**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 7**

I seated everyone around the kitchen table. After the initial surprise had worn off Syliva had gotten a lot cooler towards me and refused to answer questions saying she had some for me first. Melissa sat close to me. A few years ago I had torn down the wall to the dining room and merged it with the kitchen. That allowed me to have a decent-sized table in the kitchen which was useful sometimes. By now everyone had a bottle of water from the fridge and after Sylvia had given it the silent once over I was glad I was a bit obsessive about keeping it spotless.

“So, Sylvia McCallister,” I started.

“Heller,” She interjected. “I gave up McCallister when I got married.”

“In college?”

“Yep, I got pregnant with Lavi while I was still in. I had to finish at an American university satellite when we moved to Israel with her dad. Did you know Peter, Peter Heller?”

I thought back but couldn’t place him so I just shook my head no.

“He was an engineering major. We got married and he took a job with a startup in Tel-Aviv. He had grown up in Israel anyway.”

“Are you Jewish?”

“I am now, raised Southern Baptist but I converted when we married.”

“And you’re here now? A long way from Chapel Hill.”

“His company did stuff with microprocessors and got bought out. His coming here was part of the restructuring. I had missed the states anyway.” She fidgeted with the water bottle in her hands. “He’s at home right now but he is awfully curious why I left the house with the girls though. I told him I had a mystery to solve.” She gave that same smile I had seen on Lavi’s face. OK, clearly they had more in common than their hair.

“So ... why are you here?”

“Well, I caught these two sneaking out.”

“We were not sneaking out. We were walking out.” That was Lavi.

“You were sneaking,” her mother countered.

“And failed,” Melissa added. Lavi glared at her. “Lavi and I were talking and I was wishing I could visit you.”

“And spend the night apparently,” added Sylvia.

“We didn’t say that,” said Lavi.

“You didn’t have to.”

Melissa looked at Sylvia, “It’s fine Lavi. It’s true. I don’t see anything wrong with my wanting to spend the night with Robert.” Then she turned to look at me squarely, “By the way, you said to call you Robert, what’s this Rob thing?”

I sighed. “It sounds weird to have people call me Rob but in college, they thought I was kind of stuck up so I started using Rob. I still do sometimes but trust me, I’m Robert.”

“Ah.”

“But while we’re on names,” I motioned with my head towards Sylvia while looking at Melissa, “what’s with the mom thing?”

“Huh?”

“You called her mom outside.”

“Oh, you know how Lavi is mini-mom?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, that’s the full-one.” She pointed at Sylvia. “Back when I started hanging out at Lavi’s my mom made a really big deal about minding Sylvia as if she was my mom. So she became other-mom or just mom sometimes.”

Lavi, “She sarcastically called mom her mom so much that eventually, it stopped being sarcastic and just started being a habit.”

“Peter used to say thank god she wasn’t really our daughter, a second one would have left him bald instead of with gray hairs,” Sylvia added.

“Mother!” That was Lavi.

“What, it’s true! We’ve worked hard to protect both of you. Which brings us to ... this.”

“We really didn’t think you’d think it was such a big deal,” offered Melissa.

“Going out to see a grown man...”

“Going out to see my boyfriend. How many times has Jerry picked me up from your place,” asked Melissa?

“That’s different.”

“Really?”

“Your mom knows Jerry.”

“I’m an adult and my mom doesn’t have a say if I choose to see someone.”

I could tell Sylvia was getting heated. “She does so long as you live in her house.”

“I don’t have to live there.” I knew that tone of voice from Melissa from our one and only fight. I thought about saying something but looking at her staring down Sylvia ... yeah, she didn’t need me to fight her battles for her. So, instead, I just took her hand and squeezed it.

A long pause passed where the semi-adopted mother and daughter had a non-verbal showdown. Lavi looked like she wanted to disappear but eventually broke the silence by saying, “Mom, I know you love her but it’s her decision, just like it would be mine. Seriously, you weren’t nearly this wound up until you heard his name.”

Sylvia took a long deep breath. “When you said he was older and had his own house I was imagining in his twenties, not my age.”

“I think he’s a little older than you,” Melissa said. That jab hit Sylvia like a soft left swing but she mostly ignored it.

“Seriously, mom,” Lavi decided to press the point, “you’ve always been upfront with us, made sure we had protection, told us we should wait until we were sure but it was our lives all that. This seems a bit of a turnaround.”

“Come on Lavi, you’re not stupid, you have to know what this looks like,” her mom countered.

“And what does it look like?” I didn’t like the sound of that implication at all.

Sylvia stared daggers at me now, “Like a middle-aged man getting his rocks off on a young piece of ass he can play games with.”

Melissa went as rigid as stone but that didn’t stop her voice. “YOU”

SLAM. The room echoed. I was seeing red, which was not good. The table shook and my and Lavi’s water bottles fell over. I had brought my hand palm down into the table as hard as I could. It hurt. The sound echoed. My palm was pulsing with the pain but it successfully interrupted Melissa before she said something she would regret. I looked at Sylvia and slowly removed my hand from the table. I looked at it and flexed the fingers before turning to look at Sylvia who stared at me.

“I want to make one thing clear. You are an old friend but you will watch your tongue. You can say whatever you like about me. Some of it is likely to be true. But if you imply for one second that Melissa would be treated that way by myself or anyone else in this house we will have words you do not want, do you understand me?”

She nodded and that’s when I noticed she had backed up slightly from the table, scooting her chair away. I stood up then and decided to do something for a few moments while I gathered myself and started looking through a drawer of take-out menus. I tossed a pad of paper and pen on the table along with the menu.

“I was trying to make noodles and learn to make Pad Thai because Melissa likes it when you arrived. It wasn’t going well and I’m hungry so I’m going to order it. If anyone else wants something, write it down, my treat. Order something for Peter if you want to take it home to him. We will talk after the food arrives.” My tone was terse. I was going for normal but failing. I took out the whiskey I keep around for when my throat is scratchy. I put it and a shot glass down.

“I only keep one shot glass around so if anyone wants one they’re going to have to be OK sharing it with me. For what it’s worth I’m fine with it.” I poured a shot, took it, then a second before walking outside. I heard the door open again a second after I had closed it. Melissa’s arms snaked around me as I was stretching and hugged me watching the moonlight on the pool.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, you didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I made a mess of this.” I felt her head press into my back.

“No, this is just messy. I’m sorry I got angry.”

“Mmmm,” she just hugged me and we stood like that, her holding me and me rubbing her arm until a moment later she started giggling.

“What’s funny?”

“I was wondering if Mrs. Heller is on the rag too and then thought she might be lucky if she is.”

“Why?”

“Because you might have made her pee herself a little and the pad would help.”

I tried to hold it in, I really did, but soon we were both giggling and like that the tension drained out of me. After a few more minutes we slowly kissed and then went back inside. The notepad was on the table with writing on it. The shot glass and whiskey bottle were closer to Sylvia now. Sylvia started to say something but I held up my hand to tell her to stop. I picked up the pad and ordered the three listed on the pad then the two others, combo pork and chicken for Melissa since I didn’t see her handwriting on the pad and chicken and shrimp for me.

I hung up. “They’re not busy so it’ll be here pretty quick.”

Melissa looked at me, “Two each?”

“Sure.” She started to get the salt and paprika out while I went to the fridge. “Eggs for the Pad Thais?” I asked Lavi and Sylvia.

“No thank you,” Sylvia said. “They can’t add it?”

Melissa replied for me, “Robert gets fresh eggs from a local farm, way more flavor.” She and I moved around for a few minutes. In the last few weeks, we had fixed snacks together enough that she knew where things were and we had fallen into a habit of her doing seasoning and other tasks while I did the main cooking. When the eggs were mixed Melissa picked up my phone and put in my passcode to start looking for music while I finished up. The sounds of Camille Caballo and Billy Elish started. Within a few minutes, the doorbell rang and she went to get the food. She came back and started passing it out while we added eggs to ours and sat down. During all of this none of us talked but I noticed that Sylvia watched us with deep interest.

I paused before taking my first bite. “Now, it’s not exactly breaking bread but I have invited you in and we’re eating so let’s try this again.”

Sylvia talked slowly, taking bites in between. “I’m concerned about her safety.”

“Physically?”

“A little, but more emotionally and other things.”

“I’m a woman,” Melissa offered.

“Please, you’re a girl. I don’t care what the law says. Remember I was your age once. I don’t think I was a woman until I was nearly thirty, not really.”

“And what made you a woman?” Lavi asked, biting into a spring roll. “You always told me it was love and pain.”

She glared at her daughter. “Don’t throw my own words back at me.”

“Too late, I listened to you.”

“I always thought that would make me happier to hear,” Sylvia deadpanned.

“And I’m going to make mistakes and I’m going to get hurt. Maybe with Robert.” Melissa smiled at me. “Maybe not.”

Sylvia sighed and put her fork down. “This is so weird. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have blown up. I came over all excited and all my feelings are jumbled up. Rob Carlo, I can’t believe it’s you.”

“Excited?” I asked.

“She was nearly bouncing,” supplied Lavi.

“I’m not your mom, not really.” She said to Melissa “but I do still have a responsibility both to you and to your mom. Just not the same one I guess.” She sighed deeply. “OK. Fine. I’ll keep my mouth shut but I reserve the right to raise a major bitch later.”

“I think that’s fair,” I said.

“How did this happen? Not the job, I heard about that but you two, together,” Sylvia asked.

