

Chapter 25 – Wednesday Evening

“Don Sanche, ou Le château de l'amour”

Rebecca

I sat in wonder as My Mountain bent and folded himself into the driver's seat. I'd already experienced it, yet the sight continued to transfix me. Each time, I saw more and more of the subtle movements of his muscles. The hardness turning soft to bend, fit. How could someone well over a foot taller than me fit into this little box? I could, barely.

“Why don't you get a bigger car?”

“Hmm? Oh. Well, this works.” He started it and headed towards his house. No music.

“Do you want some music?”

“Hmm? Yeah. Sure.”

I waited for him to turn it on. Instead, he stared out at the road and propelled the car through traffic, both hands firmly attached to the wheel. I waited a bit more. Then, I looked down at where radios normally are on a cars I've been in, only to be met with the sight of hundreds of buttons and such. Well, it seemed like it. Space Shuttle came to mind.

Which one? I pressed randomly. A few seconds later, my feet started getting hot and a little display said “80/27”.

Well, that didn't work. Now, how do I turn off the heat and turn on the music? That one looks good.

My feet ceased being toasted, but cold air started freezing my nipples.

I pressed another button and all that happened was a little light came on on the button. I wonder if that means the shuttle bay doors are open? I just knew if I pressed another

button, the ejection seat on my side would be activated.

“Help!” I squeaked.

“Huh?” He looked down at the controls, grunted, and his fingers began dancing over the buttons. Such big fingers and they moved so nimbly. Within seconds, the freezing ceased, the little light went off, and the music started. Classical. No. Opera. Opera?

My Mountain's hand found its way to my thigh and his attention returned to staring at the road.

“Are you okay?”

“Hmm? Yeah. Just fine.” His eyes never left the road.

“Are you mad at me?”

“What? No. Just thinking.”

Maybe he needs his cave time too. I hope that's what it is. I know I need my down time away from others. Hey! That's what's been missing this week! Before, when I was hiding, I always had alone time. The only alone time I've had this week is when I've been asleep. Of course, I've disappeared into his cave a few times. Maybe he just needs his alone time too. But, tonight? This night?

Right now, I needed to talk. How strange is that? Me, needing to talk. Perhaps I should be on the lookout for lightning bolts or meteors falling from the sky?

How can I work my professional, digital camera, but not use the controls in Luis's car? Okay, it did take me nearly five forevers to figure out all the features of the camera, or at least the ones I've figured out so far in two years. Still, it was a lot of buttons and nobs and menus...

I looked over at My Mountain. Wedged. How could he be comfortable? He had to bend his head down, his knees were almost chest level, but splayed to fit the steering wheel. I couldn't reach Junior if I tried.

Junior. Hmm... Tonight. My Mountain over me, ready to possess me. My legs spread, my ankles hooked on his legs. My hands around his massive neck. Junior's head

coming closer and closer, touching me-

“Sweets? We're here.”

“Yeah, almost there!”

“No Becca. We're here.”

“Oh, sorry.” I blushed to my toes. Somehow, we made it into the house where I led Luis into the kitchen. I sat him down on a chair and straddled his lap. “Do you need some alone time or do you want to make-out with your girlfriend?”

His eyes looked at me, but he wasn't there.

“Go into the living room. Find some good music and let me fix dinner, okay?” I started to get up.

“Nope,” he said as his eyes cleared. Suddenly, his lips were on mine and my body just melted into him. His tongue searched, mine responded. We probed each others mouths, looking and finding the soul inside. My hands found their way as far around his neck as they could go. His rubbing, caressing, fondling my back, shoulders, down... Oh, so deliciously down, cupping my ass and sending shocks, shivers, warmth, delight through my whole system. I felt him moan and that stranger, that sounded like me, moaned in response.

When one of his mighty paws gently lifted my left boob, I almost came. Those massive, rough fingers rolled my nipple with such care and precision. So deliciously gentle and yet the power, barely contained, behind them. Junior was poking his head up and rubbing across my mound, tickling my clit delightfully. I started to reach down and...

THE PHONE RANG!

I tried to ignore it. It will go away. Before I could get a good grip on the monster between my legs and aim him where I wanted him to be, Luis REACHED OVER FOR THE PHONE!

