**Miles de Besos**

by Donna M.

Gina wasn’t sure how to feel about being topless on the wide, Spanish beach.  The pretty, blond-haired, blue-eyed fourteen-year-old was probably more self-conscious about being nearly-naked walking alongside her parents than being among all the strangers who were also nearly-naked.  Back home, she rarely thought about how miniscule her bikini was until now, when the only thing she had on was her string-tied, tiny bottoms.  She enjoyed wearing the pink bikini, especially the bottoms since she could wear the tiny piece of cloth low on her skinny hips, revealing skin almost to her pubis.  At home she felt delicious, here she felt self-consciously naked.  It’s all about the tits, she thought.

Her dad looked over at her, and sensing her embarrassment, said, “It’s not that bad, Gina.  We talked about this.  You know we could’ve booked on Ibiza like your mother wanted. They have full nudist beaches there.”

Gina didn’t answer; she just scowled, thinking that she’d reserve judgment on whether Gandia measured up to how cool Ibiza sounded when they were researching the vacation.

This was the first time her father ever saw her breasts.  Though they were small compared to her mother’s, Gina’s strongest embarrassment was baring them in front of her dad.  Thankfully, he hadn’t ogled her.  That would’ve grossed her out for sure.

Gina’s mom, Agnes, didn’t appear nervous or self-conscious at all.  In fact, she looked like she was enjoying every bit of this exhibitionism as she walked alongside her husband and daughter, flaunting her large, D-cup breasts.  Tom, Gina’s dad, sure didn’t look like he was bothered by the idea his wife and teen daughter were showing off their wares.  He was too busy checking out all the other women.

Agnes said, as they walked along the beach, “Are you okay, Gina dear?”

“Yeah, Mom, I’m okay.  We talked about it and I told you I would be okay with the topless beach.”

As they walked, Agnes commented on the Spanish Riviera beach’s beauty, and at times the beauty of its current inhabitants.  “Tom, look over there, see the guy in the Speedo?  He’s trying to hide an erection, talking to that girl with the giant tits!”

“I bet you haven’t noticed that I’m trying to hide my erection too,” Tom said.

“Helllllllllo, you two.  Remember that I’m here.  You don’t want to corrupt me, do you, with this sex talk?”

Agnes said, “Phooey, we’ve been honest with you about sex, so why should we hide our sexuality from you?”

“I suppose you can’t hide anything on this beach,” Gina answered, and they all laughed.

She tried to get the image that popped up of her mom and dad having sex out of her mind.  She took the opportunity to check out the man her mother pointed out.  Yes, he did have a stiff one in his bathing suit, but the idea had no appeal to Gina, even though he was a handsome man and looked pretty big down there.

What caught her eye instead were a woman and a girl walking toward them.  Both wore only a thong and both had spectacular tans without tan-lines as Gina had.  The girl was especially beautiful.  She looked to be in her mid-teens.  Her long, dark hair fell almost to her waist, framing a pretty face and an equally pretty pair of breasts, dark snowball-sized orbs with puffy areolas that were amazingly pink, in stark contrast to the surrounding, darkly tanned skin.  The older lady, most likely the girl’s mom, was a dark beauty in her own right, with upswept breasts and pointy nipples all her own, though hers were ruddier than the girl’s.

They caught Agnes’s attention too.  She turned to Tom and said, “Should we ask them about the good restaurants and nightclubs?  They look like they may be locals.”

Tom chuckled and said, “I don’t think anyone here is a local, but I’d ask them anything.”  For that he got a rap on his arm from his wife.

Agnes stopped the pair and asked.  It turned out they were French, but did know a few non-touristy night spots.  The older woman introduced herself as Celeste Côté, and her daughter was Sylvie, who turned out to have just turned fifteen.  With introductions completed, the five chatted amiably about where they all were from, and minutia about their respective vacations.

Tom asked why they were in Spain since the French Riviera beaches were somewhat more famous.  Celeste laughed and said, “They are too expensive for us.  This is much nicer, with good dancing clubs, and we still get to, how you say it—show off—our bodies and get nice tans.”

Agnes said, “I must admit, your tans are fabulous.”

“Merci.  A week on this beach and you will be as dark as us.  Of course, we are cheaters, as you would say, since we used a tanning salon many times before we arrived here.”

Sylvie and Gina moved off to the side and traded teenage tales of school and such.  Gina said, “Your English is great.  I know a little Spanish but no French, so I apologize.”

