**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 38**

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

I was staring at the dishes spread out on the long cheap folding table, the type used in outdoor events. We at least put a nice red tablecloth over it. Patio chairs had been moved around it to create an eating area. The whole thing was under a simple wooden frame that was covered with a white gauzy fabric and tied down with rope. A tarp was in the corner that we could throw over the top if it started raining. Lavi and Melissa had constructed it that morning for sukkot which, according to my minimal reading, involved eating and sometimes sleeping outside in recognition of the historic travails of the Jewish people. When I shared that Lavi said I was in no danger of being mistaken as knowledgeable on this any time soon. Melissa and Lavi had helped Peter build them in the past so they felt comfortable doing it and today I was hosting Peter’s parents for lunch straight from the airport.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

Melissa came up behind me and rubbed at the knot forming at the bottom of my neck. “You’re repeating yourself.”

“It’s because I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“Making kosher lunch?”

“Using vegan butter. It’s a good thing Julia Child is already dead, this would kill her.”

Melissa sighed and laid her forehead against my back. “I’m sure Julia Child prepared kosher at some point in her career.”

“Probably not with non-dairy butter.”

Lavi walked in carrying the serving bowl of grits. According to Peter’s text they would be here in minutes.

Lavi, “You are the one who picked out the menu and decided to make a southern breakfast to welcome them to the States.” She left as soon as she had arrived to get the chicken sausages. Lavi had zero sympathy for my pain.

Melissa returned to laying out the new utensils. I had bought new ones that were made of damascus steel, super pretty. I had thought about buying some before and having a set that had never touched dairy products seemed like a good excuse. “I think this is about more than the not-butter though. What is really bugging you?”

I thought about it. “I just want to make a good impression. From what Lavi has said her grandma is fine with things so I just want to make sure I don’t screw things up. You have to admit meeting family has a history of being rocky.”

Melissa, “You’re being silly. Sylvia loves you.”

“Maybe now. Have you seen the looks Peter gives me sometimes?”

Melissa paused to look at me. “He’s protective and worries but likes you too. He would do a lot more than give you looks if he didn’t.”

I met her gaze. “What about your mom?”

Melissa started off unsure and then raised to a chipper voice. “She ... tolerates you. But hey, Ryan likes you.”

“He likes that I annoy your mom.”

Melissa grinned. “You noticed that huh?”

I changed the topic. “Quick check list - my ham-less red-eye gravy, grits, country fried steak, the drop biscuits, the pecan sticky buns, is that everything? Eggs, is Lavi watching the eggs and country potatoes?”

Melissa held up her hands. “Why don’t you take a deep breath. Lavi has it. You know, we could have gone to a restaurant, Peter said to not make a fuss.”

“I’m fussing. I’m fussing the fuck out of this.”

My phone buzzed. I looked at her and lifted the phone to my face. “Uh huh. Shelley, great to hear from you. You were able to? I really appreciate it. Interesting. Thanks.” I hung up.

Melissa had an eyebrow raised. “Shelley?”

“Old college friend. She dated my roommate for a semester and I told her she should dump him. She’s still thanking me for it.”

Melissa started to straighten things that didn’t need straightening. “So, what is Shelley up to?”

“I called her because of that weird blip I had on my credit monitoring.”

“The information only thing? I thought you said it wouldn’t affect your score.”

“It won’t but it’s still odd and the last time some did that kind of check and I didn’t know about it someone was trying to steal my identity to open credit lines. So, I keep a close eye on it. Shelley works in admissions at the university now. I wanted to know if anyone had tried to get my transcripts.”

“Oh.” Melissa stopped fiddling with the gravy boat. “And... ?”

“Someone had.”

“Who?”

I told her.

“So, what are you going to do?”

“Maybe nothing, maybe I’ll make a point if it comes up.”

Now both our phones buzzed. They were here. Within minutes Peter and Sylvia entered the backyard via the gate with two older people. She was average height. Her hair had gone completely white and was held back with a bright pink scrunchy while she wore a white sundress with bright flowers with red petals and green leaves. She waved enthusiastically as soon as she saw us. Beside her was a man just barely taller than her wearing khakis and an orange polo shirt. He had a soft face and wire rim glasses and I felt like I was looking at Peter in thirty years.

