

Chapter. 12 - Bobby and Sandy tell some of their story

We grouped and had breakfast cooked, eaten and cleaned up in no time. Considering our condition from the night before, it was an amazing feat.

Right after finishing, Janet begged off for some morning naptime. I could tell that she was pretty sore which made me feel bad, but I also knew that she had asked for each and every time. She had actually caressed me awake twice during the night. She knew she was going to be very sore but chose to continue.

She came over and kissed each of us in turn then headed for one of the guest rooms to lie down for a few hours.

Mel, Hail, Sandy and I just sat around sucking down mass quantities of coffee since we were totally out of IV bags.

We had been talking for a time about pretty much nothing.

It was Mel who kind of dropped a bombshell on us.

Obviously an astute study, she made the observation that it appeared that Sandy and I had more than just a friendly business acquaintance. She said that there were things said, and looks and just little things that gave her the idea that we had known each other fairly well sometime in the past.

Hailey was now looking at us with a very strange face. I couldn't tell if it was just curiosity or some complicity. "We also noticed there is a distinct similarity in the scars you both have on your bodies, and I would hardly think that's coincidence," Hailey added.

Sandy and I looked at each other nervously after having had Mel ask us to tell about our past experiences together. Hailey had identified similarities in our scars. It was nothing accusatory, just wanting to understand a past relationship.

I hesitated for a wee bit; I wasn't quite sure how I was going to deal with the line of questioning. I'd never given explanations much thought and once Sandy and I tell some of it, that reason will be apparent.

I knew it wasn't going to affect the relationships we'd built together, but as mature as they seem, they still may be a little young to grasp the full meaning of what Sandy and I had done during our time in the service. That and quite honestly, we really shouldn't tell them all that much.

So I just figured I'd be blunt, honest and lay out as much as I comfortably could and hope that it would put the curiosity to rest. This wasn't something I was prepared to deal with and I know Sandy wasn't either. She was looking at me with interest and curiosity. A look of, "How ya gonna handle this big fella?"

Looking seriously at both girls, "When I went into the Navy I volunteered for Special Operations right out of boot camp."

To make something perfectly clear I explained, "SO was a totally separate operation from the Navy SEALs. SO was more into the clandestine, quiet, ultra-surgical, psychological operations rather than the storm in, kick their asses, then leave."

I had their attention that was for sure. The looks from the girls were priceless, and Sandy just sat there sipping her coffee like I'd said nothing. She had a mild smirk on her face that told me she was curious how I was going to deal with it. She was going to keep her mouth shut and let me dig the hole. Then as usual, she'd come in and bail my ass out. She was good at that!

"Don't get me wrong, the SEALs are the best in the world. There is no other group of specially trained commando type operators that I'd rather have with me than a squad of Navy SEALs."

I paused a bit, in an attempt at keeping my own train of thought. I was treading on thin ice and didn't want to blow it.

Sandy just continued to sip her coffee with a wry smile raising her eyebrows at appropriate times to reinforce what I was saying.

Then with a laugh I said, "There were times when they actually came in and did our 'dirty work' for us."

Sandy laughed and I continued, "We had enough 'excitement' to keep us more than interested."

"I met Sandy after having done numerous operations with the SO teams. I'd been in the business for about 6 years or so and she was just coming in for advanced training."

"I was a training officer so my job was to run all of my students through the ringer. It was not an easy training regimen because we needed to weed out anyone that we felt wouldn't be able to carry out missions successfully. Nine out of ten did not pass, and in some classes nobody passed."

I took a sip of coffee and continued, "Sandy excelled in every level of training we were presenting, and to be honest, she was my 'top student'. I've never met anyone that could be as stealthy, cunning, nasty or violent when necessary than Sandy."

Looking at Sandy and smiling, "I knew of a mission that was being recruited for so when she graduated from the school, at my behest, she and I became a team."

Mel and Hailey looked at both of us as though we'd both grown a 3rd arm from our chests.

Hailey hesitantly asked with a very distant tone, "So... you guys were spies?"

I looked at Sandy and she looked at me but answered for the both of us, "Well, no. Not in the classic sense of the word. Spies usually recruit and control other agents to gather intelligence information or they attempt to gather the information directly."

"Our job was to quietly stir the pot using some of

the information that real spies had gathered. It was up to Bobby and I along with others like us to be quiet rabble-rousers. You know, cause hate and discontent in opposing groups to further situations favorable to our government."

Then with a giggle, "We were professional shit stirrers. Not to sound too egotistical, we were damned good at it," then looking at me with a smile, "The best."