“Non, non, you do not need to apologize for that.  I speak Spanish too, so we can—hang out, I think is the correct phrase—and I can take care of all needed translations.”

When the subject of boys came up, Sylvie matter-of-factly admitted that she liked girls.  Gina blushed.  She never thought of things like that, but Sylvie was extremely beautiful, and so Gina wondered if the French girl was thinking that she was desirable.  Gina felt hot all over imagining that possibility.

At that time, a man approached and was introduced as Sylvie’s dad, Sylvain Côté.  Tom made a joke of asking him if he was the hockey player.  Mr. Côté was perplexed until Tom explained about the former National Hockey Leaguer with the same name.  Sylvain was a slim man with a rather strange looking pot-belly that made him look like he was pregnant, exaggerated by the smallest of swim briefs.  He was not as tanned as his wife and daughter.

The adults discussed the possibility of doing some club hopping after dinner.  When Celeste heartily approved, giving Agnes a hug and a kiss on the cheek, the evening was planned.  Gina wasn’t certain if she saw what she thought she saw: Celeste palming one of her mother’s breasts as they hugged.

Agnes knew it wasn’t an illusion, as she warmed considerably at the other woman’s touch.

“What about me…us?” Gina asked.

Sylvain answered, “The two of you should get acquainted more.  Perhaps you could both go to our rented villa while we are out.  There is much to do to entertain yourselves, as long as it is not in our supply of liqueur.”

The adults laughed.  Sylvie said, “We can have much fun, non?”

Gina wasn’t so sure, thinking of Sylvie’s easy admission of her lesbianism.  That ease meant she was experienced in sex, something Gina certainly wasn’t.  She’d fooled around a bit, had boys touch her, but she was still a virgin. Though in awe of the slightly older and obviously more world-wise teen, she agreed.

They hung out on the beach together for a while.  If Gina had been self-conscious of her partial nudity before, lying next to the beautiful Sylvie on the big beach towel magnified it tenfold.  Then when Sylvie offered to apply some sunscreen, Gina nearly died from nervousness, though Sylvie didn’t seem to react the way Gina thought she would while massaging the sunscreen around and on her breasts, which tingled and grew exceedingly warm at her touch.  All the while, she kept glancing at her mother and Celeste as they too sat together on a different beach blanket.  They seem to be getting along real well, Gina thought, though she couldn’t say the same for the men considering their postures, as perhaps they had less in common to talk about.

After they’d had enough sun, the six of them put some clothing back on and returned to their respective accommodations.  Agnes gushed, “That Celeste is quite a woman, isn’t she?”

Tom quipped, “She sure is a beauty.”

Agnes retorted, “I was talking about her personality, not her tits.”

Tom answered with, “Were you?”

Gina said nothing, though both she and her father remembered the way the two women seemed to react to each other on the beach.

Tom and Agnes dressed up for dinner and dancing.  Tom gave Gina more than enough Euros to pay for dinner for both girls.  Since the French couple had an automobile, they picked up the family and drove back to their rented villa.  Tom couldn’t take his eyes off the beautiful French woman, dressed to perfection in a shimmering black, low-cut minidress.  Mr. Côté noticed, and didn’t seem too pleased by the American’s overt ogling even as he himself ogled Agnes in her white strapless sheath, her breasts amply highlighted.

The four of them drove away, leaving Sylvie to show the place off to Gina.  Sylvie laughed her tinkling little bell of a laugh, pointing out the oversized bathroom to Gina, saying, “See, we have un bain de ramous, it is very much fun, especially if one were to sit in the best place.”

“You mean the tub?” Gina asked.

“Oui, as you call it, a Jacuzzi” Sylvie said.  To Gina’s ears it sounded like she said “Jack-ZEE,” so it took a few seconds to realize what she called the big tub.  Gina knew what a Jacuzzi was, though she’d never been in one and didn’t know what Sylvie meant with her comment on the best place.

When they discussed plans for dinner, Gina told Sylvie about the money her dad had given her.  Sylvie smiled and said, “Ooo-la-la, we shall have more than enough money to eat and party tonight.”

“Party?  I thought we were staying here.”

“Don’t be silly.  Why should our parents have fun at a discotheque while we remain here and be bored?  We can have a great dinner all to ourselves, and then we can dance all night at a club wearing sexy clothes and making everyone watch us.  You will have so much fun.  Our parents will stay out all night also, and they will never know what we did.”

