

Reunion

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I had the envelope on my desk at work; a ticket to a reunion for the company I'd been with five or so years ago. No, more than just "the company." It was the startup that I poured my soul into for many years, the startup that had been heaven and hell. I'd heard about the reunion, gotten a number of e-mails about it, but I hadn't signed up, my emotions were so strong and conflicting. Seems someone signed up for me.

I answered the phone. "This is Tom."

A woman's voice asked, "So, did you get it yet?"

I sighed, recognizing Carol. "Yes, a few days ago. Still haven't decided -- it's not until Saturday."

She sighed, but I recognized a determined sigh. "Tom, you *need* to be there. Please -- for the rest of us, if not for yourself."

"I'll think about it," I told her.

"Okay. I'll talk to you Thursday or Friday. Take care, Tom -- please."

"I will; thanks."

I set the phone down and looked at the invitation again. "Reserved Parking #11" said a separate card. I didn't have anything going on Saturday.

I don't know which was stronger -- the sour taste in my mouth from memories of how it ended, how so much had ended, all the memories associated with those times, or the desire to see some of those wonderful people again.

My phone rang; back to the grind.

Friday morning she called again.

“Well?” Carol asked.

“Is Greg going to be there?” I asked pointedly.

“Fuck no!” she spat emphatically. “If he or any of his slime-ball cronies shows up they’ll be trespassing and I’ll call the cops! Besides, I don’t think he can travel these days.”

I felt better. “Hadn’t thought of that. I’m leaning towards it.” I seemed to remember the thieving bastards were still loose while their criminal convictions were being appealed.

Another sigh I recognized. “Not good enough, Tom. You are *going* to be there. It starts at four. If you’re not there by four twenty, I’m coming to get you. You *will* attend, and you *will* enjoy it.”

“Yes, dear,” I said, instantly regretting that tone of voice.

Her tone changed too. “Please, Tom -- I can’t tell you how many people have asked specifically about you.”

“Okay -- I’ll be there.”

Now I heard a contented sigh. “Thanks. Oh, you’ll be speaking -- but only for ten minutes or so.”

I managed to laugh. “About what?”

“Positive experiences? You can think of something.”

I knew exactly what I was going to do. “I’ll need a video projector to hook to my Powerbook,” I told her.

She giggled with delight. “Oh thank you!” Then, more seriously, “Tom, we’re really looking forward to seeing you. I’m really looking forward to seeing you.”

“Me too. See you tomorrow. I’ll be there on time.” Punctual, neat, tidy Tom -- I remembered some folks used to tell me a party started at eight, and everyone else that it started at seven thirty, because I’d show right on time. But now I had my work cut out for me! I knew where the videotapes were, and it would be easy to transfer them to the computer.

I arrived with my Powerbook just before four. Computer History Museum -- hadn’t this been the Silicon Graphics headquarters, at least before they imploded to initials only? One parking lot looked pretty full. Gee, if most of the original folks showed up with their spice, that would be around two hundred. As I pulled up in the parking queue, I displayed the reserved parking card. The attendant waved me to a different section of the lot, moving traffic cones, directing me to a parking place.

I have to admit it; I was still nervous, apprehensive. I hadn't seen most of these people for four or five years. A lot had happened in that time. But in the preceding years, we started and built a successful company, took it public, were purchased by a larger, good company, who were purchased by a den of weasels who systematically looted and destroyed the whole thing.

I'd bowed out early in the downfall. "Resigned to pursue other interests" -- right, ignoring the threats to make my life miserable and then throw me out. For all the pain involved, in retrospect it was perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

"Tom! You made it!" someone shrieked as I went in the door.

I was swept into a whirlwind of old friends and smiling faces. One of the ringleaders took my Powerbook.

What wonderful chaos! Toni, Aaron, Becky, Phil -- most of the old gang! I saw Carol across the room and she waved excitedly, but we were swept in opposite directions.

I found a table with a large shrimp platter. Someone brought me a beer. It was so good to see these people again!

