, pretty soon we were mostly down to our underwear on both teams. When our team figured out 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,' most of the girls on their team had to take off their bras, and we all cheered and clapped. They got us

right back, though, when we did 'Lady and the Tramp,' and it was our turn to take off our bras while they cheered.

"Some of the girls were starting to get nervous at that point, and some of the guys too, I guess, but we applied a little peer pressure to keep them in the game. After two or three more rounds we were all completely naked, which was the point of the game in the first place. Everybody took a little time just looking at everybody else. I saw more of my schoolmates than I ever did before."

"And they of you."

"Right. Does that bother you?"

"No, it kind of excites me."

"I told you this story would turn you on. So anyway, then they turned on the music for more dancing, and we all danced naked. Some of the people started dancing close, and some of the guys got erections. A few people laughed and pointed, until everybody told them to shut up.

"After a while we were all hot and sweaty, so when somebody jumped in the pool we all did, and swam around until we cooled off. There was a fair amount of groping going on in the pool.

"While we were swimming, some of the guys got into a shed and pulled out a big stack of those foam pads they use to put on the pool furniture, you know, the lounges. They're covered with plastic, the pads I mean. They put them all over the floor of the rec room.

"There were a few beach towels around, and we shared them and got some of the water off when we got out of the pool, but most of us were still kind of wet when we went back in the rec room. The doors were open to the outside, and they didn't turn on the A/C, so it was all right, we weren't cold.

"Then they said we were going to play Truth or Dare. Everybody knew how to

play that, and we knew that meant the party was about to get even sexier. But they had a special way of playing.

“It was a competition, with prizes. Oh, I forgot to mention, we all brought a prize for somebody, that we didn’t know who it would be.”

“What did you bring?”

“A 30-dollar gift card from Borders. I bought it out of my allowance. I hope that was okay.”

“Sure, it’s your money. Sounds like an appropriate choice, too.”

“Well, as it turned out it was kind of blah compared with what some of the other people gave. I’ll know better at the next party.”

“Other people spent more?”

“No, most of them spent less, or nothing at all. It was what they gave. A bunch of the girls offered blowjobs. One wrote on her paper “AND I SWALLOW.” Others offered a fuck right there at the party. A couple offered to spend the night with the winner.

The guys didn’t tend to offer up sex, I guess they were afraid of being embarrassed if nobody picked their offer. They offered things like rides to and from school for a week, mowing or cleaning your yard, washing your car, cleaning your room, that sort of thing.

Oh, there were also concert tickets, and movie tickets, and restaurant meals, and other gift cards too. But the best prize, as far as the guys were concerned, was one girl who offered her virginity to the winner. We all looked at all the prizes on the table before we started to play, and when somebody spotted that one they immediately announced it out loud, and everybody cheered, and the girl grinned and blushed, and you could see the look of determination to win that came into the guys’ eyes.

“They explained the rules. People take turns, boy-girl-boy-girl, and nobody gets a second turn until everybody’s had their first turn. You choose truth or dare, and then the person who picked you asks you a question or gives you a dare. If you answer the question or do the dare, you get a point. If you refuse to answer the question or to do the dare, you lose a point. Then you truth-or-dare somebody else of the opposite sex. As soon as a person gets six points, he or she gets to choose a prize from the table. They can keep playing if they want, but they only get one prize. Oh, and if somebody refuses a question or a dare, you can’t ask them or dare them the same thing again.

“Then there was one more rule. If a guy came while he was doing his dare, he and the girl he was with at the time both lost all their points and had to start over again. They didn’t want the guys washing out before the real sex started.

“The guy who lives there, Zach, started. He pointed at Gaby, the girl whose virginity was on the table. She chose a dare. She has pretty big boobs, and he dared her to lick her nipples. She did, and won a point. Everybody was anxious to see who she pointed at, because we thought that might be the guy she hoped would win. She pointed at Raul. I don’t know if she wanted him to win, but he didn’t.

“He chose truth, and she asked him how long his penis was erect. He said he didn’t know, he never measured it, so Zach went and found a ruler, and a couple of girls played with Raul’s cock until it was stiff, and they measured it, and it was six and a half inches. So Raul got a point.

“Raul pointed at me, which surprised me, because I don’t know him all that well. I hesitated for a second, because if he asked me who took my virginity I was going to have to refuse to answer, but I decided to go for truth anyway. He asked me if I had ever made it with a girl, and I said no. From some of the things that some of the girls said to me later, I may not be able to give the same answer next time.

“I asked if it was okay for me to point at Zach, even though he started, and everybody said yes, he should get a turn too. He chose dare, and I dared him to lick

my nipples, which he did. I loved it. I found out afterwards that you're really supposed to dare people to do something with somebody else, not with you, but I was glad I did, because of what happened later.

"It went on that way until everybody had their first turn, then into the next rounds. The questions and the dares kept getting more outrageous. We learned lots of things about each other that you would never expect to know. They asked one guy if he had ever had sex with his older sister, and he said yes. I lost a point when somebody asked me how many people I had had sex with, and I refused to answer. But that was all right, I didn't have any great wish for a particular prize.

"The dares were all sexual, as you can imagine. Lots of cocksucking and pussy licking. I did some of both. In the last couple of rounds it was clear which guys really wanted to win Gaby's cherry, and they got dares you wouldn't believe, like sucking another guy's cock, taking a dildo up the ass. They stuck with it, but they took truth in the last round, and had to answer questions like how many girls they had fucked, whether they had ever had a virgin.

"Finally a guy named Jerry got his sixth point. He didn't even go to the table, he just stood up, pointed at Gaby, and said, 'You're mine.' She smiled and nodded, and said, 'After I finish the game.'

"We kept playing until everybody got a prize. I got somebody to wash our car, thought you'd appreciate that. We just have to arrange a time when we want him to do it.

"Then things got more serious. People starting pairing up for sex. There were a couple of bedrooms down on the bottom level, besides the rec room. Jerry and Gaby got one of them, and some other couple took another one. Most people went to it right there on the rec room floor, which was why they had the mats spread out.

"But Zach invited me to come up to his own bedroom, upstairs. I guess he figured out I was interested in him, because of daring him to lick my boobs. I wasn't sure



what he or I were going to say to his parents when we walked past them, but they were nowhere in sight.

“It was nice to have a private bedroom to fuck in. I was psyching myself up to go ahead and do it in public, on the rec room floor, but I was glad I didn’t have to, at least this time. Zach was really nice to me. He showed me some of his prize possessions in his room, like his tennis trophy, but he wasn’t bragging about it, he just liked having it.

“We talked some, and fooled around on the bed, and he waited until I was ready before he got on me and in me. Then while we were fucking he kept telling me how pretty I was and how much he liked me. He managed to hold off coming until after I did. Then we lay there in bed and cuddled for a while. He still has a lot to learn before he’s even half as good as you, but he was a lot better than Jason.

“We went back down to the party. A few people were still fucking, but most were lying around with their arms around each other, listening to the music, talking some. Several people were talking to Gaby. I don’t know where Jerry was. I missed most of that, so I asked somebody what she said. They said she said it hurt a lot, but Jerry was really nice and caring, and she was glad she did it, and at the next party she could be just like everybody else.

“After a while the party broke up, I guess about 3 in the morning, and my ride brought me home, and you weren’t here, so I went to bed.”

“What were you planning to do if I was here?”

“I don’t know. Wake you up, tell you all about it, get you excited, maybe get you to fuck me good night.”

“Well, that sounds like fun, but I was otherwise occupied. And if I had been here, I might not have been alone in bed.”

“I suppose. I didn’t think about ... oh, that’s the phone, I’ll get it.”

She ran to the phone. “Hello? -- Oh, hi, Zach! -- I’m good, how about you? -- Me, too....” I left her to her conversation with her lover, and went into my office.

Inspired by her party experience, that night in bed together we played our own game of Truth or Dare. Well, really just Dare. We already knew everything important there was to know about each other, so there was no point in asking intimate questions. But taking turns daring each other turned out to be a fun and effective way to communicate our sexual desires.

She had me do things that never would have occurred to me, right from the start, when she dared me to stick my tongue in her ear and wiggle it around. She squealed and shivered from the sensation. I dared her to pinch my nipples with her fingernails, which a couple of women had done to me in the past and I found I liked a lot. Adina did it very well.

We progressed through touching and tickling and titillating each other in various places with our fingers and tongues. I had her tickle my scrotum, which I always love and never get enough of. She surprised me again when she dared me to stick my finger in her ass.

I asked her if she wanted me to lube it first. She said she would take care of it. She sucked my finger into her mouth and got it wet with her saliva. Then she got on her hand and knees and stuck her butt up in the air.

So I slowly impaled her with my wet finger. It made her gasp as it went in. I held it still until she calmed down, then I wiggled it, which made her moan and say, “We’re going to have to that again, and more.” I didn’t ask her to elaborate, but my prick jumped at the thought.

Our dares got more intense as we got more turned on, moving into cocksucking and pussy eating. Finally she dared me to insert my penis in her vagina, as she put it, and move it up and down. I was more than ready for that dare by then. I covered her small body with mine and plunged into her depths.

With so much foreplay, I'm afraid that fuck didn't last long. I felt myself getting ready to pop, and I wanted her to get her cum first, so I tried sticking my finger in her ass again. That did the trick. She jerked and brayed and in a few seconds arched her back in orgasm. I gratefully let myself go and shot her insides full of my spunk.

When we recovered our breath, we laughed about what we had just done, and agreed that we had learned a lot about each other's desires from it. We soon went happily and soundly to sleep.

At dinner the next evening I asked her how her day went. She gave me a strange look and said, "It was, um, different."

"How so?"

"Suddenly I'm very popular."

"You were already popular."

"I guess, but not like this. I had guys hanging around me all day. I had dates for Friday and Saturday night before the beginning of second period."

"Did you say yes to the first two guys who asked you?"

"Not quite. Jason was the second one, and I told him I would never go out with him again because he couldn't keep his mouth shut. Doesn't do me any good, except it was kind of fun, but maybe that will keep him from embarrassing some other poor girl."

"Did he seem contrite?"

"Not really. He called me a bitch."

"Sounds like your message got through."

“Maybe. We’ll see.”

“Anyway, apart from Jason, you took the first two offers.”

“Yeah, because I had no idea people were going to keep asking me all day.”

“Next time you’ll know, and you can be more selective.”

“Both guys I’m going out with are fine; I’m looking forward to it. But you’re right; I want to try out a lot of other guys too, if I get the chance.”

“So how do you feel about all this new popularity?”

She thought about it for a minute. “I like it. Is that shallow?”

“No, It’s natural. We all like to be liked. The thing is not to get addicted to it. It can vanish as quickly as it came. If that happens, you have to avoid the temptation to do things you don’t really want to in order to get it back. Stay true to yourself.”

She nodded. “I understand. And I can see how people could get addicted.”

“So what are your plans for the weekend?”

“Don’t know yet. I’m letting the guys decide that. Whatever we do, I’m pretty sure it’s going to end in sex.”

“I’m pretty sure you’re right. That’s what’s got all those males suddenly drooling after you. Just remember that you can bring them here for the purpose.”

“I will. That still amazes me.”

“Well, I’m glad I can still amaze you after all this time.”

“You amaze me every night in bed.”

“Thank you, my dear. The feeling is mutual.”

As it worked out, I was out on my own date when Adina brought her date home Friday evening, and I guess he left before I woke up, because I never saw him, but she said he was there. Saturday, though, my date called in the afternoon and said she couldn't go out, because her dog was very sick.

So I was in the living room reading when the door opened and Adina came in, followed by a tall young man. She introduced him as Dan Fowler. He looked a little flustered to see me, but managed to suppress it, and we made small talk for a few minutes. He seemed like a nice kid. When Adina said, “Come on, Dan, let's go upstairs and let Charles go back to his book,” the look of relief on his face was almost comical.

In the morning I was shaving in the bathroom when I heard the sounds of Dan leaving. A few seconds later Adina came in the bathroom in her robe, looking chipper. “Poor Charles,” she said, “you didn't get any last night, did you?”

“Looks like you did.” I put a look of martyrdom on my face. “But don't worry about me, I'll be all right.”

She laughed. “You will be after I get done with you. Rinse your face.”

She dropped her robe, as I did mine, and we tumbled into bed. She seemed especially enthusiastic and, for want of another word, joyful in her lovemaking. After we both had noisy orgasms, and were lying on our backs next to each other, I said, “That was nice. Did Dan leave you unsatisfied?”

“No, he performed okay, and I came, but I couldn't help comparing him to you, and that made me want you a lot. I guess that's just how it has to be.”

“Why?”

“Well, I mean, You're so experienced, and know exactly what to do, and these guys from school don't seem to, they fumble around, their timing is all off, they start

doing something I like and then stop before I want them to and start doing something different.”

“Do you give them any clues?”

“Well, I try to make the right noises when I like something, but it doesn’t seem to work.”

“You may have to tell them directly.”

“Right. Like I could do that.”

“Sweetheart, nobody is born knowing how to do this stuff. You have to learn it. How are they going to learn it if somebody doesn’t teach them? And by somebody I mean you.”

“Two weeks and two days ago I was a virgin. How can I teach anybody about sex?”

“You’ve learned a lot in two weeks. You know more than you think you do.”

“Well, I’ve had a good teacher. But I still don’t think I could do that.”

I let it drop at that point. It was interesting to see what happened, though. Later that afternoon, Adina casually asked me if we had any good how-to books about sex. I got out *The Joy of Sex*, and told her it was one of the best. She took it into her room and I didn’t hear from her again until dinnertime. That night when we went to bed she brought it in with her.

She wanted to show me a lot of different passages in the book. I had seen them before, of course, but I was interested to see which ones caught her attention. She seemed particularly taken with the acts that had French names. I guess that made them sound more exotic, although I suspect the French terminology was more in the spirit of the culinary metaphor that permeated the whole book.

She had a lot of questions, which I answered as fully as I could. Then she wanted to

start trying out some of the fun things the book recommended, which was fine with me. Our first experiment was with what the book called *pattes d'araignée*. The words literally mean 'spider's legs.' It's a technique of extremely light touching and stroking all over the body, not touching the skin itself but exciting the fine small hairs next to it.

We were both a little clumsy with it at first, but as we got better at it it was fantastic. After maybe ten minutes of that we were both ready to fuck.

She had an idea about that, too. She wanted to try out some of the different positions the book described, that we hadn't yet tried on our own. I suggested that we limit ourselves to one new position per session, and spread the experiments out over time.

I knew from past experience that some of them didn't work very well, at least for me, and others took some practice, which would be better done at an earlier point in the session. That was fine with her.

For our first effort, she was intrigued with a position illustrated in the book, in which the woman rests on her elbows and forearms on the bed, facing down, with her legs extended back off the edge of the bed, encircling the man's hips with her ankles locked behind him, and the man enters her from behind.

I was excited to try that one too. It was new to me. I had seen it in the book, but never tried it, maybe because I was afraid the woman would be too heavy to make it comfortable. But Adina was small and light, and it worked like a charm.

I supported her hips with my hands, and penetrated her very moist pussy fully with a single stroke. She gasped with the pleasure of it. I began thrusting my hips back and forth like a rock musician. I adjusted the angle of our bodies so that my prick sawed on her clit. Her hands were free and nowhere near my body, so she played with her nipples to heighten her stimulation.

Erotic as it was, this was not a posture we could sustain for a long leisurely fuck. I

sped up my rhythm, paying attention to the sounds I heard her making, trying hard to get her off before me. When I heard her reach her peak, a few more violent thrusts triggered my orgasm, and I filled her with my sperm.

With our bodies joined tightly together, I prompted her to move forward onto the bed by pushing gently from behind. She responded by scooting forward on her elbows until we were both able to lie stretched out on the bed, me on top of her.

“Well, that was short but very sweet,” she said.

“Good to keep in mind when we’re in a hurry.”

“Maybe, but I hope we aren’t ever in a hurry, and I do want to do that fun thing again.”

“I’m sure we will, but remember there are 64 positions in the Kama Sutra, so it may be a while before we start repeating.”