“Well, I think it was while we were talking about Their Eyes Were Watching God,” supplied Melissa. Sylvia nodded as if this made sense. It didn’t to me. “We were talking about Janie and I kept expecting Robert to talk about her experiences from his viewpoint but instead it’s like he was living in her head and he kept challenging my assumptions. I assumed I’d know her better being a girl but he insisted we talk about her as a person, not a metaphor. And somewhere in there, I realized he saw me as a person too.”

“How long were you ... talking?” Sylvia prompted.

“Weeks? A month? I don’t know, forever. One day I hugged him and could tell he wanted ... what every guy wants but he didn’t act like others. I kept waiting for him to try to get in my pants but he didn’t. So, eventually I, well, eventually ... pushed.” Melissa supplied.

“Now, that does sound like the Rob I remember,” Sylvia said with a half-hearted chuckle.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“You always were oblivious to women.”

I looked at her, confused.

“No, not me in case you’re wondering.” Thank goodness, that would have been too weird. “There were other girls though ... more than one liked your intensity. Several were interested to find out if you could be just as passionate about them as you are about books.”

At that Melissa kind of turned red. Lavi did not let her life sister off the hook by loudly whispering, “Busted!”

I coughed to clear my throat. “Well, they certainly didn’t tell me.”

For the first time, the three shared a conspiratorial look. I knew they communicated something but found myself ill-equipped, perhaps literally, to understand it.

Melissa looked at Sylvia, “I initiated this. This was my choice. He kept telling me to leave.”

“Until he didn’t,” Sylvia offered. “A good manipulator could do that.”

“Please, you accused me of not being a woman but that’s bullshit!” Sylvia tried saying something but Melissa cut her off. “No, listen to me. I don’t know some things but there’s plenty I do know. I bloomed early and hard. I was a woman as far as guys are concerned before I knew what sex was, certainly before I wanted it. So I had to learn some things pretty damn early on. I was in the fucking hospital and had doctors leering at me and wondering what it would be like to fuck me while I thought I was dying.” She was almost yelling now and then got very quiet. “I know what I am to men. And I know what I am to Robert.”

I didn’t wait for the question. I looked at Sylvia. “I’m lonely when she’s not here. I was never lonely before I met Melissa, even when past women left me I might have missed them a little bit but space didn’t feel empty for them not being there. It does when she leaves.”

“Fuck,” Sylvia offered and threw her head back to loosen her neck up.

“Double fuck,” offered her biological daughter grinning. Lavi then got up and came over and gave me a hug, then looped in Melissa. Everyone returned to their seats and looked at Sylvia.

“You certainly have Lavi’s blessing. I guess that counts for something. She’d cut off a limb for Mellie without hesitation.”

“Are we good?” I asked.

Sylvia looked like she was making some kind of evaluation. “We’re good, just be careful with my other daughter.”

“I will.”

“And you,” she said looking at Melissa, “be careful with him. I’m not sure you’re not both damned fools.”

“I will,” she said, still holding my hand.

Seconds later Sylvia got swarmed with Lavi and Melissa on each side giving her kisses on the cheek. Melissa got there a split second later but it seemed to be Lavi’s attention that surprised her as it was as enthusiastic as Melissa’s.

“So...” she was beaming from the attention a little. “Before I got distracted by dealing with ... the idea of Melissa as a woman now”

“It’s not like I was a virgin...”

“Ah! I don’t need to know that for sure, though it’s oddly kind of comforting. ANYWAY...”

She picked her purse up from where she had put it on the floor. It was one of those monstrous things that you could stuff a shipping container into and yet women never seem to have what they think they put into it. She pulled a hardback book from it and handed it to me. The cover was electric blue with a girl standing there and lightning from her fingertips. The cover said Sky Born, had several award stickers and proclaimed it a New York Times bestseller by Sylvia Newton. It looked like YA, which aside from maybe Harry Potter I had never read. Well, Hunger Games too. Unsurprisingly, the back cover showed the woman sitting across the table from me. At this point, she reached over and opened it to the dedication page and began reading from across the table

“I would like to dedicate this to my first editor, the second most important man in me becoming who I am after my husband.”

“That’s him?!” Lavi was pointing at the book.

“I still don’t get it,” I said.

Melissa looked like she did and filled me in. “I’ve heard this story. Sylvia-mom always tells us that it is really important to support people, that one person could change someone’s life. She’d tell us that when she went to college one guy was there who was editing the college literary magazine and he encouraged her and that’s why she became a writer.”

“I was editing the magazine and I took one of your stories...” I started.

“And you changed my life.”

“You were already a writer, I didn’t do much. Maybe encourage you a bit. You always had talent.”

“Encourage? That’s all? You’re the only man who did. My father told me I was stupid. My preacher told me I should settle for finding a reliable husband. You told me I had talent. I never thought anyone would care about anything I did.”

“You wrote it. It was all you.”

“You convinced me I had value as something other than a breeder.”

I wasn’t sure what to say. “You were amazing and obviously still are. Do you mind if I borrow this to read it?”

She smiled and laughed. “You can keep it, I did dedicate it to you! You know I looked for you a few times to tell you?”

“I don’t use social media much.” I swear I saw Melissa smirk at that but she didn’t say anything snarky though I’m sure she was thinking it.

“So, how the hell did you end up here?” Sylvia asked.

“Uh, long story.” I grimaced. “And not interesting.”

“But you’re not teaching literature?”

“No, I never finished. I had to drop out while working on my master’s.”

“So, you dropped out and then became a geologist?”

“I’m not a geologist. I’m just good at studying rock samples. I was doing a crappy help desk job. But they were using a heavily customized version of this statistics package and no one knew it. I figured it would be good if someone did, so I learned it. I got really good at it until they had me working with it full time. Eventually, I got to know the data really well until I got a good feel for making the guesses.” I shrugged again. I felt like I was doing a lot of that. “Here I am.”

“Why?”

“Long story.”

“We have time.” That was Melissa innocently sipping her water but not letting it pass.

I rolled my eyes. I guess I’d put it off. “My dad disappeared when I was in school. Creditors grabbed everything ... including a few shady ones. Apparently he grabbed what cash he could and decided Mexico was a good place to hang out. Or at least he went through there, the border was the last place anyone documented him. We haven’t heard from him since. My mom was homeless and needed me so ... I did what I could.”

“Where is your mom now?” That was Melissa.

“She’s living in North Florida. She’s working with a friend running a bed and breakfast. The friend has this huge house and wanted to make it into a bed and breakfast after her husband died but didn’t know anything about the business. My mom had been the manager of a small-town motel for ages. It was a perfect match.”

“How did you end up here?”

“I moved out of Chapel Hill to live with my mom in Atlanta. After she moved to Florida I could go anywhere. I ... was engaged for a while.” I paused to drink some water and take a few more bites of the noodles. At that point, you could have heard a pin drop as it was clear Melissa hadn’t been expecting that. Melissa was looking at me with a hundred questions. Answering what I thought were the most important ones, I started back. “Yeah. Remember I mentioned a restraining order?”

“I thought you were joking.”

“No.”

“Your fiancé?”

“Well, she was having trouble understanding she was my ex-fiancé. That did seem to finally communicate it to her though.”

“FUck.” That was Lavi, putting stress on half a syllable as only a teenage girl can.

I shrugged. At least my shoulders were getting some exercise tonight.

Melissa reached out to hold my hand. “What happened?”

“She got what she said she wanted and then it made her angry and insecure.”

“Didn’t...” That was Melissa. She didn’t get the whole sentence out as I squeezed her hand firmly to interrupt.

“You know, it’s the past. I can talk about it some other time. The details aren’t terribly interesting and this is the first night that I apparently get to spend with the most wonderful woman I’ve ever known and I’d rather pay attention to her.”

That apparently earned me a kiss from Melissa and I think I saw a fleeting smile from Sylvia. Lavi didn’t hide hers at all.

A while passed by as we finished eating. Sylvia took the fifth Pad Thai home to Peter. Lavi and Sylvia left with plans for Lavi to come back in the morning and drive Melissa home. They also left with both now having my contact information in their phones. Melissa and Lavi had a conspiratorial moment together while grabbing Melissa’s overnight bag. Melissa went ahead and took it upstairs while Sylvia and I chatted about what we were reading. I grabbed a jar of my honey for her and told her I’d love to meet Peter. I even meant it, a little.

We settled on the couch after they left, me sitting up on one end and her reclining on the other. Her feet ended up in my lap and I massaged them, stopping only to sip tea. I had made us ridiculously strong sweet tea with a lot of honey of a sort of dessert to sip on. I didn’t live in the south any more but I still loved sweet tea.

She went limp enjoying the foot rub and sipping her own tea. “If you keep that up I may fall asleep and it’s way too early.”

“I’ll wake you for bed if I need to.”

“You better.”

“Your other mom was sweet but I wasn’t prepared for that,” I said. “I’ve been trying to avoid worrying about things but ... are you really OK with us?”

She smiled. “Yes.” That was it, it was simple to her.

“And if I said I’m taking you out somewhere?”

“I’d ask what I should wear. Depending on where I might need to get something appropriate. Fortunately, I have a job.” She grinned.

“People would stare.”

“I get stared at all the time, especially when I dress up but even when I don’t. Are you prepared to be stared at?”

“I don’t know. It would be weird.”

“You don’t need to take me out. Staying here with you sounds fine to me.”

“You don’t seem like much of an extrovert for a cheerleader.”

She laughed. “There are plenty of introverted musicians. It’s the same kind of thing. I’m just really good at faking being an extrovert.”