Gina again realized she wasn’t as self-assured as Sylvie seemed to be, but it all sounded so grown-up and therefore somewhere she’d gladly allow herself to be led.  She said, “Yes.”

“But first we must bathe.  I will fill le bain.”  Before Gina could say anything, Sylvie was off to the bathroom to fill the large tub.  She was so nonchalant about everything, therefore Gina didn’t want to say no and hurt the French girl’s feelings.  When Sylvie returned to Gina, she took her by the hand and said, “Let us go, dépêchez-vous!  I am getting hungry and we should not delay; the evening is still young!”  Gina followed Sylvie to the large bathroom.

Sylvie began undressing as soon as they entered.  Naked, she bent down to switch on the Jacuzzi’s jets.  Gina saw that she didn’t have tan lines down below either.  Sylvie turned to Gina and admonished her, “Come on young lady, we should not waste this special treat.  Come.”  As Gina disrobed, Sylvie went about twisting her long hair into a bun atop her head and pinning it there, then she climbed into the bubbling water.

Gina was surprised to see that Sylvie still had a full, dark bush below, though trimmed for wearing her thong.  Gina had taken to shaving her pubic hair from the moment it grew, after speaking with her mother and having her show Gina how to do it.  On the other hand, Gina’s pubic hair was almost as light as the hair on her head, so even if she didn’t shave it would never look as lush as Sylvie’s.  Gina hurried into the tub as soon as she was naked, but not before Sylvie whistled and cried out, “Ooooooh, a bald one!  You are so special Gina sweet, with your little pointers and your baldie!”

Gina blushed with embarrassment.  Sylvie noticed her reddening and pulled the girl towards her so she was nestled between Sylvie’s legs and her back to her.  Gina couldn’t relax as Sylvie innocently took hold of a wash cloth and a cake of soap and began bathing the American girl.

As Sylvie’s hand, and the cloth within it, swept up Gina’s stomach to her left breast, she whispered in Gina’s ear, “You know I want you.  I wanted you from the moment my eyes saw you on the beach.”

Gina trembled and said, “W…Why?”

“Why?  You are funny, non?”  Sylvie throatily laughed.  “You are très belle, very beautiful, that is why.”  The wash cloth dropped into the roiling water, so only Sylvie’s hand squeezed and caressed Gina’s breast as the other hand was at the inside of her parted thighs.”

Another, deeper tremble seized Gina.  “You are the beautiful one.  What do you see in me?”

“Sssshhh, no more talk,” Sylvie whispered, before sweeping Gina’s hair aside and kissing her at the nape of her now-exposed neck. Gina trembled once more, a tremor that originated in a different, deeper place.  Sylvie’s fingers explored.  Gina gasped as Sylvie massaged a nipple simultaneously with her small pearl of a clitoris.  “I know you will be a loud one,” Sylvie whispered, words almost drowned out by the roar of the Jacuzzi’s jets.

Gina had surrendered herself into another world.  As Sylvie admitted about her, Gina conceded her instant attraction to Sylvie as soon as she saw the dark haired beauty on the beach even though she wasn’t consciously aware of it then.  She could not deny that deep within herself she wanted this to happen.  Sylvie’s hands and fingers were doing things to her that her own experimenting fingers had never done.  She moaned as something tensed and released deep within her belly.

“Ahhhhhhh,” Sylvie sighed, “la petite mort, not a big one certainement, but that will come.”  She scooted around until she had Gina facing in a different direction, then said, “Move just so…yes, that’s the place.  Let the flow of water be as a tongue, licking, licking…”

Gina now had a jet pulsing directly at her engorged clit.  It didn’t take long.  Her eyes met Sylvie’s as she cried out, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, myyyyyyyyyyyyyy!”  The orgasm was exquisite.  She’d masturbated before, but the heretofore experimental activity had never produced a result as intensely magnificent as this.  Gina had barely stopped whimpering when Sylvie’s lips found hers.  The kiss was deep—a real French kiss, Gina realized—as their bodies entwined, splashing more water from the effervescent tub.

