

James

**A Novel by MikeC
Chapters 26-35**

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Thank you for your mail. It is heartwarming to know so many of you are having fun with James and his extended family as well.

PLEASE, drop me a line - let me know what you think of the latest chapter and tell me what you would like to read.

Your ongoing support and suggestions are very much appreciated.

Mike

November, 2001

Part VI. The Eyrie.

Chapter 26

We took the BMW, leaving Celeste's Solara at Nicole's, and ate breakfast on the road. The shoot was starting at 10 and we did not want to be late.

We actually got in early - the weekend traffic lighter than expected. Max greeted us as we pulled up and took us on a tour.

The marina had been converted into an outdoor studio, with 3 large trailers and a mobile kitchen. They had even built a platform and sun reflectors on the lake for the photographers.

There were 3 boats in the shoot; a 20' bowrider, a 21' deck boat, and a 26' cabin cruiser. The cruiser had a tiny kitchen and an odd-shaped bed in the cabin. Amanda looked at it longingly and murmured, "Why can't we have that instead of astroturf on my ass?"

Max introduced us to the VIPs and the film crew and I could tell the producer and photographers were delighted with the girls, with their natural beauty and smooth tanned bodies. Todd, the director, was gushing about "the look", which was, as far as I could tell, a combination of athlete, virgin, dope-head, and slut. Which apparently the girls had in spades.

The girls went into the trailer to sign some forms and to discuss their fees. Jules emerged smiling smugly and hugged my arm.

Todd came up and shook my hand. "Hello James, JulieAnn has been telling us about you."

"That you're good only for the menial tasks, and nothing else..."

"So if you can come in and give us your signature, we can get started!" JulieAnn had apparently negotiated a 'package' deal which included me as an extra and that paid us a substantial amount of money for lolling around pretending to enjoy a sunny day boating on the lake.

Jules nudged me, whispering, "And I told him you give great head!" and smirked as I was led inside.

I filled in my name and signed two forms, which entitled me to pay them 30% of everything I earned so I could be yet another aspirant to the lifestyles of the rich and famous.

I was sent to the makeup trailer where Jules and Celeste were waiting for Amanda. Both Jules and Celeste wore fairly conservative one-piece swimsuits to fit into their sporting look. With a minimum of make up, their glittering eyes and overall health gave good resemblance to doped up athletes.

"So, did you make it nice and good for him?" Jules leered as she groped me. My retort froze on my lips as the trailer door opened and Amanda came out.

She was in a yellow bikini and she glowed. They had done something to her; she looked older, perhaps seventeen, and as she walked she oozed sexuality with a bright eyed innocence. She was miles of tanned legs, tiny waist and had sprouted, seemingly overnight, mouthwatering boobs that filled her suit to capacity. She radiated life and, well, sluttiness, in a most virginal way.

"My god, Amanda! Do you know how hot you look?" Celeste cried. Amanda came up to me and pulled me down for a tongue filled kiss, running her free hand down my back and ass. Finally we broke to catch a breath.

"I saw what they did to me in the mirror and I made myself horny... Ladies, we'll be right back..." She grabbed my hand and dragged me into the makeup trailer.

"Need the changeroom, Kelly!" she yelled to the girl there.

She had our pants down before the door was fully closed and jumped on me, sighing and grunting into my mouth as I started stroking into her hot, tight, and soaked sex. In seconds, we

clutched our bodies and shook wildly as I spasmed long and hard into her. We held each other as we came down in a shivering, sweaty embrace.

Amanda was still stuffing her boobs back in her bra as we left the room - I HAD to make sure they were all hers.

"I'm sorry, Kelly, I think I ruined your makeup!"

Kelly sighed and said, "You know how often this happens? Do a good job and they smear it up that much quicker!" Then she stroked Amanda's face and said, "But it's a pleasure to do you..." She turned to me, eyes twinkling, "You're next, don't go anywhere!"

Amanda looked at us in the mirror, "Kelly, I don't want to offend you, but this one's private property - OK?" She waited until Kelly gave a curt nod before looking away.

Kelly was very professional with me and even left the trailer door ajar, although she made no effort to do up the buttons on her shirt, and was carelessly pressing against me with her braless tits, but images of Amanda kept me from making any unwise moves.

I went out as the girls were starting their test runs on the boats. They settled on Jules as driver after Amanda scared the dickens out of them when she did a 'gyro' with the bowrider, a tricky maneuver that involved reversing power during a hard turn, then snapping the wheel in the opposite direction. It was an amazingly spectacular trick as the boat would appear to stand on its 'tail' and spin around, all very dangerous and apparently shortens the life of the transmission substantially, not the type of thing the manufacturer wished to promote. They told me they didn't need to test my boating skills after Amanda proudly informed them I was her teacher.

Jules came up and kissed me, rather thoroughly and rather possessively, I thought. "Did you see how that Kelly was draping herself all over you?" She rubbed herself on my arm to demonstrate.

"No," I said, "but I FELT it though!"

"What a hussy!" Celeste said as she claimed her kiss and the other arm.

"Maybe someone should have a talk with her." Amanda grabbed my waist and kissed me fiercely, slipping both hands on my ass and pasting her body against mine.

"What, and tell her about his talking...?"

"...and his short attention span!" They all started laughing.

"And his face when he comes!" Amanda squinted her eyes with her tongue hanging out and they cracked up, slapping me on the back when I was not quite as enthusiastically amused.

Todd, the director, came rushing over, "That's it crew, this is the look I want!"

All afternoon, while I did my shore shots, I could hear their silvery laughter as they careened across the lake, having the time of their lives, and each time Todd yelled, "Perfect!", I knew that one of them had pulled a drooling Quasimodo face and my lovely ladies had delivered the joy and happiness that the photographers had asked for.

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The sun had just started to color the skies when I returned with Celeste on the deck boat after the final shoot of the day. Jules and Amanda were waiting for us with one of the execs from the boating company. They had taken their makeup off and Amanda, although looking more her age, still radiated an animal sexuality, quite angelically.

"James, this is Peter, he's VP of PR." We shook hands as Jules continued, "He's very generously offered to loan us one of the demo models, gratis, for a year. Isn't he sweet?"

"The catch?"

"We have to do another spread for him."

"That's it?"

"Yep, with an option to renew for another year."

"Sounds good - get it on paper and let's have our people look at it." We knew that meant Nicole.

He offered to show us the boat and we followed. I whispered, "Jules, how did you ever get a sweetheart deal like that?"

"Todd offered us a job - for the competition!"

"So you blackmailed Mr VP into giving us the boat as a retainer?"

"Aren't I devious? And, we get to try it out until nine tomorrow."

We passed by the food table left out for us and my stomach rumbled. I hastily shoved some sandwiches in my mouth.

The boat was the 26' cabin cruiser that Amanda lusted for. It was not a speed demon like the jet boat but it was big and roomy and could carry 10 and sleep 4 comfortably - twice that if they were REAL friendly.

The open deck had a bench seat and one set of back-to-back seats which folded down into what Peter called a "lounger", which was the nautical term for "beds for skinny contortionists".

I could see Amanda's eyes light up with the number of gages and displays in the elevated cockpit; it had autopilot, depthmeter, even a radar with integrated GPS and a VHF radio. In the center and down a couple of step was the roomy cabin with the funny bed and a dinette which converted to another double bed. There was a miniature bathroom and an equally tiny kitchen with a sink the size of a phonebook, a shoebox sized microwave and a little stove. It was like a dollhouse and the most charming thing I'd ever seen.

Peter was quite taken with Jules and had escorted her and Celeste to the stern, trying to impress them with the big-block DFI V-8 and 18" stainless steel propeller. I could see they were bored silly but were trying to be polite.

We sneaked back in the cabin and Amanda tugged my arm, "Let's go check it out..."

"Let's not - I find astroturf marks on your bum highly attractive." She punched me. I grabbed her hand and twirled her into my arms. I kissed her ear and she rubbed her butt and shivered against me. I could feel her hard nipples against my arms.

"Are you cold or turned on? I can't tell."

"Oh yeah, I get dripping wet when I'm cold. And I don't mean my nose either!"

"So you're not cold then?"

"No - you dolt, I'm horny!"

"Why didn't say so sooner? I'm no good at guessing these things!"

"You're no good at a LOT of things, my lovely sweetheart, but at some things, you're SUPERB!" She pulled me down over her and launched her tongue in my mouth. I was still busy ensuring her boobs were really all hers when the door opened.

"Oh geez, look at the two of you! Have you no shame? I virtually have to give the guy a blow job before he'd leave us alone and you two sneak in here for god knows what kind of sick, perverted things. That's the thanks I get!"

Amanda jumped up and hugged Jules, "Oh, Jules, it was horrible! He forced me in here and he did this..." she kissed Jules, "and then he did this..." she yanked Jules' suit down and started licking her breasts. Jules was moaning and crushing Amanda's face against her. They were busy tearing their clothes off when Celeste pulled me topside and closed the door.

"Let's get out of here before Peter comes back and finds out Jules is two timing him already."

I fired up the big engine as Celeste ran down to the buffet table and wrapped up the roast, sandwiches, and a jug of sangria. We took us out slowly as the two down below rocked the boat, and no doubt themselves. Celeste leaned against me as I showed her the controls and the autopilot.

Once clear of the inner bay, we opened her up and it was impressive how the big engine could haul almost 6000lbs to 40 mph in 10 seconds. The noise belowdecks increased accordingly.

I dropped anchor in the middle of our end of the lake. The sky was getting into the serious part of the twilight show as I sat with my arms around Celeste on the front deck of the boat. She leaned back on my shoulder and kissed me gently.

She sighed, "I never did say 'thank you' for being so good to me. It's been like a dream, a dream come true. I've experienced more love and loving than I ever thought possible... Thank you James - my true, true love."

"It is my pleasure, Celeste. And I love you. I think you are wonderful." We laid down on the sunpad and I stroked her face. "Knowing I'm sharing love with a smart, beautiful woman like you is such an honor and an amazing turn on!" We kissed.

I helped her slip out of her suit as I kicked mine off. She rested on my chest and held my penis, caressing it softly as I stroked her breasts.

"James, I've never imagined I could give so much of myself to one person and receive so much more in return. It's like I've learned to fly, and the sky is mine to explore... As long as I know you're there with me..." She leaned down and tenderly took me in her mouth, wetting me, then she pulled me on top of her.

"Make love to me, James, I want to feel you on me and in me..." And we added our rocking to the boat.

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We were coming down from a long drawn out climax when the two came up from the cabin.

"You guys have fun?" Celeste asked from under me, her legs still wrapped around my back, keeping me in her.

"How can we enjoy ourselves with you two pounding on the roof and screaming like the house was on fire?" Jules pouted and crossed her arms over her breasts - which sported a nice round hickey.

"It was terrible, James!" Amanda wedged herself next to us, "Jules forced me! First she did this," and reattached her mouth on mine, "and then, then... Oh, shoot, you don't have the right equipment!" She turned to Celeste.

"Celeste, your sister, she, she forced me! First she did this," and repeated her performance on Celeste, who was laughing and moaning at the same time as Amanda applied a trademark kiss on her. I could feel her cunt twitching on my cock and I started getting hard again. Amanda climbed under me and onto Celeste, still kissing her. I backed out and gave her perk ass cheeks a kiss.

"Hi sailor, want some company?" Jules slipped her hand on my growing cock and knelt to take it in her wet mouth.

"Jules, did Peter show you how to open up the lounge chair?" She hastily did and got on it.

"Remember to thank Peter properly tomorrow!" I said as I slid into her soft warm cunt.

"Ah, ah, you sweet thing!" Jules clasped me and started rocking under me. "God, it's so good! Thank you Peter!" She began shaking and squirming under me just as Celeste started grunting under Amanda's gentle caresses.

"Ahhh, so good, so good..." the sisters cried out as I added my moans to theirs.

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Bodies entangled on the deck, we munched on cold roast and drank sangria and watched the sun sink into the horizon, accompanied by its ever changing color guard. I was too content to move out of Jules' warm lap so Amanda took us back to the Eyrie.

Sara's new floating deck, stained dark brown to blend in with the surroundings, offered a weather protected mooring which was almost 40' deep and held the 'Jewel' perfectly. USS Dweebus would still be able to use the front area. I flicked the main light switch and the house was bathed in a warm, welcoming glow.

Jules and Amanda raced up the steps but Celeste stood on the dock, looking up with awe in her face; she clung to me when I put my arm around her.

"Do you know what genius it takes to create something like this? And he did it without a computer, not even a calculator! It makes me feel so insignificant!"

"But I'm sure he used whatever tools he had available. You have better tools now, use them and you just might surprise yourself." She leaned her head on me. "Celeste, I have faith in you!"

"Thank you, James. That means a lot to me. Thank you."

"Help me clean up and then let's go inside. It's been a long day and we have to return with the boat at nine tomorrow."

The girls were on the phone with Nicole, talking excitedly about their day. They handed it to me.

"Hi lover, I heard you had a busy day."

"It was fun, but I think the girls had an even better time."

"What happened to Amanda? She sounded very different!"

"Today Amanda found out what a tiger she is. She had sex with me in front of a stranger, told an over aggressive female to lay off, and gave all of us permanent hard-ons." Amanda twinkled and kissed me softly.

"I would've loved to have seen that!"

"Which part? The sex took less than ten minutes."

They all laughed, "We KNEW that!"

"And Jules really shined didn't she?"

"I think Jules likes to go around with her dumb blond routine then stick people where it really hurts." Jules glowed and Amanda hugged her. I pulled Celeste against me.

"In fact these two sisters came with all the factory options and then some. They're smart, gorgeous, and feel even better!" My hand left her breast and traveled down. "Hmmm, this one's soaked as well..." Celeste leaned on me and panted in my ear, pushing my hand into her groin.

"Let me talk to her!" I held the phone to Celeste.

"Ahhh, h-hi N-Nicole!" she quavered. "Yes.... Mmmmm, yes, Ahh... Ahhh... OK, Ahhh, ahhhhh..." She shook on my hand for a minute, then said, "S-sorry Nicole, can't talk anymore." She passed the phone shakily back to me.

"I'm helping Celeste christen her beloved Mueller house..." as Celeste slowly finished shaking and moaning against me. She looked at me and suddenly went to her knees and kissed my penis, sliding me in her hot wet mouth as I grew.

"Ahhhh, I think she wants to help me do some christening too!"

Nicole laughed throatily and said, "Maybe you can give me the details tomorrow when we get there."

"Ahhh, no time for details. Oooh, god, that feels good! She saw, she conquered, and he came! Ahhhh! Do it again! Ahhhh! That's all! Ahhhh..." The girls crowded around and supported me as I lurched into Celeste and shot, and shot again to my delighted moans. Warm bodies held me up as Celeste gently sucked me clean.

Still on her knees, Celeste looked up at me. She wiped a finger in her cunt, brought it up to her mouth to dribble sperm on it and drew a heart on the wooden floor. I knelt down and did the same thing; I stroked my finger in her moistness and collected a drop from her lips and drew a heart inside hers.

Jules and Amanda both repeated the process and we knelt, arms around each other, and watched silently until the liquid was absorbed into the wood.

"Bertram Mueller, wherever you are, I hope you are happy and I promise you, I will not let you down," Celeste said quietly. Outside, the night noises stilled. A sudden warmth enveloped us and as one, we shuddered and held on tightly.

"I think he heard you and he's saying thanks..."

Chapter 27

The sun was just over the horizon when I woke. Amanda was sleeping on my stomach and Jules was draped over my chest. On my other side, Celeste was sitting on the bed pulling on her jeans. She moaned softly as I slipped my hand under her sweatshirt.

"Morning, love," I whispered, "Where're you going?"

She leaned down to kiss me. "Good morning. I'm going to see the 'Wheel'."

"Wait, I'll come with you..." I gently deposited Jules and Amanda on the bed and they curled up against each other as I pulled my shorts on.

We went down the two steps to the landing where the stairs turned down to the living room. There was a low door set into the wall, made from the same dark wood as the house and difficult to notice.

It opened out onto a rocky path leading east, about 5 feet in from a vertical drop to the water 40 feet below.

The path went on another 30 feet to a cleared area some 50 ft across. In its center was a small cement block, 4 feet on a side and 2 ft high. Celeste took my hand and we walked up to it.

"The hub," Celeste stated, "Six feet foundation into bedrock. Mueller was planning to build a 40ft wheel here, with a small overhang over the ledge. There would have been a bedroom, a study, and a kitchen and dining area, and he could have added a second storey if he needed it." She hugged me and leaned her head on me, "And we're gonna make it happen, OK James?"

I nodded, speechless from the grandeur of Celeste's vision. Celeste sighed and looked dreamily around, the finished building taking shape in her head. I followed as she drew lines in the dirt.

"This is the entrance, the kitchen is to the right, and the living area on the left, where the best view is; we can put laminated polycarbonate all along here so we can really see out. We'll leave the bedroom out, that can go on the second floor, if and when we need it. Maybe two bathrooms, certain members like to hog it..." She smiled at me, her eyes twinkling.

"Oh and the best part!" She dragged me back to the hub, "We'll be able to put a central fireplace in the hub; that way, every room can enjoy it. Isn't that something?" I hugged her as she leaned against me.

"Where would Mueller have put the bedroom? You think?" I asked.

"Oh definitely here, he liked the morning sun..." I held her and kissed her, reaching for her breast as I pulled her down on me.

"Would you like to try it out for size?"

"Oh, you're incorrigible! Watch out, there're rocks here!" She pulled her sweatshirt off and wedged it under my head. She removed her pants and tried to fit me in her. "Ahhhh, dry..."

"Come up here..." She turned to allow me to lick her sweet sex as she sprawled over my groin and nursed my penis in her mouth.

"Uhhmm, I'm ready now..." She switched positions and nestled her hot tightness over me. Her golden hair flamed and lit her face up as she squatted over me and slowly inserted me in her.

"Ohhhh, yessss," as she began slowly moving over me in long, full strokes. Her breasts swayed and glowed where the sun's rays hit them. I reached out and she leaned so I could caress them as she looked tenderly at me and smiled. Slowly her eyes closed and she leaned on me as we shook in our rapture.

Later we stood hand in hand at the edge of the cliff. The lake laid at our feet and through the morning haze, we could see almost to the ocean. She shivered and I hugged her to me.

She whispered, "Oh James, it's so beautiful..." She kissed me. I held her as we watched the sun dissolve the mist and breathe life into the earth below.

It was past seven before we went back inside and woke the others for breakfast. I made sausages, eggs, and pancakes - I was getting so good in the kitchen I scared myself.

We were still eating when Nicole called from the car to tell us they were on their way. We had to hurry to meet them at the marina.

Amanda and I shared the captain's seat as she conn'd the cruiser. She took us out a bit and cranked in all 400 horses on the 8-liter engine, roaring us across the lake; she was tweaking the trim and tilt controls to milk every bit of speed out of the heavy boat. The hull was barely touching the surface and twitched with every wave or wake we crossed, which Amanda coolly handled.

I leaned in her ear and said, "You'd better not try anything funny, or I'll yank the 'deadman'!" I could tell she was trying to get us fast enough to do another gyro, but a 3 ton boat is not by any stretch of the imagination a good candidate to stand on its tail. Amanda blushed and pinched me.

Jules and Celeste were clutching each other in the other seat, hair flying and screaming their delight, not realizing how close they had come to an actual out-of-body experience.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, if 6000lbs of boat hurtling at 45 mph across a 20 mile timber strewn lake could be called uneventful, but, aside from swamping the boat ramps and the parking lot of the marina with our wake, Amanda got us there safely and in record time.

Mr VP was jumping up and down - he was either horrified Amanda was going to trash his precious boat or he'd found out about Jules and Amanda doing their thing in the cabin yesterday. At the very least he would be furious for having his silk suit soaked by the boat. Amanda was in for some heavy shit.

We tied up and sure enough Peter came charging towards Amanda, slowing only to gape at Jules before turning and waving this big billy club at us.

"Look at this! You were going 46.9mph!" The club was a radar gun he had been using to measure our speed as we came in. "That's 4 mph over our lab tests - and that was with a wet hull!" Meaning one that had been hand sanded and goop applied to minimize friction. He wanted Amanda to show him how she accomplished that.

Jules stepped in and said, "Peter, we can't allow our engineering staff to divulge their methods unless we have a firm contract in hand, you should know that!"

Fortunately, our legal department had just pulled in, who, after I had carefully kissed to verify her credentials, adjourned with Jules and a very befuddled VP of PR to his trailer.

I greeted Sara and Brenda with equal gusto but they appeared to prefer trading gossip with Celeste and Amanda to what I had in mind.

Todd trotted up and pulled me aside, "Are there more girls in your stable?"

"Just one more, she's away this week."

"And those two," indicating Brenda and Sara, "They know anything about boats?"

"Sure, they're good with boats and Brenda, the redhead, is a springboard diver and also water-skis." Todd's eyes glowed as I spoke, and he was rubbing his hands in glee when I finished.

"Er, I suppose I have to speak with JulieAnn about securing their services?" He scurried off before I had finished nodding.

