

James

A Novel by MikeC
Chapters 19-25

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Part V. The Lake.

Chapter 19

"Good morning James, Amanda'll be ready in a few minutes," Mrs Cipola smiled as she opened the door. Mr Cipola was standing inside and we shook hands.

"Where will you be going?" he asked, and got elbowed by his wife.

"We're going to have a picnic in the park, then maybe a movie and then dinner. We'll be back by ten or ten thirty... And I'd like to invite Amanda for dinner tomorrow, if it's alright." He'd just nodded his agreement when Amanda came out with a food hamper.

She had a pale yellow dress on, and underneath I could see a white two-piece swimsuit. Her hair was loose to her shoulders and she was glowing. I felt a stirring in my shorts and quickly took the basket she offered and held it in front of me. Her eyes glinted at my discomfort.

We said our goodbyes and she jumped in the convertible before I could open the door for her. I dropped the food basket in the back seat and we drove off.

I had to pull over at the corner because Amanda had planted her face in front of mine and was carefully licking the insides of my mouth. Her fingers were ripping my hair as she rubbed herself on me.

"Er, does that mean you missed me?" I asked as she panted on my shoulders.

"God, yes. I told myself for each time I wanted to touch myself and didn't, you'd have to kiss me. You owe me fifty kisses."

"Can we go a little out of town before you start collecting? I have a feeling these people all know your Mom and Dad."

"Oh my god, there's Mrs Grissholm!" She slid down her seat, "Get us out of here! She's the mouthpiece for the church ladies."

Ten minutes later she was still huddled in the foot well.

"You can come out now, there's nobody but cows and sheep." She crawled up and leaned over her seat to the picnic basket. And waved a bare tush at me.

"Er, excuse me, Miss, you seem to have misplaced your bikini bottoms..."

"That's rather astute of you, Sir. In fact, I seem to have lost my top as well!" Smiling widely, she turned around and it was evident from the thin material of her short dress she had nothing else on. She'd even lost her shoes.

"This is probably a foolish question, but would you consider getting a bit more decently dressed?"

"You're right, it is a foolish question. But I can get even LESS decently dressed if you like!"

"No, no, then you're perfect the way you are. I'm just afraid I'll be so busy staring at you I'm gonna land us in a ditch. And then we'll have to explain to the cops and your parents how it is that on our very first date you managed to be in this distressing state of undress!"

"I'll just tell them that you seduced me and wanted to put your filthy hands all over my body..."

"You are such a perceptive young lady..." I sighed. She stretched out sideways on her seat and put her head on my leg, sticking her feet out the window. An errant gust of wind flipped her skirt and I could see her tiny mouth-watering slit.

"You know everybody's passing us just to get a peek at your gorgeous puss?" She jumped up and yanked her skirt down.

"Liar! There's nobody there!"

"Well, if you want us to get there sooner, you'll have to behave." She laid back down but kept her legs inside.

"I'm guessing, but are you going to say no if I offer to take you out and kiss you a little?"

"That's very astute of you, my dear."

"Jeez, you're a real prude. As a date, you're proving to be somewhat of a disappointment!"

"That's because one of us has to be sensible." She sighed and pressed her head deeper in my lap.

"James, touch my breasts..." That I was happy to comply with, and with a bit of squirming, she guided my fingers inside her dress. I stroked her warm flesh and pinched her nipple.

"Hmmm," she sighed dreamily, "do you think they've grown? My friend Sherri says I'm bigger than her now..."

"Are you in the habit of comparing boob sizes with her?"

"Kinda, when we shower after Gym."

"You soap each other too?"

"No, but it's a thought... Hmmm, James, now my butt's cold."

"Put your panties on, then."

"Why is it I was so certain you'd say that? Anybody else would've offered to warm it with their hands..."

"Mine are occupied, if you haven't noticed."

"Let me steer, then you'll have both hands free..." Then she started laughing. "God I'm so hard up for you, I haven't even told you I love you..." She pulled my hand out of her dress and kissed it, then she pressed it against herself again.

"I love you, my big, gentle lover..." She looked up at me, "I'm so glad you made me fall in love with you."

"And thank you for letting me love you." She hugged my hand harder and sighed against it.

"You never told me where we are going, we must have passed a dozen parks already!"

"We're almost there. I'm determined to impress the heck out of you, so you'll go out with me again."

"You'll have no problem with that - you're stuck with me for life!" She hummed happily and rubbed herself on my hand.

"Take a look at this..." I said as I pulled the car over.

We were on the edge of a dam and beneath us half a dozen boats of varying sizes were waiting for a lock to pass them from the lake down to a river. I pointed to a wooden water slide to one side.

"See that? It's a fish ladder. Those flashing silver dots are actually fish jumping upstream to spawn."

"Wow, it's amazing! What are those for?" She indicated a series of large pools by the ladder.

"Those are the fish hatcheries. The Fisheries people grow the fish to a couple inches before releasing them so they have a better chance of survival."

"Is that where we're going?"

"Yeah, but on the lake side," I pointed to the left. "I was here a couple of years ago and I've never forgotten it. You'll see why soon."

"Can we go see the hatchery?"

"I don't think you'll like it. They cut the fish open to get their eggs..."

"Ugh! No thanks. I'll just watch from a distance."

I drove to the other side of the dam and turned at a huge stuffed deer and parked at the Marina.

"Do you need to use the washroom? Last chance!" and I whispered, "Put your suit back on - for now!" I took Amanda to the restaurant and she clung to me. All around us were the glassy stares of hundreds of stuffed animals ranging from bears to raccoons.

"Oh, this is too weird! Let's get out of here!" she urged as soon as she was done.

We located the boat I had reserved by phone and we moved our baggage on board.

"Welcome aboard the USS Dweebus!" Which, in reality, was a 16 ft jet boat designed for inland cruising. I helped her stash the food and drinks in the ice chest. She grinned when she saw the bottles of bubbly.

We cast off and she leaned against me on the double-size helm seat. For fifteen minutes we ooh'd and ah'd at the beautiful houses and cottages that dotted the shore. Amanda took her dress off and was in her 2-piece.

"Let me put some oil on you before you burn," I said as I took the lotion.

"When can I take this off?"

"You'd better not. Mommy's gonna ask questions if you don't show tan lines!" She took my shirt off and started putting the lotion on me.

"You don't have to oil me there, Mandie. I'm not planning to take my trunks off."

"Well, you never know, do you? The girls will hate me if I let you get burned there!"

"OK, OK, stop already! You're too good!" She pulled her hand back and leaned on me.

"James... can you put some on me? Down there...?" Soon she was wriggling delightfully against me as I sunblocked her where the sun don't usually shine. She hugged me and bit me as she shook and groaned and flooded my hand.

"Says here to 'reapply after swimming or sweating'. Does come count? I think you'll have to do me again, James."

"Oh, if I must..."

We had cleared the busier sections with the PWCs and water skiers and the lake opened up to almost ten miles across, so I showed Amanda the controls and gave her the helm as I got us drinks. As her confidence grew, she pushed the throttle up until we were going 30. I help her adjust the trim and soon we were skimming over the smooth water of the lake. Her knuckles were white from gripping the wheel but she was screaming with delight. With a little help, she did a 180, then worked up to a 360 and soon she was whipping us around in donuts and figure-8's on the lake, cutting across our own wake and launching us in the air. She finally slowed us enough to speak.

"My god, that was some ride! I just about peed my pants!" She was shaking against me, "You know, it's ALMOST as good as sex! And it doesn't hurt at all!" She slowly caught her breath and licked my ear, "I'll bet sex doesn't hurt any more either! Care to find out?"

"Let's wait a bit first. Look." This section of the lake had opened up even more but was very shallow and littered with stumps and dead timber. In the distance was a thick growth of cattails and more trees. I told her to follow the channel markers towards the trees.

"Watch the depth gage. Steer back towards the channel if it's less than four feet. The boat only needs a foot of water but there's no need to risk getting tangled up..."

"Wow!" Amanda had taken us into a stand of about a hundred cypress and mangrove trees, their roots sticking out of the water.

"Local myth has it that every New Years Eve they get up and walk, and..., look at the branch up there! It's a snake sunning itself! And over there, it's a heron!" We watched as it launched itself and took to the skies.

About a hundred yards in the trees closed up and I dropped anchor.

"James, I really have to go - do I have to pee over the side?"

"No, watch... Ta-da!" I pulled on the helm bulkhead and it extended up into a change canopy with a porta-potti. I could hear her giggle with the novel flushing mechanism.

"James, watch... Ta-da!" She came out holding the two pieces of her swimsuit in her hand. I could only stare, the air mattress I was trying to inflate frozen and forgotten.

"C'mere!" I said hoarsely. I stayed on my knees and cupped her breasts as I licked her hard nipples. She hummed tunelessly and tore at my hair as I pinched her hard flesh and worried her sensitive tips.

Her breath started to come out in gasps and suddenly she pulled my face down to her crotch. I started kissing her little mound as she wrapped one leg around my arm, using my hair to

keep her balance. She hunched and invited my tongue inside her little hole. It was soft and sweet and it quivered delicately around my mouth. Her gasps became moans and then she came in a small shriek.

I lowered her to the air mattress, my mouth still gently kissing her thin pussy lips as her breathing slowed and her hand slowly released my hair.

"Mmmm, you make me feel so good, James..." and shivered against me as I ran my fingers over her lean body, softly brushing her breasts and nipples.

"Ohhh, James, I want you... Inside me..."

I sat back to take my shorts off and leaned over to start the CD.

Dvorak's Cello Concerto began to play.

"Oh, James... sweetheart..." She looked lovingly at me before hugging me in a terrible clinch. She reached down to guide me into her tightness, "Yes, my sweet love... Make me yours again..."

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We laid entangled around each other, our music and our love still echoing in the still air.

"I should hate you James. I give you everything I have and then you do something so sweet and lovely... And I have nothing more to give!"

"You've already given me more than I could ever hope for, my love..." I caressed her face and kissed her.

"I think of you and I want to cry. You've made me so happy. My sweetheart, my lover..." She turned to kiss me, "Ow!"

"Oh sorry, I hurt you again."

"No - it's not bad. It's a lovely reminder of what we just shared. We just have to keep doing it until I can fit you, is all!" She tried a weak smile.

"You want to have lunch now? Or you want to rest?"

"Let me rest a minute, but take us out where I can get some sun."

I moored the boat out beyond the trees behind some reeds and watched as the gentle waves rocked her eyes shut.

There was a fishing rod in the boat and I cracked a beer and sat on the front deck, thinking warm thoughts, idly casting into the edge of the reeds.

"Catch anything?" She came up and hugged me. "I'm hungry!"

"Nothing, we'll have to starve!"

"Lemme try!" She sat on my lap and I showed her how to cast and retrieve. On her third cast, something heavy almost pulled the rod from her.

"You got one!" as she tried frantically to reel it in and I yelled directions. She managed to pull the fish, a huge bass, almost into the boat when it jumped off the hook and swam away, splashing us in disdain.

"Didya see it?" she cried, laughing, "It was THIS big!" spreading her arms as wide as they could go.

"Ah, the famous One That Got Away!" She was grinning and jumping on my lap.

To celebrate, I brought out the 'champagne', which was actually just fizzy wine but it was still too tart for her. So after just enough sips to get a nice glow on her face she lost interest and switched back to pop.

We lunched on her roast chicken with salad and bread on the bow deck and she caught two smaller fish, which we had to release as we had no place to keep them or to clean them.

"Next time we'll be prepared! Look out, fish!" She shook her fist and her boobies jiggled with her. My cock unwound itself and she looked at it, then she touched it tenderly.

"Do you want me to make you feel good?" She kissed the tip and licked it. She moved her hand up and down, licking and kissing the tip softly until I started squirming and moaning. Then she placed her lips over me and started sucking as she touched my balls with her other hand.

"Ahhhh," my hips surged off the boat and I started shooting into her mouth. She swallowed and sucked, swallowed and sucked some more. She kept her mouth working until I was dry and tiny.

"Yuck - sperm and roast chicken don't mix. Remind me next time!" And emptied her pop in one long gulp.

"Why don't we get our clothes on and we can explore the lake?"

We leaned on each other as Amanda danced the nimble craft across the lake in a spectacular, if somewhat roundabout, fashion. Opposite the mangrove swamp a river feeding into the lake had cut a deep channel through hard rock and I told her to steer for it.

We went up the chasm and watched the water course through a series of little cascades, ending in a booming water fall about 20 feet high, which made a brilliant rainbow in the spray. Amanda shrieked her excitement and we danced and cavorted in the swirling mist, the magical colors flickering around us.

We slowly drifted out with the gentle current and watched the sun light the sky up with yellow and crimson, playing over the water and the rocks. There was a small wooden dock by the edge of some rocks where I made fast and I hugged Amanda to me as we stood and stared, enraptured by the majestic sight.

"Hello, youngsters!" An old lady was standing at the top of some steps. "Come up here if you want to get a better view!"

We followed the steps cut into the rock face up to a small A-frame house nestled in a leveled niche within a ring of rocks. It was made out of a dark wood and seemed to stretch deep into the mountainside. It looked like it was from some Tolkien story and from the lake it was practically invisible. The lady smiled as we introduced ourselves.

"I'm Marjorie, let me get us tea first."

The house was much bigger than it appeared from the outside because most of it was built into the mountainside. The living/dining area held a sofa, a desk, a large oak table, and chairs. The large windows offered us and the huge sleeping loft above a spectacular panorama of the lake and surrounding countryside.

The spacious patio outside faced the North and West and gave us a full view of the sun setting in the distant hills. Fleecy clouds were highlighted with purple and vermilion, shot through with yellow rays like a jewel-studded crown. With drinks in hand, Amanda and I entwined fingers and stared.

"When my husband retired, he built the house here for the view, and for thirty years I've watched the sun set here on Sunset Cove; it's always different and it never ceases to take my breath away."

"And your husband...?"

"Dead these ten years now."

"I'm sorry... How do you manage by yourself?"

"It's not easy, every thing has to come in by boat and I'm afraid I won't be able to stay here much longer..."

"What would you do then?"

"Find a place in town, I suppose..."