Sylvie urged Gina from the water, and after a cursory toweling, to her bedroom.  When Gina asked if Sylvie was still hungry, she responded, “Oui, for you,” and slipped her eager tongue between the wet folds of Gina’s vulva.  Sylvie kissed and licked until Gina once more squirmed with pre-orgasmic delight.  Sylvie moved upwards and kissed every square centimeter of Gina’s body, particularly around her nipples, until their lips met; then after a few kissing moments, traveled back down to kiss those spots, such as her navel, that were missed on the way up.  By the time Sylvie was sucking hungrily on Gina’s clit again, Gina was in sweet agony and about to burst.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Sylvieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, ohhhhhhhhhhhh!” she squealed as she did burst, her orgasmic contraction spitting pussy juice at the delighted French girl nestled between her twitching thighs.

“Oh, ma fontaine, my tongue is doubly rewarded.  You are most delicious to eat.”

Gina said, “That was amazing!  I never felt like that before!  Your kisses…”

“The Spanish would say it as ‘miles de besos’, or thousands of kisses, and I would say it as des milliers de baisers, which is what you must now give to me.”

Sylvie reclined on her bed as Gina now repeated doing what had been done to her.  By this time, Gina was on sensory overload; the young French teen tasted so sweet, especially between her parted thighs.  Gina searched for and found the girl’s clit and ran her tongue over and around the little pearl of flesh until it popped up slightly as if in approval of its treatment.  Sylvie moaned and then yelped, “Mon Dieu, it is coming fast!”

Gina’s tongue tasted the tangy additional flow of orgasmic juices that flooded Sylvie’s vulva as she climaxed.  Sylvie screamed some more and her legs clamped down on Gina’s head as she convulsed.  To Gina it seemed like forever, and yet also that time had abandoned her in the midst of this newfound pleasure.

Sylvie dove on top of the startled Gina and kissed her and hugged her.  “You are more than I even dreamed when I see you on the beach.  You are my fantastic—no that is not the right word in English—ma fantaisie, the girl that so much turns me on!”

“Yes, it is fantasy, though I never dreamed I would have sex with another girl,” Gina said, luxuriating in the feel of Sylvie’s long hair cascading all over her naked skin.  “I’ve never known a girl as beautiful as you.”

Sylvie laughed.  “It is the only way to have sex, not with dirty boys and their silly pénis,” then she grew serious and said, “You are the beautiful one, not me, with your golden hair and perfect sex, all smooth and delicious.”

“I’m not as pretty as you, with your pretty face and perfect breasts and your beautiful hair.”  That prompted another round of kisses.  Afterwards, Gina said, “Are we too late for dinner?  You’re very tasty but not very filling.”

Sylvie smiled and answered, “We are in Spain, my sweet girl.  To the Spaniard it is never too late.  You shall see.”  She pulled Gina closer and added, “But first we must make some more love.”

After another hour of wet screams and fireworks, the girls fixed their hair, applied make-up, got dressed and went out.  Gina borrowed one of Sylvie’s party dresses that was much too short, so she felt self-conscious about wearing it until Sylvie put her hand under its hem and caressed her ass, saying “It is good because I can touch my favorite thing whenever we dance.  Both girls in fact wore short, tight dresses without bras and only thongs underneath.  They were ready to party.

Sylvie suggested a restaurant that was within walking distance.  The girls ate lavishly, persuading their waiter that they were old enough for wine.  When they left, they were giddy from wine, and each other.  While they walked to the dance club, many men tried to pick them up.  Sylvie said she thought the men believed they were prostitutes.  Gina was aghast at the thought, yet she felt extremely sexy for it.

She giggled and whispered to Sylvie, “They want to pay to have sex with us?  That makes me wet.  I’m so wet I can feel it!”

Sylvie stopped her, kissed her deeply, and then said, “Don’t be wet for men, be wet for me.”

Gina moaned “Yes.”

Sylvie said she heard the club they were headed to was a popular nightspot for young women.  “My maman told me that many women dance together and make many men who are there have much envy.”

The girls looked to be the youngest in the club when they arrived, though security at the door thought them older.  The music throbbed and everyone danced.  Sylvie and Gina joined in, first gyrating to the music’s intense beat, then moving together and gyrating as one to their own internal beat, as young lovers do.  Oblivious to others dancing, the girls were in effect having sex with dresses on.  Hands palmed asses.  Chests rubbed together.  Gina gasped when Sylvie surreptitiously slid her hand under Gina’s hemline and slipped two fingers within her thong.