"What was that about?" Amanda came up with the girls.

"Todd wanted to know if Sara and Bren are as easy as the two of you."

"And...?"

"I told him they're worse. Say 'hello' and they're spread-eagled on the ground!"

Amanda and Celeste started chortling and hugging each other as the other two looked on, bewildered.

"James, say hello!" Amanda yelled.

"Hello..."

Amanda and Celeste flopped on the ground, arms open and legs wide and bent, hips grinding lewdly, with a look of absolute lust on their faces.

"James... Please... I NEED you..." Celeste moaned, humping her groin at me. I started panting, I could almost see their heaving breasts and beckoning pussies through their suits.

Sara leaned against me, "God, that is OBSCENE! It's downright pornographic!"

Brenda backed up and ground her ass on me. "And I just soaked my panties!"

Kelly and a few of the photographers were standing at the breakfast table and a couple of them hurriedly went for their cameras.

"OK girls, get up before the police arrest you!" Reluctantly they let Sara and Brenda help them up, giggling weakly in their embrace.

"How do you train them to do that?" Kelly asked, awestruck.

"They're naturally talented, I'm just good at finding them and bringing it out of them..."

Amanda giggled, "James is too modest, he's worked long and hard to put it in us in the first place!"

"But only ten minutes at a time!" Sara laughed out.

Celeste came up and shouldered Kelly away from me; I leaned across and said, "And they're possessive as hell!" Celeste took the chance to grab my head and smother it in her breasts.

Kelly held up her hands, "Peace, girls, I wasn't trying to trespass, I'm just fascinated by your arrangements! And all of you..."

"We belong to him," Brenda stated as Sara nodded fiercely and, to prove her point, grabbed my face in a wet kiss.

Amanda went up to Kelly and started walking her to the makeup trailer, "Why don't you do your magic on Celeste and me and we'll try and explain it to you?"

Celeste released me and said, "Watch him, they're all after him and he's got no willpower. No freaking willpower whatsoever!" She looked at me sadly and turned away.

"What if I have to go to the bathroom?" I said as they each captured an arm with their bodies.

"Do you want me to aim for you while we go peepee, dear?" Sara blinked at me.

"I'll shake it for you, OK sweetie?" Brenda offered brightly.

They sat me on the ground, Brenda holding me from behind while Sara sat between my legs gripping my arms around her, surrounding me with their bodies. I sighed and made the most of my captivity.

They told me to tell them EVERYTHING about the previous day's shoot and I got to the part about Amanda's trick to make them laugh for the photographers.

"Wait," Sara giggled, "Was it like this?" she turned and pulled a face, uncannily similar to Amanda's. Brenda was draped over me, wheezing helplessly.

Sara and Brenda were still hanging on and laughing weakly when Jules and Nicole returned, with Todd and Peter following closely. I swear, if they had tails they would have been wagging them.

"Oh, Nicole!" giggled Sara, "Who does this remind you of?" And did her drooling face.

Nicole stared at her, looked at me, turned red and burst out laughing against JulieAnn's shoulder. They all started cackling and stamping their feet; as soon as one stopped, she'd look at me and start all over again.

I looked at the boys and gave them my "Women!" shrug and they shrugged sympathetically back at me.

Finally, Nicole wiped her eyes and came up to me, "Forgive me, my knight..." And gave me a long, soft kiss. By the time I regained consciousness, I had forgotten what I was supposed to forgive her for.

Todd was equally impressed, "Is she..."

"Nicole is his Princess!" Sara said proudly as Nicole leaned her head on me, hand across my stomach.

"Er, Nicole, you really should get into modeling!"

She shook her head, smiling, "I'm only interested in making one man happy," and rubbed my tummy.

All eyes turned to the trailer when Amanda stepped out. Despite having seen her in her splendor all day yesterday I was still transfixed by how mature and stunningly sexy she looked. The effect was universal, everyone stood wide-eyed as she slinked up to us.

Holding my face, she kissed me and whispered, "I want to fuck you." I started shaking and was ready to oblige her that instant but she had turned to the others and twinkled, "What's up? Did I miss anything?" Everybody started talking at once while Nicole held on to me and stared.

Jules went to get made up as Nicole filled us in. Peter's engineers would be rigging sensors on the cruiser and if Amanda could duplicate her trick of squeezing 4 mph out of the 'dirty' hull, they would hire her and JamPC as consultants to do long-term testing on their new models, starting with the 20' bowrider, which she could use until they sent her another one to evaluate.

Amanda was overjoyed, finally getting a chance to get a boat she could pull stunts on, and one that had 'loungers' instead of just astroturf.

"Can you add the fish package as well?" I said. Peter hurriedly agreed.

In addition, Amanda, Celeste, and Jules now had an exclusive contract as 'spokespersons' with Peter's company that included the cabin cruiser as a retainer.

"And Todd would like Sara and Brenda to do a shoot with him in two weeks. And James, you're going too!" Peter was crestfallen, he had no more aces up his sleeve and the girls had landed a lucrative deal with his competition.

I was then informed that my devastatingly good looks were no longer required for the shoot, so I took Nicole, Sara, and Brenda out in the Jet boat.

We went to the middle of the lake and dropped anchor. Nicole unwrapped her caftan thing and she had a white one-piece swimsuit underneath. I started applying sunblock on her, with both hands and most other parts of my anatomy.

Both Sara and Brenda had brought their suits separately and were helping each other change into them while lying, hopefully out of plain sight, on the bottom of the boat, complaining that the changeroom was too small and stuffy for both of them to use at once.

"Hello, James!" Sara called brightly.

"Er, hello!"

Like minks in heat they started squirming on the ground, arms and legs opened, pelvises pumping in an all-too-obvious invitation, grunting their lust. This time there was NOTHING covering their heaving breasts and wetly beckoning pussies.

Brenda licked her fingers and started rubbing herself. Sara ventured a finger in herself and gasped softly, looking at us through fiercely slitted eyes.

Nicole buried her face on my shoulder, "Oh my GOD, what ARE they doing?! I can't look!" And looked.

"Nicole... I want you..." Sara crooked a glistening finger at her and in a daze Nicole stumbled forward. Sara pulled her down in a kiss and Brenda ripped Nicole's suit smoothly off her, latching her face on Nicole's cunt. Their hands teased her breasts and nipples mercilessly as Nicole bleated and thrashed helplessly.

Sara pulled Nicole's face off hers. She looked at me and my quivering hard-on and licked her lips, "Are you perhaps waiting for an engraved invitation?"

In an hour, I had friction burns all over my body from the pounding it took on the astroturf. The girls were all stacked up on me and now and then one of them would moan and squirm around to find a better spot on my body.

Finally Sara dragged Nicole off and sank into a seat. Brenda was peacefully napping on me, her sweet little cunt still nestled on my chin. I moved Brenda to the bench where she'd done all her sleeping lately before I collapsed again.

"Can somebody call room service and get a couple of cold drinks?" Nicole moaned. "I need water!"

"What's wrong with the stuff all around you?"

"It's a LAKE! With THINGS in it!"

"Nicole - it's good clean water. I haven't peed in it since yesterday!"

"Ewww, gross! Now I can't even swim here anymore!"

"Nicole, you've got to get out more..." I helped her over to the tiny sink and she started gulping the lukewarm water directly from the tap.

"I filled it with lake water this morning." I grinned as she looked murderously at me.

Finally, we convinced her to go skinny dipping with us to get rid of all the goo that had crusted over our bodies. We had to cross-our-hearts-and-hope-to-die that we had never peed in the water and I promised her I would lick every drop of water that landed on her face. We splashed her a lot.

We laid in the sun to dry ourselves as Sara and Brenda tried to explain the bizarre 'Hello' incident to Nicole but all she could do was shake her head and blush wildly.

I was teaching them some of the more disgusting and depraved things we top models have to do to attain fame when we heard the throaty roar of the cruiser as Amanda powered it out of the shallow bay. We got clothed and followed on the Jet boat and I had to open up full throttle to catch up. After a 5 mile run in each direction, Amanda took the boat in.

Despite having gadgets attached to various parts of the boat and two love-struck engineers hanging all over her and despite not having my expert guidance, my Chip managed to clock in an average of 47.2mph, beating her previous record by .3 mph.

Peter was ecstatic, having proved his point that engineering knows nothing about building go-fast boats and that he hadn't given away company property for the wrong reasons.

The engineers were ecstatic as they had recorded Amanda's genius on their computers and they had charmed Amanda's phone number out of her - the one belonging to the Humane Society.

The shoot was a grand success and there was a big party for all the crew. A videographer was on hand as Peter made a speech and proudly handed keys to the boats to the beaming Jules and Amanda.

Todd shook our hands and said, "See you in two weeks, bring Sherri if she wants to get into modeling as well!"

Kelly took my hand and said, "You are one lucky fella. Take care of your lovely ladies!" I offered to show her my bruises but one look from Amanda stopped us cold.

Amanda's runabout, which she had already started calling the 'Gyro', had to be retrofitted with the fishfinder and trolling motor so we trooped on board Jules' 'Jewel'. We had repeated Celeste's trick of highjacking the food table so we had roast chicken, sandwiches, fruit salad, pop, a bottle of champagne, and a pump-keg of beer on board. Before we set off, we had to put in almost \$100 of gas, Amanda's antics having drained the tank on the boat.

Jules proudly gave us a tour. The cabin was surprisingly roomy; even with all of us in it, it was a cozy, but not tight, fit. Four could sit at the dinette and the others could lounge on the V-berth. The unconventionally high roof let us stand up straight and the wide windows let in lots of light and air. With the boat moving, it was breezy and cool. In port, we even had air-conditioning.

I set the autopilot for Sunset Cove at a leisurely speed and we started our celebrations.

Jules and Amanda took turns feeding me as we lazed on the berth. The hatch to the fore-deck was directly in front of us and I enjoyed watching the naked flesh as they wiggled in and out of the opening.

I was still marveling at Amanda's sudden, delightful growth spurt and found myself checking frequently for any signs of further development, using Jules' fabulous set as reference. Pretty soon I started getting ideas and JulieAnn took matters in hand, stroking me until I was hard.

"James? Can you help me christen the boat?" Jules said as she lowered herself on me. "The way Celeste did?" Amanda nestled against my shoulder and watched Jules slip herself slowly, dreamily on me, making me shiver in her tight warmth.

Jules shook and moaned as Amanda stroked her breasts, rocking me deep in her. Then Mandie slipped her hand between our wet coupling and squeezed me.

"Ahhhh, Jules... I'm close!" Quickly she turned around and sank her mouth on me, sucking and licking until I flexed and heaved and pumped in delight.

The others had all collected in the cabin and we watched as Jules wiped her liquid on a finger, added my spending and drew a heart on the cabin floor. One by one, we painted the unique signage on the boat.

I laid there, satisfied and content as six pairs of lips and hands wandered and left their tingling caresses on my body. And judging from the moaning, thrashing bodies around me, they were not limiting themselves to me.

All too soon the autopilot beeped and 'Jewel' coasted to a stop in front of Sunset Cove.

Sara blushed and wiggled with delight as we admired her handiwork. The new dock seemed custom made for 'Jewel' and it was big and roomy enough for us to sunbathe or fish from, while remaining almost invisible from the lake.

We cleaned up the boat and rushed into the house. Marjorie had obviously been there; there was fresh bread in the kitchen and an arrangement of wild flowers in the living room.

Everyone was eager to see the 'wheel' and, with Celeste as guide, we trooped out back to the clearing. We sat by the hub and talked about getting started on Celeste's plan to finish the 40-ft model.

Nicole hmm'd a bit, "It won't be cheap, but I've got a couple of angles I can work on - a number of construction companies have been using Mueller's inventions and they're way behind on the royalties. They'll love a chance to supply us with material and expertise as in-kind payment."

Jules nodded, "That's a good start, we should take a closer look into them. If we are to start manufacturing the 'wheel', we may want to buy into an existing building company. It's time we diversified - the stock market is kinda shaky right now..."

"Jules, do what you have to. Thanks to you, the seed fund is nicely in place. Sara, you can help Celeste with the design and a detailed bill of materials, you obviously have a good eye for these things. And Brenda can help Nicole start setting up a timetable for all this to happen."

"And what will you, oh noble leader, be doing while we are slaving away?"

"Aside from the daunting task of instilling strict discipline in a group of headstrong and willful young ladies, I will be dedicating my time and my considerable talents in the proper schooling of the young children here." I eased Amanda on my lap and demonstrated my hands-on approach.

Turned out the girls were experts in the field and, one by one, then later as a group, they contributed their ideas for supervisory care and shared the experience with us personally. And intimately, without sparing the rod.

Chapter 28

There was a fire-pit dug in the far edge of the clearing, still serviceable after cleaning, so I suggested we have a cookout there. Jules, Celeste and Brenda went back to town to get groceries, taking Amanda and Sara so they could pick up 'Gyro'.

I, as supreme commander, was given the critical job of collecting firewood and setting up the fire. Nicole, still in shock to find she could not order groceries by phone there, stayed to assist me.

I took Nicole to the forest's edge, where I had noticed cut logs, likely left there when Mueller cleared the area.

"Look," Nicole squeezed my hand, "There's something back here!"

The woodpile was built against the end of a long trailer, now almost completely overgrown and hidden. A door, when opened, revealed an immaculate workshop containing power and hand tools.

We took shovels and hacked a small path to a larger door further back. A crude hand painted sign over it said "The Eyrie".

The Muellers' one-time dwelling now stood empty except for a Franklin stove, a large table and some chairs. Despite the decades of disuse, the interior was dry and clean smelling.

"Can you imagine living here three years while they built the cabin?"

"God, I can't imagine living a month! I'm too much a city girl."

"Nicole, are you happy here?"

She hugged me, "I'm happy whenever I'm with you. I don't mind but I'll admit, things here take a bit of getting used to!"

"I want you to enjoy it as much as I do. We have so little time together as it is!"

"It's not that. I want to be with you, wherever you may want me, but I made a promise to finish my degree first." She looked at me and smiled, "I REALLY enjoy being with you..." I kissed her and she returned it warmly.

We closed up and went back to building the fire. I retrieved a hatchet and started making kindling.

We built a fire worthy of the scouts and stoked it with the prepared wood. The 16" full logs were heavy going and I was extremely glad to have Nicole's wonderfully packaged strength and stamina, although she spent much of that energy running from various microscopic lifeforms. We were sweaty and filthy and inordinately proud when we stood and admired our creation.

I told Nicole we had to wash up in the lake to conserve the pumped water in the house. I was scrubbing her delightful body when she screamed and clutched me, apparently something had brushed her foot and it was too slimy even to have been me.

I told her it was likely a fish from the schools of minnows darting about under the dock but she declared herself done with the 'weird' water here and pulled herself out.

I finished washing myself and our suits and she was lying on a pad sunning herself. She leaned up on her elbows and said, very quietly, "Say 'Hello', James."

I did.

Looking steadily at me, she pulled her knees up. Slowly a hand slipped down, her head falling back as she spread the lips of her sex, moaning softly. My heart was pumping wildly as blood filled my cock and aimed it at her wet open cunt.

I lowered myself in her and we moaned with the sensation. She felt boiling hot after the coolness of the lake and I started shaking uncontrollably. She bit my lip, whinnying in pleasure as we slowly fucked into each other, our tongues dancing wildly. Her warmth and tightness was coaxing my balls to give her my all.

I held back, forcing myself to slow, to prolong the sweet rapture, and she moaned her need, her nails digging in desperation. I left us quivering on the edge for an agonizing eternity before I let my lust drive into her depths and we moaned and shook and held each other in our shimmering climax.

Finally sated, we kissed, my body still humping in a vain attempt to recapture the ecstasy we had just shared. We kissed and she stroked my wet hair. Her smile drank me in, and I let myself sink in her embrace and love.

"Wow, that was some performance!" Jules and the others were clapping from her boat. "It was everything the advertising promised!"

"What advertising?"

"We saw this flashing beacon and we thought it was a ship in distress - until we drove up and it turned out to be his lordship's big fat ass." She paused and pointed, "Wow! Look at the moon..." Jules started sputtering and the girls collapsed on deck, laughing.

Nicole, still wrapped tightly around me, kissed me tenderly and caressed my back. "Don't mind them, my darling knight," she smiled dreamily up at me, still rubbing my back, "I will always love you." She slipped her hand lower, "And your big fat ass." She turned to Jules, "And I'd be extra sweet to him right now - or else he won't say 'Hello' to you! Mmmmm..." Her cunt squeezed me and she locked her ankles across my back.

Between giggles and obscene gestures, Brenda and Celeste quickly brought Jules up to date on our theatrics.

Amanda and Sara pulled in on 'Gyro'. "God, what an inspiring sight, our glorious leader screwing his brains out while his minions did all the work."

"He was saying 'Hello' to Nicole," Brenda said by way of an explanation.

"I guess he'd be even more useless than usual then!" Sara snickered.

They had caught five good sized fish and Amanda started cleaning them while Sara helped with the groceries and setting up the food. Nicole and I assisted by making gooly eyes at each other and inane cooing noises.

Finally Amanda's ribbing and our hunger made Nicole unlatch herself and we got up on shaky legs. She leaned on me and watched Amanda for a bit.

"I'm so happy and content, even watching Amanda gut fish doesn't upset me!"

"Here Nicole, try it!" Amanda handed her a dripping carcass and Nicole ran squealing up the steps.

Amanda and I had finished the fish and were cleaning ourselves up in the water when we were interrupted by a splash from around the lake. Moments later Brenda swam up - she had dived off the 40 foot drop from the clearing. We followed her up to watch.

I was getting weak-kneed just looking down the sheer drop and the clarity of the water made the bottom look all too shallow. Brenda did another of her beautiful swallow dives and the lump in my throat traveled to a lower part of my anatomy.

She came back up and looked at my awkwardness, eyes sparkling, "I'll bet you the view is better from the lake!"

"I'll bet you it is too!"

"Why don't you go in the lake and I'll give you a treat?" Smiling, she started pulling her bikini off. She stopped me when I turned to go down the steps and pointed to the ledge. I did not think I could ever lose an erection that fast.

"It's not that difficult, and the water's over ten feet deep," Brenda tried to explain. "Do a cannonball, with your big fat ass, you'll probably bounce over the water..." After they had their little laugh, they all looked at me, challenging my manhood, which at the moment was nowhere in sight.

"If I die, will you mourn for me?"

"We'll all come to your funeral and cry miserably," Sara said soothingly, "With our new boyfriends."

I took a few deep breaths, knowing it would be a long time before I had air, if ever, again. Then I took a flying leap off the edge, a scream tearing itself from my throat and, as I curled myself up, my balls completely disappeared inside my groin. There was time for me to finish my yell and take another shuddering breath before I hit the water.

As predicted, I landed on my butt but I smashed through the water and it hurt! I swam around to get the butterflies out, cursing Brenda loudly as they laughed and clapped their hands.

Suddenly a little wraith in a yellow bikini shot over the bluff and screamed her way down to plow in feet first. She was followed by Jules in a very creditable dive and then Sara, who just walked over the edge and plunged in, casual as can be. Celeste and Nicole were conferring with Brenda and finally, Celeste bounced off and bombed us.

Nicole looked down at us, "I have no idea why I'm doing this - must be something in the water!" and dove in smoothly. She was shivering and smiling broadly as she swam up and clutched me.

Brenda went and stood at the edge, naked, concentrating. She looked like a fiery-haired goddess the way the sun lit her up. Gradually, almost in slow motion, she allowed herself to fall forward, bending her knees as she did. She was almost parallel to the water before she kicked herself away from the rocks.

She pulled her outstretched arms in and turned her body 180 degrees in a half-twist, then her arms re-extended over her head as she angled for the surface. For long seconds, she was suspended in mid air, her tight muscles tensing her breasts and thighs. She knifed into the water and twisted back towards us. We clapped and cheered - it was a remarkable sight.

She swam up to me and I hugged her, "That was something else! You were wonderful!" She smiled proudly and kissed me softly. We swam back to the dock.

"Bren," Celeste said, "We're gonna put a dive platform up there when we build the 'wheel'." She had planned a patio on the east side of the structure and it could be extended to go over the lake itself. "Then you can teach us how to really dive!"

Afterwards we showed them Mueller's trailer and together we cleared a wider path and hoisted the table out for Sara's potatoes, salad and a wonderful tasting purple-and-brown vegetable dish called ratatouille.

To help Nicole get used to our 'weird' lake, Celeste contributed spiked 'Swamp Water' and we watched as Nicole forced a mouthful down. She had the most alluring grimace on as she grabbed her own throat and staggered drunkenly.

"Arggggh! It's poisoned!" She took a few more tottering steps, then pointed an accusing finger at me, "and it tastes like his come, just with sugar!" before collapsing in my arms. She looked up at me and smiled, "Actually, your come tastes better!" And winked.

With that, there was a general rush to try out Celeste's concoction. With much smacking of lips and retching noises the little connoisseurs discussed my bouquet and the worst tasting times of the day.

I tried a glass and it was quite good. I tried a couple more. By then all my angels had a nice rosy glow about them.

