

Megan's New Clothes, part 4

by Abe Froman ©2006

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Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

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Megan's New Clothes, part 4

Megan had been very busy preparing, so she appreciated that the doorbell rang right at six, and that slutty little Rachel was on time. She was even happier when she opened the door and saw how she looked standing there.

Rachel was still properly dressed in her SLUT choker and her “I like boys AND girls” top, but she'd added some even sluttier touches – a pair of fishnet stockings that didn't stand a chance of reaching all the way up to the bottom of her tiny, skin-tight miniskirt.

Clutched tight in both fists were bulging shopping bags, and the plain black bags were a clear tell-tale of the local sex-toy shop. Megan would have recognized them even if she hadn't been at the same shop herself today.

Megan stepped back from the door, and her wicked smile was all the cue that Rachel needed to follow her inside. Megan was dressed in a relatively conservative skirt and white fitted blouse; her embroidered choker, spelling out “the perfect slave” was the only hint of her current state of mind. True to the choker's influence, she had been preparing all day to make her Master and husband's fantasies real, working on this surprise to make him happy.

It wasn't like she had been a prude before her new clothes had asserted their power, but she would have never given herself over to fantasies and dreams like this. She would have never allowed herself to scream out loud in pleasure outside in her own back yard. She would have never serviced Heath so selflessly and repeatedly. She certainly would have never looked at another woman as a sexual object – would have never virtually abducted her friend to make her into a pawn in this game. But now, as the perfect servant to her Master, she gathered intense pleasure from just those things: making him happy – it felt like the happiest she had ever been.

She knew that it would excite Heath to see her with another woman, especially one as lovely as Rachel. If not, he would have never have purchased the tank top that Rachel was now wearing. Megan could recognize the power of those objects on Rachel, but the awareness of the influence of her own wardrobe didn't even cross her mind.

She was getting into the fantasy so strongly now. All day long the mental image had become stronger and stronger. As each piece of her plan came to fruition, she could feel her own lust grow. Now, watching Rachel's tight ass wiggle up the stairs in that barely-there skirt, she could hardly keep her hands off of her. She could smell that Rachel had been playing, that her pussy was hungry – as if she hadn't already noticed the smeared lipstick and telltale scent on the slut's lips.

Megan had everything prepared, so once Rachel had been guided into the bedroom, getting her properly set up took only moments. Tightly buckled leather cuffs were locked onto her wrists and ankles. Fixing the ankles cuffs together, she drew them up to a chain that she had dangling from the new pulley system in the bedroom ceiling and drew them up tight, stretching Rachel's arms up over her head. She smiled, seeing Rachel lift herself up onto her toes, the strain making her lovely toned legs look even better in the fishnet stockings, and her posture making her skin-tight miniskirt seem even shorter.

The miniskirt didn't last long; Megan quickly stripped it from her. As she looked at the squirming Rachel, almost dangling there in her and her Master's bedroom, she cooed out loud. She slid her hands over Rachel's body and she could sense the erotic tension in her muscles. Lightly she traced down: through her hair, over her face and lips, tracing the letters on her choker, and down over her curves. Megan licked her lips as she watched her captive's nipples stiffen even further through the thin stretchy red fabric of her tank top.

Rachel's mind was closely matching the state of her body. It was buzzing, and focussed on nothing but pleasure, sensation and sex. The thoughts pounding through her consciousness were like a mantra, "I am a slut, I like boys and girls, I am a slut..." She remembered every touch since the firm way Megan's fingers had moved over her when she first tugged these clothes over her body to the amazing taste of Sarah's nectar on her tongue to the sensation of her skirt being taken from her and the cool air over her hungry cunt. Her arms were aching, stretched so high, and it was so hard to balance on her toes.

It got even harder as Megan pulled her legs wide apart, and kept them that way with a steel spreader bar locked between her ankle cuffs. Rachel looked down at her, her hungry eyes begging for mercy even though all this time she didn't dare speak. Rather than mercy, she found only Megan preparing her for some unknown future with an efficiency and focus she'd never seen in her friend before. Rachel's eyes were wide as she felt the hot water hit her sex, followed soon after by the cool tingle of foam, then

the gentle but quick strokes of a razor. Megan had just shaved her pussy bald! Her mind was racing and her body was quivering. Deep inside some part of her was shocked, humiliated and angry, but all that was well covered by the immediate and very present sensation of lust and need. All she knew was that Megan was her way to sexual satisfaction, and she would do anything for her to receive that gift.