“Don’t teach me how to, it sounds awful.” I started massaging each toe one by one.

“Are you going to tell me about her?”

“Her who?”

“The fiancé.”

“Jordyn. With a ‘y’ instead of ‘a’.”

“Jordyn with a ‘y’. Sounds ... pretentious?”

“She wasn’t actually.”

“What was she like?”

“In the beginning? Sweet. Frustrated. She had just gotten divorced. When I met her she was feeling trapped and wanted to feel free and alive. I was starting to get out of the dead-end I was afraid my life had become after dropping out of grad school. LIving sounded good. We met in Atlanta but she lived here so I moved here too.”

I took a drink from my tea and when Melissa didn’t offer any input I kept talking.

“There was something nasty in her from the start but I thought it was just the divorce and she would get past it. For a long time, I was able to ignore it and things were fun. But, once we started fighting we couldn’t stop. Once she got angry ... it seemed like she was angry about everything. In retrospect, I don’t think we resolved any of our fights. She hung onto grievances like treasures. Honestly, I haven’t thought about her much in years.”

“How long?”

“Ten years, about.” I picked up her other foot and started in on the sole.

“What do you think about when you do?”

“I screwed up. I let things go too long, I let them fester. I choked things back. I’ll never do that again. Any pain I avoided in the short term came back multiplied later.”

“What is it she got she wanted but didn’t like?”

“Me and other women mostly.” Melissa went still and quiet. “She wanted me to fuck other women, have threesomes, foursomes, moresomes.”

“Did you?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you like it?”

“Well ... at first, I did. It was exciting but the drama came. I’d never gone out a lot. She was a lot more aggressive than I was, socially. So she met couples for us, found clubs for us to go to. It was fun but she could get jealous, especially if she thought I liked a girl and wasn’t just fucking her like a doll. Sex went into a dark place for her, self-destructive. Actually, just destructive.”

“I’ve seen you get this far away look in your eyes sometimes when we get just a bit rough.”

“I’m not saying I don’t get it. She and I worked as long as we did for a reason. But, in the end, I know that’s a part of me but I don’t want it to be me.”

“Do you like being like that sometimes, just a bit?”

“Yeah. It’s tied up in my head in ways that probably aren’t healthy but I want to possess you, make you mine. Somewhere in my head, I want to eat you up like a predator would prey, that would make you absolutely mine.”

“I’m glad.” She said it softly.

I looked at her. “My id having metaphorical cannibal instincts is not something to be glad about.”

She rolled her eyes at me. “I’m glad I’m yours. That possessive part of you also wants to protect me. I saw a bit of that part of you with Sylvia-mom earlier. I said it before. I think I can take it rougher than you think.”

“We may very well find out.” I looked up from her feet to find her smile mirroring mine. “Sorry, again for the blow-up.”

“Don’t be. I think she needed to see that. I did.”

I leaned down and kissed her big toe.

“You’re a goof,” she said. “But you’re fine with me and Lavi?”

“Yeah, it’s different when it’s a woman.”

“I think that might be the most caveman thing I’ve ever heard you say. Not very politically correct. Aren’t you supposed to have some non-binary world view of gender and believe in all love is love?”

“Sure, all that is good. People should be happy but I’m not going to pretend to be something I’m not. For some reason, I don’t mind the idea of you and Lavi. Maybe it’s a breeding thing.

“My caveman. My literature-loving caveman.”

“Ug-ga-hu,” I grunted, “that means my honey bee.”

“Pig.”

“Beloved.”

She froze.

“Did you... ?”

“Yes.”

“I...”

“Shhhh, you don’t have to say anything.” I kept rubbing her feet.

“I do. I love you too.” She looked at me with her eyes wide. “You’re not just having fun?”

“Did you think I was?”

“No, but I ... it’s nice to know for sure.”

“I would tear down my world for you,” I said sincerely.

“I would never want you too, I just want a place in it. Do you think I’m too young to feel this?”

“If you are, maybe I am too. I thought I was in love when I got engaged but honestly, the split wasn’t that hard. I hurt but I could handle it. I worked fine. I got even more ... insular but that’s just because I came to see relationships as distractions from being content. You being mad at me for one day tore me apart. I’m not sure being older automatically tells us what love is.”

“So, we’re both just making this up as we go?” She asked.

“Yep.”

“So, you didn’t just target me as the hot cheerleader to fuck?” She was teasing, I could tell. “I won’t find a bunch of cheerleader porn on your computer?”

“Sure, but along with everything else.”

“You have a lot of porn?”

“I have a high libido and live alone. I masturbate enough to put a teenage boy to shame. Yes, I have plenty of porn. I probably have more cheerleader porn now than ever trying to find some that made me think of you.”

“Did you find any?”

“No, not really. Turns out even the memory of you is better than porn.”

“That is oddly sweet.” She kissed me again. “So, how wild was she? Jordan with a y.”

“Groups, piss play, wax, knives, bondage, more.”

“Wow. You’ve done all that?”

“And more.”

“Fuck. I was wondering why you weren’t shy once we finally got naked. I thought I might be the more experienced one.”

“Sorry to burst your bubble but, to be clear, not all that involves sex. Relatively little has to.”

“But it did?”

“Well ... the way we did it, yeah.”

“You liked all that?”

“That’s complicated. I enjoy the ... this sounds cheesy but energy, when there’s a passion it’s fun and I like that. By itself, for example, piss does nothing for me, it’s not a fetish, but watching a woman super turned on by my pissing on her, yeah I enjoyed that.”

“How about you being pissed on?”

“No interest. I can sit there in the shower if you want to try it but honestly, it won’t do anything for me unless you’re really into it.”

“I doubt it would.” She sounded thoughtful. “I might want to do it once just to say I’ve done it but when I think about it, there’s no excitement there. Would you pee on me?”

“If you want.”

“I want you to do everything with me, at least once. If I like it, more.”

“Is this because of Jordyn?”

“Not really, but yeah, a little too. I’m not going to have you do something with someone else and not me.”

“I can live with that. I just don’t want you to constantly be trying to find more. Wanting more I get but needing more, going crazy without it all time, always escalating...”

“Was that what she did?”

“Oh yeah.” A few minutes passed. I was working on an arch when I prompted, “What’s wrong?” I could feel the tension in her feet.

“You mentioned that Jordyn got jealous. I just want you to know ... if you and Lavi ... no jealousy.”

“Is that likely?”

“Yeah, she wants you to be her first man.”

“That’s flattering. Would you want to be there?”

“Yeah, if you’re comfortable with it,” she replied.

“I’d be uncomfortable if you weren’t.” We both smiled.

“And,” she reached down into my lap, “it feels like we need to take care of you tonight as you seem to already be a bit ... uncomfortable thinking about it.”

I didn’t think that deserved a response so I just grabbed at her. She stood up and raced ahead of me to the bedroom. I was right behind her.

I had no thought in my head but throwing Melissa on the bed. However, she had to pee and once she was in the bathroom I realized I had to too. I went to the hallway bathroom which was only not covered in a layer of dust due to the housekeeper who came in once a week for me. She was definitely getting a bonus. Within a few minutes, I was back in the bedroom ahead of Melissa. Actually, way ahead of Melissa. I was on the bed for a good while and heard her moving around, water running and was more than confused when she finally came out. I was on the bed naked and by then had been checking email on my phone when she left the main bathroom wearing only a pair of white cotton panties and carrying a towel.

“Did I keep you waiting?” She asked.

“I was thinking about looking around for a movie.”

“How about I give you something to do instead?” She twirled around slowly, seductively. I never got tired of this and put my hands behind my head to watch. The spin gave me a perfect view of her body, her blonde hair cascading over her tits, her sweet elfin face filled with lust. I could see the slight bulge of a pad in the panties but it didn’t distract from her one bit. Those toned legs rose to the slim waist. She smiled at my obvious approval and I waited as she got to the end of the bed, spread the towel out between my legs and crawled forward onto it.

“You know, I need to stock pads for you.”

“I brought extras silly.”

“Text me the kind later.”

“Sure, but right now I need to check on my property.”

With that, she took my half-hard cock and enveloped it in her mouth and made it the rest of the way hard. She had started out hesitant and rough on technique but that was weeks ago. She had paid attention to how I responded and I don’t know if she was a world-class cock sucker or not but she had become an expert on mine. In minutes she had gotten me hard as stone, that kind of hard that hurts as you feel like you’re going to explode from the pressure and it feels good. That’s when I noticed that unlike me she had thought to bring her tea up with her. I noticed when she reached a handout and snaked out a single partially melted ice cube, put it in her mouth and returned to my cock.

Fuck me.

I have no idea how long that was, where she had heard of it but the heat of her mouth, the cold of the ice melting, it swirled, it numbed me and excited me, it even hurt a little at times when the ice directly rubbed against me but it was a blur. After a minute she spit the nearly exhausted chunk of ice back into the glass and returned it to the bedside table. She held my cock by the base and stroked it lazily.

“You like?”

“I like.”

“Good, because I’m ready to get fucked.”

“I thought...”

In response, she smiled and lowered down between my legs so that my dick was resting in her hair. Her butt stuck up in the air and she wiggled it back and forth.

“I have another hole,” she teased, in a sing-song.

One thought penetrated my head. I have no lube.

“You sure?”

“I’m sure.”

“It might hurt.”

“I’ve practiced with my little dildo, I liked it. I think I’ll like this more.” She touched my dick again. “Make it hurt, rip my ass open with your thick cock.”