"Celeste," I announced, "I'm glad we spent all that time making sure you got the taste just right. It was worth it." We raised a toast.

"Who would've thought those long hours on my knees could be so productive... figuratively speaking, I mean. But," she shook her head, "I sense something's not perfect. I could do with another taste test." She started reaching for me.

"Celeste, we shouldn't have to tire James out," Nicole smiled disarmingly, "I must have over a gallon of his stuff swimming in me already. I'll gladly share it with you," and steered Celeste over to her.

"Can we at least get fed first? You guys have too much sex on your brains," Sara declared and pointed me to the fire.

To a chorus of "Light My Fire" and with much fanfare I produced a solitary match and struck it. Thanks to the judicious application of the naphtha fuel I found in the workshop, the fire lit perfectly and soon was crackling merrily and warming us, much to the delight of the girls. It was nice to be adored.

Dinner, in a word, was superb. We laid around the flickering fire and fed each other, licking up crumbs off our bodies. We grilled steaks and fried fish filet. We ate potatoes baked in hot ash and charred marshmallows. We celebrated the indescribable beauty about us with our laughter and love.

Afterwards Sara brought out puff pastry and ice cream and an enjoyable mess was had by all. The girls did the volcano trick and, with them squeaking and moaning their encouragement, I had to lick up all the 'lava' running off their peaks, which necessitated a quick dive in the rapidly cooling lake to get the stickiness off.

Soon we started cleaning up as it was nearing sundown and Nicole had to go back to her studies. Celeste was also starting her at-home Architecture degree and both Jules and Brenda had exams to prepare for.

Sara, Amanda and I waved from the patio as 'Jewel' sailed away into the sunset.

We had hot chocolate and we nestled closely in a sleeping bag and watched the sun set over the awe-inspiring vista.

"Thank you, James, for a very lovely day," Sara said as she hugged an arm and kissed me softly.

"Same here. I cannot tell you how happy I am." Amanda laid her head on my chest and rubbed my tummy.

"Wait," I gloated, "It's not over yet. There is one more thing and you're gonna love it!"

"Don't flatter yourself, I've had it and it's only so-so," Sara scoffed.

"Really? He told me he's in the Guinness Book of Records!"

"Oh? As the Most Talkative?" They started snickering.

"No, as the Fastest Gun in the West!" They were beside themselves with laughter, covering their heads and cackling under the sleeping bag.

"Hmmp, I see you are not interested in my special presentation. I'll save it for a more appreciative audience then!"

Amanda's big blue eyes peered out from under the covers. "Oh, James, don't be mad. You know we're interested in EVERYTHING you have to show us!"

"Even if it's perverted and disgusting," Sara added.

"Would it be? You think?"

"Undoubtedly. He'll relish forcing it on us; he's got us alone, miles from help, totally defenseless... Exactly where he wants us..."

"Ooooh, I never thought of that. We can't possibly fight him. Maybe if I sacrificed myself, while he's busy violating my body, you could use the chance to escape..."

"Oh Amanda, you're such a dear, but I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I let you do that. No, I will let him ravage my innocence and you can find safety."

"Sara, oh Sara, my beautiful sister. It appears we are destined to suffer the same demeaning fate in his hands. Perhaps, together we can help each other face up to it, perhaps even to tolerate it!" Amanda slithered over me and hugged her sister in strife. They spent several moments comforting each other with soft kisses and caresses. Then Amanda oozed back to her spot on my side.

"Sorry... Got carried away," she said, not sounding sorry at all.

"Can I proceed now?"

"Yes, by all means, proceed." Sara slipped up close.

"Now, ladies, for tonight's extravaganza, I'll need you to close your eyes."

"...And open our mouths?" Sara suggested helpfully.

"Well... ah, no... At least not yet..." I panted. "Ready?"

I got up, switched off the lights and slipped back in their embrace, "OK! Open your eyes!" as I uncovered their faces.

"WOW!" they echoed each other.

Night had fallen and overhead the stars filled the sky with a blanket of brilliance. Away from the city lights, we could see millions upon millions of them; more stars than could be imagined and they glowed and danced as we gaped in wonderment. The girls shivered and held on to me, eyes riveted heavenward.

I showed them the Pole Star and the Big Dipper, the Mother and the Baby Bears, and showed them how to look for satellites.

I showed them the shimmering band that was the Milky Way, stretching diagonally horizon to horizon.

"See that bright star just next to it? That's the daughter of the Emperor of Heaven. One day she went to the Heavenly River, and there she met a lowly shepherd. And of course they fell in love.

"The Emperor was very angry, so he banished the Shepherd - that's the other bright star on the opposite bank.

"The princess was distraught and begged and begged her Father. Although he was moved he could not take back his command. So each year, on the seventh day of the seventh moon, he sends all the crows in the world to the river and they form a bridge for the lovers to meet for one night.

"And it always rains the following day - from the tears they shed, both in joy upon meeting and in sorrow as the crows fly away for another year. And you'll notice some birds with feathers worn off their head from being walked on." The girls hugged me tightly. "And the rest of the year, they just look longingly across the river. And wait..." We sighed.

"Ohh, that was lovely. I wouldn't want to be them, though. So lonely..."

"I don't want to be the crows either. The two were probably making out on top of them to have rubbed all their feathers off."

A comet streaked across and we all made a wish.

Amanda reached down and held me, "Gosh! My wish is coming true!"

"So I should be getting mine too!" Sara breathed, "When are you going to start your perverted and disgusting things on us?"

"Er, I forgot whose body I should ravage and whose innocence I can violate!"

They proceeded to go to some considerable lengths to make sure I had the facts straight.

As tender bodies cuddled me and warm flesh enveloped me, I too got my wish.

Chapter 29

I woke when Sara started squirming out of the sleeping bag. It was just getting light out.

"Hey..." I smiled at her.

"Hey..." Her eyes softened and she gave me a quick kiss. "Bathroom! Cold!" she whispered as she ran naked into the house.

Amanda was still nestled over my body, head resting on my chest under the bag. I stroked her soft hair and she murmured something before settling into sleep again.

Sara came back out with her short dress on. She knelt next to us and kissed me, "Do you want breakfast? Or later... Mmmm." She closed her eyes as I ran my hand up her thigh. She had nothing on underneath.

She let me pull her over my face. I kissed her light down covered pussy and licked her.

"Ohhhh," she breathed, "Ohhhh." She started shaking and dropped down on her arms, slowly pumping her pelvis as I tongued her wetness and ran my hands up her ass. She shivered and grunted with a soft climax, holding my face against her. Slowly as I tasted her with my tongue and caressed her back, she shook and came again.

"Stop, James. I'm too sensitive!" She crawled off me, still panting softly.

"How can a girl get any sleep around here with people poking her in the belly and making rude noises?" Amanda wiggled herself up my erection and slipped herself over it.

"Argh, tight. Don't move..." she moaned, then she reached up and slow kissed me. "Eccch, morning breath and cunt. What a combination!" She rolled off and placed my hand on her sex, then she reached for Sara and pulled her down for a warm kiss. "Mmmmm, you taste good!" She started getting wet and began slipping herself over my hand.

"And you taste of little girl and sex." Sara smacked her lips, holding Amanda's face, "How are you today my sweet?"

"Happy. Loved. And Hungry." Amanda kissed Sara's palm and attacked my hand in earnest as Sara dashed back to the kitchen.

Amanda was moaning and wheezing and shaking as she forced my finger in her when Sara stuck her head out, "Breakfast - or do you want to wait?"

"N-no, gimme a sec!" Her shaking slowly stopped and she patted my cheek, "Sorry dear, gotta go pee!" She pecked me and ran off, her tight ass and boobies flashing.

"Do you want to do something about that?" Sara pointed to the tent I was making in the fabric.

"No - can't come." Sara looked curiously at me while I stood and, as the cold hit me, my hard-on flagged. I climbed on the low rock wall, wet my finger and tested the air. Then I let a stream go and we watched the breeze carry it to the rocks and water below.

Sara was leaning on the house, holding her stomach and laughing like a maniac. She pointed at me, "You're SO gross!" and laughed some more.

I shook myself and hopped back down.

"Eewww, don't touch me! That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!" She skipped out of my path. "Go wash your hands!" as she pushed me to the kitchen sink.

Amanda came downstairs and grabbed Sara in a kiss. "See? We both taste like little girl and toothpaste now!" Sara started whispering to Amanda and they looked at me.

Amanda skipped up to me and waved my cock at Sara, "You mean this? See, I don't mind!" and knelt.

"Oh, yuck!" Sara hid her face in my back as Amanda made slurping and kissing noises against me.

"Hey, you're not even touching him!" Sara's curiosity made her peek around me and realize that Amanda was kissing and licking her own arm. "I can do that!"

"Oh yeah, do this!" This time Amanda took me in her mouth and pumped me deeply before pulling off.

Sara came around and grabbed me and slipped me in, slashing her tongue around and said, triumphantly, "No biggie! I can do it too!" and waved my biggie at Amanda.

"Of course, after I did the hard part!" Sara sniffed and sank her mouth back on my hard part.

"Hey, what about breakfast?"

Sara pulled off and said, "It'll keep. We made him all excited. We should finish it..." And pumped her mouth down on me.

"S-Sara's right... It's only fair..." I sighed and helped her swallow more of me.

Amanda hugged me and caressed Sara's hair, "I can't believe the girl cares more for you than her starving sister!" She paused, "Sara, you don't have to make it so good for him. Just make him come and then we can go eat real food." Sara looked at us and went on pumping me slowly in her mouth, weaving her tongue over me. Amanda sighed, then she knelt down and began moving her hand on the shaft. Then she started licking my balls.

"Oh god! Oh my god! Ahhhh!" I moaned and clutched them to me as I shook and pumped into Sara's mouth. Sara swallowed noisily as I pushed myself in her and gasped my pleasure. After a few spurts, Sara pulled back and Amanda took over, sucking and milking me until I was empty. I was gasping and swaying on my feet.

Sara stood and held me, "James, are you OK?" I was shaking hard and couldn't even speak.

Amanda kissed my cock and stood up, "See, even your precious boyfriend is faint from hunger! Can we get food now?" They led me to the sofa and Sara rushed back in the kitchen. Amanda held my head to her breasts and stroked my chest as I caught my breath and waited for my blood to find its way back to my brain. I was nodding off to the soft caresses when Sara announced breakfast.

She had made omelets with the leftover steak, served inside puff pastry, with home fries on the side. After my third helping I declared myself full.

"That's good, because there is nothing left to eat!"

Amanda rubbed her tummy and sat back contently. She had two helpings herself. "Thank you Sara. It was delicious." Sara beamed and kissed her.

"Yes, Sara, that was marvelous. Thank you very much, my love," I said sincerely, although I was thanking her for two things.

She smiled, "I'm glad you liked it, I love you." She knew.

"And I love you both," Amanda kissed us, then took our hands, "Now, let's go boating!"

I hurriedly washed up as the girls cleared the table and stocked 'Gyro' with the essentials. We put on our swimsuits and I made sure we had extra life jackets.

Sara and I sat huddled on the stern as Amanda did her circles and figure-8's, and of course the gyro. We were clutching ourselves and screaming in terror as Amanda struggled to keep the powerful boat hopping on its tail, wearing out the transmission and our nerves.

A couple of other boaters were attracted by the noise and they drove up to watch our acrobatics. Amanda got a riotous ovation and she stood on the seat and took a bow. They were curious so we told them we were practicing a new stunt for our show at the water park. I assured them cowering in fear was part of the act as well.

Afterwards Amanda took us to our fishing spot by the reeds. They showed me the two traps that they'd sunk there the day before. The first had a couple of fair sized crabs and the second had a big blue crab and the remains of two small ones it had dismembered.

"Yuck!" the girls agreed.

"So, the question is, do we have them for lunch or do we let them go?"

"After the breakfast we just had, how can you even think of lunch? We can save them for dinner, can't we?"

"Not tonight, I'm taking you girls out to dinner!"

"Why?" asked Sara.

"No reason, although if you MUST have a reason, ask Amanda." Sara looked at her.

"Because..." Amanda fidgeted and in a whisper, "Because we're his good little cocksuckers..." They both turned red and, as Sara buried her head in Amanda's neck, they began laughing.

"You guys are the sickest people around!" Sara declared, after she caught her breath, then she looked at Amanda, "Er, is there a time limit? I mean it WAS this morning..."

"That's OK, as long as it's the same day," Amanda stated with authority, "But, I probably can't go..." She looked concerned, "I just did that little bit... At the end..." She looked at me, "James, does that mean I only get the leftovers?"

We burst out laughing and flopped around the boat. The girls were hugging me and cackling madly. I choked and my tears were streaming all over my face. The crabs clicked their claws and looked at us like we were crazy. And we were, crazy in love.

After we collected ourselves we let the crabs go, but not before a finger-wagging lecture for Big Blue not to cannibalize any more of his mates. Then we broke out the fishing gear.

We had our Kodak moment the first time Amanda cast her lure towards a clump of weeds and a large-mouth bass leapt up to snag it in mid air. It was everything the travel brochures had ever promised, with the added bonus of a screaming, excited little girl being quite thoroughly kissed after she pulled it in.

We had caught 6 nice fish before the sun became too hot and the fish disappeared. So we went into the deeper channel and I rigged a heavy rod in the rod-holder and trolled slowly as we sunbathed and looked for congregating birds that signaled feeding fish.

Suddenly the fishfinder beeped and the rod was pulled almost at right angles while the line started whining through the drag. The girls were screaming and jumping up and down as I started the retrieve. The rig had hefty 20lb line on it so I could really work the fish - at least a 10-pounder by the feel.

Sara took over after it danced on the surface once and dove back down. By the time Amanda took the rod, it had traveled almost the width of the lake. It was still almost too much for her as it constantly threatened to pull her overboard. I ended up holding her in my lap as she fought the monster to the boat.

Sara scooped it in the net and we'd barely managed to drag it into the boat when the hook just slipped out of its mouth. We had landed a 13lb steelhead trout that was over 30 inches long, barely fitting in the cooler.

After another quick dip to cool ourselves, we sailed back to the house to get ready for lunch, taking a detour up Rainbow Head, aptly named for the activities that ensued. Amanda earned a well-deserved invitation to dinner and got 'Gyro' christened at the same time. Sara also squeezed extra desserts out of me.

We cleaned the fish and froze the smaller ones. Sir Jumpalot, so named because of its hyperactivity, contributed 'salmon' steaks, which were fried and served in a coriander-butter sauce and consumed with great relish.

I informed the girls that they would be dining at a restaurant in the city and their faces fell.

"We have to go back home?"

"I thought we'd stay a few more days!"

"Different city - we're gonna SAIL there and stay overnight!"

Awareness dawned in their eyes. "So we're taking 'Jewel' there, aren't we?"

"Won't it be a long trip?"

"It will be a 2 to 3 hour trip - we'll go through the lock by the dam."

What followed was a mad rush to clean up and to pack our stuff on to 'Gyro' as I called Max at the marina to have 'Jewel' readied.

In less than an hour, a freshly provisioned and gassed up 'Jewel' was fully loaded and we were on our way down the river. Max had even managed to install the extra cell phone I had purchased. 'Jewel' now bristled with antenna and other very impressive hardware.

We had our first close look of the fisheries operation where I asked for and got chum, which was just offal from dead fish mixed with oil and refrigerated; but the frantic upstream migration had all but ended.

We watched with interest as the lock cycled us through; pumping water in to raise the water to lake level, admitting us, then emptying the water so that we could be let out the other side, some 25 feet below.

I had the girls stay at the control with the map so they would be able to navigate back upstream if the need arose. I also had the GPS automatically track all major changes of direction and speed. In the close waterway, radar was virtually useless for details.

Wild vegetation on the shoreline soon gave way to lush green fields of wheat, rice and cotton, with stands of fruit and palm trees scattered among them. Then we rounded a bend and we saw our first monster mansion with its finely manicured garden. For the next 20 miles, it was one gigantic lot after another.

"I had always thought Nicole's house to be big, but these suckers are HUGE!" Sara breathed as we passed a colonial house with pillars a hundred feet tall with overflowing gardens and a lawn that stretched to the horizon. It even had a marina of its own that included a floatplane. A couple enjoying drinks under an air conditioned pavilion waved to us.

The left bank of the river became marshy and a sign proclaimed it a protected habitat. Egret, ospreys and even the occasional bald eagle soared overhead, accompanied by the ever-present seagull. Once a large eagle plummeted into the water about 50 feet away and Amanda whispered, "...Like a thunderbolt he falls..." as it powered away, a fish in its talons.

Gradually the serene estates were replaced by smaller homes, until they became high rise building and offices. There too, the river traffic became heavy. We had to wait twenty minutes for a tug pulling 6 long barges to navigate a turn off before we could proceed.

We passed under 2 bridges choked with rush-hour traffic and we waved to the drivers waiting patiently to go home. Most of them waved back and some even blew their horns. There was more horn blowing and good-natured cat calling when we passed under the bridge and the girls stood in their bikinis and did an impromptu bump and grind for them. A traffic cop even followed us for a bit.

We had decided to have a late dinner and do some sightseeing while it was still light out. We pulled into the marina near the restaurant and, while we took on more fuel and fresh water, I went next door and made a reservation for dinner.

When I got back, a group of half a dozen teenaged boys had collected under the boat and the girls were sitting on the foredeck chatting and signing autographs. Apparently the TV station had shown a cut of their routine under the bridge and rumor was that they were part of a movie shoot up state. To give their fans more goggling time, I went to the marina office to arrange for slip space. I got the VIP treatment when they realized that some movie stars, as yet unnamed, would be staying over in their luxury yacht.

The girls cheerfully waved goodbye to the boys as I cast off.

"Oh, the price of fame!" complained Amanda and tossed her hair imperiously as we sailed out the open harbor.

"I know the feeling," Sara commiserated, "You try to be nice to the little people and they MOB you!" Their faces were flushed and there was no mistaking their excitement.

"Wait, let me guess. Your nipples are hard and your noses are not running. I got it! You girls are horny, right?"

"Perhaps... Play your cards right and we MAY let you find out!" Amanda chuckled my chin and kissed me softly.

"With your tongue!" Sara amended, grinning, but then the smile faded and she looked at Amanda, "Please, Mandie, can you take the wheel, please?"

She took my hand and rushed us down the cabin and on the berth. She pulled my cock out and stuck her mouth on it as she kicked her briefs off. Five seconds later she was squirming on me.

"Ohgod ohogod ohgod," she breathed as she slipped herself wetly on me, her hot cunt squeezing my erection deliciously. I held her hips and helped her fuck herself on me, her hands entwined in my hair.

Sara reached behind and unhooked her bra and leaned so I could hold her breasts, arching her swollen nipple into my palm.

"Oh god. Uh, uh, ohhhh," she breathed in release, eyes closed tightly. Her moans slowed, "James, do me..." as she urged me on top of her.

"I'm so horny, James. Please!" Her hands gripped my ass and pulled me fully in her. I started pumping and she squeezed me with her cunt, "Ohhhh, James... James, ahhh, so good..." I increased my pace and she moaned her encouragements.

I pounded into her hot slick cunt and she thrashed and groaned out in a series of little tremors. I held her tight little ass and fucked into her as she wrapped herself around me.

Amanda must have cleared the inner harbor as she opened up the throttles. The boat lurched and shook as it met the swells and Sara started moaning and shaking under me, clamping her limbs tightly around me. She held my ass and humped herself against it as she wheezed out her orgasms. Her lips found mine and she snaked her tongue in as I grunted and poured my seed in her churning depths.

Our soaked bodies were still locked together and shook with the occasional tremor as I turned us on our sides. I smoothed her wet brow and kissed her nose.

She smiled up at me and kissed me on the mouth.

"Hey..." We looked into each other.

"Feel good?" I kissed a soft nipple and she moaned.

"I feel so good... and so nasty!" She hugged me, "I'm afraid of what I'm becoming! It's like I'm hooked on sex!"

"It's because your lovely body - all our bodies in fact, are designed for sex, to procreate. Humans are the only animal that can have sex continuously as soon as we reach maturity." I kissed her some more. "There's nothing wrong with enjoying a most natural act when it's shared with someone you love."

She held my face, "I'm glad you feel that way. You should know that I only feel sexy when I'm with you." She rolled on top of me and whispered in my ear, "I love you and I will only want sex with you!" She pulled her head back and looked at me, "OK?"

I held her face, "OK." We kissed for a long time.

Sara gave Amanda a soft smile when we went out, "Thank you my dearest Mandie! I love you!"

Amanda looked at us, "Ah, young love! So sweet, so innocent!" And returned a kiss that was anything but innocent.

We got drinks and snuggled in the captain's chair. The shore was now a long continuous strip of white sandy beach, dotted with umbrellas and cabanas. In the background were hotels and high-rises.

We were ten miles out in the open sea, far away from the noisy beach-goers and their PWCs, surfers and sailboarders. Except for an occasional sailboat or steamer, we were alone.