Toni, Phil, and I were working our way across the floor when I saw someone I thought I should recognize. From the back, the long, black hair looked familiar, and the legs, sort of, but as we got closer and I got a partial side view, a bombshell figure in a stretch-velvet burgundy dress threw me. Whoever she was, she was talking to Ellen, who I did recognize.

Ellen shrieked, "Tom!"

The bombshell turned, and my jaw nearly hit the floor.

"Tom!" she yelled, throwing her arms around me.

I gave her a big hug -- it had to be a *big* hug the way she was built! I held her at arm's length for a moment and blurted out, "Kimmy! You've ... *grown!*"

Everyone around us burst into laughter. She grabbed me and gave me one hell of a kiss.

Kim had been my marketing support person. Last I'd seen her, she wore glasses and was *maybe* a B-cup on top. Now the glasses were gone, and she had to be D at least!

I tried to come up for air, but she wasn't having anything to do with it, running her hands over me. I held her close, enjoying her scent, her warmth, the way she felt in my arms as we kissed.

People around us cheered and applauded. I took a breath and we broke the clench. I looked at her -- what a change! And I saw two very perky nipples poking forward, and a lovely expanse of skin exposed by the cut of her dress.

She leaned closer, pulling my head to her, and whispered in my ear, “They’re all yours, Tom...”

I gave her another hug, my eyes closing as I kissed her shoulder.

“And what kind of welcome do *I* get?” I heard Carol call out.

Kim let go of me and I was swept into Carol’s arms. We hugged, and as we did I felt the tears start. Then we were kissing. When we pulled away, she looked at my face and pulled my head to her shoulder, holding me tight.

Where Kim is a few inches shorter, Carol is my height, at least. Carol is full-bodied, zaftig, voluptuous. Kimmy is still lithe, although now top-heavy. Carol ran our documentation and document control group; we worked closely together.

How close was part of the reason for my tears. When I stood up and we kissed briefly again, I could see the moisture in her eyes as well.

“Thank you so much for coming,” she told me.

With another hug I told her, “I’m so glad I did.”

More whirlwinds, more chaos, more old friends -- where are you now, how have you been, that kind of thing. I hugged the guys as well as the gals. Well, I hug the gals better than I hug the guys-- you get the idea.

We wandered the crowd, talking. I say “we” as Kimmy was glued to my side, and Carol wasn’t far away.

One of the staff approached me. “Doctor Parker, we want to start presentations in ten minutes or so.”

I nodded. “Thanks.” I gave Kimmy a squeeze. “I need to hit the loo, unless you’re going to follow me there, too...” The group around us laughed, but she gave me a fierce and lusty look, squeezing my arm.

“I’ll wait,” she said out loud, then leaned closer and whispered, “but not for long,” and pecked me on the cheek, pressing her bounty into me once more.

I found the men’s room, relieved myself of some rented beer, and washed up.

I paused for a moment, looking at the chap in the mirror. Five years had been hard on some people, easier on others. I chuckled at one thought -- I’ll have to remember that for my talk. The chap in the mirror looked better. He was smiling, which was a change. He was in

better shape than a few years ago, not as thin. The smile definitely looked good on him. Yeah, the pain showed still around the edges.

Kimmy was waiting for me outside. She pressed me against the wall with her body, kissing me again. I let my hands roam -- she felt delicious.

She leaned back, her eyes boring into me. She pulled my forehead to her and growled, "I'm following you home -- I'm going to fuck your brains out, and I'm not taking 'no' for an answer."

I closed my eyes and held her, burying my head in her black mane, kissing her neck. She ran her hands over me, making very pleasant noises.

"Oh Tom!" Carol called in a singsong voice.

I squeezed Kimmy once more. As we stepped apart, Carol took my left arm. Kimmy still had my right. "I thought I'd seen everything!" Carol said in mock dismay. The three of us laughed.