Megan herself was in a mental and physical zone. She had been thinking about this moment and the hours to follow all day long – ever since she had seen Rachel appear as an answer to her husband and Master’s fantasy – a fantasy which she, as his perfect slave, could think of no greater joy than to fulfill. She was so thankful his purchases, through their mysterious power, had given her the ability to make that dream real – even as she was unable to conclude they also gave her the desire to fulfill them.

Every step of these short hours of preparation were planned out, so that by the time Heath arrived, the scene would be set for him to walk into, and she would have made him happy.

Now that Rachel was secured in place, and properly shaved, Megan moved on to make sure the sexy woman would be properly physically and mental ready to make Heath happy – she wanted to be sure that no woman, other than herself, would ever want sex as much as Rachel would by the time Heath caught sight of her.

Megan took out her sharpest pair of scissors, and she started cutting at the hem of the tight tank top. She was careful not to damage the script, instead just shortening it enough so that the delightful soft curves of the undersides of Rachel’s breasts were visible.

She then squeezed a healthy dollop of massage oil into her hands, and began to slide it over every exposed inch of Rachel’s skin. It made her shine and glisten, and she watched as she started to be aware of the warming, tingling effect the tube advertised. Next, she tugged the top down just enough to expose her nipples, which were stiff and sensitive. As Megan secured the clamps onto them, Rachel finally let out a yelping moan of pain.

Of course, Megan was waiting for that moment, and took full advantage of it to stuff the red rubber ball gag into Rachel’s mouth, buckling it tight behind her head, and took a moment to admire the way it stretched her lips, and how beautiful the leather straps looked as they pressed into her cheeks. Rachel was squirming with surprise and pain, her skin was tingling and her nipples were throbbing. Megan didn’t have the time to pause for long, so she continued the preparations. She squeezed a battery-operated egg vibrator into Rachel’s bald cunt, and followed it up with a well-lubricated vibrating plug that she pushed slowly and deeply into her tight ass. The way that Rachel screamed into her gag, Megan guessed it might have been the first she had been filled there.

That thought made Megan giggle, as she hopefully had a lot more “firsts” coming this evening. Megan let her fingers trail over Rachel’s puffed pussy lips as she strapped the butterfly vibrator around her hips, and adjusted it perfectly to align over her sensitive clit. Moving around now, to activate the vibrations on the egg, the plug, the butterfly, and even on the clamps, she smiled deeply.

“I’ll see you soon, Rachel, my perfect slut,” Megan cooed as she slid out of the room, “I’ve got to get myself ready now that you’re all set.”

The door was closed for just a moment, then Megan’s head poked back inside. “I almost forgot, pet. You are not to cum until I say so.”

Rachel was in shock. The vibrators were already having a significant effect on her, even if they did seem to be set to pretty low speeds. She could feel them all over her, and it was hard to tell where the torment of one stopped and the next began – except when it came to the vibrating clamps on her nipples. The weight of the mechanism was pulling at her throbbing buds, and the humming vibrations were shaking her to the core with a sensation she could no longer divide between pleasure and pain.

Her mind was pulsing, losing the ability to think about anything else but the sensations she was feeling and her ache to have them bring her to the peak, to sweet and wonderful orgasm. She knew she wasn’t allowed, and the fear that Megan might take pleasure away from her if she disobeyed was just barely enough to keep her from giving in to total release. As she alternated between loving and resisting the mix of vibrations and emotions, she could no longer hang on to even the remotest idea of time.

It wasn’t until an eternity later that she heard Megan’s voice at the door, telling her to close her eyes. She did, and then Megan was near her – she nearly cried when Megan took the vibrating dildo from her sopping wet pussy – then she did cry and scream into her drool-covered gag when the clamps came off her nipples. The sensation of the blood rushing back into them was worse than when the clamps went on. The gag was removed next, popping wetly out of her sore jaw. Then the spreader bar was gone, allowing her a bit more support, but only making the remaining plug seem even tighter in her ass as her thighs moved back together. She didn’t see Megan before she rushed out of the room once more, but she did hear the car in the driveway as Megan rushed down the stairs.