"Marjorie, would you consider selling us this place?" She looked at me curiously.

"You're serious, aren't you!"

"Yes, if you have a phone, my lawyer can have the papers ready by Monday!"

"No, I don't have a phone here. But you can speak to my friend in town, she's also my lawyer... I'll think about it and let her know by tomorrow."

As we talked, the sky had changed from orange to red, to a deep violet.

"We better go before it gets too dark. Very nice meeting you, and please think about our offer, Marjorie."

"Bye, youngsters!" as we wound our way carefully down to the boat.

"Wasn't that a sight to remember?"

"I wish we had a picture of it."

"No picture can ever do it justice..."

"Are you really gonna buy the place?"

"Yes - can you imagine living with that view every day?"

"Oh, yes! And we'll have to come back tomorrow! Right?"

"Most probably."

Amanda turned and buried her face in my chest.

"James, thank you for a fabulous day. I just love you so much, I don't have words anymore!" We held each other, and no words were necessary.

It was getting dark quite quickly and some clouds began moving in so I started the boat moving on the lake, "If we hurry, we can try the fish fry dinner and get you home by eleven, before your parents get the wrong ideas about me..." but Amanda shut the engine off.

"...or we can have leftover chicken after we make love under the moon..." She lowered her mouth on me.

In seconds I was straining and heaving myself in Amanda's hot, talented mouth. She pulled off, slowly stroking me, and maneuvered her sex over me.

I started shaking as soon as her little pussy made contact with the sensitive tip.

"My mommy thinks we're in love," Amanda said dreamily, then hissed in pleasure and pain as she lowered herself on me, "And my daddy thinks you want to put your big ugly thing in me and do perverted things to me." She shook and moaned as she slipped her body over me.

I sighed and closed my eyes, "Your parents are so perceptive."

Chapter 20

I picked Jules and Celeste up early Sunday morning and drove over to wake and feed Nicole.

Nicole was already awake and surfing the web in bed. She showed us a piece of paper that stated that she was now a Certified Paralegal, which allowed her to handle contracts, wills, and civil court cases without being a lawyer.

She looked happy and well rested and, we all agreed, extremely kissable. Soon the laptop was forgotten as we caressed her with our hands and lips. She was moaning and squirming as Jules lapped her breasts and Celeste was fluttering her lips over her body.

I started with her mouth and traced down her body until I took possession of her sweet cunt, coaxing nectar and climaxes from her until she fell into a shivering limpness.

I started telling them about the adventures at the lake but Jules asked me to wait. Apparently she had been persuaded to instruct Celeste on the proper way to administer one of her patented blowjobs and she didn't want to be distracted.

Celeste proved to be a diligent and hard-working student and her dedication convinced Nicole to contribute as well. I added my heartfelt moans and unintelligible gurgles as they compared notes and experimented on me.

With seconds to go and the shot clock counting, they helped Celeste nestle her tiny sex on me. With a grunt she dropped halfway down.

It was so incredibly tight and hot that I just couldn't keep from ramming my groin into her, jockeying her body on me as we cried out in pleasure. I ground her sex on me and came in long tingling spurts.

With a whimper Celeste rolled off and Jules replaced her on my still very erect penis. Within minutes we were again grunting in lusty abandon. She was just moaning out her climax when I lurched and cried and rutted in a violent orgasm. I groaned and Jules collapsed on me.

Finally I managed to crack an eyelid and Celeste smiled at me. "Hi lover. Sleep well? They're downstairs getting brunch ready." She caressed my face, "I have to stay and baby-sit you because I can't walk, again." She gave me a lusty kiss, "Thanks to you!" She rolled over me and locked my mouth on hers.

"Oh what a pervert, molesting him when he's asleep!" Jules yelled from the door.

"This is nothing! You think that was molesting? Watch!" Celeste said as she tried to push my semi hard cock in her cunt. She was hot and tight and I started growing. She was obviously very sore as she flinched each time I got part way in her. Finally she rolled off me.

"Oh damn! I hurt too much!" she breathed, "You got off easy!"

"Thank you, lord!" I moaned. Nicole came in with the rest of our brunch and I feasted on food and parts of their anatomy indiscriminately.

I finally got to tell them about Marjorie's house and how wonderful it was. Then I outlined what I wanted to offer her. JulieAnn thought it over and Nicole agreed that setting up a trust fund would probably be the best thing since it would guarantee an income for Marjorie.

"It's going to tie up a small part of our capital but we can afford it. The short term investments have been strong but we'll need to redistribute the... Hey!" I started playing with her boobs.

"You know how high finances turn me on!"

"Admit it, everything turns you on! Listen, we'd better get moving and get hold of the lawyer if we want to get this deal."

They got on the phone and sent me to the gym. After my shower I went to stock up on fishing gear and pick Amanda up.

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Nicole drove the girls in the sedan and we all met up with Marjorie and her lawyer friend at the restaurant that featured the fish-fry, about a quarter mile from the stuffed animal menagerie.

As our newly minted legal expert, Nicole handled the negotiations, which were minimal, since our offer was already better than what they had expected. We agreed to supply a furnished flat and living expenses for Marjorie and in return, she conferred title and deeded over the land containing her house, "The Eyrie".

There were a number of apartments along the water which suited our purposes and we rented one that included a slip for her small boat. We were overjoyed when she offered to look after the house when we were not there.

We unloaded the cars, picked up more food, and took Marjorie on the USS Dweebus to check out our new property, with a very proud Amanda as skipper.

She took us out, thankfully without any of her acrobatic antics. She nudged us alongside the dock with deft assurance as I scrambled to tie up. I handed Marjorie from the boat and she took us up the steps.

Celeste had been very quiet since the boat ride. She started looking around the inside of the house and seemed very agitated.

"Marjorie, what's your relationship to Bertram Mueller? Was he your husband?" she asked in a shaky voice.

"Yes... but how did you know?"

"That beam along the roofline. It's unusual in that it's anchored in the rocks, then I noticed the post-stressing cables through it. And then I realized it's just a cantilever with everything hanging off it - one support for an entire house." She took a shuddering breath. "It's elegant and it's brilliant. And only Bertram Mueller could have designed it," Celeste said with shining eyes, then she turned to us.

"Bertram Mueller designed Festival Hall and fourteen trend-setting buildings. He became widely sought after as the best in suspension structures and was a pioneer in using pre-stressed material. Then one day he just quit his job and disappeared. He never designed a commercial building again. To this day, they're still trying to figure out some of his techniques." Her voice dropped in awe, "And this is his home..."

Marjorie was crying, "Oh bless you, child. He said they never understood his art. That everything was money and power. So we retired here..." She took Celeste's hand, "He was so proud of that beam. Took him a whole year to fabricate it and he was certain no one would be able to tell what it was. But we knew one day his true artistry would be appreciated."

"Marjorie, I have to ask this. Did he ever finish his 'wheel'?"

"How do you know about it? He told nobody!"

"He never wrote it up but in three of his speeches he made mention of his vision." Celeste looked at us, "Bertram Mueller saw the ultimate use of the cantilever as a horizontal 'wheel' building, requiring only a small foundation in its center, with spokes running along the roof line supporting the rest of the structure. Because there are no load bearing walls, they can be placed virtually anywhere. Am I right so far?" Marjorie nodded and Celeste continued.

"The beauty is that you could build it on just about any terrain, at a third of the cost, with the added bonus of being able to rotate it to follow the sun, cutting down on heating and cooling costs."

"My word, child, that's exactly how he would describe it. You even sound a bit like him!"

Marjorie took Celeste's hand and led us into a room behind the kitchen which was cut into the bedrock. Framed drawings of Celeste's 'wheel' building were all over the walls and on the drafting table.

"He started work on one behind here, but he took ill before..." She wiped her tears and took Celeste's hands, "Celeste, dear, I would like you to have Bertram's notes and designs."

"No, Mrs Mueller, I couldn't..."

"You must, Bert would've wanted you to continue his work." Marjorie looked at Celeste, "All I ask is that you use it for helping people." They were both crying as they hugged each other.

Marjorie turned to me, "I knew it was providence that prompted me to invite you two up here yesterday. Bertram and I are thrilled to know his home and his work will be in such lovely hands." She gave each of us a tremulous kiss.

Marjorie wanted to let us enjoy the house but asked for help with some larger items and her clothes. So Amanda and I took her back to her new apartment in town.

Amanda seemed preoccupied on the trip back.

"Er, Amanda, you missed the dock."

"I did? How astute of you, sir!" She took us halfway up the gorge and dropped anchor. Then she started pulling our clothes off.

"I have the bait, did you bring your rod?"

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Nicole and Jules were deep in conversation as they sunbathed, somewhat completely naked on the patio in front of the house.

Jules turned and said, "What kept you two? As if we couldn't guess!"

Amanda nestled down between them and moaned, "You know, anybody can watch the way I walk and know to the minute when I was last serviced by the stud here. I'm wasted..." They kissed her tenderly and looked at me like it was my fault Amanda had no control of herself around me. I hurried inside when I broke out in a huge grin.

Celeste was already buried in Mueller's notes and drawings. I massaged her shoulders and kissed her hair but I only got as far as her neck when she made it clear she did not wish to be distracted. Totally devastated, I took drinks out as a peace offering and Nicole waved the deed at me.

"Look at this. This property sits inside a protected wildlife sanctuary and covers approximately 10 square miles of some of the most pristine land in the country. I think we struck gold here."

Jules continued, "And speaking of gold, I've begun a list of things we have to get, starting with a telephone and a microwave." We went through the list and kept adding to it.

"... and a boat," I concluded.

Jules sighed, "I can see I really have to work my buns off..."

"I sincerely hope not, they're real nice buns!" I said and kissed them, and again as she wiggled them in my face. The other two demanded equal time and soon I was on my knees kissing ass like the best of them.

"All this sucking up will be amply rewarded," Nicole warmly informed me, I had progressed to cunt-lapping by then, "You are herewith promoted to scullery slave. But finish me first..."

Everything in the kitchen, including the fridge, was propane powered, supplied by a large tank by the water's edge that was refilled weekly. I was pleasantly surprised to find that a propane stove was just a more civilized version of a BBQ and I started water for potatoes. We had also purchased fish file and beer batter at the restaurant, where I had the forethought to beg cooking instructions as well.

Loud screams from Amanda sent us rushing down to the docks where she had landed a 3lb bass. Once Amanda got over its squirminess, her bloodthirstiness surfaced and she had no problems handling it, even learning how to file it. By the time the potatoes were done and the oil ready, she had caught another 3 good sized fish and prepared them for cooking, all the while sadly regaling everyone within earshot the time one THIS BIG got away. She would indicate its size by stretching her arms wide, which shoved her saucy boobs in our faces, realizing early that that was what kept her audience riveted.

Dinner was a great success, due more to the occasion and surroundings than any ability of the cook, but I unabashedly accepted every kiss and caress thrown in my direction. The ultimate compliment was when Celeste declared my meal worth leaving Mueller's notes for.

"Nicole, there is no doubt in my mind I have to continue this project. I want to start university and get a degree as soon as I can," Celeste stated. She had also found that Mueller owned a number of patents covering structural materials and design. Nicole promised to get the legalities straightened out before she needed to do anything with them.

We cleaned up to go and Amanda took us on a tour of "our" lake, beginning at the waterfall at the top of Sunset Cove, which Marjorie called Rainbow Head. Everybody took a turn at the helm but none of us had Amanda's skills at heart stopping maneuvers on the water.

We could only catch part of the multimedia show put on by mother nature as I had promised to get Amanda home early. Fortunately school was finishing for her on Friday, a full two weeks before ours did, and the girls were making plans to have her stay over the week.

"Can I bring my sweetheart?" She took my hand.

"Is he the one who talks a lot and has no staying power?"

"Sadly, all too true," Amanda said gloomily but brightened up, "But it just gives you more time to nuzzle my cunt!" I stared at her and she stuck her tongue out at me and tweaked my cock.

The conversation became much more animated after that, even Celeste shook off her longing backward gazes at the Eyrie to join in.

We stopped by the marina to place an order for a larger version of the jet boat we'd been renting, opting for the bigger engine and the fishing package for our little angler.

The owner, an older man who introduced himself as Max, came out and Jules batted her lashes at him and he invited her into his office, to 'go over the arrangements'.

I took Celeste aside and held her, "I'm so proud of you. I knew you were smart but I'd never realized how much more there is to you. You rock, girl!" She smiled and hugged me back.

"Bertram Mueller has always been an idol of mine. He built things to last, without sacrificing the esthetic appeal, but was so far ahead of his time few people appreciated his true abilities. I feel fortunate to have this chance to see his work firsthand." She looked towards the Eyrie, "I will make his dream work." There was quiet certainty in her voice.

I took her hand and walked her back to where the girls were talking to Marjorie, making arrangements for purchases to be delivered to the House.

"Marjorie, please consider The Eyrie yours - for as long as you want, you are welcome to stay there. The apartment is to make it easier for you, not to replace your beautiful house. OK?" Marjorie held my hand and kissed me tearfully.

I collected Amanda and we kissed everyone goodbye.

Once we got moving, she leaned her head on me and clutched my arm.

She sighed, "My entire life now revolves around the hours I spend with you. It's always over too soon and I find myself back in my bland existence until I see you again. James, can you see how much I love you?"

"Mandie, I care for you and I love you. And I am grateful for your love." She sighed and leaned her head on my lap and reached her arm around my waist.

"I get so panicked knowing I won't have you for a whole week. It's like I'm on drugs or something."

I stroked her hair. "Sometimes when I think of you, I try to come up with things you'd enjoy. Like this weekend, I would never have come back here if not for you."

"When I think of you, I just get horny..." she giggled. "And it grows and grows until I have to touch myself..."

"You're worse than me! Remember you told me it's the guys who need sex all the time?"

"That was before I tried it and got myself hooked on the sexiest stud around!"

"Who, me?"

"Yeah you, you don't have to pretend. I've got it bad for you." She sighed again, "And I love it... It's just that I've had a very sheltered life and you have swept me off my feet and I can't live without you! Mom knows something's up, I just daydream and sigh all day long."

"Do you want me to talk to her?"