We settled into the meeting area. Peggy, a co-founder, our senior marketing VP, and ringleader for the reunion kicked things off. I was pulled to the side by one of the tech crew. I got my Powerbook ready to go.

Peggy did a great job, but then she always has. I still have a lot of respect for her. After I "resigned," she was one of the leaders of the exodus. She had her Powerbook, and showed a lot of pictures of the good old days -- the early days in the rental house, moving into real offices, our impromptu picnics. I thought the crowd quieted a moment -- she didn't spend too much time on a picture of Dina sitting in my lap as I fed her grapes. I'd never seen that one before. Kimmy and Carol were still on either side of me and held me; that helped a lot.

Phil, head of hardware was next. He'd gotten out just before things went to hell, before the crash and the indictments. He told some funny stories about our early days in the old rented house, not being able to use the downstairs bathroom because it had been taken over for final quality control.

Then it was my turn. As the tech support guy got the video connection going, I dug through my pictures folder until I found one of the bathroom/QC center. That got applause and laughter when it popped onto the big screens on either side of the podium.

"It's really wonderful to be here," I told the crowd. They applauded and cheered, agreeing with me. "Five years is a short time, it's a long time. We've all changed, some more so than others..." I gave a long sideways glance at Kimmy, wiggling my eyebrows with lust. The crowd laughed, and Kimmy returned my lust, moving hips and shoulders sensuously.

"But one thing I can't figure out," I asked them, "Why is it I've gotten gray hair, and none of the ladies have?" That brought the house down.

I thanked Peggy and Carol for everything, and made oblique references to being “encouraged” to attend.

Peggy had shown pictures of our offices, including Carol’s domain. Everyone had cubicles; the Documentation Domain was up against an outside wall, organized with one major entrance. For some reason, the tech writers put pink plastic flamingoes along the border of their domain. The main entrance to Carol’s area was flanked by a pair of these birds. I brought up a still of them.

“I thought I’d address an office mystery,” I said deadpan.

And Carol shouted out, “You bastard! It was you!” Laughter and applause filled the room again.

I’d never let on, never hinted that I’d been the one.

I started my first video clip playing. The date and time flashed on the video -- March 31, 11:45PM. I entered the frame, carrying a box. “She’s going to love this, I hope,” I said to the camera.

I opened the box and pulled out a pair of joke glasses -- the ones with the big nose, fuzzy eyebrows and moustache. I’d already prepped each pair with double-sided foam tape, so all I had to do was press the nose in place over the beak of the flamingo, then press the earpieces back against the head.

“How does that look?” I asked after I’d done the first bird.

“Magnificent!” Dina said. I’d done the transfer from video to the computer with the sound turned way down. This was the first time I’d heard her voice in many years. I was glad the crowd was enjoying it, as I choked up fast.

I did the other bird, saying, “We’ll do the periphery once we get the main gate set. Signs or swords next? Let’s do swords.”

I’d made cardboard arms for the birds, ending in crossed aluminum-foil covered scimitars. I attached those, then stood back to look at my handiwork. The last were the signs, one under each bird, reading:

Give Up
Passive Voice
All Ye Who
Enter Here!

I stopped again to admire my handiwork. The damn things looked absurd. I stood between the birds and bowed to the camera. Over the din of the crowd responding to the video, I heard Dina's voice, "I love you."

Carol, Peggy, and Kimmy were standing near one of the screens, and one of the speakers. I glanced to them. I could see the emotion in their faces as well. Carol whispered something to Peggy, who dug into a paper bag at her feet.

I wiped my eyes as Carol approached. She handed me a bicycle water bottle. "Here, Tom -- we were going to give it to you in a few minutes." She gave me a brief hug.

I took a swig. Scotch and water with ice -- one of *my* mysteries was known as well!

The video clip ended, after showing a scan of the area after we'd put glasses on all the birds. Hearing Dina's laughter as I scanned over those absurd creatures really hurt.