“Yeah, well, I’ve read about those positions, and some of them shouldn’t be tried without a doctor present.”

I laughed. “You’re right. I expect at the pace we’re going we’ll be exhausting all the practical possibilities before very long. Then we can pick our favorites.”

The book was our constant companion in bed for the next several days, until Adina decided she had internalized it and didn’t need to refer to it any more. She did keep on asking me questions, increasingly sophisticated and complex questions, until sometimes she exceeded my knowledge and I had to go online to do some research.

Also, we kept experimenting with new techniques and new positions, and I was learning a lot myself. It was a great time. An especially fond memory was when she tried out the book’s recommendation of “kissing” me all over my body with her labia. That got me so excited that it became a regular part of her repertoire.



The following weekend Adina had dates with two new guys, and I had a couple of dates too. When we saw each other Sunday morning, she said, "Well, I did it."

"What?"

"Tried to tell my date how to do it better."

"How'd it go?"

"Not so good the first night. He got mad and wanted to know why I thought I knew so much. I told him I'd been doing some reading. He laughed, kind of nasty, and said that sex was something that nerds read about and cool people really know about. He said he'd show me what was what, and he got kind of rough, and it wasn't much fun."

"Sorry to hear that."

"But the guy last night, his name is Cliff, was real sweet, and ready to try things that I suggested."

"Well, people are all different in every way, including that. I do have some advice, though. A lot of guys have fragile egos, especially when it comes to sex. You'll have better luck if you're able to make them think it was their idea to do whatever it is you want them to."

"How am I supposed to do that?"

"Beats me. But women have been doing it since time began, so I figure you must know something we don't."

She giggled. "Well, now that you mention it -- but I'd better not give away any secrets."

A few nights later the inevitable happened. Adina said she wanted to try anal sex. I was delighted, but I tried not to show it. I questioned her to make sure it was

something she really wanted to do, and not just because she thought I would like it.

She said she'd been thinking about it ever since the night we played Truth or Dare and I stuck my finger in her ass. She had studied some about it, in the book and on the Internet, and read a lot of pros and cons, and had decided the only way to find out whether she would like it was just to do it.

I couldn't argue with that, so I told her we would do it in a way that I hoped would make it good for her. I asked her when she had last had a bowel movement, and she said that morning, so I decided she didn't really need an enema first, but I had her go in the shower and wash her butt and anus well. While she was doing that I put the lube on the nightstand and a couple of clean cotton dishtowels in easy reach.

She came back from the shower naked and smiling. "Okay, coach, put me in. Or I should say, put it in."

"Not so fast. If you're going to enjoy this, we have to work up to it."

We lay down together naked on the bed, and started one of our heavy petting sessions, which we had gotten very good at. Our hands and mouths were all over each other's bodies. She soon had my cock standing straight and hard, and I could feel the moisture oozing from her pussy.

"Now," I said, "we fuck the regular way for a while first, but we don't come, either one of us."

I got on her in missionary position and slowly slid my prick into her warm, receptive twat. She let out a long, happy sigh, and said, "Aaah, full again. I never feel quite right any more when your cock isn't inside me. I feel like I'm missing a part of myself."

I kissed her, and holding the kiss, started moving slowly in and out of her love tunnel. She grasped my back and made happy guttural sounds that I felt more than

heard. Maybe because of our excited anticipation of what was to come, we both started our orgasmic rises quicker than usual. When I felt that happening, I lifted my body up off of hers, and slowly withdrew my rigid prick. She made a disappointed sound. "Never mind that," I said, "I told you we don't come yet."

I had her get up on her knees and elbows. I got behind her and slid my cock back into her cunt, doggy-style. I held it there, about halfway in, with enough room left for me to get my hand between our bodies. I got the lube, squirted a big glob on my middle finger, and touched it to her asshole. She jumped slightly, then held still as I gradually but firmly pushed my finger into her rectum. "That's just your finger," she said. "I thought you were about to put your cock in there."

"All in good time. We have to get you lubed and stretched first." I wiggled my finger around to coat the inside of her anal passage well with the lube. I pulled it out, put on some more lube, and repeated the process. "That feels nice," she said. "Kind of strange, but nice. Not really sexy, though."

"Not yet. That comes later, when you feel your sphincter stretched." Now I lubed both my index and middle fingers, and pressed them against her asshole. It yielded to the pressure, and my fingers slipped inside, and she grunted softly. With my fingers embedded in her ass, I fucked my cock in and out of her pussy a couple of times, to help keep me hard and her excited, then parked it halfway out again.

I finger-fucked her asshole a few strokes with my fingers together, then spread my fingers, bit by bit, a little more with each stroke, until they were forcing her asshole to open about an inch. I pulled out just long enough to put on some more lube, and then added my ring finger to the invaders.

"That's starting to hurt, Charles," she said.

"I know. This is the painful part. If you can take the pain for a little while, I think you'll be happily surprised with the results."

"Okay, I'll put up with it, and see what happens. Just don't hurt me, I mean damage

me.”

“No, I promise I won’t injure you. That’s why we’re doing it this way. The muscle can stretch pretty wide, if you do it slowly. But it’s like doing stretches at the gym, it hurts at first.”

I kept my three fingers bunched tightly together as I slowly fucked them in and out of her ass. She moaned a couple of times, not a happy moan, and then was quiet. I spread my fingers slightly, until the bunch was about the same diameter as my penis. A few strokes like that and I judged that she was ready to take my cock.

With the tips of my fingers still spreading her anus, I squirted some lube on them. I pulled my cock out of her pussy, quickly smeared it with the lube, and pressed the head against her asshole, which was still gaping. I put my hands on her hips and began to press forward.

“Now I’m doing it to you, Adina darling. I’m fucking you in the ass.” I accompanied the words with action, as I sank my excited prick fully into her bowels. The passage was so greased and so stretched by that time that it went in easily. I held it there to let her get used to it.

“Oh, God,” she moaned, “it feels so huge in there. It’s enormous!”

“Does it still hurt?”

“Yeah, but not as much.”

“Let’s see if we can make it feel good.” I pulled my prick all the way out, waited a beat, then pushed it back in. She grunted. I repeated the move, and put my hand on her pubic mound with my finger pressing against her clit. I began slowly but regularly pulling out, pausing, then putting the head back in just to the top of the shaft. I knew from experience that repeated stretching and relaxing of the anal sphincter quickly got very exciting.

After maybe half a minute, I heard and felt her start to respond. Her grunts got

higher in pitch and louder and longer. Her butt started to move in counterpoint to mine, pulling away when I pulled back and then pushing toward me when I pushed in again, so that my cock was sinking deeper into her entrails with each stroke.

I started massaging her clit with my finger. With my other hand I pressed down on the small of her back so that her back curved down toward the bed. That made her butt stick up more prominently, which was an erotic sight to me, and it increased the tension on her hamstring muscles and her butt muscles, which I knew would intensify her sensations.

Her grunts turned into moans, and then into wails. She was gripping the sheet with both hands so hard that her knuckles were white. I felt my own orgasm rising, but I willed it into submission. It was all-important that she should come first. Fortunately it didn't take long.

A red flush spread over her back and she screamed out her pleasure in short staccato bursts. I released her clit, grabbed her hips, and jammed my cock as deep into her as I could, feeling the pressure of her hard, clenched butt against my groin.

I did it again, and one more time, and then I felt the come shooting out of me starting from somewhere down around the soles of my feet. I have no idea how much sperm I shot into her gut, but it felt like a quart. She told me later that I was bellowing like a bull, but I wasn't aware of it at the time.

We froze in that position, with my cock buried in her intestine and my hands holding her ass against my waist so hard that it seemed like the rest of my body was trying to get inside her too.

I don't know how long we were there like that, but it seemed like forever. Finally she collapsed forward onto the bed, and I collapsed on top of her, my cock still embedded in her ass until it shrank and pulled itself out.

When her breathing had slowed down enough that she could speak again, she said, "Jesus H. Christ on a bicycle. That was something else."

“So you’re glad you tried it.”

“Very. And I’m glad you made me stick with it when it was hurting at first.”

“I told you it ought to get better.”

“Yes, you did, and I trusted you, and you were right. Seems I never go wrong when I trust you.”

“Thank you. I’ll try to live up to that.”

“And now I have a favor to ask.”

“What’s that?”

“Please get off my back. I’m having a hard time breathing.”

I rolled off her back, and onto mine. “Sorry. You should have said something sooner.”

“I didn’t want you to go away sooner. But then I figured you’d better, before I passed out.”

We lay there chatting about nothing much, enjoying the afterglow of our tremendous orgasms. She put her hand on my chest and played with my chest hairs. When I felt her hand start to move down toward my crotch, I grabbed her wrist.

“Still sensitive?”

“Maybe, I don’t know, but that’s not why I stopped you. Rule number one of anal intercourse: a cock that’s been in an ass touches nothing else until it’s cleaned up. There’s enough bacteria in there to kill a hamster.”

“No! Surely not in my sweet virginal ass!”

“’Fraid so. You couldn’t live without them, but they’re yours, and they get angry when they’re transplanted to some other body.” Our words reminded me to grab one of the dishtowels and wipe off my penis with it.

“What about me? Should I clean up too?”

“It’s up to you. You don’t have to for the sake of sanitation, but you might want to anyway, because as soon as you stand up you’re going to have my come dripping down your leg.”

“Oh.” She was surprised. She turned over on her back, sat up, and reached a finger under her butt. She brought it back with a smear of white on it. “Oh! I guess I shouldn’t taste this?”

“No, please don’t. If you want to taste it, wait until next time and you can get some straight from the tap, without it making a trip through your bowels first.”

“Okay. I guess I’d better go clean up now before I get it on the bed.”

“Too late.”

She looked down at the wet spot on the sheet. “Oh shit.”

“Not really, but close enough. Don’t worry, I’ll change the sheet.”

She took the other dishtowel and held it under her bottom. We went off to our respective bathrooms to clean up.

That weekend I decided it was past time to get together again with Janet. I called her and made a date for the following Saturday. It was for an all-day affair, to go down by the Gulf and have a good seafood meal, look at shops and galleries, just generally all hang out together and have a good time. I had cleared that with Adina first, to be sure she would be available. She was excited to spend time with Janet again, and readily agreed to save the day.

Janet made some comment about contacting the Missing Persons Bureau about me. I apologized and said a lot had been going on with Adina, that Adina could tell her about in person.

Saturday came. Janet showed up at our house a little before eleven. We had some coffee and visited a little, catching up on news and gossip. Then we headed down to Galveston. I had made reservations at one of our favorite restaurants, which boasted pretty good food and a great location, with an outside deck with views right out over the water. It was a warm day, so we had seafood salads and draft beer (ice tea for Adina).

After lunch Janet and Adina announced they needed some “girl time.” They went off to some undisclosed location and left me at the table. I ordered another beer and settled down with my paperback that I always carried around for such occasions. They were gone a long time, over an hour. I had almost finished my book when they came back, laughing and carrying shopping bags. I didn’t bother asking what was in the bags, because I knew I wouldn’t get a straight answer.

We spent the afternoon just wandering around, looking at shops and galleries and enjoying each other’s company. Around five o’clock we came on a Mexican seafood restaurant that we hadn’t been in, so we gave it a try.

It was a little noisy for our taste, but the food was good. Ceviche, fish tacos, that kind of thing, with some Mexican beer to wash it down, and a Mexican Coke for Adina. She noticed that it tasted a little different from American Coke. I explained that that was because it was made with sugar instead of high fructose corn syrup.

Adina had a date who was going to pick her up about eight, so after dinner we headed back home. Adina disappeared upstairs to get ready, and Janet and I sat and drank Remy Martin cognac, her favorite. When Adina’s date arrived, she introduced him to us as Jerry somebody.

I wondered if he was the Jerry who had the honor of deflowering Gaby at the party, but I didn’t say anything (later Adina told me he was). He was fairly poised for a



high school boy, and made appropriate small talk with us without seeming uncomfortable for a few minutes, until they left.

As soon as we heard their car drive away, Janet put down her cognac glass and attacked me. I managed to set my own glass down without spilling it, and responded in kind. She was kissing me almost violently, and rubbing her hands frantically over what she could reach of my body, which was mostly my sides.

I unbuttoned her blouse and she shrugged it off her shoulders without breaking the kiss. My fingers found the clasp of her bra against her back and unfastened it, and she let that slide off too, so her breasts were available to my grasping hands.

Janet had an athletic body, like the marathoner that she was. Her breasts weren't much larger than Adina's, and very firm. I really loved them, and I took my mouth from hers to put it on them to show just how much I loved them. She didn't object to that at all, she pressed my head against her breasts as I nuzzled first one then the other. Her hands got busy around her waist, and I knew she was getting her slacks off.

She lifted her butt for a second, and with one swift motion pulled her slacks and panties down past her knees. She yanked off her sneakers and tossed the whole bunch, slacks, panties and sneakers, in some random direction, and sat on my lap completely naked. I had to admire how quickly and efficiently she had stripped for action.

She liked to undress me, so I sat there quietly while she unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off, then pulled my T-shirt over my head. She couldn't really get at my pants while she was sitting on my lap, so we both stood up, then she got on her knees in front of me so that her face was at my crotch level.

She unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned my waist button, unzipped my zipper, and dropped my trou, leaving my boxers on. She untied my sneakers. I lifted my right foot, steadying myself with my hand on her shoulder, and she pulled off the sneaker, the sock, and the pants leg. We repeated the process with my left leg. She

tossed the castoff clothing to join hers somewhere in limbo.

With me in my boxers, and her still kneeling in front of me, she slid one hand inside the leg of my shorts and up to my crotch, not yet directly touching my cock or balls. God, did that feel good. She followed that with her other hand up my other leg. Then she started fluttering her fingers against my genitals. Within seconds my cock was pointing straight at her face, still under its cotton cover.

She hooked her fingers in the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down. They hung up on my erect prick, of course. She was feeling playful, so she didn't try to stretch the waistband, she just kept on pulling, bending my cock down, until finally the waistband slid off it and my cock bounced back upright.

I stepped out of the shorts, which also got tossed. She looked up at me and smiled, then put her mouth on my cock. Janet wasn't real big on oral sex, so this was a special treat. She sucked in and out on it a few times, then told me to lie down.

I lay on my back on the carpet, and she straddled my waist and lowered her pussy down to my pulsing cock. As she settled down on it all the way, she closed her eyes and uttered a long sigh of satisfaction.

"God, I've been missing that," she said.

"Me, too."

"I don't think so. Not like I have, or it wouldn't have been this long."

"I'm sorry about that. I guess Adina told you what's been happening."

"Yes, we'll talk about that later," she said. "But I am reliably informed that you have not been celibate since the last time I saw you."

"Guilty as charged. I wanted to wait on you and Adina getting together until she had her head wrapped around this new phase in her life. But surely you haven't been celibate either?"

“Not totally, no, but I don’t have a stable of studs waiting around to service me, like your harem.”

“On a university campus? You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“No, but let’s talk about that later too. Right now I just want to enjoy this.” She put her hands on my chest and started raising and lowering her body slowly on my cock. I let her set the pace.

While Janet was not the most skilled and inventive lover of the women I dated, I felt closer to her than anyone else, probably because of how she had taken on the role of surrogate mother to Adina. That closeness gave our lovemaking a special quality that I didn’t experience with anyone else. It wasn’t like the passion I felt while having sex with Adina, but a kind of deep communion that I suspect people have in good marriages.

Janet went into sort of a trance. Her body was moving rhythmically up and down on my rod, but her head was off in some ethereal plane. I was used to this.

When we first started having sex it kind of bothered me, and I would make some crack like, “Earth to Janet, let me know if you need me.” She often didn’t hear me at all, and when she did she would shake me off like some annoying fly.

Eventually I learned during our post-coital conversations that she was totally focused on the sensations she was feeling, that was how she maximized her pleasure. From time to time she would shift her position slightly, or vary the tempo a bit, but there was nothing for me to do except watch and wait. With another woman that would probably have made me lose my erection, but with Janet, knowing how completely she was into it kept me excited.