Her nails dug in my thigh. "You're not going to do something nutty like last time are you? I don't think I could handle many more of those."

"How 'bout if I talk to her at school, then your Dad's not around. I'll ask to take you out during the week - considering you'll be going off to your girlfriend's cottage all next week." I sighed, "Geez, that means I can't see you at all! So I should get a date during the week to make it up, right?"

"You have a point, I mean you're so infatuated with me it'll probably be hell going a whole week without a glimpse of me. So out of charity I may let you take me out and hold my hand... maybe even a goodnight kiss... on the cheek only, mind you!" She started working my zip down, "Definitely not on the lips, oh no!" And took me in her sweet mouth. She worked her tongue and hand on me and I could only gasp and moan. She took her mouth off but rocked her hand on me. I was squirming and grunting.

"In fact, once you've kissed me on the mouth, who knows, you'll want to touch my boobies, right?" I grunted my assent as she returned to nursing on my throbbing cock. "Well touch them, you dolt!" Hastily I complied as she resumed her ministrations on me, taking little licks as I leaked.

"Mmmm, that's nice... But you are absolutely unscrupulous, of course, and soon it will not be enough just outside the clothing, you'll want to touch me on my bare skin... Right?" Quickly, I wriggled my fingers inside her dress and tweaked her swollen tip. She returned her mouth on me and soon I was grunting again.

"Ohhh, feels good.... Anyways, after inflaming my senses with your licentious caresses, it will be all too easy for you take advantage of my weakened state, to touch me... down there..." She nipped me gently when I was slow in following instructions. She spread her legs and moaned as I rubbed her. Slowly her hands resumed their gentle motion on my swollen cock. She added her lips after she caught her breath.

She seemed too busy to speak so I anticipated her and slipped my hand under her panties.

She grunted on my erection and started shaking, "Oh, oh, so good, you scoundrel, you have breached my defenses, ohhh. Ahhh, oh god, I am undone, you wicked, wicked man. Oh, god... Ohhh...." She returned her mouth on me and pumped furiously as I matched her strokes inside her squirming wetness. She shook violently on my hand and slipped her mouth deep on me and started sucking. With a shaking groan I shot my come into her churning mouth as she clamped her legs around me.

Her shivering slowly stopped as she sucked and licked me clean. I wheezed and tried to focus on driving again.

"Mmmm, that was good. What a delightful scoundrel..." she murmured as she tucked me back in my pants.

I took my hand out of her but she held it against her panties and slowly rocked herself on it until we drove up her street.

"We're there, Mandie," I whispered.

"So you'll take me out?" as she sat and straightened her clothes.

"Yes, after I ask your Mom." She sighed and pecked me on the cheek.

"What an amazing weekend, James. And next week I get my cunt nuzzled too!"

Chapter 21

After my physics test, I went to the locker and Sara was sitting against her backpack waiting for me. She had a simple pale blue summer dress on and sandals, looking tanned, fit, and happy. My mouth watered just looking at her.

"Hi," she jumped up and hugged me, "How was your test?"

"Tough. I didn't study enough. I probably passed, but that's about all."

"Poor baby..." She took my arm as we went out to the car, "I had a good time waiting for you. Four of your friends tried to pick me up!"

"I don't blame them - you look positively yummy!"

She giggled, "I could see it in their eyes... and yours! Anyways I told them I'm taken!"

At the car I held her by her shoulders, "Happy anniversary, my lovely Sara."

Her eyes misted up and she held me for a long time. "I'm all choked up..." She looked at me, "Happy anniversary, James, my one, my only love." She wiped her eyes, "You've made me so happy..." She leaned on me and sighed, "It's great being in love!"

We bought and ate burgers as we picked things up for the house, finally stopping at a marine supply shop for hydrographic maps, life jackets and extended range marine cell phones for the new boat and for the Eyrie. The Federal Sanctuary designation meant no phone lines in the area.

In town, I spoke to the contractor people about putting in a floating dock to allow us more sunbathing and docking room and also to upgrade the generator to a high capacity unit.

Sara had been stocking up on groceries and loading stuff on USS Dweebus while I was speaking to the contractors. When I found her she was lugging the flotation vests onboard, followed by two young men from the marina, their arms full. The poor girl was working herself hard and her dress was pasted to her, clearly outlining her luscious boobs and erect nipples. I stopped and whistled at her. She blushed but did not try to cover herself. She was smiling as the men helping her gaped openly at her.

"You're something, Sare! Who'd think that inside the angel there's all that..."

"Sluttiness?" she smiled.

"No, I was going to say wild spirit."

"I don't mind being wild with you because I'm tired of being scared, and you give me the strength to try different things. As long as you know that I am yours." She leaned her head on me and said quietly, "Because you have given it all to me..."

We finished loading the boat and I took us out of the marina as she waved goodbye to her new admirers. We watched the houses and lavish cottages drift by, until they gave way to the rugged beauty of Mother Nature's creations.

I went over basic boating with Sara and gave her the helm. She soon became quite skillful at handling the craft, executing turns with remarkable precision.

"This section is a wildlife preserve and no building is allowed within its boundaries. Except one..."

"Ours...?"

"Yep. Bertram Mueller bought it when the land was considered unbuildable and before the sanctuary designation came into being. We will never have a neighbor closer than 20 miles. Celeste is right, only a man with Mueller's vision and abilities could have built there." I steered us into Sunset Cove.

"Look around, do you see anything?"

"No... Oh there's a boat in there!"

"Ah, good eyes. That's Marjorie's boat, she must be putting things in order for us. See the steps cut in the mountainside? Follow them and you MIGHT see the building." Sara was wide-eyed with wonder.

I told her about my plans to extend the present dock with a new one that matched the layout of the land. She looked impressed.

"A slight change of plans, my dear. I was planning my big seduction scene up there - but fortunately the backup is just as good..."

She turned to me with blazing eyes, "I hope it's nearby, James, because I'm this close to attacking you in a very unladylike way." She reached back and started unzipping her dress.

I followed the waterway up to the cascades of Rainbow Head. Sara sat with her breasts uncovered and stared at the glittering waterfall with its private rainbow.

"Wow! Is this for real? It's like we've just been transported into a fairy tale!" Her nails dug into my arm as she leaned on me and kissed my cheek, whispering, "James, if you want me, do me now... I'm real close!" She was shivering.

We stripped and I helped her climb on my cock. She was tight and hot and started moaning and twitching in orgasm before I was all the way in.

"Ugh, uhh James, Ohhhh, James... Oh... God!" she breathed and shivered on me as I helped her move her body on me. I leaned down and she cried out again as I licked her breasts and nipples. She clutched my head to her breasts and shook over me.

"God, James... I-I can't stop coming! Uhh, ohhh!" she moaned as she was caught up in another series of tremors. I was preoccupied with steering the boat into the current and away from the rocks so I just let her squirm and moan on me.

Finally she collapsed shivering on my neck, her little cunt still twitching delightfully.

"I'm sorry, James, I'm so selfish - I didn't make you come... Just hold me a bit more and I'll do what you want, OK?"

"Relax, Sare. Enjoy yourself." I stroked her hair, "I feel good too! And I'm glad I can make you happy." She smiled, kissed me and went back to gently rolling her sex on me and purring.

"I was so horny for you all day, and then the way the two guys looked at me! And this place! With you! It's just awesome..." She held me for a while then slowly raised herself off me. She kissed her way down to my penis and slid me into her hot little mouth.

"Ahhh, good. Sare... Wait a sec, let's do this right..." She looked up at me, hand still stroking me softly.

I pulled her up and kissed her, "Let's stop the boat - we have to drop anchor."

"Oh, let me do it, just tell me how."

"Go up to the front, the bow... and lift the cover there... See the anchor? Now check to make sure the line is not tangled up. OK, remember not to hold the rope, it'll burn! Now pick up the anchor and just drop it over the front. Let me know when the line gets slack." She was leaning over the front watching the line, then she waved her hand and her delicious butt at me.

"Stay where you are!" I yelled as I turned off the engine. She looked back at me bearing down on her and spread her legs wider, grinning.

"Ohhhhh!" we both cried as I penetrated her from the back. With long strokes I drove into her, her tightness and heat driving my lust. I leaned over and wrapped my hands around the smooth globes of her breast, Sara was shaking and grunting as I rutted into her, mindless in our pleasure. I gripped her breasts and held her tight as we shook with delight and I pulsed my heated come in her, crying out in release.

I collapsed on the deck, Sara dropped down over me, moaning softly and licking my chest.

"Mmmm, James, you make me feel so good..." she murmured.

"The feeling's mutual, my love." She leaned up and we kissed, lazily.

=====

Marjorie's boat was gone by the time we tied up and unloaded. After we put things away, I gave Sara the 2-cent tour and then we stood on the patio and gazed out at the view. Sara asked me about the new dock I was planning to put in.

"James... Don't you think it would be better if we extended it out along the rocks? To me, it would give us better usage of the inlet here." She looked back at me when I said nothing, "You're not mad, are you? It just seems better that way."

"No, not mad at all: thinking - it actually sounds great. I'm just trying to visualize the whole thing."

"Here, let me show you." She dragged me into Celeste's 'office' and started sketching.

"See, the rocks on this side go out and form a natural shelter. If we have the dock out the opposite side, there would be more room for your boat and it would be away from the wind and waves."

I nibbled on her ear, "Why is it everybody except me gets so smart here? That is so clever!"

"You really like it?" Sara smiled and blushed as I kissed my way down her bouncy breasts. I took her hand and placed it on my suddenly throbbing cock.

"See how impressed I am?"

"Yes, and I predict you'll be using it to make an impression on me," Sara giggled breathily, "Or is it IN me?"

"First, let me rig up the phone and you can tell the contractors what you want."

"James, I can't! I wouldn't know what to say!"

"Just tell them what you just told me."

"James..." She looked pale.

"Sara, we both think it's a good design. But you have to tell them to make sure it's done right... OK?"

Sara looked at me for a bit, nodded, and started back on her drawing, laying out her design in detail. I added my thoughts for a fish cleaning hutch and she worked it in. She told me I was distracting her and sent me out when I began kissing her neck.

I busied myself with installing the outdoor whip antenna for the cell phone. High on the southern wall Mueller had built a shelf containing 8 solar panels to charge the 12v marine batteries used for emergency lighting and standby power. I placed the antenna on the shelf, running the coax and a power cable through a junction box to the phone unit I placed in the living room.

Sara finished her sketch and we called the contractor. She spoke with them for a while, then went back into the den, saying, "I have to make changes."

I brought her a drink and Sara was still scribbling away madly, kneeling up in her chair. A little bit of her pink tongue stuck out as she concentrated on her work, looking irresistibly sexy. I started molesting her and she threw me out again.

This time she was much more comfortable with the man on the line and smiled brightly at me as she hung up.

"I think I got it right!" she breathed, "They had to explain some things to me but I think they liked the design too!" I put my arm around her and she was quaking in excitement. She moaned as she pulled my head down and kissed me, shivering even more. She darted her tongue in my mouth and started rubbing her hand on my erection.

She looked at me, "Are you going to take me to bed willingly or do I have to use force?"

=====

I laid on top of her, still shaking and panting from our delicious coupling. I turned to my side and she rolled with me.

"Hey..." I stroked her hair and kissed her brow.

"Hey..." Sara looked up and smiled angelically, whispering, "I love you..." and following it with a soft kiss.

"I love you... Was I too heavy?"

"No - it felt just right. Perfect." She touched my face and kissed me some more. "James, I love you - not only because we have the most incredible sex, but because you're the sweetest, kindest person I've ever known."

"We aim to please, my little Sara." We kissed some more and she hummed happily.

"Mmmmm," she moaned as I brushed her soft breasts and felt her nipples stand up, "I love it when you touch me..." She stretched contentedly, then took my hand and kissed it, "But I want you to take me sightseeing now, OK?"

"If it pleases you, my angel."

We packed USS Dweebus with drinks and chips and fishing rods, and went up along the rugged coastline towards where two larger rivers fed the lake. Our side of the lake was surrounded by sheer cliffs while the opposite shoreline was marshy and strewn with trees and vegetation. I pointed to the nests the ospreys and eagles built high up in the rocks. Sara rested her head on my shoulder and watched rapturously as the graceful predators soared and cavorted about the sky.

Part way up there was a rock formation that came out of the water, looking like a Stonehenge carving. From an angle, it looked like a couple in a sensuous embrace.

"This HAD to be called Lovers' Rock!" Sara declared. Then she made me stand and tried to match the pose.

"I need to be taller - maybe Nicole or Brenda."

"You're doing just fine..." She had one hand in my hair and the other around my neck. One leg was wrapped around my thigh and I could feel her soft belly against my stiffening penis.

"No - I'm not tall enough to make love this way... Mmmm, you're ready again?"

I held my hands up, "Not me! Just the company I'm keeping!"

She smiled mischievously, "If you're going to blame me, I had better make the most of it then!" She pulled my shorts down and made me sit. She knelt over my lap, wrapped her arms around my neck and straddled me. She was naked under her dress and I penetrated her smooth wetness in one stroke.

"Oh, oh, ahhhh. Slowly, James! Ahhhh!" she moaned against my neck as she made slow short strokes on us. Sara started shivering again in a series of small climaxes. Her head hung over my shoulders as she moaned in my ear.

"Oh, oh, James, i-it feels s-so good. Mmmmm," she licked me, "I'm so turned on, I just keep coming all the time! Mmmm, oh, oh, ohhhh!"

Her tightness was tingling and exciting but she kept her movements light and wouldn't let me come.

"Hmmmm," Sara breathed as her quivering slowed some, "Do you think we can do this all day?"

"No - I'll be a drooling idiot in ten minutes!"

"You mean you become a drooling idiot when you DON'T come as well?" she snickered, then moaned as she ground herself on me fully, looking at me with wild smoldering eyes, "But you're MY drooling idiot, ooohhhh."

She closed her eyes and started moving deeply on me, "Come, then, my sweet love! Come in your little Sara!" as she gripped my shoulders and milked my cock with long deliberate strokes, her hair and our cries streaming in our wake.

