

James

A Novel by MikeC
Chapters 58-70

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Part IX. Soaring Visions

Chapter 58

"Look!" Brenda whispered, pointing to the dozen sleek white birds feeding in the reed bed as we drifted past a small bay. She had wanted to explore some of the inlets along the rugged eastern shore of the lake, north of Sunset Cove. So after provisioning the canoe with essentials, we had set off in the crisp morning air, with Brenda nestled against my shins as I guided the sleek craft in the still water.

"And there!" she pointed upwards, where more of the large birds were gliding in to feed. With much squawking and flapping of wings, these four-foot tall birds with the long legs sorted themselves out in their domains as gradually calm descended.

"What are they?" she whispered in awe as they high stepped through the shallow water, peering intently in the murky water with their heads cocked at an angle. "Oooh!" she cried as one stabbed into the water and resurfaced with a fish through its sharp foot-long beak. With a deft flick of its head, it flipped the fish in the air and swallowed it head first.

"These are Giant Egrets, didn't you read the literature at the Ranger Station?"

"They had literature there?" Brenda mulled, "I guess I was too busy admiring their biceps and tattoos. But you'll be kind enough to edify and illuminate me, won't you?"

"I'll try, but I was kinda busy staring at you." Brenda smiled and reached back to stroke my face. "They used to be called the American Heron, and range all the way from Massachusetts to Mexico. They, and the smaller Snowy Egrets, were hunted almost to extinction because of their beautiful plumage."

"You're so clever!" She sighed, running her hand over my thigh, "No wonder I'm so in love with you!" We watched them for a while longer before moving on.

"Remember Kelly?" she suddenly asked. "She sent me email and she sounds down."

"Problems?"

"Personal ones." Brenda sighed, "She feels the emptiness but doesn't know what's causing it."

"Does she have anyone close to her?"

"I don't think so. Maybe Todd."

"They're business partners, aren't they?"

"Yeah, and so immersed in their work that they can't see the obvious."

"Which is...?"

"That they are right for each other - not just from a business sense; much, much more than that."

"As in love?"

"Yeah, they're like two racers barreling towards the finish, oblivious to their surroundings. One day they'll look around and find that they are BOTH after the same goal, that they can get there faster by doing it as a team." She leaned on my knee, "That would be beautiful..." A pause, "Maybe I can talk with her when she goes to Regan's later this week..."

"Will things be OK for you at Chuck's?"

"Mmmm, quite..." She hugged my knee. "They are such GOOD people!" Another sigh, "Poor Anna, who's had to put up with so much, so young. I'm glad she has had the chance to see Deanna and talk to her, however briefly..."

"She seemed to be her own sweet self yesterday..."

"Hmmm, yeah, but probably part of it is shock. We'll give her a couple of days to digest the facts... Then there's Chuck, even though he puts everybody through hell, I think he suffers more than any of them..." Brenda's eyes grew distant.

"You really feel for him, don't you?"

"Yeah, he's all soft inside, but works hard at hiding it - to the point of being cruel and uncaring." She gripped my knee, "It tears him apart thinking he drove Deanna away..."

"But...?"

"But he can't admit it, even to himself, that he'd been wrong with Deanna, that there's no way she would ever do the things he'd accused her of..." Brenda shook her head, "And Deanna, she's more ashamed that she can't live up to her image of her father than any wrong-doings... They're both so mule-headed!" She shook her head in silence, "It seems the more they care for or love somebody, the more they are driven to hurt them by being demanding and aloof."

Silently, we drifted by a few more small bays, which were weed choked and too small for anything but ducks. We were slowly approaching the two large rivers which jointly fed the lake.

"Why then does Chuck get along so well with you and Sara?" I mused.

"That's interesting, isn't it? I think in Sara's case, it's because she stood up to him and made him realize her strengths right from the start. With me, it's more like I represent the group and he sees me as a good friend for Anna..." Then she added, "And somewhat useful to Regan's from a business point of view."

"Is that all? There must be more - he was gloating every time he talked about you!"

"Well, I sorta showed him a different way to design a boat..."

"You did, huh? How did you come up with that?"

"Well, when you think about it, it's simple. Boats spend most of their useful life on their aft end. Yet after talking to R&D, I realized that everyone designs boats from the FRONT first, then painfully adjusts the back half to allow for performance at speed! Just doesn't make sense!" She shook her head, "So I just plugged in numbers starting from when the boat is going at a theoretical maximum speed and worked backwards, or forwards, or whatever."

"Turns out Ernst Mach, the guy who first measured the speed of sound, had already developed a lot of the maths for calculating vectors and displacement geometries. Of course I NEEDED the experience and the brains at Regan to fill in the rest of the blanks, but I had no doubt from the start it was a do-able thing."

"But you must have had a tough time convincing Chuck!"

"Hardly!" she laughed, "I sort of sneaked it past him - he thought I was throwing a party for his boys to try and sell a corporate re-org! By the time I dropped the bomb he was committed and had to listen to it. But he caught onto the idea within the first ten minutes, and has been nothing but super-supportive..." She sighed, and softly, "I love that grand old man of the sea..."

After a while she continued, "He DID raise some interesting questions though! At the meeting, he asked about the torque curves and now thinking about it, I realize that I should have based the calculations on THAT instead of just incrementing the rpm by fixed amounts. Since torque is an index of the engine's ability to accelerate, we should be able to get smoother performance by designing the hull to match that..." She started drumming her fingers on my legs, "Mmm, need to transpose and rotate the axis, invert the scale, or differentiate... Then static resistance... Hmmm, and more..."

She sighed and continued, "Chuck was also concerned about the modeling and mock up process - and he's got a point. Right now, the testing is done using full or 2/3-size models; any smaller, the results are unreliable. Then they have to place weights to match the expected loads. All in all, it takes days to set up the model to run the tests and usually they have to repeat this up to 4 times before they have a usable design. Occasionally, something slips through and the process has to be repeated again. That's why new designs are years in development and even longer before introduction."

"Then there are the times when they try and shortcut the process and end up with a monumental mess like Peter's Gyro 2! The Monster Cuddy design was quite brilliant - they built upwards and kept a relatively small and clean footprint; then they found out what worked at 60mph was a disaster in the making at 80!" She shook her head, "Goes to show how far behind

the times the boating industry is!" A pause, "Hmmm, James, do you realize we've been at this same spot for quite a while?"

"That's because the current keeps pushing us back..."

"Why didn't you tell me? I thought there must be something worth looking at here!"

"There is!"

"What? Where?"

"Your nipples - I love the way they get all hard and stand up when you're excited!"

"Oh...!" She leaned her head back and smiled at me, then she arched back to hug my waist, "Are they? Can you tell from that far away?"

"It's amazing what these space-age fabrics can handle!" I sighed as I stared at the twin missiles making ferocious dents in her tank-top, "Plain cotton would've been torn by now."

Carefully she squirmed around and, crouching between my feet, worked her top over her head. "There! Is this better?" She rubbed them against my knees, and we watched as her rubbery nubbins drew sparks on me. Her eyes closed and she hummed happily. Then she looked up at me, a soft smile on her face. "Talking about hard and standing up... Is there something else you'd like me to do - seeing as I'm on my knees already?"

I handed her the dripping paddle, "Yes, hold this while I get us ashore." I leered at her lovely treasures, "I want to perform a detailed and complete reinventory of our holdings."

"Oh really?"

"Yes, quite obviously you have seriously under-represented your assets." I gave them a gentle squeeze, "We'll need a thorough investigation... Even more thorough than last time!"

"Oh no!" Brenda looked stricken, whispering, "I-I might as well own up now - I've been dipping in the deposit box! Sometimes as many as TWO fingers..." She looked very repentant and licked her lips. "But if I throw myself at the mercy of the court, can I work it off? Some sort of community service, perhaps?" She reached for the mounting evidence in my pants and I had to stop her before she could make a mess of my briefs.

The current had pushed us against a thick reed bed along the shore. I stepped overboard in the thigh high water and guided the boat into a channel running through the shoulder-high catgrass. Brenda stretched out, sunning herself and softly stroking her breasts.

"Hey, no playing with the merchandise! You break 'em, you've bought them!"

"Hmmm..." She licked her fingers and tweaked her nipples, "I'm just polishing the display so my boss knows what a willing and hard worker I am..." Sighing, she leaned back as she continued polishing.

The channel had been created when the river was blocked off by an ancient rock fall. Over time, the water had worked a small opening and a steady stream poured over a small, 5 feet high cascade. The force of the water had cleared the area of plants and swept the sand and silt to form a secluded beach. I tied up on a large piece of driftwood and turned to watch Brenda come ashore with the paddles and the sunpad, all smiles and jiggles.

"Mmmm, this is NICE!" Brenda said as she looked around. I followed her with the backpack containing our provisions when suddenly she dropped the cushions and turned to hug me. My pack followed them to the sand as our lips and tongues met, slowly and tenderly. I stroked her red curls and smooth back. Her breasts burned on my chest.

Her breathing became more urgent as I slipped my hands inside her bikini bottoms and roamed the firm flesh there. "Oh, oh, uh, oh god!" she moaned on my neck as I found her wetness and stroked a soft finger in her. She held my ass and ground her crotch on me as she shook and kissed my neck. "Oh yeah! Yeah... Mmmm... That's so good!" She sighed against me and clung on, shaking, "Hurry! I want you in me now!"

With a moan she tore away and skimmed out of her panties and laid down on the pad, "C'mon babe, don't make me wait! I need you bad!" I flung my shorts off and knelt between her thighs. She raised her knees and her bush was matted with moisture.

"Ughhh!" I groaned at the incredible feeling of her sex.

"God yesssss...!" she sighed, nails on my ass to urge me on as I made slow progress with gentle strokes, drowning in the exquisite tenderness.

Her cunt felt so tight that I was holding back, afraid of hurting her. "C'mon honey, let me FEEL you!" she breathed and rolled us over, dropping her body on me and forcing me deep. "Arrrgh!" Eyes closed tightly she gripped me with her arms and legs. "S-so good! Almost forgot how good you feel!" Brenda nibbled my lips and worked her burning sheath around my cock.

"Mmmm, yes, good... Mmmm... Ahhh, fuck me like this..." She made a throaty whistling sound and started shaking. "Babe, oh babe!" Her lips found mine and she stuck her wildly lashing tongue in me. Her shivering slowed and she laid panting on me. "So full!" she murmured, "I can feel you everywhere!"

Slowly she started moving again, her hips making circles, rubbing her groin against me. Then she started making short hard strokes, grinding her clitoris against my body. Eyes still closed tightly, she moaned as a series of tremors overtook her body. Her cunt squeezed me and I added my motions to hers, driving my orgasm. I grabbed her ass and helped her move her body on me as I joined her in crying our passion. Sweat bathed our bodies as she collapsed on me.

"Hmmm, I love holding you, and feeling you..." Brenda whispered, licking a drop of sweat off my neck, "I love YOU!" She started squirming her cunt against me and my cock slipped out.

"Oh shoot! Sorry!" She sighed, "I just can't get enough of you - you make me so damned hot!"

"You sure it's me and not the sun?"

"Mmmm, that too... I should move before my back gets fried," she said but resumed her licking on my neck and face.

I rolled her off and picked her up in my arms. "Where are you taking me?" She waved her feet and grinned, "Am I 'Cash and Carry?'"

"I wish!" I sighed as I waded into the stream, "But you're too expensive!" I kissed her and dropped her in.

"Hey!" she sputtered and shook water from her face, "What was that for?"

"I'm hoping that I'll get a discount now that there's water-damage!"

"Not a chance sweetie. This chassis--" she hefted her chest, "--is waterproof and rustproof!"

Together we explored the water hole under the waterfall where a cool refreshing stream washed over us. She held on to me and kissed me softly. I bit her nose and she hugged herself to me. Brenda looked up, smiling, "Maybe we can put you on the lease to own plan... 99 more deposits and she's all yours!"

"Can I make more than one deposit per day?"

"Mm-hmm, for sure! But later! I need to talk to you serious-like first..." She tugged me back on the beach and laid down next to me.

"I want you to help me think through the modeling cycle. It takes days, and the results are nowhere near what can be considered conclusive," Brenda lamented.

"What's the problem with using smaller models?" I asked.

"The vortex shape, planing geometry and flotation characteristics are unusable under 70%-scale... Unlike air, water is non-compressible so its density remains the same..." she drifted off, drumming her fingers thoughtfully on me.

"But didn't you say that a body traveling through water behaves like a similar object in air, just proportionally smaller because of..."

"Viscosity! Yes!" Brenda gripped me in excitement, "So that means that if we can find a liquid that's got a Kinematic Viscosity double that of water, then we can build models half scale or even smaller!"

"Why didn't somebody else do this before?"

"Hmmm, probably they did, but its uses are limited because the scale models would not indicate turbulence factors, since the higher density medium would mask out any vortex interaction..." She suddenly grinned, "But since we started with a non-turbulent hull, we don't need to worry about that as much! We'd probably need to make a full-size test run, this time - but that's just to verify and refine our hypotheses!" Breathlessly she pulled me up, "Honey, do you mind if we head back now? I want to get them started on this at Regan's."

We got dressed, packed our gear and loaded it into the canoe. Brenda held me tightly, "But promise you'll bring me back here OK?" She looked around and kissed me softly, "It's really lovely here but I'm too pumped to appreciate it now."

The trip back to the house was accomplished in much less time, the current and Brenda's frenetic paddling hurrying us along.

"How small do you think we make the models?" I asked as we trudged with our backpack up the stairs.

"Hmmm, if memory serves, there are some glycols that should get us down to 1/3-scale... Why?"

"Because Commercial Electrics has a division that manufactures something called 3D-Laser-Sintering, which is a high-speed prototyping system..." We stopped at the edge of the patio, where a certain member of the board was sitting cross-legged under a wide brim straw hat, wearing a smile and nothing else.

"Ah, madam!" I exclaimed, "Glad to find you in your office!" We sat next to her and shared kisses. "And in you glorious power-suit too!"

"Hmm, quite..." She cast a critical eye over her body, "Do you think it's a bit too... conservative?" She started laughing as we eased her down so we could better check out the cut.

"Oh no!" I protested, "I find the lines quite complimenting! Especially the way it emphasizes your chest!" I reached down to illustrate.

Brenda leaned down, "Look honey, you seem to have some chocolate on your blouse. Let me try to get it off..." She dipped her head down as Nicole let out a soft moan.

"Ooooh! I don't know what came over me, I got all clumsy... Ahhhh! T-there's a-another spot on the o-other side too!"

Brenda switched as Nicole happily gurgled her gratitude. I bent and gave the original spot a lick, which was resembling a ripe strawberry by now, and just as delicious.

Brenda slipped down, trailing kisses on Nicole's smooth body, and dipped her face between her legs. "Oh god...!" Nicole breathed, allowing Brenda to part them. I gently scraped the spot with my teeth; Nicole moaned, grabbed my hair and forced my face into her soft flesh.

"Hmmm," Brenda looked up, mouth glistening and eyes shining, "Tastes like you've just sent this to the cleaners... Who?" She dove down again.

"Ahhh, ahhhh... Jules... and Sara... Ahhhh!" Nicole shivered and held our faces to her, "...and Sherri... and Celeste... and Amanda... too!"

"Wow, you sure made the rounds... Bet you're ready for the DEEP cleaning now!" Brenda grinned as she put my hand on Nicole's sex, "Here, keep her warm."

Brenda leaned over, pulled my shorts off and slid her warm mouth over me, swiping her tongue over me until I was throbbing. She helped me roll on top and I slipped into Nicole's soft, heated depths.

"Ohhhhh!" For long moments we just held each other, shivering in the incredible closeness of our joining.

Brenda stroked us. "Enjoy..." She kissed us tenderly and went inside. I began making long slow strokes into Nicole's furnace-like depths. Her eyes closed and she started moaning, adding her own little twists to caress her sweat-slicked flesh on mine.

"Uhhnn... uhhh!" she sighed and shivered, as I groaned in my pleasure. "Ohhh, mmmm, come, my dearest... Take me there, my knight, my sweet love..." She bit my lip and held me hard

against her and squeezed me in her tight quivering channel. My sperm burned out as we shook in our throes, clinging to each other and groaning in mindless passion.

"Mmmm, what a delightful brute..." Nicole stroked the sweat from my hair, "So full, so amazingly full... Hmmm..." She sighed and kissed my ear, then looked around, "Er, where's the darling girl gone?" She turned to the house and bellowed, "Brenda! Get your sexy ass out here!" "Yes dear?"

Nicole opened her arms and pulled her down for a long kiss, "Mmmm, you ran out on me, you heartless thing!" Nicole ran a soft hand up Brenda's thigh, helping her slip her bikini bottoms down, "I want to make sure I get to say goodbye properly..." and replaced it with her hand.

"I'm not leaving till Thursday - we still have tomorrow!" Brenda giggled, a little shakily.

"Mmm, not really; I'm leaving later today..." Nicole pulled her down and hugged us to her, "I have my studies and business to attend to... Then I want to talk to Sherri's parents about school and get Erin's friend's parents to sign some forms for Todd and Kelly. Besides," she sighed, "If I stay here much longer, I wouldn't want to leave." She closed her eyes, "What a lovely paradise we've created for ourselves here..."

Brenda tickled Nicole's stomach and grinned, "Let's not forget about communing with tarantulas and black flies!"

"Not to mention the foot-long centipedes!" I reminded them.

"Arrgggh!" Nicole squeezed her eyes shut, "No more! Don't ever mention them again!" She shivered delightfully.

I stroked her cheek and kissed her nose, "When will you be back? We all miss you... I'll miss you..." We shared a soft kiss, "Maybe you'll allow me to come a-courting?"

She looked at me softly, "Yes, I'd like that. You always make me feel so loved. Take me out to town..." She stretched and squirmed, "Or just TAKE me..." She rolled me off her, "Keep the young lady company, James, I'm going to renew acquaintances." She turned her body around and, after giving my shrunken cock a quick kiss, settled her mouth on Brenda's cunt.

"Ohhh! Ahh!" Brenda cried and clutched me to her, "Ahh, hon! God, you're great... Ahh, ahh..." In 3 seconds she was humping and crying in my arms, her breasts attacking my chest. Blindly she reached for Nicole, "Honey, let me touch you!"

"No sweetie, I'm rubbed raw already!" Nicole giggled and dropped back down to her task. With a moan Brenda crushed my lips to hers, driving her tongue in my mouth in time with the tender treatment she was getting, which Nicole also demonstrated by caresses on my cock.

Nicole took her time, keeping Brenda in a delicious squirming state. Her flaming hair was pasted to her face and her breasts glowed with need and desire.

"P-please Nikki, please..." she sighed, "You're killing me! Please..." She gasped as Nicole reapplied her lips in earnest. "Ahhhh, close... Sssso close!" Brenda cried.

Suddenly Nicole pulled back, "Oh look, his chubbiness is hard again!"

Frantically Brenda jumped on my erection and rode me as she cried to a wild orgasm. She flopped on me and shook to a series of little climaxes. "Mmmm, love your big hard thing..." She leaned on me, making little nudges on my hardness.

Nicole came up and kissed us, "Feeling good?" She glinted, "Ohh dear! Poor baby is getting burned!" She kissed Brenda's shoulders, picked up a tube of cream and started applying it on her. Nicole giggled, "Your freckles are SO cute! Like a chocolate-chip angel food cake..." She started kissing them, making Brenda hump and writhe on me in a most delightful way. Soon Brenda started moaning as I fucked up into her tightness and Nicole traced down her back, playing connect-the-dots with her tongue.

"Ohh, ohhh, ohhh god!" Brenda arched herself on me and splayed her legs wide to force me all the way in. "Uhgnnnn, ugh, ughh," she shook and whipped her fiery curls about.

"Wow! Look at this BIG freckle!" Nicole exclaimed, "Mmmmmmm!"

"Eeee! Arrrgh! N-nooooo..." Brenda screamed and her nails tore into my pecs. She shook uncontrollably and ground herself on me as Nicole lapped noisily between Brenda's quivering ass.

"N-no more... No more!" Brenda whined breathlessly, still shaking and exploding with shivers.

"No, stop!" she cried when I started moving in her, quickly climbing off me, "S-sorry, too much... No more... Hmmm..." She curled up on me and started snoring.

Nicole tested my pounding erection with a finger, "This is never going away on its own, is it?" she glinted, then she sighed, "Just call me Nikki, easy in any language!" She lowered her mouth.

Chapter 59

I staggered into the house as Nicole gently laid Brenda on the sofa and covered her with a blanket.

Sara and Jules were sitting at the table with their textbooks. I greeted them with warm hugs and kisses.

"Nicole was complaining how you and Brenda just rolled over and went to sleep right after sex with her," Sara smiled.

"I didn't go to sleep!" I protested, "I was in sensory shock. The woman is simply overwhelming!"

"Mmmm..." Brenda stirred and cuddled Nicole, "This sweetie gives the words 'good' and 'bad' new definitions!" She giggled warmly, "Mmmm, I love you, you're my sweetheart!" She wound her arms around Nicole's neck and they started kissing noisily.

"Do you mind?" Jules called out, "Some of us are trying to study!"

Brenda looked up, "What... what are you..." Then in sudden realization, "You mean, like exam? Like now...?"

The girls grinned devilishly and nodded furiously.

"Honey," Nicole stroked her face, "I know you've been very busy, do you need an extension? A week?"

Brenda sighed, "N-no, it'll be worse next week, so I guess I'll do the exam this afternoon. I just have to brush up on a couple of subjects. You'll all help me, right?"

"No problem," Nicole kissed her softly, "Why don't we have some lunch and then we'll get you caught up..."

We were going through the batch of soup and sandwiches I whipped up when Brenda asked Nicole, "James was telling me about the 3D-Laser-Sintering division at CE, can you tell me about that?"

"Not too much, except that it's an emerging technology that can produce very precise prototypes, usually within hours," Nicole said. She pulled a brochure from her briefcase, "...uses a laser to fuse microscopic resin beads, 90-150 microns across..." She read from it, then handed it to Brenda, "I'll contact the divisional head to alert them that JamPC is interested. Talk to them and let Jules or me know if you want to get one installed."

She turned to me with a thick folder, "And James, take a good look through this - we need to get you enrolled for University!" She looked fondly at me and whispered, "My big handsome college boy..." She stroked my cheeks, then she added, "Who's going to get Sara's 'wing' for the Gyro on paper and into the Patent Office, right?"

"Nicole, it wasn't MY idea," Sara protested, "It was as much James' and Sherri's and Brenda's!"

"Don't worry, hon. It'll be OUR idea, OK?"

"Then we should do one for Bren's ass-forward ship designing idea," I added, as Brenda quickly outlined her radical approach.

"That we definitely must do!" Nicole added, "But we'll register it under Regan - she's still under contract to them."

"And the scale-model testing idea with the high-viscosity liquid too!" Brenda added enthusiastically. "And maybe combine it with the Sintering process..." She went back to the brochure, "Shit, bad news, says here the maximum size is 30 x 20 x 20 inches. That means we have to use like a 20:1 ratio in viscosity - that's like motor oil!" She shook her head, "Can't see much good there... Oh well, guess we'll have to go with the traditional way; the numerical jigs at Regan will do a full-sized foam model in two days. With hand-finishing they should be accurate to a half-inch or so."

I helped them finish the food and Jules checked the clock, "Celeste and the magazine people should be finishing their lunch too James - why don't you take MiniMax over and see if Celeste needs help with her journalists?"

"Me? MiniMax? Really? You mean it?"

Jules snickered, "Are you good enough?"

"Ah! You forget, my lovely - 'Orville' is my middle name!"

"You're big enough to be BOTH Wilbur and Orville!" laughed Sara. I gave them a shake of my tail feathers as I spread my arms and zoomed outside.

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Lunch was obviously over as the magazine people, some dozen or so strong, were milling around the outside of the Wheel. Those who weren't taking pictures were jostling around trying to talk to Celeste. Amanda's Gymbler was just taxiing down the slipway for takeoff.

"Yo, sweet stuff!" I hailed her over the radio, "Hold off for incoming!"

"Hey babe! Glad you're here. We need help with the photogs, everyone wants a turn!"

I signed off as I touched down and, as Amanda took the first of the cameramen up, I topped off the gas and pulled up to the waiting lot.

Celeste's eyes widened as she saw me step out alone, but smoothly introduced me and arranged for everyone to take turns for an aerial tour of the Wheel and the Marina.

Amanda and I worked out a routine where one plane would start with a few loops at 150 feet and the other would trail 50 feet behind, land and pick up a new passenger. After an hour the first group left and I took over the flying duties as I wanted the extra air time. Each turn was about 20 minutes long and it was another exhausting hour before the magazine crew finished their pictures.

Marjorie introduced me to a lady deep in conversation with Celeste, "James, Ms McGill flew in from New York just to speak to Celeste."

"Leslie, would you care for an aerial tour of the Wheel?" Celeste invited. At her nod, Celeste climbed in the rear jump seat as I helped buckle the handsome forty-something lady in.

"We have been using these small aircrafts to help in determining sight lines and visual occlusion. I've found them particularly useful in inaccessible and difficult terrain," Celeste commented as I pulled out into the bay.

"That's a novel and inventive use of aircraft..." Ms McGill faded off as I gunned the motor for take off.

"Ah," she exclaimed, as the plane freed herself of her earthly bonds and leapt skyward,

"An eagle, in ethereal plumage dressed,
Break from the veil, and flame his buoyant flight
Far toward the hills of heaven unveiled and bright."

I looked at her with renewed interest. She gave me a faint smile and turned back to Celeste, "I must say you've made some very clever adaptations in your building using traditional material and techniques. But architecture is not just applying rules, have you considered all the other elements that make a building?"

"Well, I have to admit that the structure was, at first, a simple means to add a showroom, but, once I started the project, I realized that there are many more aspects to just increasing usable space.

"What made it easy was Mueller's design; simple, flexible and so adaptable! So aside for the technicalities, I could focus on the aesthetics."

"Such as...?"

"Such as the roofline, which, when extended, intersected the lone pine tree there and the small outcrop on the other side..." Celeste pointed out as I took them on a slow low-level approach, "Frames the vertical pillars and focuses attention on the building. And I'm happy too with the sight line from the road and the parking lot, which you may have noticed. I could align the building with the end of the breakwater and open the view up."

"I see what you mean..." The lady hmmm'd, then turned to me, "Take us higher, James. I want the bird's eye view." She turned back to Celeste and launched into an animated discussion of the anachronistic conflicts of modern buildings in society.

I took us up to 600 feet and a slow banking turn. The Wheel stood far below us, warm and welcoming and SUBSTANTIAL in the glimmering waters of the lake. Leslie pulled a camera out and started taking pictures as we slowly spiraled earthward. She finished and sighed,

"OH, at the eagle's height
To lie i' the sweet of the sun,
While veil after veil takes flight
And God and the world are one."

I inclined my head at her and continued,

"ERE I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men."

"My!" Leslie glittered, "An erudite pilot jock!" She laughed, "I'm impressed!"

"James is our resident everything person. He flies, cooks, fixes boats and quotes poetry to us," Celeste laughed. "Actually he's going to be going into Journalism, right?"

"I don't really know - I have a stack of University brochures here that I'll be looking at."

Leslie looked at me, "Never turn down a chance at University, James. Don't look at it as just a sheepskin, but take it as a chance to LEARN things." She glanced back at Celeste, "Did you know I have a BA in Literature?"

"Really?"

"In fact I started University in Comparative Art!" she laughed, "Then switched to English Literature before finding my real love and got my B Arch degree." She turned to me, "Think of University as a smorgasbord of learning - it's all there, take your pick and sample all you want. Just make sure you are decided by the end of your second year."

I parked MiniMax on the tarmac as she pulled out a business card and scribbled a name and an extension number on it, "Call Josie Fletcher and tell her you spoke to me about attending her school."

I glanced at the card and I blinked, "Columbia University? Wow!" Then I looked closer at Leslie McGill's title, "Assistant Dean, GRADUATE School of Architecture? Holy cow... Celeste, you're getting in a Masters program already?"

"Not quite," Celeste giggled, "Ms McGill came to tell me that there's a spot for me AFTER I finish my undergrad studies, provided I keep my grades up..."

"I came out here after hearing of a young prodigy who's causing quite a stir in the community; the same person who'd breezed through her first year in our Distant Learning Program." She took Celeste's hand after we'd stepped down the plane, "And I will tell you that I'm very encouraged with what I've seen here, just remember though, that while it isn't overly difficult to become an architect, even a good one," she took Celeste's other hand and said earnestly, "It takes commitment and a genuine LOVE for beautiful structures to be a BUILDER, one who can aspire to Bertram Mueller's genius. Do you understand me?" Mutely Celeste nodded. Ms McGill nodded to me and shook Marjorie's hand before turning to her car.