“It's Momma,” was all he said. As if that excused his behavior?

“Pronto!” he said before I could speak my displeasure and frustration.

“No Momma. Not yet.” At least he was panting.

I tried wiggling back over Junior, but he had deflated in my hand. I guess no Mommy fantasies there.

“For you,” he said as he handed me the phone. “Momma wants to talk to you about dinner.”

“What? NOW?” I half screamed and half groaned. I reached for the phone, trying to figure out if eyes could turn into death rays or something.

Luis

Oh. My. God! I can't believe that Becca was about to drop down on Junior! I can't believe Momma called an interrupted that. I can't decide which one is upsetting me. Or, is it just this whole, strange day?

Becca crawled off my lap, yacking away into the phone, and headed to the fridge. Damn, she has a fine ass. Perfect handfuls for me. Okay, Luis, get your mind straight. Too much hit you today. You need music. Meditation. Yes, all of the above.

As I got up, I watched Becca moving about the kitchen, the phone plastered to her ear. There was no way I'd get her attention away from girl talk and what other plans they had. My downfall, no doubt. I'd awaken in the morning with a ring through my nose and being led on a leash. Right!

I waved to the kitchen as I headed to the living room. I found the Native American drums and chants I liked to use to think to, put them on at a gentle volume, and found a comfortable spot on the floor.

Settling into a lotus position, something others have seen and still express disbelief that I can do it, I closed my eyes and deepened my breathing.

The steady, deep drumming of the music combined with the sparse, zen-like, soft, almost flight-like quality of the flutes helped settle me. The dream-like chants just added layers of complexity and peace. I focused on pulling my breath in through my

nose, up to my crown point, then down my spine past my energy points. I noted which ones needed attention. When the air made it to my center, I began to “spin the ball” deep in my core.

When my body was full of air, my stomach distended with it, I let the spinning ball push it slowly up through the front of my body, moving out the toxins and tensions. Letting it turn the energy centers into pure light.

One breath.

Two.

Wow! USC! Need... to clear my mind. Just let the thought go.

Three.

Becca. In my lap. Positioning Junior... Let it go.

Four.

East... Let it go.

Five...

The world faded, yet became everything. Everything had meaning, a story. Yet, there was nothing. I ceased and became nothing. Nothing floated in nothing, being nothing and everything.

Slowly, the slow beating became drums. The sounds became flutes. The smells became something wonderful drifting in from the kitchen. I stopped being nothing/everything and became Luis again.

I felt Becca before I opened my eyes. “Hi, sweets.”

“You're back!” She crawled into my lap, snuggling up to me.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I closed them again when her lips met mine. This was a tender, loving, caring kiss. None of the manic energy from earlier. Sweet. Loving. Just let it go and be...

The light pressure on my face became her hands. The energy running through me became love. Becca became the center of my focus. She looked deeply into my newly opened eyes.

“I love you.”

Her words exploded through me. Every part of me agreed. Every cell. Every fiber.
“And, I love you.”

We sealed it with another kiss. Just as sweet. Just as loving. Okay, maybe a bit more passion. Just as my hand was being pulled towards those magnificent orbs on her chest, she pulled back. “Dinner's almost ready. I need your help.”

My hands moved up the lower slope, carefully measuring the changing angles and complex curves that make the female breast a perfect example of a fifth order differential equation. “Can it wait for a minute?”

“Uhm...”

“Just a couple of minutes,” I said as I pushed her back and lowered my lips to the hard peak. I love how it was poking out, beckoning me forward. Enticing me to suckle.

“Uhm...”

Her hands moved through my hair, pulling me into firmer contact. I traced the little bumps that turned to crinkles that turned to...

Her hands pushed me away. “Oh no, Mister. Dinner is too special tonight for you to distract me.”

I watched, transfixed, as she just rose. She didn't stand. She didn't make discreet moves as in a) push back, b) unfold from my lap, c) move balance to stand... She just was in my lap and in a beautiful, graceful dance with gravity, she was standing.

And reaching down for my hand to help me up. Fortunately, my knees still work and I was able to stand without pull her off balance. I let her think she was helping. Well, she was. Really. The smile on her face, the joy in her eyes really helped.