She served us drinks and snacks then nestled back on me and hugged my neck as we made our way upstream. The water became quite rough as the combined waters of two rivers emptied into the lake. Finally the white waters forced us to turn back.

Once in the deeper channel, the water became much calmer and I dropped anchor. It was crystal clear and not too cold. I jumped in and watched as Sara shrugged out of her dress, pausing a moment to let me take in her loveliness before diving in.

We paddled around and tickled and splashed each other. The water was so clear we could see the bottom almost twenty feet below. We washed each other and took turns diving down to clean each other with mouth and tongue. I floated on my back and Sara nestled up between my legs, then we lounged on the boat and let the sun and our heat dry our bodies.

"Look, James...!" A dozen birds were diving into an area of deeper water, making a huge racket as the surface rippled with hundreds of tiny flashing forms.

"Something's panicked the minnows from below and they're trying to escape by swimming on the surface. Do you want to try and catch some big ones?" I rigged the rods up with heavy spoons and slowly trolled the lines behind the fleeing minnows. We had bites within a minute but Sara's line broke before I could set the drag properly. The other fish took us for a long ride across half the width of the lake before we could bring it in - a huge five pound rainbow trout. We wrestled it into the cooler but by then all signs of the birds and fish had vanished.

We rushed back to the house, my stomach growling after she told me we would be dining on pan fried trout.

Sara started potatoes and then tried fishing off the dock as I butterflied and cleaned the trout. She caught a nice two-pounder which was also added to the menu but after that could only catch small ones which she released.

The skies were filling in with bands of crimson and gold while we sat on the sunpad outside the house and feasted on fish fried in a crispy batter, salad and mashed potatoes. The fish was served with Sara's 'secret' sauce, a dark, exotic tasting sauce that was simply delicious. I even had some on my salad and potatoes. Sara had also prepared hot apple turnovers which we ate with ice-cream.

We cleaned up and I made a quick call to Amanda as Sara washed the dishes. After we put things away we went back outside, happy and content, enjoying our closeness and the glorious sunset. I pulled her close and she laid her head on my chest, making soft noises as I massaged her back. Gently, she held my penis and stroked it as it grew.

"James, can we do it again? Are you tired?" I smiled and helped her nestle her warm cunt on me. She slipped halfway down and started moaning as she rode on me lightly.

"Mmmmm, feels so good. Ahhhh..." She sighed softly and shuddered again and again. Sara was hot and tight but it was hurting her to take me fully.

Finally she turned around and took me in her mouth, sending shivers up my spine, her hand rubbing the stalk as her tongue made tingling forays on the sensitive skin.

She slipped her hand lower and pushed her little mouth on me. She was grunting with effort as she moved her head to force more of me down her wet tightness, making me quiver with sensation. She pulled back to catch her breath, her hand moving rapidly on me.

I was humping my hips and groaning as she returned me to her mouth, taking me deep in her heat. I clutched her hair and blasted my come into her as she swallowed and moaned. I did not release her until I finished shooting.

Her hand slowed but kept milking my cock as she carefully sucked and licked me clean. I stroked her hair and breasts as our shudders slowed.

Her face was red and her eyes wild as I pulled her up for a wet kiss. Our tongues lashed frantically as we shared our taste. She moaned and pulled my hand down to her wet sex, and shivered as I caressed her to another climax.

The sky flared in a final display of shimmering crimson hues as we snuggled against each other in awed silence, not daring to disturb the magical moment.

=====

Sara took my hand in the car, "Thank you, James, it was the best day I've ever had." She hugged me and kissed me lightly, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"You know I did. I enjoy so much being with you - you're beautiful and smart and you take such good care of me."

She curled up on the seat and wrapped herself on my arm, "I wish I could do more to make you happy. You've given me so much... There's no way I could ever repay you."

"Knowing you're happy is the best gift you can give me... Your happiness IS my happiness, my little Sara." She sighed and leaned on me. Soon her breathing became soft as she clung to me in sleep.

I woke her as we turned down her street. She gave me a soft kiss on the cheek, "I love you, James..." and turned to open the door.

"Hey..." I whispered and she looked back. I kissed my fingers and held them out.

She did the same and touched mine. "Hey..."

Chapter 22

Tuesday morning was my English test and I stayed until everyone had finished, then went up to Mrs Cipola.

"Mrs Cipola, can I talk to you - about Amanda?"

"Yes, certainly. I had wanted to speak to you as well."

"Let me first say that I find Amanda extremely intelligent and beautiful. And I really, really enjoy being with her."

"That's good, but are you aware that you have something of a reputation at school? It's rather a concern of ours..."

"What reputation?"

"That you have been, shall we say, 'close' with a substantial number of the female students at this school?"

"Mrs Cipola, that was just a rumor started because I wrote the essay for you. I wasn't even going out with anyone!"

"I thought so, it was just too preposterous to believe. And your intentions towards Amanda?"

"I care very deeply for Amanda. I will do whatever I can to make her happy, and I will never let anything hurt her."

"That's good to hear, because I fear my daughter is quite infatuated with you."

"I feel the same way about her. She's funny and sophisticated and so smart! We can talk about anything and she makes me so happy! She's just amazing!" I realized I was ranting, "Sorry Mrs Cipola for getting so carried away, it's just that I don't have many chances to talk to anybody about Amanda, and..."

"I understand," she smiled and my heart paused - it was Amanda all over. "And speaking as her mother, I happen to agree with you."

"And I really have to thank you and Mr Cipola for allowing me to see her..." She nodded, "And could I have your permission to take her out from school tomorrow?"

"You mean you want to pick her up at her school?"

"Yes. And can we stay out until after dinner?"

"I don't see why not - provided you have enough time to study for your exams."

"Oh yes, Mrs Cipola. Study first!"

It was nice to hear her laugh.

=====

After I collected Jules and Celeste we drove over to Nicole's.

We found her lying on her tummy by the pool. She had a towel draped over her head so she could read the screen on the laptop. She was waving her legs in the air and her tiny pussy smiled at us. We hugged and the girls started shrugging out of their dresses.

After a soft kiss, Nicole disengaged my hands and pushed my face off hers. "My love, do what you have to do downstairs, first," as the girls hastened to apply themselves to her recently vacated spots.

The computers had been delivered along with the study desks that Nicole had ordered for the rec room. I assembled them in a circle and set up a laptop on each.

I started my workout and the girls came down to keep me company on the machines. Afterwards Jules went to check on the investments and I could hear them yakking as they worked on the computers in the next room. They came back as I was finishing.

"James, these lovely ladies have agreed to join the executive ranks of JamPC Holdings. With the commensurate benefits, of course..." Jules and Celeste glowed with pleasure as Nicole handed them their own credit cards.

"And they would also need company cars..."

"Nicole," Jules spoke up, "Much as I love the idea, we're spending way too much money lately, and I can't get my license for a while anyways..."

"But I NEED a car, Nicole!" Celeste pouted most enticingly, "the big brute forces me into all sorts of disgusting and depraved things every time he gives me a ride..." She climbed on me and demonstrated some of the horrors I had visited on her body. I was impressed I could even have thought of them.

"And that's not all, Nicole!" Celeste abandoned me, just before my quivering eagerness became a spurting one. She sashayed over to the helplessly giggling girls, "He even makes me..." and whispered in Nicole's ear.

"Oh, the animal!" Nicole leered at me, as she allowed Celeste to drag her down on the mat. "You'll have to show me!"

Jules reached for me. "How come you never make me do those things?" she pouted as she climbed to fit herself over me on the narrow Nautilus seat. She leaned on my shoulders as she squinted her eyes in concentration and whimpered as she moved on me. She pulled my hands to her breasts and hissed in pleasure as she pumped on me.

"Ooooh, and what depraved things will you be doing to me, you sick, sick man? Ohhh, ohhh!" Her nails dug into my biceps and she shuddered. She rocked on me for another minute until her shakes stopped. Then she dragged me to the mat and dumped me over the two very sexy ladies already slithering wetly on it. Celeste rolled over into Jules' embrace and I stared into Nicole's perfect face, and her lust-filled eyes.

We kissed and she pulled me into her heat, moaning and quivering as I drove into her in long powerful strokes. Nicole wrapped her legs around me, forcing even more of me into her, her arms and nails driving me relentlessly.

She cried and shook and cried out some more and I felt my cock balloon; my balls tightened and I flailed wildly as I pumped an endless stream of heated pleasure into her. Nicole held me and moaned and shook violently under me as I gasped out, mind blanked with my release.

I looked at Nicole's happy face and smiled back. I kissed her on her nose as she unwound our bodies and stretched. "Mmmm, I feel good!"

"And you look better!" Celeste leaned down and kissed her, "And about the car...?"

"Why don't we wait till I get my license?"

"You may NEVER get a license - you're mechanically challenged!"

"Don't worry, Jules. We'll go driving in the BMW, then you can get a stick shift!" Nicole said.

"Then I won't be able to drive it!" Celeste wailed, "Ja-aaames, they're picking on me!" She breathed, "You'll be my friend won't you?" She did something with her mouth that left me sweating and shivering. "I'd be EVER so grateful!" she murmured.

"Er, Jules, if we lease, can we afford a car for each of you?"

JulieAnn pulled Celeste off me as she thought about it, "It will actually help our taxes a bit if we lease, then we can get two cars - just keep Celeste's under a grand..." Jules smirked.

"Nicole..." Celeste squirmed on to Nicole and me, "You'll be nice to me too, won't you? You see how badly she treats me? Her own sister, who's sacrificed so much for her..." And applied herself lewdly to Nicole until she was restrained.

"O-of course, nothing but the best for the successor to the Mueller Empire..." Nicole laughed, shakily, "By the way, you'll be interested to know there's a bit of money coming from the licensing of his patents. I'm still following it up but we'll have a firm number in a week or so." We had to sit on Celeste until she had control over her exuberance.

After a shower we drove down and had lunch at Anton's, who greeted us like long lost relatives and lavished us with attention. After lunch Nicole dropped us off at the auto mall and took Jules for lessons in the Bimmer.

We stopped at MB and looked at their cars. Celeste was not happy with their prices and I did not push her - I was not too pleased with their appetite for expensive premium gas either.

We ended up at the Toyota dealership.

A young man with 'Ken' on his nametag shook our hands, "How may I help you?"

Celeste detached herself and took his arm, "The big boy here is getting me a car, what can you show me?"

Ken was only too pleased and, with a backward glance at me, steered Celeste to a cute little SUV. She climbed in, showing him her long legs, giggling and batting her lashes.

They worked their way to a huge four-wheeler that towered over her. She slid behind the driver's seat and then climbed in the back. Ken was panting and shaking as she flashed her gams and blinked adoringly at his every word.

A pert young woman dressed in the colors of the showroom staff walked up to me.

"Hi, I'm Stephanie, I'm the floor manager here. Can I help you?" she smiled as she shook my hand.

"My girlfriend is shopping for a car..."

"Is that her?" Celeste was being shown the engine on the large SUV. She had raised herself on tiptoes and the skirt had risen perilously close to her ass. "She looks like she's having a good time with Ken." Stephanie looked at me, "And you don't mind?"

"She knows what she's doing. Looks like he's having a good time as well!"

"That he is - between you and me, what're his chances of making a sale?" She looked at me with her pretty eyes.

"We talking about a car? If he doesn't get too pushy, quite good..."

"Can I do anything to improve his chances?"

"Perhaps, but you can certainly help stop her wasting his time..." Stephanie looked enquiringly at me. I stood closer to her and put an arm around her waist, "Do what she is doing to your salesman..."

"You mean like this?" She smiled a beautifully mischievous smile and leaned her head on my shoulders and reached across to hug me, running her hand over my chest.

Celeste stormed up, fire in her eyes. Stephanie wisely took a step away from me.

"James Mitchell, what do you think you are doing?" Celeste demanded.

"Stephanie was feeling sorry for me, seeing how my girlfriend left me all alone."

"Was that what she was doing...? I thought you had choked and she was doing the Heimlich on you." She smiled sweetly at Stephanie, "Honey, you were doing it wrong - watch." She spun behind me and demonstrated, and almost succeeded in expelling my lunch as well.

Celeste carefully kissed the tears from my eyes and nestled up to me, saying, "Now, sweetie, which car are you buying me?"

I walked her over to a Solara and we took one out for a spin. Celeste fell in love with it and, much to my disappointment, didn't even bother to do a Nicole-test with me.

She chose a red convertible and kissed me in delight. "Oooh, James, it's SOOOO darling!" she twittered on my arm as Ken took us into the office and pulled the manifest sheet. It had pretty much everything on it: V6, auto roof, power door locks, remote starter, cell-phone, route-monitor, heated mirrors, CD-changer, run-flat tires and power bun-warming seats, which opens flat on the passenger side.

Celeste pulled the piece of paper from me. She gushed over the options, then hmmm'd a bit.

"Is this how much it costs?"

"Yes - but for you, I can take a couple of hundred off..." He corrected the figure.

"Ken, I'm sorry to have wasted your time. He won't pay this much for that darling car - even for me." She sighed, took my arm and turned to leave.

"Perhaps I can do something, can you wait?"

Celeste batted her lashes, "Why, you're a dear, Ken. We'll wait right here!"

She leaned over and softly kissed me, humming tunelessly until he returned. She smiled radiantly at him.

"I spoke to my Manager and he says we can't go any lower, but I really want to see you with that car, so I'll kick in my commission on the deal," Ken said with a straight face and penned in a new amount on the sheet.

"Gosh, Ken, that's so nice of you, but I wouldn't want you to do this for nothing! Let's go, James!"

"Wait! I'll be frank - I need this deal to make my quota! Let me talk to my manager again!" He rushed out.

Celeste spent the time nibbling on my ear.

A very breathless Ken came in and offered a new price, apparently he had talked his manager to throw in HIS percentage as well.

"Gee, Ken. I'm touched. Tell you what - I think this is how much this car is worth." Celeste crossed out the latest offer and wrote in a substantially lower number.

"Ah, I can't even come close to this figure. I'm sorry, even my boss couldn't do anything... Perhaps there's another model..."

Celeste sighed, "And I had my mind set on that beautiful little car too..." We rose to go again and made it to the door before Ken and Stephanie came rushing up.