As Heath was driving home, he had to concentrate to keep his thoughts on the road. He couldn’t quite believe the last 24 hours or so – he and Megan hadn’t had sex with that kind of fervour in quite some time and he had never known to be so free of inhibitions, so into the moment, and so eager to please him. As a result, he didn’t know quite what he was going to be coming home to either.

The first time they had tried out his impulsive online purchases, Megan had also been totally into it, at least after a couple of glasses of wine, but

then the next day she had seemed out of sorts, pissed off – almost like she had regretted the whole night. She had nearly bitten his head off when he made a leading joke about trying something like that again. He had started to think about packing the whole box of stuff up when last night happened. At least this morning she had been still in the mood, but now, with hours gone by and him having to be work all day, he just had no idea what he was about to come home to.

Even with all this best- and worst-case thinking, Heath didn't even come close to the situation that greeted him at his front door. He opened the door, stepping inside so happy to finally be back home, and there was Megan – and he was speechless.

She stood tall, in knee-high leather boots with six-inch spiked heels. Out of her boots flowed the perfect decoration of black silk stockings, pulled up with garters to the bottom of an incredibly tight, form-defining leather bustier. There weren't cups in the bustier as much as there were supports for the incredible beauty of her firm breasts – the stiffness of her nipples was in clear view and her nipple rings glinted brightly. There was a small triangle of sheer black lace covering her pussy, but her lips were still deliciously visible through it.

Megan had added rouge to her nether lips as well as her nipples, and the effect was magical. Bright red lipstick stood out on her face, which she had lightly powdered for even more contrast. It also made the fine black lettering stand out more against the lace choker around her neck, as if it were written right on her flesh.

Heath couldn't form words, or even cohesive thoughts. He was just staring, his eyes moving up and down her body, trying to take it all in. His cock was instantly hard and his heart swelled too – he simply loved his wife, and he was so lucky to have such beauty as a gift.

Her lips curled into a smile that was intoxicating, and the words that they formed sounded like the most erotic of whispers, but Heath felt he could hear even her thoughts in the connection of this moment.

“I have a surprise for you, a fantasy I can make real.”

Megan turned and began to walk upstairs, to their bedroom. Even without her words, he would have followed that ass to the end of the earth.

Megan felt so strange and wonderful, with her body and mind surging together. When she had first found these pieces of clothing in the box, she had thought they looked a little tough, a little strong, a little too “Dominatrix” for her. As she had looked at them longer, the thought slid into her mind that they would actually be just the right touch to reflect her taking firm proper control of Rachel while they both served to act out her Master's fantasy.

Now, with the tight leather wrapping and holding her tight, pushing her breasts so high, and the boots looking so imposing on her legs, she knew she had been right. She was at once her lover's slave and her plaything's Mistress. She was perfect.

Heath's ability to grasp reality was again tested when Megan opened their bedroom door. It took a long moment for Heath to recognize the woman hanging (hanging!) there as their friend Rachel. They had been there for her during her divorce, spending time with her, comforting her. Heath would have had to be blind not to have noticed her devastating body and that incredibly thick, long blond hair, but he never let himself fantasize about her – at least not for more than a minute or two at a time.

But there she was, in his bedroom, wearing only one of the sexy little tops he'd purchased as one of his most daring jokes for Megan, and it seemed shorter than before, as the undersides of Rachel's full breasts were visible as her posture pulled the top upwards. That top, a "slut" choker, and stockings were all she was wearing. Slut indeed, Heath thought, as he noticed her shaved bare pussy. Rachel clearly couldn't move but she sure didn't seem to be complaining. Heath could smell her from the doorway, and noticed a glisten on her pussy and around her mouth. God, this woman clearly wanted, needed sex.

"You wanted to see me with another woman, didn't you?"

Heath didn't know how to answer this, but he was too out of his mind to be able to lie. "Yes, I fantasized about it – do you want this? Does she?"

"I do," said Megan with a wonderfully convincing smile on her face. She then turned to her captive, "Do you, Rachel? Do you want to be with me? Do you want to be with Heath?"

Rachel's was nearly panting with need, "Yes, oh god yes, I want you both, so badly, right now!"

Megan laughed, turned to Heath and smiled again, and pushed him back until he reached the bed and just fell into a seating position. "Let me get her started, so you can watch," she whispered. She moved back to Rachel, and whispered in her ear, "You're going to love this, as are we both, but his cock is mine, slut. Mine alone."

