

A Weird One

Just Plain Bob

I met Tasha when my best buddy Tom called me and asked me for a favor.

"My cousin Natasha just moved to town and Gail (his girlfriend) and I want to show her around, but Gail thinks Nat will feel like a fifth wheel so she wants me to set her up with a date."

I was leery. I'd been on two blind dates and they both had been disasters. Tom and I being as close as we were he knew all about those disasters so he had to be desperate to call me. I found out later that because of what he knew he had called four other guys before having to resort to calling me. All four turned him down. I wasn't the only one leery of blind dates. I really, really didn't want to do it, but Tom was my best friend so I felt honor bound to help him. I figured that it wouldn't be too bad since it would be a double date with Tom and Gail. I resigned myself to a bad day and then I asked my mom to drive me over to Tom's. I had my license, but I didn't have a car yet and Tom's request came on too short a notice for me to arrange to borrow mom's car.

Mom dropped me off at Tom's and I took a deep breath and walked up to the door to meet my fate. Tom's mom answered the door and gave me a big smile.

"Hi Bobby. How are you?"

"Fine Mrs. Bagley."

"They are waiting for you in the living room. You kids have a fun time okay?"

"We will Mrs. Bagley" I said not expecting to have anything but a miserable time.

I watched her walk back to the kitchen and wished I was old enough to throw her over my shoulder and run off with her. She was the sexiest woman I'd ever seen and I'd beaten my meat with her on my mind more times than I could count. The Bagley's had a swimming pool and I'd seen Tom's mom dozens of times in a bikini and just remembering them gave me wood. I wasn't positive, but I think she knew it and made it a point to let me see her in her almost nothing suits. She turned as she reached the kitchen door and saw me watching her walk away and she gave me a wink and a smile. My cock almost ripped through my pants and I had to stand there until it wilted otherwise it would have been obvious to every one when I walked into the room.

I got myself under control and then I walked into the living room and got instant wood all over again as all thoughts of Mrs. Bagley disappeared. Sitting next to Gail on the couch was the most beautiful and sexiest looking female on the planet. Tom walked up to me and whispered, "Down boy" and then he introduced me to his cousin. I took her hand and I swear to God I don't know where it came from, but instead of saying "Hello" I asked:

"Will you marry me?"

Tom and Gail cracked up, but Natasha looked me right in the eye and said:

"I don't know. Are you a good kisser?"

"If I'm not I'll bust my ass working on it until I meet your standards."

She turned to Gail and said, "What do you think?"

"He's a nice guy and if I didn't already have Tommy I'd go for him."

Tasha turned back to me and said, "I hope you can handle a long engagement because I'm not getting married until I finish college."

"I'll get the ring as soon as you tell me your size."

"Enough of this heavy shit" Tom said, "Let's go show Nat around."

We left the living room with Natasha and I holding hands and I saw Mrs. Bagley watching us with a strange look on her face. Tom had his own car. He and Gail were both all ready eighteen. I was two months behind them as far as birthdays went. We got in the car; Tom and Gail in the front and me and Tasha in the back. Tom and Gail called her Nat, but I wanted my own name for her so I started calling her Tasha.

We drove all over town and pointed out things to Tasha. Where the high school was, the roller rink, the arcade and all the other places where kids hung out. She was particularly interested in the park, specifically the trails that led into the hills and fields behind it and the running track that ran around it.

"I run to keep fit" she said and then Tom piped up and said, "Then you and Rob have something in common. He runs track at school and runs all the time to stay in shape."

"Do tell" Tasha said. "We can run together then."

"You bet" I said, "The family that plays together stays together."

"The family?"

"Of course. We will have kids when we marry won't we?"

"I don't know. I'm sort of career oriented and I don't know if kids will fit in. I plan on being a lawyer like my dad and if the schedule he keeps is the same for other lawyers I might not be around much to raise them."

"Hasn't seemed to hurt you in any way."

"That's because my mom was a stay at home mom and she was there to see that I was raised right. You plan on being a stay at home dad?"

"No. I'm already slated to get a Business Management degree, go to work for my dad and then take over the business when he retires."

"Then it isn't looking to good for kids is it."

"It isn't a deal breaker, but I'll need to break it gently to my mom. She has her heart set on grandkids and since my sister and her husband found out they can't have babies mom is looking to me to provide them."

"Get off the subject you two" Tom said. "You have years and years before you start sweating that stuff."

Before the town tour was over I'd made a date with Tasha for the next day. Tom dropped me at my house and just before I got out of the car Tasha leaned over and kissed me. It was just a quick one, but it was on the lips and it was our first. The first of many I hoped.

When I got home I was in a great mood and my parents commented on it at supper.

"I met your daughter in law today."

"You what?"

"You heard me right. It will be a little while yet because she says she has to graduate college before we will get married. I'm seeing her again to morrow night and I might bring her by and introduce you."

Naturally they didn't believe it for a minute. To them it was just a teenaged son babbling about his newest crush. To change the subject my dad asked if I'd decided on what car I wanted for my birthday.

"It is only a week away so we are getting short on time."

"I know what I want, but I'm afraid that when I tell you I might be banished to my room until I'm twenty-one."

"It can't be that bad."

But it would be and I knew it. My dad was a dyed in the wool one hundred percent Chevy man. To him Ford meant 'Fix or Repair Daily' and MOPAR meant 'Mostly Old People and Rednecks.' I hesitate to even mention how he felt about foreign cars. When he told me that he was going to buy me a car for my eighteenth birthday he told me to figure out what I wanted.

That weekend he took me around to a couple of car lots. All Chevy dealers of course. We looked at Cameros, Impalas, Blazers, Suburban's, Silverado pick up and even Corvettes. All used, but he'd already told me that I wouldn't be getting new. He told me to think on it and let him know.

So here we were at the supper table with him wanting to know my choice. I looked at mom and said:

"You might want to make him a stiff drink before I tell him or at least sit on his lap and hold him down."

Mom laughed, got up and went over and sat down on dad's lap and then I said:

"It is a convertible. It has a white top and the color is 'Sea Mist Green.'

"That doesn't sound like a Chevy color."

I took a deep breath and said, "It isn't. It's a Ford color and it is on a 1993 Mustang that has the 5.0 engine and a five speed tranny."

"What!!! No son of mine is going to be seen in a fucking Ford!"

"Watch your mouth dear" my mother said and then I said, "Fine. You pick out my present then" and I excused myself from the table and went up to my room.

I was digging through my closet trying to decide on what to wear on my date with Tasha when my dad came into the room. He watched me for a minute or so and then:

"Where is this piece of shit that you want?"

I told him and he shook his head in disgust, said "I thought I'd raised you better" and he turned and left.

Five minutes later my mom came in, smiled at me and said, "That was the most fun I've had all week. The only thing that could have made it more fun is if you would have picked out a Dodge Charger."

"I knew he wouldn't like it, but he did give me a choice."

"I know honey and it is mostly my fault. He intended to just buy a car, park it in the drive and toss you the keys on your birthday, but I talked him into letting you choose. Now you need to make some more choices. What kind of cake do you want and how many are you going to invite to your party?"

Mom let me use her car for my date with Tasha and when I got to her house she introduced me to her parents. They seemed nice although I could read the expression on her fathers face. It pretty much said:

"You do anything to my daughter I rip off your head and shit down your neck."

I didn't think it was the right time to tell him that I was going to be his son in law. I promised to have his daughter home by her curfew and we left. As we pulled away from her house I said:

"I don't think your father likes me."

"He's like that with every boy I go out with. He is very protective of me."

I took her to the movies and we held hands as we watched. After the movie I took her to Harry's Malt Shop which turned out to be a mistake, but it would be four months before I realized it. There were half dozen kids there that I knew so I had to introduce Tasha to them. I saw the interest in Eddie Wooter's eyes, but I didn't think anything about it. As gorgeous and sexy as Tasha was she was bound to draw the eyes of the opposite sex. I was just glad that Tom had gotten me with her before any of the other guys knew she was in town.

I took her home and when we got there I walked her to her door and was hoping for another kiss and I got one. It was a scorcher! She gave me some tongue and I gave her some back. When she broke the kiss she said:

"Not bad. It will get better with practice."

"Tomorrow?"

"What time?"

"You set it. If it was up to me this date wouldn't end until school starts."

"Oh my. Whatever am I going to do with you?"

"Keep me is what I'm hoping for."

"How about noon?"

"If I didn't have to get my mom's car home I'd just sit out front until then."

"You're hopeless" she said and kissed me again. I was just putting my arms around her to make it last when the porch light flickered on and off three times. Tasha broke the kiss and said:

"I told you he was a bit protective. See you tomorrow."

The next day I drove Tasha to the park and we went for a run. I showed her the trails and later I drove her to my house to shower and then have supper with us.

Tasha and my mom took to each other right away and my dad eyed her like most men eyed a sexy gorgeous woman and not at all like a man should look at his son's girl. As my mom was walking into the kitchen she slapped the back of his head and laughed as she said:

"Stop that!"

Dad looked at me and said, "Are you sure that you want to drive a girl this nice around in a Ford?"

Tasha made my day when she said, "What's wrong with Fords? My dad has a vintage '57 T-Bird and next to a '65 Mustang it is the sweetest car ever built."

From the kitchen my mother yelled, "You go girl."

My dad looked at me and said, "And you plan on marrying her, bringing her in the family so I'll have three of you picking on me?"

"You bet."

Then Tasha asked, "What did I miss here?" and I had to explain about dad and Chevys.

"The poor man. He certainly doesn't look mentally ill" and my mom's laugh could have been heard half a mile away.

When I drove her home she had me stop a block away from her house.

"I don't want any flickering porch lights tonight."

We steamed up the windows and after a bit I let my hands move to her breasts and she didn't stop me so I slid a hand up her leg and she stopped me just short of my goal. She broke the kiss and said "No" and then went back to kissing me. She let me get her bra off and worship her breasts and so I tried the leg move again and again she stopped me just short of where I wanted to go.

"I said no!"

I finally accepted that "No" meant "No" and settled back to tongue wrestle and play with her breasts until she told me it was time to take her home. As I parked in front of her house she said:

"I'm a virgin baby and while I don't plan on being one when we get married I do plan to stay one until the senior prom. It is kind of a family tradition. Both of my sisters gave it up on prom night so that is when I will to. You will just have to be patient with me"

I keyed in the "When we get married" and resigned myself to the six or seven month wait until the senior prom. I had hoped not to be virgin by prom night, but it looked like Tasha and I were both going to have to be patient.

We made a date to go for a run in the morning and I walked her to her door, got one more kiss and then went home. Twenty minutes after I got there I got a call from Tom asking me to come over and lounge by the pool and I told him I'd have to call back and let him know after I talked to Tasha.

"I just got off the phone with her. She said she would drag you over after your run. All I'm doing is giving you a heads up so you'll have your suit with you."

I walked over to Tasha's and we jogged from there to the park. We ran the trails for an hour and then did sixty laps around the park on the running path and then we walked over to Tom's.

Mrs. Bagley, Tom and Gail were all ready by the pool when we got there and as usual the sight of Mrs. Bagley in her bikini gave me an erection. If she hadn't been there the sight of Gail in her suit would have done the job. At one time I had my sights set on her, but Tom made his move before I had a chance. I didn't realize it at the time, but it was a good thing that Tom got to Gail first. If I would have been with Gail when Tasha came on the scene it could have gotten messy as I had no doubt – none what so ever – that I would have dropped Gail and gone after Tasha.

All thoughts of Mrs. Bagley and Gail disappeared when Tasha came out of the house in her bikini. It was the first time I'd seen her in anything but jeans and a sweater or blouse and I was – as the Brits would say – gob smacked! I knew from the night before that Tasha had perfectly formed tits and her butt in jeans was mouth watering, but seeing her near naked in the bathing suit took my breath away. I was glad my bathing suit was the boxer type and not the speedo type because the speedo type would have shown only too clearly what seeing Tasha was doing to me. I was hard from Mrs. Bagley and Gail, but I would swear that my cock doubled in size from all the blood that rushed to it when I saw Tasha. I had to get right into the pool and stay there to keep everyone from seeing the state I was in. The time until the prom was going to be agonizing for me.

It was a little over an hour later that I had to go into the house to use the bathroom. On the way back I stopped inside and was looking out the window at Tasha standing on the diving board and my cock went rock hard. Without thinking I took my cock out and started stroking it. A voice from behind me said:

"You used to look at me that way."

It was Mrs. Bagley.

I was standing there, cock in hand, too stunned to move or say anything and Mrs. Bagley said:

"You poor boy. You obviously need to get off. I'll go away and leave you alone. It will be our little secret okay?"

She went out to the pool leaving me standing there mortified as my dick died in my hand. It took me ten minutes to work up enough nerve to go back outside. I tried to avoid looking at Mrs. Bagley for the rest of the time I was there, but when I did look her way I saw her watching me and she would smile and wink at me.

I managed to get through the rest of the day without embarrassing myself. And Tasha and I really steamed up the windows of the car when I took her home.

Tasha and I spent every day together during the week and then it was my birthday. After breakfast my dad told my mom that she had to drive me over to pick up my birthday present.

"I won't be caught dead near a Ford dealer even if it is only his used car lot."

At nine-thirty I was cruising over to Tasha's with the top down to pick her up for our daily run. That afternoon Tasha, Tom, Gail and a dozen of my other friends were at the house to help me celebrate my eighteenth birthday. We had a good time and as the party was breaking up Tom asked me if I would stop by his house first thing in the morning to help him move a few things for his mother. He told me that we would be done in plenty of time for me to take Tasha on our morning run. I of course said I would.

When I took Tasha home she had me stop a block away from her house and we began to neck. We tongue wrestled for about five minutes and then Tasha broke the kiss we were in and said:

"It is time for your special birthday present" and she reached for my zipper. She caught me by surprise and I sat there stunned as she worked my cock out and started stroking it. She worked on it with one hand while she used the other to take a hanky out of her purse.

"Tell me when you're ready. We don't want to make a mess" and then she went back to kissing me. Between the images of her and Mrs. Bagley that were constantly in my mind I usually beat off at least once a day so I didn't come all that quick for Tasha. Finally she got me to the point and I broke this kiss and told her that I was almost there. She got the hankie ready and then caught the discharge and cleaned me up.

"Do I get to return the favor?"

"No. I don't trust myself to stop things from going farther. Kiss me one more time and then I need to get home."

The next morning I got to Tom's at eight-thirty and rang the bell. Mrs. Bagley answered the door in a housecoat and told me to come in.

"Tom had to run over and pick up Gail so I guess it will be up to me to entertain you until he gets back. Come on; I'll show you what we have to move."

She led me upstairs to her bedroom and pointed at her bed.

"We need to see if we can move that bed without lifting it."

"What?" I said and I turned to look at her with a confused look on my face. She was smiling at me as she said:

"I'm going to have so much fun teaching you" as she let her housecoat slip from her shoulders and fall to the floor. She cupped her tits in her hands and said:

"Happy Birthday baby."

I just stood there and stared at her. I didn't know what to do. She stepped to me and started to undress me. As she undid my belt I got my wits back and said:

"We can't. Tom will catch us."

As my zipper went down she said, "Tom won't come home until I call him and tell him to come home."

"I have to pick Tasha up in half an hour" I said as she pushed my pants down to my ankles.

"Tom and Gail will pick her up and keep her busy" she said as she pulled my boxers down. "Ooooh, a nice one" she exclaimed as my stiff cock was exposed. She captured it with her mouth and I was lost. At that point she owned me and I didn't care if everyone I knew walked in and caught us.

She got me out of my shoes and socks as she blew me and when she had me ready to cum I tried to pull away and she held me in place.

"But I'm going to cum" I said and she kept sucking. I made one last attempt to pull away and she dug her nails in my ass cheeks and held me there. I erupted and she sucked and swallowed until I was limp. She let my cock fall out of her mouth, told me to take my shirt off and then went back to sucking on me.

I got my shirt and t-shirt off and by then I was getting hard again and she pushed me back on the bed. She swung over me and guided my cock up into her pussy as she lowered herself down onto me.

"The object here baby is to fuck me so hard that it shakes the bed and causes it to move from where it now sets. Think you can do it?"

What was happening was all brand new to me. Outside of what my own hand had done for me my only sexual experience was the hand job that Tasha had given me the previous night. I had no idea how to answer the question Mrs. Bagley had just asked. Fortunately she must not have really been expecting an answer from me because she went on:

"I've been planning on this since the first time Tom brought you home with him. Every time you came over to use the pool I put on my skimpiest bikini to make you want me. It worked didn't it?"

I gasped out a yes and she rolled over and pulled me on top of her and said:

"Fuck me honey. Fuck me hard."

I did. I fucked her as hard as I could until I was ready to cum and then I tried to pull out but she wouldn't let me.

"I have to" I cried, "I can't get you pregnant."

"I know you can't baby cause I'm protected. Do it baby, do it. Give it to me."

I came hard and she held me until I started to go soft. I fell to the bed beside her and tried to catch my breath. She changed position and said:

"We have one more to do today. The rest of your lessons can wait until the next time" and she started to suck on me again.

It took her a while and I just laid there and looked up at the ceiling. I was in Heaven and the only thing on my mind was what she'd said, "Next time." There was going to be a 'next time.' "One more to do today baby. The rest can wait until the next time." I wondered what "the rest" was and then I wondered what the "One more to do today" was. I found out when she had me up again.

She handed me a tube of KY jelly and said, "Put some on your thumb and fingers and then work on my butt hole baby. Get my ass ready for that beautiful cock of yours."

I did what she said until she said, "That's enough baby. Put your lovely cock in there and fuck me."

She was tight and she moaned when I pushed in. I thought I was hurting her and I started to pull out.

"Don't you dare!!" she cried. "Shove it in and fuck me!"

No way I was going to argue. I pushed until I had all of me in her and then I fucked her until I shot off for the third time. I pulled out and fell to the bed gasping for breath and she got up and went into the bathroom. She came back with a wash cloth and a towel and as she cleaned me she said:

"I wish we could do some more, but I have some things I have to do today. Can you come back tomorrow?"

"What about Tom? How can we hide it from him?"

"We aren't hiding anything from him baby. He knows what we are doing. In fact he has been waiting for you to turn eighteen so you could give him some help."

"Give him help?"

"He has a hard time taking care of me and Gail both."

I stared at her as what she had just said registered.

"Don't look at me like that baby. All you need to think about is when we can do this again. I need to call Tom and see where they are."

She got up and left the room and as I dressed I rolled over what she'd just said in my mind. She was fucking her own son. And Tom was fucking Gail. I knew they were a couple, but I hadn't known they were screwing. Mrs. Bagley came back in the room and handed me a cell phone.

"It's Tom."

"Hello?"

"We're at the park. The story is that you had to take care of some paperwork on plates and insurance on your car. Nat hasn't gone on her run yet. She's waiting for you to get here."

"I'm on the way."

I handed the phone to Mrs. Bagley and she said, "I know that my sister is going to take Tasha shopping for school clothes tomorrow. Give you any ideas?"

Not being totally dense I asked, "What time?"

"As soon as you can get here baby and the sooner the better."

She gave me a scorcher of a kiss and I headed for the park. As I drove I wondered about the mornings events. I was stunned by what happened and what I'd found out. Tom fucking his mother? Wow! And Tom expecting me to

help him take care of her when I turned eighteen? Double wow! And why was a stone fox like Mrs. Bagley fucking guys my age? She could get any man she wanted. Tom's dad must have been terminally stupid to leave her and run off with a younger woman. Mrs. Bagley told me that Tom and Gail were getting Tasha out of the way so we could play. Did that mean that Gail knew what was going on?

Tom, Gail and Tasha were sitting at a picnic table when I got to the park. I said I was sorry for being so late, but I had to make sure I was legal to drive the car. Tom and Gail were grinning at me and Tom said:

"I know what you mean. I got stopped three days after I got my car and got a ticket for not having any insurance."

"I remembered that. That's why I made sure that I had it."

Tasha looked a little put out and I put it down to the fact that I hadn't called her. Tom said he had to be going.

"You two go for your run. I have to get home and clean the pool."

He and Gail got up and left.

"You could have called me and let me know what was going on."

"I did. Twice" I lied, "But no one answered. Which trail do you want to take?"

She didn't answer me. She just got up and headed for the Black Diamond trail and I got up and followed.

What ever it was that upset her was gone when we got in the car after the run and as I started it up I asked her what she wanted to do.

"Go over to Aunt Mary's and lay by the pool and work on my tan. Won't be too many more times I can do it since school will be starting up next week. I'm not looking forward to it."

"Not looking forward to what?"

"Starting school. I won't know anyone."

"You know me, Tom and Gail and you met several others at my party last night."

"You know what I mean. It is all going to be totally new to me."

"You will do fine. I'm the one who is going to have the problem."

"You? Why?"

"I'm going to have to try and keep all the other guys away from you."

"Don't be silly. You're my guy and you know it."

I did know it, but that didn't keep me from worrying. And now I had the added wrinkle of Mrs. Bagley. I knew Tasha was the one I wanted to spend my life with. I knew that eighteen was a bit young to be thinking long term like that, but the spark I'd felt when I'd walked into the Bagley's living room and first set eyes on Tasha told me that she was the one.

The question was how could I balance that with my newly discovered desire for sex that Mrs. Bagley had given me and who seemed more than eager to see to it that I had lots more? Tasha said that she wasn't going to give it up until the senior prom, but that was six or seven months away. I already knew that there wasn't any way that I was going to say no to Mrs. Bagley. I mean get serious! What teenaged guy who has just given up his virginity (and to a sex bomb like Mrs. Bagley) was going to turn away from getting more if he could get it?

I knew I was cheating on the girl I intended to marry, but I knew I wasn't going to stop doing whatever Mrs. Bagley would let me do unless she told me I couldn't have it any more. I could if Tasha would provide me with what Mrs. Bagley was promising, but that wasn't going to happen for another half a year unless Tasha went through a major mind change.

And what about my relationship with my best bud Tom? According to Mrs. Bagley both he and Gail knew that we were fucking while they were keeping Tasha busy. From what Mrs. Bagley told me I knew that Tom was fucking his mom and that Gail knew it and was sharing him with his mom. What kind of relationship was I going to have with them now? Fuck! What kind of relationship did they have with each other? Could I hide what I'd be doing with Mrs. Bagley from Tasha? Hell; would I be doing anything more with Mrs. Bagley? Maybe after tomorrow she wouldn't have anything more to do with me. Maybe all that it was is that she wanted to do something kinky once or twice in her life. It was weird. Just fucking weird.

Fuck!!! I was too young to have all that kind of stuff filling my head.

When we got to Tom's place we went inside and put our suits on and went out to the pool. Mrs. Bagley had on another of her almost non-existent bikinis. I got my usual instant wood seeing her and Tasha noticed.

"Stop that!" she whispered to me. "She's old enough to be your mother for Christ's sake."

"Maybe. But my mother never looked like that. Besides, I get the same reaction when I see you and you never tell me to stop it and I get it even when you are fully clothed. You don't even need a skimpy suit to light my fire."

She leaned over and kissed me and then we jumped into the pool. It was about an hour later when I went into the house to use the bathroom. When I was done and I opened the door to leave I found Mrs. Bagley standing there. She put a hand on my chest, pushed me back into the room and then followed me in and locked the door.

"Hurry lover" she said as she took off her bikini bottom, "We don't have much time."

I, being not all that far removed from virgin status and not having a clue, stood there opened mouthed and stared until she bent over the sink and put her right foot up on the toilet. It wasn't until she said, "Get those trunks off and fuck me" that I woke up and got with the program.

"Hard and fast lover; fuck me hard and fast."

I did what she asked and it was over too damned quick to suit me. She must have felt the same way because she said:

"There is always tomorrow lover. We need to get back before we are missed. Leave first and make sure that no one is around to see me come out."

By that she must have meant Tasha because the only others there were Tom and Gail and from what she had all ready told me they knew what was going on. I opened the door and came face to face with a smiling Gail.

"You two need to get out of there. I need to go bad."

Mrs. Bagley said, "You could have used the upstairs bathroom."

"No I couldn't. Nat had to go and I knew she would head for this one so I beat her to it and she had to go upstairs. Wouldn't do to have her standing here when the door opened now would it."

Gail went in and Mrs. Bagley and I headed for the pool. The phone rang and Mrs. Bagley went to answer it so when I got to the pool only Tom was there. I sat down on the lawn chair next to him, but before I could say a word he said:

"I know you are just bursting with questions, but not now. Here comes Nat."

I looked and saw her heading toward us. She took my breath away and even though I'd just made love to Mrs. Bagley my dick got hard all over again. And she noticed and smiled. I got up and jumped into the pool to cool down.

I had to take Tasha home at four. Her mom and dad were going out that evening and she had to babysit her two younger sisters. She'd all ready told me that the rule when she babysat was that she wasn't allowed to have company. All of her attention had to be on her siblings.

Over dinner I asked my parents what they thought of their future daughter in law. Mom said:

"She seems nice enough, but I expect that you will fall in and out of love a half dozen times before you finish college."

"You're wrong on that. There was a spark between us the instant I saw her. She's the one."

Mom just smiled that "Mother knows better" smile that mom's have and dad said:

"She sure is damned good looking, but there must be something wrong with her. Has to be or she wouldn't like Fords."

Mom piped up and said, "You are admitting that you did a poor job of raising your son?"

"What?"

"He loves his Mustang so you must not have raised him right."

"Oh no you don't! He got that from your side of the family."

As their good natured banter went on I excused myself from the table and went up to my room and started reading the owners manual that came with my car.

In the morning I got up, had a light breakfast and went for my morning run. Tasha had all ready informed me that she and her mother would be gone all day and she wouldn't be able to run with me. When I finished my run I drove over to Tom's house and rang the bell. Mrs. Bagley answered the door and said:

"It is about time you got here." She was stark naked and she said, "Get in here lover and get your clothes off. We are wasting time."

As soon as we were in the bedroom and I was stripped I found out what "The rest" was that Mrs. Bagley had referred to the previous day.

"Today you will learn to eat pussy young man. Become good at it and you will be beating the girls off of you for the rest of your life."

I wasn't so sure that I wasn't going to get sick when I did it. Put my mouth where she peed? Gross! But before I could make an ass out of myself I remembered that she had done it – sucked on where I peed – and it hadn't bothered her so if a girl could do it I should be able to.

It wasn't bad and I sort of liked it. God knows she did too. I did what she told me, licked where she said lick and nibbled where she told me to nibble and sucked where she told me to suck. She moaned, she yelled, she cried, she clutched my head, pulled me against her pussy and begged me to never stop. Her body shook with what I assumed were climaxes and then she screamed out:

"Now lover, now!!! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!!!"

I did and after I'd gotten off and gone soft she did a one-eighty turn and took my cock in her hand.

"Your next lesson is to learn what my favorite number is."

"What?"

"Sixty-nine lover. You need to learn the number sixty-nine if you want to keep coming over here and playing with me. First time we will do it with me on top. Next time you will be on top."

She got me into position and I looked up and saw my goop right in front of me. I was a mini-second from telling her that I couldn't eat her for Christ's sake – not with my stuff there and then I remembered that she had taken my stuff straight from the source and swallowed it with no ill effects. Suck it up Bob I told myself (no pun intended), you have a good thing going here so don't fuck it up. I hoped I wouldn't barf and ruin things and then I stuck my tongue out and went to work.

I won't say that I liked it, but I damned sure liked what my doing it caused. Mrs. Bagley went crazy and gave my cock some sensations that I thought were going to take the top of my head off. We did it until she had me hard again and then she said:

"Yesterday we did it cowgirl so this time it will be reverse cowgirl."

She mounted me with her back to me and then she fucked me. Yes, she fucked me. I laid there and tried to time my pushing up to her pushing down, but I never did get the rhythm of it so she ended up doing most of the work. She rode me until I came and then she dismounted head toward my feet and told me that I got to be on the top. We munched till I was erect. She got on her hands and knees and said:

"You remember this position from yesterday?" I nodded a yes and she said, "This time do my pussy instead of my ass."

I'd cum twice in the last thirty minutes so it took me a while to get my nut. When I was limp I pulled out of her and lay down on the bed beside her. I was trying to get my breath back and Mrs. Bagley said:

"Well lover? How do you like your lessons so far?"

"I love it" I gasped.

Then I heard "Mom; I'm home."

"In the bedroom sweetie."

I sat up in a panic and Mrs. Bagley pulled me back down.

"He knows you're here lover. Just relax."

Tom opened the door and walked into the bedroom and I stupidly was trying to pull the sheet over my nakedness and Tom laughed at me.

"A little shy are we?"

"He just finished" Mrs. Bagley said, "And right now he is too pooped to participate for a while and I'm still needing."

"We can't be having that" Tom said as he undressed. It didn't take too long as all he had on were shorts, a tank top and flip flops. Mrs. Bagley spread her legs wide, I moved over a bit and Tom moved between his mother's legs. As his cock slid in to her I thought:

"This is just too fucking weird."

I got off the bed and left the room. I'd dropped the bag holding my swimming trunks on the floor just inside the door when Mrs. Bagley opened the door for me so I headed down to get them and then go out to the pool. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I saw Gail sitting on the couch and it suddenly occurred to me that I was naked. I covered myself with both hands and Gail laughed.

"Bring it over here Bobby; I want to see it."

I just stood there and stared at her.

"Come on Bob. I know what you've been doing and you know it. Don't go all bashful and shy on me now. I want to see Mary's new toy."

"You call her Mary?"

"Given the relationship we have Mrs. Bagley just doesn't cut it. Now get over here and let me see it."

What the hell! I was feeling the way Alice must have felt when she went down into the rabbit hole. I was in a strange new world. A woman over twice my age actually came after me and wants to keep fucking me. My best friend is fucking his mother as if it is the most natural thing in the world and now his girlfriend, a girl I've know since we were six and in the first grade together, is asking me to show her my dick. All that was missing was the Mad Hatter and the Cheshire Cat.

Gail got tired of waiting for me so she got up and came over to me. She went to her knees in front of me, grabbed my wrists with her hands and pulled my hands away from what I was trying to hide. Her face was six inches from my hanging cock and she said, "Very nice" and leaned forward and took it in her mouth. I froze for maybe three or four seconds and then I jerked away from her.

"What are you doing?"

"You are Tom's girl. We can't do that."

"Of course we can. Tom and I have an understanding. He can do Mary whenever he wants and it is okay with me as long as I get to do anyone I want. The only restriction is that my pussy belongs to Tom only."

"You mea..."

"Yes indeedy Bobby baby; I can suck your cock and you can fuck my butt and Tom won't care. The only thing you can do with my pussy is eat it. Now bring your poker back over here so I can finish my taste test."

"Taste test?"

"I know what Tom and Mary's juices taste like on his cock. I want to see if you and Mary taste different."

Again she got tired of waiting for me so she knee walked over to me and took my cock back in her mouth. I shrugged, said to hell with it, and then relaxed and went with the flow. Gail's taste test morphed into a blow job and I started to harden. Gail took her mouth off me, said "My knees can't take this hardwood floor" and she stood up and then using my cock like a leash she led me over to the couch. As we walked over she said:

"Different. Definitely different."

She pushed me down on the couch, sat down next to me and then bent her head and went back to work. She soon had me standing tall and thinking about how she had told me that I couldn't have her pussy, but I could have her ass and I was trying to think of some way of bringing it up (don't forget I was new to all that stuff) when I remembered one of Mrs. Bagley's 'lessons.'

"Always honey, always work to get her off first. You owe it to her for the pleasure she is giving you and as an added benefit if you make a habit of doing that the word will get around and you will never lack for feminine companionship."

I pushed Gail down on her back and said, "Now I get to return the favor." I got down on my knees between her spread legs, worked her panties off of her and then I went down on her. I did everything that Mrs. Bagley taught me to do and in a bit Gail was moaning and had her hands on my head holding me against her. Being new to it I thought I gave her an orgasm, but whatever I did she seemed to like it because she said:

"Oh Bobby honey; for that you get to have my ass."

As I stood up to claim my prize I heard Tom say, "Maybe, but not now." I looked and saw him coming down the stairs. "If you are hard enough to do Gail's butt you are hard enough to go back upstairs. Mom is still in her 'needing' condition."

It turned into a long and very enjoyable day. Make love, lay by the pool. Make love, lay by the pool. Make love, and then lay by the pool until I couldn't get it up any more. When I left at four I barely had enough energy left to operate the clutch in my car.

After dinner I called Tasha and asked her if she would like to go for a drive and she said no.

"I'd rather go for a park."

It took a second or two to register and then I said, "Yeah! Right! Park. I can do that."

We drove out to Steven's Point and parked. We necked and steamed the windows up, but after a while Tasha pulled back and asked:

"Is something wrong?"

"No. Why would you ask that?"

"You haven't tried to play with my boobs. You always try to play with my boobs."

I shrugged and said, "I've accepted the fact that you are going to hang on to your virginity until prom. I don't see any sense in getting both of us worked up for nothing."

"I took care of you on your birthday didn't I? I won't let you suffer."

"Maybe not, but it isn't right that it is only one way. I went home with a big smile on my face, but before I got there the smile disappeared because I realized that I'd left you hanging."

"You forget that I chose to be left that way. I told you that I didn't trust myself not to lose control."

"Maybe so, but I still felt like a jerk. And then there is also the fact that you don't trust me."

"Don't trust you? Where did that come from?"

"You said that the big day for you was going to be prom night. You don't trust me to respect that decision. You say that you don't trust yourself to stop things from going farther, but what you are also saying is that you don't trust me. You don't trust me not to take advantage of the situation if you start to let yourself go. So the way I see it the thing to do is not get in those situations."

I thought I was being perfectly logical, but apparently Tasha didn't see things the same way. She pulled back, straightened herself up and said:

"Take me home."

Not a word was said on the drive home and when we got there I started to get out of the car to get her door and walk her to the porch and she said, "Don't bother" and was out of the car and up the steps without looking back. I sat there and stared at the door she'd walked through for a couple of minutes and then I drove on home.

The next morning I called Tasha to let her know I was on the way to pick her up for our morning run and her mother answered and said that Tasha wasn't there.

"She left for the park to run about a half hour ago. You can probably catch her there."

I thanked her for the information and then I went out and did my daily run in the neighborhood. When I got home mom told me that Tom had called and wanted me to call him back. I called and he said:

"If you don't have any other plans for the day mom would like to see you."

"What's going on bro. You do know that I don't have a clue right?"

"Not on the phone bud. We can talk sometime today, but for right now just hurry on over. Don't bother ringing the bell and I'm sure that you remember the way to mom's playground."

When I got there I saw Tom and Gail sunning by the pool and I started to head that way, but then heard:

"Oh goodie; you're here."

I looked and saw Mrs. Bagley at the top of the stairs. She was naked and she smiled and held her arms out to me and said:

"Come to mama baby."

My cock went to instant iron bar hard and I forgot all about talking to Tom. Blow job, missionary, sixty-nine, doggie and then:

"We can work on our tans by the pool until you can regain some energy."

When we got to the pool we found Tom going down on Gail and she was moaning and had her hands in his hair. Mrs. Bagley giggled and said:

"I taught him well. He will make a lot of girls happy before he settles down."

"A lot of girls? He and Gail are all ready planning their marriage."

"Nonsense. They are teenagers. Teens fall in and out of love dozens of times before they settle in."

I didn't bother to tell her that I thought she was wrong. Maybe some did, but I knew Tom and Gail and I knew the depth of their feelings for each other. And then there were my feelings for Tasha. I'd known instantly that we were supposed to be together forever. No, Mrs. Bagley was wrong, but I wasn't going to argue with her.

I decided not to wait to talk with Tom. I'd get it from the horse's mouth so to speak. Mrs. Bagley and I stretched out on two chaise lounges and I said:

"Not to look a gift horse in the mouth, but what is going on? I mean why am I here doing what we are doing? I'm loving it, but it doesn't make any sense to me."

"It won't make any sense to you even if I tell you."

"Try me."

"I like sex. I like a lot of sex and I've found that men my age can't give it to me in the quantities I want. A man my age is good for maybe, just maybe, twice and then he is done for the night. Then there is attitude. Men my age are

set in their ways and resist change. A lot of men my age, or close to it, don't like to eat pussy. They are all for having their dicks sucked, but the mere thought of returning the favor disgusts them.

"A lot of men, and not necessarily just my age group, think that a woman who likes and wants sex as much as I do is a tramp and a slut and they treat me accordingly. More than one man has come home with me only to have the door slammed in his face after making a remark like "I've been looking for a slut like you all my life."

"I have not made good choices when it comes to men. My husband turned out to be a pure dirt bag and I found out later that he had started cheating on me the week after our honeymoon. The two best things he did for me was give me Tommy and then run off with some ditzy blond and get himself killed in an auto accident. His half million dollar life insurance policy still had me as the beneficiary and it paid double in case of accidental death. There was also a policy that paid off the house and there was a settlement from the insurance company of the driver that hit Arnold. It left Tommy and me in pretty decent shape.

"But you don't care about any of that right? What you want to know about is Tommy and me and me and you. Right?"

I shook my head yes.

"It goes back to my poor choices in men. About five years after my husband died I met a man and I thought I'd fallen in love. After several months of keeping company I was waiting for him to pop the question. We went out and partied one night and he brought me home and we went to bed. He was only good for two times and I was trying to get him up for a third and not having any luck when he said and I'll never forget his words:

"I've got some good friends who are going to love helping me satisfy my slut."

"I bit his cock, grabbed the bedside table lamp and hit him with it and then chased him out of the house. I went back to my room, sat on my bed and cried my eyes out. I was still sitting there naked and crying with my bedroom door open when Tommy came home from a date with Gail. He came in to see what was wrong and he took me in his arms to comfort me and give me a shoulder to cry on. It just so happened that Tommy's relationship with Gail hadn't yet gone sexual and he'd come home with a bad case of blue balls. One thing led to another and by morning Tommy had lost his cherry and mommy was sexually satisfied for the first time in years. The recovery powers of a young man are astounding.

"Once we started we never stopped. Six months later Gail gave it up to Tommy and that led to the next step. Tommy had forgotten he had invited Gail over to lounge by the pool. She had gotten into the habit of just walking into the house and she walked in on Tommy and I making love. Instead of bursting into tears and running from the house she sat down and watched as she said:

"So this is where he learned it all."

Since then Gail and I have shared Tommy and that brings us to you."

"I don't understand. How did you and Gail sharing Tom lead to me?"

With Tommy also taking care of Gail I was only getting half of what I used to get. I started to get grumpy and irritable with Tommy and Gail noticed and asked me what was wrong and I told her. She told Tommy and he told me that I needed to get out and find a man. I told him I didn't want a man. I wanted some one like him. Some one young and with fast recuperative powers. He told me that the only one he knew that he could trust to keep the secret was you. We couldn't do anything until you turned eighteen because if something had gone wrong I could have ended up in trouble with the law for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and I could have been

labeled a sexual predator. You turned eighteen and here you are. Between you and Tommy I'm getting what I need and that's the story."

By the time she was finished her tale Gail was riding Tom cowgirl and Mrs. Bagley said that watching them had gotten her juices flowing again and she pulled me down on an air mattress about three feet from them and started sucking my cock. From there it turned into an afternoon that most guys my age can only dream about.

At one point I was in a sixty-nine with Gail as Tom fucked his mom. Then there was the time that I fucked Mary doggie (she told me I could call her honey, baby, sweetie or Mary, but she didn't want to hear me say Mrs. Bagley ever again) while she sucked on Tom as he licked Gail's pussy and ass. The finale was Tom fucking his mom doggie while I fucked Gail in her butt as she and Mary were face to face and kissing each other (Tom and I actually 'high-fived' during it).

Tom left to take Gail home and I called home and told my mom I was going to spend the night with Tom and then Mary and I went to bed. I woke up in the middle of the night and found Tom and his mother going at it while she squeezed my cock in her hand and then of course I had to pick up where Tom left off when he came and then went to bed.

Mary fixed us breakfast and then went off to take a shower leaving Tom and me sitting at the kitchen table. I was quiet and Tom said:

"Whatcha thinking bud?"

"About how weird this is. Your mom and me is mind blowing all by itself, but yesterday was just way, way out there. I mean your mom is one thing, but I know how you feel about Gail and still you let me and her get together. Don't get me wrong here bro; I'm loving it, but I sure as hell don't understand it."

"Blackmail bud; plain old blackmail."

"Who is being blackmailed and who is the blackmailer?"

"The answer to the first is me and the answer to the second is Gail."

"I don't understand."

"When Gail first found out about mom and me she told me that I had to make a choice. I could have her or mom, but not both. I told her I couldn't make the choice. I didn't want to lose her, but I couldn't turn my back on mom. We broke up for a week and then she came back and said I didn't have to make a choice, but if I could have more than one woman she could have more than one man.

"It turned out that just like mom wasn't getting enough sharing me with Gail, Gail wasn't getting enough sharing me with mom. We talked it out and I asked her what she had in mind. Did she want to date other guys or what and she told me no. She said that since I had one other besides her she wanted one other also. I asked her if she had someone in mind and she said you. The problem was that we were both eighteen and you were only seventeen. Even though you were only a month younger mom convinced us to wait until you were legal because technically we were adults and you were a minor. Mom's fear was that something might come out and some chicken shit cop or district attorney might try and make something out of it. We agreed to wait for you to turn eighteen.

"Meanwhile I had to agree to let Gail go play if she felt the need, but only as long as no one else got her pussy. Ass and mouth were all she could give up. As far as I know she only played three times before you joined us."

"She chose me?"

"What can I say bud? She meant what she said that day you met Nat for the first time. That if she didn't have me she would have gone for you."

"Oh shit!!! Tasha. What am I going to do about her? We haven't been together that long, but I get the feeling from her that she isn't going to take kindly to my not being exclusive."

"Don't let her find out. What she doesn't know won't hurt her. Besides, it's not like you have anything really going with her yet. You aren't going steady and you aren't engaged or anything like that. If the two of you ever get to the point of deciding on a steady relationship then you will need to make decisions. Until then I suggest that you enjoy the ride that you are on."

He looked at his watch. "I need to go and get Gail. You going to be here when I get back?"

"I don't know. I've got to call Tasha and see what's going on."

I called her and her mother told me that she had all ready left for her morning run. I couldn't figure it out. She got pissed at me because I wouldn't play with her tits? And now two days in a row she had gone for her run without me and she wasn't returning my calls. I decided to go for my morning run and try calling her later that afternoon, but when I stood up I heard:

"Not leaving on me are you?"

I turned to see a very naked Mary.

"I got all clean and sweet smelling for you lover and I even put clean sheets on the bed. Come on lover; let's go play."

She turned and headed for the bedroom. I watched that marvelous ass as it walked away from me and then I followed along. Two exhausting hours later she had to go grocery shopping so I decided to get my run in and I headed for the park.

As I ran I thought about what was happening with Tasha. I could see it if she was saying no and I kept trying to get her clothes off of her, coping feels and trying to get my fingers or more into her pussy, but getting pissed off for just the opposite? Especially after telling me that nothing would happen until prom. It just didn't make sense.

I finished my run and went home. I gave Tasha a call and her mom answered and I asked for Tasha and she told me to hold while she went and got her. She came back and told me that Tasha was busy and couldn't come to the phone. Then she asked if I wanted to leave a message.

"Just tell her that I won't bother her any more."

I called Tom and asked if he wanted to run around that evening.

"Whatcha got in mind?"

"Arcade, miniature golf, Skate City; anything to get out of the house."

"Skate City is out. Nat doesn't skate."

"Natasha won't be with us."

"Natasha? What happened to calling her Tasha?"

"Short sad story. Tell you tonight."

"Gail loves to skate so Skate City. Good enough?"

"It'll do."

"That just doesn't make sense" Gail said.

"Tell me about it.

"Mom will be glad to hear it. She was afraid that Nat would cut into her time with you. Mom can be real needy at times."

"We need to find your mother a boyfriend" Gail said. "I'm not going to be as liberal when we get married. I'm going to want us to be exclusive when that happens."

"I didn't really want to hear that" I said. I thought the three of us were forever."

I was joking when I said it, but I wasn't sure that Gail was when she said, "I'll always be able to fit you in Bobby" and from the look on Tom's face I guessed he wasn't all that sure either.

There were other kids there that I knew and I skated with Pauline French, Harlina Collins, Nancy Neubert and Bev Holbrook. Pauline and I had dated a time or two and she asked me why I hadn't called her and I told her that I didn't mess with a friend's girl.

"What does that mean?"

"You started dating Harry Short so that told me that you were taken."

"I haven't seen Harry since I caught him kissing Nancy Wilde at Beverly Abbeg's birthday party."

"Okay then; how about taking in a movie with me tomorrow?"

"What time?"

"Six?"

"I'll be ready."

"How do you think Nat will react to your going out with Paulie" Gail asked as we drove away from the rink.

"No idea, but it doesn't matter. We aren't talking and from her actions it is clear to me that she doesn't want to."

I dropped Gail off first and when I got Tom home he asked me if I was going to come in.

"Mom will be happy to see you."

I did what no other teenager in the world do when there was a chance for some pussy – I said no.

"I need to get home so that my parents can see that I'm still around."

The next morning I was up at eight and headed for the park for my morning run. I ran the Red Hawk that morning. It was a little more hilly than the Black Diamond and I felt that my legs needed to be stretched a bit. When the run was over and I was back in the parking lot and headed for my car I saw Natasha's mom dropping her off for her run and I ignored her, got in my car and drove off.

I spent the day washing and waxing the car and at six I picked Pauline up and we went to the Rialto. Somewhere during the movie I became aware that we were holding hands and I didn't even know when or how it happened.

After the movie I took her to Harry's Malt Shack and the first thing I saw once I was inside was Natasha sitting with Tom and Gail. Pauline and Gail were good friends so Pauline naturally headed for the table where Gail was sitting. We sat down and Gail introduced Pauline to Natasha and then Pauline, not knowing any better introduced me to Natasha.

"This is Bobby Marchant who, if I get my way, is going to be my boyfriend."

Tom, who was taking a sip of his milkshake, choked and spit a little bit of it out and Gail muttered, "Oh shit!" Then Natasha spoke up.

"I can understand you wanting him, but I don't think I'm quite ready to give him up." Then she looked at me and asked, "Are you taking back your proposal?"

"Given the way you have acted towards me the last couple of days I thought you ended the engagement."

"What is going on here" Pauline asked.

Gail stood up and said she needed to use the facilities and she asked Pauline to go with her. Pauline looked at Natasha, then at me and then back at Natasha and then realizing that Gail was going to explain things she got up and followed Gail. Natasha reached across the table, took my hand said:

"As the guy you need to understand that girlfriends, fiancées and wives will occasionally get pissed over something and that you will have to live with it and ride it out until she gets over it."

I looked at Tom and he shrugged and said, "Gail does sometimes get a wild hair up her butt, but it usually goes away in a couple of days."

"So" Natasha asked, "Is the bimbo going to get her way?"

"She isn't a bimbo and no she isn't going to get her way. I like her and she is a friend, but there isn't any spark there. She is a fun date and because of you I've had a couple of free nights that she helped fill, but there is nothing long term there."

"We going to run in the morning?"

"Pick you up at nine?"

"I'll be ready."

Gail and Pauline returned and the talk was general until Gail said that it was time for her to go. Pauline leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and said:

"Gail said she and Tommy would run me home so you can work things out with Natasha."

She stood up and told Natasha that it was nice meeting her and then I pulled her back down onto her seat.

"You are my date and I will be the one to take you home."

"He's right" Tasha said, "Where I come from you always go home with the one who brung you."

"Are you sure" Pauline asked.

"Yes" Tasha and I said almost in unison. Tasha stood up, leaned over and kissed me, said "See you baby" and left with Tom and Gail. Pauline watched them until they were out the door and then said:

"I should really dislike her because I did want to make you my boyfriend, but I kind of like her."

I had to think about the fickle finger of fate. If I had known about Harry two weeks sooner Pauline could very well have been my girl when Tasha came to town, I wouldn't have had my blind date and Tasha and I would have never happened.

When I got Pauline home I walked her to her door and thanked her for a fun evening. She stepped forward, threw her arms around me and kissed me. I felt her tongue probe and then she broke the kiss.

"Call me if things don't work out with her."

She turned and walked into the house.

As I drove home my head was full of typical teenaged thoughts. I'd meant it when I told Tasha that there wasn't any long term likely with me and Pauline, but I had misled her when I said that there wasn't a spark between us.

I'd had the screaming hots for Pauline since the seventh grade, but then so had half of the other guys at school and a lot of them weren't as shy as I was so we had never managed to hook up. There was no chance for long term even if we had hooked up because it was already well known that Pauline was going to go back east to some big named women's college and then she planned to get into national politics. That meant she would most likely stay back east around Washington.

Given what was going on with me, Mary, Gail and Tom I did have to wonder if I could have fucked Pauline that night if we hadn't run into Tom, Gail and Tasha. I wondered what it would have been like. Harry had insinuated that he and Pauline had done the dirty and I had intended to try before the night was over.

That led to another thought that didn't make any sense. Why would meeting up with the three of them make me not try and fuck Pauline? I mean it really wasn't the three of them; it was Tasha. Tasha's reaffirmation that we had something going made me look at fucking Pauline as cheating. How stupid was that? What was I all ready doing with Mary and Gail? Why would Pauline be any different? Hadn't I been spending a good part of the day trying to figure out when I could get with Mary again? Was I fucked up or what?

It didn't get any easier the next morning. Tasha looked mouth watering in her tank top and cut-off jean shorts. Running with a hard on isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, but I some how managed.

As we got in the car Tasha said, "I all ready told Tom and Gail we would be over to lie around the pool and work on our tans. That okay with you?"

I didn't really know the right answer to that one. It would very likely put me in the presence of Mary and while I knew I could behave while Tasha was with me I wasn't all that sure about Mary.

I needn't have worried. Apparently Mary and Gail had gotten together and between the two of them they had come up with a plan. After we had been there about an hour, during which Mary, Gail and Tasha talked while Tom and I swam, Gail came over and said:

"Nat and I are going shopping. You want to come along?"

Before either Tom or I could answer Mary said, "I'm going to need both boys to help me move some furniture."

Tom and I looked at each other and Tom winked at me. Ten minutes later we had Mary on her bed although it would be more accurate to say that Mary had us – Tom in her butt and me in her mouth. Then it was me in her pussy and Tom in her mouth followed by Tom in her pussy and me in her butt. Then we heard the girls come home and we had to quickly break up things.

Once we were all by the pool again Tasha told me that she had to be home by five to help her mom get things ready for her dad's birthday party. Gail asked me if I could drop her off at her place and an hour later the three of us left. Gail lived the farthest away so I dropped Tasha off first. I walked her to her door and made a date to run with her in the morning, kissed her and went back to the car.

As soon as we were out of sight of Tasha's house Gail leaned over to unzip me. I pushed her hand away.

"Hey!" she said, "My price for getting Nat out of there so you guys could play was getting to play with you."

She reached for me again and I again pushed her hand away. "It was in Mary's butt when you guys came back to the house and it hasn't been washed."

"So what? I can't suck it because of the center console. All I want to do is use my hand to make sure you are nice and hard when we get to my house. I can wash it and my hand when we get there."

"I'm sure your parents will love that."

"They aren't there. They have gone to visit my Aunt Ruth and won't be home until around midnight."

I stopped pushing her hand away and she had me standing tall and not far from shooting when we pulled up in her driveway.

"You will have to put it away until we get into the house, but I promise I'll have it back out as soon as the door closes behind us."

Once inside the house she led me to her bedroom and we quickly got naked. She took hold of my cock and led me to the bathroom where she washed it and then led me to her bed.

"Were you close to getting off in the car?"

"I sure was."

"Then you are still probably close and we should get the quick one out of the way."

She leaned forward to take me in her mouth and I pushed her away.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? What is with all this pushing me away shit? First in the car and now here?"

"Does the number sixty-nine resonate with you? I want you on top" I said as I lay down on my back.

"I like the way you think" she said as she moved over me.

She did get the quick one out of the way and then we worked on each other until she had me standing tall again. She got up and surprised the hell out of me. She swung over me and guided my stiff dick up into her pussy.

"You can't do that!" I tried to push her off. "You are only supposed to do oral and anal."

"Hush. I already told you. It is my price for getting Tasha out of the way. Tom knows that we are doing this. Now stop with the pushing me away shit and fuck me!"

I did what she asked – twice – with a sixty-nine in between. I was lying there looking up at the ceiling and Gail was next to me propped up on an elbow looking down at me and fondling my limp cock. She was trying to find some life in it, but even with the recuperative powers of youth she was fighting a losing battle. What I'd done with Mary coupled with what I'd done with Gail had wiped me out.

"What are you thinking" Gail asked.

"Trying to equate what I'm doing with you and Mary with my feelings for Tasha. I can rationalize it by saying that she won't do it so it is okay for me to do it with someone else until she will do it, but the bottom line is that I'm still cheating on her."

"As long as we are careful she will never know."

"But I will. And another thing. We are looking at six or seven months until the prom. What happens if by then I'm so hooked on what I'm doing with you and Mary that I won't want to give it up?"

"Then we will just have to get Nat to join us."

NO WAY!! NO FUCKING WAY!!! Were the thoughts that went roaring through my head. I wasn't going to share my woman with anyone! Given what I was doing how weird was that?

She finally gave up trying to resurrect my dead soldier and we got off the bed and dressed. She walked me to the door and gave me a scorcher of a kiss and then I went home.

The last week before school started I was able to get together with Mary four times. Once with Tom and Gail, once with Tom and twice I had to try and stay with her by myself. I swear that woman could handle five studs at once if she wanted to.

The big thing that happened that week was that Tasha decided that she could trust me after all. It was a Saturday night and we had gone to the movies after which we stopped by Harry's Malt Shop. There were a bunch of kids there that I knew and on previous occasions I had introduced Tasha to most of them. Of course I introduced her as Natasha. Tasha was my pet name for her. Most of those there knew who she was and knew that she was my girl.

I got up to go to the bathroom and when I came back Eddie Wooters was taking to Tasha. He walked away when I walked up and as I sat down I asked:

"What did Eddie want?"

"Me?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"He wanted to know if I would go out with him."

I started to get up and Tasha grabbed my arm. "Where are you going?"

"To punch him in the mouth."

"Sit down baby. There is no need for violence here."

"Oh yes there is. Horning in on two people who are on a date to ask the girl for a date is horseshit. He needs to find out that it is not acceptable. At least it isn't to me."

"I said there is no need for you to do anything. I all ready put him in his place. Leave it be baby. I have plans for tonight and they won't work if you are sitting on the back seat of a cop car for fighting."

I looked over at Eddie and gave him a nasty look. A look I hope he took to mean that I wasn't through with him over what he'd done. I doubted that he took it that way because he smirked at me. I made a mental note to kick his ass the first chance I had to do it without bringing the authorities into it. I also told myself to start carrying a club since the asshole was six inches taller and sixty pounds heavier than me.

Tasha and I finished our malts and left. As soon as we were in the car Tasha said, "Watch this baby" and she took off her panties and hung them on my rear view mirror. Then she unbuttoned her blouse and unsnapped her bra and then said:

"As long as I'm going to play with yours I guess you should be able to play with mine."

I drove to Steven's Point, got the blanket out of the trunk and then, under a full moon and a sky overloaded with bright stars we made out. I sucked her breasts and finger fucked her to two orgasms while she gave me a hand job. She shocked me when she licked my cum off her hands and then said:

"Yum! I could learn to like a steady diet of this."

I sat there and stared at her. I didn't know how to respond to that. She giggled and said:

"Close your mouth sweetie. I promise I won't hurt you. I shouldn't be doing this. Tom and Gail areal ready accusing me of robbing the cradle."

Tasha was three weeks older than me.

She reached for my cock and fondled it and after a minute she said, "Screw this shit" and she lowered her head and took me I her mouth. I was stunned! It was the absolute last thing that I ever thought would happen. She was sixty seconds into the blow job before I got my act together. I pulled my cock out of her mouth and she looked up at me with a confused and bewildered look that quickly turned into a smile as I pulled her into position to go sixty-nine with her on top. Her mouth recaptured my cock as I started feasting on her pussy and we stayed with it until we got each other off.

We cuddled on the blanket looking up at the stars and she asked:

"Who taught you to do that?"

I lied and said, "Another young lady determined to walk down the aisle a virgin, but who still wanted to enjoy orgasms."

"Anyone I know?"

"Let us just say that you will be classmates when we start school next week."

No way I was going to tell her that it was her Aunt Mary who gave me the lessons and there was also no way I was going to ask her how she had learned to give such a super fine blow job. I didn't yet know that my saying "Another young lady" was going to come back and haunt me. After a few minutes Tasha said:

"Can we do it again?"

We could and we did.

School started and for the next four months things were great. Under the guise of working together with Tom on homework I managed to get together with Mary on the average of three times a week. The weather was still decent so the pool hadn't been shut down yet so we did spend some Saturdays and Sundays lying about and soaking up sun.

Saturday during the day Tasha usually had something going on with her family so Saturday during the day I usually had something going with Mary, Tom and Gail. Friday and Saturday nights were date nights and a date night with Tasha almost always meant hot kisses and some sixty-nine. All in all I would have to say I was one of the most sexually satisfied teenagers in the state.

The weather near the end of October did what it usually did at that time of the year and since the pool wasn't heated or covered it had to be shut down until the next year. At first I was upset because it robbed me of a legitimate excuse to spend as much time at Tom's house as I had been spending, but Mary convinced me that it wouldn't cut down on our time at all. As long as Tom and I were classmates I could always come over for study sessions with Tom.

Things went to hell on me during the second week in November. It was on a Wednesday. I had to stay after school and talk with Coach Markham about an indoor track meet that was coming up and I told Tasha that I would meet her at the malt shop. When I got there I found her sitting at a table with Eddie Wooters. I walked up to them and Tasha stood up, snarled "You bastard!" at me and slapped my face. Hard!! I was so stunned that she was out the door before I could recover.

Looking back on it what I should have done was turn and smack the shit out of Eddie until he told me what he had done to cause Tasha to do it – and there was no doubt in my mind that it was something he had done to cause it – but what I did was go running after Tasha. I didn't catch her so I headed over to her house. When I rang the bell her father came to the door and I asked to speak with Tasha.

"She doesn't want to speak to you so just run along and don't bother her any more."

"But I have to speak to her" I said, but I was speaking to the door he had closed in my face.

The next day at school Tasha did her best to avoid me. Any time I got close to her she turned and walked away. At lunch time she was sitting at a table in the cafeteria with two other girls and I walked over to take the empty seat. When I got to the table she looked at me and said:

"Get the fuck away from me!!"

I snapped. I shouldn't have, but I did. I lost it.

"Well fuck you too you stupid cunt!"

I saw the shock on her face and I actually smiled as I turned and walked away.

The next day at school the shoe was on the other foot. Every time I saw Tasha heading my way I went the other way. She might not have even been coming to me, but it didn't matter. I wanted her to see that I was going out of my way to avoid her.

That afternoon as I was leaving school I saw Tasha outside waiting on the steps. Whether for me or some one else I had no idea, but I did a one-eighty and backtracked to the west entrance and left the school that way.

Friday was a carbon copy of Thursday and Saturday found me over at Tom's. Mary was out grocery shopping so it was just Gail, Tom and me. Gail asked me what was wrong between Tasha and me and I told her that I didn't have a clue.

"Wednesday she called me a bastard and slapped me and the next day she flat out told me, and this is an exact quote, "Get the fuck away from me" and so I'm doing what she wanted."

"That doesn't sound at all like Nat."

"I don't know and I don't care. If she can't talk to me when we have a problem fuck her!"

"Funny that you should bring up fucking" Tom said, "because that is what Gail has in mind."

I stood up as I said, "Well okay; I'll get out of here and leave you to it."

"Hold up there" Gail said, "We need your help."

"Help with what?"

"Gail has seen mom with both of us and she is curious."

"Curious?"

"She wants to know what it feels like to be taken by two guys at the same time and you have to be the other guy."

"Me?"

"Of course you. There isn't anyone else we can trust and you know it."

Not that I would have refused anyway, but Gail was already pulling down my zipper before I could have if I'd wanted to. Tom and I did Gail in all the ways two guys could do one girl and Gail loved it. Her favorite (but not mine – not by a long shot) was both Tom and I in her pussy at the same time. Rubbing cocks with Tom was just too way out weird for me. With one of us in her ass and the other in her pussy we rubbed cocks, but that was different because there was skin between us. Not so when we doubled in her pussy.

Gail had Tom's cock in her mouth and I was deep in her ass when we heard:

"I want to play too" and we looked over and saw Mary getting naked.

"You take care of her bro and I'll take over from you" Tom said as he pulled out of Gail's mouth.

I pulled out of Gail's butt and headed for the bathroom to wash my cock as Tom buried himself in Gail's ass. I turned on the sink faucet and reached for the soap and rag, but Mary's hand reached by me and she picked them up as she said:

"Let me do it lover."

She washed my cock and then started sucking it and that led to an absolutely exhausting day and when I got home my mom asked:

"What on earth did you do to yourself. You look like a wreck."

"Too much exercise trying to stay in shape for track."

"Track is not worth killing yourself over. You need to take it easier on yourself."

"Yes mom."

Sunday was going to be a day of semi-rest for me. Clean my room and then wash and wax the Mustang. I was just taking off my wet clothes when mom called me to the phone.

"It's Tommy."

"What's up bud?"

"You doing anything you can't breakaway from?"

"Not really."

"I could use some help bro."

"One or two?"

"Just the one. For some reason she is on fire today."

"You're going to have to feed me if I come over because I'll miss supper here."

"Whatever. Just get here. Please."

I hung up and told mom that Tom needed some help doing a couple of things for his mom. He said I could have supper with them."

"I just don't understand why Mary hasn't remarried. It can't be because she still has feelings for that skunk she was married to."

"Don't know. Maybe she just doesn't trust men any more."

"Well I'm glad she has Tom to help her and that he has good friends that he can call on."

It was a typical Bob, Tom and Mary night. Two holes always filled and thank God we didn't do the two in the pussy thing. My mom didn't see me when I got home and that was a good thing because I looked just as whipped as I had the previous evening when she told me that I needed to take better care of myself.

I spent the week staying busy with track, school work and Mrs. Bagley. And avoiding Natasha. It wasn't all that hard because I'm sure that she was also trying to avoid me.

Saturday was another Mary, Gail, Tom and Bob day until four in the afternoon and then I went home to help celebrate my dad's birthday. After supper and cake and ice cream dad opened his gifts. I'd hit a Chevy dealer and had gotten him a black windbreaker with the Chevy 'bow-tie' on the back and as he tried it on I told him that I had searched all over town for one that said Ford on the front and Mustang on the back, but couldn't find one in his size.

"Damned good thing" he said, "Or you would be living in your car from now on."

"Now now boys, this is supposed to be a happy occasion" mom said as she handed dad a small gift wrapped box. "I had to go all over town to find this."

He opened it, looked in the box and then said, "You go live in Bobby's car."

"What is it" my Aunt Marge asked.

"Something slated for the landfill as soon as I can make it happen."

Aunt Marge took the box from him and took an item out of the box. It was a bright orange coffee mug with the picture of a Dodge Charger on it. Everyone broke out laughing, all sixteen of us, and dad mumbled:

"I'll get you for this. Just remember, paybacks are a bitch."

"Right!" mom said as she sat down on his lap and kissed him. Later that night I heard noises coming from their bedroom. Must have been some of that payback that dad had mentioned.

Another week that started out like the previous two, but on Wednesday things took a turn. I had arranged to meet Tom and Gail at Harry's after my meeting with Coach Markham and when I walked into the malt shop I saw them sitting at a table with Natasha. I almost turned and left, but curiosity made me go over and sit with them.

I ignored Natasha and started talking with Tom and Gail. We discussed the election for class president and then I saw Pauline French walk in alone. I decided to piss Natasha off even more and I started to get up and go over and join Pauline. Tom grabbed my arm and said:

"Whoa up there bro. We set up this little meeting so we could get to the bottom of what is going on between you two."

"She know I was going to be here?"

"No. We sandbagged her too."

"So what is going on" Gail asked.

"I've got no fucking idea. You will have to ask Tom's cousin."

"You know damned well what the problem is asshole. She just walked in."

"Pauline? What the hell does Pauline have to do with you slapping my face and calling me a bastard?"

"Oh come on Robert; you know perfectly well what that bitch has to do with it."

"Actually I don't have the faintest idea, but then neither do Tom and Gail so since they set up this little meeting why don't you go on and tell them."

"This asshole" she said pointing at me, "Was cheating on me with that bitch over there" she said pointing at Pauline.

"And you know this how" I asked.

"Eddie told me."

"Eddie? Eddie Wooters? The same dirt bag that came up to you while you were out on a dare with ma and asked you out?"

"The same guy I'm going out with now since he clued me in about you."

"And just when was I supposed to be going out with Pauline? When did Eddie see us together?"

"It was on a Thursday and it was right here. In fact it was in this very booth. Eddie saw you sitting here kissing the bitch."

"And what time was this supposed to have happened?"

"After school. You told me that you had a meeting with your track coach after school so I went on home."

"He told you that he saw me in her with Pauline around five. Is that right?"

"You know it is so don't be acting like it is some big surprise."

I looked at Tom and Gail and said, "What is it that we know about Eddie. He is on the football team right?"

Both Tom and Gail nodded a yes.

"Has he missed a game this year?"

"No" Tom said, "He hasn't missed a game and in fact he is having a very good year. He scored the winning touchdown in the last two games and in the one before them he set up the winning field goal with a thirty yard run."

"Okay then, changing the subject. What is it that we know about Coach Reynolds?"

"He is a strict disciplinarian" Tom said.

"In what way?"

"If you miss a practice or are even late for a practice he makes you sit out the next game. He won't even let you suit up for the game."

"Okay. Follow my thinking here. Eddie hasn't missed a game and we know Reynolds drops the hammer on you if you are late and miss a practice. Eddie told your cousin here that he saw me in here with Pauline at five on a Thursday. There is a thread here that I'm trying to pick up. Can either of you help me out?" I asked Tom and Gail.

They looked at me confused and then I saw the light bulbs light up over their heads.

"Shit! Tom said. "If he was here after school between four and six-thirty he would have missed practice and he would have been riding the bench and not playing in that last game."

"He played therefore he didn't miss or be late for practice" Gail said. "If he was at practice he couldn't have been in here to see anything and that means he lied to Nat."

"Thank you. For a minute there I was afraid I might have missed something."

I turned to Natasha. "I'm so glad that you are dating the lying asshole. You deserve each other."

I stood up and said, "I think I'll go over and see if Pauline would like some company" and I walked over to her table.

It turned out that Pauline did want some company and ten minutes later I smiled to myself when I saw the look on Natasha's face as Pauline and I left Harry's together.

"Trouble in paradise?" Pauline asked when we got outside.

"You could say that."

"How much trouble? Enough to free you up? I meant what I said sweetie."

"What you said?"

"The night you took me home after my meeting Natasha. I told you that if things didn't work out to give me a call."

"Well I guess that things haven't worked out."

"You have anything planned for this weekend?"

"Not a thing."

"How about we go to the game on Friday and then maybe we can think of a way to fill the rest of the weekend."

"I'd like that."

Pauline was driving her parent's car so I told her that I would see her in school the next day and I went on home. I hadn't been there twenty minutes when I got a call from Tom.

"You really upset Nat when you got up and joined Pauline and then left with her."

"Tough shit bud; she's the one responsible. It will probably wind her watch even more when she finds out that I'm dating Pauline this weekend and probably beyond."

"Nat is in the mood right now that with a smidgen of effort you could fix things up with her."

"I don't think so. Did you not hear the venomous "fuck you" tone in her voice when she told me she was dating Eddie? She can just keep on dating the asshole for all I care."

"We still on for our regular Saturday morning?"

"Wouldn't miss it."

"I'll let mom know."

Thursday at school I had to work extra hard at avoiding Natasha because she had gone from avoiding me to trying to get to me. I was sitting at a table in the cafeteria during lunch period and she came up and asked if she could sit there. I told her to go ahead and when she sat down I got up and left.

When class ended I headed for the student parking lot and saw Natasha standing outside on the steps. She was talking to Eddie Wooters and I debated turning and going out the west entrance, but decided not to. As I walked out Natasha left Eddie and headed my way.

"We need to talk Bobby."

"Didn't any one ever tell you it wasn't polite to walk away from your main man to talk to another guy?"

"He isn't my main man."

"Now isn't that a coincidence. I'm not either" and I walked away from her.

I'd gone maybe five steps when I heard "Hey!" I turned and saw Wooters coming toward me. I had no idea what he wanted and I didn't care. I owed the asshole, but I wasn't stupid. He had me by four or five inches and at least sixty pounds so a fair fight was out of the question. When he got close he said:

"Where the fuck do you ge ... ooof!!"

The last thing that he expected was that I would attack so when I drop kicked him in the nuts it came as a total surprise. While he was still stunned I kicked him again and he screamed and went to his knees. I kicked him a third time as Natasha came running over.

"Stop it Bobby; you're going to hurt him."

"That's what I'm trying to do you stupid bitch."

I kicked him a fourth time and then I grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked his face up to within inches of mine.

"You are bigger than me fuck face so I'm never going to fight fair with you. I owed you this for what you did to me and Natasha. You can accept it as your due or you can come looking for payback, but if you do know this. You will need to grow eyes in the back of your head because one day I will creep on you from behind and I'll open up your head with a baseball bat, a crowbar or a two by four and I'll keep doing it until you get the message."

While that was going on Natasha was trying to pull me away from him. I stood up and pushed her away.

"Remember what you said to me that day in the cafeteria? Well back attcha; get the fuck away from me!"

I got lucky. Apparently no teachers or other school officials noticed what had just happened and I walked away, got in my car and left.

I was helping my mom do the dishes when I got a call from Tom.

"You could very well end up being the least popular guy in school."

"Why?"

"You know why. What you did to Wooters."

"How does that make me unpopular?"

"We play the Braves tomorrow and if we don't beat them we don't go to the State finals."

"So?"

"What you did to Eddie caused him to miss practice and that means he will be benched for the game."

"Tough titty bud. I owed him for the shit he pulled on Natasha and me. I'm not the least bit sorry and if the rest of the school is upset about it fuck 'em. Besides, Reynolds may let him slide since he had a valid reason for missing practice."

"Can you get loose for a bit? Gail and I have some place to go and mom is alone. She can use some company."

"I'll see what I can do."

When the dishes were done I told mom that I was going over to Tom's to study.

"Say hi to his mom for me. I haven't talked with her in quite a while. Not since she kicked her husband out."

"Kicked him out? I thought he ran off with a younger woman."

"No. She caught him cheating and kicked him out. I guess once she booted him he hooked up with one of the women he cheated with and left town. If you think of it ask her to give me a call."

"I was hoping you would be able to come over" a naked Mary said when she answered the door. "Hurry up and get your clothes off. I want to play the numbers game and then fuck your brains out."

"The numbers game?"

"Sixty-nine silly; sixty-nine."

I was dressing to go home when I said, "My mom said to say hi and said that you should give her a call sometime."

"She did, did she?"

"I didn't know that you knew each other."

"A long time ago we were good friends."

"A long time ago? What happened that you aren't friends any more?"

"Albert Bagley happened."

"Albert Bagley?"

"My late unlamented husband."

"I don't understand."

"Simple enough. Beth and I were good friends until I found out she was fucking my husband."

"My mom? I don't believe it."

"It is true. She doesn't know that I know, but that is why I stopped speaking with and associating with her. She called me a couple of times wanting to get together, but I always told her I was too busy raising Tommy as a single mother to go out."

"Too busy raising Tom? That would mean she was doing it while married to my dad and raising me. I don't believe it. You have to be wrong. She would never cheat on my dad. Whoever it was who told you that she was cheating with your husband had to be lying to you."

"Think so? Wait right here."

She left the room and came back a few minutes later and handed me a folder.

"Go ahead. Read it."

I opened the folder and read the top sheet. The logo on the top of the page said Spenser Investigations and it was dated just a little over eleven years ago. The report described following Albert Stanley Bagley for the week and it showed that he met my mom on five separate occasions. Twice at our house and three times at the Red Roof Inn. There were photos of my mom kissing a man, holding hands with a man and entering rooms 113, 127 and 201 at the Red Roof Inn with a man. A man who was not my father and whom I could only assume was Albert Stanley Bagley.

I stared at the words in absolute disbelief. My mom cheating on my dad! I was shaking my head. It couldn't be. My mom loved my dad. I know she did.

"If it helps she had what she thought was good reason to cheat on your father. She caught him fucking his secretary and she was getting even. She just should have gotten even with a man who wasn't the husband of a friend. Like I said, she doesn't know that I know. When I finally confronted the asshole it was over another woman he was fucking and not your mother.

"Even though your mom doesn't know that I know I have always planned on telling her. In fact, I have a confession to make. The main reason I pressed Tommy to bring you in as his helper was so I could corrupt you and then throw it in your mother's face. It was going to be a "You fucked my husband so I got even by fucking your son" moment."

I looked at her alarmed and she laughed.

"That was then lover; this is now. To begin with I woke up to the fact that you could be pissed enough to blow the whistle on Tom, Gail and me and I couldn't have that. But the main reason I can't do it is because it would put an end to what I'm doing with you. I've grown fond of you lover and I'm hoping I can keep you around for a long, long time. Now give me kisses, run on home and look forward to our Saturday. Oh, and tell your mom I said hi."

I thought about what I'd found out all the way home. I still had a problem believing it. Mom cheating on dad? Dad cheating on mom? How could that be? I saw them every day and it sure seemed to me like they loved each other.

There was a change in me when I got home. I hoped that mom couldn't see it, but it was there. I had heard that most boys at sometime during their lives looked on their mother's with lust and had sexual fantasies concerning

them and used those fantasies as mental sexual stimulus when masturbating. That had never happened to me. Until I got home that night.

Suddenly I saw mom in a new light and when I walked into the house and saw her I got a hard on. The first one ever that was caused by my mom. When I saw her in the kitchen I saw her entering a motel room with Albert and I began to imagine what she did inside that room. The image of my mother fucking a man who wasn't my father was in my head when I went to bed that night and was the cause of the first time I ever beat off while thinking of her. As I spurted into the hankie in my hand I even wondered if my mom might consider a little incest.

Friday Natasha was waiting at the west entrance when I got to school. I thought "Shit! Here we go; another damned scene" but then off to my right I saw Pauline coming. I slowed until she reached me and then I offered her my arm and we walked into school together. As we walked by Natasha she gave us a very, very nasty look.

Natasha tried to catch me between classes, but I was able to avoid her and during lunch period I sat with Pauline so Natasha didn't come anywhere close to our table.

"You sure you want to go to the game tonight" Pauline asked.

"Sure. Why wouldn't I want to go?"

"From what I've been hearing this morning you might possibly be hung from the goal posts. Is it true what I'm hearing about you and Eddie Wooters?"

"You mean my getting a little upset with him? Yeah. I guess I did."

"Whatever for?"

I told Pauline the story.

"He actually used me in his lie?"

"That's what I was told."

"The next kick in the nuts he gets will be from me." She paused and looked at me for a moment or two and then asked, "I guess the next question is how long do I have?"

"What do you mean?"

"How long do I have until she gets you back?"

"I don't see us getting back together, but one answer to your question could be nine months."

"Why nine months?"

"In nine months you will be off to college. Last I heard you are going to Vassar and since I'm staying here and going to State that puts about two thousand miles between us."

Just then the bell rang and we got up and headed for class.

Reynolds must have accepted that Eddie had a legitimate reason for missing practice because Eddie did suit up and play, but he wasn't at one hundred percent. He did contribute to our win over the Braves and I didn't get hung from the goal posts.

After the game we stopped at the malt shop and Tom and Gail were there and so was Natasha. Natasha was sitting with three other girls and Tom and Gail were sitting alone so we joined them. We talked about the game and Tom reminded me (for Pauline's benefit) that I had promised to help him in the morning.

"I don't think that it was a good idea to come here Bobby" Pauline said. "The looks I'm getting from the other side of the room should be able to kill."

"They are not aimed at you sweetie; there are being sent my way. I'm the one who asked you out and I'm the one who brought you here. Besides, the caster of the glances is the one who caused things to fall the way they are falling. I should be the one giving her the evil eye."

Just then there was a stir in the place and all eyes went to the door and then to me as Eddie and two of his team members walked in. Eyes bounced from Eddie to me and then back at Eddie. I saw Tom tense up and I said:

"Stay out of it if anything happens bud. I've already told Wooters what will happen if he wants to carry things any father. Just let what happens happen. No need for you to get messed up."