"OK, OK, you win. Come back to the office and we can talk it over!"

"I don't think so, if you can't make an offer that's realistic here, you won't be able to do it inside either!"

"We can't sell the car at that price, how 'bout another \$1500 more and we'll throw in a years' worth of oil changes?"

"How 'bout we leave it at what I offered and we'll take out a lease so you'll make the kickback from the bank?"

"And all the oil-changes and tune-ups for two years," I added.

We stared at them until Ken turned to Stephanie and finally she nodded, assuring us that they would be fired for bankrupting the firm.

While we were walking to do the paperwork, Stephanie said to me, "Your girlfriend is something! She's managed to get the car below our cost!" She shook her head. "I hope you can hang on to her!"

"If I don't, then it's because I don't deserve her," I shrugged.

"If you don't, you should give me a call..." Celeste chose that moment to look at me and motioned me to the chair next to her. I sighed and joined her.

"Why is my incoming alert flashing all the time?" she asked with a sweet, deadly smile.

"You'll have to learn to be more trusting - Stephanie is a very nice young lady who's just trying to keep a client happy." Ken was trying hard to hide his smile.

"If you were any happier, you'd be making a mess in your pants." She turned to Ken, "I'd dump him in a second if he wasn't stinking rich and such a hottie!" She sighed and kissed me, "And if I didn't love him so very, very much..."

After waiting to get the phone activated and for the plates to be put on and to say 'No' to every aftermarket option they could offer, Celeste sat grinning behind the wheel.

She hummed happily and looked at me and hummed some more.

"Are we going yet?"

"Yes, as soon as I decide which disgusting and depraved thing I'm going to make you do in my new car," she beamed.

=====

Jules drove the Bimmer up the driveway as Celeste was wailing her disgust at a particularly depraved thing I was doing to her. Nicole got out and froze in her tracks, hands over her mouth. Jules joined her and they leaned on each other and gaped as we panted and squished on each other and severely tested the water-repelling abilities of the upholstery.

"You two are so sick! You should get help before it's too late," Jules opined, "As soon as James finishes trying it with me!"

"Do you think they'll be permanently damaged from that?" Nicole was gripping Jules, her nipples tenting her soft blouse.

"I will probably never be able to stand up straight again," Celeste moaned shakily from under me, "But it was worth it..." And kissed a part of my body intimately, eliciting an answering groan from me.

Finally we managed to extricate ourselves and Celeste clung to me as I sat in a more-or-less decent position. The girls gingerly climbed in the back seat.

"Eewwww! How on earth did you manage to get a puddle back here?" Jules exclaimed.

"That was when he bent me over the seat and..."

"There's more on this side!" Nicole noticed.

"He did me from there too."

"Wow, how many times did you two..."

"I told him I'd give him a ride for each time..." Celeste sighed and kissed me softly, "I lost count after 10."

"We were up to 16 and a half."

"Half?"

"Remember when we fell off the hood?"

=====

Celeste took the girls for a spin and I went in to start dinner.

"Hi, how's my little sweetheart?"

"Your little sweetheart misses you in a BIG way!"

"Would you like me to pick you up at school and take you out tomorrow?"

"YES!"

"So, you're playing hard to get..."

"Oh yeah, definitely. Just say 'Hello' and I'll be on the ground with my legs wide open..." she giggled.

"I was thinking we could go grab some food and see a movie..."

"Or something... Oh goodie! My friends are just dying to meet you!"

"What have you told them?"

"Just that I've met this real hunk and we're going out... They're SO jealous!" She giggled.

"And maybe bring Nicole's new sports car? That'll knock their socks off for sure!"

"OK, I'll do that. So you'll wait for me?"

"With bated breath, my sweetheart, with bated breath..."

Grinning, I went to make dinner. I had to throw out most of the salad greens and potatoes because they had turned yellow and slimy so I was forced to make spaghetti with meatballs.

Nicole took a bite and chewed it carefully. "Mmmm, what is this delicious food? I don't think I've ever tasted anything as good..." She ate enthusiastically, "I think I'm going to have it every day for the rest of my life!" Soon she was scraping her plate clean.

"Nicole, you have to be careful with this stuff," I warned her, "It's known to make people gorgeous. I've seen it happen before!"

She crinkled sweetly and came over, "I love you, you sweet man," and gave me a long soft kiss.

"Oooh, that's disgusting, Nicole! You're corrupting our highly impressionable minds!"

She licked my lips carefully, then turned to Celeste, "I'm trying to show you that there is more to sex than the perverted things you and your sister seem to specialize in!"

"Then why is your hand inside his pants?"

"Oh, is it? I was feeling a bit tipsy and must've leaned too far..." Nicole straightened my clothing and returned to her seat. "More wine, anybody?"

Celeste leaned over and kissed me gently, "I hope you can forgive Nicole - she's normally not like this..."

"Er, Celeste, why is YOUR hand in his pants as well?"

"I'm just making sure Nicole didn't make a mess... Holy shit, lookit that wiener!"

Jules pushed Celeste back in her chair and gave me a kiss too. "See, some of us can maintain a sense of decorum without getting lewd," she scoffed at them.

She reached down, "James, looks like you've spilt some food in the excitement. There's one... no, two meatballs... they're stuck..." She slid down my leg, "HmMMM, I just love your meatballs!" and sank me in her mouth as I whined weakly.

There was a frantic rush to pull Jules off me even as I fought to cram more of her face down on my cock. I ended up on the kitchen floor with Jules on my shoulder, smacking her lips and humming happily, Nicole held tightly in my other arm and Celeste busy cleaning the mess her sister left on my penis.

She crawled up, "Jules, that was low and despicable!" Jules hummed some more and licked her lips. Celeste pulled Jules close in a warm kiss and soon both of them were humming.

Celeste pulled back, breathing hard, "Sorry you two, hate to eat and run. Jules owes me a few hours of cunt nuzzling..." They hastily cleaned up and took off.

"And I suppose you feel I owe you a similar service too?" I kissed Nicole.

"HmMMM, I guess I'll have to settle for whatever I can get..." as I carried her upstairs.

Chapter 23

I took the SL to school for my exam, afterwards there was a message on the car phone telling me to get food and go to JulieAnn's house before going to pick Amanda up.

I found Celeste and Jules sorting through their swimsuits and Celeste was trying on a little number which did nothing except accentuated her nakedness. She smiled at my look and gave me a soft kiss. Jules hugged my arm, her nakedness accentuated by her having nothing on at all.

"The marina called and said the boat's prepped and ready. And - you ready for this?" Jules was bright-eyed with excitement. "We've been invited to do a photo shoot this weekend for a boat manufacturer!"

"Did you agree?"

"Of course! And Amanda, too! This is our big break!"

"And me?..."

"No, sorry. I told them you don't put out..."

"Oh? And you do?"

"Natch! I assured them, not only are we gorgeous, we're easy too!" Then they proceeded to show me just how easy they were.

Twenty minutes later, Celeste was happily licking my cock clean after a wet draining session. Jules was nestled in my neck, kissing and caressing my chest.

Celeste crawled up my body, "I hope Amanda appreciates what we're doing for her..."

Jules continued, "I expect so, if we hadn't sacrificed our virtue to satisfy his animal hunger, he'd probably want to tear her clothes off and do disgusting, depraved things to her..."

Celeste sighed, "Oh lord, no, the poor dear! I can hear it now; her cries as she begs for mercy; his cruel laughter as his rough calloused hands travel obscenely over her soft, tender body..."

"Uugggh, the thought just gives me the shivers! Then no doubt he will force her and take advantage of her sweet innocence! Oh, the suffering he will put her through!"

"Ooooooh, she'll fight, but he's too strong. And the heartless brute will make her submit to his base desires. She'll have no choice but to yield - and, oooooh, the shame! He'll make her touch him wantonly! With her hands, her lips..."

"And then he'll smother her with his hot, inflamed body - she will die! The anguish, the disgust! He has no feelings for her suffering!"

"Yes... brutally using her for his own selfish pleasure! Oh you sick, evil beast! Oh, the poor, sweet child!" Celeste moaned as she carefully worked herself on my newly revived cock.

"Hmmm, I'm speechless with horror!" Jules said, nestling her wet cunt on my face, "Just speechless! Ahhhh!" as they clutched and consoled each other in their misery.

An hour later, after regaining our senses and a modicum of virtue, the girls served me lunch in bed before heading off in their new car to shop for more swimsuits.

After showering I made my way to Amanda's school, and found myself driving up a wide tree lined boulevard; past a big iron gate, tennis courts, playing fields, and basketball nets to a sprawling colonial building. Young girls in white blouses and short green skirts were milling about waiting for their rides. There were more luxury sedans there than some Arab countries.

Amanda came up with a pretty girl in tow.

"James, this is my friend Sherri." She was taller than Amanda, with dark hair, light olive skin and the biggest eyes I'd ever seen.

"Hi Sherri." I reached out and shook her hand. She smiled prettily and flicked her long lashes at me.

"I told Sherri we'd drive her home."

"Mandie, you realize this is a 2-seater?"

"Don't worry, we'll double up, it's only a few blocks."

About a dozen of their friends had drifted over to admire the car and they were buzzing and sneaking looks at me.

"OK, you guys, this is James. Happy now?" They lined up and I shook hands with them as they mumbled their names.

Amanda had by now seated Sherri on the inside and they had buckled themselves in.

"Say goodbye, James." I was involved in another round of handshaking.

"Bye bye, girls!"

"Geez, some people. You'd think they'd never seen a man before."

"So, Sherri, have you known Amanda long?"

"We grew up together," Amanda jumped in, "Since kindergarten."

"Where do you live, Sherri?"

"Left turn, straight down, two lights, right turn and..."

"Why can't Sherri tell me? Are you her agent?"

"Yes - she doesn't have much to say."

"Maybe we should let her try...?"

"If you insist," Amanda sighed.

"Hi Sherri, how are you?"

She looked at me and blushed. Not a word came out.

"That's good, I'm fine too. Lovely weather we're having..." They both burst out giggling.

"I told you, she's very shy. And she's never been this close to a man before."

"Yes I have!" Sherri had a soft, lovely voice as well.

"Besides your Dad and your brother, I mean. They don't count."

"Like YOU have..." Sherri retorted, then looked at me and blushed again.

"Just one, but he's all I need..." Amanda said and took my hand.

"Are you two..."

"Kinda... Yes."

"Gosh! Really?"

"Yes. I fell in love the moment I saw him. I wanted to do it right away but he made us wait... 'Until the right time and place', he said," Amanda said dreamily. "Sherri, when it finally happened, it was awesome... He put me on this big bed with satin sheets and kissed me all night..." She sighed and hugged Sherri, "All night, and all over my body... god..." She shivered and nestled against Sherri. "Then he told me I was his..." She smiled at me. "My sweet, gentle lover."

"Oh, it's so beautiful." Sherri looked at me with her big brown eyes, flushed. "It was good? It didn't hurt?"

"It KILLED, it was so painful. He's huge, you know. But I was ready to die if it meant getting him." She hugged Sherri again, "You know, the sweet man, at the very last moment, he still asked me to wait, he didn't want to hurt me. But I made him do it." She looked at me and sighed, "And it gets better every time, I can't get enough of it now..."

"Girls, where do we turn?"

"You missed it six blocks back..."

"Why didn't you say something?"

"I was telling my friend about this incredible experience I had with a warm, sensitive man. Not something you'd understand, James."

"Is that so? Sherri, Amanda and I, we're just casual friends; in fact we've only held hands and she's only let me kiss her goodnight on the cheeks."

"Yeah, and he begged me to let him see me today. I felt sorry that he sounded so heartbroken and he groveled so sweetly..." Sherri was looking at us like we were escapees from the loony bin.

"But I'm expecting to score big time with her tonight."

"Hah! You wish!"

"I heard from a reliable source that once I kissed her on the mouth, her defenses would fall and then unscrupulous scoundrels like me could take advantage of her!"

"Oh god, Sherri, he knows my weakness! What am I to do?" Sherri was looking from Amanda to me, not knowing what to say or expect.

"I mean, Sherri," Amanda continued, "What can you do if he kisses you like this?" And grabbed her friend's face. In two seconds, Sherri was lost. She fell limply against Amanda and could not move until long after the kiss was over.

"You see? I have been bewitched. I cannot resist him. Oh, fie, fie, woe is me!" Sherri remained totally oblivious to Amanda's plight as she leaned on Amanda and savored their last contact. We turned down her street.

"I think your friend is bewitched herself."

"Oh, Sherri! Come back to us girl! We're almost home!"

Sherri sighed and nestled in Amanda's neck, "He kisses like that?" she murmured softly.

"Oh, better! There's nothing that feels like his kisses..." Amanda stroked her hair and winked at me. "You want to try it with him?" Sherri gave a barely perceptible nod.

"Well, let's go see if anybody's home." She supported Sherri into the door and, a moment later, waved me in.

Sherri was sitting on her bed, staring at the carpet, and Amanda moved us to either side of her.

"Sherri, you OK?" I asked. She looked at me and blushed, then nodded her head.

"OK," Amanda said, "Why don't you watch us do it and then you can try, OK?" Sherri was already nodding.

Amanda leaned across and slowly took my face, softly touching my lips with hers. Sherri's face was only inches from ours and her breath tickled my neck. Gently, I kissed Amanda back, already tingling with her touch. Our mouths opened and our tongues fenced and fluttered on each other. She left sparks as she tasted and danced her feathery touch on me as I tried my best to reciprocate. I felt her hands on my hair, my neck and I reached across to caress her, sliding my hand down her face to rub a hard nipple.

She sank down on the bed and I crushed poor Sherri under me. I could hear Sherri's thunderous breathing against my ear as her arms went around me and I probed Amanda's little mouth. We drew back, Amanda's eyes were wild and she panted.

"Oh god, James, what you do to me... How come you never did that before?" she moaned weakly.

"I learned from you, my Mandie Chip, you're the best." She smiled her soft eyes at me and we kissed tenderly. I traced her tongue as we panted into each other. My hand went back to her excited breasts and she pulled on my hair. Finally we broke off.