I started a slide show, showing the birds decorated through the seasons -- as cupids for Valentine's day, Abe Lincoln hats and beards for President's day, bunny ears and buck teeth for Easter, Santa flamingoes for Christmas, sunglasses and Hawaiian shirts for a summer party. Everyone loved it; it brought back so many memories, so many good memories.

Slide show over, I closed the computer, putting it to sleep. "Thanks to you all," I managed to say, and stepped down from the podium. People were still laughing, clapping, and cheering.

Carol and Kim hugged me. The techie retrieved my Powerbook. Peggy retook the stage.

"You bastard! You wonderful, creative bastard!" Carol said as she held me. That got me laughing again. It helped.

They dragged me to a table and some chairs off to the side. Peggy gave out a bunch of gag gifts, things people had been known for. I'd been known for carrying my bike bottle around with me. I hadn't realized so many knew what I occasionally filled it with after 6PM or so.

I talked and circulated more, most of the time with Kim on my arm, even though I could tell a lot of the guys were interested in speaking with her without me being present. The crowd started thinning, the event drawing to a close.

Five years -- short and long. Larry didn't look like he'd aged much at all. Bill looked like hell -- pale, gaunt, still so intense. I got to talk to Penny, who'd supported me for the last two years at the company; she was her usual ebullient self, doing well. Ruben was a different story -- he was brilliant, a Ph. D., but narrow. He'd found another job easily after our place folded, but had been laid off six months ago, and hadn't found anything yet. I got his contact information and told him I'd help however I could.

I felt bad about him, but then again, it was his problem. I'd made no bones about it when I sold large chunks of stock, then all of it, implicitly then explicitly telling my co-workers what I thought of the new management. Ruben held out to the bitter end -- and that's what it was, what he was, bitter.

As those memories were starting to snowball, Kim gave me a squeeze and whispered, "I'll be right back," in my ear. She took off in the direction of the ladies' room.

And that was Penny's cue to grab me and push me against a wall. If Carol is zaftig and voluptuous, Penny is Rubenesque, shorter and a bit heavier than Carol.

"If you don't call me, then I'll call you -- company rules don't apply to us anymore, Tom," she told me before pulling me into a kiss. I held on, letting her softness surround me.

She stepped away as Kimmy returned. She took my arm and said, "We're leaving. Where's your computer?"

We picked it up and headed to the parking lot.

I've got a two-seat Mercedes 500 convertible, dark blue. Parked next to mine was a silver-gray one, a year or three older. I was surprised when Kimmy opened the door to the silver-gray one.

She smiled and gave me another hug, moving my right hand to a full breast with a very attentive nipple.

"I took your advice," she said, looking me in the eye.

"And what advice was that?"

"To take some of my money and get the things I really wanted. And that's what I did."

I smiled, then leaned down and pressed my nose into her cleavage, kissing the tops of her warm, perfumed breasts. "Sounds like good advice to me," I whispered as I kissed my way back up her chest and neck.

She gave me another squeeze and ran a hand to my crotch. "Drive! I'll follow you."

We drove to my place. I pulled into the garage, parking next to our old Volvo wagon.

"Want me to move the wagon so you can park in the garage?" I asked Kim.

She got a small bag from her car and locked it. "Later, maybe," she told me, pulling me into the garage.

I'm lucky I'm a neat freak, and have a cleaning service in every other week besides. We made it upstairs to the master bedroom.

She dropped her bag; I took off my sports coat and slipped out of my shoes. We kissed again, this time our hands roaming free.

I pulled away, leaving her panting. I turned on a bedside lamp. "Let me take a look at you, Kimmy," I whispered.

"You want a look?" she growled. She quickly helped me undress, then sat me on the edge of the bed.

She took two steps back from me, held her arms out, and wiggled sensuously.

She undressed just as sensuously, removing shoes, panty hose, and then wriggling lasciviously out of that stretch velvet dress. She picked up her bag and took a perfume sprayer from it, applying perfume to her neck, the tops of her luscious breasts, and her mound.

"You are beautiful," I told her.

She stepped closer, pulling my face between her breasts. Oh, heaven!