As soon as they got to us Lavi jumped forward to give them both hugs screaming, “Bubbeh, Zayde!” Both took turns hugging her. Lavi started to say more in Hebrew but her grandmother stopped her.

“Now, now, let’s not be rude. English for your new family, unless they’ve maybe learned some Hebrew.” Melissa looked nervous and just held her thumb and forefinger very close together and said something that made the older woman laugh. “English it is!” She looked at Melissa. “I know you from Lavi’s pictures. Such a shiksa! Lavi, she is even more gorgeous than you said! You will call me Bubbeh too?”

Melissa looked down a little embarrassed. “I would like that.” They embraced. Melissa glanced at Lavi’s grandfather not sure if she should hug him too. “Go,” the grandmother said, “It will give the old rogue a thrill!” We all gave a polite laugh and Melissa hugged Lavi’s, and by relationship, her grandfather.

“Now,” Lavi’s Bubbeh said looking at me, “you must be Robert, the one shtooping Lavi and her shiksa.” Sylvia was cringing.

“I don’t have to be but I am.” I was neither embarrassed, nor apologetic. She looked me up and down, appraising me. I asked, “Can I give you a hug?”

She threw her arms open, “Bring it in!” I gave her a bear hug and lifted her up. Her feet kicked under her.

Her husband walked past me. “You break her you bought her! The food looks great.”

Peter, “I’m starving.” Lavi was right behind him. The Hellers obviously understood the importance of a good meal. I put my grandmother in law or whatever she was down.

“So, Bubbeh?” I asked.

“You call me Adriane.”

“I’m too old to call you Bubbeh?” I grinned.

She shook her head in negation. “Too much trouble I think. I don’t want to be responsible for you. Let’s eat before my boys leave us nothing.”

Soon everyone was sitting and eating. I put some of everything on my plate and looked over at Lavi’s grandfather, Saul. “So, Saul, you came from Pennsylvania originally, right?”

“By way of Jersey, that’s where I was born.”

“Have you been back to the States much?”

“Nah. Early days in Israel I was broke as could be. I worked as a bus driver first and then found work on the potash farms. Later I got into hydraulic engineering on the farms. As the economy grew, I had some money for travel but figured I had too much to see in that part of the world to come back to the States.”

Adriane, “Good thing he did too, I found him shleping around Athens totally lost but at least he found me.”

Saul beamed. “I met her and we tried talking but it was almost impossible. She didn’t know hardly any English and I just had this little Greek phrasebook. Then I tried some Yiddish and she didn’t know much but dragged me back to her house and her grandmother translated!”

Lavi, “I thought you met in Israel.”

Her grandfather, “No, no. We did get married there though. We wrote letters and I was really thinking about moving to Greece when then suddenly her family decided to immigrate and I knew it was meant to be.”

Adriane, “Now, you Robert, tell us more about what you do.”

I chewed the bite of biscuit I’d just taken, having soaked up beef gravy with it. “I’m a professional gambler.”

She raised an eyebrow. “I thought you did computer stuff.”

“I do. But it’s gambling, just with other people’s money.”

“That’s the best way to gamble,” Peter interjected. His mother waved for me to continue.

“I take information and run statistics about where to drill for things, usually oil. Sometimes I make pictures out of them for people who don’t like numbers. Sometimes it’s obvious, you have a great chance of finding what you want to drill for or don’t and walk away. But sometimes, well, you can’t just be sure or maybe the possible rewards are just so enticing that you go for it.”

“And you make good money?”

“Enough to be comfortable. I can support the three of us.”

She pressed. “Enough for children?”

“Bubbeh,” Melissa had country fried steak on her fork but it was resting on her plate now. “Robert will not be the sole support of the family.” Adriane looked towards Lavi who just shrugged and pointed at her fork at Melissa before spearing another piece of scrambled eggs as if to say “what she said.”

Adriane again, “What kind of education do you have Robert?” She was looking down as if paying attention to the food but it didn’t sound like a casual question.

“I finished my undergraduate degree but not my master’s. Neither were in what I do now.”

“Ah, that’s a shame.” She was making a point. I think I needed to make one too. This was not a woman that respected weakness.

“Yeah, I think I would have enjoyed teaching but life didn’t work out that way. I don’t have an invisible shield over my history though, I’ll tell you whatever you want to know.” I looked for a reaction and got it in spades.