Sylvie spoke, nearly shouting to be heard over the pounding music, “You are wet.  For me.  If we were not here I would taste you and make love to you.”

Gina was flushed and glassy eyed, some because of the wine but mostly from utter arousal.  She was pre-orgasmic, which both thrilled and scared her somehow.  Sylvie knew just where to touch and how soft or forceful to be, and she felt the flutter deep within her that signaled the nearing arrival of that most amazing of convulsions.

The strangest of timings occurred that sent Gina over the edge.  Dancing next to the girls were two women who were as sexually overt in their dancing as they were.  They danced back to front, with one woman’s hand under the other’s dress and obviously fingering her.  The recipient shuddered before moaning loudly as she climaxed.  She may not have been heard by many in the dancing crowd, but Gina heard her.  Gina’s cry was much louder than the other woman’s, and people did hear her.  Several heads swiveled to stare at the two young girls, and they received many knowing smiles and envious looks.

On wobbly legs, Gina pulled Sylvie away from the dance floor center.  Removed from the reveling throng and the loudest of the music, Gina took Sylvie’s face in her hands, pulled her closer and kissed her passionately.  “I think I’m in love,” Gina said as soon as their lips parted.

“Yes, I think we are both,” Sylvie replied breathlessly.  That’s when she saw them.  “Look over there, Gina, it is my mama and yours!  They are dancing sexy like we were!”

Sure enough, Gina looked out on the dance floor to see the two women gyrating as they rubbed their bodies together.  Gina, mostly from tonight’s new experience, recognized what was happening.  “Do you think…?” she asked her new friend.

Sylvie was happily amazed.  “Oh yes, of course!  My mother is a bisexuelle, and I remember how she looked at your mother on the beach, especially her beautiful breasts.  My mother loves to play with nice breasts!”

Gina was herself amazed to think of her mom as bisexual too.  She imagined the two women doing all the things that she and Sylvie had done, and it instantly made her hot again.

The girls silently watched as the women’s dancing grew more physical and their dresses slid higher and higher on them, revealing glimpses of ass.  Gina realized that many dancers, both men and women, were groping and being groped as their hot bodies moved to the music’s beat.  The mothers were no exception.

“Let us go to them.  It will be a surprise,” Sylvie said.  She took Gina by the hand and guided her to the dance floor, and toward their mothers.

Dancing up alongside them, it took several minutes before the sweaty and aroused women noticed the girls.  Celeste saw them first and broke away to embrace her daughter.  Agnes shouted to Gina to be heard above the music, “How long have you been here?  Did you know?”

Gina answered, “Not until just now, Mom.”  When Agnes’s expression begged for understanding, Gina added, loudly, “It’s okay…me and Sylvie too.”

“Really?” Agnes said, while at the same time Celeste gave her daughter another hug and said at her ear, “We are both lucky on this vacation, I see.”  Gina and Sylvie both nodded enthusiastically in answer to each mother’s different question.

Both couples went back to dancing, and both went back to touching and groping.  As with other couples, the particular aroma of musk was in the air, the smell of supreme arousal.  During an interlude in the music, Celeste suggested that they all go to the villa.  Gina glanced at her mother’s face to see that she was flushed and excited, which probably was how she had looked when Sylvie began to make love to her earlier.  Her legs were rubbery, thinking about the possibility of more lovemaking with the beautiful French girl.

They didn’t speak much as they walked back to the Côté’s rented villa.  Gina asked her mom where her dad and Sylvain were, and Agnes answered, “They finally found something they had in common—poker.  They’ve gone off to play in an all-night game.”

Celeste leaned toward Agnes and whispered, “And we will play at all-night games also.”  The girls heard her and glanced at each other with glee.

At the villa, Celeste opened a bottle of wine and poured four glasses before inviting Agnes to check out the Jacuzzi tub.  Sylvie and Gina took their wine glasses and walked to Sylvie’s bedroom where they kissed and fondled each other, still in their slinky dresses.

With a gleam in her eye and a smile on her face, Sylvie suddenly said, “We should look in on them…watch them make love.  I love to watch maman with another woman.  She does that often, and it is always special to see…and hear.”

“You’ve watched your mother with other women?” Gina asked incredulously.

“Oui, she knows I am…lesbian…so she wanted me to view her, and learn.”

“Wow,” Gina uttered.  “What about your father?  Does he know?”