Towering above her, my arms moving to hug her to me, and...

“Oh! The pasta!” And she ran into the kitchen. “Open the wine,” she threw back at me over her shoulder. “And stay OUT of the dining room.”

My arms closed on empty air. From the kitchen I heard pots rattling, a few choice words that I didn't think Becca knew, and her yelling to me, “Wine! Now!”

Three days and she's running my life. Maybe they've already surgically implanted the ring in my nose and I hadn't noticed.

And, this is a bad thing?

Rebecca

Damn! Damn! Damn!

Okay, I don't know if I'm cursing the pasta, the interruption, or how easily I fall into My Mountain's eyes. And lips. And like his kisses. And his hands on my boobs. And wish that the damned phone hadn't rung. And. And. And.

The pasta was fine. To me. I drained it like Carmella had told me. Then poured cold water from the tap on it. Why? I don't know. She said something about stopping it from cooking so it wouldn't turn to mush. But, wouldn't it cool it as well? Apparently not.

The texture of pasta is very appealing visually. And really amazing when you run your hands through it. Silky. There, but not. And, no it didn't cool. Ouch!

He's just standing there by the open wine bottles. Waiting for me. I hope. What if he's mad? Is he frustrated? I would be. I am. Tonight. After dinner. After all, this is the plan. The script. Feed him. Seduce him.

Now, where is the girl that was with me Monday morning. You know, the one that had perfected being invisible. The one that was practiced at avoiding interactions with others, except the views I formed in my artists mind, saving them to write about, draw,

or paint.

Here I am... Not being her. Cooking a meal. Well, not really, but sort of. Warming this. Boiling that. Instructions from Carmella. A perfectly planned meal to feed My Mountain. To handle his needs during the football season and still leave him functional for my plans for the evening. And... Naked.

My Mountain. Luis. Boyfriend. Did that ever run around my mouth and mind leaving a funny taste. Boyfriend. Yep. Did it again. Feels strange. Feels good, actually. Feels... scary. Yet, feels... right. And... I'm naked. So is he!

From my perfect world I had built to... this! Crying while happy. Laughing out loud, in crowds. So suddenly empty I'm yearning for something I've never had. So full I'm bursting at the seams. So complete. So confused. And... So naked.

What is with the phone? And, what is with him answering it?

“Hello.” So calm.

“Nope. Not even considering the University of Maryland. Nope. Not going to change my mind, you know that.” Maybe his friend Mike?

“Look Hollow Dick, we've talked about this!” Yep, Mike.

“Yep, full ride offers from UT and USC.” Scholarship offers. For him and me. This is different than I imagined my Senior year being.

“Not a word, okay? Right. Well... USC.” California here we come... WHAT!?! Did I just say that? It wouldn't be a bad choice. There are some teachers out there that really might push my art. Better still, the exposure. I might even get a chance at a gallery showing my sophomore year. Wouldn't that be... Showing? Me? Miss Invisible?

“Sweets? Anything else you need me to do?”

“Uhm... I think I've got everything in hand. Keep me company while I finish?”

“Always, my Becca.”

And that damned thing rang again. And, of course, he answered it again. Well, I do

have a couple more things to get ready. Might as well carry the dishes into the dining room. Oh, Carmella did a wonderful job. Wait, it looks like this normally. No. Something is different. The candles. Ah! I need to light them.

“Carmella, I love this room,” I said to the candles. Thankfully, the absent woman didn't respond. I've studied Italian art, what artist hasn't? Yet, this room was... well, the roll-up of all of Italian history. The really good parts. The warmth. The deepness of history and family. The sheer joy of living life at a speed most people didn't appreciate. The Italians – the original slow food society.

I finished lighting all the candles, paying more attention to the room than I had the first night. For some reason, I wasn't as distracted. The room has definite feeling of warmth, comfort. Yet, was still quite large. It could easily seat a family of four and maintain a casual closeness. Just as easily, the room could be reconfigured and sit a very large dinner party. Formal and still welcoming. Tonight, it set for a very intimate dinner for two. Sensuous. Inviting. Close. Seductive. Speaking of victims...