She was not a noisy lover, either. An occasional “Oh yes,” or “That’s good,” was all you would hear from her. Even her orgasms were quiet, punctuated by no more than a long happy sigh. But there was never any doubt about when she was coming, because a broad open-mouth smile broke out on her face. I never saw it

under any other circumstance. She smiled often, sure, but not like that.

The smile appeared, and a few seconds later she lay down on me and kissed me. “That was soooo nice,” she said, “almost worth the wait. Now it’s your turn.”

That was the other thing that was different about sex with Janet. Once she had her orgasm, it was open season on her body for me. I could do anything to her I wanted. Well, as long as it didn’t involve our mouths. But everything else, including anal, bondage, light discipline, and every conceivable position, was fair game.

That bothered me too at first. I took it as a sign of submission or apathy, which didn’t excite me at all. But she patiently explained to me that it turned her on incredibly for me to use her body for my pleasure. She wouldn’t have another orgasm, but she got a sustained sexual thrill from it that kept her body tingling for hours.

And the more excited I got, and the longer I kept at it, the better she liked it. Once I understood that, it opened up a whole new sexual world to me. I could experiment in all kinds of ways with acts that I had only read about, and know that she was loving it.

My session with Adina the week before had reawakened my taste for anal sex, so I decided that would be the main course for that evening. I had Janet lie face down over the arm of the sofa, with her feet on the floor and her butt sticking up in the air.

I decided to try it without lube, partly because I was too horny to go get it and partly just to see if it was possible. Her vagina was still sopping wet. I put my index and middle finger inside and got them well coated with her juices. I spread some on her asshole on the outside, which made her wiggle a little, then inserted first one and then both fingers into her rectum, to help stretch the sphincter and get some lubrication inside.

With my fingers still buried, I slid my prick into her vagina and moved it back and forth a few times, so that it was nice and slick.

I spread my fingers as wide as I could in their tight confines and pulled them slowly out of her ass, making a small gape as they emerged. I immediately put the head of my prick on the small hole and pushed. It went in easier than I expected.

I didn't immediately shove it all the way home, but penetrated her slowly, savoring the feeling of the tight sphincter ring sliding down my cock. I put my hands on her waist just above the swell of her pelvis to steady us both.

When I was completely buried inside her, I paused, loving the grasp of her bowel on my highly sensitive member, the closeness of our connection, and the intimacy it represented. Reading my thoughts, she squeezed her rectal muscles in an embrace of welcome to my invasion of her body. The sudden warm pressure sent an electric charge from the middle of my back down to my toes, and I couldn't stay still any longer; I began fucking her in the ass.

I moved at a moderate tempo at first, but as my lust overcame me I was banging away faster and harder. I was bouncing and jerking her body quite a lot. At one especially vigorous thrust she grunted. That made me pause. I said, "Too much?"

"No!" she barked, sharply. "Keep going!"

So I resumed fucking away, but I did slow the pace a bit, not to keep from hurting her, but because I realized I was on the brink of coming, and I wanted to prolong this as long as I could, for her sake as well as mine.

Ass-fucking is really delicious. It's so tight. It's like fucking a virgin pussy, only you can do it over and over again and it's still tight. The problem with it is that very few women can come just from anal sex; they need additional stimulation, usually on the clit or labia.

So any gentleman who cares about his partner should give a good reach-around

while he's fucking her ass. That's not a problem, really; it's fun, and adds to the man's pleasure as well. But since Janet had already come, and didn't really want the extra stimulation, I kept my hands on her waist.

I held off my orgasm as long as I could, varying the speed and angle of my strokes, but finally I reached the limits of my endurance, and felt my balls explode. I buried my cock as deep inside Janet as I could and felt my semen spurting with such force that I imagined it erupting into her stomach.

My knees were so weak from the force of my orgasm that they probably couldn't have supported me by themselves. I held on tight to Janet's waist and let my arms share the load. Unlike some women, she was in no hurry for me to withdraw. She was willing to lie there with my cock in her ass as long as I wanted to keep it there.

If it had been up to me I would have kept it there a lot longer, but as usual the penis had a mind of its own, and shrank down until it plopped out in the open. Then she stood up and, still with her back against my front, pulled my hands around in front of her to hug her against me, turned her head toward me, and we kissed long and deep.

"Chuck," she whispered, breaking the kiss but keeping her mouth close to mine, "that was so lovely. Every time we make love I feel like it's the best it could ever be, and then the next time it's even better. Thank you, thank you."

I was too overcome with emotion to speak. Here was this beautiful, sexy, brilliant woman, thanking me profusely for sodomizing her. Well, not just that, of course, but the whole sexual experience that ended up with that. To thank her in return seemed entirely too weak a response. Instead, I held her tightly against me and kissed the spot where her neck joined her shoulder. I think she understood.

We went upstairs and showered, then got into my bed together to sit and talk. We were as good at conversation as we were at sex. We shared many of the same interests, and were about equally well informed on them. She was articulate and witty, and I liked to think that I was the same. We made each other laugh a lot.

While we were talking, we heard the downstairs door open. We heard Adina say, "Come on in, it's fine." A male voice said something we couldn't make out, and Adina said, "No, they're probably here, but it's okay." Footsteps on the stairs, Adina's bedroom door closing, then silence for a while. We had picked up our conversation where it left off, when we heard the unmistakable sound of a cry of passion from Adina.

"Our little girl's growing up, isn't she?" said Janet.

"I'd call that an understatement." I liked how she said "our."

"She seems to be pretty open with you about her sexual activity."

"Yes, amazingly so for a teenager. She even asks my advice. I think she must trust me."

"You know she does."

"She trusts you too. I'm guessing she told you a lot while you two were together today."

"She sure did. Pretty much everything. One thing she told me was that you gave her *The Joy of Sex* and she's been getting good use from it."

"Yeah, I figure if you're going to do something, you might as well study the literature and learn how to do it right."

"The engineering approach to sex ed. One thing she wouldn't tell me, though. She wouldn't say who her first lover was, who she gave her virginity to. Did she tell you?"

"No." Now I know what you're thinking, but strictly speaking this was true. Adina never told me who her first lover "was," because I already knew. Okay, so I'm an engineer, so sue me.

I decided to steer the conversation in a safer direction. “You said something earlier that surprised me. You said you don’t have that many sexual opportunities at the university. I assumed in that pheromone-laden atmosphere there would be hordes of males panting to get into your, uh, pants.”

“It’s not like that. First off, there are ethical constraints. I can’t have sex with any students who are in my classes, or who might be in the future. That rules out almost all of the undergrads except second semester seniors in other majors.

“Grad students in my department are all out, and in other departments if I might conceivably end up on their thesis committee, and that represents most of the grad students I ever meet.

“Then there’s the faculty. Most of the men on the faculty are married or gay, and the few that are straight bachelors have their beds booked months in advance. I’ve never wanted to get into the complications of sleeping with a married man. A few of them have come on to me, telling me they have open marriages and their wives won’t object.

“I always tell them to have their wives tell me that personally. And if you can believe it, that’s actually happened twice. So I do get together with one of those guys occasionally for a balling session, usually in the afternoon.

“And there are some nice grad students in the humanities that I’ve met on university committees who sometimes spend the night with me. They’re fun because they’re so grateful. But it’s not a very big pool of prospects. If we were a jock campus, I suppose I might find some candidates on the varsity, but we’re not.

“Then there’s the lesbian contingent. We have quite a number on the faculty. Several of them have tried to get me interested. Out of curiosity I tried it a couple of times, but I didn’t like it at all. Women’s hands on your body are slithery.” She trailed her fingers across my thigh in what I suppose she thought was a slithery way. It felt wonderful.



“Men’s hands are strong and purposeful. Their voices are solid and commanding. A man’s odor is a powerful turn-on. Then there’s that thing.” She pointed at my limp penis. “When it’s erect and pulsing with lust, nothing in the world is more potent.

“All I want to do is take it inside my body and feel that power, and absorb it into my being. Rubber rods don’t come close, even if they vibrate. What can I say? I just like men.”

“On behalf of straight men everywhere, I thank you and applaud you for that.”

“Then show me.” When she saw the look on my face, she said, “I don’t mean right now. You’ve performed admirably this evening. Heroically, even. I mean, don’t make me wait so long between dates.

“I’ve gotten bothered, annoyed, anxious, depressed, angry, upset, not to mention fiercely horny, over the past weeks wondering when I was going to see you again. I felt like a damn teenager waiting for the phone to ring.”

“I am truly sorry. It won’t happen again, I promise.” And I kept that promise. From that time on, I saw Janet every weekend. It wasn’t an exclusive arrangement, at least on my side; I took out other women as well, but one night was always for Janet.

We held hands and talked a little more about this and that, until we drifted off to sleep.

In the morning we were sitting at the kitchen table looking at the Sunday paper and eating cheese omelets and grits that Janet had made when Adina came in. She had the telltale glow of a woman who has been well fucked. Janet said, “Hey, Deenie.”

“Janet! Good morning! And good morning to you too,” she said, patting my head.

“Morning,” I said around a mouthful of egg. “How was your date?”

“Excellent! Jerry is a great guy.”

“Is he still here?”

“No, he said his mom would freak if he wasn’t in his own bed when she got up, so he left about three. How about you guys? How was your date?”

“Very nice,” Janet said. “In fact, it’s still going on.”

“Great. Hey, I’m hungry.”

“Want me to make you an omelet?”

“No thanks, I’ll just scramble up a couple of eggs. I’ll have some of those grits, though, if you’ve got any to spare.”

“Sure. You’ll probably want to nuke them, they’re kind of luke by now.”

Adina got her breakfast together and joined us at the table. She told us about her date, where they went for dinner and what they had, and the movie they saw. We didn’t have much to add to the conversation, since all we did was stay home and screw, but Adina seemed happy to do the talking.

After we cleaned up from breakfast, Janet said, “Well, I hate to end this party, but I’ve got to get home and type up some lab notes so somebody besides me can make sense out of them.” Adina had plans to meet up with some of her friends, and asked Janet to give her a ride.

So I was soon left to my own devices. I finished the paper, including the Sunday crossword, did a little work I had brought home with me, then settled down to watch sports on TV the rest of the afternoon.

Adina came home in time for dinner. I hadn’t prepared anything, so I heated up a frozen lasagna and made a green salad and garlic toast to have with it. She worked on her schoolwork for two or three hours after dinner, then came and invited me

to bed.

While we were fooling around in bed, I said, "I gather that Jerry was a satisfactory lover."

"Oh, God, yes. He's fantastic. Best I've had, besides you. Gaby was so lucky to have him for her first. Some of those other guys that were trying to get her would probably have turned her off of sex for who knows how long. As it is, she's now fucking her way through the male portion of the student body, and already has a reputation as a great lay. It's a good thing he's a senior."

"Because?"

"Because if he was going to be around longer, I might be in danger of getting serious about him, and that's something I don't want to do yet."

"What made him so good? What did he do?"

"Hmmm. I guess the main thing was that he always seemed to know just the right thing to do at the right time to turn me on and get me more and more excited. I expect to have to tell guys what to do, and even then they don't always do it, but Jerry somehow knew without being told. He read my expressions or my body language or something."

"Well, I do have to say your body is eloquent. But I'd like to know more exactly what he did. Maybe I can learn something. You tell me something he did, and I'll try it and see how it works."

"No, that would be cheating. You're supposed to figure out what to do without me telling you."

"Okay, fair enough. Did he do this?" I brushed my lips lightly over and around her left breast.

"Yes."

“How about this?” I licked her nipple, then took it between my lips and tugged gently.

“Uh-huh.”

“And on the other side?” I repeated the nuzzling and licking and tugging on her right breast.

“Yeeeah.” She was pushing her breasts up into my face.

“Clever guy. Let’s see if I can guess what he did next.” I covered her breasts with my palms and began to lay a trail of little nipping kisses down her midline from her breasts to her navel.

“Mmmm. Good guess.”

“Now what to do? Kiss your shoulder? Rub your feet? Or keep going lower down your belly? I think I’ll go for the belly.” I did that, snuffling and licking and kissing as I moved my face lower and lower on her abdomen.

“Amazing.” She put her hands on the back of my head. “It’s almost like you were watching. You’re sure you don’t have a hidden camera in here somewhere?”

“I’ll never tell. But I was busy with my own girl last night.” My busy mouth reached her pubic hair. I moved my hands down to her hips, pressed my closed lips hard against her pubis, and moved my mouth around massaging her mons, so that she could feel it in her clit. “How am I doing?”

She was starting to breathe audibly. “You’re right with the program.”

“Now here’s a wild stab at the next thing.” I extended my stiff tongue and stabbed it through her labia. I wiggled it until I found her vagina, and pushed it in as far as it would go.

“Uh! Nnnngg! You got there quicker than he did, but that’s a good thing!”

Nnnngg!”

A little more tongue-fucking, then I licked her labia from bottom to top a few times, stopping just short of her clitoris. She was moaning on her inhales as well as her exhales. Finally on one lick I let my tongue flick over her clit. Her whole body jerked like she’d just gotten an electric shock.

“Did Jerry do this?” I put my index and middle fingers up her very wet vagina and laved her clit with my tongue.

“Oh, yes! God! Yesss!”

“How about this?” With one pair of fingers still in her cunt, I licked the index finger on my other hand and pushed it into her asshole.

“No! But he should have!”

I felt stupidly proud for having come up with a maneuver that 17-year-old Jerry hadn’t thought of. With my fingers in both holes, moving in and out, I put my tongue back on her clit and licked it with pressure.

After a few moments of that Adina let out a wail that sounded remarkably like the one Janet and I heard the night before. I held still to let her come down from her orgasm, then pulled my fingers gently out of her body.

My prick was rampant from the excitement of making her come. “Now I’m guessing he might have done something like this.” I climbed on top of her and slid my cock easily into her pussy.

“When you’re right, you’re right.” She spread her legs wider to welcome my penetration, and embraced my lower back with her heels. “You may find the next move harder to guess, though.” I started fucking in and out. “By golly, you got that right too!”

Sex with Adina was a special kind of bliss all its own. I enjoyed sex with every

woman who had ever been kind enough to share it with me, and I really loved it with Janet; with her it could truly be called making love.

But fucking Adina was like being in a different reality. Her silky jet-black hair spread out on the pillow, her beautiful young face, her slight but perfectly proportioned body, her flawless light brown skin: all those visual elements combined with her wit, her sparkling intelligence, and her total adoration to induce a rapture I had never known before.

That was the main reason I always made sure she came first before I got down to serious fucking, because she turned me on so much that I couldn't always control my orgasm, which was not a problem I had with any other woman.

Like this time. I was so enamored of her, and so taken with the scenario we had set up, that I felt my body tightening up to come way sooner than I would have preferred. But I went with it. I fucked her harder and faster, and bellowed out my release as I felt the hammer blows of my ejaculation.

When I had recovered my breath enough to speak, I said, "And I'll bet Jerry filled you full of his cum."

"Boy, did he. It was running down my leg as soon as I got up to go to the bathroom. And he did the same thing two more times."

"Ah, the powers of youth. I hope you don't expect that from me."

"No. I don't think I could handle it. Tomorrow's a school day, after all. And anyway, I get your cum five times a week, so you keep me well supplied."

We cleaned up, brushed our teeth, and went to bed.

\* \* \*

As time went by, Adina began to specialize in her dating. Some girls specialized in jocks, some in sensitive artist types, some in outlaws. Adina's specialty was

virgins. She found it exciting to be a young guy's first lover, and rewarding to teach them the basics of good sex.

After she broke in a new boy, she would date him for a few weeks of basic training, and then gently extricate herself from the relationship and find a new client. The boys didn't like it when she broke up with them, for obvious reasons, but she made the move as smooth as possible by finding the guy a new girlfriend.

Her female friends were always happy to take on a boy that Adina had trained, because they knew they could count on them for skilled sex right off the bat.

Of course, as it became known that this was Adina's thing, the boys started paying her even more attention than before, and not just the virgins. A number of boys who weren't in her inner circle tried to claim they were virgins, and she had to conduct brief background checks to figure out who was telling the truth.

Only once did an experienced guy fool her into having sex with him. When she found out about it after the fact, because the dummy couldn't keep from bragging about it, she put the word out, and that poor kid got no more pussy in that school for the rest of that school year.