“About my mother, yes, he knows, and looks away.  About me, perhaps he does not, but I do take after my maman, do I not?”

The girls silently approached the bathroom, hearing the roar of the tub’s jets but not much else, until they were just outside the door, peering in.  The women were sitting in the tub, facing each other and kissing.  Celeste must have been sitting on a jet, for she was reacting to it, breathing heavily and moaning loudly.  Agnes slipped her hand down between the other woman’s thighs, and soon the act achieved culmination with Celeste crying out her orgasm.

Gina wasn’t even aware that she had her fingers at Sylvie’s cunt until they slipped effortlessly into a sea of warm liquid excitement.  While her mother finger-fucked Agnes, her face buried between the American woman’s breasts, Sylvie undulated in the doorway as Gina did the same to her.

Sylvie whimpered, which drew her mother’s attention.  Mother lovingly smiled at daughter, only returning her attention to Agnes when she began to cum.  Agnes’s scream couldn’t be overshadowed by Sylvie’s, or the sound of the roiling water.

Celeste helped Agnes from the tub, and motioned for the girls to take their place.  Sylvie and Gina got naked fast and climbed in, both vying for the best jet.  They found their preferred seating arrangement and soon both were cumming.

Both girls were lost in their multiple orgasms, as each kissed, licked and fingered the other.  Eventually they switched off the Jacuzzi, toweled off, and went back to Sylvie’s bed.  Gina began kissing Sylvie all over, saying “Thousands of kisses…maybe millions…” as she did so.

“Oui, mon Dieu…OUI!” Sylvie cried out, as perhaps only a hundred or so were actually necessary.

After more fantastic orgasms, the girls fell asleep in each other’s arms, only to be awakened by Celeste’s orgasmic bellow.  Gina whispered, “They’re still at it!”

Sylvie said, “Let us go see them.”

They walked hand-in-hand from Sylvie’s bedroom to her parents’ room.  The women were spent, yet still touching and caressing each other on the big bed.  Much more than all the sex, the girls belied their age as they playfully jumped onto the bed to join their mothers.  They hugged, kissed and tickled each other until the four naked females were giggling up a storm.

Celeste said, “I would not trade this time for anything.  We are happy, les belles filles are happy.  It is too much of a shame that our holiday will not last for eternity.”

And that is how the remainder of the vacation progressed.  The men were sent off, and the women would play.  One night, the mothers swapped daughters.  Sylvie was ecstatic playing with Agnes’s large tits, and had two superb orgasms.

Agnes told the French teen, “I can see why my daughter fell to your charms.  You’re an amazing young woman.”  Sylvie thanked her before offering up her womanhood again to the older woman’s gifted tongue.

Gina marveled at the difference in the taste and smell of the older French woman, and she loved it.  Celeste said to Gina, “You are so sweet and lovely.  It is easy for me to understand how my daughter became infatuated with you.”

Gina thanked her, commenting to Celeste in turn on the French woman’s exceptional beauty.  As a reward, Gina’s bald little cunt was assaulted by Sylvie’s mom until she squealed in delight and squirted a sweet dollop of girl-cum onto Celeste’s tongue, lips and chin.

Later, Agnes asked Gina, “This is our secret, right?”

“Of course, Ma.  Dad doesn’t have to know anything about this.”

“I love you, sweetheart.”

“I love you too.”

Sylvie kissed Gina, and then said, “Aha, I taste my maman on your lips!  Does she taste better than me?”

Gina smiled, “Nobody tastes better than you.  Nobody kisses better than you.  What was that Spanish saying again?  Miles de besos?”

“Oui, that is it.  We must keep working on that until it is perfected, non?”

Sylvie's hair caressed Gina as it swept over her, following her lips as they administered kiss after kiss to Gina’s insatiable, nubile body.  “I cannot count to that high a number, so maybe I will only estimate how many kisses I give you,” Sylvie crooned.

It was the last kiss, of course, that was the most special. The one on that small, fleshy finger at the crest of her vulva that propelled Gina to a world newly discovered but never to be forgotten.

Sylvie and Gina kept in touch through Facebook and in occasional phone calls, but as these youthful relationships go, after a while they fell out of touch, though each would never forget the other.

Once home, Agnes and Tom didn’t have as much sex as they had before the trip.  Blame it on the Spanish beach, if you must blame something for natural sexual inclinations that eventually refuse to be ignored.

Adieu

Donna M.