It was apparent that some of it had sunk in, but that they were still confused as to how we actually did what we did.

I figured I'd try to close the conversation, "There isn't a whole lot that either of us can tell you guys. Ninety-nine point nine percent of what we did is still highly classified," then with a wide smile and a loud chuckle, "If we told you, we'd have to kill you."

Humor lost, they either didn't hear what I'd said, or it didn't really register. It happens when you talk to deep thinkers.

Seriously, "Bobby, you said that Sandy had saved your life, and she says she didn't. Can you tell us anything about that?"

I looked at Sandy and she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Why not? We've kind of opened the door, they deserve an answer."

Sandy then took a deep breath and told both Mel and Hailey that they could never breathe a word of this story to anyone. We weren't going to tell them a lot, but would give them enough to hopefully satisfy their curiosity.

"Guys, if you ever say anything to anybody about what we're going to tell you and it somehow gets to the wrong ears, it would not only cause my death, but Bobby's and a few other people in different places throughout the world," she looked at them very seriously and continued, "Knowing that, do you still want to hear the story?"

Mel looked at Hailey with saucer eyes then turned

to Sandy to ask, "Can you tell us in a way that is so 'general' that we really don't know anything?"

Sandy looked at me and I kind of rolled my eyes and moved my head back and forth, and looked at the girls to ask, "What you are saying is that you don't want the responsibility of knowing information you're not supposed to know, right?"

"Yeah I guess that's what we mean Bobby," Hailey whispered, "It just sounds like it would be better if you guys kept your secrets."

"Thank you, Honey, I'm sure I can speak for Sandy to say that we appreciate your honesty, and the fact you can allow us to have our secrets without judgment or false impressions."

"Bobby, I think I can give them some clue without compromising anything," Sandy said to me quietly.

"Ok, I don't have a problem with that." I was curious myself how she'd planned on explaining.

Looking seriously at the girls Sandy hesitantly spoke, "You have seen the scars on Bobby's back and chest. Yes?"

Both nodded slowly to acknowledge.

"Hailey mentioned it already, but when we were all together last night, you obviously noticed the scars I have over my breast, shoulders, and back?"

Again, both nodded slowly.

"Those are all souvenirs that Bobby and I picked up during our last mission. The SEALs came in and bailed us out."

It was well said. Sandy looked between the two girls who had turned a very Goth shade of white. Their eyes told the whole story.

"Bobby, you said they were 'war wounds'," Mel observed.

"Yes, I did."

Sandy interjected, "It was war Mel, trust me on that."

Mel nodded her head and both she and Hailey just let out heavy sighs and leaned back in their chairs to relax for the first time since the conversation started.

I figured I'd end it there.

"It was unfortunate, but we were both "forced" to retire after our last operation. Our bosses were not happy, but there was nothing they could do. We were just too successful and the powers that be determined that there was no way we could ever operate again without the probability we'd both be killed."

"So, they gave us a bunch of money and showed us the door, and the rest, as they say, is history."

Sandy spoke up, "Mel, Hail, it's very important that Bobby and I maintain a very very low profile for the rest of our lives, and I guess one thing I have to say is that things aren't always what they may seem."

I chuckled at that one and added, "I don't want to pop any of your bubbles, but Sandy and I are not necessarily what or who we appear to be."

"What does that mean," Mel shot at us without any hesitation.

Sandy looked at me before she answered, and I gave her the hedge eyes again, "It means that we have not always been who we are now. The Bobby and the Sandy that you see and know are who we are, who we were is not important."

Then looking at each of them, whispered, "We haven't always been the people that you have come to know and love."

I had to interject here, "Please, don't ever ask us to tell you what we mean by that, because I for one would have an extremely difficult time with it. I believe Sandy would also."

Sandy nodded her head, and I saw her eyes start to

well up.

Christ, it's not often that I've ever seen Sandy cry about anything. This woman, though outwardly doesn't look like it, is tough as nails.

The girls noticed as well, but didn't say anything.

Part of our exit from service was notification to our families that we had been killed in action.

Sandy and I both, in the name of security, had lost our identities and have lost our families. We were orphaned so to speak, and to try to explain that to the girls would have stirred up emotions that I'm positive that neither of us cares to re-visit.

We had both moved on as we had to do, but Sandy had lost a brother and a sister and I had lost two sisters whom I love very much.

If we wanted to know anything we had to go through black channels, but we both decided independently that it would be far too painful to do any kind of inquiry.