Five people at the table paused and looked at each other - Adriane, Saul, Peter, Syliva and Lavi. Melissa pointed to the grits which were near me and I passed them to her. I took a few more potatoes. We ate while they had a silent conference. Several people were looking at Lavi who was just shaking her head emphatically in the negative. I had been intentionally indirect with naming the organization just in case I was wrong. It didn’t appear I was.

“No, she didn’t tell me,” I said. “Hopefully it’s not a state secret especially since you’re retired.” I looked at Adriane. “More orange juice?”

She held out her cup. “Please. And no, it’s not a state secret but still something I don’t like to spread around. You’re clever.”

“Not really, I just put things together.”

“Go on,” she said. Adriane sipped the orange juice.

“Lavi mentioned where she had lived and that she was near you. That put you in the neighborhood of Israel’s internal intelligence agency. The other slip up was her joking about you knowing people in Mossad. I know Lavi’s humor and making that connection wouldn’t have come from nowhere. But, when she was learning about some of Mossad’s ugly history she didn’t react like she would associate it with a loved one. I get alerts on my credit history check and when you tried to get my transcripts. Your caller id location of Israel stood out. It took a few days to play phone tag but someone remembered it.” I felt like Inspector Poirot doing his big unveiling. Maybe Melissa was right and I had read too many mystery novels.

Adriane shrugged. “Your school refused to give them to me. South Carolina also refused the birth certificate. Your country is annoying with so many different agencies and local laws. Why connect it to Shin Bet though?”

“Little things. Lavi loves to talk about family. She mentioned you worked and I know enough about your husband’s work history to write a basic resume for him. But you? She never mentioned your work at all except to say you were on the phone all the time and learned English for work. I’m guessing you did a lot of background checks.”

She nodded. “You are correct. That is almost the only thing I did. We had a lot of people coming from English speaking countries and being able to practice English at home with Saul was a big help.”

Peter, “We would switch between Hebrew and English freely around the house.”

My grandmother in law, “You don’t seem upset.”

“What can I say, you’re looking after family. But I’m not rich, sorry. I can give you all the horrible details about my failures in life if you really want them.”

“Bah,” she said waving a hand. “You don’t need to be rich but Lavi ... she loves a good heart. A good heart is not enough. You’re clever though, I didn’t expect that.”

“Work with that?” That was Lavi.

“As the father of your babies, nehda. Good children need a balance, they need different things from a mother and father.”

I swallowed another bite. “You didn’t expect me to be clever?”

The older woman shrugged. “Lavi always wanted a hero, heroes often aren’t very smart and she has enough cleverness for two people so I was not looking for that. I had heard you dropped out of grad school so I was thinking it was because you failed.”

“No my mother needed me.”

“Ah. Yes, I can see that. You are constant aren’t you. Lavi talked around that. Hmm. I think you will balance her well. You will make good children.” She smiled and some of the tension bled away and eating resumed around the table.

Saul restarted the conversation with, “So, Robert, what do you think about the West Bank...”

“Zayde!” “Ahuv!” The dual shouts came from Lavi and her grandmother.

I remained silent, deciding to not to antagonize two generations of Heller women. When it was obvious I wasn’t going to elaborate Saul decided to move things along. He picked up a biscuit. “These are very irregular.”

“Drop biscuits,” I said. “And the red eye gravy is made with beef drippings instead of ham. The butter is plant based so it is all kosher. I couldn’t find grits from a kosher grocery but I verified with the farm I got them from that they process the corn themselves and they don’t do any meat processing.”

“This is very kind of you,” Adriana said. “And I apologize for checking up on you.”

Sylvia as she sipped at her tea, “Robert is used to it, he was even pretty calm about it when I told him I wanted to cut his balls off.”

Peter nearly choked on his water. “You didn’t tell me you said that!”

“Well, it was in the moment.” Sylvia said.

Adriane raised her orange juice. “To men who can keep a level head and the women who put up with them the rest of the time.” Everyone raised their glasses and we ate.

Saul, “This is very good. I have not eaten grits since I drove through the south as a boy once. American breakfast for lunch is the perfect way to come back to the states.”

Syliva, “I can’t believe you made red eye gravy without ham. It’s not the same but good.” She had it poured over both biscuits and grits.

“So,” Adriane turned to Lavi, “are you and Robert having a lot of rabbit time?” Lavi’s eyes shot up from her food.