Celeste hugged us to her as we watched the plume of dust disappear around the bend, "That was the most humbling experience I've had." She sighed, "And the most inspirational." She turned us to the Wheel and kissed Marjorie's cheek, "Thank you again for giving me the chance to touch Bertram's genius."

Marjorie chuckled softly, "Bert had always said that Genius is merely talent with a conscience; it permits one to live in ignominy, hoping for vindication one day."

Celeste said wistfully, "That day is long overdue... But this is also the magic of Bertram's legacy, Marjorie. To reach out and inspire across the years and generations." With a sigh, "It's what makes life worth living for!"

"You, my dear, have made MY life worth living for," Marjorie whispered and added a kiss before going back into the Wheel.

Celeste leaned her head on me and squeezed my hand, "I feel so... so overwhelmed sometimes, but Chuck is right, failure is simply not in our vocabulary." She took a deep quivering breath, "Even though there are times I feel like crying, like just now..." She turned and buried her face in my shoulder, hands on my back, and began shaking.

"You OK?" I said, "Let it out, hon..." I stroked her hair and back softly.

"I'll do my cry after the Wheel is finished..." she whispered and kissed my ear, "And after you've screwed me to within an inch of my life!" She giggled and rubbed her body on me.

"Mmmm, is this how a professional architect behaves in public? What about your loyal fans..." She wormed her tongue in my mouth and we hummed into each other as she pulled me against herself.

"They can kiss my ass. Fuck 'em!" she panted.

"Hon?" I murmured into her neck, "But *I'm* your biggest fan!"

"Really?" She looked up at me with glowing eyes as she rubbed her groin on me, "I can believe the biggest part... But show me how loyal you are... Start with part one, the ass kissing..."

"Now?"

"Right now. And right here."

I knelt down before her as she turned and waved her lovely butt at me. I carefully kissed one cheek and then the other, adding a nip that made her squeal. "Was that enough, my sweetie boss-lady?"

"Mmm, no... Do the other one... Ahhh!" she moaned as I greeted her other tight little cheek with my teeth, "Enough... P-part two now!"

"Right now? Right here?"

"No," she sighed, "Not here, but somewhere... close-by..."

I swooped her up in my arms and she nestled her arms and face in my neck, "Hurry... Leaking..."

We rushed into the marina and passed by Amanda and Sherri. They were working at the large water tank used to test-run outboard motors. Both were grease-smudged and their T's clung wetly to their skin.

They stopped and looked at us, "Are you OK? Celeste?" Sherri said with concern as Celeste leaned back to wave to them.

"She was bitten..." I said.

"Oh! Do you need a doctor?"

"Oh, she's fine," Amanda scoffed, "There's no animal around here that could make her face beet red and nipples standing except the one carrying her!"

"I was smitten!" Celeste giggled and pointed me to Jewel.

We scrambled into the cabin and Celeste kicked her heels off as she wiggled her arms inside her dress and magically drew it over her head. Her nipples glowed in the dim light as she leaned back on the berth and slowly skinned out of her sopping panties, blonde hair and breasts dancing to her movements.

"Are we here to fuck or just stare?" she breathed, her eyes and face tight with need. "Get over here!" She waved me over and worked my shorts down as I struggled out of my shirt. I lowered myself over her.

"Mmmm..." Her eyes closed and a smile spread over her face as I slipped part way into her soft wetness. "Yessss... Do me, hon..." Her breath caught and she hissed as I pumped my way inside her tightness. "Ugh... ugh..." Her arms and legs wrapped themselves around me as she squirmed and softly breathed her desire.

We kissed as I made long slow strokes, her hard nipples digging into my chest, her tongue touching, tingling against mine.

Gradually she tightened her hold on me as she moaned and threw her hair about, our bodies sliding wetly over each other.

"Ahhh, yess, James, yessss!" she moaned hoarsely as she shook in orgasm. Her muscles squeezed me and started my balls churning. Frantically I pounded into her as we shook and moaned into our mouths. Eyes closed, we clutched each other as the pleasure washed over and through us.

We cuddled and she whispered, "God you're wonderful, my sweet baby James..." She giggled, "You certainly ARE my handyman! Even though you weigh a ton and I have to pee..." She sighed and squirmed out as I rolled over.

"Stop, woman! Don't move! You are amazing!" I murmured sincerely. She grinned back at me and slowly frigged herself as I turned on my back to hang my head over the end of the berth so I could watch her twitching her ass into the small head.

I was almost dozing off when I heard the litany of noises that announced her done with the potty.

"God," she said, "You came gallons in me! I kept leaking!"

"Come here," I opened my arms, and wiggled my tongue, "Let me see if you're all clean..."

"You sir--" She giggled as she climbed up and slid her blond muff over my mouth, "--are one sick individual! Ohhhh! Ahhhh! A-and I love it!" She sighed and leaned forward to kiss my cock, "Mmmm, what happened here? Did you wash in hot water and get shrunk?" She giggled, moaned and giggled some more as I tried to speak around her lips. "Don't worry, Momma will give you the gentle wash cycle..." Tenderly she slipped me in her mouth and nursed me with spit and tongue.

Celeste looked back as the cabin door opened and Amanda stuck her head in, "Oh, oops! We thought you were finished... We heard the john... I'm sorry--" Suddenly she pointed at Celeste's ass and started laughing, "--to butt in!"

She collapsed on the floor chortling and wheezing, then a very worried Sherri looked in, "What happened?"

Celeste pouted, "Your meanie friend insulted my bum."

Amanda had managed to drag herself coughing and hiccupping over, "S-sorry, my sweet, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to malign your tushie. It's gorgeous, no BUTTS about it!" And dissolved again in tears and breathless laughter.

"See?" Celeste sniffed, "Such a meanie!"

"Oh, please forgive her!" Sherri leaned over and gave Celeste's smooth globes a kiss, "She's just poorly reared!" She too burst out laughing and draped herself over Amanda, rolling on the floor and cackling wildly.

"James," Celeste looked down at me and sighed "We have some very undignified friends."

I looked at her, shook, then nodded my head, which, together with my tongue deep inside her puss, appeared to mollify her a bit as she started to moan softly and wave her butt around.

Celeste had finished her latest orgasm and I was allowed to breathe again when the two recovered enough to get off the floor. They took turns kissing Celeste, then Amanda said, "I'm sorry dearie, I really thought you were finished..."

"We were!" I wheezed, "But then Celeste went to the bathroom..."

"And...?"

"And we were out of paper."

"Oh... yuck!" Celeste wrinkled her nose, "Gross!"

Amanda and Sherri looked at each other and suddenly they made a mad dash for the head, "Me first..." "No, me first!" They both disappeared inside.

Celeste turned around and snuggled against me, "Hmmmm, it's nice to have all our cute little sisters to play with..." She reached for my very happy cock and held it, "And this cute little brother too..."

I stroked her hair and kissed her, "We're all very lucky to have each other, and we're all very glad to have THIS sister to play with!"

Celeste nestled closer and kissed my neck, "I love you so much... I can't imagine what it'd be like if I hadn't let you take me on a date and fix my problem..."

"Hey, that's what I'm here for; we fix broken hearts, twenty-four hours a day. No problems we can't solve."

She kissed me and grinned, "But some are easier to lick than others..." She leaned down and worked her tongue around my prick, making soft little kisses on the tip and around the crown. She hummed as she jacked her hand slowly.

She turned up at me, "I must be losing my touch, James, I've been doing this for 10 seconds and you're still not 100% hard." She sighed, "Guess I won't be able to practice my deep-throating..." In a solitary heartbeat I was rock hard in her hand.

She flashed me a glorious smile and bent to her task, working her lips over the top and slowly sliding me deep.

"Ahhh, yesss, ssssooo good..." I sighed, my leg and stomach muscles bunching in the indescribable pleasures her churning mouth was causing me.

"Holy shit!" Sherri exclaimed as they came out of the washroom, dripping and wiping themselves with a towel. Arm in arm, she and Amanda stood there watching as Celeste turned her head this way and that trying to fit the last inch of my cock in her throat. I was moaning and humping and was giving her encouragement with both hands.

"You can say that again!" whispered Amanda, "That's what they call a Knob Goblin..."

Suddenly Celeste choked and threw herself off me, laughing, and coughing, and laughing some more. She buried her face in my groin and shook in a paroxysm of grunts and gurgling.

Finally, still wheezing, Celeste stretched out next to me and pointed her finger at Amanda, "You. Come here!"

"Who me?" Amanda blinked her eyes and wiggled up to us, "Yes?"

"Young lady, did you know you almost caused me irreparable damage?"

"I'm very sorry, Celeste..." Amanda looked downcast and shuffled her feet. And her boobies.

"How sorry?"

"This sorry...?" Amanda leaned down and softly kissed her. "OK?" she breathed, looking tenderly in Celeste's upside-down eyes.

"Not sorry enough..."

Amanda leaned down for another kiss, preceded by her fully extended tongue.

"Hmmm." They shared a languid session with tongues and lips and Celeste's nipples crinkled up. "Ohhhh!" Celeste moaned and writhed under Amanda's relentless attack.

Sherri nestled up to my other side and held me as the two next to us made little kitten licks on each other's lips, noses and eyes, with each action duplicated by the other. Using just

their mouths and tongues, they caressed over the other's face, soft and tantalizing, with no obvious urgency except for their labored breathing and shaky moans.

Gradually a pattern emerged; when one moaned louder, they would linger on that spot until a grunt started the slow erotic movement.

With agonizing slowness they exchanged warm and wet caresses down their jaws, necks and breasts. I could feel their shivers of delight accompanied by gasps of pleasure as they licked, nibbled and sucked their flesh to aroused fullness. Sherri leaned breathlessly on my chest, moving only to gently push hair out of their faces. I had never been more turned on in my life.

It was a good 20 minutes before they reached each other's sex, all the time Sherri was shaking and sighing against me and my cock was quivering with lust; but we dared not move, mesmerized by the sight of Celeste and Amanda touching, loving and sharing.

I almost lost it when Sherri climbed over me and slid me inside, our moans echoing theirs. Even with a minimum of movement, my passion grew until it was unbearable, until our bodies shimmered in a haze of love, and lust, and oneness.

Together, we came.

Chapter 60

Amanda and I had planned an early start on Wednesday to do some flying but were forced to change our plans.

The prior evening, Nicole had wanted to return home to her studies so we had an early farewell dinner. Celeste asked to tag along to pick up her Solara, still at Nicole's house.

"No way!" Nicole recoiled, "You'll bug me until I let you drive and I'll end up getting a heart attack or splattered on the windshield!"

"Honey, you KNOW I won't do anything dangerous," she caressed Nicole's cheeks and kissed her, "You're too precious for me to scare... much."

"Hah! See?"

So Celeste had to swear on Mueller's Wheel that she would not do anything rash or overly illegal on the way home.

"You shouldn't cross your fingers when you make a promise," Amanda noted, which earned her one of those fingers.

Again, but holding her hands out in plain sight, Celeste repeated her oath.

"What about her toes?" Brenda commented. She got both fingers.

Finally, shoes off and hands up, Celeste satisfied Nicole of her sincerity in not deliberately wanting to leave them in pieces on the road and was allowed into the driver's seat.

She started the engine and turned to me, "Make sure the boys get started with the exterior lighting and the cleaning up before you take off tomorrow." She sighed, "I probably won't be able to make it back until late tomorrow morning driving at 45mph."

"Darling," Nicole purred, "You be a good girl and Nikki will make it worth your while..."

Celeste turned and gazed into her eyes, then she smiled, "BUT, if I'm a bad girl, Lestie will make it worth YOUR while..." Laughing maniacally, she floored the gas and howled off into the night.

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We had stayed over in the 'Big Room' of the Wheel and were just cleaning up after breakfast when Max knocked on the door. He had Patrick and his sister Jessica behind him. We exchanged greetings and Max turned to Brenda, "There's a trailer with a boat coming in. Maybe you should come and decide what to do with it."

I introduced Patrick to the girls, "How are things going?" I asked as we watched the fully laden truck come slowly down the road.

"Oh, pretty good, we're just about settled in, but Max told us to ask you about getting the Internet in the apartment."

"Hmmm, you're too far to direct-line..." I looked over at Jules, "What about the company who put the ADSL in for us?"

"AT-Comm, yeah. I'll get them to get a link in..." She thought for a moment and turned to Patrick, "Here's another job for you. In the next few days, go around the village and do a survey of how many homes have computers and would want the Internet... Maybe we can have enough subscribers to justify our own T3 connection and supply these people from here instead of the Sub 4 miles away." She filled in with a bit more information and Patrick promised to look after it.

Brenda had been talking to the truck driver and came back with a wide grin, "It's a 44' deep-V on consignment from Deanna! Listen to this..." She consulted a note on the manifest, "...due to financial reversals, a prominent TV personality has had to cancel her special order. I am sure you will be able to put the boat to good use. Deanna. P.S. Please excuse the lilac treatment of the stateroom." She giggled, then looked at me, "Did you notice? She signed herself 'Deanna!'"

Together and with the help of the just-arrived construction crew we unloaded the huge boat down the slipway into the water.

The boat, a luxury deep-water cruiser of golden walnut and mahogany, had a bridge equipped with the latest radar, computer and satellite navigation and featured a 20x15 living area, with an "L"-shaped stainless steel cooking counter occupying almost 1/4 of that. It had a built-in fridge, a convection/microwave oven and most cooking utensils one could imagine, all finished in gleaming steel. Under the 3-burner propane range, it even had a small dishwasher which I presumed was strictly for shore use, unless they'd found a way to use salt water for washing.

The main stateroom, was, as warned, finished in purple and purple flowers. "Ugh!" Amanda groaned, "It's like the inside of a bordello!" She turned to me, "You'll like that, won't you?" She pushed me on the bed and draped herself on me, "After we lavish you with food and wine upstairs, you can take us down here and sample our wares..."

"Guys, isn't it time you two took your show someplace else? There are people all around!" Sara warned, blocking the entrance from inquisitive eyes.

"I know!" Sherri broke out, "Let's call the boat 'CUNTry Living!'"

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It was the first time I had taken off in Gymbler with a full load, but, despite the rapidly warming air and all 4 wing tanks filled to capacity, the powerful engine lifted us with authority out of the sparkling waters of the Lake. We circled and waved goodbye to the girls who were putting Gyro through her paces in preparation for the demo the next day.

Amanda showed me the power and manual fuel transfer system which pumped the contents of the outboard tanks to the inside ones, "Don't do it until the inboard ones are dry first - can you tell me why?" She looked at me.

"Two reasons," I ticked them off, "First, the outboard tanks must be kept totally full, or totally dry, because they are more susceptible to sloshing, causing trim instability. Secondly, wing load is lowest towards the tips of the wing." A common misconception - although the fuel increased the MASS of the wing; under flight, the LIFT of the wing was highest there, so it was the most efficient spot for the load. "Did I pass?" I smiled.

"Not yet, grasshopper, but there is hope for you yet!" Amanda stroked my hair. She looked around, "Why're we going to Harry's?"

"You wanted to see the major sites of the War of Independence and this is where we surrendered to the English."

"Really? I thought we WON!"

"That was later, this was first major engagement of the South with the British. We surrendered Charleston here..."

"Where was George Washington?"

"He had his hands full in the North; Lexington, Saratoga. The British felt that they had the situation there in hand so sent about 2000 troops to the South, hoping to envelop the Patriots, as we called ourselves, and bring on an early submission." I banked us towards the West. "There was no doubt that the revolution was in a lot of trouble then, not only were the British better trained and better equipped, the States were about evenly divided between the Patriots and the Loyalists, who were content to live under the British colonial thumb, paying their taxes without ever getting their voices heard in Parliament."

"Wasn't that why the whole thing began?"

"Yes, but don't forget we'd already been paying taxes to the Brits for 150 years! The problem was that King George III was mounting a series of very ambitious wars against the French and needed the money, so he kept squeezing his colonies.

"What happened in the 1760's and 70's were a series of tax laws, each less tolerable, until it culminated in the Tea Tax, which precipitated the Boston Tea Party. The British reacted as they

always did - by sending more troops into Boston to quell the unrest. By 1775 the States had had enough; they formed a Continental Congress and officially separated from British rule.

"Needless to say, our proclamation was not seriously taken. Everyone knew we were wholly dependent on the Brits for trade and armament. In fact, the declaration was deemed in Europe as 'the horse America attempting to unseat its Master.'

"And don't forget too that we did not plan for an armed insurrection, it just happened that way. In fact, when Paul Revere made his famous ride to warn the town of Concord of an imminent British attack, he was not taken seriously, so as a result some 10 Minutemen were killed and the rest dispersed.

"After that, the British threat was taken much more seriously and opposition mounted. The problem was that the Americans had no armaments to speak of, and even less ammunition. At Bunker Hill, one of the earliest engagements, the British stormed the American lines three times, finally taking it when the defenders had to resort to throwing rocks. Even then the British casualties were almost triple that of the Americans. What the British got was a tactical victory - but the Americans won the strategic one. By depriving the British army of its most important commodity, her trained men, the die was cast for ultimate victory."

"In other words they won the battle but we won the war."

"Yes, exactly. The Brits had to have all their resources shipped 3000 miles, whereas we had ours close at hand. In a war of attrition, there could be little doubt of the outcome. Problem of course was that the English Army was very well established here and knew all our major cities well.

"So it was with that knowledge that in 1780 they decided to start a second front here in the South."

"Did they attack before that?"

"Yes, in 1776, but their fleet was soundly defeated when they tried to enter Charleston Harbor. The Governor of North Carolina then was also a devout Loyalist so they felt little or no threat from us. And to a degree, it was true, in 1780 they walked into Savannah and a year later, took Charleston after winning decisively just east of The Eyrie."

"So that's why you think that old fort we saw was from then!"

"Yeah, as I said, the British had a very strong foothold here, from years of fighting the Indians and the French."

"So what stopped the British from taking over everything?"

"Again, even though tactically they won, they did not have the resources to hold a city; once they were out of sight, the population went back to plotting and harassing them again. And then there was the man called the Swamp Fox, Francis Marion.

"Here was a man whose exploits fired the imagination of a tired and all-but-defeated nation; although he never figured prominently in any major action, his daring, rapier-like attacks on the British kept our hopes up - and created myths galore around the man.

"Look at the farms and plantations around here," I pointed, "Back then it was mostly marshland, shallow waterways and dense forests and Marion made full use of them. The British were not equipped to fight under these circumstances.

"The real hero in the struggles here, however, was Nathaniel Greene, who was compared to Washington by foes who had fought against both.

"He fully understood the differences between a tactical and a strategic war, and even when he allowed the British Generals to take the field, he made sure they were left with less ability to wage war.

"Greene's biggest victory came here..." I pointed as we flew over a large rolling pasture, now a National Park. "The war had dragged on for ten years and the land was devastated. Both armies were initially aimed here not for battle, but for the cattle pasturing here, hence the name Cowpens - it didn't even have an official name then.

"The British felt buoyant, even though they had forced march for 36 hours with little rations. This was the ideal terrain for their in your face kind of warfare and they had every reason to feel confident.

"The primary weapon against the infantry charge had always been the cannon, which the Americans did not have. Instead, General Greene had lined up some 300 hillsmen from Virginia as his front line. These hardy frontiersmen lived by their rifles and were crack shots. At 800 yards, the maximum range of the breechloaders they used, they started firing. After getting 3 or 4 shots off apiece, they peeled back behind the next line. Thinking it was a rout, the British charged again into yet another rank of debilitating fire. Like layers of an onion, the Americans kept retiring, exposing yet another line of rifles. Three hours later, the British retreated in disorder, their first major defeat in a face-to-face engagement with the Americans. To many historians, this was the turning point of the war, not just in the South, but the entire Independence War." I turned the plane and the gentle grasslands gradually become more rugged as we followed a wide river north.

"Still, things did not go this well all the time, 3 months later the two forces met up again just about here. Greene used the same tactics but it was not as effective due to the heavy growth and rougher terrain, plus the British were less headstrong and sent in cavalry to disrupt the lines. Finally the American forces had to retreat. But guess what, our tactical defeat still left the Brits with almost half their army out of commission and half their top officers killed or seriously wounded. A few days later, they gave up their hard fought gains and retreated as well.

"After this, the fight went out of the British troops and in October of the same year, General Cornwallis, soon to be known as 'the man who lost America,' officially surrendered in Yorktown to Washington."

We flew on in silence for a bit. Finally Amanda sighed, "That was nice... But I kinda miss your hands-on teaching like last time..."

I turned a malevolent stare her way, "You think your ordeal is over, my young pretty? It has not even begun!"

"Oh no! Whatever do you mean sir?"

"I mean that we are taking you to an uninhabited place where you--" I leered at her "--will be carefully examined, and every part of your body seriously probed."

"I don't suppose there is any use begging for mercy..." she sighed, "So I must appeal to your largess..."

"Largess?"

"Yeah!" she laughed, "As in large ass!"

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We laid entwined on a small sandy cove, her eyes soft and heavy lidded after the passion of our love-making. A stand of birch trees supplied shade and their leaves trilled silvery music each time the soft breeze stirred.

We were on a small lake I had seen from the air when Jules flew me up to see Erin the previous Sunday. Only about 4 miles across, isolated and, except for a small bay, completely surrounded by forest. It was a little intimidating to land with 60' trees all around but the lake was wide enough not to present any real difficulties.

The lake was fed by a fast flowing river of freezing water from the mountains, which opened up into the sandy strip to which we had tied up.

"You are without a doubt the worst thing that could happen to a girl," Mandie murmured, drawing little hearts on my chest, "I can't be away from you for an hour before I start missing you." She sighed, "Half the time I want to do something you can be proud of, and the other half I just want to lie in your arms and cuddle."

"You don't have to do anything, I'm already very proud of you," I kissed her softly, "And you're one very cuddly-able sweetie!"

She nestled over me, turning to allow me access to her breast, "Yes, feels good..." After a while she stretched and sighed, "Mmmm, before I fall asleep on you, let's get lunch. Your stomach's starting to rumble."

We had a roasted chicken in the ice chest along with salad and boiled potatoes, but Amanda asked for a fire so we could heat up the chicken and potatoes. Meantime she would go fishing.

I had collected driftwood and was arranging a firepit when she came out of the plane, wearing just a cotton wrap-skirt around her waist. "Wow and double wow! I'm expecting hula music and you breaking into a dance any time now!" She broke into a grin and wiggled her butt for me.

"Check this out!" She came up with a fishing rod that had a slim golden spinning lure, "I made this!" She grinned, "5/16-oz machined-brass French spinner body with a modified Willow-blade design." She held the torpedo shaped lure with the single spinner blade up to me, "See? It doesn't need the saddle gadget that makes the French spinner move, instead, the small reverse lip on the modified blade will autostart the action."

"Was this what you were playing with in the testing tank?"

"Yeah, along with Sherri's bi-flexed canard design."

"Whatever THAT means! You guys are really moving!"

"Yeah, well, Sherri and Sara will be busy with Gyro this weekend so we had to accomplish as much as we could so I could continue the testing at Regan's."

"You're testing an airplane wing at Regan's?"

"Yeah, haven't you been paying attention to Brenda? We can scale everything down 56 times by using water instead of air - I'm hoping that I can get some ideas at Regan's for ways to calibrate and measure each wing separately and assemble the data in computer simulation. I'll need actuators and fairly accurate servos..."

"Wait, say that again..." I closed my eyes, "Something you said just now..."

"I was saying that I'll need servos which can measure the drag and the lift, while adjusting for the Angle of Attack..."

"No, no, before that..." I shook my head, "Damn! I lost it! It was clearly another brilliant idea that only I could come up with."

"...and only you could lose so quickly!" She laughed and kissed me, "Don't worry honey, don't push it and it'll come back. Come, let's try out my new invention!" She took my hand and we went over to an outcrop which stretched over the deep channel.

"This looks like 30 or 40 feet deep, prime trout water!" I looked down, then pointed at a relatively calm spot, "Try over there, trout usually prefer slower water."

Amanda made a bull's-eye cast into the spot, unraveling line as she spoke, "Another thing about the lure - it has a sink rate of almost exactly one foot per second, so by counting off the seconds, I can place it at the exact depth... twelve... thirteen... fourteen... fifteen." She clicked the bail and started her retrieve, then, in an urgent whisper, "We have a..." Suddenly she hauled the pole back and it almost doubled on itself, "BIG Fish on!"

Amanda was skillfully playing the fish with the drag clicking away on the light line. Instead of breaking surface as a bass would, this one kept swimming deeper in erratic circles. I ran to get the net and climbed down into the freezing water as Amanda maneuvered her prey towards me. I made a scoop and held it up. It bristled angrily and thrashed in my grasp.

"I'd say he's about six, seven pounds."

"Ugh, he's ugly and... and he's blind!"

"No honey!" I laughed, "He's not blind, he has a translucent membrane across his eyes, that's why he's called a Walleye. One of the meanest and best eating fish around!"

"Way cool! Let's catch another one!" she laughed, but several casts later still had no bites.

"Walleyes are territorial, so try a different spot..." I pointed to a bed of weeds just off the rocks. In short order, Amanda had caught a 3lb largemouth and a 5lb pike. We elected to keep only the bass, the pike would be too bony to be worth the trouble.

Amanda let me try the lure next, commenting, "One thing I've noticed is that fish are way dumber than most people give them credit for. Anything that gets their attention is fair game." She watched me as I landed and released a little bass, barely larger than the lure, "See what I mean? Their first instinct is to strike, then run away only if their quarry doesn't."

It appeared that we had cleared the area of the bullies, because all I caught were small fries, 1/2lb or less, but the effectiveness of Amanda's lure was well demonstrated.

"Try deeper water," Amanda suggested on my next cast, watching me time the seconds, "But no more than 20 or 25 feet, because the lure relies on reflection, it's not effective when there is not enough light."

"Hush... There's something here..." I alternated between retrieving and small twitches of the rod. "Yes!" I pulled back as the line surged past the drag, "Another diver!" I grunted, frantically cranking whenever there was a lull in the action.

Finally Amanda netted it, screaming in excitement, "It's GORGEOUS!" It was a huge 4lb Rainbow, its scales glowing in colors from steely blue to vivid red and every hue in between.

"Maybe we should let him go - as good as he is for eating, we've already got enough for lunch," I suggested.

"Yeah, and he's real pretty too..." She gently removed the hook from its mouth, "Hmm, notice how small his mouth is? I think the #4 treble is a bit too big for trout... OK, fish, we're gonna let you go, but be sure to make lots of babies and we'll come back for them next time!" Carefully Amanda flipped the net and released it.

I started the fire and re-roasted the chicken while Amanda filleted the fish. We sliced the potatoes and made them into pan fries as the fillets cooked.

A short while later I laid in Amanda's lap licking my fingers and sighed contentedly. "I should be burping now, but my stomach doesn't even have room for that."

She smiled at me and pushed an errant piece of fish back in my mouth, "You sir, are a scary eater. I think I had a drumstick and a bite of fish and by then, you'd already polished off the rest!"

"I saw you slow down, so I knew you'd eaten enough!"

"Yeah right, no wonder I'm wasting away to skin and bones..." She started giggling as I poked her boobs.

"These puppies look real well fed to me..." I checked their heft and resilience and flicked the nipples.

"I think they're gonna be ready for the pencil test soon - what do you think?"

"Whatever - but I think they're definitely ready for the tongue test now!"

I rolled her over and started licking them. She clutched my hair as I applied long wide strokes around the sides and little wet kisses to the tips. I kept my fingers on them as I trailed my tongue down her stomach and burrowed in the thin cotton wrap.

"Oh, oh, honey..." She caressed my hair and opened her legs so I could move my face between them, "Oh god, yes, baby..." Her moans accompanied me as I sucked her sweetness out, spiced with a bit of saltiness left over from our previous coupling.

"Hmmm, honey, I want..." She reached for my cock, "Eeeew! You have sand all over your thing!"

"Didn't you say you wanted some excitement in your love life? A little grit...?"

"God, no!" Laughing, she pointed my erection at the lake, "Go wash it off first!"

"Only if you join me..." I looked at her and lifted her up in my arms, "Deal?"

"OK, don't drop me in..." She took off her wrap and I led her down to the water's edge, "Ooooh! The water's friggin' FREEZING!" She slowly waded in, goose bumps breaking out all over.

The sandy bottom dropped off and the water became thigh high. She shook my hand off, "Fuck it! Let's get it over with!" and dove in. She swam for a few strokes and turned back to splash me, pointing and laughing at my cock which had wisely retreated to a warmer hiding place.