While I was speaking Eddie and his two team mates, Phil Reed and Gene Ellsworth, joined Natasha and the girls she was with. Gail reached across the table and grabbed my arm and when I looked at her she nodded to her left. I hadn't noticed her getting up, but I saw Pauline striding the floor toward the group. When she got there she reached over Gene's back and picked up a glass of water from the table and then she poured the water on Eddie's head.

"When you are going around telling lies asshole best you keep my name out of them. The next time it will be me kicking you in the nuts and I'll make damned sure that when I do it I'll make sure that the shoes I'm wearing will have the pointiest toes."

She turned and headed back to our table. Eddie watched her walk away and he had a murderous look on his face. He started to get up so I did too, but then Gene and Phil pulled him back down so I settled back down on my chair. I saw that Eddie's look was more at me than Pauline and it was at that moment I knew that Eddie was going to ignore what I'd told him and I knew without the slightest doubt that things were not over between Eddie and me. Some day I was going to have to follow through on the promise I'd made him.

Pauline sat down and Gail asked, "What was that all about? What brought that on?"

"I owed the asshole. I dated him once and after a movie and some time at the arcade he drove out to Steven's Point and I asked him why and he said it was so we could make out. I laughed at him and told him that it was our first date and I didn't even know yet if I liked him enough to give him a second let alone kiss him. Then he said that it didn't matter to him and that if I wanted to walk home it was up to me."

"He didn't!!"

"Oh yes he did."

"What did you do?"

"I laughed at him and asked him how he would like to go to jail for attempted rape. I told him to take me home right that minute or I'd get out of the car and run from it screaming for help because he was trying to rape me. He knew as well as I did that the cops knew what went on at the Point and turned a blind eye on it, but they still usually had a car in the area in case of trouble. He knew that if I hollered rape he would be in a world of shit so he called me a cunt and drove me home.

"That was as far as it went and I never did get to do anything to him for what he pulled. His lying to Natasha and using me in his lie gave me a chance to do something so I did."

On the other side of the room Natasha was staring daggers at us so I put my arm around Pauline, kissed her on the cheek and said:

"Remind me never to piss you off."

She turned, kissed my cheek and said, "Like you ever could."

Ten minutes later Eddie and his team mates left and a couple of minute's later Natasha and the girls she was with got up and left and Pauline told me that it was time for her to be getting home.

As soon as we were in the parking lot Pauline said, "I don't really have to go home right now. It is a full moon tonight so the view at the Point should be pretty good."

"If I take you to the Point you won't see the view and you know it."

"That pretty much depends on you doesn't it?"

She was right. The full moon shining down on the lake was pretty, but I was right in that she didn't get to see much of it. I'd no sooner parked than she said:

"You sure didn't use much forethought when you bought this car did you."

"What do you mean?"

"The center console screws up using the front seat and the back seat isn't big enough. I hope you are smart enough to at least have some blankets in the trunk."

I was and we got out and spread the blankets on the ground and then we got down on them. We made out for a good twenty minutes and then Pauline broke the kiss we were in and said:

"I'm not a virgin Bobby."

That caught me by surprise and it was a couple of seconds before I said:

"That is a first for me. The girl asking instead of me working my butt off to try and score."

"I thought that I'd better make the first move because I doubted that you ever would."

"Why would you think that?"

"Because you are still hung up on Natasha. You might not admit it to yourself, but you are. You made sure that we sat where you could see her and you watched her the whole time we were there. If I'm going to have a chance with you I need to strike before you decide to try and get back together with her."

"If you want a chance with me?"

"I've wanted a chance with you since the seventh grade, but it just never worked out. You would be with some one so I'd date a guy and sort of go steady and then you would break up and by the time I got out of the relationship I was in and get to where I could take my shot you would be with some one else. I thought I'd finally made it the night we hooked up at Skate City, but then I found out about you and Natasha. Now you are on the outs with her so I'm taking my best shot before you have a chance to go back to her."

"That doesn't even make sense Pauline. Why would you want to make love with me if in the back of your mind you think I might get back with Natasha?"

"Truth time? If I'm fucking you and she isn't I think I can hang onto you. If you have been fucking her I'm hoping to be better than she is and that will help me keep you. And there is one more thing. If I'm fucking you she may give it up to some one else to spite you and that will piss you off enough to stay away from her."

While she had been talking she had also been working on my belt and zipper and she finally worked my cock out and – surprise surprise – it was hard. Then I surprised myself when I pushed her hand away.

"I like you Pauline; I have always liked you and we have always gotten along good together. I don't want to ever get to the point with you where we can't smile at each other and talk to each other and I'm afraid that might happen if we do this. If we do it and I do end up back with Natasha you will think I'm an asshole and I don't want that."

"You say that as if getting back with Natasha is what you want."

"It is what I want, but I'm not sure anymore that it is what she wants. The first time I saw her I knew she was the one I wanted to spend my life with. There was a spark that flashed between us and she said she felt it too. I still think that way, but I don't think that she still feels the same about me any more. Given what she has done and the way she has acted I will not chase after her, but that doesn't mean that we might not eventually get back together. It would depend on her and what she does and to be honest about it right now it doesn't look like she even gives a shit. I just don't know."

"It is a chance I'm willing to take Bobby. I have to take my shot while I can."

Well, I was up front about things and if she still wanted to do it so be it.

Pauline was only my third so I didn't have all that much experience, but I was aware that there were differences. I mean the mechanics were the same. Fucking was fucking and sucking was sucking, but it was still different. Mary was active, needy and pretty much take charge – almost business like in getting it done. Gail was fun loving but, at

least to me, there was no sense that it mattered if it was me or some one else doing it to her. I was just a body that was there to meet Mary's operational requirements and as a result I was there to be used by Gail while Tom was busy elsewhere.

Pauline sucked cock every bit as well as Mary and Gail and responded to being eaten pretty much the same as Mary and Gail, but she seemed more energetic in giving pussy than either Mary or Gail. With Pauline it was as if her life depended on seeing to it that I was satisfied with her. Probably a piss poor explanation, but what can you expect from a teenager not long from giving up his cherry. I guess the best way to put it is that Mary and Gail were takers and Pauline was a giver.

The only downside to the evening was that November nights can be pretty cold and making love outside on a blanket under the stars took a little something away from the experience. Not saying that the sex wasn't good; just saying it could have been better.

When I took her home Pauline and I made a date for the next day. She wanted an early start and wanted me to pick her up at noon, but I told her that I already had plans for the morning that I couldn't break and that the soonest I could pick her up would be around four. Of course I didn't tell her that my morning plans were to spend a fairly exhausting time with Mrs. Bagley.

Driving home I thought about how the evening had gone and what some of it had meant. Two things stood out to me. The first was the rage on Eddie's face when he started to get up after Pauline had dumped water on him. The look he threw our way was more at me than it was at Pauline and I'm guessing that it was in his mind that his public humiliation was as a result of my exposing the lie he told Natasha which in turn had brought Pauline's wrath down on him. He undoubtedly coupled that with what I'd done to him outside school. I knew that Eddie and I were not done yet.

The second thing was that it was Natasha who grabbed a bunch of napkins and started to dry him off and that did not bode well for our ever having a relationship again. It was one more item to add to the list of things to discuss if we ever started talking again.

That of course brought up another thought. We could have already been talking, but I was avoiding her. Why? I had to admit that I honestly did not know. There was just something inside me that wouldn't let me. A little voice in the back of my mind saying to me:

"She fucked over you now it is your turn to make her hurt."

Make her hurt? Was that any way to treat the woman I loved and wanted to spend my life with? I think what it was is that the little voice was telling me that if I let her get away with shit now she would try it again later. Stomp on it now to let her know that I wouldn't put up with it and hopefully I would never have to do it again. Of course that attitude just might prevent there being a later. Being a teenager sucked. I was too young to be thinking about stuff like that.

Saturday morning I got up and went for my run at Paint Brush Park. When it was over and I was getting into my car I saw Natasha's mother dropping her off. I saw Natasha heading for me, but before she could get to me I left.

When I got home dad had already gone off somewhere and mom was in the basement sorting clothes prior to putting them in the washing machine so I took the opportunity to go into my parent's bedroom and open the bottom drawer of my mother's chest of drawers. I 'borrowed' the item that was there. It was buried under some sexy lingerie that brought what I knew about mom to my mind and those thoughts gave me a hard on. I wondered what she would look like wearing them and then I wondered how she would look wearing them as Tom and I double teamed her. My hard on throbbed. God, but I was weird.

I was at Mary's at ten to eight and before I could ring the bell the door opened and a naked Mary was telling me to hurry up and get my clothes off. Tom wasn't there so I had to try and satisfy her myself. She was doing her absolute best to fuck me to death and she pretty much wore me out.

She was still trying for one more when I told her that I had to be home by four to help my dad with something in the garage. It was a lie, but I didn't think it would be wise to tell her the real reason. I didn't think telling her that I had to leave to go meet a girl would go over well and I was in no hurry to do anything that would end the weird relationship I had going with her. A horny teenager fucking up chances for pussy? No way. No fucking way!

I took Pauline to the AMC theatre complex for a movie and after the film we went to the arcade. We had a fun time right up until about nine. Eddie, Phil and Gene showed up with several girls and Natasha was one of them. It was an awkward situation. Gene, Phil, Bev, Marlene, Carol, Pauline and I had been classmates from the first grade on and we were friends whereas Eddie had only moved to town at the start of eighth grade. Gene and Phil were tied in with Eddie because of being teammates. They and the girls (except for maybe Natasha) wanted to socialize with Pauline and me, but because of being with Eddie and the rift between Eddie, Pauline and me we were all avoiding each other.

Adding to the problem was that the arcade wasn't all that big so we were always around each other. Eddie kept throwing nasty looks our way and it was obvious, at least to me, that he was spoiling for a confrontation. After about an hour I suggested to Pauline that we get out of there and she agreed so we left.

We were almost to my car when from behind me I heard, "Hey! Asshole!"

I turned and saw Eddie and his group.

"We got some unfinished business dickhead."

"I thought you were halfway smart Wooters" I said. "I believe I told you what would happen if you didn't stay clear of me."

"You don't scare me shit head."

Once again I did what he didn't expect. I attacked. The little guy doesn't go after the big guy right? He put up his arms and hands to stop my rush and that gave me what I needed. As I ran toward him I took an object out of my pocket and when I got to him I touched his bare skin with the object and he went down like a ton of rock had dropped on him.

A couple of years previous there had been series of muggings in town and my dad had purchased a stun gun and had given it to mom for personal protection. She hated the thing and wouldn't carry it and it had set in the bottom drawer of her chest of drawers until that morning. When Eddie had come into the arcade I had switched it on so the power charge would build up and be ready if I needed to use it.

I'd just given Eddie over eighty thousand volts and he was lying on the ground and thrashing around like a fish out of water. I walked over to my car, unlocked the trunk and got out the aluminum ball bat I had there and I walked back to where Eddie was flopping around on the ground. Phil asked me what I was going to do and I told him about the warning I gave to Eddie.

"I warned him and now I'm going to follow through on my promise."

"Hey man, no; don't do it Bobby. Not cool man, not cool at all."

"I made him a promise Phil. If I don't follow through on it and show the dip shit that I mean what I say I'll be putting up with his shit forever."

"Don't do it Bobby. Me and Gene will straighten him out. Right Gene?"

Gene nodded a yes and I thought for a moment and then said, "A promise is a promise. I won't smack his head, but he has to feel the bat" and I whacked his left knee.

"Make sure that he understands that if there is a next time I will not be talked out of it."

Natasha was standing there with the rest of the onlookers and she was staring at me with a look on her face that I could not decipher. Pauline took my arm, leaned in close and whispered in my ear:

"Get me out of here and take me somewhere and fuck me you wild assed caveman."

It was cold on the blanket at Stevens Point, but we managed to generate enough heat.

The next morning when I finished my run I found Natasha sitting in my car waiting for me. I got in and before I could ask her what she wanted she said:

"We need to talk Bob."

"About what Natasha? About the way you let Eddie fuck us up? You knew he was an asshole when he tried to make a date with you while you were out on a date with me. So how did he, a known asshole, get a chance to sit down with you and talk? And what about the talk Natasha? You knew he was a dirt bag, but you believed what he told you anyway. Did it not occur to you that all you had to do was ask me if the drivel he fed you was true? Give me my day in court so to speak? No. I got slapped and called a bastard. What else can we talk about? How about the fact that after you were shown he was a lying sack of shit you still hung around with him? Well quite frankly if those are the things you want to talk about I'm not interested.

"I'll tell you what I'm thinking. That night he horned in on our date I wanted to go after him, but you told me to let it go and that you had handled it. What I'm thinking now is that your way of handling it was to give him your number and tell him to give you a call. That would go a long way toward explaining how easy it was for him to sit down with you so he could tell you his lies."

"You can't possibly think that of me!"

"Given your actions? I damned sure can. Get out of the car Natasha. I've got places to go and things to do."

"Please Bobby; we need to work this out. This is all wrong. We aren't supposed to be this way with each other."

"Not my doing Natasha. It is all on you and your boy Eddie. Now please get out of the car."

"Please Bobby."

"GET OUT!!"

She got out of the car and I drove away and as I drove I was calling myself an idiot. I wanted Natasha back and to have that happen we needed to sit down and talk. I knew that so why was I avoiding her. I'd just shot down the perfect opportunity to get us back on track. I knew why I'd done it. I felt the need to make her suffer a little for what she'd done, but I was suffering too so why didn't I talk to her? I knew the answer to that also. The image of her wiping the water off Eddie and her being with Eddie when he confronted me at the arcade were sitting right there in the front of my mind.

I knew just what I needed to pick up my spirits and so I headed over to visit my bud Tom. And his mom.

I had to leave at one because Mary's sister and her family (Natasha, her dad and sisters) were coming over for supper. I gave Pauline a call and asked her if she wanted to do something with me that afternoon and she said she did and told me to hurry on over.

When I got there I asked her what she wanted to do.

"See what it would be like with you on a bed instead of a blanket on the ground."

She laughed at the expression on my face and then she told me that her folks were gone and wouldn't be home until eleven or so. She did indeed seem to prefer a bed to a blanket on the ground. So much so that she kept me on the bed until ten o'clock that evening. I was pretty much exhausted when I got home and went to bed.

Monday during sixth period Wanda, the woman who worked in the front office, came into the room, handed a slip of paper to Mrs. Harris and then left the room. As soon as she was gone Mrs. Harris called me to her desk.

"You need to see Coach Reynolds. He is waiting for you in his office."

As I headed for the gym office I wondered what was up. Reynolds was the baseball, basketball and football coach and he didn't have anything to do with the track and swimming programs I participated in. I knocked and went in and he pointed at a chair. I sat down and he looked at me for maybe a minute before saying:

"Why do you hate me?"

"What?"

"Simple question. Why do you hate me?"

"I don't hate you. I don't even know you. Why would I hate you?"

"I don't know. That's why I had to ask."

"I don't understand."

"I have been here almost twenty years now and I've seen my teams win the inter-city title twelve times. My teams have won the regional nine times, but in all the time I've been here I've never had a team play for the State championship. This year is the best chance I've ever had to get there and win it, but for some reason you are bound and determined to see that it that it doesn't happen."

"Me? How am I doing that?"

"You keep screwing up my best running back and I can't get it done without him."

"It has nothing to do with my hating you. I don't even hate him, but I will not allow him to fuck with me."

I explained the situation to Reynolds and then said, "If the asshole stays away from me we don't have a problem, but if he keeps fucking with me I will make him pay. Sine he is a lot bigger than me I'll use a ball bat or a crowbar to even things out and they tend to do damage if swung properly. Find some way to keep him away from me and there is no problem."

"I could always get you suspended from school."

"All that would do is piss me off and make me creep on Eddie and use the ball bat to make sure that he misses school also. That of course would mean that he wouldn't be playing football right?"

"How am I supposed to keep him away from you?"

"I don't know that you can. I've already warned him what would happen and I've already proven that I mean it. If he doesn't pay attention to me I would hope that he will pay attention to you. If not you are going to be short one running back."

"I'll see what I can do, but please try to stay away from him."

"I don't go looking for him, but I won't run and hide from him either. He leaves me alone and I'll leave him alone."

I guess that's the best I can ask for."

He must have gotten through to Eddie because Eddie stopped throwing sneers and nasty looks my way. The team did make it to the State finals and quite fittingly, at least to me, they lost the championship game in overtime when Eddie fumbled the ball and the other team recovered and managed to kick a field goal and win.

Thanksgiving came and went and the run toward Christmas was underway. I was still getting together with Mary on the average of three times a week. Sometimes with Tom, occasionally with Tom and Gail, but mostly just Mary and me.

It wasn't official or anything like that (since I had never asked) but most people considered that Pauline and I were a couple. Natasha made several attempts to get me to sit down and talk with her and while I really did want us to get back together she was her own worst enemy when it came to trying to make it happen. Twice I decided to try and both times Natasha ended it before it could get going.

The first time I had talked myself into sitting down with her and seeing if we couldn't work things out. I made a date with her for Tuesday and Monday night I walked into Harry's with Tom and saw her sitting with Eddie in a booth. She looked up, saw me and her face lost color as I stood there and looked at her. Then I turned and left.

The second time was the week before Christmas. I agreed to meet her at Harry's and talk. I got there before she did and I was sitting there and looking out the window when Eddie drove up and Natasha got out of his car. As a result she was walking in as I was walking out. She sent me a Christmas card, but I tossed it without opening it.

The Christmas break was not a good one for me. Pauline and her family had gone to Tulsa to spend Christmas with some family and when she came home two weeks later she told me that she couldn't see me any more. She had met a guy in Tulsa and she said when they met sparks flew and she just knew he was the one meant for her. I knew what she was telling me because I'd felt that way when I met Natasha. I wished her better luck than I'd had and then I went into the new year as an unattached guy.

Not totally of course because there was still Mary. Mary was not at all unhappy that Pauline was out of my life because nights that I would have spent with Pauline I could now spend with Mary.

The new year did not get off to a good start. There was trouble in the Marchant household and it was because of my relationship with Mary. You would think that with all the sex I was getting from Mary and Gail I would be constantly drained, but it didn't turn out that way.

Like a lot (if not most) of teenagers I had an overactive imagination when it came to sex and its many forms. Mary had shown me the photos of my mom and Mary's husband Albert. Since then every time I saw my mom I was seeing her going into a room at the Red Roof Inn and imagining what she was doing in there. I imagined my mom sucking cock, having her pussy eaten, being fucked and taking it in the ass and I wondered what she felt like.

I'd gotten head from Mary, Gail, Pauline and even once from Natasha and while it was all great each one did it differently and I wondered how mom would compare. I'd imagine mom on her back with her legs spread and I wondered what it would be like to be the man between them. Mary and Gail loved anal sex, but Pauline didn't. Did mom like it and if so would she squeal like Mary, gasp like Gail or be totally different? I imagined being in mom's butt and pounding away while she moaned:

"Fuck mommy, fuck mommy's ass baby; fuck mommy hard."

There were times when my imagination worked overtime and it was one of those times that bit me on the ass. I was on my bed on my back, my eyes were closed and in my mind Tom and I were double teaming my mom. He was in her pussy and I was in her ass. She was screaming "Fuck mommy, fuck mommy" and I was seconds away from busting my nut when I heard:

"What in God's name are you doing?"

Mom had come into the room and had caught me with a pair of her dirty underpants on my face with my nose sniffing the crotch and another pair wrapped around my cock as I beat off.

"Are those my undergarments? Oh my God they are. This is disgusting. Wait until I tell your father."

Looking back I should have just shrugged it off. What was my dad going to do? He probably would have gotten a good laugh out of it. Knowing him he probably would have said something like:

"What do you expect from a Ford man?"

Things would have been a bit uncomfortable around the house for a while since mom wasn't dumb and she would have realized immediately from my use of her panties that I was jacking off with her on my mind, but things would have probably eventually settled down and mellowed out.

At least that is the way it might have gone if I hadn't panicked.

But the fact is that I did panic and I said, "You tell him about this and I'll tell him about you."

"You'll tell him what about me?"

"About you and Tom's dad and your visits to the Red Roof Inn."

Her eyes got big, her hands flew up to her mouth as she moaned "Oh my God" and she turned and ran from the room. As she ran from the room I was already calling myself a stupid shit head. I'd had no need to say that. None at all. I had just fucked up royally and I knew it. Mom and I'd had a great relationship. We had been very close and I'd just gone and totally fucked it up.

I tucked my dick away, got up, took mom's dirty panties back to the laundry hamper where I'd gotten them and then I left the house. I felt weird. I really didn't want to be around anyone, but at the same time I didn't want to be alone.

I drove around some and eventually ended up in front of Tom's house. I sat in the car for maybe twenty minutes just staring out the windshield at nothing in particular and my mind almost a blank. I don't know how long I might have sat there if the opening of the passenger door hadn't grabbed my attention. Mary leaned in and said:

"I haven't done it on a backseat in years and while I might like to do it again I can't do it in front of my house. Besides, the backseat in this car isn't big enough. Come on lover; we need to get in the house."

Mary put me through the ringer and I didn't once think of my problem at home until it was time for me to have to go there. As I was driving home it occurred to me that at some point – assuming that she ever talked to me again – mom was going to want to know how I knew about her adulterous affair. I thought of various stories I could tell

her. I could tell her that I was being nosy and snooping around Tom's house and found the pictures and the PI report, but that would probably result in her having an even lower opinion of me than the one I was sure she now had. She would think that in addition to being a pervert I was also a sneak.

If I told her the truth and told her that Mary had shown them to me she would want to know what kind of relationship I had with Mary that Mary would have shared that kind of information with me. I did not think it would be wise of me to let her know just what kind of relationship I DID have with Mary.

I was in a 'fucked if you do, fucked if you don't' situation and all because of a couple of seconds of panic. I finally decided to keep my mouth shut as to where the information came from. Of course mom could just deny that it happened and I could just shrug and let the issue die, but if she did deny it and pushed to know why I had thrown the accusation at her I did have a pretty good memory. I remembered the dates from the PI report and I remembered the room numbers that mom had been photographed going into. If I had to spit those out she would know without a doubt that I knew what I was talking about. I'd just have to wait and see what happened.

What happened was the one thing I never expected. Mom acted as if nothing had happened. The panty incident was never mentioned. My knowledge of her affair was never brought up and things around our house were pretty much business as usual although on occasion I did notice mom looking at me with a look on her face that I couldn't figure out.

There was one thing though and it was weird and nothing was ever said, but I started finding mom's dirty panties on my pillow. After the third time it happened I sort of tested the waters. I jacked off into them and dropped them on the floor before leaving the house. That evening when I got home the cum soaked panties were gone and there was another pair of dirty panties on my pillow.

On a hunch I picked them up and smelled the crotch and they smelled fresh, as if they had only recently come off of her. I guess mom must have a kinky side that she kept hidden until she caught me using her panties. Anyway, at

least twice a week I would jack off into them and drop them on the floor. They would always be gone when I got home and another pair would be on my pillow. Around me mom was the same as she had always been before the panty incident and not a word was said about it and what followed. Weird!

Apart from the weirdness at home my life chugged along pretty much as it had been going since I took up with Mary, Tom and Gail. I was seeing Mary two or three times a week, sometimes with Tom, but usually without. About once a week Tom and Gail wanted me to play with them since Gail did want to be doubled every once in a while.

Natasha made several attempts to get me to talk to her, but it never happened because Eddie was always seemed to be around. Things came to a head the first week in February. Prom was a month away and I was trying to make up my mind who to ask to the prom.

I was sitting in a booth at Harry's. Tom and Gail had just left me and I was sitting there going over a list of seven names. All were girls who I knew had not yet been asked to the prom and I was trying to figure out which one would be the least likely to turn me down if I asked her.

I was looking at the list when someone sat down opposite me and I looked up and saw that it was Natasha. I looked around the room and she noticed and said:

"He isn't here."

"It is pretty telling that you immediately knew exactly what I was looking for."

"Can we talk?"

"About what?"

"Us."

"There hasn't been an 'us' since you took up with Eddie. "Us" died the day you slapped me, called me a bastard and then refused to talk to me. There could have been an 'us' after we showed you that Eddie lied to you, but you chose to still hang with the asshole anyway. Every time I see you you are with him so why all of a sudden are you concerned about an "us?"

"I screwed up Bobby. You were right when you said I should have given you your day in court, but I was pissed. What Eddie told me all added up so I was pissed at you and I just struck out in anger. Then when I found out that Eddie lied I couldn't seem to find a way to get back to you. Part of that is your fault. If you would have just stayed at the table with Tom, Gail and me after exposing Eddie's lie we could have talked, but you got right up and went off with Pauline. Then you went out of your way to avoid me and I couldn't get close to you."

"What was it that all added up when Eddie told you the lie?"

"He said you and Pauline were sneaking around behind my back and I told him that you wouldn't do that to me and that's when he told me that he had seen you and Pauline making out on the backseat of your car and then later here in a booth. I put that together with what she said on the night I met her – that she was going to make you her boyfriend – and then with what you said that night at the point when I asked you who had taught you oral sex. All together it added up to you cheating on me with Pauline.

"I was wrong in not confronting you with what he said and letting you have your say, but in my defense why would I even think that Eddie would tell me lies?"

"You couldn't have been that stupid Natasha. The asshole came on to you while you were out on a date with me. That should have told you he was a piece of shit."

"Why would I think that? I know I'm not a hag. I've had guys coming on to me since I was twelve. Some, like Eddie, were bolder than others, but so what? I can handle myself. Eddie wasn't a threat to us as far as I was concerned. It wasn't until he lied to me and I put two and two together and came up with five that things changed. I was wrong Bobby; I know I was wrong and I'm trying to get back to you."

"You have a funny way of trying. Eddie lies to you and breaks us up. We showed you that Eddie lied to you, but I didn't hear that you slapped his face and called him a bastard when you found out. On the contrary; you kept spending your time with him. Even when you were trying to get me to talk with you Eddie was always there somewhere. The last time I made a date to sit down and talk with you it didn't happen because you showed up for the date in a car driven by Eddie."

"That's as much your fault as mine."

"Oh? And pray tell how it is suddenly my fault?"

"You are a super nice guy and as a result you have a lot of friends. Friends that avoid me because you and I were on the outs. I'm young and want to enjoy life. I don't want to sit home on date nights and stare at the wall. Eddie was the only guy who would call and ask me out. Yes he did screw us up, but look at it from my view point. You wouldn't talk to me and Eddie wanted me bad enough to do what he did to try and get me. I have no romantic

feelings for him, but he did want me and I didn't want to sit at home and watch horrible TV shows all the time. I don't want to go on that way Bobby. I want there to be an 'us' again and I need to make it happen now."

"You could have made it happen anytime just by staying away from Eddie and then talking to me so the question has to be why now?"

"Because prom is coming up and you have to be my prom date."

"I have to be your prom date?"

"Yes you do."

"And just why do I have to be your prom date?"

"Because of the promise I made you."

"You made me a promise? When?"

"I told you that you had to be patient with me because I wasn't going to give up my virginity until prom night."

"That wasn't a promise to me. That was a statement of intent. All that was was you telling me that your prom date was going to get lucky. You didn't promise me anything."

"Don't give me that bull hockey Bobby. You know damned well that I was telling YOU that YOU had to wait until prom night and as far as I'm concerned that was a promise. A promise to YOU."

"You are willing to break Eddie's heart?"

She stared at me for maybe thirty seconds and then said, "How about I just cut to the chase. You are going to be my prom date. You are going to be the one to take my virginity. I am not giving you a choice in this. I can't force you to be my prom date, but if you take some one else and I have to go with some one else I will ruin the night for your date and my date because I won't stay away from you. I will spend the night trying to pull your zipper down and get your cock out where I can work on it and I will do it in front of everybody. I'll follow you to any after prom party you go to and I'll pull your pants down and rape you in front of everybody if I have to."

"If you feel that strongly about it why has it taken you until now to do something about it?"

"Guilt."

"Guilt?"

"Guilt and circumstances. After what I did you took up with Pauline and I realized I was the one responsible for you being together with her. I felt like I pushed the two of you together through my stupidity. I didn't know how you really felt about her, but I did know how she felt about you and the guilt I felt was keeping me from breaking you up. The circumstances were that every time I tried to get together with you Eddie was around and I was too dumb to realize that if he was any closer than five miles away you weren't going to cut me any slack.

"Then all of a sudden it is prom time and for me it had to be "Damn the torpedoes' full speed ahead." So here I am Bobby, begging for a chance for there to be an 'us' again."

I sat there silent and wondering what to say or do when she ended the silence.

"It is a simple thing Bobby. I'm sitting here opposite you so all you have to do is look me in the eye and tell me that the feelings that you had for me that first day in Aunt Mary's living room are gone. If you can do that I'll get up, leave and never bother you again."

Prom was a blast. My mom, God bless her, had made me take dance lessons when I was in the seventh and eighth grades and I spent the evening dancing with the three best looking and sexiest women there. If you had told me that a month earlier that Tasha and Pauline would someday sit at the same table and smile and talk to each other I would have laughed at you and suggested that you be committed. But it did happen.

When Tasha and I arrived Gail and Tom were sitting with Pauline and her guy who had flown in from Tulsa so he could be her prom date. Even though I fully intended to sit there with them I was surprised when Tasha pulled me toward the table.

"You behave" she said. "I know she is no threat to me. All she did was fill in for me until I got my head out of my butt. Make sure you dance with her. You hear me?"

"Yes dear."

Between Tasha, Gail and Pauline I was kept on the floor almost all night. I was having such a good time and was in such a good mood that when Eddie came over and asked if he could have a dance with Tasha I just smiled and said:

"Just make sure you bring her back."

As Tasha and Eddie moved out onto the floor I saw Gail, Pauline and Tom looking at me with disbelief on their faces and I just smiled at them. When Eddie brought her back he thanked me for allowing her to dance with him and as he walked away Tasha mouthed "I love you" and then even though it was against the rules she leaned over and kissed me. Luckily none of the chaperones were looking our way.

There were a couple of after prom parties, but the one we went to was the one at Tom's house. Mary had sprung for a keg and a lot of snacks and then had gone off somewhere after warning Tom not to destroy the house or allow anything that would bring the police to visit.

We partied and danced to CDs until the party started to break up around one thirty. It had already been set up with Tom so it was no surprise to him when I led Tasha to Mary's king size bed.

I'd seen all of Tasha's parts at one time or another. I'd had her breasts out and I had licked and sucked them and I'd had her pants down or her skirt up when I had fingered her or gone down on her and of course I had seen her in a bikini around the pool, but I had never seen the entire package naked all at once. It was breathtaking!

There of course was the initial pain and when I tried to pull back Tasha grabbed my ass and wouldn't let me do it. I took it slow and easy and after about ten minutes she had her first orgasm and mine came shortly after.

"I had no idea" Tasha said when it was over. "I'll be kicking myself for years to come for waiting. Again? How soon before we can do it again?"

I shocked her when I went down on her. I know she was thinking "How can he do that on a dirty pussy" but it didn't take long for her to be grabbing my head with her hands and pushing herself up at me. I got hand and moved her into position for some doggie and in only minutes she was slamming herself back at me. That time was a first for me. In all that I had done with Mary, Gail and Pauline I had never cum at the same time they came, but it happened with Tasha. She cried out "I'm cumming" and I felt her start to orgasm just as I let my load loose into her.

We laid there cuddled up to each other and suddenly I felt tears on my shoulder. I looked at Tasha and she said:

"I'm sorry baby; I'm so sorry that I deprived us of this."

I wiped her tears away with a corner of the sheet and then I pulled her to me and kissed her.

"Not to worry my love. We have a lifetime of this to look forward to."

I wanted to keep going, but the problem I had was that I had to have Tasha home by three. Her father had wanted her home by one, but Tasha and her mom had worked on him to get her a little more time to hit some of the after prom parties that were considered part of the prom night experience. Tasha was trying for six in the morning, but even her mom wouldn't go for that so Tasha had to settle for three.

I had her home at five to and I got a very steamy goodnight kiss. It lasted a bit because no porch light flashing took place.

"Tonight?" she asked when we broke the kiss.

"No" I said and she frowned until I said, "This afternoon. Say about two?"

She smiled and kissed me again.

After that first time Tasha wanted to make love all the time and she was frustrated when we couldn't always do it. She had a mom and two younger sisters at home so her place was out. My mom was a stay at home mom for the most part. She did occasionally go into work with my dad and fill in when some one in the office called in sick or went on vacation and she did do some volunteer work so we were able to use my house at times, but it was sporadic.

There was snow on the ground at Stevens Point so the blankets in the trunk were not practical and lastly, my weekly allowance while not small was not enough to allow me to rent a room. Tasha was occasionally able to borrow her mom's car and it had a big backseat and being able to use it helped some, but Tasha wasn't getting as much as she wanted. The worst part was that I didn't have a clue as to how to fix the problem.

The solution came from an unexpected source. As close as I was to Tom and Gail Tasha being with me made her the Fourth Musketeer. Tasha knew that Gail and Tom were sexually active and as she and Gail grew closer and closer Tasha opened up more to Gail. One day when she was with Gail she was in a cranky and bitchy mood and Gail asked her why. Tasha told her that it was a lack of sex and she ran the problem down with Gail. Gail got with Tom and the two of them talked about it and then the together the two of them went and talked with Mary.

I didn't know any of that at the time so it came as a complete surprise one Saturday morning when Mary offered the use of her place for me and Tasha to use. There was a price of course. Regardless of what Tasha might want to do or where she would like to go Saturday's were Mary's until four in the afternoon or until she released me

whichever came first. Also I had to give her two times during the week. She would prefer four and she didn't much care if I came to her before or after being with Tasha.

"How you do it or how you manage it is up to you. Now hurry up and make love to me before I change my mind."

Tom, Gail and I discussed it and it was decided that the way to handle it would be to have Gail sound Tasha out on how she would feel making love with someone else around. Depending on what Tasha said Gail would tell her that she and Tom made love at Tom's house on the days Mary was out of the house attending committee meetings of the various charities she volunteered to work for. If Tasha didn't mind that she and Tom were also going to be in the house making love she thought she could talk Tom into letting Tasha and me also use the house when Mary was gone.

Gail ran it by Tasha and Tasha jumped on it. When she mentioned it to me I acted hesitant and then let her drag me into it. Tasha never saw Tom and Gail making love, but she sure did hear them and I'm pretty sure that there were times when they heard us. The arrangement worked although there were times when Mary grumbled and complained that she was being neglected.

The period between prom and graduation was a fun time, at least from a sexual perspective, but hard times were coming and I knew it. I would be staying at home and going to State for my degree in Business Management, but Tasha was going to be going to Western which was a four hour drive away. I'd only be able to see her on the weekends when she came home. Add to that my easy life style was going to come to an end.

Every year from my fourteenth birthday until the summer at the end of my junior year I worked part time at my father's business and that included some Saturday's. Mom talked dad into giving me the summer before my senior year and my senior year to be nothing more than a footloose and free teenager. The price was that following graduation I would work full time until I started college and then part time as my class schedule allowed. All

breaks would be worked full time and of course after I had my degree I would be full time as I prepared to take over from my dad when he decided to retire.

In short, all the free time I'd had for fucking would be gone. I'd still have evenings and Sunday's and all holidays when the plant would be closed, but that was all. I would be going from a kid's life and schedule to an adults. Tasha was not happy about it.

"It is my last summer before I go off to college. I want to go places and do things, but you will be working."

Yes indeed, my lady was not at all happy. If that wasn't bad enough more got dumped on me. Tom was informed that his dream had come true. He had wanted to go to West Point since the eighth grade and one of our state senators had gotten him an appointment. It was his dream, but Gail's nightmare. She'd had her heart set on becoming Mrs. Thomas Bagley within the next year or so, but now that couldn't happen until he graduated and became an officer. To make it worse she was as needy when it came to sex as Mary was and Tom was going to be over fifteen hundred miles away.

"You have to take care of her for me bro" he told me over coffee. We were sitting on the patio by the pool watching Gail and Tasha in the water.

"She is highly sexed and you and I both know she won't be able to go without and I'm afraid of what might happen to us if she goes to other guys to get what she needs. I trust her with you Bobby; you have to have my back on this."

"What does she say about it?"

"I haven't brought it up yet."

"I don't know Tom. I don't know that I can do what you want. I mean I know I can make it with Gail, but I don't know that I can keep her away from other guys."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Jesus Tom; I'm only human. You had to bring me in to help you take care of your mom and Gail. If you needed help in taking care of the two of them how am I going to manage the two of them and Tasha all by myself?"

"You may have to give up mom. We both know she can get someone if she needs too. Of course we both know that Gail could too, but that is what I'm hoping that you can keep from happening."

"For four years? Get serious Tom."

"It won't be that bad. During the week Nat will be up at school and we both know that there will be weekends when she won't come home. I'll talk to mom. She knows how I feel about Gail and she will understand my fears. I'll get her to back off a little. Please Bob, you have to help me on this."

"All I can promise is that I will try, but you need to something for me first."

"What?"

"You have to get Gail to agree and then the two of you will have to sit down with Tasha and me and get Tasha to agree."

"What!!! Are you nuts?"

"Hear me out on this bud. If I do what you are asking people are going to see me with Gail and you know as well as I do that someone will tell Tasha about it. Just remember what we recently went through with Eddie. I do not need Tasha raining down on me for running around on her so she needs to know what it is that we are doing. She doesn't need to know about the sex, but she does need to know why Gail and I are spending time together. Besides, we don't even know that Gail will go along with it."

Gail did agree so she, Tom and I sat down and talked about how best to approach Tasha about it. It was decided to go straight at it. The four of us were sitting in a booth at Harry's and had just finished our burgers and fries. I wiped my mouth with a napkin and then said to Tasha:

"Tom has asked me for a favor and I need your input on it. I was going to talk to you alone, but Gail thought it would be best if she and Tom were part of the conversation. Simply put, Tom has asked me to go steady with Gail while you and he are gone."

Before Tasha could say anything Tom explained what he wanted. Gail said she was good with it and I explained that it would only be while Tasha was at college and not when she was home. Tasha looked from me to Tom, then at Gail and then back at me.

"I don't know what to say" she said.

"Would you at least think on it" Gail asked. "We have some time yet before Tom has to leave. It would help us Nat; it would really help us."

As we drove away from Harry's Tasha said, "I need a better idea of what this going steady means and why you needed to bring me in on it."

"To be bluntly honest about it Tom is afraid that he will lose Gail while he is gone. He knows that she isn't going to stay at home and watch TV while he is off learning how to be an Army officer. She will eventually date and he is scared shitless that she will hook up with some one and that the some one she hooks up with will steal her away. He figured that with you gone during the week I would be free to take her to movies and things like that and it would keep her away from other guys.

"The reason I had to bring you in on it was that I know that if I do it someone who sees me keeping company with Gail will take pleasure in seeing to it that you find out I'm cheating on you. I won't be, but that is what it will look like and I can't have that. That's why I have to have you on board before I agree to it. You say no way and I won't do it."

"It won't work you know."

"Why not?"

"The prime date nights are Friday and Saturday and I'll be home on those nights so on those nights she will be available for other guys. She might be able to hold off for a month or two, but she will get tired of staying home and eventually say yes to some guy who asks for a weekend date. Tom said it himself. She isn't going to sit home and watch TV."

She was silent for a minute or so and then she said, "Even though I know it isn't going to work it is okay with me. It probably won't even happen. It will probably be over before it can even start."

"Why do you say that?"

"One of my older sisters dated a guy who was going to go to West Point. They have a thing called Beast Barracks. What it is is basic training and it takes place the summer before they start their first year. Tom will have to report in near the end of June or the first part of July. That means that Gail is looking at most of the summer vacation with Tom gone. You already know what you will be doing during the days this summer and I'm damned sure not going to share what little time I'm going to have with you with some one else. The odds are pretty damned good that Gail will already be dating before I even come close to leaving for college."

I did not share Tasha's sentiments. I thought that she was flat out wrong. Even if it did eventually happen I figured that Gail would at least try to be good and figured that even if she did give in she would go six or seven months or so. Tasha was partly right. Tom did get notice that he had to report in by July 9th.

Graduation came and with it came the big change in my life. I had to be at the plant by seven and I'd be there until five-thirty or thereabouts. The plan that my dad had set up for me was that I had to learn every job in the place from the janitor all the way up to dad's job. I learned the janitor and mailroom parts from when I was fourteen up until I was given my year off.

Now that I was back to working I was starting on the shipping and receiving end of the business. I learned to use a pallet jack and drive a forklift. I learned how to pack stuff and arrange for shipping it out. I learned to make damned sure that when I received something that I made sure that it was all there and undamaged and I learned how to break the received goods down and get them to the appropriate departments.

The plant closed at five-thirty if no overtime was worked. I worked shipping and receiving until three and then I went into the offices and Marge, my dad's personal assistant and Stella, the office manager, worked on teaching me office procedures. Things like how our computer system was set up and how the filing system was set up to handle the documents that had to be saved.

The plant ran six days a week and the work force was set up to work ten hour days with some working Monday through Thursday and the rest working Tuesday through Saturday, but I was lucky. I got to work all six days. Whoopie! But I only had to work half a day on Saturday.

The good thing about it was that I was getting a paycheck and I could afford to get us a motel room now and then. Tasha liked that part, but she wasn't all that happy about the amount of time I was able to spend with her. On the average of two nights a week I had to tell her I was working overtime and on those nights I had to call Mary and make sure that Tasha wasn't there lounging around the pool with Tom and Gail and then I'd stop by.

Mary was not a happy camper. Tom was spending all of his remaining time with Gail and she was only getting me a couple of times a week. I was the only one not unhappy. I was getting more pussy than I had any right to expect. Quality pussy at that!

July 8th arrived and after tearful farewells Tom was off to West Point. Then things got really complicated for me. Apparently Tom, Gail and Mary sat down and talked things over. It was agreed that until Tasha went off to school that Mary would share some of the time she normally spent with me with Gail.

I found this out on the first night I stopped to see Mary after Tom left. Mary and Gail were both there and between the two of them they flat wore me out. I know that it is the dream of most guys to have two sexy women to play

with, but I'm here to tell you that no man – unless he has a perpetual hard on – can adequately take care of two sex hungry females. Can't be done. I tried. I tried like hell, but it can not be done.

Unfortunately for Tasha (but fortunately for me) Tasha's mom and dad had a lot of family plans for Tasha's last summer before she went off to college and entered adulthood. This eased the strain on me somewhat, but had the downside (or upside – depending on your view) of Tasha doing her absolute best to fuck my brains out when were able to get together. There were actually times during that summer when my dick hurt.

In addition to my three ladies I still (and I don't know why) felt that I had to occasionally leave soiled panties on my bedroom floor for my mom to find, pick up and wash. It was weird, but I kept on doing it and my mom never said a word to me about it or the night she walked in on me.

I was one very confused puppy. On the one hand I didn't want Tasha to leave me and go off to school. I knew she was meant to be my life partner – the yin to my yang – and I wanted her to be with me and close enough to touch at all times, but on the other hand I couldn't wait for her to go just so my cock could have some relief.

I could have gotten that relief by simply telling Mary and Gail that I was sorry, but I needed to give all my time to Tasha. Yeah! Right! Get serious! An eighteen year old (coming up on nineteen in three weeks) giving up pussy? I loved Tasha. I truly did, but I just couldn't give up my mini-harem especially knowing that Tasha was going off to college.

I did have some backbone though. It didn't make me any points with Tasha's parents, but I'd like to think it would have made me points with Tasha if she would have ever found out what happened.

It was the week before Tasha was to leave for school. I got a phone call at work from Tasha's dad. He wanted to talk to me and he asked me if I would meet him after work for a cup of coffee. Being naturally curious I said sure

and he asked me to meet him at the Hilton when I got off work. I called Mary and told her that I had to take a pass on the evening because I had to work overtime. She told me that if I got off early enough I should stop by if only for a quickie.

Tasha's father was already there sitting in a booth when I got to the Hilton's restaurant. He stood up when I got to the booth and offered me his hand. I took it and we shook hands and then I sat down. The waitress showed up and I just ordered coffee.

"You are curious I would imagine" he said and I nodded a yes.

"I have a problem and I need your help in solving it."

"Of course I will help if I can."

"Natasha's mother and I have always had big plans for Tasha. Those plans are in danger of being derailed because of you."

"Because of me? How am I upsetting your plans?"

"Natasha is talking of changing her major and going to State instead of Western. She says she doesn't want to be apart from you. My wife and I want you to break up with Natasha. You do that and she won't want to be around you. She will go to Western instead of State where she would have to see you around."

That caught me totally by surprise and I sat there looking at him and trying to think of a way of politely telling him to go fuck himself. I don't know what my silence was telling him, but before I could say anything he smiled at me and said:

"I was young once and I know how it is. You will fall in and out of love a half dozen times before you finish college. I also know that young guys can always use money so I'll tell you what I'll do. You help me out here and I give you a check right now for a grand. Deal?"

I stood up, took out my wallet and pulled a five out of it and dropped it on the table. "That should be enough to cover my coffee. All I can say about your proposal is that it doesn't look like you are going to be any happier having me as a son in law that I will be for having you as a father in law" and I walked away.

As I drove away from the Hilton I wondered if I should tell Tasha about the meeting and then I decided not to. I couldn't see any sense in creating problems between her and her parents. I also thought about the fact that Tasha hadn't mentioned to me that she might change schools. My mood wasn't all that great so I thought I'd swing by Mary's to see if she couldn't cheer me up.

She did.

My walking out on Tasha's dad wasn't the end of it. Four days later I received a call from Tasha's mother. Same thing. Same time and same place. She was there when I got there and after I was seated she said:

"I'm sure that you know what this is about right?"

I nodded a yes and she said, "My husband in his usual bull in a china shop manner managed to make a hash of his meeting with you. I want to talk about the same thing only differently. I know that your feelings for my daughter are strong and what I want to know is if they are strong enough for you to want the best for her? I'm not saying that you aren't the best man for her, but the two of you are young yet. You should experience some of what life has to offer before making any major decisions. If you and Natasha are meant to be it will happen as well after college as before."

"That doesn't even make sense to me. There is absolutely no way, at least to my way of thinking, that we can separate for four years and then get back together. Are you sure you aren't looking for a problem where there isn't one? She hasn't mentioned making any changes in colleges to me."

"She has mentioned it to me."

"It wouldn't make any sense for her to make a change. She already knows what my schedule is going to be like. She knows what she wants to do with her life and Western has the program she wants and State doesn't. Staying here and going to State won't give her any more time with me than she would get on weekends so why would she change?"

"My guess is that she is afraid that if she isn't around you might take up with another girl."

"If she has that little faith in me why would she want me anyway?"

"How about we stop the tap dance and get down to the nitty gritty. The bottom line in teenage romance is sex. I don't know if Natasha has given up her virginity or not, but even if she did she is an inexperienced girl. I am a very experienced woman. If you will break up with Natasha I will see to it that you get laid twice a week for the next three months or until you get a new girlfriend whichever comes first."

"Your husband is so desperate to break up Natasha and me that he will let you do that?"

"My husband doesn't know. This is strictly between you and me."

I smiled at her and said, "Between you, me and Natasha."

I took the tape recorder out of my pocket and showed it to her.

"I knew what this meeting was going to be about after meeting with your husband so I thought it would be wise of me to cover my ass just in case I needed to prove to Natasha that I didn't do something that her loving parents set me up for or accused me of."

I pushed the 'stop' button and stood up.

"What are you going to do with that tape?"

"That depends on you. If you and your husband try to break us up I will play it for Natasha and I might even arrange for your hubby to hear the part where you offer me sex. If Natasha breaks up with me on her own I'll give you the tape. The one thing that won't happen is that I will break up with her. Just to keep you happy I will share this little tidbit with you. Natasha has made it very clear to me that she is not going to marry until she finishes college and an awful lot can happen between now and then. If you are wise you will let nature and the fates follow their course. You invited me so I'll let you pick up the tab. Have a nice night" and I walked away.

I wished I could have found a way to take Mrs. Evans up on her offer without breaking up with Tasha because Mrs. Evans was one hell of a sexy looking lady. If Tasha and I managed to hang together I had a pretty good idea of what Tasha was going to look like when she was forty and I could live with that.

I drove over to Harry's where Tasha was going to meet me. I walked in and my good mood turned dark. Tasha was sitting in a booth with Gail – and Eddie Wooters. Tasha saw me and gave me a big smile and scooted over so I could sit beside her. I wisely hid the fact that I was pissed and a good thing too. I'd no sooner sat down than Gail said:

"We need to be going and leave you two love birds alone" and she and Eddie got up and left.

As they walked out the door I looked at Tasha and said, "You called it. You said that she would be dating before the tail lights on Tom's bus out of town were out of sight. But Eddie Wooters?"

Tasha just shrugged and asked if I would like to go out to the Point and commune with nature. "I need to stock up before I leave so I'll be able to get by during the week I'm gone."

The week was a busy one for me. I got together with Mary and Gail twice (I didn't mention Eddie to Gail) and the rest of the nights were all Tasha's. I even gave Tasha Mary's Saturday, but Mary didn't lose out on the deal. In exchange she got Tasha's Sunday because Sunday was the day that Tasha's parents were driving her up to Western.

The original plan had been for her to drive herself in the car that her parents had promised her for graduation, but they reneged on the promise. Their justification was that with a car she would be tempted to be out and about rather than studying. They told her to get good grades and show that she was applying herself and then they would get her the car.

I knew that the real reason was that they didn't want her to be able to drive home every weekend to see me. It was an attempt to split us apart even though Tasha didn't do what they expected and did in fact go to Western instead of going to State. I could have (and probably should have) followed through on my threat and played Tasha the tape of my meeting with her mother, but I decided not to. It was a ploy that I had already diffused. I'd given Tasha the money for a bus ticket home and when she went back to school she would be driving my Mustang. I hoped that when her parents found that out they would realize that their plan had failed and they would get her the car they promised.

I could do without my ride for a while. I could borrow mom's car and one of the perks of being the owner's son was that I could use any one of a half a dozen company vehicles if I needed to. The thought of an air mattress in the back of one of our vans came to mind. It would come in handy since Gail was expecting me to fill in for Tom.

My Sunday with Mary was exhausting and when I got home my mom looked at me and told me that I needed to slow down.

"You look totally worn out. You need to take it easier on yourself."

If you only knew I thought and then we sat down to dinner. Dad asked how work was going and I told him fine and then asked what he had in mind for me once school started and I went to part time. He said he thought he would have me work in the office. Mom asked if I'd heard from Tom and I told her no, but Mrs. Bagley asked me to tell her to call. I wondered what they would talk about if my mom did call.

The next day was the first day of my last week as a full-timer and in the break room one of the guys I'd been working with asked what was next on my training tour.

"More time in the office is what my dad said."

"Lucky you" Ben said.

"Lucky me?"

"Hell yes Bob. The only woman in the office that I wouldn't plank is that old hag Grace. The rest of them are all prime pussy. Hell dude, I'd kill to be able to bone Marge."

"Most of them are married."

"Pussy is pussy dude. It feels just as good wearing a ring or not wearing a ring. Besides, Gloria and Tina are both single. One of them, or maybe both, might want to get their hooks into the guy who will be running this place someday."

"Yeah! Right! They are both older than me by several years and I can't see either one of them going after a kid."

It wasn't a bad thought. Both were hot, but both were in their mid-twenties and even if they weren't married there had to be plenty of guys their own age standing in line to get to them. And Ben was right. Every woman in the office (except Grace) was a looker, but nothing was going to happen there. I had Mary and Gail and it was all I could do to handle them. And then there was Tasha on the weekends. Nope! There wouldn't be any office affairs for me.

But I have already mentioned a teen's over-active imagination where sex is concerned right? Well, what happened was that I was in the end stall of a row of four in the men's bathroom. A couple of guys came in and used the urinals and as they were washing their hands one of them (it was Ben) said:

"Want to make a bet on when the explosion comes?"

"What explosion?"

"When Bob finds out that his daddy is fucking Marge damned near every day?"

"He won't find out. They will be careful when he is around."

"I wonder if Marge is kinky?"

"In what way?"

"Maybe she would like to do both father and son."

"Job suicide if she got caught so it ain't likely to ever happen."

"Yeah, but what if..." and I didn't hear the rest because they walked out of the john.

Marge and my dad? And damned if hearing that didn't do the same thing to me that hearing about mom and Mary's husband. All of a sudden I was seeing me doing Marge. I was imagining doing her like my dad might be doing her. Bent over a desk as I did her from behind. Banging her on the copy machine while the machine took pictures of my cock sliding back and forth in her pussy. Under my desk giving me a blow job while I was on the phone.

I was still thinking those thoughts when I stopped to see Mary that night. It was a good thing that mom didn't see me when I got home that night or she would have been worried about my condition. I didn't really need another 'take better care of yourself' lecture.

I hadn't seen Gail since the night at Harry's when she left with Eddie, but I felt that I owed it to Tom to check in with her. I called her not really expecting to get her. I figured that she would be out with Eddie or someone so I was surprised when she answered the phone.

"Haven't seen you for a couple of days so I thought I'd give you a call."

"I've been sick. I'm feeling better now and I'm about ready to need some of your attention."

"I stand ready to answer the call."

"Tomorrow?"

"You got it. What time?"

"As soon as you get off work."

"You have anything going for Thursday?"

"No. Why?"

"It is my birthday and birthdays are paid holidays for me. I'll have all day to give you if you want it."

"I do want it."

"See you tomorrow about six."

When I got there at six I asked her what she wanted to do."

"Fuck."

"That's it? No movie or anything like that? Just fuck?"

"I haven't been laid in over a week and I need it."

I didn't believe that, not for a minute. If that was true it would mean that she hadn't been screwed since her last time with me and I knew that she had been with Eddie, but I kept my mouth shut.

"Your desire is my command oh sweet and sexy one."

"We don't even need to leave the house. My parents are out and won't be home until after eleven."

Again it was a good thing that my mom didn't see me when I got home. I definitely looked like I'd been ridden hard and put up wet.

Wednesday I stopped to see Mary after work and we had a very energetic session after which she asked:

"What did you do to Pam?"

"Pam? I don't know a Pam."

"Sure you do. My sister. Natasha's mom. What did you do to her that makes her call you an asshole?"

"How did the two of you end up talking about me?"

"She knows you were tight with Tom and she was pumping me for information about you. She said she tried to talk with you about Natasha and that you were an absolute asshole about it."

"Hold on for just a minute. I need to get something from my car. Be right back."

I went out to the car and got my tape recorder and the tape of my meeting with Tasha's mom and went back into the house."

"Given what we have going for us I figure that I can trust you to keep this between us. Your sister can never know that you heard this" and I pushed the play button.

I watched Mary as she listened to the tape. She started to smile and then she laughed out loud.

"This is priceless. My straight-laced goody two shoes sister is a closet slut. Why didn't you take her up on it and then not follow through on the breaking up part?"

"She is going to be my mother in law some day and I would just as soon not have a lot of antagonism between us."

"Take your clothes back off lover. Just the thought of Pam slutting it up with you has my juices flowing again. I need your cock."

As I drove home I was thinking "Asshole?"

I could show her 'asshole' and she damned sure wouldn't like it. I could drop a copy of the tape in the mail to her hubby's office and then she would have a reason to call me an asshole.

Then my overactive imagination went to work and I imagined Mary and Pam taking turns sucking my cock. I imagined Mary laughing and calling her sister a slut as she guided my cock into Pam's pussy or ass. With those thoughts in mind I beat myself off and dropped another pair of mom's cum soaked panties on my bedroom floor.

Thursday I was up early and headed out for my morning run. I wasn't running track or swimming for State, but I'd gotten in the habit of running and it was a pretty good way to stay fit. When I got home and went to shower I noticed that the panties were gone from the floor and another pair were on my pillow.

I couldn't figure it out. How could she be doing what she was doing and still act like the mom she was before she caught me jacking off? It was hard for me to pretend that nothing had happened and I was always wondering if that day was going to be the day that she brought it up. As she fed me bacon and eggs you would never have known that less than an hour before she had handled a pair of her panties soaked with my cum. Weird. Just fucking weird.

I picked Gail up at eleven and we drove out to the lake. We spent a couple of hours swimming, playing in the water and lying on blankets working on our tans and then I asked her what she wanted to do next.

"Fuck."

"Oh come on Gail. We have all day."

"Okay. I want to fuck all day."

"You know I can't go all day."

"I know you can go several times and we can spread it out."

"I guess I can't argue with that."

I drove us to the Starlight Motel and got a room. Once in the room Gail said:

"No foreplay baby. I'm hot and horny and I just want to fuck."

We were lying there resting and I was looking at her and she must have read something on my face that I didn't know was there.

"I didn't you know."

"You didn't what?"

"Have sex with Eddie."

"Why tell me that?"

"Because I know that you are wondering about it."

It was scary. That is exactly what I was thinking as I was looking at her. I was wondering why she was with me since she was running with Eddie. I could have probed for information, but I didn't. What I did was reach over and roll her right nipple between my thumb and forefinger and we were off to the races again.

We took a short break and I ordered a pizza. We took a shower and of course I ended up taking her from behind as she leaned forward against the shower wall. We dried off and then I went down on Gail and she swung around into a sixty-nine. After a bit we broke apart and I was just sliding my cock into Gail's ass when the knock on the door came.

I looked at my watch and saw that it had only been thirty-five minutes since I ordered the pizza and they had said it would at least an hour before I got it. I put on my pants and got out my wallet and opened up the door to disaster! The pizza delivery guy was Andy Golden who was a classmate from high school and the biggest rumor monger that I knew. I saw him look past me and smile and I turned and saw a very naked Gail trying to cover up.

"You dog you" Andy said as I paid him.

I tipped him a ten and said, "You didn't see a thing right?"

"Oh sure Bob. You know me. I can keep secrets."

As I closed the door on him I knew that the world would know by nightfall that I was in a motel room fucking Gail. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that by the time she was ready to return to school Sunday Tasha would have heard it. It might even get to her at Western before she came home for the weekend.

"I am so fucked" I said as I put the pizza down on the table.

"Why" Gail asked.

"You know as well as I do that Andy will tell everybody and Tasha will find out."

Gail was silent for maybe thirty seconds and then she said, "I guess you may as well know. I hadn't intended to tell you until later, but now that the cat is out of the bag this is as good a time as any. You need to understand that Nat and I have become as close as sisters and she confides in me. She asked me to seduce you while she was gone."

"Why would she do that?"

"If you were to bed me it would be her insurance policy."

"I don't have a clue as to what that means."

"She was a virgin until you took her cherry. Now she loves sex and she is curious about what other guys are like. She knows about you and Pauline and she suspects that there have been others. You had experience and she didn't and she wants some. Her thinking is that if you do a girl while being her steady you will have cheated on her. Once she knows that she can do other guys and if you find out and call her on it she can throw your cheating at you and say that you were even; that she was just doing what you were doing.

"But what she is thinking is that if she keeps it at school while she is there during the week you will never find out. She won't confront you when she finds out about us. She will sit on it and keep it as her insurance policy."

"You agreed to do it?"

"No. I told her that I was going to stay true to Tom. She laughed and told me that I could no more give up sex until Tom came home that she could go a week without jumping your bones. I told her that might be, but if I did slip it couldn't be with you because you were too close to Tom."

"I can't believe that she could be so conniving."

"I told her I couldn't do it, but maybe I could set you up with some one. I told her that I knew a couple of girls who had always wanted a shot at you and that maybe I could get you to a party, get you boozed up and then get one of the girls to haul you into a room and do the deed."

"You would do that?"

"Of course not. Sharing you with Mary deprives me as it is. I'm not about to bring another girl into the mix."

"When were you going to tell me about her plan?"

"I was going to give her a couple of weeks to see if she might change her mind and then if not I was going to tell you."

"Well, like you said the cat is now out of the bag."

"What do we do now?"

"You call her and tell her that you did what she wanted you to do. Let her get it from you instead of through the grapevine."

"What then?"

"I have no idea."

"You aren't going to go postal are you?"

"I'm not a hypocrite sweetie. I've been doing you and Mary the entire time Tash was my girlfriend. I'm not happy about her wanting to play around on me and it does upset me. In fact it upsets me a lot, but I can't see myself getting violent about it."

"Why are you upset? You are getting more here than she will get up there."

"It is different. You, Mary and I are just fuck buddies. Good friends and fuck buddies is all we will ever be. We both know that you and Tom are forever and we both also know that all I am to Mary is a young stud to play with. We know that even with what we are doing Tasha isn't going to lose me to one of you. Tasha and I don't have years together like you and Tom. We really haven't been together all that long and I can't forget how easily everything went to shit between us when Eddie pulled his little stunt. If Tasha hooks up with guys at Western one of them could steal her away. I could very well lose her."

"Oh shit! I hadn't thought of that. It could already be worse than we know."

"How's that?"

"That night you came into Harry's and Nat, Eddie and I were sitting together? Eddie wasn't with me. He was sitting with Nat when I got there and joined them. I assumed that Nat was sitting there waiting for you and Eddie saw her and joined her. Nat was worried about what you would think when you got there and saw Eddie so she asked me to act like I was with him,"

"So?"

"You didn't know? Eddie is going to Western."

I looked at her as my mind digested what she'd just told me. I don't know if the two and two I added was four or not, but I hoped that it wasn't. I could handle Tasha dating others, but not if one of the others was Eddie. It was obvious to me that from what Gail had just told me I was being played and I wondered how long it had been going on. I remembered Tasha always being around Eddie even after I'd shown her that he was a lying sack of shit. I remembered the ease with which the two of them danced at prom. I remembered a couple of dates that Tasha had cancelled at the last minute for some reason or other. Was the reason Eddie? If so why had she been so adamant that I take her to the prom?

Was Tasha wanting Gail to seduce me so she had a 'get out of jail free' card if I caught her going out with other guys or was it for in case I found out about her and Eddie? Was everything from just before prom until now pre-planned by Tasha with Eddie in mind? Was Eddie in on the plan or maybe even one of the planners? The only

thing that I knew for sure was that if Tasha got with Eddie at Western it would be the end of us. Gail broke into my thoughts.

"What are you thinking?"

"Bad thoughts and if what I'm thinking turns out to be true you could very well end up getting me on weekends too."

"That will be great if it works out, but I'm more interested in right now. You about ready for another?"

"With a little help."

"That's what I'm here for lover. To help."

When it was over I pointed at the phone and said, "Make the call."

She got the number out of her purse and placed the call.

"Hi Nat; it's Gail."

"Not bad. How's school?"

"Same old same old. The reason I'm calling is to let you know that I did what you asked me to do."

"No, no, I can't really say that he cheated on you. What happened is that I took advantage of him."

"No. I mean just that. I took advantage of him. You know that today is his birthday right? Well knowing that he wouldn't have to get up and go to work today, you did know it was a paid holiday for him right? And you know about the deal he made with Tom to date me while Tom was gone? Anyway, since he didn't have to work today we partied with some friends last night and Bobby got pissy faced drunk. I couldn't let him drive in that condition and I didn't want to take him home and let his parents see him in that condition so I took him to a motel room to sleep it off."

No, not really. He was passed out on the bed and I got to thinking about what you asked me to do and I saw a way to make it happen without cheating on Tom. I undressed Bobby and then I got naked and got into the bed beside him. He would wake up with me there beside him and think that he had done the deed. I'd tell him how much I'd liked it and then swear him to secrecy and make him promise that Tom would never find out."

"You bet. Worked like a charm. He was all apologetic over it. Begged me to forgive him and then whined and cried over cheating on you."

"I know. It was all I could do not to laugh. And you want to know the best part? He was hungry and he ordered a pizza and guess who delivered it and saw me and Bobby together in a motel room? Andy Golden! He's a worse gossip than an old women. I bet that you will hear about it from someone within the next forty-eight hours."

"I know. I feel guilty about it because I really do like Bobby, but us girls do have to stick together right?"

"You are welcome, but you owe me one. You owe me a big one."

"Okay. Maybe we will see each other this weekend."

"You too. Bye."

She put down the phone and then asked, "How did I do?"

"That performance deserves an award. I can't get you an Oscar, an Obie or an Emmy so would you settle for a 'dickie?'"

She laughed and reached for it.

The nice thing about growing up with a bunch of kids that have been schoolmates from the first grade on is the friendships that develop. I called some of those friends who were going to Western and asked for a big favor. I told them that I was on the edge of buying a ring for Natasha and proposing, but that I was starting to hear some rumors that she wasn't exactly being true to me while being at school and I asked them to keep their eyes open and let me know if they saw anything that would cause me to maybe change my mind,

Most knew Tasha, but only since the start of twelfth grade and they didn't have the tie to her that they did to me. If she was hanging with Eddie he didn't have much more of a tie than Tasha since he had only been around since eighth grade. If Tasha and Eddie were getting together I'd find out.

Check out time was one so Gail kept at me until a quarter after twelve and then we showered, checked out and then went for a bite to eat. Over our meal she said:

"I want more. I don't think I'm a nympho, but I'm so used to all that I got from Tom that I feel like an addict going through withdrawal. I have a constant craving."

"You want me to figure out some place where we can go?"

"Yes and no."

"That's a really clear answer."

"Yes I want you to, but then no I don't. As great as Mary has been to us I think that if you have any more left in you it should go to her."

"That brings up an interesting question. Mary knows about our arrangement. The part about me taking care of your needs while Tom is gone I mean. How is she going to take it if I make you my steady girl? Will she get upset thinking that I'm trying to steal you away from Tom?"

"Make me your steady girl? Where did that come from?"

"If Tasha does cheat on me with Eddie we are done. Given all that I do with you and Mary I can't get too bent out of shape if Tash gets horny while she's gone and looks for some relief. I guess I could even buy it, or at least learn to live with it, if she finds a guy to go keep her company most of her time up there as long as it is made clear to

him that she is mine. But if the guy she takes up with is Eddie and I call her on it and she gives me the 'just getting even song' I'm going to throw you to the wolves and then – if you are willing – you will become my fulltime steady until Tom comes home and claims you."

"Throw me to the wolves?"

"I'll tell Tasha that you started feeling really, really guilty and confessed to me. That you told me her plan and what you had done to help her."

"Can't you think of another way? When Tom and I get married she will still be family. I don't want things to be too awkward between us."

"I don't know. Maybe I can figure out a way that I could have overheard your phone conversation with her. I don't want to do it that way. I'm going to want to hit her hard with the fact that I know all about her plan and that she was already planning on being with Eddie even before she left for school."

"I guess I don't really care which way you go, but if possible I would prefer you go the overheard conversation route. Besides, we could be wrong about it being Eddie."

She was silent for maybe ten seconds or so and then she said, "But yes, I am willing to be your full time steady if things break that way."

I took Gail home and then called Mary to see if she was at home. She was so I stopped by and she did manage to get twice more out of me and then sent me home a worn out husk.

The next day after work I drove down to the bus station and waited for the bus that Tasha was on. When it pulled in she got off, saw me and ran to me. I got a big hug and kiss and then I asked her what time I had to have her home.

"You don't. They think I'm staying at school this weekend."

"How are you going to hide from them?"

"I'll be staying with Gail unless you can afford to put me in a hotel until I have to go back on Sunday."

"I can do that. I kind of like the idea of being able to wake up next to you in the mornings. Being able to do it two days in a row will be heaven."

My letting her take the Mustang back to school with her was going to be a surprise, but after finding out about her plan and the possibility of Eddie being in on it I changed my mind. No way she was going to use my car to cheat on me with so I asked her what time her bus left on Sunday. She told me three in the afternoon and I told her that would work out great. Check out time was one so we could make love up until twelve-thirty, shower and then go out for a meal before I had to have her at the bus depot.

I checked us in at the Starlight and Tash was shedding clothes before the door was even closed behind us. She didn't want any foreplay so we got right to it. It was a hard and fast fuck and when we had both cum we went sixty-nine until she had me up again. The second time was nice and slow love making followed by a shower and then we dressed and went out to eat.

Once back we made love two more times and then fell asleep wrapped up in each others arms. It felt so right that I prayed that my suspicions were groundless. I wanted a lifetime of it and it wouldn't happen if she did what I thought she had planned.

When the wake up call came Tasha wouldn't let me get out of bed until after we had made morning love and as a result I had to skip breakfast in order to make it to work on time.

I got off work at noon-thirty and went back to the motel. We didn't leave the room except to eat and then the next day I got a big hug and a hot kiss just before putting Tasha on the bus. As I watched the bus pull out I again prayed that I was wrong in what I thought was going to happen.

The end came the following Thursday. I received a call at work from Nancy Wilde.

"I hate to be the one to tell you this Bobby, but you did ask some of us to watch Natasha. Your suspicions were right. She is running around on you."

"What have you seen?"

"She was seen out and about with Eddie Wooters on Monday and Tuesday and they were not just platonic get togethers. There was some pretty heavy necking going on. Bev and I got curious and followed them around on Wednesday and they went to the Coral Gables Motel and checked into room 113. We didn't stick around to see how long they stayed. Sorry Bobby, but best you know now before wasting money on an engagement ring."

"Thanks Nance. I was really hoping not to hear what you just told me, but like you said, best to know now. Thanks for being a good friend."

"You take care Bobby. Bye."

I stared at the phone for a couple of minutes and then I picked it up and made a call to Gail. When she answered I said:

"Hi there new steady girlfriend. Meet me at Harry's when I get off work?"

I was not at the bus station to meet the bus when it came in Friday evening. I made sure that I didn't see Natasha at all that weekend and I also made sure that she had no idea of where I was so she could call me.

Circumstances worked for me. Gail's folks had gone out of town for the weekend and Gail was only too happy to let me spend the weekend with her. We parked my car in her garage so that if Natasha drove around looking for me she wouldn't spot the car.

Figuring that Natasha might try to catch me when I got off work Saturday Gail drove me to work in her mother's car and then when I got off work I left through the loading dock and Gail picked me up behind the building.

Gail and I had just finished making love and we were in the kitchen when the phone rang and Gail answered it.

"Oh hi Nat. How are things?"

"No. I have no idea where he might be. He has been avoiding me since his birthday."

"No I haven't. I've seen him around, but he avoids me."

"Not that I know of. I haven't seen him with another girl. Besides, we both know that Bobby wouldn't cheat on you. He almost had a breakdown when he thought he'd done me. Nat? Are you sure you want to do what you said? Bobby is too good to lose and the odds are pretty damned good that you will lose him if he finds out."

"Okay."

"I can do that, but it isn't likely to happen. Like I told you; he has been avoiding me."

"Okay. Talk at you later. Bye."

While she had been talking to Natasha Gail had been playing with my cock and it had responded to her touch. As a result we ended up fucking on the kitchen table before sitting down to eat dinner. As we ate Gail said:

"You are going to have to face her sooner or later."

"I know, but I want her to sweat for a bit. I'll duck her next weekend and then have the confrontation the weekend after."

"Have you figured out how to do it?"

"I have indeed" and I explained it to her.

We finished eating and then went back to bed. Didn't sleep of course, but we did go back to bed. We woke up in the morning, made love and then showered together and that ended up with us being back in bed. Gil's folks were due home around six so we showered and then cleaned the place up and then headed out to the IHOP around two for either a late breakfast or lunch.

I don't know if the God's were fucking with me or the fates were trying to give me a good laugh, but as we were walking up to the entrance of the restaurant I saw the northbound bus passing and I was sure that I saw Natasha looking out the window at us. I waited until we were inside and seated before telling Gail what I saw.

"What do we do know?"

"While waiting for our order you call her roommates and leave a message. You say that you found me and tried to get in touch with her, but she must have already left for school. When she calls you back tell her that you told me that she was trying to get in touch with me and that you asked me why I wasn't with her. Give her some song and dance about how I felt too guilty to face her. If she wants to know where you found me tell her it was here in the parking lot. We just happened to get here at the same time."

"You think she'll buy that?"

"Don't know and don't care. You got a better idea?"

"Well I guess I do have an idea."

"What is it?"

"We finish eating and then we find a place to do some more of what we have been doing most of the weekend."

Since we were still using her mom's car with the big backseat there was a trip to Stevens Point after we ate and then I took her home.

When I got home my mom told me that Natasha had been trying to get in touch with me all weekend.

"I was avoiding her."

"Why would you do that?"

"I found out what she has been doing up at Western and I'm not happy about it. I want to give myself some time to cool down before I confront her on it."

"I can't believe that Natasha would do that. Are you sure?"

"I didn't want to believe it either, but I checked it out and there is no doubt about it. None at all."

"My poor baby" she said and she gave me a big hug. She pulled me tight to her and her 36Ds pressed into my chest, I smelled her perfume and damned if I didn't get another hard on. After all I'd done over the weekend I

didn't think another one would be possible until the next day, but I got one and I know that she felt it before I pulled away and said I needed to go to the bathroom.

Mom found another soiled pair on my bedroom floor in the morning.

Monday was the first day of class at State and my first class was at eight. I had three classes and they would be over by one which would put me at work by one thirty. I'd be able to put in four hours. I had two classes on Tuesday and they would be over by eleven-thirty so I would be able to get five hours in at work. Monday's classes repeated on Thursday and Tuesday's classes repeated on Friday. I had no classes on Wednesday and I kept Wednesday morning free for studying at the library.

Working a half day on Saturday would give me a twenty-eight hour paycheck for the week (if I didn't work any overtime) and that would give me enough spending money to be able to rent a motel room occasionally. I wasn't taking anything all that hard so I should still have enough time in the evenings to take care of Mary and Gail.

But I had something to take care of that would use up one of those nights. When I got to work after class I called Natasha's mother.

"I want to drop by and give you the tape I made at the restaurant."

"Why?"

"I'm going to breakup with Natasha."

"Just mail it."

"No. It might get lost in the mail and end up in some one else's hands. Also something could happen that would let your husband open the mail that day. I want to hand it to you personally. I don't want to take even the remotest chance that it will end up in some one else's possession."

"When do you want to do it?"

"You set the time. You might want to pick a time when your husband won't be around to ask what it is. I can do it any time after six-fifteen."

"Can you make it Wednesday? He will be out of town on business Wednesday."

"Okay then; Wednesday at six-thirty."

Mary and Gail both had something going on that night and so I stayed home for the first time in ages. Mom and dad pumped me about my first day at school and dad talked about what I was doing at work. Was I learning anything that gave me ideas on how to do things differently? Maybe make things better? The answer was no to both and I think it disappointed him some.

After dinner I went to my room and started reading ahead on my classes. About a half hour later mom came into the room.

"Natasha called just before you got home. She asked me to have you call her."

"I don't want to talk to her mom. I need to cool down before I speak with her."

"My advice would be to do it now by phone rather than get in a shouting match in person when she comes home this weekend."

How weird was that? My mom having a normal conversation with me and less than a foot away on my pillow are her dirty panties that she put there expecting me to beat off and then wipe myself with them. Not only that but I KNEW she had to know I was thinking of her while I was doing it. Yet there she stood behaving like it was just another normal conversation between a mother and her son.

"I guess you are right. The phone would be the best way. I guess I'd better get it over with,"

I went to the kitchen, got the cordless and went out onto the patio. I didn't recognize the voice that answered the phone and I asked for Natasha. Twenty seconds later I heard Natasha say:

"Hello?"

"I understand that you have been trying to reach me."

"Bobby? Where have you been? Why didn't you pick me up at the station? I've been trying to find you all weekend."

"You couldn't find me Natasha because I worked hard at avoiding you."

A few seconds of silence and then, "Avoiding me? Why?"

"You know why Natasha. There is only one thing that could make me turn my back on you. Does the name Eddie Wooters ring a bell?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Try taking one each Natasha Evans, add one each Eddie Wooters, put them in room 113 of the Coral Gables Motel, shake well for over two hours and what you have is the reason I don't want to see you or talk to you. You and Eddie be happy now, hear? Bye."

I disconnected and then left the phone off the hook so any attempts by Natasha to call back would get a busy signal. I waited half an hour and then hung up the phone and put it back on its charger.

School and work went quick on Tuesday and I stopped by Mary's house on the way home. For some reason she wasn't her usual ravenous self and a sixty-nine followed by one romp is all that she wanted. Something was bothering her and I could tell, but our relationship wasn't the kind where I could hold her and say:

"Come on baby; tell Bob what's wrong."

When I got home I called Gail and told her about my phone call to Natasha.

"She may call you or then again maybe not. I didn't say anything about you and her plan; I just told her that I knew about her and Wooters and that I didn't want to see or talk to her again. Keep Thursday open for me?"

Mrs. Evans let me in and I handed her the tape and was turning to leave when she said:

"Don't rush off."

She closed the door behind me and then asked, "Why now? Why did you break up with her now when just a little over a week ago you wouldn't even think of it?"