Her husband took a warning tone. “Dear.”

“What, they should be! Splishy sploshy things have to happen for me to have great grandbabies.”

A red faced Sylvia, “They are finishing school first.” I was chewing and pondering the turn of phrase ‘splishy sploshy.’

“Then they should be practicing. Abstinence does not improve fertility. Things will back up and stop working. Robert is already old enough for sperm to be dying in him, he needs to keep things healthy. A man doesn’t keep that working and blood vessels will turn blue and break and I’ve read all about this.” I silently questioned the medical validity of this but decided a sticky bun needed my attention more.

Lavi suddenly blurted. “We’re doing it plenty. Trust me.”

Her grandmother, “You and him, not just you and the shiksa because you’ve always been kind of “ she waved her hand around.

Lavi the queen of sexual shock melted under her grandmother’s bluntness. “Yes, yes, Robert and I, plenty of it.”

“Good, good. I’m just saying if you want to step away it’s fine, you should keep that spirit alive. It’s how you keep a man happy and healthy. You keep his stomach full and his eggs empty. And, “ she learned forward as if to whisper but didn’t lower her voice at all, “it is a good thing to make sure you get a tickle yourself, you know. It helps with the baby because you open up when you do.” Then she made a motion of her hands opening. Most of the table stared at her. Saul alone seemed immune. Then apparently concerned we didn’t grasp it she added. “Your uterus. It needs to be wide open.” She suddenly had a look of realization on her face as if she had just thought of it. “Oh, that would help!” She pointed at the girls. “There are two of you so one can help the other when you are, you know, so you get the other tickled if he can’t do it.” I might be a little slow but I just then realized that tickled meant orgasm.

Just a few minutes ago I had felt in charge of this conversation. That felt like a long time ago. Sylvia wanted to disappear. Peter looked like he wanted to stop existing. Melissa and Lavi didn’t know how to respond. Saul was enjoying the eggs. How many years had it taken to hit that level of immunity I wondered.

Finally Adriane broke the silence. “You are all ridiculous, we are adults and this is how babies are made.”

I thought about pointing out that making families isn’t necessarily a family meal conversation topic but then decided I was actually coming out just fine in this so far so why screw it up by opening my mouth. So I filled it with some more country fried steak. The gravy really wasn’t the same without ham.

Finally Sylvia got a piece of cantaloupe. “Jesus, I’m glad you didn’t lay this on me when Peter and I were having Lavi.”

Athena shrugged, “Maybe I should have, then you’d have more than one. I hope you are not leaving him,” she pointed to Peter, “all blue.”

Sylvia’s voice turned cold. “Our love life is fine, thank you.” The words came out flat and emotionless. The last time I’d heard that tone from Sylvia I had been on the receiving end.

In response Adriane just shrugged. “You probably get on top too much, that is a bad position.” She looked at Melissa and Lavi, “Remember, you want gravity to help. Be like the wheelbarrow and let him pick your legs up.” She made a motion with her shoulders and lifted her arms up.

Melissa found her voice and clearly decided that a hard left in the conversation was called for. “This brings up something important Bubbeh.” Athena turned to her. “Lavi and I want our children to be brothers and sisters with both of us as mom. So, well, “ Melissa seemed at a loss for words

Lavi, “what my love is trying to say is it doesn’t matter who gives birth, we’re both their moms so all of our children will all be your great grandchildren.”

The older woman considered this. “Will they all be raised Judaic?”

Lavi, “Well, we’re not putting guns to their head but,” Lavi and Melissa said together, “yes.”

Melissa, “And they will have other options. I identify as Christain so they might go to church with me. If I go. There’s a local hybrid Buddhist / Christian church that I think might fit my beliefs better than the others.”

Saul looked grave. “We have those too, these so called JewBu. I am not comfortable with those who claim to be both, Yahweh forbid idols with good reason. But...” he relaxed a little “as philosophies I think there is much to consider.”

“That is where I’m coming from,” Melissa responded. “I don’t believe in the whole mythology part but I don’t know that I really believe it in Christainity either. I never thought about it until recently but taken literally there’s a lot in the Bible I have trouble swallowing even if I agree with the ideas. But it is how I grew up and it is a part of me and,” she looked at Adriane, “I want the children to have the option of understanding where I came from as well as Lavi.” Lavi nodded in agreement.