I took a running step and piled in the water beside her. I went numb and all my orifices closed up on me. I rose up gasping, "Holy shit! That is COLD!"

Amanda was wheezing and laughing as I turned to get back to shore, "Wait, we have to get you cleaned up!" She stopped me and rummaged between my legs, "What happened to the mighty Dweebus, Ravisher and Despoiler of all?" She looked at me, then, in one smooth motion, bent and engulfed me in her mouth; cock, balls: everything.

I almost fainted again, the shock of her soft churning mouth on me so indescribably amazing. Slowly her hands coaxed my balls out from hiding, her tongue urging my cock to rear its head again.

I was throbbing inside her mouth and I pulled her head against me. The poor honey was shivering. I lifted her up out of the water and placed my arms around her for warmth. Her legs wrapped around my waist, her sex seeking my hardness. It took a few swipes but then I found myself inside her boiling pussy, tighter than I'd ever felt before.

"Ugh, slowly my brute... Big..." she sighed, closed her eyes and worked herself slowly on me.

My breath came in wheezes and I found myself rocking her body on me, trying to go deeper in the exquisite pleasure that was her cunt.

Finally, when I was fully immersed in her lava-hot tenderness, she started humping against me. She pointed me back at the beach, "Babe, take me there... And take me THERE!" She almost screamed the last as I lowered her on her discarded skirt and rammed myself in her.

Our cries echoed in the still of the lake and transformed us into a single orgasmic entity of light, and sound, and touch, and pleasure.

She laid in my embrace, small and soft, and gripped my arms to her body; one across her breasts and the other cupping her mons, keeping her warm and languid.

She started humming, and after a while, I joined in, softly,

"These are the moments
I know heaven must exist;
And these are the moments
I know all I need is this,
I've found all I've waited for...
And I could not ask for more."

The day had started to wane when we cleaned up, buried our refuse and readied Gymbler for takeoff.

We enjoyed the flight back in companionable silence, interspersed only with soft touches and tender looks; we were well content with what we had shared in that tiny, unsoiled bay with the laughing trees and basking fish; and it was with a small tinge of loss when we finally spied the Lake and dropped in for our landing.

The marina was hopping with excitement and the girls couldn't wait to show us Deanna's boat, newly washed and waxed and proudly displaying a prominent "CL1" on its stern.

"What's with the '1'?" I asked, "I understand the CL part, but..."

"Spell it out!" they urged, barely able to breathe for their merriment.

"Huh? Er, oh!" I started laughing and dissolved to the ground with them, "C-L-O-N-E!"

Chapter 61

The Marina was bustling early Thursday morning. Brenda and Amanda were up at the crack of dawn readying Gymbler for their trip South. At precisely 6:00 they fired up the engine and waited to be properly kissed for their sendoff.

I was the last one out, having to shower and change again because of some embarrassing stains Amanda left on me during my Flight Instructor's examination. It was tough, especially the oral section, but we managed to postpone our REAL vocalization until after the test.

They took off to perfect flying weather, cloudless, calm and the air still crisp from the night.

At 8:00, Peter, the VP from InterCoastal, and the Engineers rolled in, to be greeted by Max and both Jules and Celeste as their original 'spoke-persons.' They appeared a little disappointed that Amanda was not around but seemed more than satisfied after getting one look at Sara.

Sara had revived the Spiderman outfit she and Amanda had worn with such pride with the J-racer Neta and was letting herself be video'd with her helmet on, after Jules had negotiated fitting recompense. They were also being allowed to use the Wheel as a backdrop after assuring us it would be featured prominently in the next two catalogues. In writing.

"We are arranging to send our official photographers to the unveiling of the Monster Cuddy," Peter told us, "They are unavailable at the moment."

"You mean TKO?" Jules smiled, aware that Peter had no clue that Todd was at Regan's at that moment.

"That's right, you've met them, of course." Peter was spared further embarrassment when Max called Jules and Sara to the phone.

The engineers had applied a zinc-based alumina gel to slick the hull and finished draping their sensors and recording devices on the boat when the girls returned. Sara, grinning ear to ear, did her fist-on-hip pose, "Hey lowly mortal, say hi to the next Centerfold!"

I looked at her, "Is it in 'Hot Doms in Latex?'"

"I'll dom your cutie ass, my little sub-pastie!" She grabbed me in a kiss and pinched me.

"Damn!" JulieAnn lamented, "If only Kelly had called 10 minutes earlier! I could've tripled your fees!" Warning Sara not to let her face be photographed in case of contractual conflicts, she went searching for Peter.

Sherri had been out making last minute checks on the course-marking buoys which we had planted the evening before. I intercepted her as she got off USS Dweebus and handed her a Max's Marina cap.

"Jules says to wear this and to keep your face hidden. And try not to look so gorgeous."

She smiled brightly and kissed me, "Why thank you sir!" She pulled her visor low over her brow. "How's this?"

I looked at her and shook my head, "It just won't do, hasn't anyone taught you how to look ugly?" I dabbed my finger in grease and smudged her face with it, "That's better, now try to blend in with the boys."

"That'll be hard!" she laughed, pulling up her top and waving her boobies at me, "How do I explain these?" and ran squealing as I threatened them with my grease-blackened fingers.

She was draped and giggling all over Jules and Celeste when I went up. "This is the man! Officers!" She pointed at me, "The bad man put his filthy hands all over my body! Arrest him!" She hid behind JulieAnn, "Make him promise to wash them before you let him go!" They broke out laughing, leaning breathlessly on each other.

Sara came up, as she waited for the engine to warm up, "What's so funny guys?"

"Oh Sara! Your boyfriend called me ugly and said I look like a boy!" Sherri pouted. She grabbed Sara's hand and stuck it under her shirt, "Does this feel like a boy to you?"

Jules said, "I should warn you Sherri, this hot little number in the Halloween costume is an international star!" Together they updated Sherri on how Chuck Regan was sponsoring Todd's picture of Sara in a double page foldout in the world's top boating magazine.

Sherri sighed, clutching weakly on Sara, "I knew I wanted you the minute I first laid eyes on you!" She looked at her with adoring eyes, "Can I be your groupie chick?"

"Wait a minute here, missy!" Celeste took Sara's other side, "I was here FIRST!" She started playing with Spiderman's zip, "She promised to use me horribly, didn't you sweetheart?" She had Sara exposed to her navel and slipped a hand in.

"Uh-oh, curtain time, guys," Jules warned, "Peter's looking like he's constipated... And YOUR fans are getting restless, Sara!" Celeste's construction boys had erected barricades and were acting as crowd control as seemingly the entire county showed up again.

"OK, here goes..." Sara adjusted her outfit and slapped her gloves on. We bussed her helmet for luck.

We took Peter, his remote monitoring panel and the videographer in USS Dweebus and followed Sara out on the course.

On her first run, Sara averaged 84.9mph on the 5 mile leg and back again. The boat was tracking well and showed no tendency to hull-ventilate.

On her second run, Sara managed to improve slightly on her previous results, which left a permanent grin on Peter's face. "Incredible! We only expected 75 from you and you've got it beat by another 10!" Sara was actually going over 88mph as she crossed the finish line, helped by empty fuel tanks and perhaps a better warmed-up engine.

Then, after offloading the recorded telemetry data, refueling and putting another change of oil in the motor, Sara took one of the Engineers out for another run, averaging 83.2mph.

We handed the boat over to the engineers after that, but they were unable to crack the 80mph barrier. "They have to learn to grind through the marmalade!" Sara confided to Peter.

"There's a mushy region around 79, where it suddenly feels like they're about to lose control; increased latency, almost like swimming in jam, and they're afraid to push past that," Sherri explained, and to me, "Sub-critical cavitation." I blinked and nodded sagely.

"But that's good!" Peter gushed, "Gives us a margin of safety! And something for them to aspire to!"

"And..." Jules added pensively, "An opportunity to establish a duly accredited High Performance School at Max's Marina, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, no doubt," Peter sighed, "Send me the papers and I'll get it approved."

Max and the restaurant organized another BBQ self-serve lunch while we helped the engineers collate their data. Peter took Jules' hand, "Thank you for arranging this, and thank you for all your help, you've exceeded all our expectations." They made more arrangements for Brookhaven before he shook our hands and left.

After lunch, we started preparing Gyro for her trip to sea. With just days to go before her big unveiling at Brookhaven, we did not have a lot of time.

Celeste had been busily supervising the finishing touches on the Wheel. The crew had finished almost 2 days ahead of schedule, but she still had to stay until she could officially sign off on the project. We decided that Jules would stay with her and fly out to join us at Brookhaven in a day or two.

With a longing look at CL1 and her opulent comforts, we waved goodbye to the girls and headed out.

As we cruised down the peaceful river, Sara and Sherri started replaying the results of the test run on the laptop and we made notes on the boat's performance.

Then Sara spread a hydrographic chart on the seat, "Al suggested the 3 mile run on the channel from his marina out to the sea and back." She traced it with her finger, "400 yards across, which is good; 12 to 21 foot depths, so there's a slight chance of disruptive bottom shock. Still, it's constantly dredged and has the best exposure for spectators. With a 1/2 mile each for the

flying start and coast down, the run can only be 2 miles each way." She sniffed in disdain, "Can't even get the engine decently warmed up... And we'll be done by mid morning..."

Sara's voice was drowned out as we came up to the twin bridges at the entrance of the river. There were 2 boats there with loud music playing and giggling teenagers dancing for the benefit of the motorists. Seemed that Sara's previous antics had started a tradition there. Sara and Sherri added their efforts as we sailed past.

"Now Al had some suggestions for the rest of the day," Sherri resumed after we cleared the inner harbor. "And we agreed on this one: a 26 mile outing to Drake's Island." Sherri pointed to a blank area on the map. "It's so small and remote that it's not even listed and is supposedly known only to the Haveners. Al swore us to secrecy before he would give us the coordinates." She laughed and, in a stage whisper, "It's where Sir Francis Drake buried the gold he could not carry for his trips back to England."

Sara shook her head, "Of course, even if that was true, over the last 400 years, the seas would have shifted the island up to 1/2 mile from the original site. Anyways, Al's organizing it as an InterCoastal family outing, with food and drinks and we can show them what Gyro is capable of in open seas..."

"Exactly! And no doubt you are just as eager to discover that for yourselves... NOW!" I grinned as I pushed the throttle forward. It was a statement of their inherent faith in my manly skills as a driver that they did not even raise a protest. Surely it had nothing to do with their being busy buckling on their life jackets.

With a lusty howl the boat charged into the light waves. We navigated it with ease and steering was straight and confident, the sea-wing providing the hull with an unwavering grip on the water.

Effortlessly we accelerated to 50 and Sara signed to our rear. The unbridled roar of our engine had attracted notice and a few boats were giving chase, including a couple of large multi-engined Cigarette jobs.

I looked at Sara and she stared back. "I have to do this," I yelled over the noise. She sighed and gave a faint nod.

I held my speed until they were abreast before ramming the throttle to the stops. With a throaty wail, the engine unleashed its full power and leapt forward, pinning us against our seats.

The slower boats dropped out as we entered deeper seas. We were actually holding our own quite well until we crested a large wave; the sea-wing broached and the props spun uselessly as we launched into the air. Momentum gone, we slammed back into the trough with a neck-jarring crash.

After that, I had to be careful to approach the larger waves at an angle and lost further ground to the faster boats, although the wing was apparently undamaged and continued to work well. I was further frustrated when I hit the 'marmalade' at 79 - the steering was vague and unresponsive but, knowing what Sherri had told me, I held on until the steering became authoritative again.

At the higher speeds, the leaders, twice our length and triple our weight, were buffeted relentlessly by the waves. Sara and Sherri helped navigate us around the larger swells and we actually began to catch up, but then one by one they slowed, saluted us and turned back to the harbor.

We gave each other grinning high-fives, but the quick jaunt had taken us 40 miles out to sea and emptied almost half our tanks.

We filled up at a marina and headed straight out again. We wanted to take a short detour to check out Drake's Island and still make it into Brookhaven before six.

Even though the boat's amazing top speed could whisk us there in under 2 hours, its fuel consumption would be astronomical and we would need to go far out to sea to avoid traffic, where the Gulf Stream's current would be working against us.

We opted to stay with the intra-coastal waterway, following the directions on the map. Peter's engineers had left a fuel-flow meter on the boat and it helped us optimize our performance at a fuel-efficient speed of 48mph, which was already Jewel's top speed. At that speed we would be able to reach our destination on a single tank of gas.

"That was a crazy stunt, racing the offshore boats," Sara said softly.

"Hmmm, maybe," I hugged her, "But it also shows how much confidence I have in your handiwork!"

"Thanks, I think. But maybe you could come up with better uses for your machismo, hmmm?" She smiled faintly. "But mostly I hate to be reminded that you could be hurt... And I wouldn't want that..." She leaned her head on me.

"I know, love..." I stroked her cheek. "I'm sorry..."

Sherri gave me a push out of the seat and slipped into it, "Go and show her you're really sorry!" I took Sara down the stairs into the cabin, and we ducked into the little cuddy-space under the steps and nestled side-by-side.

"Sorry my sweet - I didn't mean to worry you..."

She kissed me softly and smiled. "I wasn't really worried, more like concerned..." She bit her lip. "Please, just hold me?"

Wordlessly I enclosed her in my arms and our bodies touched and melted, fitting into each other in the warmest, most incredible space two people can share. With her warm breath caressing me, I watched as her doe-soft eyes closed and joined her in sleep.

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"We're there!" Sherri called softly.

I smiled at her as Sara stirred and stretched in my arms, "Morning sweethearts!" She kissed me softly and turned and kissed Sherri as well.

"You know," Sherri laughed, "This is the first time I've seen you two sleeping WITH clothes on!"

"Well," Sara drawled, "After screwing a couple hundred times, it kinda gets boring!"

"No! Really?"

"Of course not, silly!" she laughed, pulling Sherri on us, "If anything, it gets better! But I was tired from this morning and James was nice enough to let me rest instead of imposing his lust on me." She smiled and squirmed against my erection, "Which we will put to good use... later..."

Drake Island was formed when the sea and tide shifted sand gradually up over a natural reef over thousands of years. It was about 4 miles long, a few hundred feet wide at most, with 2 long sandy arms pointing away, forming a deep, almost perfectly round atoll on its lee side, where Sherri had dropped anchor.

While most of the Eastern seaboard boasted similarly structured islands, Drake was unique in that it was 11 miles from the nearest land, practically impossible to locate without specific directions and GPS.

We climbed to the top of a sandy hill on the center of the island, which was about 50 feet high and sported palmetto and coconut trees as well as sundry plants seeded by wind, tide and wildlife.

"Wow!" Sherri whispered in awe as we stood arm in arm and looked down at the wide expanse of white sand that fronted the island. It led to a shallow trough-like lagoon protected by sandbanks 50 yards away, the result of tidal erosion which shifted the shore about 1-1/2 feet a year. With the tide coming in, most of the barrier was covered, but we could see waves churning along it.

"Look!" Sherri pointed back at our tracks as we walked down to the water, "It seems like we're the only people ever to have set foot here." The smooth white beach was completely bare of any signs of man.

We stood ankle deep in the warm lapping waves and Sara stroked my chin, "Now if you grow a beard, you can be Robinson Crusoe..."

"And we can be your Girl Fridays!" Sherri laughed.

"What about the rest of the week?" I asked.

"You're on your own!" Sherri giggled, "Cos Sara and I would be busy making out. Right, honey?" She pulled Sara close and started kissing her.

"Mmm, yeah," Sara sighed, "And if he makes us dinner, we may let him watch!" Which was a great idea, since they had lifted their tops and were rubbing their boobies together.

"Hey, that's not fair!" I protested, "There's no food here at all!"

"Except these little guys!" Sherri laughed, pointing at small crustaceans burrowing in along the tide line. She picked one up, "Oh! Wait! They're Horseshoe Crabs! They must've been washed in with the tide!" She waded in and found a larger one, about 3 inches long, and showed it to us; it had a smooth circular fore-shell attached to a prehistoric spiny abdomen and short tail, "It's not a crab at all, rather a distant relative of the spider, and it's been around for like half a billion years!"

"Hey, he looks like a Romulan Bird Of Prey!" I observed.

Sherri nodded, "Yeah, whatever, but another amazing thing about them is that their blood is copper-based, instead of iron. Dad's hospital uses it in the Immunology department 'cos the blood has the most sensitive antigens known; about 20 times better than human blood and 10 times that of rabbit. It's used to detect and remove minute traces of bacteria or impurities in drugs which may prove harmful to AIDS, chemotherapy or other immune-depleted patients."

Sherri turned her sample over, "See the green tracks here? That's their blood."

"Green blood? Then they're Romulan for sure!"

Sherri rolled her eyes at me, but continued, "Once exposed to air, the blood forms little gummy globules - and for a while it was considered a delicacy. They even called it 'Green Caviar.'" Sherri laughed, she paused and pointed to a small green-tinged puncture behind the legs, "See this? This is where it was 'milked' for its blood. They take 3 cc's from each specimen and then release them. Problem is that they're only supposed to use the larger crabs, not these little ones - 3 cc's from this fella could be fatal." Sherri sighed as she gently released it.

We had reached one end of the strand and the waves were really roiling ahead, "Wait, look! They're fish!" Sara cried, "Feeding on the crabs!" As the tide rose, more and more of these giant rusty-colored fish were darting in and feasting on the crabs.

"Honey, remember the dish we had at Frank's?" I said to Sara, "The Blackened Drum?" I pointed to the milling school, "That's what these are! Red Drums!"

"Shit! What are you guys waiting for?" Sara cried as she broke into a trot back to the boat. "Move!"

The Gyro did not have the array of fishing gear that Jewel boasted, but we found a heavy rod along with Amanda's lighter one which still had her hand-made lure attached. We carried them back to the beach.

I baited the heavier rod and handed it to Sara, who caught a fish almost immediately. Battling the explosively ferocious fish, Sara was dragged into the wash before she could plant the rod-end into the sand, with the line screaming out of the drag. Not having the mobility of a boat forced us to tighten the drag even more than usual - the powerful Reds could run our line out before they tired.

Their reputation as fighters was fully justified as it seemed that as soon as we managed to bring it near shore, it turned in flight again. After the fifth try, which left us soaked and gasping for breath, I waded in and gaffed it, a mean and ugly 15lb brute.

Trying to catch their breath before tackling another big one, the girls tried fishing Amanda's lure in the shallow water off the beach. With deadly accuracy, they were able to land four 4-pounders between them, 3 Drums and a Sea Trout.

As I cleaned and stored the fish, Sherri and Sara again hooked into a monster which, despite our concerted efforts, still took a good 10 minutes to land.

After which, we had to leave - we were still a half hour from Brookhaven and the fish would have to wait for another day.

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Al had left us a note at the Marina with keys and directions to the condo and a request to meet him at his office at the Convention Center. He was busy setting up the weekend's activities, geared towards keeping everyone busy and happy while their parents went golfing. He informed us that the waterway had already been sectioned off and, starting at 9 the next morning, we would be able to use it for testing. We made arrangements for him to come watch at that time.

Al invited us to stay for dinner but we declined; the restaurant was already swamped with tourists and other diners, but we did drop off the 2 larger fish at the kitchen in exchange for cooking supplies.

"What did you ask for?" I asked Sara as I carried a large box out to the electric cart. "What was that about 4 peas in a pod?"

She looked at me for a long time, "I see, you must be a furriner. All true Southerners know 4P's-To go! It's the secret to all our cooking! Creole, Cajun, Bayou, Jerk, Railroad - you name it!"

"I don't know that either!" Sherri said.

Sara sighed, stroking her cheek, "You're still young, child, I will teach you. But you--" She shook her head at me "--had better learn real quick!" She looked furtively around, "Or they may revoke your citizenship in the Confederacy!"

She sat in the cart next with me and pulled Sherri on her lap, "4P's-To go, my children, is what every chef learns at her Mama's bosom. Each letter stands for a spice: the 4 P's, of course, then Salt, Thyme, Oregano, Garlic and Onion!" She finished.

"Pardon my asking, but which 4 Peas would that be?"

"No way! You're putting me on! You don't know your 4P's?" Sara looked at me incredulously, then sadly, "Are you without any redeeming qualities at all? For your information, the 4P's stand for the 4 peppers: black, white, paprika and cayenne!" She stopped and looked up, horror spreading on her face and turned to Sherri, "Oh no! I fear--" she hugged her and whispered, "--I have given my heart to a... a damned Yankee!" She buried her head in Sherri's bosom and sobbed.

I stepped off the cart and went to their side. I placed my hands on their shoulders, "Then I must inform you, I have to leave now..."

"What do you mean, leave?" Sherri stared at me.

"I am going, dear Scarlett, with the army," I deadpanned.

Sara looked up from where she'd been leaving spit on Sherri's shirt, eyes glinting, "Um, er, oh, Rhett!" she started, batting her lashes at me, "How can you do this? Why are you leaving us?"

"Ah'm thinking of the gallant Confed'racy, ma'am," I drawled, "Think how ow'ar boys will be heartened by mah eleventh-hour appearance!"

"Yeah, Rhett," Sherri grabbed my neck and shook me, hard, "How can you do this? Why are you leaving us?" She did her belle of the South imitation and it came out like 'Wha'r yew le-eevin us?'

"Why?" I straightened and struck a heroic pose, eyes afar, "Because it is a betraying sentimentality that lurks in all us Southerners! I could not love thee, dears, so much; loved I not honor more!"

I bowed deeply as they clapped and cheered.

"I guess your ARE a true Southerner after all..." Sara said breathily. She pulled me down and kissed me. And kissed me. Then Sherri did the same.

Finally we separated, panting and gasping, "Honey, who's Honor?"

Chapter 62

The condo was actually just across the road from the marina, one of a dozen two-storey wood frame cottages with birch shingles and siding that rested on 2 foot tall stilts. We drove up a long cart-wide driveway, past a well-tended garden to the mid-building entrance.

"Wait, ladies," I handed Sara the box of condiments, "Let's do this right.." And lifted them both up in my arms.

"Ohhhh!" Sherri laughed, "Such chivalry!" and hugged herself and Sara on me.

"Hmmm, I LIKE this!" Sara whispered and left wet kisses on my neck.

I grunted and groaned up the steps and fumbled into an enclosed porch. The front door was locked and they spent an inordinate amount of time rooting in my pockets for the key.

"Hey, let's just use this to batter our way in!" Sherri giggled, hefting my club.

Fortunately Sara had the door opened by then and I carried them inside to a marble-tiled foyer. To our right was a brightly lit kitchen with a breakfast nook. I turned left into a large, well-furnished living area with a gas fireplace at the far corner. Full height cathedral windows looking into the front garden added to the spaciousness.

I let the girls down and collapsed in the Lazyboy. "Man, you girls weigh a ton!"

They slid onto my lap and nestled on me, "Is it because all your blood's gone someplace else?" Sherri slipped her hand over my lap. They kissed me, "Now that we're officially yours, I suppose you're expecting us to perform our wifely duties...?"

I mulled it over, "Hmmm, you're right, woman... How 'bout you gettin' me a cold beer?"

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I was allowed back in the house after I picked up the groceries they asked for, including beer.

After moving our gear in, the girls had set up shop in the kitchen. Sherri was filleting two of the smaller fish as Sara prepared the 4P's To-Go for Blackened Fish.

"How do you know how much goes in the mix?" I asked, as I put stuff away and started the rice.

"Simple! You just put in whatever you want and brag that yours IS the original recipe!" Sara laughed, "Actually the rule of thumb is 1-2-1-2. One portion for each of the 4P's, 2 for Salt; single T-O and double G-O."

She licked her finger and grimaced, "Whoosh! Hot!" she breathed, blinking back tears, "Which makes it about right... The important thing now love, is to find a place to cook it." She pointed to a set of sliding doors behind the dinette. "Outside!"

The doors opened into a large enclosed porch at the rear of the house, with lounging chairs and a big patio table. It looked into a wide tidal bay and the stilts allowed us to sit right over the water. An adjoining open sun deck held a fancy Bar-B-Que.

We moved the food outside and Sara placed a heavy skillet over the side burner. Sherri brought out a cup of butter she had been gently melting in the microwave.

"Besides the ingredients, there are two secrets to good blackened fish. The first is to clarify the butter," Sara said as she skimmed the foam and poured the clear golden liquid into the skillet, keeping the milk curd behind. As she waited for the oil to heat up in the skillet, she pat dried the fillets and moistened them with more oil, then she transferred them to a bed of her peppery concoction, massaging them until they were covered evenly with the spice.

The pan was smoking hot before she laid the fish slices in, "And the other secret is to wait until the oil is super hot. Some cookbooks call it red-hot; Mom just calls it fire-alarm hot, meaning it's smoking enough to set them off." She waited until the fish was cooked on one side, then added the milky leftovers from the butter before flipping them and allowing it to char. An errant whiff of the fumes left me coughing and crying uncontrollably.

"Now you know why you have to cook this outdoors - it's been known to fumigate entire neighborhoods!" Sara laughed and helped me wipe my eyes.

By the time the fish was cooked Sherri had reappeared with salad, rice and creamed corn.

It was a simple meal and it was simply delicious; the delicate sweetness of the corn on rice perfectly offsetting the tangy spicy richness of the fish. It was made complete when Sherri offered me a beer.

"I've been thinking about the wing you know," Sherri said as she came out with the laptop.

"Yeah," Sara nodded, "It's too vulnerable to impacts on the water..."

"So, I think we'll have to use a more aggressive foil, and make it delta shape. For strength." She went and retrieved the laptop. "We should be able to go 3.5:1 aspect and get the 'sink' we need in, mmmm... 12 sq-inches. Add 50% to the thickness for strength and incur a penalty of another 2.2lb of drag... About 10-1/2 lbs." She smiled, "Yeah, looks like a 5" wide delta with a 3" chord should do it." She looked at me, "You know what that means, sweetheart?"

I nodded and sighed. "Spending hours slaving over a piece of wood...?" I looked piteously at her, "Losing my beauty sleep; getting old and wrinkled." I held out my hands, "Not to mention getting splinters in these instruments of pleasure..."

After they managed to stop laughing, Sherri took them and kissed them, "They're not too shoddy, at that, but think of the incredible sex that we'll be saving up to give you!" She patted my cheeks, "And sweetie you don't have to do it tonight - tomorrow would be fine. After I check these figures out with..." She stopped, "Uh-ohh... No Internet!"

"And we don't have any dial-up access here either!" Sara added.

"Wait a sec..." I plugged the Wireless Network Card in the slot, "If there's anybody with Wireless 400 feet around us... Hmmm, no luck." I waited another 30 seconds, then unplugged it, "If they're close enough and have no encryption, we could piggyback to use their Internet."

"Isn't that awfully risky? Security-wise for them, I mean."

"Yes and no - if they haven't enabled file sharing, they're safe enough. And the Internet works independently of that anyways," I explained.

"Hmmm," Sara said slowly, "Didn't Al say that they're networked all over the island already?"

There were dozens of battery-exchange stations across the island to replenish drained golf-cart supplies and they were constantly monitored to make sure there were enough charged units to go around. They had installed a Microwave network to link those and the offices together.

"Which should include the marina, right?" she concluded.

We went across and sure enough their office computer was networked. I transferred the connection to the laptop and got on the 'Net using the standard settings.

As Sherri verified her numbers, Sara and I went to look at Gyro.

The staff already had her up in slings, after changing the oil and filter and the lubrication in her transmission and lower-end. They had removed and were working on the dual propellers, filing to take the nicks and scratches out and, after re-balancing them, they would be re-anodizing them to minimize friction.

"How far do you think it is between here and the condo?" Sara suddenly asked.

"No more than 200 feet, more like 150..." I stopped, "Hey, yeah! We can try the Wireless hub from here!" I stared at Sara and shook my head.

"What?" she laughed, "Why the look?"

"I can't figure out whether I love your mind or your bod more!"

"How 'bout you love my mind now and my bod later?" she grinned widely. We went back to Sherri and wrote Jules to have her bring a Wireless box down for us to try.

We locked the laptop away and strolled down the colorful 'strip' adjoining the marina. Away from the main-stream 'pro' shops and fast-food franchises, Creek Lane, as it was known, featured karaoke's, video arcades, souvenir shops and quaint eateries, and most were alcohol-free

to cater to the teenagers that abounded. Al had distributed signs and banners proclaiming a 'Sea and Sand' weekend with boat competitions and cookouts, culminating in our 'record-breaking' run on Monday and the launch-picnic to a 'real Treasure Island' afterwards.