I didn't owe Natasha anything so I said, "I found out that she is cheating on me up at Western and doing it with my biggest enemy. Therefore we are done. The only reason for my making the tape was to play it for Natasha if you tried to break us up. You had nothing to do with the breakup so I don't need the tape any more. I could have just called and said that I'd destroyed it, but in the back of your mind you would have always wondered if I really had destroyed it or would it surface some day. I didn't want you to have to go through that so I decided that I had to hand it to you in person."

"Are you absolutely sure that Natasha is doing what you think? It doesn't sound like something she would do."

"I have several witnesses and they all agree. So again, since she dropped me of her own free will you get the tape."

"Before you leave may I show you something?"

"Of course."

"Come with me."

I followed her to a room toward the back of the house and she opened the door and we walked in.

"This is my husband's home office." She looked at her watch and said, "He is supposed to be on a business trip, but I suspect that right about now he is in bed with Rachel Miggs who is the Para-legal who went with him. She isn't the first Para-legal or legal secretary he has taken on his trips and gone to bed with. I have private detective reports on three of them.

"I want to get even with the asshole, but I have always been afraid to. What if I went to a lounge or bar and picked up the wrong guy and something bad happened? I couldn't do it with anyone we know for fear they would somehow slip and let him find out so even though I wanted some revenge I was never able to do it. Until now. The timing is perfect. He is out of town, Natasha is up at Western and my two youngest are at a sleep over at a friend's.

"The way you handled my husband and me when we tried to get you to walk away from Natasha and the way you've handled the tape issue makes me think I can trust you. Add to that the fact that I'm not going to end up being your mother in law and have to sit and look at you across the dinner table on Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter and feel guilty makes me think that you are perfect for what I want."

She pulled up her dress and showed me that she didn't have any panties on and then she sat down on the desk with her legs spread wide.

"How about it Bobby? Want to help me out?"

I stood there looking at the fur covered place between her legs and thought "Why not." Pussy was pussy and Mrs. Evans looked every bit as sexy as her sister Mary and her daughter Natasha and I sure wasn't going to feel guilty doing it as far as Natasha was concerned.

"Just a quickie on his desk?"

"To start!"

I smiled as I unzipped, took out my cock and moved between her legs.

She wasn't a vocal fuck like the others I'd had, but she did moan and use the word yes a lot. She hooked her legs behind me and pushed her pussy up at me as I fucked into her. It was long for a 'quickie' and it took me about five minutes to get us both off. Then she led me into her bedroom and we both undressed. She pointed at the left side of the bed and said:

"That's his side. Do me there."

"As soon as I'm able."

"I can help you there" and she went down on me. She got me up and we did it missionary and after I'd got us both off I pulled out of her and then shocked her when I moved into position for going sixty-nine.

"You can't" she said, "My pussy is dirty."

"Hush woman; do your part" and I went to work on her. She got me up again and I took her doggie. As I banged her from behind I fingered her asshole and she said:

"What are you doing?"

"Getting you ready for some anal."

"I don't do that."

"Never?"

"No. My husband has always wanted to, but I won't let him. It is nasty and disgusting."

"How do you know if you haven't tried it?"

"I just know."

"Okay, but you are missing a golden opportunity."

"What?"

"What better revenge than to give another man what you won't give your husband."

She was silent as I kept fucking her, but after a minute or so she said, "Will it hurt?"

"A little at first, but the pain will go away."

"Be careful and if I holler for you to stop you will, right?"

"Absolutely."

She fussed a little at first, but in the end (no pun intended) she loved it.

"You have to come back. I want to do it some more, but never with my husband so you have to come back. Can I call you the next time he goes out of town?"

"I would be crushed if you didn't."

"He doesn't go all that often; maybe only once a month on average."

"That's too bad. I would really like to see a lot more of you."

"That is sweet of you to say, but I only want to do it when he is out of town and I know he won't be around to catch me."

As I drove away from her house I was again thinking about how weird it was that I was able to get all the pussy that I was getting. I wasn't any great shakes when it came to looks. I was at best average looking – middle of the pack – and until I turned eighteen I'd had several girlfriends, but was never able to hold on to them and had never come close to getting even a hand job. I turned eighteen and all of a sudden pussy is coming at me from everywhere. Weird! That's all I could think it was – weird.

Thursday I picked up Gail after I got off work and asked her what she wanted to do. She laughed and said, "Silly boy" and I took it as my cue to head for the Point.

As I drove Gail told me that she had gotten a call from Natasha and Natasha was upset over my phone call to her.

"She wants me to make a date with you for this weekend and then let her know where we will be so she will know where to find you without having to spend the weekend searching. What do you want to do?"

"She already knows that I told Tom I would do my best to keep you occupied while he was gone and she agreed to go along with it. You want to do it Friday night or sometime Saturday?"

"Friday and get it over with. How about a movie and I'll tell her I'll get you to Harry's after the movie?"

"Okay, but when she gets there you need to say that you are going to leave and give us some privacy and then you walk over to the arcade and I'll pick you up there. As soon as you are gone I am going to burn you and I'm not

wanting her to know that you know that I know about her big plan. I want to keep you on the good side of her so that if she talks to you about me or makes plans that concern me I'll know it."

"What about the rest of the weekend?"

"I'll see Mary from around twelve-thirty until five. What do you want to do that evening?"

"Fuck."

"Okay if Mary doesn't wear me out. I'm going to hit Wal-Mart and pick up an inflatable air mattress for use at the Point. The ground isn't all that soft under the blankets."

"No need for it this weekend. Mom and dad are going out of town to visit some friends. We will have the house all to ourselves until at least four Sunday afternoon."

Gail and I were sitting in a booth at Harry's when Natasha pounded another nail in her coffin. We saw her pull into the parking lot in Eddie's car and Eddie was driving. I almost got up and left the same as I did at the last meeting Eddie drove her to. Then I decided to just get it the fuck over with.

Eddie stayed in the car and Natasha walked in and toward the booth. I pretended to be surprised to see her and Gail got up, said her piece and left. "Why are you here Natasha? Don't you know it isn't polite to go off and leave your boyfriend sitting alone in his car?"

"He isn't my boyfriend Bob."

"Okay your lover then, either way it isn't polite."

"Damn it Bob; he isn't my lover either."

"You going to tell me that all the two of you did in room 113 was play cards?"

"Don't be stupid Bob. You know damned well what we did in that room, but what you don't know is that is was your fault that we were in there."

"Oh boy, this I've got to hear."

"It is called getting even Bob. I found out that you screwed Gail so I screwed Eddie to get even."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"It's true. Andy Golden saw you with her in the motel room."

"Nice try Natasha, but no cigar. I know all about your plan to set me up so you could fuck around at school and then blame it on me."

"Bullshit Bob!"

"No bullshit Natasha. I really felt sick when I thought I'd cheated on you. I took Gail home and we sat on her patio while I apologized over and over and begged her to forgive me and to not let you or Tom know what I had done. I got up and left and when I got to my car I found that I didn't have my keys. I'd left them on the patio table and I went back to get them. Gail was on the phone and I overheard Gail's side of the conversation with you. I heard all about Gail doing what you wanted her to do. What YOU wanted her to do Natasha.

"I heard all about how she stripped us both naked and then got into bed next to me so I would think we had done and then pretended that we had done it when I woke up. I heard the whole thing Natasha. Right down to the part where she said that you girls had to stick together. I went back to the front of the house and rang the bell until she answered it and then I got my keys and left.

"Once I knew that it was your idea. I figured out what you were up to and I called friends of mine who were at Western and asked them to keep an eye on you for me. I know all about you dating Eddie almost every night and I know about your motel trips with Eddie. There isn't a doubt in my mind that you and Eddie have been planning on doing it ever since you took up with him way back when.

"Face it Natasha; you are busted. And even if there had been even the slightest change we could have got by your cheating the fact that it was Eddie you cheated with killed it. And showing up here with him today shows just how stupid you really are. You and Eddie have a nice life. Don't bother me any more Natasha. No calls and stay away from me."

She started crying as I got up and as I walked out I heard her cry out "Please Bob ... as the door closed behind me.

I went over to the arcade, picked up Gail and we headed for her house. I do have to say that I do like waking up in the morning with a naked lady snuggled up against me.

Unfortunately I had to haul myself out of bed and go to work. We made plans for the evening and as I was leaving Gail kissed me and told me to make sure that Mary left me with enough to give her some.

Work was work and the morning flew by. I punched out at a quarter after twelve and drove over to Mary's. Even though we made it three times with some sixty-nine in between I could tell that there was something bothering her. I thought I detected something in her voice when she said:

"I want the last one in my ass. Take my ass lover. Fuck my ass hard."

Something about the way she said "last." It turned out that it was prophetic. When we had finished and I was dressing Mary said:

"Please don't hate me baby, but this was our last time."

I stopped tying my shoes and looked at her.

"I've met some one and I think that there is something there. I want to find out, but I can't play with you while I'm trying to see if there is anything there with him."

It hit me that my mini-harem had just disappeared. I was down to just Gail. She would be pleased that she didn't have to share me with Mary any more, but the fact remained that Gail wasn't mine. All I was was her babysitter until Tom came home to claim her. I wasn't sure if it was a bad thing or not.

"Are we okay Bobby?" Mary asked.

I took her in my arms and hugged her. We are okay lover. Keep me in mind if things don't work out."

I kissed her and left.

Gail was indeed happy when she found out that she was the only one I would be giving my time to. She wanted to drag me into the bedroom to celebrate, but I stalled her.

"I need some time to build up some energy after playing with Mary. We will go out to dinner, maybe hit the arcade or something and then we can play."

In retrospect the arcade was not a good idea. We had been there about ten minutes when Natasha and Eddie showed up. Eddie was his usual obnoxious self. He went out of his way to show everybody that Natasha was his. He was showing everyone there that he had taken her away from me. That is how he saw it any way and truth be told that is what he had done.

I could see a confrontation coming if I didn't get out of there so I told Gail that we needed to be going. As we were leaving Eddie laughed and said loud enough for everyone in the building to hear:

"That's it loser; run away."

I turned and said as sarcastically as I could, "Hey Eddie, what can I say. The best man won."

I turned to leave, but then turned back to him and said, "Or did the best man win? Need to think on that a sec. What did the best man win? Oh yeah, a cheating, back stabbing skank. I guess I'm happy being a loser seeing that a cheating, back stabbing skank is what I lost."

Natasha's face went pale when I said that and most of the other people in the place laughed. Eddie got red-faced and charged at me. There was a girl standing next to me with an open cup of something in her hand and I snatched it from her and threw the liquid in Eddie's face. His hands automatically went up and I kicked him hard in the balls. He fell moaning to the floor and I gave him a second kick in the stones.

He made a noise somewhere between a groan and a squeak and I kicked him a third time. I bent down, grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked his face up.

"Are you ever going to learn not to fuck with me? I swear to God that if there is a next time I will cripple you."

I turned to Natasha and said, "I don't think he is going to be of much use to you tonight. Maybe if you can kiss the winner where it hurts you can make it better."

I turned, offered my arm to Gail and said, "Shall we?"

She took my arm and we left. As we got into my car I made myself a mental note to start carrying mom's stun gun when I went out. Eddie was not going to forget my humiliating him in front of all the people in the arcade.

Life settled down for me over the next four months. With work, school and spending time with Gail I did not have much in the way of spare time. I was able to spare some of what I did have to pay three visits to Natasha's mom while her husband was out of town on business if business is what it really was.

I practically lived with Gail, at least on weekends because her parents always seemed to have some place to go every weekend. Gail finally told me that her parents were swingers and always had a weekend party to go to and no, they did not know that she knew.

The holidays were going to be a little disappointing for me as far as my love life was concerned. Tom had sent Gail money for airfare to fly back east. I guess he had reached a point where he could get off post every once in a while and when he did he wanted to see his lady love. She would be gone for two weeks and so it was that I was going to be pussy-less for the first time since my eighteenth birthday.

Mom's underpants were getting a good workout when the next weird thing happened to me.

My dad was out of town and following dinner I went up to my room to work on a paper that was due. I was sitting on my bed thinking of Mary being fucked by her new guy, Gail being fucked by Tom, Natasha's mom being fucked by her hubby and yes, even Natasha being fucked by Eddie and I was feeling sorry for myself.

I undressed for bed and grabbing the ever present pair of my mom's dirty underpants I started to beat my meat. The image I had in my mind was that of Tom and I double teaming my mom. She had Tom deep in her throat and I was fucking her delectable ass. I was so into it I did not hear my bedroom door open and close and I wasn't aware that my mom was even in the room until I felt her hand cover mine as she said:

"Here baby; let mommy do that."

I was stunned! I just laid there and looked up at her as she smiled down at me.

"Isn't this what you've always wanted baby? Mommy's attention? You have a nice one baby and mommy is going to love playing with it. Come on baby; talk to mommy. If you want to fuck mommy you have to tell her. You do want to fuck mommy don't you?"

You have heard the expression "Struck dumb" right? That's what I was. She was talking to me in a soothing tone of voice while she slowly jacked me off and I just couldn't make myself move or talk.

"Want mommy to suck your nice hard cock baby? Want mommy to be a cocksucker?"

Finally I was able to get something out. I squeaked out a yes. One of her hands went to my balls and as she fondled them her hot mouth closed around my cock. Mom was every bit as good at giving head as Mary had been and I had considered Mary to be superb. After a couple of minutes mom took her mouth off my cock and said:

"Okay baby; mommy was a cocksucker for you so now it is time for you to be a motherfucker for her."

She swung over me and I saw that she was naked. She lowered herself and impaled herself on me and then moaned:

"It fits like it was made for me. Fuck mommy baby; be mommy's motherfucker."

I was doing precious little fucking since mom was riding me hard. Up and down she went while moaning:

"Oh yes baby; fuck mommy, fuck mommy, fuck mommy hard."

She finally got me to the point where I had to get off and I can't do it with the woman on top so I rolled and put mom on her back and then I drove into her hard and fast. Her legs locked around me and her hands were on my ass cheeks pulling me to her and just before I knew I was going to come I had a moment of sanity. I didn't know if she was protected so I tried to pull out, but she dug her nails in my ass and held me in place. I tried once more to pull out and she hissed:

"Stop it!! Mommy wants it. Juice mommy baby, juice mommy" and I let it go.

She didn't unlock her legs or take her hands from my ass until I was limp inside her. As she released me she said:

"Is mommy's motherfucker a happy baby now?"

By the time she asked me that all my hesitations and frights (if that is what they were) had flowed out of the head of my cock and I was looking forward to being a motherfucker again and I told her so.

"Mommy's baby is one hell of a happy motherfucker and he wants to fuck mommy some more. Maybe if baby's cocksucker gets back to work mommy's motherfucker can fuck mommy again soon."

She laughed and said, "I never knew that my baby was such a potty mouth."

While saying that she moved into position to suck my cock and I said to her:

"Oh no you don't. First you have to move so I have something to feast on and then you can go to work on me."

As I was saying that I was pulling her into a sixty-nine and she said, "You have to be kidding me. You want to sixty-nine on my dirty pussy?"

"It isn't your pussy any more; it belongs to me now and I want it."

"Yes sir" she said as she pushed her pussy at my face.

I went after it while mom worked on me and after a bit I started responding to her efforts. When I was as hard as I was going to get mom took her mouth off of me, but she didn't move. She pushed her pussy down harder at me and gasped out:

"Oh baby; where did you ever learn to do that so good?"

I wasn't about to tell her that Mary tutored me so I took my mouth off of her long enough to say:

"Don't know. Just seemed like the thing to do."

"Mommy is going to see to it that you get lots of practice doing it."

She changed positions and said, "Puppy fuck mommy this time" and she waggled her butt at me. I did what she asked and listened as she encouraged me to:

"Fuck mommy, fuck mommy harder baby. Fuck me baby, fuck me hard."

When I had emptied and pulled out she got up and said, "Mommy's king size bed is better for what we are doing than this little bed" and she took my hand, pulled me from the bed and then led me across the hall to her bedroom. She pushed me back on the bed and went down on me for the third time that night.

Even with the recuperative powers of youth it still took her a bit to get me ready for a third time and when it was over she tucked herself into me and said:

"Mommy will let you rest until morning."

In just minutes she was sound asleep leaving me there lying on my back and staring up at the ceiling. I was no stranger to the idea of incest because that is what Tom and Mary were doing when they recruited me to play with them, but I never thought that it would happen with me and my mom. Never in a million years.

I had fantasized about it and she had been the inspiration for many a whip off session, but I never expected it to happen. It was only a fantasy for Christ's sake. Fucking my mom was never supposed to happen except in my imagination. As I fell asleep I wondered what was going to happen next.

The short tern answer to that question came in the morning. I woke up with a hot mouth on my cock. I tried to pull her into a sixty-nine, but she resisted so I just laid back and enjoyed it. When she had me on the edge of cumming I told her I was going to shoot so she could pull off, but she didn't. I blew and she swallowed it all and then jumped off the bed and said:

"Up and at 'em baby. Can't be having you late for class. Grab a shower while I fix breakfast."

I don't know what I expected when I sat down at the table, but what I didn't expect was a routine morning.

"Are all your dirty clothes in the laundry hamper?"

"Yes ma'am."

"What would you like for dinner tonight?"

"It doesn't matter to me."

"Oh come on now. You must have some preferences. Any of your favorites that we haven't had for a while now?"

"Linguini Alfredo?"

"You got it."

The phone rang and mom got up to answer it and it sounded like she was talking to her sister and while they talked I finished breakfast and left for class.

I thought about the evening as I drove to school and it, at least to me, was totally unreal. Not the night itself (although it was strange) but the aftermath. It was the same as the morning after I threw mom's adultery in her face. Next day it was like nothing had happened. How could we have done what we did and have the next day be no different than the four or five hundred days before it? Weird! That's all I could say. It was weird.

My classes kept me pretty busy and I didn't get to think about what might be waiting for me when I got home that night until I got to work. Marge had gone with dad on his trip and after hearing what I heard in the men's room I wondered what he and Marge were doing while I was doing mom.

Anyway, with Marge not there Stella was the one who assigned me work when I got to the plant. That day she had me working accounts receivable with Tina and I didn't like that. Not that I minded the work, but I hated to work with Tina, Gloria or Shelly. The three of them teased me unmercifully and it was all I could do to take it. Whenever I worked with one of the three they got me to where it was all I could do to keep from throwing them down on the floor and have my way with them. I did get the feeling that Shelly would have welcomed it, but her husband was six foot five and weighed two-forty so Shelly was safe from me.

Tina had already been told that I was going to work with her and when she saw me coming she turned away from me and not knowing that I could see her reflection in one of rooms glass partitions she unbuttoned the top three buttons of her blouse. I could tell it was going to be one of those days and indeed it was.

She was wearing a knee length skirt with heels and hose and she started things off by getting a file from the bottom drawer of the file cabinet. Instead of kneeling like most women would (and like she had always done

before) she stood straight and bent at the waist. This caused the skirt to ride up and show me the tops of her thigh high hose. It also tightened the skirt across her hips and showed off her delicious looking ass. It got the expected results.

Next she brought a file over to me and bent forward to place it on the desk. That caused her blouse to gape open and give me a good look at her black lace bra covered tits. For the entire four hours I was there Tina teased me and I finally had enough. Remember now, I was just a kid (okay – a young man) and I didn't know a thing about sexual harassment in the work place, but the next time Tina gave me a shot of her tits I said:

"Why don't you just cut out all the cutesy-poo stuff? If you really want me to look at your tits take off your blouse and bra and show them to me. Tell you what, you show me yours and I'll show you mine" and I pushed my chair back and pulled down my zipper.

Her eyes got big and she stood up and left the room. It was ten minutes before she came back and when she did all of her buttons were buttoned and I wasn't teased any more. At quitting time I smiled at her and said:

"Good night Tina" and then I winked at her and said "See you tomorrow."

She looked away from me as she mumbled "Good night."

As I drove home I wondered what to expect when I got there. It turned out to be the same as it was at breakfast. Business as usual.

"How was school?"

"Do you have any favorite classes?"

"How are your instructors? When I went half of them were what I'd have to call intellectual idiots. They spouted off a bunch of crap that had no relevance to the real world. The rest were okay and I did have a couple of really great ones."

"How was work? I'll bet you would really rather be on the plant floor instead of in the office."

On and on and on like that until we were done eating and then I helped with the dishes. Mom washed and I dried and put them away and then I went out into the living room and turned on the TV. I'd only been there like three minutes when I heard:

"Is baby ready for dessert?"

I looked over at the doorway and saw mom standing there wearing only a pair of very sexy high heels.

"Mommy has had baby's dessert heating up all day long."

I got up and she led me to her bedroom. She undressed me, pushed me back on the bed and went down on me. We made love missionary, went sixty-nine, made love again dog fashion – she called it puppy fucking – did another sixty-nine following which she said she wanted me to do her in the ass. After I came in her ass she went and got a wash rag and towel and cleaned me up. She started to go down on me again and I pushed her away.

"My turn to give mommy some dessert."

I pushed her back on the bed and went down on her. I ate her to two orgasms and by then I was hard and I moved between her legs, lifted them up onto my shoulders and pushed my cock into her.

"Now baby is gonna fuck mommy's eyes out" and I started fucking her hard.

It took me a while since I had already cum three times and by the time I got my rocks off mom had gotten off three or four times. I held myself in her until I was soft and when I pulled out mom curled up next to me and went right to sleep.

Weird I thought. Mom was a regular Jekyll and Hyde. And she could switch personas on and off seemingly at will. In the morning I was awakened by mom's hot mouth on my cock and as soon as she saw I was awake she pulled me on top of her and said:

"Be mommy's motherfucker and fuck her hard baby. Fuck mommy hard."

When it was over she said, "Mommy is going to miss this. Daddy will be home tonight and mommy won't be able to be bad with her baby. Not for a while anyway."

She bent down and kissed my dick and then stood up. Somewhere between kissing my dick and standing up she tripped the switch again.

"You need to hurry up and shower while I get breakfast ready."

Over breakfast she asked if I'd heard from Tom and I told her that I'd received a Christmas card from him, but hadn't talked to him.

"I called Mary Bagley and we are going out for drinks Monday night."

She looked at her watch and said, "You'd better hurry mister or you are going to be late for class."

That afternoon I was again paired with Tina, but surprisingly there was no teasing.

At dinner dad talked about the two deals he had closed on his trip and mom talked about going out for dinner and dancing with dad on Saturday and going out for drinks with Mary Bagley on Monday. Dad asked me about school and work and then I went out into the garage and did some cleaning on the Mustang (yes, dad lets me put it in his garage).

The next day was Saturday and office personnel don't work weekends so I had the office to myself. Dad was there, but he spent most of the morning touring the plant. He called it MBWA – management by walking around. He always claimed he was better informed by seeing what was going on than having some one come into the office and tell him. It worked for him.

He knew all the employees and called them by their first names and he insisted that they call him Frank and not Mr. Marchant. He knew the names of their wives and most of their kids and at company Christmas parties he danced with all of their wives and girlfriends and mom danced with all the husbands and boyfriends. He maintained that the company was successful because of our workforce and he treated them accordingly. On

Thanksgiving every employee was given a turkey or a ham – their choice – and Christmas bonuses were given out every year even in years that were not all that good.

It was the way my grandfather had run the place and it was expected of me that it would be the way I ran it when it passed to me.

The company Christmas party was the coming Friday and I didn't have a date for it. I was expected to be there and sitting at the head table and I didn't want to go. I didn't want to sit there dateless and have everyone in the company looking at me like I was a clod girls weren't interested in. I was actually considering calling an escort service when I got an early Christmas present.

It was a Saturday night and I had gone to the movies (by myself) and then stopped at Harry's more out of habit than for any other reason. As I walked in I saw Natasha sitting in a booth with three other girls and I almost turned around and beat feet. But then I said "Fuck it! She ain't going to make me run" and I went in and sat down.

Iris came and took my order and as she walked away I saw Natasha look my way, get sort of a half smile on her face, say something to the other girls and start to get up. Then the half smile disappeared and she sat back down and I wondered what was up with that. The answer came a second later as Pauline walked up and asked:

"May I join you?"

"Silly question silly girl. Of course you may. How in the hell are you?"

"Great. How have you been or is that a safe question to ask since I see both you and Natasha in the room, but not together."

"We have parted ways."

"Short tiff or something serious?"

"As serious as it gets. We are done."

"Good!"

"Good?"

"Yes good. If you are splitsville I can give you a Christmas present."

"A present?"

"Yes, and I can let you have it early. You can unwrap it tonight if you want."

"We haven't seen each other or spoken to each other since graduation, but you have a Christmas present for me?"

"Actually it isn't from me; it is from Gary."

"Your boyfriend is giving me a Christmas present? Where is it?"

"Sitting across from you."

I was confused and looked at her so she said, "Me. I'm your present."

I just sat there and stared at her.

"Gary knows about us. He also knows my sexual appetites and he knows I'd be climbing walls by the time Christmas break is over so he told me that since he won't be able to do me any good before mid January he won't be upset if I hook up with you while I'm home."

"You have to be shitting me!"

"Not in the least bubba. I'm home and yours until the second of January if you want me."

"I most definitely want."

We sat and talked for maybe twenty minutes and then we got up and left and I had to smile inwardly when I saw the expression on Natasha's face as Pauline and I walked out together.

I followed her to her parent's house where she dropped off the car she had been driving and then I drove us to the Starlight.

There was no foreplay before the first time. It was just get on the bed and get it on. As we rested after the first time I said:

"I'm not really believing this. Gary actually gave you permission to do this?"

"Yep."

"Weird."

"Not really. I did it for him back in October. He was going to be gone for six weeks and I know his appetites as well as he knows mine so I told him he could play and it would be all right with me. He did and I was okay with it when he came back. He is just returning the favor."

"I'll have to thank him when I get the chance."

While we were talking she had been fondling my cock and when it started to show signs of life she moved and went down on me. I pulled her into a sixty-nine and minutes later she was on her hands and knees and I was fucking her for the second time. I was all for staying at it, but she told me that she had to be getting home because her folks were expecting her. We made a date for the next day and I drove her home. I walked her to the door, got one hell of a hot kiss and then went on home with a big smile on my face.

I didn't have to drop a dirty pair of undies on the floor that night.

I picked Pauline up at noon and we caught an early movie and then went to an early dinner over which she pulled the story of my break with Natasha out of me. By the time I was done telling the tale she said:

"It obviously saddens you to tell the story so I think we need to go some place where I can cheer you up."

We ended up at the Starlight and I thought – for about the hundredth time – that I should ask about a weekly rate. It was another night when it was a good thing my mom didn't see me drag myself home.

I was able to see Pauline on Monday and Wednesday, but on Tuesday and Thursday she had family functions to attend. When I picked her up Friday she was stunning! She was wearing an LBD, heels and a pearl choker and I had no doubt that there was going to be a whole herd of envious guys at the party.

It was your standard company Christmas party. Cocktail hour followed by dinner, followed by speeches and then followed by the handing out of the bonus checks. Once all that was done the band started playing. I'd already warned Pauline that I had several duty dances that I was going to have to take care of with the wives or girlfriends of the department heads and that she was of course free to say yes to anyone who asked her. It was a given that the husbands and boyfriends of the women I would dance with would want to dance with my date. I also told her that as hot as she was I'd be keeping an eye on her to make sure she didn't take off with some stud. She laughed and said:

"I seem to remember that you were the one who taught me that you always leave with who brung you."

I remembered that she had heard that on the night she met Natasha and I wondered if she remembered it because Natasha was at the party.

Yes indeed, Natasha was at our company Christmas party. She was there as the date of one of our machinists. George ran a turret lathe if I remembered correctly. I had to wonder about what the story was there since George had to be about eight years older than Natasha.

I'd been doing my duty dances with the women that dad indicated I should give my attention to and I noticed that Natasha always seemed to be looking me when I glanced her way even when she was on the floor dancing with George or one of the other guys at her table.

I was dancing with my mom (and she was pressing her leg against my hard on) and she asked:

"Are you going to ask Natasha for a dance?"

"No."

"Why not? You should let bygones be bygones."

"I don't want to let bygones be bygones. I want to remember that she shoved a knife in my back. If I keep the memory alive it will help me make sure I don't get all weak minded and get back together with her."

"Maybe she learned a lesson."

"And maybe if we got back together the lesson learned would be that I took her back once so why not figure that I'd do it again."

"I didn't know that I raised such a cynical young man."

The music stopped so I didn't answer that as I walked her back to our table. I danced the next two dances with Pauline and she told me that she was having a great time.

"I haven't had this many men lusting for my bod in ages."

"Just don't forget who brung you."

"As if!"

I had one more duty dance to get out of the way. Fred Hobbs, the machine shop foreman and his wife were sitting at the same table as Natasha and George. As I approached the table Natasha saw me coming and she smiled and shifted in her chair getting ready to get up and I smiled inwardly when her smile disappeared as I asked Mrs. Hobbs for the dance.

The last duty dance out of the way I spent the rest of the evening on the floor with Pauline or my mom. Pauline and I were up tight against each other in a slow waltz when she said:

"Your ex hasn't taken her eyes off of you all evening."

"So?"

"Well, I'm in no hurry to get rid of you, but her date is a hunk and he would do in a pinch if you decided to give the ex a shot."

"The only shot I would give her would come from a Colt .45 or a 9mm Glock."

"I see that you still have your caveman tendencies."

"I seem to remember you getting turned on by them."

"I think what needs to happen is you need to get me to a bed."

I had opened the envelope that had my bonus check in it when I used the men's room and it was enough to cover quite a few visits to the Starlight and so that is where we went. When Pauline was through with me I was a wreck. I owed Gary for what he was letting Pauline do, but I hated him for taking her away from me to begin with. I spent Saturday night with her at the Starlight, but family had her spoken for on Sunday.

Since I was on holiday break from school I was working full time at the plant. I was still working in the office and working with Tina, Gloria and Shelly.

Tina had stopped her teasing, but Gloria and Shelly were still at it. I was able to put up with it in as much as I had relief available in the person of Pauline. Although one day it got so bad that I had to hurry to the men's room to take care of a problem.

Christmas day Pauline and I were tied up with family. I gave mom a pair of earrings with a matching necklace and I gave my dad a great big box beautifully wrapped (even if I do say so myself) and he looked at it for a minute no doubt wondering what could be in a box so large and still be as light as it was. He opened it and found a smaller wrapped box which opened to another wrapped box. Four succeeding smaller wrapped boxes later he opened the last box and found an absolutely hideous tie. My mom laughed and then I told dad:

"Your real present is out on the driveway."

He got up and walked to the front door and looked out and saw a two year old Chevy Impala.

"You bought me a car?"

"No, I bought me a car. My present to you is a son who now drives a Chevy."

Mom almost fell off the couch she was laughing so hard. Dad looked at me with a "What the fuck did I do to deserve this" look on his face and then I walked over and from behind the couch I got a long wrapped box and handed it to him. It was a Titanium driver.

"Maybe it will help you finally break a hundred."

That was a dig because he always shot in the mid to low eighties. Mom handed me a box and I opened it to find a leather briefcase. I said, "Thanks. It is really nice" but I was thinking "WTF! What the hell do I need a briefcase for?"

"Open it" mom said.

I opened it and found some papers and an envelope. I opened the envelope and found a check for ten thousand dollars. I was stunned! Ten grand! My very first thought was "No more Starlight. I can get an apartment." I looked at mom and dad and they were both smiling at me.

Mom said, "Read the papers."

I read them and found out that I had a trust fund. My grandfather had set it up the day I was born. It would pay me twenty-five hundred a month if I attended college and got a degree and upon college graduation I received five grand a month until I reached twenty-five at which time I came into the balance of the fund. If I didn't go to college I wouldn't get a dime until I turned twenty-five and then I got the entire thing. If I dropped out of college the payments would stop and I would have to wait until I was twenty-five. My parents were the fund trustees and were charged with making any and all decisions where the fund was concerned.

"We waited until we saw how you were doing in school" mom said, "We didn't want your decision to go to go to school to be influenced by money. The ten thousand is for the four months we held back."

Then my dad said, "To be honest about it I wanted to wait longer, but your mother wouldn't hear of it."

"Why?"

"With steady funds coming in I was afraid that you might stop working at the plant. It would screw up my plans for preparing you to take over the business when I decide to retire."

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know. With the trust fund you have the ability to change majors. You could decide that taking over the business is not what you really want to do. It has always been assumed that you would follow me into the business, but that assumption was mine. You have never said that you want to do something else, but that doesn't mean that you don't want to."

"Well you can put your mind to rest. Going into the business is what I want to do and doing it by learning it from the ground up is the way I want to do it. But now that I have some money to play with there will be a small change in things."

"What?"

"No more Saturday s."

"I can live with that."

We went over to Aunt Maggie's (mom's sister) for Christmas dinner and when we got home I called Pauline and asked if she could get free. She could and so I picked her up and headed for the Starlight. After some sixty-nine and a fairly strenuous romp in the missionary position we rested. While we were lying there Pauline asked:

"When are you going to get over Natasha and find another girlfriend?"

"I am over Natasha."

"Bullshit Bobby. At the party you never let your eyes get too far away from where she was sitting."

"Probably trying to figure out how I could wrap my hands around her cheating neck and get away with it."

"Yeah! Right! Seriously sweetie, you need to find another full time lady. It isn't good not being able to empty your sack into a willing female from time to time."

"I have an outlet or two; I'll manage."

"Well as long as you can manage shall we?"

She got two more out of me before I had to get her home.

Since Christmas was on a Wednesday the next day was a working day for me. I was working in payroll that week and Gloria was working with me. Gloria did the same thing that Tina had done and had unbuttoned the top two buttons on her blouse.

She made sure that she bent forward every time she had to put something down on my desk so I could look down her blouse. The only thing different from the way Tina had done it was that Gloria wasn't wearing a bra! Every time I looked at her girls I saw that her nipples were hard and stood out like little cock erections. After about the fifth time she gave me the show I said:

"I think my position in the company is pretty secure, but if the troops don't get paid on time and they bitch about it your job could be in trouble."

"Why? Why wouldn't they get paid on time?"

"Because if you keep flashing those succulent tits at me I'm going to lose it and take you on my desk and once I start I won't stop until I can't get up again. That means we won't be working on payroll and that means that payroll won't be done on time."

I fully expected that she would do what Tina did and rush off. button, up and then avoid me. Gloria didn't follow the script. She unbuttoned her blouse all the way and then pulled it open and said:

"You really think that they look succulent? Does that mean that you would like to suck them? Roll my nipples between your fingers? That usually gets so hot that I'll rip off my panties and fuck like a mink."

I got up and almost ran to the bathroom with Gloria's mocking laughter following me. It took me fifteen minutes to work up the nerve to leave the bathroom and go back to work. Gloria had buttoned up, but only partially. She left it unbuttoned enough so that her tits were still on display and she made sure that I got to see plenty more of them for the rest of the day.

My cock was going up and down like a yoyo and I didn't dare go to the bathroom and beat off. I just knew that she would know what I was doing and that it would make her laugh even harder.

Thank God I had Pauline available when I got off work. I went after her like a starving man going after a full course meal. After the first time she said:

"I'm not complaining mind you, but what's got into you?"

I told her about my day and she laughed at me. "My big bad caveman backed down from a mere girl? Whatever am I going to do with you?"

"Hopefully you will get me up again in a hurry so we can go again."

Before I took her home she said, "I want you to do something for me when you get to work tomorrow."

"What?"

"This Gloria called your bluff so now I want you to call hers."

"How?"

She told me.

On Friday morning Gloria was primed and ready for me. She was wearing a short skirt, heels, a very low cut top and she was of course again braless. I looked at the display every time that she showed it and while never looking

up at her face I would lick my lips and make sucking sounds. Needless to say my cock was again going up and down like a yoyo.

Just before lunch as she was again displaying her tits for me I said:

"It is a damned shame that your top doesn't have buttons so you could open it up. I would really like to see those beauties again."

Gloria smiled at me, grabbed the bottom hem of her top and pulled it up exposing her tits. While she had been doing that I had unzipped and had taken out my hard cock. Once Gloria's tits were on full display I pushed my chair back from my desk while saying:

"I guess it is only fair that if you show me what you have I should show you what I have."

My cock was jutting up in full view and according to Pauline it was supposed to make Gloria run off, but once again Gloria did not follow the script. She looked at my cock, bent and touched it with her hand and then she went to her knees and took it in her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down twice while I frantically looked around to see if anyone was watching and then Gloria took her mouth off me and said:

"Fair is fair. I tasted you so you have to taste me."

She pushed her right tit into my face and by then I'd had enough. If she didn't care then I'd be damned if I would. I took her tit in my mouth and made love to the damned thing. I attacked the nipple and while I was doing that I ran my hand up her leg and started to work my fingers into her under pants. Suddenly Gloria no longer wanted to play and she jerked away from me, pulled her top down and rushed off to the ladies room.

It was too bad. The mood I was in just then I would have pulled her down onto my lap and done her right then and there. I smiled figuring that there would be no more teasing from Gloria

As usual where she was concerned I was wrong again. After lunch she still teased, but she stayed out of my reach. I did take my cock out and wave it at her a couple of times, but she still stayed out of reach.

That night I told Pauline how her plan worked out and she laughed and said:

"Serves you right for waving my cock at other girls. I'm glad she didn't try and use your cock because I'm going to need all you got tonight. Hell, I'm going to want all you have for the next six days."

It was another long and hard night for me.

The next day was the first Saturday that I wouldn't be working since I started school. Pauline had family things going on so I wouldn't see her until I picked her up at five to take her out to diner. There was a new teen club that had just opened and even though there was no alcohol they did have a live band so you could dance and I planned to take Pauline there after dinner.

I didn't set the clock figuring that I could sleep in for a change. With all the snow on the ground I wasn't going to get up and go for a run so I was just going to be lazy. It was my week for being wrong.

I woke up around seven with a hot mouth on my cock. I raised my head and looked down to see my mom going at it. I stiffened in panic before I realized that dad would have gone into the plant like he did every Saturday. As soon

as she realized I was awake without taking her mouth off my cock mom shifted into position to go sixty-nine. I had just enough time to notice that there was pearly white stuff on her pussy before she pushed it in my face.

Mom had just been fucked!

It didn't stop me from going at her because it was nothing new to me. I'd been exposed to Tom's goop when I'd gone down on Mary and Gail just as he had found mine in the same places. Mom moaned and shook as my mouth brought her off, but she never let loose of my cock. She did take her mouth off me long enough to say:

"You have to cum in mommy's mouth baby. Mommy can't let you cum in her pussy cause daddy might notice."

She went back to working on me so I kept working on her. I got her off once more before I came and mom swallowed it all. She kept me in her mouth until I was back up again and then she swung over me and settled down on me cowgirl.

"Mommy was bad baby. Mommy let mommy's little pussy licker eat daddy's cum. Mommy hopes you like it baby cause you are going to get more of it. Daddy will never taste baby's, but baby will taste daddy's. Mommy can be so wicked sometimes, but baby won't mind will he?"

"As long as mommy lets baby play with her she can do whatever she likes."

"Mommy likes to hear that." She giggled and then said, "So if mommy pulled a train you would still lick her pussy? That would be so cool."

The thought of mom being gangbanged sent a gallon of blood to my cock and I'd swear that I t doubled in size and mom noticed. She laughed and said:

"Does mommy's motherfucker want to watch mommy be a fuck pig?"

Again my cock throbbed.

"You do! You want to watch mommy be a slut."

She got off me and got on her hands and knees. "You can't cum in my pussy baby; you'll have to use my ass. Hurry baby; fuck my ass."

I did as she asked and got her off once more before I blew my wad deep in her butt. She jumped off the bed and came back with a wash rag and towel and cleaned off my cock and then went back down on me. She got me up and then asked:

"Where do you want to come this time; mommy's mouth or mommy's ass?"

I pushed her down on the bed, put her legs up on my shoulders and drove into her as I said:

"I'm gonna cum in MY pussy."

"You can't!" The 'little girl' mommy voice was gone. "I don't dare take a chance on him finding even a miniscule trace of you."

"Not my problem. It is my pussy not his. Any time he is not in this house and we are it is my pussy. I'll let him have it when he is here, but understand this; this pussy is mine and I'm only loaning it to him."

Her eyes got big and for a second I thought I'd gone too far, but then her hands grabbed my ass and pulled at me as she snarled up at me:

"Fuck me dam you; fuck me hard."

I did. I fucked her hard and fast and she came at least twice before I came in her pussy. She felt it and she moaned:

"You bastard! You fucking bastard!"

"Shut the fuck up slut" I said as I pulled out of her. "I won't leave anything for him to find: and I went down on her.

I worked on her and got her off at least once before she said, "I need cock. Stop that shit and fuck me."

I prodded her into the doggie position and then I pushed my cock in her ass and did my best to fuck my brains out. She cried, moaned and begged me to do it harder and faster and I did my best. She got off twice more before

I sent my load deep into her bowels and then I pulled out and fell to the bed beside her. I was surprised. I still had some brains left.

After a minute she got up and got a rag and towel and cleaned my cock. She dropped the rag and towel on the floor and fondled my cock as we looked at each other.

"What are you thinking" she asked.

"Of where I can find two guys trustworthy enough to help me make you airtight and keep quiet about it and then find enough guys so I can watch you pull a decent sized train."

"You can't be serious. You expect me to do that?"

"You obviously want to or you wouldn't have brought it up."

"You do! You really want to see me do it."

"Not just see. I expect to participate."

"Well it isn't going to happen. No way! I can not take the chance."

"But you do want to don't you?"

She was quiet for a bit and then said, "Yes. I used to do them when I was in college and I loved it. But all that stopped when I met your father. I've never forgotten the way I felt doing them and I'm always wishing I could do them again, but it just can't happen. There is just too much risk of your father finding out."

"What am I if not a risk?"

"There is no chance of our being found out as long as we keep it here in the house when he is gone."

While she talked she fondled and I grew. "Now what" she asked as she stroked my hard cock.

"You call it."

"Pussy until you are ready to shoot and then I want to swallow it."

And that is just what we did. When she took her mouth off me she said:

"Go take a shower while I fix breakfast."

"No. We will shower together and then I'll take you out for breakfast."

"If we shower together we might end up back on the bed and miss breakfast all together."

"Not likely. You have drained my sack three times already this morning and I need time to recharge."

We showered and washed each other's back and then we ended up washing each other's front and while my dick did twitch a couple of times it did not come back up.

As I drove to the Village Inn I asked, "Would baby's cocksucker care to tell him just how things fell that enabled him to become a happy motherfucker?"

"When I caught you jacking off with my panties while sniffing the crotch of another pair I was horrified that you had become some kind of a freak. When you tossed my affair with Albert at me I thought "Oh my God! He'll tell his dad" as I ran from the room. It wasn't until I calmed down that I realized you would say anything to your father if I didn't.

It took me a while to realize that it must have been me that you were fantasizing about as you jacked off and the idea of you thinking of me while you beat off turned me on. I started thinking of you thinking of me and for some reason that I do not understand I started leaving my dirty panties on your pillow for you to use. The more cum soaked ones I picked up off the floor the more I wondered what it would be like to fuck my baby. I finally worked myself up enough to go for it."

"You were taking a hell of a chance."

"No I wasn't. I knew incest didn't bother you so I felt safe in doing it."

"Why did you think incest wouldn't bother me?"

"Tom told me."

"Tom? Tom told you that I didn't mind incest?"

"He told me that you knew about him and Mary and it didn't bother you at all."

"How in God's name did you and Tom end up talking about that?"

"He told me one day after we got done fucking."

"You and Tom?" You and my best friend?"

"I didn't fuck your best friend. I fucked Mary's son just like I fucked her husband."

I just stared out the window as I drove and everything rattled around in my head and then all of a sudden I started laughing. I was laughing so hard that I had to pull over and stop.

"What's wrong? Why did you stop? Why are you laughing?"

I finally got myself under control and said, "I'm laughing at the absurdity of it all. Mary told me the reason she had Tom recruit me was so she could throw it in your face that she corrupted your son because of you fucking her husband and all the time you were fucking her son. That's just too fucking funny."

"Yes, I guess it is."

"Do I get an explanation?"

"Of what?"

"When you told me that you were fucking Mary's son and not my best friend you made it sound like there was a purpose behind it."

"There was."

"Come on; give."

"It goes all the way back to college. Mary and I were pretty much best friends from the eighth grade on. I told you about pulling trains in college? Well Mary was lying on the mattress next to me. In our junior year I met a guy and we fell into a relationship and I thought he just might be the guy I'd spend my life with.

"When my grandmother died I had to go back to Chicago for the funeral. I came back a day earlier than expected and found Mary and Ellis fucking. Mary claimed he had gotten her drunk and then had taken advantage of her and

since she was my best friend and I could trust her I believed her. I mean surely she wouldn't screw over her best friend right? I kicked Ellis out of my life and Mary and I stayed friends.

"I met your dad, fell in love and we got married. Six months later Mary and Albert got married. Everything was fine until I found out that your father was fucking his secretary. I loved him and I wasn't going to lose him over a piece of recreational pussy, but I did promise myself that when the occasion presented itself I was going to get even.

"One evening when Mary and I were out for drinks she got a little blotto on me. It just so happened that Ellis was at the bar with a woman who we both knew wasn't his wife. Mary was so out of it she didn't know what she was saying when she said:

"I knew that asshole was no good. I don't know why I ever seduced him."

"You bitch! I thought. I believed you when you said he got you drunk." A week later your father was out of town and I was out having dinner and Albert came in, saw me and asked if he could join me. We had a few drinks and he made some suggestive remarks and I decided to get some payback on your father and Mary. I let Albert think he was seducing me and then I carried on a six month affair with him. He really was a piece of shit, but I didn't care. I was getting back at Mary for what she'd done with Ellis and getting even with your father for doing his secretary.

"I never knew that Mary knew until you threw it at me. I knew from Tom that Mary was fucking you so I knew that the information had to have come from her."

"Okay; that's why Albert, but how did Tom come into the picture?"

"He was in the habit of just walking into the house when he came over to see you and one day after I took a shower I walked naked down to the kitchen. Tom came in and saw me and I saw his pants tent up. I'd just recently found out that your father was fucking Marge and I was already planning on getting even so when I saw Tom's hard on I said to myself "Why not. Two birds with one stone. One more getting even with Mary for Ellis and getting back at your dad for Marge." I walked over to him, rubbed his bulge and said:

"Is that for me?"

"That started it and it lasted right up until he left for West Point."

"I never knew he was such a stud. You, his mom and Gail and all at the same time."

"Oh listen to Mr. Super Stud here. Mary, Gail, Natasha and Pauline or any combination of three of them at the same time."

I pulled away from the curb and headed for the restaurant.

"What are you thinking" she asked.

"Good thoughts or bad thoughts depending on your point of view."

"Explain please."

"How to get you and Mary together again on a mattress pulling trains. I already know that when Tom comes home I'm going to get him to help me double team you."

"And if I don't want to do those things?"

"You have no say in the matter. You are my slut now and I decide what you will do. Right now you need to get over here and suck my cock until we get to the restaurant."

She sat there and looked at me with an unreadable expression on her face and then she moved over to me, unzipped me and did what I told her to do.

Over our French toast and bacon I said, "I'm thinking of getting an apartment. It might make things easier for us."

"It won't. It will be one more thing that can go wrong. People will start to wonder why your mother is always visiting you. An occasional visit sure, but not days and days of them. You and I being at home raises no eyebrows because you are living at home. Better you should stay at home."

"If I have an apartment I can see you more. If I stay at home I'll only see you when dad goes out of town or on a Saturday morning when he goes into work."

"You are only going to see me when your father is out of town or at work on the weekends anyway so it makes more sense for you to remain at home. Besides, if you are at home and something comes up that keeps your father at work late or something like that we can get in a quickie and we couldn't do that if you get an apartment."

"True, but I can never make a gangbang happen at home and I could do it if I had an apartment. I just need to figure out how to get you to talk Mary into it."

"That won't happen. For one thing Mary isn't in that mindset any more and besides that she is in a relationship she wants to make work. However what is most important is the fact that I have no intention of doing one and I have no intention of letting you and Tom do me at the same time."

"I'm not ask..."

"Shut the fuck up! Stop with the macho domineering crap right now! You are getting what I am letting you have – what I am giving you – and don't you forget it! We do it when I want to and when I can and you get to take it or leave it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes ma'am. Sorry. I thought from the way you were behaving with the little girl voice and the mommy stuff that you wanted me to take charge. And you did tell me how much you liked it when you pulled trains and I thought you were trying to tell me something that you obviously were not. I am clear on things."

"Good. Now feed me and then take me back home and fuck me."

"I'll feed you, but I'll have to take a pass on the second part."

"Why?"

"I have a date with Pauline."

"You would pass me up for Pauline?"

"I'm just being practical. Pauline will be available most nights until January second, but you won't be available till next Saturday and even then it is only a maybe depending on what dad does."

On the way home from the restaurant mom said, "When I had drinks with Mary she did throw what she was doing with you in my face and then I told her why I had done what I did with Albert. We are back on track to becoming friends again. I did not let her know about Tom and I don't want you to ever let her know about it either. Also, I do not want you letting Tom know that you know about what he and I did unless he brings it up first. Okay? Can you do that for me?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"On whether baby's cocksucker is still baby's cocksucker after today."

"Then I think we have a deal."

When I got her home she asked, "Can I at least warm you up for Pauline?"

"I don't trust myself to stop if you get me started. I need to have enough left in me to do her some good or she may dump me for some one else and I need to keep her around at least until Gail comes back from visiting Tom."

"Gail? What does she have to do with things?"

"I would have thought that Tom would have filled you in during your bedroom talks."

"He didn't tell me anything about Gail other than you were doing her along with Mary."

I explained the deal Tom had worked out concerning Gail before he left.

"That's another reason that I'm thinking apartment. Motel rooms put a hell of a dent in my wallet."

"You already know I'm against the apartment idea. Let me think on it for a bit. Maybe I can come up with something."

Pauline and I had dinner at Gregio's and then we went to the new teen club. Because there was no revenue from alcohol sales there was a fifteen dollar per person cover charge, but as far as I was concerned it was worth it.

The live band was great and Pauline and I had a marvelous time. The only dark spot was that about an hour after we got there Natasha showed up with some guy I'd never seen before. Every time Pauline and I were on the floor Natasha would somehow maneuver her date to where they were close to us. Twice I glanced her way and she smiled at me and mouthed a "Dance with me? Please?" which I ignored.

On the way to the Starlight Pauline said, "You may be over Natasha, but she sure isn't over you. She didn't take her eyes off of you the entire time she was there. She wants you sweetie."

"She had me Pauline and she threw me away. What she did wasn't something that just happened or was a stupid one time mistake. What she did was thought out and planned ahead of time and then done with someone she knew I could not stand. Natasha is gone! I don't give a rat's ass about what she wants. Now will you please stop thinking of her and spend your time thinking on how you plan to explain my poor dead body to the police when you get done with it?"

I was still alive when she finished with me, but only just barely.

The snow had melted enough that I went for my run on Sunday. I headed for Paint Brush Park, but on the way I thought better of it. Natasha was home from school so she might go to the park to run and she might even do it hoping that I'd be there. I decided to run in the neighborhood and I made a u-turn and went back home.

After my run I showered and then wondered what to do with the rest of the day. Pauline had family things to do and wouldn't be home early enough to make going out with her that evening reasonable. I came out of the shower and found mom naked on my bed and on her hands and knees.

"Hurry baby. He's gone to Lowe's and we have time for a quick one. It has to be my ass baby. He never goes there so he'll never know. Hurry baby; fuck my ass."

I fucked her, she washed my cock, sucked it hard and I fucked her ass a second time. When we were finished she said:

"Another reason for you to not get an apartment. This would have been a lost opportunity if you weren't living here."

I had to agree with her on that, but I had also been doing some serious thinking on the apartment idea. True, I would have missed this opportunity if I lived in an apartment, but how often were opportunities like this going to occur?

The other side was the money side. Using my past activities with Gail as a guide I could conceivably use the Starlight three times a week (figuring her parents being gone every weekend) and at \$58.76 a visit the Starlight would cost me a minimum of \$176.28 a week or \$705.12 a month. Throw in an occasional weekend day, say two a month, and I was looking at \$822.64 a month and I could get an apartment for \$700 a month. But what if Gail wasn't around for some reason or other? Like maybe she would decide to move back east to be close to Tom?

I was sitting there running the numbers in my head when mom came into the room and asked me if all my dirty clothes were in the hamper and all of a sudden it hit me. I'd be doing my own laundry, cooking all my meals, cleaning the place, shopping for groceries and who knew what else. I was getting enough from the trust fund and from my job that I could easily afford the Starlight and just like that – that quick – the decision was made to stay at home.

Dad came home and asked me to give him a hand in the garage and that filled in the rest of my day.

Monday was spent in the office working on inventory control and I was assigned to work with the third member of the "Terrible Trio." I knew Shelly would tease me, but because she was a married woman I didn't expect her to push it as hard as Tina and Gloria had.

My batting average as far as figuring out the girls in the office was concerned was 0 for 3. I was wrong again!

We hadn't been there fifteen minutes when Shelly asked me to help her get something from the old files in the basement. There was a room in the basement that was full of file cabinets the held stuff that was saved for ten years. When we got to the room I asked Shelly:

"What do you need?"

"I need to know why you are violating the company Policy and Procedures Manual."

"What are you talking about?"

"The CP&P was designed and put in place to insure in part that all employees are treated equally."

"So?"

"You aren't doing it."

"Not doing what?"

"Treating all employees equally."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You offered to show Tina yours and you did show Gloria yours so why haven't you treated me the same?"

By that point in my relationship with the three girls I'd gotten a little backbone so I didn't get red faced and run for the john. I'd learned not to bluff, but to call them so I said:

"It is because you haven't done what Tina and Gloria did. They both showed me theirs before I offered to show them mine so I am not doing anything that is against the CP&P by not showing you mine. Besides, I'm not management. I'm just another employee and nowhere in the CP&P does it say one worker bee has to treat the other worker bees equally."

"So what you are saying is that I have got to go first?"

I just smiled at her. Given the way the conversation had been going I was not surprised when she took off her sweater and then took off her bra. She cupped her tits in her hands and said:

"Like them? Are they as good as Gloria's?"

"Visually they are every bit as good, but I did a taste test on hers."

"No taste test for you until you do your part."

I unzipped and took out my hard on and Shelly looked at it and said, "Gloria didn't lie. She said you had a nice one."

She went to her knees in front of me and took me in her mouth. She licked and sucked for a bit and then she stood up and said, "Your turn."

I reached for her tits and she pushed my hands away.

"Oh no you don't. Equality, remember? I tasted yours and now you have to taste mine."

She walked over to a table that was used when sorting files. She pulled up her skirt, took off her thong and sat on the table. She spread her legs and said:

"Now it is your turn." She paused and then said, "If you are man enough."

This was the point where I was expected to run away with her laughter following me, but I smiled at her, walked over to her and said:

"Man enough? Man enough to make you wish you had me around every day."

I went after it like a starving man tearing into a full course dinner and it wasn't long until her fingers were in my hair and she was moaning. It took a while but I stayed after it until I got her off. I stood up and said:

"Now you owe me one."

"One what?"

"I got you off so now you owe me an orgasm."

"I can't do that."

"You can't do that? What happened to all that equality you have been spouting off about" I asked as I put my cock away and zipped up.

"I'm a married woman and it wouldn't be right."

"You had no problem getting it so I guess the married woman thing is just a cop out" I said and I left the room and went back upstairs. Five minutes later Shelly came up and for the rest of the day she kept her distance, but every time she looked my way I smirked at her.

Pauline and I went out to dinner and then to a movie after which, out of habit, we stopped at Harry's. Natasha was there with a couple of girls I didn't know. To prove Pauline wrong I sat with my back to Natasha. We hadn't been there three minutes before Pauline said:

"She hasn't taken her eyes off you since we sat down."

"So? You want to invite her along when we go to the motel?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you bringing her up? I've already told you that I have no interest."

"She is the same as you and me Bobby. She's just a kid. She made a mistake. We all do. She fucked up. We all do that too. She obviously misses you and wants you back in her life. Maybe she's learned her lesson."

"I'll tell you the same thing I told my mom when she suggested I give Natasha another chance. If I take her back I'm afraid that the lesson she will have learned is that I took her back once so I'll probably do it again the next time she does it. Not gonna happen. Right now I more interested in seeing to it that you will miss me when you leave me on Friday."

"Are you sure that it isn't going to be the other way around?"

"Of course I'll miss you, but what is is. You are Gary's and only on loan to me and I know it. I wish it wasn't so, but it is. I'll just have to get busy and find a lady of my own although that isn't going to happen until you leave. Now then, how about we take advantage of the time we do have left."

Out of the corner of my eye saw the scowl on Natasha's face as Pauline and I left.

Pauline was her usual active self at the Starlight and even though I had some left I had to get her home because her parents were still treating her like a sixteen year old and had given her a curfew. They had let her know they expected her home by one and since she was staying in their home she felt that she should comply.

"It will be different tomorrow night sweetie. I'm not going home until you absolutely can not get it up any more and if they are unhappy about it that's just tough shit. What are they going to do? Kick me out? I'm leaving on Friday anyway."

Wednesday at work I was again paired with Shelly. Five minutes after I got there I took a piece of cardboard and a Magic Marker and made a sign and hung it on my desk. It was just one word –Equality!!! Every time Shelly had to talk to me or bring me something or even if I caught her looking my way I would give her "The Smirk" and she would quickly look away.

Around two Stella asked me to go down to the dead files and get the June 2002 file on Amalgamated Products. I had the file in hand when Shelly came down the stairs. She snatched the file out of my hand and said:

"On the table asshole."

I do believe I surprised her when I snatched the file back and said, "Was I belligerent and pissed off when I went down on you? I went after it willingly and did my absolute best to make you enjoy it and to get you off. If you can't at least try to give as good as you got forget it. I don't need a half-hearted attempt. I don't need or even want something that is being given grudgingly."

I went back upstairs, gave the file to Stella and then went back to my desk and tossed my "Equality" sign into the trash basket. For the rest of the afternoon Shelly avoided me.

I picked Pauline up at seven. I had made reservations for us at Marvin's Steak House and after dinner we went to the teen club for dancing and to bring in the New Year. There were quite a few people that we knew at the club and we pushed several tables together and sat down with them. Beverly Abbeg was there with Phil Reed and Nancy Wilde was there with Gene Ellsworth. I was surprised to see Gail there with Norm Schnider. Maybe ten minutes after Pauline and I got there Natasha showed up with Bill Neubert and they also took seats at our table.

It was a fun night for the most part. I spent most of the night on the dance floor. For every two dances I did with Pauline I did one with one of the other girls at the table. Except for Natasha of course. It was obvious from the way she watched me with the other girls at the table that she expected that I would eventually get around to asking her. She was disappointed.

When I danced with Gail I asked her when she had gotten back and why hadn't she called me.

"I've been back for three days and I didn't call you because I saw that you were tied up with Pauline. What's the story there? I thought she had a guy."

"She does. I'm doing for him with Pauline what I'm doing with you for Tom. I'll tell you about it later. She is going back east on Friday so keep Friday evening open for me or have I (nodding at Norm) been replaced?"

"You haven't been replaced. You are still my keeper. Norm is my cousin's fiancé, but she is out of town and neither one of us wanted to stay at home on New Year's Eve."

We stayed out for two dances and she brought me up to date on her visit back east and on how Tom was doing and she did say that she would expect to see me on Friday.

I made sure that I was on the floor dancing with Pauline when the countdown to midnight started and at the stroke of midnight we exchanged one hell of a scorcher of a kiss. We danced for another hour and then we left the teen club to go to a party that Pauline had been invited to.

Pauline went off to talk to the person giving the party leaving me on my own hook for a bit. I got myself a beer and began to circulate and socialize. I heard that there was a pool table in the basement and that there were some guys down there shooting pool so I headed that way.

The first person I saw when I hit the bottom of the stairs was Eddie Wooters. He was leaning over the table taking a shot and I turned as soon as I saw him and I headed back up the stairs. When I reached the top of the stairs I was looking right at the front door and who should come in but Natasha. What a fucking way to start off my new year. Eddie downstairs and Natasha upstairs.

Right behind Natasha came Gail and Norm. I got a big smile from Gail and she started my way. Natasha looked to see where Gail was going and she spotted me. I noticed something come over her face, but I had no idea of what it was. Gail asked where the beer was so I took her over to the ice filled tub and got her a beer. Then I had to tell her what the situation was with Pauline. She laughed and said:

"You have everybody else's girl to take care of and you don't even have one of your own. How weird is that? I notice that even though you seem to be avoiding Nat she hasn't taken her eyes off you all evening. Any chance that the breach can be healed?"

"Not a prayer."

Pauline came up to us then and the three of us talked for a bit and then Pauline and I wandered off to socialize with some others. After we had been there two beers (approximately two hours) Pauline told me that it was Starlight time. We found our host and said our thank yous and goodbyes and headed for the car. We were almost to it when I heard:

"Hey! Asshole!"

I turned and saw Eddie Wooters. Some people had seen him follow us out and they had tagged along expecting to see a show. Natasha was one of them.

"What do you want Wooters?"

"You and I have some unfinished business asshole."

I was fucked!!! Surprising him by attacking was out. I'd done it twice before and so he would be expecting it. I didn't have the stun gun with me and that ball bat was in the trunk of the car. He would be on me before I could even get the key in the trunk lock. In a fair fight I had no chance unless I got in a lucky shot that stunned him enough that I could kick him in the nuts a couple of times. Yes indeed; I was fucked!! I told Pauline to get in the car and then I stood there and waited for Eddie to start the ball.

He gave me an evil grin and said, "Payback time asshole" but before he could take step forward Natasha stepped in front of him and sprayed something in his face. He screamed and his hands flew up to his eyes. Not being one to waste an opportunity I stepped forward and kicked him in his crotch as hard as I could. He screamed again and went to his knees and I kicked him one more time. His hands couldn't seem to make up their mind whether to go to his eyes or his stones- they just went back and forth as he moaned. I looked at Natasha and she said:

"Pepper spray. I carry it in my purse for self defense."

She looked down at Eddie and said, "I figure I owe you that much at least."

"Thank you" I said and then I went to the car and got my ball bat out of the trunk and went back to Eddie.

"I've got to make you understand that I don't want you fucking with me Eddie. I figure that the only way to do it is to hurt you really bad so what I'm going to do is destroy one of your knees. If I cripple you and you can't get around very well maybe – just maybe – you won't want me taking out the other one the next time you decide to fuck with me. Which one Eddie; right or left?"

"Oh God no man, please no" he gasped out between tears. "Don't do that. I'll lose my football scholarship."

"Too bad Eddie, but I've got to do something to make you understand that I am not going to put up with your fucking with me. Which knee Eddie?"

Two arms came around me from behind and pinned my arms to my sides and Pauline said:

"No Bobby; don't do it."

Natasha grabbed the bat and tried to take it from me, but I held on to it and Gail came up and said:

"Let her have it Bobby. You don't need to be going to jail for assault. He isn't worth it."

She was right and I let go of the bat and Natasha took it and walked over to my car, dropped it in the trunk and closed the trunk lid.

"Come on baby; we have important stuff to do before my flight leaves on Friday."

We walked to the car while a couple of people tried to help Eddie stand up. I saw Gail and Natasha walk back into the house together and then Pauline and I headed for the Starlight.

She did her best to kill me. Head to get me going (not that I needed all that much help) and then missionary to start. Next up was sixty-nine followed by doggie style and then more sixty-nine followed by cowgirl. A short nap from which I was awakened by a hot mouth on my cock that was followed by another bout of missionary. Another short nap was followed by my eating her to orgasm and then she got up and went to her purse. She came back with a tube of KY and said:

"I want the next one in my ass lover."

I took the KY and said, "Why now? You have never let me touch it before."

"Gary wants it, but I have never let him have it either. I've always thought it was nasty, but he wants it and I love him so I'm going to give it to him. I need you to get me ready for him."

"Not that I want to look a gift horse in the mouth, but Gary is your guy. If it is going to be a gift from you to him shouldn't he be the first?"

"Normally yes, but Gary is a lot bigger than you are. Not in length, but he is a lot thicker than you and my hope is that you can get me used to it and sort of prepare the way for Gary if you know what I mean."

It took her a little getting used to it, but she finally got into it and she loved it. She wanted to go again, but I was exhausted.

Thursday being New Years Day we slept in. Pauline woke me with a blow job and I took her ass for the second time and then we showered and went out to eat. Back at the motel she wanted anal again and I gave a credible performance, but I was right on the ragged edge of being fucked out. We played cribbage for a while until I could get up enough energy to go one more time. I took her ass one last time and then it was three o'clock and time for me to get her home.

We had a tearful farewell in the car and then I walked her to her door. At her door I gave her one last kiss and then said:

"Not to wish you bad luck sweetie, but if for some reason things don't work out for you and Gary I don't want you to forget that I'm here and all you need do is call."

She gave me a little smile, reached up and caressed my cheek and then she turned and went into the house.

I went home and slept like a log for the next fourteen hours.

Friday I was again working with Shelly and around nine she came up to me and told me that she needed some help in the basement again. I looked at her with raised eyebrows and she smiled at me and said:

"Please?"

I followed her down and when we were at the bottom of the stairs she said:

"Please go and sit on the table?"

I went to it and sat on it and she walked up to me and reached for my zipper. I pushed her hand away to stop her.

"You don't really need to do this. I was being an asshole about things and I'm sorry."

"Hush now. I want to do this."

I pulled my hand back and she unzipped me, unbuckled my belt and told me to lift up. I did and she pulled my pants and boxers down. It goes without saying that from the time she reached for my zipper I was erect and pointing up at her. She leaned forward and took me in her mouth. Her tongue worked as her head bobbed up and down and her hands fondled my stones. I resisted the urge to put my hands on her head and just leaned back and enjoyed what she was doing. When I got close to the edge I told her she should stop and finish me by hand, but she didn't take her mouth off of me. She clamped down, picked up the pace and when I came she took it all, swallowed and when no more came out she licked the head clean. When she took her mouth off me she licked her lips and then said:

"I hope it was worth the wait. We had better get our buns back to work before Stella comes looking for us."

She headed for the stairs leaving me to hurry up, get my pants back on and follow her. For the rest of the morning Shelly and I exchanged more than a few smiling glances.

At lunch time Shelly came up to me and said, "You've already fed me once today so how about you take me to the diner and feed me again?"

We went down the street to Carl's Diner and ordered lunch. While waiting for our food to come Shelly said:

"You are probably wondering about what happened this morning."

I didn't say anything and she said, "I didn't do it out of guilt. I wanted to do it the day you did me, but in my head was the thought that I couldn't. I was a married woman and I'd already done way more than I should have. It was only teasing until you went down on me. I honestly did not expect you to do it. You were supposed to get all red in the face and run off. But you did do it and that is where things got sticky for me.

"I am a married woman and I should not have let things get that far out of hand, but I love to have my pussy eaten and once I let you start I couldn't make myself stop you. I loved what you did. I don't know where you learned to do it, but whoever taught you deserves a medal of some sort. The problem is that when it was over I wanted to do it again and again and again.

"The other thing I love to do is suck cock. I love the feel of a throbbing cock in my mouth and I knew that if I gave you the equality that you wanted I wouldn't want to stop once I got started. I'd want to get you down in the basement everyday and even a couple of times a day so we could do each other. How could I balance that against being a married woman absolutely and totally in love with her husband? I was at war with myself. Can you understand that?"

"I suppose I can, but with those being your feelings how did this morning happen?"

"Selfishness."

"I don't understand."

"I was a bit of a wild child before I got married. I'd had a lot of lovers and along with lots and lots of regular sex I had lots and lots of oral sex and I've already said that I love both getting and giving. I met Marv, fell in love and got married. Marv is a great husband and an absolutely marvelous lover. As long as it is in the missionary position or occasionally with me going cowgirl. He won't let me suck his cock because only whores and loose women do that sort of thing. He won't eat pussy because the mere thought of doing it turns his stomach.

"I've gone five years without any oral and I probably would have gone the rest of my life without, but then I let my teasing get out of hand. It took me until this morning to decide that if I want more of you munching on me I was going to have to give you equality and now that I've done it I want to keep on going. Can you handle it? Can you give me what I want and need and can you keep it between us?"

"Keeping it quiet is not the problem. The problem is when would we do it? I go back to school Monday so I'll only be working part time until spring break."

"I'll work out something. We can only disappear into the basement so many times before someone gets suspicious. One thing though. It is oral only and only that because Marv refuses to do it. My pussy belongs to him and him alone. Okay?"

"No problem."

To cement our new relationship we made a trip to the basement just before quitting time. Sixty-nine on that table was awkward and hard on my back, but we got it done.

Shelly was prophetic in a way. Even our few trips to the basement had already been noticed. As I was leaving for the day Marge, my dad's PA (and rumored squeeze) caught me at the time clock and said:

"Be careful Bob. Messing with someone who is married can be dangerous."

"Hasn't stopped you" I thought and then remembering the conversation I'd overheard in the men's bathroom just before leaving shipping and receiving and moving to the office and so I said:

"You aren't married are you?"

I got a look I couldn't read and as I left the building I wondered if she was the kind of woman who would get her jollies on doing both father and son.

I showered and changed for my date with Gail and mom came into my room while I was dressing. She came up to me and rubbed my cock through my pants and asked:

"What are your plans for tonight and this weekend?"

"Gail is back so I'll be spending most of my time with her."

"Well don't give her all you've got. Your father is going to Atlanta on Monday and from there he will go to Miami and then on to Dallas. He won't be home until Thursday so you know what I'll be expecting. You having dinner here tonight?"

"No. I'm taking Gail to Stutz's Pizzeria."

"Have fun, but remember to save some for mommy."

It occurred to me on the way over to Gail's I was right back where I had been before Mary found her new guy. Then it was trying to take care of both Mary and Gail and now it was going to be me trying to take care of Gail and my mom.

When I got to Gail's she answered the door in a robe and told me to come in. As she closed the door behind me she said:

"Mom and dad have already left for their weekend fuck-fest and I'm ready to start mine."

I turned and looked at her and she let her robe fall to the floor and of course she wasn't wearing a thing under it.

"It has been five days and sixteen hours since I was last laid. Why do you still have your clothes on?"

We never did make it to Stutz's place.

She kept me at it until we were both ready to sleep and then in the morning I was awakened in my favorite way – getting a blow job – and then we picked up where we had left off the night before. After a rousing romp we showered together and that ended up sending us back to the bed for some sixty-nine and some cowgirl.

We finally made it to breakfast at the IHOP around eleven and over French toast and bacon Gail said:

"Wednesday night after that mess with Eddie Nat asked me what I thought she could do to get you back."

"I've already told you and everybody else that it just isn't going to happen."

"Why not? Why can't you cut the poor girl some slack?"

"You know dam..."

"Hush up Bobby! The only thing she did wrong was choose Eddie to satisfy her curiosity. How can you hold her wanting to see what another guy might be like against her while at the time you were doing both me and Mary almost daily? Okay so it was Eddie, but so what? She's yours Bob and you know it. You have known it since the first time you laid eyes on her. Christ Bobby, you proposed to her thirty seconds after you were introduced. There is no way – absolutely no way – that feelings that strong can just go away. It makes no sense to turn your back on the love of your life just because of your dislike for Eddie."

"Why are you trying to ruin what started out as a great day?"

"Okay, okay; I'll shut up. How bout those Rangers?"

I had to laugh at her sudden change of subject especially since I had no fucking idea what she was talking about. Rangers? What fucking Rangers?

We went back to her place and played some more before dressing and catching the five o'clock movie at the AMC complex. We finally made it to Stutz's for pizza after the movie and then we headed for the teen club. We danced and socialized with the people there that we knew and around midnight we said our goodbyes and headed for Gail's place. Gail had her head in my lap before we were out of the club parking lot and I wondered if in fact Gail was going to leave me enough to give my mom.

I got Gail home before she got me off so naturally the clothes started flying before the front door was closed. I was so close that I knew I would pop as soon as I entered Gail so when I got on the bed with her instead of going for the hole as she expected I went down on her. I worked on her until she whined:

"In me damn it; I want you in me!"

Always being one to comply with a ladies request I moved up and slid into her steaming hot box. I was only able to last four minutes or so, but I did manage to get Gail off before I got mine.

Sunday morning was a repeat of Saturday morning except that we didn't go out to eat. We had to bring things to a halt around one so we could pick up the place before Gail's parents got home. Before I left I told Gail I wouldn't see her again until Thursday.

"I've got some family things to do after work the first part of the week."

It wasn't exactly a lie. I mean mom was family right? And I would be doing things with her right? As I drove home I pondered on the coming week. Mom for three nights, Gail on Thursday and the possibility of Shelly wanting some of my time during the week. Could there possibly be another nineteen year guy in the world getting as much as I was? I doubted it.

Monday at school another country was heard from. I was sitting at a table in the Student Union cafeteria going over some notes. I fully expected that there would be a pop quiz in Introduction to Business Management and I wanted to be ready. I was studying when Nancy Wilde came up to my table and asked if she could join me. I told her to have a seat and she sat down.

"Can I ask you something Bobby?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Do you think I'm a good looking girl?"

"No" I said and I saw her face change before I went on. "I don't think 'good looking' is a term that fits you. Beautiful is the word that comes to mind. Why do you ask?"

"I've just wondered why you have never dated me."

I broke out laughing at that.

"What's so funny?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yes you."

"Why?"

"Oh come on Nance; you are way too young to have Alzheimer's."

"What are you talking about?"

"Your memory Nance; your memory. In the seventh grade I asked you to go to the school dance with me and you said no. Three weeks later I asked you to go to the movies with me and you said no. Three weeks after that I asked you to go to Skate city with me and you again said no. In the eighth grade I asked you out at least three times and you said no all three times. Ditto in the ninth. A guy can take only so many no answers Nance before he stops asking."

"That was then Bobby. My parents wouldn't let me date until I was sixteen. Once I was old enough to date I waited for you to ask me out, but you never did."

"Why didn't you tell me this back then?"

"I don't know. I guess it never occurred to me. Most of the other girls I knew had the same restrictions so I thought it was common knowledge."

"So why now?"

"Since you and Natasha broke up you haven't gotten a new girlfriend so I thought if I was ever going to have a chance I couldn't just sit, wait and hope."

"You trying to tell me that you haven't seen me around with Gail?"

"Get serious Bobby. Everybody knows that you are just her babysitter until Tommy comes home."

"Everybody?"

"Pretty much."

"Well then, I guess what I have to do is ask you if you have plans for this coming Saturday."

"I think I'm going to be dating a new guy." She looked at her watch. "Got to run. Can't be late for Marmen. He actually marks you down if you are late to class. Same time and place tomorrow?"

"Will do" and she got up and hurried off to class. As she walked away I thought of all the other girls I'd asked out way back when and wondered if the reason they always said no was the same as Nancy's. Maybe I should think about asking them again now that they were over eighteen. Then I had to laugh at myself. What if they all said yes? Hell, what if only one or two said yes? I was already where my head was just barely above water. I wasn't even sure that Nancy wouldn't be the one to push my head under.

Work was work. I was working by myself entering account information into the computer. Twenty minutes before quitting time Shelly walked by my desk, nodded toward the stairs to the basement and kept walking. I waited a couple of minutes and then I got up and followed her downstairs. She was already on the table with her skirt up and her panties off.

"Hurry up honey. Get it out."

"Not this time" I said and then I went down on her. I worked at it until I got her off and as she was pulling up her panties she asked:

"Why didn't you let me suck it?"

"I haven't seen my girlfriend since last Wednesday and tonight she is going to want all I can give her. I'm only good for so many times and I would feel guilty if I shorted her."

"Next time then. Do you have to rush away when you get off work? Not tonight, but usually?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Marv bought a conversion van to use for camping when he goes hunting or fishing on the weekends. It has an air mattress in it and I'm going to start driving it to work." She giggled and then said, "We can use it to get off when we get off."

I laughed, gave her a hug and a kiss and a five minute head start before I went upstairs and punched out and headed home.

I walked into the house and found mom in the kitchen. She was wearing only an apron and high heels.

"Can mommy's motherfucker tell that mommy has been anxiously waiting for him?"

I unzipped and took out my cock and said, "Mommy's motherfucker hasn't thought of anything all day but getting home to baby's cocksucker."

She turned off the burner under the pot she was stirring and dropped the spoon into the sink, the apron onto the floor and then she went to her knees in front of me. She spent maybe a minute on me and then she stood up and sat down on the table.

"Mommy has been waiting for this since you walked out the door this morning. Mommy doesn't even want to wait the few minutes that it would take us to get to the bedroom. Fuck mommy baby. Fuck mommy right now."

I stepped forward, dropped my pants to my ankles and pushed into her. She moaned and her hands went to my ass and she pulled me to her.