Standing before Rachel but a bit to the side to allow Heath a full view, Megan started to slide her fingertips up and down Rachel's body. She slid over her face, her lips, down to slide around her breasts, cupping them, squeezing them, even pinching and pulling at the nipples. As her hands moved downwards, she moved herself to a kneeling position, so her mouth was inches away from Rachel's pussy as her fingers slide over the wet lips, sliding between them, finding the aching clit with her fingernails. Reaching back between Rachel's thighs, she even pushed and teased the humming plug in her ass, a little touch Heath was not yet aware of.

Heath, still in a cloud of disbelief, watched with his eyes wide open. These were two of those most beautiful women he'd ever seen, and they were both seemingly awash in desire, with one teasing the other for his benefit. Watching his own wife's body move in such wicked fashion was just as arousing as seeing Rachel's body react – and her current bound and suspended state made it impossible for her to do anything but react. Goosebumps were visible on her skin, her nipples were rock hard targets for Megan's pinching and pulling, and she writhed along with each stroke.

Rachel's head had rolled back and her breathing had become an urgent panting. Heath could sense his own pressure building, and he noticed he was stroking his cock through his jeans.

Megan sensed the build-up, the crescendo approaching, and paused. She withdrew her hands from Rachel, which elicited a hungry moan from her that Megan ignored.

She turned to Heath, "Would you please take off your jeans, my Master, and slide back on the bed, so that you are leaning back against the headboard?" She didn't have to wait long to see him move into place with his jeans tossed away. She purred, seeing his shaft so obviously straining against his boxers, but she was committed to following her plan, not just jumping onto him and riding that wonderful thing all night long.

She turned to Rachel and made sure the needy girl's eyes were locked onto hers before she reached into her duffel, and pulled out a large, menacing black rubber dildo, already fitted into a strap-on harness. Rachel's mouth fell open in a silent scream. Megan affixed the harness over her hips, giggling as she looked down at the obscene thing now jutting out from her body.

She reached up and freed Rachel's wrists from above her head, and held her as she regained her balance on her own. Megan took this opportunity to whisper in her ear, "you will service him well, with all that you have and all that you are, slut, and you will not let a drop spill – nor will you swallow it until I say so."

Megan then crawled toward Heath on the bed, looking into his eyes with love, lust, desire and want. She reached for him, and took hold of the boxers and pulled them slowly down his muscular legs, moaning as his stiff shaft popped free of the waistband. She guided Rachel down onto all fours on the bed, and Rachel agreeably crawled toward him, pushing Heath's thighs open as she approached. Before Heath could say a word, Rachel's hot mouth had enveloped him, and her tongue was devouring every inch of him. She was sucking his cock like her life depended on it – her head was bobbing in a varying rhythm, her cheeks were hollowed with suction, and the tip of her tongue danced over him, circling his head and finding every nerve ending. Wet slurping emanated from her lips.

Behind Rachel, Megan watched the show and was almost aware of the well-buried emotion of jealousy, seeing this whore suck her Master's cock. If she were not the perfect slave, but was instead a normal wife, she might not have been able to take it. Rachel's was well displayed to her as she kneeled and sucked and moaned. The base of the vibrating plug spread her ass cheeks, and her shaved pussy was throbbing and wet.

No, she wasn't jealous, as she was giving her Master his fantasy, but there did seem to remain just a hint of remaining malice in her first few thrusts, ramming the eight inch rubber cock deep into Rachel's cunt. She stood at the foot of the bed, gripping Rachel's hips tight, so tight her fingernails were digging into flesh, and gained all the leverage she could as she fucked Rachel deep, each thrust pushing that slut onto her Master's cock. She wanted it pushed so deep into her, filling up her throat.

Getting into the rhythm, Megan found that she liked the strange sensation of the strap-on pushing back against her own excited sex. She liked the feel of Rachel's fit body between her and Heath. In a way, she was almost fucking Heath herself, driving Rachel onto him like a sex-toy, and she loved it. Her pleasure built with her pace.

Heath was amazed at first, given the eager slurping suction Rachel had begun with. Amazement didn't describe the addition of the thrusting pulses now added. Her lips were reaching further each time, until he felt the throbbing head of his cock pushing into the tightness of her throat. Her lips were reaching almost all the way to the base of him, and closer each time. He could see Rachel's head buried down over him, he could feel her breasts swaying and moving against his thighs, and over her, he could see the almost wickedly joyful grin of his wife, driving it all. It was too much to resist.