We found out sort of by accident that this vocation of hers turned me on something fierce. We were in bed together, and she was describing to me her time with the virgin she had just given his first piece of ass that weekend, and I got super horny and attacked her like a madman.

Somehow I was reminded of my first time, and identified with the lucky guy, and I felt like a teenager just discovering sex. She enjoyed my excitement, and the feverish loving it led to, and so from then on she made it a point to give me a play-by-play description of her first encounters with virgins, which happened about once a month on the average. She must have gone through twenty of them before she left for college.

Ah yes, college. Adina was growing up, and it was time for her to move on to the

next phase of her life. With her grades, her SATs, her interesting background, her brilliant and witty application essays, and the personal impression she made in interviews, she was accepted to all four schools she applied to. She decided to go to Yale.

I missed having her around the house and in my bed terribly, and she said she missed me, but we both knew it had to be. When she came home during school breaks, we had orgiastic sex on a daily basis. During Christmas break of her freshman year, at a moment when we were both temporarily sated, I asked her if she was able to find any virgins at Yale.

She said no, she'd had to give up that hobby. When she first got there, she did find a couple of foreign students, one from a strict Islamic country and one from a strict Catholic family, who had never had sex with a woman, and she gave them their first experiences, but it went badly. They both felt that made her their permanent property, and breaking off the relationships got ugly and messy.

So now she was dating anybody she found attractive who asked her, and there was no shortage of those. And as a bonus, most of them were far more skilled lovers than the boys in high school.

After exploring various options during her first year, Adina decided to major in linguistics. The department was delighted to have a native speaker of Amharic as a student. In her senior year she worked with a faculty member on a theoretically important point in Amharic syntax that resulted in a paper published in a prestigious professional journal.

The department tried to get her to go on for a graduate degree in linguistics, and told her they could get funding to support her, but she wanted a different sort of life. She went to the Harvard Business School for an M.B.A. focusing on international business.

In her first week at the B-school, one of the other new students in her class that she met was a young man from Quito, Ecuador, named Eduardo Perez. By the end of



the third week, they were madly in love. They came together to visit me at Thanksgiving, and I could see why.

Eduardo was smart, funny, articulate, well-informed and sophisticated about many things, considerate, good-looking, and a first-rate cook. He told me that he learned to cook as a child hanging around and working in his mother's restaurant in Quito. She was a chef in those days, a well-known one locally. She still owned the restaurant, but now had someone else doing the hard work of running the kitchen, while she managed the business. His father was a civil engineer, like me.

For Thanksgiving dinner I took them to one of my favorite top-end restaurants. It was the same restaurant I had taken Adina to to celebrate our first weekend as lovers. A quick glance and grin from Adina when she heard where we were going told me that she understood and appreciated the gesture.

On Friday, though, Eduardo announced that it was his turn. I took them to the closest Whole Foods to buy the ingredients. He couldn't find some of the more exotic ingredients used in Ecuadorean cuisine, such as guinea pig or cows' hooves, but he found enough to work with. He and Adina spent the afternoon in the kitchen, with him as chef and her as assistant, and at dinnertime produced an extraordinary meal.

Tangy ceviche to start, then a remarkable soup of potato, cheese, and avocado called "locro." The main course was lomo salteado, thin slices of pan-seared steak smothered with tomatoes and onions, served with potato and cheese pancakes and a green salad. I had eaten lomo before, but never like Eduardo made. We had Mexican beer with dinner, and ice cream for dessert.

After I embarrassed Eduardo with my profuse praise for the meal, he told me that one day he would cook a real Ecuadorean meal for me in Quito. That day did come, I'm happy to say, and I got to taste cuy -- guinea pig -- and soup made from cows' hooves, among other amazing dishes.

Over Christmas break, Adina went with Eduardo to Quito to meet his family, and

when they got back to Massachusetts for school they moved in together. I organized and hosted their wedding in June, with Janet's enthusiastic help. It was somewhere in the middle of the spectrum of wedding celebrations, not a huge blowout but not an intimate small affair either.

We had about eighty guests. Eduardo's parents and siblings and in-laws (an older brother and two older sisters, with their own spouses) came up to Houston for the event. A few of their B-school classmates were there, and some of Adina's closest friends from Yale, and even some of her high school buddies who were still around.

Our nearest neighbors, my office co-workers, and some of Janet's Rice colleagues rounded out the guest list. The wedding was the central event in a full weekend of parties, and everybody had a great time.

I got along famously with Eduardo's parents. His dad and I did some shop talk, exchanging war stories about projects we had worked on and technical problems we had solved. I was actually even more interested in his mom's descriptions of her years in the restaurant business, which I didn't know much about.

And they both were sophisticated cosmopolitans, with active interests in world affairs, science and technology, and the arts, and we found through conversation that we thought alike on many topics.

Their English was better than my Spanish, so we mostly conversed in English, but from time to time when they would say something to each other in Spanish I would chime in with a comment of my own in Spanish, so that they knew I understood and didn't embarrass themselves by saying something they wouldn't want me to hear. They of course invited me to come visit them in Quito, and I've been able to do that a number of times, always with great enjoyment.

Right after the wedding Adina and Eduardo went to Ecuador for a month. They spent some of the time with his family, but also traveled around the country, so Adina could learn more about his background and early experiences, and see some of the natural and man-made wonders.

She took advantage of her time there to improve her Spanish, which was already pretty good. She enrolled in a two-week immersion course in a school in Quito, and by the end of that was fully fluent. To keep it up, she and Eduardo ordinarily talked to each other in Spanish when they were alone together.

They returned to Houston after their Ecuador trip to spend a few weeks with me, so we could all have a chance to bond without the pressures and excitement of the wedding. It was a wonderful time. We had Janet join us whenever she could get away from the lab for a little while.

Eduardo was a golfing nut. He had done the research to find out that Houston had a bunch of good courses, and was anxious to try them out. He offered to take me along, but I politely declined.

Golf has never been my thing. I tried it once, at the insistence of some guys in my office, and ended the day frustrated, blistered, and wondering what the attraction was. So he made the necessary arrangements, and on the morning of their third day here, took off right after breakfast, saying he'd be back for dinner.

As soon as his car drove out of sight, Adina took me by the hand and said, "Come on."

"Where are we going?"

"Where do we usually go? To bed, of course."

I drew back. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. The world is different now."

She gave me one of her sly smiles. "Don't you have a secret urge to fuck a married woman?"

"I have a secret urge to fuck every woman. But I also have sense enough not to act on it when it's not appropriate." My brain began to reassemble itself after the initial shock. "And so do you, as far as that goes. This is completely out of character for you. Unless you've already talked to Eduardo about it?"

“Give that man a gold star. Of course I’ve talked to Eduardo about it.”

“And?”

“And he’s all for it. He knows everything about my past, and about my relationship with you, from the first day we met. He knows how important you have been to me, how important you’ve been in my becoming the person I am, the person he loves. And he knows that our sexual relationship has been a key part of that.

It’s part of me, and keeping it alive is part of keeping me whole. He understands all that, and that’s why he wants us to keep on having sex as long as we both want to. It’s not just something he’s willing to tolerate, it’s something he actively wants to happen.”

“I don’t know. He may feel that way now, but come to resent it later, and throw it up to you when you’re having an argument about something else.”

“Not going to happen.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Okay. Let’s see if I can explain this. I’ll have to say something that sounds a little mystical, which I know you don’t like, but bear with me. You can think of it as a metaphor if you want to.

“Eduardo and I are one soul, occupying two bodies. That’s just a fact of nature, and nothing can change it. Happily those bodies are male and female, so we get to screw each other all the time, and we love it, but our connection is way deeper than that. It existed before we even knew each other, we just discovered it when we met, and it will continue to exist until we’re both dead. Nothing either of us does with anyone else, sexually or otherwise, will make the slightest dent in it.

“We stay together as much as we possibly can, but sometimes life dictates that we have to be apart for a day or two, or more. When that happens, neither of us

expects the other to go without sex, any more than we expect the other one to stop eating.

“When we’re back together, we might or might not mention any sexual experiences we had, but if we don’t it’s not because we’re trying to hide anything, it’s just because it wasn’t interesting enough to talk about. It’s like eating, again. If one of us had a great meal, we’d probably tell about it, but not if we just heated up a frozen lasagna.”

“Well, I hope I’m in the former category. I’d hate to be the frozen lasagna of your love life.”

“Oh, not to worry. I’m sure I’ll have plenty to tell Eduardo. He’s looking forward to it. He said he’d be having to hide a hard-on out on the golf course, just thinking about what we’re doing here, and he plans to fuck my brains out tonight. That will be fun. I asked him if he wanted to join in, if it was all right with you, and he said no, he didn’t care for male-majority threesomes.”

“Well, that’s good. I have to agree with him on that. But I take it that means he’d be happy to take on two women at once. How would you feel about that?”

“Fine. It’s already happened, in fact, and I’m sure it will again.”

“No shit! Sorry.”

“Don’t be. No shit. It was a surprise for his last birthday.”

“You were able to find another woman to join you.”

“Oh, that was no problem. Every woman who knows Eduardo wants to fuck him, and every woman who fucks him wants to do it again as soon as possible.”

“He’s pretty good, huh?”

“Incredible. You’re the only other lover I’ve had who even comes close, and I’ve

had a lot.”

“Comes close, hmm? What does he do that I don’t? Maybe I can learn something.”

She rolled her eyes. “Christ. Men. It’s not a foot race. But since you asked, I’ll tell you. It’s nothing you can learn to do differently. It has to do with what I was talking about a minute ago, the one soul thing. When Eduardo and I are making love, we have what I have to call a telepathic connection.

“I feel his pleasure as well as my own, and he feels mine. That adds a whole other dimension to the experience, that I’ve never known with anyone else, including you.

“Now maybe if you and I were the same age, and had come together under other circumstances, instead of your being an authority figure in my early life, it would be different; it’s impossible to say. But that’s not to say that I don’t adore fucking you. Which I’ll be happy to show you if you’ll just come upstairs with me.”

I gladly abandoned my feeble efforts to resist, and let her lead me by the hand up to my -- our -- bedroom. We rapidly shucked off our clothes, and stood there for a moment just looking at each other’s naked bodies.

It really had been a long time. It seemed to me her breasts were fuller, her whole body curvier than before, but that may just have been my imagination. She walked to me, pressed her body against mine, put her hands around my neck, and pulled my face to hers for a long, deep kiss. My prick came to attention.

We got on the bed. I lay on my back, with my prick pointing at the ceiling. She got on her knees between my legs, facing me, leaned down, and swallowed my prick completely down to the root with one effortless motion.

“Oh, God, that’s good,” I moaned. “Eduardo must really appreciate your oral skills.”

She lifted her head just enough to speak. “One of many things he’s grateful to you

for.” She dove back down onto my pulsing member. She somehow managed to make it feel wet friction, even when it was buried in her throat.

I savored the feeling for a bit, then signaled for her to swing around and sit on my face so I could return the favor. Her pussy was just as sweet and fragrant as ever. I loved exploring it with my tongue and lips, and her movements and noises showed that she was loving it too.

We kept sixty-nining until she had a nice orgasm, brought on by my tongue repeatedly stabbing her clit. I didn’t come, didn’t want to before I had a chance to fuck her for a good long time.

She lay still on top of me for a minute or two, letting the afterglow of her orgasm, and the sensitivity in her vulva, gracefully fade. Then she got up on her hands and knees and reversed her position again. She poised her body above mine with our crotches lined up.

She was enough taller now that if I lifted my head we could kiss in that position, which we did as she lowered her body and took my cock slowly but inexorably all the way into her cunt. What a fantastic feeling. It was like the first time, and better than every time before, all at once.

She saw the look on my face and smiled at me. “Welcome home, Charles,” she said. And she was right. Even though she was the one coming back to the house she grew up in, my penis was at home in her vagina like nowhere else.

She sensed my lust rapidly rising to raging, and started fucking me vigorously, with a rolling motion of her hips that I particularly loved. She couldn’t keep it up for too long, it was too tiring, but we both knew that it wasn’t going to take long for me to go off like a cannon.

As we were balling, I gradually became aware of something subtly different from all the countless times we had done this before. She was taking the initiative, taking charge, making things happen, not waiting for instructions from me.

Oh, she had often called the shots before, to be sure, but it always had the feeling of a temporary role reversal, subject to my approval. I was still the authority figure, and she was the subordinate. But not now. She was treating me as an equal. She didn't need my approval. She was autonomous and self-confident in her actions.

She was a woman, not a girl. It may have been partly just because of the passage of time, but I thought it mostly had to do with her marriage, and her ensuing recognition and acceptance of her full identity as an adult. I liked it a lot.

Those thoughts vanished under the onslaught of my massive impending orgasm. I felt the familiar tingling in my extremities, the excruciatingly wonderful intense contractions of muscles all over my body, the irresistible force gathering momentum in the very core of my being.

I unnecessarily informed Adina, quite loudly, that I was coming, and then I did. The force of my ejaculations, four of them, was so great that I was afraid the recoil would shoot me out of her body, so I held on to her tightly, keeping my prick plugged in as deep as it could go.

She gave me time to come back down to earth, then said, "Wow! You just get better with age. When you're a hundred years old, women are going to be lining up for a Butterfield boink."

"Well thank you, my dear. I have to say you bring out the best in me."

We chatted about this and that. At a lull in the conversation, I said, "Tell me more about this threesome you had."

"Yeah, I thought you'd be interested in that. Well, like I said, it was a surprise, so it was up to me to arrange it, which meant finding a woman for the occasion. I thought for a while about what Eduardo would especially enjoy, what would seem exotic and different to him, a contrast from me somehow.

"Then I thought of this girl in our class at Harvard. She's the most complete WASP



you can imagine. Blue eyes, blonde hair in a ponytail that comes exactly to the base of her neck, button nose, slim figure, pointy tits, the whole package.

“To look at her, you’d think her name was Tiffany or Brandy, or if her parents had a little more class, Cindy or Debbie. But her name is Jody, Jody Curran. It was Josephine when she was born, but nobody ever called her that, and in high school she had it legally changed to Jody, which is what everybody called her anyway.

“She was delighted to be asked, and agreed right away. It turns out she doesn’t get asked out on dates that often. A lot of men are intimidated by her looks, and some of those that do ask her are starfuckers, just interested in the conquest, not in her as a person. She’s learned to spot those types, and she generally turns them down, unless she’s feeling really horny and just needs to get laid.

“These days she generally takes matters into her own hands and asks guys out herself, but when she was in high school it was a real problem for her. One summer she went to camp in another state, and wanted to do something about it. She went goth. Dyed her hair black, used black lipstick and nail polish, put a ring in her nose. She did get more male attention, but she felt grotesque and phony the whole time.

“So when she got back she decided to embrace who she was, and has kept to that and learned to deal with it. But it was still a treat for her when I asked her. Of course I didn’t have a male ego to bruise, if she turned me down I would just have asked somebody else, so it never occurred to me not to approach her.

“She defies the blonde bimbo stereotype in other ways. She’s smart as hell, often comes up with ingenious ideas in class discussions. And she’s no ice princess, or prissy about sex. She’s a real tiger -- tigress? -- in bed, as we found out.

“Eduardo’s birthday fell on a Saturday, which was convenient. He wanted to play golf that morning, so I had him promise to be back home and showered and dressed by 1:00, which he was. I had invited Jody over at 2:00. She was right on time. When she rang the bell, Eduardo answered the door. He knew her from

school, of course, but was surprised to see her at our front door.

“He said, ‘Hi, Jody,’ sort of questioningly. He was even more surprised when she stepped in, said, ‘Happy birthday, Eduardo,’ put her arms around him, and gave him a full mouth kiss, tongue and all. Eduardo hardly ever gets flustered, but that did the trick.

“I was standing right beside them, and he turned and looked at me, with her still hanging from his neck. I moved in, put one arm around him and one arm around her, and gave him a deep kiss of my own. ‘And happy birthday from me, too,’ I said. ‘Jody and I are going to make it one you’ll remember for a long time.’