I have been accused, rightfully, of being clueless when it comes to women. However, I am not stupid.

“Stay right there. I’m coming back with lube.”

“Just spit and shove it in.”

“No, I intend to fuck your ass but I want skin still on my dick afterward.” I went downstairs as fast as I safely could. Tomorrow, Amazon order pads and lube. Tonight ... oil, olive, vegetable, coconut. They use it in skincare stuff, right? I grabbed the coconut oil and headed back upstairs. If I had lost any of my rigidity I regained it instantly upon seeing Melissa, her ass up in the air, panties pushed down mid-thigh, blonde hair spread around her on the bed, her hands holding her ass open in invitation.

I took some of the coconut oil and slathered it on the head of my dick as liberally as I could. It was dripping off but ... there was a towel. I knew what the towel was really for but that didn’t bother me. I pressed and found myself stopped by the entrance being tight. Holding onto the base of my cock with one hand I grabbed her hips with the other.

“Damn you’re tight.”

“I’ll push back.”

“Not too hard.”

“I’m relaxing the muscle, don’t worry I’ll take it.”

I felt the ring swell a little and a bit went in, maybe half the head but could still easily be pushed out.

“You’re tight. This could hurt.”

“Make me take it you bastard.”

So I did. I slammed home. If it was a novel I would have buried myself to her in one thrust. In reality, the toy didn’t prepare her that well and I barely got the bulb of the head past the ring of her anus.

“How does that feel?”

“Like I’m being raped by an elephant.” There was grunting after that. I don’t care who you are, as a man hearing that feels damn good. “Rape me more.”

I’m pretty sure it’s not rape when it’s issued as a command but I understood what she meant. At that point, I stopped being concerned.

“OK, you’ve had your chance to be broken in. Take it.” I let go of my restraint then and bore down. I took both hips in my hands and pushed hard. It fucking hurt. It hurt me she was so tight and she screamed bloody murder.

“You fucking bastard, you’re tearing me apart. FUCK!!!!’

I only had half in. There was no way I’d get more and I knew it but as I pulled out I rubbed more coconut butter on and pushed back in until I could saw back and forth with rhythm. Even with only half my cock in it was like being half in a superheated leather glove that grabbed tight with every thrust. I fucked her hard and knew she would be hurting but if she wanted it, this was it.

“That’s it, you fucker, fuck my ass like you mean it, show me I can take it.” I think there was more but it was muffled since her legs gave out and I nearly fell out, I went down with her and pinned her down as I continued to fuck her like a rag doll.

“Your ass is mine.”

“Yours, take it,” she whispered.

I came then; I flooded her ass. She started to move but I kept her there. Aftershocks ran through me and I felt other spurts, tiny but they joined the big ones. I finally rolled over and smacked her on one ass cheek to let her know I was done. Eagerly she scooted over and took my cock in her mouth. I was soft but getting harder as she sucked. I wouldn’t be able to cum again this soon but damn if it didn’t feel good.

“Mmmm even ass tastes good off your dick.”

“You sure you should be doing that before I wash?”

“It’s fine, I used an enema kit to clean while I was in the bathroom.” She looked at me with clear blue eyes and now had her legs sticking up in the air, and waving back and forth like an amused schoolgirl.

“You planned this?”

“Not today specifically, but was hoping soon.”

“But you didn’t get lube?”

“I thought I could take it with just spit. I was doing pretty good with my toy.”

“I only got half in.”

She stopped in place. “Half? Fucking half?!”

“Half.”

“Jesus, I’m not going to walk right tomorrow and you only got half in?” She got up and picked up the towel. “We will be practicing until I can take it with no lube!” I heard the last of it as she stomped into the bathroom and I heard the water running again. I had noticed a few blood stains on her fingertips so I suspect she had been taking care of herself as well. I would be glad to help as well but given her reactions so far I didn’t think she wanted it pointed out.

In a few minutes, she came back out and we snuggled in bed. She muttered something about “fucking half” a few times but settled down. We debated what to watch but eventually settled on something we both knew so that we could be pleasantly distracted and not miss much. She put her hand on my cock and never took it off. Over the next few hours we talked about everything that came to mind, not caring if we stayed on a topic or even made sense, we kissed and she jerked me off slowly. She made me cum twice more just a little each time and both times she leaned down and cleaned me with her tongue, obviously proud of herself and content. As midnight approached, late for me, we both fell asleep, her head gently resting on my chest, her breasts pushed against me much like she did on the loungers by the pool, her blonde hair covering me.

I slept the best sleep I had in a very long time.

**Chapter 8**

My alarm wasn’t set for the weekends but I woke a few minutes after six and the summer sun was already bright through the window. Usually, I got up right away, seeing no reason to lie around. This morning I was delighted to see Melissa’s hair spread around her sleeping face. I grabbed my phone and moved the camera to exclude any of her nudity but took a picture of her face and hair. I felt a little weird taking one when she was asleep but she was too beautiful to not capture it. It had woken me briefly when she got up for the bathroom twice during the night but I had been able to go back to sleep each time. She moved around a fair bit, clutching me and then rolling away in her sleep. At the moment I was unencumbered, so I decided to make my morning ablutions and go make coffee. Then I realized I didn’t actually know if she liked coffee. It hadn’t come up.

I reached over and rubbed gently on Melissa’s shoulder.

“Hey babe, do you want some coffee?” That earned me a grunt and some kind of whisper. I lay down to get my ear closer to her. “What did you say, baby?” The reply was guttural but I think I translated ‘coffee good, day bad’. Not a morning person, apparently.

I puttered around the kitchen checking out the news and started the coffee, then realized I didn’t know how Melissa liked hers. I thought about just making orange juice when I realized there was another source. I grabbed my phone and texted Lavi to ask her if she was awake.

I got an eggplant, eye-rolling emoji and some others that didn’t mean anything to me. I think the last one was poop. So, I texted back “huh?”

My phone rang and greeted it. “Good morning Lavi.”

I could hear the sleepiness in her voice. I’m guessing I woke her up. “Is everything OK?”

“Yeah, I just had a question.”

“What?” The tone indicated that she wished the phone had been turned off.

“How does Melissa like her coffee?”

I heard mumbling that I think may have been, “what the fuck”, as filtered by a pillow. Then she managed out, “Cream, sugar, lots of both so that no bitterness is left. Anything else?”

“No. Thank you.”

The phone abruptly hung up. I was making the coffee and cutting up some honeydew about fifteen minutes later when my phone dinged again. It was a text from Lavi. “not even 7, tell mellie it’s a good thing I luv her.”

I replied, “yes, it is and I will tell her.”

I hadn’t had to carry more than one plate and a cup in a long time. Somewhere I had a tray or two in a box, which I thought about as I carried two coffee cups awkwardly along with a plate of honeydew slices. As I reached the top of the stairs I walked in and saw that Melissa had grabbed a pillow and pulled it over her head, presumably to keep the sunlight out of her eyes. I grinned, put everything down on my side table and grabbed my phone for another picture. There was no way I wasn’t going to tease her about this later.

I sat down in the bed and held out her cup. “Come on, sleepyhead. It’s almost quarter till seven. Lavi will be here at eight, remember?”

With some grumbling, she removed the pillow and slowly pushed her back up against the headboard so that she didn’t so much sit up as just prop her back up. The movement made the sheet slide down and I was greeted with her magnificent breasts and her nipples standing out erect after feeling the sheets slide down past them. She wordlessly took the coffee from me which with all the cream was already cool and she eagerly drank from it. I didn’t see how it could help someone wake up with that much cream but maybe it was the sugar. Slowly, however, her eyes shifted to something resembling consciousness. I gave her ten minutes before I said anything and puttered around on my phone instead.

I found myself forgetting my own coffee as I enjoyed watching her. I sipped and said, “Lavi will probably have some words about me later.” I smirked.

“What happened?”

“She said to tell you it’s a good thing she loves you. I texted her to ask how you liked your coffee.”

“She’s an angel.”

“Want me to tell her?” I asked as I picked up my phone.

Melissa made a gimme gesture with her hands so I handed her the phone. As she started typing in messenger she woke up a bit more, typed, drank coffee, typed, drank coffee and repeated. As the light came into her face she took on that elfin look that innocent angel with a dirty mind. I figured if she was awake enough for this she was awake enough for something else. I put my coffee down on the bedside table and slid next to her. She gave me a strange look and then sighed as I took her nipple in my mouth and bit gently on it before I started to suck.

One hand grabbed my hair, “Oh yes you bastard, do that. I’m going to tell Lavi what you’re doing.” I heard her type. Her hands were busy between my hair, coffee, and typing. “I told her you’re sucking my nipple and the slut says she wishes she was here to help.”

I responded by reaching over to feel the one I wasn’t sucking on and pinch the nipple. When she moaned appreciatively I pinched a bit harder.

“Stop, stop!” I lifted my head. She quickly drank what was left in her cup and set the cup on the bed, then laid back. “OK, go.” I obeyed and crawled over so that I could easily switch between breasts. I already knew she liked her nipples played with roughly and I supplied, sucking, biting and planting gentle kisses around each mount before returning to the nipple and massaging the other with my hand.

I reached down with my right hand and slid it into the top of her panties. “No!” She reached for my hand with her left but I grabbed it and grabbed the wrist with my left. Holding it down with my weight on it and her other unable to reach around me had her flailing. We interlocked like a puzzle. Somewhere in the back of my head, I heard my phone pinging with messages but I ignored it.