All we've ever had in this world was each other, but we each knew that to be a couple was not something that could or would work successfully in our given situation. Though we always stayed very close, we remained single and apart.

Sandy and I had been looking at each other for a time trying to give each other the emotional and morale support we both knew the other needed.

We have both been very lonely. Suddenly, unplanned, I'd started relationships with a small gaggle of young women and Sandy wanted to keep an eye on me to make sure I didn't hurt myself.

What it did was put us back together again in such a way that we could see each other without causing any undue suspicion. We could try to be a little closer and for both of us it was really important to know directly that we were both doing okay.

It is to my good fortune that I have hooked up with a couple of wonderful young women who love me

unconditionally, whom I love the same, and that will allow Sandy and I to have a relationship as well, though we both know how careful we still have to be.

It's careful in the sense we not only have to "hide" who we really are, and what we really did from them, but we have to ensure that we are very careful about the unlikely possibility of either of us slipping up. We're professionals, the chances of either of us slipping up in a bad way is very remote.

Looking at both of them very seriously I let out a very heavy sigh and whispered, "Mel, Hail, if the wrong people find out about either Sandy or me in any way other than who you know, love and see, it will probably cost us our lives, and because of circumstances perhaps yours as well.

"This is nothing to fuck around with or to be freaked out over, but you just need to be aware.

"I am Bobby, period. She is Sandy, period.

"That's all you really need to know, and trust me, it's all you really want to know. Outside of 2 people in our government, Sandy and myself, you two are the only ones that have any inkling of our real past."

Then with another heavy sigh, "I shouldn't have said anything, but I can't help it, I have to be as honest with you two as I can."

Lamenting again, "You need to know because if by some chance either of us, or more probably both just disappear off the face of the earth, you need to know we didn't run off and elope."

I wish I could describe for you the look on Sandy's face when I'd said that, but suffice it to say it was priceless.

Mel and Hail's on the other hand, were looks of total panic.

"It would probably mean that certain people had been able to somehow track us down and make good on threats. It's probably never going to happen, and it's probably nothing either of you need to worry about, but as I said, I have to be honest with you,

the possibility exists."

The room became very silent, and all I could hear was our breathing.

After a time of being "off in space," I looked at the girls and said, "So that you both know how close Sandy and I truly are, I'll just say to you, that I would again walk through the fires of hell with and for Sandy. Anytime! We have both trusted each other with our lives, and on one very ugly occasion I was 'rewarded' for that trust."

I leaned over and kissed Sandy very lightly, and looking directly into her eyes, whispered so that everyone could hear it, "And I'll be forever grateful."

Sandy blushed and copped a small smile but Mel had caught a part of the comment, "Again?" she queried

"Yes Mel, again," I said to her directly but I'd said it in such a way she knew that it wasn't open for discussion.

Mel looked at Hailey and started, "Hail, we need to make sure that Sandy and Bobby have time on the schedule..."

"Whoa," I interrupted. Then looking at both, "Thank you. I'm sure Sandy appreciates the consideration as well Sweetie, and will undoubtedly take advantage of the offer on occasion, but let Sandy set her times. Okay?"

They looked between each other, then at Sandy, and Mel whispered, "Okay, Bobby. I just thought..."

Interrupting again, "I know Honey, and believe me it is noted and it is greatly appreciated. Remember Sandy said we needed to maintain a low profile? One of the ways we maintain that low profile is not to see each other all that often. Now though, because of you two, it can be a bit more often because of circumstances that we can all work on as time progresses. She'll know and she'll take care to make sure it happens safely."

They looked at us again, so I continued, "We have

talked about it, and with you two ladies permission, we hope to be seeing each other more often. Please, always keep in mind that the two of us need to be extremely careful, so let Sandy run the show for 'our time'. Okay?"

"Okay, we won't worry about it," Hailey pointed out, then, looking at Sandy, "Please just let us know. I won't have a problem with it if you only give us a couple hours notice, and I'm sure Mel will agree. We both get him any time we want, so 'postponing' an evening or two of our time for you will not be a real big deal. If it is, I'm sure we trust you enough to say so, and we'll just work it out."

Sandy was showing tears again, but whispered, "Thanks Hailey. Thanks Melinda. I appreciate being included in your 'family' with Bobby. You'll never really know how much it means to me and probably to Bob as well. You can rest assured I won't just 'show up' on you. Well at least if I can help it."

Then with a shy look that I had never seen before and a nervousness that was a little out of character as well, she looked at both Mel and Hailey, and started mumbling, "Ummm... can I... uh... can I maybe get... uh uh... on the schedule with whichever of you... uhmm... isn't scheduled for Bobby that evening?"