“ ‘Oh, my God,’ he said, ‘does this mean what I think it means?’

“ ‘Well, if you think it means wild three-way sex until we’re all exhausted, yes, you’d be right. But if you’d rather, we can play Scrabble, except I’m afraid Jody would beat us.’

“ ‘No, I think I’ll take the sex. I’m better at that than Scrabble.’

“Jody said, ‘Always good to know your own strengths.’ Then she kissed him again, and pulled his hand to her breast. Eduardo didn’t need any more prompting. He had the presence of mind to pull the front door shut behind her, and bent her backwards with a ferocious kiss. When they broke, she gasped for air and said, ‘Oh my, am I ever going to enjoy this.’

“I said, ‘What say we go someplace a little more comfortable than the front hall?’ and they followed me into the bedroom.

“We wasted no time getting out of our clothes. Jody and Eduardo both have great bodies, and neither had seen the other naked before, so they stood there for a while feasting their eyes. He asked her to turn around slowly, and after she did she asked him to do the same.

“I didn’t want to be left out, so then I turned around without anybody asking me to.

That broke the spell. They laughed and we all tumbled onto the bed.

“Jody and I tried to do the lesbo thing for Eduardo’s benefit: kissing, tit-rubbing, carpet-munching. But I wasn’t really into it, and I could tell she wasn’t either, so we both turned our attention to Eduardo.

“We swarmed all over his body with our hands and mouths and sometimes our feet, touching half a dozen different places at the same time and then switching to other spots. Eduardo kept trying to grope us, but we were in such constant motion that he literally didn’t know which end was up. He would reach for a breast and find a butt cheek in his hand, or try to put his finger in a mouth and have it end up in a pussy. Which was all fine with us; we were having a good time.

“When he was good and hard, which didn’t take long, we had a deep-throating contest. I expected to win that, because Eduardo is pretty large, almost porn star size, and I’ve gotten used to it, but she took it in right down to his balls without a pause, so it ended in a tie.”

“I guess I don’t present much of a challenge,” I said.

“WILL YOU KNOCK THAT SHIT OFF !?! RIGHT NOW!! I MEAN IT!” She really sounded angry.

“Okay, okay, sorry, it was just a joke.”

“Not funny. It’s an established fact that 67.2% of the world’s troubles are caused by men trying to prove how big their dicks are. You could look it up.” She tried to keep the aggravated look on her face, but didn’t entirely succeed. “Noted,” I said, and tried to look contrite.

“Anyway,” she continued, “we had Eduardo worked up enough, and ourselves too, that it was time to fuck. It took us a minute to figure out how to go about it. We ended up with me on the bed on my knees and elbows, and Jody lying on my back facing up, with her feet resting on the bed.

“That let Eduardo fuck her missionary style and me doggy style, going back and forth between us as often as he wanted to. He was a little clumsy about it at first, but soon figured out how to position his body to make the transitions fast and smooth, so there was minimum time when his cock wasn’t in one cunt or the other.

“He played with her pointed-up tits with one hand and my dangling ones with the other. From the positions we were in, I couldn’t see him at all, and Jody could only see him by making the effort to lift her head, so mostly we didn’t know when his penis was about to enter our body or leave it.

“The uncertainty made it all the more exciting. I felt Jody start to squirm, and then bounce, and she yelled and came. In a few seconds Eduardo was back inside me, pumping away without mercy.

“Jody sort of rolled off my back, which gave me more freedom to move. I shifted my angle a little bit so that I could feel his prick sawing against my clit, and after a few more strokes I lit up too. Eduardo pulled out, still hard as a rock. I knew he hadn’t come yet, and I wasn’t sure what would happen next.

“Then Jody asked, kind of tentatively and almost in a little girl voice, if it would be all right with both of us if he fucked her in the ass. She said she really liked anal, and didn’t get it nearly often enough, because it was something she was shy to ask her dates to do, and they were shy to ask for it, but since we were so open sexually, she thought we might not mind.

“I said absolutely, we like anal sex too, and it was fine with me if Eduardo wanted to do it with her. Eduardo didn’t say anything, just got up and went to get the lube, but he had a big grin on his face.

“Jody obviously had some experience with butt-fucking, because she assumed the classic position, with her shoulders and head down on the bed, face turned to the side, and her butt sticking up in the air at a 45-degree angle, supported by her slightly spread thighs, and her back swayed to emphasize the presentation.

“If a male dog had come in the room at that point, he would have been on her in an instant. It didn’t take Eduardo much longer. He put a gob of lube on his finger and rubbed it through her ass crack, across her asshole. It made her shiver. He put his slick finger right on her rosebud and gently pushed it in to the second knuckle, then twisted it around, causing her to say, ‘Aaah, I like that.’

“He squeezed some more lube onto two fingers and pushed them both in her, even more carefully. He spread his fingers to make an opening, put the tube up against it, and squeezed a good amount inside. Then he smeared some more all over his prick.

“He put the tube on the end table, and got into position behind her, his feet on the floor. He centered the head of his prick on her little flower, took firm hold of her hips, and began to press forward. The only thing that happened at first was that Jody made some sounds. They started as happy hums, began to sound more strained, then genuinely alarmed, as the pressure of his cock trying to spread her sphincter grew.

“‘Oh, God, That’s big,’ she said, ‘I’ve never had anything that big in there before.’ Eduardo asked her if he should stop, and she said no, keep it up unless something tears, she wanted to see if she could take it.

“Eduardo knew enough about the anatomy and physiology of that part of the body that he wasn’t really worried about injuring her, as long as he penetrated her slowly enough that the sphincter had a chance to stretch. It was fascinating to watch, this slow-motion penetration.

“Eduardo’s muscles were all flexed from the effort of exerting the continuous pressure while holding back from overdoing it. Jody’s muscles were flexing from the pain, and then relaxing as she made a conscious effort to relax them, because she knew that would make it easier.

“Tears were flowing down her cheeks. It made her seem so sexy and vulnerable and appealing, I wanted to kiss her and tell her it would be all right. I remembered

the first time Eduardo did me anally. I certainly felt it, but it wasn't as hard as it seemed to be for her, I guess because I had already had it so many times before, from you and from guys in college.

"Finally, after what seemed like forever, the head of Eduardo's cock popped into Jody's rectum. She gave a little squeak when it happened, but then she seemed to relax and stay that way. I guess she knew that the worst was over, and the rest should be good.

"Eduardo held still for a while, then began to push forward. There was no more serious resistance; he was able to slide in easily, through all that lube. When his crotch hit her butt, he stopped and held still. She asked him if he was all the way in, and he said yes, and she smiled for the first time since the ordeal started. She wiggled her butt a little, testing out the feeling of being so completely plugged. Then she told him he could start fucking any time.

"Eduardo took it nice and slow at first, pulling about halfway out and then sliding back in at a leisurely pace. Jody made little "mmm" sounds for a while. When she stopped, Eduardo reached around in front of her and touched her pubic hair lightly with his fingers. She raised her butt a little higher in appreciation.

"He picked up the pace a little, and started going a little deeper with each stroke. His hands got busy around her crotch. She started moaning again, a little louder, and her pelvis began swiveling back and forth to meet his strokes.

"The action was getting more intense, and Jody moved her hands to her breasts and started playing with her nipples, resting all her front weight on her shoulders. I thought about putting my hands on her there and helping out, but I decided she knew her own body better than I did. Besides, my own pussy was asking to be attended to.

"When Eduardo started pounding her ass full length and full speed, and rubbing her clit and her slit fast and hard enough to start a fire, and they both were bellowing, I knew they wouldn't last much longer.

“I was wondering whether Eduardo would get her off before he came, but I shouldn’t have worried; he knew what he was doing, even with a woman he had never fucked before. Jody started screaming words that would have turned her WASP ancestors’ hair gray, reached behind herself wildly, grabbed Eduardo’s ass, and pulled him against her body as hard as she could, white-knuckle hard.

“I could see Eduardo stick two fingers up her cunt. Later he told me he was rubbing the bottom of his cock through the wall of her vagina. When she was just past her peak, he yelled ‘Mi regalo!’ and I could tell from the blood vessels standing out on his forehead and his neck that he was coming. I wasn’t sure if he meant she was his gift, or coming was his gift, or his coming was his gift to her. He said afterwards that it was sort of all of those.

“After a long moment she collapsed forward onto the bed, and Eduardo collapsed right on top of her, with his cock still firmly embedded in her ass. She grunted a little when his weight hit her, but didn’t look distressed. They were both panting like they’d just run a hundred meters.

“I finished off a nice little orgasm that I had been building towards while I was watching them, then stroked Eduardo on his back, which was covered with sweat. He reached his hand out and put it on my thigh. He was still too winded to talk, but I knew that was a gesture of gratitude, telling me how much he liked his birthday present.

“When his cock shrank and popped out of her ass, he rolled off her and onto his back, and she rolled onto her back next to him. She looked at me and said, ‘Deenie, can he do that to me for my birthday present too?’ I said, ‘Well, it’s fine with me, but It’s up to Eduardo. When’s your birthday, anyway?’

“She said, ‘Tomorrow.’ That was a surprise, but before I could say so, she said, ‘And the day after tomorrow, and the day after that. I think I have a whole string of birthdays coming up.’ I laughed and Eduardo roared, as much as he could in his depleted state, it turned him red. ‘Well, I guess we’ll have to work out a schedule,’ I said.

“We showered and dressed and went out for a great dinner. As we were saying our goodbyes, she said in all seriousness that she would be delighted to join us for another threesome any time we cared to invite her. And I’m sure we’ll be doing that again before long, because we both really enjoyed it, and the memory of it has improved our own lovemaking, which I didn’t think would be possible.

“Good Lord, you’re hard again. Next time I visit I’ll have to bring Jody with me and let you fuck her.”

I laughed. “Thanks, but no thanks. It’s tempting, but I’m afraid one tigress is all I can handle.”

“Rowrr.”

“Exactly. The story was certainly exciting, but what really has me turned on is having you here in bed with me again, when I thought those days were maybe over. And knowing that this isn’t the last time, either, that we can keep on being lovers.”

“Starting right now. This time I’ll let you drive.” She lay on her back, spread her legs, and raised her arms to me.

No foreplay was needed this time. I was hard and she was wet. I sank gratefully into her arms, fit my penis between her labia, and slid it smoothly into her welcoming vagina.

The urgency was over for both of us, and we made long, languid love. Our mouths were glued together most of the time, and our tongues were as active as our genitals. I held both her hands with mine, stretching her arms out behind her head. I pressed my chest against her breasts, luxuriating in the feel of her female body against mine.

My hips undulated gently as I caressed the inside of her vagina with my penis, trying to feel all of its texture and warmth and moisture. I don’t know whether she



came or not. Maybe she was sort of coming continuously. At some point I melted into an orgasm, like a slow flow of lava rather than an eruption.

Eduardo came home from golf a while later, after we had showered and dressed. We asked him politely about his golf game, which he described at more length than was absolutely necessary. He didn't ask us about what we'd been doing. He didn't need to.

Even if Adina hadn't told him beforehand, he could easily tell from the way we were acting around each other. If there had been a soundtrack, it would have been playing "The Way You Look Tonight" or something equally romantic. That evening I treated them both to a superb dinner at the same restaurant we went to at Thanksgiving.

They stayed with me for three more weeks. Eduardo went out to play golf almost every day that it wasn't raining, and every time he did, Adina and I jumped into bed together, except for four days when she was having her period. She told me Eduardo was loving it. When they went to bed, she would tell him about our activities of the day, and it would inflame his passions, and they would have wild sex.

I could often hear the results. She said that if he thought he could make any money at it, he would gladly take it up as a permanent lifestyle, golf every day and sex every night, with me to keep her company, and keep her turned on, while he was out on the links.

Finally it was time for them to go back to Boston, to get settled in their apartment and start their second year of B-school. I missed them, but Janet was happy to have more of my time and attention, and it was nice to get back fully into my relationship with her. I had included her in a lot of our activities, but we still had a lot less time together than we ordinarily did, and less sex too, although I did make sure to make love to her at least once or twice each week, partly to keep down suspicion.

Adina and Eduardo didn't come to visit me that Thanksgiving. They said they were buried in schoolwork, which I'm sure was true, but there was another reason which I only found out when they came for Christmas. Adina was pregnant. She had gone off the pill in October, and wanted to be sure Eduardo had knocked her up before she had sex with anybody else.

Her pregnancy had been confirmed right after Thanksgiving. They timed it so she would give birth after graduation, and before she would want to start a job in the fall. We were all excited and happy. For the first time in her life, Janet was sorry she had never had a baby, because she wanted to be able to tell Adina what to expect and how to deal with it.

It was a new situation for me, too. As far as I knew, none of my sex partners had ever been pregnant. I didn't know what to expect from Adina in the sex department. Maybe she wouldn't want any sex at all. I certainly wasn't going to press the issue. As it turned out, she was hornier than ever, if that was possible. I found that out on their second day there.

It was a rainy December day, no day for golf. We all slept late, then had a good brunch. As soon as we finished cleaning up, Adina told Eduardo to stay downstairs until further notice. He grinned and nodded. She grabbed my hand and pulled me upstairs to my bedroom.

She closed the door behind her and attacked me, belt first. She yanked my pants and underpants down to my knees, sucked me to an erection, then started tearing off her clothes. She saw me watching her and said, "Don't just stand there, get naked." So I did, although she got there before me and sat impatiently on the bed.

I sat beside her. She pushed me onto my back, straddled my hips with her knees, used her hand to seat the head of my cock in the entrance to her vagina, and slid down onto it all the way, giving a huge sigh of pleasure. She always got on top when she wanted to control the action, so I let her set the pace. And a blistering pace it was.

She leaned forward and put her hands on my shoulders for balance, and then tried to set the world speed record for fucking. I couldn't believe how fast her hips moved up and down. Her pubic bone banged against mine repeatedly, almost painfully. I had barely begun to feel a response in my own body when she grabbed my hands, pushed them hard against her breasts, and gave a strangled cry signaling her orgasm.

Still breathing hard, she said, "God, I needed that. That's the first non-Eduardo dick I've had in me since I got pregnant. I can't believe how horny I am all the time. I have an urge to jump on every man I see. It's a good thing my gynecologist is a woman. If it had been a man messing around with my pussy like she did, I'm sure I would have raped him, like I just did you. Sorry about that."

"No problem," I said. "It was kind of exciting."

"Not enough to get you off. You're still hard as a rock."

"Well, officer, it all happened so quickly."

"Right. That leaves us time for some more."

"Can you handle more?"

"The way I'm feeling, I could fuck all day and half the night. But I do have to save some wear and tear on my pussy. I know Eduardo is going to be a sex maniac later, after sitting in the house while we're doing this, and I have to have enough skin left on my labia that I can take him. So let's have you use the back entrance."

"Fine with me. I'll get the lube." It was in the bathroom. When I came back into the bedroom she was lying on her stomach, looking at me dreamily.

"Charles, I love you. And that won't change just because you're about to become a grandfather."

"Glad to hear it. I love you too, and that won't change just because you're about to

get all bloated.”

“Hey, there’ll just be more of me to love.”

“If Grandpa can get it up.”

“The day you can’t get it up....” She paused, unsure how to complete this awful thought.

I completed it for her. “...is the day I get a prescription for Viagra.”

“Well, it’s up now, so let’s put it to use.”

“Gladly. Assume the position.”

She tucked her knees under her torso, and stuck her butt up in the air. I smeared a glob of lube on my stiff dick, and then with the same two fingers pushed some more up her bunghole. She wiggled her ass in appreciation and said “Mmmm.”

With my feet planted firmly on the floor, I steadied my knees against the bed behind her between her feet, elevated her butt an inch or two to the right level, and touched the head of my cock to her little brown hole. It was such a sweet feeling that I held it there for a bit before starting to press gently ahead.

I guess it had been a while since she was last anally penetrated, because she was tighter than I remembered her being the last time we did this. I knew I didn’t have to tell her to relax; she was already an expert at being sodomized.

I gradually increased the pressure, and felt her sphincter start to spread. She grunted softly from the pain. The initial entry was always a little painful for the recipient. I took it slow, letting the muscle stretch to accept the intruder. The tight ring around my cock head felt exquisite as it slid ever so slowly down to my shaft.