"That's it baby" she moaned, "Fuck mommy; make mommy cum."

The table, not being anchored to the floor, moved a couple of inches every time I drove into mom's pussy and it was up against the refrigerator by the time I came. It would have been comical to anyone looking in the kitchen window. The table moving and me shuffling along trying to keep up with it. Shuffling because my pants were still around my ankles. When I pulled out mom said:

"Shame shame on baby for messing up mommy's kitchen. You put everything back where it belongs while mommy turns down the covers on the bed."

I kicked off my pants, put the table back where it belonged and then headed up to my room. I stripped and went across the hall to mom's bedroom where I found her lying on the bed waiting with her legs spread wide. I knew what she wanted so I moved into a sixty-nine with her and when she had me hard again she said:

"Mommy wants to play cowgirl."

I rolled over on my back and she moved over me and guided me up into her. She rode me until I needed to get off so I rolled her over onto her back and then I fucked her hard and fast until I came. She got off just before I did and I held myself in her until I was soft. As I pulled out she said:

"I think mommy needs to feed her motherfucker now if she expects him to have the energy to fuck her all night."

It wasn't all night, but it was enough of a hard night that I slept like a log until mom woke me up with her mouth and then started my day with a session of doggie.

Nancy joined me in the cafeteria and we talked about the classes we were taking and talked some about our upcoming date until she needed to head for class.

When I pulled into the parking lot at work I saw a Chevy van in the lot and I expected that Shelly was planning on some after work activity.

I assumed that since Shelly brought up what had happened with Tina and Gloria that the girls talked about what was going on. The question on my mind was did Shelly tell them about what we had done. On the one hand she had asked me (actually made me promise) to make sure that no one would ever know, but on the other hand Tina and Gloria no longer teased me and their attitude seemed to be one of 'keeping their hands off of Shelly's man' and that could only be because Shelly had told them what we had been doing. I was, however, smart enough not to say a word about it.

I'd been at work about an hour when Shelly came up to me. She asked:

"Did you see it?"

"I did."

"We can't do it here in the parking lot so when we get off I'll go over to Wal-Mart and park where the camper rigs park okay?"

"Works for me."

After I punched out and was headed for the door I passed by Marge's desk and she shook her head at me and said:

"I hope you know what you are doing."

I smiled at her and said; "Somebody thinks I do" and I left the building. How could she know I asked myself as I got in my car. As I turned the key to start the car I thought of what I'd said to her. A nineteen year old kid isn't supposed to have that much self confidence in dealing with older women. Especially in sexual matters. Was my association with my mom, Mary, Mrs. Evans and yes, even Shelly having that much of an effect on me and my behavior? If so it all appeared to be to the good.

Shelly's van was comfortable and we had a good time in it. She wouldn't let me go down on her until after she had sucked me off. After I'd gotten her off and she was putting on her thong and slacks she told that I could go first next time, "Which will be tomorrow okay?"

What could I say to that except "Of course."

Mom was waiting for me again in nothing but an apron and her 'come fuck me' pumps only this time she wanted to get dinner out of the way first. When we finished eating she stood up, said that the dishes could wait and then said:

"Dessert will be served in the bedroom."

Dessert was exhausting and again I slept like a log. The morning was a repeat of the previous morning and I was off to school in a pretty damned good mood.

At lunch Nancy asked why we had to wait until Saturday to go out and I told her that with my job after school and homework assignments I didn't have much time during the week and then I said:

"Also, before you sat down with me the other day I'd already made a date with Gail for Friday."

"You take this babysitting thing that seriously?"

"Absolutely. A promise made to a friend is a promise that you have to keep."

"Even if it comes between you having a relationship of your own?"

"Don't know. Haven't had to face that set of circumstances yet."

That got me a 'searching' sort of look and then she was up and off to class.

That evening I again got the "I hope you know what you are doing' look from Marge as I left the building. I met Shelly at the Wal-Mart parking lot and I took care of her first and then she took care of me. I asked her if she ever had a weekend alone and she told me that when hubby went hunting or fishing she usually stayed home. I told her that she didn't necessarily have to spend the weekend alone and I made sure that she had my cell phone number.

When I got home mom was dressed to go out for dinner. "Tonight is feed and then fuck mommy night. Also mommy gets to embarrass baby tonight."

"Embarrass me how?"

"Mommy wants to go dancing and since baby isn't old enough to take mommy to where she usually goes to dance baby will have to take mommy to the new teen club."

"And that will embarrass me how?"

"You being there with an older woman and your mommy at that."

"I won't be embarrassed; I'll be fighting for my life."

"What does that mean?"

"You trying to tell me that you don't know how you look right now? Tight dress, sexy heels, a mile of leg showing and showing enough cleavage to hide your purse in? I'll be fighting hard to keep guys away from you and if I don't do a good enough job you just might find yourself out in the parking lot getting that gangbang you say you don't want."

"You think so? You think mommy is that hot?"

"You know you are."

"A parking lot gangbang huh? Oh my goodness."

We had dinner at The Oklahoma Roadhouse and then drove to the teen club. Being a week night it wasn't all that crowded and I quickly noted that there weren't any kids there that I knew.

Mom and I danced several numbers and then I had to use the bathroom. When I got back to the table mom was gone and I looked around and saw her out on the dance floor with some guy. It was a slow number and they were dancing close together. I saw his hand slip down and cup her ass and she didn't push it away. He was also grinding his cock into her leg and she didn't object. The tune finished, but mom and the guy stood there and waited for the next number and when it started it was a repeat of the first one.

When the song ended instead of coming back to our table he led mom over to a table where there were two other girls and four other guys. I watched as he introduced mom to the others at the table and then she surprised me sat down with them. A minute later the guy who had been dancing with her got up and led her back out onto the

floor and there was more hands on the ass and cock grinding into the leg. The song ended and the guy led mom back to his table and she again sat down.

Mommy's motherfucker was just a tad pissed at baby's cocksucker and I got up and walked over to the table. The guy mom had been dancing with gave me a shit eating grin as I walked up and glanced around the table and then back to me. The inference was that 'there are more of us than there are of you so bug off.' I looked him right in the eye and said:

"You got fifteen dollars on you?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"That's what I paid to get her in the door. You want the cunt give me fifteen bucks or get your ass out of that chair and meet me outside."

He laughed, took out his wallet and handed me a ten and a five. I put the money in my pocket and turned to go.

"Where are you going" mom asked.

"You seem to have forgotten who you came with. You're his now" and I walked away. As I walked away I heard:

"Whoa up there little lady. Yo..." and I didn't hear the rest because I was out the door and on the way to my car. I pulled out of the lot and I had just turned right when my cell rang. I expected it to be mom, but it wasn't. The

screen said the call was from Mrs. Evans. I wondered what Natasha's mom wanted with me at eight in the evening. I answered and she asked:

"Are you doing anything right now?"

"No."

"I just put hubby on the 'red eye' to New York. Want to stop by?"

I had intended to drive around the block a couple of times and then go back to the club parking lot and wait for mom to come out, but Pam's call changed that. Mom was on her own. Maybe next time she would think twice before pulling the stunt she pulled.

"I'm on the way" I said and I turned off my cell and pointed the Impala toward her house.

Mrs. Evans answered the door naked, took my hand and led me straight to her bedroom. As I undressed she said:

"I've missed you sweetie. The last three times Mark went out of town it was over the weekend and I couldn't call you because Natasha came home from school."

As soon as I was stripped she reached out, took hold of my cock and put it in her mouth. I gave her a couple of minutes and then I pushed her down on the bed and got into a sixty-nine with her. I got her off and she got me off, but she kept working until I was up again. I moved over her, put her legs up on my shoulders and started fucking her.

Her hands clutched me and pulled me to her as I drove into her hard and fast. She cried out as she had one orgasm after another and still I fucked her hard and fast. Finally I reached the point where I had to release and I pushed hard into her and held myself in place as I emptied into her. I stayed there until I was soft and then I pulled out and laid down beside her.

"What time do I have to be gone by?"

"Mark won't be home until Sunday, but I expect that Natasha will be here around five on Friday. It would probably be good if you were gone by then."

I laughed and said, "I meant tonight?"

"You don't want to wake up with me in the morning?"

"I'd love to."

"That's settled then. Why don't I see what I can do to get your soldier standing at attention again."

She went down on me and worked on me until she had the desired result and then she got up, went to her dresser and came back with a tube of KY.

"You know what I want. You got me started liking it and you are the only one I can do it with. Please?"

"How can I refuse a beautiful lady?"

I took the KY and used it with my thumb and fingers to get her ass ready and then I slowly pushed my cock into the tight hole. I brought her off and when I'd unloaded I expected that I was done for the night, but she proved me wrong. She washed and dried my cock and then went to work to try and get me up again. It took her quite a while, but she did get it done and she had me do her doggie.

She snuggled in to me and asked, "What time is your first class tomorrow?"

"Seven forty-five."

"So if I get you up at six I can get one more out of you?"

"I'll damned sure try."

As I faded off to sleep I wondered what my home coming was going to be like when I did go home.

Pam did get me up at six and she did get one more out of me and then she fed me breakfast. I was right on the edge of asking her if she would like me back that evening when I remembered that I had already promised Gail Thursday. Just that quick I went from 'asking mode' to trying to think of a polite way to say no if she asked me back. She took me off the hook.

"I have some things that I have to do today that might run into the evening. If you aren't doing anything this evening give me a call around eight and maybe we can get together, but don't count on it. I mean if you have something going don't cancel on my account because I may not even get home until real late."

Nancy didn't show up at lunch time, but I didn't think anything of it. When I got to work I found that Shelly had called in sick so I was going to be fairly fresh when I got with Gail that evening.

Gail and I ate at the Burger Barn and then I asked her what she would like to do. I expected her to tell me to take her to the Starlight, but she surprised me and said she would like to go to Skate City. We were there about an hour before she said:

"I hope you weren't expecting to get laid tonight Bobby. It is my time of the month."

"It isn't a requirement that we have sex every time we go out. We can date with out having sex any time you want to. I took my arrangement with you and Tom to mean that I would keep you company, not jump your bones all the time."

"Thanks Bobby. That is nice to know, but right now I have a problem. I'm cramping and I don't feel well. Can you take me home?"

After I got Gail home I checked my watch and saw that it was eight-fifteen and so on a whim I called Pam. She was at home and told me to come right on over. It was a repeat of the previous evening and our morning session was anal.

"Because I don't know when I'll see you again and I love it, but I can only do it with you."

She fed me breakfast and then I gave her a hug, kissed her and told her that I would be anxiously awaiting her next call and headed off for school.

I talked with Nancy on lunch break and we finalized the details for our Saturday date.

I saw Shelly's van in the parking lot when I got to work and I knew what that meant. She wouldn't have driven the van unless she expected to put it to use.

Stella put me to work on entering stuff into the computer. All three of the Terrible Trio were in the office with me and while Shelly kept looking at me with a knowing grin on her face Tina and Gloria ignored me. At quitting time Shelly walked past my desk and dropped a piece of paper on it. I glanced at it and saw one word. Wal-Mart.

She was parked and waiting when I got there. When I got in the van she already had her skirt and panties off.

"You go first" she said and I went down on her, got her off and then she said, "I have something different for you today sweetie. You know that I'm only doing this because my hubby won't do it right?"

I nodded a yes and said, "You made that clear up front."

"Well sweetie; there is something else that I love that hubby won't do."

She handed me a tube of KY and got on her hands and knees.

"Go easy sweetie; it has been years for me."

Damn, but was she tight! It took twenty minutes of thumb and finger action before I thought she was ready. I entered her while she moaned, "Slow and easy baby; slow and easy."

Once I was all the way in I went slow until I felt her start pushing back at me and saying "just a little faster baby" and then I picked up the pace. In minutes she was slamming back at me and asking me to fuck her ass harder and faster. She had an orgasm and cried out:

"Pound it baby; fuck it hard!"

I did and she had another orgasm just before I got mine. I pulled out and she pulled me down and gave me one hell of a passionate kiss and then said:

"Thank you sweetie; I really really needed that."

She handed me a roll of paper towels so I could clean my cock as she said:

"I need to hurry home and get hubby's dinner on. See you Monday?"

"You bet."

When I got into my car I used my cell to call Gail and see if she wanted me to stop by. She told me that she still didn't feel up to going out and told me to give her a call Monday. Natasha would be home so going to see Pam was out. I had to face up to the fact that it was time to go home and face the music.

I didn't expect that I would hear anything about abandoning mom on Wednesday because dad would be home, but I knew I would be in for it in the morning when he went into the plant. I could put it off for a while if I set my alarm to get me up when dad got up and then leave the house when dad did, but why bother putting it off? It was going to happen sooner or later.

Mom and dad were both there when I got home. Mom sarcastically said:

"Decided to come back and see if we were still here?"

Dad laughed and said, "Who is she?"

"Her name is Pam."

"She another one who might turn out to be a daughter in law?"

"I don't think so. We have something going, but no real spark if you know what I mean."

"Wash up" mom said, "Dinner is almost ready."

Over dinner dad talked about the new contracts he had picked up and said:

"We are about at the point where we might have to expand."

"Why do that" I asked and then said, "It would mean pouring money into a new building or an extension and then stocking it with new equipment. You could save all that expense by just going to a second shift and if we keep growing we can add a midnight shift."

"There is that. It is something to think about."

Mom kept quiet during the meal, but she did throw a few nasty glances my way. After dinner I went up to my room and worked on a paper that was due to be handed in on Tuesday. Around nine-thirty I stripped, brushed my teeth and went to bed. As I slipped off to sleep I was wondering what the morning had in store for me.

Mom woke me up as soon as dad was out of the house and she did not do it with a blow job. She poured a glass of water on my head! I got up sputtering and she said:

Get your butt out of bed asshole and get down to the kitchen."

I got up and went into the bathroom and dried myself with a towel. When I got to the kitchen mom was sitting at the table and the look she gave me when I walked into the room was murderous. I went to the sink, got a glass of water and then turned and tossed it in mom's face. I tossed her a dish towel to dry off with and then I sat down at the table and said:

"Understand this right now. I'm not putting up with any of your shit. You might be my mother, but you were not my mother Wednesday night. You were a date that turned into a two-bit slut and you were treated the same as I would have treated any other girl I was out with who pulled the same shit you did. Now I'm going to go up and take a shower, get dressed and get ready to go out for breakfast. If you are going to go with me you need to get ready."

I got up and left her there toweling off. I was just starting to shampoo my hair when the shower curtain moved and mom got into the shower with me. Nary a word was said as she took the wash rag and soap and started washing my back. By the time I was rinsing the shampoo out of my hair she had moved around to the front paying particular attention to the erection that she had caused.

Without a word she turned, leaned and put her hands against the wall and waited. I spread her legs apart with my knees and pushed my cock, slippery with soap, into her pussy. She came once before I got mine and when I pulled out she used the soap and rag to clean both of us. After we had gotten out and dried off she said:

"I don't want to go to breakfast just yet. I need you to fuck my ass. Please?"

I was going to say no?

At the Village Inn I ordered my usual – French toast and bacon – and mom ordered her usual cheese omelet. While we waited for our order to come mom asked:

"Why did you leave me at that place?"

"I told you. I treated you like I would have treated any other date who did what you did."

"Why? All I did was dance with a guy who asked me."

"You did a lot more than that. You let him play with your ass, rub his cock into your leg and you did nothing to stop it. And then you stayed on the floor with him for another dance and let him do the same things again. The entire time that was going on his buddies at his table were looking at me and laughing at me because my woman was being treated like a slut by their friend while I sat and watched. To top it off you went and sat down with him leaving me sitting at our table looking like a wimp who couldn't hold on to his woman. Then you got up and danced with the asshole again and again went back and sat down with him.

"I could not let it stand. If I would have sat still for it the next time I went in there with a date and they were there they would have tried to pull that shit again. It was necessary that I get in his face and so I did it and when I did it he had to make a choice. Pay me or step outside and fight me. He paid for you so I left you with him. You have no complaint coming. You are the one who put me in the situation. Did he get his fifteen dollars worth?"

She looked away from me for several seconds and then looked back at me and said:

"I couldn't get a cab that late at night and I didn't know another soul there. He wouldn't give me a ride home unless I at least gave him a blow job so yeah, I'd say that he got his moneys worth. It still wasn't right what you did."

"Depends on where you are looking at it from. From where I stood I had to do what I did if I was ever going to be able to hold my head up whenever I went in there and I'll be going in there a lot since it is the only teen place around where you can take a girl and dance."

Just then our orders arrived and we ate in silence. I was refilling our coffee cups from the pot on the table when she said:

"It still wasn't right. I am your mother after all."

"You were not there as my mother. You were there as my date now drop it or I'll get up and leave you here too."

She gave me a long, hard look, took a drink of her coffee and then said:

"We need to hurry up and get back to the house if we are going to get in a couple more times before your father gets home."

Nancy looked sexy as hell when I picked her up. She had great legs and her CFM high heels made her look like a walking wet dream.

We had dinner at Alfredo's, caught a movie and then headed for the teen club. There were a lot of people there that we knew, but I steered Nancy to a booth. I wanted to spend my time with her getting to know her better and not share our time together with twenty others.

I surveyed the place and saw that Natasha was there with some guy I didn't know. I knew she would see my sitting alone with Nancy as my embarking on a new relationship and I knew that it would piss her off. Oh well.

I also saw Eddie Wooters sitting at a table with a girl I didn't know and four others. I wondered if maybe I shouldn't get up and leave, but then decided that it would be seen as a sign of cowardly flight to all there who knew the both of us and our history. I put him out of my mind and concentrated on Nancy.

We danced and we talked. I'd known her for at least ten years, but not close enough that I knew her desires and ambitions. She was studying to be a pediatric nurse. She loved kids and hoped to have a bunch of her own. She asked me how I felt about kids and I was honest with her. I told her I didn't want to tie myself down with kids until I'd had a chance to go some places and see and do things.

"Maybe by the time I'm thirty I'll start thinking about children."

I saw something cross her face when I said that. I had to go potty and when I came out of the men's room I found Natasha waiting for me.

"Are you ever going to talk to me again?"

"Maybe someday, but it won't be tonight. My date is waiting" I said and I walked away from her.

When I got back I saw that Phil Reed and Bev Abbeg had joined Nancy in our booth. I could have done without the company, but they were friends so I sucked it up. I danced with Bev and Phil danced with Nancy a couple of times and once while I was dancing with Nancy Gene Ellsworth asked if he could cut in. I looked at Nancy and she gave a little nod to indicate that it was okay with her. When he brought her back to the booth Phil and Bev were out on the floor and Nancy told me that Gene was an ex-boyfriend and that they had parted on good terms.

"He invited us to a party at his house tomorrow and I told him that I would check with you."

"Check with me?"

"It is our first date Bobby. I don't know yet if there will be another one so I couldn't commit us now could I?"

"If there isn't a second date Nance it will be because you don't want one. I fully intended to ask you for another when I took you home, but I won't wait until then. Would you like to go to Gene's party with me tomorrow?"

"I'd love to."

Phil and Bev returned and I got up and danced with Nancy.

"I saw Natasha follow you to the bathrooms" and the way she said it was in the form of a question and not a statement.

"She is still trying to get us back together and she keeps after me to sit down and talk with her."

"Are you going to?"

"No. Well, maybe some day, but I don't see it happening any time soon. I will eventually give her a chance to talk, but it isn't going to get us back together. She didn't just burn that bridge; she blew it up with TNT."

Around midnight we decided to leave and I know I should have expected it, but it still came as a surprise when I heard:

"Hey! Asshole!" and I turned to see Wooters.

Before I had a chance to say a word Nancy walked up to him and said:

"You are not going to ruin my date" and she kneed him in the balls and then she took a step back and kicked him hard in the crotch with her pointy toed CFM pump. She turned to me and said:

"Come on Bobby; let's go and find us a place to neck."

"Yes ma'am. Whatever you say ma'am just please don't hurt me."

She laughed and we walked to the car, got in and drove away. I drove out toward the Point and Nance asked why we were going that way.

"You did tell me to find a place where we could neck didn't you?"

"I did, but it was just to tweak the noses of the people that followed Eddie out looking for a show."

I hung a u-turn and she asked, "Why did you do that?"

"You just told me that you didn't really mean it when you said to find a place to neck."

"But we were almost there."

I pulled over to the side of the road, parked and then said, "Just tell me what you want to do."

She gave me a look I couldn't read and after a couple of seconds of silence said, "Take me home."

I pulled away from the curb and pointed the car toward her home. The trip was made in silence and when we got there I started to get out of the car to walk her to her door and she said:

"Don't bother."

"What time should I pick you up tomorrow?"

"Don't bother with that either."

I watched her walk to her door and then I shrugged and headed for home not understanding the least little bit about what had just happened. As far as I could see all I did was what she told me she wanted me to do. I was beginning to understand why some guys said that you would never in your lifetime figure out the female gender.

Mom and dad were in bed when I got home. It was the earliest that I had gone to bed to just sleep in a while and I had no plans for Sunday since Nancy had cancelled so I planned on sleeping in.

Mom had other ideas. When I felt the hot mouth on my cock I shook the sleep out of my eyes and looked over at the clock. It was ten to nine. I looked down at my mom working on me and thought about pulling her into a sixty-nine, but then decided to just lay back and enjoy. After a bit mom moved up and mounted me cowgirl and she looked down at me and said:

"Your father went to Home Depot to get what he needs to build the shelves he wants in the garage. We have at least two hours."

She rode me until I needed to get off and then I rolled her onto her back and fucked her hard until I got my nut. I was going to hold myself in her until I went soft, but she wasn't having any of that. She pushed me off of her as she said:

"No time for that. We don't have the time to waste."

She went down on me, got me up and then said, "Do my ass motherfucker; fuck my ass."

I did as she asked and after I came she washed my cock, sucked me hard and had me do her ass again.

We were sitting at the kitchen table having brunch when dad got home. He joined us and then he talked with me about the plans he had for the plant. The phone rang; mom answered it and told me that it was for me. It was Gail and she asked me if I could come over and I told her I would be there in half an hour.

When I got there she told me that she was still on the rag.

"The reason I called you was because Mary asked me to. She broke up with Clyde and wants to know if you would like to pay her a visit. She didn't want to call you herself because she was afraid that your mom might answer the phone. Why would she be afraid of that?"

"No idea" I said even though I knew full well why. "I don't know if I should" I told Gail. "It would put me back in the position of where I would be trying to juggle the two of you again." Along with mom, Shelly and occasionally Mrs. Evans I thought to myself. "We ended it and maybe it would be best to leave it ended."

"Maybe you won't have to balance us. My grandmother passed away a month ago and they just got around to reading the will Thursday. She left me enough to where I can go back east and be near Tom."

"You would be better off staying here and using the money to fly back whenever Tom can get away for a while. In the last letter I got from him he said that over summer break he was going to go to parachute school at Fort Benning and he also mentioned survival training and a couple of other specialty schools. It sounds like he will be moving around a lot and you might just be stuck in a room somewhere while he is off somewhere."

"Maybe. I don't know. I'm still thinking on it, but meanwhile you need to go and see Mary. You know how she gets when she has been without for a while and you do kind of owe her. She did a lot for you and you know it."

I rang the doorbell and when Mary opened the door and saw me she gave me a big smile and said:

"You came! I was afraid that you wouldn't want to come back."

"Silly woman. I didn't want to leave in the first place."

She led me into the kitchen, told me to sit down and then she got us both a beer. Then it was "How have you been and what have you been doing" and we talked and drank the beers. When my beer was gone she said:

"Will you come and play with me?"

She led me to her bed and I found out she hadn't changed a bit. She was still as insatiable as ever. We did it all; oral both ways, anal and straight in the doggie and missionary position. When she had taken me as far as I could go and we were lying next to each other on the bed she said:

"I did a bad thing."

"What?"

"I met your mom for drinks one night and I told her about us. I thought she would be pissed at me, but all she did was say she hoped I taught you well."

"She never said a thing to me" I lied.

"We've had drinks a couple of times since then. We are slowly getting back to where we used to be (and I quickly thought of mom's telling me about the two of them side by side pulling trains). I never thought that would happen. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I told Gail I'd see her tomorrow."

"The next day then?"

"If you want."

"I most definitely want."

I didn't see Nancy at school the next day, but that was okay by me. I didn't know what we could talk about anyway.

When I got to work Shelly's van was in the parking lot. As I entered the office area I had to walk by Marge's office and the door was open and she saw me. She called to me and when I walked into her office she said:

"Have a seat stud. I'll be with you as soon as I get out of this program."

She hit a couple of keys and then she stood up and said, "I need you to take a little walk with me stud."

"What's with this stud stuff?"

"What else you going to call a guy who has all the girl's panties in a twist."

"All the girls?"

"The ones in the office anyway."

"You are one of the girls in the office. Do I have your panties in a twist too?"

"Don't get smart with me stud."

She walked me to a window and pointed. "See that?"

"See what?"

"That white Taurus on the street."

"Okay; I see it; so what?"

"You recognize the guy sitting in it?"

"No. Should I?"

"Yes you should. If you are going to fuck a man's wife you should at least know what he looks like so you can avoid him."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Suit yourself stud, but when he rips the doors off of his van and comes in after your ass just remember that you were given a heads up."

She walked away leaving me looking out the window at the white Taurus. I wondered why Marge told me and not Shelly. Or maybe she did tell Shelly, but wanted to make sure that I got the word. I went looking for Shelly and found her talking with Tina and Gloria. I walked up to them and said:

"Sorry to interrupt, but when you get a minute Shelly I need to have a word with you."

I went and checked in with Stella and she asked me to go down to the basement file room, pull all the files for 1998 and 1999 and shred them. I headed for the basement and about five minutes later Shelly came down.

"What did you need sweetie?"

"Has Marge talked to you?"

"No. Why?"

"She caught me coming in and pointed out to me that your hubby is parked out on the street where he can watch your van. He must think something is going on."

"Marv? Outside watching?"

"You can see him from the north windows. Sitting in a white Taurus."

She hurried off to see for herself. She was back in twenty minutes.

"Shit!" she said. "I guess that puts and end to our using the van. Probably we will need to stop all together now that he is suspicious."

I shrugged. I mean what else was I going to do? Shelly went back upstairs and I got back to shredding documents. Ten minutes before quitting time Shelly came back down.

"I think I've figured a way out of this mess."

"I'm all ears."

"At quitting time you and Gloria go out to the van. Give it twenty minutes or so and when you come out be straightening your clothes. Marv will think that you and Gloria are using the van. If he says anything about it I'll tell

him that Gloria asked me if I would do it as a favor for her. I'll tell him that her folks are religious fanatics and she can't take a chance on anyone seeing the two of you going into a motel and getting the word back to her parents."

"What if he thinks that it is Gloria today, Tina tomorrow and you the next day? Now that he is thinking that something is going on he will keep checking. What we need to do is have me and Gloria fake a fight so he can see it and then you stop using the van. If he asks you why you don't use it anymore that's when you tell him the story and tell him that you don't drive it anymore because Gloria and I had a fight and broke up. He will have seen it himself so he should buy it."

"But then what will we do?"

"I'll think of something. In fact I already have an idea, but I'll need to check out a few things first. Is Gloria on board with what you want to do?"

"She said she would do it."

At quitting time Gloria and I went out and got in the van. Once inside I told her to pull her blouse out and unbutton it and then re-button it two holes off.

"When we get out we want it to look like made love, finished and then hurried to get out so Shelly could take the van and get home on time. When we get out I'm going to make a nasty face at you, call you a cheating bitch and then you need to put an outraged look on your face and then slap me. I mean really slap me. It has to look like you really mean it."

"That's when we get out. What do we do for the next twenty minutes?"

"I don't know. I suppose I could do to you what I've been doing to Shelly and eat your pussy."

"You can't be serious!"

"Why not?"

"No way am I going to suck your cock."

"I didn't ask you to. Pull up your skirt and take your panties off and I'll get you off. It will be a great way to spend twenty minutes."

"You are so full of shit. I've had my pussy eaten a dozen times and you can't get off that way."

"Want to bet?"

"You think you're some kind of super stud? God's gift to women or some such?"

"Call my bluff?"

"Okay smart ass" she said as she took off her panties, settled back and spread her legs. "Knock yourself out."

It was no contest. I got it done with five minutes to spare. She laid there breathing heavy and looking up at me with a look of wonder on her face. After maybe a minute she said:

"Can we do it again?"

I looked at my watch and then said, "Not enough time."

"I mean later."

"Depends."

"On what?"

"Next time I need to be taken care of."

"Follow me home?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes; tonight."

"Can't. We have to have a big argument and you have to slap me. Can't take a chance that Shelly's hubby won't buy it. We can do it tomorrow."

"Promise?"

"If you are sure."

"I am."

Gloria took me at my word when I told her to slap me like she meant it. The girl packs a wallop. Almost put me on my knees. As she stormed away from me I hollered after her:

"I hope you rot in hell you stupid cunt!"

I don't know if Shelly's husband bought it, but I sure would have. As Gloria drove away Shelly came out of the building and came up to me.

"What did you do to her you asshole?"

"I didn't do a damned thing to the stupid bitch."

Shelly slapped me. Slapped me hard. I wasn't expecting it and I stood there shocked as Shelly got in the van and drove off leaving me standing there. I watched her drive off the lot and as I turned to go to my car I saw the white Taurus drive off.

As I started the car I happened to look toward the building and I saw Marge in the window looking at me. She didn't smile, but she did give me a thumbs up before turning and walking away from the window.

I called Gail on my cell and she asked right out, "Can you afford the Starlight?"

"Be there in ten."

She came out the door and headed down the walk toward me before I even came to a full stop. She jumped in and said:

"The Starlight baby and don't spare the horses."

"A little anxious are we?"

"I need it baby; I need it bad."

"Doesn't need to be this way you know. I can always stuff your pooper when you are on the rag."

"Next time maybe. This time I just didn't feel too good. I don't know why. Usually I'm not bothered at all."

When we got in the room Gail said, "I'll suck you to get you up, but you can't do me. I'm still spotting a tiny bit, but not enough to be messy enough to turn you off."

She got me up and then I took her missionary. Got me up a second time and I did her doggie. Got me up a third time and took that one in her ass. As we rested and while she fondled my cock she said:

"I think you are right. I should just stay here until Tom calls me and says we can spend some time together." She was silent for a bit and then said, "I just don't think that it is fair to you."

"Why not?"

"You need to get out and get yourself a girlfriend and you can't do that if you are always babysitting me. It will be even worse now that Mary is calling you again."

"I've given that some thought and what I've decided to do is treat you as my girlfriend until you and Tom get back together. Face it; we are doing what normal couples do and until you and Tom get back together fulltime it will work for us. Maybe by the time you and Tom are back to being a couple I will have found someone I want to get interested in."

By then she had me hard again and she got up on her hands and knees and said:

"Do my ass again baby; fuck my ass."

I saw Nancy sitting at a table in the cafeteria at lunch time and I went over to the other side of the room to sit. I sat with my back to her so I wouldn't keep glancing her way. When I got up to leave she was gone.

I wondered what I was going to find at work. It appeared that I was now going to have to juggle Shelly and Gloria unless Shelly's husband did something to make her back off. As I walked in the door at work it occurred to me that I was in trouble. I'd told Gloria that I would follow her home after work, but I'd also told Mary that I would be over to see her. I thought about that and decided that if I didn't want a frosty work environment I was going to have to honor my commitment to Gloria and then if I had any left in me I would go see Mary.

What I hadn't expected was that Shelly and Gloria apparently had decided that the three of us were now a team. Stella put me to work entering invoices into the computer and as soon as I sat down at the desk Shelly and Gloria came over to me.

"The plan worked" Shelly said. "Over dinner I told Marv that I wouldn't be driving the van to work any more and he asked me why. I told him the story we decided on and he gave me a ration of shit over letting other people using the van and after that nothing else was said."

She looked from Gloria to me and then said, "I understand that my plan had some unintended consequences."

"What?" I asked.

"Gloria says that she is taking you home with her tonight."

"I think it is the least we can do for her for her help, don't you?"

"I guess. I think the real question is can you handle us both?"

"I can give it a damned good try."

An hour later Shelly came up to me and said, "Have you given any thought to how we are going to manage without the van?"

"As a matter of fact I have. Let's take a trip to the basement."

She followed me down to the basement and I led her to a door on the far end of the file room. It had a padlock on it, but I had found the key in the maintenance office. I opened the door and we found that the room was empty.

"I'm going to move a table in here and get an air mattress and this is going to be our own little love nest. I'm going to change the lock so that only you and I will have the keys to the room."

"But we can't keep sneaking down here during working hours. Sooner or later some will notice."

I didn't tell her that Marge already had. What I said was:

"You forget who I am. I have keys to the building. Instead of going over to Wal-Mart and using your van we will punch out, go out the front door, come around to the back and then come down here."

"When will you have it set up?"

"By tomorrow."

"I guess I can wait that long."

Just before leaving work I called Mary and told her I had to work some overtime and that I would call her if I didn't work too late. She told me that she didn't care how late it was I should come over.

"I don't care if it is two in the morning lover. Just get here."

I followed Gloria home to her apartment and she started taking off her clothes as soon as we were in the door. She led me to her bedroom and as I took off my clothes I asked her if I had to be out by any specific time. She told me no and I asked if I needed to be on the lookout for a jealous boyfriend and she told me no. I told her I didn't believe that a sexy lady like her didn't have a boyfriend and she told me that they had broken up a couple of weeks ago.

"He wanted to get married and I told him I wasn't ready so he split."

I took one look at her naked body and decided that the man was a fool. He should have hung in there until she was ready. If she wasn't six years older than me I might have tried to latch onto her. I know, I know, what with all the older women I'd been fucking what was the big deal right? Fucking them was one thing, but being married to an older woman didn't appeal to me.

I ate her until I got her off and then said, "Okay; it's your turn."

"I don't like to suck cock. Is it okay if I just play with you until you get hard again and then let you fuck me?"

"I seem to remember you taking my cock in your mouth back when you were teasing me."

"I know, but I didn't suck it. I just mouthed it for a bit."

"I don't see the difference."

"I hate the taste of a guys junk."

"So don't suck it to completion."

"I've tried that, but guys always grab my head and won't let me pull off."

"Well it doesn't matter now anyway. I got hard eating your pussy so if you are truly willing to let me fuck you I'm ready."

She was a pretty good piece of ass. She was active and she was vocal and I was well satisfied with what we had done when I came.

"You want to go again."

"I'll need to clean myself out."

"No you won't" I said and then I went down on her.

"Stop that! It is nasty!"

"Only to you."

I kept munching and pretty soon her fingers were in my hair and she was pulling me against her and moaning. By the time I got her off I was hard again and I moved up and slid into her hot and very wet box. I fucked her to an orgasm and then I fucked her harder and faster until I got mine. I held myself in her until I was soft and then I pulled out.

"Next time, if you want a next time, I'll sit on my hands or let you tie them behind my back so I don't grab your head when you suck me okay?"

She looked at me for a couple of seconds and then she pushed me down onto my back and bent and took my cum covered cock in her mouth. For a girl who said she didn't like the taste of a guy's junk she sure was going to town on mine. Of course it was actually mine and hers mixed and maybe that made a difference. Whatever it was she had me up and ready in minutes and then she asked me to take her doggie.

While I was fucking her from the back I started to finger her asshole and she didn't complain. Maybe next time, if there was a next time, I'd see if I could go there. I got close and put on a burst of speed and got my nut and when I was limp I pulled out.

"I'd love to go again, but I have to get home. I have a paper that I have to turn in tomorrow and it is only two thirds done." I kissed her and said, "Are we going to do this again?"

She put her arms around me, kissed me and said, "As many times as you want and any time that you want, but you need to know that if you expect me to be steady pussy I'm not into sharing."

She saw the look on my face and said, "Is that a deal breaker?"

"Sorta. I have a girlfriend and if you won't share it gives me a problem."

"You have a girlfriend and you are cheating on her with me and Shelly?"

"We have an arrangement. Sort of like an open marriage without the marriage."

"You fuck around on each other and its okay?"

I explained my relationship with Gail and she said, "That is just so out of sight. She the only one?"

No way was I going to bring Mary, mom and Mrs. Evans into the conversation so I said:

"No one other than Shelly."

"Well if you are going to hang with me Shelly is going to have to go. Probably be for the best anyway. Once her old man got it in his head that there was something going on it isn't going to go away. It might not be tomorrow or even this week, but he will be checking on her again and next time you might not get lucky and spot him in time."

"That is going to create a problem in the office between the three of us."

"No it won't. I'll tell Shelly that we hit it off and that we are going to start dating and I'll also tell her that I'm not into sharing and ask her to back off and give us a chance to see if there is a future for us. Shelly and I have never socialized after work so she will never know that we aren't really dating. Unless of course you want to."

Well there it was. Now what Bobby? Everyone was after me to get over Natasha (which I was) and get a new girlfriend and here was one that I didn't even have to go looking for. The problem was that I was a pig! I didn't want to give up mom, Mary, Mrs. Evans or even, for that matter, Shelly. How was I going to be able to take on Gloria as a fulltime girlfriend and find enough time for all the rest of them. I decided to test the waters.

"I think I'd enjoy the hell out of dating you and having you as a girlfriend, but what about you? You sure that you want a boyfriend that is six years younger than you are and who won't be able to take you to the places a woman your age would like to go?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Another thing to consider. I still have homework to do, papers to write and lab work that has to be done. I'm not going to have many nights free during the week and I will need to give at least one night during the week and one weekend day to Gail."

"You are sounding like you are trying to find a way out of getting into a relationship with me."

"Oh no sweetie. I want and I'll take as much of you as I can get, but I'm trying to be realistic about things."

"I forgot that you just got out of high school and started college. You sure don't seem like the teenaged boys I went to school with. But yeah; I think I am going to try some cradle robbing. What now?"

"Now I go home and work on a paper that is due."

Once in my car I checked my watch and saw that I could still make it to Mary's, but would I have enough in the tank for her? I didn't think so and besides she would probably smell what Gloria and I had been doing. Better to let it ride.

Wednesday, the day I had no classes and had set aside for doing homework, was dragging. I was in the library doing some research when I saw Nancy come in. She spotted me sitting at a table in the reference section and she started heading my way, but then abruptly turned and headed off in another direction. Just as well I thought, I wouldn't know what to say to her anyway.

Bev Abbeg and Carol Weiss came in and saw me and they came over to talk to me. "You doing anything Friday night" Bev asked me.

"Not that I can think of."

"Friday is my birthday and I'm having a party and you are invited."

"Can I ask you a kind of personal question?"

"I guess."

"Is Eddie Wooters invited?"

"No."

"Then I would very much like to come and help you celebrate your birthday."

"Are you and Eddie ever going to put it to rest?"

"It isn't me Bev. All he has to do is stay away from me and leave me alone, but he just won't do it."

Carol laughed and said, "If all the altercations keep turning out the same for Eddie eventually his dick isn't going to work at all."

Bev laughed and said she would see me Friday and the two of them walked away.

At work I'd no sooner started to enter invoices into the computer when Shelly came over to me and said:

"I've been asked to keep my hands off."

"Yeah; well, things kind of happened between Gloria and me. It was completely unexpected. She did make sure that I understood that she wasn't into sharing."

"I'm going to miss our little meetings. If things don't work out keep me in mind."

Twenty minutes later Gloria came over and said, "I saw you talking to Shelly. She tell you I talked to her?"

"She did."

"You going to follow me home tonight?"

"I can't tonight. I've got two papers due in this week and I have to get them done."

I was lying to her. I needed to keep the night open for Gail, Mary or both.

"Can you keep tomorrow open for" me I asked.

"I don't know. The line at my door goes all the way around the block, but I'll think about it and let you know tomorrow."

She was grinning as she walked away.

Just before I got off work I called Mary and she said she was going to be out until round nine and if I could handle seeing her that late she would love to see me. Then I called Gail and she told me to come on over. When she got in the car I asked her what she wanted to do and she said that she would like to go to Skate City.

There were several people there that we knew and we had an enjoyable time. I asked Gail if she wanted to go pitch a little woo and she said no.

"Now is not a good time for me Bobby. I've got some personal problems that are driving me crazy. I should have passed on tonight because I knew I was going to be down. I think you should just run me on home."

When I got her there I asked her if she would be up to going to Bev's party with me Friday and she said no.

"I don't think I'm going to be doing much of anything for a while."

She gave me a big hug and a kiss and went on into her house.

I checked to see what time it was and then I gave Mary a call. She had just gotten home and she told me to hurry on over. She told me to come on in and head straight to the bedroom.

When I got there I found her on the bed naked and using a dildo on herself. She smiled at me and tossed the fake cock on the floor and said:

"Just getting it warmed up for you lover."

I stripped and joined her on the bed and she immediately pulled me into a sixty-nine with her on top and after several minutes of munching on each other she switched ends and settled down on me cowgirl. She rode me for ten minutes and got herself off and then since I can rarely cum with the lady on top I rolled her onto her back and then fucked her hard and fast until I got mine.

While we rested I asked her if she had talked to Gail lately and she said they had talked that afternoon.

"You have any idea of why she is so down in the dumps?"

"Tommy. What else!"

"Tommy? What did he do?"

"She told him that she was going to fly back there, rent an apartment and get a job so she could be near him. He told her not to come because he wasn't going to have any time for her. He flat out told her that she was on her own until he graduated and then if his first posting was in the States they could get married. If he was shipped out of the country she would have to wait until he came back. She did not take it well."

"No wonder she is upset."

"She is going to need you more than ever Bobby. You are going to have to be her shoulder to lean on."

"How the hell can I do that? Sooner or later I'm going to have to get a life of my own. How can I get a girl of my own if I have to crutch Gail all the time?"

"I hate to say this since Tom is my son, but what you need to do is take Gail away from him. You need a girl of your own? You are already spending a good deal of your time with her and we both know she cares for you or she never would have gone along with that idiot idea of Tom's. And if you didn't think pretty good thoughts where she is concerned you wouldn't have gone along with his plan either."

"Think she'd share me with you?"

"To be honest? I'd doubt it. If you were hers I think she would want to keep you to herself. But that is something to think about later. Right now I need you to stuff my butt."

I spent a lot of time thinking on what Mary had told me. It wasn't really all that way out as far as I was concerned. I'd always liked Gail and I had intended to move on her, but Tom had beaten me to her. And I did remember the

day I met Natasha and that when Natasha asked Gail what she thought of my proposal Gail had said that I was a nice guy and that if she didn't already have Tommy she would go for me.

The problem was that Tom was my best bud so how could I justify going after his girl? And Gail loved Tom so how was I supposed to win her away from him even if I could make myself try. Maybe I could get her on the rebound from what Tom had just dumped on her, but could I keep her when he came home? And if I did get her how would I face him when he got home? It was a tempting idea, but one I'd best stay away from. I'd just keep on being the babysitter as long as Gail would let me.

School was school and at lunch time I saw Nancy at a table by herself. I took my tray and went to a table on the other side of the room and again sat with my back to her. I was surprised when a couple of minutes later I heard "May I join you?" and turned to see Nancy standing there. Without waiting for me to say nay or yea she sat down.

"Got a few minutes to talk to the date from hell?"

"It wasn't that bad. In fact there was at least one high point."

"Oh yeah? And what was that?"

"I've never had a date fight a bully to protect me."

She laughed and said, "Unfortunately that was part of the problem."

"How so?"

"I assume most guys know that girls have periods, but I'm betting that most guys our age don't have a clue as to how those monthly visits can affect a girl. It doesn't always happen, but there are times when mine make me moody and put me on edge. It was just my rotten luck that I finally managed to get a date with you during my time of the month and that that particular time it triggered one of my irritable moods.

"Then the date itself seemed to heap shit on me. Your ex cornering you at the bathrooms; you telling me that kids were not in your foreseeable future and then that asshole Wooters. I was in a mess when you headed out toward the Point. It irritated me that you took me for granted and then it irritated me when you did the u-turn when we were almost there.

"What is really stupid about the whole thing? I wanted to go out to the Point with you, steam up the windows of your car and drive all thoughts of other girls from your mind forever. Sometimes I can be my own worst enemy. I know that you aren't a machine, but is there maybe a rewind button on your body that I can push and get a do over? A reset button?"

I sat there looking at her all the while thinking of all the other women who were pushing for some of my time and I wondered where I could fit her in. And then a thought came to me. Why was I giving a shit about finding time for all those others? I needed a girl of my own and sitting with me was one hell of a sexy lady who apparently was applying for the position. Wake the fuck up Bobby!

If I did let you push my reset button when would you be able to attempt a do over?"

"Not until next week. My parents are taking me to Tulsa this week end to visit my grandparents."

"Okay. How about this. You call me when you get back and let me know when you are available."

"You mean it? You'll give me another chance?"

"I just may need to be protected again and you are the only one I know who will do it."

When I got to work Gloria saw me walk in and she gave me a great beaming smile. Stella put me to work with Gloria on payroll and as we worked she asked me if I was going to follow her home after work and I told her that I was planning on it. Then I asked her if she meant what she said about dating me and she said that she did.

"I've been invited to a party tomorrow night. How would you like to be my dare?"

"What kind of party?"

"A birthday party. Don't worry; it isn't a birthday cake and ice cream only party. There will be beer and even some harder stuff there."

"Sounds like fun. I'd love to go."

"We will go right from work, stop and get a bite to eat and then hit the party."

Twenty minutes before quitting time Marge came over to me and told me that my dad wanted to see me in his office. I followed her to his office and she ushered me right in. He was on the phone and he pointed to a chair and I sat down. He finished his conversation and then turned to me and said:

"I think you have spent enough time in the office. I want you to start on the shop floor starting next week. I'm going to turn you over to Hobbs and he is going to see that you learn what goes on in the machine shop. He will probably try to teach you to use a couple of them or at least give you some rudimentary lessons. When your summer break comes you will spend it in the machine shop and when you go back to school we will use you as a fill in on the production line. Finish out the week here in the office. Oh, and I need a favor."

"What?"

"Can you take some time away from spreading pollen and spend some time at home this weekend?"

"I suppose."

"I'm a little worried about your mother. She seems a little off her feed lately. Almost like there is something that bothers her. I have to go out of town this weekend and I'd like it if you would kind of keep her company without being obvious about it."

"Okay. I didn't have any firm plans anyway."

"Good man."

I left the office wondering what that was all about. Two minutes later I found out. Marge called me into her office and told me to shut the door.

"You are a big kid now stud. Actually except for age you are a man. And I know you aren't at all stupid and clueless. I can see it in your eyes that you know of my relationship with your father and I'm not ashamed of it. What he and I have is pretty much what you have going with Shelly and Gloria. Fuck buddies. I'm not in love with your father and he isn't in love with me, but we each fill a need that the other has. I have no intension of trying to steal your father away from your mother. Once again; all we are is fuck buddies. He needs more than he gets from your mom even though I understand that she damn near fucks him to death every chance she gets. On my side of it he gives me bigger and more satisfying orgasms than any other man I have ever known.

"The reason he had his little meeting with you is that he has somehow gotten the idea that she is fucking around on him. I don't believe that she is for even a second. She just isn't that kind. He thinks if you stay close to home she won't step out on him. Not that I believe that she would anyway. He does love her and he is worried so do what you can to help ease his mind. Okay? Take her out to dinner; take her to a movie; just do something so you can tell your dad when he gets home that she had a quiet weekend at home or with you. Okay?"

"I can do that."

"Do a good job and I'll see to it that you are rewarded." She looked me right straight in the eye and said, "Yes indeed stud. I meant just what it sounded like. Now go. You need to finish payroll."

I almost laughed out loud as I left her office. The fox had just been set up to guard the henhouse and when I passed the word back that mom was as pure as the driven snow all weekend I would get a taste of dad's private stock. Priceless. Just fucking priceless.

I got back with Gloria and we finished payroll by quitting time.

As I followed her to her apartment I called mom and asked her if she knew that we had a weekend together coming up.

"He called me and told me about an hour ago."

"I'm just calling to let you know that I'm keeping the entire weekend open for you."

"You didn't need to do that. I had no plans of letting you out of my sight."

"I do have a birthday party to go to tomorrow night, but then I'm all yours."

"Do you have to go?"

"I made a date with a new girl for tomorrow before I heard that dad was leaving. So yes, I have to go. Talk with you later."

I followed Gloria home and she wasted no time in leading me to her bedroom. She quickly stripped, got on the bed and anxiously waited for me to join her. It was obvious what she was waiting for and as I got on the bed with her I was thinking of what Mary told me the day she taught me to eat pussy.

"Learn to do it and do it well and you will be beating off the girls for the rest of your life."

She was absolutely spot on when she said that. Natasha, Gail, Pauline, Mrs. Evans, Shelly, my mom and now Gloria just couldn't seem to get enough of it.

I bent to the task and in almost no time her hands were on my head and her fingers were in my hair and she was moaning "Yesssss." She was so into it that she was surprised and her eyes shot open when I stopped, moved up and slid my cock into her. I got the both of us off and then rested on the bed beside her.

She asked me about the party while she fondled my cock and I told her that it was a birthday party that was really just an excuse to have a party.

"Bev's parents will have sprung for a keg and then gone off to visit some relative or other. There will be dancing in the basement rec room, some drinking and quite possibly some hanky-panky in the upstairs bedrooms. You should have a good time."

Her fondling wasn't getting her the results she wanted so she moved down saying:

"I don't really like doing this, but fair is fair I guess."

It wasn't the best head I'd ever gotten, but is any head really bad? She got the results she wanted and then wanted it doggie. I obliged and while I was banging away I looked down and saw her puckered rosebud and wondered if she did anal. I got a quick answer to that when I started to finger her butt hole.

"Stop that! That's just plain nasty!"

I stopped with the fingering and kept fucking her hard until we both got off and then she told me that she had to call it a night.

"I've got a lot to do to get ready for work tomorrow and to get ready for the party since we will be going right from work."

When I got to my car I looked at my watch and saw that it wasn't horribly late so I used my cell to call Mary. She told me to hurry over and just come on in and up to the bedroom. She was naked and waiting and as soon as I was undressed she said:

"No foreplay lover; just get on and fuck me hard."

I did and after, while we were resting up she said, "I'm a bad girl lover. I shouldn't be doing this."

"Why not?"

"I had dinner with Clyde last night and we are going to try it again so I'm kind of cheating on him. Only kind of because he couldn't come home with me last night and has gone out of town for two days and we really can't start back up until Saturday. I guess I just wanted one last time with my boy toy. I'm going to get you hard and then I'm going to want our last to be in my ass okay?"

When I got home I found a pair of mom's dirty panties on my pillow, but I was too fucked out to use them.

School was school and work was entering invoices into the computer. Gloria and I had a light supper at Alfredo's and then we headed for Bev's party.

As I was walking up to Bev's front door I spotted a car that looked like Eddie's but Bev said that he hadn't been invited so maybe it wasn't his; just one that looked like his. However my mantra where Wooters was concerned was better safe than sorry. I went back to my car and got mom's stun gun out of the glove box and turned it on so the charge would build up.

There were quite a few raised eyebrows when I walked in with a woman who was obviously older than I was by a few years and not a few of those raised eyebrows where by people who couldn't understand why a foxy older woman was with me at all. Gloria got more than a few lustful glances and I introduced her around and then got a beer for me and a white wine for Gloria.

Wooters was there!

Bev came up to me and told me that she hadn't invited him. "He came with Angie Meyers. If I had known they were seeing each other I wouldn't have invited her. Please don't ruin my party Bobby."

"I never start these things Bev. I stay away from him. The problem is that he won't stay away from me. Besides, he always starts things outside. When I get ready to leave I'll try to sneak out when he isn't looking."

It was a good party. Gloria and I danced and drank and drank and danced. Actually I didn't drink all that much because I wasn't a big fan of drinking and driving, but since I was driving Gloria did let go and pretty soon she was flying. When she was buzzed she got flirty, but I wasn't worried about it. The only thing that put a bit of a damper on the party for me was that I had to keep track of Wooters.

Because Gloria was so hot (and flirty) I had guys asking me if I minded them dancing with her. I told them it was okay with me if it was okay with her.

"You mean it" she asked.

"I brought you here to have fun so have fun."

I did keep an eye on her to make sure none of the guys let their hands start to roam, but I didn't really expect that would happen. We all knew each other and had been friends forever, but still – Gloria was seriously a hot babe so it wouldn't hurt to keep an eye out.

Maybe two and a half hours into the party I looked around and didn't see Gloria. I'd been talking basketball with Mike Ashbury and Greg Barnes and I guess I'd let time get away from me. I went looking for Gloria, but she seemed to have disappeared.

I needed to pee, but there was a line at the downstairs bathroom. I knew there was another one upstairs so I headed up there to see if maybe the line was shorter. There was no line so I went in and took my whiz and when I came out I saw Angie Meyers at the other end of the hall. She saw me and motioned me to come to her. In a low voice she said:

"I was just about to come looking for you."

"Why?"

"Are you in a deep relationship with your date?"

"Why do you ask that?"

She quietly opened the door we were standing in front of a crack and with her head she motioned me to look inside. I did and saw a shocker. Gloria didn't like sucking cock? Anal was nasty? She must have gone through a major change in attitude between her place and Bev's because she was on the bed on her hands and knees and three guys had her airtight and it sure as hell to me looked like she was loving it.

She was driving back at the cock in her ass and she pushed back so hard that the cock in her mouth fell out. "Fuck me damn it; fuck me hard" she cried and then she stretched her neck out to get the cock back in her mouth. Eddie said, "Like it in your ass huh?" Gloria took her mouth off the cock and said, "I fucking love it" and she went back to sucking the cock.

Angie quietly whispered, "Are you as pissed as I am?"

For a second I wondered why Angie would be pissed that my date was being gang fucked and then I noticed that the cock in Gloria's ass belonged to Angie's date – Eddie Wooters!

Angie eased the door closed and asked in a whisper, "What are you going to do?"

"If it was anyone other than Wooters I would go back to the party, wait for her to be ready to leave and then take her home and never call her again, but because it is Wooters and because of our history I can't ignore it. I don't doubt for a minute that he is doing it to rub it in my face. I can't let it stand."

"So what are you going to do?"

"Break it up and make the break as painful to Eddie as I can. I brought her so I'm responsible for seeing to it that she gets home, but it will be a cold day in hell before we ever get together again. What I need for you to do, if you will, is follow me in, close the door and then stand in front of it so no one can run out. I'm going to try and not ruin Bev's party if I can do it. Okay?"

"I can do that."

We opened the door and walked into the room. Eddie looked over and saw me and sneered as he kept fucking Gloria's ass. The sneer was replaced by a dozen very different facial expressions as I touched the stun gun to his naked ass. It produced some interesting results. The charge went into Eddie and then through his cock into Gloria and through her pussy into Gary Thomas through his cock. It also went through Gloria's mouth into Arnie Bateman's dick and as a result all four of them were shaking and their eyes were rolling around in their heads. I hadn't expected that. I thought that when I hit Eddie the other two would scramble away from Gloria and try to run away. Then with Angie blocking the door I would have a talk with them about disrupting Bev's party, but with them out of commission that wasn't going to happen.

Eddie took most of the charge and he was shaking and flopping around although still connected to Gloria. I pulled him off her and he fell to the floor. I pulled Gloria off of Thomas and saw that the dose she got through Eddie wasn't enough to have her flopping around and falling to the floor so I pushed her over to Angie to hold her up. I also noticed that I wasn't going to have to dress her. All they had done was push her skirt up around her waist and

pull her panties off of her. I looked for her panties, but couldn't find them so I said to hell with it. My seats were leather and if she leaked on them they would clean up easy enough.

I bent over Eddie and touched the recharged stun gun to his cock and pulled the trigger. He screamed and arched up from the floor and then fell back to the floor and went back to shaking and flopping. I looked at Thomas and Bateman and said:

"We used to be friends, but from now on you would be wise to stay clear of me."

I turned to leave and Angie pushed Gloria to me. She took a friendship ring off her finger and went over to Eddie and put it in his mouth.

"If you can hear me you fuck head don't bother to call."

She helped me get Gloria out of the room and then asked, "What next?"

"Take her home and dump her."

"Can you give me a lift? My ride is in there on the floor."

"No problem. If you can guide her out to my car I'll go find her coat and purse and join you."

"You hold her while I go get mine and then I'll take her out."

She got her purse and led Gloria out while I went and got Gloria's stuff. As I was leaving I saw Bev and I said:

"I'm sorry Bev, but it wasn't my fault."

"What wasn't your fault" she asked, but I was already walking away and I didn't answer her.

We put Gloria on the back seat and Angie and I got up front. Before we were a block away we heard Gloria crying and then she blubbered:

"I didn't mean to. I really didn't mean to. It wasn't supposed to happen. It wasn't."

I looked over at Angie and started to laugh.

"What are you laughing about?"

"The situation. When we left her house she told me that she was really looking forward to getting laid tonight. I thought she meant that it was going to be me."

I pulled into the parking lot at Gloria's apartment and she was still crying and blubbering "I didn't mean it. It wasn't supposed to happen" when I drove off and left her standing there. It was the first time in my life that I deliberately did not walk my date to her door at the end of a date.

As I pulled out of the parking lot Angie said, "We are in the same boat."

"What do you mean?"

"I expected to get laid tonight too."

I didn't know what to say to that so I just drove. A minute later she said:

"It still could happen."

I looked over at her and she smiled at me and asked, "You got a place?"

My eyes were back on the road and she said, "I'm not talking romance here Bobby; I'm talking revenge. What better way for the two of us to get back at that bastard. He fucked your date so you fuck his. And to make it even better I'll call him and thank him for getting me together with you so that I could finally find out what a decent fuck was like."

"You really want to do it?"

"Dead serious Bobby; dead serious."

I was really going to have to talk to someone about getting a rate at the Starlight.

Angie beat me in the race to undress and she was lying on the bed with her legs spread wide when my last article of clothing hit the floor.

"Don't need no stinking foreplay here Bobby. Just get right to it."

I feasted me eyes on the sight and she was going to get foreplay even if she didn't want it. I was looking at the first shaved pussy I had ever seen and there was no way on God's green Earth that I was going to pass up the chance to taste it without a load of cum in it and I would make damned sure that I would taste it when it was full.

"What are you doing" she asked as I moved between her legs and sent my mouth to her treasure.

"I'm going to enjoy myself" I said as I dug in.

"Oh my God; what are you doing?" she cried as she tried to scoot away. The headboard stopped her, but she tensed, pushed at my shoulders and moaned, "No no, you can't."

I ignored her and after a minute or so I felt her starting to relax. Another minute and her hands were resting on my head. Resting, not pushing. Suspected that Angie had never been eaten before and I was determined to stay after it until I got her off. Another couple of minutes and then the hands resting on my head turned to fingers moving through my hair and then into hands trying to pull my head inside her.

And then she came! Her body went stiff as a board and she cried out as her body started shaking and shuddering. While that was happening I moved up and pushed my cock into her. Her eyes shot open, her legs came up and

clamped my body and then her hands grabbed my head and pulled it down to hers and she kissed me hard. Her tongue pushed into my mouth and she moaned as I drove into her. She got off twice more before I did and when I pulled out and fell to the bed beside her she rolled on top of me and said:

"I don't know that I'm ever going to let you get more than six inches away from me for the rest of my life. That was incredible Bobby; just fucking incredible. I never knew. I had no idea."

I was looking up at her and I saw tear running down her cheek. I reached up and brushed it away and she put her head to my chest and hugged me.

"If I wash myself real good can we do it again?"

"No."

I saw the crestfallen look on her face and I smiled at her and said, "No Angie; we are not going to waste the time to wash" and I rolled her over and slid down to worship at that beautiful naked snatch. I worked at it until I got her off again and when I moved away from her pussy she said:

"I don't know how."

"You don't know how to what?"

"To do you. I've never done it. I don't know how."

"The question is do you want to? It isn't something that you do because you think you owe it. You do it because you want to give pleasure to your partner."

"I want to do it. I just don't know how."

For the next fifteen minutes I ran Angie through Cock Sucking 101 sub-titled, The Way Bobby Likes It Done, and I do have to say that the girl was a quick study. When I felt that she'd done enough I got her up on her hands and knees and did her doggie.

As I drove her home she said, "I'd never done any of that stuff before tonight. I haven't been a virgin for a long time, but I never did any of that oral stuff. None of the guys I've been with ever asked me to suck them and none of them ever tried to do me like you did. I'm glad you didn't stop when I tried to get you to. I never knew Bobby; I never knew. If we hadn't gotten together tonight I might have never known."

She was silent for several blocks and then said, "I wonder what else is there that I don't know about."

"You ever done anal?"

"Oh god no. To me that would be even nastier than having my pussy mouthed."

"You found out that you were wrong about that so maybe you will find that you are wrong about anal also. Most of the girls I've done it with seem to like it a lot. I guess it is all a matter of personal preference."

When I got her home she asked, "Will I see you again?"

"If you want."

"I do Bobby; I really do."

"I've got stuff going all weekend so can I call you around the first of the week?"

"Please do."

I walked her to her door and got one hell of a goodnight kiss. I was home in bed by two and I fell asleep thinking about that smooth bald pussy.

Mom let me sleep until eight before she gave me her usual Saturday morning alarm clock blow job. When she had me awake and up – pointing up at the ceiling up – she mounted me cowgirl and said:

"Mommy is a little upset with her motherfucker. Mommy wanted it all night, but you wasted it on some bubble gum chewing teeny bitch would probably didn't know how to appreciate it anyway."

She bounced up and down on me until I needed to pop and then I rolled her onto her back and fucked her as hard as I could, After getting us both off she fixed me breakfast and then told me of her plans for the day.

"We are going to fuck in every room in the house and on every piece of furniture that is big enough or strong enough to hold us. If we don't get it all done today will work on it tomorrow. We have until five or six o'clock Monday to get it done."

I didn't bother to ask her why she felt it had to be done, because I'm sure that it had something to do with mom's relationship with my dad and I was perfectly willing to stay in the dark where that was concerned. And while on that subject I decided that mom did not need to know about my talk with dad and Marge. Around two, with the living room and laundry room behind us, mom told me that we were going to be going to a party after dinner.

"You have never met any of my sorority sisters from college, except for Mary of course, and none of them have any idea who you are, so tonight I'm going to scandalize them. We are having a reunion and I'm going to it with my boy toy. Will it embarrass you if I give you a blow job while they watch?"

"No more than it will embarrass you to do it."

"Oh I won't be embarrassed motherfucker. They have all seen me do it before. Our sorority was known on campus as "Slut Central." You have heard about wild assed frat parties? Well some of our sorority parties made frat parties look like first grade recess."

Aren't you forgetting that Mary is one of your sorority sisters? You going to blow me if she is there?"

"I talked to her Wednesday. She can't make it."

I figured that she was shitting me right?

At 8:25 I was sitting on a couch in a hospitality room at one of the local hotels and my pants were down around my ankles and mom was kneeling between my legs and sucking my cock while twenty-three of her college sorority sisters watched and cheered her on. There were six other men in the room, husbands who were apparently in some sort of swap group made up of sorority sisters, and whom every one trusted to keep quiet about the proceedings.

After mom got me hard she stood up and turned and sat down on my cock and rode me reverse cowgirl to cries of "Way to go Madge" and "You go girl." One of the men came up to mom, unzipped and offered his cock to her mouth and she leaned forward and took it. Then a sexy looking redhead came up to us and said to mom:

"If you can fuck around with mine I get to play with yours."

She stood on the couch in such a way that her uncovered cunt was right in my face. So just as mom had leaned forward to take on the guy I leaned forward and buried my face in the red haired bush. While that was going on everyone in the room started stripping and pretty soon there were couples fucking all over the place.

Those that weren't fucking were watching. And as I glanced around the room I met a pair of bemused eyes that almost caused my cock to wilt. The eyes belonged to someone who was not supposed to be there. Mary grinned at me and blew me a kiss and then walked off to socialize.

Mom got us both off just about the time that I gave the red head an orgasm. I saw white leaking out of the corner of mom's mouth and I figured that she'd managed to get the guy in her mouth off. As the four of us untangled I whispered to mom:

"Try not to show fear mommy dear, but if you will look to your right you will see something you probably would rather not."

She looked and then said, "Shit!!"

About then a guy came up and tried to bend her over the back of the couch so he could fuck her, but she pushed him away and said loud enough for all to hear:

"My pussy is off limits to everyone but my husband and my boy-toy. I'm open for blow jobs and hand jobs and that is all." Then she turned to me and said, "And that goes for you too stud. Oral and hand only. That cock is mine. Understand?"

I smiled and said, "Yes dear" and everyone laughed.

Mom ended up sucking off all six of the other guys who were there and I ate five of the women – one of them Mary – before mom said we had to be going. As we were heading for the door Mary said to mom:

"I'll call you in a day or two dear. We have much to talk about."

As we walked to my car I asked mom what she was going to do.

"Nothing. If she tries to cause me problems or give me a ration of shit I'll throw what I know about you and Tom right back at her."

Once in the car and on the way home she said, "Is mommy's motherfucker upset with mommy for sucking up so much cum tonight?"

"The only thing mommy's motherfucker is upset about is that he was sure mommy was going to pull a train once she got going and mommy disappointed him."

"Maybe next year."

"Next year?"

"We get together once a year. I do let loose, but I limit myself to hand jobs and blow jobs. Maybe next year I'll give you your wish."

"Something to look forward to."

"When we get home mommy will let her motherfucker do her six times and he can pretend he is a different man each time."

Mommy's motherfucker only got to pretend to be three train riders, but we did get the dining room, family room and garage out of the way. As an added bonus, at least for mom, the one in the garage was on the hood of dad's car.

Sunday was a lazy day. Mom woke me up around nine and we had a leisurely fuck and then went out to breakfast. Then more leisurely fucks through out the day. By the time we went to bed the only thing we hadn't gotten to was the chest style freezer in the basement and mom told me she would wake me up early enough to get that one out of the way.

As I was falling asleep a strange thought came to me. It had been the first weekend in what seemed like forever that I didn't run across Natasha.

Monday morning she got me up at five and we did it on the freezer and then went back to bed and she had me do her one more time in her butt.

We showered together and as she washed my back she said, "I don't want to wait until next Saturday. We have to find a way to get together during the week."

"You are dead set against my getting an apartment."

"I know. I'll try to think of something."

I was sitting in the cafeteria at the Student Union when Bev walked up to the table. I expected her to go off on me, but she surprised me.

"I should be pissed at you Bob. I asked you not to fuck up my party, but when I got the story from Angie this morning I decided that the asshole had it coming to him. At least you kept it in that bedroom and no one knew about it until well after it happened. So I guess I'll invite you to the next party I have."

"Thank you."

She walked away but before I could go back to reviewing my notes Nancy came up and sat down.

"Are we still going to get together this week or have I lost my chance?"

"Why would you say that?"

"Angie Meyers is positively gushing over what you did with her on Friday and she is making sounds that lead me to believe that she has set her sights on you. How come I'm finding out about your special talents from a third party instead of from you?"

She must have seen something in my facial expression so she laughed and said:

"Relax Bobby. I know it was my fault that I never found out first hand, but that brings up the question of when we will get together."

"I don't know. Last Friday they changed my schedule at work and today will be my first day on the new schedule I'll need to see how it is going to go before I can make plans. Maybe by this time tomorrow I'll have a better idea."

"As long as you don't forget about me."

"I won't."

At work I was put with Harry Short to learn how to operate a lathe. I didn't need much in the way of training because I had learned to use a lathe in a shop class in high school. What I had to learn was how to make some of the things that the company made on the lathe. I was familiar with drill presses, cut-off saws and a few other machines, but there were several machines in the shop that I had never seen before and my father's goal for me was to at least become basically familiar with each machine, know what it could do and what part it played in company operations.

The afternoon went quickly and just before the end of the shift I was told to report to Marge in the office. I saw Gloria across the room when I walked in and she saw me and hurriedly turned away from me. Marge's door was open and she was on the phone so she waved me to a chair. I sat and waited until she ended her phone conversation. She hung up and turned to me and asked:

"So how was your weekend?"

"Quiet and peaceful. Helped around the house and then took mom out to dinner and a movie. Sunday was more of the same."

"She didn't try to get you out of the way so she could get to a phone and talked to anyone? Maybe set up a date?"

"Not at all. In fact she asked me if I would stick around most of the weekend because she had things she wanted to do that she was going to need help with."

"I didn't think that there was anything to worry about, but your father can be such a worrier some times."

"Since you have sort of brought me in on things can I ask why? I mean if dad loves mom so much why are you and he doing it?"

"Stress relief. When stress builds up in people they find ways to get rid of it or tone it down. Some reach for a bottle and others take up some sport or other where they can bash things. Your dad relieves his stress by having sex. I like sex and I like your dad so I'm the designated reliever. I told you last week I'm not trying to take him away from your mom and he has no interest in leaving her. He does love her. Now. For your reward."

She handed me a piece of paper and I saw it had an address and a phone number on it.

"Will tonight at seven work for you?"

"Seven is fine with me." I paused and then asked, "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"Honestly? Because you are a stud."

"Me? Not hardly."

"Girls talk stud; just like the guys do. According to Shelly and Gloria you are a stud. And also according to both of them you are extremely good at doing what a lot of girls like and some actually love. I happen to be one of those girls. What's more, accord to the girls, you not only do it and are good at it, but you seem to like doing it. That straight up enough for you?"

"I still don't understand why. You have my father for that."

"The thing you are so good at and like doing? Your father doesn't. Doesn't like or do."

"So it isn't a kinky thing? Getting a charge out of doing father and son?"

She gave me a big grin and said, "Well, there is that too."

When she opened the door for me she had on a bathrobe. As soon as the door closed behind me the robe fell to the floor and I saw here in nylons, garter belt and 'come fuck me' high heels. She did a slow turn and then asked:

"You like?"

She reached for me belt and I said, "You are about to uncover the answer to your question"

And she did see the answer when she pushed my pants down to my ankles. She couldn't miss it since it almost poked her in the eye. She took hold of it, stroked it a couple of times and then stood up and said:

"Hurry up and get your clothes off."

I stripped right there in her living room, let my clothes fall to the floor and then followed her into her bedroom. She sat down on the bed and said:

"Bring it to me stud."

I walked up to her and she took my cock in her mouth. I let her taste it and then I pushed her back onto her bed. She gave me a "WTF" look and I said:

"We need to get to what I'm here for."

She smiled, spread her legs and waited. As I bent to the task I remembered again the words of Mary when she taught mw how to eat her pussy.

I worked at it until I got Marge off and then I fucked her. After I fucked her I ate her again, much to her surprise, and midway into it she squirmed her way into a sixty-nine. As soon as she had me hard I got her on her hands and knees and took her doggie. I think I got her off a couple of times, but you can't always tell with some women. I got mine and then I fell to the bed next to her.

Marge was breathing hard as she lay there looking up at the ceiling. Finally she said:

"The girls didn't lie or exaggerate. The only question now is when can you move in?"

I laughed and said, "Right! I can see it now. I come home and find a necktie hanging on the door knob which would be your way of telling me to find something to do for a couple of hours because my dad was here getting some stress relief."

She laughed and said, "I hadn't thought of that."

"But if I know ahead of time he won't be here I can visit as much as you would like."

"Fifteen minutes ago I would have said to hell with your father and I'll quit my job and we can get married. Now that your mouth is off my beaver and you don't have your dick in me I can think a little more clearly. I like the 'visit as much as I'd like' idea. The nice part is that with your work schedule I can always let you know at the end of your shift if I'll be alone that night or not."

She laughed again and said, "Although it might be a hoot to cut your dad off and then become his daughter in law."

"You would marry me even though you are way older than me?"

"Just you hold up on that 'way older' stuff bubba."

"You are what – thirty-two or thirty-three? That's thirteen years older."

"A marriage made in Heaven stud. They say a woman hits her sexual prime in her thirties and forties and studs your age are at the top of their game. We'd be perfect for each other."

"Uh-huh, and we would live on love right? We'd have to because dad would fire you and disown me. I'd be trying to keep us going by flipping burgers and asking "Would you like fries with that?" No thanks."

I slid down and went to work on her honey-pot and she again worked her way into a sixty-nine. When she had me hard again she asked me, "Do you do asses?"

When I was dressed and ready to leave she asked me when I could come and visit again and I had to tell her that I wasn't sure.

"I'm in sort of a developing relationship and I don't know where it is going. I can make it over a couple of times a week until I know if Angie and I are going to go anywhere. If we do I'll have to go into faithful mode, but until then? I'll just have to play it by ear."

"As far as I know right this minute the only evening I have anything going is Wednesday. I'll take any or all of the rest that you can give me. Just let me know. And there won't be any more of this eight o'clock stuff. You can follow me straight home from work and I'll feed you before I fuck you. Okay?"

"Deal."

As I pulled away from Marge's place I wondered what it would be like to be married to her. I smiled. I could do it. Oh yeah; I most definitely could do it. And then I had another thought. Why did I say Angie when I mentioned I had a relationship? Why hadn't I said Nancy?

Mom and dad were in bed when I got home and I headed straight up to my room. I worked on my homework for about an hour and then went to bed. As I settled in and started to nod off I had another thought. My dad had two women – mom and Marge – and I was fucking them both. Just how fucking weird was that?

I thought I was having a wet dream, but it was my mom waking me up with a blow job. I looked over at the clock and saw that it was only six. I tensed and started to push her away, but she took her mouth off me long enough to say:

"Don't panic baby; he had to go in early. We are alone."

I relaxed and she worked on me for a little bit longer and then she moved into a sixty-nine over me. I knew as soon as I tasted her pussy that dad had gotten the same wake up I was being given. I had known that it was coming. Mom had warned me some time ago that it would happen and in truth it didn't bother me. I'd done it with Gail and Mary and it hadn't hurt me, but it sure seemed to do something for them.

That's what it was all about right? Giving your partner pleasure? God knows my pleasure meter was pegged out a great deal of the time.

When mom was ready she switched ends, lowered herself onto my cock and started riding me cowgirl. She rode me through two orgasms and got me to where I absolutely, positively had to get off and then I rolled her onto her back and pounded her until I came. I looked at the clock and saw that we had time for one more and a shower before I had to leave for school.

I swung around and went into a sixty-nine with me on top this time and kept at it until I was stiff enough then I pulled mom into the dog position and fucked her until we both got off. I pulled out and headed for the shower and

was not overly surprised when mom got in with me. After (and because of) all of the soaping, washing and rinsing I had mom leaning against the wall with her legs spread while I did her one more time from behind.

School was school, but when I got to the cafeteria at lunch time I had to face my first major problem of the day. Ahead of me in line were Gail, Angie and Nancy. No matter which one I chose to sit with it would piss off the other two. Then things got confusing, at least for me.

The three of them sat down together.

I had been noticed in line and Nancy was waiting for me when I finished paying the cashier.

"We saved you a seat" and she led me – actually she took hold of my sleeve and pulled me – over to the table and when I sat down Nancy said:

"Welcome to the first meeting of the SBC."

"The SBC? What is that?"

"The Share Bobby Committee."

"What the heck is that?"

"It is a committee made up of the three of us and our goal is to come up with an equitable way to share your time."

I looked at the three of them and then decided to just keep quiet.

"It is an interim committee that will probably dissolve in a couple of months or so. I've appointed myself chairman."

I could keep quiet. I just had to ask why.

"I'm a realist. I want you, but so does Angie and Gail has a previous claim on some of your time. I understand your arrangement with Gail and I have no desire to interfere. Angie has had a taste of you and wants more and as I said, I want you, but I understand that I'm going to have to share. I don't expect Angie to be around too long because she is hopelessly in love with Bert Cummings and no matter who she might be with she will drop him in a heartbeat when Bert comes calling, but I also know that she really, really wants more of what you gave her last week.

"How best to see that the three of us get what we want? Work out a schedule. It won't be rigid because each of the three of us will be out of commission for several days every month and hopefully our cycles won't coincide."

She looked at me and asked, "What do you think?"

"I think you overlooked the most important thing in your plan."

"What would that be?"

"Me. Monday and Thursday are Marge's nights. Pam gets Tuesdays. Mary gets Wednesday and every other Friday. Gail gets every other Friday and Saturday. I was saving Sunday for you, but I guess I can work it so you and Angie can alternate Sundays. Maybe you can talk Gail into giving up some of her time."

I looked at my watch and then said, "Got to run girls. I'm sure that you can work it out without me being here. Catch you later" and I got up and headed out.

Hobbs put me on a lathe when I got to work. He gave me a blueprint and a work order, asked me if I had any questions and when I said no he took off to do something else. The work order said that I needed to make fifty of the parts so I got busy. I got the last part made five minutes before quitting time and handed the completed work order to Fred. He gave me a look that I read as say "You're kidding me" and I knew that he would be checking out my parts before I was out of sight.