We watched gulls and egrets soar, competing for supremacy in the cloudless sky. Once a school of dolphins broke surface and allowed us to sail with them for a mile or so before turning and disappearing into the depths.

As the sun started to set, we turned back to the harbor. I took a shower in the tiny bathroom and got dressed for dinner.

The girls took their time getting ready and I was tying up at the marina before they came out.

The days in the sun had given them smooth tans and their hair shimmered with sun-bleached highlights. Amanda had done their faces a little and she had obviously learned a lot from Kelly - they looked sophisticated and worldly but glowed with an innocence that begged to be ravished.

They both wore the white ankle-length dress that Nicole had made for them, and I could just make out white bikinis inside. All very presentable but I kept getting the urge to rip them off their bodies. They smiled happily when I bowed and kissed their hands as I handed them from the boat. They even had modest 2" heels which they put on just outside the restaurant.

Their effect on the restaurant crowd was electric. We were greeted with stunned silence, then everyone started buzzing and it did not stop until long after we were seated at our corner table.

I ordered bottled water all around. It had been a long hot day in the sun and they were already high from the attention they were getting, from quick glances to outright ogling.

We shared oysters and clams in the shell for appetizers and we tried raw salmon, sashimi style, from the sushi bar there.

Sara had a steamed crab because she wanted to learn how to prepare them in the shell. Amanda tried crawdad jambalaya and I had the stuffed grouper, in case we wanted to make it as well.

We did not speak much, happy with the company and content with soft lingering looks and fleeting touches.

Dessert was a glass bowl containing a scoop of every flavor ice cream that existed. I relented and allowed a glass of Riesling Ice-wine for each of us.

We plowed through rocky road, boysenberry, licorice twizzler, grass mountain and I was struggling with the last bit of honeydew-marshmallow ice cream when a teenager came and asked for our autographs which the girls very graciously gave. He even asked and got mine as an afterthought.

The girls' eyes glinted and Sara sighed, "We've come a long way, haven't we? A month ago, I would've been so thrilled to GET an autograph, even from a nobody. Now I'm GIVING them, even if we're still nobodies."

"There's a secret, Sare. How other people see you depends on how you see yourself. Confidence is the greatest draw."

"And the fact that you are gorgeous, with a bod that says 'Eat Me!', could have something to do with it as well!" Amanda grinned, then she took my hand, "You're marvelous too. In a nobody sort of way." And kissed my palm.

Sara reached over and took her hand, "You, my beautiful Amanda, are the loveliest, sweetest person I've known. I feel beautiful just being around you." Then she turned to me, whispering, "And you, I love you." Her eyes got misty as our fingers touched lightly.

We paid the bill and Frank, the proprietor, came and introduced himself. "There's a couple of photographers outside asking for you." His face took on a sneer, "Paparazzi. Do you want to meet them?" We shook our heads. "Come this way then, please."

He took us down a corridor and through a side door and out to a wide busy plaza. I shook his hand and he gave me a card, "Next time call this number and ask for me." I thanked him and he bowed over each of the girls hands. He didn't even ask our names.

Arm-in-arm we sauntered past the gas-lit square, peering into shops and cafes. The noise drew us to a street carnival and there were street jugglers and tightrope walkers and fire-eaters and we clapped and cheered madly.

The girls had taken their heels off so we found a horse drawn carriage to take us around the block and back to the marina.

It was getting quite dark as we tied up at our assigned mooring, in the middle of a secluded part of the marina.

We were bone tired so we just washed up and cuddled in the cozy little cabin and allowed the gentle waves to lull us to sleep.

Chapter 30

I sat with a coffee watching the shrimp boats sail in with their morning catch. A chill was still in the air but there were no clouds and it looked like another fine day ahead. I savored my solitude and quietly gave thanks for my many blessings.

The girls had been dead to the world when I woke and I wanted them to get as much rest as they could - the last few days had been pretty hectic, and the extended bout we shared after they woke me with hands and lips late the night before could not have helped.

The boat traffic was picking up so I took 'Jewel' out of the harbor into the open sea, stopping only to take on water and gas. I hailed a shrimper and bought 3lbs of large fresh cooked shrimp and a half-quart of spicy dip.

I sent the boat moving seaward and was snacking on them when Sara came topside. She had her no-underwear dress on and I got hard immediately, a fact she did not miss when she straddled me to give me my morning kiss.

"Mmmm, good morning my BIG sweetie!" She reached between us and held me softly. "Can we wait? I want to do it inside." She grinned impishly, "I'm afraid I'll bring the coast guard on with my screaming."

"Screaming? I've not noticed... Er, you'd better stop what you're doing, I'm not that far away..." I bit her lip.

"I thought you couldn't come in the morning!"

"No, I couldn't yesterday because I had to pee first. This one's very real," I assured her sincerely.

She let go and put her arms around my neck, "Do you want to wait? Or..." She came to a decision. "Oh hell, we'll just have to try and keep the noise down."

She slipped her hand inside my pants and gripped me. I moaned against her neck as I kicked my shorts off.

"You're not going to waste it on my hand, are you? Oh, oh, ow, oh, good!" she breathed as she nestled herself down on me. She was hot, wet and so very, very tight.

"God, you're big!" she grunted, resting her head on my shoulder.

"I AM a growing boy!" She laughed weakly and bit me as she gingerly worked herself on me, taking small strokes but not letting me get any deeper.

"Oh, oh, oh..." she shook and pulled on my hair. "Just touching you is driving me nuts!" she moaned and shook some more.

"Here, try this first..." I lifted her up so that her knees rested on my shoulders and her little cunt was mouth level.

"What a way to sail the seas... Ah, shit, that's good! Ahhh..." Sara shook and clutched my hair as I tasted her sweetness.

"Ohhh, god! So good!" she moaned and squirmed on my face. Her little sex squeezed my tongue and dripped on me.

"Ohh, James, s-stop. Ohhhh! Stop! I want you to do me... now! I want you to fuck me!" she grunted hoarsely.

She threw her head back, screaming noiselessly, and gripped my neck as she dropped her hot and wet cunt on my cock. She shook wildly as I bounced her on my lap and she hunched forward to rub against me.

I grabbed her face and locked our mouths together as we screamed and fucked into each other. We shook and grunted and I sprayed into her tightness, forcing her hips down on me.

She was hanging on my shoulder and rubbing her sex on me, moaning and gasping shakily. I put my hand on her hips and helped her move on me. I was still hard.

"Stop, James, I can't - too sensitive. Sorry!" She clutched my neck and kissed it. "And we should wait for Amanda." She looked towards the cabin, "I cannot believe she slept through all that!"

"She's tired, let her sleep. She really is still very young..."

"Yeah, she just acts so grown up, it's hard to remember that sometimes." She nestled her head on me and purred happily as I kissed her neck and ear.

She giggled as I finally slipped out of her and felt our stuff leaking all over my leg and the chair.

"Mmmm, I'm too comfortable to move," she murmured. "Even if we're surrounded by the Coast Guard."

"If that's true, they'd be applauding by now!"

She giggled. "As long as we don't have to do an encore... I'm wasted! And I'm sore inside." She looked up and smiled, "But in the best possible way."

She held my face and looked at me, "I'll do anything for you, James, I love you." We kissed softly, for a long time.

I fed her a shrimp and showed her how to tear off the head and squeeze the succulent meat out of the shell with the front teeth, avoiding having to shell them.

We shared a dozen shrimp and many more kisses, "Do you want to try and catch lunch?" She nodded.

We were about a mile from the mouth of the harbor and well away from the shipping traffic. She sat with a drink and watched as I climbed over the rear deck with a bucket of chum. Carefully I unsealed it.

"Arghhh! Now I know why it's called offal - it smells just AWFUL!" Sara held her nose.

"But to the fish, it's the best dinner gong there is!" as I threw the mixture downwind. The oil held the nauseous mixture together and made it float on the surface. I scrubbed my hands and rejoined Sara on the deck, where she was baiting our hooks with large pieces of Sir Jumpalot.

"Don't cast yet, just wait," I told her, getting back to the cooked shrimp as we drifted in the gentle morning swells.

Sara pointed, "Something's happening!" Shadowy forms were collecting under the smelly mixture and taking small bites at it. Soon larger predators were flashing in and churning the water. The chum was being shredded and whipped to a slimy froth when I signaled to Sara and we threw our hooks in.

We had bites within seconds as the fish attacked indiscriminately in their frenzy. I quickly reeled in a 4-lb snapper but Sara's prey was diving deep and unraveling her line at tremendous speed. I snugged the rod under her arm and tightened the drag until she was straining but still the fish fled with the line singing out.

"Hang on - keep a steady pressure on the rod. Retrieve to take up all the slack!" as I ran to start the engine. The fish was a runner and there wasn't enough line in Sara's rod to keep this up much longer.

Fortunately it already seemed to be tiring and she was making some progress in their tug-of-war. Suddenly it broke surface, a huge flashing monster, as Sara frantically cranked line in while it flung its head and danced for long seconds on the surface and I steered towards it.

With a splash it dove again and the line hummed back out of the reel as Sara fought to maintain her grip. For 2 minutes it powered the fishing line out through the drag and Sara panted in her efforts.

"You need me to take over?" I asked. She shook her head and grimly fought the fish. Twice it broke surface in bejeweled splendor and twice it sought to escape into the depths.

Amanda was braced at the cabin door cheering Sara on, boobs jiggling enticingly as she screamed and waved her glee. I had to tear my eyes off her nakedness as Sara yelled at yet another surface break.

"Amanda, get the gaff ready!" I called, as Sara reeled the dancing fish toward us. It was definitely tiring as it was steadily being muscled in, no longer able to make the deeps. Amanda came back up to the conn with a T-shirt on and took over as I scrambled next to Sara with the gaff. The fish darted under the surface and struggled to dive each time Sara drew it closer.

"Put it in neutral," I called to Amanda as the fish saw the boat and tried to dive again. It could foul the line against the propeller and we'd lose it. "Sara, hold him! To the side!"

Sara inched the huge fish to where I leaned over the side until I was able to hook it under the gills with the gaff. Sara leaned on the side, doubled over and gasping for breath as Amanda held her and massaged her shoulders. They watched intently as I tried to keep the furiously struggling form from jumping off. Sara was taking a long drink of water when I finally heaved the thrashing fish into the boat.

"Ohhh!" Sara breathed, "Wow!" It reminded me of the space creature in 'Alien' with its big bulbous head and beady eyes. But it tapered to a beautifully shimmering golden body with blue iridescent bands. I gave it the coup de grace and it stopped moving, its color fading as we watched, until it was a pale pearl color with bluish tinges.

"Good job, Sara!" I hefted it, "A 20lb Mahi-mahi, what we almost had for dinner last night. They're delicious!"

Sara laid on the bench panting, her dress sweat-plastered to her naked body, and I leered at her. She looked at me, "Not tonight dear, I'm sweaty and I stink and I couldn't move if my life depended on it."

Amanda looked at us, "James, why don't you clean the fish and I'll see if I can do the same with our lovely fisherperson?"

"I'll be fine - just let me catch my breath first," Sara said. "Why don't you go for a fish as well?"

"Amanda?" She nodded enthusiastically.

The fish had taken us a mile from where we started, I sat on the floor by Sara and showed the hydro chart to them. "This is where we are, and over here, see the squiggly lines? That's an underwater reef and that's where the larger fish usually go." I showed Amanda how to dial the coordinates into the autopilot.

After the boat got underway and after I collected Amanda in my arms so her crotch was not staring blatantly at me, I resumed, "What we're doing now is different from what we tried before. This morning we brought the fish to us by literally putting a feast out, and we threw the hooks in when they were in a feeding frenzy. We were very lucky, big mahi-mahis don't usually go that near to shore, but it took a lot of skill and hard work to land it, Sara." She beamed.

"Now, what we're gonna try is to drop a bait down to where hopefully fish are living. See this mark? It's sixty feet deep here and we'll need something heavy to take the bait that far. And chances are we'll be catching totally different kinds of fish."

By the time the autopilot chirped at us, I had added a half-pound weight about five feet from the end of the line where a chunk of Sir Jumpalot was secured. "There're various schools of thought about using fresh water bait in the sea. We'll try it and switch to Mr Mahi-mahi if that doesn't work. Remember too, these fish will want to snag your line on the rocks to break it, but you can't rush it; you still have to give them time to swallow the bait, then jerk like crazy to set the hook and retrieve as fast as you can. The timing is what separates heroes from zeroes." I moved the boat a bit away from the undersea reef and got Amanda settled in, rod securely tucked under her arm.

I cleaned the snapper and filleted it, saving the offal in the bucket, and was putting it away when Amanda had a bite. She pulled back to set the hook but it was gone, taking the meat.

We used leftover snapper as bait next and it was stolen again. So far the fish didn't seem picky at all. The current had drifted us over the rocks so Amanda took us to the other side of the ridge.

This time she got a hit and landed a 12lb grouper. It was an ugly, vicious fighter that kept Amanda struggling for over ten minutes. Now we had two of the cutest, smelliest anglers in the state.

She joined Sara and me in cutting fish after losing her bait three more times without a strike. We rinsed down the rear deck and ourselves and moved on, in case the blood and activities attracted larger predators.

I set the autopilot toward shore as we laid in the sun to dry, conserving the towels we brought.

They nestled up to my side, wrapping their arms together, and we stayed cuddled together in drowsy companionship until we were dry again.

The boat had stopped about 100 feet from a small sandbar island with a couple of trees and I beached the boat in the lee of the island. I built a fire under the shade from driftwood and charcoal stocked on board for the little boat BBQ.

We pan fried the shrimp and the 2 smaller fish, while Sara mixed up a batch of her secret sauce, which was essentially soy sauce with molasses, vinegar and garlic, which she drizzled on the food. It was delicious and we ate all we could, saving the rest for later.

We cleaned up and Amanda explored the island while I cuddled with Sara. We were kissing and touching softly and I was about to put my OTHER hand on her ass when Amanda grabbed it.

"Sorry guys, can you come check this out?" She took us to the other side of the island. We could hear a bit of music and noise across the water around a bend.

We took 'Jewel' and followed the commotion up a wide estuary to a marina. They were preparing for a boat meet on the weekend and some competitors were there testing their boats. They were runabouts - small "V" shaped smooth-hulled boats where the driver knelt in a cockpit space in front of the engine.

There was even a Junior category for 12 to 15 year olds which Amanda went to great pains to inform me. She took me to where a few used racers were displayed for sale.

"Mandie, you know I've grown rather fond of your lovely body and it would break all our hearts if you were to get injured in one of these things!"

"I know what I'm getting into - and I won't compete until I'm sure of what I'm doing, OK?" She looked steadily at me.

"And they can only go up to 40mph," Sara added, she'd been talking to the technicians. The Junior class boats all had low power motors and a limiter to make sure they did not go too fast in the straightway.

I felt a lot better after I was told that all drivers were required to wear a helmet and a full-body fire-retardant Nomex suit and extra flotation - which together cost more than the boat and the engine. Fortunately there were some second hand suits there for sale as well. Amanda chose one that was fire-engine red with a honeycomb pattern - from a distance, it turned her into Spiderman.

After a lesson at the controls from the meet director, Sara and I watched Amanda as she took a run up the oval practice course with the various models. One in sunburst yellow with silver trim was her favorite, but she complained about a vibration and a sluggish motor which were fixed with a new propeller and spark plug.

After another run, she seemed much happier with the performance, but her top speed was still in the mid 20's.

"Let's raise the engine higher and tip it out some more," Sara ventured, "The engine is dragging in the water, and we have to tilt it to get the front up quicker as well." Turned out that they had set it up that way to make the boat more stable - and sacrificed speed. The marina staff were starting to look at the girls with renewed interest.

The technicians made some adjustment and Amanda was much faster and happier, even though a couple of times she looked on the verge of flipping upside down. Amanda glowed when they asked her if it was REALLY her first time out on the boats.

While Amanda was out with the little J-Class boat Sara spoke with the technicians constantly and they were all too happy to show off their knowledge. They tried another tilt setting which was better in the turns but slowed down too much in the straightway..

Amanda huddled with Sara as she started another combination, "There's still too much drag and I'm not going on plane fast enough. That's less tilt - then I need to have MORE tilt so I can lift the bow out of the water, without getting airborne of course..." Her top speed was close to 30.

The girls were starting to attract some attention as female drivers and pit-crew were apparently not at all common in the sport. At least I was hoping it was that and not because someone had noticed their lack of underwear.

After another run, Amanda felt satisfied with their progress, so we decided to take the boat back to the lake for further work. We took off back the way we came, towing Amanda's little boat behind.

We went to the marina and Max came out to meet us. They had received a large crate for Amanda from Peter. Inside were tools and metal adjuster plates for her to tinker with 'Gyro's' dynamics. Along with the standard owner's manuals, there were also 2 binders of design notes. The marina had been hired to assist Amanda in her tests and Max volunteered to help us personally.

I stopped by to say hi to Marjorie and to pick up more groceries as Amanda and Sara discussed with Max the work they needed on the boat. Then we cleared 'Jewel' and lugged our stuff and the binders on board 'Gyro'.

Amanda powered us back to The Eyrie with a single-minded ferocity and I had barely tied up before they disappeared up the steps.

Amanda dumped the manuals on the big desk in the living room and she and Sara started on them right away.

"Have you decided on a name for the racer?" as I brought them snacks.

"Yep. It's got the silver trim, so I'm gonna call her 'Argyro Neta', which means 'Silver Web' in Greek, the same name given to the Water Spider. But in Portuguese, 'Neta' mean a young girl, so it could mean 'Silver Girl' as well!" She smiled at me, kissed me, then went back to the notes.

They asked for a computer so I called Nicole and she said she would send one with Celeste when she came up the next day. We chatted some more but she had an exam to study for and she would have to be spending time at the library. Then she reminded me about my training.

I went down to the docks and did my stretches. Then I swam the 80ft across to the other side of the chasm, just about the length of an Olympic pool, and back. I did eight more laps then I took a rest. It was good aerobics and I hoped it was good enough to keep me in shape.

I busied myself with maintenance on the roof and windows and overgrown plants on the patio; then I made dinner - mostly salad and fresh fruits along with fish a la Sara's secret sauce, although I made myself a steak for a bit of variety in my protein. The sauce went well with that too.

The girls ate quietly and hurried back to their manuals, and soon were chatting animatedly about planing geometries and dihedral stabilizers.

At sundown, I made them hot chocolates and we sat outside and watched the wondrous sights Mother Nature had provided. Before long they were talking shop again.

"How much have you covered today?" I asked.

"Oh, the basics are simple. Something will float if it weighs less than the amount of water it displaces," Amanda said slowly, "That's an advantage because on land we have all our weight resting on a small surface like a wheel. In water, the weight is evenly distributed on the entire surface so things have much less friction."

"But that raises more problems," Sara continued. "No friction means no grip; when you turn, the boat will want to continue in a straight line, so you need keels and V-shaped hulls besides just rudders. A nice addition are chines, which are like treads on tires. They run along the side of the boat and dig in when the boat leans over to turn. But all of this has a price."

Amanda nodded, "On land, a car essentially fights inertial to get moving, then it only needs power to overcome friction and a slight amount of air resistance. In water, the resistance is a hundred times that - AND, to double the surface or speed, you need four times the power. Over half of the boat's power is wasted turning the prop and dragging the motor assembly through the water." Amanda sighed. "And we haven't touched on displacement dynamics yet!"

"Right. So the whole boat is a series of compromises. A sharp prow and bottom to minimize resistance, but not so much that we lose stability and functionality. A big engine and propeller, but small enough so we don't spend more energy turning it than pushing the boat."

"Yeah, remember the 'Jewel'? A hundred bucks of gas to go less than 50 miles at top speed. That's expensive!"

"And all the wasted space just to have a tapered tip at the front." Sara shook her head.

"It's a good place to store the anchor, isn't it?" I looked at her.

Suddenly she broke out in a big soft smile and caressed my face, "Oh, my sweet James, we've been so tied up in our new toys that we've been ignoring you haven't we?"

"I like watching you two work. And you look like you are having fun."

"We sure are! There's so much to learn and it's nice to be able to apply it right away!"

"But we'd like to apply ourselves to you too!" A hand started running up my leg.

"Tell you what, finish off the chapter or whatever, then draft a list of what you want to test out tomorrow and come to bed. I'll give both a back rub. That should wrap up the day pretty well."

"Mmmm, sounds good, I'm just about ready to wrap myself around a certain someone right now."

Chapter 31

Someone was slowly and gently licking my lips. I reached for a boob and her tacit exploration became more serious. A hand tugged on my cock, coaxing it to full length with tender strokes.

"Mmmm, good morning lover..." Amanda pulled her face back as she slipped her body over my erection.

"Oh, ohhh, slowly. Slow... James. It's tender..." Amanda slowly rocked herself on me.

"Come up here and see if I can kiss it better..." Amanda turned and sprawled her crotch over my face. I kissed the tip of her mound and she moaned. I licked down her wet slit and it was pink and hot.

"Mmmm, can you come?" Amanda stopped her kisses on my penis to ask.