We passed by a cafe called The Salty Dog and it was noisier than most - the kids were all singing and laughing inside. A dark haired man came up and shook my hand, "Hi, I'm Salty Dog Dave, we're looking for a last entry in our Talent Show tonight, are you interested?"

"As long as it's not too late, we have a curfew..."

"No, won't be late at all!" he said as he ushered us inside. "We'll put you on next!"

"What talents are you demonstrating?" Sara whispered, "All I know of is snoring and... and the other thing." She blushed sweetly.

"I thought I'd try some recitation; something from 'Gone with the Wind', perhaps."

"Oh no! We'd be thrown out for sure!" Sara laughed.

"OK, what would you like to do for us?" Dave looked at us.

We pointed. "Sherri'll play the piano."

"We have a synthesizer, is that good enough?"

"Yeah, sure," Sherri shrugged, "But ONLY if Sara comes on with me!"

"What do I DO?"

"Sing!" Sherri laughed, "Actually, you can just mouth the words, OK?"

We watched the highland-dancers finish their routine and Dave went to introduce the girls.

Sherri adjusted the keyboard and launched into a rollicking version of 'Kokomo', complete with drum tracks. She was right, Sara just had to move her lips as the whole house was soon singing at the top of their lungs.

To unrestrained whistling and clapping, they finished the song and Dave went on stage to add his cheers. "How 'bout one more from Sherri and Sara?" The room went wild again.

They had the crowd in a frenzy with Sherri's rendition of 'Dancing Queen' with Sara clapping the beat and actually singing.

When it was finished Dave himself led the ovation and invited them for another song. He came back as Sara was having a whispered conference with Sherri.

"Your friends are very good - are you sure they're not professionals?"

"No, not in that sense." I explained what we were doing at Brookhaven as Sherri made adjustments and started a soft guitar riff, adding strings.

Taking a deep breath, Sara began,

"I like to watch you sleep at night,
To hear you breathe
By my side.
And although sleep leaves me behind
There's nowhere I'd rather be."

Her voice was soft, but deep and husky, and although her eyes were far away everyone was sure she was singing to them.

"Oh when you are home
I'll let you know,
All you want
Is right here in this room,
All you want,
All you need,
Is standing here with you
All you want..."

The room was silent, enraptured, as Sara finished quietly:

"I like to watch you sleep at night,
To hear you breathe - by my side."

We erupted in cheers, clapping and foot stamping, and it was long minutes before Dave could make himself heard.

"Amazing! Simply amazing!" he cried, "Thank you, Sherri and Sara!" He had to wait for calm again, "I'd like to ask them to stay and play some more..." This time he led the applause, "But, I know they have to be up very early tomorrow, because at nine in the morning they will be testing their record-breaking boat, Gyro, right here, up along the Creek!"

He presented the girls with coupons for a complimentary meal and, as he escorted us backstage, added, "Come back anytime - you don't need vouchers for a meal here!"

He showed us the side door and I escorted the girls outside, "I wonder how many of the guys in there are wishing they could watch you sleep..."

"...and more," Sherri giggled, "I'm sure *I* would!" She hugged Sara. "And hear you breathe, by my side..."

"I'm so lucky to have you for a friend..." Sara stroked her cheek and softly kissed her, then pulling back, "What a crazy night!" Laughing giddily, "To think I went on stage! And actually SANG! In public!" She hugged us, quivering with excitement, "With you guys with me, how can I miss? But WHAT a wild trip!"

We walked around a bit and stopped for souvenirs and waffles and ice cream.

"Man, I'm stuffed!" I sighed after I ate all our portions.

"Me too..." Sara said slowly, "Want to be, I mean..."

"Mmmm, come to think of it, it's getting late. We'd better head home and get you plenty of rest," I peered in her eyes, "Won't do to have you yawning while going 80 miles an hour!"

"Hmmm, too true, early to bed, early to rise!" Sara laughed, glancing at my lap. We threw change down and raced back to the house.

They led me to the bedroom at the back of the main floor and started taking off my clothes, "You know," I mused, "I'm a bit thirsty from the running we did..."

"DON'T say it!" Sherri laughed, "There're two more bedrooms upstairs..." She leaned up close to me, "We could make you spend your night there, alone!"

She pushed me on the bed as Sara began making soft kisses up my thigh. Sherri tilted my head and kissed me, "Behave and we'll treat you nice..." She kissed my throat and tugged my shirt off as Sara was doing the same to my shorts.

They started shucking off their clothes as they made the slow trip towards my groin. Sherri stopped to kiss and lick my nipples and I had to remind her; she was losing the race to Sara who was already lapping my balls.

They finally met at the desired spot and they shared a giggle and a kiss before letting soft hands and warm lips explore the most sensitive areas of my body.

I tugged Sherri's shorts off her and gazed at her neat trim bush, so light that it could barely cover her lips and the glories within. I leaned to kiss her and she gasped from where she and Sara were nibbling on my penis. I moved my kisses lower and she stifled her cries by taking my cock in her mouth.

Sara climbed up to kiss me, sharing duties in kissing and licking Sherri's delightful cunt with me. With our tongues jabbing into her opening and trilling on her clitoris, Sherri soon started shaking and pulled her mouth off me, moaning, biting and squirming to an orgasm. Then, still panting and shaking, Sherri turned us so I laid atop Sara and guided me in.

"Ah-uhh!" Her incredible heat bathed me as I slid in almost halfway in one motion.

"Ohhh!" Sara cried as she hugged us to her, "S-so good, love, stay like that... God, good!" She closed her eyes and turned to kiss Sherri, "Have I told you how much I love you? Mmmm..." Her cunt squeezed me as Sherri kissed her back, their tongues slopping wetly into each other. Sara grabbed my ass and helped me stroke in her. She started shaking and she pulled me deep inside, moaning into Sherri's mouth as I fucked my full length into her.

Sara came in a series of bucking convulsions, her legs wrapped tightly around my back, she looked up at me and smiled, gloriously, "I love you..." She whispered, then, "Do Sherri, hon, let me catch my breath."

Sherri had my cock in her hand as soon as I pulled out and dragged me over. We had so much moisture between us I slipped in to the hilt.

"Arrggh!" we both moaned.

"Wait... wait...!" I said through gritted teeth, trying hard not to lose it right there.

"Yeah, slowly babe..." she sighed, "Feels great..." Then she turned to Sara who was softly stroking my back. "Hmmm, sloppy seconds!" Sherri licked a finger, "I love it..." She slowly slipped her finger in Sara's mouth, "Don't you?"

"Mmmm," Sara licked each one carefully, then reached down between us and rubbed my cock as I slipped slowly in and out of Sherri's tight cunt.

"D-don't! C-close...!" I froze.

"Don't you want to come?" Sara asked with a smile, sharing her fingers with Sherri as well.

"A gentleman always lets the ladies come first."

Chapter 63

In the early light of dawn, I felt Sara roll off me and out of bed.

"What are you doing up so early?" I murmured.

"Going to check the crab trap. And make breakfast."

"What crab trap?"

"Come, I'll show you!" She waited as I untangled Sherri's hair from my arm and took my hand. We went out to the patio in the back, "I saw it yesterday when I was cooking the fish and dropped it in." She leaned over the railing and started hauling on a rope going into the salt marsh. The sky had barely begun to lighten and I could already feel the heat of the coming day. The air was filled with the rich aroma of the flora from the large bay that made it such a haven for crabs and mollusks.

"Bingo!" she cried as she displayed a huge trap with her writhing catch.

"Bingo!" I echoed her, enjoying the view of her jiggling boobs and soft curves, "YOU look good enough to eat!"

"Oh yeah?" She smiled, spreading her legs, "Come and get it!"

"Don't mind if I do!"

"Watch out our friends here don't grab something tender!" she laughed, putting the cage on the deck, then, "You're really gonna do it out here?"

"No honey, WE'RE going to do it out here." I grabbed her waist, "What have you got to say 'bout that?"

"I hope they built this strong enough!" she laughed, turning and resting her arms on the railing, "Do me this way, I want you to play with my breasts while you fuck me!"

I hugged her from behind and her nipples jabbed into my arm, "Hmmm, are you ready? Or just cold...?"

Giggling, she grabbed my hand and rubbed it on her nose, "Does that tell you anything?"

"Hmmm, perhaps... I think I'll need another test..." I slipped my hand down over her body.

"Wait! Let me get you ready too!" She grabbed my finger and slipped it in her mouth, running her tongue gently around as she stroked it lovingly with her soft wet lips.

"Ahhh! I don't need the second test anymore..." I sighed, as my suddenly rampant cock poked in her soaked cunt. With a hand on my ass, Sara pulled me into her.

"Ohh, fuck... GOOD!" she cried breathily, "Do me, lover! Fuck me! Uhhnnn!" I held her hips and slammed into her. For long moments all we could hear was the slapping of our bodies and the guttural cries as we shared our lust.

"Well this is ONE way to greet the morn!" Sherri laughed as she came out, "Or is this the new exercise regimen I've been hearing about?"

"We came out to see if I got any crabs..." Sara's voice faded as she realized what she had just said and we started laughing.

"S-stop!" she wheezed, "I can't come this way!" and started giggling again.

"I d-don't think I can stay hard!" I chortled.

"You'd better!" Sara was suddenly sober, "Don't you dare let that yummy thing slip out! Ahhh, ahhh... So close...!" She reached back and stroked me.

"Let me help," Sherri whispered as she crouched and started fingering Sara's clit.

"Ohhh yesssss! Fuck yes!" Sara screamed into her arm, "Oh god! Yesssss!" She humped wildly on me and started shaking. Suddenly Sherri reached and started massaging my balls. With a loud groan I exploded into Sara's tight pussy, pumping liquid fire that shook us and left us gasping.

"Oh god!" Sara started shaking again as Sherri leaned her head in and started licking her cunt. "Oh lord, too much! Ahhhh!"

"You want me to stop?" came Sherri's muffled voice.

"God, no, please don't... No... Ahhh... D-don't stop... Ahhh!" Sara cried and shook to a stream of climaxes.

Finally she slid weakly down my legs and kissed Sherri, "Thank you sweetheart, you are the best!" She looked up at me, "And you did great too!" Dreamily she turned to suck my soft cock into her mouth, carefully tonguing me.

"Mmmm, sloppy seconds!" Sara grinned, as Sherri took over and tasted me.

"More like thirds!" she laughed, "Or fourths!"

"Okay guys," Sara sighed as she kissed Sherri across my cock, "Have to go - have to get breakfast ready..."

"Can we help?" Sherri asked, ignoring my frantic pleas for her to get back on the job.

"Yeah," Sara pointed at the cage, "Let the small ones go, and also the ones with the red claws, those are the fertile females. Then run the hose over the rest for 5 minutes before you clean them. I'll start a pot for them."

We had prepared 3 large crabs and a smaller one and were washing each other when Sara came to check. Naturally she got an impromptu shower as well.

"Good thing the fencing is so high, otherwise, we'd be raided by now!" Sara laughed, shaking water out of her hair, "But I wouldn't mind - you guys were fantastic!" She kissed us and led us back inside where water was boiling and coffee perking.

They got me a towel as I cooked the crabs in the boiling water. "Eight minutes!" reminded Sara, as, hand-in-hand, she and Sherri went to the bedroom to dress.

The crabs were done and I had picked almost 2 cups of crab meat by the time the giggling stopped and they reappeared, Sara in a snug 2-piece and Sherri in a spaghetti top with terry shorts.

"Oh good, you didn't throw away the crab shells..." Sara said, "I think we may have enough meat for soup tonight as well." She bagged the shells along with a healthy sprinkle of her spice in cheesecloth and started simmering them for stock.

I returned from dressing as Sherri was finishing her crabmeat omelets under Sara's guidance; they also had toast, fruit salad, coffee and even a newspaper waiting.

"This is heaven, girls," I sighed, as I dug in, "I'm sure your parents would be thrilled with these home-ec achievements!"

"And they'll thank YOU!" Sherri laughed. "Until they find out HOW you got us to this point!"

We discussed our schedule for the day. We had use of the course every day until noon, after which Al had scheduled head-to-head boat competitions in various classes.

At 8 we went to the marina and checked over the boat. Quite a few people had gathered already and watched us take her out for a familiarization tour. I had the girls sit at the bow so they could memorize the course as I drove them at 12 mph down the marked channel, noting depth readings on the hydro chart.

We reached the end of the 3 mile course and turned back, speeding up to 55 to check for reflected turbulence. The enclosed channel was even better than the lake as the water was smooth and totally predictable, and the more buoyant salt water seemed to help the boat plane faster as well.

There were a few dozen people cheering us as we neared the marina, Al and his daughter among them.

"Very impressive!" he enthused as he came and shook our hand, "You remember Lucy, my daughter? And this is my wife, the OTHER lovely Lucy in my life!" He introduced us to a slim, pale lady with her daughter's dark hair and eyes.

"Al's been jumping with excitement since he's heard about your boat," she smiled, "He tells me it's quite amazing, what you have done; and for somebody who looks so young too!"

"We need these young people!" Al cried, "To come up with fresh ideas and what's more, my dear, not only have they revived InterCoastal, they're gonna give the whole industry a kick in the butt!"

I offered them a ride and Al happily took us up on it. We went at a slow speed again and I pointed out several places where the seaweed had grown too close to the channel.

He talked into a small cell-phone for a few minutes. "OK, they'll be out here in few minutes." He handed it to me, "Use this while you're on-island; we have our own radio network here. Dial '111' to get me and '140' for the marina. Dial '0' for the Operator and '9' if you want to get an outside line. Just drop it off at the marina office at night for recharging."

We had finished the course and Sherri turned us for the trip back. "We're gonna put on a bit of speed," she warned us, as she helped little Lucy with her life preserver.

Even with 6 on board, Gyro easily topped 60, and to Al's large smile, we made the return trip in a blistering 3 minutes.

We were mobbed by the crowds when we pulled up, Al jumped off and helped his wife down. "Can I stay here with them?" the younger Lucy asked.

"Sure, honey!" Al smiled, and to me, "Just send her home when you get tired of her." He glanced around, "Me, I'm going to make some sales!"

Sherri and Sara were already deep in conversation so Lucy helped me tie down and gas up.

"The salinity is not the only reason!" Sherri was saying, "5% is a lot more than it can account for!"

"Sherri noticed that the boat went on plane faster when there were 6 of us onboard than before."

"I think," I said slowly, "That it has to do with weight distribution again. We were all at the aft end and only Lucy and you were at the conn."

"Of course!" Sherri smacked her forehead, "It shifted the angle of attack on the wing, creating less "sink" and subsequently less drag as well! Doh!" She laughed, "And I was working with Amanda all week on that too!"

"Amanda mentioned something about a flexible wing," I asked, "What exactly are you trying to do?"

"It's a bi-flex wing, for Max's canard, but may well apply here as well..." She paused, "Let's run a couple more tests first, and I'll try and explain it."

Sara drove off again with us in the back and Sherri began, "Remember when we were calculating the lift of a wing at a particular speed? Well, I asked myself, if a wing has enough lift to support a 550 pound aircraft at 50mph, wouldn't there be twice as much lift at 100mph? I know, the flaps make a difference; but 50mph is no-flap stalling speed for the plane, meaning the lift EXACTLY balances the weight. So, again, where's the lift disappeared to at 100?"

Sara throttled up and Sherri stopped, closing her eyes to concentrate on the engine revs as we pulled up to plane, "Hmmm 1160 rpm... OK!" She signed for Sara to stop. We repeated the test twice more with comparable results.

Then we moved up to the front and Sara tried the same maneuver. "You are so right, honey!" Sara beamed, "1230rpm when we are all up front! 5% different!"

As Sara turned and drove us back, Sherri continued, "Back to the question about the lift. The answer is that it's still there; we simply change the elevator and force the plane to fly 'down' the same amount the lift makes us fly 'up!'" She looked at me, "Does that make sense?"

Slowly I nodded, "So what you're saying is that the faster we fly, the more lift we generate, so we have to aim ourselves more towards the ground?"

"Exactly!" She looked at Lucy, "Isn't he a clever boy?" She turned back to me, "So what am I trying to drive at?"

"Mmmm... That... that I'm not as clever as you thought?" Then to Lucy, "But I'm better looking!" THAT got a laugh out of her.

"My point, my not-so-clever-but-very-good-looking boy, is that the wing has to do WORK to generate lift, and that work is called drag! Now does it make sense?"

"Ummm, lessee... If lift is drag, and more lift is more drag... the less lift... means less drag!" I concluded proudly as we tied up and Sherri took Lucy and my arms and walked towards the office.

"Right on!" Sherri laughed, then, to Sara who'd taken my other arm, "And THAT my sweetie, is why the boat performs better when there's more weight at the back!"

"But ONLY if the weight can offset the lowered 'sink.'" Sara said.

"Yeah, that's what we have to work out the details to!" She looked at me, "You were right, the less lift, or sink, the less drag. So how do we do that?" She waited a few seconds, "Think of the flaps."

"Flaps? OK, you extend the flaps to get MORE lift... So, is there a way to unextend the flaps?"

"See? I TOLD you you're clever! It took us 2 days to figure that out!" Sherri laughed. "Of course there is! Simply by offsetting them UP instead of down! Now there is a VERY limited range we can do this, but even by lowering our lift by 20%, we get another 25% more speed, or another 300 miles in range." She paused, "Which is what Amanda is going to work out at Regan's. She's gonna try to calculate the lift changes when we flex the trailing edges of the wing up instead of down... Bi-flex, get it?" she grinned as she fired up the laptop.

"Geez, YOU are the clever one!" I kissed her and turned to Lucy, "Isn't she smart?"

"And pretty too!" Lucy added enthusiastically.

"Alright, enough with the compliments!" Sherri laughed, "Let me get on the Internet and see if we can get some corrections to the sea-wing too."

"Do you want us to stay and help?" I asked.

"No," Sherri smiled, "Why don't you two take Lucy for a spin?"

"Did Lucy the turtle come back?" I asked as we went back down to the boat. Sara was busy waving and smiling to her fans, some from last night who had come down to watch her.

"Yes, about a week ago, she managed to lay another batch, but she looked very tired. Janet said it was because it was hard to find food and rest with the boats and sightseers in the area. I hope she's OK where she is now."

"Yeah, I hope so too!"

"Come on, let's say Hi to Salty Dog Dave!" Sara led us over and shook his hand.

"Sara! Ms Jeffray! James! How are you all?" Dave grinned.

"Hi Salty!" Lucy laughed, then to us, "Mom keeps wanting Salty to teach me to play guitar."

"I'm afraid my skills as a teacher are even worse than my skills as a performer!"

"Would you like to come for a ride, Dave?" Sara invited.

"I'd love to," he checked his watch as he followed us, "As long as I can be back to open the cafe at 10. So this is the super boat?"

"Yep, it's basically a very nice cuddy cabin with twice the engine it needs," Sara explained.

There were about fifty people along the shore and they all knew Lucy and Salty, and most knew Sara and Sherri by name as well.

I took the boat all the way back to the staging area and powered her up. By the time we crossed the marina, we were going 70 and our wake was enough to drench some of the people on shore. I held it at that speed the entire course and then did a wide, skidding U-turn which swamped everything in a hundred foot radius.

The trip back was finished in an eye blink, but not before I managed to soak another hundred people who were crowding the shoreline in excitement.

Dave shook his head and said, "I'm afraid this boat is too fast for me, my speed is more like lazing on a wooden tub, on my way to Margaritaville, as Jimmy Buffett says, 'with salt in the

air and salt in my beard." He grinned, "But come down for lunch later, and we can chat some more."

We let him off and Sara said to Lucy, "You had enough? Or would you like a go at driving GYRO?"

"Can I?" Lucy's grin threatened to split her face.

"Sure, if you're careful and not go any faster than you are comfortable." Sara sat next to her and watched.

"Oh wow, cool!" With deft skill Lucy navigated us back out to the channel. Her intimate knowledge of the locale more than offsetting her lack of practice with the new boat.

We managed the seaward leg at a leisurely 30mph and Lucy did a sweeping 180, leaning and grinning into the wind. Then she gradually increased the speed, to finish at 50 mph.

Happy with our tests, we freed up the course for other boats and worked on the motor after that. Lucy helped with the oil change and watched us do the precipitant tests on the oil and lubricants to make sure there were no potential problems with the engine and the transmission. With the boat on slings, we checked again that the wing was snug on its mount.

We went to collect Sherri who had finished her modified calculations and handed me the dimensions to the new wing; less than half the size of its predecessor, it sacrificed a small amount of efficiency but promised to be much stronger. "I worked in a blended lift effect for different incident angles and sent that to Jules; maybe Peter can do something with that. But I'm going to keep OUR version simple for these instruments of pleasure!" She held my hand and kissed my fingers.

It was getting on lunch time and we went back to the Salty Dog, picking a table outside. We placed our orders and Dave came outside and said, "I came out to see who ordered the hungry-man size triple helping of our ribs!"

Sherri laughed, "Yeah, well, that's because he's already had a big breakfast!"

"We are very proud of our ribs here..." Dave went on, "One of our islanders owns a hog farm just over on the mainland and we have a cook-off each year to find out who's got the best. I won two years in a row!" He grinned, then sadly, pointing down the street, "Then the Steakhouse guys got a secret recipe somewhere and beat me last year! I've been working all year for the ultimate recipe and texture." He looked at us, "Come Sunday, this shame SHALL be avenged!"

The waitress brought out 3 full-racks of back ribs for us and Dave watched us as we sampled it.

"It's great!" I said as I took a drink and tore into another helping.

"Mmmm, good..." Sara nibbled on her first piece, "Cooked right, firm, not too greasy - nice combination of molasses with the honey... Marjoram? Touch of mint too..." She licked her fingers, "The lemon zest really, really makes it!"

Dave's face had been getting pale as he listened to Sara, now he burst out, "Shhh, not so loud!" He looked around furtively, "Those are my secret ingredients!" He mock glared at her, "You are working for my enemies, aren't you?"

Sara grinned, "I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you!"

Dave looked at me, "This young lady is incredible!" Looking back at her, "You really could tell with just a taste?"

"Pretty much," Sara nodded, "It's like people with a nose for wine. They can tell 'Smoked hickory with orange blossom, with an anise aftertaste.' Well, I can also tell that you have..."

"Enough!" Dave hushed her, then, "Can you suggest anything that it needs?"

"Mmm, depends whether you want the robust or more exotic taste, perhaps you can use cilantro instead of straight parsley, and Spanish onion, about three times more..."

"Yeah," Dave nodded, "Let me mix up a batch and try it... Er--" he looked at her, "--would you consider..."

"Checking out your competition?" I suggested.

Dave sighed, "Yeah, I know, it's underhanded and sneaky, but..." he sighed, "My family honor is at stake here!"

"I thought you had no family here?" Lucy said.

"All the more important, the honor of the family I COULD be having!"

"So your thing with Janet is on again?" Lucy smiled.

"Kinda..." Dave looked at us, "She's the rep for Wildlife America assigned to the island. I made a quip about turtle soup and she, er, she..."

"Flew the coup?"

"Returned to the wild?"

"Said 'Later, alligator?'"

"Sent you to the outback?"

"Weaseled out?"

"Is at loggerheads with you?"

Dave was laughing and wheezing, his head buried in his arms. Finally he looked up and breathed, "Yeah..."

"So you're saying," Sara interrupted, "She started dancing to a different tuna?" Which of course started him up again, howling when he had the breath, and wheezing when he didn't. Just as he'd slow down he'd look at us and collapse in another laughing fit.

Finally we helped him off the ground and got him a drink of water. Sherri looked at Sara, "You stole my line! I was gonna say 'She's marching to a different Drum.'"

Dave looked at her, "Er, I don't get it..."

"Try 'Marching to a different Blackened Drum...'" Sara said, then to Sherri, "Loses something in the translation."

"Yeah, loses a LOT in the translation," she agreed.

"What's this with the Blackened Drum? Everyone came in last night and said they smelled my Blackened fish and wanted to order it..." Dave stared at Sara, "No! YOU were the one?"

"See?" she looked at me, "Entire neighborhoods!"

"It was exquisite!" I kissed my fingertips, "Had to wear a gas mask but it was worth it!"

"I have to get your recipe..." Dave sighed, "I suppose I'll have to name my firstborn after you?"

"Maybe you should check with Janet first!" Lucy said.

"So everything's OK between you two?"

"Well, she's agreed to help me with the cook-off competition, after that..." He stopped, "Er, you won't say anything about the recipe, will you?"

"Of course not!" Sara laughed.

"And about the other thing..." Dave glanced down the street.

"Having more ribs? Sure, always happy to help out," I belched discreetly.

Chapter 64

The Steakhouse was dark and noisy with half the tables filled. More patrons were in the back at the bar.

We found a table and the girls ordered a single small portion to share as I asked for the full rack.

"Hmm, Dave's is better," I said when the platters arrived.

"You haven't even tasted it, how can you tell?" Sherri laughed.

"Dave has bigger portions."

"Wow! I can't believe you're finishing this one too!" Lucy said with eyes wide.

"Let him eat dearie," Sherri said, "He has lots to do this afternoon."

"Which reminds me," I said, carefully licking my fingers, "Is there a wood-working shop I could use? With drills and saws?"

"There's a ship-wright just behind the marina, maybe you could check there..."

"So?" Sherri asked Sara, who was slowly tasting a piece.

"Dave's IS better than this - except for something very unique... A nice aromatic but fruity taste."

"Hmmm, I think I know... It's that stuff Chuck has in his garden! Saffron!" Sherri exclaimed.

"Right on! Now it explains why Dave lost to them - and why the ribs here cost 50% more than his!" Sara shook her head, "It's not strictly needed, the saffron doesn't really complement the taste, but sometimes a unique spice would make enough of an impression to hide the fact that the rest of the recipe is not complete. Like a jigsaw puzzle with a piece or two missing, but if the scene is special enough - you can ignore the incompleteness."

"Hmmm, Dave'll probably lose again unless he can get some for HIS recipe - and not the powdered stuff either!" I fished a tiny strand out, "They used the real flower here!"

"You're right, but..." Sara concentrated, "There must be a way to combine its unique taste..." she wove her fingers together, "To knit the ingredients as a whole, so to speak, so that it doesn't overpower the other part, but to balance..." She closed her eyes, then smiled, "Yeah... But first, we still have to get some of the stuff to Dave..."

I started dialing the cellphone. "You're gonna call Chuck?" Sherri asked, "Do you know how much he treasures the stuff?"

"Do I look dumb?" I said, then into the phone, "May I speak with Brenda please? Tell her it's the man of her dreams..." I grinned at Sherri, "Chuck adores her, she'll get us some for sure..." I turned back to the phone, "No my name's NOT Enrique!" I held the phone away from my ear until the wild laughter subsided, "And remind her I can be down there with my hairbrush in an hour!"

"Hello?" Brenda said, still giggling.

"So you're starting with Latin lovers now?"

"Si senor!"

"Hey listen, can you ask Chuck..." I stopped, struck by something Sara had said, "Wait..." I tried to remember.

"Why are you so preoccupied?" Brenda asked, "Who're you with?"

"Er, Sara, Sherri, and Lucy."

"Oh, let me talk to Lucy! Talk to me after you're done coming!" she laughed.

I handed the phone to Lucy and stared at the ceiling. Sherri placed her hand on my shoulder, "Something wrong?"

"Something twigged, something useful. It's something that Sara said... And what Amanda said... Gimme a sec..." I frowned and squinted my face up in concentration.

Lucy had passed the phone to Sara who was telling Brenda, "Yeah, he's close. He's gonna start drooling any time now - and it's not a pretty sight!" They started laughing.

I snarled and took the phone from her, "OK I got it, remember when we talked about the Sintering machine and you said you can't use the output? That it was too small for accuracy? Well, then Amanda said something about putting stuff together on the computer at Regans, and just now Sara said she really loved the way our bodies fit together..."

"Did NOT!" Sara laughed, blushing a little, and covered Lucy's ears, "He's very crude, don't listen to him!"

"OUR bodies fit together pretty good too, lover!" Brenda purred.

"I'm glad you remembered, what about Enrique?"

"Oh, forget him! He's just a casual fling - a Spanish Galleon in passing, you might say." She started laughing at her own joke.

"Are you ready for my idea?" I cut in, "Why don't you just draw the model in four or five parts, sinter-form it, then assemble the pieces together!"

"Well I'll be..." She hummed, "Cool! That'll work! And it'll be perfect with what Amanda's developing!" She sighed, "OK, gotta go!"

"Why?"

"To tell Mandie, of course! And to thank her..." she was purring now, "For helping you with that idea!"

"What about me?"