We raped each other with our eyes and I fondled Amanda's breasts as Sherri watched, fascinated. I must have been horribly heavy on her tiny torso but she never complained, just kept running her hands over my back.

"Oh Sherri, I totally lose control when he does that. Do you want the same thing to happen to you?" Amanda whispered, still looking hungrily at me.

Sherri looked up and smiled with her beautiful eyes. "I don't care... I want it..." She turned her face up and closed her eyes.

I turned to her and gently touched lips. She was dry from nervousness so I licked them. She moaned.

"See? He hasn't started and you're already wild for him... am I right?" Sherri nodded and gripped me. I slipped my mouth over hers and she sucked in a shuddering breath.

"Doesn't it feel good? Like it's what you've been waiting for all your life. It's sweet and warm and fills you..." Amanda crooned as Sherri whinnied and shook.

"You're all weak, and tingly. And you need someone to touch you, don't you?" Amanda placed an arm across her friend's stomach and Sherri shuddered and moaned in my mouth.

"Your breasts are so lonely... and your nipples... they're so hard... they need to be touched, don't they?" Sherri was making grunting noises and twitching her arms on me.

"You need someone to caress them, someone who's gentle and knows what you need... Someone who wants to make you feel good, don't you?" Slowly Amanda dragged her arm up. Sherri was jerking her hand across my back, trying to urge Amanda on.

I ran my tongue softly along hers as finally Amanda covered a breast. Sherri gasped and sobbed into our kiss, her legs tensing at Amanda's touch.

"Sometimes, he is so cruel, he touches me a bit and he stops." Amanda followed her own instructions as Sherri grunted and made mewling noises, "He makes me beg... I want him so much, and I have to beg him to touch me... Do you want to beg?"

Sherri pulled her lips away, "Please, please, oh god, please..."

"Like this?" Sherri grunted happily and returned to our kiss as Amanda lightly traced her nipple. "Or are you ready for him to touch you... on your bare skin... without your clothes on?" Still tracing lazy circles on her hardness.

Sherri turned to her, "Please, yes, touch me, touch me inside!"

Smoothly, Amanda unbuttoned her shirt and released the catch on her white bra with a skill I envied. Sherri's breasts were flushed and the nipples dark with need.

"You know, once he touches your bare skin, you will be his. There is no turning back. Do you want him to touch your naked breasts and take you for himself?"

"God yes, please, Amanda... James... touch me please!" I licked her ear and her neck as we each took a breast and worried her hard nipples.

"Do you offer yourself, your body to him?" Amanda murmured in her ear, her eyes glowing.

"Yesss," Sherri moaned.

"Will you give him everything? Do you offer your heart, your soul, your body and everything you hold dear to him?"

"Please, dear god, yes, oh yes!"

"Sherri, look at James and say 'James, I give you my heart, my soul, my body and everything I hold dear'."

Sherri turned her soft brown eyes on me and said slowly, shakily, "James, I give you my heart, my soul, my body and everything I hold dear..." and presented her lips to me, followed by a sharp intake of breath as Amanda placed her mouth on an exposed nipple. She started moaning in my mouth and thrashing weakly as Amanda's hand disappeared under her little skirt.

"You want him bad don't you?" Sherri nodded her head weakly and moaned.

"Do you want Mandie to make you feel better?"

"Yes..."

"Say, please Mandie, please make me feel good."

"Oh god, please, please Mandie, please make me feel good!"

"And who's got the nicer boobs, huh?"

"Y-you, oh god, your boobs are the best. Please, Mandie..."

Amanda threw Sherri's skirt up and tugged her panties down, which were already soaked. Sherri's pussy was covered with a thin down, like a natural bikini cut. She hugged my neck and kissed my cheek as I leaned up to watch. Slowly, Amanda kissed her way from the navel to the prominent mound. With a glint, Amanda wagged her tongue before sinking it into her sex. Sherri moaned and kissed my face and sobbed and shook as Amanda teased her to a succession of releases.

Amanda raised herself up and Sherri clutched her and kissed her.

"Remember, this isn't even halfway as good as when James does you..." and both girls shivered.

Amanda rolled on her back, a panting Sheri clutched to her side. She shrugged out of her panties and opened her arms, "James, sweetheart, please..."

In seconds I was humping like a man possessed in her tight wet cunt. The whole room shook with our passion as Sherri looked on wide-eyed.

Amanda moaned and shivered and pulled Sherri over her and the two shared a kiss that continued even after I groaned and sprayed my load. I collapsed next to them and for a long time the only noise was my heart pounding and the sound of their grunts and moans.

"There is one more thing you must do for your man, and I will show you." Amanda pulled Sherri down to my satisfied cock and licked it. I moaned as she nursed it in her mouth.

"Try it..." Sherri stuck her tongue out and gave me a little lick. I sighed.

"He likes it, do this..." My head fell back as they took turns licking and cleaning me. Satisfied that Sherri was doing a good job, Amanda climbed up and kissed me, licking me softly but thoroughly, just as her friend was doing at my cock. I stirred and started growing in Sherri's mouth, probing in her soft wet heat. I reached down and helped her move her head on me. Her mouth was smooth and hot and welcoming. She moaned when I tried to force myself deep but she never flinched.

I was shaking when Amanda said, "Try and catch all his come in your mouth. It's very strong but you can take it. It's the best thing you can do for your man." She added her hand to me and kissed me again. I felt myself sink in their soft exciting caresses and moaned as I shot into Sherri's mouth in intense spurts. Finally I settled back in Amanda's arms, exhausted.

Sherri pulled off me with tears in her eyes and her mouth full.

"Do you think you can swallow it? It's his seed, and it's precious." Sherri knelt between my legs and gripped my knees as she gulped it down, more tears coming down her face. She finally looked up, smiling bravely.

"I did it, I swallowed it!"

"It may be difficult now, but once you realize that it's part of him, it'll be a completely different taste..." Amanda showed Sherri how to clean me and taste me some more, before helping her shaky friend up to nestle to my side.

I pulled Sherri to me and kissed her, "That was a very nice thing you did for me, and swallowing my come makes me feel real special. I'm proud of you."

"James, I really want to please you. I'll do everything to make you happy," she said in her sweet voice.

Amanda leaned over and kissed Sherri, "You did very well. I had trouble the first time too, but after that, it was easy, even exciting, knowing it's him I'm tasting." She took time to kiss and taste us thoroughly.

"And I LOVE to watch his face when he comes." Amanda squinted her eyes and hung her tongue out and they both broke out laughing. Shyly Sherri put her hand on my chest and kissed me, allowing me to slip my tongue in. Slowly I kissed her and brushed her sweet little nipples until they were hard and straining, then I slipped a finger into her very tight pussy and fingered her until she moaned and shook in orgasm.

Amanda got up and helped Sherri strip out of her school uniform, and then herself. They stood at parade rest and Amanda hugged her friend and said, "James is taking us to dinner, you know why?" We shook our heads. "Because we're his good little cocksuckers." I could only nod.

I laid back and watched as they rushed around and changed. Sherri looked really sexy in her tight jeans and a halter top that showed her long slim waist. Amanda changed into jeans she brought in her backpack and wore the same white shirt she had on for school, but with it knotted just under her braless breasts; she was wild and hot.

We got back in the car and, this time, Amanda sat on Sherri's lap, "because I have the best boobs," and stuck them out proudly. I had to put the top up because she complained that it was chilly and then asked Sherri put her hands on them to keep them warm.

Sherri whispered something to Amanda.

"You have to ask him yourself, love."

I smiled at Sherri, "What is it, dear?"

"Are we going to do it tonight?" she whispered.

"No, I want you to think about what we just did, and what it means to you. When you've decided that you're ready, let me know and we will make it special for you."

"Consider the last hour as a small sample of what you'll experience if you decide to say 'Yes'," Amanda added. "I will tell you that James is the best. I've never been happier and I would love to have you to nuzzle cunts with..." Sherri looked at her. "I'm getting my first lesson this weekend, and the girls tell me it's the next best thing to having sex with James. Maybe even better!" She snickered at me. "He's got no staying power - he can only screw half the night, but the girls can nuzzle cunts ALL NIGHT!"

"What do you mean, 'the girls'?"

"There are six of us, seven if you say Yes. We share everything, including James."

"And you don't mind... I mean, like, sharing Him?"

"No - we don't have any problems. We love and care for each other and he loves us and cares for us... James, don't look so smug, we're talking about a warm, sensitive man who can make me wet just by calling me 'sweetheart'. You wouldn't know anything about it."

"Of course not..."

"Sometimes he's so frustrating, I can't stop loving him and he knows it. So he does these extra nice things for me and I don't have any more of myself to give!" Amanda grabbed and kissed my hand, then placed it on her friend's breast. "Sherri, will you be my present to James? He'll make you so happy but I know you'll make him happy as well!"

Sherri sighed, "Maybe I can make you happy too?" and ran her hand over Amanda's breasts. "Ooh, they're so hard!"

"God, this is making me horny again!" She handed Sherri the car phone, "Call your Mom and tell her you're staying over tonight. I feel I need some warming up before this weekend!"

Chapter 24

True to my word, I had managed to get a few hours of studying in the night before for my history exam. I even managed to answer all the questions, somewhat correctly and before time was up.

Brenda was at my locker in a short skirt and a loose top, which offered an incredible view of her assets whenever she bent over. Or if somebody deliberately looked down it. And got slapped for his troubles.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" Brenda grabbed me and started kissing my cheek.

"I'm fine, Bren, I deserved it. I just couldn't resist." I smiled my idiot smile, "Remember the school dance?"

She blushed and suddenly her nipples poked through the material. "Yes... Now look what you've made me do!" she whispered fiercely. "I have a good mind to make you kiss them better!"

Brenda looked around, "James, hold me." She wrapped herself around me and shook on my shoulder, "I miss you... I miss you so much, I hurt!"

She looked at me and stroked my face, "What can I do, James. I want you so bad all the time!"

"Hush, babe. We're together today, let's be happy and enjoy it!" I hugged her and she moaned against me.

Sara walked up, wearing a yellow dress and no bra. She smiled and gently touched the finger I held out.

"Hey..." she said softly, then louder, "OK, lovebirds, let's get out of here. Bren, you're just gonna LOVE the house!" She took my other arm and we went to the car.

"So tell us about Sherri!" Sara said as she got in the back.

"Not much to tell. We only met yesterday. She's pretty, brown hair, slim, a bit taller than Amanda. And she has these big brown eyes!"

"Did you like the blow job she gave you?" Brenda wanted to know.

"Holy cow! Amanda told you about that?"

"Why wouldn't she? We tell each other everything - especially when it has to do with you! So was she good?"

"I couldn't say good or bad, it was her first time, but she's eager enough."

"I'll bet - did you last five minutes?"

"About that - Amanda was double-teaming me though..."

"You should learn to hold out longer, it's more fun if we get to play with it some before you squirt and get all droopy," Sara stated.

"And then you're no good for squat!" Bren reminded us.

"I wish I could last longer too! Fact is you girls are too good!"

"It works better if you alternate your mouth with your hand now and then," commented Brenda.

"Yeah, but most of the time he's already grabbed your head and is humping himself like a maniac..." Sara sighed.

"Right, and then he gets that strange look on his face..."

"No kidding, I thought he was gonna die from stress or something."

Thankfully, the conversation was cut short when I took us in the drive-through to order lunch.

Brenda was licking her fingers after her food when I reached over and tweaked a nipple.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing? I obviously didn't slap you hard enough last time!"

"There was a piece of bread on it! You're sticking out so far it's catching everything!"

"Is it very obvious?" Brenda blushed.

"It's sexy as hell," Sara said, as she reached around and touched them. "Why don't you come back here and I'll see if I can make them feel better!"

Brenda climbed over the seat, sticking her tongue out at me, "You've been terrible to me since I told you how much I needed you! Sara, you'll make me forget him, won't you?" There was a rustle of clothing and some happy squeals.

"I'll do my best," Sara said in a muffled voice.

I had to pull over at the fisheries because they were still going at it. Brenda leaned up against the side of the car and screamed her delight as Sara did her best to drain her moisture and lust.

I drove up to the Marina with the girls cuddled up against each other.

Sara's two young admirers came to greet her and got a treat as Sara and Brenda, all nipples and legs, unwound themselves and we went looking for our new boat, with them trailing and ogling.

Max, the owner of the Marina, came over, shook my hand and sent the boys away.

"These two beautiful ladies...?" He may have been old but there was nothing wrong with his eyesight.

I made the introductions and added, "They're JulieAnn's best friends. They've come to make sure I don't cheat on her..." They laughed and Brenda hugged me possessively.

"He's so difficult to please," Sara sighed as she leaned on my arm, "And can be quite a handful, but we try our best. For Jules, you know..." and, behind everybody, grabbed a handful of ass.

Max took us to the slip Jules had arranged for our new vessel. Compared to the rental unit, the new USS Dweebus, a 21' Jet boat, had twice the horsepower but only slightly more weight, having more lightweight composites in its construction. It had a U-shaped seat in the bow and an L-shaped couch in the back, behind the double width captain's chair. It had the pull-up changeroom/potty along with a tiny sink and a small fridge, very charitably called an 'Entertainment Center'. The fishing package added low-speed electric propulsion, an electronic fish finder with GPS and aerated holding tanks.

Max had been very impressed with Jules' looks and brains and was instrumental in convincing the manufacturer that the girls would be perfectly suited to model for their new line of pleasure boats. He offered to include Sara and Brenda in the shoot but they had to decline, since they would be busy on Saturday.

We also had to postpone Max's offer to give us a grand tour, because the new dock was being installed and Sara was anxious to make sure her design was properly followed.

After we familiarized ourselves with the boat's controls Brenda took us out to the house, eyes aglow with excitement and the scenery.

"Sorry Bren, it would have been better if everything was neat and then you'd get the full impact of Mueller's genius. But you'll still be impressed," I said, seeing the mess that was in front of the house.

The workers anchored the floats in place while Sara looked things over with a critical eye. Then she gave Brenda a tour as I spoke to the foreman about the placement of the small 12-volt lights that turned on after dark to allow us to dock safely.