I pushed her head back on my cock, "Not if you keep talking!" and aimed my tongue on her stiff clit.

"Ahhh, yesss! Yes!" She dropped her mouth and hand on me and pumped madly as I sucked her clit. I increased my pace and suddenly she was not quite as focused on making me come.

"Ahhhh, ahhhh," she moaned and shook on me as I added my tongue, her legs pressing my face against her. As her frenzy peaked I returned my tongue to her wetness and lapped her to a loud convulsing climax. She panted on my leg as she shook in release. I tongued her to a couple more shaky climaxes until she squirmed away, "Too much... No more!"

Sara came upstairs and knelt to kiss me. "Good morning, my sweet." I held Sara and kissed her as Amanda's hand started moving on my penis and she added little licks along the side and the tip. I brushed Sara's nipple over her dress and she moaned into me, tonguing me as I again urged Amanda's mouth over my hardness.

I found Sara's naked sex and caressed her in step with Amanda's movements on me. Sara breathed her release and sucked on my tongue as my hips started humping and I held the girls to me. I pulsed and shot into Amanda's mouth, moaning and shaking my pleasure.

I collapsed back in bed and Sara leaned down to replace Amanda in cleaning me. Then they shared a soft kiss and licked my come off each other's faces.

Sara smacked her lips and said, "The real breakfast's served."

Breakfast was quite brief as the girls wanted to get started with their work on the boats. I crammed a last hardboiled egg in my mouth and Amanda roared off with me in back juggling my coffee and a stack of toast, admiring their lovely bodies. Sara had her dress on and Amanda wore shorts and a simple shirt tied under her braless breasts, which filled it most impressively.

Despite the early hour, Max was already waiting for us when we arrived. After checking their list, Max led Sara off to work on 'Neta' and I helped Amanda set 'Gyro' up on the dynamic power rig.

We put the boat in a sling and hooked straps to the propeller assembly, then we powered up the boat and measured the tension at various rpms. Then we'd change propellers and try again. Once we determined the optimal combination, we compared the boat's performance against the factory's charts. Then the real work began.

The kit that Peter sent allowed Amanda not only to change the size, but also the height and even the extension of the propeller. The higher the propeller rode in the water, the less drag, but also a greater chance of drawing air in, or cavitating. Extending the shaft also improved acceleration but at reduced control and drivability. She could already change the angle of the propeller using the boat's own hydraulic tilt.

She also had Max make up strips that could be fastened on the hull to change its performance. Her job was to improve on the computer's designs with her own in-field tests and report on it.

Amanda would try one combination and take the boat out, measuring its various characteristics. Then she'd hoist it up on slings and make her changes with help from Max's 2 helpers. It was laborious, exacting and time consuming work but Amanda was tirelessly pursuing the ultimate performance boat.

Sara, under Max's guidance, had taken the little motor for 'Neta' apart. It was a very simple, very rugged 2-cylinder 2-stroke engine. Once balanced and running at spec, there was little that could be done to enhance it, unlike the larger 'unlimited' versions. The key to winning was the skill of the driver, the boat and the propeller. Although standard issue, minor imperfections would make the prop wobble and lose power, as Amanda found out at the tests the previous day.

Max explained the types of propellers used in recreation boating - the common aluminum ones, the expensive stainless steel and the exotic composites. He showed Sara how to measure the cup and the curl with a micrometer, then balance it dynamically, and to trim the blades to give it the final balance and for ease of passage through the water, facilitating turns and acceleration.

Peter's kit also held a few modifications for 'Jewel' that were based on Amanda's results and Max went off to work on them. I helped him a bit and also replaced the little charcoal BBQ with a more efficient propane one, then went to the restaurant next door for a refill on my coffee and another breakfast.

I came back and Spidey was buzzing around the inner harbor, then Amanda came out and hugged my arms around her. "Isn't that a lovely sight?"

"Er, someone's driving your Silver Girl!"

"Of course, Sara has to test the engine and the trim!"

"Oh - how can she fit in your outfit?"

"In case you haven't noticed, I've grown. And I have REAL boobs now!" She slipped my hand up under her shirt to demonstrate. "And Sara's really toned since coming out here - from all the slaving she does to keep you happy."

"You're right, she's a real gem." I squeezed a nipple, "I really shouldn't be taking advantage of her all the time." I sighed.

Amanda leaned back and kissed my neck, "Like you don't take advantage of me?" She hummed a bit, "The other one's lonely now..." I switched sides and she purred happily.

We turned as squealing tires announced Celeste's Solara barreling down the driveway. She flung her car around and stopped inside a parking space, tires smoking.

She came inside the marina in a flowing red skirt and a shirt unbuttoned down to THERE. Brenda, next to her in a skimpy top and a little skirt, looked downright saintly.

"Hello, dah-links!" Celeste breathed and grabbed me in a wet kiss, then she slobbered all over Amanda and said, "Was he disgusting and depraved?"

"You can say that again!" Amanda moaned, "Sara and I couldn't walk! He's fucked us raw. Yummm." Celeste hugged her gently.

Brenda had taken my arm and, after a soft, restrained kiss, stood with her head on my shoulder. "Does that mean we've got him to ourselves?" She was stroking my chest dreamily.

"No! We've found a few more depraved things he can do with his mouth!"

Amanda was telling them about 'Neta' when Sara pulled in. She gave Brenda and Celeste a hug.

Celeste looked at Sara, who'd taken her helmet off and was shaking out her now very blond hair. "My god, you're a doll, Sare!" Celeste held her, "You know, I just love a person in uniform!" They kissed a bit, "Hmmm, you look a little warm!" She tugged Sara's zip down to her breasts. No bra.

Celeste leaned against Sara, "You know what this does to a girl? I could just melt!"

Sara held her back, "Celeste, I don't want you to tease. I have no time for teases." She fanned herself, "You got it bad for me? Do you really want me?" She leaned her face in, "I ought to warn you, honey, I use my women HARD!" and ran a gloved finger down Celeste's suddenly clammy chest.

"Oh! I just LOVE the strong ones. I want you to take me, now!" Celeste leaned panting on Sara.

"Er, Celeste, remember you promised to love, cherish and OBEY me?" Amanda inquired mildly.

"But Amanda! Please, please don't make me decide! You can take my body... Please..." Celeste clung to Sara and kissed her neck.

"Celeste, how, how could you do this to us?" Brenda interjected, "Why only last night, you promised to be faithful..." Brenda pulled Celeste close, "Babe, don't you miss what we had? The longing gazes, the soft kisses." She brushed Celeste's face tenderly, "And the thing with the tongues?"

Celeste flung herself at her, "Oh Brenda, how can I forget? You've made me feel so good, Bren, but my heart... I must follow my heart!"

Celeste slithered wetly on me, "Oh, what is a girl to do? My head is afire with choices, my mind numbed with questions. Oh kind Sir, can you not help a poor maiden decide?"

"Let me get this straight," I tried not to drool with the view inside her gaping shirt, "You want one to use you, hard; another to take your body; and a third to do the tongue thing with you?"

"Why, Sir, you have seized on the problem succinctly!" She seized on a problem I had just then and squeezed it. "I know! I will give you my heart." She pressed my hand to her heart, or thereabouts, "Gentle Sir, if I give you my heart, will you take me to the prom?" She leaned into me and said wistfully, "And afterwards I shall give you my person..." She fluttered her lashes.

"How are you with blowjobs?"

"Why Sir, why do you ask?" fanning herself coquishly.

"I have this rule - no blowjobs, no corsage."

"If you care to instruct me, Sir, I am willing to learn, I'm confident I can give you copious satisfaction!" She looked coyly at me, whispering, "Do you wish to start now..." and licked her lips. The girls edged close and Brenda began nibbling on my ear.

Suddenly Celeste looked at her watch, "Oops, look at the time! Gotta run, mustn't dally around so... Ta-ta, people!" She straightened her hair and took off.

"What was that all about?" I said, adjusting my pants as I watched her ass swishing away.

"Oh, she's gone to talk to Marjorie about Mueller's stuff. She'll be back in a bit," Brenda filled in.

"She leaves? After she got me all hot and bothered?"

"I swear, she's gonna pay..."

The girls got back to work and Brenda led me to Max. "We need to find this tubby person a canoe, so he can start working out and become the lean, mean, lovin' machine that JulieAnn thought she had," she explained to Max, and in a whisper, "We're afraid Jules will dump him if he doesn't measure up, so we're trying hard to get him pumped..." She hefted my stomach.

Together they selected a 17' touring canoe for me.

"Well, pay the man!"

"I thought YOU were buying me the canoe?"

"No - I said I'll FIND you one. Besides," she looked abashed, "I don't have a single penny on me..."

"If I advance the money, do you have any collateral for me to hold?" as I handed my card to Max.

"Only what you see here..." She leaned on me and I carefully audited her soft pointy handfuls.

"You understand I'll have to do some serious investigating of your net worth?"

"Oh yes, James..." she breathed. "Be as thorough as you need, I have nothing to hide!"

"Good, we'll expect you to make yourself available for our probes..." I murmured against her ear and gave her figures a preliminary go-over.

Max finished his setting up and we took the boat to the water. I paused, "Hmmm, where's the motor go?"

Brenda shoved the paddle in my hands and smiled, "Sweetie, can you go 'Putt, putt, putt'?"

So a bit later, I was 'putt, putt, putt'-ing around the lake, practicing my J-stroke and getting my workout. Brenda sat on pads and rested her head on my legs, so that she could better observe my technique. And so she could monitor my heart rate with a hand on the iliac artery, conveniently located in my groin.

Amanda came at us in 'Gyro', did a hard 180, rev'd up to a tail-stand and splashed down 10 feet from us. She watched with amusement as I 'putt, putt, putt'-ed up.

"That's a sick sounding engine, Brenda."

"It's all they had at the dump."

"I'd return it - it sounds like it's got a weak shaft."

"Really? So it's not something a lube job can fix?"

"Probably not, is he rattling around the cylinder? His piston may be undersized too."

"I checked, he's a tad small now but I can bring it up a few inches."

"Sometimes I get some life out of them by giving them a good yank. Have you tried that?"

"You mean like this?" Brenda scrunched around and started yanking the engine. It didn't go any faster but it started humming louder. She pondered the results, "Maybe it's clogged," so she gave it a good suck. It was definitely humming now!

I grabbed a handful of curls, activating the deep diagnostics and the revs started picking up. Soon I was making serious contact with the intake valve, causing several alarms to start flashing. They stopped when I pulled hard on the override.

In short order the temperature and pressure reached overload and threatened to pop the fail-safe. I jammed the throttle wide open and experienced awesome chassis vibrations as critical fluids vented through the manifold.

"You can let her go now, James." Amanda was trying to release my grip on Brenda's head. Bren fell back and took some wheezing gasps.

"Wait!" Amanda cried, "The christening!"

So we drew our little hearts on the canoe with moisture we collected from Brenda. It was lucky for us she was a slow swallower.

"Looks like there's still life in the old 'Putt putt' yet!" Amanda remarked as I sighed contentedly and nestled with Brenda in the canoe.

"But there's definitely a timing problem," Brenda complained hoarsely, "It's always firing early."

Turned out the engine had developed temporary material fatigue and so Amanda give us a tow back to the marina as Brenda rocked me.

"Was the inspection of the collateral satisfactory?" Brenda murmured.

"So far, it has performed exceptionally well, but we are far from exhausting our research. It's not a short-term thing, you know..."

"Oh...?"

"Oh no! It could take weeks, even years. It won't be easy on you, I'm afraid."

Brenda nestled closer and kissed me, "Can I count on it?"

Max and the boys had set up buoys to mark out the 1 mile competition course and Sara was zooming around in the Silver Girl. She was amazingly precise in her control and was pushing 'Neta' hard into the turns.

She coasted in with Amanda and they started talking and gesturing madly at each other across the boats.

"Aeration," Sara was saying as we got ashore, "That's the secret; if we can get it without disrupting the flow, we'd get the extra speed."

"Aeration," I explained to Brenda, "Is what marine scientists call a blow job."

They looked at me like I'd grown a pecker on my nose.

"James Mitchell, you are without a doubt the sickest, most ignorant person on the earth." Amanda crossed her arms under her boobs and glared at me. I stared back at them.

"In this case," Sara said to Brenda, "Aeration is the forced introduction of air in the water as the boat passes over it. This cuts down the water resistance without losing cohesion - the force which keeps a boat in the water, instead of getting airborne."

"And a good thing too, otherwise it'd be called an airplane," I added to universal groans.

"Can you take him to the restaurant and feed him? He's delirious again. At the very least it'll keep his mouth from flapping!" Sara told Brenda, "We'll put the boats away and pick Celeste up."

I had finished my soup and club sandwich and was biting into Brenda's Western when Brenda grabbed my hand, nodding at the door. I turned and stared.

They were three of the most spectacularly desirable ladies anywhere. They were beautiful, trim and curvy in all the right places too. Amanda was right, they HAD grown, both taller and fuller.

Even more noticeable was their confidence. It radiated from their casual walk, their relaxed smiles and their penetrating glances. They were the best, and they knew it.

"Lover, tuck your tongue in so I can wipe the drool off your chin," Brenda said sweetly.

Celeste gave me a quick kiss and sat on my other side. She pulled out a stack of documents. "D'you know what these are?"

"Your boobs?" I murmured, unable to tear my eyes away from where they were softly outlined under her blouse.

Celeste took my chin and shoved the papers in front of me. It said 'Bertram Mueller Foundation Fund'.

She released me and smiled, "Nicole's worked out royalty payments with some of the firms who'd been licensing Mueller's designs and we're putting half of that into the Fund. Each year we will award it to a deserving individual, 'who shows initiative and promise in the advancement of architecture and building technology'. And guess who Marjorie selected for the inaugural winner?" She blinked her eyes and beamed.

She was warmly congratulated and kissed by everybody. "Today, we start making Bertram Mueller's dreams a reality."

We all ordered food again as I had finished Brenda's lunch for her. Amanda and Sara were already into a heated discussion about laminar flows and convergent wave adaptation.

The food arrived and they just poked at it. "You better eat it before James takes it from you!"

"We got a problem, there's no practical way to measure the degree and level of aeration - since it's all under the boat and we can't progress until we know how effective it is!"

"Speaking from experience..." I began.

"Huh? How'd HE get to be an expert on whatever you're talking about?" Celeste asked.

"Don't mind him, he thinks aeration means a blow job," Amanda explained.

"Which makes ME the expert here," I announced. "It occurred to me, that since aeration is just bubbles, we should be able to hear it even if we can't see it."

Sara and Amanda looked at each other. "You know, he may be right! I can't believe it, he may be right about something!" Sara gushed.

Amanda came over and sat on my knee, "If this works, my genius sweetheart, I'll let you take me out and do more than hold hands..." She leaned down and my world dissolved into her kiss.

I came to as they were paying the bill. "Where's my food?"

"You didn't seem hungry so we ate it." They dragged me out to so I could demonstrate my great idea to them. Celeste and Brenda took USS Dweebus to the house to start preparations for construction of the 'Wheel'.

"We'll start with our best combination of speed and control, then add the lateral disruptors which we can adjust to generate varying degrees of aeration. But we need to know the best placement for them, within 3 or 4 inches; too far either way, it'll just slow us down."

So we took off, Amanda at the wheel and adjusting the disruptors while Sara and I crawled around listening for the gurgling to indicate the beginning of aeration. Our job was complicated by the foam core used for the hull which masked out the vibrations we were checking for. But after a couple of false starts, we found we could tell within an inch or so of where the transitions were beginning.

Four runs later, I was again sliding my ear on the fiberglass when suddenly Sara stopped ahead of me. Silly girl had forgotten her panties again and I found myself face-to-face with her cunt.

There did not seem to be anything pressing to do so I slipped up and hooked my tongue in her.

She squealed quite delightfully and started squirming on me, wrapping her legs around my head. I alternated between licking her clit and sipping her sweet nectar as Sara wrapped her fingers in my hair and humped on me.

After a bone-crushing, hair-tearing climax Sara finally released me. The boat was gently rocking in the water and Amanda was drumming her fingers on her seat and shaking her head.

I gave Sara's pussy one last kiss and sat her up in my arms. "Sorry, got carried away," I said, not feeling sorry at all.

Amanda said, "Despite the fact that you two were no help at all, we've some really impressive results, so I'll forgive you." She was confident we had pinpointed the proper locations and decided to call it a day after one more run.

We sped back to the marina and we installed the more permanent inch-high funnel-shaped disruptors, 4 on each side, which, if our tests were correct, would be at the exact air-water junction when the boat was at speed, forcing air down and creating the aeration they were looking for.

"Here we go, keep your fingers crossed." We powered out, slowly putting on speed.

"Planing at 11, no change... There's some shimmy at 35 but the revs are good..." She tried a series of turns and pushed us up to 45. If there were any problems I could not feel them. At 55 the aerators kicked in and we accelerated quickly to 65 before we ran out of rpm's.

The girls were talking excitedly on the ride back to the house, "We're over-revving at 65, that means we can put on a longer-pitched propeller and get even better top end!"

"Let's wait until we check the acceleration first. Stretch the pitch and we may get screwed with the time-to-plane. Arghh!" Sara was tearing her hair in frustration. "Fix one thing and two others get fucked!"

"Don't forget Sara, we're already 6 mph better than our previous best speed and 4 better than the computer model!"

"You're right. Let's go back and call Peter and make sure those are the numbers we could work with. I want him to send us a couple of other forms as well."

"Good, now for the last test!"

"Oh no!" Sara and I crawled off to the back of the boat, huddling for safety. Her lips met mine and suddenly it wasn't so bad - in fact it was kinda fun.

Amanda did some donuts and some lurching tail hops, then she poured on the power and executed the wildest gyro she'd ever attempted. The bow shot out of the water and we spun dizzily. She let the front drop down and then powered it 45-degrees up before slamming the boat down on the water.

"Whew, I'm glad the boat can still... Hey, you two at it again?"

In our terror Sara and I had turned to each other for comfort. We were sharing soft kisses and licks as our hands assured each other. I smiled at Sara and we turned. Amanda was flushed and sweaty and we knew she was scared too.

So we welcomed her in our arms and offered her our comfort.

Chapter 32

In the early morning gloom a long lean body squirmed tightly against me. I ran my hand up a sleek thigh and over a tight ass. She drew her leg up to gently brush my penis as her hand stroked my face and she kissed my ear.

"Uhhhhh!" she breathed as I dipped into the softness of her sex. It was tight and I started coaxing moisture from it.

"Morning Bren," I whispered.

"Mmmmm, morning James," she whispered back.

"Did I wake you?"

"No - I was watching you sleep... You look so young and sexy..." She stroked my face. "I've never seen you sleep, you know?"

I turned and held her - it was our first full night together. "You should've awakened me."

"I was tempted, but I'm not taking anymore. I'm a giver now..." she smiled.

"Lemme sleep!" A small fist hit me in the back.

Gently I pulled Brenda out of bed, "Let's get out of here..." I whispered. We rushed through the bathroom and grabbed the sleeping bag on the way out the side door.

"Brrr, it's cold!" We ran to the clearing and I spread the bag on the ground and we jumped in, nestling tightly on our sides.

"You're not hard anymore!" Brenda giggled.

"It'll come back..." I assured her.

"Need help?" She reached for me.

"Mmmm, no, let's wait. Just let me hold you." We wrapped our arms together and shared a soft kiss. Content with just our closeness, we laid on the hard ground and watched the stars fade as the sky changed into a steely blue.

"Listen..." I waited, "Have you ever heard such a complete ABSENCE of sound?" Wordlessly we held each other and basked in the hugeness of the silence.

Brenda snuggled tight against me and whispered, "It's awesome! It's like there's just the two of us in the universe. Like we're one little spark of life in all this emptiness." I caressed her face and gently kissed her. Our mouths jostled for the perfect fit and she welcomed my tongue with hers.

I slipped my hand to her breasts, gently bringing their tips to hardness. She rubbed her hand over my body and eased over my erection.

"James..." she urged me over her as she spread her legs and gently inserted me.

"Slowly James, do me slowly," she shuddered. "I want to feel you... As you take me for your pleasure. Our pleasure," she breathed as she pulled me slowly into her depths.

She clenched me tightly to her when my cock was fully encased in her soft shivering tightness. "Now we ARE one in the universe. I feel so much love for you. Mmmmm." She squeezed me in her.

I stopped moving, savoring our nearness and heat. "I love you, Bren," I whispered.

"I know you do - I'm just finding out what love is all about," she said dreamily, then she sighed, "You're right, lust is not love. Love makes me warm, even if I don't have you around." We held each other, her pulse making little nudges on my cock.

She looked at me and licked my lips, "But sometimes lust is not such a bad thing either!" She grinned and started moving my body on hers.

We fucked, slowly, in tune to some primal rhythm; Brenda tossed her fiery curls and murmured softly. She was tight and hot and it felt wonderful.

Slowly, I picked up the pace and she arched her body in response to my thrusts. I slipped a hand under her ass and pulled her against me as we rutted into each other. I could not hold back and, grunting, I shot into her, her shaking gasps in my ear.