She looked ready to rock away. I looked at her and very seriously just said: “Stop.” Moving my fingertips back down I reached carefully to where her clit was and found it. Touching it briefly I backed off again and rubbed above her pubic bone. I took my time enjoying her breasts, suckling on them, worshipping them. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew she would grow older, they would change but they’d still be perfect, hers.

Occasionally I dipped my fingers back down and played with the clit some more. Rubbing it gently in little circles, going by feel to rub around it. I never did it for long and backed off as she got close. I kept her arm locked between us, not letting her go. Sometimes I lifted my head while playing with her clit and stared at her but her head was always back, eyes closed tightly, concentrating on the sensation.

I returned to her breasts, kissing the flesh all over, sucking on the nipples, scraping them with the length of my tongue. I would take the nipple between my teeth and pull on it, applying more pressure as I pulled up until her hips went up in response and then I let go. A few times on the underside of the breast, where it would be unseen I bit into the flesh, leaving very tiny bite marks and she would whimper.

I felt her build-up, close, so close. I had lost any sense of time but her breasts were covered in faint marks from my suckling. For the last time, I sent my hand to her clitoris as I let go of her hand and sat up. Leaning down to put my face next to her ear, I whispered.

“It’s time for you to cum for me. Can you cum?” She nodded yes. “Good girl. I want you to cum.” I stroked her clit down, stroked harder on it and felt her shake. Her legs bucked up and a shudder reached through her body. She suddenly grabbed my shoulder and bit into it, hard. She seemed to freeze here, cumming hard, shaking and then suddenly still but not relaxing and then after then, breaths fell back down against the bed.

I laid down with her and snuggled agonist her chest as she stroked my hair.

“Happy,” I asked?

Content mumbling was my reply. Discreetly looking at my hand I saw a few tiny specks of blood on the fingers, hardly any at all. I kissed her and said, “I’ll make more coffee. We do need to get up.”

Collecting coffee cups I went downstairs and washed my hand, refilled the essence of the gods and returned upstairs. I could tell Melissa wasn’t sleeping but looked ready to fall back again.

“Come on,” I said down and held her cup out for her.

She groggily took it. “Your fault,” she half mumbled while pouting, “wake me up and then make me tired again.”

“I’m a bad man but I brought you coffee.”

“Forgiven.” She began drinking. “What time is it?”

“Quarter after seven.” I passed the plate of honeydew and she ate some.

“I didn’t...”

“What?”

“You know, get any on you did I?” She looked embarrassed.

I showed her my cleaned hand. “Nothing that wouldn’t clean up. One tiny drop.” She looked unhappy with me. “Did you enjoy it?” She nodded yes. “Then don’t worry about it.”

“It’s still gross.”

I held up my hands in surrender and smiled. “I’m not trying to push that boundary. But I wanted to get you off and I could do it without a major expedition down there. OK?”

“I guess I’m being a bit silly.”

“It’s your prerogative. I think in the young woman’s handbook it says somewhere you have to be silly sometimes just so I don’t start thinking you’re an actual angel.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled. After that we sat, we ate, we chatted. She was meeting up with the cheerleaders that were staying on the team from last year to have lunch today. Her mom was joining them. She groaned at that. Her mom apparently volunteered for chaperone events and had inserted herself in this even though school wasn’t back in session yet. I didn’t have much to say but tried to listen sympathetically. There was one topic I needed to address though, especially after I checked my messages. I showed Melissa the phone.

A few messages went back and forth. Melissa handed the phone back to me. “Lavi said I’m a bad person for leaving her hanging like that with something about my nipples being sucked on. I told her I’d make it up to her when the chance presented itself.” She grinned and I felt a bit of blood rush at that thought.

“So,” I started. “That brings up something I meant to ask about last night but kind of got distracted from.”

“Uh Huh?” Melissa mumbled with a piece of melon in her mouth.

“Lavi, she wants to lose her virginity? To me? Why?”

Melissa sighed. “Let me see if I can make this make sense. She wants ... no offense, but it’s not about you, she said she wants the same experience I had. I told her about how it felt like my first time with you and she said she wanted to share that with me.”

“But she didn’t do this before when you lost your virginity?”

“Ugh, I told her not to. It was a shit poor experience, she’d be stupid to want to share that and I’d be shit for encouraging her.”

“She’s been with girls though?”

“A few. She said it was a lot of fun but she didn’t love any of them.”

“You didn’t copy her in that?”

She blushed. “I almost did, several times. I was too shy.”

“You didn’t seem shy in the pool that day.”

“I’d already chickened out a whole bunch of times and I was about to lose my mind if I didn’t do something. And Lavi ... don’t be surprised if it’s more than once.”

“How would you feel,” I asked her?

“I’ve been thinking about it. A lot.” She took a moment to gather her thoughts. “If I came in and found you fucking ... just someone I don’t know how I’d feel. It would be hot but I’d be confused. But Lavi? That would be amazing. I’d just want to lie down and kiss her and you while you fucked. That would be beautiful. You’re both beautiful. But...” she sat up straighter and looked nervous, “I don’t want you to think I’m like your ex.”

“You aren’t.” I looked at Melissa who still looked nervous so I explained more, “She talked about fantasies and they were always perfect until she had them. You know they wouldn’t be. If you’re really fine with me and Lavi it would be my honor to be her first.”

Melissa smiled. “You make me happy.”

“Now, is now a good time to ask about you and Lavi?”

“Oh, yeah.” She grinned. “So ... we kinda need your help.”

I tried to lift one eyebrow dramatically but I think I just made a funny face instead, so I stopped. “What’s up?”

“July 4th is her birthday. We usually have a big party and hang out somewhere to watch fireworks and all that.”

“I’m not following but I assume more is coming.”

“So, this year Lavi is having her party downtown, we have reservations at a restaurant with a big outside deck and there will be fireworks and everything. So ... it’s right near a bunch of hotels, she was thinking maybe rent two adjoining ones and we leave the door open.”

“I can just get you two a room.”

“No, I want you there, able to watch. She wants some space but I want you nearby. Unless you don’t want to be...”. She looked at me questioningly.

“If you are asking if I want to watch the two most beautiful women I know make love, yes I do. My dick would remove itself from me and look for a new home on principle if I said otherwise.”

“So, that’s a yes?”

I sighed. “That’s a yes, but I get to pick the hotel. Multiple rooms and I’ll sit outside the room but you have to spend the night with her. I’ll sleep in another room if she’s uncomfortable with me there. I’d love to be there, but drama with your best friend I don’t want.”

“No drama. Believe it or not she and I have talked about you a ton.” That I did believe, exactly what, wasn’t sure about. “She already said she’ll be fine with you sleeping with us. Just maybe me in the middle?”

“Sure, of course.”

“And you’re fine with just having to sit there? While we ... bunny time?”

I laughed, just thinking about it is making me hard. “Just to be clear, I won’t just be sitting there. You know there is no way I won’t be able to not touch myself, right?”

“Yeah.”

“And Lavi knows?”

“I’m pretty sure she knows you aren’t a eunuch but I’ll make sure.” She nodded with overly pronounced solemnity.

“Then I will have masturbation material for the rest of my life. That’s a pretty incredible gift.” That got me a deep, amazing kiss.

“Thank you,” she said as she came up for air.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had anyone thank me for saying I was going to masturbate to them.”

“Then you didn’t know the right girls.”

“Maybe not.”

Eventually, we finished the honeydew and it was past 7:30.

She got up and stretched, Watching her legs revealed as the blanket moved off them and swing over the bed was erotic art. She looked over at me and seemed pleased at me watching her.

“Shower?”, I asked.

“Yeah.”

“I’ll join you.”

Her face tightened up a bit. “You sure? I’m still...”

“On your period?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll behave and there’s plenty of room in there.”

“OK.” She seemed unsure.

Once in the bathroom, I watched her take her panties off and wrap the pad carefully up before putting it in the trash. In a few minutes, we were in the shower. Melissa kept turning like she was going to face me but then would think better of it. The large shower with multiple heads made it easy to shower without actually pressing against each other. I took the opportunity to wash her back and offer to shampoo her hair for her and sprinkled kisses on her shoulders while the hot water hit us. Soon enough we were out of the shower and dressing. Once when she turned around she saw my shoulder.

“Robert!”

“Yes?”

“Um, I might have bitten a bit hard. I can see my teeth marks.”

I walked over and looked in the mirror above the sink. “It’s OK. I wear shirts and the only one that would see them is you.”

“Still, I’m sorry.”

“I might have left a few on you, you know.”

“Good,” she said as if that was a totally different matter.

She moved away from me then and took a rare pair of black jeans out of her overnight bag. They fit her like a second skin. I wolf-whistled. “I thought you said you didn’t like being looked at.”

She smiled. “Depends on who is looking. Besides, I figure I’m looked at anyway, sometimes I might as well have some fun with it. I’ll be out with a bunch of girls.” She added a light blue t-shirt to the ensemble and from a small jewelry box added her black and yellow earrings. I felt rather plain in my own blue jeans and a plain grey shirt.

My phone pinged again and I checked it. “Lavi says she will be here soon. She’s getting gas around the corner.”

Melissa gathered up what wasn’t in her bag but I saw her put a few more boxes, enema kits I was guessing, in my bathroom closet. Another thing to toss on my order list along with the lube. I was still on my phone placing the order as we started walking downstairs. We were at the bottom of the steps when the doorbell rang and Melissa skipped forward to unlock the door. Lavi grabbed her in a hug and then backed up.