There was a little pop, felt rather than heard, as the head of my cock finally slipped past the guardian muscle and into the warm confines of her rectum. I paused to let

her adjust to the feeling. When she said, “That feels wonderful, Charles,” I slid in the rest of the way, until my balls were resting against the bottom of her vulva and the head of my cock was somewhere up in her colon.

I put my left hand (which had not just been in her asshole) against her lower belly, to see if I could feel anything happening in there. That was foolish, it was way too soon, but the whole pregnancy thing was a fascinating mystery to me, something I had never been close to before, and I wanted to experience and understand every bit of it that I could. I held my hand there as I started slowly fucking in and out of her ass, savoring the heat and the tight slick grip on my prick.

When her hips started to twitch in response to my strokes, and she started to make happy little sounds, I moved my hand down into her pubic hair and pressed my fingertips against the top of her clit. That turned up the volume on her sounds and the movement of her hips.

I increased my tempo, and began wiggling my fingers against her clit, and soon her moans were so loud that I knew Eduardo had to be hearing them. Oh well, if she didn’t care, I didn’t.

Her orgasm hit suddenly. She let out a yell, and her ass clamped down on my cock and squeezed it hard. That was enough to trigger my own explosion. I shot several hard spurts of cum deep into her bowels, with my own vocalizations joining hers in an exuberant duet. She pressed her hand against mine on her pubis, and I felt her whole body quiver.

We stayed frozen in that final posture for I don’t know how long. Finally tensed muscles demanded to relax. She straightened out her legs so they dangled off the end of the bed and lay flat from the waist up. I lay my torso on her back, with my cock still embedded in her ass.

“God, Charles, that was fantastic. I’ve missed you so much.”

“Me too, on both counts. I just hope poor Eduardo isn’t feeling too left out.”

“Oh, he’ll get his turn, very soon. He’ll want to know every detail, and I’ll tell him, and he’ll go wild and fuck my teeth loose. I’m sure he’ll want to come in both my pussy and my ass tonight.”

“And you’ll be able to take that?”

“I can’t wait. I told you, this pregnancy has my hormones in an uproar. If Eduardo wasn’t here to take care of me, I’d probably start calling my old boyfriends until I found one who was willing to come over and give me another good fuck.”

“Pity for them that he’s here.”

“It’s probably just as well. I don’t want to get a reputation for being easy.” When she saw my face, she said in unison with me, “Too late for that!” and we both laughed.

When my cock shrank out of her ass, she turned over on her back and I lay on her and we kissed long, hard, and deep. Then we went in and showered together, as we had often done in the past, each of us lovingly washing the other’s body.

We dressed and went back downstairs. Eduardo was reading a magazine, and just as though there had been no long interruption while I was fucking his wife, he started talking about the article he was reading. It was actually quite interesting, and we had a good conversation about it.

Janet joined us for dinner, which we all helped make, and we had a wonderful time. And that day pretty much set the pattern for the rest of the days of their visit. We celebrated Christmas Eve and Christmas Day and New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day in traditional fashion, with food and music and silly gifts and booze and football (which Eduardo insisted on calling “American football”).

Adina’s pregnancy and their plans for after graduation and the baby’s arrival were the constant main topics of conversation. I was concerned that Adina might get tired of that after a while, but she reveled in it.

All too soon the day came when they had to get back to Boston and to school. Janet and I both extracted solemn promises from both Adina and Eduardo to keep us informed of every detail about the baby's development.

That evening, after they left, I took Janet out for a very good seafood dinner. We came back to my house, planning for her to spend the night with me. We sat companionably and drank dessert wine and chatted. Then Janet said, "You and Deenie are lovers, aren't you?"

I tried to keep my voice level and calm. "Why would you think that?"

"Oh, several reasons. The way you act around each other. The way your sexual availability to me suddenly drops drastically when she visits. Your non-answer to my question just now."

"Suppose for the sake of the discussion I were to say yes. Would that upset you?"

"Upset me? Would that matter to you?"

"Yes."

She thought for a moment. "No, I can't say I would have any reason to be upset. You're both adults, you're not related, you and I don't have an exclusive relationship. It just seems a little weird, like Woody Allen marrying Soon-Yi after he raised her as a daughter from infancy. But I take it that means your answer is yes. What does Eduardo think about this arrangement? Or have you tried to keep it a secret from him too?"

I took a deep breath. "All right. The answer to the first question is yes, Adina and I are lovers. I'm sorry to have kept it from you. I guess I didn't want to face your disapproval, or the possibility of having to give up either Adina or you. I should have known that you were smart enough to figure it out on your own. As for Eduardo, yes he knows, he and Adina have no secrets from each other, and he thoroughly approves, it even excites him. She wouldn't do it otherwise."

“How long has this been going on?”

“Quite a while.”

“How long a while? Since before she and Eduardo were married?”

“Yes.”

“How long before? Since she was in college?”

“Yes.”

“God, do I have to drag this out of you bit by bit? When did it start?”

“When she was fifteen. Now are you upset?”

“Good Lord. You think you know somebody.... She thought for a while. “No, I guess I’m not upset, now that I see that it all came out all right. But I would have been very upset at the time, because I would have thought that it would damage her emotionally, and I loved her too much to see that happen.” Another thought struck her. “Does that mean that you were her mysterious first lover?”

“Yes, at her insistence, not that that makes any difference.”

“It may not make any difference to the law, but it does to me. It’s important to me to know that you didn’t force her or dupe her.”

“Not at all, in fact I tried hard to talk her out of it, but she was quite persuasive.”

“I can imagine. I guess what I am upset about, now that I think about it, is that you never told me.”

“Janet, we never told anybody, for obvious reasons. Until a minute ago, Adina and I and Eduardo were the only people in the world who knew. Now you know, and I very much hope the circle of knowledge stops there.”



“It does as far as I’m concerned.” She paused in thought for a moment. “You know what’s so strange to me about this whole business. You are the straightest person I know. I don’t mean sexually, I mean in terms of abiding by the laws and norms of social behavior.

“You never drive more than five miles an hour over the speed limit. When a restaurant or a shop undercharges you, you always tell them about it. I’ve never known you to tell a lie. Yet here you were committing felonies on a regular basis.”

“Five times a week, for nearly three years.”

“Then what happened?”

“She turned eighteen, and it was no longer illegal.”

“Oh.” Pause. “So didn’t that bother you, as a law-abiding citizen?”

“I thought about it a great deal at first, yes.”

“But you kept on doing it.”

“Yes, because I decided the laws forbidding it were based in folklore and mythology, rather than on any rational, principled basis of justice or ethics or scientific reality.”

“Go on.”

“The law is based on the belief that humans under the age of eighteen are innocent, asexual creatures, who suddenly become sexually adult on their eighteenth birthday. It doesn’t take a medical degree to know that that belief is utterly ridiculous.

“Anybody who knows anything about children knows better. Very young children are sexually curious, almost as soon as they can talk, but they don’t really have any sexual urges or desires until puberty. When they hit puberty, though, it’s a

different story.

“Not only are their bodies ready for sex, their minds and emotions are too. All you have to do is walk through any junior high school to see the truth of that, or look at the media that are directed at them. Advertisers certainly know that, even if the law denies it.

“At that point, when their sex drives become too insistent to ignore, trying to repress them as the law and conventional morality do is worse than futile. It’s actively harmful, psychologically and in many cases physically, as the young people begin sexual activity without knowing how to protect themselves from diseases and pregnancy, or else try to suppress these overwhelmingly powerful urges, which warps their emotional development. That’s why abstinence education is such a dismal, abject failure.

“So when Adina came to me and said she was ready to have sex, I questioned her to make sure this was her desire and not something she was feeling pressured to do by the other kids. When I was satisfied that she was indeed ready and eager, I told her I would get her an appointment right away to start birth control, and the doctor would give her advice about avoiding diseases.

“It was only then that she told me she wanted me to be her first lover. I was totally surprised, even shocked, and refused at first. If you ask her, and I hope you will, she’ll tell you the same. But she came up with arguments that I couldn’t answer, like pointing out that I was the safest possible choice for the job.

“Since I had always taught her that we should make decisions on a rational basis, I finally had to agree to it. I went about it the best way I knew how, introducing her gradually to the techniques of good sex.

“It was about two weeks before we had intercourse for the first time. By the time we did she was more than ready, she was practically panting for it. And after that first weekend, it was her favorite thing in the world, and still is.

“We’ve been lovers ever since, whenever we were together for long enough. I thought that might change when she got married, but she made it clear that it would not, and that Eduardo was happy with the arrangement. So my relationship with Adina, including our sexual relationship, has been, is, and will continue to be a key part of my life. I hope you can accept that.”

Janet was silent for quite a while. I was very worried that she would decide to terminate her relationship with me, which I really didn’t want to happen, but I knew at that point I had to tell her the whole truth if the relationship was to have any future anyway.

Finally she spoke. “Chuck, this has been a lot for me to take in. First, learning that there is this whole other side to you, when I thought I knew you so well. Second, having to rethink a whole set of ethical beliefs that I’ve taken for granted for a long time. As usual, what you say sounds eminently logical and rational. But when it’s so contrary to what I’ve always thought, and what I know the vast majority of our society thinks, I thought there had to be a flaw in your reasoning. So I’ve been sitting here trying to find the flaw.”

“And?”

“And I can’t find it. Maybe it will come to me later.”

“If it does, please tell me. I would genuinely like to know.”

“Oh, I will. But that leaves the question of what we do right now. As I see it, we’re at a decision point, or rather I am, since you’ve already decided. I have two clear choices, either to accept your sexual relationship with Deenie, which you intend to continue, or to leave now and not see you again.”

I didn’t say anything, just looked at her expectantly.

“As usual, when I have a major decision to make, I pretend in my mind to make it first one way, then the other, and think about how each choice makes me feel. That

usually makes the choice clear for me, and it did this time, too.

“I can’t pretend to be enthusiastically positive about your sexual relationship with Deenie, but I believe the fact that you’ve been honest with me about it means that you’ll be honest with me about everything else, and that’s very important to me. On the other hand, the thought of leaving you and putting you out of my life depresses me enough to make me want to cry. I’m never happier than when I’m around you, and I can’t let go of that.

“So my emotional mind has made itself up, irrespective of what my rational mind may decide later about your legal arguments. If accepting the fact that you and Deenie are lovers, and will continue to be, is the price of my continuing my, uh, friendship with you, then I accept it.

“And when I say I accept it, I mean that totally. I won’t pressure you to end it, or even speak disparagingly of it, ever again. Maybe someday I’ll come to see it as a good thing, I don’t know, but even if I don’t, it will never come between you and me.”

“In that case, I have something else to ask you.” I got down on the floor on both knees in front of her, took her hands in mine, and looked into her eyes, which were looking puzzled. “Will you marry me?”

Her mouth actually dropped open. She said nothing, just stared at me, so I continued. “Other than my relationship with Adina, which you’ve said you can accept, I would be happy, even eager, to terminate my sexual relationships with all of the other women I’ve dated, and devote myself exclusively to you.

“While I like all of them, I truly love you. Like you said, I’m always happier when you’re around than when you aren’t, and I’d rather have you around all the time instead of just some of the time. I’ve known that for a long time, but didn’t feel like I could act on it because of Adina.

“Now that that’s been cleared up, I would love it if you would be my wife. I was

married once, and it was such a bad experience that I swore I would never do it again, but with you I've come to understand what marriage can be between two people who are right for each other. So, Dr. Janet Dunlap, will you marry me?"

She finally found her voice. "Chuck, I hope you know I wasn't angling for a proposal when I made my speech about choices."

"I know that."

"I'll have to think about this."

"Of course."

"Okay, I've thought about it. Yes."

"Jeez, I'm not sure I want to marry a woman who's so indecisive."

She laughed, for the first time since we began this conversation. "I figure the sooner I say yes, the sooner we can get started on celebratory sex, which I'm more than ready for."

And so we did. As usual, she floated off into blissful oblivion while she fucked herself on my prick. When she came, though, her orgasmic smile turned into a torrent of laughter, so vigorous it shook the bed, and I joined in. Then it was my turn.

In honor of the occasion, I had her lie on her back and I adopted the matrimonial position, more commonly (and derisively) known as the missionary position. As I plunged my penis repeatedly into her body, I stared directly into her eyes, and she returned my gaze.

I usually didn't talk during sex, but this time I kept telling her softly how much I loved her, how I wanted to spend the rest of our lives together with her, making love with her. She didn't say anything, but I could tell from her expression that she was luxuriating in my verbal affections as well as my physical ones.

When I felt myself starting to come, I said much more loudly, "I love you," and pressed my mouth against hers as I shot my essence into her body. When I broke the kiss, she said, "And I love you, Chuck, madly." Which was the first time she had ever said that to me.

The kids (as I inaccurately called them) were thrilled when they heard that we were getting married. After some discussion, we decided to have the wedding in Boston in late May when we came for their graduation, so they could take part. Janet of course would be moving in with me much sooner than that, as soon as we could make the necessary arrangements.

I also talked privately with Adina, telling her that I had told Janet all about our relationship, from the beginning. I wasn't sure how she would react, but it turned out she was very happy to hear it, and relieved. She felt almost as close to Janet as if she were her mother, and it bothered her to have to keep such a big secret from her. We agreed that the next time she had some time with Janet, she would tell her our story from her perspective.

Janet decided to keep her house. The mortgage and upkeep were manageable financially, and it saved her from having to spend a lot of time disposing of all her stuff. She figured that in the fall she could rent it to some new or visiting Rice faculty members, which in fact happened.

So it was only a couple of weeks before she moved into my house with her clothes and toiletries and books and computer. It took just a couple of car runs from her house to mine to move it all. My house felt a lot less big and empty and lonely with her in it. I realized that I had gotten very tired of the bachelor life.

In April Adina called to tell us she had just had an ultrasound, and her baby was a girl. Great excitement all around. I told Eduardo he owed me a cigar. He reminded me that I don't smoke. I said I would accept something of similar shape, like a cannoli or an eggroll, to honor his masculine prowess in fathering a child. He promised to provide it. When we did visit them, he gave me a large pickle.

May came in short order. Fortunately Rice's academic calendar ran a couple of weeks earlier than Harvard's, so Janet was all done with the spring semester when it was time for us to head to Boston. Adina and Eduardo's apartment didn't have enough space for us to stay there comfortably, so we got a nice hotel room near Harvard Square.

First thing in the morning after our arrival, we went together to the City Clerk's office to apply for our marriage license, and start our 3-day waiting period. Janet had not been to Boston and Cambridge for quite a while, and that afternoon Eduardo offered to take her out and show her around, which she happily agreed to. The unspoken understanding all around was that Adina and I wanted some time alone together.

We met up in our hotel room. After we chatted for a bit, Janet left with Eduardo, and Adina and I sat and just looked at each other. She was seven months pregnant, and enormous. She looked like she was about to have triplets, no matter what the ultrasound showed. She gave me her special devilish grin and said, "Fat ladies need love too."

"I'm sure," I said. "But is it medically advisable?" I really was clueless about pregnancy.

"Oh, yeah. The doctor said I can fuck all I want."

"In those words?"

"No, she said I could continue to be sexually active as long as it didn't make me uncomfortable. And it didn't, and I have been. And still want to be, if you're willing."

"Absolutely. It'll be a new experience for me."

We stripped off our clothes and got into bed together. She lay on her back and told me to explore her expanded body as much as I wanted to. I put my hands on her

belly first and felt the taut skin. Then I felt something bump against my hand.

“The baby moved!” I exclaimed.

“Yep, she started soccer training several weeks ago. I’ve gotten used to it now, but it was quite a shock when it first started. Made me think of that scene in Alien where the monster rips its way out of the guy’s stomach. Fortunately she seems to be content to wait and come out the regular way.”

Her breasts were a full cup size larger. I played with them, and squeezed them a little to see what would happen. Nothing did. She read my thoughts and said, “The milk comes in after the baby arrives. I’ll let you have some if you want.” The thought was strangely appealing to me, for some reason.