With absolutely no hesitation, "Hell yes," said Mel assuredly.

"You bet your ass," added Hailey with a huge grin.

"Well, that way my being here won't interrupt one of your schedules immediately. I will want some time with him, but with that understanding we can easily work it out amongst us."

"No problem Sandy, that will work for both of us perfectly", Hail noted with a big smile.

I just grinned and sat back in my chair to watch the interaction.

I had pretty much figured Sandy was bi, but this was definite confirmation of that. Being down south

all the time, I'll have to mention it to her and Janet. Maybe they can get together on occasion.

The four of us sat around the table for another hour or two just talking, and laughing about nothing. Sandy and the girls got into some good "girly" conversations that left me in the weeds.

They'd giggle about something and give me a sideways glance to see if I was getting it and when I wasn't they'd just continue. It's almost like sitting in a restaurant in a foreign country where you don't speak the language very well, trying to catch any of the conversation. Finally you just tune it out.

We hadn't seen Janet all day, but it was time to head for the backside of the house for some relaxation, so I just gave a big yawn and stood up. The three ladies looked up at me and laughed.

"Come on Hail, let's hit it," Mel said with a gleam in her eye.

"K. Shower?"

"Well, yeahhh. You stink!" Mel chuckled.

I held my hands out to Sandy and when she put hers in mine, pulled her gently to her feet watching her eyes begin to sparkle.

Before Mel and Hailey could get too far, I asked, "Hot tub? You two want to join us?"

"Sure Bobby. It's better than a shower any day...well mostly," Hailey bantered sticking out her tongue at Mel.

"I think I'll make you use that," Mel retorted.

Hailey looked right at Sandy, then over to Mel and said laughingly, "Promises, promises."

The two of them were grab assing all the way to the master leaving clothes strewn just about everywhere and were totally naked by the time they crossed the threshold of the doorway.

Hand in hand, Sandy and I followed behind shaking

our heads and laughing.

"Ever wish you were that young again?" I asked.

"Hell no. Are you kidding? I remember those days. Come on Bob, they're not that far removed."

"Don't want to deal with those raging hormones again?"

"Not even. I'm very comfortable being twenty-six," she said laughing watching my eyes grow.

"Twenty-six my ass young lady. Remember I had your file. I know how far from twenty-six you really are," I said with a huge grin.

By this time we heard splashes from the Spa room as Mel and Hailey made their entrance.

I yelled, "Hey you two, leave some water in the tub please."

With loud laughter, Mel retorted, "Don't want you old folks to drown in deep water, Bobby."

Looking at both of them, then at Sandy I asked, "Did you hear those two whippersnappers call you old folks my dear?"

"Me? I'm the one that's twenty-six. Not you, old man."

With raised eyebrows, I just shook my head and started undressing, quickly joined by Sandy. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were nekkid 'n' in de tub, joining the two "youngsters".

We were just hanging out, coming down in the Jacuzzi sucking down on a bottle of wine just kind of continuing our kitchen chat. I held Sandy's hand in mine.

It was a good relaxing downtime exercise. I had my head laid back looking at what stars were out. It was still way too early for major star watching. I was always able to see a few shooting stars or some satellites moving slowly across the sky.

We were kicked back and I was conversing to Sandy quietly so we didn't disturb Mel and Hailey, but I started to notice some wiggling going on across the tub.

I just sat quietly observing what was obviously some play between the two of them; both trying to be sly so whatever it was they were doing wouldn't be noticed.

I glanced a bit sideways at Sandy and it was obvious she had noticed the extracurricular activities going on across the way.

"I think they're getting an early start", she whispered to me.

I smiled and nodded acknowledging her observation as I moved my hand over to her thigh. Looking in her eyes I whispered, "How about you?" Sliding my hand up close to her sex, "You up for an early start?"

My hand was rubbing up and down her vulva making light brushes against the little button I could feel swelling at the top of the slit. Each time I tapped it gently she would twitch or jump sucking in her breath.

It didn't look as though anything we were doing had been noticed by the pair teasing each other across the tub, so I decided to get a bit more bold pushing a finger into the entrance of her channel usually meant for the stiffening meat I had between my legs.

Again she sucked in some of her breath, and turned to look at me, then taking up my challenge. With a sparkling evil look in her eye, she reached over and took my cock in her hand gently stroking on it to make sure it was stiff enough for the other part of her plan.

Noting that it was definitely in fine condition, she looked at me saying, "Well, it feels to me like you are 'up' for an early start."