At quitting time I swung by Marge's office.

"Not tonight stud." She giggled and said, "Unless you like sloppy seconds behind your daddy."

Wouldn't be the first time I thought, but what I said was, "Ugh!! I'll pass."

She laughed and said, "Too bad. I'd really get a kick out of that."

"You are bad. Almost evil."

Another laugh and then, "Isn't that what you really want? A deliciously bad and evil hot body?"

"Point taken."

"If you change your mind give me a call about eight."

She got up, came around her desk, put her arms around me and kissed me. She gave me a little tongue and then she broke the kiss and said:

"Did you taste him? I had his cock in my mouth twenty minutes ago."

If she thought that she was going to shock me I had a surprise for her. I pulled her into my arms, kissed her with tongue, broke the kiss and said:

"Play your games sweetie, but you need to remember that daddy only gets half the job done. He fucks you and gets his cock sucked, but I get that too. I'm the total package sweetie. I give the same as he does, but I eat your pussy and I'll fuck your ass and if you have other needs and wants I can probably take care of them also. Want to be peed on? Want to pee on me? Want to have sex someplace where there is a danger of being caught? You ask and I'll probably do it. Will daddy? You have my cell number. Call me when he's gone."

She looked at me for several seconds and then said, "Are you really only nineteen?"

"Call me" I said and then I left.

Once in my car I used my cell to call Gail. After exchanging greetings I asked:

"What was that all about at lunch?"

"Pretty much what you heard. Nancy called me. Apparently she is hot for your body. She knows about us and I guess you told her that any dating you did had to allow for time spent with me so she felt that she had to talk to me about it."

"She doesn't know all about us. All she knows is that I date you to keep you occupied while Tom is gone."

"That's the idea I left her with too. I don't know about Angie. What was that all about?"

I explained what had happened Friday.

"So is Nancy going to be your new conquest?"

"Everyone keeps telling me that I need to get a girlfriend and I guess Nancy was in the running until today."

"You say that like she is no longer in the running."

"She isn't. Today put her in a new light. She is obviously a manipulative and controlling type and I don't need one of those in my life. I may take a shot at getting into her panties, but she is out of the running in the girlfriend stakes."

"Who was she running against?"

"There were two. Angie was one of them until I heard about Bert Cummings. I don't need another girl that someone can take away from me."

"You said two. Who is the other?"

"You."

"Me? You just said that you don't need a girl that can be taken away from you. Have you forgotten about Tommy?"

"No, but I think that Tom might have forgotten about you. I had a long talk with Mary the other night and she told me what is going on between you and Tom. She flat out told me that you deserve better and that I should seriously consider going after you. And who knows Tom better than his mom?"

"Tom loves me. I know he does."

"I'm sure that he does, but given what Mary tells me I have to wonder where you are on his list of priorities. His telling you not to bother coming to him and his telling you that your marriage has to wait until he comes home from overseas duty has to make me wonder. Especially since it is not a given that he will return to the States

following an overseas posting. What if he gets sent to Germany, does his time there and then gets sent to Korea or some other duty station outside the US?

"But none of that matters to me. We are doing everything a couple does anyway so we will just bring it out into the open and let everyone see it. If Tom comes for you you drop me and go to him."

"That's the same thing that you just said that you didn't want to happen if you went with Angie."

"No it isn't. I don't have anything going with Angie. If we got something going I would be invested in it and if Cummings came along and took her away I would be really pissed at the both of them. You are totally different. I already have something going with you and the understanding was that I was keeping you for Tom. If he comes back I would expect you to leave me. I would be invested in the relationship, but I would know where I stood. The only way I would get pissed would be if you gave up on Tom, married me, but then left me for him if he ever came back."

"You are serious about this."

"Of course I am. We are totally compatible as a couple and I care about you a lot. Think on it some okay?"

"All right."

'Want to get together tonight?'

"I don't think so. I've got a lot of thinking to do and I need to keep a clear head to do it. Something I can't do when you are giving me orgasms."

"Okay. Call me when you want to get out and do something."

When I got home mom told me that dinner would be a little late.

"Your father is hung up at the plant. Said he would be here around seven-thirty. We have time for a quickie if you would like."

"I'd like, but should we take the chance? We don't know for sure when he is going to get here and I don't think we want to get caught."

"No problem" she said as she took off her panties. "You do me from behind as I'm bent over the back of the couch. That way we will see his headlights when he turns into the driveway."

The timing was perfect. I'd just finished cumming and mom was putting her panties back on when dad turned into the driveway. Mom headed for the kitchen as I pulled my pants up from where they had been pooled around my ankles and then went to help her by setting the table.

I was sitting at the table eating and talking shop with dad when my phone rang. I took it out of my pocket and saw that the caller was Marge.

"You coming over stud or should I clean myself up?"

"Don't you dare! I'll be there in thirty minutes."

"Why are you making me wait so long?"

"I'm eating dinner with my parents right now."

"Your father is there?"

"You bet."

"And you are looking at him as we make plans for you to fuck his girlfriend?"

"That's right."

"Far out! Hurry stud. I'm all charged up."

"Hang in there sweetie. Help is on the way."

"Hot date" dad asked.

"She misses me. I haven't known her all that long and she misses me."

"Daughter in law material?"

"I can only hope."

"When do we get to meet her" mom asked.

Now that would be worth watching I thought as I said, "I don't know. We are still getting used to each other. I don't want to put too much pressure on her just yet."

I could see the dried cum on her leg as she stood watching me undress.

"Hurry baby; if you hurry I can say I did father and son in the space of two hours. Just the idea has me hot."

"Maybe next time I can hide in the closet and nail you before his car pulls out of the parking lot."

"Oh God; that would be such a kick. We just have to do it."

"Set it up" I said as I pushed her back on her bed. She spread her legs wide and smiled at me as she said:

"You gonna fuck me or eat me?"

"Both."

The look on her face said, "Yeah. Right!"

"You think I won't?"

Again she didn't say a word, but her facial expression was saying, "You don't have the balls."

I surprised the hell out of her when I buried my face in her bush. She laughed and said:

"Leave enough in there so you can feel what it is like to have sloppy seconds after daddy."

"Won't be the first time" I was thinking as I started eating her. I stayed at it until she had a climax and then while she was still feeling it I moved up and buried my bone in her pussy. I fucked her three times, once in her ass, and then I reached for my clothes.

"Can you stay the night" she asked. "I would love to go to work in the morning with a fresh load in me. Maybe I can give daddy some of his baby's sloppy seconds. Only fair right?"

Whether dad would get sloppy seconds or not I don't know, but I did spend then night and I did leave Marge with a fresh load when I left her to go to school.

School was school and when I hit the cafeteria for lunch I saw Angie sitting alone and I asked her if I could join her. She said yes so I sat down and as soon as I was sitting Angie said:

"I'm sorry for yesterday. I don't know why I let Nancy talk me into it."

"Not a problem, but tell me something. Is what she said about Bert Cummings right?"

"Partly."

"What does "partly" mean?"

"I've been hung up on Bert since the seventh grade, but he has never seemed to have any interest in me."

"Does he know how you feel?"

"I guess. Remember the Sadie Hawkins Day dance in the tenth grade?"

I nodded my head yes.

"I asked him to the dance and he went with me. After it was over I told him that I'd had a great time and I'd love to do it again. He never called me. I've sent him birthday cards and Christmas cards so he has to know that I'm interested, but it appears that it is all one way. So I very much doubt that what Nancy said is ever going to come to pass."

"So you and Bert have no plans for tonight?"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"No. Just trying to see if you had any plans that would keep you from saying yes if I asked you out."

"You are asking me out?"

"When I took you home Friday I left with the impression that you wouldn't mind seeing me again. Was I mistaken?"

"No. No you weren't."

"So will you go out with me tonight?"

"Yes."

"Pick you up at seven?"

"I'll be ready."

Fred had a work order for me when I got to work. I read the print, set up the lathe and got to work. The work order was for sixty pieces and when I had about twenty of them done Fred came a randomly chose two of them, took the print and checked them out. He put them back with no comment so I assumed that they were within specs so I continued on.

I turned in the completed work order about ten minutes before quitting time and Fred told me he had something different for me in mind for the next day.

"All we are supposed to be doing is making you familiar with the operations and it is obvious to me that you have the lathe down pat. Tomorrow I think we are going to give you some turret lathe time."

"I'll be looking forward to it."

I swung by the office to check in with Marge, but she wasn't in her office when I got there. Shelly saw me and came over to me.

"I hear that things are not so good between you and Gloria. Any truth to that?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Does that mean that I can maybe get my hooks back in you?"

"If you are still interested."

"Silly boy. When?"

"Tomorrow?"

"If I have to wait that long I guess I can."

"Sorry, but I already have made plans for tonight."

"I'll forgive you as long as you don't forget that tomorrow is mine."

"When you get off work drive over and park behind the dumpster. I'll meet you there."

I was just getting ready to leave when Marge came out of the ladies bathroom. I followed her into her office and closed the door behind me.

"Whatcha need stud?"

"Just checking in."

"Bullshit! You are dying of curiosity. You want to know if daddy soaked in what you left in me this morning."

"Did he?"

"As a matter of fact he did and you will not believe how turned on that made me. We have got to do that again and soon."

"Keep in mind that I really do want to do that closet thing."

"You are so bad."

"Would you have anything to do with me if I wasn't?"

She smiled and said, "Get out of here before we get in trouble."

"I don't know. It might be fun to do it on your desk."

"Maybe, but not today. Daddy is still in the building."

Angie was looking good. She was also blunt and to the point.

"Whatever we do I have to be home by midnight so can we please set aside some of our date to do what we did Friday?"

"We can use all of our time on that if that is what you want."

"Could we?"

As I drove to the Starlight she sat quietly looking out the window. After a few miles she said:

"I don't understand what has happened to me. I never used to be like this."

"Like what?"

"Always thinking of what we did Friday." She was silent for maybe a minute and then she said, "I wasn't a virgin. I liked making love, but I didn't think about it all the time. Since Friday it seems to be all I think about." She paused and then said, "I did it you know."

"Did what?"

"Called Eddie and thanked him for doing what he did so I could find out what really good sex was like. I told him that you were so much better at it than anyone I'd ever been with."

"What did he say to that?"

"Called me a fucking bitch and hung up on me."

Once inside the room I asked her what she wanted to do.

"I want to do you first. Once you start doing me I'm going to want you to never stop. I know that sounds selfish but I can't help it."

"No problem sweetie. There will be plenty of pleasure for the both of us."

She started sucking my cock and she was doing a heck of a lot better at it than she had done on Friday. Almost as if she was reading my mind she said:

"I wanted to be better for you so I've been practicing on large carrots and cucumbers."

She went back to it and I tried to remember if I came in her mouth Friday or pulled out. I couldn't remember so I told her when I was ready to cum. She didn't take her mouth off me and when I came she swallowed. I noticed the look on her face and said:

"You didn't have to do that Angie." Remembering my lessons from Mary I said, "If you don't like it don't do it. This is all about pleasure. Yours as well as mine. Doing things you don't want to do or don't like to do subtracts from the experience."

"But I want to please you too."

"Believe me Angie, when we are done here I will be a very pleased guy."

I ate her pussy. We fucked and then went sixty-nine after which we fucked again. We were lying next to each other recovering and I was fingering her pussy while she was fondling my soft cock when she said:

"Friday when I wondered about some of the other things I'd never done you asked if I'd ever done anal sex. I haven't, but I've been thinking about it ever since. Can we?"

"If you want."

"I might not like it. I don't know. Terry told me that she loves it, but Martha says she hates it. A couple of others said that they could take it or leave it. The only way I can find out for myself is if I do it."

She didn't like it. She didn't like it at all. Once it was clear to me that she wasn't going to get into it I pulled out of her butt, washed my cock and then went back and finished in her pussy.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"Disappointing you."

"You didn't disappoint me Angie. I got off didn't I?"

"But not in my butt."

"I keep telling you that it is all about pleasure Angie. My pleasure comes from getting off. It doesn't matter where I get off; mouth, pussy or ass makes no difference. If a cock in your ass doesn't give you pleasure then don't do it. If swallowing cum is distasteful don't do it. If being eaten and straight fucking is all that is pleasurable to you then stick to those two things. I can't speak for other guys, by my goal is to make you want to let me do you again. I want to give you so much pleasure that all you will think about is getting me to give you more. That won't happen if I do things you don't like."

"Then I guess you had better eat me and then fuck me again because those are the things I like."

So I did just that.

When I got her home I asked if we could go out again.

"When?"

"You tell me."

"Friday?"

"Seven okay?"

"I'll be ready."

I didn't have classes on Wednesday so I was in the library doing homework and working on papers that were due when I saw Nancy come in. She saw me, made a face and went to a table in the research section and sat down with her back to me. Oh well; I didn't need another female in my life anyway.

At work Fred put me with George on the turret lathe and I found out that although it looked complicated it was not all that difficult to work.

While working with George I almost asked him about how he came to be Natasha's date at the company Christmas party, but decided that I'd be better off keeping my mouth shut. Not knowing the relationship I didn't know if they were talking or not and I didn't need for Natasha to hear that I had been asking about her. It could prompt her into thinking she needed to try harder to get back into my life and I didn't need that.

Silly me! Thinking that I had any control over what happens.

"Got you head out of your ass yet?" George asked.

"Pardon me?"

"I said have you gotten your head out of your ass yet."

"I don't have a clue as what the fuck you are talking about."

"Bullshit! You have a great girl trying to get your attention and you are ignoring her."

"A great girl? Who?"

"Natasha you asshole."

"That pig? A great girl?"

I saw George was getting ready to come unglued so I walked away from him and went over to Fred.

"You have something else I can do?"

"I put you on the turret lathe with George."

"We seem to have a personal conflict going. Best I get away from him."

"We don't have shit like that in my shop. Come on boy" he said as he walked over to where George was and said,
"What the fuck is going on here Walton?"

It turns out that George is Mary's brother.

"He called my niece a pig."

"That true boy?"

I explained my relationship with Natasha and then said that it wasn't any of George's fucking business. Fred shook his head in disgust and said:

"This is a work place. Keep your personal shit out of here. Understand?"

"No I don't" I said. "All I did was come to work today. You put me with George and he starts giving me a ration of shit. I am standing at the machine trying to learn what you expect me to learn and he starts in on me. I didn't have nothing to do with it so where the fuck do you get off shaking your finger at me and talking to me in that tone of voice. Bark at George, but leave me out of it."

"Doesn't work that way boy. The way it works is that you ignore shit like that and do your job. When you let him get under your skin and responded by calling his niece a pig you became a full participant and you get an equal share of the shit when it starts falling. Now the two of you get back to work and I don't want to hear no more bullshit out of either of you. Hear?"

George and I managed to get through the rest of the shift with no more words, but as we were shutting down and cleaning up the work area George said:

"Took a bit of nerve to stand up to Fred like that. That's the kind of guy Natasha needs. Think on it."

Why the hell was everyone trying to get me and Natasha together?

I met Shelly behind the building and we used my key to come in the back door. I was carrying two boxes when we went down to the basement and I opened up the locked room. I had already moved a long table with folding legs into the room and the boxes I was carrying had an air mattress and a battery operated air pump in them. In no time I had a comfortable surface on the table.

"How much time do we have" I asked Shelly.

"An hour."

"What do you want to do?"

"Eat me while I suck you and then do my ass."

We got into a sixty-nine and when Shelly said she was ready I plowed her pooper.

"Tomorrow?" she asked as we dressed.

"Works for me, but I want to do it different. Tomorrow I eat you until you get off. The next day you do me and the next time after that I do your ass. Okay?"

"Fine with me."

When we left I put my own lock on the door and gave Shelly a key.

When I got to my car I took out my cell and called Gail to see how she was doing. She was still down in the dumps and didn't feel like leaving the house. I offered to come over and play cards or something to keep her company and she said she didn't feel like it so I told her I'd call her the next day and said goodbye.

I got home just in time to see mom getting ready to go out.

"Dinner is in the micro-wave. I'm going out to meet Mary for drinks."

I gave her a 'raised eyebrow' look and she said, "I'll tell you about it later" and she took off. I really would like to have been where I could have heard that conversation.

I used the evening to clean the interior of the car. I vacuumed it and then used Armor-All wipes to clean all the inside surfaces. I cleaned all the windows inside and out and was getting ready to go to my room when my cell chirped. It was mom.

"You doing anything pressing right now?"

"No."

"You know where the Top Hat Lounge is?"

"Corner of Broadway and Parker?"

"I'll be sitting in my car when you get here."

When I got there she left her car and got in mine and told me to move to the back row away from the parking lot overhead lights. I started to ask her why and she said:

"Just do it!"

I moved the car and as we were moving she climbed over the seat and onto the back seat.

"Hurry up and get back here with me."

She was taking off her panties as I got in the back. "I haven't done this since college. Am I your first back seat fuck? Never mind; I really don't want to know. Hurry up damn it! I need it."

Weird stuff just seemed to keep happening to me. My mother waiting for me to fuck her on the back seat of my car. Doesn't get much weirder than that I was thinking as I drove my cock into her. I pounded her as her high heeled shod feet pushed at the headliner and I was surprised that as hard as she was kicking that I didn't end up with holes in it.

"Damn baby" she said as she pulled on her panties. "I feel like a teenager again. After I met your dad I never thought I'd ever do it on a backseat again."

"What brought this on?"

"My getting together with Mary Bagley. We got to talking about old times and it fired me up and made me want to relive a few things. She even talked about the gangbangs we did and suggested that if we were going to do any reliving it should be pulling trains."

"Were do I sign up?"

"You wish!"

"So what happened that the two of you got together tonight?"

"She called me after seeing us at that reunion. I was expecting her to be snotty with me about it, but she surprised me. Said she was glad to see that I still had some of my old wildness in me although she did say she was surprised seeing me being wild with you. I laughed and told her I just had to see how good she trained you. But her real reason for tonight was you."

"Me?"

"I guess things aren't going well with her and her man. She wanted to sound me out on sharing you with her."

"What did you say to that?"

"She is sitting in her car waiting for me to leave so she can have her turn." As she was getting out of my car she said, "Take very good care of my friend."

I watched her walk to her car and as she opened the door and got in my door opened and Mary said:

"The second shift is here. I hope you are ready."

"I'm going to need some help."

"I know how to do that."

She bent to take my cock in her mouth and just before her mouth closed on me she said:

"It has been almost twenty years since I tasted Madge on a man's cock."

She got me up and I fucked her. When I had gotten us both off she asked:

"Follow me home?"

I ended up spending the night. A morning wake up blow job followed by a standing fuck in the shower followed by breakfast and I was ready to go off to school. Over breakfast she told me that Clyde just hadn't worked out and then she asked me if she could call me from time to time and I of course said "Hell yes."

At lunch Gail joined me and asked if I had plans for the evening and when I said no she told me that she would like to get out of the house for a while.

"Date type night or Starlight type night?"

"Right now date, but it could change."

"Seven okay?"

"Should be perfect."

At work I found that George had taken a sick day so I ended up on the turret lathe alone. Fred stropped by often and gave me pointers, but I felt like I was doing okay on the machine. Just before quitting time Fred told me that I needed to stop by the office and check in with Marge.

She was on the phone when I got there and she motioned for me to take a seat. I sat and waited until she was done with the call. She hung up the phone, turned to me and hit me with something I wasn't expecting.

"You still want to do the closet thing?"

"You bet I do."

"Can you spend the night with me?"

"I have something going on this evening, but I could get here around ten."

"You won't give up what you are doing for time with me?"

"I promised some very good friends that I'd help them out and they are depending on me."

"I guess I'll have to settle for that then. What it is is that your daddy is a very superstitious man. The first time we had sex was just before he went to Dallas to try and win a contract. He got the contract. The next time he went we didn't have a chance to get together and he lost the deal. The third time we got it on just before he left for the airport to fly to Dayton and he got the contract. I know it is just coincidence, but every time we do it just before he leaves he signs the deal and the few times we were not able to do it he didn't get the deal.

"Your daddy thinks that I'm his good luck charm. He leaves for Denver in the morning at nine so he will get here about seven and we will get it on. You might be late getting to school, but that is the price you will have to pay if you want to do the closet thing. Are you game?"

"I wouldn't miss it."

"When you come back tonight park one block over. We don't want daddy seeing your car."

I met Shelly out back and we went down to our play pen and I ate her until she came and then I headed for Gail's. We went to a movie and then stopped by Harry's. Over chocolate shakes we talked. Mostly about Gail's relationship with Tom.

"I honestly think that he has put me out of his life. Maybe not completely out, but if I am there it is more like I'm an afterthought. I really think that when he sent the money for me to fly back it was only because he hadn't been laid in a while and he didn't have the time to go looking and working at getting something. Just get good old Gail out here to take the edge off. At times it seemed like he couldn't wait to leave me and get back to his barracks.

"I've spent a lot of time thinking about what he recently told me about visiting him and his plans for marriage. I finally wrote him a letter and told him how I feel. I basically told him that it is time for him to shit or get off the pot."

"What did he say to that?"

"He hasn't answered it yet. That's one of the reasons I'm so down lately. I just don't know where my life is or where it is going. Having you to lean on is about the only thing that is keeping me from becoming a complete wreck."

"You know that I'm always going to be here for you right?"

"Thank you Bobby."

It wasn't a Starlight night so I took her home and kissed her goodnight and made a date for Saturday.

I got to Marge's around ten and at ten oh five she had my cock in her mouth. At ten-fifteen I was eating her pussy and at ten-twenty she was crying out:

"Harder baby, harder."

I got us both off and after a short rest and some sixty-nine she was riding me cowgirl. Then it was more sixty-nine till I was up again and then she wanted me in her butt. When I finished she got a wash rag and a towel and cleaned me off.

"Need to have it clean so I can start off your morning right."

She set the alarm for five-thirty and we snuggled up and fell asleep.

The alarm went off at five-thirty and at five thirty-one Marge was sucking my cock. When she was ready she laid back, spread her legs and said:

"Come on stud. Fill me up so daddy can have some sloppy seconds."

I fucked her until we both came and then she sucked me hard and I gave her another load. We moved my clothes into the closet and then fucked until we heard the doorbell ring. I got in the closet and a couple of minutes later Marge and dad came into the room.

While dad stripped Marge dropped her robe on the floor, got on the bed, spread her legs and waited. Dad got on the bed and fucked her. No foreplay, no words of affection, no comment on how wet she was; just put the cock in the pussy and move it back and forth until cumming and then pull out, get off the bed and get dressed. The only thing said was when dad was fully dressed and ready to leave.

"Wish me luck" he said.

"Go get 'em tiger" Marge said as she walked him to the door.

As soon as the front door closed behind him Marge went to the widow to watch and make sure that he left. She came back and said:

"He's gone stud. You can come out and play now."

I believe in foreplay. Mary taught me that. "Get her worked up before you start thinking of your dick. It will be so much better for the both of you." I bent and took Marge's right nipple in my mouth and had the left one between my thumb and forefinger when she pushed me away.

"None of that shit now stud; I'm so turned on I could pull a train. I need dick and I need it now. Soak in daddy's juices baby; come on and fuck me. Fuck me hard."

I did and she wasn't lying when she said she was turned on. She came four times before I did and then we showered together which ended up with us being back on the bed and with me buried deep in her ass. The girl did love to have her pooper packed.

When it was over she told me to go shower. "No more joint showers stud or we will never get out of here."

"And that would be a bad thing because?"

"Yes it would. Maybe you can afford to be late for class once in a while or even skip classes a time or two and get way with it, but I can't afford to miss work."

After I was dressed Marge asked me if it had been the kick I thought it would be and I told her that it was.

"Good. I'm glad you saw that. It should go a long way to prove that there is nothing going on between me and your dad that is a threat to your mom. Maybe we can do it again."

"I take it that you liked it too?"

"Major turn on stud; mucho major turn on."

I only missed my first class, but I was doing A level work in it so I wasn't worried. Angie joined me at my table and confirmed our date for that night. I saw Nancy come through the line, see us, make a face and then go and sit at a table on the other side of the room with her back to us.

George was MIA for the second day in a row and I worked the turret lathe alone. Near the end of the shift Fred asked me if I had a handle on the machine and I said that I thought I did.

"The object here is not to turn you into a machinist, but just give you an idea of what goes on. Next I'm going to expose you to MIG welding. Did you get any of that in school?"

"No. but I did do some arc welding and some oxy-acetylene welding."

"Then you should be able to handle a MIG welder. Plan on that for Monday."

I met Shelly behind the building and we headed for the basement. As I unlocked the door on our private play room she asked:

"Can we change the schedule?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said that you wanted to alternate. You do me, I do you and the next day we do anal. You did me yesterday so I'm supposed to do you today and anal won't happen until Monday of next week. I would really like to go into the weekend with a satisfied butt. In fact I'd like it to be anal every Friday."

"I don't see any reason not to give you what you want."

She sucked me hard and then I butt fucked her. She thanked me, gave me a scorcher of a kiss and told me that she would see me Monday.

I took Angie to Spagno's for dinner and then we headed for the teen club. We danced and were having a good time until I heard a loud braying laugh on the other side of the dance floor. I looked over and saw Eddie at a table with two other guys and three girls. I didn't say anything to Angie. I told her I need to go to the bathroom, but when I got up and left the table I went out to the car. When I came back in I was ready for Eddie if he decided to screw with me. At least I was ready as long as the two guys with him stayed out of it.

I sat back down with Angie and she said, "Eddie is here. Should we leave?"

"Not unless you want to."

"I just don't want my evening ruined by Eddie."

"Since I can't predict what he might do maybe we better leave."

We were almost to the car when what I hoped wouldn't happen did.

"What's your hurry asshole?"

"Just keep walking" I told Angie. Then Eddie did a stupid thing. He ran after us and grabbed my shoulder and said:

"I'm talking to you asshole."

I spun around, hit him in the face with the pepper spray I'd gotten out of the car and when his hands went to his eyes I kicked him in the nuts as hard as I could. He fell to his knees and I kicked him in the sack again. He rolled onto his side and I got a third shot at his crotch and then I kicked him twice in the ribs and I was getting ready to do it again when I was grabbed by one of the guys with Eddie.

"Lay off man; he's had enough."

"No he hasn't. He hasn't had near enough. He keeps fucking with me and won't stop. I've had all of it I'm going to take and if I have to kill the son of a bitch to get him to stop fucking with me I will. Now let me go."

"Not until you calm down."

I still had the pepper spray in my hand and I jerked my arm up and sprayed it over my shoulder. The guy screamed and let me go. I gave Eddie two more kicks – one in the ribs and the other in his nuts – and then I got Angie in the car. Once I had her inside I opened the trunk and got out the ball bat. I walked back to Eddie where he was rolling on the ground moaning and crying. He tried to sit up.

"I kept warning you Eddie. I don't know how many times I warned you, but you never listened. I made you a promise, but you still kept coming back so now is the time to follow up on that promise."

I swung the bat into his right knee and he screamed. I swung at and hit the left one. Another scream and then I said:

"Next time it will be your head Eddie. Leave me the fuck alone!"

I walked back to the car, tossed the bat in the trunk, got in the car and drove off.

"Did you have to do that" Angie asked.

"Yes I did and I'll keep on doing it as long as he keeps on asking for it."

"But you beat on him with a baseball bat when he was already down and not threatening you at all."

"Maybe it will convince him that I mean it when I tell him to leave me alone."

"Take me home."

"What?"

"I said take me home."

"I defend myself against an asshole who is way the hell bigger than me and you are upset with me? I was supposed to maybe let him kick my ass so you could nurse me back to health?"

"The ball bat was totally uncalled for."

I decided to keep my mouth shut. Fuck the bitch if she wanted to be that way. I got her home and walked her to her door where she told me not to call her again. I turned and left.

Mom and dad were still up when I got home. "You are in pretty early for a Friday" mom said.

"The date was a bust. She is still too hung up on her old boyfriend."

Out of curiosity I asked dad how his trip had gone.

"Pretty good. I wrapped up another contract."

I smiled at that. Marge had done it again. I wondered if she got a commission for her part in helping secure new business. I'd have to ask. I said goodnight and headed on up to my room.

As was becoming a Saturday morning ritual mom woke me with a blow job and then she climbed on and rode me cowgirl. We fucked and sucked until ten-thirty and then I took her out to breakfast at the Village Inn.

We had a ten minute wait before we were seated in a booth and we had just given our order to Tanya when mom got up, said she'd be right back and left the booth. "Fuck me!!!" I thought when I saw what she was doing. Standing in line waiting for a table or booth was Natasha. She was with her mother and there was no doubt in my mind – none whatsoever – that mom was going to invite them to join us. And that is just what happened.

The three of them came walking back to our booth. Using the manners that mom had pounded into while growing up I stood to greet them when they approached. Natasha knew I would behave with my mother being there so when she got to me she hugged me and kissed me on the cheek.

"Hi Bobby. Happy to see me?"

I saw Pam give a little smile even though her face was screaming "Not my fault!" Natasha slid into the booth on my side. I was stuck. All I could do was sit down and act polite. Mom had never met Mrs. Evans so I introduced them as Natasha's hand fell on my leg and moved up until she felt the bulge and yes, I was hard. Hard not to be when sitting at a table with three sexy women all of whom I'd fucked and one of them within the last forty-five minutes.

I tried to push Natasha's hand away without it being obvious to Pat and mom, but Natasha had a grip and wouldn't let go. Pam was talking to mom and I could tell from the look on her face that she knew – or at least suspected – what was going on over on my side of the booth. She was also looking me in the eye when she mentioned to mom that her husband was out of town for the weekend. I knew from her look that she was trying to tell me:

"Sorry. Another opportunity lost."

I wanted to ignore Natasha, but I couldn't rude in front of my mom and Pam so I had to talk with her about school work and other things like "Have you seen _____?" or "Any idea what _____ is up to these days?" I got fed up with her using her hand to rub my cock and while smiling at mom and Pam I grabbed her wrist in my hand and squeezed as hard as I could. I glanced over at her and I could see the pain on her face and then she let go of me.

Mom was asking Natasha about the classes she was taking and was she in a sorority or thinking of one. Pam was smiling at me and I felt her foot rub my leg. Our food came and we ate in silence. When we were done eating Pam said that they had to be going and she thanked us for sharing the booth with them. Natasha gave me another hug and with her mouth near my ear she whispered:

"Call me Bobby. Please? It won't hurt you to talk to me."

Mom and Natasha were in front of me on the walk to the register so they didn't see Pam mouth a silent "Call me." I nodded a yes, paid our tab and took mom home.

On the way home I asked her why she had sandbagged me with Natasha.

"Because the two of you belong together. Everyone can see it except for you. You knew it way back when you told us that you had just met our future daughter in law."

"You trying to get rid of me?"

"You know what we are doing isn't going to last. I'm in no hurry to end it, but it won't last. You need to get a girlfriend and Natasha desperately wants the job."

"But she..."

"Shush up baby. She is a young girl. She gets to make a few mistakes. You are going to make a few yourself. It is life baby. You aren't married and you aren't engaged. So she played with some one else. So what? What have you been doing with me, Mary Bagley and Gail? And you have been doing it while you were going with Natasha. You call that staying true to your girlfriend? And you are upset with her for doing the same thing? I didn't raise my boy to be a hypocrite."

When we got home she sucked me for a while and then I ate her for a while and then I fucked her doggie. She wanted her butt fucked, but didn't think we had time."

"Sure we do. We do it the same as we did the other night."

"What do you mean?"

"You bent over the back of the couch with one eye on the driveway."

I'd just finished pumping her full of my load and was pulling my soft cock out of mom's still tight ass when we saw dad's car turning into the driveway. Mom grabbed her panties and said, "I've got to douche and she headed for the upstairs bathroom.

I was at Gail's at six and asked her what she wanted to do.

"Fuck. My parents are gone for the weekend again. You up for it?"

"Not at this exact moment, but I'm sure that we can make it happen."

It did and more than once. It had been a while for Gail and the girl was damned near insatiable. I fell asleep exhausted with Gail snuggled in next to me.

Gail woke up to find me munching on her honey pot and after I got her off I put her legs up on my shoulders and fucked us both to an orgasm. We showered and when out for breakfast. Over my ritual French toast and bacon I asked her about the sudden change from the way she had been all week to the way she was last night.

"I finally decided "Fuck it!" Tom has changed and it is obvious to me that I'm no longer on his list of priorities or if I am I'm close to the bottom. I've decided to get on with my life. If Tom does come back and I'm not in a deep relationship with some one else we can talk and see if there is anything there, but I'm not waiting.

"I know that the deal was for you to keep me occupied until he came back, but since that may be years I don't feel that I can tie you up that long. Sooner or later you are going to want to get on with your life and you don't need me holding you back."

"I promi..."

"You promised Tom. I didn't promise anyone anything. I agreed to go along with it, but only because I thought it was temporary. I expected to see him during his breaks, but it isn't happening. Your promise to Tom isn't worth spit unless I go along with it and I'm no longer going to do it. I'm young and healthy and I'm going to start

enjoying myself. It will be with you for as long as you are willing, but if it becomes a problem for you I can find some one else."

"Then I guess I'd better get you home and give you reasons not to go looking for some one else."

We had to stop playing around three and then straighten up the house before her parents came home. We made a date for Tuesday, exchanged a hot kiss and I headed home.

I'd only gone a half mile from Gail's when my phone chirped. It was Natasha's mother.

"Natasha just left for school. You doing anything now?"

"Not that I can't get away from."

"Can you come over?"

"On the way."

Her pussy was sweet tasting and her ass was tight. Her husband had to be an idiot not to be giving her what she wanted. She was washing the shit off my dick when she said:

"I know this will shock you given the way our very first meeting went, but I need a big, big favor."

"What?"

"Would you try to repair your relationship with Natasha?"

"You can't be serious."

"I am. I'm very serious about it. I walked into her room last night and found her sitting on her bed crying. She was hugging your picture to her chest. My baby is hurting Bob and it is hurting me to know that she is in pain. Help us here Bob."

"Helping her would end us and I'm in no hurry to have that happen."

"It won't end us. At least not for a while."

"How do you figure that?"

"For the next three years she will still be away at school Monday through Friday and on some weekends. As long as she is there we can still play whenever Mark is gone."

Her hands on my cock while she was washing and drying it caused it to twitch a couple of times and she said:

"Oh look! Signs of life."

She took me in her mouth and five minutes later I was doing her doggie and she was begging for it to be harder, faster and for me to never stop. Another blow job to get me up and once more in her ass and it was time for me to go home.

School was school and when I went to the cafeteria at lunch time I saw that Nancy and Angie were already there, but not sitting together. I found a table, sat down and reviewed my notes from McMaster's class as I ate. I was just about finished eating when Gail joined me.

"I didn't tell you the whole story yesterday. Remember the letter I told you that I'd sent Tom?"

I nodded a yes.

"He answered it. He told me that he had found his calling in life and that he was sorry, but it had first call on his time. He still loved me, but I had to understand that I was not the primary focus of his life anymore. There was room in his life for me, but I would have to be patient."

"That sucks."

"Yes it does. I was going to write back and say that the new focus of my life was to see how many cocks I could experience, but then I decided that the best answer to his letter was to not answer it at all. Do you care enough about me to lie for me?"

"What do you mean?"

"When he doesn't hear from me for a while he will probably get in touch with you and ask about me. Can you just tell him that you don't know much because I've stopped seeing you? He knows my sexual appetites so he is going to know that I'm not going without. Him thinking that I'm out fucking anything with a cock will make me feel good"

"I don't know that I can do that Gail. Tom has always been my best friend. I don't know that I can bring myself to lie to him."

"Okay then; just tell him that you don't see me all that often any more, but that you've heard that I'm out and about a lot. That won't be a lie because you probably won't see me more than a couple of times a week and you won't really know what I'm doing on the other night's right?"

"No promises babe, but I will see what I can do."

When I got to work I stopped by the office to see Marge. For a change she wasn't on the phone when I got there.

"Whatcha need stud?"

"A whole lot more of you would be nice, but my real reason for stopping by is to ask you a question. Dad told me Friday night that he sealed the deal he went after. What I want to know is that since he feels that getting the deals is because of what you and he do before he leaves on a trip does he pay you a commission?"

She laughed and said, "No, but maybe I should be asking for it." She paused and then said, "A whole lot more of me huh? How about tonight?"

"What time?"

"How about as soon as you can make it when you get off work?"

"I'll be there."

Fred took me over to the welding area and told Archie, the welder, to take a break. The machine was a Miller 251 and Fred showed me the chart on the inside of the lift up cover that showed gas pressures, wire feed speeds and the voltages to be used for various types and thicknesses of metal. He told me to set up the machine for a piece of 3/8 steel and watched while I did it. He took to pieces of steel, tacked them together and then ran a bead down one side. Then he handed me two pieces and said:

"You do it."

My first pass looked like I had stuck the two pieces together with random pieces of bubble gum.

"What you are doing wrong is that you are using the side to side wrist action that you use when doing oxy. With MIG you either push the bead or pull it. Watch."

I watched how he did it and then tried it. I got a much better bead, but it still left a lot to be desired.

Fred put Archie to work on bead blasting the parts that were going to be powder coated and then handed me a bunch of scrap pieces and told me to practice. By quitting time I was running some pretty good beads. Fred looked at what I'd done and said:

"Not to shabby. With practice you could turn into a pretty decent welder."

It was Shelly's turn to do me, but I just couldn't sit there and take it. I got her into a sixty-nine with her on top and we went at it until we both got off. As we were walking to our cars Shelly said:

"My hubby is going fishing this weekend. He usually leaves Friday night around seven and doesn't get home until around three on Sunday. How would you like to spend two nights in my bed?"

"I'd love it, but it is something that I can't do."

"Why not?"

"My basic nature. You have made it clear that your pussy is off limits to me. We are only doing the oral and anal because your husband won't do those things for you. There is no way I could spend a weekend with you doing only oral and anal. My basic nature would have me trying to get your pussy. You would get tired of trying to fight me off, words would end up being said and our relationship could very well end up in the toilet. I don't want that."

"Oh come on Bob. If that was true you would have been trying to get into my pussy all along."

"Not so. As long as it is done here we have time constraints. We have just enough time to do what we do and still get you home in time to fix his dinner. You have no idea how bad I want to fuck you and the only reason I haven't tried is the time factor. Alone with you for a weekend? I don't think so."

I got to Marge's place at six-forty and she answered the door in a bathrobe. As soon as I was in the door she dropped the robe onto the floor to show she was naked and said:

"I'm ready. Why aren't you?"

I quickly rectified the problem and Marge led me to the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed, knelt between my legs and started sucking my cock. I let her do it for a while and then I pulled her into a sixty-nine until I felt the need to feel a hot pussy wrapped around my dick. I took her missionary as she clamped her legs on me and dug her nails in my butt cheeks as she pulled me to her. I fucked her hard, but didn't get her off before I pumped my load into her so I pulled out and went down on her until she had an orgasm.

"I've got to rethink this getting married to you idea. I could stand being able to do this four or five nights a week."

"You would really take on a nineteen year old husband?"

"Honey, if you only knew how much better you are than the other clowns I've had in my life. But you are right; it probably wouldn't work. To be brutally honest about it I don't think I'd be worth a crap as a wife. I'm too used to living alone and having my own space. But we can still fuck stud. Are you ready?"

On Tuesday school was the same as always and for the first time in a while I didn't have anyone join me in the cafeteria.

At work Fred put me to work bead blasting the pieces that had to be powder coated. After work it was my turn to do Shelly and she told me that she wanted to do it sixty-nine. Nothing more was said about the weekend, but then I didn't expect that there would be.

My date with Gail was (her choice) a straight run to the Starlight where she wore me out.

On Wednesday I did work at the library and at lunch I saw both Angie and Nancy sitting at separate tables so I took a table on the other side of the room from them. Work had me doing more bead blasting and Fred told me that next up on my tour of the shop was going to be learning to powder coat.

That night was butt fuck Shelly night. She talked about how sorry she was that she couldn't give me her pussy and I told her to shush up.

"I'm getting more than I have any right to expect and I'm loving every bit of it."

But talking about pussy made me want some. Gail was doing something with her parents that night and mom and Pam were out because their husbands were around so on a whim I called Mary.

"Miss me?"

"If you were here right now I would show you how much."

"I could be there in about ten."

"The why are you wasting time talking on the phone. The door won't be locked and I'm pretty sure that you will know where to find me."

I did indeed and when I walked into the bedroom she was naked and waiting with her legs spread wide and a big smile on her face.

"No foreplay lover; just get over here and do it."

I got us both to a climax and then we went into a sixty-nine until I was able to do her doggie. As I was resting up and staring up at the ceiling Mary asked:

"What are you thinking lover?"

"You would laugh at me."

"Nonsense lover; you know me better than that."

"I was trying to imagine you and my mom side by side on a mattress pulling trains."

"Why in the world would you be thinking of something like that?"

"I've thought about it ever since mom told me that the two of you used to do it."

"She told you that?"

"I guess it is hard to keep some secrets from someone you are fucking."

"You would really like to see that?"

"I would indeed."

"I wouldn't mind doing it again. God knows I loved it back then and so did your mother, but that was way back in a different time. I doubt very much that your mother would do something like that now."

"Won't stop me from having it as a fantasy."

"Would you settle for just watching me do it?"

"Pull a train? I'd want to do more than watch. I'd want to be the first and last to ride."

"You are such a nasty boy." She got up on her hands and knees and said, "Come on nasty boy; fuck my ass. Put your nasty boy cock in my ass and make me cum."

On my drive home all I could think about was mom and Mary next to each other on a bed with a bunch of guys all over them. In my mind I could see it. It wasn't at all hard to imagine mom with more than one cock. In fact I'd already seen it at the reunion party when she blew those six guys. At one point she was sucking one while slowly stroking the guy she was going to suck next so it wasn't at all hard for me to imagine her with more than one cock.

It was the first night in a while that the dirty panties that mom left on my pillow fell to the floor cum soaked and picturing my mom being airtight had a lot to do with it.

School was school and Gail joined me at lunch and we firmed up our date for Friday. At work Fred broke me in on powder coating. I learned how to set up for the various colors and what to look for when things were not coming out right. The most common problem being a bad ground. I learned what temperature the oven had to be at to bake on the coating and I learned how to handle the parts when they came out of the oven.

Shelly wanted to be butt fucked that night so we got right to it. In a way it was good and in a way it was bad. Actually it was two times good and one time bad. It was good in that I loved the hell out of doing it (and so did she), but it was bad in that it was to be our last time.

When we left the building we found Shelly's husband sitting on the fender of her car.

"What are you doing here" she asked.

I'm pretty good at reading faces and I knew that what he had planned to say was that, "I came here to catch your cheating ass," but seeing her with a young kid threw him off so what he said was:

"I wanted to find out why you are always so late in getting home from work."

Shelly was pretty quick on her feet. "I've been teaching Bobby to use all the programs we have on our computer. We have to do it after hours when they aren't being used for business."

"So why are you parking here in the back?"

"The back door is the only one that Bobby has the key to."

She turned to me and said, "You better go Bobby. It is about to get nasty here and you don't need to hear it."

Recognizing a "Get the fuck out of here" when I hear it I went to my car. When I got in I rolled down a window and I heard:

" ... so much bullshit! You thought you were going to catch me cheating on you and..."

The rest was lost as I drove away. Oh yeah. The second good thing? Because he never used her ass he never found my cum when he checked her out and because she hadn't sucked my cock before we ass fucked he didn't taste any trace of cock when he kissed her.

I drove home thankful that he hadn't found a way to get into the building and find us.

School was school and I didn't have any visitors at lunch. Work consisted of more powder coating and just before quitting time I went to see Shelly and she filled me in on how he had checked her out.

"When we got home I stripped and told him to check my pussy. He wasn't going to do it until I brow beat him into it. Once he was done he apologized and said he was sorry.

"It puts an end to our fun lover. I can't take the chance any more. It is going to hurt because it means that I am going to have to go without any relief for a while. I don't know how long it will be, but hubby isn't going to be getting any for a while."

I swung by to pick Gail up at seven and we went to Skate City for a couple of hours and then we went to Harry's. There were a couple of kids there that we knew and we socialized over milkshakes for a while and then left.

"Where to now" I asked.

"Home. Mom and dad have already taken off for the weekend and we will have the house to ourselves until noonish Sunday."

It was a long and exhausting night and a night that probably pissed off my mom because I didn't go home. I wondered what she thought when she went into my room to give me my morning wake up blow job and found that I wasn't there.

I did get my morning wake up courtesy of Gail and then we did the usual. Suck, fuck, shower, fuck, shower again and then head for the Village Inn for breakfast. My phone went off at ten to eleven and it was Pam. She told me

what time that Natasha would be leaving to go back to school and I told Pam that I would call about a half hour before she was due to leave. When I disconnected Gail asked:

"Are you going to get back with her?"

"I don't know, but we haven't talked since I broke up with her. We have to get that out of the way."

"I've talked to her half a dozen times since you broke up. She is miserable and she has asked me to try and get you to sit down and at least talk to her, but I've stayed out of it."

"Why?"

"Because of the anger I see on your face whenever her name comes up. I wasn't about to sour our relationship trying to help her mend hers. Selfish of me, but I could see you avoiding me if I tried to get you and Nat together."

"Never happen sweetie. You are stuck with me until you chose not to be."

We caught an early movie, had burgers and fries at Harry's and then we went to the teen club. There were a lot of kids there that we knew so we ended up putting a couple of tables together and then we danced and socialized. We left around midnight and went to Gail's where I endured another hard night and morning. Around one we straightened up the place and I kissed Gail and went on home.

On the way I called Pam and when she answered I asked for Natasha.

"Thank you for this Bobby. I'll see to it that you are properly rewarded."

When Natasha came on the line I said hi and asked her how she had been.

"Not so good. I haven't been doing all that well since you shut me off from you."

"I think that it is time for us to sit down and talk. You have any plans for when you get home next weekend?"

"No I don't."

"I'll give you a call sometime next Saturday and maybe we can make arrangements to sit down somewhere."

"I can do it now."

"I'm not ready yet. Next week."

"I'll be waiting for your call."

Mom gave me a nasty look when dad said, "Out spreading pollen were we" and I answered in the affirmative. What the hell; no sense pretending otherwise right? Fortunately dad wanted to talk shop so I was able to avoid mom for the time being.

"Fred tells me that you are doing good in the shop. I'm thinking that when spring break comes I'm going to put you in a truck making pickups and deliveries."

There was more talk on expanding and adding extra shifts and then it was bedtime for me.

I woke up with my cock in my mom's mouth. I started to push her away because I could hear the shower running and I knew that meant that dad was still in the house. Mom pulled back and said:

"Don't worry. It will be minutes before he comes out of the shower. I just wanted to get you hard and then leave you hanging like you did me this weekend."

She left the room and left me with some idea of what "A woman scorned" really meant. I took care of the problem by hand, used the ever present dirty pair of panties to wipe with, dropped them on the floor and then got out of bed.

School was school – never any change – the instructors drone on and on, assign homework and reading assignments and wait for the next bunch of students when the hour is up. The students sit through boring lectures from people who don't seem to have any connection to the real world outside the school doors and then move on to the next classroom.

No one joined me for lunch even though I saw both Angie and Nancy there,

Fred put me on the punch press, another machine I knew from my high school shop classes. Just before quitting time Fred told me that I needed to go up to the office and see Marge. She was waiting for me when I got there.

"Daddy is going out of town tomorrow and he will be gone until sometime Thursday."

"What time do you want me there?"

"Not this time stud. This time I'm going with him. I just wanted to give you a heads up. Your daddy is still worried about your mother stepping out on him and he is going to ask you to play babysitter again. Only he won't put it that way of course. It will be the old "I worry about her being alone" story. He isn't going to be back here from his meeting at Clawson Industries before you leave so he will no doubt ask you when he gets home. I'm just giving you advance notice so you won't make plans for Tuesday and Wednesday nights and also so you will have time to change any that you already have. You okay with being her babysitter?"

"Not a problem although I would much rather you stay home and let me come over and play."

"Next week stud. I wish I could have you over tonight, but I have laundry and ironing to do before I can pack for the trip. Close the door."

I closed the door and she came around the desk and gave me a passionate kiss.

"Consider that a promise of things to come."

I saw Shelly when I came out of Marge's office and she blew me a kiss. I debated asking her if she wanted to make a quick trip to the basement, but decided against it. She said that she didn't want to take any more chances so I'd honor that.

I was just reaching to turn the key and start the car when my cell phone went off. The screen said that the call was from Pam.

"Hubby just left for San Diego and I'm all alone in this big ole house. Does that give you any ideas?"

"I can be there in fifteen minutes."

I parked one block over so as not to give nosy neighbors anything to wonder or gossip about. I walked to Pam's house and Pam was waiting for me at the door when I walked up onto the porch.

As soon as I was in the house and the door was closed Pam went to her knees in front of me, unzipped me and took out my cock. She gave it a couple of licks and sucks and then stood up, said "Hurry" and headed for her bedroom. We got naked and she turned down the covers and got on the bed. She spread her legs wide and I knew what she wanted and I got down and started eating her sweet pussy. I worked on her for maybe three minutes or so and then she pushed me away and got up on her hands and knees and wiggled her ass at me.

"Puppy fuck me lover; treat me like your bitch."

I moved in behind her and she was so hot and wet that I slid right in. I started fucking her and she was moaning and pushing back at me. We had been at it maybe six or seven minutes and I could feel my release approaching when she pulled away from me and scrambled from the bed while crying:

"Oh fuck! Grab your clothes and hurry."

"What's wrong?"

"The garage door opener is running. He missed his flight or forgot something. Hurry; move damn it, move! Go out through the patio door. I'll call you, but hurry."

I grabbed my clothes and then ran naked through the dining room and out the patio door. I turned and went to the side of the house and out of sight of the door and any windows. Thank God it was dark out. Praying that the neighbors weren't looking out their windows I hurriedly dressed. When I was putting on my shoes and socks I found that I was missing one sock. Was it in the bedroom or did I drop it somewhere between the bedroom and the patio door in my mad rush to get out of the house?

I moved back to the corner of the house and looked toward the patio door. The sock was lying just outside the door on the patio. Did I dare go get it? Where in the house was Mr. Evans? Was he where he could see out the patio door? If I left the sock there and Mr. Evans found it would it mean anything to him? Would he think the wind blew it there or maybe think a neighborhood dog had dropped it crossing the property? Or would he start thinking thoughts about Pam? I didn't want that to happen.

I crept over to the patio door and cautiously peeked around the door frame. I didn't see anyone so I took a deep breath and then dashed over, grabbed the sock and hurried toward my car. My heart was hammering. What would have happened if Pam hadn't heard the garage door opener run? What would have happened if Mr. Evans would have caught us? I shuddered to think of it.

Never again! Next time we would wait until he reached where he was going and called home to let Pam know where to reach him if needed. It would mean wasting a night, but better safe than sorry.

When I got home mom wasn't home and dad did what Marge had said he would. He asked me to stick close to home while he was gone. He didn't tell me that he thought mom was cheating; just that he was worried about leaving her alone while he was gone.

"There is just so much crazy shit going on in the world any more that I worry about her being here alone."

I assured him that I didn't have anything going for the next couple of days and that I would stay close to home and he thanked me for being so understanding.

Mom wasn't home by the time I went to bed, but the next morning she woke me up with a blow job. I could hear the shower running so I knew that she was just fucking with me. As soon as she saw that I was awake she said:

"If you would like me to finish this come straight home from work" and then she got up and left me. Just in time too. I heard the shower stop just as she opened my door to leave.

Nothing other than the usual happened at school. At lunch I saw Bert Cummings sitting with Angie and Nancy sitting on the other side of the room watching them. Gail joined me, spotted Angie and Bert and made the comment that it seemed like Nancy knew what she was talking about. Gail wanted to know if she could see me that night and I had to tell her that I had to do something for my dad for Tuesday and Wednesday after work (and it wasn't a lie), but I was free for the rest of the week. She asked me to keep Thursday clear for her and that she wouldn't mind locking up Saturday either. I told her I might be able to give her Friday, but that I couldn't commit to Saturday just yet.

"I told Natasha I would call her and arrange a sit down to talk. I don't know what time it will be or how it will go. I might end up getting so steamed I won't be good company for anyone."

"Well I can't do Friday because I have to go with my mom to visit my Aunt Jody."

At work Fred put me on the punch press again and after work I headed straight home. I found mom working on dinner in the kitchen with nothing but an apron and high heels. She was stirring something with a spoon and she pointed the spoon at me and said:

"Strip. We will start with dessert and work up an appetite. After eating you can have seconds on dessert. Maybe even thirds if you are a good boy."

I stripped right there in the kitchen and had my dessert on the kitchen floor. The tile floor was a little hard on the knees, but you can overlook a lot of discomfort when you are sliding a hard cock into a hot, wet and very willing pussy while hearing:

"Miss mommy's pussy baby? That's it motherfucker, fuck mommy; fuck mommy hard and make her cum."

After we both got off we sat down and ate dinner. I was constantly amazed at the Jekyll and Hyde aspect of my mom. Less than a minute after the 'little girl sounding mommy voice' she is holding a normal conversation with me about my day at school and at work. I know full well that as soon as dinner is over and the dirty dishes have been taken care of the 'mommy' personality will be back. She turns it off and on like it was a light switch.

I washed and mom dried and sure enough as soon as the last plate was put into the cupboard mom said:

"Is mommy's motherfucker ready to fuck mommy?"

I was and I did. We fell asleep cuddled up with each other. Mom woke me with her hot mouth and she had me do her ass after which we showered which ended up with me back on the bed fucking her in the missionary position. Then another shower after which she tried to get me back on the bed, but I pushed her away and told her she was going to have to feed me if she wanted me to have the strength to keep on going. I had no classes on Wednesday and while I usually used the day to do research at the library and a day to work on homework and papers that were due I decided that I was going to stay home with mom. After all, I did promise dad I would stay close right?

After breakfast she drug me back into the bedroom and had me fuck her in the missionary position with her legs up on my shoulders until we both got off and then she sucked me hard and mounted me cowgirl. That was followed by sixty-nine and then anal. We napped for about two hours and then we went sixty-nine until I was hard enough and then she had me do her in the butt. She wanted more, but I was done! She tried for half an hour to get me up, but it just wasn't happening. If she could have gotten me up I would have taken off work and stayed home.

Fred put me on the sheet metal shear to cut metal for use in making parts. I spent three hours cutting 4' x 8' sheets of .060 aluminum diamond plate into 16" x 10" pieces. Talk about monotonous and boring. I was damned glad I had something to look forward to other than thirty years in a machine shop.

I half expected to find mom in high heels and an apron when I got home, but she was dressed to go out.

"Clean up and put on a sports coat" she said. "We are going out to eat tonight."

I took a quick shower, got dressed and when I got back downstairs I asked where she wanted to go.

"I feel like Italian tonight. How about Angelina's?"

Mom sat next to me on the drive to the restaurant with her hand on my cock all the way.

"I'd take it out and play with it" she said, "But I want it later so I don't want to chance an early accident."

After dinner I asked, "What now?"

"We are going to visit a friend."

I was surprised when she told me to drive over to Mary's house. I was even more surprised when we got to Mary's and found her waiting for us in only high heels and thigh highs.

"He is not averse to this I take it" Mary said to mom.

"He doesn't know. It is a surprise."

Mom kissed me and then said, "I told you the other night I was willing to share you with Mary."

As she was saying that Mary was undressing me.

It was too wild to describe.

I ate Mary while mom sucked me. I fucked mom while eating Mary. I fucked Mary while eating mom. The two of them lay side by side while I finger fucked one while sucking the tits of the other and then I switched. Mom and Mary in a sixty-nine with Mary on top and me behind her driving my cock into her tight ass. Mom and Mary sucked my cock at the same time alternating sucks and then while I rested I watched them sixty-nine each other.

Watching your mom sixty-nine with a woman you have just fucked. How weird is that?

As erotic and mind blowing as it was it had to end when my pee-pee cried out "Enough all ready!" Mom and Mary swapped tongues when we said goodnight and Mary said:

"We just have to do this again" and mom said, "Count on it."

On the drive home mom said, "Surprised that mommy is a bisexual slut?"

"Mommy's motherfucker is constantly surprised at what mommy does. Mommy's motherfucker also loves every fucking bit of it and just wished that he had a perpetual hard on so he could do the insatiable slut justice."

She laughed and said, "I am a slut aren't I?"

"And I love it."

The phone was ringing when we walked in the door. I was closest to it so I answered it and it was dad.

"Where has everybody been? I've been calling off and on for over an hour."

"I took mom out to dinner at Angelina's and then she decided that she wanted to be a kid again so we went roller skating at Skate City."

Mom was listening to my side of the conversation and she gave me thumbs up and then she came over and went to her knees in front of me. She took out my cock and started sucking it. I knew what she was doing and what she wanted so I drug out the conversation for a bit before finally asking him if he wanted to talk to mom. He did so I handed her the phone and then sucked on her tits and finger fucked her while she talked to him.

Amazingly the pee-pee that had earlier said "no mas" suddenly wanted to play again. I lifted mom's skirt, pushed the thong aside and then, while she leaned against the wall with one hand while holding the phone in the other, I slowly fucked her from behind. When she said goodbye and hung up the phone I fucked her harder as she braced herself against the wall and cried:

"Harder! Harder damn it! Fuck your slutty mommy baby; make mommy your fucking bitch!"

I pulled out of her, pushed her down onto the floor and then fucked her as hard as I could. I don't know how many times she got off, but by the time I did I was exhausted. We lay there on the floor breathing heavily and she rolled over, hugged me and kissed me.

"I don't feel the least bit bad about this baby. The entire time he was talking to me he had his dick buried in Marge. I know because I could smell it coming through the telephone wires. But you don't care about that do you!"

If he wasn't fucking her I wouldn't be fucking you. You should send Marge a thank you card or something to show your appreciation."

The thought of showing Marge 'my appreciation' caused my dead cock to twitch and since mom had it in her hand she felt it.

"Oh goodie! Mommy's motherfucker wants to fuck mommy again."

She went to work on me, but even her magic mouth couldn't make it happen. We went to bed, snuggled into each other and fell into an exhausted slumber.

I was so whipped that the alarm clock and mom's ritual wake up blow job didn't wake me although when I finally did come to life, albeit a little bit groggily I was in mom's mouth. Try as she might she couldn't get me up, but when I was awake enough I pushed her away and then went down on her and stayed with it until I got her off.

I was too late to make my first class, but I was on time for the second. Gail joined me at lunch and we firmed up our date for the evening. She made it clear that what she wanted was a Starlight date and while I smiled and said, "You got it" I was wondering if I would be able to get it up for her. It would be a little over eighteen hours since Mom and Mary destroyed me so it might be okay.

Fred put me to work powder coating and that filled up the rest of the afternoon. I saw dad and Marge pull into the parking lot and I was pulling out and they waved and I waved back. I was on my way to Gail's when my phone went off.

"Want some sloppy seconds stud? Only two hours old."

"Damn the rotten luck. If you had called around noon and given me a heads up I would have said hell yes."

"But?"

"I'm just pulling up in front of my date's house and she's already coming down the porch steps."

"Well don't give it all to her. Save some for me and keep tomorrow night open for me okay?"

"I can do that."

"See that you do stud. See you tomorrow."

I fibbed. I was still a couple of miles from Gail's, but if I had told Marge that I was sure that she would have tried to talk me into breaking my date with Gail. It doesn't speak well of me that I would have probably given it some serious thought.

Just as I pulled up in front of Gail's my phone went off again and I saw it was Pam.

"Can you talk?"

"Yeah. I'm alone."

"I'm sorry for the other night. His wallet fell out of his pants pocket while he was dressing and they wouldn't let him get a ticket without ID. By the time he got home it was too late to go back and catch his flight. He had to wait until the next morning. I'll make it up to you baby; I promise."

"I'm going to hold you to it."

"Kisses. Bye."

"Bye sexy."

I asked Gail if she would like a bite to eat or want to catch a movie first, but she said that she had been laid in a while and that is what she was hungry for.

"You have to understand Bobby that with you and Tom I was used to getting it almost daily." She was silent for maybe a minute and then she said, "I'm giving Tom sixty days to respond to the fact that I didn't answer his last letter. If I don't hear from him in that time he is history. Of course he may still be history even if I do hear from him. Depends on what he says. After that I don't care who I'm with if or when he comes back. I won't be leaving them for him."

I was able, just barely, to scratch Gail's itch before taking her home. When I dropped her off we made a date for Saturday although I did tell her there was a possibility of me being in some sort of mood after my sit down with Natasha. She laughed and told me that she knew how to brighten any mood I might have and I guessed that she was right about that.

My dad was still up when I got home and he told me that his trip was fruitful. He had a long term deal with Excel that made expansion a thing that had to happen and not just something to consider and talk about.

"The quickest and least expensive way is still the second shift" I threw out and dad said he thought that I was right.

"Another thing to give some thought to is maintenance" I said. Right now if we have a problem with a machine we call the factory and they send some one. The machine sits idle for a couple of days until the factory tech gets here and then maybe another day or two if a part has to be ordered.

"With machines running twice as long breakdowns will happen more often. You should really give some thought to having your own machine maintenance department. You will still have a day or two downtime if a part has to be shipped in, but even there I'll bet the factory rep can give you a list of the most commonly used parts and you can stock them on site.

"One other thing. Johnson Brothers just closed down and put a lot of people out of work. If you act fast you might be able to pick up a lot of those skilled people before they find other jobs out of town or out of state and pack up and move. That could be your second shift right there."

"Maybe you should just forget college and come to work. You seem to have a good grip on thing without a degree."

"Oh no! No way! I'm going to get that degree."

"You have any more good ideas?"

"One more off the top of my head. You keep getting new business and you will eventually need to expand and you know how hard it is to get the necessary permits and clearances. You know how the city and county are about their tax base so now would be a good time to get with a few council members and let them know that you would like to keep a lot of the skilled Johnson Brothers workers around and put them to work, but that you need to expand to do it.

"Tell them that the bureaucratic nightmare of getting permits and clearances to expand will keep you from doing anything in a hurry and by the time you get them the skilled workers will have relocated and that will cause the local economy to suffer. Their homes will be a glut on the housing market and that will have a ripple effect on everything else."

"But if we put on a second shift we won't need to expand."

"Not right now, but the way you have been picking up new business lately who can tell. It won't hurt to get the process started now so you can be ready in case."

School was school and Gail joined me at lunch. I noticed Nancy coming through the line and I saw the nasty look she threw my way and it made me smile. Gail wanted to know what I thought was so funny and so I told her.

"She can't help it. She wants you so bad that it is driving her crazy that you cut her off before anything could get started."

"Her own fault."

"She knows it now, but that doesn't make it any easier for her."

I shrugged. I mean what else could I do?"

Fred had something new for me at work. He put me on the sheet metal brake. I'd learned to use one in high school shop class so he handed me a work order and a blueprint and I got to work. The parts required two bends – a sixty-five degree bend and a thirty degree bend and the order called for three hundred and fifty pieces. I had one hundred and thirty done by quitting time so I knew what I had to look forward to on Monday.

I swung by Marge's office and stuck my head in the door long enough to ask if we were still on.

"Meet you there in twenty" she said and I headed for her place.

I parked a block over and walked back to her place getting there just as she pulled up. She got out and asked me where my car was. I told her and I told her why.

"Dad just might get a wild hair up his butt and come over. Just being careful" I said as I remembered my cut short evening with Pam.

Something made me park where I did. I either had a super-duper fairy godmother or God has a special place in his heart for hormonal teenagers because I'd just finished sending a load into Marge's tight ass when the doorbell rang. Marge was just going to ignore it, but the ringing was persistent. Marge got up, went to the door and looked out the peep hole to see who it was and then she ran back to the bedroom.

"Get your stuff and get in the closet. It's your daddy."

We hustled to get me in and just as she got to the front door I saw it. It was like history repeating itself. A fucking sock! It was lying on the floor next to the bed. I peeked through the cracked door and saw Marge already opening the front door. I didn't have a prayer of getting to the damned thing and getting back into the closet without being seen. I could only hope that he didn't see it. Luckily dad was lagging behind Marge and when she got to the bedroom she saw it and kicked it under the bed without dad noticing.

"I would have thought that you would have had enough of me over the last two days" Marge said.

"The problem is that you get me all wound up and send me home horny. I got home and was all set to jump Madge's bones and she told me that Aunt Flo came to visit earlier in the day. I was so damned horny that I made an excuse to run to the store and I rushed over here."

He looked at the rumpled bed and asked, "Did I wake you?"

"I wasn't asleep yet, by I was getting close."

While dad was talking he was undressing and when he was naked he got on the bed. Marge got on the bed with him and sank down on him cowgirl. Through the slightly cracked open door I watched them fuck and hoped that they would hurry up and get done so he would get the hell out of the apartment and I could get back in the saddle. Marge looked sexy as hell bouncing up and down with her tits flying this way and that.

Dad must have been like me (or me like him) in that he couldn't get off with the woman on top. He rolled Marge onto her back and then pounded her until he came. Marge orgasmed at least twice during the process and when

dad pulled out I expected him to dress and leave and hurry back home, but that proved to be wishful thinking on my part.

As soon as he was out of Marge he moved up and stuck his cock in her face. Marge was looking at the closet door knowing I was watching as she opened her mouth and accepted his dick. She sucked him and got him hard again while never taking her eyes off of the slightly cracked open door where she knew my eyes were.

Once he was hard dad got her up on her hands and knees and took her doggie. I hoped her asshole wasn't leaking my juice, but if it was I guess dad didn't notice. He got off while getting Marge off twice. He pulled out and said, "Thanks; I needed that" and he started dressing. Marge followed him to the door and watched out the window to make sure that he drove off and then she rushed back to the bedroom.

"Hurry stud; I'm so hot you could put a pan of water on my tummy and it would come to a boil."

I got on the bed with her and she grabbed my head and kissed me hard. She shoved her tongue in my mouth and then broke the kiss and gave me a wicked look and then said:

"Taste him stud? Taste daddy on my tongue?"

The cunt didn't know who she was dealing with, but I'd fucking show her. I pushed her down on her back and she spread her legs wide expecting me to plow right into her sloppy seconds. I moved between her legs and then I bent and put my face in her pussy. I shoved my tongue inside and moved it around and then moved up and mashed my mouth on hers. I pushed me tongue in her mouth and then pulled it out. I looked down into her face and said:

"Yeah! I tasted daddy."

I drove my cock into her cum filled cunt and then I fucked her as hard as I was able. When I was close to cumming I lifted her legs up onto my shoulders to give me a better angle and then I pulled my cock out of her cunt and drove it into her ass. Ten more hard strokes and I pushed a second load into her bowels, but I wasn't done yet.

I pulled out of her ass and quickly changed positions so my cock was near her face. I grabbed a handful of her hair forcing her to open her mouth to say "Ow!" and when she did I pushed my cock, fresh from her ass, into her mouth. I gripped her head and held it as I said:

"Suck it clean bitch!"

Her eyes were wide as she looked up at me. I jerked her hair and said, "Suck! Get it clean." I felt her tongue start to move and I smiled down at her and said, "Good girl. Good little slut."

I held her there until I felt my dick was clean enough (actually clean had nothing to do with it. I was getting hard) and then I pulled my cock out of her mouth and bent and kissed her. I sent my tongue into her mouth and probed and then she started probing back. I broke the kiss and said:

"Play your little slut games all you want, but don't you ever forget that I can play too."

She pushed me away and down on my back and then she swung over me and impaled herself on my cock. As she drove down she snarled:

"You better make me cum you little bastard or I'll cut off your dick and feed it to the garbage disposal."

"You will have to waddle to the sink to do it because I'll have cut off both your tits and stuffed them up your cunt."

We went after each other like a couple of animals and I think she got off four times before I busted my nut. I fell to the bed beside her and laid there looking up at the ceiling trying to catch my breath. I was wondering if Marge would ever let me darken her door again when I got my answer. Her hand found my limp cock and she started to fondle it as she said:

"Move in with me."

"I don't think dad would like that."

"Fuck your daddy."

"You are."

"Doesn't seem to bother you."

"It doesn't."

"Then move in with me."

"If I did my mom would never speak to me again."

"Why not?"

"Me living with the woman my dad has been fucking? Come on!"

"Are you saying that she knows?"

"You betcha."

"How could she have found out?"

"No idea, but she knows. She asked me to keep my eyes open at work and let her know about anything that I saw."

"Do you?"

"Of course not. It is more fun fucking you than snitching on you."

"Yes, there is that. What is she going to do about it?"

"Other than getting even? Probably nothing."

"Getting even?"

"Just between us right?"

"Of course."

"I don't know if she has a steady lover or just does one night stands, but whenever he goes out of town she goes out for the night. She has a freshly fucked look about her when she comes home."

"He thinks you are staying close to her to make sure that she doesn't do that."

"I don't get in the way. I even lie for her if he asks. When he called last night? She had just gotten in and I could tell she had been fucked, but I told dad I took her to dinner and then roller skating. After she talked to him and hung she told me that she could tell that he had his cock in you while he was talking to her. Was she right?"

"She was. You don't seem upset about what is going on."

"I'm not. They are grown ups and they get to make their own choices. For what it is worth mom says that she loves dad and has no intension of leaving him over what she calls some sport fucking. But she says that her mental health calls for her to stay even."

"Good for her. You have already seen with your own eyes that all it is with me and your daddy is sport fucking right?"

"Speaking of fucking I think you have me ready again."

I trusted Marge not to tell dad what I'd told her. We had already talked about why she was fucking dad. The reasons were strictly monetary. When he had first hired her as his secretary he had been totally up front about it. His secretary was paid four times the normal secretary's wage and it was expected that she would be expected to perform 'additional duties' and he spelled out what those duties would be.

"Forty thousand a year for doing something I loved to do anyway and with no emotional involvement? It was a slam dunk stud."

As I drove home I realized that I had once again fucked both of my dad's women in the space of twenty-four hours. How weird was that?

My bout with Marge had exhausted me to the point where I wasn't thinking too clearly and I didn't wash my cock when I got home as I usually do. I mean I know what my Saturday morning is going to bring right?

When mom woke me with the ritual Saturday morning blow job as soon as she saw I was awake she took her mouth off me and said:

"You got laid last night. Who is she? She tastes delicious. Even better than Mary. The three of us should get together some night. I'd like to get a little of that from the source."

Oh God! I could just see it in my mind. Mom and Marge in a sixty-nine. Weird visual man, weird! Weird but hot!

"I don't think I could do that" I said. "Fix my squeeze up with my mother? I don't think so."

"So don't tell her I'm your mother. We can just get together in a motel room and you can tell her I'm just an older woman who likes fucking you."

"You are serious."

"I am. I'm not lying motherfucker; she tastes great."

"So I get the two of you together and then she ends up being the one I marry. What then?"

She laughed and said, "If that happens then baby's cocksucker and baby's wife will have one hell of a close relationship."

I considered it. I really did consider it. It would be an awesome thing to watch, but I also thought of the fallout. I could end up losing two superior pieces of pussy. Nope! No way I'd want that to happen.

"All that I'll promise for now is that I'll never wash my cock after I've been with her and I'll leave it to you to clean her off of me."

"Spoil sport!"

She got me where she wanted me and then she mounted me and rode me cowgirl. As she rode me she looked down into my face and said:

"Please motherfucker; pretty please? Let mommy meet the tasty one? Mommy will be so good to you."

"Sorry. Can't play favorites. If I get you together with her I'd have to get you together with Gail and all of the other honey's I spread pollen with."

"Oh you nasty little boy. How many sluts are we talking here?"

"Counting you?"

"Yes you little motherfucker; counting me. We both know that I'm your slut."

I counted them all off in my mind even though I wasn't fucking some of them any more. Mom, Pam, Mary, Gail, Angie, Shelly, Gloria, Marge, Natasha and Pauline. Must not forget Pauline.

"Ten" I said.

"Ten? And you can still get it up for mommy? Just who is the real slut here?"

I rolled her onto her back and fucked her hard as I said, "We both are cocksucker; we both are."

As we rested she asked me who the members of my harem were.

"None of your business. You know about Gail and Mary and that is all you are going to know."

"You're no fun."

"I'm no loud-mouthed braggart either."

She got me up again and had me fuck her butt and then we showered together which led to her leaning against the wall while I took her from behind and then we went out to breakfast. Over my (as always) French toast and bacon and her cheese omelet we talked and it was an uncomfortable talk.

"I'm serious baby. I want to meet the woman I tasted on your cock."

"No way mom. No fucking way! I think I know her well enough that she would go for it. She loves to have her beaver munched on so I'm sure that she would let you do it. I could almost guarantee that she would go for it, but I don't know that she would return the favor. But that isn't the real reason that it would never happen. The real reason is that you couldn't handle it. You already know the person and there is no way on God's green earth that you could handle it so please drop it."

"You know me better than that Bobby. When I get something in my head I stay after it until I get it."

"Forget it mom. It would end up costing me the two greatest pieces of ass I've ever had and there is no way I'm going to do that to myself. You need to carpet munch stick to Mary."

"Two greatest? I thought I was the greatest."

"Of the list of ten you are number one, but she is number two and both of you are head and shoulders above number three so I have no intention of doing anything that will leave me depending on number three or four. Now eat your breakfast if you want me to get you home in time for one more roll in the hay. I have to call Natasha and set up the sit down she has been asking for."

She wanted the last one in her ass and then she went to shower again and get all clean and sweet smelling for dad when he got home and I went to the phone in the kitchen and made my call.

The phone was answered by her father.

Hi Mr. Evans. This is Bob Marchant. I was supposed to call Natasha this afternoon. Is she available?"

"No she isn't. She went out about an hour ago and hasn't come back."

"Okay. Please tell her that I called."

From the tone of his voice I had no doubt that the message was already forgotten by the time he hung up the phone. Well, I'd made my attempt to call and it wasn't my fault we didn't connect. I hung up and gave some thought to getting in the shower with mom and had just decided to do it when the doorbell rang. I went to the door and opened it to find Natasha standing there. God damn, but she was gorgeous and sexy.

"Hello Bobby. I hadn't heard from you so I thought I'd just stop by."

"I called, but your father said you had gone out."

"Can I come in?"

"No. I want to do this on neutral ground. How did you get here?"

"Drove over in the car my parents finally got around to buying me."

"I'll meet you at Harry's in ten minutes."

"Can't we do it here? We will be constantly interrupted at Harry's."

I knew that it was probable, but I was being a hard nose (okay-I was being an asshole), but I needed to set the tone.

"Look Natasha, you wanted this meeting, not me. We will do it my way or we won't do it at all."

"Okay Bobby; Harry's in ten minutes."

I of course took fifteen minutes (I already admitted to being an asshole) and she was already there and sitting in a booth when I walked in. The second person I saw was Eddie Wooters. They weren't together, but when Eddie saw me he hurriedly got up and left. I noticed that he was walking with a slight limp.

I joined Natasha and when Alice came over I ordered a chocolate milkshake. As Alice walked away I said"

"Okay Natasha; you called this meeting. You have the floor."

"What happened to us Bobby? I thought we had a connection."

"Eddie Wooters happened to us Natasha. You let him destroy us. Your hanging on to him in spite of everything killed what we had."

"It wasn't meant to be that way Bobby."

"Maybe not, but it was. Even after you were shown that he was a lying asshole and deliberately broke us up you continued to hang with him. Whose idea was it to get together up at school and cheat on me? Yours or his?"

"It wasn't cheating Bobby. You were having sex with Gail and all I was doing was the same thing. It didn't mean any thing. It wasn't going to take me away from you."

"What makes you think I was having sex with Gail?"

"You told me."

"When did I do that? I sure don't remember it."

"You told me that you were going to take care of her while Tom was gone. Everyone knows that she and Tom were having sex every chance they got so if you were going to take care of her that meant you were having sex together."

"That isn't what I said and you know it. I said I would date her and keep her company to keep her busy so no other guy would go after her while Tom was gone. That did not mean that we were having sex together. But that doesn't really matter. You knew my feelings toward Eddie and yet you still deliberately dated him and fucked him while you were up at school."

"It was a mistake Bobby. I admit I screwed up. You were my first and only Bobby. I knew you had experience with other girls and I wanted to see what other boys would be like. I wasn't looking to replace you. I just wanted some experience. I thought that maybe if I could learn a few things I could make it better for us when we made love. I know that you didn't like Eddie, but to me Eddie was a known quantity. I didn't want to screw around with a bunch of guys I didn't know and I didn't want to screw around with other guys from here. It could have gotten back to you and I didn't want that. I knew Eddie would keep quiet about it so he was the obvious choice for me."

"Bullshit Natasha. You knew that you were doing wrong. You even tried to set me up with Gail so you would be able to use it against me if I ever found out. Unfortunately for you I found out about it."