I felt my passion start to rise, and to overcome my curiosity. I kissed Adina, who threw her arms around my neck and pressed me face to hers, fervently returning my kiss. As our lips and tongues locked, my hands went to her breasts, this time as a lover, not an explorer.

I moved my mouth down to her nipples, and one hand down to her crotch, stroking her labia in the way I knew she loved. In no time I felt her get wet. I slid my middle finger into her vagina and fucked it in and out, while still stroking her labia and tonguing her nipples. She started to moan and reached for my cock. It was out of her reach in the position I was in, so I shifted up some so she could get her hand on it. It was already semi-erect, and her touch quickly brought it to full hardness.

We had been apart for so long that I felt a great urgency to get my cock inside her body, but the shape her body was in presented serious mechanical difficulties.

“How do we do this?” I asked.

“Spoon works best,” she said. “Eduardo and I have tried a bunch of different positions, and that was what we decided. I’ll lie on my side, and you lie on your side behind me, and slip it in from the rear.”

She turned onto her side facing away from me with more ease than I expected, I



guess as a result of plenty of practice. I molded my body to hers, my front to her back, my crotch against hers, my hard prick poking her in the wrong place.

She lifted her leg slightly to open the path, reached down and guided me to the right place, and I gratefully slid into that warm, wet burrow that I knew so well. We simultaneously emitted sighs of pleasure, then laughed at ourselves.

After savoring the feeling of the first penetration for a bit, I started fucking in and out at a relaxed pace. It was a little more effort than doing the same thing on top or bottom, but I didn't mind. I reached over her body with my top arm and put my hand on her breast, but then felt an urge to move it to her belly. I stroked and caressed her pregnant belly as I fucked her. "This is the first time I've ever had sex with a visibly pregnant lady," I said.

"Is it gross?"

"No, actually it's exciting. It's like a strange kind of threesome, where one of the participants is inside another one. I like to think that the baby is getting little jolts of pleasure through your body."

"That's a fun way to think of it. I'll have to tell that to Eduardo. It'll turn him on."

Too soon I felt my body start to show signs of an impending orgasm. "Adina, I'm afraid I'm going to come soon. What can I do to get you off?"

"Can you reach my pussy?"

With a little groping, I found that I could if I came at it from underneath. I stopped my fuckstrokes while I diddled her labia until she was panting, then moved to her clit and flicked it gently with my fingertip until her whole body shuddered with her orgasm.

While she was still vibrating I pistoned my cock rapidly in and out of her cunt for a few seconds, and felt my cum jetting out of my body into hers. I imagined it seeping into her womb and the baby smacking her lips with the new taste.

We were both so drunk with the joy of mating, and the satisfaction of our orgasms, that we fell asleep, still spooned together with my cock in her pussy. The phone woke us up. It was Eduardo, telling us that they would be coming back to the room in a half hour or so.

I thanked him for letting us know. We took quick showers, separately this time because we couldn't really fit in the shower together with her oversized stomach, and got dressed and the bed smoothed out by the time Eduardo and Janet got back.

Cambridge is full of great restaurants, and Eduardo and Adina led us to one of their favorites, where we had a memorable dinner. After dinner they went back to their apartment, and Janet and I to our hotel room. We sat beside each other on the sofa and chatted for a while about the day, and plans for the days ahead. Then Janet said, "So did you and Deenie, uh ...?"

"Yes, we made love, had sex, fucked."

She grimaced. "You'd think a biologist wouldn't have such trouble saying such things."

"I don't think it has anything to do with your profession, just your sense of social propriety, which is admirable. But what you haven't figured out yet is that the rules are different for married couples. My marriage wasn't worth much, but it taught me that. Paula and I could and did talk about anything and everything, at least until we stopped talking altogether. And so will you and I."

"I'm sure you're right. It will just take me a little while to get used to. Anyway, I hope it was good for both of you."

"It was. Very good. And if you'd like to hear the details, I'll tell you."

"Thank you, I appreciate that, but I don't think so. It would make me feel like a voyeur."

"Well, as a voyeur myself, I would find that appealing, but what matters is how you

feel, not how I feel. Anyway, did you and Eduardo have a good time?"

"Super. He is such a charmer."

"Adina told me that every woman wants to fuck him."

"I can see why."

"How about you? I'm sure Eduardo would be willing."

She was visibly startled. "Oh, God, no, that would be waaay too weird."

"No weirder than me fucking Adina." I was deliberately trying to move her into a new position of openness between us.

"Well, that's plenty weird enough for both of us. Anyway, you're all the man I want or need."

"I appreciate that. But if you ever come to feel differently, about Eduardo or anybody else, don't hesitate for even a moment to mention it. I'll be glad to help in any way I can, and it won't have any effect on our relationship, except maybe to strengthen it."

"I'll keep that in mind, but I don't think it'll happen."

We sat for a while in companionable silence. Then she said, "Did Deenie leave any of you for me?"

"I don't know," I answered truthfully, "but I'm happy to try."

"No," she said, "if you tried and couldn't, it would just make us both feel bad. Just hold me." She snuggled up against me and I put both arms around her. "Forever," I said.

A little while later she said, "Promise me one thing."

“Sure. What is it?”

“Promise me that on our wedding night, you’ll be all mine.”

I almost laughed, but stopped myself, because I sensed that she was quite serious.

“I promise.”

The next few days were a whirlwind. It seemed like all of Adina’s and Eduardo’s friends were giving graduation parties, and we went to all of them. And A & E gave a party of their own, which we helped to set up and host. Adina introduced me as her guardian, which was an alien concept to most. Some would ask, “As in angel? Or bodyguard?” and she would say, “As in foster father,” which seemed to satisfy them.

On the fourth day, our waiting period being up, Janet and I got married. It was a very simple, private affair. One of Adina’s classmate friends was active in a suburban Unitarian church, and arranged for the minister to perform the ceremony. The minister was a warm, intelligent woman whom Janet and I liked.

We had a good conversation with her first, so she could get a sense of who we were and tailor the ceremony appropriately. The only people present besides us were Adina and Eduardo, and Janet’s sister Judy, who flew out to Boston for the occasion from St. Louis, where she was an Assistant Editor for the Post-Dispatch.

I hadn’t met Judy before, and was glad to get to know her. The ceremony was dignified, leavened with just the right touch of humor, and quite moving. It was over just about at noon, and we all, including the minister, went for an elegant brunch, with plenty of champagne, at a local restaurant.

Over my protest, Judy insisted on picking up the bill as her wedding gift to us. We had already agreed with Adina and Eduardo that they would give us no wedding gift, and we would give them no graduation gift. We didn’t need anything, and they weren’t ready for anything, since they still had to decide where they were going to work and live. We knew that when the baby came, and then when they moved into

a new home, there would be plenty of opportunity for us to spend money on them.

After brunch, Adina and Eduardo went to the B-School for their “Class Day” exercises, held the day before graduation. Judy came with Janet and me to our hotel, and we visited until she had to leave to catch her plane back to St. Louis, leaving Janet and me alone as newlyweds.

We joked about being nervous, and then both owned up that it wasn't entirely a joke. It was strange, considering all we had both been through, but it was a new and different situation for both of us, and we had just promised to make it a permanent one, and we were old enough to understand the gravity of that promise, which I certainly was not the first time I got married. So I guess it was natural for us to feel a little apprehensive. We agreed that the best solution was to consummate our marriage.

We were dressed up more than usual for our wedding, me in a three-piece suit and tie and Janet in a lovely soft gray wool tailored suit that matched her eyes, with a ruffled white silk blouse. We made an elaborate production out of undressing each other, very slowly, a piece at a time, taking turns.

Each piece of clothing got folded or hung on a hanger and put away carefully. Janet had bought new underwear, a lacy white bra and matching panties, which looked like they came from Victoria's Secret.

As I unhooked her bra, I looked straight into her eyes, and when I pulled it off her, I lowered my eyes to her breasts and drank in the beautiful sight, but didn't touch them yet. She returned the compliment when she pulled down my boxers and fixed her eyes on my tumescent penis, which began to grow under her gaze.

When we finally stood completely nude facing each other, I reached out my hand and touched her cheek. She followed suit. We stroked and caressed each other's bodies, still at arm's length. Finally I pulled her gently to me, pressing her body against mine and my lips against hers. We stood there like that for I don't know how long, making minute movements with our bodies to feel our contact in every

part from our shoulders to our toes, while our tongues danced together.

I felt her press more firmly against me in the direction of the bed. I backed up and felt the bed behind my legs, and lay down on it on my back, swinging my legs around so that I was stretched out full length on the bed. I expected her to follow me down and lie on top of me, but she didn't.

Instead she did something completely surprising. She bent over and kissed the underside of my cock. The first kiss landed on the center. Then she took my scrotum gently in her fingers and kissed the cock right at the root, right where it merges into the scrotum.

She moved up the shaft, planting a kiss about every half inch along the bulge of the urethra. Her manner in doing this could only be called reverent. This wasn't oral sex, this was something a lot like worship. I couldn't believe the power of the sensations it gave me.

When she reached the frenulum, her tongue emerged between her lips and flicked against it several times. Naturally my cock was rampant at this point. I thought she might overcome her distaste and take it in her mouth, but she had a different idea.

She got up on the bed straddling me and rubbed the furrow of her vulva back and forth on my throbbing member. She was dry at first, but soon I felt her start to get moist, then wet. When she was fully wet, she raised my erection slightly with her fingers and seated the head at the entrance to her vagina, then slid smoothly down onto it until I was completely buried in her.

She went into her usual trance, with her eyes closed and her hips undulating in a steady rhythm as she slid her body on and off my penis repeatedly. It was a treat to watch the expressions of lust, pleasure, and passion flitting across her face.

Her breathing became gradually deeper and more ragged, and her facial expressions more pronounced, and I knew she was reaching her peak. Then it

came, and the big smile broke out on her face. She rose up and down for a few more strokes, then settled her crotch down on mine, lay forward onto my chest, and kissed me.

Only then did she open her eyes and look at me. She said, "Mr. Butterfield, I presume?"

"In person, Mrs. Butterfield," I replied. She liked that.

She said, "Mrs. Butterfield," kind of dreamily. We both knew that she wasn't actually going to change her name, but she told me that it gave her a warm thrill to think of herself privately as Mrs. Butterfield. From that time on, in private moments of affection, especially while or after making love, we would call each other Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield.

Then it was my turn. She said, "For this special occasion, let's do something special, something you'd like to do with me but haven't yet." Pause. "Would you like me to suck you off? I'll even let you come in my mouth, and swallow it."

I felt my prick twitch at the thought, but I said, "That's an incredibly generous and tempting offer, but one I can't accept."

I thought she would be relieved, but to my surprise she looked disappointed. "I know I probably wouldn't be very good at it, but I thought I could make you like it."

I put my hands on the sides of her face and looked her in the eyes. "Darling, I'm sure you'd be fine at it. It's not that difficult; most high school girls have mastered it. The reason I don't want you to do it is because you won't enjoy it, you'll just be doing it to please me, but I won't get pleasure from it because I'll be constantly aware that you don't, and that's a big turnoff.

"Sex for me has to be a shared joy, not a one-way street. Now if in the future you want to undertake Project Fellatio, and try to learn to actually like giving a blowjob, I'll be happy to cooperate, but not on our wedding night. This is a time for

both of us to love and be loved, to the fullest extent our bodies and souls allow.”

“All right, then what would you like to do?”

“Well, there is one thing we haven’t done that I really like, but it requires active participation on your part, and it’s really intimate.”

“More intimate than we’ve already been?”

“In a way, yes.”

“Then I want to do it even more. What is it?”

“While I’m fucking you, stick your finger in my ass and massage my prostate.”

Her face lit up. “Sure, I can do that! It’ll be fun. I’d’ve done it already on my own, if I knew you liked it. I thought men hated that. I’ve read that a lot of men put off going for regular checkups just because they don’t want the dreaded digital rectal exam.”

“If they had women doctors doing it, I suspect it would be a lot more popular.”

“Ha. Okay, I don’t suppose you brought any lube with you?” I shook my head. “All right, I’ll get some of the Vitamin E oil I use on my skin. It’s supposed to be good for your prostate anyway, although I’m not sure this is the recommended way of applying it. At least it should smooth out the wrinkles in your rectum.” She went in the bathroom and dug it out of her toiletries kit.

My penis was at half-staff when she came back in. She said, “Let’s try oiling him up too. I’m curious how that will feel.” She poured a little puddle of oil into her palm, and rubbed it onto my member, which quickly regained full erection. Her hand was warm and slippery. It felt great.

“Looks like you’re ready. Let’s do this.” She put some more oil on her fingers, then lay on the bed on her back, with her knees raised and spread wide.



I climbed aboard. With my hard prick all oily, I didn't need to wait to make sure she was wet before sinking into her, and I didn't. It was just as exciting as ever to feel her cunt embrace my cock, but there was an extra dimension this time, stemming from the fact that today we had pledged our love and loyalty to each other for the rest of our lives. I truly felt bonded to her emotionally as well as physically.

I started fucking into her in a steady rhythm, and right away I felt her hand on my backside. Her fingers explored up and down the crack of my ass, and then one fingertip settled on my asshole, tickling it, penetrating it slightly and then withdrawing, several times. That was already very stimulating, but I knew that the best was yet to come.

Finally a finger penetrated and didn't withdraw, but pressed slowly forward into my bowel. I wondered briefly if she knew where the prostate was, but I shouldn't have. She obviously remembered her human anatomy classes. Her finger went unerringly to the little bump on my rectal wall.

When she pressed on it, the sensation was so strong that I jumped high enough to dislodge my prick completely from her pussy. "You okay?" she asked.

"Oh yeah, and then some. That's fantastic." I plunged my cock back into her waiting hole and resumed fucking, but more vigorously. She started massaging my prostate, sending Taser shocks repeatedly through my body.

Men, if you've never had a woman you're fucking rub your prostate, it's an experience you've got to try. The sensations are indescribably intense. The only thing is, you'd better make sure your partner has been well satisfied before you begin, because trust me, you are not going to last long, no matter how much of an endurance stud you are.

I don't think I made it to two full minutes, although I wasn't looking at a clock. I was yelling so loud I'm surprised security didn't come knocking on the door. If it had been evening instead of afternoon they probably would have. My highly

gratified prostate went into overdrive and started pumping out semen like it was trying to put out a fire.

When I caught my breath and relaxed my straining muscles, Janet said, “Wow, that was dramatic.”

“You have no idea. Thank you, sweetheart.”

“You’re more than welcome. We can do that again any time you want. Feel free to ask. You might want to have your heart checked first, though.”

We showered and got in our pajamas, and played cribbage. When we got hungry, we ordered up room service. Then we watched a pay-per-view movie on the room TV, cuddled up next to each other on the bed. I decided I really, really liked being married.

Graduation started early the next morning. It was a grand spectacle, like all graduations. This one maybe a little grander than most, it being Harvard after all. The Yard and the Square were teeming with people in academic regalia, and brightly colored banners were flying everywhere. Eduardo’s family had decided not to come up for the event; they were saving their next trip for after the baby was born, so Janet and I were the cheering section for our graduates.

We didn’t see them until the academic procession, when they marched in with their class, led by their own banner. Even then it was hard to spot them in the crowd of people all dressed alike, but Janet managed it. They were decorous as befitted the occasion, but wore big smiles and managed small discreet waves to us.

The music played, the speakers spoke, the honorary degrees were awarded, the music played again. Then it was time to hustle over to the B-School for lunch and the awarding of diplomas. That was much less crowded, of course, and very elegant. Adina and Eduardo each got their moment alone on the stage, shaking hands with the Dean.

I was glad to see that Adina wasn't the only woman graduating with her gown bulging out in front. After the ceremonies we all milled around and socialized. The kids introduced us to some of their professors, who to a person told us what excellent students and all-around fine people Adina and Eduardo were. It made us just as proud as if we had had something to do with it.

They also introduced us to some of their friends, including Jody, their threesomes partner. She was truly a knockout, movie star quality. She had graduated as a Baker Scholar, in the elite top five percent of the B-School grads. It was hard to talk to her, because I kept envisioning her in vigorous sexual congress with Eduardo and Adina.