I finished putting the appetizers on the table, with fresh bread, and a wonderful bottle of Italian wine. Carmella had told me that they had one or two glasses of wine with dinner each night. Even Luis, even during the football season. The exception, for him, was game day. No wine. No booze. And, the night before was one glass of wine. Tonight, she had said, we could push that some.

“Men become more amorous with a bit of wine. Not too much, with too much, they will want to do things they can no longer do!” She had then winked at me, “Things we want them to do!”

I'm sure my face had explored the many shades of crimson, ruby, and maybe even achieved vermillion. But, I was nodding my head. Then laughing with her.

Maybe not vermillion. Well... Chinese-Red for sure.

Okay, back to here and now and all our plans coming to fruition. First course on the table. Check.

Candles. Check.

Wine. Check.

Victim. Nope.

I went back into the kitchen to find him still on the phone.

“Yes, Coach... Thank you for all you've done... No, I'm sorry I've made this process so hard... Well... It's just that everything seems to be coming together this week... No kidding, going naked does that to you, I guess!” He tried to suppress a laugh, but finally let it go. He hadn't seen me yet, so I just watched him talk to, I assume, his current Coach. “I think USC. I still need to talk it over with some people, but that's what feels right to me.”

“And me!” Did I just yell that out?

“You're right, Coach. That is one less person I need to talk to!” He turned, chuckling, and pulled me into a hug with his free arm. “I need to go. The Boss is calling. Thanks for your call.”

He hung up the phone and totally wrapped me up. “So, you'd be okay if I went to USC?”

“I got a full scholarship offer from them today. And UT-Austin.”

“Really?”

“Seems another Italian Pixy has been working on my behalf this week.”

“Francesca?”

“It would seem. They had my portfolio and a quote-Serious Recommendation-unquote.” I hated it when other people did air quotes and here I was doing it.

“So, you might go West?”

“With you...” I couldn't help it. My eyes dropped. My invisibility cloak started slipping on.

It slid off as I found my self being lifted off the ground and spun in the air. My face being attacked with kisses. I felt tears and heard joyous laughter as our mouths found each other. Whose laughter and whose tears? When his tongue entered my mouth, I

didn't care anymore.

While being propelled through a universe of bliss and joy, my stomach reminded me that there was good food going to waste in the other room. Beating back the attacking horde... Okay, ending the kiss. And ending it again. And... ending again. Oh, one more time. Two more times.

Third time is a charm, right?

Fourth...

“Ahm... My Sweet Mountain. Dinner's ready.”

“Yes, you are.” His hand under my ass was checking the moisture content while the timers on my chest were definitely letting him know the turkeys were done. Oh, God! I've been reading entirely too much erotica online. That Skip Nickio like comment is just too much.

Pushing on his chest, I managed a feeble protest, “You brute. You, you... cad!”

With a chuckle and gleam in his eyes, he twirled a non-existent mustache, “Come upstairs and I'll show you my etchings, little girl.”

Attempting Mae West, I said, “Why don't you come up and see me sometime.”

“When you're bad...”

“I'm very, very good.”

Laughing together, he carried me into the dining room. When we got inside the door, he stopped. “Wow!”

“Thank your mom,” I said, looking down.

“No. She did this because of how she feels about you. She's never done anything like this for anyone, other than Poppa.” He carefully set me down. “I... I feel like I need to escort you to the table, milady.”

“It would be my esteemed pleasure, kind sir.”

He offered his elbow, I gently placed my hand into it. He led me to the small table at the nexus of the candles and pulled out my chair. The towel had been draped over the chair in honor of our nakedness, fell as he tipped it.

I reached for it.

He reached for it.

The immovable object met the resistible force.

My ass hit the floor, with me attached. Thankfully, Carmella had wonderfully thick carpeting in this room.

“I’m sorry. Are you okay? Damn, I didn’t mean to do that. Damn. Shit. I’m so sorry!”

A small giggle escaped while I tried to look mad. Then another. His eyes got wide, confusion replacing concern. I grabbed his hand and tried to pull him down with me. Ooo-Kay. Plan B. I grabbed both his hands to pull him down. And... I found myself standing up.

As soon as he released my hands, I began beating his chest. “No! No! No! You’re supposed to fall down with me! No!”