"I know that was wrong, but don't you see why I did it? I didn't want to lose you Bobby. It was supposed to be my insurance policy. I could say that we were even and you would think it was so and then we could get on with our lives. It was supposed to help me keep you Bobby; not drive you away."

I sat there looking at her. I missed her. I really did. I knew the second I laid eyes on her that we were supposed to be forever. I let my hatred of Eddie Wooters and what he did affect my judgment where Natasha was concerned. But all of that aside, what she did was set out to deliberately cheat on me. I might look like a hypocrite to some, but I'm really not. I was spreading pollen far and wide and had she come to me and talked about what she wanted to do I most probably would have said okay. All I would have required was the understanding that I could do at home what she was doing away which would have been my cover if she ever found out about what I was doing.

What I had to think about was if there was a chance for us. I knew that none of what I had going was going to end up as a permanent relationship. Well, there was the possibility that it could happen with Gail or even Pauline if she ever came back, but those possibilities could only occur if Natasha wasn't in my life.

The question I was asking myself was could the same be said of Natasha? Would she hook up with some guy at school and put me out of her life? To me that was a very good possibility.

"So what is it you want Natasha?"

"I want us back together Bobby. I never wanted us to be apart in the first place."

"So what happens if I get weak minded and get back together with you? You go back up to school, fuck around with Eddie and then come home on weekends like nothing has changed? I don't trust you anymore Natasha. I don't know what the attachment you have to Eddie is, but it is never going to set well with me."

"I don't see Eddie anymore. I haven't had anything to do with him since you broke up with me. I knew if I was ever going to get you back he had to go. When I told him that he laughed. He said the only reason that he had anything to do with me at all is because he wanted to stick it to you. I don't know what he had against you, but I never meant a thing to him. It was all to get at you. You have always said he was an asshole and he was."

"I haven't been happy since you broke with me Bobby. I miss you terribly. I need you back in my life."

"I'm going to have to think on it some Natasha. No promises at this time. What time do you usually get home on Friday?"

"Around five or five-thirty."

"How about you keep Friday evening open and we can talk again. Catch a movie maybe, have a bite to eat somewhere and talk. Again, I'm making no promises, but I will think about it. I'll think long and hard about it."

We set a time for Friday and then I left.

I called Gail and she told me to come on over. Her parents were gone for the weekend again. I asked her if she wanted to go out and she said no.

"I'll fix us a little something to eat and then we can fool around some."

I knew what 'fooling around' meant so naturally I told her I would be right over. As I drove over to her place I thought about the talk that I'd just had with Natasha. I missed her. I thought about her all the time and I would love to have her back. But could I do it? The problem was could I trust her? And it wasn't about other guys. I couldn't forget what she wanted Gail to do to me just so she could get away with what she wanted to do. I had no idea that Natasha could be that devious. What else was she capable of? I did indeed have a lot of hard thinking to do.

Gail fed me grilled cheese sandwiches and chicken noodle soup as the main course and pussy for dessert. She fed me a lot of dessert. So much so that I fell asleep next to her sated. I woke before she did in the morning so I woke her the way she usually woke me and when she was wide awake she pulled me up on her and we made slow easy love for maybe ten minutes and then the slow and easy turned into hard and fast. We rested and then she sucked me until I was up and hard and then she had me do her doggie.

Over my usual and her pancakes she asked me about my meeting with Natasha and what the outcome was. I told her that things were still up in the air and that I had a date with Natasha for the coming Friday.

"You are going to get back together with her right?"

"I really don't know. I'm having a hard time getting past that stunt she pulled, or tried to pull, with you and her getting together with Eddie even knowing how I felt about him."

"You do realize that the 'stunt' as you call it was supposed to keep you together and not drive you apart?"

"That may be, but it was still underhanded and sneaky. If she is capable of that what else is she capable of? And I still am having trouble with her relationship with Eddie. She says it is a thing of the past, but her hanging with him even after we showed her what a skunk he was still sits there staring at me."

"All true, but I believe that she does love you and wants to get back together. And she knows what will happen if she fucks up again."

"If we get back together it will mean no more weekends for you."

"That just means that we will have to get together during the week."

Yes, but I'm not sure how often. I'm having to stay late and work overtime a lot lately."

A lie, but I knew I would be seeing Mary from time to time. I expected that I would occasionally get calls from Pam and Marge was going to want company from time to time. And then of course there was mom. I knew I could always say no to them, but I also knew that I wouldn't. I knew that none of it was forever, but I was going to take what I could get while it was still there.

After breakfast we went back to her place and played until two and then straightened the place up so it would look right when her mom and dad came home.

As soon as I walked into the house my mom grabbed me and pulled me into the downstairs bathroom. I started to ask "What the hell are you doing" but she cut me off with a "Hush. We don't have much time." While saying that she was unzipping me and pulling out my cock. She took it in her mouth and said:

"Damn! You were with some one else last night. I was hoping to get another taste of my mystery woman."

She stood up and left the bathroom while I tucked myself away and then followed her out.

There was the usual small talk around the dinner table and then I excused myself to go up to my room and work on my homework assignments. It was inevitable that thoughts of my talk with Natasha would intrude, but I still managed to get done what needed to be done and then I went to bed and fell into an exhausted sleep.

School was school – no changes there – and at lunch no one joined me. At work Fred put me to work powder coating parts. At quitting time I swung by Marge's office just to say hi. She smiled at me and then said:

"Not tonight stud. Got some family obligations to take care of."

"Just my luck. Get me all wound up and thinking you're my lady and you turn away from me."

She laughed and said, "Horse-hockey stud. We are a long way from turning away from each other. Check with me tomorrow."

As I left her office I saw Shelly and she smiled and waved at me to come over to her.

"Hubby is out of town lover. Want to follow me home?"

Remembering my last night with Pam I asked, "How far out of town and when is he due back?"

"He is in Atlanta till Tuesday and his flight home is scheduled for Wednesday morning."

"When did he leave?"

"Six last night. Why the questions?"

"Just want to make sure he is really gone and won't come walking into the house on us. In fact, maybe going to a motel would be better."

"Can't do that. I have to be home if he calls."

"Are you sure that he is in Atlanta?"

"Positive. He called me when he got in and gave me the hotel and phone number in case I needed to get in touch with him."

"Okay then. I'll wait for you to come out and I'll tag along behind you."

As I was sitting in my car waiting for her my phone rang and the screen showed that it was Pam.

"I take from Natasha's mood that I owe you. Actually I owe you twice. Once to make up for the last time and once to thank you for cheering up my little girl. Hubby is going out of town tomorrow and won't be home until Thursday. Can you hold Wednesday open for me?"

"I'll have my social secretary pencil you in."

"See you then lover. Bye."

Shelly came out of the building and I followed her home. She had me pull into her garage and park where her hubby parked when he was home. I followed her from the garage into the house and when inside she said:

"Can I feed you or do you want to get right down to it?"

"Maybe later we can have a bite, but I don't like playing on a full stomach."

"Follow me then" and she led me into her bedroom. Once there she said, "Oral and anal only right?"

"Oral and anal only; got it."

She did me first and swallowed. Then I went down on her and by the time I got her off I was up and ready so she got up on her hands and knees and offered up her tight butt. I was able to get her off twice before I came and then we took a break to get a bite to eat. It was reheated leftovers, but it was good and it was filling.

I helped her wash the dishes and after they were put away we went back to the bedroom. She went into the bathroom and came back with a wash rag and a towel and cleaned my cock. Then she went down on me and worked at getting me back up and when she got it done she gave me her ass again. Another wash job and we were in a sixty-nine with Shelly on top when the bedside phone rang. She reached to pick it up and it was hubby. She got off me and sat on the side of the bed to talk to him. I got off and knelt in front of her and tried to push her legs open, but she held them closed and pushed me away.

I had just been in a hot mouth and I was worked up so next I tried to suck her tits, but she gave me a nasty look and pushed me away. She even slapped my hand – hard! As hot and horny as I was I got the message and backed off. I gathered my clothes and was putting my pants on when her call ended and she asked me what I was doing.

"I got the message. You don't want to play any more so I'm going."

"You get those pants off before I smack you in the head with the table lamp. You aren't going anywhere until we wake up in the morning."

"But you pushed me away and hit me."

"You can't be that dense Robert. I just didn't want you bothering me while I was talking to my hubby."

Then I guess she felt the need to explain.

"If I would have let you mess with me while I was on the phone with him I would be disrespecting him and I won't do that. He's a damned good man and I love him. There is no way I'm going to disrespect him."

She saw the confused look on my face and she said, "You are thinking that I am cheating on him and that is the ultimate disrespect right?"

I nodded a yes.

"To you it probably looks like cheating and to him it damned sure would be, but to me it isn't. I am not giving you anything that is his. He won't do oral and anal with me so I don't feel that they are his and I can do with them what I want. If anything he is the cheater. He cheats me out of what I want, crave and need. Convuluted logic and I know it, but you know full well that there is nothing between you and me other than oral and anal satisfaction. You aren't stealing me away from my husband and my only emotional involvement with you is that I like you. I like you a lot, but I don't love you. If my husband would decide to give oral and anal a shot you would never get to touch me again. Is it clear to you now?"

As a way of saying yes I let go of my trousers, stepped out of them and got back on the bed.

I like falling asleep in the arms of a warm woman. I like it a lot. I woke up first and I woke Shelly up by feasting on her pussy. By the time I got her off I knew that she was so far into things that I could have moved up and taken her pussy and she would have only made token resistance, if any, but I also knew that would make me an asshole and end any further play with her. Instead I pulled her into the doggie position and took her ass.

We showered and then she fixed us eggs and bacon for breakfast. Over our second cup of coffee she said:

"Thank you Bobby; for a great night and for what you did this morning."

She saw the questioning look on my face and she laughed and said, "Don't ever take up poker playing Bobby; your face can't hide a thing. When you were eating me this morning I saw that look on your face. It screamed out what you wanted to do, but you honored my wishes so thank you. We will do this again."

As I drove from Shelly's place to school I thought about cheating. It seemed that cheating was in the eye of the beholder. Shelly didn't see what she was doing as cheating, but her husband would damned sure see it that way, Tommy didn't see what I was doing with Gail as cheating and Gail didn't either, but anyone else seeing it would consider that Gail was cheating on Tom.

And how about Pauline and me? Anyone who knew about Pauline and Gary would have called us cheaters and to them we were, but as far as Pauline, Gary and I were concerned we weren't. Mom didn't think she was cheating on dad. To her she was just getting even. The same with Pam. As far as she was concerned she was just keeping the ledger in balance.

All those thoughts of course led me to my relationship with Natasha. I could convince myself that I hadn't cheated on her before she gave me her cherry. I was only doing the same that Sherry was doing; satisfying the needs that Natasha wouldn't take care of, but even if I could sell that to myself I couldn't get by what I had continued to do after taking Natasha's virginity.

That was pure assed cheating on her and I knew it.

Given what I was doing where did I get off going off on her for what she did with Eddie? Forget the way I felt about Eddie. Forget that she knew how I felt about Eddie and she did with him anyway. Forget her scheme to give her a way out if I found out about her and Eddie. Forget all that shit and concentrate on the fact that Natasha was my girlfriend and I was fucking other females.

Didn't speak well of me that I came unglued on her for doing what I was doing does it?

School was school and at lunch I had a surprise visitor. Angie asked if she could join me and me being the curious guy that I am I told her to have a seat.

"I want to apologize for my behavior Bob. I had no right to act the way I did. In my defense I can only say that I was unaware of your history with Wooters. I only found out about all the run ins you had with him and why after the night I behaved so terribly with you."

"Does this mean I can put you back on speed dial?"

She smiled and said no. "Bert finally figured it out and I'm now spoken for."

"Good for you."

After that we talked classes and instructors until it was time for me to get up and go.

Fred put me on the turret lathe that afternoon. Dad had agreed with me that we needed our own machine maintenance people and he had posted the job and George had put in for it. He was home packing his bags as I took over his machine. He was being sent to the factory for training. It would be a three man department. The other two were ex Johnson Brothers employees who had done the same job before losing their jobs.

Dad had put an ad in the paper on Saturday and had already hired sixteen of the out of work Johnson people before I got to work. The second shift was going to start the coming Monday. There were several promotions as

our people were moved into supervisory roles on the second shift and Fred told me that I was some sort of junior grade hero to those people.

"Your dad is telling them that the second shift was your idea so you are getting the credit for their promotions and raises."

"It was no big deal Fred. We needed to expand for all the new business. Anyone could have seen the need and I'm sure dad would have done it without my saying a word."

"Don't matter none boy. Your daddy is giving you the credit so you are stuck with it."

He told me who the promoted guys were and I decided to avoid them if I could to keep from being embarrassed. When I got off I swung by Marge's office to say hi.

"I hope you aren't expecting to see me anytime soon stud" she said. "I'll be up to my ass in paperwork for days taking care of all the new hires you caused."

"Don't blame me. It is all your fault."

"My fault? How do you figure that?"

"Stop screwing dad before he goes on trips and he won't get any more business and we won't grow."

"Get out of here stud, but try to keep tomorrow open for me."

"Can't do it. I have something I have to do that will take me until bedtime. Thursday maybe?"

"We'll see."

Shelly gave me a big smile and a wave when I left Marge's office and I saw Gloria in the background giving me a look I couldn't read. I called Gail, but she had something going with her parents so I called Mary.

"How fast can you get here?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"The door will be open and you know where to find me."

I called home and told mom I was going over to Mary's and I wouldn't be home for dinner. Mary was right where I knew she would be. Laying naked in the middle of her bed and waiting for me with a big smile.

I ate her and then I fucked her. We were in a sixty-nine when we heard:

"Break it up you two and let me get into the mix."

Mary and I looked over to the doorway and saw mom getting undressed.

"I am welcome aren't I" mom said as she took off her clothes.

Mary laughed and said, "Always room for one more slut."

"Takes one to know one" mom said as she walked over and got on the bed with us.

It was a repeat of the last time. I ate Mary while mom sucked me and then I fucked mom while I licked Mary's cunt. Next it was Mary turn to be fucked while I licked mom's beaver. Mom and Mary sucked my cock at the same time alternating licks and sucks. I fucked mom's ass while she had her face buried in Mary's pussy and then Mary washed my cock clean and I fucked her while she ate my mom's pussy and then while I rested I watched the two of them go sixty-nine on each other.

Watching your mom go sixty-nine with a woman you have just fucked? How weird was that?

Mom had to leave around ten and after she was gone and Mary and I were resting up Mary asked:

"You still want to see a gangbang?"

"No, I don't want to see one; I want to participate in one."

"A guy I went to school with in college just moved back to town a couple of weeks ago and after he got settled in he called a bunch of his old friends and we got together for lunch. Three of the guys there were guys I had pulled trains with. I can make it happen if you really want it."

"When?"

"You tell me when you can be available."

"Anytime next week. I just need a couple of days notice so that I don't make other plans."

"Make it Wednesday then. That gives us a week to get ready for it."

When I got home mom and dad were still up. Mom had showered before she left Mary's so if dad wanted any that night he wouldn't find any evidence of wrong doing.

"I went out for drinks with Mary Bagley tonight and she says she hasn't heard from Tom lately. Have you heard from him?"

"Not in over a month."

I'm sure that little snippet was for dad's benefit because it added just the right touch to her evening out with Mary and was part of keeping dad's mind at rest. If he thought she was out fucking around (and he would have given the fact that he thought he had me watching her when he was away) it would be doubtful that she was talking about Mary's son. Of course he didn't know about Mary's (and mom's) past so he wouldn't think that an evening

with Mary would be an evening of fucking around and there was also the fact that he wouldn't have thought she would have had the time to in the relatively short time she had been gone. As soon as she heard the bedroom door close she said:

"You need to give me more notice when you are going to go over to Mary's so I can get there a little earlier. Now, if you will excuse me, I need to go and give your father his sloppy seconds. Of course they may not be sloppy, but they are still going to be seconds" and she headed off to bed.

As she walked away with my eyes on her sexy ass I had another one of my weird thoughts. Why didn't I feel bad doing what I was doing to him by fucking his wife and his mistress? I loved him and he was a great dad so why didn't I feel bad? The simple answer could be that I was just a hormonal teenager who loved to fuck and pussy was pussy and both of them had come after me. I didn't go after either of them and was I going to pass up what was offered freely? Could it really be that simple?

My life was weird man; really fucking weird. But I was loving it.

I was caught up on my school work so I didn't get up and head for the library on Wednesday. Well I guess that depends on how you define 'home work.' As soon as mom saw that I was still at home she pulled me into her bedroom and I ended up working at home. I guess you really couldn't call it work although it was pretty tiring.

I couldn't get over how much my mom loved anal sex. I did her four times before heading off to work and three of those times she wanted it up her butt. I ate her and then I did her missionary and then we went sixty-nine until she got me back up and she wanted me in her ass. She washed my cock, sucked me hard and then wanted it in the ass again. Another wash job followed by some sixty-nine and one more trip up the dirt road. Intermingled with all that there were rest periods and she fed me breakfast.

At work Fred had me on the metal shear for the first hour and then I powder coated for the rest of the shift. At quitting time I called Pam to make sure that we were still on and she told me to stop wasting time on the phone and get my butt over to her place.

"Not meaning to be a worry-wart, but are you sure that he made it out of town this time?"

"He called me when he checked in and gave me the room number in case I needed to call him."

"I'm on the way."

I parked one block over and then walked over to Pam's house and she answered the door naked. She led me through the house to her bedroom and then it was pure assed suck and fuck until ten and then I left to go home. I wanted to stay the night but Pam wouldn't hear of it. She told me that a lot of her neighbors were very early risers and she couldn't take the chance that any of them might see me leaving in the morning.

Dad was in bed, but mom was up when I got home.

"Out spreading pollen again" she asked.

"Have to do my part."

"Was it my mystery lady?"

"Not tonight, but if you are a good little girl I'll have a treat for you tomorrow evening or Friday morning. I'm seeing your mystery lady tomorrow evening."

"What do you mean by "If I'm a good little girl?" You want me to be bad, not good. Besides I'm not good, I'm great and you had better not forget it."

She came over and rubbed my cock through my pants and then said goodnight and went to bed.

School was school and at lunch Gail joined me and we made a firm date for Sunday and I told her that I might even call her Saturday depending on how my Friday meeting with Natasha went.

"You really think something might come out of it?"

"It is possible. I still don't know, but I am considering it."

When I got to work Fred put me on the sheet metal shear. There was a man I didn't recognize on the turret lathe and Fred introduced me to him. His name was Evan and he was one of the Johnson Brothers new hires. Just before the end of the shift he came over to me and said:

"I understand that I have you to thank for my job."

"Who told you that?"

"That's the word going around. You talked your dad into taking advantage of all the out of work people from Johnson's to start a second shift."

"Yeah. Right. A nineteen year old kid making decisions like that."

"You can "aw shucks" all you want son, but unless you are calling your daddy a liar you have the thanks of a whole lot of people. See you tomorrow."

I stopped by Marge's office and she told me that she would meet me at her place in fifteen minutes. I parked a block over (I was becoming a very cautious young man) and then walked back to Marge's place. There was a note taped to the door telling me to come on in.

She wasn't naked when I got to her bedroom, but she was working on it. She beat me, but only just barely.

I went down on her and then we went missionary. She sucked me hard and I did her doggie. A sixty-nine got me ready again and it started cowgirl and ended missionary. As we rested I told her that she had a secret admirer and she wanted to know who.

"My girlfriend. She likes the way you taste."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

I told her the story omitting the fact that it was my mom.

"She wants to get the taste right from the source. She was upset when I told her that you didn't swing that way."

"Well I've got news for you stud. I've been known to munch a carpet or three. So when are you going to get me and my secret admirer together?"

"Ain't gonna happen. I've got a good thing going right now and something like that could ruin it for me."

"Not doing could ruin it for you."

"How's that?"

"If I wanted to do it bad enough I could cut you off until you make it happen."

"Doesn't really matter. She wouldn't do it anyway. It was just sex play talk."

"You had better do me one more time so you will have a heavy coat of me on you."

I didn't spend the night and when I got home mom and dad were in bed. I wondered if mom would try to suck my dick in the morning while dad showered. I smiled at the thought and of course I didn't wash my cock before going to bed.

I wasn't even asleep yet when mom crept quietly into the room.

"I wanted it as fresh as I could get it motherfucker" she said as she pulled the sheet back and went down on me. She sucked me until I was hard and then she handed me a pair of her dirty panties.

"I have to meet her motherfucker; you just have to get us together."

She left my room and I ended up leaving cum soaked panties on my bedroom floor for her to pick up in the morning.

School was school and at lunch time Gail joined me and we finalized our date for Sunday. She was flat out up front that it was going to be a Starlight date and she wanted me to pick her up as early as I could. I told her that the time would depend on the outcome of my talk with Natasha and I reminded her that she might even hear from me on Saturday.

Gloria and Tina had both called in sick and so I was told that I was going to have to help in the office that day. I was put to work entering invoices into the computer. Marge stopped by and asked me in an almost whisper:

"Did my secret admirer like my gift?"

"She ate it up" I wisecracked.

"I've got lots more and I'd like to give it to her from the spigot if you catch my drift."

"Not a good idea. I'm pretty sure that I'd end up losing you both if I set it up."

"You could end up losing me anyway if I don't get what I want."

"True, but I'd still have her. If I got you together with her I could very well end up with only my hand to keep me company."

"Come on stud; don't be such a spoil sport. I'd be willing to bet that you would get a real charge out of watching us."

I smiled as I thought "If you only knew."

I picked Natasha up at seven and got a smile from her mother and a scowl from her dad. I took her to Angelina's for dinner and we talked. She pitched hard for us to get back together, but I told her that I was still a whole lot leery and then I bit the bullet and told her why.

"You are young, healthy and curious. You are not going to go five days a week for the next three and a half years without being hit on by dozens of guys and eventually you are going to go out with guys."

She started to interrupt me, but I cut her off.

"You can deny it all you want, but I know that eventually you are going to date and being as curious as you are you will eventually give it up to some guy."

Again she started to interrupt me and I said, "Let me finish. My worry is that if we try to put things back together I'll only end up losing you to one of the guys you hook up with."

"I wouldn't do that to you. Not ever."

"You can say that sitting here with me now, but you are in a different world up at Western. You like sex and you are curious about what it would be like with other guys. It will happen Natasha. You need to know this. I didn't break up with you because you got laid up at Western. I broke up with you because it was Eddie you fucked. I am not opposed to you experimenting while you are up there, but I am worried that when you do you will fall for someone else. That is why I am in no hurry to get back together with you. The uncertainty of it all."

"Are you saying that if you could be absolutely certain of me being yours you wouldn't care if I dated?"

"You will be spending two-thirds or more of the next three and a half years up there. You will be watching your friends and classmates going out on dates and having fun. It would not be natural for you to sit in your room looking at my picture and waiting for the weekend. You need to get out and if you date you will eventually find a guy you might like to try something with. It is the natural order of things Natasha."

"When you went off to Western I expected it to happen and I wasn't concerned about it because we had a connection or at least I thought we did. I wasn't worried about losing you. At least not until I found out that Eddie was also going to Western. And that is the reason I'm not sure that I want to patch things up between us. Your relationship with Eddie is what soured things and still sours things even though you say you are done with him."

"Didn't matter what I said or what he did you still hung with him even though you knew that I hated it. When you were with Eddie you didn't care what I thought. That's the killer Natasha. What if you meet and get attached to another guy like you did with Eddie? I don't want us to put things back together only to have things fall apart again.

"You have three and a half years to go at Western and I don't think we should do anything until you graduate and come home. If you still want me when that happens fine, but until then I think we should just go our separate ways."

"That won't work for me Bobby. I need you, but I do admit to being curious. How about a compromise?"

"What sort of compromise?"

"We are a couple from the time I get home Friday until I leave to go back on Sunday and we are a couple whenever I'm out of school for holidays and other breaks and we let the time we are apart work itself out. No matter what we do during the week the weekend is ours. Yours and mine. Will that work for you?"

I looked at her and thought about it and then said, "It could work, but I'm always going to have questions. I expect that there will be weekends that you won't come home because of lab work, group projects that need to be worked on and the like, but because of what you did with Eddie I will most probably be thinking that the real reason that you didn't come home is that you hooked up with some guy and didn't want to leave him to come home. That's the legacy of Eddie Natasha; a lack of trust on my part. Can you live with me always being suspicious?"

"I won't give you any reason to be suspicious. If I have to stay at school on a weekend I'll invite you up to spend the weekend there with me. I'm dead serious Bobby; I'm yours for life if you will have me."

Maybe I was being foolish, but as I sat there looking at her and remembering Pam telling me how Natasha cried while she hugged my picture I decided to take the chance.

"All right. I'll buy into your plan. What you do Monday until you leave to come home Friday is your business, but the weekend is mine. There is one caveat though. I hear that you so much as look across the room at Eddie and I'm gone and for good."

"I told you Eddie is history and I meant that."

"There is one more little catch to this however. What I do Monday until you get home Friday is my business. Agreed?"

She got up from her side of the table and came over to me and kissed me.

"Now" she said, "All you have to do is take me somewhere and make love to me to seal the deal."

I didn't expect it, but I should have been ready for it. We were half way to my car when the familiar "Hey asshole" came from behind me. I thought for sure that the limp Eddie was carrying around with him would have convinced him to stay the fuck away from me. I turned to see him standing there with three guys. As I stood there looking at him I knew that I was fucked. I didn't have shit in my bag of tricks. I was totally fucked. I handed my car keys to Natasha and told her to lock herself in the car and I tried to get set for the hurt that was coming my way.

"Won't matter what kind of tricks you come up with this time asshole. No way you can take all four of us" and he gave me a nasty grin. A voice from behind me said:

"He doesn't have to take all four of you. In fact he doesn't even have to take one of you if he doesn't care to. However we are willing to let him have which ever one of you he wants and I and my friends will take care of the rest."

Even as I turned to look behind me I saw Eddie's three buddies take a step back and then hustle away leaving Eddie standing there all by himself. He didn't even know they had fled. When I looked behind me I saw five men with some women and children. I didn't recognize any of them. One of them stepped forward and said:

"You have more friends than you know of son and we've got your back. If you want we will stuff him in the trunk of a car and drive it out into the woods and leave it."

I turned back to Eddie and he tried to look brave, but a quick look around him showed that he was all alone. Two of the men walked over to Eddie and one of them said something to him that I couldn't hear, but I got a good look at Eddie's face and I'd swear that it had turned white. He turned and scurried – yes, scurried – away. I turned back to the man who had spoken and thanked him for his help.

"No need for that son. Like I told you, you have more friends than you know of and we watch out for our own."

He offered his hand and I shook it and then he and those with him headed into the restaurant. One of the last was a girl who looked familiar to me, but I couldn't quite place her. She turned to me and said:

"You don't have a clue as to what just happened do you?"

"I have to admit that you are right."

"They are here tonight to celebrate. Thanks to you they don't have to sell their homes and move. Daddy wasn't kidding Bobby. You have more friends now that you have ever had before in your life. And daddy meant it when he said that they have your back."

It was then that I recognized her. I didn't know her name, but she was two grades behind me in high school. She leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek and said:

"Thank you. Now I don't have to move and give up all my friends" and then she followed her family into Angelina's.

When I got into the car Natasha asked, "What happened and who was that girl who kissed you?"

"Something that I didn't do just saved my ass from a beating and I don't know who the girl is" and then of course I had to explain the whole thing to Natasha.

"So those guys who came to your rescue were guys who worked at that place that went out of business? And they think that it was you who got them new jobs?"

"That's what it looks like."

"That's neat."

"What's neat?"

"My guy is a hero."

"Yeah. Right."

I pointed the Impala toward the Starlight.

It isn't very romantic of me to say this, but my reunion with Tasha didn't have bells ringing or stars bursting. It was simply sex. Great sex, but no better or no worse than the sex that I was having with all the other ladies who had been taking care of me.

Tasha sat next to me on the drive and played with my cock so I was hard and ready when we got to our room. I went down on her until she begged me to fuck her and then I did her in the missionary position. We both got off and then Tasha went to work with her mouth to get me up again and the second time I did her doggie. Some sixty-nine followed by some cowgirl that flowed into the missionary with both of us getting off took care of the third time.

She wanted to go again, but I begged off. I told her that I had to get up early because I had to work the next day and I did have to have her home by midnight to keep her parents happy. The real reason of course was that I

didn't dare short my mom for the second week in a row so I needed to be in my bed when she came calling in the morning.

Saturday morning mom woke me in her usual way and she commented on the taste.

"It isn't bad, but it isn't my mystery woman. Who is this one?"

"Your daughter in law to be."

"Damn! I was hoping that mystery woman was going to be my daughter in law. So who is my daughter in law going to be?"

"You don't need to know that just yet. It may not work out."

So now that we know that mystery woman isn't going to be joining the family when are you going to get us together?"

"I'm not. There is no way that you could handle knowing who she is and I do not want to mess up what I have going with the two of you."

By then I was as hard as I was going to get and so mom climbed up and mounted me cowgirl. As she started to ride me she looked down into my face and said:

"You might be messing things up anyway."

"How would I be doing that?"

"I might just cut you off until you make it happen."

Where had I heard that before!

"From a strictly realistic point of view you will be cutting me off some day anyway and when that happens I will still have mystery woman, Mary, Gail and your prospective daughter in law so I'll be okay."

"Are you really doing that many?"

"You know about Mary and Gail and you have tasted both of them on me and you know that neither of them taste like mystery woman and you just tasted my prospective wife to be and you know she doesn't taste like that others so you know I am doing that many."

"If you are getting that much you won't even miss me and mystery woman if you put us together and it blows up on you."

"If" is the wrong word to use. "When" is the word that belongs in that sentence."

"I think mommy's motherfucker is being a bit overly dramatic. We will talk more about this later, but right now you need to make mommy cum."

I rolled her over onto her back and then proceeded to do what she asked. We played most of the morning and then while mom showered I called Gail and gave her the news that Tasha and I were back together and then I made a date with her for Sunday after Tasha left for school.

Over breakfast at the Village Inn all mom wanted to talk about was the mystery woman and my getting the two of them together. I kept telling her no; that I wasn't about to give up a good thing. Then mom got stupid on me.

"Listen young man; I am still your mother and as long as you are living in my house you will do what I tell you to do. You will get me together with mystery woman. Do you understand me?"

"No problem mother. I've wanted to move to an apartment anyway. Then I won't be living in your house and I won't have to do what you say."

I don't think she expected that and she didn't have a come back ready. We finished breakfast in silence and the silence continued on the ride home. It wasn't until I pulled into the driveway and put the Impala in 'park' that she broke the silence.

"I don't want you to move out. I'm happy with what we have going and I don't want it to stop. And I do think you are overreacting on the effects of my meeting my mystery woman."

"I'm not and you are just going to have to trust me on that."

When we got into the house she wanted to play some more, but I told her that I couldn't.

"I have to save some for Natasha."

"When did that happen?"

"We had a long talk last night and we are going to give it another try."

"So that is who I tasted this morning. Does this mean that mystery woman is out of the picture now and if so it wouldn't hurt anything to put us together right?"

"Mystery woman is not out of the picture. I still need something to do while Natasha is up at school."

"You have Mary and Gail for that. Let me have my mystery woman."

I didn't even bother to answer that; I just got out of the car and went into the house. I was regretting not telling mom that the taste she got the first time she sucked me off after I'd been with Marge was from a whore I picked up on Second Avenue. One thing I did know for sure; I would be washing my cock after being with Marge from now on even if I had to stop at a gas station and use the restroom to do it.

I picked Tasha up at four and we went to The Hungry Heifer for dinner and after eating we went to the teen club. There were some kids there that we knew and we put a couple of tables together. We danced and socialized until around ten and then Tasha reminded me that I had to have her home by one.

We left the club and as I steered the car toward the Starlight Tasha moved next to me and started to play with my cock. I was primed and ready when we got into the room and we spent a thoroughly enjoyable two hours before I had to take her home. We necked for twenty minutes and then I walked her to her door. She kissed me and we made a date for nine in the morning to go for a run.

Mom and dad were asleep when I got home and I went right to bed. I fell asleep wondering how I was going to handle things now that Tasha was back in the mix. She would get from Friday until she left for school Sunday and that meant that I would have from Sunday evening until Thursday to squeeze in mom, Mary, Gail, Pam, Marge and occasionally Shelly and I could not see how I was going to be able to do it. The one thing that I never even considered was giving up any one of them.

I picked Tasha up at nine and drove to Paint Brush Park. We ran the Black Diamond Trail and there was a large clump of bushes near the middle of the trail. When we reached them Tasha pulled me behind the bushes, pulled down my pants and then went down on her knees and started sucking my cock.

The Black Diamond runs between two hills and the Red Hawk Trail ran over the top of the hill to the east and the Blue Heron Trail topped the hill to the west. Tasha thought we were hidden by the bushes, but where we were we could be seen from the other two trails where they went over the hills. She had me close to cumming when I happened to look up and see two guys and a girl watching from the Red Hawk. "No sense in worrying about it now" I thought as I gripped Tasha's head and emptied in her mouth. She swallowed and then took her mouth off me and said:

"That's so you will have something to think about until next Friday."

I glanced up at the watchers and the girl gave me a 'thumbs up' and then the three of them jogged off. I didn't bother telling Natasha about her audience. It might make her think twice about doing it again.

From the park we went to the IHOP on Park Street and over breakfast we made plans for the coming Friday and then I took her home, kissed her and told her that I would see her at the end of the week. As I pulled away from the curb I called Gail and asked her what time she wanted me to come by and she said:

"I'm ready and waiting right now."

I picked her up and as soon as she was in the car she said, "Find us a bed. I'm as horny as a billy-goat."

As I drove toward the Starlight I decided that I needed to see about a weekly or even a monthly rate. When I checked in I asked the woman behind the counter if they had such a thing as weekly or monthly rates and she said that they did. The weekly rate was \$350 which would be a savings of \$62 over the daily rate and would work out to just \$50 a day. The monthly rate was a little better at \$1200 which worked out to \$40 a day. I told her I would think about it, but I wouldn't.

I was averaging fifteen times a month which came to \$882 at the daily rate. The daily, weekly and monthly rates all came to more than an apartment would cost and since I wasn't going to live there, but just use it as a fuck pad I wouldn't have to sweat cooking, doing laundry (except for sheets and towels) or going without all the things I got by living at home. Well, maybe I would have to dust once in a while.

Gail and I played until eleven and then I took her home and then went home and sacked out.

School was school and I didn't have any visitors at lunch. The parking lot was packed when I got to work. I'd forgotten that the second shift was starting that day. Luckily one of my perks as the owner's son was an assigned parking place.

When I got to the machine shop Fred told me that I was supposed to go to the office.

"I don't imagine that I'll be seeing much of you any more. Doesn't much matter. You have a good idea of what we do here and that's what you were supposed to get out of it."

I went to the office and found that the second shift also required more office help and there were three new women in the office. I was introduced to Andrea Moore and I was told to work with her and guide her through the maze that our office was. I didn't bother to ask why one of the full timers like Tina, Gloria and Shelly wasn't given the job although I think I figured it out on my own. They had worked with Andrea and the other two during the day and that had caused them to fall behind so it was "give Andrea to Bobby so we can try and catch up."

I didn't mind in the least. The other two were matronly ladies, but on the ten scale with Shelly being a 9.5, Gloria an 8.5 and Tina an 8 Andrea was somewhere between a 9.3 and a 9.6 and being the hormonal teen that I was I was instantly captivated. She was about twenty-five or twenty-six I guessed and it was hard to take my eyes off of her as I worked with her.

I wasn't surprised that I didn't really have to show Andrea much because she had done the same job at Johnson's. It was just a case of showing her where things were. I did notice Andrea occasionally looking at me with a look that I couldn't figure out and I wondered about it right up till quitting time when she shocked me by saying:

"You really like blow jobs don't you?"

"What?!!"

"You must really grove on them if you won't even stop when you have an audience."

I looked at her confused and she said, "Paint Brush Park yesterday. You looked up at us watching and you didn't stop."

It dawned on me then. The woman who gave me the 'thumbs up' sign before moving on was Andrea. She might have caught me off guard to begin with, but my association with mom, Mary, Marge, Pam and Shelly – all older ladies – had given me a lot more confidence than your average nineteen year old so I smiled at her and said:

"The only thing I like more than getting is giving."

She looked at me for several seconds and then she said, "You any good at it?"

"I've never had a lady push me away."

"What are you doing after work?"

"I don't have any plans."

"You do now."

She picked up a pen and a piece of paper and wrote down an address and handed it to me as she said:

"Give me a half hour and then stop by."

I swung by Marge's office to say hi and she said, "Not tonight stud. I have some shopping to do and then I need to do laundry. Keep tomorrow open for me?"

"Will do. See you then."

I ran the car through a car wash and then filled the tank and that took care of the half hour. I headed for the address that Andrea had given me. She answered the door in a bathrobe and when I was inside she asked me if I wanted a drink.

"Beer if you have it."

She told me to have a seat on the couch and then she brought me a Coors's Light. She sat across from me in an easy chair with a glass of white wine and then she said:

"Tell me something Robert. How does a young man of nineteen become so self-assured that he can so easily accept an invitation from an older woman?"

"It was an older woman who seduced me and took my virginity. She then spent the next several months teaching me how to please her. It put me miles ahead of most other nineteen year olds."

She lifted her wine glass to take a sip and I noticed for the first time the wedding rings on her finger.

"Now I have a question for you. Do I need to worry about a pissed off husband storming in and wanting to tear me limb from limb?"

She smiled and said, "Dennis is an over the road truck driver and he left this morning on a four day run so he won't be joining us."

She stood up and let her robe fall to the floor. Yes indeed, she was definitely a 9.5 or 6.

"Shall we take this to the bedroom?" she asked.

She turned down the covers and sat on the edge of the bed as she watched me undress. When I was naked she laid back and I knew what I was supposed to do. I buried my face in her beaver and went to work. I licked, sucked and fingered her to two orgasms before I moved up and worked me cock into her tight pussy. I fucked her slow and easy until she moaned:

"Harder damn it; fuck me harder."

I obliged the lady. I did her as hard and fast as I was able and I got her off twice before I got my nut. I held myself in her until I was limp and then I pulled out. Then I surprised her by going down on her again. I got her off one more time and by then I was hard again.

"I want you doggie this time" I said and she scrambled to get up on her hands and knees. I fucked her steady, but not really hard and I got her off one more time before getting mine. Again I held myself in her until I went soft and then I pulled out and fell to the bed beside her.

She got up and left the room and came back with another beer. She handed it to me and I sat up to take a drink. As I touched the bottle to my lips I felt her lips surround my cock. Her mouth fell off me as I scooted back so I could sit up with my back against the headboard and then she scooted up to capture my cock again. I sat there and drank my beer while she worked on getting me up one more time. By the time I'd finished the beer she had me up and I asked:

"How do you want this one?"

"Doggie. You rub my clit just right in doggie."

She assumed the position and I got her off once more before I was done for the night. When it was over I asked her why.

"Two reasons. But first I need to tell you that this wasn't supposed to happen. I'm a good looking woman and I get hit on a lot. I accept it, but in a fun sort of way. I've found that when I flirt with the men I work with it makes work more fun. Almost all of the men I flirt with know that nothing is going to happen. They hope, they wish, but down deep they know it is just sexy kidding. That is all it was supposed to be tonight after work. Given what I'd seen at the park I thought that I could kid you and given your age I thought you would blush, stammer and maybe even

hurry away and then I could have fun with you at work from then on. I wasn't ready for your response, but it intrigued me. Especially the part about liking the giving as well as the getting.

"I love to have my pussy munched on, but I don't get it. Dennis tries, but he can't do it. It is some sort of mental thing with him. He will start, but two or three minutes into it he will get up, run to the bathroom and heave. It tends to put a damper on romantic moments so I don't let him try anymore. And there you were saying that you liked it. That is the first reason.

"The second reason is that I owe you. With me not working Dennis and I could not afford the payments on this house. There was no work in town when Johnson's closed. I know because I spent ten hours a day pounding the pavement looking. Then you talked your father into taking advantage of the availability of the Johnson people to expand and all of a sudden Dennis and I are able to keep our house. Tonight got me what I have been missing and it allowed me to thank you for what you did for us and by us I mean all of the Johnson people."

I wasn't about to say that I didn't have anything to do with it. I decided that it wasn't going to hurt me if every one of the Johnson people felt that way. I wasn't going to say "Glad I could help" but I wasn't going to deny it either.

"I do have to tell you that this is a one time thing. I hope you won't hate me, but I do love my husband and I don't want to lose him so this is just my thank you."

"I understand and I want you to know that it was exceptional and I loved every second of it, but even though I can't get it up again we still aren't through."

I pushed her down on her back and then I buried my face in her pussy. I ate her until she got off and then I said:

"That is my thank you for the gift you gave me tonight."

I got up and dressed and she, still naked, walked me to her front door. She kissed me and said that she would see me tomorrow at work. As I drove home I was sorry that we were never going to do it again, but I was also relieved that I wouldn't have to give up one of my other ladies to make room for her.

Tuesday at school was no different than any other day and I spent lunch alone. At work I was paired up with Gertrude, one of the two matronly ladies, and we worked on entering invoices into the computer. Andrea gave me a big smile when she saw me and Shelly noticed and teasingly asked if she had been replaced. Andrea overheard the remark and she came over and said:

"If we can get our husbands to go out drinking together some night maybe we can share him."

"Shelly laughed and said, "Great idea."

A little later Shelly came over to me and in a low voice asked, "You still have the key to our playroom?"

"Of course."

"Meet you there in five?"

"You bet."

I headed downstairs and unlocked the room. The air mattress had gone down a bit so I plugged in the air pump and filled it up while waiting for Shelly. I didn't bother unzipping because the day was going to be Shelly's. She had gone without for a while and I hadn't even come close to going without. When she came into the room I said:

"Up on the table girl. You first."

She got a big smile on her face, pulled off her panties and jumped up on the table. I went to work and in only minutes she had her first orgasm. I kept at it and gave her two more before I felt her tense up, but it wasn't an orgasmic tense. I looked up at her and saw her looking past me with a look of horror on her face. I turned and saw Andrea standing there.

"I saw the two of you sneak off and being the nosy curious person that I am I came snooping."

She walked over and took Shelly's hand and said, "Relax honey. Not to worry. I'm curious, but I'm not a blabber mouth."

Shelly relaxed a little and Andrea said, "He really is quite good at that isn't he. Can I be next?"

"What happened to the "this is a one time thing?"

"That was yesterday. Before I knew about the job's fringe benefits."

Shelly sat up and said, "I need to get back upstairs. They might miss the three of us not being there."

She put her panties on and left.

"You do this often?"

"Only when I work in the office. Shelly can only do it on company time. We used to do it after work, but her husband got suspicious."

"In all the years I've known Shelly I've never suspected that she could cheat on Mike."

"You know her?"

"We went to school together from the sixth grade to high school graduation and I never would have ever expected that she would step out on Mike."

"She doesn't see it that way. He refuses to do oral or anal and she loves them. Her position is that he is the cheat. He is cheating her out of the things she loves and craves."

"Anal? You do anal?"

"Doesn't everybody?"

"I don't. I've never even thought about it."

"You should try it at least once, but we can talk about that later. Up on the table girl. We can't take forever or someone will come looking for us."

I ate her to an orgasm and then we hurried back to work. I wasn't at all surprised when ten minutes after we got back to work I saw Andrea and Shelly huddled and in deep conversation. They both blew me a kiss at quitting time. I stopped in at Marge's office and she said:

"Give me fifteen minutes stud. See you there."

I stopped at the men's room and washed my face and then stopped by the vending machine to buy a pack of gum. I didn't think it would be cool to kiss Marge with Shelly and Andrea on my face and in my mouth.

I parked my usual one block over and walked back to Marge's. As soon as she let me in she grabbed my hand and led me to the bedroom.

"I need it stud; I need it bad. I need it so bad that I let you come over even though you can't stay long. My sister will be here at eight-thirty so you need to be gone by then."

"What's the matter? Dad not taking care of you?"

"We have been so busy on this second shift thing that he hasn't had the time. I'm serious stud. I'm really hurting."

"I'm like the man from the government sweetie; I'm here to help you."

We didn't waste time on foreplay and we got right to it. I got us both off and she got me up again. I got us both off a second time and then some sixty-nine. One more time in the doggie and then it was:

"Time for you to go stud. It kills me to have to say it, but you have to go. I'll make it up to you the next time."

I stopped at a Conoco on the way home and washed my dick in case mom got curious about who I'd been with since I got off work. I was home by eight-twenty and my mom told me that Gail called and wanted me to call her back. Since it was still early I called her and she wanted to know if she could see me Wednesday and I had to tell her no.

"I promised Mary that I would see her tomorrow. You doing anything Thursday?"

"I don't have anything planned that I can't get out of."

"I'll see you Thursday then. About seven?"

"That'll work."

It was a Wednesday and I had two papers that I had to turn in Friday so I spent the morning at the library. I think that I pissed off mom because I was up before dad took his morning shower and she didn't get a chance at tasting my cock coating not that she would have tasted anything anyway since I'd stopped and washed.

When I got to work I stopped at the office to see where I was going to work that day and they put me with one of the new women, Tessie, working on the personnel files of the new hires.

I'd been there maybe an hour when Shelly came by and whispered "Five minutes?"

"Be there or be square" I said.

She was waiting at the door when I got there and I said, "A little eager are we?"

"If you only knew. Can we do anal today" she asked as I unlocked the padlock so we could go in. "I'll do you tomorrow."

"No problemo sweetie."

I was pounding away at Shelly's tight ass when the door opened and Andrea came in. She stood off to the side watching and Shelly whispered:

"She wanted to see it done lover. I think she wants to try it but she is a little scared."

"Then we need to give her a good show" I whispered back.

I started fucking Shelly faster and she moaned, "Oh God yes lover. Fuck me hard; fuck me hard and make me cum. Oh yes lover, yes, yes, yes; it feels so fucking good. Don't stop lover; fuck me hard and don't stop."

I banged away at her butt and out of the corner of my eye I saw that Andrea had lifted her skirt and was fingering herself as she started at what was taking place in front of her. Shelly had two loud orgasms before I busted me nut. As I pulled out of Shelly's pooper I glanced at Andrea and said:

"No, you can't be next. We've been gone too long as it is and we need to get back to work."

When she heard me talk Andrea suddenly realized that Shelly and I were watching her and she pulled her hand away from her pussy, let her skirt drop down and hurriedly left the room. Shelly went back to work and I hit the men's bathroom and washed my cock. When I got back to my desk I saw Shelly and Andrea talking and I wondered what they were talking about. Work? Or something a lot more fun.

Five minutes before quitting time Andrea came up to me and said, "I want to try it. When can we do it?"

"Not tonight" I said, "I've already made some plans that I can't get out of, but even so we can't do it during work hours. The first time I'm going to have to go very slow with you and we would be missed if we were gone that long. When is your husband due back?"

"Late tomorrow or early Thursday, but we can't do it at my house because I can't be sure that he won't come home early."

"If you are really sure you want to try we can do it here after we go off the clock."

"It's a date."

I didn't stop by Marge's office to say hi because I didn't want to have to say no to her if she wanted to play. It would be Monday before I could see her again. Tonight was the gangbang at Mary's, tomorrow was Gail's and Friday evening till sometime Sunday was Tasha's and then of course Gail would want the rest of Sunday when Tasha left for school.

When I got to Mary's the driveway was full and there was no room on the street in front of the house so I had to park a half block away. When I entered the house I saw Mary and five guys in the living room. I was surprised when I saw that two of the men were black. Mary saw me and said:

"Oh good. Now that you are here we can get started. Come on baby" she said as she took my hand, "Let's go up to the play room."

We went up the stairs and the five men followed along. When we got to the bedroom everyone started undressing. Mary stripped down until she was only wearing thigh high nylons and high heels and then she got on the bed. By the time I was naked she had her legs spread and was smiling up at me.

"Come on baby; I promised you that you would be first."

I'd been naked in front of guys before, but that was in a high school locker room. I felt weird being naked in front of five men who were as old as my father and in a sexual situation. Sure, I'd been naked in front of Tom in sexual situations, but I knew him and there was only one of him and not five guys that I had never seen before. Like I said – weird. Fortunately my dick had a mind of its own and right then it wanted Mary.

"Come on baby; it's hot wet, wanting and waiting,"

Once I sank my cock into her pussy, which was indeed hot and wet, nothing else mattered except getting off. It didn't even faze me when one of the guys stepped up and offered his cock to Mary's mouth. After that it was one huge sexual sensation as the five of us took turns. I got to see and participate in foursomes and even a five some. I saw a woman airtight for the first time in real life and it was way the hell above seeing it on a porn tape.

I was in Mary's ass when I heard a familiar voice say, "Oh shit! Fuck me."

I glanced over and saw mom standing there naked as the two black guys moved toward her. I could see that she wanted to turn and run, but before she could the two black guys were on her. One said:

"Damn Madge, you still look as sexy as you did twenty years ago. I never thought I'd get to fuck you again after you got engaged."

While he was talking to her the two guys were moving her toward the king size bed. I heard her say:

"I can't do this. I'm married."

The black guy who knew her twenty years ago said, "But you are naked and not screaming to get away."

You want weird? How about two black guys fucking your mom on the bed next to you? Seeing a black cock in her mouth and a black cock pounding her pussy? What is even more weird is seeing your mom with a black cock in her ass, a black cock in her pussy and hearing her moan:

"Sweet Jesus, but I have missed you guys."

But the weirdest part of the evening was making mom airtight with the two black dudes. Busting my nut in her ass while the other two were loading her pussy and her stomach.

After a while it was all repetitious. Mary, mom, six guys and any combination that you could think of. I did notice that the black dudes – Terrell and Marcus – seemed to spend more time with mom than Mary and I wondered about that. She had told me that she was a really wild child in college and I wondered if back then she had been a slut for blacks in general or just Terrell and Marcus.

It was ten when mom put a stop to her participation. "I have to get out of here. I'm expected home by ten-thirty."

Marcus said, "We will do this again won't we?"

Mom looked over at me buried in Mary's ass and said, "Maybe. We will just have to see."

She dressed and left and maybe twenty minutes later the guys started running out of steam and they began leaving. Pretty soon it was down to Mary, Terrell, Marcus and me. We had Mary airtight, me in her mouth, when Marcus asked me:

"How old are you?"

I didn't see that it mattered so I told him I was nineteen. I expected that he was going to ask me how I came to be fucking women old enough to be my mother, but he surprised me and asked:

"You ever have any chocolate pussy?"

"No. There was one girl in my class when I was going to high school that I would have loved to nail, but she wouldn't even talk to white guys. Why?"

"My wife has always wanted to try a young white boy. No idea why, but it is her biggest fantasy. She has never acted on it because she was afraid to go out and try to find one. I was thinking maybe I could just bring her one. You game?"

Now this might make me seem racist, but I'm not. Marcus was my mom's age and I assumed that his wife would be close to his age and most of the older black women that I have seen have all been on the large size and I never found any of them appealing. But I didn't want to upset Marcus because he was obviously Mary's friend (and also apparently my mom's) so I said:

"If she is willing I am."

"Before we leave give me your phone number."

By eleven Mary and I were alone.

"Was it as much fun as you thought it would be" Mary asked.

"And then some."

"Why was your mom here?"

"I don't know. I'm guessing that yesterday she overheard me tell Gail I was coming over here tonight and she figured that she would join the two of us like she did the last time. I doubt very much that she thought she would walk in on what she did. My biggest surprise there was that she didn't turn and run when she saw what was going on, I'm sure that I will hear all about it when I get home."

"That won't be until tomorrow lover. Right now we are going to shower and then you are going to cuddle up with me until we fall asleep."

Mary's morning blow job couldn't get me hard enough to fuck her so I ate her until she got off and then I dressed to leave.

"Want to do it again?" Mary asked as I zipped up my pants.

"Does a duck walk barefoot on the beach?"

Mary laughed and asked when and I suggested next Wednesday.

"You going to invite your mom?"

"I'll leave that to you. Inviting my mother to a gangbang would be just too weird even for me."

School was school and Gail joined me for lunch.

"We still on for tonight?"

"Absatively posalutely. Seven good for you?"

"I'll be ready." She was silent for a few and then she said, "You want more women in your life?"

"I don't know if I could handle any more. Why do you ask?"

"The other day Nancy asked me why you didn't like her."

"I don't dislike her. Why does she think that?"

"You haven't spoken to her since our aborted meeting here a while back."

"That's because ever since I got up and walked away she hasn't given me anything but nasty looks so I'm avoiding her."

We talked about things in general until I had to leave and I told her I would see her at seven.

At work I was put on entering invoices into the computer. Shelly had left early for a doctor's appointment which meant that I'd be fresh for Andrea. I was unlocking the padlock when she got there and I asked:

"Nervous?"

"Does it show?"

I just smiled and opened the door so she could go in.

"Last chance to back out" I said.

"Not likely. Not after spending the last twenty-four hours working up the nerve to be here and do it."

I pulled the air mattress off the table and dropped it on the floor. Andrea took off her panties and got on the mattress in the doggie position and I moved in behind her. Remembering Angie I said:

"Some girls love this and some girls hate it. I'm not going to lie to you and say that this is a piece of cake and not to worry. It is going to hurt at first, but the pain should fade after we get going. I'll go slow and take it easy until you tell me otherwise. Again, not ever girl likes it so if you turn out to be one of them just tell me and I'll stop."

I spent time working on her butt hole with fingers, thumb and KY until I thought I had her loose enough. She did give a little cry when I first pushed into her, but I took it real slow and easy. By the time I was in her as far as I could go she had stopped whimpering and was making a low moan that I hoped was a sign that she was adjusting to it.

I started the slow back and forth motion and waited to see if she would respond. It took a half dozen slow strokes before I felt her start to push back on me a little. A couple of more minutes and she said:

"A little harder please."

And we were off to the races. When I finally came and pulled out she rolled over on her back, smiled up at me and said:

"That was awesome. I want to do it again."

"Tomorrow? Same time?"

"Why not now?"

"Without a hot mouth to help it will take me a while to get back up and there are no facilities here in the basement for washing off my cock and I'm betting that you don't want to suck on it right out of your butt."

"Oh yeah. Right. Okay then, to morrow it is. Now what I have to figure out is how to get Dennis to do it."

"Just tell him that you want to try it and see what he says."

"He will wonder why I all of a sudden want anal sex and I can't very well tell him that one of my fringe benefits at my new job is having anal sex with the owner's son."

"Lie to him. Tell him that while he was gone you went to a bachelorette party for one of the girls you know and tell him that instead of having a male stripper in for the event the girls putting on the party showed porn tapes. Tell him you saw girls doing it on tape and you thought you might like to try it. If he says no you will still have me as backup."

She gave me a hot kiss, told me that she liked the way I thought and we dressed and left the room.

I had to go home and change before my date with Gail and I was dreading it. I expected that when I got home mom was going to want to talk. I was wrong. She didn't mention Wednesday night at all. She asked what I was going to do that night and I told her I had a date with Gail and all she said was:

"Have a nice time."

It came as no surprise to me that when I asked Gail "Where to" she said "A bed."

"I'm beginning to think that all you want me for is my body."

"And that's a bad thing?"

"No, I guess it isn't."

"It was a standard Gail night. Suck, fuck, suck, fuck, suck, fuck and then take her home. On the drive to her house she said:

"This isn't working for me Bobby."

"What isn't working for you?"

"Thursday and Sundays just aren't enough for me. With Mary and now Nat taking up some of your time I'm just not getting laid enough. I talked with Nancy this afternoon and she left me with the impression that she is going to take another run at you and that will cut into your available time even more. I'm trying like hell not to cheat on Tom, but it is getting to be more and more difficult. And I don't even know if he still wants me. I'm close to saying the hell with it and start dating again. At least that way I can get the three or four times a week that I need."

There wasn't much I could say to that. There was no way I could give her any more than I was giving her without giving up some of the others and I wasn't going to do that. Get real here. I was in hog heaven as far as pussy was concerned and I was well aware that I was living a dream compared to almost every other guy I knew my age or even a little older and I was also aware that I could wake up tomorrow and have none.

Think of it.

Only Gail and Natasha were my age. Mom, Mary, and Pam were twenty years older than I was. What was the honest likelihood that I would be doing anything at all with them? Marge, Shelly and Andrea were all at least seven or eight years older than me and mom, Pam, Shelly and Andrea were married and how likely was it that four married women would take up with a nineteen year old?

Oh no! It could all be gone away at the snap of your fingers. I was going to hold on for dear life.

Maybe I should take Gail over to Mary's next Wednesday. She ought to get enough there that my twice a week could hold her. I didn't waste any thought on the fact that if she did a gangbang she would be cheating on Tom because I had all ready written him off. If he still planned on a life with Gail she would have heard from him by now.

"Tell me what cheating means as far as you are concerned. Is it just physical? Just fucking? Or does there have to be an emotional involvement to make it cheating?"

"I guess ... oh fuck, I don't know. Shit!! Yes I do know. Dating another guy but not giving it up wouldn't be cheating at least as far as I'm concerned. Giving it up to another guy would be cheating emotional involvement or not. Why?"

"No reason. I had a thought, but it won't work."

"Oh no Bobby. You can't do that to me. What were you thinking?"

"If I told you you would get pissed at me and kick me out of your life."

"Don't be silly. I couldn't do that and you should know it. Come on Bobby, give."

I thought about it for a couple of seconds and then figured what the hell why not! She wasn't fazed by Tom and his mother and she accepted me into the relationship with no problem so why not put it out there.

"Okay, but you won't go for it because it would be cheating as far as you are concerned. Without going into how it happened I took part in a six man gangbang at Mary's last night and my thought was that if you could consider sex without any emotional entanglements as not cheating you could do that and it would satisfy you enough that you could get by with my twice a week."

"You're not serious?!!"

I just looked at her and she said, "You are! You are serious. Oh my God. Oh no. No! No way I could do that."

"I know that. That's why I didn't want to bring it up."

"You, Mary and five other guys? You have to tell me about it Bobby; you just have to."

I told her, omitting my mom, about the five other guys and described what we did.

"Three men at once? Oh my God! And two of them black? Oh my. My possible mother in law is a constant surprise to me. I'm sorry I pushed you into telling me. I won't be able to stop thinking about it. I just can't imagine three at once."

"Of course you can. You have had Tom and me in you at the same time. You had Tom in your pussy and me in your ass lots of times. All you have to do is add one for your mouth."

"I can't do it, but I will be thinking about it and visualizing it in my mind for weeks. Maybe even months."

By then I had her home and I walked her to the door, kissed her goodnight and then headed on home.

Mom and dad were in bed when I got home and I went right to bed. I woke up to mom's mouth on my cock and the sound of the shower in my ears. Once she saw I was awake she said:

"Just a preview of coming attractions motherfucker. May sure that you are here Saturday so I can give you the full feature. But right now I need to know if you told any of the guys at Mary's that I was your mother."

"They didn't find out from me."

"I don't think Mary would rat me out so I should be okay. Why didn't you tell me what you were going to be doing that night?"

"Why would I? I didn't even know that you knew I was going over there."

"I heard you on the phone talking to Gail."

"For what it is worth you were a big hit. Marcus and Terrell both heard you when you said, "Maybe. We will see" and both are hoping that you will be back next time."

"Next time? You are going to do it again?"

"Next Wednesday."

"Well I'm not going to be there."

"You sure? I heard you tell Marcus and Terrell that you really missed them."

"They were part of my past kiddo. A very enjoyable part of my past, but they need to stay in the past so the answer to your question is that I am sure. I am very sure."

School was school and at lunch time Gail showed up at my table with Nancy.

"May we join you" Gail asked knowing full well that I wouldn't say no to here.

"Of course you may."

They sat down and Nancy said, "Is the fence still in good enough shape for me to mend or is it beyond repair?"

"Nothing is ever beyond repair Nance."

"I'm sorry Bobby. I thought I was being cute, clever and original and I thought you would get a kick out of having a fan club. I screwed up and I'm sorry. Gail tells me that you are a forgiving sort."

"I am, but you are a little late. Natasha and I are back together now."

"So I blew it huh?"

"We are still friends Nance. I won't say that we will never be more than that, but who knows? Even though Natasha and I are back together she is sort of on probation. It may or may not work out for us, but you need to know that I really do want it to work."

"Then I guess I need to stay close so I'll be among the first to know if it goes south on you right?"

"I laughed and said, "Don't get too close. I'm a guy and guys can be distracted by great looking girls."

Nancy raised her eyebrows at that and gave me a small smile and Gail said:

"You might not know it Robert, but you just threw out a challenge."

"Not really. You know better than anyone my time constraints."

There was some more general conversation before it was time for me to go.

A work I got a bonus. Shelly, Andrea and I were sent to the basement to clean out and shred some old files. We worked at it until half an hour before quitting time and then Shelly pulled me toward the playroom and Andrea followed along behind.

You want weird? Picture this. The air mattress on the floor. Shelly on her knees on the mattress with most of her under the table. Andrea lying on the table with her pussy right on the edge and her legs spread wide. And Bobby? On his knees with his cock buried in Shelly's ass and his face buried in Andrea's pussy while his unanswered cell phone is sending Tasha's message that she is home to voicemail.

I don't know how, but I did manage to get the three of us off by quitting time. I kissed the two ladies goodbye and headed for the men's room to wash my cock and face before going to pick up Tasha.

When I arrived to pick up Tasha I got my usual smile from Pam and a half scowl from her father and then Tasha and I were on our way to dinner. After eating we went to the teen club and danced and socialized until around ten and then Tasha wanted to go play.

Given her horny nature I half expected that she would drag me into the motel room after going a week without, but she didn't. It occurred to me that she wasn't as needy as I expected because she had played some at school. For a brief second or so I was pissed, but then I remembered our agreement. And the of course there was Mom, Mary, Marge, Gail, Shelly and Andrea. I had to work hard at not being a hypocrite.

As I buried my face in Tasha's furry beaver I hoped that she had at least cleaned him (them?) out of her before giving it to me. I didn't normally mind taking cum from a lady's honey pot, but I did like to know whose it was.

Tasha wasn't happy when I told her that I wouldn't see her until two on Saturday. I told her that my mom had something that she wanted me to do Saturday morning. Hey! It wasn't a lie.

A hot mouth on my cock and a girlish voice asking if mommy's motherfucker wanted to come out and play started my morning. I didn't have to verbally answer the question. My stiff cock was all the answer that was needed.

As usual we started cowgirl and finished missionary. Sixty-nine and then anal. A wash job, a blow job, more anal and then mom fixed us breakfast. Over breakfast she brought up the mystery lady and I fibbed and said that I hadn't seen her in over a week. That got me an:

"Then obviously you don't really need her that much. Come on baby; help mommy out here."

I fibbed again and said that the only reason I hadn't seen her was that her Aunt Flo came to visit.

"I've never asked you for much baby, but I am asking you for this. Please baby?"

She was right. Mom was always giving and I don't mean just since she first climbed in my bed and she had never asked me for much. I thought on it while we ate and the weirdness of it kind of appealed to me and I wondered what it would be like to watch my mom and my dad's mistress going at it. Not that I thought it would ever happen if I did put them together. I think I knew Marge well enough to think it wouldn't bother her because she had made it clear that she had no interest in taking dad away from my mom. Mom was the wild card here. How would she react at seeing Marge and knowing that Marge was fucking dad? And me?

My main reason for not wanting to put them together was the fear of losing one (or both) of them, but the more I thought about it I came to realize that at the worst I would lose mom. Marge was kinky enough to get a kick out of knowing that she was having sex with every member of the family. And there was a good chance that even though mom might cut me off as soon as she saw who I'd set her up with she might come around if I kept dropping her cum laden panties on my bedroom floor for her to pick up and wash. I took a last sip of my coffee and said:

"No promises, but I'll ask her the next time I see her."

Mom gave a squeal of delight and jumped up and came over and sat on my lap. She gave me a hot kiss and said:

"You won't be sorry motherfucker. I promise you that you won't be sorry."

That remains to be seen I thought. Since we were eating breakfast naked mom's sitting on my lap and squirming around caused a very predictable reaction and we ended up going back to the bedroom. She wanted anal again so I obliged her. As I showered to get ready to go pick up Tasha I wondered how I was going to go about putting mom and Marge together.

I was driving over to pick up Tasha when my cell phone beeped. I didn't recognize the number on the screen as I flipped it open and said "Hello?"

"Bob?" asked a male voice.

"Yes, this is Bob."

"Bob this is Marcus Williams. We met at Mary's."

"Oh hi Marcus. How's it going?"

"Fairly well thank you. You remember what we talked about at Mary's?"

At first I didn't, but then I remembered. "Your wife's fantasy?"

"That's it. She wants to do it. You still willing?"

I pictured some Aunt Jemima looking woman in my mind, but then shook off the thought and said:

"Sure. When?"

"I know that it is short notice, but would tomorrow work for you?"

I thought for a minute before saying that it wouldn't. "I won't have an evening open until Monday."

"We'll take it."

"I won't get off work until six. How do you want to work it?"

"She wants you to pick her up here at the house. Say seven?"

"Are you sure?"

"It is part of her fantasy Bob. Part of the kick will be her being seen driving off with a young white boy. Can you treat it as a real date?"

"Of course."

"Not to be insulting, but are you okay for cash? I want this to go well for her so I will help out."

"I'm good. I'll see you at seven unless you call and cancel."

He gave me directions and we said goodbye.

I picked up Tasha and we had dinner at the Texas Roadhouse and then we headed for the teen club. The first person I saw was Eddie Wooters. When he saw Tasha and me he got up and hurriedly left. Going to be another one of those nights I thought as Tasha and I found a table and sat down. We danced for a bit and then I got up to use the bathroom, but before going back to our table I went out to the car and got the pepper spray and the stun gun.

When I got back to the table we danced for a bit and then Tasha said:

"Think we should get out of here before Eddie gets back with whoever it is that he left to get?"

"No. I'm not going to let him ruin the night."

"You can be so dense at times Bobby. That was my way of getting us out of here without sounding like a sex starved nymphomaniac. I want to go find a bed."

As we walked to the car I had my hand in my pocket ready to pull out the pepper spray or the stun gun, but we made it all the way to the car without seeing any sign of Eddie.

When I checked in at the Starlight the clerk asked me if I had given any more thought to the weekly or monthly rates and I fibbed and told her I'd checked my bank account and found that I wasn't in any shape to do it just yet.

Tasha surprised me. She usually wasn't too fond of anal, but our third time she asked me for it. Naturally I thought that whoever it was that she was seeing during the week was into anal and she was using our night to keep things from closing up too tight for him. Might not have been so. Might have been that she just wanted to do something special for me, but I couldn't help the thoughts I had. It was hard to avoid being a hypocrite, but I was trying.

Really, I was. When I took her home we parked a block away and necked for a bit and made a date to go running in the morning.

I picked her up at eight and we again ran the Black Diamond and again she pulled me behind the mid-point bushes. As she sucked me I kept an eye on the two trails above us, but no one ran them while Tasha and I were being bad. I had her home by eleven and as I pulled away from her house I gave Gail a call and arranged to pick her up at one.

Mom and dad were out somewhere when I got home so I sat down at the kitchen table and read through the ads in the morning paper looking for apartments. I found a couple that looked good and I circled them meaning to look into them later.

Gail and I caught a movie and then went to the arcade for a while and then we headed for the Starlight. I ate her and then I fucked her. We went sixty-nine and when I was ready again I did her doggie. As we rested up she asked:

"Are you really going to gangbang Mary again on Wednesday?"

"That's the plan."

"I just can't imagine it. I know that she is a very sexual person, but six guys? I just can't picture it."

"I'll grant you that gangbangs may not be for everyone, but Mary sure as hell enjoys them."

While we talked Gail had been fondling the equipment and when it showed signs of life she went down on me and got me hard. She climbed on me cowgirl and we went at it until I was ready to get off and then I rolled her onto her back and fucked her hard until I got off. I took her home after that and told her that I would see her Thursday unless something happened that would let me call her sooner. Even as I said it I knew that it wasn't likely. Monday would be Mrs. Williams and Tuesday was Marge. Wednesday was the gangbang so Thursday was going to be the soonest I could get back to her.

School was school and on the way to the cafeteria at lunch time I saw a line of newspaper machine like boxes and one of them said "Free Apartment Guides" and I grabbed one. I was sitting at the table reading it when Gail and Nancy joined me.

"Whatcha doing" Gail asked.

"Looking for an apartment."

"When you get it you had best not let me know where it is" Nancy said. "I might camp out in front of your door until you take me in."

We all laughed at that, but what neither of them knew was that Nancy's comment killed off any ideas I may have had about getting an apartment to use as a fuck pad. I could see it in my mind. Once I took someone to it they would know where it was and they could drop by whenever. I could see Gail showing up while I was doing mom or mom showing up while I was doing Pam. I pictured Tasha coming home early and catching me with my mom or even worse – catching me with hers. No indeed! It was going to be the Starlight and the daily rate!

At work I was sent to the loading dock. Shipping and Receiving were behind and needed help in catching up. Ten minutes before quitting time Andrea came out to the dock and handed me a piece of paper. I looked at it and saw it was blank as she said:

"That's in case anyone wonders why I am here. They will think I brought you something from the office. Can you meet me in the basement when you get off?"

"Sure."

"Thanks."

As she walked away Ben came up to me and said, "Now that is something that I would definitely like to tap."

"Me too. To bad she's married."

"Wouldn't stop me."

"Yeah, but you don't have to behave where daddy's employees are concerned."

I was unlocking the padlock when she got there. Once inside the room she asked:

"Do you have room in your busy schedule for me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I hear that you have a girlfriend and then there is Shelly. Gloria and Tina both want you and I understand that Gloria did have you for a while."

"That is over and Tina actually ran away from me."

"Whatever. What I do know is that they both want you. My problem is that I do too and that's why I'm asking you if you can fit me in."

"Why? I thought things were good with your husband."

"Dennis is marvelous when it comes to straight sex and I love him to death, but he has problems. You already know how he is when it comes to oral sex and, well, he is the same way about anal sex. I did what you suggested and on Friday he did give it a try and he seemed to like it. The problem came when he pulled out of me and saw shit on his dick. He ran into the bathroom and heaved. Saturday night I took an enema to make sure I was cleaned out and we did it again. When it was over even though there wasn't anything on his dick he still went to the bathroom and threw up.

"My problem is that now, thanks to you, I am as hooked on anal sex as I am on oral. I've adopted Shelly's outlook. I'll continue to try and fuck Dennis to death with my pussy and get my oral and anal elsewhere. So my question again is can you fit me into your schedule?"

"I'll do my best."

"That's all I can ask for" she said as she took off her panties and bent forward over the table.

I showed up at 411 Campbell Street and rang the doorbell. Marcus opened up the door and smiled when he saw me.

"I was afraid that you would chicken out."

"Not a chance. How many guys my age ever get an offer like this?"

"Come on in. Tash is still getting ready."

"Tash?"

"Her name is Natasha, but most people call her Nat. I call her Tash. While we are waiting I'll give you a quick run down on what is going on. It was about twenty years ago and the sexual side of our marriage was going downhill. We recognized it and talked about how to keep it from going into the toilet. We agreed to spice things up for a while and did different things like role playing and some other stuff. It worked for a while, but then started fading again.

"One day Tash asked me if I had any fantasies and of course I did so I told her what mine were and asked her what hers were. It took a couple of months of talking about it, but we finally decided to live out those fantasies. Twice a year we each get to live out one of our fantasies and tonight you are here to help her live out one of hers.

You need to know that the fantasy does not have a time limit. It lasts until it is over then there has to be at least a six month wait until you can try the next one. I know it sounds radical, but it saved us. You have to really be in love and trust your partner to do it, but it has been more than worth the effort.

"You could be Tash's boy-toy for a night, a week or even a year until she decides to call it quits. Or until you do. All I'm asking is that you do whatever she wants for as long as you can. You may want to bail after this one night, but even if you do at least try and give her whatever while you are with her."

"I'll do my best."

"I'd have to say from the cries I heard from Mary and Madge that your best will be more than good enough. By the way; one of my fantasies was to go back and relive the fun of my college days and that is what I was doing at Mary's the other night and what I'll hopefully be doing it at Mary's for quite a while to come."

Just then his wife appeared at the top of the stairs. I wasn't sure what I expected, but it wasn't what I'd thought it would be. I had wondered if she was going to be one of those big matronly colored women and she was. Not big and matronly, but BIG! She was better than six foot. I'd say six two or three in her bare feet and that gave her three inches on me. I'd guess her to be about one sixty and every pound that she had over a hundred was in her tits and ass. I could get lost in her cleavage. She was at least my mom's age (no surprise there) and she was stunning!

I gasped as she started down the stairs and Marcus whispered, "She sure is something isn't she?"

"She's magnificent" I whispered back. "There isn't any way in hell that I can do that much woman justice. She deserves a guy with a foot long dick. She is going to send me home with my tail tucked between my legs and too ashamed to come back out of the house."

"Nonsense. From what I saw at Mary's we are about the same size and I take care of her just fine."

By then Natasha was at the bottom of the steps and she asked, "And just what are you two whispering about?"

Before Marcus could say anything I said, "We were just talking about how disappointed I am."

She gave me a nasty look and snarled, "You are disappointed in me?"

"Yep. You must have seen me get out of my car when I got here and noticed that you were taller than me so you went back upstairs and put a pair of flats on. With legs like those you should be wearing at least a four inch heel and I was disappointed that you didn't want to look your best for me. I want the woman on my arm looking her absolute best and for a woman like you that means high heels and the higher the better."

"My god Marcus. A white boy with a sense of style. Where ever did you find him? Don't you dare go away. I'll be right back."

She headed back up the stairs and Marcus looked at me and laughed and said:

"You own her now Bobby. After that you can do no wrong. Fuck! I might not even get her back."

Natasha came back down in a pair of 'come fuck me' pumps with a five inch heel and she did a pirouette in front of us and asked "Better?"

"I think that I might have just set myself up for some hurt. I'm going to be fighting to keep guys away from you all night."

She laughed and said, "I might just have to keep him Marcus. So White Boy, are ready?"

"I'm yours to command my Nubian Queen."

She laughed again and said, "Fix him up a room Marcus; I'm going to keep him."

We walked to the car and I got the door for her. She got in and I went over to the driver's side and got in. I was just turning the key when I heard her exclaim:

"Shit!! She wasn't supposed to be home tonight!"

I looked to where she was looking and saw a young brown girl looking at us.

"You know her?"

"Our youngest daughter. She is supposed to be working. She wasn't supposed to see me with you."

"You want to cancel? Get out and make up some reasonably sounding excuse?"

"What? And give up my silver tongued white boy? Fat chance of that."

I pulled away and she asked, "What are we going to do?"

"I'm taking us to dinner at a place my friends frequent. I want everyone to see you with me and to be envious of my good fortune. After that I place myself in your hands. This is your fantasy night although I do have to say that it is working out pretty damned well for me too."

"You do have one hell of a line White Boy."

I took her dinner at the Texas Roadhouse and I was in luck as there were at least twenty people there that I knew. It had the effect that I had hoped for. The guys couldn't take their eyes off Natasha and the girls (most of whom I had know for years and who wouldn't have anything to do with me when I was in high school) were looking at Natasha with looks that said:

"What does Bobby have that a woman like that is with him?"

When we were through with dinner I asked, "What now Tasha?"

"Tasha?"

"You are unique my queen and I need my own special name for you."

She grabbed the lapels of my sports coat and, surprising me and everyone else who was watching, pulled me to her and gave me a kiss that curled my toes. She sent her tongue searching and I gave her a little back. She broke the kiss and said:

"My immediate thought is to find a strong bed, but I want to play a little first. Get me out of here."

Once in the car I asked "What now my queen?"

"Do you have a fake ID?"

"No."

"No matter. I'm sure I can get you in."

She gave me directions to a club and when we got there she said, "Don't sweat it White Boy; you're with me."

There was a very large black man at the door and he greeted Tasha by name and ignored me except for collecting the twenty dollars a head cover charge.

We walked inside and I almost turned and ran. I was the only white male in the place. There were a couple of white girls, but they didn't stand out like I did.

"Steady White Boy; don't forget that you are with me."

We found a table and sat and a waitress came over.

"The usual Nat?"

"As always Sherry."

"And you sir?"

"Beer. Whatever is the coldest."

The waitress walked away and Tasha laughed.

"She called you sir. In all the years I've come in here I've never heard her use that word before."

"She thinks that I must be special or you wouldn't be with me."

"Are you special White Boy?"

"Hell no. I'm just one lucky assed white boy who happened to be in the right place at the right time."