I was still debating to myself the need for a cell phone on the jet boat when Brenda walked up, "Sara's talking to the guys, more or less about work," she grinned, "But she said you should take me to visit the rainbow..." I smiled and handed her in the boat.

"Is there a reason why Sara said I should offer to drop anchor?"

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Brenda was still a bit giggly and leaned drunkenly on me as we made our way back.

"James, do you think that if we keep screwing like that, I'll be able to get over you?"

"Do you want to get me out of your life that badly?"

"No - not out of my life, just so I wouldn't ache so much thinking about you..." She licked my ears and kissed me, hand still stroking my extremely satisfied penis.

"But it's worth a try, isn't it?" she moaned as she bent and gave my soft dick some lusty kisses - it hardly reacted.

The contractors were gone and Sara was fishing down by the new docks. "They said the fish would have been scared away and there won't be anything for a day or two. So far they're right..." She looked at us, "Brenda, are you alright?"

"Mmmm, I got royally fucked..." She smiled and patted my crotch affectionately. "Until I couldn't get him up anymore!"

"Do you two have any energy to go fishing?"

"You can fish, I'll just rest until he's ready to fuck me again..." Brenda crawled off to the lounge and closed her eyes.

"James, what happened, did you drug her?"

"You know me. Girls find me irresistible!"

"You should be ashamed, corrupting and taking advantage of an innocent girl like that."

"I should be," I sighed, "But strangely, I'm not. Not the least bit." I sighed some more.

Sara already had the cooler packed with drinks and we took it on board. We looked for the telltale seabird swarms but they seemed to have been scared off as well. We went back to where we had strikes a few days ago but the fishfinder showed no activity.

Sara took us to a spot the workers had told her, which was along the reeds close to where the 2 rivers entered the lake. I put the anchor down as the sonar pinged fish around us.

No sooner did we start casting than we were getting hits. After some releases, I caught a 3-pounder and as I placed it in the live well, Sara caught another. Brenda was up and watching us and was checking constantly over my shoulders to make sure I didn't get an erection without her knowing about it.

Sara said, "Brenda, if you leave him alone, after fishing, I'll show you a place where he'll be ready for you."

"Really? You're not kidding me are you? I can count on you?" Brenda licked her chops.

"No kidding. But honestly, Bren, I've never seen anyone as hard up for a man as you!"

"I know - all I think of is what I'll do when I don't have him... Oh!" She threw herself at me again.

"Down, girl! Go sit there until you can behave!"

"Yes Ma'am..., meanie!" Brenda sulked away.

Sara was reeling in the largest fish of the day when Brenda yelled, "Look, James, over there!"

Sara seemed to be doing fine without my help so I joined Brenda. She pointed to a cluster of mangrove trees whose roots were covered with a squirming mass.

"Ewww, they look like big spiders!"

Sara stashed her catch and came over.

"No, they're crabs, blue crabs! See the bands?" They were trying to climb up each other and the tree. "They must be getting ready to mate... That's why they're selling traps in town. Mm-mmmm, the big ones are good eating!"

"Speaking of mating, Sara, where's this place you're gonna show me?"

"You are one sick puppy, you know?" Brenda grinned and nodded furiously.

"James, are you up to it?" Sara looked at me.

"Not yet, but I probably would be in 15 minutes!"

"I'll make sure he's ready! Drive on, Sara!" Brenda dragged me on the bench seat and started removing our clothes.

Sara took us to 'Lovers Rock', "See, Bren... Er... Oh... Geez, you can't wait can you?" Brenda was already firmly planted on me, moaning and squirming, her eyes tightly closed in ecstasy.

"Ohhh, ohhh, James... Oh god, James..." She shivered and shook until finally, with a loud moan she fell on me. "Sorry, can't move, get off, ow, hurts..." She mumbled as we helped her onto the lounge. She smiled, whispered 'Thank you' and fell asleep.

Sara eyed my throbbing erection. "So..." she twinkled at me.

"So..." I looked back as she pondered my predicament.

"So - the way I see it, we can either have a quickie here or we can go back to the house and you can fuck me until I pass out too." Without waiting for my reply, she turned the boat about.

I carried Brenda up to bed as Sara stayed to tidy up.

I went back down to the docks where Sara was cleaning the fish. "So we have something to eat when we finish..."

I started helping her, "I was afraid you had already passed out from being so close to my raw animal magnetism!"

She looked at me, "James, there was never a moment today that I did not want you. I almost died when you and Bren came back from Rainbow Head, I needed you so much..." she trailed off, "But you know what? I saw the look you gave me and I felt alright again." Her eyes got misty, "I could tell you cared..."

I leaned over and kissed her softly on the cheek, "I love you, my sweet. You are very special to me. You are my little Sara because there is a part of you that lives in my soul. Forever." She bit her lip and she smiled.

She held out a finger and touched mine and then meshed our palms together, "I don't have anything to give you except my love... I hope that it's enough for you..." We kissed tenderly, our hands gripped tightly, careless of the oozing fish slime.

In the end, we had to clean ourselves in the lake as well. It was so cold our teeth chattered but it didn't matter - we shared our warmth and a whole lot more.

We got out and cuddled together on the patio, rubbing our goose bumps together, trying to get warm. We kissed gently, hands trailing soft sparks on each other's skin.

Sara slipped her mouth on my penis and worked her tongue about. It slowly thawed and started growing. She drew back.

"Oh, that's a relief, I thought for a while you'd stay that size forever!"

"I knew it! You just want me for my dick!"

"Don't say that! I will always love you... even if you're a limp noodle!" she burst out laughing. "Must be the spaghetti Nicole's feeding you with!" She bounced around, laughing madly until she fell on the hard stone floor.

I help her back on the mattress and she resumed her caresses on me. I stroked her breasts and she shivered as her nipples responded to my attention. We embraced and kissed, our tongues dancing lightly.

She threw her leg over my waist and reached down to insert me, moaning as I slipped in her heat and we gasped into each other's mouths.

We stayed on our sides as we fucked with short shallow strokes, her moans and caresses becoming stronger with each climax.

Her sex squeezed me and her heat pulsed on me and I started moaning, close to the edge. She looked up at me, eyes wild, her face in a rictus of lust. She held my face in her hands and fucked down on me, taking me deep in her tight warmth. I held her and fucked back. I groaned and lurched my sperm in her, as we locked our mouths in a fevered kiss.

The lights in the sky danced as we laid there, our soul and body locked together, humming and kissing our love.

Brenda came out and knelt beside us, there were tears on her face.

"That was so lovely - I was watching from inside. I could see how happy you both were, and I was so jealous and sad that I could not feel it..."

"Bren..." We reached for her and held her hands.

"Wait, let me finish. I was mad, how come I never get that way when we have sex..." She looked at us and smiled, sadly, "Then I realized what you were feeling was joy for each other..."

"I'm so ashamed, I've been selfish and demanding and took your love and wasted it." She gripped our hands, "I'll change; if you still want me, I'll learn." She sighed, "I want you to... no... I beg you to forgive me and help me learn to love..."

Sara said softly, "There's nothing to forgive, Bren. Look at the beautiful sunset, it's nothing unless you have someone to share it with. Love is the same way - it's only good when it is shared."

Mutely Brenda nodded as we pulled her down to share the sunset, and our love.

Chapter 25

I came out of my Math test and Brenda was waiting for me. "I'm sorry, I know you have to pick Amanda up but can we talk a bit?" Amanda's classes were finishing at noon today and she was expecting me to pick her up.

"Sure, Bren." I left Sara a note and took us to the car - Brenda looked ready to cry. We got in and I gave her a hug.

She clung to me, shaking. "James, I'm so afraid. I'll die if I don't have you!"

"Don't worry Bren, I'll always be around for you!" I started the car and drove to the small park.

"You mean after yesterday you still want me?"

"Yes, Bren, and so will everyone else. What you're feeling is just the uncertainties of opening yourself up and trusting someone with your inner feelings."

After we parked, I turned to her and stroked her face and she leaned into me. "Do you know what just happened?" She looked at me. "Not too long ago, if I did this," I held my hand up to her face, "You would have stopped me or turned away. But because you trust me, you welcomed my hand - you KNOW I only want to make you feel good." She blinked her understanding.

"I really want to make you feel good, too, but I'm scared I'll do the wrong thing." She took a shuddering breath, "I don't think I can handle your rejection..."

"I'll never reject you, Bren. I love you." She looked at me, tears in her eyes. I kissed her lightly, "When you can, watch Sara and Amanda, they're marvelous at it - everything they do is for the other person's pleasure. They give everything of themselves, all of it and all of the time."

"Here, let's try this. Close your eyes and try not to think of anything. Ready?" She nodded.

I placed my hands on her face and stroked her cheeks, softly. Her hands twitched but she kept them on her lap. She licked her lips and started shivering. I ran my thumb across her lips and she took a shuddering breath.

"Tell me how you feel..." I whispered.

"I-I feel warm... full. Like you're all around me, surrounding me... Secure, safe." She opened her eyes. "James, I want you!" she moaned.

"Don't rush it, let it build... Now you do me..." I closed my eyes as she placed her hands on my face. Slowly she caressed me and I soaked up her touch. I was panting when she ran her fingers along my lips. She moaned when I licked them.

I looked at her, her face was flushed, beads of sweat stood out along her brow and her nipples and breasts stuck wetly to her blouse.

"I'm about to come..." she whispered, rocking herself on the car seat. She leaned forward and kissed me, quivering as our lips touched, gently. She moaned as I ran my tongue along her lips and she met me part way with hers. Her nails dug into my shoulders as she shook and moaned her release for long minutes.

She collapsed on me, hands clutched to mine as she caught her breath.

"That was amazing! I've never felt this way before!"

"That's because when you're giving pleasure, you have to sense what the other person is feeling. That means you'll feel the same pleasure as well..." She leaned her head on me and caressed my chest lightly.

"James, I feel warm and satisfied, but I know we haven't done anything but touch, briefly. We haven't done any of the things I longed to do with you - yet they don't seem to matter..."

"Bren, that's because love is more permanent than lust. Fucking provides pleasure for a little while, but sharing love fills you and stays with you."

"I think I see what you mean." Brenda was quiet the rest of the way back to school.

"Is everything OK?" Sara looked at us, concerned.

"Mmm-Hmmm," Brenda said dreamily, "I learned something today." She got out and hugged Sara and kissed her lightly, "I learned that love has to be given. So from now on, I will try and give love..." She caressed Sara's face, and took her in the back, "Will you allow me to give you love, my lovely Sara?"

The trip was filled with happy moans from the back and we drove up the imposing school buildings just as the girls finished straightening out their clothing.

Amanda was waiting for us, "Hi guys! I'm glad you're all here! Sherri and I need help clearing our lockers."

She took us into a side building and down spotless corridors bursting with little girls. I could see why she needed help, the lockers they had were the size of small rooms and Amanda's was packed with books.

"I've had this locker for 4 years but next term we're going into upper school which is a different building," she explained as she turned me about. "James, go help Sherri."

Sherri was standing in her little green skirt and white shirt, looking anxious and gorgeous. I started to say 'Hi' but she took my hand and pulled me around the corner.

She held both my hands, "James, I've thought over what you said and what it means." She took a trembling breath, "I want to give you my heart, my soul, my body and everything I hold dear." She looked at me with unblinking eyes.

I looked at her and slowly kissed her hands and held them to my pounding heart, "With everything I hold dear, I accept you and your offer, my lovely Sherri." She smiled and her big soft eyes misted.

"I'm glad I promised Amanda to tell you as soon as I saw you - otherwise I don't think I would have had the nerve later!" She tipped her head up and closed her eyes and I lightly touched her lips with mine.

"Ahem," Amanda and the girls were standing there, smiling. "This is a public area, you know?" She went and kissed Sherri on the cheek, "James, you're taking Sherri out today - but have her home by ten. And what kind of crummy boyfriend are you? You didn't even introduce Sherri to her new sisters!"

I made the necessary introductions and the girls waltzed off, chattering and leaving me with the contents of the lockers.

Sherri's locker had more junk and almost as many books as Amanda's and the car could barely fit it all in. So I took Sherri home with her baggage while the girls finished moving Amanda's books up.

It took a few trips back to the car before I could get all of Sherri's stuff in her room, and it took up almost half the floor space.

"James..." Sherri came out from her bathroom and I stared. She had obviously just taken a shower and was gloriously naked. She sat me on her bed and knelt to undo my pants.

"This is the SECOND thing I promised Amanda I'd do." She pulled my cock out and shucked it in her hand, then leaned and carefully fit me inside her hot wet mouth, friction from her tightly pursed lips making me cry out in pleasure. I became fully hard and she could only take a third of me but her hands took up the slack delightfully.

Her soft lips were in a perfect "O" and her eyes were closed in concentration. I could feel her tongue lashing the tip and her spit running down the stalk onto her hands as she worked to give me pleasure. My eyes closed as her wet touch sent me in a spinning ride of passion.

With a hoarse cry, I flexed and spurted a dizzying blast, followed by five or six ball-tingling jolts of intense pleasure. With a sigh, I fell back on the bed as she knelt and delicately sucked and swallowed.

Finally she lifted her mouth off me, "James, are you finished? Can I go to the bathroom?" Voicelessly I twitched my hand and she ran off.

I was still twitching weakly when Sherri came back and nestled up against me. "James, I'm sorry it wasn't very good for you. I'll do better, I promise!" I had absolutely no idea what she was

talking about - she could not possibly have felt there was anything lacking from the blowjob she just devastated me with. I stroked her fragrant hair and thought loving thoughts.

"James... If you want, we can do it again. Do you want me to try again?" Without waiting for an answer, she reached for me and, when her hands did not produce the desired effect immediately, started rubbing me on her smooth soft titties. I watched in awe, most impressed with the completeness of Amanda's training.

That soon produced the desired effect on me and she slid me back into her mouth. It was much too soon for me to come again but when I tried to move her head off me, she just sucked harder and all the strength drained out of my arms. Before long I was pulling on her instead of pushing.