Adrianne nodded. “I like that. Families are more than blood. You know what this means?”

Melissa shook her head. I ate more grits. I missed real butter.

“Double great grandbabies!” She pointed at Melissa and I. “Same thing, practice!”

I swallowed grits. “Sounds good to me,” I said. Adriane seemed very pleased and went back to eating. Saul snorted in amusement.

Saul said to me, “You did a good job on making the sukkot shelter.”

“That was them,” I pointed at Melissa and Lavi, “not me.”

“They even came over and built mine this year!” Peter added. “I think this should be a precedent for the future by the way.”

“Well, don’t expect me to sleep in it,” said Lavi.

“Come on,” Peter said, “its tradition. I’m sure Abba will too.”

Peter’s father looked at his son. “Oh no, I’m too old for that, I need a bed these days.”

“What!? You always said tradition was more important.”

Saul scoffed. “It was my duty to set an example for the future but now I’m retired. But you, you should. It builds character. Me, I’m old and shrinking. I’m at maximum capacity for character.”

Peter looked crestfallen.

“Now,” his mother said, “your father has insisted I can not get a proper Philly Cheesesteak outside the United States so I want one of those and to try southern style BBQ.”

Sylvia and Peter looked at each other. Peter looked to his mom, “Uh, that’s probably going to be pork most places but we can probably find some beef and chicken BBQ.”

“No, no, I want to try those pork ribs I keep hearing about.”

Peter looked like he was explaining something obvious. He was. “It’s pork mom.”

She rolled her eyes at her son. “I’m on holiday dear, it’s not like anyone I know is going to see me.”

Sylvia was not going to let this chance pass. “I think that’s wonderful. As a good host I should eat with you.”

Peter looked like his parents had just suggested they all have sex in the same room. No, that wasn’t true, this was probably worse. It was also my cue. “There is a place called Fatbacks, they won’t be open until Tuesday because they’re starting the meat today and cook it for two days. Do you like peppery and sweet?”

“That’s very kind of you and yes, I do.” Saul was grinning.

From there the conversation wandered. I got Adriane’s email address and she talked with Sylvia, Melissa and Lavi about baby names. The only male addition to that line of conversation was Saul saying that his name should be on the list. Peter talked briefly about his work and how he could see himself returning to Israel at some point but not for a few more years at least. Sylvia was doing final drafts on a short story for an anthology she was also co-editing about female protagonists with super powers. Saul and I talked about food, a lot. He did not cook but was an enthusiastic foodie. Melissa and Lavi talked about college and looking at local schools that offered dance and technical theater departments.

After we finished eating Lavi gave her grandparents a quick tour of the house while Melissa and I took dishes inside. Everyone was smiling and spirits were high as they left. Saul asked about places that sold bourbon they could stop at on the way to Peter’s. Melissa banished me to the bedroom while she and Lavi cleaned. My shoulder was doing fine but she pointed out that my being tired overall wasn’t good for having energy to heal.

I lay back on the bed with the intention of watching a movie but I didn’t get through looking at options when I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up Melissa and Lavi were in bed already. They were nude and kissing. Melissa’s eyes were half closed and Lavi slapped her ass.

“Snuggle up to him.” She mumbled something but Lavi said, “it’s fine babe.”

Lavi climbed over as Melissa snuggled up against me. Lavi threw a leg over me and slid her body against me, the moisture of her mound rubbing against my dick rapidly hardening it.

“You up for this?” She grinned at me.

“Getting there.” I reached up and then stopped myself. She had tape over her nipples holding the piercings in place. “How long?”

She frowned. “They still hurt. A lot. Why don’t you give me some natural pain meds.” I felt it was clearly my duty for her sake. So, I held the breast as she worked me semi-stiff inside her. She rotated her hips and I hardened completely as she started lifting up and down.

I looked to Lavi, seeing her grinning face as it floated above her pendulous breasts. “Did you tire Melissa out?”

Lavi shrugged. “We played with each other as we were kissing. The silly slut came four or five times. She was more nervous about the visit than she was letting on so she is exhausted now.”

“You’re still worked up though?”

She bounced and I felt her channel grip around me. “I’m still floating. Seeing them charged me up. And now, as Bubbeh would say, it is rabbit time.”