Megan knew the look on Heath's face instantly. She stopped thrusting, and with a hand in Rachel's hair, pulled her back just enough so that her tight lips held just the head of his cock, enough to catch the sudden explosion of hot cum within her mouth – to fill her up but not let it be driven down her throat. She held Rachel there, with the dildo still buried deep, until that wonderful man stopped spasming, and she knew he was spent.

Megan pulled Rachel from him, and giggled a moment when she heard the wet pop as Heath's head fell free. "Good slut, Rachel, hold that precious cum in your mouth."

Rachel's mind was spinning, her body ready to drive her to madness. She had been so close, so maddeningly close. That damn plug filled her up so completely, still shaking her to the core. Megan had been giving her the deep fucking of her life, only made more intense by the sensation of being doubly filled, feeling the two toys slide together inside her. And to add to it, her mouth had been filled too, with the incredible heat of Heath's

throbbing cock. She'd always been curious about his body and now she'd seen him, tasted him.

Now, rather than basking in the afterglow of the orgasm she could feel so close, she was pulled away, kneeling before that handsome man, watching his dazed, satisfied grin, while she held a mouthful of his jizz in her mouth, not daring to swallow it. Oh god, she wanted release so bad – the taste coating her tongue and teeth was overwhelming, and the shame of kneeling here like this, so humiliated, so needy, was just about too much to take.

Megan slid back, letting the dildo slurp out of Rachel's body. She crawled up onto the bed, to Heath's side, and with her own tongue she licked and lapped and cleaned his softened shaft. The wonderful attention she gave it started it hardening once more. Inches away, Rachel was breathing deeply through her nose. Megan turned to her, pulled her up so that the two of them were kneeling upright on the bed with Heath below them. Megan laces her fingers into Rachel's next of blond hair, pulled her face close and kissed her hard and deep. She drove her tongue into Rachel's mouth, spreading her lips wide to match her own, and in moments their tongue's were dancing together, the cum sliding between them. Finally, wanting it all, Megan sucked it all into her own mouth and swallowed down. As she broke the kiss, Rachel's tongue was left extended past her lips, and below them, Heath was once again fully erect.

The air in the bedroom was thick and filled with the scent of all three of them, feeling like an erotic hothouse of lust. Megan pushed Rachel back down onto all fours once more and crawled over her, pushing the strap-on dildo against and into her hungry sex once more, and began to thrust enthusiastically. Heath was ready for more and he clambered off of the bed and stood behind the pumping backside of his incredibly wife. He tore the thin thong from her and eased his cock into her cunt from behind. In moments he was matching her rhythm, filling her up deeply again and again as she herself pushed Rachel so hard that she had to lift a hand to brace herself against the headboard. Moans and screams from all three of them rattled the windows.

They were moving as one, linked intimately. Heath's hands were on Megan's hips, Megan's had one arm wrapped around Rachel's waist and the other was gripping and kneading her swaying breasts. Constantly, over and over, Megan was whispering into Rachel's ear, "not yet, not yet, not yet." Megan was feeling the intense sensations nearly overwhelm her too. She was actually feeling the vibrator inside of Rachel hum against her strap-on, which mixed with the deep throbbing fucking Heath was giving her from behind would have been more than enough to send her over the edge in moments, but she knew that a perfect slave would cum with her Master, not before him.

It wasn't until she felt the tension build and peak in Heath's body, felt the extra curl in his fingers and the short, staccato gasps from him that she

allowed herself release, and with a whispered “now” granted permission to Rachel as well.

The three of them came at once, gasping in unison, each holding the next tight, their bodies stuck together with sweat. For Rachel in particular, it was all too much to withstand. She had been waiting for this, building to this, since the moment Megan re-dressed her this morning. She had been trying, over and over, to reach this release without satisfaction, only to be held at the precipice of it for an eternity. The most powerful, all-encompassing orgasm she had ever known ravaged her body, and she collapsed unconscious in pure pleasure.

After he recovered himself, Heath smiled down at Rachel, after making sure she was still breathing, and guided Megan quietly out of the bedroom, to their en-suite bath. He carefully and lovingly stripped her clothing from her, though he enjoyed the look of her choker on her so much, that he left it there, even as he pulled off his t-shirt and dragged her into the shower with him. His hands moved over her curves in soft, slow reflection of the depth of his love for her. He slowly lathered every inch of her as the room filled with steam.