Her mouth, lips, tongue, and hands worked in inspired harmony as waves of heart-stopping pleasure swept through me, making me whine pitifully. She looked up, eyes glowing, mouth poised agonizingly at the tip of my cock, batted her lashes once and plunged down, sending me into a whirlpool of chokingly sweet agony, bolts of technicolor flashes blinding me as she forced another batch of semen burning out from me. She swallowed it and continued to milk and suck me.

My insides felt as if they were being vacuumed out, "Sher, stop please. Let's wait till later, ahhh!" She let me pop out of her mouth. "Ah, the girls are waiting for us!"

"Oh yeah, OK!" After a parting kiss she jumped up and pulled on a puffy white top and a white knee-length skirt. And nothing else.

She modeled it for me, "Amanda picked it out. She called it my 'Ravish Me' outfit. Like it?"

I growled deep in my throat and, despite my emaciated condition, stumbled to my feet and lurched at her. She shivered as I enfolded her in a kiss. The outfit was a lecher's dream as it offered no obstacle to my roaming hands. I pulled her onto her bed and stroked her breasts to stiffness and fingered her to climax before I released her.

She fetched a cloth and tenderly wiped me before tucking me back in my pants and, taking my hand, led me to the car.

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Amanda was not pleased with our tardiness. "Took your time didn't you?" Amanda grumbled, "How long does a blowjob take anyways?"

"I couldn't swallow it all the first time, so I had to do it again..." Sherri said apologetically. The girls were suitably impressed.

"Wow, you made him come twice in your mouth?"

"Well, kinda, and then he did me..."

"You mean he..."

"No, just with his hands."

"Oh, OK, then. You won't let me down, Sher? My reputation's on the line here..."

"No, Mandie, I'll do you proud. Next time I'll be better." I shuddered with that foreboding thought.

We crammed Amanda's junk in the car and that left us little room to sit.

"James said I have to learn to give love and you have to teach me!" declared Brenda as she pulled Amanda on top of her in the back.

I had Sara sit up front with Sherri to protect them from the maniacs who by now were grunting on each other in abandon. Sherri sat on Sara's lap and stared in rapt fascination, with the occasional "Oh my god!" in appreciation of their skill and perversity.

"Sherri, those two in the back have serious social problems. You should never try any of the things they are doing!" Sara warned her young friend. "At least not without my supervision... And... Oh my! Your lovely boobies are all hard!" and dropped her lips on them.

They had to call a break when we arrived to unload the contents of Amanda's locker in her room. It was good she would be away for the week as there was no room to walk, let alone to sleep. Sara helped Amanda carry her changes of clothing for the cottage out to the car.

Brenda cornered me at the door, "James..." She ran her hand on my chest and rubbed her body on me, "Can I practice giving love with Sherri? She's the only one here that I haven't given love to..."

I held her, if only to stop her distractingly arousing squirming, "Take it easy, Bren, Sherri will be with us a long, long time. Why don't you let her be for the time being?"

"But James, how can I improve if I can't practice with her?" She slipped a hand in my pants and pulled me against her, "Unless you can spend time with me..." She gently licked my neck and suddenly BOTH her hands were in my pants. She felt me twitch in her grasp and smiled.

"James, let's start now. You don't have to do anything except enjoy it!" She leaned down and sure enough I started enjoying it.

"My god, James, I know you told me you liked making out on the cold floor by my front door, but I didn't think you were serious!" Amanda said as she came in, followed by the others.

"Ahhh, A-Amanda, ahhh! I won't be long, ahhh! Just helping Brenda practice her giving love! Ahhhhh..."

"I don't know what part of the world you're from, but 'round here we call it something else." She looked down at Brenda busily pumping her mouth on me, "Are you two almost done? I want to go to Nicole's and get some food." Then, as an afterthought, "And start some serious cunt-nuzzling!"

Sherri watched intently as Brenda worked her love-giving deeply on me, no doubt filing it away for future reference.

Amanda hooked her arm on my neck and pulled my face to hers. There was no urgency in our kiss but when she slipped her little tongue in my mouth the passion flared and, despite being completely drained by Sherri a short while ago, I started shaking and clasped Brenda to me.

For an instant, I was totally surrounded by the mind-numbing embrace of her soft throat. Then I sank into the burning maw beyond and my come started pouring out. I ground myself against Brenda and I could feel her moan and gag as I emptied myself in her, held up by Sara's gentle arms.

Amanda drew back from our kiss and, guiltily, I released my grip on Brenda's curls. She sat down on the floor, wheezing and coughing, a dazed look on her face.

Sherri bent down, concern on her face, "Brenda, are you OK?"

"Hand," Brenda gasped, "Gimme your hand!" and shoved Sherri's hand inside her panties, humping wildly as we watched Sherri's hand squirm lewdly inside the fabric. "Ohh, ohhh, so good, ohhh god, oh god, Sheriiiiiiii!" she screamed in her throes, convulsing and humping against her.

=====

Nicole met us at Anton's for lunch, giving Sherri a warm hug to welcome her officially to our family and adding a promise of a proper welcome later.

We ate our food as Amanda and Sara related our sordid adventures earlier. I was busy working on the 20-oz Porterhouse and the 2 baked potatoes they'd ordered for me, assuring me I would be expected to work it off before long.

Brenda had been very subdued and sighed whenever she looked at Sherri or me.

"Brenda's in love..." Amanda explained, "Except she can't decide with whom!"

"Bren," Nicole patted her hand, "I'll tell you a secret not too many people know." Brenda looked at her, "There is no limit to the love you can share or feel - you can love as many people as you like! It doesn't run out - in fact, the more you give, the more you'll have."

"You mean I could be in love with all of you?"

"Yes, just as we all love you!"

Nicole gave Brenda a peck and stood, taking Sherri's hand, "Come my sweet, we have an appointment to keep!"

"Wait," Brenda stood, and took Nicole's hands, "Nicole, thank you for everything... I-I love you," and kissed her.

Nicole blinked back sudden tears and whispered, "I love you, Brenda."

By the time I finished my double dessert and the leftovers and drove back up the hill, Nicole had already returned with Sherri, with a thin implant neatly band-aid'd in her arm.

The good news was that I was allowed an abbreviated workout since I had, according to general consensus, already 'performed above and beyond'.

I had finished my shower and was being prepared for my date with Sherri when squealing tires and a cloud of dust announced Celeste and Jules.

Once inside, they greeted Sherri warmly, then Celeste ran up and took Amanda in her arms. "Oh, my poor Amanda, you are safe. Thank god you're OK!" She kissed her, "We're sorry we failed you..."

Jules added her caresses, "Yes, we had no chance to stop the disgusting, depraved things the brute must have inflicted on you! We tried, Amanda, we were willing to sacrifice our virtue once again to protect you from his animalistic demands!"

Amanda's eyes twinkled with understanding. "Oh girls, it was that and worse! Much worse!" She hugged Jules tightly, "I could not fight him, he was so strong! And so ruthless! He used me, Jules, he USED me!"

My breath caught and I started panting as vivid images of a wetly naked Amanda writhing under me flooded through my mind. That must have been a popular theme judging from the sudden storm of heavy breathing around me.

In true tragic heroine form, Amanda flung her hair back, "How was I to know? He was so cunning!" She steered them to the sofa and nestled between them. We followed closely, not wanting to miss any of the unfolding drama.

"Celeste, he held my hand, oh so gently, so sweetly," Amanda bemoaned. "He kissed me..." She nibbled Celeste down her jaw and around to her lips.

Celeste sighed dreamily as Amanda turned to Jules, "You know that feeling? That sweet longing feeling of his kisses?" Her light brush on Jules' lips soon became heated and demanding. Amanda slipped her hand over JulieAnn's breast, worrying the nipple to fullness as she licked her lips, "Then the evil ruffian started fondling me..."

"Oh, the animal!" Celeste stroked Amanda, "Did he do this?" She undid some buttons and slipped her hand in. "Or this?"

"Oh, yes!" Amanda cried, "I couldn't stop him, he was too good. He did this!" And forced her hand under Celeste's dress. Jules was licking Amanda's neck hungrily and frantically unbuttoning her shirt.

"Ohhhh, yessss," Amanda moaned. "Ahhh, wait, girls, wait..." She carefully removed the limbs eeling over her body and turned to me. "You still here? Don't you have better things to do with your girlfriend than to eavesdrop in on our conversation?"

My boner evaporated, but just as quickly returned when she pulled me down in a wet kiss, "Enjoy your present, my sweetheart!" She turned back to the girls, "Oh, I have been most grievously wronged! Oh, console me!" and melted onto the girls as I hurried out with Sherri.

Nicole patted my butt and said, "Don't worry, I have a photographic memory and I'll give you a complete recap. With instant replays!"

I kissed Sara and Brenda goodbye - they were busy Saturday and would go up to the Eyrie on Sunday with Nicole.

We were unceremoniously ushered outside and the door firmly closed on us, just as Jules was moaning, "Oh god... guys, you've got to see this, oh the sick, sick beast!" I had to closed my gaping mouth with an effort.

Sherri was looking at me with her big soft eyes and biting her lips. I took her hands and she leaned into my embrace, shivering and moaning softly.

"James, I don't know what's happening to me! I'm cold and sweaty; scared and excited all at the same time!"

"I feel the same way too - it's the performance the girls were putting on inside." I leaned towards her ear and whispered, "It's called being horny."

"Oh..." She thought about it, "I guess so, it does feel like, y'know, earlier?" She squeezed my hand, "When I was... um, doing the sucking thing..." She sighed.

=====

I had decided to take Sherri out to the Coast. At the top of the hills I turned off and parked at the scenic lookout.

I held her from behind and enjoyed her intoxicating, youthful fragrance as she relaxed on me. We stood silently and watched the gulls dance in the fresh breeze as sailboats carved gracefully in the blue waters.

"James," she said, in her soft voice, "Are we going to do it tonight?"

"You mean sex?"

"Yes, are we?"

"No, I want it to be special. So we'll need more time, at least overnight."

"James, I don't mind - if you want to, or the other thing. I just want to be with you..." She leaned her head back.

"It's better when we have time. Let's wait for a bit."

"You're so sweet. No wonder Amanda says you're the best."

"I want you to feel completely relaxed with me. The hardest part of a relationship is getting over the fumbling part..."

"I've never been on a date... Not a real date, with a boy I mean."

"That's why we should take it slow, because it's a very special experience."

"But I'm enjoying myself already!"

"And we have Amanda to thank, she's made you feel at ease with me. Imagine if I came out of nowhere and asked you for a date, would you go?"

"N-no, I suppose. But it's not because of you, it's because I don't know you!"

"Exactly. Now, even if you said 'Yes' and we went out, would you feel comfortable?"

"N-no... But again, that's because I don't know who you are!"

"Right, that's the fumbling I was talking about. But suppose we'd dated for a while, and we talked, and held hands, and maybe even kissed a bit. How would you feel then?"

"Oh, then I'd KNOW I love you!"

"So let's start from there - you can do anything you want with me, or we can try things with each other - because we trust and love each other... right?"

She thought a bit, "I guess, but I don't know what to do. All I know is the... the sucking thing..."

"No, nothing like that. I mean, simple things like holding hands, hugging, stuff like that. You can also try things you've only read or dreamed about, sort of like living out your favorite movies or story."

"Like the Princess Bride? Or..." She paused, then dreamily, "That first time? I couldn't sleep, even after Mandie explained everything to me. I couldn't stop thinking about you." She squeezed my arms against her breasts. "And 'I both wished and feared to see him this sleepless night. I wanted to hear his voice again, yet feared to meet his eye.' That was Jane Eyre and that was me, I was dying for you, you don't know how much. And now you're holding me, loving me - so this is already like a beautiful story for me!" She turned around and we kissed, softly.

After that, we drove down to the ocean. We took our shoes off and, hand in hand, we wandered the shoreline. She picked up shells and pretty stones and I rescued her from imaginary pirates. We chased seagulls and danced in the foam and I showed her how to skip rocks on the waves. We laughed and made sand castles and splashed each other. And we learned to love each other.

Our clothes were soaked and hers had become virtually transparent so we cuddled in the car after we dried ourselves with a towel.

She leaned in my embrace, her body relaxed and open, nipples hard from the chill and my touches. I turned her face and kissed her. "Sherri, you are so beautiful."

She smiled up at me, "Thank you. I want to be beautiful. For you."

A sudden inspiration allowed me to quote, "Tell me, now, fairy as you are, - can't you make me a handsome man?" I resolved again to thank Mrs Cipola - this time for making me read Jane Eyre and remember the line.

Sherri laughed happily and her hand lingered on my face. "Oh, you are no less handsome as I am beautiful - a loving eye is all the charm needed." She brought our lips close and touched mine softly.

Afterwards we ate hotdogs and fries and made another mess when we shared an ice cream cone. We spent a long time licking and kissing the sticky sweetness off our faces and continued long after it was all gone. Finally, our lips touched and she moaned. She was soft and yielding, stroking my hair and shivering as she tasted my tongue. I held her and let our caresses speak for us.

She laid over my lap and touched my face, a glorious smile on her face, her eyes half closed, "What I want most is to spend the night with you... And have you kiss me all over... And you tell me I belong to you... And we'll make love... And it'll hurt..." She looked at me then, "And I want it to hurt, because then I'll know you've taken all of me." She sighed and kissed my stomach, nestling her head on me as I grew hard.

She looked up, gingerly putting her hand on my bulge. "James, do you want me to...?"

"Do the sucking thing?" She smiled and blinked at me.

"I'm already ridiculously happy being with you. We could certainly wait until we're somewhere that is more private."

"But Amanda says it made her boobies grow."

"Your boobies will grow whether you do it or not. Trust me."

"I hope so... I know they're too small for you."

"That's not true, your breasts are perfect."

"You're sweet, but I know they're small. You don't even want to touch them!"

"That's not true."

"Oh? When was the last time you..." Hastily I covered them with my hand. "...touched them on the inside?"

I slipped my hand in over her smooth skin and she pushed her hard nipples into my hand. "Mmmmmmm... I never thought it could feel this good, and naughty!" I covered us with the towel and stroked her lovely breasts until her eyes closed, a smile on her beautiful face.

I drove her home soon after, it was almost ten and she had to go away with her folks in the morning. But she had permission to go with Amanda up to the Eyrie the next week. And stay overnight.

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