I chuckled. “We’re not letting gravity help though.”

“Well, I’m not trying to get pregnant yet.”

I felt Melissa’s hand join mine on Lavi’s thigh and her voice whispered in my ear, “Fill her up baby.” She said it mumbled.

Lavi silently bounced on my dick and squeezed her muscles on every up stroke. Only a few minutes passed and she leaned forward putting her hands on my chest and leaned into me, pistoning her hips up and down as she clenched her jaw and squeezed her eyes shut. “Fuck fuck fuck,” she whispered as she came leaving thin scratches down my chest for a few inches as she shook on top of me. She remained still a moment and then began again, moving up and down, smiling as I felt her liquids soak me.

“I want you to cum in me baby,” she said. “Come on, practice making your baby in me. Did you know that everytime you cum in me I imagine this is the time the pill fails and you’re knocking me up. I want you to wash my eggs in your seed and one of those little bastards to work it’s way. It can seduce my egg with poetry and knock me up.”

I laughed at the ridiculous image. “You’re silly,” I said as she bounced on me.

“That’s fine, just let this silly little girl milk your cum out of you.” She panted and kept pistoning until I felt my balls contract and came inside her. She shuddered gently and smiled at me. “It was a small one but I came again.” Melsisa gently snored against me.

“I don’t want to risk your bad shoulder. But, I love you.” She leaned down and kissed me before crawling over our wife to spoon behind Melissa. I stayed awake a while and read on my phone but then fell asleep again.

Monday passed in a blur. Lavi was gone Monday night with family for dinner and shopping. Melissa asked for burgers for dinner so we made breakfast burgers with bacon and egg. Then we made corn on the cob with mayonnaise, lime juice, chili powder, and then cotija cheese.

We were standing in the kitchen when she took off her shirt and bra. She didn’t explain and I didn’t ask. As she ate the corn bits of cheese fell onto her chest and I leaned forward to lick them off. Melissa put on a playlist of REM songs starting with Nightswimming. She put her arms around me and I put my good one around her back and we danced in the kitchen, her naked breasts pressed against me.

“Does this list have ‘The One I Love’ on it?”

She giggled. “No.”

I smiled. “I guess we don’t really have a song like you and Lavi do.”

“Nah, we have a song to avoid though.”

“Not really a traditional couple kind of thing is it?”

“I don’t want traditional, I want you. Do you and Lavi have a song?”

I thought about it. “No, we have a poem.”

“The Eliott one?”

“Yeah.”

The playlist ran out and she took my hand. “I’ll do dishes in the morning.”

We went upstairs and she removed her pants. She spun around, let her hair fly and sank to her knees in front of me, rubbing her cheek against my crotch as she slithered to the ground and on all fours raised her hips. She wiggled her bum and taking the hint I walked around and pulled her white panties down. Melissa crawled up on the bed and rolled around in the sheets.

With one hand she pulled a butt cheek up. “I washed earlier. Do you want my ass baby? Fuck this teen ass. It’s all yours.”

I got in the bed and slapped her ass making it bounce. She just wiggled it again. Dripping lube from the bedside tube of it I added some as I worked each inch in. She clenched and relaxed in succession as I worked it in.

I heard her voice float back to me. “You like that? You like my tight asshole?”

“I love every part of you.” I kissed her shoulder.

“I like this,” she said, “I wonder how long we can make it last.”

I started a slow thrusting movement, matching her glacial pace. She started to giggle. “I was going to put on a movie. Maybe ... oof” I pushed a bit harder “But I don’t think I can concentrate with you in me.”

“We can talk.”

Her voice was breathey. “About what?”

“I don’t know. The economy? German literature? Why you wanted me to fuck your ass like this?”

“It’s stupid.” She wiggled playfully.

“What is stupid? German literature or motivations for anal? I mean, you have to at least like Kafka though I could go the rest of my life without reading Thomas Mann again.”

She grunted. “Oh my god, it feels good but are we doing a college professor roleplay or are you really talking about German lit while stretching my poor defenseless backdoor?” I had now worked more than half of my length past her sphincter muscle and she felt it but kept herself relaxed.

I chuckled but didn’t have anything to say so I continued slowly moving, just taking an inch out and back in.