"You have the girls there to keep you occupied..." she sighed, "We only have each other... And the nights are so very lonely."

"You've only been there ONE night!"

"That's because Kelly and Todd were making enough noise to wake the dead last night! Then Amanda slept through everything!"

"Poor baby! Nobody to play with!"

"You can laugh! And all day Kelly was feeling me up! I don't think I brought enough panties to change into!"

"So go commando! Sara and Sherri seem to have adopted it!" I leered at them, "Anyways, I need you to ask Chuck for a couple ounces of his saffron."

"What? You want ME to ask him for his magic herb? His lifeblood? His reason for existence?" She paused, "What if he demands favors from me?" A soft sigh, "Hey I might enjoy this! OK, no problem, leave it to me."

"You're one horny little girl, aren't you?"

"And you know it! Don't be surprised if I start molesting Chuck!" She giggled, "Unless Amanda beats me to it! What's with her and older guys anyways?" She laughed, "OK, here's the rest of the scoop, Bob's taking Kelly and Todd to Brookhaven in the 23-footer today, but try not to disturb them 'cos their beautiful playmate Laura's with them and they seemed determined to do some catching up." She left me contact numbers for everyone before we said our I Love You's and disconnected.

We had paid the bill and were about to head back to Salty Dog's when the phone beeped. It was the marina, "There's a plane from your company asking for landing instructions over ship-to-shore. I've directed her to the landing field. ETA Fifteen." I got some directions as we collected our cart and headed out that way.

As a concession to executives who may develop sudden urges to unwind, Brookhaven had built a small airport on the rugged North shore with 6500 foot runways - big enough for corporate jets, but without any fancy facilities for wet-weather landings, figuring nobody would bother flying in unless it was decent golfing-weather anyways.

At one time, it was boasted that 60% of the wealth in America spent their Summers in the 'Golden Isles', as the region was known, and it was obvious it still applied. Rows upon rows of

brightly painted Learjets and Gulfstreams proclaimed the logos of all major corporations in the country.

Jules drifted MiniMax down on final and landed neatly on the last quarter of the runway, taxiing to park at the end of the rows of smaller private planes.

We drove up to join her as she climbed out, resplendent in a loose shirt tied just under her boobs and tight, navel-revealing jeans. She gave us soft kisses and introduced herself to Lucy, then she showed us the large carton of electronics in the plane, "Patrick's packed two of everything in there for you - he's good; I may let him look after the Internet venture at the lake."

After leaving word with the suddenly eagerly helpful ground crew, we headed back to the marina. "Where's Celeste? We thought she was coming down with you?"

"She got homesick for Nicole..." Jules laughed, "Actually she's going to pick some stuff up first. She should be in tomorrow at noon." A pause, "How are the tests going?"

"Good to fantastic," Sherri answered.

"We do have a problem," I said, and, as they looked at me, "We don't have nearly enough run up to get to top speed by the start."

"Really?"

"Yeah, remember I tried a full-throttle run this morning? I was only going 70 when we crossed the start line."

"Oh no!" "We're dead!"

"You must have a solution!" They looked at me. "Or you wouldn't be grinning like a jackass!"

"I can think of two. One is to improve our acceleration without affecting our top speed." They nodded, "The second is to ask Al to do the timing only on the last mile!"

"Ooh! You're the best!" they screamed. "I knew we could count on you!"

"Arrgh! I can't restrain myself anymore! Pull over!" Sherri moaned, "Lucy, cover your eyes, I need to do something nasty with James!"

"C'mon Sherri, I'm not a kid! We've got TV you know!" Lucy stared at her indignantly.

"OK, don't say I didn't warn you!" Sherri sighed.

She leaned forward, grabbed my hair and pulled my head back, stuffing her tongue in my mouth to choke off my already strangled, "Gwwwk!"

Holding my head immobile, she looked at me, "You are the cleverest sweetie in the whole darn world! And I love you!" She dropped her face back on mine and proceeded to molest my tonsils.

I was sprawled over Jules on the front seats by the time Sherri decided to let me breathe and dropped my head limply on the seat. Sara and Lucy were perched on the seatbacks, watching with awe.

"Wow!" Lucy whispered, "Must be from the late, late movies! NONE of the ones I've seen had THAT!"

Sara turned to her and said gravely, "What you saw was performed by trained perverts - do not try this at home kids!" She looked down at me, "Can you drive?" All I could do was roll my eyes and gasp. With a sigh she came around the front and sat, wedging my head under her ass.

"Hey, I didn't know you could drive!" Sherri said.

"What's so hard about aiming rack-and-pinion articulated wheels propelled by a viscous-coupled pulse-modulated 24-volt starting motor?"

"Can't possibly be harder than saying THAT line, for sure!" Sherri agreed.

Sara drove off in comforting smoothness, and, aside from two sudden screeching stops, the first to determine the minimum stopping distance and the second to confirm her suspicions that regenerative braking was not being utilized, the trip proceeded uneventfully.

Jules supported my legs and occupied herself with smoothing my clothing, finishing with a meticulous re-arrangement of my underwear by sliding her hands inside my leg openings. I mumbled my thanks and went back to chewing on Sara's luscious behind.

We had connected the Wireless hub and were testing out the encryption on the laptop when Al bounded into the office. "Ha!" he cried to Lucy, "Thought you could skip your lessons by staying out!?" He steered Lucy to the door, "Home, little Missy!"

He turned and stood, staring at Jules, "Er, you are...?" He threw up his hand, "Wait, wait... Don't tell me!" He flicked through and pointed at the catalogue, "That's you, right?"

"Almost!" Jules laughed, "That's Celeste, my sister. She's coming tomorrow." She took his finger to another page, "That's me."

"Wow!" Al shook his head, "You're not pulling any stops are you? Looks like the factory is going all out for this boat! And they need it, their shares..."

"Wait till Monday..." Jules dimpled.

"Yeah...! Right..." He looked thoughtfully at her, then checked his watch, "Excuse me please!" Al found a phone in the corner and started speaking into it, "Listen, what's the picture on IC? Yeah... Yeah... WHAT!" He cried, "A 'Buy' and you didn't tell me? Dammit, what good... Yeah, yeah, OK go with that... No, double that, yeah, that's good. Geez next time, call me right away! Dammit! And thanks!" He grinned as he hung up and came back, "Man, the biggest scoop of the year and I almost missed out!"

"Is it fifty yet?" Jules blinked.

"Over! It's unstoppable!" Al laughed, "It'll be eighty before long! I gotta thank you kids, if you hadn't reminded me!" He put his arm around my shoulders, "I'm gonna throw the biggest do for you guys! Tonight, anything you want!"

"That could be expensive the way James eats!" Sherri reminded him.

"Sorry, Al, but we've already got plans," Jules said, "Maybe tomorrow?"

"Sure, sure!" He stopped and turned at the sound at the door, "Little girl! I thought I sent you home!"

"Salty was looking for James so I brought him!"

"You better get going or I'll tan your hide!"

"Yeah, you and which army?" Lucy laughed.

"Wait till I inform General Mommy!" he glared.

"OK, OK, I'm gone. You play dirty, Dad!" she said as she disappeared.

"Damned women!" Al murmured with a fond smile.

"Talking about the fairer sex," Salty Dog looked at Sherri, "I wonder if I could impose on you some more..." He shuffled his feet and scratched his beard, "I was wondering if you could be my keyboardist tonight... Er, I invited Janet to try out my, er, the new recipe and I was going to sing her a few songs, sort of as a peace offering, and I was hoping, er, you could, er..."

"Sure, Dave," Sherri smiled, "What songs are you doing?"

"That's great! I've been planning this since lunch and I figured with these three Jimmy Buffett songs she'll forgive me and," he snickered, "Even say 'Yes!'"

"Wow! That's so great! Congratulations!" Sherri smiled, "And which three songs did you pick?"

"I thought I'd soften her up with 'Nothing Soft About Hard Times,' then 'Holly,' and finally, Jimmy's amazing, 'Why Don't We Get Drunk?' Kinda fun but with a message, you know?"

Sherri had her face buried in my neck, trying to hold back her laughter. Taking a huge shuddering breath, she turned to him, "Listen Dave, they're GOOD songs, but you gotta look at it from Janet's point of view too! Now about 'Hard Times...'"

"What wrong with that? It's about growing up broke and living in a shack!"

"Exactly! Is that the life you're promising her?"

"Oh... but 'Holly' is good. Sentimental and touching..."

"ONLY if her name is Holly! And he's consoling her after a breakup!"

"But it's true! She's just broken up and..."

"...and you want to remind her of her ex?"

"Oh," he said, dejectedly, "And 'Drunk' is no good either?"

"Unless you want your relationship with her to be 'Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw!'" Sherri grabbed me again and laughed, cackling and slobbering on me. Finally, she wiped her face carefully on my shirt. She took Dave's arm and walked him out the door, "OK, we've got a lot of work to do, what time is this big seduction you've got planned?"

"Six o'clock." He turned back, "And you're all invited!"

"I can't miss this!" Al laughed, "The guy doesn't have a mean hair on him, but his idea of romance is a candle-lit dinner using the candle to warm a can of sardines! I hope Sherri is an extraordinarily patient teacher!" He looked at me, "Say, do you think she might want to give little Lucy piano lessons? Her Mom's been trying to breed the tomboy out of her with music lessons and such and so far, she's gone through 3 teachers and looks like this one today will be history soon!"

"Why don't you bring Lucy tonight and we can see if she's really interested?"

"Yeah, and it's early enough." Al started watching Jules working on the Wireless connection, "What's that you're installing?"

"We needed to access the Internet from the condo but had no connection. Then we figured we can hook up a Wireless one."

"Oh yeah? What's the range?"

"This unit is 500 feet, give or take, more over flat terrain and water, of course. This way we can use it from the boat as well!"

"What do you need to use it?"

"Just this PCCard plugin for the laptop."

"That's it? And no wires, nothing?"

"Nothing," I confirmed.

"Holy shit - I want one!"

"Just so happens..." I pointed at Jules who was holding a spare up.

"Can I have it? Can you talk to my boys about installing it?" Al was literally hopping up and down.

"No problem, Al," Jules smiled, "I'll even connect it up for you." She took his arm out the door, "In fact I was meaning to ask you about the outfit who does the maintenance of your microwave system..." The door closed behind them.

I looked at Sara, "You. Me. Alone." I pointed, "Desk..."

"You. Alone. Wing." She pointed at the door.

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I found the ship repair center Lucy told me about and arranged to borrow their mitre-saw and belt-sander. Sherri's new sea-wing was smaller and required fewer cuts, which meant a smaller, lighter standoff too, so I made two in about the same time as the original one. Leaving the varnish to dry I wandered back to the condo.

Sara had changed into jeans and was doing a big load of laundry, "Can't have the folks coming into the bedroom with stains on the bed!"

"What time are you expecting them?"

"Knowing Brenda's parents, they'll want to leave at 3. Then my Mom will find enough last minute errands to delay them for a half hour. If Sherri's folks aren't worse than my parents, they'll be leaving about now, which means they'll get here at 5. We have an hour and a half to get things cleaned up." She sniffed, "Good thing the crab chowder will mask out any other kinds of odor in here." She had the broth on a low simmer and now it filled the house with a delicious smell. She added vegetables and potatoes and one unsliced tomato. "Another secret," she smiled.

We installed the new wing and Sara asked for help moving our stuff inside Gyro, saying, "The folks will probably want us kids out of the way so they have some privacy." She sighed, "It looks like we'll have to tough it out here..." She looked back at me, "You want to sleep with me or sleep with me?"

"Hmm, tough choice!" I followed her little ass down the cabin, "What're the options again?"

She stopped me halfway down with a hand on my crotch, "Looks like you need some convincing." She tugged my pants down and my cock out, warning me, "Watch for people!"

"Ahhhhh!" I shuddered as she gave the tip a warm kiss, gently pulling the skin back as she ran her tongue around the crown.

With soft motions she fisted me to full hardness, adding little kisses and licks as I leaked.

She looked up at me and kissed my cock, "You like?" I could only shudder and sigh.

With her eyes on me, she took me slowly in her mouth, laving her tongue to keep me wet, and throbbing. With half of me inside, she stopped and took some deep breaths, watching with smiling eyes as I quivered and panted, nails embedded in the material of the door frame. She cradled my balls in her hand and with excruciating slowness, resumed her tormenting trip down my hardness.

It was like being immersed in a boiling cauldron, her throat muscles fluttering their caresses on me each time she swallowed, but she ignored my moans to hurry, choosing to prolong the wrenching bliss.

Slowly she withdrew, until my spit-covered prick was barely touching her pursed lips. A few breaths later, her mouth descended once more to capture my cock in her tender heat. It was too much, with a guttural moan I lurched into her and came, gasping with the incredible ecstasy she was gifting me.

"God, oh god!" I pumped into her, "S-so good!" I grated out, as she sucked the blistering streams from me, then tickled my balls to coax another groaning spasm of delight.

I sank down on the steps, too drained to even breathe, and Sara rose to enfold me in her warm embrace. "You are my love," she whispered.

Chapter 65

Sara sent me ahead to the cafe as she went to clean up the condo and wait for the parents' arrival.

"Hi Janet, I'm James. We met the night Lucy the Turtle beached," I greeted her and we shook hands. "Where's Dave?"

"He's in the back, busy rehearsing," she sighed, "And he doesn't want me in there to spoil the surprise." She twirled the straw in her drink. "Are you looking for him for something?"

"Sort of, he's asked me to come and try out the ribs."

"Yeah, me too." She grimaced, "It's hard to imagine a grown man getting so worked up about food."

"Hey hold up there!" I grinned and patted my stomach, "You're talking to an insatiable appetite here!" At her smile I continued, "But it's hard to deny that he's GOOD at what he does."

"He is, at that, but for once I'd like him to turn his energy into doing something constructive!"

The waitress brought out a plate of snacking vegetables and a heaping mound of ribs. Grinning she said, "Dave said to start serving as soon as you showed up..." She smiled at me and walked off.

I served Janet and busied myself with the rest.

"Wow, you weren't kidding about the appetite!" She watched me, "But how can you taste anything eating that fast?"

"Oh, I taste it too - saves time if I can do both, you know?" I licked my fingers, "Nice texture, not too loose or greasy - nice combination of molasses with the honey. Marjoram with a touch of mint, and lemon zest to bring it out."

Janet stared at me with her mouth open, "Wow!" she mouthed, then shook her head, "No way!" She stared, "How could you know?"

"Oh, I had some this morning but you should try this batch. He's used cilantro instead of parsley and about three times more Spanish onion instead of regular onions. Very nice. Depends on whether you prefer the exotic or robust taste, of course..." I looked at her, "What do you think?"

"Wow! I'm speechless! I-I didn't know... You REALLY know your food!"

"Well, thank you, practice and all that, you know." I took a sip of my water, "How are the loggerheads doing?"

"Not well, but we're making a comeback, I think!" She brightened as she warmed to her story, "We had ten confirmed beachings, with six doubles, up from last year, and the collection was better. We'll know next month if the incubation efforts are working. If we have more live releases, we can bring them back quicker."

"And the Ridley's?"

"Still that one colony in the Gulf of Mexico. With 288 adults. 42 more than last year!" she finished smugly.

"That must make everyone very happy!"

"Oh yeah, we're beside ourselves..." She stopped, "If only we knew WHAT it was that's triggered this comeback, then we could use it for the other endangered species as well!" She glowed, "Just seeing the joy in people's faces is so rewarding! Especially the children's faces!"

"I know what you mean, I saw that when I was here last night. Laughing, and singing..."

She was staring hard at me as I turned at Al's booming laugh. He and Jules and Lucy were escorting Sara and the parents through the door. Lucy gave Janet a hug and sat down next to her and, after brief introductions, Jules sat next to me as Al, next to her, continued to discuss golf with Sara and Sherri's folks.

"Just when you think you got the course figured out, you get to the fourth! Man what a beauty, par three and, like the next few holes, looks like a snap, but then even Tiger bogied it, a week after he birdied it! You guys are in for a GREAT time!"

The waitress brought out more servings, giving me a smiling thumbs-up at the pile of picked-clean bones on my plate.

"What I do is important too! It's not chicken-shit!" Janet whispered fiercely at my side.

"I agree with you, what you do IS important. Any time we lose a species, we, the human race are the poorer for it." I took her hand, "And so is what Dave does here, every kid who's shared the laughter here, the joy and friendship, they all will be richer for it.

"You and he are both working to better our world and lives, and should be thanked for it!"

Lucy looked at her, "Janet, are you OK? You look strange..."

"Yeah," she sighed, "I'm OK... Now." She hugged Lucy and rocked her silently.

The lights dimmed and the spot lit up the stage. Sherri came out and sat at the synthesizer after giving us a smile and a wave. Her Dad was clapping and telling everybody, "That's my daughter! On stage! She's my daughter!" until his wife punched him.

Dave climbed up on the stool and grinned self-consciously at the commotion his appearance caused. Gone were his colorful Hawaiian shirt and ripped shorts; instead he had a clean yellow shirt and blue jeans, only threadbare in a couple of places. He scratched his beard, which had been trimmed to 1/3 its original bush.

"Er, welcome to Salty Dog Dave's... and I'm Salty Dog Dave. Er, tonight, I thought I'd do a song for someone here, someone very special... I want to tell her that, er, that, she's very special... and..."

Sherri leaned into her mike and laughed, "What Dave wants to say is that he loves you very much, and he hopes you can forgive him, Janet."

Janet fidgeted and squirmed at the applause and attention on her, "Oh god! Last time he sang 'Dammit, Janet' to me! Three times!" I held her hand as Lucy grabbed her other arm to stop her from running off.

The noise died as Sherri played a chord and David started a short riff on the guitar, and sang,

"Got to say a few things that have been on my mind,
and you know where mind has been,
I guess I learned my lesson,
and now is the time to begin.
So if you're feeling alright and you're ready for me,
I know that I'm ready for you
We better get it on now,
Cause we've got a whole life to live thru."

Janet's eyes swam with tears as she hummed along, mouthing the words with Dave,

"And when your body's had enough of me
and I'm layin' flat out on the floor
When you think I've loved you all I can,
I'm going to love you a little bit more..."

The song ended to complete silence. Softly Sherri replaced Dave's guitar on the stage and led him to us. She put his hands in Janet's, "You will be very happy together..." she whispered before turning to join her parents.

With a moan, Janet threw her arms around him, "God... Oh god..." she sobbed as she kissed him. The room burst into cheers and frenzied cheering.

"You're a bastard!" she laughed through her tears, "Rocky Horror one night and then this..." She held his face and kissed him again. She looked up tenderly at him, "Say something, honey."

"I... I love you?"

"Right answer!" she laughed and kissed him again. Jules nudged me and pulled me out of my seat to make room for the happy couple.

"Come on!" Jules took my hand and pulled me outside.

"My food!" I protested, as a grinning Lucy waved goodbye.

"We haven't forgotten that!" Jules laughed and showed me the large bag in her other hand. "Get in!" she urged me into the electric cart.

"Where to?"

"The airport! To MiniMax!" she cried, "Haven't you been listening to the plan?"

"Eh?"

"Lord, grant me patience!" she lamented, "The plan we discussed while you were worshipping Sara's butt!"

"Oh! My ears were a little muffled then, plus, I was distracted!" I smacked my lips, "She has a YUMMY butt!"

"OK - you'll have a chance to refresh your memory later!" she laughed, "They're gonna try to sneak out early to do some 'tests' on Gyro, then hightail it out and meet us." I did the walkaround as she checked the gas and fluids.

"Where?"

"Treasure Island," she grinned as I taxied us out, "I hear it's lovely there."

"It sure is! Nothing but sand and sea and fish!" I said, checking inside the doggy bag, "Hey, it's all veggies in here!"

"Oops! Must've picked up the wrong bag!" She smiled widely and stuck her tongue out, "Don't worry, they're bringing the rest." She reached over and rubbed my tummy, "We wouldn't want to starve our poor baby!"

"Talking about starving, are we gonna be turfed out on the streets when we can't pay for our shares?" I said, matching course for Drake's Island.

"Not a chance! I wouldn't be surprised if they put a 'Strong Buy' on it when it closes Monday." She glinted, "AI may be right, we could be seeing the sunny side of eighty next week. The timing couldn't have been better; with the downturn of the auto and air transport industries, mutual funds are transferring elsewhere, and IC is the perfect place - recreational marine. High profile, but stable. Already they're calling it the sleeper of the year!"

She thought about it, "It'll let me modify our plans somewhat - I'm gonna hold off selling for a week and that will allow us to retain more shares."

She pointed down, "Is that it?"

"That's just one of the barrier reefs, the island is about 1/4 mile further on."

I skimmed down to 55ft. "I'm going to angle left and loop in, prevailing wind is from South-east," I said, "As you saw, the seaward side is quite hazardous, lots of submerged rocks and sandbanks."

"Yeah, I wouldn't trust that at all. With the water this clear, it's hard to tell what's near the surface and what isn't."

"Yeah - a good reason to keep boats away," I pointed out the red-and-white-painted radar reflectors that surrounded the area.

I landed outside the warning markers and, with Jules perched over the windshield, cruised dead slow into the bay. Knowing that Sherri, with Gyro's deeper draft, had successfully navigated the course was comforting but no less nerve wracking.

"How on earth did you guys do it the first time?" Jules marveled when we finally rolled up on the beach.

"Sherri did it herself! Sara and I were... indisposed."

"No doubt!" Jules laughed, helping me tie the plane down on the beach against a brush and some rocks. "She did one hell of a job."

We dropped our gear next to a small tree and Jules looked out at the wide expanse of ocean before her. "Wow!" she breathed, "That's some view!" She leaned her head on my shoulder, "We seem so tiny and insignificant here... The world sure is a big place!"

"Yeah, but it's not easy to find a prime piece of real estate like this that's not messed up by people!"

I sat on the rubber mats we had brought and Jules sat next to me and started peeling off her jeans.

"What IS that?" I stared at the wispy piece of underwear she had on.

"Like it?" she grinned, "It's a string tanga. It doesn't leave panty-lines with these jeans."

"It's a waste of money, if you ask me."

"Why? It's not that expensive!"

"It is if every one who sees them just wants to rip them right off you!" I made a grab for them.

"OK, OK," she laughed, rolling out of the way, "You want them so much, I'll take them off for you!" She straightened with her feet apart.

Watching me intently, she slipped a hand under the elastic and moved it down, just a half inch but my cock quivered.

I followed her long tanned legs up her body. Jules' face was hidden in the shadows but her eyes glowed brightly and her golden hair, haloed by the sun, shook and danced in her efforts and lust.

She repeated the motion on the other side, coupled with a small twitch of her hips, licking her lips as she glanced at the tent in my shorts.

Before she had them halfway off I was panting and my erection was quaking in anticipation. Jules was breathing throatily and was running her hands over her smooth belly as she nudged her tanga down. "Take your fucking pants off!" she whispered hoarsely, "Before I rip THEM off!"

With shaking hands I tore my zip down and kicked my shorts off; she watched me through slitted eyes, nostrils flared in need. She stepped out of her panties and knelt over my knees, leaning her hands on my shoulders, "You ready to be fucked?" she said through gritted teeth, "You, mister, are going to be FUCKED!"

She crouched forward, spreading her moisture along my pounding prick, the touch drawing sparks and gasps from me.

I almost came when she slipped over me with her incredible heat. I stopped her with just the tip inside and waited until my shaking stopped. Slowly she pushed down on me, groaning and pausing between each gentle movement. I untied her shirt and stroked her angry nipples, hard and bunched in desire; her shaking started again as I raked my fingers around her fleshy cones.

"Ughh! Ughh!" She pushed herself against my hands, sliding her body against mine and jamming her cunt on me as she peaked.

For a long time she shook on me, humming and rubbing her face against mine, then Jules whispered, "You have to do the work, I'm totally drained."

"Isn't that supposed to be MY line?" I smiled as I flipped us around.

"I don't care... Fuck me..." she moaned, her nails on my back, "Ohhh! But slowly!" She grabbed my ass, "N-not used to your big thing!" she snickered weakly.

I slowed my pace and she smiled up at me, pulling my face down for a kiss as we languorously built towards our climaxes.

We were humming and teasing each other's tongues when we heard Sara and Sherri's voices coming over the dune, which stopped as they saw us.

"Ah yes," Sara intoned, "Here is the famous Drake Island lighthouse, with its beautiful lady keeper. Ceaselessly, tirelessly, it flashes its white light to warn passing ships of the dangers of these waters."

"And what, may I ask, is the beautiful lighthouse keeper doing?" Sherri chimed in.

"Ah, she is regulating the frequency of the flashes..."

"And how, may one ask again, does she do this?"

"Ah, that is the age old question, but I'm afraid it is a secret handed down from keeper to keeper!"

I could feel myself losing my tireless flashing to laughter. Jules humped her groin at me, "D-don't stop! Don't fucking stop!" and showed them a finger, which Sara seized and sucked in her mouth.

"Hmmm," Sherri said, "I may have heard something about it!" She reached between my legs and wrapped her warm and soft hands on my balls.

"Ahhhhhhh!" I cried, as I shoved my whole length into Jules.

"Oh god!" Jules raised her hips to meet mine, "Don't stop, ahh, yessss! Don't stop!"

I began pounding into her, encouraged by hands and lips softly caressing us. With a mind-ripping shudder I shook and shivered and emptied myself into Jules' tender cunt and laid shaking on her, groaning my pleasure.

JulieAnn eased me off and tumbled Sara into her embrace, "Light-house keeper, huh?"

"Yeah" Sherri said softly as she laid down on me, "The sweetest keeper a lighthouse could ever have, listen..."

"The ocean's blue is in her eyes,
Its coral in her lips,
And in her cheek the mingled dyes
No sea-shell could eclipse!
And, as she climbs the weedy rocks,
And with the sunshine plays,
The wind that lifts her golden locks
Seems more to love their rays."

"Ohh! You sweethearts!" Jules purred, kissing Sherri and Sara softly.

"And what about me?" I prompted.

"A fine lighthouse you are too! My love!" Sherri laughed,

"The sea-fog, like a fallen cloud,
Rolled in and dimmed its fire;
Roared the gale louder and more loud,
And sprang the billows higher!
Above the gale that wailed and rang,
Above the booming swell,
With steady and sonorous clang,
Pealed forth the light-house bell!"

"Told ya! You're so a-PEAL-ing!"

"C'mon, show us your sonorous clang!"

"And where's the swelling boom?" they started laughing.

"Let's look for that later!" Sara stood and dusted herself off, "We have to hurry if we want to see the fish! High tide in 20 minutes!" In our frenzied love making we had not noticed the

crashing advance of the incoming tide, but the waves were already lapping 10 feet from the high water mark. Hurriedly we dressed and followed Sara and Sherri and the fishing equipment to the cove where the horseshoe crabs and the Drums congregated.

They had already hooked one by the time we arrived and were taking turns playing it. I showed Jules the Romulan zygotes, explaining how the aliens maintained a base in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle where they collected their young after they became mature to beam back to their planet, along with whatever boats and aircraft that stood in their way.

"Don't listen to him! It's all baloney!" Sherri pointed at the horseshoe crab in my hand, "Everyone in the Federation knows they're Vulcan zygotes!" She sniffed.

"Oh! Right!" Jules exclaimed, "Those are the ones with the ears who invented the famous Vulcan Lip Lock, right?" She grabbed Sherri and demonstrated.

I went to help Sara after they proved they had no need of my assistance in establishing an Advanced Mind-meld - the version never seen on TV.

We had landed and were cleaning her catch, a huge 20-pounder, on a rock by the water when Sara pointed to the far edge of the tidal bore. There was a lot of splashing and Drums were jumping all over.

"There must be a big one there!" Sara said as she carefully chose a half-pound fillet and threaded her hook through it.

"And it's like 50 feet away! Can you cast that far?"

"Just watch!" She took five steps back and ran forward with a double-fisted grip on the rod. With a ear-splitting "Eey-hah!" that Jackie Chan would've been proud of, she whipped it, launching her lure at the churning commotion, and 10 feet beyond. Grinning she started retrieving.

"Holy shit!" Sherri cried, "Wow!"

"Yeah!" Jules muttered, "That's one tough broad! Wouldn't want to tangle with her!"

Just then something grabbed Sara's line, tumbling her forward. Quickly she planted the end into a hole in the sand and leaned back trying to hold the powerful fish at bay.

"Wow!" we all said as a long silver fish launched itself 10 feet in the air and crashed into the surf. Then it started ripping the line out as it swam at unbelievable speed across the water, punctuated by brief but spectacular aerial acrobatics.

"What is it? Marlin?" Jules asked as we helped Sara hang on to the rod.