"I'm going to flaunt you White Boy. Almost every man in here tonight has tried to get into my panties and almost all of them never made it. The two who did have larger – much larger – than average dicks so I have a reputation as a size queen and since I am going to make it obvious to everyone here that I intend to fuck your eyes out tonight they are all going to assume that you are hung like a horse.

"It is going to piss a lot of them off, but that is what I'm hoping for. You will hear some nasty remarks and some racial remarks, but ignore them. They won't press them because they all know me and my temper. Just ride with it White Boy and I'll see to it that you are amply rewarded."

"I already told you that I want men to see me with you and wish that they were me. My attitude is "Eat your hearts out dudes. She is mine." And you are you know. At least for tonight."

"There you go again. My very own silver tongued white boy."

Sherry brought us our drinks and after a couple of sips Tasha said that she wanted to dance. I told her okay, but I insisted that we do it my way.

"Oh? And what way is that?"

"You don't bend down and put your head on my shoulder. I'm not the least bit embarrassed that you are taller. I want you upright and regal. Look defiantly around the room and let your eyes tell everyone that I am YOUR white boy and that they can all go and suck eggs."

We had a great time. We got a lot of hateful stares, but I was thinking that is what she wanted. When we danced close my nose was almost in her cleavage and some part of her was almost always in contact with my erection. She dry fucked me during one dance and kissed me with tongue during two or three others. She made sure that she got plenty of mileage out of flaunting her white boy.

Finally she said, "I'm ready to find that strong bed now. How about you?"

"More than ready and just a bit scared."

"Scared? Why?"

"Afraid that I'll disappoint. I've never before had as much woman as I am with tonight."

"Oh yes indeed White Boy; I am seriously going to consider keeping you. Right now I need to hit the lady's room."

"I'd better go too."

I was just zipping up when two guys came into the room.

"What you trying to pull asshole? Where do you get off messing with our women?"

"You need to be taught a lesson" the other guy said.

Not being a total dumb ass I had recognized the part of town we were in when Tasha brought us to the club and I half expected some kind of trouble so I had my stun gun and pepper spray in my pocket.

Naturally since there were two of them they expected to intimidate me and the last thing that they expected was that I would attack. I left both of them flopping around on the bathroom floor as I exited the bathroom. I saw from the faces of a few people that they hadn't expected to see me walk out of the room.

I collected Tasha and we headed for the Starlight. As I pulled out of the club's parking lot I asked:

"Did you tweak the noses of the ones you wanted to?"

"Oh yes indeed White Boy. There is no doubt in the minds of anyone who watched us on the dance floor or saw the way we behaved at our table that you are going to see me with my clothes off tonight."

She slid over next to me and went for my zipper. She worked my cock out as she said:

"I need to get a look at what was poking into me all night."

She stroked me for a bit and then said, "Watch your driving" as she leaned over and took me in her mouth. After a mile or so she took her mouth off my cock and laughed.

"If they could only see me now with a young white boy's cock in my mouth."

She went back to sucking and licking and had me almost ready to blow by the time I got to the Starlight. I parked the car and told her I was ready to blow in case she didn't like cum in her mouth, but she kept sucking until I let loose and then she swallowed it all.

"Not bad" she said as she licked her lips. "Not bad at all."

Once in the room we undressed each other and naked she was magnificent!! I was staring at her mouth watering breasts when she said:

"Like them? Forty-two Ds and they love attention."

I gave them what they loved. I sucked them and licked them and played with her nipples with my right hand while my left worked on her pussy. Her moans led me to believe that I was doing something right. I got her on the bed and we tongue wrestled for a bit and then I licked and kissed my way from her mouth down to her pussy.

Her pussy was bald and I dove right in with my tongue and I ate her to an orgasm and then I moved up, put her legs, still wearing her five inch heels, up on my shoulders and then fucked her. I got her off twice before I got mine and then I surprised her when I pulled out and went back down on her again. After a couple of minutes she gasped:

"I want mine White Boy; I want mine."

I moved into a sixty-nine and we stayed there until I was hard again and then I did her doggie while watching her huge tits sway back and forth in the dresser mirror. She got off three times before I got mine and then I rolled her on her back and went after those fantastic tits again. She tried to pull me into another sixty-nine, but I wouldn't let her because I wanted those tits. She did fondle me and I did start to react.

When I was stiff though not really hard I did something that I had never done before. I moved up, straddled her and tit fucked her. She held those fun bags pressed against my cock and moaned:

"Fuck them White Boy; fuck them."

When I was rock hard I got off her and went into the bathroom where they had little complimentary bottles of shampoo and conditioner and I grabbed them and went back to the bed. I got Tasha into the doggie position and pushed my cock into her. I slowly fucked her as I started working on her rosebud with my thumb, fingers and the shampoo.

"What are you doing? Stop that."

"No way. I'm going to fuck this magnificent ass."

"I don't do that. Stop it!"

"You don't do it for anyone else maybe, but this ass belongs to the white boy tonight and he is going to fuck it and make it his."

"I don't want it. Stop it right now!"

I ignored her and kept working on the hole with my thumb, fingers and the liquids. She kept saying no and telling me that she didn't want it, but all she had to do to stop it was fall forward on the bed and she knew it. She stayed on her hands and knees and pushed back at me as I drove forward into her pussy with my cock.

When I felt that she was ready I pulled out of her pussy and put the head of my cock against her rosebud and applied pressure. I would stop if she fell forward, but as long as she stayed in the doggie she was going to get ass fucked.

"No damn it! I don't want it in my ass."

"It isn't your ass; it is mine and I'm taking it."

As I slowly pushed I said, "I'm marking my territory. The white boy is making you his bitch!"

I popped past the sphincter and said, "You are the white boy's bitch now. Say it. Say I'm your bitch White Boy."

She didn't say anything, just moaned and whimpered as I slowly worked my cock into her ass.

"Say it Tasha. Say I'm your bitch White Boy. Say it!"

Still nothing but moans and whimpers. I was all the way in and I slowly started the forward and back motion.

"Come on Tasha; who owns you now? Whose ass am I in?"

The whimpers had stopped, but the low moan remained and I felt her muscles squeezing my cock.

"Come on Tasha, say it."

I felt her starting to push back and I smiled.

"Say it Tasha, say it."

She slammed her ass back at me and snarled, "Fuck you motherfucker."

For maybe a half second my mind asked "How does she know?" and then I pushed the thought aside and said:

"Say it Tasha. Whose ass am I fucking. Who is my bitch?"

"Fuck you!"

I stopped my in and back strokes and just held myself still. I waited for a couple of seconds and then said:

"Say it Tasha. You know what I want to hear."

She screamed, "Fuck me damn you. Fuck your bitch! Fuck me you bastard."

I started fucking her and after maybe a minute she was moaning, "Fuck my ass, fuck your bitch, make your bitch cum" as she pushed herself back at me. I know she got off at least once and I think she may have gotten off a couple of more times before I got mine.

I pulled out of her butt and she fell forward onto the bed. I looked down at her pretty pleased with myself and then she surprised and shocked the hell out of me. She rolled over, sat up and captured my cock in her mouth and licked it and sucked it. Then she pulled me down and rolled me onto my back. I did mention that she was big right? She pinned my shoulders and pushed her face down into mine and snarled:

"Kiss me motherfucker; kiss your bitch and taste your fucking ass."

And I did it. My shoulders were pinned but my hands were free and I pinched, pulled and tweaked the nipples on her great tits as I sent my tongue searching in her mouth. She broke the kiss and said:

"Damn you White Boy; God damn you!"

She rolled off me and I got up and went into the bathroom and washed my cock. I got back on the bed and laid down in such a way that she could suck my dick if she wanted to and then I went to work on her pussy. It was maybe a minute or so after I started munching on her honey pot that I felt her mouth on my cock. When I was hard again I asked:

"Where do you want this one my Nubian queen?"

Her choices of course being ass, pussy or mouth and she looked at me and snarled:

"Don't be giving me any of that Nubian shit motherfucker. I'm your bitch now. Use me."

"Okay then; on your knees bitch!"

She got into the doggie position and I took her ass for the second time after which we fell asleep. That wasn't supposed to happen. I was supposed to get her home around one, but we fell asleep. I woke up around one because Tasha had my cock in her mouth and when I was awake and hard she got on top and said:

"Fuck me motherfucker; fuck me."

I got us both off and then we fell asleep again. I woke up around four and moved between her legs and ate her until she came awake and then I took her missionary after which we again fell asleep. She woke me up at six by shaking me and when I opened my eyes she said:

"Hurry up and get dressed. We have to get the hell out of here. I have to be home before Marcus and Vonda wake up."

I drove like a crazy man to get her home and it was a miracle that I didn't get stopped for speeding. When I pulled up in front of the house I said:

"I don't have any classes tomorrow. Can we get together?"

"I don't know White Boy. Call me after Marcus has gone to work and Vonda has left for school. Around eight-thirty or so."

She leaned over and kissed me with some tongue and then I walked her to her door and took her in my arms and kissed her again.

"I hope that your white boy fantasy was all that you hoped that it would be" and then I kissed her one more time and left her standing there. She stood there watching me until the car was out of sight.

School was school – same old same old – at least until lunch time. I'd no sooner set my tray down on the table than a pissed off milk chocolate brown girl walked up to the table and said:

"Are you fucking my mother you asshole?"

I finished sitting down, took a sip of my Vernor's and said, "And a good morning to you too Vonda."

"Answer my question."

"Why should I? As I remember it every time I tried to talk to you while we were in high school you stuck up your nose and turned your back on me so why should I talk to you now?"

"Just answer the damned question."

"I don't think so. Why don't you go and ask your mother?"

"Yeah! Right! I saw her leave with you last night and I saw you bring her home this morning and I saw the two of you kiss."

"Shame, shame on you Vonda Williams. Spying on your mother. Tsk, tsk."

I started eating my lunch and ignored her much as she had ignored me from the eighth grade on.

"I'm waiting Marchant. I want an answer."

I ignored her and ate my lunch. Finally she snarled "Fuck you" and stormed off. I debated calling Marcus and Tasha, but decided not to. I doubted that she would approach her parents on it so why say anything that might cause a problem.

I was breaking down a shipment on the loading dock when Andrea came down from the office and said:

"Marge asked me to bring this to you" and she handed me a piece of paper. I read it and all it was was one word.

"Please?" I folded it up and put it in my pocket. Ben was watching Andrea walking away and he said:

"One lucky son of a bitch."

"Who? I asked.

"Her husband. Imagine having something like that around full time."

"She is nice isn't she."

"Fantastic is what she is. I have a cousin who always says that he would suck the dick that was fucking her when he sees a woman like that. I always thought that it was a stupid thing to say until Andrea started working here."

"You would do that?"

"What? Oh fuck no. That's just a saying to show how much you would like to have her. Something like "I'd eat a mile of her shit just to see where it came from. I will say this about her thought. She is purely table grade pussy. You do know what table grade means right?"

"Can't say as I do."

"It means that you would eat it even if you could never fuck it."

For some reason that made me think of Shelly. I shrugged and got back to work.

I swung by the office and stuck my head in Marge's office to see if she was in. She was and when she saw me she smiled.

"The answer is yes and the question had better be "Do you want to?" I'll need an hour though. I need to finish up all this paperwork before I can leave."

"See you in an hour."

Andrea was waiting when I got down to the basement. As I was unlocking the door she said:

"Shelly is pissed at me."

"Whatever for?"

"Because I can be here and she can't."

I shrugged and said, "She needs to convince her hubby that he needs to get a job like Dennis has and then she wouldn't need to hurry home every night."

Once in the room I asked, "What will it be tonight?"

"Some sixty-nine and then some pooper packing?"

"I only have an hour so we had better get to it."

"What? No romance?"

"You don't want romance and you know it. You just want what Dennis can't give you."

"Yes, there is that" she said as she took off her panties and pushed the air mattress onto the floor and I gave her what she wanted.

"Tomorrow?" she asked as she pulled her panties back on.

"I'll be short on time tomorrow so it will only be oral if that is okay with you."

"I'll take what I can get."

As I was heading for Marge's I took out my phone and called Marcus. I'd thought on it all afternoon and finally decided that he and Tasha needed to know about Vonda. When he answered and I let him know who he was talking to I said:

"We have a problem."

"What kind of a problem?"

"Remember at Mary's that you asked me if I'd ever had any chocolate pussy and I told you that there was one girl that I really wanted to nail in high school but she wouldn't even talk to white guys?"

"Yes. I remember."

"Well I saw her last night as your wife and I were getting into my car and she saw us. She also saw us when I brought Natasha home. This afternoon at lunch she came up to me and asked me if I was fucking her mother."

"What?"

"The girl was Vonda. Your daughter."

"You are shitting me!"

"Not the least little bit."

I told him what had happened at lunch and then said, "I thought you should know."

"She actually asked if you were fucking her mother?"

"Word for word."

"Damn! I'd better go talk with Tash. Thanks for calling."

I parked my usual block over and walked back getting there just as Marge got home. She didn't want any foreplay so we got right to it. We went three times with some oral in between and as we lay there catching our breath after the third time I said:

"My girlfriend is still pushing hard for me to set the two of you up and I've decided to give in. Are you interested?"

"Of course I am. When?"

"I've got something going every night this week so how about we set it up for Monday?"

"Why not set it up for this week? You don't have to be there for it."

"I do need to be there for it. I fully expect that by setting it up I'm going to lose one or both of you so I want that last time. I'll set it up, but we will do it my way" and then I explained how I wanted to do it and why.

"You are being overly dramatic here stud."

"No I'm not. It is going to bite me on my ass and I know it, but I'm in love with you both and I want to do things for you even if it does cost me."

I didn't wash before going home. It no longer mattered whether mom tasted mystery woman on me or not. The die was cast.

When I got home I found that mom had fallen asleep on the couch while reading a book. I thought about going straight up to my room, but instead I shook mom's shoulder and woke her up. She asked what time it was and I told her it was a little after ten.

"I wasn't going to wake you up. I was just going to take out my mystery woman coated cock and lay it under your nose to see if the scent might have woken you up. But then I thought that dad might walk in on us and I didn't want to chance it."

"Your father went to bed early with a headache, but you're right. He could wake up."

She stood up, took me by the hand and led me out into the garage. We got on the backseat of her car and she said:

"Take it out for me."

I did and she licked and sucked it until I was hard and then she pulled up her skirt and took off her panties.

"I shouldn't do this for you since you won't set me up with her, but I can't be heartless and leave you hang after getting you up."

She spread her legs in invitation and of course I accepted. As I sank my cock into her I was thinking that my life since turning eighteen was nothing but weird. Here I was fucking my mom on the back seat of her car in my parent's garage and with my dad sleeping no more than forty feet away. Weird man; just fucking weird.

Once we had both gotten off and I was still inside her going soft I said:

"If you are a good little girl I'll take you to see mystery woman next Monday."

She squealed with delight and pulled me down and kissed me with a lot of tongue and then said:

"Don't you mean that if I'm a bad little girl? You do want me to be bad don't you?"

"Yeah. I guess I do."

"Okay then; let's change cars."

"What?"

"Change cars. You've had me on your back seat and we've just done it on my back seat and there is still one to christen – your dad's back seat. So let's change cars so I can be bad on your father's back seat."

Suddenly it occurred to me that I now knew where I got 'my weird' from. We moved to the back seat of dad's car and mom was bad. Really, really bad. I helped.

I was all caught up with my school work so I didn't have to get up and go to the library. Mom woke me up with her own built in alarm clock – her mouth – after dad left for work. Once I was up she climbed over me and settled down on me cowgirl and slowly rode me. She bent down and kissed me and asked:

"Did you mean it? Did you really mean it? I'm going to meet my mystery lady?"

"On Monday, but only if you agree to do it my way."

"Your way? What is that?"

I explained how I wanted it done and she gave me a strange look and said:

"That is just so stupid. You are letting your fears scramble your brains."

"No I'm not. I know that there is a better than even chance that the outcome of you two getting together is going to be that I'm going to lose one or both of you so I want to be sure that I get one last time with each of you so it is either my way or it won't happen."

"Whatever! Right now we need to finish. I've got a busy day in front of me and I need to get going on it."

I rolled her on her back and did her hard until we both got off and then I let her get up and head for the shower.

While she was showering I called Tasha. When she answered the phone I said:

"Good morning my queen. Miss your young white boy?"

"More than you can possibly know."

"Would you like to get together today?"

"No."

"No? You miss me more that I can possibly know and you don't want to get together? I thought we had something going."

"We did White Boy; we did. I want to see you, but I don't dare. I don't know how to explain it White Boy, but you are dangerous."

"Me? Dangerous?"

"You are. I'm no spring chicken. I'm a very sexual woman and I've led a very active sexual life. I've been with over a hundred different men and a lot of them were very good lovers. A couple of them were exceptional, but not one of them had the effect on me that you had. Not one of them was ever in my ass. Marcus has never been in my ass. But you were. And even though I fought like hell to keep all of the others out you made me take it. I told you to stop; I told you that I didn't do that and I told you that I didn't want it, but I let you have it. I have no idea why, but I gave it up to you.

"I love Marcus to death. I would kill for the man and if need be I'd die for him, but as much as I care for him and as much as he means to me if you would have said to me, "Come on bitch. We're leaving and going of to somewhere where we can be together from now on" I would have gone. I don't know how it happened. I don't understand it, but when you told me that you were going to make me your bitch you actually did it.

"You made me your bitch White Boy! I don't know how a nineteen year old boy could do that to a forty-four year old woman, but you did. When I was with you you owned me. I would have done whatever you said. But it was only while I was in your physical presence. Away from you I am clear headed so as much as I want to be with you I can not allow myself to be near you. So yes White Boy; you are dangerous. I can not allow myself to be near you. I can't see you again. Please don't call me again" and she hung up on me.

I stared at the phone in my hand and thought, "Wow! What a shot for my ego." But I didn't believe it. She said it herself. How could a nineteen year old do that to a forty-four year old woman? Simple. He couldn't. I didn't affect Mary, mom or Pam that way and they were in their forties. Late thirties anyway. No. Natasha couldn't be right. It must have been the drinks she had that night. Or an overactive imagination.

It was shipping and receiving for me at work, but this time it was Shelly who came down to the loading dock. She handed me a piece of paper and went back to the office. Ben wasn't around to make any lustful comments as I watched Shelly's ass wiggle away so I was alone to read the note.

"Mike is working late so I don't need to rush home. I'm hurting. Please?"

Once in the room I asked, "What's your pleasure pretty lady?"

"I need both lover. Have you got the time?"

I did and I saw to it that she had an enjoyable "both" before we were done. As she was pulling on her panties she said:

"Mark is going out of town for a week. He will be gone from Sunday night until late Friday or early Saturday. Give you any ideas?"

"A couple."

"Any that I might like?"

"A couple."

She kissed me and hurried off.

Once again there was a lack of parking in front of Mary's and I had to park a block away and walk back.

Mary was in the living room and she was alone. She saw the confused look on my face and said:

"They are all upstairs. I'm down here because I promised you that you would be first. A couple of them are pissed that I'm making them wait so they have to get seconds after a kid. All I can say to that is "fuck 'em. Are you ready for me lover?"

"As always sexy lady."

"Come on then lover; let's go up and see your surprise."

"Surprise?"

"Oh yes lover. You are going to be surprised."

And I was.

"Are you ready for me lover?"

"As always sexy lady."

"Come on then; let's go up and see your surprise."

"Surprise?"

"Oh yes lover; you will be surprised."

And I was.

I entered the bedroom to see my mom in a four way with Terrell, Marcus and one other black guy that I hadn't seen before and two more black guys were standing there watching and waiting for an open hole.

"That's your mom (Mary whispered in my ear) reliving her glory days. She was the basketball team's private slut in her senior year. There were three white guys on the team, but they had girlfriends who wouldn't let them get even close to Madge. She showed up here at four. Said she didn't want to miss even a minute of the fun."

"That's not much of a surprise. From the way she said, "Maybe. We'll see" the last time we did this it really isn't much of a surprise for me."

"Oh no lover; this is not the surprise. The surprise is across the hall in Tom's bedroom."

We walked over to Tom's room and the door was open and I looked into the room and saw Gloria on Tom's bed. She was in the doggie with a white cock in her pussy or ass – couldn't tell from where I was standing – and a black cock in her mouth. There were four other guys getting ready to join in or wait their turn.

"She arrived at five-thirty, said you had told her all about what we were doing and she wanted to know if she could play too. She has seen your mom and the question is do you want her seeing you with your mom?"

"She didn't run screaming from you and Tom so I doubt that other than the initial surprise it will bother her. I'll probably get razed over it, but that will be about all."

"Then how about you get your clothes off and let us get to it."

We joined mom and her group on the king sized bed and Marcus gave me a smile and a 'fist bump' as I settled in between Mary's legs. After that it was pretty much suck and fuck in various combinations as the twelve men sank their cocks into the available holes of the three women.

I did get a raised eyebrow out of Gail when she came into the room and saw me with my cock in my mom's ass as two other guys whose names I didn't even know used her other two holes. About an hour later I did get a whispered:

"Now I know why I'm only getting Thursday and Sunday."

Mom had to leave at ten to be home by ten-thirty and Marcus walked her out to her car. He was gone a good fifteen minutes and when he came back I teasingly said:

"Going to dump Natasha and go after the married white lady?"

"Would you keep Tash happy if I did?"

"Don't think so. I'm pretty sure she got her young white boy fantasy out of her system. She said no when I asked her if she would like to do it again. The white girl good enough to pull you away from your magnificent Nubian Queen?"

"Not hardly, but I do like playing with Madge. I'm trying to set something up for other than a Wednesday. I'd kind of like having her to myself once in a while."

"Well good luck with that."

"I heard through the grapevine that you made a few enemies and earned some respect the other night."

"Oh?"

"I'm pretty good friends with the owner of the place and he told me that you left a mess on his men's room floor for him to clean up."

"Had to do it. Couldn't let them interfere with my night with Tash."

"I think I lucked out and got the perfect white boy for my baby."

"Speaking of your baby. How are things on the home front?"

"In what way?"

"Any fallout from what Vonda saw?"

"No and I doubt that there will be. I can't imagine her going to Tash about it or coming to me. It isn't like she saw you doing it."

"No, but she did see me bring Tash home at six in the morning and she saw us kiss and it wasn't a peck on the cheek kiss."

"I doubt that it will hurt her any to think that her mom is a hottie. What you need to be afraid of is that Vonda doesn't decide to find out just what it is that mommy finds so interesting about young white boys."

"I doubt that I'll need to sweat that. She has turned her nose up at me since the eighth grade."

"That was then young white boy; this is now and things change over the years."

"Maybe so, but I'm in no hurry to have her daddy coming after me with a shotgun."

He laughed and said, "There is that."

It was down to me, Marcus, Terrell and three of the other black guys whose names I never did get and the six of us had Mary and Gail to play with. Terrell was on his back and Gail was on his cock cowgirl, but leaning forward so I

could plug her ass. Marcus and one of the other black guys had Mary in the same configuration and the other two men were off to the side watching and waiting to recover.

Gail asked Mary if it was going to happen again next Wednesday and Mary asked:

"Do you want it to?"

Marcus said, "I damned sure do" and there was a chorus of "So do I" and a "You bet" or two.

Mary laughed and said, "There's your answer girl. Why? Do you want to do it again?"

"I don't even want to stop. Anyway we can keep it going?"

Mary laughed again and Terrell said to Gail, "You can come home with me and I'm sure that I can get a couple of dozen friends over and I'll bet we could keep you busy."

"She can't" I said. "She has something going tomorrow that she can't get out of."

"Spoil sport" Gail said.

"You two? A couple?" Marcus said. "I never would have guessed."

"A long and very boring story. I will see to it that there is nothing in the way that will keep her from coming back next week."

About then I came and I got off to let one of the others in. I grabbed my clothes and said:

"I'd like to stay longer, but I have a morning class that I can't miss."

Terrell asked, "You just going to take off and leave your girl here?"

"Hell Terrell; I doubt that I could get her out of here with dynamite. If I know the sex crazy little slut as well as I think I do she will be here calling out "Next" when none of you dudes can't get it up anymore."

I kissed both Gail and Mary, said good night and headed on home.

I woke up to the sound of the shower and the hot feeling of my mom's mouth on my dick. When she saw I was awake she said:

"See if you can get home early tonight. I need to have a talk with you."

Just then the shower stopped and she said, "Got to run baby. See you tonight" and she ran off leaving me with a raging hard on. I grabbed the ever present pair of dirty panties, deposited a load in them and dropped them on the floor for mom to find and wash.

School was school and at lunch time Gail joined me.

"Didn't expect that did you?"

"Not at all. What happened to the 'no cheating on Tom' position?"

"I finally accepted that I'm not in his new life. You were right last night."

"In what way?"

"I was still wanting when they were all wiped out. I never would have believed that I could do something like that. Who knew? Mary says it's on for next week so I'll be there again."

While we were talking I saw Vonda Williams come in and take a seat where she could watch me. As far as I could tell she never took her eyes off of me the entire time I was there. Could Marcus have been right?

Gail surprised me when I asked her what time I should pick her up after school.

"I've got other plans Bobby."

"Oh?"

"Terrell and one of the other guys asked me to meet them tonight."

"Well okay. Have fun. Talk to you later."

I got up and left. I was just slightly pissed off and not with Gail. After all, she wasn't really mine, but I had made it plain to all there that I had something going with Gail for Thursday and the assholes went after her anyway once I was gone.

At work it was the machine shop for me. They were behind on powder coating so I was put to work bead blasting the pieces that had to be coated. No visits or notes from Shelly or Andrea so I stopped by Marge's office at quitting time. She smiled at me and said:

"Not tonight stud. My mother and sister are taking me out to dinner, but we do need to get together to talk about Monday. It is still on right?"

"Still on, but I'm not looking forward to the outcome."

"Oh give it up stud! It isn't going to be bad at all."

"Whatever."

"How about we talk tomorrow night about this time."

"See you then.

When I got outside I found Andrea sitting on the left front fender of my car.

"Dennis is on a run and won't be home until Saturday. Want to follow me home?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"You said that you were going to do what Shelly does. Her husband fucks her just fine so she will only do with me what he won't do with her. Is that your stance also?"

"Pretty much."

"Then no; I won't follow you home."

"Why not?"

"Because I'll want your pussy and I'll keep trying to get it and you will end up being pissed at me. I'd rather not screw up what we have so I'll pass on going home with you."

"You don't try and get pussy here."

"That's because of the time factor. Either you or I have somewhere that we have to be so we do what we do and then leave. We have just enough time for oral or anal and then we have to leave so there is no time for me to try and get in your pussy. Tonight is different. Neither of us has to be anywhere else so we have plenty of time and don't need to limit things to just oral or anal. I know me lover and I know that I would try and try hard for your pussy. I was there once before and I liked it. Best that we don't put ourselves in that sort of situation."

She shrugged. "Too bad. It could have been fun."

She got off my fender, went to her car, got in and left me standing there in the parking lot. A fine kettle of fish I thought. Three of my playmates and none of them playing with me that evening.

How dare they!!

And then of course I had to laugh at myself. Where did I get off thinking that it was owed me? Fuck! I was lucky that I wasn't like most other nineteen year olds and getting off by hand.

I got home a lot earlier than mom expected, but it was early enough that dad was out in the garage putzing around so she could speak freely.

"Are you satisfied now that you have turned your mother into a cock loving gangbangng slut?"

"Oh no you don't! You don't get to hang it on me. Everything that has happened is on you. You are the one who came into my bedroom and started our sexual relationship. I didn't chase after you. You are the one who started our three way relationship with Mary. I had nothing to do with it other than participate after you set it up.

"I did not take you to that first gangbang at Mary's and in fact I do not believe that you had an invitation. You crashed the party is the way I remember it. And I damned sure had nothing to do with your being there last night. In fact, as I recall it, you very forcefully proclaimed that you would not be there ever again. What we have here is a poor innocent teenaged boy who has been led astray by sex crazed older women."

"You are so full of bullshit!"

"Am not!"

"Are too!"

"Well, maybe just a little, but it was Mary who started me down the path and I can state without fear of contradiction that she is a sex crazed older woman. And then there is of course you."

"This is not getting us anywhere. What I need to talk to you about is something that I once told you that I didn't want you to do."

"What is that?"

"I want you to get an apartment."

"I don't want an apartment. I thought it over and it doesn't make sense for me."

"Okay. Then what I need is for you to rent an apartment for me to use."

"For you to use? You've lost me here."

"I need a place where I can meet my crew."

"Your crew?"

"Marcus, Terrell, Jamal, Jason, Malcolm and a few others you haven't seen yet."

"Your crew. My mother has a crew. And you want me to rent you a place so your crew can cut into my time with you."

"It won't cut into your time with me. I'll be meeting them during the day while you are in school or at work."

"If I have an apartment I won't be here on Saturday morning or for any of the other impromptu times. I'll only see you if you come to Mary's."

"You don't have to live there. You don't even have to let anyone know that you have an apartment. The problem is that I can't rent one on my own. There is no way that I could hide it from your father."

"I can't hide it from him either. Have you forgotten that you two are the ones who monitor the trust fund? He will see that I've gotten an apartment and you don't think that he will wonder why I'm still living at home?"

"He won't see anything. Your monthly allowance is direct deposit to your checking account and we have no access to it. All we oversee where the trust is concerned is requests for funds over and above your allowance and educational costs. You won't lose out on the deal baby; mommy promises you that."

"If I get one I'll need to use it too. I can't pay rent and still use the Starlight. We will have to come up with some kind of schedule."

"I don't see a problem with that."

"Are you sure that you want to do this? How are you going to hide from dad that you are fucking a basketball team?"

"How did you know that they are – were actually – a basketball team?"

"Mary told me. Said you were reliving your glory days as the basketball team's private slut."

"Don't worry about it. I can hide it."

I thought about it for a second or two and then decided that I'd better bite the bullet.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that" and then I proceeded to tell her how dad was suspicious of her and had me watching her when ever he went out of town. "I never mentioned it because it didn't matter since the one set up to be the watcher was the one who was doing the dirty deed with you. The problem here is that he might decide to have professionals do the job and hire private detectives."

"He is suspicious of me? He is fucking around on me and he is suspicious of me? Well fuck him! What is he going to do about it if he catches me? Divorce me? We don't have a pre-nup and I've got the goods on him where two different secretaries and his current PA are concerned. He comes after me and I'll go for his throat!"

"Okay, okay. You have been warned. Okay; I'll get an apartment, but you get to be the one to go find it. A two or three bedroom and I wouldn't mind if it had a pool, a hot tub and an exercise room."

"Why a three bedroom?"

"If I do eventually decide to live there I'll need a room to use as a den or home office. A place for a desk, computer and the like. That means a bedroom for you, a bedroom for me and a room for study."

"We can share a bedroom."

"Not if you have your crew there and I have some one there that I'm not willing to share. Has to be separate bedrooms."

"You have a desk and computer in your bedroom here so why can't you have them in your bedroom at the apartment? I'll just look for a place with big rooms."

"Whatever. I'm leaving it to you."

At that point dad came in from the garage and that ended the conversation.

Dad and I talked a little bit about work and how well the second shift was working out and then I went up to bed.

School was school and again at lunch I saw Vonda sitting where she could watch me. Gail joined me and as soon as she was seated she said:

"Still pissed at me?"

"Why would I be pissed at you?"

"For last night."

"No reason for me to be pissed at you for that."

"Oh come on Bobby. I could tell you were pissed when you got up and left yesterday at lunch."

"I wasn't pissed at you. I was upset because I had to pass up a chance for a date with a girl that I really wanted to get to know because I committed Thursdays and Sundays to you. Besides Gail; you know our arrangement. I was only your pretend boyfriend to keep you away from other guys while Tom was away. Once you showed up at Mary's and joined in that agreement went into the trash."

Before she could say anything in response to that Nancy came up and asked if she could join us and I said yes. She sat down and said:

"What's new with you guys?"

"Just discussing schedule changes. I have Sunday open if you are still interested in going out with me even knowing that I'm back with Natasha."

I saw Gail's face cloud over when she heard that, but so what!

"You are back with Natasha, but you are still going to date?"

I explained the arrangement.

"So she has you from Friday when she gets home until she leaves to go back to school around twoish on Sunday, but you get to do whatever you want with the rest of your time?"

"That's the deal."

"So I would get from late Sunday until she comes home the following weekend?"

"No. Work and school take precedence, but you would get Thursday and part of Sunday for sure and possibly some other times also."

"Sign me up, but I'm telling you upfront that it is my intent to take you away from Natasha,"

"Good luck with that" Gail snorted.

I saw a change come over Nancy's face as she suddenly remembered something.

"I forgot your arrangement with Gail. You have to have some time with her."

"Not to worry about it. It is over."

She gave me a questioning look and I said, "Got to be going. Call you later to set up Sunday" and I walked away.

At work I was sent to the machine shop again where I worked on bead blasting and powder coating. I didn't get notes or visits from Shelly or Andrea so at quitting time I stopped by Marge's office to remind her that she would be meeting with me and one of my girlfriends Monday and then I told how I wanted to do it.

"I still think you are being overly melodramatic stud, but I'll go along with it."

When I got in the car I phoned Tasha's house to see if she was home yet and she was so I headed that way.

I got my usual smile from Pam, but her father wasn't home so I was spared the look that he usually gave me. When we got into the car I asked Tasha what she wanted to do and she said:

"Feed me and then fuck me."

Mario's took care of the first part and then we headed for the Starlight to take care of the second. It started out as usual. Head while I undressed and then pussy eating until Tasha told me to quit playing around and fuck her. Then it was sixty-nine, fuck and then a blow job to get me hard again and then she wanted anal and once again I thought that she was using me to keep her ass loose for her week day lover (lovers?). And also once again I had to fight my tendencies to be a hypocrite. I had to keep reminding myself that I HAD agreed to the compromise. I HAD agreed that the weekend was ours and what happened during the week was of no matter to either of us.

When I took her home she told me that she and her mother were doing something in the morning and that she wouldn't be home before three and I told her I'd pick her up at four.

I got my usual Saturday morning wake up from mom and we fucked and sucked until eleven and then we went to breakfast at the IHOP. I was forking a piece of French toast into my mouth when a familiar voice said:

"Good morning you guys."

I looked up to see Marge standing there. "Care to join us I asked (which got me a murderous look from mom) and Marge said, "Thanks, but no. I just finished and was on my way out when I saw you two and stopped to say hi."

As Marge walked away mom muttered "Cunt!"

Oh yeah I thought; Monday is going to be just so much fun.

After eating we went home and it was more suck and fuck until it was time for me to get ready to go and pick up Natasha. Her dad was there so along with Pam's usual smile I got his standard dirty look. I decided that the way to play it was to smile at him every time he looked at me. I'm sure that it pissed him off and he left the room.

Natasha hadn't come down from her room yet so as soon as her father was out of the room Pam said:

"He is going out of town Tuesday and won't be back until early Friday and I'm missing you. Call me?"

I said I would just as Tasha started down the stairs so Pam left the room and Tasha and I headed out. Dinner at Angelina's and then we went to a party at Charlie Smither's place. There were quite a few old schoolmates and friends there and we wandered around and socialized. At one point Tasha was talking to two girls and I was at the keg filling my glass when Carol Weiss came up to get a refill.

"I see that you and Nat are back together."

"Yes we are."

"I don't mind admitting that I am surprised. After telling you about her and Eddie Wooters we thought for sure that she was history. You do know that she still plays around on you right?"

"As long as it isn't Eddie Wooters I don't care."

She gave me a strange look and so, since I'd known her from the second grade on and she was one of the ones I'd asked to keep an eye on Tasha I explained it all to her.

"Far out! I wish Andy (Andy Heinz- her boyfriend) thought like that. I'm curious and I would love an arrangement like you have with Nat. So, as long as it isn't Eddie it is okay?"

"Yep."

Just then Tasha came up to us and Carol said, "Go away Natasha. I almost had him. Another two minutes is all I need."

"Yeah. Right. And then the two of us could watch as Bobby and Andy go at it."

"But I would be willing to give you Andy. That would make us even right?"

"Get away from my man you tramp."

"Says the slut" Carol said as she stuck out her tongue at Tasha.

I left the two of them talking and went off to socialize. I saw Nancy there and I gravitated toward her.

"I see that you are here with my competition" she said as I walked up to her.

"I told you that she has me from Friday until late Sunday. I forgot to mention that she also has me on all breaks and vacations."

"Then I'm going to have to get busy if I'm going to lock you up before spring break."

"We have known each other for almost thirteen years Nance and you have never shown any interest in me so why now?"

"I've always been interested Bobby. I told you about how strict my parents were and why I had to say no every time you asked me for a date. I don't have those parental restrictions any more and since you wouldn't come after me I have to come after you.

"I don't know what it is, but something happened around your eighteenth birthday and suddenly you're a changed man. There is just something about you now that screams out "Take me." One day I looked at you and said to myself "I want him." And I'm not the only one. Gail wants you. She is fighting it, but she wants you."

"Nonsense. She was Tom's girl and was only with me because of the promise I made him when he left."

"I know what I'm talking about Bobby. It might have started out the way you say, but things have changed at least for her. She wants you. She is pissed right now because you dumped her. She almost cried when you told me that you were giving me her Sunday."

"I don't believe that Nance. If she felt that way she wouldn't have given up our Thursday to go play with someone else."

"Maybe she was just trying to get your attention."

"Why are you trying to talk yourself out of Sunday Nance?"

"Shit! I guess that is what it sounds like. Stupid, stupid, stupid Nancy. Get your head out of your ass. What time tomorrow?"

"Around four work for you?"

"Yes it will."

Tasha walked up to us and said that she was ready to leave and Nancy said, "You two have fun" and she walked away.

"Another one who wants my baby?"

"Just one of many Tasha; just one of many."

"Right!" she said as she punched my shoulder. "Don't you just wish."

Our evening at the Starlight was as satisfying as always, but it was also just a bit disquieting for me. Tasha wanted anal – twice. Not that I minded giving it to her of course, but it got me to thinking again that I was just keeping her ass loose for someone else. Those thoughts took me to other thoughts that I could have done without. Up until a couple of weeks ago as far as anal sex was concerned it was kind of ho hum; if you want to go ahead. Now all of a sudden she was asking for it every time we got together.

Why? That was the question.

Had she hooked up with a guy who was into anal and she was into him enough that she was willing to give him whatever he wanted to keep him? I got anal on weekends to keep her from tightening up so he could ease right in? It was the one thing that I'd been worried about since Gail filled me in on Tasha's plan to fool around up at school. That I would lose her to someone else. That she would hook up with some guy and I'd be history. And I wasn't being a hypocrite. When Tasha played there was a good chance that she could find someone and fall for him, but there was no chance of that happening on my end. None of the ones I was playing with were a threat to Tasha. None of them would be taking me away from her. I will admit that if Tasha was gone Gail or Nancy (or even Pauline if what she had with Gary fell apart) would have a shot, but only if Tasha was for sure gone.

Of course I could be way off base here. Maybe she was doing it to show me how much she wanted to be with me by giving me things she knew I liked even though I knew that she wasn't overly fond of them. Whatever. I doubted that I would ever know what was going on unless she suddenly stopped coming home to me on weekends.

I wasn't going to ask my friends up at Western to check up on her. I had agreed that what happened during her week at school was her business. But it didn't stop me from wondering.

Tasha surprised me when she told me that we were going to stay the night at the motel.

"What are my parents going to do? Throw me out? Big deal. I'll just come home and spend the weekends with you. I want to wake up in your arms and start the day off right."

We did. Start the day off right I mean.

When I took her home at twelve she wouldn't let me walk her to her door.

"I've had a beautiful evening and a glorious morning and I don't want it ruined by my dad going after you on the front porch."

She kissed me and then headed for the house to face the music.

I picked Nancy up at four and since our first date hadn't worked out all that well I played it safe. We took in a movie and then stopped at Harry's for burgers and fries and then went to the arcade.

I had her home by ten and when I'd parked in front of her house she asked:

"Is this it?"

"I don't understand the question."

"I expected to have to fight you off. Not that I would have of course. God knows I've all but pulled my panties off and waved them under your nose."

"I try not to be a sex crazed fiend on a first date."

"Spring break is not all that far off Bubba and if I'm going to take you away from Natasha I need to be showing you that I pack better gear than she does. Neither one of us is a virgin and I don't want you thinking that I'm an easy slut, but I was dead serious when I said that I wanted you for my own. I screwed it up the first time we dated and I have no intention of doing it again. If I hadn't screwed it up we would be together now and Natasha never would have gotten you back. My mom maintains that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but I think the way is just a little south of there and I'm going for it."

"We will just have to see how the next date goes. Will Tuesday work for you? Say about seven?"

"I'll be the one waiting on the front porch with the big smile."

The big day had arrived. Before leaving for school I told mom how I wanted the evening to go and even though she had no way of knowing it she was on the same page as Marge.

"Honestly Robert! You are being overly dramatic here" but she agreed to go along with my plan. Even though school was school I spent the day worrying about the coming evening and I don't think I absorbed much of what was taught that day.

I skipped lunch at the cafeteria because I wouldn't have been able to pay any attention to what anyone who might have joined me had to say. How nervous was I? For the first time ever I called in sick to work because I didn't think I could give whatever job they gave me the attention required.

I arrived at the Starlight at five-thirty and got the room. I called Marge and mom and gave them the room number and then sat back and waited. At six-fifteen Marge arrived and knocked on the door.

We undressed each other and then she gave me head for a couple of minutes and then she laid back on the bed and I returned the favor. After a couple of minutes of beaver munching I put her legs up on my shoulders and fucked her hard. I was able to get her off twice before I came and then I sucked her tits and fingered her pussy to keep her hot until the knock on the door signaled my mom's arrival.

Marge got up and headed for the bathroom and just before she closed the door I said:

"Remember your promise. You don't open the door until two minutes after I knock on it."

She shrugged, closed the door and I let mom in. I undressed her and then she went down on me and cleaned my cock.

"Damn, but that tastes good motherfucker. Hurry up and fuck me so I can get at her."

I got between her legs, pushed into her and then fucked her until I got both of us off. We went sixty-nine until I was up again and then I fucked her in her ass. After we had both cum I got off and used a pre-positioned wash rag to clean my cock and then I dressed. Mom didn't know about that part and she asked why I was getting dressed.

"I don't want to be here for what is going to happen when your mystery woman walks out that bathroom door. I hope to hell that it is as good as you hope."

Once dressed I knocked on the bathroom door and got the hell out of Dodge. I pulled out of the motel parking lot and wondered what I could do with the rest of my evening. I'd only gotten a couple of miles away before my cell phone went off. I wondered if it was Marge going to rant at me or mom gearing up to rip me a new asshole.

"Hello?"

"Get your sorry ass back here!" mom said. "Do it Robert! Do it now!"

I turned around and went back. I was surprised to see Marge's Lexus still there. I debated knocking on the door, but decided that it would give mom time to pick up a lamp and be ready to smack me with it when she opened the door to let me in. I decided to just use the key card and walk right in.

I pushed the door open and got the surprise of my life. Mom and Marge were in a sixty-nine with mom on top and facing the door. Mom looked up when I walked in and said:

"I should spank your ass young man. I should beat you severely for making me wait for this. Get your clothes off. You have a busy night in front of you."

What followed was pretty much what had happened when I played with mom and Mary. I fucked mom doggie while she ate Marge. Marge rode me cowgirl while mom sat on my face. I ate mom while Marge sucked my cock and then I ate Marge while mom worked on my bone and of course the two of them took turns fucking me.

They were still going strong when I couldn't get it up any more so I kissed them both goodnight and went home. I went straight to bed and as I faded off I wondered what the next day was going to bring.

It started out okay. I woke to the sound of the shower running and the feel of a hot mouth on my cock. As soon as I was awake mom said:

"You and I need to have a talk young man."

The sound of the shower stopped and so did mom and she got up and left the room. I grabbed the ever present pair of mom's panties, got myself off and then dropped them on the floor.

I couldn't figure out the looks that I was getting from mom over the breakfast table, but I figured that I would find out when we had 'our talk'.

School was school and at lunch Gail joined me and she got right to it.

"Why did you give away my Sunday to Nancy?"

"Why did you give away my Thursday to Terrell? It doesn't matter anyway. The arrangement we had was that I was to be your sexual outlet so you could stay true to Tom until he came back. When you showed up Wednesday there was no longer a need for me to play babysitter and Thursday drove that point even farther home."

"I thought I meant more to you than that."

"Of course you do, but you know that you aren't my main squeeze. Tasha holds that spot on the roster. You know my agreement with her. I can play with others when she isn't around and you were one of the others I played with. You took yourself out of the game so I needed a replacement and Nancy has shown herself more that willing so I offered her a chance."

"How do you figure that I took myself out of the game?"

"Don't play dumb on me Gail. You know full well that what you did Thursday changed things. You could have agreed to meet Terrell on Friday or Saturday instead of Thursday. I got five hours notice that my evening was cancelled. I was going to stand around and wait just to be told on Sunday that you had something going with Terrell or one of the other guys? I don't think so."

"That's not fair Bobby."

"I'll tell you what wasn't fair Gail. Your accepting a date with Terrell after I had gone on record in front of him and everyone else there that you and I had plans for Thursday. I don't know Terrell well enough to know what kind of guy he is, but there is a damned good possibility that right now he is smirking and telling his friends that he stole the white boy's girlfriend away from him."

"That is what I have to look forward to if I go to Mary's on Wednesday. All the guys there looking at me and thinking that Terrell took my woman and I must be some kind of wimp ass because I haven't called him on it. And I can't call him on it at Mary's or she would never forgive me so don't you be sitting here and giving me any shit about giving your Sunday to some one else."

She got up and stormed off without another word. While I'd been talking I did notice that Vonda was again sitting where she could watch me and I wondered what she was thinking.

At work I was again put on the loading dock and maybe an hour into it Ben came to me and told me that I had to report to Marge in the office. When I got there she told me to close the door and then she got up, came around her desk and kissed me. She broke the kiss and said:

"You are one nasty motherfucker aren't you? Your mother and your father's mistress both? That is just so nasty."

"Says the woman who has had sex with every member of my family."

She laughed. "I am bad aren't I. You want to find out how nasty I can be? Be at my place as soon as you get off work and I'll show you nasty."

Shelly caught me before I could leave the office and reminded me that her hubby was out of town for the week.

"Are you going to come over?"

"I want to sweetie, but I can't and you know why. I'll keep trying to get your pussy and you would get upset with me and it could ruin what we have."

"What if I could promise you that it wouldn't happen?"

"I'd be there in a heartbeat."

"Well it just so happens that I can promise so follow me home?"

"I can't tonight, but I can tomorrow."

"No way I can get tonight?"

I lied and said, "I have a family thing to do tonight and I can't get out of it."

We made plans for Wednesday and then since Ben didn't know if I was going to be coming back to the dock I said:

"It doesn't have to be a total waste. Race you to the basement?"

I ate her; she blew me and then I fucked her ass. I thought that would end it, but she took a plastic baggie out of her purse that had a wash rag in it. Once she had my cock clean we went sixty-nine until I got back up and then I took her ass again.

"That should hold me until tomorrow" she said, kissed me and headed out.

As I drove to Marge's I suddenly remembered that I had a date with Nancy for that night. I called her and lied through my teeth,

"We have an emergency here at work and I can't get away until things are under control."

"I guess these things happen, but there better not be any reason for you not showing up on Thursday. And plan on working hard to make up for tonight."

I parked my usual one block over and walked back to Marge's place and got there just as she pulled up. We went inside together and she pulled me straight to the bedroom and we undressed. As soon as we were naked she gave me a kiss with plenty of tongue and when she broke the kiss she giggled and asked:

"Did you taste him? I had a long lunch with your daddy."

"You bitch!" I said as I pushed her down on the bed and moved over her in a sixty-nine. Knowing that I would be tasting traces of my dad made me wish that I hadn't stopped at the men's room and washed my cock after my second time in Shelly's ass.

Once Marge had me hard I fucked her in the missionary position and just as I was getting ready to cum I heard:

"You weren't supposed to start without me."

I looked over my shoulder and saw my mom getting undressed, Marge giggled and said:

"Remember when I told you that I would show you just how nasty I could be? Would you consider me having sex with every member of your family in the space of five hours nasty enough?"

What followed was a repeat of Monday night and I ran out of steam just about the time mom said that she had to be going. As we left Marge's place mom told me to meet her at the IHOP. I guess we were going to have 'our talk' before going home.

I got there first and grabbed us a booth. Mom came in and sat down across from me and then said:

"Explain yourself mister."

"Explain what?"

"How do you happen to be fucking your father's girlfriend."

"She isn't his girlfriend. At best she is his good luck charm."

"What the hell does that mean?"

I explained the screwing before the trips and how dad thought that it had something to do with his getting new business."

"That does not answer the question Robert. How did you end up fucking the woman that your father is fucking?"

"I'd say just lucky I guess except you don't seem to be in the mood for humor. I told you that dad had me watching you because he thought you were running around on him? Well Marge is the one he had do the asking. Our relationship went from there. She admitted to me that she found it kinky to be doing a father and son."

"Obviously she didn't know about us, but why did you give in and get us together?"

"Because I felt that the two of you needed to talk to each other. You made it clear to me that you loved dad and were not going to leave him over what you called some sport fucking. But I know that you still had to be worried about his relationship with Marge. Marge made it clear to me that her relationship with dad was purely financial. He paid her almost three times what her job should have paid and it was with the understanding that she be his designated stress reliever. So also made it clear to me that she had no desire to take dad away from you. I thought that it would be a good thing for you to know. To be honest I fully expected it to bite me on my ass, but I did it anyway."

"What did you tell her about me?"

"Just that you knew that she and dad were doing it, but I didn't mention the sport fucking bit. I did tell her that you were out getting even when dad was gone, but she didn't know about us until Monday night."

"I should be pissed at you, but it turned out all right. We had a long talk after you left and we're cool."

"I'd say that was pretty evident given what happened tonight."

"You do know that my playing with her will cut into your time with me."

"Why? It worked out Monday night and tonight."

"There are going to be times when we are going to want to be alone. I can see me spending the night with her when your dad is on a trip and that will cut into your time."

"We can worry about that when the time comes."

I didn't need to go to the library in the morning so as soon as dad was gone to work mom was in my bed and we stayed there until noon and then she fixed us breakfast. As I left to go to work she said:

"See you tonight at Mary's."

"No you won't. I'm gonna pass on tonight."

"Why? It was all your idea to begin with."

"If I went tonight I would probably cause trouble and I don't want to do that to Mary."

"Why would you cause trouble?"

I explained what had happened with Gail and said, "If I go and don't do something to save face I'll be looked at as a ball-less wimp and I don't want that any more that I want to disrupt Mary's party. Best I stay away until I figure out what to do."

"Come and kick his ass. Mary won't care especially when she finds out why."

"And what if I fuck things up for you? He is part of your crew and I have no idea what his relationships are with the other guys. Just let it ride for now."

"Okay, but you will be missed?"

"Yeah, right. You will be buried under your crew and won't see anything else that is going on. My mom. The basketball teams slut. How did I get so lucky."

"Watch it motherfucker! What I learned from those guys at school has been making you one very happy camper."

"Not complaining cocksucker. Just letting you know how proud I am of you."

"You had better be motherfucker. You had better be."

I was assigned to the office when I got to work and maybe twenty minutes before quitting time Shelly asked me to meet her in the basement. I couldn't figure out why since I was going to follow her home after work. I got there, opened the door and a couple of minutes later she came into the room.

She had Gloria with her.

Before I could say anything Shelly said, "You need to hear her out Bob. I'll leave the two of you alone and I'll see you at the time clock in twenty."

She left the room and I told Gloria to sit on the table. Gloria had a hard time looking me in the eye, but she forced herself to do it.

"I'm sorry" she said. "I never meant for that to happen and I don't now why or how it did. I was telling Shelly what had happened that night and after I described everything to her she said she was pretty sure that I had been given some date rape drugs. Are those guys that had me in that room the type that would do something like that?"

"One of them was."

And it sounded just like something that he would have done to get at me. I hadn't even thought of that when I saw what was going on.

"I'm not here saying that I was drugged in a play for forgiveness, because I don't really know. I do know that that wasn't me in that room with those three. I'm not that way Bobby. Honest to god I am not that way, but something made me do it. I just don't know.

"Anyway, it has been killing me to have you think the thoughts about me that you must be thinking. I'm sorry for what happened Bobby; honest to god I am sorry."

I believed her. After considering who she was in the room with I could see the likelihood that was drugged. I knew just who to ask and I would make it a priority to do just that. I stepped up to the table and took Gloria in my arms and held her while she cried into my shoulder. When she quieted down I told her that I would like to see her again if that would be all right.

"You mean it? You really mean it?"

"I do. It may take a while because my evenings are pretty full right now, but I will find a night for us."

I walked her back upstairs and Shelly could see from Gloria's face that things had turned out okay. The two hugged each other and then I followed Shelly home.

I parked on the street and then followed Shelly into her house and got a surprise. Sitting in the living room waiting for us was Andrea. Shelly saw my surprise and laughed.

"This is how I could promise you that there wouldn't be any problems with you not getting my pussy. Between the two of us you won't have enough time to be chasing after it. The upside is that you will get more oral and anal than you can handle."

She didn't lie. By ten-thirty I couldn't have gotten it up again if my life depended on it, but I was able to get both of off one more time orally before we went to bed and fell into an exhausted sleep.

There is just something awesome about waking up between two soft warm bodies. Four hands roaming over my body, four soft breasts pressing into me and two mouths working on me. Shelly with her tongue down my throat and Andrea with my cock down hers. Once I was fully awake I ate Shelly while Andrea sucked me and then the two of them switched. I packed Andrea's pooper while Shelly fixed us breakfast and after eating breakfast I ass fucked Shelly while Andrea did the dishes and took a shower.

As I was dressing Shelly asked, "Can we do this again tonight?"

"I wish I could say yes, but unfortunately I can't. My girlfriend will be back in town and I'm all hers until she goes back up to school Sunday."

"I don't even know her and I already hate her. You won't be free until Monday, but Mike will be home by then."

"It doesn't bother you to cheat on her" Andrea asked.

"I'm not cheating on her. We have an arrangement. She admitted to having a curiosity as far as other guys were concerned so we agreed that what she did up at school was none of my business and what I do while she is gone is none of hers, but when she is home all of our time belongs to the other."

"Damn! I wish I would have had something like that when I was in school."

I told them I'd see them at work and then I kissed them both goodbye and headed for school.

School was... ! At lunch I didn't see Gail or Nancy, but I did see Vonda sitting alone and being the wiseass I can sometimes be I sat down uninvited at her table.

"What the hell you want Marchant?"

"To satisfy my curiosity Miss Williams. Why do you sit where you can watch me and why can't you seem to take your eyes off me when I'm here?"

"Curiosity. I'm trying to figure out what is so special about you that my mother is fucking you."

"Ever stop to think that your mother isn't fucking me and that all it is is your overactive imagination?"

"I saw the two of you together Marchant. I saw the way she looked at you and kissed you when you brought her home at six in the morning. You were fucking and I know it! I just can't figure out what my mother could possibly see in a white boy the same age as her daughter."

"Maybe you should ask her."

"Yeah; I can just see it. Hey mom; why are you fucking a white boy? I'd get the back of her hand before the last word was out of my mouth."

"Maybe, but that is the only way you are ever going to find out."

"Oh I don't know about that Marchant. There are other ways."

"And they would be?"

"Have a couple of friends grab you, tie you down and then I'd stand there with a sharp knife in my right hand and your dick in my left and tell you to answer my questions or lose it."

"Why Miss Williams. I never would have figured you for the violent sort."

"Or I could just fuck you myself."

"I can honestly say that I would prefer that to your first idea, but seriously; Miss Vonda Williams having anything to do with a white boy? There would be ice skating in hell before something like that ever happened."

"You really don't like me do you?"

"I don't know you well enough to know whether I would like you or not Miss Williams. You saw to that all the way through school. You wouldn't let me or for that matter any other white person get to know you."

"That's because all you white boys wanted was to get some black pussy."

"Is that what all the white girls wanted too? Some black pussy? You didn't have anything to do with them either. No, what I believe that it was Miss Williams is that you were a racist. I don't know if you still are, but I certainly believe that you were back then."

While talking to Vonda I saw Gail and Nancy come in and sit down together.

"Have a nice day Miss Williams" I said as I got up and walked over to Gail and Nancy's table. Just as I got there I felt a hard hit on my shoulder and I turned to see a pissed off Vonda standing there staring at me.

"How dare you call me a racist!"

"Easy enough Miss Williams. I calls 'em as I sees 'em."

"Fuck you white boy" she snarled at me and stormed off.

"What was that all about" Nancy asked.

"Do you ever remember seeing Vonda doing anything with white guys or gals all the way through school?"

"Can't say as I do."

"I told her that her lack of interaction with anyone white seemed to indicate that she was some sort of racist. I don't think she much liked hearing that."

"We still on for tonight" I asked Nancy.

"You bet" she said and that got a scowl from Gail.

"See you then" I said and I took off.

At work I was given something different. I was sent to see Hal Lebowitz who was the production line manager.

"We are going to give you a taste of the regulatory part of the operation. We have to comply with the regulations put out by various state and federal regulatory agencies like OSHA, the EPA and local agencies like the fire department. Al Westin (assistant supervisor on day shift) and Jared Beals (assistant supervisor on the second shift) are the assigned safety inspectors and it is their responsibility to see that we stay in compliance with the appropriate regulations.

"Your father feels that it is time for you to see that part of the operation. I'm going to put you with Al and maybe a couple of evenings with Jared for the next two weeks. Have you met Jared yet?"

"No. I've never even heard the name before."

"He is one of the ones we picked up from Johnsons. He's good. We pissed off some of our people when we put him on as assistant supervisor instead of promoting one of our own, but your father felt that having one of their own in

management would be good for the morale of the Johnson people and I agreed with him on that. With Jared's help the second shift was up and running trouble free from day one.

"For one thing if the new people see something wrong they aren't hesitant to bring it to Jared's attention where they might have been worried about their jobs if they took it to one of our people. You do know about the BTTW principal right?"

"Can't say as I've ever heard of it."

"Because that's the way we have always done it." New people are always leery about stepping on toes so they don't want to come to management and take a chance at getting labeled as trouble makers. Having one of their own in management takes that fear away. We have had a couple of the new people come forward and point out more efficient ways of doing some of the things we have always done and some of them are even hugely cost effective.

"I will tell you this young Robert; you talking your dad into using the out of work Johnson people to start a second shift was a stroke of genius."

I didn't bother telling Hal that I had done no such thing because everyone ignored my denials anyway. He put me with Al and Al filled me in on such things as MSDS data sheets and where to find the book that contained them and then he walked me through the plant and pointed out the areas that seemed to concern OSHA the most. Uncluttered walkways, shields on grinders, spills on floors, blocked exits and exit signs with burned out light bulbs.

"They are big on covers and guards on moving machinery and, believe it or not, extension cords. I've seen them come in here and unplug every electrical cord in the plant to make sure that the grounding lug is in place on every three prong plug in the place."

We spent the rest of the shift walking the plant while he pointed out areas that needed to be watched.

"When you come in tomorrow I'll sit you down with the OSHA file and you can familiarize yourself with past OSHA inspections. It will give you a better idea of what to look for."

I stopped by the office on my way out and Shelly and Andrea had already punched out and gone home. I stuck my head in Marge's office to say hi and I got a smile and a:

"Not tonight stud. I have family things to do tonight."

It dawned on me that unless I was free for the night I should stop dropping in on Marge. Otherwise I would be put in the position of saying no when she told me that she would meet me at her place. I wasn't sure how that would go over so best that I avoid the possibility.

As I drove over to pick up Nancy I did some serious thinking. I was going to have to give up some of my harem. Gail was already gone, but mom, Mary, Marge, Pam, Shelly, Andrea, Gloria, Nancy and Natasha all added up to more nights than there were in a week and Tasha got two of them so that left five to split between the other seven females. Mom I could handle in the mornings for the most part and Shelly, Andrea and Gloria could be handled – again, for the most part – at work. That still left four women and only five nights and Nancy was expecting to get at least two of them. Fuck! Thinking about that reminded me that Pam had asked me to call and I hadn't. Shit! Even if I had called her when could I have gotten free to go see her?

What to do? How weird was that? A nineteen year old having to decide what pussy to give up when most nineteen year olds were trying to figure out how to get some. Oh yeah. My life was definitely weird.

When I picked Nancy up I asked her what she would like to do after we had dinner.

"Depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On our talk over dinner."

"Why wait? We are talking now."

"Once I get started I'm not going to want to stop. I'm going to want to keep going until I get it all out. In three minutes or so we will get to the restaurant and then I'd have to stop until we got inside and were seated and then I'd have to start again. I'd rather wait until we are sitting down and won't be going anywhere for a half hour or so."

"Sounds serious."

"Not really. I just need to get some things out."

Once insides Duke's Steak House, seated and our orders given I reached across the table and took Nancy's hand and said:

"Okay sweetie, the floor is yours."

"Sunday I let my mouth run away with the neither one of us is virgins stuff. I came across as some slut willing to lie down and just get it on with you. I don't know why I was thinking that all I had to do to take you away from Natasha was screw your lights out, but that is what was going through my mind.

"There has to be more to a relationship than just sex and I know it. We have known each other since grade school, but only as friends. I've wanted to know you better, but it never seemed to happen. Make no mistake here Bobby; I fully intend to screw your lights out, but I have no expectations that the sex alone will make you mine. I was looking at myself in the mirror the other day and asking myself what was the best way to make myself look appealing to you when I realized I was being stupid. Looks and sex are only part of the equation.

"We need to get to know each other on a higher level than a grade and high school friendship. It is entirely possible that once we get to know each other a lot better we will decide that there is nothing there other than the friendship we had going in. Can you understand where I'm coming from?"

"Of course I can. But in the spirit of honesty I have to tell you that you have your work cut out for you if you intend to try and take me away from Natasha. To be brutally honest I don't believe that you can do it. Natasha is the only one that can put an end to us,"

I explained our instant connection the first time I laid eyes on Natasha and went on to explain what had driven us apart. I also explained the agreement that we had in place.

"That said you need to understand that just because I date a girl I don't expect sex as part of the date. I am perfectly content to just go out on dates and have a good time without even expecting a goodnight kiss when I take the date home."

"You feel that strongly about Natasha?"

"I do, but again, she can end things in a heartbeat by what she does with others. Love or not I will not allow myself to be shit on. I will not just automatically accept whatever she does. So. Does this change things where we are concerned?"

"I don't think so. I do want to get to know you better and who knows; we may just form a relationship strong enough that if Natasha does do something stupid I will be in place to step in."

Just then our order came and as soon as the waiter left she smiled at me and said:

"Just so you know. For dessert I do intend to screw your lights out."

Based on sex and appearance alone Nancy was everything that a guy could want in a girl. She had no trouble at all in screwing my lights out. It was going to be interesting to see just where our relationship would go.

I had just left the house for school when my phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Good morning lover. I missed you on Wednesday."

"Something came up and I couldn't make it."

"I know all about that 'something' and I want you to stop by tonight if you can."

"It may be late. We have a second shift running at the plant now so I might not get off work at my normal time."

"I'll wait lover."

School was school. Gail joined me at lunch and as was her style she started on me as soon as her butt settled onto her chair.

"I want my Thursday and Sunday back Bobby."

"We have already been over this Gail."

"No we haven't. You looked at it from the babysitter standpoint only, but there is a lot more to it than that. You were never just a babysitter to me Bobby. I admit that it started out that way, but if you will remember back to the very day that you met Nat I said then that if I hadn't already gotten Tom I would have gone after you.

"I knew, but didn't want to admit it to myself, that Tom and I were done when I came back from my visit to him. I was down, but not out because I had you. All I have to do is wait until the next time Nat does something stupid – and she will – and then I'll step in and make you mine. To do that I need to be close and to be close I need my Thursdays and Sundays."

"What makes you think that Natasha will do something stupid? You don't think that she has learned her lesson?"

"The only thing that Nat learned out of the Eddie mess is that no matter what she does you love her enough to eventually take her back. You will fight it, you will be pissed and you will ignore and avoid her, but you will eventually cave and take her back and she knows it. I don't doubt for a minute that she loves you, but she is willful and she is the perfect example of a "me first" person. What she wants is what she thinks she should have and she will go for it and worry about cleaning up the mess later. Trust me on this Bobby. I know her and I understand how she thinks.

"And I know you too. I know how much you love her, but I also know that your capacity for forgiveness is not infinite. Sooner or later she is going to go that half-step too far and when that happens I need to be where I can pick up the pieces."

I wasn't sure about her being where she could pick up the pieces, but she was pretty close with the rest of it. I did have my concerns and worries where Tasha was concerned, but I did love her. Gail was wrong about my capacity for forgiveness though. I took Tasha back once, but I wasn't at all sure that I would do it twice.

"And don't be holding the gangbang and Terrell against me" Gail said, "You are the one who planted the idea in my head when I told you that I needed more than I was getting from you. As far as Thursdays and Sundays go they are all that I had because they were all that you would give me. I would have taken all seven days if you would have given them to me.

"My God Bobby, at least be a little fair about it. You had Mary, Nat and your mother and all I had was you. With the string you have you know you didn't even miss what you didn't get from me that night. And how many of those

times that you broke a date with me were because you needed to see one of your other ladies? So cut me a little slack okay?"

"What you are saying is that you see yourself as Mrs. Robert Marchant at some time in the future?"

"Say the word Bobby and it could be as soon as next week."

"You can put Tom behind you that quick?"

"Tom put me behind him. I have just finally accepted it. That first gangbang was Tom's goodbye kiss. How about it Bobby; do I get my days back?"

"No; at least not for a while. Nancy feels the same way about Natasha as you do and she says she is going to take me away from her. I told her I'd give her a chance and to take her best shot. As close as we are Gail you could have let me know how you felt a lot sooner and it probably would have made a difference. I can't give you your days back, at least just not yet, but I will find a way to make some time for you while waiting to see how things pan out with Nancy."

"That's it? That's the best you can do for me? After all we have been to each other that's all I can get? An "I'll find a way to make some time for you?"

"Don't get snippy with me Gail. You more than anyone should know what promises mean to me. It was my promise to Tom that got us to where we are right now. I promised Nancy that I'd give her a fair shot and so I will. She gets Thursday and Sunday and Natasha gets Friday and Saturday and that leaves three days. Mary and mom get two of them and that leaves me one night a week when I can do something besides fuck. Add to that my job is

stretching into the evenings since we added the second shift and then there is homework, reading assignments and papers to prepare. I do not have a surfeit of free time Gail and do not forget that I did not take your nights away from you. You gave them up when you broke our standing Thursday night date to go play with an asshole. If you aren't interested in taking what I can give you when I can give it tough shit!"

I got up and left.

At work Al sat me down with the file that contained copies of all of the OSHA inspections that the business had undergone. As I read through them I gained a good deal of insight into the governmental mindset. What came through was that most of the people doing the inspections were nit picking idiots.

Most of what was written up was nonsensical bullshit. On one inspection they had written us up because the left shoe of an employee working on a piece of machinery that had moving parts had a lace that had become untied. According to the OSHA inspector it was an unsafe condition because the lace could possibly have been caught in the machinery. It was ludicrous. The moving parts were at waist level, the employees feet were on the floor, the untied lace was maybe three or four inches long and it was going to get caught in moving parts at least three feet away?

By the time I had finished the file I had a firm picture in my mind of what an OSHA inspector was. He was some one who had never worked a day at a real job in his life. He had gone to school, earned a degree and had gone straight to work for the government when he graduated. Once hired he was indoctrinated by a chair-bound bureaucrat who had also never worked a day in his life and whose sole purpose in life was to perpetuate his job security.

Then the new hire was given a book of regulations that were written by another clown who had never worked a day in his life and had no idea how things were out in the real world. Once the new hire had read the book he was told to write up as much as he could.

"The more paperwork we generate the more higher up believes we are needed" or something along those lines.

Then he was turned loose to wreak havoc on people whose only crime was that they had to work for a living.

Near the end of the shift Al asked if I could stay a little late and spend some time with Jared Beals on the second shift. I'd been expecting it which is why I told Mary that I might be a little late in getting over to see her.

When I was introduced to Jared I recognized him right away. He was the man who told me that he and his friends had my back the night Eddie and his three buddies had planned to stomp my ass. After we had shaken hands I said:

"I never got a chance to thank you for your help that night."

"No thanks necessary. We take care of our own and you became one of us when you talked your dad into starting a second shift to take advantage of all the skilled people that Jonhsons put out of work. You saved a lot of people from some serious financial hardship son and we won't forget it."

"I keep telling people that I didn't have anything to do with it. My dad said we needed to expand the plant because of all the new business we had gotten and all I said was that it would be cheaper and quicker to just add a second shift."

"That is not the way your father tells it. He puts it all on you and me and the boys believe him. Get used to it son. When you get to be old enough to drink you will never have to pay for even a sip if one of us is around. Now let's walk the plant."

I can't say that Jared showed me much as far as what OSHA expected, but I was introduced to a lot of people and I shook a lot of hands. I also decided not to waste my breath any more in denying that I had anything to do with "saving" all the Johnson people.

Just before I left to go punch out Jared did give me a piece of information that went a long way toward explaining the idiocy that I had seen in the OSHA file.

"Congress does not fund OSHA or the EPA with near enough for them to operate properly so they are basically self-funded. The fines that are generated by their inspections are what keeps them in business so they WILL find something every time that they stop in. It doesn't matter how safe we are they will find something they can fine us for just to keep their paychecks coming."

I called Mary and told her that I was on my way and she told me to come right in when I got there.

"You know where to find me lover."

And I did. Up the stairs and first door on the left. I found her just as I expected. Naked and waiting. She smiled at me and spread her legs wide in invitation. I knew when she called and said that she wanted to talk that there would be some rather strenuous activity taking place before the talking began so I had been undoing buttons and pulling down zippers as I made my way up the stairs and in less than ten seconds from when I entered the room I was naked and on the bed with her.

She wanted oral to start. Check! Missionary. Check! Sixty-nine. Check! And then anal. Check and double check!

As she was washing off my cock with a wash rag she asked, "Now what is all this nonsense about that you couldn't be here Wednesday? I know what I was told, but I'm having trouble believing it."

"I don't know what you were told, but..." and I explained the situation as I saw it.

"So what? Gail is a big girl now. If she wants to have fun so what? Up until she showed up here two weeks ago her sexual experience was limited to you and Tom. You on the other hand have been involved sexually with at least five others besides her and your involvement with the others short changed her so why are you upset that the poor girl wanted to have some fun?"

"That isn't what I am upset about. You were there when Terrell offered to take her home with him and call some friends to keep her busy right?"

"So?"

"Did I not say in front of everyone there that she couldn't because we had plans for Thursday, but as soon as I left Terrell talked her into stiffing me on Thursday and go with him and she did it. I was not here Wednesday because I would have called him on it and ruined the night for you and everyone else. I'm pretty damned sure I would have gotten you severally pissed at me."

"Nonsense. If he had it coming it wouldn't have bothered me a bit."

"Maybe. But what about mom? She is back into her college days with her basketball team and my getting into it with Terrell could screw it up for her."

"How do you figure that?"

"What happens when I'm getting the best of Terrell and his teammates all jump in to help him? You think mom is just going to stand there and let three or four guys pile onto her baby? I'm pretty sure that she doesn't want anyone at the party knowing that I am her son. It is just better that I don't be here."

"Are you sure that it was all Terrell's fault?"

"The only things that I am sure of are that Terrell heard me say that Gail and I had a date for Thursday and that at noon on Thursday Gail told me our date was off because she was going to get together with Terrell and some of his friends. Doesn't matter how it happened Terrell knew he was poaching when he got with Gail on Thursday."

"If I am ever in the same room with him and don't call him on it I will be seen as a ball-less wimp and I WILL NOT let that happen. I might get my head handed to me, but I will be in his face the next time I am around him. You want me to do it here? Fine! I'll do it here on Wednesday, but don't blame me when it ruins everything for everybody."

"Put a cork in it lover. Right now I want a lover not a fighter in my bed."

Mary went down on me and as soon as she had me up she got what she wanted.

School was school. At lunch Nancy joined me and we talked about things in general and discussed some of the things we might do on Thursday. I saw Gail coming through the line and I saw her notice us and when she left the cashier she went to the other side of the room to find a table to sit at. I didn't know if she didn't want to sit with Nancy and me or just didn't want to be around me. Oh well!

At work Hal turned me loose to play safety inspector and I spent my entire shift looking for problems and not finding any. I was on my way to Marge's office when my cell phone chirped and when I answered it was Pam.

"You never called me last week."

"I'm sorry, but between work and having some school projects due I just didn't have a night I could get free."

"Got plans for tonight?"

"Not a one."

"I'm alone again and will be until late Thursday."

"I don't think I can hang with you until Thursday, but I can certainly stop by tonight."

"I'll leave the light on for you."

I skipped stopping to see Marge and headed for Pam's

I parked my usual one block over and walked back to the house and rang the bell. Pam was wearing a housecoat when she opened the door and as soon as the door closed the housecoat hit the floor. I was not at all surprised to see that she was naked.

"In a hurry" I asked.

"What was your first clue" she said as she took my arm and pulled me along to her bedroom. She undressed me and then she sucked my cock until I pushed her back on the bed and then went down on her. I gave her an orgasm and then I moved between her legs, lifted them up onto my shoulders and then I fucked her. She moaned and she dug her nails into my ass cheeks as she tried to pull me deeper inside her. I got close and when I did I fucked her as hard as I could and as fast as I could and I got her off just a second or so before I got mine.

We rested a bit and she asked me how things were going with me and Natasha.

"So far so good. Why?"

"I'm starting to feel guilty doing my baby's boyfriend."

"Your baby's boyfriend doesn't feel the least bit guilty about doing you."

"Why not?"

I explained the pact that I had with Natasha. "There is a good chance that even as we are playing here she is playing there."

"You are telling me that my little girl is a slut?"

I shrugged and took her hand and placed it on my cock and she knew right away what needed to be done. Once she had me up I did her doggie and then we went sixty-nine until I was hard for the third time and then she wanted me to do her ass.

The one thing that I really loved when it came to fucking Pam's ass is that she didn't moan – she squealed. I loved the sound of that squeal. I came and she hurried into the bathroom for a wash rag and when I she had me clean she went down on me again. It took her a bit, but she did get me up and she wanted it in the ass again.

I was pounding her ass and loving that squeal when the phone rang. I kept on fucking, but Pam told me to stop.

"It might be Mark so I have to take the call. Don't pull out, but don't go hard. I don't want him hearing anything that might make him wonder."

She answered the phone and it was Mark and he ruined the night. Pam hung up and told me that I had to get my ass out of the house quick.

"He finished a day early and caught an early flight home. He just landed at the airport and is on his way home. He called to make sure that I stayed up because he is horny. You need to go. I've got to get ready for him."

As I drove home I made the decision to remove Pam from my list. This was the second time that he came home unexpectedly. Thank God he called instead of just coming home to surprise her. I wasn't going to chance a third time. No three strikes and you're out for Bobby.

Mom and dad were still up when I got home and it was the first chance that I'd had to brace him on something that had been bothering me.

"How is it that I am getting all the credit for talking you into putting on a second shift to take advantage of all the skilled out of work Johnson people. You know that I didn't have anything to do with that, but I'm being told that you are telling everybody that it was all my idea."

"Putting on a second shift was your idea."

"But I brought it up way before Johnson Brothers closed down. All the Johnson people think that I brought it up to you because of them being out of work. They think that because you told them that is what happened. They are treating me like some kind of savior. It is embarrassing."

"You have seen the loyalty that our employees have for the company right? A lot of that loyalty is shown to me because of the way I have treated the people that work for us. Some day you are going to be running the place and it isn't going to hurt you any – and by extension the company – to have the loyalty of the workers. You continue running the place the way your grandfather and I have run it and you will keep the loyalty of all of our old employees. But now you have already locked in the new employees because of the second shift. So you get the credit. So what? The company will benefit in the long run and that is what counts. Take the praise, smile and shrug and then move on."

I had already decided to stop protesting whenever the subject came up so all I could do was say goodnight and head off to bed.

I got my usual Wednesday morning wake up, but it wasn't going to be a play day for me. I had two papers due so I was going to have to go to the library. But I didn't need to hurry. I had the time to do mom some good. We sucked and then fucked and then sucked some more before fucking some more.

When it was over and I was getting dressed mom told me that she and Marge missed me on Monday and I shrugged and said:

"You probably had more fun without me being there trying to constantly stick my dick into an open hole."

"Well, we did have a good time, but we could have fit you in. You going to be there tonight?"