“There we go,” Melissa sighed. “Just keep doing that. I can feel every centimeter shoved inside me, every bit of it pressed against my insides, oh my fucking god yes.” She grabbed my arm and bit it shaking through an orgasm and then she giggled. “That was number one.”

I rubbed her nipple between my fingers and she shivered. “Seriously babe,” I said, “I’m not complaining but usually sex is just something that happens, this seems like something for a different reason right now.”

Melissa replied but sounded a little distant. “I needed this. When we are like this I feel like I’m calm inside. All the voices in my head that think about stuff stop. I wanted to feel like that tonight. I want to make you feel good too.”

I slowed so as to not cum. “You want to be submissive.”

“Uh huh. I just ... I don’t think of it like that. I don’t think of it like being owned, like an object. I think of it as not being at all, like I melt into you and just let you be the, well, dominant part of us.”

“I’ve heard people talk about subspace in similar terms.”

She snuggled back against me and I ground my hips against her buttocks. “I just don’t want you to be bored while I’m doing this. I thought about watching ‘Henry and June’ ... seen it? It’s supposed to be sexy.”

I chuckled. I had never had a girl concerned about me being bored while fucking her ass before. “No, I used to really like the Rosy Crucifixion but I avoid it these days.”

Melissa turned her head part way around to look at me. “Why?”

“Mara in the book reminds me of Jordyn. A constant bitch in heat but needing something from me but not me. Mara was just more honest about it. I did something for that itch inside her but it wasn’t healthy for either of us.”

“Was she a good fuck?”

“Honestly? Yeah. You’re better though.” I kissed the back of her neck and moved my hips a little.

Melissa held my good arm around her and put her nipple between my fingers. “You seem to find it easier to talk about her these days. Tell me something about her.”

“Yeah, I’ve let it go I think. Why, though?”

She moved her hips some more and it felt wonderful. “I feel like I’m just starting my life and it’s with you but you had this whole thing before me.”

I paused. This seemed like dangerous territory. “So you want a story?”

“Yeah.”

I thought for a second. “I remember walking out of the bathroom one day. I was naked from the shower. She was standing in front of a standing mirror.”

“You had one on the wall?”

“No, it was a stand up one that used to be in the corner. Later after I got the restraining order I had a moving company take it and other things and deliver them to her.”

“Keep going.” She shifted her hips some more, stroking my cock with her body.

“There was also a chair, a big sitting one. She was wearing a dress and put a leg up on the chair so she could see her pussy in the mirror. She fingered it as I walked behind her. I watched her, getting hard, and she told me to come over. I did and fucked her. She told me I wasn’t fucking her like I meant it. I ended up pushing her down into the chair, I made her legs come out from under her and fucked her until she was red from rubbing against the fabric.”

Melissa sounded thoughtful. “She was spontaneous.”

“There’s more. She got up and said things. I don’t remember what she said but she liked me to get angry. I remember that she seemed giddy that she could be cruel. She said more things, again I don’t remember what exactly. I pushed her. I just wanted her away from me. But she went flying across the room and her hip hit the bed frame and she fell to the ground. I rushed over and tried to apologize but she was busy pulling her dress up and looking at the bruise. It was nasty and she was so happy.”

Melissa paused. “That is messed up.”

“I was living in a never ending battle.”

“Sounds like there was a lot to unpack.” She kissed my arm where she had bitten it.

“I did over the years.” I kept fucking her.

“I like feeling you almost pull out and then slowly back in. This control, this is strength by the way.” She had her hand over mine as I held her breast.

We fucked slowly and gently until I felt it rising and came in her ass. Melissa got up and got us glasses of orange juice with a little vodka. Then she laid flat on the bed while I got on my knees and fucked her ass again, her chanting to fill her again and I did. We repeated it again with her on her back. I lost track of the orgasms that we shared and when Lavi got home Melissa was already asleep and I was reading. I had napped for a little bit though.

“Smells like sex in here.” She shook her curly dark hair and slid out of her blouse and jeans.

“Technically no.” I grinned.

“Well, I walked by more than one perfume counter and don’t want to keep that on me.” She stretched. “Want to help me wash my back or are you too tired?”

“I don’t know if I have anything left in me but I’ll wash your back and anywhere else you like though it may take fingers or ... tongue.” I grinned and she seemed to like that answer as she swayed those wide hips as she walked into the bathroom. It turned out I had just a little left after all.