As we moaned and shivered, she put her hands on my back and held me, our sweat covered bodies still humping and spasming. She smiled and stretched and squirmed under me, rubbing and squeezing me delightfully.

She held my face and smiled up at me, "Now I understand why Sara smiles. This is glorious!" She hummed under me and caressed my back until I slipped out of her.

I knelt back on my haunches and she stayed on the ground, arms relaxed and legs apart, her sex glistening with our spending.

She reached for my hand. "This is yours, James. Everything. Yours." Her eyes misted and I pulled her up and we knelt face to face, hugging softly as we let our emotions wash over us.

The sky was a brilliant blue when we walked back in the house. Amanda and Celeste were rolling in bed, playing 'Catch the Pussy', while Sara worked on breakfast.

She looked at us, "Bren, you look great! Was he good?"

"It was better, Sare..." Brenda's eyes filled. "It was wonderful!" Sara held her.

We sat and had another one of Sara's fabulous meals. She and Amanda were updating their notes on the laptop while waiting to call Peter and the lab boys so they could decide what to work on next. After a while Brenda joined them - she had been setting up the spreadsheets for Nicole and Jules and was teaching herself programming as well.

"I want to say something to all of you," Brenda said after Celeste and I were finished with the dishes, "You have all been kind and loving when I was demanding and unappreciative of your love..." She held up a hand when we started talking all at once.

"In the last few days, Celeste and Nicole and Jules showed me what giving love is." She took my hand, "Today, James made me realize what sharing love means." She turned to Sara, "And I have to thank you Sare, for putting up with a spoilt and selfish person all these years." Sara took her other hand.

"So I hope you will accept my friendship and my love." We hugged and kissed her warmly.

Amanda leaned on Brenda and said, "And me? How come you didn't thank me?" It was amazing how tall Amanda had grown - they could rub boobies without Brenda having to lean down at all.

"Amanda, my sweet, you were the first person to teach me to give love, of course I should thank you. Except I was going to do it later," she nipped Amanda on the lips, "In private."

Amanda grinned happily at us then she turned back to Brenda, "Can we do the tongue thing too?"

I grabbed Amanda and pulled her to me, "It was a brave and wonderful thing Brenda did - why are you taking advantage of her?"

"Hmmmph, you should talk, you wear me out and discard me like a used kleenex." She pinched me, "You keep me up day and night, forcing me into disgusting and depraved things just to satisfy your animal hunger." She sniffed and turned to Sara.

"Sara, you were there - you saw how he... he... shamed me..." Amanda's lips quivered as she leaned into Sara. "You saw how he b-betrayed my trust and t-took advantage of m-me," she sobbed piteously. "H-he violated my innocence with his p-perversed caresses..." and pulled Sara's hand to her breasts, softly moaning her grief.

Amanda closed her eyes, "Ahhh, this is too terrible to remember, Sare, what else did he do to me?"

"Er, this?" And tweaked a nipple.

"Oh, he was rougher, Sare, and he used BOTH hands," Amanda prompted as Sara quickly adjusted herself. Amanda leaned against Sara and licked her ear.

"Ohhh, god, Sara!" Amanda arched herself into Sara's hands, "But the disgusting beast did more, didn't he?"

"Ummm, was it then he ravaged your body?"

"No, that was later, he... he touched me..." she bit Sara's ear, "Down there..." And helped Sara find the right spot.

"Ohhhh, god, ahhhh, I was defenseless, he was so strong... so strong..." Amanda shook violently as Sara continued to stroke a finger in her. "Yessss, so strong..." Amanda sighed and softly pulled Sara's hand up and kissed it, then she glided up to Celeste.

"But he was not finished with me, oh no! Do you know what he did next?" she murmured against Celeste's ear.

"He ravished your body?"

"No, not yet... And it was 'ravaged', by the way..." Amanda kissed Celeste on the neck, "Then, the evil brute, he... he told me, to... to..." she shuddered, "TOUCH him!" She put her hands on Celeste's breasts, softly cupping them, her thumbs rubbing their stiff nipples as Celeste took in a shivering breath.

"I didn't want to, you understand, but he made me, he threatened me... I fought him, but... Celeste, he FORCED me!" Celeste was sweating and shaking as Amanda stroked and kissed her firm breasts.

"And, then... Just when I thought it couldn't get worse..." she pinched Celeste's nipples and we all groaned, "Oh god, it was horrible! He... he made me kneel..." Amanda sank to her knees, whispering, "I begged him... Oh please...! Wh-what are you going to do to me...?" She looked up at Celeste, eyes wild, and licked her lips.

With a moan Celeste clutched Amanda to her, "Ahhh, oh god, oh my god..." Celeste started shaking and grabbed Sara for support. "Oh yes, Mandie, yesss..."

Suddenly Amanda pulled back. She fluffed her hair and wiped her mouth, consulting a nonexistent watch on her wrist, "Oops, look at the time! Gotta run, mustn't dally around so..." She stood and took Sara's hand.

"Mandie..." Celeste whined. She turned to look at me and I shrugged, trying to look suitably grim.

"Celeste, you're not allowed to come for an hour," Amanda said, then she turned to me, "James, isn't it time for your workout? Brenda can you keep an eye on him, please? While Sara and I get some things done..."

"Mandie, please," Celeste was shaking, "I can't take it..."

"Hush love," she checked her bare wrist, "Fifty nine minutes to go..." and waved us outside.

I jumped in and did ten laps, not caring that the water was freezing cold. Wordlessly Brenda swam with me and afterwards we held each other inside a towel and waited for our shivering to stop.

"That was too weird! Poor Celeste!" Brenda quivered some more.

"I'm scared even to go back upstairs!"

"I can tell, your penis has already disappeared!" Brenda cupped me sympathetically.

"Do you think we can sneak away?"

"What? And get HER mad at us?" We both shivered.

Celeste was standing on the same spot, arms clasped to her breasts and squeezing her thighs together. Her face and chest were red and she was still panting. "Mandie, please, I'm so close..."

The girls had their 'work' clothes on and motioned for Brenda to get changed.

"James, would you like to come help us work on 'Gyro' - or stay and clean up the... unfinished business?" Amanda twinkled.

"I think I should stay..."

"Th-thank you, James," Celeste said hoarsely, relief in her voice.

Brenda returned in her flimsy top and bikini bottoms and Amanda led them out. "Ta-ta people!"

I reached out and she took my hand. Her fingers were cold and she was shivering as I led us up the stairs to the loft.

I cupped her face, leaning forward to kiss her.

Celeste took my hands and pressed them on her shoulders and slowly dropped to her knees. She looked up with her soft beautiful eyes, "Please... What are you going to do to me...?" she whispered and licked her lips.

=====

Celeste leaned heavily on me as we tied USS Dweebus up and walked into the marina. Brenda took my arm as Celeste went slowly up to Amanda.

Amanda took her hands, "Celeste...?"

"You were so mean to me!" They hugged softly, "But it was the most incredible experience I've ever had." Celeste's face became flushed, "It was brutal! I was coming non-stop! All the time." She kissed Amanda, softly, then they clinched each other and ground their mouths and bodies together.

Celeste leaned her head down on Amanda's shoulders, "And you're right, Amanda, it's 'ravaged', not 'ravished'." She looked at me and blushed. "I can't walk..."

We collected Sara and went next door for an early lunch - I was ravenous after the exercises I had all morning. They ordered a triple portion for me to make sure I didn't steal their food.

The girls had been disappointed when Peter informed them that the factory had come up with a similar setup - but theirs took a year of work, and was not as effective as our efforts. Consequently, they would be sending Amanda and Sara a new boat for evaluation the next week.

"So we have the week off till the new boat arrives." Sara looked at me, "James, we should have Jules and Nicole speak with Max. He's scared of losing his business - the banks are pressuring him." She shook her head, "He's really let the business slip since his partner died. He's good in repairs and servicing but really needs help on the business side."

"He's not gonna get any new business either," I said, "He has no showroom and nobody in their right mind is going to buy a boat without seeing it first."

"I know someone who bought a boat from him, sight unseen."

"...unless he's so well informed he does not need to," I amended.

"So well informed that he can't tell if his girlfriend's horny or not!" Amanda scoffed, then turned to Brenda and Celeste, "Your nipples are standing up, dying for him to touch them, and he has to see if your nose is runny - in case you're cold." She stuck her tongue out at me.

"I just want to be sure. I don't like to be slapped if I'm wrong."

"You got slapped? Hah, by whom?"

Sara pointed at Brenda.

"I caught him looking down my top at school and I-I just reacted. I didn't mean to!"

"Good for you, Bren! He needs it!"

"No he doesn't," Brenda leaned over and kissed my cheek, "I shouldn't have, he can look all he wants!" She leaned her head on my shoulder and I could see all the way down to her navel.

"I think he should be allowed to look, too."

"Celeste, the way you're dressed, the whole WORLD can look!"

"I don't mind. As long as they know I'm his. And I know it turns him on!"

"Yeah, I love that look in his eyes," Sara breathed.

"Et tu, Sara? Why am I the only sane person here?"

"Mandie, don't forget you STARTED it, remember? The first date you had, you had nothing on under your dress!"

"That was different! I was young and foolish..." she sniffed, "And look at where it landed me! Used up and discarded - a spurned woman at twelve!"

"You call being fucked raw being spurned?" Brenda said wistfully.

"Hah, you should talk, who was fucked until she passed out?"

"Hmmm, that was something, actually I passed out twice." Her nipples got even harder. "That's why he can look all he wants." She kissed me again, "In fact, he can touch them too!"

"Arghh! I can't believe it, he must've spiked our drinks!" Amanda blinked at us, "Ooooh, what, what's happening to me...? I'm all dizzy..." She waltzed over my lap, "Why do I have this need to expose myself and let you put your filthy hands all over me?"

"Mandie, you're pretty exposed already and every one of us is dying to put our filthy hands all over you..." Celeste breathed and slowly caressed her hands up Amanda's thighs.

Her nipples jabbed my arm and I was just about to check for a runny nose when Sara said, "Can you guys get a grip? It's a restaurant and I'd like to finish my meal before we get thrown out!"

Amanda unwound herself and tapped Celeste's nose, mouthing, "Later."

"And don't forget our tongue thing, too!" Brenda murmured.

"Anyways, can we see if they can come up today..." Sara looked down, "Mandie, can you stop molesting me?"

"I can't help it, he's drugged me..."

"Stoppit! My dress is getting soaked!"

Amanda sighed, "I just have this thing for girls with no underwear!" She leaned her head on Sara's shoulder.

"As I was saying, I think getting into the marina is a good idea. Max can run the service and we can put in a high performance shop and a showroom."

"I can see you and the horny one next to you running the HP shop, that leaves the showroom..." They looked at me.

"OK - Brenda can do it!"

"What about you?"

"Let's not forget the disciplining and schooling of the children. I'll have my hands full!" I leered at Amanda. She blew me a kiss and slowly licked a finger.

"Can you at least HELP? We have to add a showroom, there's... Celeste?"

"I think it should be a ROUND showroom, what do you think?"

"Yes! Of course. I'm sure ALL showrooms are round!"

"Absolutely!"

Celeste beamed, "We're getting our first shipment of building material Monday and they are leaving it at the marina. How lucky is that?" She looked thoughtful, "Hmmm, Max should have the building plans. We may be able to use a support pillar. And... yes, we can build a 3/4 wheel against a corner. Then we'll use up just a bit of parking space but we'll extend over the lake. Now that's cool!"

She looked at me, "What are you dallying around for? Go call Nicole!" Then she looked at my lap, "Oh, forget it, doesn't look like you can walk at all. I'll call." She hurried out in a flurry of red skirt and tanned flesh.

"Want us to do something about that?" Brenda stared at my erection.

"Has he invited you to dinner yet?" Sara wanted to know.

"What are you talking about?"

Sara and Amanda grinned at her. They put their arms around each other and leaned their heads together, "Because we're his good little cocksuckers!"

"See, he invites us to dinner only if we're good little cocksuckers."

"But it has to be the same day."

"And the more work you do..."

"Or the more you swallow..."

"The better the meal you can have."

"I see..." Brenda said, "Guys, I need a favor. He's never invited me to dinner before, so would it be OK if I don't share this time?"

"I'm not sure. Didn't you get an invite this morning already?"

"Yeah, sneaking him off in the middle of the night..."

"I swear! I didn't do anything! We just... just screwed, is all."

"Why were you crying then?"

"He... he was so sweet." Brenda looked at me dreamily, "He wasn't hard then and we just held each other."

"He wasn't HARD? Was he in a coma?"

"Maybe he came already and you missed it?"

"Come on guys! It was cold out... So he held me and told me to listen to the silence."

"Oh no, not that again! Did he tell you to close your eyes?"

"And open your mouth?"

"You guys are so sick! We held each other and, oh, it was so beautiful!"

Celeste slipped back in her seat, "Well they'll be here in a couple of hours. What's so beautiful?"

"I was telling them how we made love this morning, but they were lewd and disgusting."

"Oh? Tell me the lewd and disgusting parts. I want details!"

"Hmmmph, I'm not talking to you either! James... will you let me get invited to dinner...?"

At Celeste's look, Sara and Amanda retold the invitation tale. Lewdly and disgustingly. With details.

"In which case," Celeste grinned smugly, "I may be the ONLY person he's taking to dinner!"

"That's why we have to hurry! There'll be a lineup once Nicole and Jules get here!"

"There's a couple of problems," I said.

"Oh? You can't come?" They snickered.

"Because, Celeste, it's for good LITTLE cocksuckers. You don't qualify," Amanda stated.

"You're almost as big as me now, so I'm little enough!"

"I mean little as in young..."

"Ah, but if that's true, Nicole can't get invited either!"

Amanda's face fell, "Oh... Damn!"

"No," I interjected, "The first problem is the word 'Good', I'm the sole judge of that. So far, you've only been mediocre!"

"Hah, any better, you'd come before we touch you!"

"Exactly, I'd like you to make it last longer. Say an hour or two. Now that's GOOD!"

They looked at each other. "God, blow him for an HOUR? What kind of cruel and unusual punishment THAT would make!"

"Besides he's never stayed up for more than ten minutes!" They laughed.

"You see, James, the problem is you. We really want to make it 'good' for you, but you just have no control!" Brenda explained.

"Oh yes he has," Sara suggested, "With both his hands in your hair!" She grabbed her own hair, crossed her eyes, formed an 'O' of her mouth and made very weird noises. Wet, sucking noises. They howled. I ventilated.

Celeste and Brenda were draped over my shoulders as they cackled away. The views were magnificent. I smiled tolerantly and ogled, glad to provide such joy to the ladies.

"And what's your other problem?" Celeste said between gasps.

"Problem number two is that I never extended any invitations!"

"What!?" They stopped cold, "You had me suck you for an hour and now you tell me there never was an invitation?" Celeste was incensed.

"As good as your blowjob would have been, I'm sure my meal was better!"

"God, an hour on my knees, lockjaw, chapped lips, the choking, all for nothing!" She sighed.

"James, how 'bout if WE invite you out to dinner?" Amanda smiled sweetly.

"YES!" Celeste threw money on the table and rushed us off to 'Jewel', the nearest flat surface with some privacy.

I bowed to their irrefutable logic and valiantly plied my art. I was still at it when Jules and Nicole showed up. So they told me to start over again.

Chapter 33

Nicole and I nestled closely on the berth as Jewel sailed back to The Eyrie. After my heroic efforts to get invited, Sara offered to make dinner and was unanimously and enthusiastically accepted.

"You look good!" I kissed Nicole's nose. She did too, tanned and rested and soft and so lovely. She was on track with her studies and for most of the week, Celeste, Jules and Brenda had been staying over to study and to keep her company. They had been working out together and were even learning to cook something other than spaghetti. Sara even seemed eager for their 'help' tonight.

"Mmmm, I need to look my best for my knight!" She writhed against me, "And BE my best..." She softly kissed me and slipped her tongue in. "Was I any good - just now?" When she had demonstrated conclusively that I could not maintain an erection for ten minutes. Not before thrashing and grunting and humping my sperm deep inside her mouth first.

"You were fantastic! How can you not know that?"

"I had to make sure," her eyes glinted, "I haven't done anything but nuzzle cunts for a while..." She hmmm'd dreamily, "And do the tongue thing..."

"You'll have to show me sometime."

"It's a girl thing - but I'm sure we'll have no shortage of demonstrators."

Then Nicole told me about the deal they cut with Max; we'd cover his bank loan and inject working capital to upgrade the marina, including a showroom. Max would stay on as minority shareholder and operate the storage and servicing departments. All in all an excellent deal for both parties. He would do what he was most happy with and we would have his expertise and his connections with the sailing world. And Celeste would get her wheel.

Celeste had been a fixture at the cabin dinette, happily poring over the plans of the marina, jotting notes and working on the laptop, totally oblivious to our happy moans.

"She's such an amazing person," Nicole whispered, "She does this incredible impression of an empty-headed bimbo and then she changes into this brainy, focused professional..." She licked her lips, "She gets me so hot!"

"No kidding! Nothing beats a brainy bimbo in a gorgeous bod for the ultimate turn-on!" I kissed her.

"You can say that again!" She kissed my neck and shivered, "But that doesn't explain why I am so obsessed with you."

"Sometimes extreme opposites work just as well too!"

"Hmmm, maybe even better... So is my lumbering oaf ready to reduce me to a quivering mass of desire again?" Her hand slipped between us and she pulled me over her.

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The engine went into reverse momentarily and we could see the familiar surroundings of The Eyrie outside the cabin. The boat bumped against the dock and Sara rushed down to tie us down. A moment later she opened the cabin door. "We're home..."

Nicole waved her over and pulled her down for a long soft kiss. "Hmmm, I missed you, my little Sara..." She sat up and held Sara at arms' length, "Who's not so little anymore!" She kissed her again, "And you are so beautiful!" She pulled her down between us.

I rested my head on Sara's lap, "Where're the others?"

"They've gone water-skiing in Dweebus."

"And you drove us back by yourself?"

"Yeah, I have to start dinner..."

Nicole was busy running her hand over Sara's body, "You've lost some weight - and... you've grown taller too - a lot!"

"I guess. I don't feel any different."

"Amanda says it's because I work her too hard."

"Oh, in what way?"

"He was just wonderful. He treated me so well." Sara stroked my face, smiling.

"He was extremely cruel to us. We can't walk anymore!" Celeste was packing her stuff away and chose that moment to comment. "And I was only here for a day. You could imagine the suffering the poor girl must've been subjected to!"

"That's not true!" Sara said heatedly, "We had a GREAT time! I just couldn't control myself, and... and we did it too much, that's all! It's not his fault!"

"Of course Sara will defend him. She'll do anything to protect him!" Celeste sniffed.

"Of course I will!"

"OK, Celeste, don't tease her!" Nicole hugged Sara. "Sare, I really missed you. And I'm so glad James can make you happy." She stroked her face, "You should have started the autopilot and come join us!"

Sara blushed. "I can't do anything until I'm less sore..."

"Hmmm, he can be a brute, sometimes."

"What do you mean 'sometimes'?" Celeste leaned on Nicole, "You know... This morning, he made me do nasty, degrading things..."

"Which you no doubt loved!" Nicole laughed.

"That's beside the point - it bugs me that he thought of them before I did!"

We lugged the groceries up and helped Sara get started and were cleaning up 'Jewel' when the girls came in on USS Dweebus. They had been wakeboarding and Brenda and Amanda, with their soaked-through cotton shirts, were practically topless. Jules looked great, her exercise regimen had done wonders, and she glowed with health and sex-appeal.

"Oh good, fresh blood," Nicole said. "Jules, we're going to make dinner and your job is to keep his Lordship happy until then."

"Really?"

"Jules," Celeste held her shoulders, "We've done our best. He's used us up - so it's up to you. Just for two, three hours. Do whatever you have to..."

"Do I have to sacrifice my virtue?" Jules grinned and flashed her lashes.

"WHATEVER it takes!"

She took my hand as we watched them troop up the stairs, Amanda and Celeste with grossly exaggerated limps.

We walked to the end of the docks and sat with our feet in the water. "How are you, my beautiful JulieAnn?"

She leaned her head on my shoulder and sighed, "I missed you. But I've been so busy - although Nicole, Bren and even Celeste are taking good care of me."

"Your exams, did you do OK?"

"That's part of the reason. I promised Mom and Dad I'd do well, otherwise they may not let me spend so much time with you..." She gripped my hand.

"And the business? Don't let it bog you down too much."

"That's actually fun. Nicole and Brenda have been helping me a lot. You know how thrilling it is to know I can decide the fates of all those companies? We have a lot of clout, James. Our capital allows us to direct their shares - up OR down." At my look, she continued, "Not that I do that with any frequency, we might attract too much attention - it's a good thing we've already begun to diversify." Aside from three construction companies who had been using Mueller's technologies, and with whom Nicole had worked out a stock deal, Jules had invested heavily in health technologies.