Standing there with her, slick and wet, he kissed her slowly. “Honey, you know you didn’t have to do this, but I loved every moment of it. I love you.”

“I love you,” she softly replied, lost in his eyes, while the full knowledge that she had pleased him soaked through her.

“I wouldn’t have ever guessed that Rachel would have wanted to join us, especially how she was with you. I mean, isn’t she a little conservative?”

“Once I saw that top you bought, and I knew that you’d fantasized about me with another woman, I knew she would be perfect.”

“I won’t argue that she is lovely – not as much as you of course,” Heath laughed and tweaked Megan’s nipples. “But really, how did you convince her?”

“Silly Master, I just used the clothes you bought.”

“Used the clothes? What do you mean?” Heath’s face started to get a little scrunched in its expression. He shut off the water, and towelled off Megan, then himself, before they both slipped into their robes.

“The clothes, Master. The clothes affect her mind, her desires, just like the instructions said. I’ll show you.”

Heath was too confused to move, so he was still in the bathroom when Megan returned with the scrap of paper. Heath read it over slowly, his eyes widening when he reached the last paragraph.

“Oh my god, it can’t be true.” But instantly he knew that it must be. There was no other way to explain Megan’s actions.

“Megan, honey, I’m so sorry,” he gasped, “I never knew. I would have never done this to you.”

Megan looked confused. “What do you mean? I used them on her, not on myself.” She smiled up at him.

Heath looked down at her, eyes wide in confusion and disbelief. He turned her to face the mirror, standing behind her, as he unlaced the lace choker from behind. The words in black thread, “the perfect slave,” slid down and off her skin.

Megan was limp in Heath’s arms as her consciousness was freed and her buried thoughts and repressed reactions came bubbling up all mixed together with the vivid memories of her experiences of pleasure, excitement and danger. Memories of her actions flashed in her mind like an X-rated slide show, but complete with the record of each touch, each sensation, each emotion in the moment.

She turned back to him slowly. “You didn’t know?” she asked slowly and meaningfully.

“I swear to god I didn’t know,” Heath’s eyes were locked to hers.

“Baby,” she said slowly, looking up in his loving, concerned face, “I believe you, and I love you.”

Then, in the strange warm quiet of their bathroom, Heath got the biggest surprise yet. Megan opened her robe, and reached forward to open Heath’s. She slid back, lifting herself onto the counter, and the two of them made slow quiet love in the steamy quiet.

Epilogue

It had been quite some trick in deciding how to deal with Rachel. In the end, they sent her home with loving kisses in a pair of Megan’s yoga pants and one of Heath’s t-shirts. They never told her about the clothing, and they simply shared with her the story that all of them had been lost in the moment, and given in to one-time urge. Things were strange at first, but they had managed that with an evening dinner, just the three of them, that had flowing wine, gales of laughter, and ended with everyone still dressed and sharing warm hugs at the door.

Between Heath and Megan there was actually a renaissance of passion. Their experiences together seemed to give them the mental permission to

play, to share their fantasies, and to try out some of them as well. The box of clothing was taped up and slid into a corner of the basement.

Not forgotten, not throw out... just away. For now, and for the foreseeable future, they were more than able to role-play on their own. Whenever Heath or Megan thought of it, there gave an inner smile to those short days, all the while thinking that they were more than happy to keep control of their minds to themselves, and they almost never mentioned those specific events to each other, thinking that kind of thing was completely behind them. At least, that was what they thought.

It was another Saturday afternoon, months and months and forever later, and they were laughing together, holding hands, as they returned home from a shopping trip in the city. Seeing the flashing light on the kitchen phone, they played the message.

“Hey guys. It’s Rachel. I don’t know if you’re into this kind of thing, but I saw this ad, and I’m getting some friends together for a fun night out and this club downtown. There is actually going to be a hypnotist there, and I heard he may even be a bit racy, so let me know if you’re interested.”

They didn’t say a word, but both their mouths were just a bit open, their eyes fixed on each other, and they both reached for the phone at the same time.

THE END

Please send comments and/or suggestions to froman.abe@gmail.com. I cannot thank enough all the readers of this story, especially all those who had to wait for this last chapter. Every comment, every email, every kind word means a lot to me, and kept me dedicated to finishing. Thank you.

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