Unprompted Melissa went, “Sorry!”

Lavi, “You leave me hanging with something about your nipples and that’s all I get?! ... Sorry!?”

“I was too busy getting laid.” She put on an innocent little girl look.

“Slut.”

“Bitch.”

“Thot.”

“Well fucked thot.” Melissa remained in character then slowly started pointing at herself. Lavi kept up her mock outrage until Melissa’s theatrics with the finger and then they hugged again.

I interjected, “Hey Lavi, come in a minute?”

“Sure!” Then she grabbed me in a hug which I wasn’t expecting. She had hugged me spontaneously last night but emotions were high. I admitted that she felt good and I looked over to Melissa but she looked fine. I got a quick look before we sat down. Lavi was wearing yoga pants which did nice things for her shapely ass and wearing a loose cream-colored shirt that gave shape to her cleavage and fell into lace at the bottom, showing a bit of tantalizing stomach.

We went over to the couch. I sat on one end with Lavi at the other and Melissa between us. The couch was large and deep but I sat close enough to put my hand on Melissa’s thigh and Lavi close enough to hold Melissa’s hand, so all three of us were still close together.

“So, I thought about trying to speak to you privately but I don’t think there should be anything secret between us. I don’t want misunderstandings or anything. Melissa has explained things but I wanted to know from you about things.”

Melissa, “First of all, you’re OK with Robert watching us right, when we can get together? He said he’d get us a hotel room.”

“Yeah, that’s cool. No offense, but I won’t be paying any attention to you that night, Robert.” Even as she was talking to me she was looking at Melissa. “I’ve been waiting for this.” I expected to see the lust on Lavi’s face but it was affection in the softness of her eyes.

“That’s fine. Are you sure you want me there at all though? I don’t really factor into this do I and ... I can see how you feel and that’s cool. I don’t want to be a distraction.”

Melissa turned and kissed me. “I love you for this. But, don’t worry Lavi will get my full attention. It just feels wrong for you to not be there at all”

“I don’t understand.”

Melissa sighed. “I’ve been trying to put it into words and a lot are close but not quite right. You make me feel less shy, safer but it’s like I’ve always felt like this for Lavi but suddenly with you, something fell into place and I knew I didn’t just love her but wanted her, it’s like one part of me let another part of me work the way it was always supposed to.”

“I don’t understand but I don’t have to. Are ... are you OK with this Lavi?”

Lavi looked at Melissa with love and obviously complex feelings, then at me.

“Well, this isn’t how I imagined Melissa and I finally got together but yeah, I’m OK with it. I’ve thought about it a lot. A l-o-t,” she extended out the vowel like a rubber band. “This is a package deal so excluding one of us completely would be weird. I want this with Mellie but you deserve to watch and share the bed later. And I ... thank you for helping make it happen.”

“That doesn’t mean you and I have to do anything.”

She waved her hand like she was batting something aside lazily.

“No, really.” I pressed.

Melissa looked annoyed at me, “Robert...”

Lavi stopped her. “It’s fine. If he needs to hear it. Let’s make this as plain as we can.” She lifted her shirt to show her sports bra and then doing something with her arms took it off without unhooking it from the back. It looked like an escape artist routine and I should have stopped her but ... holy fuck they were beautiful huge hanging tits and I suddenly wished she wasn’t on the other side of Melissa. For her part, Melissa looked surprised but not angry or jealous.

“I looked it up, Robert. Seventeen. I’m legal, no exceptions, no loopholes. These titties are your’s, this pussy is yours as long as you can share with Millie and we are a thing. You can fuck me right now if that makes you feel better.” At that, I saw Melissa squirm a bit and her legs unconsciously rub together. She liked that idea.

“I ... Lavi, you are gorgeous but that sounds a bit ... look, this isn’t an obligation.”

“Shut up you silly man.” Lavi looked exasperated. She looked at Melissa, “Can you explain it?”

“We’re a package deal,” Melissa supplied, “as she said. We always said our friendship was a package deal, this is just that ... upgraded.”

“The reason I can accept she needs you,” Lavi said, “is I need her. A part of me isn’t in me, it’s in her and I’ve spent five years worrying it wasn’t the same for her, that she’d leave one day and I’d forever be incomplete. And then she met you and suddenly she feels the same way about me.”

Melissa put her hand on Lavi’s leg and produced a smile that was radiant and entirely for her friend. She leaned over and Melissa and Lavi kissed gently on the lips. It was only a split second but it made all the blood in my body heat up about six degrees. Judging from Lavi’s chest it did the same to her. “I had two parts missing. So much was missing I couldn’t tell what was what, but when you and I meshed,” she looked at me, “then it somehow made sense and I could tell what the other missing part was.”

“Let me make this clear,” Lavi said. “I’ve poured my passion into a hole that never seemed to fill since I had the first hairs on my pussy. Romantic passion, sexual passion, all of it. I wrote poems about this little bitch in my notebooks and never saw one hint of it returned but I accepted it because we had another love and I’d never risk losing it. But now, if this is the price I pay, fuck it I pay it happily. I’m not questioning it, I’m not going to be jealous, I’m in this all the way.”

I nodded and thought about it. I felt incomplete without Melissa and if Melissa needed to be with Lavi ... I had no problem with that. Not just sexual, but romantic, I was fine with it. I didn’t know if I’d be fine with anyone else but with this, yeah I was.

“OK, I’m in too.” Lavi smiled at me too and then I realized something. Her smile was pretty damn good too. It didn’t do to me what Melissa’s did but it was beautiful.

“Good. And I do want to fuck you. I like you, Robert, I like how you make Mellie happy and that would be enough by itself but I do think you’re cute and I’m curious about dick.” She used this opportunity to reach over and pick up Melissa’s hand and put it on my crotch. The jeans I was wearing didn’t allow tenting but I was definitely forming an impression against the jeans which Melissa mapped with her hand as Lavi returned to her set after leaning over her friend.

She continued, “I want to fuck you. I’ll probably want to fuck you at times after the first time. But at the heart of it is the price. If the price I pay for almost everything I want in life is giving up a bit of her and making sure she’s happy, I pay it eagerly.”

“You don’t have to...”

“Shut up. You’re just thinking about this now but Mellie and I have been talking about this for weeks. You always pay a price. Everything has a price. Big things should have prices. This is a price I pay with joy.”

I thought about it more and decided she was probably right. They had been talking about it and they did understand themselves better than I did. I didn’t have a right to tell them if they were right or wrong.

“Lavi, I will be honored to be part of your life in whatever way you want.”

“Good, because I want us because I’ve never seen her so happy.” Indeed, Melissa looked radiant and big titted topless Lavi looked about ready to cry with happiness. “I’m not going to be a dumb bitch and pass this up, so you’re sticking around. I’ll be your best friend if the two of you fight. I’ll be in her corner, but trying to calm her down and get back together with you. I’ll be a champion for you.” Lavi stood up and got between Melissa and me and got on her knees straddling me on the couch but up high so that her tits were in my face.

“Legal huh?”

“I checked.”

“I thought you wanted to wait.”

“I do but I’ll do what you need. If you want to fuck me while I eat her I’ll do it. If you want to put a dog collar on me and make me your bitch I’ll do it.” She looked serious.

“Do you want that?”

“No. But I’ll pay the price.”

“I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want.”

“Well, this has made me horny. It’s not a good time of the month for me, so what if I said I wanted to wait but I wanted you to suck on my tits the way you were Mellie’s earlier?”

I answered by doing it. Jesus Christ, they were phenomenal. I’d have to look at her bra later but they were big, more than I could hold in my hands though I took one in each and did my best to memorize them by touch while alternating with my tongue. Melissa had tall nipples with modest areolas and she enjoyed having her nipples played with but Lavi ... her nipples were huge with areolas the size of half dollars and as I sucked I felt her grind into my hips like someone had hit a major erogenous zone.

In a husky voice, Lavi asked, “Did you two fuck?”

My mouth was full so Melissa did. “Nope, he just got me off. He did fuck my ass last night though.” She was cheerful and I couldn’t see her but her tone of voice told me everything I needed to know.

“That’s hot. How was it?”

“Amazing. It hurt but it felt great too. I’m still a bit sore this morning. Sorry.” The last bit was directed to me as she rubbed my arm. My girlfriend was telling me she was sorry as I sucked her best friend’s tits. I might have laughed if I hadn’t been otherwise occupied. That also made me realize ... I took the hand not holding a breast being sucked and wrapped it around her to massage that big muscular ass through Lavi’s yoga pants. Melissa had that perfect tight ass that I love but there’s something to say for a wide firm ass like Lavi’s too and I did my best to make her ass feel loved.

Lavi was squirming on my lap a lot. “I’ll have to try that sometime. How would you like that Robert?”

I released her nipple and laid my head back so I could look at her. “Like what?”

She stared at me like a cat with prey. “Fucking my ass.”

I now let both hands grab her ass and squeezed really hard. “I would like that.” I dug fingers in, seeing if I could probe her asshole from here. Of course, I couldn’t but she could feel my eagerness. “You want to get your ass fucked? You may need to practice, I don’t know if you can take my cock as your girlfriend did, I might leave that asshole ruined and you unable to walk.”