"With gengineering advancing medicine so fast and the availability of micro-robotics to perform low-intrusion surgery, the health industry is in for a big shakedown. Even if it doesn't happen for five or ten years, there's always enough people getting sick to guarantee profitability." She had even bought controlling interest at the clinic which had been supplying us with contraceptives. "Good to have around just in case..." she smiled.

"I'm still counting my blessings for all of you." I caressed her hair, "And I am not about to get greedy."

She softly cupped me and my cock started growing. "I'm so glad you're there for me to love..."

"And I love you, Jules, you are one amazing person," I kissed her, "And have I told you how lovely you look?"

She dimpled, "Not recently. I'm glad you like it... I've done nothing but work, exercise and think of you all week." She sighed, "And a little cunt nuzzling..."

She stroked my cock slowly, "But you know what?" She looked at me, "You still do it best... I think it's because with the girls, they KNOW what makes me tick, so they just go straight for it, but with you, you work at it and it's exciting as hell. And knowing that there's something even better afterwards..." She smiled and watched her hand moving. She looked up, "Two or three hours, huh?"

We went into the cabin, for privacy and air conditioned comfort out of the blistering heat. Slowly I removed the tiny pieces of her bikini. She had really toned up beautifully and strength rippled enticingly under her blemish-free skin.

We kissed and held each other, gently. Slowly I tasted her lips and we made flighty contact with our tongues. My hands stroked down her arms and up her sides, running my thumbs up her breasts. I caressed her nipples to hardness as she took in a shuddering breath. I ran my tongue down her neck to join my fingers at her soft, lovely breasts.

"Oh yess, James, I miss that..."

My erection jabbed her in her belly and she stood on tiptoes to slide me in her heat. I was barely inside her and we were both moaning and gasping into each other. She made slow, back-and-forth movements on my cock as she pulled my face up for another kiss, my hands squeezing her tits and our tongues slicking each other.

"Oh god, James. I missed you... So badly, I don't know!" she moaned against my neck, her hand on my ass pulling me into her. "Take me to bed, I want to feel you all the way in me!" She shook and moaned as I lifted her and I slipped into her tightness.

Still joined, I deposited her gently in bed. Her eyes were hard slits and she was flushed and her nipples an angry red. I leaned down and kissed them.

"Ohh, god, James. Bite them!" she moaned. I took nips on them and she pressed her nails in my back. I rolled one between my teeth and she moaned.

"Yesss, James, hurt them! Mmmmm!" I moved to her other nipple and she started humping herself under me, gripping my ass with both hands. I began moving in her, squeezing her breasts in my hands.

"Uhhnn, uhhhh. Yesss! Ohhh, ohhhh!" She tossed her blond hair and moaned loudly, gasping incoherently as she raised her legs up to her sides. "Oh god, yesss, so good." She shook and squirmed under me.

I ran my hand down her groin and pushed down on her mound. I could almost feel my bloated member slamming into her. She started humping my cock and my hand as I slipped my thumb down and pressed her inflamed clit.

"Ahhhh, ahhhh! Fuck me, you fucker! So good! Ohhhhh, ohmygod!" Her face was frozen in a mask of her pleasure. She reached her arms out and clasped me in them.

"Oh god, oh god. I love you!" She pulled my ass and forced me deep in her as she shook and humped in our embrace. "Ahhh, ahhh, so good...!"

Her sex trembled and gripped me and I was overcome by my surging need to come. I held her shoulders and fucked into her, my breath coming out in gasps as I made full, frantic strokes in her. Her nails gripped my shoulders and raked my back as I shuddered and flexed my come for a long shivering eternity. I gripped her and ground my cock into her, our bodies still wracked with tremors.

"You are incredible, James," she whispered, "Mmmm, so fucking incredible!" She caressed my hair and nibbled my ear. "I love you."

We turned to our sides and shared a soft kiss as she stroked my back. I kissed her nose and slipped my hand down her back and squeezed her ass.

"You feel so nice," I whispered, "I love your body."

"And it's yours..." she smiled and stretched.

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A bit later, after her incredible mouth coaxed a final gut wrenching load of sperm from me, Jules took my hand and led me upstairs.

Amanda and Brenda were decked out on the sofa having a loud discussion with Sara, who was hovering at the kitchen door keeping an eye on the stove. Brenda was on the laptop helping them set up spreadsheet models of our tests.

Jules pulled Amanda up and softly kissed her, then repeated it with Brenda. She went up to Sara and held her, nestling their mouths together. Then she shared warm kisses with Nicole and Celeste in the office.

Jules pulled everyone into the living room and tenderly held my face, then her lips met mine and she tasted my mouth with her come-covered tongue.

She pulled back, panting and eyes glowing, "This is my unofficial christening of our 'family' - James' Family." She looked at me, "I just want to say that I love you, James. You have given me so much and made it all possible. I am overwhelmed..." She held me and leaned her head on my chest, then she turned around, "I love you all - together with you I'm complete. There's a sense of direction, of accomplishment. It's fulfilling beyond anything I've dreamt possible..."

"I know," Brenda said quietly, "It makes me warm... And I wake up every day smiling..." She held and kissed me softly.

"Thank you James, thank you everybody, for letting me be a real person." Sara bit her lip and took my hand.

"James, thank you for making ALL my fantasies a reality," Celeste sighed, "And for the callouses on my knees."

"Not to mention blisters in my cunt. But I love you too, James." Amanda added, "You know, I've never had brothers or sisters, so thank you all for your love, your caring and your company." She sighed, "And Jules, you know how fondly I think of you each time he rams his cock in my throat? If you hadn't shown him the delights of deep throat, he'd still be happy with a hand job!"

"But look at all the kleenexes we're saving!" Jules dimpled and pulled Amanda close, "And Mandie you are such a hot babe. I get wet just looking at you!" She licked Amanda's lips, "And, if I had a cock..." as she ran her hands over Amanda's body and lingered on her impressive breasts.

"You like my boobs?" Amanda smiled, "I couldn't wait for them to get big so James would start touching them. He thinks I'm too small, you know?" She blinked at me, "He hardly ever touches them." She sighed and leaned against Jules, "And I have to keep swallowing his come... Because it's got proteins and makes my boobies grow..." She looked at me, "Isn't that right, James?" Wisely I kept my mouth shut.

"Just so happens I have a HUGE load I've been keeping warm for you!" Jules turned them to the sofa. "And what does he know? I LOVE your boobs!"

Nicole said, "Oh, before you get too carried away, Sara, Amanda and Brenda, there's something here for each of you..."

"Oh wow! My own credit card! Cool!" Amanda gushed. "When can I use it?"

"As soon as you sign the back..."

"You know, James," Brenda sighed wistfully, "I'll sorta miss the... things you make me do each time I ask you for spending money..." She leaned on me and bit my ear, "But you won't let me off easily, will you?"

Sara came back out with onion spread and fresh baked rolls, "In case you need more than just James' appetizer!" She smiled and went up to Nicole, "Hey, sexy, wanna come up my place and work on a hunk of meat?"

"Ooooh, you sure know how to sweet talk a girl!" Nicole smiled, "Is it better than the piece I had earlier?"

"It's hot and juicy and doesn't scream when you sink your teeth into it - you tell me!" Hand in hand they went back to the kitchen.

Celeste leaned on me and said, "James, I'm afraid our prom date is off. There's too much to do - I'll need tonight to get the plans ready for approval tomorrow and then the weekend and more to work out the details..."

"Whatever you want - just don't stress yourself out. Can I help?"

"Yeah - if you can make a list of the basic features we'll need, like offices, doorways and passageways, it'll help my thinking. Then a list for water, heating, communications and power. Don't forget washrooms and storage!" She kissed me lightly and went back to her office.

I sat at the table to start the list but was seriously distracted when Amanda leaned Jules down on the sofa and started kissing her. Jules was moaning weakly as Amanda's tongue and lips squished their way obscenely over her body.

Then Brenda got involved and I escaped to the patio just as Brenda eased Amanda's legs up, whispering, "Open for me, babe. It's time I thanked you properly..."

The list was up to 2 pages and I was in the process of refining it when Nicole came outside, dressed only in a short apron. She nestled down next to me and showed me dusty hands.

"Guess what this is!" she grinned.

"Dirt," I said.

"It's flour, silly! The roast and Yorkshire Pudding are MINE!" she glowed.

"You amaze me, from Princess to kitchen maid in a day!"

"I don't mind - I WANT to be your kitchen maid..." She rested her head on my shoulder and started drawing white circles on my stomach. "And your Princess..."

"You will always be everything to me... There will never be anyone nearly as beautiful as you. Both inside and out. You are my personal angel!" I took her hand and kissed it.

She giggled, "You're getting angel dust all over your face!" She paused, "You know you could get high from it?"

"Mmmm, and I'm hooked too!" I started licking her fingers, then stuffed them in my mouth, one at a time, sucking them. Her uproarious laughter drew the girls out.

"God, talk about Women's Lib!" Celeste breathed.

Nicole suddenly started moaning.

"Oh, babe, you do it so good! Oh yesss! Deeper!" she breathed and writhed on the ground, again pumping her finger inside my mouth. "Oh baby, I can't believe it's your first time. Oh yes, suck it now... Harder! I promise I won't come in you... Yes, honey, yes, yes. Oh yesss! Oh! Oh!" She grabbed my hair and humped her hand and body, "God, I love your mouth, you're the best, honey, deeper now, yesss! Oh god, I can't believe I'm fucking your mouth, you sweet thing! Oh! Oh!" Nicole convulsed on top of me and moaned loudly, then she whispered, "Swallow it honey,

because..." She paused and everybody yelled, "IT'S GOT PROTEINS AND MAKES YOUR BOOBIES GROW!"

We collapsed, rolling around the ground, screaming our laughter. All the girls ended up on top of me as we howled and coughed and choked.

Finally we just laid there sputtering.

"You know what's so scary?" Amanda said.

"What?"

"That's EXACTLY what he said to me the first time!" We cracked up again.

"No more! My bladder's gonna burst!"

"Oh, my stomach!"

"Get me a kleenex, somebody drooled all over me!"

"Oops! Sorry!"

"Help, I gotta pee!"

"You mean that wasn't spit?"

Celeste dragged herself out of our pile and dashed upstairs, closely followed by Amanda, then Jules. Then Sara pulled a still hiccupping Nicole into the kitchen to finish dinner.

I held Brenda and stroked her hair as we caught our breath. "I like to hear you laugh."

She kissed me softly, "I cannot imagine being happier than now. You've given me every reason to smile and laugh." She grinned and kissed my chest. "But I have to go weewee now!"

"Me too!" We raced up the stairs and the girls were still giggling inside.

I knocked on the door, "I hope you're not peeing in the bathtub!"

"Oops!" said Jules, "Sorry! But the toilet's busy!" The flush went and water ran, the door opened and they came out. Celeste kissed me and disappeared downstairs with the list I held for her.

Amanda took Jules' hand and led her to the bed. "Nicole interrupted a real profound experience just now," she explained to us.

I lifted the seat while Brenda stood at the door. "Can I watch?" Brenda leaned over my shoulder. I hmmm'd and let go. She reached over and gently held me as I emptied myself.

She helped me shake myself and maneuvered herself around, lowering and sitting on the toilet seat, still holding me. She looked up at me and her hand started moving on me. She pulled the foreskin back, and gently licked the tip of my penis, watching me all the time. She kissed it tenderly and watched her hand bring me to fullness, slowly licking and kissing me as I grew.

She took me in, it was hot and smooth and my shaking got worse when her tongue snaked along my flesh. She held and caressed the balls as her mouth brought my lust to a boil. She pursed her lips and helped me fuck myself into her tightness.

"Oh god, Bren!" I breathed as my hips drove against her. "Oh, oh god!" I moaned as streams of choking pleasure pulsed down my cock into her.

I leaned on her shoulders and shook and wheezed as she sucked me clean. She looked up at me and smiled. "Can I be your Sweet Thing now?"

The girls were still sitting in bed, arms around each other, watching intently. "Wow! That's profound!"

Chapter 34

Dinner was fabulous; besides Nicole's creations, Sara made broiled Mahi-mahi fillets, with a shrimp, crab-meat and wild rice stuffing, served in a cream sauce.

I raised my wine, "Thank you all. It is so great to have everybody here." I looked at Jules, "To the 'family'!"

"The Family!" We drank.

"I want to thank each and every one of you. I think you know it already so I won't get all mushy..." We drank again.

"Oh, and James, let's not forget to thank Brenda for the special BJ she gave just now!" Jules toasted. At their looks and to Brenda's great embarrassment, she explained, "She did him right after he, er... tinkled. Quite the performance I should add. Right Amanda?"

Amanda shrugged, "Ehh, been there, done that..."

"Oh...? You didn't tell me!"

"What's there to tell? I'm the youngest, with no boobs..." She sighed, "So he gets to get his jollies off me... Any which way he wants..." She shrugged. By then we were reduced to tears. Of laughter.

Brenda took her hand, "Looks like it's you and me, babe... He's put me on probation. So I have to really perform..." She looked at me, "Could be years, he says..." And sighed softly.

"I did it too!" Sara volunteered.

"Why do I not feel the least bit surprised?" Celeste said, "You are so totally in love with the guy he can do anything to you and you won't complain!"

"So? But it was REALLY exciting though! So nasty! I was coming without touching myself..." Sara sighed.

"So it's my fault now I forced you to finish quickly?" Amanda asked.

"Hmmm, but I got a tiny one when he was shooting..." Sara said dreamily.

"Wow! Really? He didn't get you to say it because..."

"No, it's true," Brenda said, "I got really excited too... Although I didn't come - I was busy with something else." She smiled. "Next time..." And squeezed my leg.

I busied myself with the delicious dinner to avoid getting involved, not that I would have been allowed a word edgewise anyways. I smiled at Nicole and she winked back.

"We have a busy week ahead," Nicole said as we were finishing the food, "First, the marina. Celeste and I will have to get a permit tomorrow so the work can begin. The building material will be delivered over the next week and we have to get things worked out so we can start construction.

"We'll also do up employment offers for you so you can stay here the Summer. Max is aware of it and he'll back it up.

"Next week, Jules, you and Amanda and Celeste will stay here while I'm away at shareholder meetings. Then Sara and Brenda, there's your shoot on Thursday - and Sherri too. James, you'll have to make the travel arrangements - and coordinate with Todd."

"I'm planning to go on 'Jewel'," I said as Sara and Brenda broke out in big smiles. "It's an eight hour trip, so we'll leave Tuesday afternoon, layover and arrive there Wednesday afternoon. We'll return Friday afternoon.

"It's only a couple of hours longer than by car and by plane is not much better with the driving needed." I added, "The long range weather looks clear and we can probably avoid any weather systems."

"Just be careful," Amanda mused, "Not you James, I'll miss the tongue thing with Brenda and Sara..." She noticed me staring at her. "What?"

"Mandie, darling,..." I smiled, "When were you intending to inform me about your plans to race this Saturday?"

"Oh god!" She buried her face in Brenda's shoulder. "Oh god!"

"You know all I have to do is ask Sara?"

"OK, OK. It's not her fault, I told her to leave it to me!" Amanda fidgeted, "We were going to sneak you outside tomorrow morning and sorta break it to you after... after..." She was actually blushing.

"That would do it," Celeste nodded, "No willpower..."

"So I did myself out of some hot sex by wanting to find out too soon?"

"No... James, that's not it... I just wanted a chance to explain in case you say no." Amanda looked at me, "The hot sex is yours anyways."

"Amanda, Sara, you two are amazing on 'Neta'. What you've accomplished in a short time was nothing short of phenomenal. I have all the faith in the world in you." They glowed. "But, you have to realize, you'll be racing against 'kids' who may be older than you but won't have the discipline and sense of fair-play you have. That's my concern. Promise me you'll stay cool and use your head and you can go."

They came around to hug and kiss me. "And one more thing, Amanda. I'm going to invite your parents up to watch."

"What...? Er, oh, I guess so..." She looked at me suspiciously, "This is not another one of your devious plans to ingratiate yourself with my parents is it? I'm beginning to suspect your intentions towards me are not all pure and honorable!"

"Mandie, call them tonight and tell them I'll pick them up Saturday morning - I promise I won't do anything dramatic." We finalized our plans as I finalized the food.

"We have one last thing to discuss," Nicole smiled. "School." We groaned in response.

"We have here a chance to spend time together and to accelerate your schooling at the same time, through something called home-education, but with a twist. I've set up an "Education Facilitator" company under JamPC using my Teaching Degree which permits us to conduct distant-learning courses and administer tests.

"Now the hard part is that you are all expected to finish two grade levels by September; in other words, you have to finish a grade in SIX weeks. It means James, I would expect you to have passed your High School Matriculation and started University by then. Celeste should aim to finish first year Architecture as well.

"There are a number of benefits that can come out of this. First, you would be able to convince your parents that you are responsible enough to look after your own education and need not spend time in school.

"Secondly, you'll have an undergraduate degree before you are twenty. Amanda would benefit the most here - a degree by fifteen. Which may not mean much now - but that degree gives you the ability and the RIGHT to do the things you really want to.

"Thirdly, this kind of program maximizes your abilities. You are not held back simply because another kid in your class cannot learn as fast.

"Finally, and you're gonna like this one. Studies have shown that, for the student who can stay focused and motivated, all that is needed is an average of two hours to learn a full day's worth of classroom instructions and that INCLUDES doing the homework. And the same applies to University as well - I know, it's working for me. Essentially by eliminating the time to sit through lectures and take notes I can cut 3/4 of the time to complete my courses.

"BUT, you'll need to do every question in the text books - and I want you to do it until you have it 100% correct; you have to look up references yourself and you have to find someone to help you if you get stuck."

Sara raised her hand, "How do we pass?"

"For high school credits, I administer a test - usually from the schoolbook, and we keep a record of your exercises to substantiate it. Universities administer their exams by Internet or by

mail. It's very much a self-paced system, but I've seen you work and I have every confidence this is the way for you to be prepared."

"Nicole, I'm in," Celeste said, "I'm so in you'll have to fight me screaming and kicking."

"Count me in too Nicole," I said, "Anything that shortens high school is a great idea!"

"Any time you need help, little boy, " Celeste leered, "Come to Mama and we can arrange to give you special tutoring - for a price!"

"Nicole, do we have to go to your place to study?" Sara asked.

"That's a good point. Celeste - can it be worked into the expansion?"

"Already done - four computers, Internet. James has a list with everything - including the vibrating water bed."

"Oh, it's settled then - a vibrating water-bed? Of course I'm in!"

"Yessir, for sure!"

"It's a go for me too!"

"That's great - I knew you'd be all for it. In fact, your textbooks are already at my place or on order. Very simply, the plan calls for three hours per week for each one of your subjects - Monday to Saturday. Do all the exercises and, if you have problems, don't struggle by yourself - come to me or get help from each other!" We nodded.

"Nicole, show them what you showed us - about 'The Look'..." Jules urged.

"OK, this may help when you need to hold your own out there. Remember I was not quite seventeen when I married Gaston. No experience, just a burning need to help him..." She sighed dreamily. "He had investments in everything and I had to deal with people who had no time for a little girl. So I watched and developed a few tricks.

"First of all, stand up straight - shoulders back, neck straight. For you girls, when you feel intimidated, this is really useful..." Nicole stood up, leaning slightly on one leg, and rested her fist on her other hip, smiling abstractly. It was as if someone had lit a spotlight on her. She sparkled and glowed and we could not take our eyes off her. I'd forgotten how to breathe.

Just as suddenly the vision disappeared as she sat, to a chorus of sighs. She continued, "That diverts their attention so they won't notice how young and insecure you may be. Then, there's 'The Look', focus on their forehead and let your eyes roll down to meet theirs; sneer the tiniest bit, just a twitch usually does it.

"Speak slowly. Pretend they're learning-disabled and enunciate clearly. Repeat yourself.

"Then, if they still give you trouble, ask who their boss is and stare HIM down." So we spent the next few minutes sneering and looking down our noses at each other. Amanda had us in stitches when she waddled around, giving us 'The Look' while wagging one eyebrow and tapping an imaginary cigar.

"I have something else for you Nicole. I think James' idea to measure aeration is quite unique - can you find out if it can be patented?"

"OK - I'll look into it, but you should all familiarize yourselves with the process. It's actually quite straightforward. Do a search on the Patent Office website for similar ideas. That will also give you an idea of the type of report they want, write it up in your own words and don't worry about the verbiage. Because after you write it up, we'd still have to get a technical writer to translate it into the obfuscated gobbledygook required by the Service, then we wait the two or more years and the patent is yours!

"I'm perhaps being too harsh - it's never easy to differentiate between innovation versus adaptation versus cleverly-worded duplication. But the number of non-specific ramblings that have been issued patents bears out my misgivings.

"However, a patent, even while pending, is a real, tangible commodity - and of course actual, working solutions like Mueller's inventions will pay off handsomely!

"Just make sure your idea IS a tangible process and more than just concept - intellectual property is not patentable. For example, there's no point patenting an equation - you cannot stop

people from thinking about it or applying it. But put it into a chart or program and it becomes a tool and then it can receive an enforceable patent."