The tears were forming when something inside, fueled by his eyes, pushed a snort out. And another one. Then I snorkeled.

His fingers attacked my sides at the same time I went after him. In seconds/minutes/years, we were both on the floor, rolling, tickling, laughing, and... yes, snorting by one of us. Okay, snorkeling. Loudly.

At about the same time my bladder made a major, critical, and very important announcement to the rest of me, My Mountain had me pinned on top of him. Yes, on top of him.

“I... I-I... DAMN IT! I HAVE TO PEE!”

One more tickle, in almost the right place, and suddenly I was standing. No time to think. I just ran for where I thought I remembered the downstairs bathroom was.

I pulled the door open... to a closet.

I ran to the next door. The trickle beginning. Shit! Shit! Shit! Damn! Damn! Damn!

It was the bathroom. Thankfully the seat was down and relief flowed, rapidly.

They have this brass jockey in full racing silks standing in front of the toilet. He was smiling at me. It took me a minute to realize he was holding the toilet paper and it wasn't attached to the wall in some way.

After I finish the cleanup, then I noticed the rest of the room. Tile. Marble. Is that real gold?

Given the dining room and the kitchen, shouldn't the "powder room" be as... Italian? Well, as Italian as the rest of the house?

Not Mafia kitch. No zebra prints and bad taste. Everything fit and flowed. Grand and accessible. Italian!

I moved slower back to the dining room, taking time to see all that I had missed in my mad dash. The house flowed. And, exclaimed. And, welcomed. And, impressed. And, reflected the family. And, the love.

The love.

Luis

A vision came down the hall into the dining room. Venus in all her glory, Turan as my Etruscan ancestors would call her. Except Botticelli never saw something as beautiful as this.

It hit me, as she came into the room, she's naked. I've been seeing her without clothes for three days. Yet, I'm seeing her. The not hidden one. I have seen the gorgeous, sexy body, but I've more seen the real her. The person that she's been hiding from the world and herself.

“Wow!” Smooth, Contadino. Smooth.

“It is a beautiful table, isn't it.” She sat, gracefully, as I held the chair for her.

“You... And the table.”

“You think so?”

“Tonight is the first time, this whole crazy week, I've had the opportunity to admire you. That is, without something else taking away from you. Like school. Or the police. Or the couch in Art. So, what's the occasion?”

“Uhm...” She looked down and blushed. Pulling herself together, she looked up and into my eyes. “I wanted to do something nice for you. Something... well, romantic.”

“Are you trying to seduce me?” I asked, jokingly.

“Yes.”

“Ahm...” Such a glib, articulate fellow you are, Luis. Pull yourself together. “Thank you.”

“Is it working?”

“Even without the candles, the excellent smelling food...”

“Or the nudity?”

“Or that.”

She showed me the appetizers, which were all my favorites. We ate. Talked. Ate more. Laughed. Ate more. Fed eat other. Sipped the delicious wine. Talked of California. When there was nothing more to eat, she quickly cleaned the table and delivered the main course. And, a new wine. I carefully recorked the first and put it in a wine cooler in the dining room. She asked me about and it. I told her my mother had insisted. I was glad she did. I didn't have to leave my Becca's presence.

Pasta and proteins were the order of the day. She told me she knew from Jason what the

need was, and Momma had helped her as well. It was critical to build up my strength and reserves going into Friday night, and recover from the extra exercise this week, not to mention the beating my body had already taken this early in the season. Momma's influence was everywhere. Rich, quality proteins. Sauces that were thick and flavorful without being loaded with fats. Lots and lots of pasta made from whole grains, some infused with spinach and other veggies. A technique she had learned to retain all the flavor and nutrients. Not like that crap you buy on the grocery shelves.

'This is amazing,' my Becca said. "So many layers. So many textures. Yet... Everything is blended, but unique..."

"Like what I've seen of your art."

She thought about it. "I guess."

"I know."

I do love it when she blushes.

Talk flowed again. The present. The future. Dreams. Desires. Love. Jokes about Southern Cal smog, La-La Land. The Rose Bowl and the PAC-10 football. Painting. Love. Photography. Life on campus. The Italians. I taught her what I could of our way of life, our attitude.