"No..." I said slowly, "I think it's Mr. Teeth - barracuda."

"Oh no!" Sara gasped, "Like it's over 25, maybe 30lbs! Can we eat it?"

"Not if they're over 20lbs."

"Yeah, they have a nerve toxin..." Sherri added as it did a rolling back summersault and doubled back on itself.

"OK, let's try this..." Sara said, then at the next leap, she released the bail, allowing the line to go slack. Magically, the fish flopped back in and disappeared and, when Sara retrieved the line, it showed the hook and steel leader still intact.

"That was one fierce fighter!" Sara sighed, "I'm glad he got away."

"Me too!" I said, "Dodging teeth that can cut through 50lb leaders is not my favorite pastime!"

"Yeah, let's pack up and get dinner going - it's gonna be dark soon." Sara dispatched us to gather driftwood and to dig a firepit, as she sat to cut the large Red into steaks.

With the fire crackling, Sara heated oil in a skillet and cooked the fish after she lightly covered each piece with a sweet smelling sauce.

"Dave's recipe gave me an idea, so I added lemon zest and concentrated OJ to the 4P spice. This should give it a less strident taste; still spicy but should let the fish flavor through more," Sara continued as we nibbled on warmed up ribs.

"Is that what you'll do to the ribs when we get the saffron?"

"Oh no!" she laughed, "That would be just the thing NOT to do! It'll be way too fruity! I will suggest he use less zest, and less pepper too. What he should do is tone down everything so that the saffron can augment the rib. Shouldn't be that hard to do!"

"Sounds like you've got a plan."

"Yeah, a few tests with the saffron should do the trick."

"And Dave and Janet...?"

"They're great!" Sherri laughed, "Inseparable now! But he chickened out about the 'Yes' part! But don't worry, I'll get him to polish up a few more songs in no time!"

"And did everything go as planned with the parents?" I asked.

"Yeah, pretty much, we told them we had to do some sea trials, which went great by the way; and will bunk in Gyro tonight. They've been on Gyro before so they know it's pretty spacious and comfortable."

"And you should hear Al tell them what a great job we did with her!"

"Yeah, having Al as a staunch supporter is a major plus! He's even promised to take them golfing tomorrow! He's totally awed by Sherri of course," Sara said, then turned, "And he seems ready to change his will in your favor, Jules, what happened?"

"Oh, he thinks the Wireless gadget is the neatest thing, so I sold him a two-year plan to give him island-wide coverage, using a revamped microwave backbone, which we will also supply. That way, everyone can stay in touch with their offices, even on the back nine!"

"Does that mean you will have to be here full time?"

"Oh no," Jules dimpled, "Maybe every other week, because *I* won't be doing it - we're farming it out to a Cellular provider with a solid background in Computer links. You know them, AT-Comm - they did the Internet for us at the Lake." We nodded, as she continued, "Which, coincidentally, is almost 30% owned by JamPC," she finished, grinning.

"You know, that's what I like about being filthy rich. So we can eat fish we had to catch, clean and cook ourselves and sleep on rock hard dirt!"

"Not us!" giggled Jules as she and the others piled on me, "We plan to luxuriate on our king-size James mattress tonight!" There was some rustling of clothing and suddenly I was covered with warm, squirming, female flesh.

A sultry voice whispered in my ear, "So, Human, are you ready to experience the Vulcan Body-meld?"

Chapter 66

It was almost nine when Jules and I landed MiniMax and drove back to the Marina; Lucy was there and waved us down.

"Morning guys!" she grinned, "Sara and Sherri have just left to check out the course." Then she took our hands and whispered, "Good thing I was here first this morning; just before tee-time, Dad and the girls' parents came down to look for them, so I told them they had gone out already." She grinned conspiratorially, adding, "It wasn't exactly a lie, since they DID go out... about 12 hours earlier! Oh," she handed me a folded piece of paper, "This is for you, Dad says it's the map to the secret cove on Drake's Island, which I guess you've discovered already! So? How WAS last night?"

"Fantastic!" Jules said, "Especially when Sara hooked a big 'cuda and almost got pulled in herself! Then we lit a fire and spent the night on the beach, under the stars!"

"Oooh, sounds great! I wish I could do that..." she sighed, "And the airplane is yours?"

"We own it together, yes."

"That's so cool! So you fly all over the world?"

"No, hon, it's strictly for local flights, a thousand miles or less."

"Must be fantastic though to be able to go anywhere!"

"That it is!" Jules allowed, "The amphibians can land on water as well, so they're very handy. But we have to be really careful about rough weather. Even more so than with boats."

"Can you take me up in it?"

"Sure, if your parents say it's OK, or, if I'm busy, you can ask James." Jules tweaked my cheek, "He's not just a pretty face, you know!" Which, for some reason, made them break out in laughter.

We turned at the sound of Gyro's throaty roar and joined the dozens of spectators who had already gathered to watch her come down the channel on full throttle.

From our vantage point it was easy to see why Gyro was so impressive. With less than 15% of her hull in the water, it looked like she was riding on air, yet the wing kept the tracking straight and sure, neatly deflecting any waves that threatened to unsettle the boat.

As it drew nearer, the other reason for its popularity also became apparent. Both girls' eyes and faces glowed with joy and excitement as they thundered by and showered us with their roostertail.

"Is it just me," Jules panted in my ear, "Or has EVERYONE got the serious hots for the girls?"

They did a few more high-speed runs and then, apparently happy with the results, cruised back slowly, waving to the large crowd that had collected along the waterfront to cheer them.

Lucy led us through the guarded gate to the docks, saying, "Dad stepped up security and he asked if you could autograph some brochures for him." She showed us one, nicely done up with pictures taken from the catalog surrounding one of the Monster Cuddy in the center. "Then he'd like us to join them for lunch at the Clubhouse."

Al had posted his staff as guards to prevent the boat and the girls from being swamped. They organized everyone in a row and handed out the color pamphlets so they could have them signed.

"You know the wing worked even better than we'd expected?" Sherri said excitedly, as she pulled me down next to her on the bow and I was handed a pen. "We didn't try any full out runs until we had a chance to check over the channel this morning, but we got a slightly improved performance envelope and much better groove authority; I think the smaller wing surface and more streamlined support helped. Then we got to talking about maxing the acceleration and top speed, and Sara thinks we could delay the rev limiter a bit..."

Sara joined us with the laptop and, as she absent-mindedly scribbled her name on brochures, consulted the engine nomographs. "Yeah, we can go another 250rpm and still have a margin of error... Plus," she grinned at Sherri, "You can monitor rpm better than any meter!" She punched in some numbers, "No problem, we can go down 2 inch-pitch and get maybe a 12% improvement over the hole-shot and still get the 85 top speed..."

"Are you still worried about measuring the top speed?" Jules interjected, "Don't, cos Al's gonna arrange something with Peter that'll solve that problem!"

"That's a part of it, but mostly, it's to wring a bit more performance from the boat... Hmmm, need to talk to Peter myself... Hey!" Sara giggled, "I can send him email from here!" She started pecking away at the keyboard, "This is way cool! I can stay online all the time!"

"Honey, you're holding up the line here!" Sherri reminded her.

Sara sighed, as she closed the laptop and looked at the crowd, "Ah, the price of fame!" She resumed signing again.

"Not to mention the public adulation!" I added.

She leaned her head on me, "I wish we could have some of THAT now, in private!" She kissed me, "Do you KNOW what this does to me?" Her hand slipped around my waist.

"Hey, now BOTH of you are holding up the line!" Sherri laughed. She crossed arms with Sara behind me, "Can I join you?"

"Look!" Jules nudged us, pointing, "It's Celeste... and Kelly!"

We waved, but they were too preoccupied with giggling to notice us. They, however, WERE noticed, and a hushed murmur went through the collected crowd. I turned and said to Lucy, "Those are our friends, Kelly and Celeste, can you bring them through to here?"

Lucy dashed off, as the crowd threatened to swallow Kelly and Celeste, but suddenly a path appeared for Kelly as she towed a very impressed and amused Celeste behind her.

They met at the gates and were admitted as the guards closed them on the last of the autograph seekers. All the way down the dock-walk, Celeste was making faces at Kelly and saying, "Is this better? Does this work?"

Their trip took a while because Kelly was doubled over with laughter, wheezing and leaning on Celeste. The guard who was helping Celeste with a large package gratefully dropped it by the boat at her gesture and left.

Celeste waved at us, complaining, "Kelly has this new way to do 'The Look' and she won't teach me!"

"I'll teach you! I WILL! OK? Just promise you won't start practicing on your own!" Kelly laughed.

"That's better!" Celeste looked us over, "OK! Inspection time!" She pointed to a spot on the dock, "FRONT AND CENTER!"

We scrambled to parade-ground stance in a height-ordered line, Jules and Sherri jostling to see who was taller. Sara waved Lucy over next to her, "So I'm not the shortest one here," adding, "Stand up straight and do what Celeste tells you to!"

"Just don't bend over, whatever you do!" giggled Sherri, who'd lost the match to Jules.

"You! No talking in the ranks!" Celeste pointed, "Bread and water, and hard labor!"

"Damn!" Sherri muttered, "And it was my turn to be on top too!"

"Hello Lucy!" Celeste shook her hand, "I'm Celeste. Very pleased to meet you!" and gave her a soft kiss on the forehead.

"Hi honey!" Sara smiled, "I missed you!" with a warm hug and a kiss.

"Look at you!" Celeste wiped a spot of grease off her cheek, "Working too hard, again!" They kissed tenderly.

Celeste turned to Sherri, "And you, my sweet? Happy?"

"Yeah!" Sherri grinned, "But I miss you... and our music!" They touched hands.

Celeste hugged Jules, "Sister dear? How goes the battle?"

"Pretty good, you can probably keep the car..." They hugged briefly and Jules steered Celeste to me.

"Hi..." she whispered.

"Hi, hot stuff..." I pulled her to me and I held her gently, "Don't I get a kiss?" I lifted her chin and touched lips softly.

Jules took my arm and leaned over, "Go on, ask him!"

"L-later..." Celeste barely whispered.

"Then I'll do it!" Jules laughed, as she ducked a rather ineffectual punch from Celeste, who was nestled in my neck, "She wants you to take her flying..."

"Sure, OK..." I said.

"Wait, there's more!" Jules was giggling now, "She wants to take you somewhere above 5280 feet..." Celeste blushed hotly and held on to me tightly.

"Hey congratulations!" they cried, as Celeste fidgeted and sighed.

"She bugged me and bugged me for lessons until I HAD to!" pouted Jules, "All the time spent flying when I should be watching the markets... It's all HER fault if the IC deal dies a horrible death!"

"That's bad, isn't it?" Kelly asked.

"Heck yes, but it ain't gonna happen... But don't tell my sister..." she laughed and waltzed away from Celeste's kick.

"Hey! Kell! You haven't said Hi yet!" Sara said. With a wide smile Kelly went and introduced herself to Lucy.

"So," Sara continued, "I hear you found the man of your dreams!" as they hugged.

"Yeah!" Kelly smiled, "Although he's been so much a part of me that I had never realized that he's ALWAYS in my dreams!"

"We're SO happy for you!" Sherri added, "And the OTHER reason for your happiness?"

"Oh, Laura? What can I say?" Kelly was grinning and preening now, "I have to thank you for opening up that facet of me..." She sighed, and put her hands on Sherri's cheeks, "And Brenda and her 'Touch!'"

She reached for Jules' hand, "And you know I was so envious of what you guys had - even though I thought it was a passing fad." She shook her head, "But now I see just how simple and obvious it is!" She kissed Jules, "Once I unlearned the lessons the School of Hard Knocks dealt me!"

"No," Celeste said slowly, "You didn't unlearn, you just moved on to the next phase. You have to get past the mistrust and suspicions... And learn to recognize that there's that person - someone you KNOW will never betray your confidence and trust." She sighed, and kissed my cheek, "And it is so very much better, if you can find more than one..."

"You said it!" Kelly grinned and, turning to me, "You are one lucky bastard!"

"Am I lucky enough to get a kiss from you?"

Kelly looked around, "Er, is it OK, guys...?"

"You mean you got your hot little menage going and you still want more?" Sherri laughed.

"No..." Kelly glittered, "But think of it as giving me a chance to redeem my self-respect." She sighed, "After he made me behave so atrociously last time..."

"What's so atrocious about feeling good?" I smiled.

She looked at me for a minute, then nodded, "Damned if you're not right. I don't have to apologize for feeling good, do I?" She leaned and kissed me on the cheek, "There!" she laughed, then she whispered, "But you're the only man whose leg I'll ever hump!"

Celeste tugged me to the large box sitting on the dock, "This is from Nicole, she FORCED me to bring it here at great personal hardship, I want you to know!"

"Here toots," Celeste handed a CD to Sherri, "The CD you asked for... And you, my jock sweetie..." She took out a large envelope and handed it to me, "Your University admission forms

- courtesy of Ms McGill and Columbia University. Nicole wants you to consider a science field as a minor, since you seem interested in that area."

She turned to Sara and Kelly, who were off to the side, yakking a mile a minute. "Hey, this part is for you!"

Sara danced up, "Look at me!" she said, holding up a 7x11 shot of her in the Regan 17-footer, hull completely out of the water and spray all around.

"You, my breathtaking darling, are absolutely amazing!" Sherri leaned on Sara, "Can I get your autograph? On my body?" She nibbled Sara's ear, "With your tongue?"

"Then I should check out the writing surface for you first..." Jules laughed as she made a grab for Sherri.

"Help me, James!" Sherri ducked behind me with Jules close behind her. "Stop! Stop! You're gonna tear my top!"

"Stop squirming then!"

"Here," Sara handed me the photos, "And don't move!" She slipped around my back as well, "Hey, save some for me!"

"You're a bad girl, Jules!" said Sherri's pouty voice, "Mmmm, I'm gonna tell my Mommy on you!"

"Go ahead! Explain to her how your nipples got all hard!"

"And wet!" giggled Sara.

"You're a bad girl too, Sara! I'm gonna tell YOUR Mommy!" sighed Sherri.

"You want to tell her now? You want us to stop?"

"Mmmm, no, not right now, ahhh, ahhh, i-it can wait... Ooooh! That's SO naughty!"

Sherri shivered against me. "Do it again!" I could feel their bodies squirming against my back as I stood my ground with a moronic grin.

"What ARE they doing?" Lucy asked, trying to squirm out of Kelly's embrace.

"Sherri's got something in her shirt, they're helping her!" Celeste laughed.

"Sure!" Lucy scoffed.

"Does she mean this?" Sara whispered.

"But there's two of them then!" Jules responded.

"Guys, mmm, stop..." Sherri moaned weakly, "Mmmm, one more kiss... Mmmm, that's it..." she sighed.

Eyes glittering, Sara and Jules came around and gave me a quick kiss, watching as Sherri clung to my back and panted.

Celeste looked at us and smiled, "Are you quite finished?"

"Now I have an itch..." Sherri giggled.

"Yeah, really..." Celeste turned and pulled a large silver object from the box, like an overgrown hood ornament for a Rolls Royce. "Recognize this?"

She turned it up upside down and Sara cried, "The wing!" She turned to Sherri, "They did it! They built your wing!"

"Remember the bouncing-taffy lightbulb?" Celeste explained. "CE did some more research and developed this material out of it. At 950 Centigrade, it goes gooey and can be molded into any shape. Nicole gave them your calculations and they sinter-formed a master, then made the wing from it."

"This is incredible!" Sara showed it to Sherri. She hefted it and rapped a knuckle on it, "Heavy, and solid..."

"You're gonna be surprised," Celeste smiled, "It's been vacuum formed - meaning that it's hollow inside! The material, which they call PhaseMetal, is 2-1/2 times denser than titanium and has double the strength..." She grinned, "I memorized this part. At 950C, PhaseMetal is loose-covalent bonded, making it soft and malleable, and can also be worked like molten glass. But upon rapid cooling, it changes into an Amorphous-phase alloy without the lattice-dislocation weaknesses of crystalline structures, which is what gives it the superior strength."

"There! I've done my part!" she said and watched Sara and Sherri run off to get the wing installed. She took my arm, "And I'm going flying with Mr. Wright!"

Jules gave us kisses, "Have fun guys, remember lunch in an hour and a half!"

"Er, maybe you can offer our regrets..." I said.

"You're a mind-reader!" Celeste exclaimed, leaning on my arm.

"Regret what?" Lucy asked.

"Regret that they will not be able to make lunch," Jules said, taking her hand and Kelly's.

"Come, let me tell you more about PhaseMetal..."

Celeste followed me into the marina, out a side door and I led her to the cart.

She nestled by my side and pulled my arm around her shoulder, "Mmmm, I'm starting to enjoy myself..." She sighed and leaned on me, kicked off her running shoes and stretched out along the seat. "Just occurred to me - I'm on holiday!" She reached back and stroked my hair, "No more dresses or heels!"

"Not much of anything else either!" I looked over her gaping shirt.

"Do you think they're getting a little pale? I need to give them some sun!" She fluffed her collar and her tanned puppies grinned back at me.

"Hmmm, the guys around us don't seem to find them lacking at all!" There were a dozen boys getting an eyeful as we drove slowly through the 'Strip' traffic.

"They're just being polite!" She smiled and waved to them, then turned and kissed me,

"They can tell I'm a mere shadow of my former self..."

"Hmmm, interesting. But I honestly think the present self is even hotter than your former self!"

"You would! Because you know you could be screwing me in a minute! They only have me as eye-candy!" She teased them with a faint smile and a not-quite look, "Hmmm, this thing of Kelly's really works! They're like hypnotized!" She giggled and hummed on my shoulder and rolled her eyes around, "Perhaps I can show them more...?"

"No."

"Oooh! You're so bossy! I like take-charge kinda guys!" She turned around and leaned her face in my neck, "You can tell me to do things for you and spank me when I disobey... With the hairbrush!" She sighed. "Why are we stopping?"

"To get a new hairbrush. Plumb wore the last one out."

"You are such a darling!" she laughed delightedly, "Ask and I shall receive! But I didn't know restaurants sell hairbrushes!"

"That's to make sure I keep my strength up," I poked her ass, "You got a tough hide, woman!" I stopped her, "Wait..." I pointed to the sign that said, 'No Shoes, No Shirt - No Service!'. "You'd better get your shoes on. It's bad enough we'll only get half a shirt's worth of service!"

Service, as it turned out, was exemplary, and became even more 'Open and Friendly' after Celeste started adjusting her attire. There was a waiter constantly around us to refill our drinks or to fend off the few autograph-seekers.

"What've you been doing? Besides getting even more pretty and sexy..." I smiled.

"Oh! Thank you!" She took my hand, "Not to mention horny!" She giggled, "Been trying to catch up on school. Good thing too! Nicole made me do another term paper when I went to pick up the wing."

"And how's Nicole?"

"Oh, much the same since you spoke to her; sweet, lovable and unrelenting - slogging through her second year of law studies and driving the staff at the Valley Health Clinic crazy preparing them for the new Surgical equipment and rewriting their Health Insurance contracts. And cooking up the Sea-wing with Jules in her ample free time!

"CE had some success with PhaseMetal in sports equipment, so they've been looking for strategic partners in other, more esoteric applications, so they jumped at the chance to do the

wing. They're hoping to market the sinter-mold-to-PhaseMetal process for custom or quick-turnaround manufacturing. And you? The girls wear you out yet?"

"Pretty much!" I grinned as I told her about our adventures on Drake's Island.

"Oooh! Sounds like fun! Are you taking me there?"

"I was thinking of doing that now. We should test your ground-school knowledge first..."

"That's only proper," she glinted, then in a whisper, "Is it going to be VERY hard?"

"It will be hard enough." I assured her.

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I showed Celeste the Island's location on the GPS as I checked the map Lucy had given me. It was the first time I'd gone there during low tide so I was anxious to check out the layout. The tides in the region averaged 5 feet during Summer and low tide exposed more rocks and extra hazards. When the girls anchored Gyro there the night before, they had to be careful to leave the boat in water that was over 6 feet deep at high tide, otherwise we could have found ourselves aground during the night.

The map Al had prepared showed the route in for a bay on the Southern end of the island, while the more Northerly one which we had been using was marked as 'Inaccessible'. Clearly there had been enough changes in the topography for Sherri to be able to locate a passage for us.

With low tide about an hour away, Drake's Island, which looked like a skewed question-mark when we last saw it from the air, now resembled a sleeping dog, with Sherri's bay tucked in between its head and forelegs, while Al's larger bay was formed by the fore and hind-legs. The low water levels also revealed the sand bars and jumbled rocks which the relentless waves had piled up, like spines and bristles against our 'dog's' back. It also revealed the narrow channel through the shifting sand that Sherri had used to take us into her bay.

"Look!" I pointed at a sandbar which made up the front 'toes' of the dog, "That looks interesting!"

Just 20 feet long and 8 wide, it was a comma of pure white sand, pressure washed by the ocean and comfortably cool despite the blazing sun. Celeste rolled MiniMax up to the edge and jumped down, laughing as she did cartwheels in the smooth surface.

She came back as I tied the plane down to stakes driven in the sand, "Gosh and golly, hon! This is the mostest! Our own little island!" She threw herself on my back, "It's too lovely for words! C'mon!"

I stood just as Celeste's shirt flew over my head into the cockpit, to be followed by her shorts. She helped me with my clothes, and naked, we ran along the water's edge.

"Wheee!" Celeste laughed and danced around me, hair and body flashing golden in the sun.

I caught her and hugged my arms around her as she stood gazing into the ocean, "You are Venus," I whispered in her ear, "Born of the Sea; full of life and the joy of life."

She turned and tenderly kissed me, "I'll be whatever you want me to be, my love." She stoked my cheek, "But right now I want you to make love to me... OK?"

With a soft kiss, I lowered us on the warm soft sand and together, we celebrated the birth of my Venus and our island to the slow, gentle rhythm of the lapping waves.

Chapter 67

"Where're you taking us?" I asked, as Celeste banked the plane past the airfield.

"I want to get an overflight of some of the historical structures that we may want to work on." She leaned over and pecked me, "You understand I'm explaining this as a simple courtesy, right?" She grinned and smacked her lips, "As a duly licensed instructor and the PIC of this particular flight, I am the absolute and supreme leader, and therefore, am under no obligation to explain my every move."

"Aye, aye, my lovely tyrant. It's just that I want to remind my goddess that there's no food on board and soon I'm likely to be feeling a mite, um... peckish."

"Peck this...!" she laughed as she pointed between her open legs, then slapped my hand away, "Hey, no touching! I'm in command here!" She stroked my hair, "And I want you to know, in case you misunderstood my rather undignified carryings-on previously, I was at all times in total control of myself." She giggled and tolerated my kisses along her arm, "Despite what my loud screams might suggest to the contrary!" She sighed as I leaned to nuzzle her neck, "A-and just because I get a-all shaky doesn't mmm-mean you should take liberties... Oooh!" She arched her breasts into my hand.

The flight during the next few minutes was somewhat unsteady, as the pilot seemed distracted from her usual competence behind the stick. Celeste pulled back and looked softly at me, "What you do to me...!" With a soft kiss, "But let me get my head on straight and do some work..."

Celeste paralleled us to the landward side of the island where old houses on acre-sized forested lots looked out into the sound and what would be glorious sunsets.

"This is the pride and joy of the island, most of these houses were built in the mid nineteenth century. Back then, they were almost completely built with something called tabby, a mixture of pulverized oyster shells, lime and sand, sometimes clay. It's an early form of non-hydraulic cement which used locally available materials and the abundance of limestone which was a by-product of the first gold rush upstate."

"Why couldn't they use stone or wood?"

"It's a matter of the cost of transportation, even less practical out to these islands. Although there's documentation that the Spanish used tabby here in the 16th century, it wasn't until the 1830's that standards were established which combined existing building practices with English building codes. They made bricks out of it and developed removable wooden wall-forms, into which the tabby slurry could be poured for curing.

"With only a third of the strength of Portland cement, tabby walls had to be a minimum of 20" thick at the base, but they learned to 'scraw'; using progressively thinner walls as the building went up in height, to lighten the load on the base, as well as to economize on material. With some buildings, the walls under the roof were less than 10" thick.

"The main problem is that tabby walls are subject to rapid water deterioration, especially when scoured by the humid salt-laden winds here. So two, sometimes three layers of stucco had to be applied with annual re-application of that or lime-wash as sealant." Celeste pointed out structures with huge bare patches on the walls where Portland cement had been applied, with varying success. "And even with modern building materials, it isn't a sure-fire thing."

The Southern end of "Millionaire's Retreat" consisted of relatively new buildings and Celeste circled us back past the silver-grey tabby buildings. "With the abolition of slavery, and its cheap source of labor, many of these buildings fell into disrepair, particularly the ones along the windy Southern shore. Once breached, tabby begins an irreversible path to destruction, starting with cracks along pour lines and openings, which expose even more of the material to the elements. The only examples that are in good repair, like these here, have wooden subframes and

good slate or copper sheathing for weather protection, and even they have to be constantly renewed or replaced.

"Recent advances have helped, like low-abrasion cleaning processes and semi-permeable surface coatings. Still, fewer than 2% of these building remain inhabitable - and that's why it's important to preserve them while we can.

"But why should AI give us the deal, you ask?" she said as she turned us back to the airstrip and gave me a wide grin, "Well, it so happens that I have access to technology nobody in the industry has!

"Remember CE's miracle metal, and their strategic partners? Well, with Nicole's help, I have an exclusive contract with them in the construction industry, starting with, of all things, nails! Yep, the lowly nail, but worth millions of tons each year. PhaseMetal, besides being incredibly strong, is also corrosion proof and has a negligible coefficient of expansion. Best of all, unlike stainless steel, it can be extruded and cold-drawn like steel, but at an even lower temperature. So, despite its hefty price per pound, we can be competitive with high-chromium fasteners because of the low production costs and we can substitute a slimmer gage for equal strength."

We got clearance for landing and Celeste guided us down with studied ease. She jumped down as the airport crew came up, eagerly helpful. She took my hand and rushed us to the electric cart.

"Because of its tough finish, PhaseMetal cannot be painted," Celeste said, as she zoomed us in the direction of the marina, "But CE has been having some success with arc-depositing surface finishes. I want them to start testing if they can do it with copper or bronze, that way we can get the sheen and the patina and replace the moldings and balustrades with it too."

She took us across the 9th fairway and was heading into the marina drive when we were pulled over by a blue and yellow security van.

"Excuse me, Miss, you know you're not supposed to drive across the golf course?"

"I see LOTS of people driving on it!" she looked imperiously at him.

"Well, er, they're golfers... It's just that we've had a number of calls about a hot... er, young lady who was driving recklessly..." he nodded apologetically, "And I'm sorry, the lady in question was not blond..."

"Ah yes," Celeste smiled, "And I, of course, AM!" She leaned and whispered, "Actually I'm blond all over! You can ask him," she poked me.

"You are? It's been so long, I really can't remember..." I blinked at her.

"Two hours is that long?" she laughed, "I'd offer to refresh your memory, except..." She sighed, "The officer would want to take me into custody now, right?" She held her wrists out.

"Er, no, ma'am, you can go..."

"You're too kind, officer, but I'll come quietly; just let me say goodbye to my boyfriend, heartless brute that he is..." She climbed on my lap and carefully ran her tongue along my lips before settling down for a long leisurely exploration of our mouths.

"Promise me you'll come see me on visitor's days," she sighed, "Maybe I can arrange conjugal visitations." She looked around, "Hey, where DID the lovely policeman go to?"

"He left," I informed her, "You're safe now..."

"He's probably gone to get backup..."

"Yeah - anyone can tell you're armed and dangerous! Who knows what kind of weapons you have concealed on your person!" I carefully appraised her outfit - which could not even properly conceal her boobs.

"And he didn't even frisk me!" Celeste cried indignantly.

"Weren't you saying you were in a hurry to call CE?"

"Yeah..." She slithered back in the driver's seat and lurched off, "If it weren't for that, I'd have a good mind to call him back and show him the right way to arrest somebody!"

We turned off the golf green and on to the asphalt track to the marina. There, Al, along with Lucy and Jules, was talking with the security guard in the cart.

"Oh no!" Celeste cried as we pulled up, "Don't arrest my friends! I did it!" She pointed at me, "Maybe he helped a bit..."

"That's not her!" Lucy laughed, "Laura has much darker hair, and curly too!"

"You don't have to cover for me Lucy! Let them throw the book at me! I can take it!" Celeste thrust her chest out.

"But I'm the chief high priest and executioner in these here parts," Al laughed, "And as such, I hereby order that you be released into James' custody and supervision."