As we talked, Sara brought dessert out - stewed pear on vanilla ice-cream with a raspberry topping.

Brenda said thoughtfully, "You know, I've been looking at those false signals you had the first couple of runs. And it actually corresponds closely to the actual signals at a higher speed, about 14% higher. I'm not sure exactly what it means but I have a good feel about it."

"That's something we can investigate with the new boat," I mumbled around my ice cream. "And we should find an easier way to monitor the plane points..." I chewed reflectively, "In fact, we can stick little microphones in a grid - let's say 5-by-5, hmmm, 4 inches apart..." I drifted off, "Multi-channel... Isolate the sound... Spectrum..."

"James, stop," Amanda said, "You're scaring us. All this mental activity cannot be doing your brain any good."

"You're right, my burst of brilliance has made me hungry again!" I helped myself to another generous portion. They stared as I inhaled it.

"Ahhh," I said, as I wiped my mouth, "This is SO amazing girls! Remind to me to start exercising again... Tomorrow, though! Right now I'm gonna get myself some hot sex..." I stretched and rose. They all cringed away from me.

I took Celeste's hand and led her up the stairs.

"What?" she sputtered, "Do you know how much WORK I got? And you want ME?!" She looked back as I took her through the side door, "Start your stopwatch! This is going to be the world's quickest quickie!"

She glared at me and I silenced her with a quick kiss.

Slowly I walked us up the path to the ledge and looked out. "Why do you suppose Mueller wanted to build his 'wheel' here?"

"Because..." she started and stopped.

"Because," she repeated after a wait, much softer this time, "he wanted his brainchild to be an expression of the natural beauty here." Another pause, "He would not be happy if we made his structure too grandiose or flashy... It should be raw, real - and permanent." She squeezed my hand as we stared at the lake.

"Good, I just wanted to make sure I understood his goals..." I turned to go.

"Wait, James." Celeste tugged me back, "Stay here with me. Please." She pulled me down beside her, spreading her skirt for us to sit on. "Thank you. I may have reached that realization by myself at some point, but it may have been too late..." She sighed, "I would not be able to face Marjorie if I screwed up that way..." She leaned her head on me and we sat in silence.

After a while she ran her hand on my thigh. "You still want the hot sex?" she said quietly.

"I'm happy. Let's just savor the moment."

She left her hand on me and started humming, "You know that song?" I shook my head. "Intermezzo, by Mascagni. He was the first of the story-telling opera composers and he wrote this for the birth of his first child..." She sighed, pulling my arm tight across her shoulders, "I'm beginning to appreciate that sentiment."

She relaxed in my embrace, "James - I love you." and softly finished humming her song.

Chapter 35

I stretched and yawned mightily. The low murmuring in the room stopped. Moments later Jules and Brenda stuck their heads over the foot of the bed and looked down at me. "Hi sleeping beauty! Did you sleep well?"

"Mmmm, very well!" By the bird noises outside, it must have been past nine. My stomach confirmed it.

After bringing Celeste back from our little excursion the night before, I had proved myself too much of a nuisance to the girls and I was sent to sleep on the mattress on the floor. Aside from vague memories of warm kisses and whispered invitations to hot sex, I had slept the night through, and presumably alone as well.

I opened my arms and they cuddled against me. I gave Brenda a kiss and my stomach rumbled.

Brenda looked down, then up at Jules, "I think he's horny."

"He's ALWAYS horny..." Jules kissed me, and, when my stomach growled again, "And hungry..."

"You girls wouldn't happen to have food around here, would you?"

Brenda pointed down to the kitchen.

I groaned as I eased myself out of their embraces and bed, then Jules added, "Can you make us something as well? Sara was in a real rush this morning and..."

"You mean you couldn't get yourselves breakfast?"

"Oh we had milk and bread," Jules said, "But there's no jam or peanut butter." She looked at me, "You know there's not even a toaster here?" Obviously Sara had not shown her the broiler on the oven.

"What happens if Sara's not here and I fall sick or something?"

"Then we'll just have to distract ourselves with sex," Brenda grinned.

"I could do with some distraction now..." I suggested.

"Sorry, I'm too hungry to feel sexy."

"You too, Jules?"

"Fraid so." She dimpled.

"You girls are giving true love a bad name!" I complained.

I made soup and warmed up the leftovers and we shared it on the patio, Jules and Brenda continuing their discussion of the accounting procedures they were planning for the Marina. As I finished the final remaining bone from the roast, I reached over and picked a crumb off Brenda's nipple.

"Hey..." She grabbed my hand and held it against herself and smiled, "Do I look like Amanda? Why are you putting your filthy hands all over me?"

"It's suddenly become extremely attached to you... Besides, it's only one hand on ONE spot!"

"Oh yeah?" She grabbed my other hand and dragged it across to her other breast. She leaned back and pulled me on top of her.

She smiled wickedly at me, "I think you should clean me up, don't you?" and sighed happily as I started licking her soft breasts and hard nipples.

Jules slipped up next to Brenda and they shared a tender kiss. Jules slipped her hand on me and stroked me until I was hard. Then she helped me find Brenda's soft wet hole.

Bren closed her eyes and wrapped herself around me. I kissed her and started pumping into her tightness, sighing contentedly.

Jules nestled next to us and said, "Remember Bren, the P&L only tells you what you likely WILL be earning..." We stared at her. Jules smiled brilliantly and kissed me. "It's called

reinforced learning. You tend to absorb details better when it's associated with a pleasurable experience. So you'd better make it real pleasurable, James!"

Then she turned Brenda's face and softly kissed her, adding her tongue as I began pumping again.

"So, the P&L is only an indicator of profitability," Jules resumed, "Of more immediate importance is your cash flow, you have to pay for goods before you can deliver, before you can collect. Even then, there are any number of things that can prevent a timely collection." We both nodded, moaning our need for regular capital infusion.

"So it's important to establish up front a line of credit with advantageous terms to yourself, but push for immediate payment..." I stopped her discourse by forcing my tongue in Jules' mouth as I made a rather substantial deposit in the lovely corporate body I was exercising my options on.

Brenda was gasping and biting my ear as we slowly came down from our shaking orgasm, then she pulled my face off Jules and attacked her with moaning kisses and licks.

Jules started grunting softly as I moved my hands and lips down to her smooth breasts and massaged them until their tips were red and glowing. With rising urgency, Jules moaned her need and pulled me by the hair to her groin.

Her cunt was already soaked as I kissed and nibbled between her spread legs. In a minute, Jules was groaning her pleasure into Brenda's mouth, her legs pumping on me as I tongued her to yet another climax.

I nestled up to them and we shared soft kisses, laying in hazy euphoria while we caught our breaths and watched the birds wheel in the blue sky.

Finally Brenda stretched and murmured, "Is it lunch time yet? We have to meet them..."

We cleaned up and crammed into the helm seat on Dweebus. "Let's see," Brenda said, "I have to make sure I have enough cash to... to..." She paused, "Jules, I'm having a tough time remembering... Something on hand..." She took Jules' hand and slid it under her skirt, "Ahhh, oh, ooh yes. Right - cash on hand to cover all the purchases I need to fill the orders to pay me back what I'd already paid out before!" She leaned her head on Jules' shoulder, "Golly, you make me feel so clever!"

Jules kept her hand moving in place and continued, "The best way to maximize cash flow is to obtain goods on consignment. Hopefully, that's what I can convince Peter to let us do." She continued, "Arrange with the bank in advance to purchase your receivables in case you need quick cash..."

"Yess, yess," Brenda writhed on Jules' hands as she cried out her zeal for advanced learning. "Ohhh, quick, yess, quicker..."

As she caught her breath against Jules, Brenda said, "I hope the Bank Manager can understand if I insist on conducting our transactions with his finger in my snatch." She laughed weakly.

"Then he should offer you preferred customer status and... Mmmm, help me out here, will'ya, hon?" She leaned back on me as Brenda delved deeply into her very accountable package, "Ahhh, yess. Aim for 1.55% below prime, which is their rate from the Feds. Ahhh, good..." and started moaning incoherently.

By the end of the ride, they were whining weakly on each other, clothing and hair a mess. Their attempts at IQ enhancement failing dismally as they giggled breathily and mindlessly licked each other's faces and fingers.

We docked up next to Neta and found the others crowded around a weird contraption in the parking lot. It was made of green metal tubing, like a long skinny go-kart, but with just a single wheel in front and a large fan in the back. It had 2 seats in tandem, the one in back about 1 foot higher. It looked like it was built for speed; bullet shaped cowling and four-point seat belts but the wheels looked tiny and it had no obvious steering. Jules and Brenda staggered up to Nicole and Celeste and amidst more silliness took themselves off to 'Jewel'.

Amanda drifted up from where she and Sara were inspecting the cart. I hugged her and kissed her neck, "What IS it?"

"It's a Powered Parachute. You attach a paraglider to the frame and it flies!" She squeezed me, "Do you know what I'm gonna ask you next?"

"Sure, you're gonna ask that I never, ever allow you on one or even near one!" I kissed her ear.

She laughed, "God! You are so lucky you have me to show you the errors of your ways!" She hugged me around my neck and kissed me, "Mmmm, cunt..." She gave me another lick and smacked her lips, "The PPCs are really safe - and the parachute's built right in!" She giggled at her witticism, "And guess what? There are NO age limits to flying these things!" At my incredulous look, she added, "It's true, the PPCs belong to a class of aircraft called ultralights. As long as you have ground instructions, fifteen hours' training in one and write an exam, you can go solo!" She bribed me with another lingering kiss, "C'mon, let's talk to Harry."

We went up and shook hands. Harry was the owner of a flight park 5 miles down the road and sometimes brought his engine problems to Max. He was explaining to Max and Sara, "So we changed the ignition wires but the radio was still getting a lot of noise. And then this morning the engine wouldn't fire at all!"

"It was fine yesterday?"

"Oh yes! Ran through the warm-up and prep no trouble! And this morning - nothing!"

"Did you put the old wires back in?"

"Yeah, but still no go."

"Let's look at the plugs."

"No need, they were installed just yesterday!"

"Harry, bear with me," Sara said as she went off for the tools.

Max nodded at Harry. "Trust her - she's good."

Sara returned and started removing a plug. She turned to Amanda, "You notice? Redundant carbs and ignitions!" The little 2-cylinder engine had 2 independent fuel supplies and spark plugs per cylinder for safety. Sara popped the first one and it was grimy with soot.

"Well!" Harry sputtered. "I'll be!"

Sara wiped it down and inspected it carefully. "Ah, I thought so." She looked at Harry, "The owner complained of radio noise so you installed suppressor wires on the ignition." She held up the plug. "But these are the 'BR' type plugs - the suppressor resistors are already built in. So you've effectively doubled the resistance to each plug." She looked at me, "What the suppressor does is to stretch the spark pulse out - that way there's less noise to affect radios, but also weakens the spark. With double the resistance, the spark was barely enough for a hot engine - that's why it ran yesterday. But today, with a cold engine..." she shrugged.

She helped Harry clean the plugs and swapped the old wires back in. The engine fired without a stutter.

Harry turned on the handheld radio and it howled with noise. He hurriedly pressed the engine 'Kill' switch by the pilot seat.

He scratched his head, "That puts us back to where we were yesterday!"

Amanda smiled, "No, not quite." She looked at him, "Harry, if we fix the radio problem, will you give us all lessons?"

"Sure - just not on weekends or holidays, I'm really busy then!"

I gave Sara a hug as Amanda disappeared into the Marina. "Do you know what she's doing?" I whispered.

Sara nodded, "I think so - it occurred to me just now too."

Amanda returned and asked Harry to sit in the pilot's seat with the radio on - it was sweetly silent. She started the engine and the howl returned.

Amanda reached towards the engine and suddenly the radio noise stopped. Harry looked up in astonishment. With a smile Amanda shut the engine off.

"Why, that's amazing! How'ja do that!" Harry shouted.

Smilingly, Amanda held up the cut ends of the wires leading to the 'Kill' switch. "The Kill switch works by shorting out the sparks to the engine. But the wire leading there acts like an antenna, broadcasting the noise to the radio."

"So, what can we do without a kill switch?"

Amanda fashioned a piece of the coax cable that was used for the cell phones and replaced the wire with it, artistically duct-taping it to the frame. We restarted the engine and the radio worked flawlessly. The subdued crackling when the radio was held near the switch clearly verified Amanda's intuition.

"You know? That may be the cause of all the problems with GPS's as well!" Harry said excitedly.

He was in a rush to get back with the good news and we made arrangements to meet later as he loaded the PPC back into his truck.

Sara and Amanda went back to finish Neta and I joined the girls in the boat. I kissed Nicole. Then Celeste wanted a kiss too. So I had to kiss everybody all over again.

"How did it go this morning?" I asked Celeste.

"A real quickie. Wham-bam thank you Ma'am." She smiled. "Helps that both Marjorie and her friend are on the Town Council."

"So we're a go?"

"For sure. Next week..." Celeste said dreamily.

We collected everybody for the restaurant and ate as Sara and Amanda told them about taking flight lessons.

"I'd like lessons too," said Brenda, "I think it's neat!"

"They're not very fast - by law they can't go faster than 65 mph, the PPCs are even slower. Hmmm, even so, by flying direct, we can get to Nicole's in an hour!" Amanda said.

"Where can you land?" I asked.

"It needs less than 30 feet to take off or land, Nicole's yard is 200 feet deep!"

"What about this end?"

"The parking lot's big enough... Celeste? We'd want something 25 feet wide and 150 long." Amanda tapped her lip, "Maybe something from the water's edge, then we can accommodate seaplanes... But they'll need 30 ft wing clearances."

"The parking lot's 200 feet deep and almost 350 wide." Celeste paused, "There's a 1:40 gradient, is that alright?" Amanda nodded. "Then it shouldn't be a problem 'cause we own all the land including where we're sitting."

"You mean the restaurant?"

"Yeah, they pay us like \$500 in rent each month! Anyways, we'll barricade a strip up from the far boat launch and we can use it for the planes."

"And parking spots... Hmmm, the gradient will help launching, too!"

"How slow can they go?" I ask.

"That's the beauty of PPCs - they never stall, too slow and they just sink. But, depending on weight, minimum speed for level flight is around 12 mph. Of course we'll need to go MUCH faster if you're on board James." They snickered.

"But we could use them as an observation platform for the boats, right?"

"That's right! Fly alongside with a camcorder and analyze the tape afterwards!"

"Why don't we ALL go and take the ground lessons before we decide whether to continue."

I looked at Nicole.

"No harm trying it out," she nodded and smiled.

"I really need to go back..." Celeste sighed.

"The first lesson is only 45 minutes. Take your car and come back if you don't want to stay."

Harry and his wife operated their aircraft park out of a small meadow in a valley, on which he had cleared two 'runways' marked out in whitewash. There was a semi enclosed barn for storage and a trailer at the "V" of the runways which was his home, office, restaurant and control tower. There were about 25 small planes of every description in the barn or staked out on the field.

He showed us a few. The PPCs were stored with the parachute collapsed in a nylon bag on-board. 'Trikes' were similar, with a stock cart but had a "V" or Delta-shaped hang-glider wing instead of the parachute. They were controlled by a metal bar across the pilot's chest that directly moved the wings.

"They're also known as weight-shift or flex-wing ultralights," Harry explained, "Both types also have a 'personal' variant - where the pilot actually WEARs the engine, a lightweight 25hp 2-stroke on his back. It's not very common now because of the hazard factors but is popular with cliff soaring and wherever truck access is limited."

The third commonly found type of ultralights were small, light airplanes, controlled just like larger aircraft; with a stick-yoke and foot pedals.

"Each type of ultralight requires extra specialized lessons, but airplane style ul's are less popular - their high cost and speed limitations reduce their usefulness. They're usually flown by people training for or maintaining their pilot's wings."

We returned to his office as Harry continued his lecture on Ultralights, under Federal Aviation Regulations, section 103, or FAR103 as it was generally known. They were restricted to daylight operation, and limited by maximum net weight, load and fuel range and maximum and stall-speeds, but otherwise, pretty much everything went. Harry told us that there were blimps, balloons and even gyro-copters in the category.

"PPCs are the safest and easiest to control. There are only foot pedals for turning and a throttle stick. The engines, as you saw this morning, are very simple ones between 50 and 120hp. They are extremely efficient - about one hp per pound for 2-strokers and will fly 20-30 miles on a gallon of gas." PPCs were also the least expensive, about 25% cheaper than the trikes.

He went on to inform us on safety and flight protocols - quite straight-forward and we had no problems with the written test.

Celeste and Nicole decided to return to the Lake - there would not be enough time that day for flight lessons for all of us. We also found out that we each would need a Basic Flight Instructor license to operate a 2-seater. The requirements were not stringent, only 10 additional hours of solo flight time, more landings and takeoffs and another written test. After that we could also teach and issue basic flight licenses.

I got to go on first and what an incredible experience that was. When Harry started the engine, wash from the propeller inflated the air pockets that made up the parachute and it formed into an airfoil. As the cart started rolling forward, it lifted gently off the ground. It seemed like we were hardly moving when we were 10 feet up already. The feeling was magical, as if we were floating in air, and the urge to chase the birds was overwhelming.

The girls were frantic with glee and wanted to stay up forever but we had decided to let Amanda and Jules get their hours first - they would be staying all week while Brenda and Sara were away on the shoot.

We placed an order for a side-by-side 2-seater with a 'performance' chute, which was elliptically-shaped and designed for higher speeds and more agility. With the upgrades of a triple prop on a more powerful 110hp engine it would fly better in more diverse conditions and allowed cruising at speeds over 55mph with a 200 mile range. The unique craft also came with floats which could be attached for water use.

After we each had had a 30 minute flight, I drove them, kicking and screaming, back to ready Jewel and Neta for the trip to the race. The girls would be leaving that afternoon to have an early dinner at Frank's and stay overnight on site. I would be going home so I could drive Amanda's parents to the race in the morrow.

They were all excited after the flying experience and the idea of traveling together on Jewel; determined to prove that they could handle the boat without my help.

After attaching Neta with 2 lines to keep it from drifting while under tow, Sara and Amanda joined me on the docks. I hugged them to me.

"It's a wonderful job you two have done with Neta."

"Yeah - knowing it's the best we could make it is an amazingly satisfying feeling."

"Let's hope we can prove it tomorrow!" Amanda added.

"Even if things don't work out as planned, you have many more chances to improve your boat and your skills." I held them and kissed them, "You've got nothing to prove to anybody - I already know you two are the best. Just enjoy yourselves."

"I don't know, we never got the hot sex you threatened us with..." Sara grinned, and looked at Amanda, "It'll be tough making it through tonight with all six of us on that tiny little berth!"

Amanda nodded enthusiastically, "And I promised Brenda I'd practice the tongue thing with her until I got it perfect!"

"I can see I'm getting in the way here..." I smiled.

"But you know how much we love you, right?" Sara gripped my arm.

"And how much we need you..." Amanda leaned up and kissed me, "You're the reason any of this is possible." She leaned on my chest as Sara grabbed me in a kiss as well.

"I'll cherish that thought," I sighed, "Until I see you tomorrow. And good luck..." They dashed back on board after a grinning Jules leaned on the horn. I waved goodbye as they pulled away.

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The Friday traffic going home was worse than I remembered. Everything looked smaller and more congested.

I called Erin at home and told her I was taking them out to dinner, to celebrate my new job. By the time I pulled up at the door they were all waiting and dressed to go. Erin was quite impressed with my 'Island Boy' look and wanted to show me off to her friends but Mom shushed me upstairs so I could get cleaned up and 'be presentable'.

It was the first time I had driven them in the car and, after fidgeting anxiously for 5 minutes, Dad declared that I drove 'OK' and relaxed. A major accomplishment.

I took them all the way out to Anton's and he really made their day with his friendly and attentive service. Dad was impressed with my new 'Assistant Manager' job at the Marina - we had decided to give Brenda and myself the same job title; officious and vague enough to cover everything. It even let me explain the car as a company perk.

"Can you get a diploma without going to school?" Mom asked suspiciously after I described to her my plans to finish high-school in Summer. "Is it something that will be recognized?"

"It'll be good enough to get me into University," I said. "If not - I'll go back in September and finish my Senior year the regular way. That's why I don't think there's any risk - you don't even have to tell the school until we know I've been accepted by a University!" Mom nodded and she and Dad were clearly pleased with my renewed interest in education.

For dessert Anton had the kitchen make up Crepes Suzette, and served it over a pear brandy flambe. Erin squealed her excitement and forgot her low-fat diet long enough to have a second helping.

I capped the dinner by producing my charge card with a flourish, before Anton had a chance to offer to bill Nicole for it. Mom was totally blown away by my high-spending lifestyle and Anton's impeccable manners - blushing brightly when he bowed over her hand and called her "Mme Mitchell."

Jules had left a message for me at home, saying they had finished dinner and were getting ready for bed. But very obviously not for sleep, if the amount of giggling in the background was any indication. She wished me a sultry goodnight before hanging up.

I went to bed, horny but satisfied, and, for the second night in a row, I slept alone.

(To be continued)

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