"There is another thing I'd like to learn about the Italians," she said, as she moved into my lap after clearing the table. "If you're looking for desert..."

She pulled my head down and Mr. Einstein did his thing with time again. Her tongue was hitting the depths of my soul. We joined. Eyes closed, sometimes opening. When it happened, seeing into each other so far, we both shuddered.

My hands discovered every inch of her skin. The silk of her back. The complex muscles under her shoulders covered in soft, delicious skin that responded so well to kisses, sucks, and nibbles. The wonderful noises she made when I suckled her. The heat, wetness, and... The movement—I can't explain it otherwise—when my fingers, then my tongue found pussy.

Oh, the taste.

What she was doing to me was distracting. I wanted to see her eyes, watch her face when she climaxed. Instead, she was doing everything ensure I came first. My nipples. Oh! My! God! Could she do things to them. Tongue. Lips. Fingers. I don't really know what other body parts she was using. We were everywhere. Chair, table, and floor.

Finally, I got my head between her legs. My lips on her lips. My tongue pushing inside her. My nose rubbing her clit. Her legs thrashing. Her hands grinding me into her.

I think we found that point that Feynman talked about—the moment that the Universe goes totally insane, but finds a new way to be. Our particles split. New particles came into being. The world changed.

My poor, abused ears got the worst of it from her thighs. My mouth got the best.

My mother is a grand cook. Recognized far and wide as a master of her craft. Innovative. Praised for her abilities to blend, create, and combine into new, exotic tastes. Yet, maintaining the essence. The power.

I tasted, once again, from the source, the nectar of the gods. Venus. The best desert I'd ever had. And, so much. Too much. It ran down my chin, dripped onto the floor, my chest, the table, the chair... Wherever we were.

Her thighs relaxed. I pulled her ass closer. The taste too good. The feeling too powerful. I continued my assault. Tongue, hands, lips, chin, nose. Looking up over the small forest, I caught the occasional flash of her eyes. Pleading. More or less? I didn't care. Her hands pulled me into her. Then tried to push me away. More fluids flooded my mouth. I tried drinking every bit of it. Then she pulled again. Pushed. More.

She went limp.

I swallowed the last of the buckets that had come from her. Savoring it. A better wine has never been made. And, oh so Italian in the making. Slow. Building.

I kissed my way up her stomach. She wasn't moving.

“Sweetie?”

“Becca?”

I nipped her nipple.

“Honey?”

Holding myself on my elbows and knees, I finally got to her face.

Her eyes were partly opened. Nothing but white.

Her mouth was slack. A line of drool going down the right side towards her ear.

Was I too greedy? Did I taste too much? Did I...

“Thank you,” a weak voice said in a whisper.

“Are you okay?”

“Better than. Take me to bed. Now!..” she managed in labored breath.

I scooped her up and took her down into my lair. Junior was more than willing to commit debauchery. I was more than willing to make love. I pushed open the door to my rooms and discovered more candles lighting the way. Soft pillows and new sheets on the bed.

Rose petals! There were rose petals!

DAMN!

I gently put my Becca down on the bed, on the rose petals, the new sheets. The flickering lights of the candles playing wonderful games with her curves and delicious bumps. Her head flopped to the side, she pulled herself into a little ball. “Covers,” a weak voice said.

I pulled the sheets over her and slid in behind her. Her breath was now soft. Regular. She was in a ball. I put my arm over her, gently, realizing the weight of my arm alone might wake her.

She did all this for me!

She looks so good. So sweet. So beautiful...

And... She's asleep.

I...

Hmm...

Yeah, I...

Alarm! I need to set it.

Done.

Yeah. I think.

She's so soft. So wonderful. So...

*** End of Chapter ***

“Don Sanche, ou Le château de l'amour” (S.1) (English: “Don Sanche, or The Castle of Love”) is Franz Liszt's only opera (there is controversy if he actually wrote it, though) and first published work. He wrote it when he was 14. It is a story of the “Love Castle”, a tragic comedy I would highly recommend seeing if it ever comes back into production.

Coming soon : Part IV (Thursday) - Chapter 26 – “Wake Up Little Suzie”