When she stepped back, I asked her, "What is your wish, oh Goddess?"

She smiled and sat next to me at the foot of the bed, easing herself back. "You may adore me," she said.

I went to my knees, moving between her legs and kissed my way up the insides of her thighs. Kimmy always took good care of herself.

Now it was my turn to take good care of her. She was so hot, so wet, and so tasty! Soon she was loud as well, squeezing my head between trim thighs, her hands in my hair.

I was still enjoying dessert when she cried, "Enough!" and pulled me up on to the bed. I thought I was going for her lips, but she attached me to delicious nipple and rolled partially on top of me. I moaned as she held me. "Oh, now I've got you," she whispered. I pulled her more on top of me as she got a hand behind my head. She had me, and we both knew it.

Monday morning at work, and I was exhausted, rested, and satiated, all at the same time. I leaned back in my chair, closing my eyes, and I shuddered, remembering the weekend. Hell, remembering waking up this morning!

A phone call around eleven -- "Good morning, this is Tom."

"Well, how was the rest of your weekend?" Carol asked me.

I sighed and she laughed. "Intense; wonderful."

"How are you feeling now?" she asked almost laughing.

"Tired, rested, satiated -- wow... I'm glad I pushed for those stock options!"

She laughed, and I laughed with her. "That's grand, Tom -- aren't you glad you took my advice?"

"Yes I am -- thanks so much."

"When did she leave?"

I glanced at the clock. "About two hours ago."

"Think you'll be recovered by Friday afternoon?"

"What's happening Friday?"

"I'm kidnapping you and taking you to my beach house for the weekend," she told me.

"Ah, I'm not sure if I'm free or not..."

She laughed again. "Don't worry -- I'll pick you up at work at three Friday."

I shook my head. "This sounds highly pre-arranged..."

"Yes, it is -- we're putting a smile back on your face, one way or the other!"

"I'm glad you're giving me time to recover, I think..."

"It's for your own good, Tom..."

"I'll keep that in mind -- Kimmie seemed to lose track of that at times."

She laughed. "Oh you -- you made Kimmie very, very happy -- I have to run. Talk to you soon. Take care of yourself, please."

"I will -- thanks."

I hung up the phone.

If I felt so good, why did I close my office door so nobody could hear or see me cry?

Thursday night at home, sitting in the living room, not even bothering to turn on a light as night fell. I'd left work at my usual time to go to the gym, but went home instead. Had it been a good idea to go to that party? Part of me knew I was depressed, really depressed. I'd barely eaten the last few days, barely gotten out of bed in the morning. I sat, immobile. Last night I fell asleep on the couch, not going up to bed until the middle of the night. Not going up to bed until the middle of the night, only to cry myself to sleep again.

The doorbell rang. I sat there. It rang again. I didn't move -- sooner or later they'd go away.

I saw motion at a window, someone peering in.

Carol called out, "Tom, open the door or I'm calling the police! Please, Tom."

It took a lot of effort, but I got up and let her in. I sat back on the couch.

She turned on a light. "Tom, we're going upstairs and pack some things for you. I'm kidnapping you for a few days."

I looked up at her. "I have to work."

She gave me a pained look, shaking her head. "No you don't."

"I have meetings tomorrow with the CEO," I told her. Not that I was prepared.

She sighed and pulled out her cell phone. She punched a number and waited. "Peter? Hi, it's Carol. I'm at Tom's. ... No, worse than I expected. ... You tell him."

She handed me the phone.

"Tom?" It was my boss, Peter.

"Yes?"

"Tom, you're on vacation. This isn't a request. Take care of yourself."

"Okay," I told him. I handed the phone back to Carol. She punched a button and dropped it back in her purse.

"Tom, I'm kidnapping you for a few days," she told me.

I looked at her. "I don't know if that's a good idea."

"Why not?" she said, "We're both single."

"We weren't then," I blurted out, and immediately felt worse, if that was possible.