“Fuuuu” She liked the dirty talk and couldn’t even finish what she was saying as she fell against me. That’s when I felt something brush my knee and realized Melissa had gotten up. She unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, but I had to lift my ass up for her to get them off me. Thank goodness I prefer a looser fit than she does. Within seconds she had my already hard cock out of my boxers and wasted no time on foreplay as she began licking the length of my cock and sucking the head and massaging my balls which felt ready to explode. She bobbed up and down immediately before taking my balls one at a time in her mouth, sucking on them gently, running her tongue back up and bobbing again. I had planned to keep playing with Lavi but I couldn’t do much more than hold her ass in a death grip and hold her to me. My hips were pushing up trying to fuck Melissa’s face from pure instinct and she didn’t try to drag it out.

Melissa’s mouth kicked in though, “You want to fuck this skank, Robert, you want to put your dick in the girl I love, I’m OK with that. When you two are ready I’ll put your dick in her myself.” As she said this she jerked my cock so hard I felt the pre-cum dribble out immediately. “You want to fuck her ass too, sounds like she does. Lavi, you want him to fuck your ass? You need to order a second dildo like you did for me. I only practiced with the little one and that was a mistake.” She leaned down and sucked me some more. “Or maybe you want to borrow mine after I’ve used it in my little pussy so it has my juice on it.” She was still jerking my cock at the base, bobbing her head up and down a few inches when not talking dirty. But, that last comment got to both Lavi and me. I began to spurt thick ropes of cum which Melissa eagerly swallowed.

I began to relax as I felt Lavi squirm in my lap like a kitten in heat. I sat up straighter, pulling Lavi with me. Pushing my hand into her yoga pants I was grateful for the give. On the other hand, I grabbed Lavi by the back of her neck and held her eyes to mine. We didn’t kiss but I reached my tongue out and she did the same. Our tongues touched while I found her clit and began playing. Melissa liked her clit played with and could cum from it but needed to be built up, Lavi was ready to explode already and within seconds exploded.

I looked down to see Melissa, her head on my knee looking like the cat ate the canary. They proceeded upstairs to clean up a little. I offered to join them but Melissa said they needed to get out in one piece. She smiled as she said it. Soon they left, Melissa, leaving me with a kiss promising to be back later today to clean the pool. I watched them leave and I was both happy and sad. And I realized I needed to look around at hotel reservations.

**Chapter 9**

The afternoon arrived, and though only eight hours had passed it felt like days. When Melissa walked into the backyard a weight lifted off me. She walked up to me instead of going directly to the shed and sat down, still wearing the tight jeans and t-shirt from earlier. She was carrying her beat-up second-hand copy of Achebe’s Things Fall Apart and put it down.

“Ready to start talking about it today?” I asked.

“I’m up to where the boy is put in Okonkwo’s home.” She rubbed my leg. “You look relaxed.”

“Just enjoying you being here. I keep waiting for you to realize I’m old enough to be your father.”

“Older; my dad was younger than me when he knocked up my mom apparently.” I’d forgotten that. “Besides, I already know your darkest secret,” she added.

I think I blinked stupidly, I was certainly confused. “What’s that?”

She grinned. “Your iTunes movie library.”

“What’s wrong with my movie library?” I was slightly offended.

“You own, like, every Godzilla movie ever. I didn’t know they made that many. Even animated ones!”

“Hey! Don’t slag on Gojira!”

“I can’t believe I’m fucking a Godzilla fanboy!” She grinned playfully. I put down my book and stood. She stood to look at me, mischief on her face.

“Hand me your phone.”

She gave it to me.

“What else is in your pockets?”

She emptied them, putting each item, headphones, some money, her ID and two keys on the side table. “Now what,” she asked with her hands on her hips.

“Now, what happens is what happens when Godzilla rises from the waters.”

She raised one eyebrow, “And that is?”

“Tidal wave.”

“Huh?” That’s when I grabbed her, lifted her up over my shoulder and ran straight into the deep end. Within seconds she came up in the shallow end and came up sputtering, wet hair everywhere and I was laughing my ass off.

She stood up, her bra clearly visible through the t-shirt now clinging to her. “You, you, you,” she sputtered.

I solved her speaking problem by grabbing her and kissing her. She put her arms around me as I did the same for her and we stood, soaked and standing in three feet of water. We broke the kiss and looked at each other.

“So,” she said, “I have to dry these clothes out now.”

“I have a dryer.”

“I haven’t seen the laundry room yet.”

“We should take them off out here so we don’t track water in the house.”

“Did you do this just to get an innocent little girl naked and take advantage of her in your perverted domicile?” She took on her innocent little girl persona.

I looked at her and said the only thing that came to mind. I grinned. “Yes.”

She smiled and made her way going “eeeekkkk” as she went up the steps and stripped as she jogged towards the door. I followed. Fortunately, my loose jeans were a lot easier to take off than her tight ones to the point that we had to pause my faux pursuit of her for me to help her take them off. We managed it, but I was very close to getting kitchen shears to speed it up. Eventually, she squirmed her way free, her cute little ass shaking back and forth in her panties with her legs still trapped in the denim.

When they finally came off I grabbed a plastic bag from the kitchen and we made our way downstairs to the basement laundry room where everything from the bag went into the dryer.

“Damnit,” she muttered.

“What?”

“I’m still ... Aunt Flo is still here. No dry panties, no pads.” And that was true, she was still overdressed unwilling to give up her panties in her current state.

“Hmmm I have an answer. Follow me.” I hit 30 minutes on the dryer. We left the laundry room through the other side and the motion sensors turned on the lights as we came in.

“Not what I expected,” she said. “The cave?”

“The cave. What did you expect?”

“Dozens of computers, giant panels and big ... computers. Maybe a life-size mechanical dinosaur ... no Godzilla. You did call it your bat-cave.”

“For someone giving me shit about Godzilla you seem to know Batman pretty well.”

“Hey, the cartoon was awesome.”

“Did you want to be Harley Quinn?”

“As a kid? No, that was Lavi, I wanted to be Batgirl. But, wow, this...”

I called it my cave because there were no windows. It did have a bunch of computers, seven to be precise, a decked out iMac with two additional screens, a Debian Linux box with a second screen acting as a server, all of that along one section of wall on a nice oak table dominated by a leather mat underneath the screens. A handful of other headless boxes sat in ventilated cabinets out of sight. The same oak dominated the rest of the room with floor to ceiling bookshelves and a large desk which held a laptop, decanter of whiskey and a glass. Despite the technology, the entire aesthetic I had gone for was Victorian gentleman’s study, down to the frosted glass that filtered the LED bulbs.

“How did you get all of this in here?”

“It was built in here.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“You?”

“No, I hired a guy to build it.”

“This could not have been cheap.”

“Not so bad. He was just starting out so I paid for his equipment and let him take lots of pictures for a portfolio and acted as a reference. I think it’s very calming. You don’t ... think it’s silly?”

“It’s really you.”

“After the engagement ended I considered moving but when I decided to stay ... I had always dreamed of something like this. Plus I figured it was cheaper than a sports car.”

“I thought the mid-life crisis car was to attract babes.” She smirked at me.

“It wouldn’t have attracted the kind I wanted.” I pulled the nearly naked blonde to me and kissed her again. I didn’t have a good reason to but I was enjoying doing so without a reason to.

Once we came up for air, “And your plan?”

“Amazon Prime Now.”

I sat in my leather chair at the desk. I’d never sat in it naked and wet before, and at that moment swore never to again. Wow, that was cold. Fortunately, I didn’t have another chair nearby so Melissa used my lap as I woke up the laptop.

“They have panties and pads on there?”

“You’d be surprised.”

As it turned out they didn’t have her preferred brand of pads but a very similar one and her exact brand of panties. After placing that order and paying extra for shipping we would have them within the hour. I clicked over to the main Amazon.

“Let’s order some spare panties for you. I have plenty of drawers available in the walk-in.”

“Are you sure you’re ready for me to have storage here?”

I kissed her neck. “Been ready. Nothing would make me happier than having your wardrobe press against mine.”

“Mind if...”

“What?”

She reached towards the keyboard so I pulled back and let her drive. I took advantage of my lack of duty to amuse myself with her back, running my fingers over it and kissing her shoulders. In a moment I looked over her shoulder. There were panties on the screen, much nicer ones than she normally wears.

“You like those?” I asked.

“I do.”

“You don’t normally wear them.”

“My mom goes through my laundry. I bought bikini briefs once and you’d think I’d made a declaration to whore my way through high school. But I could wash them here...”

“Add some bras, sets, whatever you want. Go for it.” I wrapped my arms around her and just hugged her back, my cheek pressed to her.

“You’re sure you don’t mind?”

“My love?”

“Yes?”

“You basically just asked if I minded if you wear sexy underwear around me. That is the silliest thing you have ever said.”

“You can take it out of my pay.”

“I can think of some extra duties for you to perform.” I wiggled underneath her and she giggled.

She giggled. “How much?”

“Keep it to a few hundred.”

A few minutes later she pronounced, “Done.” I looked over her shoulder. She had definitely restrained herself. I remembered my old fiancé could have spent twice that without trying. I reached out and hit the order button.

“We still have a while until the other order shows up,” I said.

“Then, let’s amuse ourselves.” It was her turn to kiss me and she ran her fingers through the hair on my chest. “I saw the towels in the laundry room. Be right back.” She was true to her word and quickly returned, her blonde hair still stuck to her back but now with one of my red towels that she carefully folded three times and laid out on the desk. Then, with a bit of a grimace, she bent over and removed her still wet panties along with the soaked pad. She looked around for a moment and seemed a bit lost.