I asked Janet afterwards if I had managed to act reasonably cool around Jody, and she said no, but it was no problem because she was sure that Jody was used to that kind of reaction from men she talked to.

Adina and Eduardo both graduated "with Distinction," as the Business School termed it, meaning they graduated in the top twenty percent of their class. They never would tell me which one actually finished higher in the class. They were heavily recruited by a number of big international consulting firms.

They spent the first few weeks after graduation visiting the ones they found most attractive. We talked regularly on the phone during that period, because they wanted my advice about the pros and cons of each individual situation they considered. One big question was whether they should join the same firm or different ones.

I pointed out some serious potential problems in their working for the same company, including their voices not being considered independent in strategic discussions, and hitching their economic wagons to the same star. They thought carefully about what I said, but finally decided that in their case the advantages of being in the same company outweighed the disadvantages.

The crucial issue was their desire not to be kept apart by their demanding jobs. As

part of their negotiations with potential employers, they imposed a condition that they would be assigned to the same projects. That ruled out a number of the suitors right away, companies that as a matter of policy or preference would not offer that assurance. Some firms, however, were happy to.

They finally settled on a company based in New York. It was younger and less well known than some of the other big firms, but had been very aggressive in seeking new clients in the developing world, and already had a large and lucrative portfolio of business around the globe. Their starting salaries, identical at their insistence, amazed me. They weren't that much less than I was making after over fifteen years of successful work at my company.

Part of their deal was that they would start to work in mid-September. The baby was due in early August, and they wanted to devote all their time and attention to her during her first month or so. They asked me for a loan to tide them over until their paychecks started. I offered to make it a gift, but they didn't want that, they said they would be earning more than enough to repay me, which was true. Together they would be making more than Janet and I together.

They stayed in their Boston apartment through the summer, so Adina's OB/GYN, who had been her doctor throughout her pregnancy, could deliver the baby. Just before the end of July Janet and I went up to Boston and checked into a hotel, this time near the hospital complex.

On August 2, at a thoughtfully convenient time in the mid-afternoon, Adina's daughter was born, a perfect, healthy baby girl. They named her Diana, a name which worked well in both English and Spanish, and was a simple rearrangement of the letters in Adina. Of course, we all immediately started calling her Princess Di, even though as she grew she bore no resemblance to her royal namesake, with her black hair, olive skin, and high cheekbones.

We stayed around for a week and a half after Di was born. Janet amazed me with how effective she was as a grandmother. For somebody who had never been a mother, she seemed to know an awful lot about how to take care of babies and

their new mothers. I suspected she had been doing a lot of research.

Adina was profusely grateful for the help, and they bonded more strongly than ever during that time. Eduardo's mom was also a big help, although she didn't entirely understand American ways. Eduardo's dad and I mostly just kept each other company.

Adina and I did have one chance for some intimate time together after she was home from the hospital. It was just her and me and Princess Di, sound asleep, in the bed. Her genitals were still too sore from the birth for us to have regular sex, but she made good on her promise to let me taste her breast milk, and I gave her a taste of my cock cream in exchange.

At the end of August we went back east, this time to New York to help them move into their new apartment. Janet had to miss a couple of days of classes, which had already started at Rice. Eduardo had found them a one-bedroom furnished sublet in a nice building on the upper East Side of Manhattan at an affordable price.

It was a good starter place, although we knew that they would be looking for something with more space when circumstances permitted. Eduardo and Adina had both grown up in large houses, and would not feel comfortable in a small place forever.

With them settled, we flew back to Houston on Labor Day, and life resumed its course, but with new dimensions. Janet and I were now a married couple. Eduardo and Adina were now parents, and busy professionals. They thrived in their new company. It was a better fit than they and their employer had even suspected.

They brought in new ideas and new energy, and were a big hit with the clients, who generally liked the idea of consulting with such a tight-knit team. The company was able to make the case that they were essential to its operations, so they got on the fast track for U.S. citizenship. Adina of course felt entirely American already, so it was just a formality for her, but for Eduardo and his family

it was a big deal. They came up from Ecuador for the swearing-in ceremony, which surprised me.

Two years and a month after Diana, appropriately enough on Labor Day, Adina gave birth to her second child, a boy. They named him Seve after one of Eduardo's golfing heroes (they didn't bother with the full "Severiano" -- too long to write on forms). We were on hand in New York for Seve's arrival too, but much less needed this time; Adina had this motherhood thing well figured out.

We did help them move into their new, much larger apartment. After considerable thought and discussion, they had decided to raise the kids in Manhattan. They had the money to do so in safety and comfort, and the educational and cultural advantages for children couldn't be beat.

They also decided to speak Spanish exclusively in their home, so the kids would grow up bilingual. Adina learned from her linguistics studies, as well as from her own experience, about the cognitive and social advantages of bilingualism, and wanted Di and Seve to have those advantages.

We visited them as often as possible, together when we could and separately when necessary. Janet felt just as connected to them as I did. When the kids were old enough to talk, they called me their "Chozza" and Janet their "Channa."

When Adina could manage it, which was less often, she would bring the kids to Houston to see us for a few days. Whenever we were together, in New York or Houston, Janet would always take the kids away somewhere for a few hours so Adina and I could make love.

\* \* \*

When Di was five and Seve three, Adina decided to take them to Ethiopia to see her family. Eduardo went too, partly to help with the kids, partly to see Ethiopia where he had never been, and mostly to know more about the first chapter of Adina's life.

The visit did not go well. Their arrival was greeted with much joy and celebration all around, and friends and distant relatives of Adina's family, many of whom she didn't remember at all, came from considerable distances to pay their respects, and partake in the celebratory feasts.

After a couple of days, though, tensions began to surface. The closest family members came to realize that Adina had far more money, education, professional prestige, and sophistication than any of them could ever hope to have. Eduardo too, for that matter, but he was an alien presence anyway, so didn't count. And some of them resented it.

The biggest problem was Adina's older sister, Gabra. Adina had told me years ago that a year or so before her father gave Adina to me to satisfy his obligation, he had given Gabra to an Egyptian businessman to settle a debt.

The Egyptian took Gabra to Cairo for a few months, and shared her with all his friends, then got tired of her and turned her out. She made her way back to Ethiopia by selling her body repeatedly. Her family was not exactly thrilled to see her. They let her stay in the house, but said she would have to earn her keep.

She did that the only way she knew how, by acting as mistress to local men who would give her gifts and money in exchange for her favors. As she grew older and less desirable, the value of the gifts and the social status of the men giving them decreased.

Gabra was an unpleasant, quarrelsome person by nature, and she and Adina had never gotten along well, even when they were children. By the time of Adina's return visit, she was a bitter, mean woman, and the rest of the family was actually kind of afraid of her.

Adina adored her younger siblings, three sisters and a brother, and was delighted to see that they were all getting good educations and were headed for better lives. She found out that after she left, her mother laid down the law to her father: if he so much as suggested giving away another of their daughters she would leave him

and take the children with her, and tell everybody why she did it.

Not only would that cost him his family, which he really did love, but it would be an even greater shame than failing to pay a debt. So the rest of the children were spared Adina's and Gabra's fate.

Anyway, Adina spent time with the younger sibs and avoided Gabra as much as possible. At family meals and sitting-around-talking times, though, they were thrown together. Gabra made snide comments which Adina tried to ignore.

One evening it came to a head. One of Adina's younger sisters asked her about her house in America. She described her Manhattan apartment, which was large and elegant, and the building with its elevator and doorman and super. Gabra said, "Sounds like American whores are well paid."

Adina whirled on her and said, "Better than Ethiopian whores, it looks like," and Gabra slapped her hard. Adina looked at her mother and father, and they both looked away in embarrassment and didn't say anything. Adina left the room without another word, Eduardo trailing behind her. They left the next morning, several days earlier than they had planned to.

Adina was so furious that she wanted to change her surname from Yonas to Perez, but Eduardo and I talked her out of it. She had already established a very strong reputation in the business world as Adina Yonas, and that was not something to be dismissed, especially since the targets of her displeasure would probably never even know about it. She finally accepted our logic, but she never had any further contact with her family in Ethiopia.

\* \* \*

The years passed, with their inevitable changes, some of them significant. When Sam Shibatani retired, my company named me VP for International Operations. That was a surprise to everyone, since my boss, Randy Evans, who was only six years older than me, was the heir apparent.



Randy told everyone he was too happy in his current job to want to do anything else, and that he had recommended me for the promotion. Privately he told me the same thing, plus a crucial additional fact: he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer, and didn't want to take on any more responsibilities while he dealt with that.

Janet was elected to the National Academy of Sciences, one of just a handful of Rice faculty to achieve that honor.

After ten happy, productive years with the company they started with, Eduardo and Adina decided to take the plunge and establish their own consulting firm. They called it Peryon. The first year they were in business, while they were still under a no-compete agreement with their former employers, was pretty tough, but they were well capitalized and got through it.

A lot of their former clients were anxious to keep working with them, and signed up with them as soon as they could accept them, and the company started doing very well. Diana and Seve were terrific kids, full of life and fun and curiosity and bright as can be. And Adina and I managed to get together several times a year for torrid sex. Life was good.

A couple of weeks ago Adina called me. After the usual catching up, she said, "You know the Princess is having a birthday soon."

"Right, the big fifteen. I bought a card already, and I'll be sending it with a check pretty soon."

"Well, you can save a stamp. She and I want to come visit you for the occasion."

"Great! Janet's traveling in Europe for several weeks, going to meetings and visiting labs, and I can use the company. We'll have a lot of fun."

"More than you know."

"Huh?"

“I can’t think of a way to put this delicately, or even humorously, so I’ll just say it straight. She wants a gift that only you can give her. To use a phrase you may remember, she wants you to make a woman of her.”

“Meaning what exactly?”

“Jeez, you’re usually swifter than this. Meaning pick her flower, pop her cherry.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious, and more important, she’s serious. We’ve talked about it at great length. Her sexual urges are getting stronger all the time, and she wants to start having real sex, and she wants to start with you, her Chozza.”

“Whatever gave her that idea? I’ve never even talked to her about sex.”

“No, but I have, and Eduardo has. Starting when she was little, we’ve always answered all her questions honestly, at the level she could understand. And a year or so ago her question was when I started having sex.

“When I told her I was fifteen at the time, she got really excited, because she knew she would be fifteen before too long. So that led to a lot more questions, like who I did it with and what was it like. Eduardo and I talked it over, and we decided to continue being open and honest with her, so I told her it was with you, and it was great.

“That surprised her, and she didn’t say any more about it for a while, but she was clearly thinking about it. A few weeks later she asked me for more details, and I told her the whole story. She was impressed. She has some friends who have started having sex, and they mostly didn’t like their first times.

“So she asked me if I thought maybe you’d be willing to be her first, like you were for me, ’cause I had such good memories. I explained to her that sex is complicated, it’s more than just the physical act, it affects people’s emotions and feelings and relationships too, and it might interfere with her relationship with you

in some way.

“She said that it didn’t hurt your relationship with me any that she could see, and I had to admit she was right about that. We kept talking it up, down, and sideways, until I finally said I would call you and ask you. So here I am.”

“What does Eduardo think about this plan?”

“He’s all for it. You know how he’s always insisted on the very best of everything for these kids. He says that judging from the results, I had the best sex teacher ever, and he thinks Diana should have the same advantage.”

“Will he be coming along with you?”

“No, he didn’t think that would be a good idea. It’ll just be me and Di. He and Seve will stay in New York and do manly things, I don’t know exactly what. Eduardo thought it might inhibit you if he was there.”

“Well, that’s very thoughtful of Eduardo. He’s right, it might.”

“Eduardo is always thoughtful. That’s one reason I’m so crazy about him.”

“But not the only one?”

“Not even the main one.”

“What would that be?”

“Guess.”

“He’s a great cook.”

She laughed. “Cook, cock, what’s one little vowel between lovers?”

“Anyway, I thought maybe he would want to throw a big quinceañera fiesta for

her.”

“He offered, but she didn’t want that. It really didn’t fit into her cultural frame of reference. She’s much more interested in sex than in big parties.”

“Her mother’s daughter.”

“You got that right. So how about it?”

“Adina, I’m nearly sixty years old. I’m not even sure I can get it up and keep it up long enough to satisfy her.”

“That didn’t seem to be a problem last month when I visited you.”

“Well, Christ, that was with you. You know exactly how to turn me on and keep me that way.”

“Then you’ll be happy to know that I’ll be there too.”

“You’ll be there. You’ll be where? In the bedroom?”

“In the bedroom, and in the bed. At her request. Partly she wants my advice to make sure things go well, but mostly it’s just a big moment in her life and she wants me to be there to share it with her. We’re very close. And after you’ve recovered from taking care of her needs, you and I will give a demo to show her how the pros do it. Also at her request.”

“Jesus, this just gets weirder and weirder.”

“According to Janet, you have no problem with weird. And I always believe what Janet tells me.”

“You will recall that we spent more than a week leading up to the big event.”

“And YOU will recall that that was because we had to wait until I got protected by

the pill. Not an issue in this case, she's already started on the pill. So there's a green light on the first night we're there. But on a related note, we do plan to stay for several days. I want her to experience how the pleasure just gets better and better with repetition."

"You want me to fuck her more than once."

"Bingo. At least twice a day, and more often if you can manage it. Evenings and mornings both, and if she decides she wants it, in the ass at least once. And she'll sleep in your bed with you, so she can understand what a precious part of the whole thing that is.

"I'll be there some of the time, and other times I'll leave you two alone to improvise. Something else she needs to learn, Mom isn't always going to be there to say what to do next."

"Adina, I don't know what to say."

"Yes you do. You've already made up your mind to agree, I can tell."

"Where did you learn to be a mind-reader?"

"From you. But it only works with you and Eduardo. I think I have to fuck somebody a lot of times before I can read his mind."

"So most of the male sex is safe."

"Dunno. I'm still young."

I laughed. "All right, he said reluctantly, I will deflower your gorgeous fifteen-year-old daughter and then fuck her repeatedly until she leaves my premises. Nasty work, but somebody has to do it."

"Charles, thank you so much. You can't imagine how much this means to Diana, and to me. See you in two weeks. Save up your strength; you're going to need it."

Well, it's been a lot of fun reliving all these good memories with you, but I have to wrap it up here. It's time for me to go to the airport to meet my two ladies. To repeat a cliché, Yonas Akbar's gift just keeps on giving.

#### AFTERWORD

This story requires more than the usual disclaimers that it's a work of fiction, any resemblance between the characters and actual persons is coincidental, etc., etc. I have never been to Ethiopia. Almost everything I know about the place I learned from the Internet. The place names are real, and it is apparently an established fact that coffee cultivation did begin in Ethiopia a thousand or so years ago, and that coffee is still a major export crop for the country. But there is no road from Dese to Debre Markos, nor were there ever any plans for one, as far as I know; it just looked on the map like a place where a road might be useful. And I have no idea whether there are any coffee plantations near Dese.

Most importantly, I have absolutely no reason to believe that any real person in Ethiopia would behave as the characters do in this story. The custom of giving children their father's first name as their surname is attested; I can't vouch for its accuracy, but it was interesting enough that I included it. But all the rest, including giving away daughters to pay off debts, is entirely a product of my imagination, based loosely on things I have read about Third World countries in general. I had to set the beginning of the story somewhere, and Ethiopia was a more or less arbitrary choice. If there was any faint subconscious reason for it, it was probably that I have found the women who come from there uncommonly beautiful.

The overly attentive reader may also have noticed a certain level of anachronism in the story. The events described occur over a span of nearly thirty years. The characters age appropriately with the passage of time, but the technology and social milieu are those of today throughout. This is the result of apathy, not ignorance. I know that technology and social practices and even the language will change over the course of a generation, but those aspects were not crucial to the tale -- I was writing neither a period piece nor science fiction -- and so I did not take the trouble to show them progressing with time.

I hope that despite these flaws, you enjoyed getting to know Chuck and Deenie and Janet and the other characters. I certainly enjoyed keeping company with them in my mind and waiting to see what they would decide to do next.