"Oh!" Celeste looked crest-fallen, "Thank you, I guess!" She turned to me, "Do I have to call you Master? And buy my own hairbrush so you could beat me?"

"Hush, woman."

"Ooooh! My master speaks!" She nestled against me and pulled a zip across her lips, but managed, "And I must obey!"

"James, Sherri is looking for you," Jules pointed to the marina, "So can you spare my sister? I promise to look after her for you!" Jules smiled and turned to Al, "Al, this is my genius sister Celeste who will make Brookhaven the nation's foremost showcase for early American architecture."

"I am pleased to finally meet you, and to hear about the great things you can do for us here!" Al shook her hand, then, turning to the guard, "Take Lucy around the hotel and see if you can pick Laura out. Just give her a warning, I'm sure it's only youthful exuberance."

We said our goodbyes and Al reminded me about dinner at the Convention Center at six.

I found Gyro still suspended on straps just in the rear of the marina, the PhaseMetal seawing now gleaming on its underside. Further back, Sherri was perched upside down over the stern, waving her butt as she gave final adjustments to the metal "L"-brackets she had fastened on the boat.

"I need some help setting this up!" explained the owner of the attractive rump.

"I'll watch for a while, thank you," I said as I got comfortable in Gyro and placed a hand on said attractive rump.

She wiggled it a bit, then straightened and clambered over my lap. "Do it this way, it's more comfortable and you can use both hands," she murmured and greeted me with a soft kiss.

"What are the brackets for?" I asked as I slipped my hands under her top and ran my fingers down her spine.

In between kisses Sherri explained that they wanted music for Gyro's test. "So the town generously requisitioned speakers and an auto amp for us, 335 watts RMS, per channel."

On the ground was a pair of 9" speakers flanking a 14" subwoofer, all in water resistant housing, to be connected to a chunk of anodized metal bristling with radiation fins in florescent rainbow colors.

"Hmmm, looks complicated," I mulled at the large bunch of wires.

"I hope not!" Sherri laughed, showing me a piece of paper fully 3" on a side. "The instructions!"

"Oh good, instructions for men!" She looked at me and I explained, "If it has a 20 page illustrated book then it was probably designed for women and therefore needlessly complicated and irrational."

"In this case, it's probably because it was made in the Orient and they didn't have the English for any details!" she laughed. "All it does is give wire colors and their functions, in abbreviations!"

The connections were, as it turned out, simplicity itself. Aside from a pair of wires for each of the three speakers, there were only a pair for inputs from the console player and a hefty pair for the power connections.

We found space for the amplifier at the rear the engine compartment, just aft of the accessories battery, and snaked shielded wires up to the CD-receiver at the helm.

Sherri had done a fine job with the brackets, using expanding plugs and stainless steel hardware. I mounted the speakers and joined the wiring through the transom to finish the connections. I put the system through a test, and even at 1/10 power and facing away from me, it was LOUD!

"Good job Honey!" Sherri took my hand, "It was almost as loud as your stomach growling! Let's go check on Sara and Dave."

We found Sara, covered in red and brown sauces, with Janet and Dave in his apartment kitchen above the restaurant.

"How's it going?" I asked them.

"Great!" Dave smiled, "I think we have the perfect mix. But Sara is never satisfied!"

"Come here guys!" Sara waved us over, "Try this - " She showed us 4 separate plates of ribs, "Tell me which one you prefer, in terms of sweetness, piquantness and overall mouth-watering-ness."

"We've been through this before," laughed Janet, "So if you'll excuse us?" Hastily she dragged Dave away.

"What's with her?" Sara asked after they disappeared down the stairs, "Doesn't she want him to win?"

"I'm not sure this means all that much to her..." I began.

"That's not it!" Sherri said, "Dave probably wants to help, but Janet's hanging around to make sure he doesn't get any other ideas with our centerfold here!"

"Me?" Sara laughed, "I'm filthy!"

"In more ways than one, babe, and I love it!" Sherri said softly, "And I'll bet Dave would LOVE to do this!" She leaned and slurped on a spot, along with the shirt and nipple.

"Ooooh! B-bad girl!" Sara sighed and made a weak effort to push Sherri away. "S-stop! I have to go wash up!"

"Yeah! Dinner's starting in an hour!" Sherri giggled, "D'you think your nipples would be presentable by then?" She tweaked them for emphasis.

Sara grabbed her hands and held them against herself, "James, do something about your girlfriend. She's become a leech!"

"I learned it from you!" Sherri laughed, "You only have yourself to blame! You know, I think you should hang out some with James tonight so Janet doesn't worry so!"

"Hmmm, our parents will be at the dinner. Plus I'm not sure if Dave will be there tonight, he's got the cafe to look after."

"Let's come back here afterwards then," I said, "Dave's been bugging you about the recipe for your Blackened Fish, so you can offer to come back and show him, say at 8. That will guarantee both of them here."

"Yeah, good idea." Sara held my chin and pulled me down for a kiss, "And I should go get spiffed up for my sweetie!" She pecked Sherri and turned to go, then paused, "Can you arrange it with Dave? I'll drop off the fish and the spice and meet you at dinner - after I take a nice long shower at the condo."

"Need any help?" Sherri suggested.

"No thank you, I intend to behave myself until I see my boyfriend tonight... Then LOOKOUT!" she grinned and blew kisses from the stairs.

Sherri went to talk with Dave and after I finished sampling Sara's cooking, I joined them.

Sherri smiled, "Dave's invited us to play at the cook-off tomorrow! Isn't that cool?" She turned to Janet, "Which is good for Sara - she's gonna be heartbroken tomorrow!"

"Why is that?"

"James is off to visit his sister tomorrow and you know Sara gets all mopey when they're not together."

"You two are going out?" Janet looked at me with relief in her eyes.

"Oh, they're inseparable!" Sherri confirmed, "They adore each other!"

"You are a lucky guy!" Janet gushed, "Sara is SO pretty; and so talented!" She turned to Dave, "Right, honey?"

"Yeah! I'm learning so much from her about spices!" Dave nodded.

Janet looked at him strangely, then whispered in his ear. A big smile came over him and he took her hand. "Er, excuse us.." he said and led the way back upstairs.

"Ah, bye, have fun!" Sherri laughed. She looked at me, "Let's go for a walk."

We went across the golf course where Celeste was stopped earlier. The far side led directly to the beach and its miles of glistening sand.

"This is close to where Lucy the turtle laid her eggs, isn't it?"

"Yeah, just down there," I pointed.

"We should try and come back here when her eggs hatch."

"It won't be for another month or so..."

She leaned in my embrace and pulled my arms around her, "We've been so busy the last while, it's nice to have a little quiet time." She leaned her head back and kissed me, "Even if I'm stealing you from Sara!" she laughed.

Wordlessly we stood and watched beach-goers cavort in the low surf, sharing our sense of togetherness.

Suddenly she turned and pulled my lips against her, whispering, "Let's go get cleaned up for dinner..." Without another word she ran all the way back to the boat.

By the time I got there she had already disappeared in the hold, "Hey, look what I found!"

I descended the cabin steps and there, in the small cubby berth, was a grinning and very naked young lady, with arms and legs spread in welcome. "There seems to be a VERY horny person in here!" she giggled.

Hastily I locked the door and tore my clothes off. I sank down beside her and shared a kiss with her, sliding my hand over her breast, which was already tense with passion.

"God, honey! Ohhh!" she squirmed and moaned as I kissed her nipple and added my tongue, "I need it so bad, hon... please..." She grabbed my hand and pushed it down her body. "And Sara won't let me get off!" She sighed when my finger sank in her swimming cunt, "Oh, oh, yessss!"

"Hmmm, mmmm... Oh, ah, ah, ahhhh... Oh babe, yesss! Yessss!" she cried, legs tensed and humping on my hand, "Oh lord, yes... Ahhh!" She grabbed my arm and bit into my shoulder, "Yesss..."

She hugged my arm and hummed into my flesh as her tremors slowed. "That was so nice... Thank you love..." She kissed my shoulder, "I went off like a bomb! Mmmmm..." She nuzzled against me, then reached down to hold me, slowly moving her hand. "Our big sweetie feels quite ready..."

Gently she urged me over her, one hand stroking my hair and the other guiding me in her softness.

"S-sooo good!" she breathed, and looked at me tenderly, working herself slowly on my cock, "Been dreaming of this all day... Mmmm..." She wrapped her legs around my ass and jammed me halfway into her hot, wet depths.

"Yeah!" I sighed, "You feel great..." I kissed her nose and eyes, then she pulled my head down, weaving her tongue in my mouth as I began long strokes.

"Oh god, yesss." Sherri's eyes closed and moaned against my open mouth. Her tongue came out and jabbed into mine in step with my movements. "So full..."

Her nails urged me on and the little cabin was filled with our grunts and sounds of wet flesh slapping against each other.

"Ohhh, hon...!" she grabbed my hair and held our mouths together as she grunted out in climax. "Harder!" she said in a fierce whisper. "Oh, oh, oh my god! Yessss!"

She bit my lip and the heat in my cock rose. Mindlessly we groaned and cried and rutted our pleasure with each other until, finally, we laid sated, still entwined.

"Baby," Sherri murmured, "We have to have our shower now..."

We groaned as we disentangled our limbs and I carried Sherri the 2 steps to the head. The all-in-one bathroom was so small that Sherri had to straddle me as I sat on the covered potty. She drizzled us with sun-warmed water from the showerhead and we lathered each other.

"I love you." Sherri hugged our bodies together, whispering,

"So many dreams to wake,
So much love to make..."

She held my face and kissed me,

"And it's telling me it must be you,
All of my life."

Chapter 68

"Wakey wakey!" a soft voice whispered in my ear, followed by a soft tongue as someone stroked my cock. Someone other than the speaker, as the hand was soon joined by lips and tongue tasting and kissing my balls.

"Are you awake, hon?" Jules nibbled my ear.

"Mmmm, not sure," I sighed, which turned into a moan as another mouth slipped over my erection, "If this is a dream, I don't ever want to wake!"

"Don't forget you promised to pick your sister up today!" Sara's voice and tongue appeared at my other ear.

"W-what time is it?" I managed, in step with the bobbing on my groin.

"Six."

"Six!?" No wonder the stars were still out.

"So you'll have time to recover when we're through with you!" Sara giggled.

"That's nice of you..." I faded off, needing all my attention to coordinate the two kissing and sucking machines at my crotch.

Sara licked her way across my face and started kissing me, as Jules began licking my nipple. I reached out and there were boobs and wet pussies everywhere on the inflatable pad we used on the beach, not to mention four sets of lips and tongues doing marvelous things to my body.

"Is he close?" Sara paused to ask.

"Mmnnpf-nnnmmff!" Celeste answered.

"Ten seconds, right hon?" Sherri laughed, before diving down again with wet slobbering kisses.

"Or less..." Jules nipped me and reached to push her sister's mouth deep over my cock.

"Hunnh!" I choked out and, as I sank into Celeste's deliciously churning throat, my balls tightened and I came, nerves ringing with each shot.

"Hey, stop hogging everything!" Jules laughed, still holding Celeste's head against my crotch.

"Ow! She bit me!" I pulled away as Celeste gasped for air.

"Oooh, poor baby!" Sherri leaned over and started kissing my cock gently. With a bit of adjusting, she managed to take the place of Celeste's mouth on me.

"Hey, don't be so nice to him! He was so mean!" Celeste complained hoarsely, "I was choking all over his stuff!" She took a few more deep breaths, then, "Hey, that wasn't your hand on me!" She climbed up and confronted me, "Was it?"

"Ooops, time to get breakfast ready!" Jules laughed and tugged Sara off the pad.

"Hey you, I want to talk to... Mmmmph" I cut Celeste off with a warm kiss, carefully tasting my come. She looked up at me and nestled her head against my neck, "Was it good? For you?" she whispered.

"You're amazing, baby, you know it!" I stroked her hair as she gave little kisses on my neck. "You always treat me so well."

"I want to..." she sighed, "And I want you to show me what you want me to do..." She leaned up and pressed our lips together.

Sherri had been doing wonderful things with her mouth and hands and now she rolled up, "I'm going to help with the food." She led Celeste's hand to my erection, "Enjoy..." With smiling kisses, she rose gracefully and joined her giggling friends.

"Hmmm, the darling..." Celeste sighed as she helped me roll on top and inserted me in her warm tunnel. "Yes, mmmm, love. You feel good!" She shivered, "Yesss, I need it! I need you..."

I started fucking with long strokes and leaned to kiss her nose. She caressed my cheek and smiled angelically.

"I love you..." we whispered and slowly, gloriously, we rode the crests of our pleasure.

The girls were grilling slabs of fish steak in a cast iron pan over a wood fire they had prepared on the beach. They had somehow been able to liberate a couple of steaks from Al's party the previous night and, along with salad and dressing, it made for a sumptuous feast on the deserted sands of Drake Island.

I laid on Celeste's lap as they used my body for a table, and fed me as we laughed with shared joy and togetherness.

"OK, time for you to go!" Celeste declared as soon as I was done eating, "Mustn't keep Erin waiting!" She hustled me to my clothes.

"Why are you in such a rush to get rid of me?"

"We have to get back to the Marina for appearances, and--" Celeste grinned, "--Jules has a LOT of making up to do for the indignities she caused me this morning!"

While I dressed, the girls, still in their naked glory, cleaned up the camp site and helped pre-flight the plane.

We hitched lines to MiniMax and they took turns giving me soft warm kisses before I boarded the plane and they towed MiniMax out to deeper water. With Sherri and Sara at the conn, the sisters decided to get a head start on their planned activities.

Standing at the back of the boat, they shared a long gentle kiss, their hands drifting with fleeting caresses. At Celeste's urging, Jules slipped down, trailing kisses and licks as she sank to her knees. Tenderly, almost reverently, she parted Celeste's soft folds and dipped a tongue inside. I could almost hear Celeste's cries of pleasure over the combined noises of our engines as Jules lovingly explored her sister's sex and worshiped her breasts with upstretched hands.

I got an extra 10 minutes of their sapphic show while I was towed to the start of my take-off groove. In the breaking dawn, the sisters were a gleaming tangle of arms and legs, and when Sherri came back to unhitch me, she too became enmeshed in their tableau.

It was hard to pull my eyes away from the display of tantalizing female flesh before me, but I made sure everything was ship-shape for my trip, then I smiled and waved goodbye cheerily, singing under my breath,

"Love me two times, babe,
Love me twice today,
Love me two times, girl,
I'm goin' away..."

In the cold morning air, I pulled up to 800 feet and watched the sun peek over the horizon, waking the earth and its ant-sized inhabitants. Pink and pastel swirls gave way to fluffy clouds and darkness became life and warmth.

The crow-fly distance from Brookhaven to the camp was about the same as from the Lake but I did not have to fly the dogleg required to avoid the airport and the USAF Gunnery Range. With the coordinates already dialed into the GPS, all I had to do was maintain level flight and follow the arrow.

Even though the tanks were filled the evening before, giving me the range to complete the return trip, there would not be a lot of margin, so I decided to play it safe and refueled at the flight park which supplied Jules the last time we were up.

I overflowed the island camp from the landward side and out into the lake, where I looped and hissed to a landing in the still water.

I had just stepped out of the cockpit when my ribs were wrung out with Erin's enthusiastic hug. "See? It's my brother. And he's gonna let me fly today!" she announced to one and all, then, to me, "Right?"

"Are you good enough?" I retorted.

"See this?" She pointed to the tattered remains of the flight manual stuck in her pocket, "There is not a word in there I don't know by heart."

"Yeah but do you remember how they are strung together though?" I turned and looked at her traveling kit with dismay, "You know, we may need two trips just for your luggage!"

"Don't be such a jerk! There's lots of space for it!"

"OK, start packing and let me say goodbye to Angela."

Erin's coach was watching us and smiled when I walked up, "It doesn't seem like such a bad way to travel after all." She shook my hand.

"No, it's a lot of fun - as long as you can find gas, and," I gestured at Erin's load, "As long as you don't try and carry too much in it!"

"Remember to have Erin safely in the gym on Wednesday! I can't afford to lose another National athlete!" At my look she quirked her lips and nodded at the plane, "Your sister can tell you about it, she appears raring to go!"

She had finished the external inspections and I helped her turn the plane around, then settled in the co-pilot position as Erin cleaned the lexan surfaces. Finally satisfied that nothing was amiss, she clambered inside and buckled in for takeoff.

She gunned the engine and leaned out, "Bye guys! Love you all!" Suddenly their shrieks completely overwhelmed the noise of the engine. I clamped the headphones over my ears and their cries and yells accompanied us out to the center of the lake.

After an impeccable takeoff, she did an equally impressive job of trimming for cruise.

"Cara and Ami's left the program, you know," Erin said quietly.

"Oh, Angela mentioned something just now - what happened?"

"Cara's hip injury flared up and she went home on Tuesday. Her doctor's told her she'll need surgery if she wants to compete; and there's a possibility it may aggravate the situation."

"Is it serious?"

"Normally, no. Neuropraxia of the sciatic nerve is painful but nothing a few months of rest can't heal. But that would set her training back the entire season, so..." she sighed.

"And Ami?"

"She was going to quit at the end of the Summer - she just moved it ahead a month or so - to keep Cara company..." she faded.

"Are you OK?"

"Yeah, I guess. It's good we had a chance to talk about it and get it cleared up before any of this happened... But they're gonna stay on at the gym helping with the younger kids, so we'll still see each other."

I showed her the GPS-programmed route back to the Lake. "Follow the river until the first way-point, then you have to cut across at heading 137 to avoid air traffic and the USAF shooting at you. Jules must've told you the lake here is 750 above sea level, so stay above 1000 indicated until the second way-point."

"You mean you're really gonna let me fly all the way?"

"Yeah, why not? I know you won't let anything hurt me - it'll break Mom's heart; I'm her favorite son, you know!"

"You're her ONLY son, idiot!" she laughed, "Just for that, I have a reward for you..." She leaned back and hauled out a bag of snacking greens, along with a quart of dip. "I 'requisitioned' this from the kitchen for you," she giggled, "And there's a rhubarb pie somewhere in the back too."

"Did you remember the ice-cream?"

"Get real! We finished all the good stuff last night! We only had chili and toast for breakfast!" she laughed some more. "But I have faith you'll do justice to this."

While Erin ooh'd and ahhh'd at the scenery, I busied myself with the vegetables, even though the dip was a bit too vinegary. It left just enough room for the pie, which Erin also declined. I wiped my mouth, burped, and went to sleep.

As impressed as Erin was with Lake Eyrie and the Wheel, she was more eager to see her friends, especially after we called Mom and were told there would be a homecoming meal waiting for us. Less than an hour after Erin's picture perfect landing at the Lake, we had transferred her junk into the Bimmer and were on our way home.

To our surprise, Ami, Cara and THEIR parents were there as well.

I got a hug from Ami, who was sparkling in a peasant blouse and tight jeans. She felt pretty good too.

Cara shook my hand, then turned that into a hug as well. "How are you?" I said softly, "No pain?"

"Some, but nothing serious." She sighed, "But I'm kinda still in shock."

"Yeah - it's a tough decision, even if you're expecting it."

Erin came over and the three hugged each other. In two seconds they were squealing and jabbering about everything at once. Dismissed, I turned my attention to the food.

Mom had pulled all the stops - roast chicken, potatoes, and Dad was grilling 'burgers and steaks in the back. I even got a beer from him. Then Mom pulled out a cheese cake with "COLLEGE!" emblazoned on it. Apparently Nicole had called her with the good news.

"Your teacher has done so much for you!" Mom declared, "I want you to make sure you thank her for us!" She hugged me, "And I'm SO proud of you! You've really taken charge of your life, and--" she held me at arms length, "--you've grown so handsome!"

"I've always been handsome, Mom," I sniffed, "Now I'm ruggedly so..."

"Now you're obesely so!" snickered Erin.

"Don't listen to her, Mom, she's just jealous she doesn't have my alluring physique!"

They were choking with laughter by then and it gave me a chance to start eating.

"Tell us where we are going!" they asked as soon as my mouth stopped chewing, about an hour later.

"It's called Brookhaven, part of the so called 'Golden Isles', a private island that is a prime resort town. We are testing a boat there and the owner of the marina has given us a condo for the duration." The girls' eyes glowed as I described some of the activities there.

Soon after, after hugs all around, we took off for Brookhaven, accompanied by their animated gossip and girl-rock all the way.

Their chattering stopped when we reached the causeway leading out into the ocean and they stared at the deep lushness of nature about us, and the sparkling waters of the blue ocean disappearing beyond the horizon.

I was resigned to enjoy the view because the line of cars waiting to park stretched beyond the gates. Fortunately, one of the security guards recognized me and waved us through to the reserved area next to the marina, right by Celeste's car.

"Wow! I didn't know you were so famous!" Erin laughed giddily as we moved their bags into the condo.

"Al, the owner of the marina, is also the Mayor here, so..." I shrugged and looked around. Housekeeping, or Sara, must have been in - the beds had crispy clean sheets and the place was immaculate.

After a whirlwind tour around the house, I took them outside to Creek Lane. We followed the crowd to a large open area where music was playing. On a little stage was a young girl, no doubt from Dave's Talent contest, trying to make herself heard over the noise. Off to one side,

Sara, Sherri and Celeste were waving to me. Then they pointed to a table where Jules, Todd and Al were sitting.

I led the girls towards the large table, "That's Al, the Mayor, his wife and daughter, both named Lucy."

"Who's the hunk?" Ami asked, giggling madly.

"Me?" I suggested and got punched vigorously. "Oh, you mean Todd? He's the agent we were talking about."

"And that's Laura, his girlfriend," Jules added, as she stood to hug us. After quick introductions she dragged me away.

"Let's get you some food," Jules snuggled against me. "Actually the girls want to do a song for you..."

A bright smile lit up Sara's face as she saw us and she waited until we were up close to the stage. As Celeste and Sherri played their intro, Sara sat on the edge and blew a kiss to Jules, whose head rested soft on my shoulder. Then, turning her soulful gaze on me, and into the sudden silence around us, Sara began,

"As the midnight moon was drifting through
The lazy sway of the trees
I saw the look in your eyes, lookin' into mine
Seeing what you wanted to see

Movements ceased as couples held each other and swayed to the intoxicating words and voice of my lovely songstress.

Darlin' don't say a word, cause I already heard
What your body's sayin' to mine:
I'm tired of fast moves
I've got a slow groove on my mind...

Sara's voice dropped to a husky whisper.

I got a man with a slow hand
I got a lover with an easy touch
I found somebody who will spend some time
Not come and go in a heated rush
I found somebody who will understand
When it comes to love, I want a slow hand."

She reached down, and our fingers touched.

Chapter 69

"What's next guys?" I leaned back and patted my tummy, "I'm full."

"What!" they cried, "REALLY?!"

"Yeah, maybe I'm slowing down..." I sighed, eyeing the empty plates in front of me, "Perhaps I can squeeze in another helping.."

"NO!" they laughed and pulled me away from the table. Jules turned to us, "Celeste and I have to get back to the Lake, business to take care of." She gave us kisses.

Celeste did the same, then turned to Sara and Sherri, "Take good care of our guy, OK, sweets?"

Jules shook hands with Peter, "Nice talking to you again, Peter..."

"Same here, JulieAnn, but I'd like to get some information about the boating school you proposed..."

"Why don't we chat while we give you a ride back to your hotel?"

"Sure! I'd appreciate that!" With a wave of their hands they took off.

"Do you want to look around the shops?" I asked Erin and her friends and they quickly agreed.

We took them out to the Lane and we wandered in the small stores there, letting them stock up on trinkets and souvenirs.

"Wait guys!" Cara stopped and pointed. "Remember World's?"

"Yeah!" gushed Ami. They rushed us to a Video Arcade and looked inside. Because of the activities at the cook-off, it was still relatively empty.

"Go check it out," Cara urged Erin.

Erin took my hand and went inside, shouting over the noise, "We were at Nuremberg in Germany for the World Championships and in the hotel were a dozen Meister Table-Soccer games, what we call 'Foosball' tables. Apparently their factory was just outside town." She nodded at three solidly built contraptions towards the back. There, two players per side used rod-controlled figurines to try to whack a tiny ball into their opponent's goal.

"They're just getting popular here in the States, but in Europe they've been the rage for decades. Doctors even prescribe them for therapy!" She turned us back to the outside, "So anyways, the French girls, who claimed France invented the game, decided to give us lessons." She reported to Cara, "Stryker equipment, mostly spinners and no fanners."

I watched Cara's face light up, "Amateurs!" she scoffed, then looked at Ami, "The Brazil thing?" At her nod she turned to us, "Come in in 5... Let's not scare anyone yet..."

"Explain, please!" I asked Erin as Cara and Ami went jauntily inside.

"What I said was that they use tables made by Stryker and most of the players inside spin their men to try to hit the ball. Although it works up a sweat, it's useless for accuracy, plus when the guys are spinning around, they won't be in position to block shots. We were taught to use the wrist snap like the pros but the really top-notch players can fan their shots... We're not THAT good, yet!" she confided.

"So you've done this before?" Sherri asked.

"Yeah, I was telling James how the French Gymnastics team taught us. Then last year, at Pan-Am's in Rio, we creamed everyone. After a while they'd all avoid us, so we worked out this scam to, well, kick their asses!" Erin laughed. "OK, show time! Watch the Peanut kick ass!"

We worked our way inside and Cara and Ami were already in a game. "Close game!" I commented, it was 4-4.

"Fishing!" was Erin's comment.

They lost the first game when Ami feigned clumsiness and knocked the ball back into her own goal.

"You're such a klutz!" Cara screamed. "No fair!"

"Oh, please let us play again?" Ami pleaded to their opponents, "Please!?" she sighed and batted her lashes.

"That girl's wasting her talents in gymnastics, she should be in Hollywood!" Sherri laughed.

At the urging of the collected spectators, Ami ante'd up her dollar and they were allowed another game. "No more Mr. Nice Guys!" they were warned.

"We don't need any favors!" Cara shot back as the ball was dropped for the kick-off.

"I thought you said not to spin the men!" I asked.

"That's camouflage," Erin whispered, "Whoever's not controlling the ball makes a fuss to hide the other's action."

Once I knew what to look for, I could appreciate the girls' skills. They were a sight to behold, totally cool and relaxed. They scored three clean goals using crisp wrist shots.

Erin smiled, "Now you know what training hours at a time by swinging by your wrists can do for you!"

The next two goals were scored by the other side when their wild shots caromed off the sides and managed to find the goal.

"Cara gave them both of those, the last one for sure," Erin amplified. "Wait... This is Cara's favorite shot!"

Amidst much shouting and giggling, Cara knocked the ball across her own goalmouth, then, with a screech, she 'accidentally' smacked it backwards. Fortunately she missed scoring on herself but the ball bounced off the back wall and flashed into her opponent's goal at the other end.

"Oops!" she laughed, "Sorry! Does that count?"

Grudgingly, she was allowed her point.

"It's not an impossible shot to stop, but who'd expect it?" Erin grinned, "We won two games against the German boys with that!"

If there was anyone still unsure that they'd been taken by a couple of ringers, there was absolutely no doubt after the next set of opponents was also soundly defeated.

"Can I play?" Erin walked up and asked Cara, "Looks like fun!"

"Oh, you can take my place," Cara smiled, "I'm getting tired anyways." She walked back to join us as a new team took an interest. They bought into the game and offered a side bet of \$10.00.

"Sure!" Ami accepted and promptly blasted a goal.

The new players were much better than the others and even knew how to pass and block. After allowing two unanswered goals as she 'learned' the game, Erin managed to stop everything that came her way, then unerringly sent it to Ami's front lines. It was just a matter of time before another 2 of Ami's shots got through.

Playing a lot more cautiously, the men placed their men directly in front of Ami whenever she was in a scoring position, effectively blocking her chances.

Erin was getting impatient, "Shake a leg guys, you can't win by playing defensive all the time!"

"But you can't score on us either, little girl!"

"OK - how 'bout you put some money where your mouth is!" Erin glared at them, "Twenty bucks and the game says I'll sink the next shot!"

"You're gonna stay on defense?"

"Yep!"

"Against the two of us?"

"Yep!"

"You're on! Thirty bucks says you cannot sink the next shot against us two!"

"Hah!"

As the boys watched intently Erin worked the ball between the rightmost two men on her 2 ranks of players, then she scooped the ball up with front one, so that it lodged in a crease on its 'knee'. With a deft flip of her wrist Erin lobbed it across the field into the open goal mouth.

"Yes!" Cara cried, "The Mitchell Aerial kicks ass again!"

To cheers and clapping, the girls collected their winnings and took a bow, leaving the group of boys mumbling and shaking their heads.