One solution seemed obvious. I reached into my desk and pulled out a small bag of jelly babies, unceremoniously dumped the half dozen out that I still had in there and took the pad from her hand to put in the bag and add it to the trash. She smiled in gratitude at me and looked at the tiny gelatinous shapes with some distrust, then picked one up and ate it.

“Not very sweet but lots of flavor,” she pronounced. “I always wondered.”

“Wondered?”

“The fourth doctor was always handing them out?”

“You know Doctor Who?”

“Lavi’s dad, a huge Doctor Who nerd.” She made a dramatic motion with her arms which did nice things to her bare breasts. “Lavi too, so I’ve seen them all.”

“And you?”

“I got sucked in. It was either learn to like it or be driven insane by it, but it’s not my favorite.”

“You’ve never been as sexy as you are right now.”

She put her hands on the desk and lifted up to sit on the towel. “Then how about you fuck this sexy cheerleader’s ass. No lube this time, just your spit.”

She leaned back and spread her legs rocking back to expose herself. There was something so undeniably erotic about a woman telling you to take her like that, I could have been exhausted and would have been hard in seconds. I was in fact well-rested and think it took less than one. I had no idea why she wanted me to be able to take me with just spit so badly, but when a woman is offering something you will remember for the rest of your life, it’s not proper protocol to question it.

I reached down and stroked myself, spit on my hand and rubbed it around the head of my cock. And again, and again. I got my cock as wet as I could and slowly eased the tip in. Melissa pushed out to greet me. I stopped and sawed back and forth in tiny motions. I felt her give way to let me in but still, I rubbed against the sides. Still, my saliva did what water can not and did lubricate, if not as well as an oil.

“That’s it, keep doing that, work it in. God, I feel it. It’s hot, so hot in my ass.” She held herself in place, her taunt arms holding her legs spread and every muscle oddly relaxed. Suddenly I wondered if cheerleaders did yoga. I’d have to ask later. “How much?”

“How much what?”

“How much is in?” She panted.

“Uh ... maybe half again.”

“Push more you bastard.”

“There is a barrier there, a tight ring to get past.”

“Break it, rape me open.” She was grunting, pushing outward to expand the anal channel I was trying to push in.

I started pounding her harder. “This isn’t enough for you slut?”

“No,” she looked at me, challenging; “I want more, you prick.”

“I’ll fuck you until it hurts.”

“Big talk. Show me.”

Oh, so that was how it was going to be. I grabbed her hips and nearly bent them flat with her head. I slammed. It hurt me and she screamed so I think it hurt her too. Her scream pierced my head and it wasn’t one of pleasure, it clearly hurt but her face was one of ecstasy so I did it again, and again and while it hurt it also felt like tighter than a vise. Quarter-inch by quarter-inch I got deeper. My saliva was still there and it was too tight for it to escape, which was a mercy or I would have been rubbed dry.

“How is that slut? Is that cock in your ass big talk? You like that?”

“I like that.” She almost spat it at me. “Make me your slut. Take it.”

I kept up. I started to feel my breath go ragged, and my dick was sore but it felt incredible and she was lost in a combination of physical pain and emotional joy. She did, screaming so that it actually hurt my ears. “That’s it. Make me take it. I can feel it. Slap those balls against my ass.” And I was. I was all the way in, buried to the hilt and started to pull out to make her take it again and I felt it in my throat first, a growl that came out and then I felt it in my balls. Before I knew it I was spraying her insides with cum.

“Hey,” she said.

“Yeah.” I might have been a bit out of it.

“Help me up or I’m going to collapse and get your desk wet,” she panted.

I slowly extracted myself, she had relaxed and so even softening it took some effort and with a wet squelching sound I fell out. Pulling Melissa up to a sitting position she was grinning as if she had just won the lottery.

“Proud of yourself?”

“Yes.” She swung her shoulders back and forth in a little in-place jig and swung her legs off my desk like a little girl.

I looked down. “I think I need a shower.”

“Are you OK? I got a bit ... carried away.” She looked sheepish.

“Well, I need that shower but I don’t see any blood.” Her shoulders sagged with relief. “But I do think I’m done for a bit.”

We wrapped our arms around each other. “Thank god. I wanted it rough but more of that and I think you’ll tear me up. But...” she grinned at me “I took it.”

“Yes, you did.” I smiled back at her.

“Next up,” she said proudly, “I’m going to learn to take it any time, with ease.”

“That may take a while.”

“Maybe I need a coach then.”

“Will you wear your cheerleader uniform?”

Her eyes twinkled. “Absolutely. Can ... can you just hold me for a minute though?”

“Absolutely.” I sat back down in my big desk chair and motioned for her to get on my lap again. We snuggled like that for a while, her resting her head on my shoulder. I stroked her back. After a bit she started squirming.

“I’m cold.”

“Well, we need that shower, let’s go warm up there.”

She stood up and I took her hand but stopped in the kitchen first for bottles of water. I gave her one. “Have a bit.”

“Why?”

“Your body needs it. You exerted a lot internally. Standard aftercare.”

“But we weren’t...” She looked at me questioningly.

I smiled. “Not everything requires leather and floggers.”

We finally got to the shower after she discovered she was thirsty and drank half the bottle. Then nearly an hour after coming inside we finally dried off.

“What?” Melissa had a large towel around her and was drying off.

“Just thinking that you are very distracting.”

She harrumphed and went back to towel-drying her hair.

That’s when we heard the doorbell ring and I went down in boxers. Cracking the door open I told them to just leave it and grabbed it off the porch. By the time I got back upstairs, Melissa was brushing her gorgeous hair out and smiling at me, nude as an angel. I passed her the package and went down to get our clothes from the dryer.

I met Melissa on the stairs, her descending, and I took the time to just watch her legs take each step one at a time. I passed her jeans, t-shirt, and socks. She dressed in the living room.

“Hungry?” I asked.

“Starving” Her eyes glinted but got distracted by her phone making alert sounds.

I got out eggs as she sat at the kitchen table absorbed by whatever messages she was getting. I heard her tap away as I sliced thin pieces of bread for the toaster.

“What’s up?”

“Grace.” I knew she was one of the cheerleading squad. “She’s asking what is up with Jerry.”

“So...” I wanted to ask casually but didn’t really know how to. “What is up with him?” I managed to not look at her by getting out the Cornish Yarg, a good creamy cheese that, melted, would hold the egg sandwiches together nicely.

“I’ve been encouraging Chloe to ask him out. She looks kind of like me but smaller boobs.”

“So, you and he... ?”

She sighed. “I told him he was a good guy but I was going to focus on school and competing this year.”

“So, you broke up?”

“I thought so. I’m not sure he’s quite gotten it. He thinks I’m just stressed and will get over it. You know what he said?”

“Hmmm?” I pretended to be very engrossed by the buttering of bread.

“He said he’d been thinking about proposing once we graduated. I ... no way. I don’t have the words, just no.” She shook her head emphatically.

“Seems like a very teenage dream,” I said. “What are you planning to do ... college?”

“Maybe. I don’t know. There’s nothing I really want to do.”

“You can discover yourself in college.”

“I can also spend every morning of the rest of my life waking up next to you.” I felt her arms wrap around me and realized I was so tense I was ready to stab the countertop with the butter knife.

“Sorry, I guess I’m ... yeah. I shouldn’t be so on edge.”

“It’s fine. I should say things. I keep assuming you understand how I feel. I might go to college but if so, local.”

“There might be better schools somewhere else.”

“If I don’t even know what I want to do?”

I didn’t know what to say so I finished buttering the bread and stood there. She did let me go but only after making sure she got a wonderful kiss again and pressing her body fully against me which got a reaction from my sore but obviously still awake groin. She stepped away but remained standing, leaning against the counter as I cooked.

“So, tell me more about the plan for the fourth?” I asked.

“The plan? We’re going to an Italian place that has a big terrace and has three tables reserved for dinner and watching the fireworks. Then we, Lavi and I, are going out to dance and hang out with friends and I told mom we were getting a room in case we were tired.”

“You’re going out to dance?”

“Not really, we’re going straight to the hotel.”

“Your mom is going to track you?”

“I told her I didn’t know where yet, we didn’t have the reservation yet. So I’ll have to tell her.”

“No problem, it’s at La Granier. I’ll text you the details.”

Melissa blinked. “La ... how much?”

“Does it matter?” I was mixing the eggs now and warming the skillet.

“I don’t know if I can afford that.” Her voice was pleading.

“I’m paying for it.”

“No, I was going to pay for it, I’d pay you back anyway!”

“We didn’t discuss that. I said I was getting it.” I poured the eggs in.

“How am I going to tell my mom I’m staying at La Granier? It’s way too expensive.”

“Tell her Lavi got a special deal of some kind.”

“Not Lavi, she’d ask her mom. But there are other girls on the squad she doesn’t really know. I can name drop one of them. How much was it?”

I just waved my hand in response to dismiss it.

“I don’t want you paying for this for me.”

“Well, I’m not.” I looked at her. “I would think it’s obvious. I’m doing this for Lavi.”

She didn’t reply but I needed to turn the eggs and when I looked up she was crying. “Thank you.” She said.

“Certainly.” I kissed her on the cheek as she headed outside to start her cleaning. A bit later I was taking the toast out for the sandwiches and putting them together when I realized that Melissa wasn’t back in yet. I went outside with the sandwiches on a plate and didn’t see her though I heard a slight sound from around the corner. Melissa had gotten the electric mower out and was calmly mowing around the beehives where the grass had grown up. It looked like she was nearly done, so I sat down and waited for her.