With a grin, she made one quick, purposeful move over the top of me and lowering herself to a sitting position facing me, impaled herself to the depth of

my balls.

It was my turn to suck in some breath as I felt my penis suddenly surrounded by something much more warm and wet than the surrounding water. It had a pulsating muscular component that the warm water circulating in the tub couldn't compare to.

Our faces merged as our lips joined kissing very passionately while she started to wiggle on my lap vigorously, making sure that my pubic bone rubbed roughly against her clit.

She was moaning into my mouth and moving quite rapidly just before I felt those muscles tighten up and her whole body become stiff.

I thought she was going to break my neck and back the way she was holding on to me while her orgasm blasted through her body. Our mouths never parted and she was huffing and puffing almost chirping into my mouth while she was coming. Her body was shaking and quivering uncontrollably, then as quickly as it had started, she just collapsed on me in total exhaustion. If I hadn't been holding her so tightly she'd have flopped back into the water and drowned.

Breathing somewhat normally, I hadn't come and was still rock hard buried deep inside that massaging sheath that was trying its damndest to milk me for the flood it expected. It was all I could do to keep it from happening yet. I still had a bit more fun to have with Missy Sandy.

While she was so relaxed and holding on to me for dear life, I started making small movements with my hips and pelvis. A little roundy-round to put a little stimulation slowly back into her clitoris. It was time to work her up to a slow, building explosion the likes she hadn't had in a very long time.

"Oh god, Bobby, you're still hard and moving in me."

"And your point is?" I asked in a whisper, noting that we had an interested audience now.

"That was incredible Bobby. You haven't made me cum like that for a long time," she commented

breathlessly.

"I needed to come like that again and now you seem like you're going for another one."

"See, I knew you weren't dumb. That's a very astute observation, because that's precisely what's happening, but this time we have observers."

"Huh?"

"I think we caused some ripples in the water that got the attention of the other attendees."

"Oh," she giggled, but instead of getting all shy and reserved, whispered back to me, "Shall we give them a show?"

"By all means my dear. I'm sure they both know precisely what's going on beneath the waves, and I'd bet that before we finish the next go-round they'll be thrashing either themselves or each other."

She giggled when I said that, but started to meet my gyrations with some of her own. You could tell now that we were moving together, so if Mel and Hailey had any doubts as to what was going on under the water, they had been allayed.

Sandy and I moved and wiggled very slowly, building up the next climax over a longer period than usual.

She has always been a very sensual woman, quite passionate, and showed it in unique ways while her vaginal muscles did incredible things to the cock buried inside her.

We were kissing deeply with flailing tongues, and my hands were doing good things to her breasts and nipples. Each time I gave one a gentle pinch, she moaned loudly into my mouth.

As predicted, our observers were not so interested in what we were doing anymore, but more interested in whatever it was they were doing with each other. I could tell by the movements of their arms that each had at least one hand in the others genital region and were putting some kind of vibratory actions on

the other while kissing just as deeply as Sandy and myself.

I felt Sandy building so we started getting a bit more "frantic" if that's the word to describe it, but suddenly she just got rigid, twitched and shook like a big time vibrator and let out an incredible moan and cry as this orgasm consumed her entire body.

This time around, those muscles were doing to my cock exactly what they were designed to do and there was no way I could hold myself back and just blasted her insides with jet after jet of the warm fluids designed to find that egg that had dropped late last night, surround it, then pound away at it until one was able to push through the barriers and perform it's assigned duty.

We both collapsed but managed to keep our heads above water, but knew it was time to get out of the tub as soon as we were able.

Mel and Hailey crossed the tub to make sure we were all right and kindly offered to help us move out and up to the bedroom area for a bit of a nap before dinner. It was already starting to get dark, but a nap was definitely in order. I told Mel to check on Janet to make sure she was still with us.

She gave me a worried look, and I felt bad because I didn't mean it to sound like it did. "It's ok Mel, I'm sorry it sounded the way it did, just make sure she's comfortable. She's been sleeping for about 7 hours now."

"If you nap, make sure Sandy and I are up in a couple hours so we can figure out what to do for dinner."

Mel nodded and both she and Hailey went towards to back of the house to check on Janet and lay down.

I wouldn't be surprised if Sandy wasn't up for more activities later tonight, which was fine with me. I would just enjoy cuddling and holding her again while we drifted off and I'm sure the other girls would be there as well.

Well, she had given me an unmistakable signal, and

I suppose it was my obligation to fuck her silly, so
I did the best I could considering...

Next time!