I saw her breath catch, and her eyes start to fill up.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. “I didn’t mean that.” I started to cry as well. I held my arms out to her. “Please...”

She stepped closer. We held each other and cried.

It had happened years ago, six months or so before Dina was diagnosed, a year before she died and everything started going to hell. Carol and I had been in Chicago for an analyst briefing. Talking over slides in the hotel room late at night, our eyes connected, and it just happened. It just happened -- intensely, hungrily, twice that night and three times the next day.

I felt like every wound I’d ever had, physical and emotional, was ripped open again.

She moved to sitting on the couch, leaning back, pulling me to her, my head between her full breasts. Warm, soft, full -- I cried more, and she held me.

Eventually we both ran dry and sat up.

“Why?” I asked as we held hands.

She sniffled, a slight smile. “I bet you didn’t know Peter and I met in the 8th grade, and have been friends ever since?”

I shook my head.

She looked at me intensely. “And Kimmy told me how much you cried when she held you; she told me about rocking you to sleep in her arms.”

That hurt, ripping me open even more. It had been so good in her arms, even if only for a short while.

She pulled me to my feet and into her arms. “I’m kidnapping you, and I’m going to hold you, squeeze you, and make love with you until you’re better, no matter how long that takes.”

We went upstairs. My bedroom was a mess. I hadn’t made the bed in days, or picked up clothes.

“Oh Tom,” she whispered, looking around. She sat me on the bed while she quickly gathered clothes and bathroom stuff, filling two bags.

She took me to her car, to her beach house in Aptos, to her bed.

She took me to her breast, holding me and rocking me until I ran out of tears. We made soft, gentle, passionate love and she held me again.

Carol sat at the kitchen table in her beach house, Peter to one side, Kim on the other, trying to support her, and each other.

Carol brushed away tears, a futile effort. "The first two days, he needed to be held, oh I needed to hold him." She glanced to Kim. "We made love and I held and suckled him until I was sore, but he was so hungry, and he let go when I held him like that. We spent hours snuggling on the bed or on the couch, or in front of the fire place. I'd hold him and he'd relax. If he started crying, I held him closer and rocked him until he stopped. Saturday night, Sunday morning he didn't wake up crying in the middle of the night, instead we just snuggled, made love again, and snuggled more."

She shook her head, and said loudly, angrily, her hands balled into fists, "Why didn't I see it!" Her voice broke as she shouted. Quieter, she continued, "When we went for a walk yesterday afternoon, he was calmer, more relaxed, standing straighter. He even smiled! And the way he sighed when we snuggled to get warm when we got back -- he went to sleep in my arms..."

She sobbed, "I thought I was helping. I thought he was getting better."

Kim held her, wiping her own eyes.

"And he was so gentle, so considerate, so passionate when we made love last night. I held him afterwards and he went to sleep in my arms; he seemed so relaxed, so peaceful!"

She sat up a bit and sighed, trying to keep her voice under control.

"Then this morning, the sun was just coming up. I held him to me again, the way he loves. After a while he moved to get up. I thought he was just going to pee... He leaned over and kissed me. I ... I dozed off again."

She looked at the other people in the room. "I woke a little before seven. Alone. All his clothes were still in the bedroom. Then ..." She fought back more sobs. "I looked out the window at the beach. The tide was still going out. I could still see ... my gate was open ... his footprints in the sand, leading from the gate out to the water..."

She broke down again. Kim held her and cried with her. Peter put his arms around both of them.

"Lieutenant?" said the uniformed officer who'd entered the kitchen a few minutes earlier.

With a nod, the man excused himself, following the uniformed officer into the other room. He returned after a moment and gestured to Peter.

Peter followed him to the living room.

The Lieutenant spoke softly, somberly. “A couple out for their morning walk found a body washed up on the beach just south of here. A man, nude, in his forties. Would you be able to...” His voice trailed off.

Peter sighed; he shook his head. “Of course, officer.” Peter looked around for his coat.

FIN
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Reunion

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>