"THAT, was an amazing shot!" Sara congratulated Erin.

"Thanks! But the setup inside has the 3-men goalie row, which lets me align the ball much easier than the traditional European tables with a single goalie."

"There are differences?" Sara asked.

"Oh yeah - on the single goalie tables, they have to have returns in the corners to prevent dead zones, and that allows for finesse playing - where the player can find ways to move the ball around without letting their opponents have a chance at it."

"Yeah," Ami joined in, "You can be finessed to death! As it is you can bank pass from the three to the five without much interference, but on the Meisters, good players can roll the ball off the returns to the front without a chance at interception. Depressing as hell when you're still learning the game." She stopped, then grinned, "I like the US games, where you can really blast your shots!"

"Yeah, that's why we call her 'Boom-Boom'!" Cara laughed.

"And it's not the sound she makes while crashing to the mat!" Erin whispered.

We passed by a storefront with pictures of people in periodic costumes posted on the front, along with a sign stating "Closed for Renovations".

"Remember the one in Germany?" Erin laughed, then explained, "Every touristy place has these photo shops, and we went to get a picture. They had a background of a beautiful castle - on the Rhine, I guess, and we got to dress up in these frilly dresses."

"But they put Cara in a Lederhosen," Ami said. "A man's outfit," she added.

"So I could protect my little frauleins!" Cara said in a croaking growl.

"And you were SO hot!" Erin giggled.

"Yeah," Ami sighed, "Even the owner called you 'Fleischkuchen!'"

"I'll show you beefcake!" Cara laughed and draped an arm across Ami's shoulders. She let her fingers graze a breast.

"Eeek!" Ami ran behind Erin. "Oh! You pervert!"

"Oh I'll show you pervert!" Cara advanced on them.

"Is this practical training from Josh...?" Ami grinned and let her sentence hang.

"I TOLD you not to...!" Cara closed the gap in a well executed leap and had Ami in a headlock, "But I'll be glad to teach you... My little liebbling!"

Ami was writhing and laughing uncontrollably as Cara held her and tickled her.

"They do this often?" Sherri asked.

"No - only every time they're together!" Erin laughed as she separated them, "Behave guys! Everyone's watching!"

"Yeah, including Security!" Celeste's 'friend', the security guard, had just come out of the closed store and was locking it. "Hi Officer!" I greeted him.

"Hello Sir!" He looked at present company, then, "Where is your girlfriend, the blond?"

"Ah, she had to go home - she has to work tomorrow."

"So you found yourself five new girlfriends?" he grinned.

"Hey, you never told me you had a girlfriend already!" Sherri crossed her arms and glared at me.

"Just you, honey!" I smiled.

"What about me?" Sara took my arm.

"Er, you too!"

"And me?" "Yeah what about me?" Ami and Cara sidled up.

"Looks like I stirred up a hornet's nest here!" The grinning guard tipped his hat and took off quickly in the opposite direction.

"It's a curse that no women can resist me!" I sighed to Erin.

"Oops, I thought you were somebody else!" Sherri laughed and turned her back on me.

"Yeah, mistaken identity," Ami and Cara went with her.

"Hey, what about you?" Sherri looked at Sara.

"I'm happy..." She smiled, clinging on my side, "Besides, I promised Celeste to look after him."

"Yeah, you're right..." Sherri sighed and latched on my other side, "We DID promise!"

"Are you serious?" Erin stared, "Does Jules know?"

"Hmmm, of course!" Sara nodded, "She was there!"

"Wow!" They looked at us, "This is freaky!"

"First Todd, and Laura, and Kelly. Now my brother!"

"Does everybody around here do this?" Ami looked intrigued.

"Let's go for a boat ride and we'll tell you all about it..." Sherri suggested.

For the next twenty minutes, as they climbed all over the boat shouting their delight, we sailed the boat out of the channel and dropped anchor in a sheltered cove.

"OK, give!" Erin and the girls pulled me down on the rear cushion with Sherri. "We want to know everything!"

Sara followed us but seated herself on the port rail with a fishing rod, "Don't mind me!" she grinned, "I've heard this before, and Sherri's 100% right - it sure sold me!"

"Sold you! Hah!" Sherri laughed, "You were the one who TAUGHT me!" She stood and held Sara's face in her hands, turning it towards us, "Behind this gorgeous, innocent face lurks a brilliantly debauched mind!" She sighed, adding a kiss, "And I love her to pieces!"

A moment of silence then, "Ohhhh!" as the realization sank in. "You mean, you... and Sara...?"

Sherri sat and leaned her head on Sara's shoulder, "The first thing you have to remember is that we are friends, GOOD friends!" Sherri smiled softly, "Not like ones they put in quotes to mean something else. Maybe you know what I mean - friends who share so much that they TRUST each other implicitly; that they become an extension of each other." She looked tenderly at Sara, "Someone whose happiness, and well-being, become a reason for YOUR happiness."

"Yeah," Erin said slowly, looking at her friends, "I guess... Like how I feel about you guys."

"Hey, no shit..." They hugged.

"What about... the other stuff?" Ami asked.

"It's no big deal," Sherri shrugged, "It's like taking a shower with a friend, and you help soap each other..." She giggled, "Kinda... But really, all you are trying to do is make the other person feel good." She looked at them earnestly, "Which means you don't do anything that may make the other person uncomfortable. Take your time - start with finding out about your own selves first, before trying it with others."

"Yeah... I only wished I knew that... When..." Cara took a deep breath, and continued, "I met this boy - Josh, last year on my holidays, and I thought he was the coolest! He told me that everybody did it, and so..." She shook her head, "The worst thing is that I could still HEAR the turdball bragging to his friend..."

"Hey, forget him!" Ami consoled, "He's gone, and we're here..."

"We'll look after you honey..." Erin smiled.

"You guys are too much. I love you!"

"That's what friends are for!"

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With the setting sun, we returned to the condo with the 5 mid-sized sea bass and trout they had caught.

"Let's go get cleaned up and come back for a snack," I suggested.

"Don't you ever make any plans that don't directly involve food?" Ami asked.

We gave Erin and her friends the master bedroom on the main floor, so I took Sara and Sherri upstairs, hustling them into the smaller one.

"Oh no!" Sherri whispered to Sara as they backed from me until they sat at the foot of the double bed.

"Oh no!" Sara echoed her as I closed the door behind me, "And he's got that look too!"

"Which look is that?"

"The look that says you'd better do everything he says or he'll whup your skinny ass..."

Sara said as she pushed her friend down and started yanking Sherri's shorts off.

"What about YOUR skinny ass?" Sherri giggled, trying to stop Sara's hand running over her legs, alternating with tickling her and tugging at her clothing.

"*I* don't have a skinny ass!" Sara informed her.

"Your saucy ass, then!" Sherri laughed as she trapped Sara's hands between her thighs, grabbed Sara's top and pulled it up to her neck, leaning to bite and kiss her boobs, then following the slope to the bursting nipples at the tips.

Bonelessly Sara sank down on the bed, "Oh god! Oh, oh!" Sherri eased their heads together and they kissed, her hand still teasing Sara's bubbly flesh.

"Mmmm, ahhh..." Sara grunted as I kissed her belly button and pulled her shorts off, along with her shoes. Her gasping breath grew in intensity as my lips followed her trimmed brown hair down to the soft split of her sex.

"U-uhhh... Uhh-aaah!" Sara sighed as I dipped my tongue and tasted her sweetness, her legs churning and writhing against me. I draped them over my arms as I knelt, further opening her womanhood, slick now and throbbing with need. Lovingly I bent with lips and hands to worship and offer her pleasure.

"Ohhh! Yeah!" she grunted as her legs clutched my shoulders in a shivering orgasm. Her fingers loosened their grip on my hair and joined Sherri's in caressing me, "Oh my lover... My lovers..."

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We only had time for an abbreviated shower before Erin yelled up that they were ready.

"That was fast!" Sherri smiled as we met in the kitchen, "Did you all take a shower together?"

"Not me!" Erin laughed, pointing, "But these two..." Ami and Cara blushed.

There was a pot of soup in the fridge. "Mom's seafood bisque," Sara declared after a look and a sniff, "Only she uses basil and ginger, and a whole tomato in a cream soup." We heated it up as we filleted the fish.

As the fish cooked on the BBQ, we sat at the table in the patio, enjoying the cool evening and watching the stars appear in the sky.

"We'll be working on the boat tomorrow, and the testing will be from eleven on," Sara informed the girls, "Then we're going to Treasure Island for a picnic."

"Treasure Island?"

"It's officially called Drake's Island," I explained, "A tiny island in the ocean about half an hour by boat from here. And it's got a secret bay that Sherri discovered."

"Wow, that's so cool! Like a pirate story!"

"And next to it there's a tiny island that only appears at low tide for a few hours."

"Is there a place I can get a swimsuit?" Ami asked, "I didn't bring one."

"I'm sure you can find something at the store," Sherri offered, "I'll show you where tomorrow."

We cleaned up and made hot chocolates for everyone. "We'll have to go to bed soon," I said, "Just come down to the marina tomorrow whenever you get up. We'll be there."

"And I've let the trap down so we can have crabmeat omelet tomorrow," Sara said.

"Hmmm, is it good?" Sherri asked.

"Is it good? YOU made it last time!" Sara cried.

"I know, but I wasn't sure how it tasted," Sherri grinned, "If you remember I'd just eaten something far tastier!" She licked her lips suggestively, then ran laughing into the house as a blushing Sara leapt at her.

"That's disgusting!" Erin snorted.

"Yeah..." Ami stared at their backs with glowing eyes, then at me, "Isn't it?"

"Some people think so," I shrugged non-committally, "But then some people feel that way about kissing too."

"So you're saying it's OK for them to do it," Cara looked at me, "That it's OK for us to do it too?"

"All I'm saying is that YOU have to decide whether it's something you'd want to do!"

"How do I know if I don't try it?"

"Usually, if you're not sure, it's best to wait..."

"Till when?"

"Till you're sure." I stopped her answer and continued, "Some things can't be rushed... Cara, you should know that better than any one! Think about Josh!"

"Yeah..." she fidgeted, "But it'll be different... I know it!"

"Part of growing up is the need to feel that we are masters of our own fate. But part of that process too is to learn to tell if you're doing something in order to 'belong'." I looked at her, "Because 'everybody did it'."

"Yeah, but our coaches were always telling us to push ourselves to the next level!" Ami blurted.

"And you should! But bear in mind that they're THERE, to guide you, and to make sure you don't bite off any more than you can handle!" I paused, "But have you asked yourself WHY you push yourself so hard?"

"To improve... To get better...?"

"So that you can 'belong', right?" I prompted.

"Huh?"

"Think about the Tkatchev - you NEEDED it to qualify for National Elite, right?"

"Yeah..."

"So the motivation was, again, to 'belong'."

"And that's bad?"

"No - that's why you have to be able to tell the difference! Is this what I really want? Is the price worth it?" I took Cara's hand, "Was YOUR price worth it?"

"Of course, I was National..." She stopped, then, "Ohhh! You mean Josh..."

I nodded, "In hindsight, would it have been better to wait a bit first?"

"Yeah," she shook her head, "Afterwards he was like a totally different person! What a jerk!"

"That IS behind you now," I said soothingly, "Except for the lesson that you can share with your friends: that whatever physical discomfort you went through is nothing compared to the hurt in your soul when such things are treated callously." I squeezed her hand.

"...but there is immense joy too when it is shared with love and genuine caring..." Sherri said softly from the doorway where she and Sara had been listening in, nestled in each other's arms. She came forward and took my hand, "And, when the time is right, you WILL find it."

Chapter 70

"Brrrr cold!" Sherri complained as she slipped in under the covers and promptly stuck her freezing feet between my thighs.

"Oh god, woman!" I jumped and shivered mightily, "What are you trying to do, give me a heart attack?"

"No..." she slid over me and rubbed her smooth body on mine, "Not yet anyways." She giggled, "Warm me up and THEN I'll give you reason to have an attack!"

"Did you go swimming?" I said, stroking her soft damp tresses.

"Worse!" She squirmed on me, trailing her hard nipples on my chest, as I warmed the globes of her ass with both hands. "We cleaned the crabs with the hose, and one thing led to another..." She adjusted herself to slide her sex along my cock, "Sara's getting breakfast ready and my job is to make sure our lord and master is awake and in a mellow mood when it is ready."

"And you think that shoving your popsicle toes in my crotch is the way to do it?"

"Hmmm, seems to me it's working real good!" she giggled against my neck and humped herself on me softly. "Or would you like more 'encouragement'?" She sucked my tongue in her mouth and demonstrated her technique most convincingly.

We hummed into our mouths as my erection found its mark. Another tremor shook us as I forced my way inside Sherri's intense heat.

"Huhn!" she gasped, "God, that's good... Mmmm, how you fill me..." She hugged me tightly as she squirmed to admit more of me.

I closed my eyes at the amazing feelings her body was giving me. I stroked her hair and held her slim body tightly to stretch the moment; to savor our closeness as slowly, our bodies fit together the way they were meant to be.

"This is heaven!" Sherri sighed, "You feel so yummy in me! Mmmmm!" She clutched me as I started a pumping motion.

I squeezed and pinched her ass, urging her on, "I suddenly feel this need for buns..." I moaned, and then slid a finger between them, "With a cream filling..."

"Ohhhh! Oh, oh... Uh, uh, uh..." she grunted with her furious pumping, "God! God! Yessss! Good!" She levered her body up, arms on my shoulders, arching and flexing her body to fuck on me. She heaved and gasped, shaking and moaning with her climax. Her hair hung down between us, her eyes squeezed tight as she concentrated on her ecstasy.

Another tremor shook her body as I scratched my nails on her breasts and pulled on a bloated nipple, then I added my groans and pounding as my passion reached a feverish pitch. With a lurch that jammed our bodies together, I flexed and came as she buried her nails and teeth in my shoulder.

"Mmmm, yummy!" she sighed, kissing and licking the teethmarks she'd left on me.

"Am I bleeding bad?"

"No more than usual!" she laughed, and slid up to kiss me, "My big baby!"

"Now I know why everyone tells me you're a toothsome wench!"

She laughed, "Not to mention the author of several biting remarks!"

"As long as it's not spoken with a forked tongue!"

"Who's worried about speaking?" Sherri rolled off and tugged me to my feet. "C'mon sexy, let's go take our shower and maybe this wench can help you with those hard-to-reach places!" She winked, and licked her lips.

==

Erin was helping Sara set the table and gave me a hug and a cheery, "Good morning."

"Did you sleep well?" I asked.

"Yeah, I turn over and I'm asleep. But those two--" she gestured in the direction of the bedroom, "--were giggling all night, and lord knows what else..."

"Let them sleep, they can have the salad when they wake." Instead of omelets, Sara had made a crab meat salad and soft fajita wraps to go with it. "Whatever we can't finish can be snacks later as well."

"You all set for today?" I asked Sara after I gave her a kiss.

"Yeah, we've done all we can think of," Sara shrugged, "And the weather's holding, not too hot..." She looked at Sherri and grinned, "I think Peter's gonna be happy today."

We cleaned up after breakfast as Sara changed into her black two-piece, then she took Sherri and me over to the marina, leaving Erin doing her stretching and strength drills.

We found Peter directing the efforts of two magazine-staff photographers around Gyro as the IC crew worked over her.

"Ah, the test pilots!" he greeted us, then, after handing us IC jackets, he lined us up for more photos.

With Peter on board, we went to check the course. On the far shore, workers were installing 3-tier benches for spectators. Peter pointed to a large electronic display at the end. "That's the scoreboard JulieAnn wanted, connected to the laser speed detector mounted at the end of that boom, so it will report your exact speed all the time. Damned if it isn't a whole lot more exciting than waiting for stopwatches and calculators after each run! Take it from me, she's got a career in PR for sure!" He laughed and shook his head, "Plus I can tell you that it will be a great turnout! We're expecting upwards of 400 people including some important names in the industry."

"Are they all going to the picnic? I don't think Drake's Island is big enough for even a hundred of them!"

"Oh no! That's Al's baby, most of them will be with me at the press conference over at the Center, then I have a flight out at 3 o'clock." He smiled, "This is gonna stir things up a lot! Everyone's been concentrating on the boat shows to launch their products, but this kind of event, it's so... grassroot!" He waved to the people already gathering around, "And surprisingly effective!"

I drove the boat at a snail's pace while the girls sat at the bow and scanned the water for obstacles, laughing, waving and yakking non-stop.

At the Marina, Peter and his engineers reclaimed Gyro so it could be polished up for the run and to have 'goop' slicked on the hull. We had an hour before the boat would be ready for its trials.

Lucy was waiting with Erin and friends. "You missed it!" she laughed, "These three came jogging here and they had a dozen boys following them!"

"We were keeping Erin company on her jog," Cara supplied, "And we passed by the arcade, so decided to cool off with a game or two of foosball." She grinned.

"Then our new friends decided to keep us company," Ami glowed.

"You were so disgusting, Ami!" Erin scolded, "Flirting and everything!"

"All I did was smile at them! You don't have to be such a sourpuss, Erin!"

"Well I'm not about to give them any ideas!" Erin retorted.

"Talking about giving ideas," Ami looked at us, "Can we go look for my suit now?"

Lucy led us to the 'Mall', which was an old warehouse converted to house twenty or so small stores. Half of them handled sporting goods and the rest sold swimwear.

Fortunately they had an outdoor food court where I retired to wait for them. A hamburger and shake later, Sara came to collect me.

"All done?" I asked.

"No, Ami wants your opinion," Sara explained as she took my hand, "And, believe me, you're missing out on a great show!"

"I'm sure you can give a show and tell, later..." I grinned lecherously.

"But this way you can have both!" She pulled my arm across her shoulders and nestled close.

The girls had monopolized a corner of a store, where Ami was having a great time trying out different suits, egged on by her friends to model progressively skimpier versions.

She came out in a one-piece with high cut bottoms and what amounted to 2"-wide suspenders holding them up. She noticed the look on my face and started blushing, then stood proudly and thrust her chest out at me. The spectators groaned.

"Didn't I tell you?" snickered Sara, "You'd never have forgiven me if I let you miss out on this!"

"Whaddaya think?" Erin asked.

"One word," I responded, "'Robin Hood,'" as Ami turned even redder.

"That's two words!" Sherri laughed.

"One for each side," I answered.

Ami settled for a bikini with a barely adequate top and a bottom consisting of a glorified G-string. She fidgeted under our scrutiny, but was glowing and grinning.

"You have some bod, girl!" Cara commented.

"Are you going to show us yours?" Ami asked as she paid and we started heading back to the Marina.

"In good time..." she smiled. She had a T-shirt covering her suit.

"I think you'd better cover yourself up, if you're thinking of keeping the suit on..." Erin commented. "Here, take my 'T'!" she offered and pulled her shirt off. Underneath she had a yellow bikini on, barely more decent than Ami's.

I staggered against Sherri, "Oh god, what have I done? One day here and my sister's become an exhibitionist!"

"Oh, relax," she scoffed, "I'm too young. Besides, I have too much muscle and too little boobs to be interesting."

"And I would whole-heartedly disagree, honey!" Ami laughed, taking the shirt but doing nothing with it, "YOU have some bod too, kiddo!" She turned to Cara, "How 'bout you showing us what you got now?"

"If I must..." she sighed and squirmed out of her top.

"Gosh!" Lucy stared at her, then at the others, "You guys look so amazing! No wonder you're models!"

"Except me," Erin pouted, "I'm just not 'hot' enough!"

"That's not true!" Ami laughed, "Erin has to train for the Olympics." She went on to explain about Erin's Gymnastics program to Lucy, finishing with, "Erin is good enough to make it all the way - and she'll be exactly 16 during Olympic year, the minimum age you can compete in that sport."

"But the 'team' is still going to be together, forever, right?" Cara hugged them.

"For sure!" Erin said, "Too bad we never got to do our dance at the camp!"

"Do you have the music?" Sherri asked.

"Yeah, I've got the CD the coach made for us in my bag," Erin replied.

"Well, let's give them a thrill at the picnic then," Sherri smiled.

The festivities were obviously already under way as we could hear Al welcoming Peter and InterCoastal over the PA system. Then Peter went on to thank everyone and started on a lengthy discourse on the new Monster Cuddy and its impact on the human race.

The technicians fired the big engine on the Cuddy when they saw us, telling us about the low-viscosity oil they had used to try and squeeze the last bit of horse power out of the engine.

"What about Synthetics?" Al asked as he joined us.

"You never use Synthetic oils in anything but automobiles," Sara explained, "They attract moisture, so on the water..." Sara grimaced. "Plus, at normal operating conditions, synthetics and regular oil both perform the same way."

"That's right," one of the technicians joined in, "Here, we are actually putting in W40 which is lighter than any Synthetic can offer. Contrary to popular belief, in anything but extreme-temperature or constant-use situations, dependence on synthetic oil can lead to premature engine failures." He turned to us, "And that's probably gonna be wasted with the 40 pounds of speaker equipment you have hanging off the stern!"

"Don't you dare take them off!" laughed Al, "I've got a dozen orders specifying the same sound system!"

"It should work out OK," Sherri confirmed, "The new wing design should take that into consideration." She started talking earnestly to the engineers as Sara took Al and Peter for a sedate cruise in front of the milling crowd along both shores.

They returned and, after a quick check by the marina crew, Sara declared herself ready for the first run. Sherri popped in the CD she had prepared for the occasion. She took my arm and we watched the boat sail out, accompanied by the strains of flutes undulating like rippling water, to be joined by gliding strings as Sara turned up the top channel.

"Bedrich Smetana was the original Bohemian Master and paved the musical grounds for fellow countrymen Lizst, Chopin and Dvorak. I consider this the definitive Bohemian Rhapsody, his tribute to the Moldau river which runs through Czechoslovakia and is host to many of her legends.

"The first section is reminiscent of the streams in the hills where the river begins; it is keyed in E, but in Harmonic Minor, which gives it a most subtle yet charming character."

Sara turned the boat as she accelerated for the timed course and Sherri continued, "Here the music switches to a major key as it picks up the laughter and joy of the villages on its shore, much like what we have here." The music and the engine seemed to share a basic beat as we watched the boat and her lovely pilot hurtle by, 60..., 70..., 80... the sign read. Then she reached the end of the course and looped for a return run.

"This last half of the piece is the triumphant emergence of the mighty river, and shares the same musical theme as the beginning, again in E, yet with a powerful shift to the Chromatic Minor, making for a strident and unforgettable finish to the story..." she faded as Sara boomed past, resplendent with her 50' long rooster tail.

Sara waved happily to the cheering crowds as she drifted back into the marina. She consulted quickly with Al, who turned and announced.

"What a run, a record-setting 83 mph for a single-engined cruiser! A hand for Sara, our test pilot and the boat's engineer! But keep your seats, folks. We have a few quick adjustments to make and they'll be back in 10 minutes!"

Sara waved us over and, after hugs and congratulations, said to Sherri, "Condition's good - you want to try it?"

Sherri grinned and nodded, quickly taking Sara's crash helmet and joining the crew who were hoisting Gyro out of the water and swarming about it.

"What is it you're trying this time?" I asked Sara.

She nestled against me and shivered, "Mmmm, let me stop shaking first..." She wrapped herself over my leg and squirmed. "What I'd give for a pair of 'Slow Hands' right now..." she whispered.

Erin was looking at us funny. I winked as I hugged Sara's smooth body to me, "Post-adrenalin shakes."

"Like she's feeling hysterical?" Cara asked.

"No," Sara sighed, "More like he's feeling mine..."

"Ohhhh!" Erin laughed as it dawned on her, "You guys are such sickos!"

Sara grabbed me tightly and moaned into my neck, then she gave me a red-faced kiss before turning back to Erin, grinning, "I know that I can do anything with James," then, sotto voce, "And I usually do!"

"But usually she's a lot more vocal!" Sherri laughed as she joined us, "Well, they're setting it up..."

"Setting what up?" I asked again.

"To see what the REAL top speed is," Sara explained, "We don't have much room to accelerate and the prop had a tendency to cavitate at top speed."

"So we're moving to a smaller pitched propeller, which would give us a better hole shot and reduce the cavitation," Sherri picked up.

"Which also means a high end-rpm."

"So they're removing the limiter from the engine."

"But Sherri can hear the revs anyways..."

"So I can maintain 5250 rpm."

"Or 5500..."

"For no more than 30 seconds..."

"Sounds dangerous!" Erin said.

"Not really, conditions are really good today," Sara answered.

"I want to show them what WE can do." Sherri took our hands, "We started with a design they were ready to throw out and made a record-breaker out of her."

"And gave her wings in the process," I smiled.

"They're only going to give her half a tankful of gas, which will save 300lbs but enough for a return run." Sherri donned her helmet and we kissed her for luck. With a wave and a saucy twitch of her tail, she fired up the loud motor and took off.

The area outside the marina was already 4 deep with people so Lucy took us upstairs to where Al had set up the PA system and where he was egging the crowd on with a roaring cheer as Sherri prepared for her run.

From this vantage point, it was clear there were many more than the 400 Peter had expected. It appeared that the entire island was crowded along the shores watching Sherri.

She did a flying start, then circled back to build up more speed before letting the boat loose.

Without the rev-limiter, the boat howled, almost drowning out Smetana's music that Sherri had started. Hand on the throttle, Sherri had to nurse the engine to run at its rated maximum but not allow it to go over, which would cause permanent damage to it.

In seconds Gyro had passed us but we could still see her streaming water spout and hear her powering along the channel. Then the noise and commotion faded and for long minutes we heard and saw nothing of her.

Al's walkie-talkie crackled, "She's gone out past the breakwater!"

"Sherri's going for a longer windup," Sara commented.

With the extra room to accelerate, Sherri was already going 75 when the laser picked her up. We watched with held breaths as the display nudged upwards, 80..., 85..., 88... and, as she flashed by to the triumphant finale of the music, she hit the magical 90 mark, causing pandemonium in the stands and around us.

Peter went around shaking hands and clapping shoulders and gave Sara and us hugs. "Man, oh man! Ninety!" he gloated, "Never before!" He shook his head, "Far fucking out!" He hugged us again.

"Let's get out of here," I took Sara's hand, "Before he starts kissing me."

Sherri had just pulled in, but left the engine on a high idle as the engineers took readings of the engine. The added spool-down time also allowed the engine to cool at a uniform rate. She jumped out and plastered herself on me as we all hugged and helped her off with her helmet.

"Oh god, I've got the shakes bad!" she sighed and rubbed herself on me. "You must've like my performance!" she hummed against me, "You're hard..."

"Or," Sara laughed, "Because Peter hugged him."

The next moment, we were surrounded by Al, Peter and all the dignitaries. Flashes went off as Sherri and Sara were proudly displayed to the photographers. Then they were escorted out for more photo-ops and autographs.

"You look lost, brother dear," smiled Erin, then she took my hand, "I know how I can cheer you up!" And showed me where the buffet table was.

The girls were carefully dismantling the sandwiches and eating the greens and low-fat meat, leaving the remainder to Lucy and me, when Sherri and Sara found us.

"Somehow we knew this would be the place to find you!" Sherri laughed.

"Come on guys, the flotilla's leaving in a half hour and Al wants us to lead it!" Sara took Erin's hand and dragged her back to the condo.

"Let's get your music and pack some food before someone gets ornery!"

"I can't imagine who you mean," I said.

"In that case, maybe you can help me change?" Sherri tugged me upstairs, "I'm still shaking."

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The afternoon's picnic was an astounding success. The map directed our two dozen boats to a bay on the southern half of the island, which was separated from the northern half by a series of jagged reefs. Although we had never sailed there, it had a deep channel entrance and Al's crew had marked out the passage with small upended pop empties as buoys.

Surrounded by a large crescent of white sand, we swam in the sun-warmed lagoon and were fed from Al's large pontoon boat where he'd set up a couple of large gas-fired BBQs and a self-serve refreshment stand.

The girls were right in their element, and had an endless stream of admirers waiting on them. Erin and company did their dance number to J-Lo's music and then gave a short demonstration of tumbling on the sparkling beach.

After the food, the tide turned and started coming in. By mid-afternoon, the strip of beach was almost completely under water so Al called it a day.

Sharing hugs and promises to return, we boarded Gyro for the short trip back to Brookhaven, where we would prepare for our departure; I had to take Erin and friends back to their homes while Sara and Sherri would return to Max's with Gyro.

As we watched the cliffs of Brookhaven appear in the distance, we could not help but admire its rugged beauty, and the friends and experiences that had so enriched our lives.

"Adieu, fair isle! The waving palm
Is penciled on thy purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh."

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