"I hadn't planned on it, but where I was Monday was at Mary's and we talked about my problem and she said that she wouldn't get pissed at me if I disrupted the party. I do have some concerns were you are concerned though."

"In what way?"

"I'm pretty sure that you don't want any of your crew to know that I am your son so how are you going to play it if I start getting the best of Terrell and his buddies pile on to help him."

"Does it have to be that way?"

"It does if he and I are both there. I have to get in his face over what he did with Gail or I'll be seen as a wimp and I can't allow that. Maybe it would be best if you skipped tonight."

"Oh no motherfucker. I'm going to be there. I have a pretty good idea of what I will do if they boys decide to pile on you and I can do it with out them knowing our relationship. But I'll warn you ahead of time if you get in Terrell's face and he whips your ass I won't get involved. If you are old enough to challenge a man you are old enough to take what comes. Best I'll do for you is kiss it and make it better when we get home."

I had a productive day at the library and I got both of my papers done. I was not joined by anyone while I was at the school and I headed to work and got there around two. I was sent to the office to help out and I got big smiles from Shelly and Andrea along with whispered invitations to the playroom. Shelly and I were sent down to the basement to pull some old files and shred them and we managed to get in some sixty-nine and some anal.

When we went back upstairs Andrea told me that Dennis was on a run and she didn't have to hurry home so she would wait until we got off work to meet me downstairs. Twenty-five minutes before quitting time Shelly told me to meet her in the basement and headed that way. I gave her a minute's head start and then went down. I had not locked the room when Shelly and I finished because I knew I'd be back down with Andrea so I expected that Shelly would be inside waiting for me when I got there.

Shelly wasn't there. Gloria was.

"Please don't be mad Bobby. Shelly said that it would be all right."

She already had her panties off and her legs were wide open so what were the chances that I'd say no and turn and leave? Slim to none dude. Slim to none.

I ate her pussy and then I fucked her. I got her off and I got me off and then she thanked me and told me that she had needed it bad.

"Can we do it again?"

"Not tonight, but yes; we can do it again."

We went upstairs and I punched out and then headed back to the basement to find Andrea waiting. She sucked me. I sucked her and then I fucked her ass. She had a wash rag and she cleaned my cock, sucked me hard and then offered me her ass again and I of course took it. She wanted to stay and play some more, but I told her that I had some place I had to be by seven and I kissed her goodbye.

As usual I had to park a block away when I got to Mary's place. Also as usual she was sitting alone in the living room waiting for me.

"The party started half an hour ago, but I did promise that you would always be first. Now that you are here we can get started."

"Do we have to go upstairs just yet? It has been a while since we did it here on the couch."

"But there is a perfectly good bed waiting for us upstairs."

"Once I go upstairs things could all go to hell in a hurry. I've been looking forward to playing in your sexy body all day. I would like to get in at least one time before things get hairy."

"Eat me!"

Never one to refuse a sexy woman I got down and ate her to an orgasm and then I pulled her up and bent her forward over the back of the couch and fucked her from behind. When we had both gotten off I pulled out of her, kissed her and said:

"Show time!"

I walked into Mary's bedroom to find that the scene in front of me had almost been scripted for the confrontation. Mom was on the bed with all three holes plugged and Terrell was standing there with his arm around Gail watching. I walked up to Terrell and stood in front of him and just looked at him. It took a second or two before he said:

"What's the problem? Why are you standing there looking at me like that?"

"The problem is what is standing right in front of me. I don't know how it is where you come from, but in my neck of the woods when an asshole screws around with your girl you do something about it."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I notice that you are standing there with your arm around Gail."

"So what? This is a sex party and she is here to play just like the rest of us."

"You can't really be that stupid Terrell. You know what the fuck this is all about. It is about you fucking with Gail after that first party she attended. When you told her that you would take her home and line her up with your friends I told you in front of everyone here that she couldn't go because we had plans for Thursday. But after I left you went after her anyway. I let you get away with that and the world sees me as a gutless wimp. Ain't gonna happen."

"Hold it right there boy. I did not go after her after you left. Maybe ten minutes after you were gone she came up to me and asked me if I'd meant it when I said I could find enough friends to keep her busy and when I said that I had she told me that she wanted to do it. I asked her when and she told me Thursday. I said what about your boyfriend. That you said that you already had plans and she told me that you weren't really her boyfriend and that all you two had going was an arrangement. I pointed out that you had said no and that if I went against what you said it would create problems for us here. She told me not to worry, that she would take care of things with you. She called me about one on Thursday and said we were good to go."

I looked at Gail and she couldn't look me in the face. Then Marcus said:

"He is telling it like it was Bobby. I was here and I heard the whole thing. He did not go after her. She is the one who pushed it."

I looked over at Mary and she said, "I didn't know lover. I must have been in the bathroom when it took place."

I looked at Terrell and sucked it up. "I apologize for my behavior. I should have dug deeper before I jumped to conclusions."

"No need for that Rob. You did what any man would have done under the circumstances. We good?" he said as he offered his hand for a 'fist bump' which I accepted and said:

"We're good."

I turned and looked around and then said, "Sorry for the interruption. I'll get the hell out of here now and let you guys get back to having fun."

"The hell you are" mom said as she grabbed my arm. "You haven't done me yet and you aren't going anywhere until after you have."

She pulled me down onto the bed and mounted me cowgirl and then things turned into your normal every day type gangbang. Along with everyone else I took turns with Mary and mom, but I had nothing to do with Gail. I stayed away from her and the two times she approached me I pushed her away.

Mom and I left at the same time and I could see Marcus heading our way as we opened the door.

"IHOP in fifteen minutes" mom whispered before Marcus got to us. We walked to our cars, Marcus with mom, and I got in mine and drove to the restaurant. It was closer to twenty-five before she got there and as she sat down I chanted:

"Mommy's got a boyfriend, mommy's got a boyfriend."

"Hush up motherfucker" but she was smiling when she said it.

"He told me two weeks ago that he wanted to get some alone time with you."

"He's trying, but I won't let it happen."

"Why not? He is one of your crew right? And you want me to get an apartment so you will have a place where you can get together with your crew right?"

"The key words there motherfucker are "the crew." Not members of the crew, but the crew. It's the safety in numbers thing. Besides, with you, Mary, Marge and the Wednesday night gangbang I have all that I can handle. Also, because that is all that I can handle I've decided against the apartment thing. I do have to leave some time for your father."

"Speaking of which. How are things going with you and Marge?"

"We are going to make it a Monday night thing and we want you there."

"I thought you told me that there were times that you wanted it to be just the two of you?"

"We use lunch hours for that. Three already this week. That's why I wanted you to meet me here. To let you know to keep Monday open for us and to tell you that I've dropped the apartment idea. Also one other thing."

She paused so I had to ask, "What?"

"I needed to tell you how proud I am of you motherfucker. Mommy is so glad that she didn't raise a wimp."

She looked at her watch. "Got to get going. See you at home."

School was school. When I got to the cafeteria at lunch time I saw that Gail was all ready there and sitting at a table. She looked a little upset when I finished with the cashier and went to sit on the other side of the room.

I'd no sooner sat down when Vonda joined me at my table. She didn't ask if she could join me, she just sat down and the look on her face was saying:

"If you don't like it fuck you."

"And to what do I owe the bestowing of your presence on me?"

"You called me a racist. I am not a racist and I want you to apologize."

"I know at least a hundred people who want to win the lottery, but I doubt it will happen for them. Just wanting something doesn't make it happen."

"If I prove to you I'm not a racist will you apologize then?"

"How you going to do that?"

"Meet me in the student parking lot after class and I'll show you."

"Can't do it. My last class is at two and then I have to go to work. You don't get out of your last class until after three and I can't wait around."

"I'll skip my last class. Two o'clock in the parking lot okay?"

"I guess."

After that we ate in silence and when I got up to leave she said, "Two o'clock. Don't forget."

She was waiting for me at the east exit when I got out of my last class and she asked which car was mine. I pointed out the Impala and she took my arm and said:

"Let's go."

When we got to my car she opened the passenger door saying, "This side is away from the school so we can't be seen. Sit down on the seat with your feet out the door."

"Why?"

"Just do it and see."

I did what she asked and as soon as I was sitting she reached for and pulled down my zipper. Not what I expected, but I sat there quietly and watched her. She reached inside my fly, found my cock, which started to get hard as soon as her fingers touched it, and then worked it out. She looked me in the eye and said:

"Would a black girl who is a racist do this to a white boy?"

And she took my cock into her mouth. She licked it and sucked it for maybe thirty seconds and then she took her mouth off of me and started tucking my cock away as she said:

"That should prove that I'm no racist."

"Doesn't prove a thing Vonda. It just proves that for a couple of seconds that you can fake it. I remember one time when we were kids I accused Beverly Abbeg of being afraid of frogs. She told me that she wasn't afraid of anything so I dared her to pick up a frog. She picked one up and then quickly dropped it and said:

"See smarty pants?"

"But to the best of my knowledge she never picked up another frog."

"What the fuck does that have to do with anything Marchant?"

"Nothing really other than you can make yourself do something distasteful for a few seconds if you are dared to. You took my calling you a racist as a dare so you forced yourself to go through this little one minute act. You want to prove to me that you aren't racist? Suck my cock all the way and then swallow. Watch me eat your pussy and when I'm done with that let me fuck you in both your pussy and ass. And as a lead in to all of that go out on a date with me and be seen with me in public places. Hold my hand while we are walking or sitting and talking so every one can see it. Then and only then will I apologize. Now if you will excuse me I really do need to get to work."

She stepped back so I could get up and said, "You are such a fucking asshole" and she spun around and hurried off.

At work I spent my time in the office helping get the payroll ready for Friday and I was able to sneak off for a short session with Shelly and I had a much longer session with Andrea because she didn't have to hurry home that evening.

Marge caught me at the time clock and said, "I had lunch with your mom today and she told me that she has put in a claim for your time on Mondays. That right?"

"She has."

"Is that all I'm going to get now? Just Mondays?"

"I don't know what to say. Between mom, my girlfriend, homework and now giving you my Mondays I am running a little short on free time."

"Maybe you could give me some of your playroom time?"

"You know about that?"

"I told you way back when stud, that girls talk. It is closely held information stud. Outside of you only Shelly, Andrea, Gloria, Tina and I know about it. I can fix it up so that your time at work will all be spent here in the office. Would you like that?"

"Not really. I am a full believer in what the plan is for me. I need to know how this place works from top to bottom if I am going to take over running it some day so I can't spend all my time here in the office."

"How about a week on and a week off?"

"I could do that."

"Good. Next week will be your office week. See you Monday."

I picked up Nancy and asked her what she wanted to do and following her wishes we had burgers and fries at Harry's and then went to Skate City. At Skate City I saw Vonda and she was with two black guys that I didn't know. I would swear that she never took her eyes off Nancy and me the entire time we were there. I just couldn't figure out what was up with that girl.

From Skate City we went to the motel where Nancy did her level best to fuck my eyes out. She did get me to the point where I couldn't get it up again, but I didn't let that stop me and I went down on her and got her off one more time before taking her home.

We made a date for Sunday night and I headed home to get some sorely needed rest.

No shower sounds or hot mouths to wake me up in the morning. I had to settle for a plain old alarm clock. Over breakfast mom asked me if I had plans for the evening and I told her Natasha would be home from school.

"How's that working out?"

"So far so good."

"I hope it does work out for you. I like that girl."

"Time will tell."

School was school and at lunch time no one joined me although I did see Vonda sitting and watching me. I had just cleared the east exit on my way to the parking lot when my phone went off. It was Tasha.

"I hope my timing was right. I wanted to catch when you got out of school, but before you got to work."

"Your timing was perfect. I just walked out of school. What's up?"

"I won't be coming home this weekend. I was put on a project with three others and the only time all four of us can get together is tomorrow. I don't see any sense in spending most of the day between the lab and the library and then driving home just so I can turn around and drive right back up twelve hours later. I'll find some way to make it up to you. Promise."

"No problem sweetie. I'll just find one of those many who want me to keep me company."

"Yeah. Right. You can come up here. I won't be able to spend any time with you until after eight or so, but we could have the night together."

"Not this time. I'll survive, but you better be ready for one hell of a workout next weekend."

As I had been talking to Tasha I was walking toward my car and I saw Vonda sitting on my right front fender. When I got to the car she stood up and said:

"About time you got here Marchant."

"Had I but known that you were here waiting for me I would have abandoned all other tasks and would have rushed to your side. What can I do for Miss Williams today?"

She handed me a piece of paper and said, "That's my cell number. I like Italian and Mexican. I like movies, the arcade and Skate City and all my nights this coming week are free. Call me."

She turned to walk away and I said, "I'll take tomorrow. Pick you up at six?"

She turned back to me and her expression was priceless. "You were not supposed to call my bluff" was written all across her face. I think it killed her to say it, but she said, "Six will be fine."

As I drove to work I was already planning my date with Miss Williams. We would do Mexican and I would take her to the movies and I would of course let her choose the film, but after that it was going to be the teen club. We would just see how Vonda handled being held close during slow dances by a white boy. Then I of course wondered how her mom was going to handle seeing her baby going off to with mom's fantasy white boy. I was looking forward to it.

On the drive to work I wondered what to do with my suddenly free evening. I could give Nancy a call to see if she was free, but then decided not to. I wanted to go slow there and Thursdays and Sundays were enough for now. Maybe I could give Mary a call. It would be short notice and she might all ready have plans for the evening.

Yesterday Marge indicated that she would like a little more of my time, but again, it was Friday and a prime date night and she just might have something going. I wondered if Andrea's husband might be on a run and she would be free and then I thought I remembered Shelly saying that her husband was going to be gone until sometime Saturday so she might be a possibility.

Thinking of the girls in the office reminded me that I'd told Gloria that I would go out with her again so there was another possibility.

Choices, choices, choices. And then I had to laugh at myself. Laugh at the absurdity of it all. Not once did I even consider giving myself a night off and giving my dick a rest. Not once did I even consider that I just might not be able to find someone to play with.

But damned if that isn't what happened.

Marge had a family thing to go to at her sisters. Mary had a date. Shelly had left work early to pick her hubby up at the airport. Andrea's hubby was not only not on a run, but he was picking her up when she got off work to take her out to dinner and Gloria had called in sick.

Mom was surprised when I came home in time for dinner and I explained what had happened where Natasha was concerned. Mom smiled and said:

"That means that for once you will get a good nights sleep and be well rested for me in the morning."

My Saturday started the way they had all started since mom decided to start playing with me. A hot mouth on my cock to wake me up and then when she saw I was awake she mounted me cowgirl.

"Come on motherfucker, fuck mommy; fuck mommy hard" and I did my best. As usual when I felt myself coming close I rolled her onto her back and fucked her hard so I could get me off. She dug her fingernails into my ass cheeks and pulled me to her as she moaned:

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me baby; fuck mommy hard and make me cum."

I got us both off and as soon as I started to go soft mom pushed me off of her, swung over me in a sixty-nine and we went to work on each other, she got me up and wanted it doggie and I got us off again and then it was more sixty-nine until I was hard and then she wanted to be butt fucked.

Following that we showered together which ended up with us back on the bed with me pounding her missionary. Then it was a second shower – separately – followed by a trip to the Village Inn for breakfast. Over breakfast we talked about what we would be doing on Monday with Marge and on Wednesday with whomever.

After breakfast it was back to playing until two at which time she called it quits so she could change the sheets and get ready for dad to come home. I went up to my room to work on a paper that was due the coming Tuesday while I waited for the time I would have to leave to pick up Vonda.

I was typing away on the computer when mom came into the room, pulled me away from the computer and said:

"We have time for one more if we hurry."

She led me downstairs and had me take her while she leaned over the back of the couch and kept an eye on the driveway. The Gods were not with us. We were both close to cumming when dad pulled into the driveway. As close as we were we still had to quit, because there wasn't anyway I was going to be able to get either one of us off

before dad walked in the door. We broke apart and I headed for my room and mom headed for the kitchen. I have no idea how mom handled being left hanging, but I had my ever present pair of dirty panties to help me out. I tossed the cum soaked panties on the floor for mom to find and got back to my paper.

I rang the doorbell right at six and Marcus opened the door. He saw me and his face expressed surprise. Apparently Vonda hadn't told him about her date.

"Bobby? What are you doing here?"

"You warned me and I guess I didn't pay attention."

"What are you talking about?"

"You did warn me to watch out for Vonda right?"

"Yeah. So?"

"Your daughter's date for the evening has arrived."

"You have to be shitting me!"

"Not in the least."

A voice called out, "Who is it honey?" and Tash walked up and saw me. "White Boy? What are you doing here?"

"The date that Vonda is upstairs getting ready for? He's here."

"Oh no! Absolutely not! You get your butt out of here before she comes down and..."

"Right on time I see" Vonda said as she walked up to us. "You know my mom" she said (and anyone who overheard her say it would have had no doubt in their minds that when she pronounced the word "Know" that she meant it in the biblical sense) but have you met my father? Dad this is Bob Marchant."

I offered my hand and he shook it as I said, "Pleased to meet you Mr. Williams."

"Try to have her home at a reasonable time" Marcus said as Vonda stepped out of the house and took my arm. The last thing I saw before I turned and walked Vonda to my car was the look on Tash's face. She was not pleased.

"Where are you taking me White Boy?"

"White Boy?"

"I heard momma when she greeted you. If she can call you White Boy I should be able to call you that also."

"Then I guess that I can call you what I called her. Can you live with My Nubian Queen? Although I guess for you I should change it to my Nubian Princess."

"You called her that and she didn't kill you?"

"I'm here aren't I?"

"You have to tell me all about it. I just have to know what went on between you and my mom."

"A gentleman never tells My Princess. Anything you get will have to come from your mom."

"She won't tell me shit so I'm going to have to get it from you."

"No can do."

"You will. Boys will do anything for pussy so I'm telling you up front that if you want mine you are going to have to tell me the story. Chapter and verse."

"Then I'm not going to be getting your pussy, but by the same token you will not get your pussy eaten by my talented mouth."

"Right. All you guys say that, but none of you ever deliver."

"Might be true of them my Nubian Princess, but you have never been out with me before."

I handed her a page that I had torn out of the daily paper. It had the movie listings on it and as she took it I said:

"Dinner at El Mason followed by a movie of your choice and we will see where things go from there."

She gave me a contemplative look and said, "You really eat pussy Marchant?"

"You doubt me? Tell you what. You climb over that seat onto the back seat and take your panties off and I'll eat you in El Mason's parking lot before we go inside."

She laughed and said, "Yeah! Right! A white boy eating black pussy. I can just see it."

I kept my mouth shut and drove. Two blocks before we got to the restaurant she laughed and said: "I'm calling your bluff Marchant" and she climbed over the seat and in the rear view I saw her lift her legs like she would have to in order to take off her panties.

I pulled onto the lot at El Mason and parked in the back row. I got out of the car and moved into the back seat where Vonda was lying on her back smiling up at me with her legs spread wide exposing a clean shaven pussy.

"Oh boy, bald" I said, "That's the best kind."

I started to lower my face to her pussy and she quickly sat up and said:

"Are you out of your mind? You can't. My God Marchant; God only knows who might see us. Okay! You called my bluff. I lose."

"Not the way I see it my Princess. From where I am I would say that I won."

I grabbed her ankles and pulled her down and before she knew what was happening I had my mouth on her cunt. She was beating me on my shoulders with her fists, but I ignored her and kept munching. The blows to my shoulders slowed and then stopped and I heard the low moans. Next I felt her bare mound pushing up at me and then the vindication:

"Damn you Marchant; don't you dare stop."

"I stopped and said, "What did you call me."

"Damn it; don't stop."

"Who shouldn't stop?"

It took a fraction of a second, but she got it. "Don't stop White Boy; please don't stop."

I got back after it and in a little while my Nubian Princess had an orgasm. I kept licking her until she came down from her high and then I got up and said:

"I feel like some cheese enchiladas. How about you?"

It was a shaken Nubian Princess who got out of my car and took my arm as I walked her into the restaurant.

Once seated and our order taken I looked over at Vonda who was staring at me. I smiled and reached over the table and took her hand.

"Why the strange look my Princess?"

"You did it. You actually did it."

"Of course I did. I said I would didn't I?"

"Guys are always saying they will when they try and talk you into giving them what they want, but they never do it."

"You need to hang with a better bunch of guys. Am I the first white guy that you have ever gone out with?"

"Yes."

"There is part of your problem right there. Most white guys I know (and here I told a whopper) love to eat pussy. But enough of that. What did you decide on for a movie?"

"I can't believe that you did it in the parking lot where we could be seen."

"You dared me to do it so don't be shocked because I did. I will always call a bluff Princess. I will always take the dare. Always. Now what movie are we going to see?"

"I don't want to go to the movies. I want to go somewhere and do more of what we did in the parking lot."

"I don't think your father would be too happy about that. He very probably would be less than pleased at what I have already done."

"Who is going to tell him?"

"Most likely you."

"I most certainly will not!"

"Not in words maybe, but all he will have to do to know what happened is look at you. Right now you have that glow about you that screams out "I've just had an orgasm." It will fade by the time you go home, but if we do more it will probably still be there when you walk in your front door."

"Bullshit!"

"Go to the ladies room and look."

She got up and left and when she came back she said, "I didn't see anything."

"Maybe only guys can see it."

Before we could go any farther in the conversation our meals arrived and we dug in. When we finished eating and were leaving she asked me where we were going and I told her it was a surprise.

"Since you don't want to go to the movies I'm going to surprise you. You did say that you liked the arcade and Skate City right?"

Both were on the way to the teen club and when we drove by the arcade she figured that we were going to Skate City until we drove by it.

"Where are we going?"

"I told you it was a surprise. If I tell you now it won't be a surprise when we get there.

When I pulled into the parking lot at the teen club she said, "Oh no Marchant. I don't want this."

"What's the matter Princess? Afraid to be seen dancing with a white boy? Isn't this date all about proving that you aren't a racist?"

I got out of the car and walked around and opened her door and offered her my arm. She hesitated, but then she got out, took my arm and I walked her into the club.

It couldn't have worked out better if I had planned it. There had to be thirty of our high school classmates there and even in the low lit room I could see the astonishment on several faces as I walked through the room with Vonda on my arm.

"Hey Bobby; over here" Phil Reed called out and pointed to two empty chairs where he was sitting. There were three tables put together and eight people sitting there and I steered Vonda toward the empty seats.

"Steady up my Nubian Princess" I whispered to her. "They can kill you, but they won't eat you." I paused and then gave a little laugh as I said, "That's my job."

"Fuck you White Boy" she whispered and I took it as progress of some sort. It could have been "Fuck you Marchant."

We sat down, said hi to every one and talked for a couple of minutes and then I drug Vonda out onto the dance floor. The first dance was a little on the stiff side, but she loosened up after a bit. We stayed out for three numbers and by the end of the third one she was dancing close enough to me to feel my erection brushing against her.

We went back to the table and after several minutes of talking I got up to go to the bathroom and when I came back Vonda was out on the floor with Dick Moore. I was watching them dance when Phil leaned over and said:

"Tell me your secret dude."

"What secret?"

"How in the hell did you ever get Vonda Williams to go out with you and what have you done to her that she just got up and went out on the floor with Dick without any fuss at all? I've known you since we were five dude and you have been white all that time. I know from years of showers after gym class that you don't have a ten inch dick so how in hell are you here with her? Got to be something that you have been hiding from the rest of us. So what's the secret dude?"

"No secret Phil. I just have an aura that females can see and it attracts them to me."

"Yeah. Right."

By midnight Vonda had danced at least once with every guy at the table and twice with a couple of them. I danced with all of the girls at the table, but made sure that Vonda got two for every one I gave some one else. I got a couple of 'call me' invitations from girls who had turned me down for dates over the years and while I didn't have anyway of knowing I would have bet hard money that Vonda got a few invitations too.

At twelve we said our goodbyes and left the club. Vonda sat quiet while I started the car and drove away from the club.

"You are awful quiet Princess. You didn't have a good time?"

"It was better than I expected, but your friends are a back stabbing bunch. Three of them asked me for a date."

"Of course they did my Nubian Princess. You are one very sexy looking lady."

"You don't care that your friends were hitting on me?"

"Would they be stealing you away from me? Taking my girl from me?"

"Of course not. You and I are not in a relationship."

"They know that Princess. They know who my girlfriend is so they know that all you and I are to each other is a Saturday night date because my girl is out of town. Knowing that they see you as fair game."

By then we were at the Starlight and when I pulled into the motel parking lot she said:

"Why are we here?"

"Over dinner you told me that you didn't want to go to the movies and instead would rather do more of what we did on my backseat."

"I had you pegged right after all. Just like all the others. All you are after is the pussy. Date's over girl. Time to let me fuck you. I should have known that you would be no different. Just another asshole!"

"Fuck you Princess! The only reason we are here is because you said you wanted it and I thought you meant it. At no time did I beg you to allow me to do it. I didn't ask you to let me do it. It was all you Princess. As I remember it your exact words were:

"I don't want to go to the movies. I want to go somewhere and do more of what we did in the parking lot."

"You wanted to go somewhere and here we are so don't be giving me a ration of shit over it."

I started the car and backed out of the lot.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm taking you home. I told your dad that I'd get you home early."

"Oh no White Boy. You brought me here and now you have to follow through. This night is all about proving that I'm not a racist and to do that you need to get me into a room here. If you don't I'll spread the word at school that you are the racist. That you just couldn't bear to touch the black girl."

"That's bullshit and you know it."

"So what? No one else knows."

I looked at her and shrugged and then pulled back into the parking lot and got us a room. Once in the room she started undressing and I told her that she didn't need to do that.

"Why not? Just lift your skirt up and take your panties off. That's all I need to do what I'm going to do."

"I don't want to fuck wearing my clothes."

"I have no intension of fucking you. I'm going to eat you and get you off and then I'm taking you home."

"You too good to have sex with a black girl?"

"What the fuck is with you Vonda? If I try to fuck you you will tell me that I'm just another asshole. If I don't you will insinuate that I'm too good to fuck black girl. I can't win either way so to hell with you. Put your fucking clothes on. I'm taking you home."

"That is Nubian Princess White Boy. Ain't no Vonda here. And I'm not putting my clothes on. You are going to take yours off. Now!"

"Give me one good reason."

"I'm not going to fuck in my clothes and you are not going to fuck me wearing yours. That simple enough for you to understand?"

While she was saying that she was undressing and as soon as she was naked she came over to me and started to unbutton my shirt. I just shook my head and asked:

"When did I lose control of the situation?"

"I think it was when you said "I'll take tomorrow. Pick you up at six."

She knelt down in front of me, unbuckled my belt, pulled down my zipper and then pulled my trousers and boxer's down to my ankles. She took hold of my erect cock and said:

"How's this for being racist White Boy?" and she took my cock in her mouth. My Nubian Princess was no stranger to giving head and she was damned good at it. After a minute or so I pulled her up and pushed her back on the bed and finished undressing. I got on the bed with her, pulled her into a sixty-nine with her on top and then I dug in. I started working on her clit and she deep-throated me and after that things just flowed.

I came and she swallowed and then stayed with it until I was hard again and then I took her missionary with her legs up on my shoulders. We both got off and then she went down on me until I was up and I took her doggie. Another sixty-nine and another missionary fuck. I was ready to take her home since it was getting late and I didn't want to piss off Marcus, but Vonda – excuse me, Princess – had other ideas."

"We aren't done yet White Boy. You have to pack my fudge before this date is over."

It took some doing, but she got me up again and I fucked her ass and then we showered and dressed. As I drove her home she asked:

"Still think I'm a racist White Boy?"

"I will say that you have given me some reasons that might make me want to reconsider."

"Asshole!"

She was silent for a bit and then said, "Just who is this bitch that I'm going to have to kill?"

"What?"

"You said that you were out with me tonight because your girlfriend is out of town. If I'm going to keep you munching on my taco I'm going to have to get rid of her."

"Whoa!!! Vonda Williams wants a white boy for a boyfriend. Is the world ready for that?"

"Asshole! I all ready told you that there ain't no Vonda's here tonight and I don't know if your Nubian Princess is ready for a white boyfriend, but a white boy toy would do for a while. At least until I could sell my mother on a white son in law. And that brings me back to what started this whole thing. Why were you fucking my mother?"

"Why do you think I fucked your mother?"

"I told you. I saw the kiss you two exchanged when you brought her home at six in the morning. And when she came into the house I saw what you said my dad would see when I got home tonight. Remember what you said at the restaurant? The glow that screams out "I've just had an orgasm?" She had that 'just fucked' look about her so I know that you fucked her and I want to know all about it."

"I all ready told you that you would have to get your answers from her."

"As if."

"Let me put it this way. If I told you about what I did with another girl would you go to bed tonight and not worry what I might tell somebody about you?"

She didn't answer that and just then we pulled up in front of her house. I started to get out of the car and go around and open her door, but she said:

"We are not finished yet White Boy."

"I told you I'm not saying a word."

"That's not it. Do you realize that you have pushed your cock into every one of my available holes, but you haven't kissed me? Not even once."

She was right. Talk about feeling like an asshole! I got back in the car, started it up and drove around the corner. I wasn't going to do it parked in front of her house. I could just see Marcus coming out and breaking it up. I parked and pulled her to me and then kissed her. Her tongue sought out mine and in minutes we had the car windows fogged up. We stayed at it for twenty minutes or so and then pulled apart.

I drove around the block and pulled up in front of her house and then escorted her to her front door. She looked into my eyes and said:

"Again?"

I took her in my arms and kissed her and we played the tongue game again and then broke the kiss.

"Am I going to see you again?" she asked.

"I honestly don't know. I would like to, but there is that girlfriend thing."

"Can we talk about it on Monday at lunch?"

"I don't see why not."

She kissed me again and then went into the house. I got the hell out of there before Marcus (or Tash) could come out.

After breakfast I decided to call Nancy and see if she wanted to see me earlier than the time we set before I knew that Natasha wasn't coming home. She did so I was at her place at noon and when I asked her where she wanted to go she suggested Skate City, a light meal and strenuous exercise at a place of my choosing.

There were several people at Skate City who had been at the teen club the night before and they seemed confused. One of them was Phil and he made it a point to ask me about my secret again.

"Natasha, Pauline, Gail, Vonda and now Nancy? Where can I buy whatever it is that you are using."

"I told you Phil. It is just an aura I have. Call it animal magnetism for lack of a better description."

He walked off shaking his head. Maybe half an hour later Dick Moore came up to me and said:

"You and Natasha are still good right?"

"Yeah."

"So you don't have anything going with Vonda? She was just a fill in date?"

"Yeah."

"So it is okay if I give her a call?"

"Have at it. She's a fun date."

"Thanks man" and off he went.

After about three hours at Skate City we hit Harry's for burgers and then I drove us out to the Starlight. Nancy reduced me to ruin. We did regular, oral and anal several times and I had trouble walking out to the car when it was over. I drove her home, she kissed me goodnight and told me that she would see me at school and I went home and died.

The sounds of the shower and a hot mouth started my day and as soon as I was awake mom said:

"Just a reminder that you have work to do tonight motherfucker" and then she got up and left the room. She didn't leave me in a condition where I had to use the ever present panties.

School was school and at lunch time I was seated at a table before any of the usual suspects came through the chow line. The first one I saw was Gail and she headed for the other side of the room when she left the cashier. Next was Nancy and she headed for me and sat down. Then Vonda came through the line and started my way, but then seemed to think better of it and she took a table not too far from Gail. Vonda no sooner sat down than Dick Moore showed up and I'm guessing that he asked if he could join her because I saw her nod her head yes and he sat down.

Nancy asked, "Got time for a serious talk?"

"Depends. How much time are we talking here? I have a class in thirty minutes."

"Won't take that long. Remember the talk we had about being friends a little while back?"

"Yes."

"You are a hell of a nice guy Bobby and you are killer in the sack. I like you. I really do. That said, there doesn't seem to be any spark between us. We could keep dating and trying, but I believe that it would be a waste of time. I rather call it now and keep being friends than keep trying and maybe screwing things up between us. Can we do that Bobby? Can we stay good friends?"

"Of course we can. Don't forget that I never promised you anything. I was upfront when I said that I doubted that you could take me away from Natasha."

She stood up, bent and kissed me and then said, "Thank you Bobby" and walked away."

According to my talk with Marge on Friday she was going to schedule me to work in the office for the week so when I got to work I checked in with her.

"Ready for a hard week stud? Since I'm going to get you tonight you can play with one of the others today. Just try and get SOME work done while you're here."

I spent most of the shift entering invoices into the computer and the last forty minutes entering Shelly. Just before I punched out Andrea came to me and told me that her hubby was leaving in the morning on a five day run and to keep her in mind.

"I wouldn't mind spending some of that five days with you."

"How about tomorrow?"

"It's a date."

Mom was already at Marge's when I got there and she wasted no time in getting me into a sixty-nine to get me ready. Her legs were up on my shoulders and I was driving hard for my orgasm when Marge came in.

"No fair" she said. "My place so I should have been the first."

"Oh hush" mom said, "You weren't here and I wasn't going to waste the time."

"My own fault I guess. I shouldn't have given you a key."

"Stop your whining and get undressed."

Marge stripped and after that it was a repeat of every other time I had spent with two women at the same time. I was totally wasted when I left the two of them, but they were still going strong. Just before I left and while my

mom was in the bathroom Marge told me that if I wanted to skip my first class in the morning and hide in her closet I could have sloppy seconds. Dad had a meeting with Thomas Industries to see about getting some of their business.

"And you know how he feels about me being his lucky charm."

"I'll be here. What time?"

"Depends on you. He will be here around eight. If you want him to get sloppy seconds you need to get here in time to do the deed."

"You are one evil lady."

"I know and you love it."

And I did.

I was up and out of the house before mom and dad woke up and was ringing Marge's doorbell at six forty-five. I had her in all three holes before my dad rang the doorbell at seven forty-five and then I watched from Marge's closet as he got his good luck fuck

After she had come back from walking him out I took my sloppy seconds and then decided that since I was going to be late for school anyway I might as well make her late for work. I added mine to dad's who had added his to mine and then I pulled out and presented my cock to Marge's mouth.

"None of that young man. I have to get ready for work."

I took her head in my hands and forced my cock into her mouth and then I fucked her face until I was hard. Once hard I pulled out, pushed her down and fucked her in her ass until I got off and then I said:

"Now you can get ready for work"

"Asshole!"

"And you wouldn't have it any other way" I said as I dressed.

As it was I only missed my first class and then of course school was school. At lunch Vonda sat down with me and asked:

"Are we going to get together again?"

"Are you sure that you want to?"

"Absolutely White Boy. You are the only boy I've been out with that who has gone down on me and I love it. I want as much of it as I can get for as long as I can get it."

"Here's the deal" and I explained my arrangement with Natasha. "If you can handle that then I see no reason that we can't see each other again, but right now because of previous commitments all I can offer you on a steady basis is Thursdays and after she leaves to go back to school on Sundays. But there is a condition attached to the offer."

"What?"

"No more questions about your mother. Not one. Okay?"

"That's not fair White Boy. I know you did it and all I want is to know why. You accused me of being a racist, but I'm lily white compared to my mom. She is a racist! She has no use for whites at all. She can trace her side of the family back to a slave on a Georgia plantation and according to her all white people are scum. Yet she went out with you and she fucked you and that is just so not my mother. I have to know why. I'm not going to throw it in her face and she will never even know that I know, but I HAVE to know. I just have to."

"Thursdays and Sundays and you know my conditions."

"I have to take them and you know it and I'll try not to bring my mother into it, but that is all I can promise."

"Thursday at seven?"

"I'll be ready."

At work it was shred document time and I had Gloria helping me and it was no surprise when she asked me if we could go to the play room. The surprise came when Marge came in and joined us. After mom and Mary and mom and Marge dual carpet munching was not new to me and I didn't care one way or the other about it, but it was still surprising to see just how easily it took place. Marge sat on the table with her legs spread wide and Gloria ate her while I took Gloria doggie. Then it was me eating Gloria while Marge worked at getting me up again and then my doing Marge doggie while she munched on Gloria.

And I was getting paid while doing it.

We all trooped back upstairs and finished out the shift and on the way out I stuck my head in Marge's office.

"Did the lucky charm get the job done?"

She smiled and gave me a thumbs up.

I followed Andrea home and she dropped off her car and then I took her out to eat. When we got back to her place we necked on the sofa for a while and then she led me into her bedroom.

She sucked my dick while I undressed and then I pushed her back on the bed and went down on her until I got her off. Then she totally surprised me.

"What would you like first? Pussy or ass?"

"I thought pussy was off limits. I thought all I got to do was what hubby wouldn't or couldn't."

"That was before this weekend."

"What changed?"

"I know that I said I would adopt Shelly's outlook and not consider it cheating if all I did was what Dennis wouldn't. But I can't lie to myself. Regardless of why I'm doing it is still cheating and I feel bad about it. Friday I told Dennis that he needed to seek professional help to find out why he behaves like he does. He refused. He said that the problem wasn't his. The problem was mine for wanting to do perverted acts. His exact words. Perverted acts.

"We argued about it all week and I finally lost it on Sunday and told him if he wasn't going to at least try to do something so that he could give me some of what I enjoyed he wasn't going to get any of what he enjoyed. Before he left on his run I asked him if he had changed his mind and he said no so I told him that his sex life had just died. He isn't going to get any more of my pussy until he seeks help, but I'm not going without cock. So. What's it going to be?"

"Both and I don't care in what order."

It was a long night. Pussy, sixty-nine and then ass. A cock wash followed by some sixty-nine and then pussy, sixty-nine and ass. One more cock wash, pussy and then we fell asleep cuddled up to each other.

In the morning I went down on her and she woke up to my munching on her beaver. She pulled me up and I fucked her and then we showered together which was a waste of water because the playing we did in the shower led us right back to bed. I did her ass and then I dressed and got out of there to let her get ready to go to work.

I worked on a paper in the library and at lunch I headed for the cafeteria. I was joined by – surprise, surprise – Gail. She sat down and went right to it.

"Are we talking?"

"Don't see why not."

"I just wondered because of the way you kept pushing me away last Wednesday."

"What did you expect? You let me walk in there like a lamb going to slaughter. You knew that I was going to get in Terrell's face and it could have turned out bad for me. You let me do it knowing that the problem was you and not Terrell. You could have told me that it wasn't Terrell's doing when we talked last. That killed whatever special relationship we had Gail. You said that your first gangbang was your goodbye kiss to Tom. Well what you pulled with Terrell was your goodbye kiss to me."

She scowled at me and said, "Fuck you Marchant!" She pushed back her chair and she got up and left.

A work I was back to entering invoices again and Andrea asked me if I was going to follow her home again and I told her that I couldn't because I had to meet my mom after work. Hey. It wasn't a lie. I was going to meet her at Mary's. She did get me down into the basement and I did fuck her pooper after eating her pussy. We were no sooner upstairs when Gloria asked me if she could have a few private words with me. In the basement of course. And of course I said yes. Her private words were:

"Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Make me cum. Please make me cum."

And I of course did my best to give the lady what she wanted.

I was not surprised when I found Mary sitting on the couch waiting for me when I got to her place. What did surprise me was that Marcus was sitting there waiting for me too. I knew that he was going to want to talk with me sometime during the evening, but I had expected it to come later on.

I took the lead. "I know that you promised me that I would always be first Mary, but I release you from your promise this once. Marcus and I need to have a talk so go join the party and I'll be up in a bit."

"Okay, but I'll make sure that you are first in my ass okay?"

"I'm already looking forward to it."

She left and Marcus said, "We have a problem."

"Tash not liking the idea of a white son in law?"

"You would not believe what that woman went through when you left with Vonda. She wanted to kill you for even daring to talk to our daughter and she wanted to kill me for letting you leave with Vonda."

"All I have to do to put an end to it is give Vonda what she wants."

"What is that?"

"She says she is going to dog me until I tell her why her mother was fucking me. You called it. You told me that once she got an idea in her head she wouldn't let it go and that I needed to watch out for her. The only way I could get her to stop hounding me was to date her. She just will not get off the "Why was my mother fucking you" kick. I keep telling her that I never had sex with Tash, but she doesn't believe me. She said that she recognized that "Just fucked" look when her mother got home."

Then I told him what Vonda had said about her mother and whites and asked if it was true.

"There is some truth there, but it isn't as bad as Vonda makes it out."

"Then why did she do what she did with me?"

"I told you. It was a fantasy of hers and after years of talking about it I finally dared her to do it. And she surprised the hell out of me and did it."

"You have my thanks for that. I doubt that I will ever forget that night and it kills me that she won't let me do it again. But back to Vonda. I think I can see a way to get her off the why was her mother fucking me kick, but I don't see it getting me out of dating her. She is pretty damned insistent that I'm going to be her guy."

"I don't know how you did it given the fact that she is just a tad to the right of her mother on feelings about whites."

"I think it all has to do with beating me down to find out what went on between me and her mom. She knows her mom's position on whites so she just has to know why her mother not only went out with me, but gave me a kiss when I brought her home that melted the nails in the soles of my shoes. Anyway, I think I know how to shut her down."

"How?"

"Lie to her of course. Tell her some partial truths. She may come to you so you will need to be ready to back me up."

"What's the plan?"

I told him and I told him I would do it on my Thursday date with Vonda.

Once upstairs I did my duty as best I could. Mary had indeed saved her ass for me and after I'd taken it I moved between the available holes presented by mom and Mary. As on the previous Wednesday I did not have anything to do with Gail and even though she never tried to get to me I could tell she was pissed.

I was on my back with mom riding me cowgirl while she was sucking the dick of one of her basketball players when Mary called out:

"You better hurry Madge or you are going to be late getting home."

I wasn't even close, but the guy in her mouth had just cum and I could see it leaking out of the corners of her mouth. She pulled off me and said:

"Sorry Bobby, but I have to get out of here. I'll make it up to you next time."

She hurriedly dressed and headed out (with Marcus right behind her) and Mary came over and said:

"Can I have it" and without waiting for me to say anything she mounted me. She bent forward to kiss me and that presented some one with a target and through the membrane separating the two holes I felt a cock sliding into her ass. I felt her push back and when she broke the kiss and raised up a cock was presented to her mouth and she took it.

That was my last one of the night, but Mary and Gail were still going strong as I got ready to leave. As I was heading down the stairs Marcus was coming in the front door and I asked:

"Get anywhere with her tonight?"

"No and I don't understand it. She says that she loves fucking me, but I can only get to do it here on Wednesday nights."

"From what I hear we are lucky to be getting that. I'm told that she really loves her husband, but he cheats on her and these Wednesdays are her way of staying even. Mary tells me that she pulls trains rather than have affairs because it lets her avoid emotional entanglements. Could be that you are wasting your time."

"Maybe. But I will keep on trying."

I was joking when I said, "If I can fix it up so that you and Madge get together you have to get me back with Tash" and he got a serious look on his face and said:

"You have a deal."

As I drove home I remembered my evening with Tash and I wished that there was some way that I could accomplish what I'd jokingly said to Marcus.

When I got home dad was in bed, but mom was still up. "I'd like to be able to finish what was interrupted baby, but we don't dare."

"No problem. I don't believe even you could get me up one more time tonight. How did your talk with Marcus go?"

"He is persistent; I'll give him that."

"I jokingly told him that I'd find some way to get the two of you together if he would get me together with his wife."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Told me that I had a deal. So I figure that I'll get that apartment after all and you and Marcus can use it one night and his wife and I can use it the next."

"Don't you dare young man. I told you I'm not going to do anything except at Mary's."

"Calm down. I was joking. Although I would like another shot at his wife."

"Another shot? What are you holding out on me motherfucker?"

"Like everything this is just between us right?"

"Of course it is."

I told her about what had happened with Marcus's wife."

"You were her fantasy and Marcus set you up for her to have it? Far out. Since you want her again I take it that you liked your taste of chocolate?"

"Indeed I did. It was one hell of a night."

"If I let you talk me into getting with Marcus so you can get his wife will I get you back? You have heard that old saying that when you go black you can't go back right?"

"That's just bullshit."

"Is it? I'm back with them."

"But you will always come back to me so I'm not worried."

"You had better get up to bed before I decide to drag you out into the garage for some backseat time and don't give me any of that crap that not even I could get you up. I haven't failed yet."

I kissed her goodnight and went up to bed.

School was school and at lunch Vonda joined me. She gave me a big smile and asked:

"Looking forward to tonight and some chocolate pudding?"

"Yum, yum."

"We might have to renegotiate as far as your conditions are concerned."

"Oh? And what makes you think I'll do that?"

"I have other options for a white boy toy now. Dick Moore wants a date and Bert Ellsworth has called me."

"Go with Bert. I know he eats pussy, but I'm not so sure that Dick does."

"That's it. You going to give up with out a fight?"

"I'm not giving anything up Princess. You are threatening to take it away. There is a difference there."

"Why won't you tell me what I want to know? I'm not going to hurt anybody with it. It's just that I have to know. It is driving me crazy."

"Tell you what I'll do Princess. I'll tell you everything that you want to know if you will agree that I can tell everyone that I know about our night at the Starlight. Every last little detail. Like you telling me that I had to pack your fudge before I could take you home. Just say yes and I'll get up and go over to Phil Reed's table and start telling. You want to take the deal?"

"Jesus White Boy; you can be such an asshole sometimes."

"I thought that is why you wanted me? Got to run or I'll be late for class. Tonight at seven?"

She nodded a yes and I got up and left.

I checked in with Marge when I got to work and wasn't the least bit surprised when she sent me to the basement to pull some files. Nor was I surprised when ten minutes later she came down to 'assist' me. Sixty-nine on the air mattress followed by some energetic missionary and then she had to get back upstairs.

I was just pulling up my zipper when Shelly walked into the room, pushed my hand away from the zipper and pulled it back down. Sixty-nine on the air mattress followed by anal with her bent over the table and then she had to get back upstairs.

I had my pants halfway up when Gloria came into the room, saw what I was doing, said "Oh no you don't" and pushed them back down. Sixty-nine on the air mattress followed by doggie and then she had to get back upstairs.

I sat there on the table thinking about the weird way my life was going when Andrea came into the room.

"Ready for me I see" she said as she went to her knees in front of me and took my dick in her mouth. After a bit she pulled me down on the air mattress. Sixty-nine followed by my fucking her ass doggie and then she had to get back upstairs.

Then I had to go back upstairs because I forgot what I had been sent downstairs for in the first place

Just before I got to Vonda's place my cell went off and it was Vonda.

"Don't come up to the door to get me. Mother is waiting for you to get here and she looks like she wants to kill you. Go to the end of the street and turn the corner and park. I'm going to go out the back door while she is watching out the window for you. Meet you on the corner."

I did what she told me to and five minutes later she joined me.

"Where to Princess?"

"I'm not hungry. I don't want to play games or go skating, there are no movies I want to see and I have no interest in dancing. What does that leave?"

Sixty-nine followed by missionary. Sixty-nine followed by cowgirl. Sixty-nine followed by doggie and then sixty-nine followed by anal. A shower ended up with her leaning against the wall while I fuck her in the ass a second time from behind.

As we drove away from the Starlight she said, "I've worked up an appetite so you can feed me now."

I stopped at Harry's and as we munched on our meal she made another attempt to get me to tell her why I had fucked her mother. I hesitated and then I told her what I told Marcus I would say.

"I didn't fuck your mother Princess. I am ashamed to admit that I tried like hell to fuck her, but she just wouldn't give it up. I think that if I would have had a couple of more hours I could have made it happen, but she had to get home."

"Why are you ashamed to admit that you tried to fuck her?"

"Because it was betraying a friendship Princess. I know your father. I've known him for some time and we got to be friends. He told me about your mother's stance where white folks are concerned and he told me how much it bothers him.

"I don't know what kind of relationship your mom and dad have so I have no idea how things went that put us where we were on the day your dad asked me for a favor. Some how it happened that he dared your mother to go out with a white guy and she took the dare. He asked me to do it. She was never supposed to know that I knew she was Marcus's wife. She was supposed to think that I thought she was your father's sister.

"Anyway once your mother took the dare your dad decided to tweak your mother's nose a bit and he set her up with a young white guy instead of one her own age. The dare had three parts to it. She had to go out on a date with a white guy, be seen in a public place and in a place where people knew her and she had to kiss her date at least six times during the course of the date with at least three of those kisses in a public place and where people knew her.

"Your dad asked me to do it because he felt that he could trust me. That's why I was ashamed. I was betraying your father's trust.

"The way it worked was that your mom didn't know that I knew what was going on. The story that your dad told her that he told me was his sister had a fantasy about dating a white guy and that I had been asked if I would help his sister's fantasy come to life and I had agreed to do it.

"Remember now that I knew about the dare, but your mom didn't know that I knew so because I didn't know your mom had to take the lead. I asked her where she would like to have dinner and she chose a place where she and your father ate often and where there were a lot of people who knew her.

"After dinner I asked her what she wanted to do. She said she wanted to dance and took me to a club over on Stout. The guy at the door knew her so he didn't ask me for ID even though I was too young to be there. I swear to God Princess I was afraid that I was going to be killed. Outside of three white girls who were there with black dates I was the only white face in the place and some of the looks I got should have killed me on the spot.

"Your mom danced with me and she danced close. She even took my hand off her waist and put it on her ass. And she kissed me. Right out on the dance floor and in front of God and everybody she kissed me and pushed her tongue down my throat. You mother is hot Princess and between the kisses and the dances my cock was as hard as a rock. The kiss with tongue pushed me over the edge. I forgot all about your dad and the trust he had in me and all I wanted to do was fuck my hot date. I didn't care that she was a married woman. She was one hot babe and I wanted to fuck her and so I tried.

"I'm not going to go into the whole night, but I eventually got your mother into a room at this very motel. I had her naked on the bed and I was naked and my hard cock was leading the way. I was seconds away from fucking her when she pushed me away and said:

"I can't do this. I just can't. I'm a married woman and I love my husband. I just can't do this."

"All I did with your mother Princess was kiss her and finger fuck her a little in the car in the club parking lot and suck on her tits as she undressed in the motel room. She never even touched my cock. Not once. She did rub it through my pants a couple of times and she saw it coming at her as she lay on the bed, but she never touched the bare flesh. I got some of the most passionate kisses I've ever gotten, but that's all I got. Well maybe not all. I've got the memory of that magnificent body spread out naked on that bed and I doubt that I'll ever forget it.

"That's why your mother wants to kill me Princess. She knows what I did with her and she knows that I'm probably trying to do it with you and she doesn't want it to happen. She doesn't want her baby going out with a pussy wanting white boy."

"You poor guy! You must have had the biggest set of blue balls in the state on that night."

"I did indeed Princess. I have never wanted anything as bad in my life as I wanted your mother that night. You need to keep that in mind Princess. When we get married I'll be wanting to fuck my mother in law and I'll do it if I get the chance."

"When we get married?"

"You did say that I would be your white boy toy until you could sell your mother on the idea of a white son in law didn't you?"

"I guess I did, but you are my first white boy toy and there could be others before I make my final choice."

"Okay then. When I take you home I'll talk to your mom. I'll make her a deal. I will leave you alone from now on if she will just fuck me at least one time."

"The hell you will. I'm not sharing you with my mother."

"But Princess; I'll need something to fill my time while you are out there playing with other white boys."

"God White Boy; you can be such an asshole at times and speaking of assholes mine could use some attention right now."

She wouldn't let me walk her to her door, but she did say that she hoped her mother was watching when she kissed me and tried to get her tongue far enough down my throat to lick the backside of my belly button. I returned the kiss although I did keep one eye on the front door of the house.

I awoke to the sound of the shower and the feel of a hot mouth on my cock. When mom saw that I was awake she said:

"Some one new last night?"

"That's chocolate you are tasting" I said and meaning it in more than one way. It hadn't been washed since I pulled it out of Vonda's ass.

"You nasty boy. Marcus's wife?"

"His daughter."

"Oh my. You really are a nasty boy."

The shower stopped and so did mom and as she pulled away she said, "You will have to tell me all about it later."

She hadn't quite gotten me up which was no surprise given what I'd been through over the last sixteen hours. I didn't even need to use the ever present pair of mom's dirty panties.

School was school and Vonda joined me at lunch.

"Mom was pissed at me when I got home. She didn't want me going out with you and she intended to make that clear to you when you came to the door. She never expected me to sneak out the back door while she hovered around the front. She forbade me to ever see you again. She got really pissed when I told her that not only was I going to see you again, but she needed to start preparing her self for a white son in law. My dad was standing behind her and doing his best not to laugh. What's next?"

"Still on for Sunday?"

"Wouldn't miss it. But is it going to hurt us if I date others on the nights I'm not dating you?"

"Of course not. I explained my situation to you. We can only be an 'us' when my girlfriend isn't in town. When she is here she gets my full attention."

"I hate her. I told you that right?"

"You did and it makes no sense to me. You had six years when you could have hooked up with me and didn't. How can you hate her just because she came along and took up with what you didn't want?"

"Don't be dense White Boy. It doesn't have to make sense. She has you. I want you. Ergo I hate her."

I knew better, but I kept my mouth shut. I was something new for her. A white boy who dared her. A white boy who cracked the shell that she'd had around her. I'd bet even money that in a month she wouldn't even say yes to a date with me because I'd be 'old hat' by then and she would have tons of new guys after her. And besides; why would she pick a guy who would drop her for her mother?

We set a time for Sunday and then I got up and headed for class.

I was just walking out to the school parking lot when my phone chirped. It was Tasha and she called to tell me that she was running late.

"It will probably be close to eight-thirty or nine before I get there."

"Just give me a call on my cell when you get home and I'll be right over."

At work I entered invoices into the computer until Marge told me to meet her in the basement in five minutes. When I got there I found Gloria waiting and by the time I had the door unlocked Marge was there. I ate Marge while Marge ate Gloria then Marge sat on my face while Gloria rode me cowgirl. Then it was Gloria on my face while Marge rode me cowgirl. Gloria had to get back upstairs and as soon as she left I fucked Marge in her butt.

I followed Andrea home, but only after warning her that I would be leaving as soon as Tasha called me. Andrea told me she would rather have a couple of hours than nothing. She got three before my phone went off. I do admit it was hard to tear myself away from her.

Tasha came down the steps before I came to a full stop and the door hadn't even closed behind her when she told me to get her to a bed.

"Either that or pull over now and we can get on the backseat."

The night was a milestone of sorts for me. When we walked into room 213 that made it every room in the motel that I had been in. Forty rooms and I had fucked in every one of them. I wisely didn't mention that fact to Tasha since she hadn't been in all forty of them with me.

"It has been a long week for me baby so I want the full boat."

"The full boat?"

"Pussy, mouth and ass and as often as you can."

"Right. Full boat."

"And don't worry about getting me home tonight. Waking up here with you in the morning will suit me just fine."

Mom wouldn't be too happy about it, but Tasha was my girl and she did come first. She got her 'full boat' and it was around two before we fell asleep.

I woke up at seven and she was still asleep so I slid down and started munching on her beaver and she slowly woke up. Once awake I took her missionary and then we went sixty-nine following which she wanted anal. I couldn't help it. I got to thinking about what she was doing up at Western and who had her to where she always wanted anal. Did she have a full time guy up there? And if she did could I live with it? I honestly did not know.

I never did take her home that day. We played until noon and then I took her to breakfast. We went back to the room and played until six and then I took her out to dinner. Back to the motel and played until we fell asleep around midnight.

She woke me up on Sunday the same way I had woken her on Saturday. We played (anal twice) until noon and then I took her home and dropped her off without walking her to her door. Her choice, not mine.

I was less than a block away from dropping her off when my phone went off. I answered it and heard the voice of the last person I ever expected to hear from.

I pulled into the parking lot and then took a deep breath and walked into the place. It wasn't open for business yet so there wasn't any one on the door. Once inside I saw about eight people and as the last time I was the only white male in the place. She was sitting in a booth along the west wall and I walked over and sat down across from her.

"You rang?"

"I didn't think that you would really come."

"Bullshit my Queen. You knew I couldn't stay away."

"Why are you dating my daughter?"

"How else can I stay close to you?"

"Have you fucked her?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"So she would keep me around and I could stay close to you."

"You mean that? You really mean that?"

"I can be packed and ready to go in an hour. We will have to stick around until the bank opens in the morning and then we can be gone."

"You are crazy. I can't do that!"

"Okay then. What do we do?"

"Marcus will just have to understand. He pushed me into living out my fantasy so I guess he will just have to live with the consequences. Take me somewhere and fuck me White Boy."

"Your wish is my command my Nubian Queen."

We were not even out of the club parking lot and her head was in my lap and my cock was in her mouth. And at least four men were watching when her head went down below the seat. She got me off and swallowed it all before we got to the Starlight and then we were in the room and off to the races. We fucked and we sucked and we fucked some more. We didn't even leave to eat we just feasted on each other.

"How did you do this to me White Boy? Until you I didn't even like white people. Now I can't get enough of you. I love my husband and I will not leave him, but I can't say no to you. I'm yours White Boy. How can I prove it? What is the nastiest thing I can do to prove to you that I'm yours?"

"You don't have to prove a thing my Queen. You are here with me and that's enough."

She pushed me back on the bed and went down on me and got me hard and then she got in the doggie position and told me to take her ass. I fucked her hard until we both came and then she spun around and said:

"I've never done this before and I swear I'll never do it with anyone but you and she leaned forward and started sucking the cock that I had just pulled out of her ass. If she was trying to get me up again she was wasting her time because I was fucked out, but she didn't seem to care. She kept after it until she finally realized it was hopeless and then she stopped and got up from her knees and sat on the bed. I took her in my arms and I kissed her. I gave her some tongue and when I broke the kiss she said:

"You could do that after what I just did with my mouth?"

"That was my mouth my Queen and I will kiss it every chance I get."

She looked at the clock and said, "Oh fuck me! Look at the time. What am I going to do now?"

It was ten after two. All I could do was shrug and say, "We will have to go and face the music."

"No. I'm going alone. I'll handle Marcus. I'm going to keep you out of it for now. No one knows that I was with you. Drop me at the club and I'll pick up my car and go home. When can I see you again?"

"Tuesday."

"I'll call you and set up a place to meet."

"I'm not afraid to pick you up at your house."

"I know, but I want to keep you clear until I have settled things with Marcus."

I dropped her off to pick up her car and then I headed home.

I managed to get four hours sleep before the shower and the hot mouth woke me up.

"Where were you motherfucker? Why didn't I get my Saturday?"

"Long story and I don't have enough time before the shower stops. Tonight meet me at the IHOP before we go to Marge's place. About six-thirty."

School was school and it was no surprise when a pissed off Vonda sat down with me at lunch. She was not happy with me at all.

"Couldn't you have at least called me to let me know that you weren't coming?"

When in doubt lie. "I couldn't call you. I only got one phone call and that had to be to my dad to come and bail me out. By the time I was out it was too late to call."

"Bail you out?"

"I stopped at the mall to buy you some flowers and some asshole who knew us from school used the N word in describing you and I stomped his ass. Mall security saw it and called the cops and held me until they got there."

"You went to jail?"

"That's why I couldn't call."

"Shit! Now I feel bad."

"Why?"

"When you didn't show or call I got pissed. Dick Moore called me and asked me if I wanted to go to the movies with him and I was just pissed off enough at you that I said yes."

"Did you have a good time?"

"We can be honest with each other right? I mean I know what our relationship is and I did say that I might date others and you said it was all right with you didn't you?"

"I did."

"It was an okay time, but you were wrong when you told me all white guys ate pussy. Dick sure didn't and he got pissed at me when I told him "no eatie no fuckie."

"Good to know you have standards that you hold to."

"Don't be a wise ass White Boy. When will I see you again?"

"Not until Thursday."

"You can't squeeze me in somewhere?"

"Sorry Princess, but between school, my job and my girlfriend I don't have much free time left over."

"I guess I'll have to suffer until Thursday."

"You don't have to. I already told you that Bert Ellsworth eats pussy."

"I'm not a slut White Boy. I only went with Dick because I was pissed at you and I was going to rub your face in it. I should have known that you would have had a good reason not to call. I'll wait until Thursday."

I leaned over and kissed her and then headed for class.

It was my week to work in the plant and Hal put me to work as the safety guy. I spent the shift looking for the things that OSHA would look for if they came in for an inspection. I found an extension cord with the outer covering worn off exposing bare wire and I took it out of service. I found a burned out light bulb in the exit sign over the loading bay man door and a loose guard over the gearing on the west conveyor belt.

I commented to Hal that it didn't seem very cost effective for me to have spent most of my shift and only finding that little and he laughed at me.

"If OSHA would have found what you did the fines would have been in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars. If your pay was triple what it is how close would you come to three grand?"

"Looked at that way I guess I saved the company twenty-seven hundred dollars."

"Tomorrow you can look for some more. You found that extension cord problem because it was in plain sight. Just think of how many more might be like that, but not be out in plain sight. You need to dig deep Bob because OSHA sure will."

Forty minutes before quitting time Shelly came out into the plant and handed me a piece of paper. I read:

"As soon as you can. Please?"

Hal saw her give it to me and I told him that I had been summoned to the office and didn't know if I would be back before quitting time.

"I was hoping to have you work with Jared on swings for a bit."

"I can't on Mondays or Wednesdays because I have an evening class. But I'm good with the other nights."

I was going to have to watch it. Lying was starting to come too naturally to me.

I met Shelly at the playroom and I ate her pussy for a bit and then gave her the anal that she loved. She had a wash rag in a plastic baggie and she cleaned my dick and then sucked me hard and took a second load in her pooper. She kissed me goodnight and left and I locked up, punched out and headed for the IHOP.

Mom was already there and we had coffee and pie while I brought her up to date on what had taken place since Friday.

"His daughter on Thursday and his wife on Sunday? Maybe you had better skip Wednesdays from now on."

"He might suspect that I doing Vonda, but as far as his wife is concerned it was his idea to start with so he has no bitch coming."

I explained their fantasy exchange program and then said, "He told me that the fantasy had no time limits and that it could last a night, a week, a month or even a year and he asked me to go along with it as long as I could. So no, I won't skip Wednesdays."

"Where did I go wrong in raising you? Older women, mothers and daughters and sweet young innocent girls like Natasha and Gail."

"It has nothing to do with the raising you gave me. It has to do with the genes you gave me. I'm just as big of a male slut as you are a female one."

"Don't you dare call me a slut you motherfucker."

"Whatever you say cocksucker; what ever you say."

The night at Marge's was like all nights at Marge's and I was kept busy sucking and fucking and along the way there was plenty of knob polishing and as usual I was wiped out and the women were still going strong when I let myself out the door.

School was school and Vonda joined me for lunch and we made small talk. She didn't say anything that would lead me to believe that she knew about her mom's Sunday with me. I told her that I probably wouldn't see her the next day since I didn't have class and then we firmed up our date for Thursday.

Tash called me as I was driving to work and told me where to meet her and I gave her an approximate time and told her I would be there. At work I played safety inspector again and found a half dozen problems, but I steered clear of Hal because I didn't want him asking me to stay over and spend some time on the second shift.

No notes from the front office so I was out of there and on my way to the Cottonwood Mall at six. Tash was parked in the first row on the east end of the mall just outside J.C. Penny's. She got out of her car and we got in mine and I pointed the Impala toward the Starlight.

On the way to the Starlight Tash told me that Marcus was not pleased with her.

"To shut him up I reminded him that he was the one who pushed me into making my fantasy happen and then I reminded him of our agreement that our fantasies got to run until we decided to end them. Then I told him that I was a long way from wanting to end my young white boy fantasy.

"He isn't happy, but I don't care. My fantasy is going to run until you end it White Boy. It won't end because of me. Now get me some place and fuck me."

It was a very satisfying night. Oral, anal and pussy galore and I could barely walk out to the car when Tash was done with me.

Mom was my usual Wednesday morning alarm clock and I learned that mom had a very discerning mouth. I knew she could tell from the different tastes on my cock that I had been with different girls, but to date I only knew that she could distinctly identify Marge. So it came as a surprise when she said:

"Yum! Chocolate again. Wife or daughter?"

"Wife."

"Nasty, nasty boy" and she went back to alarm clocking. When she felt I was ready she climbed on cowgirl and rode me until I rolled her over onto her back and pounded into her to get my orgasm. Along the way I think she popped twice or maybe it was three times.

Sixty-nine and then a trip up the dirt road while she moaned, "Fuck me motherfucker; fuck your slutty mommy and make her cum."

She washed my cock, got me up again and we had another go at missionary. A blow job and another trip up the dirt road and then a shower. I was wanting another go, but she told me no.

"I have a long lunch date with Marge."

I just shook my head. My mother the sex machine. Me in the morning, carpet munching for lunch and then gangbangs in the evening. At least I knew where I got it from.

At work I checked in with Hal and he told me that they wanted me in the office that day. I checked in with Marge and she sent me down to the basement to pull old files.

"In about an hour unlock the playroom and get ready to play stud."

An hour later I was sitting naked on the table when Shelly came in. She went to her knees and started sucking my cock and when it was hard she took a red ribbon out of her pocket and tied it in a bow around my hard on. Then she stood up and called out:

"He's ready."

Into the room came Marge, Andrea, Gloria – and Tina!

Marge said, "Surprised?"

"Obviously."

"Tina is getting married and we decided to hold a bridal shower for her. This is it and you are our gift to her. Most girls have a stripper in for their party, but we didn't want to waste time on dancing and music."

While she was talking Andrea, Gloria and Shelly were undressing Tina and when they were done she was left standing there in only high heels.

"Unwrap your present girlfriend" Shelly said and Tina came forward to untie the bow.

"Treat her right stud" Marge said as they all left leaving me with Tina's hands on my cock.

"Why" I asked. "Why now that you are getting married?"

"I wanted one last fling before becoming a faithful wife. I've always wished that I had taken you seriously way back when I was playing at teasing. Shelly knew it so she decided that if I wanted a last fling it should be you."

I did everything with her that I did with the others except that I did more and it lasted longer since basically we were spending almost all of the afternoon at it. She loved it when I ate her and she went crazy when I fucked her butt. She needed to work on giving blow jobs. Her first was barely okay, but she got better with the second one and showed promise with the third. Her favorite position was doggie and I fucked her twice in that position not counting the two times I took her ass in that position.

As we dressed she said, "My fiancée has never done my ass. If he doesn't like it can I have the same arrangement with you that Shelly has?"

What the hell could I say to that but "Of course."

For the second week in a row Marcus was sitting with Mary when I got there.

"I know, I know" Mary said, "But I will save my ass for you" and she went upstairs.

"We have a problem Bobby. I am concerned with Tash's behavior where you are concerned."

"How is what Tash and are doing a problem? I'm only doing what you asked me to do. You are the one that told me that her fantasy had no time limits and you asked me to stay with it as long as she wanted. She called and I responded. I'm not going to lie to you and tell you I'm not enjoying it because I am. I'm no stranger to older women as you have seen with Mary and Maude, but I have to tell you that Tash is the most woman I have ever been with in my life and I'll take all of her that I can get.

"Hell Marcus; if I was twenty years older I would try to steal her away from you. But we both know that will never happen because she has made it absolutely clear to me that she loves you and that all I am is the flavor of the moment. I am her fantasy and it is turning out better than she thought it would so where is the problem?"

"I don't know. She is just acting stranger than she ever has before. It is almost like you cast some sort of spell over her."

"Shit Marcus; is that all? I think that she has cast a spell over me. I can go longer with her and more times with her than I've been able to with any other girl, but so what? Outside of the sex we have no common interests and given what you and Vonda have told me about her attitude toward whites I have to believe that it is the taboo of the white/black thing added to the fact that she is basically robbing the cradle that has got her fired up.

"And there is one more thing. I'm a guy and you are a guy and we both know how guys are when it comes to being offered pussy. I'm not going to lie to you and tell you that I would never ever touch Vonda because I know that

you know that I already have. Tash isn't happy about it and I expect that she is going to push to play with me more often to keep me away from Vonda. I'd bet good money that when Vonda moves on to another guy Tash will only be a memory where I'm concerned."

"You are probably right. All I ask is that you don't hurt either one of my babies."

"I smiled at him and asked, "How do you feel about having a white son in law."

"Get the fuck out of here! Come on; the ladies are waiting."

We got up and headed up the stairs.

That night the only difference from the previous two was that I fucked Gail twice. The first time she was riding Norm (one of the white guys) cowgirl while sucking Dale (another one of the white guys) and her ass was free. Mom and Mary were both being three holed and I had a hard on and so pissed at Gail or not I took the open hole. The second time I didn't know I was fucking her until it was too far along for me to want to stop.

What happened was that I had been lying on my back and Mary had been riding me cowgirl. Mom was in the doggie position being fucked by Marcus and she was bent forward kissing me. Mom's tongue was in my throat when Mary had to get up to go to the bathroom. A couple of minutes later while mom was still swabbing my tonsils a pussy slid down on my cock and I thought it was Mary coming back from the can. It turned out to be Gail. Like I said, I was too far into it to back away. She rode me until I had to get off and I rolled her onto her back and fucked her hard until I busted my nuts. When I blew into her she looked up at me and smiled and right then and there I said:

"Pussy is pussy guy and if you got some one who wants to give it to you best you take against the day you can't get a broad to even look at you."

From then on I was going to fuck Gail whenever she wanted it at the gangbang. She wouldn't be getting her Thursdays and Sundays back, but I'd give her all she wanted at Mary's.

School was school and at lunch I was joined by a tearful Vonda.

"You bastard! You lied to me. You weren't in jail! You were out fucking my mother! You stood me up so you could fuck my mother and don't bother trying to deny it. I heard my mom and dad arguing over it last night."

"Sorry. I didn't mean for you to find out, but in my favor I did tell you that I would fuck your mother any chance I got. She called me and offered me herself and she did it knowing that you would find out and drop me. Did you really think that she would have argued over it with your father where you could hear it accidentally? You were meant to hear that argument. She doesn't want me. She just wants me to be gone from your life."

"Well the bitch isn't going to drive me off. We have a date for tonight. I'll see you at six-thirty and just to make sure that the bitch knows that her plan isn't working I want you to come to the door to fetch me. Okay?"

"Okay by me."

Hal had me playing safety inspector again and I found a half dozen things that seemed minor as hell to me, but would have been blown up into huge things by OSHA. No notes from the office so I was able to leave on time and arrive to pick up Vonda at six-thirty.

The night did not go as planned. Not at fucking all!

I knocked on the door right at six and Vonda opened the door and said"

"Let me get my jacket and I'll be right with you."

"The fuck you will" Tash said as she shoved Vonda out of the way. "Get your own white boy and leave mine alone. Come on White Boy; take me someplace and fuck me."

Vonda was crying and there wasn't anything I could do so I turned and headed for the car meaning to get the hell out of there before Marcus came out with a gun and wasted my young ass. I was hurrying and not looking behind me so I was not aware that Tash was right behind me until I opened the car door and saw her getting in on the other side of the car.

"Get us the fuck out of here White Boy. Take me someplace and fuck me."

On the way to the Starlight I told Tash about my talk with Marcus and she snarled:

"Fuck him! This whole thing was his fucking idea. I was happy with my fantasy and never expected to live it out. He pushed me into doing it and now he doesn't like how it turned out? Well fuck him and the horse he rode in on."

"Could you have maybe been a little gentler with Vonda?"

"No! This is all her fucking fault. If she had just kept her nose out of things you wouldn't have come back into my life. She pushed and pushed trying to get you to rat me out and suddenly there you were at my door. I didn't want this White Boy. I told you that you were dangerous and that I needed to stay away from you and I was actually managing to do it. I reached for the phone to call you a dozen times since our first night, but was always able to fight it off. Until you showed up at my front door. God, this is just so fucked up!"

She was insatiable. I fucked her five times and when I couldn't get it up she didn't want to let me go.

"I want to stay here tonight White Boy. I don't want to go home right now."

In the morning I made overtures to start the day out right, but she told me no.

"I don't want to go home White Boy. I want to stay here with you, but I know that I can't. I have to go home. I don't want to. Oh God, but I don't want to, but I have to."

A block from her house she told me to stop the car.

"I don't want you anywhere near the front door White Boy. No where even close. Do a u-turn here so you don't even have to drive by the place. I'll call you okay?"

I nodded a yes and she got out and walked up the street to her place.

I wasn't even to the school when the call came in. I looked at the screen and didn't recognize the number, but I answered anyway.

"Hello?"

"Bobby? This is Carol."

"Oh hi Carol. What's up?"

"You aren't going to like it."

"That doesn't sound good."

"We saw Natasha with Eddie last night. You told me that any one but Eddie was okay so I thought you should know."

"When you say that you saw them was it a date or what?"

"I don't know Bobby. There were several of us at Gino's which is a little off campus pizzeria and Eddie came in and sat down. Maybe five minutes later Natasha came in and joined him. They talked for maybe two minutes and then they got up and left together."

"That doesn't sound good."

"I'm sorry Bobby, but I thought you should know."

"That's okay Carol. I'd rather know than not."

After the call was over I saved Carol's number to my contacts list on the off chance I would need to call her. That off chance came as I was on my way to the lunchroom.

"Hi sweetie. Did I catch you at a bad time?"

"No. I was on my way to lunch."

"I wanted you to get the bad news early. I have to pull another one of those weekend projects so I won't be coming home. I'd invite you up, but I doubt that I would be able to breakaway to spend any time with you."

"That's okay. I can find something to keep me busy for the weekend, but take your vitamins before you come home next weekend because you are going to have to play catch up."

"I'll plan on it. Love you baby. Bye."

"Love you too. Bye."

As soon as the connection was broken I brought up Carol's number from my contact list and called her. When she answered I asked her if it was a bad time to call and she said that she was at lunch.

"You doing anything tonight?"

"No. Why?"

"I just got a phone call that makes me suspicious and I want to come up there and play detective. The problem is that I don't know my way around and I'm going to need a guide."

"Tell me about it?"

I told her about the phone call that I got following her phone call and said:

"I want to play private eye and see what is going on. Is it a project weekend or is it play with Eddie time."

"When are you going to be here?"

"If I leave here right now I can be there by two-thirty."

She gave me directions on how to get to her and told me that she would see me at two-thirty. I called Marge and told her I was taking a sick day and I got in the car and pointed it toward Western College.

I made good time and I got there at two-fifteen. I hooked up with Carol and she told me to park my car and we would use hers to make sure that Natasha didn't see the Impala and recognize it. Ten minutes later we were parked where we could see Natasha's dorm.

"She should be here around three. Her last class lets out at two-fifty and it's maybe a five minute walk to get here."

"What if Eddie picks her up from class and she doesn't come back here?"

"Not likely. Her last class is a lab class and if she is going to be going out tonight she is going to want to shower and change clothes."

At five to three Natasha came up the sidewalk with some other girls and went into the dorm. Carol and I sat and talked and kept an eye on the dorm door and at five-fifteen Natasha came out with a little over-night bag and stood by the curb. A minute later a Mustang convertible drove up, top down, and Natasha got in. She leaned across the center console and kissed the driver and it weren't no damned peck on the cheek. With the top down I got a good look at the driver and it wasn't Eddie.

The Mustang pulled away from the curb and we pulled out and followed it. They drove to a Comfort in and Natasha sat in the car while the guy went in and registered. He came out and they drove around back and parked in front of unit 116, got out and went into the room. We sat and watched the door to the room for a while and just as I was about to give it up the two of them came out and walked across the street to a Red Robin.

I had Carol drive down to the Wendy's drive-thru and I got us food and drink and we went back to sit where we could watch room 116 while we ate. Forty minutes later Natasha and the guy came back and went into the room.

"It isn't Eddie so I guess it is all right. That's what you said right? Anybody but Eddie?"

"I didn't tell you the whole thing. Anybody but Eddie during the week, but the weekends were mine unless she had a legitimate reason for having to stay up here. Like a project that required weekend lab work or library research. Something like that. If she is giving my weekends to some other guy she is toast. We were very clear on that point when we made the agreement. The weekends were mine!"

"How long are we going to wait?"

"I don't see cars in front of 118 or 114 so I'm going to go to the desk and ask for room 118. I'll tell them that's the room where we spent the first night of our honeymoon when we graduated last June and since we were in town for the night we thought that it might be fun to relive that great day. Once in the room I'll use the glass on the wall trick to see if I can hear anything. If I can't I'll just head for home and wing it when I see her again. Face it. After that kiss she gave him when she got in his car there is no way I'm going to believe that they are in there playing cards or board games. I'd rather have the fact than supposition, but I guess I don't really need them."

I got the room and wonder of wonder's, it had a connecting door to room 116. The glass trick worked well enough. I could make out some words, but not sentences, but the words were enough. "Fuck..." "... hard cock..." "My ass..." "Oh God ... cum."

I handed the glass to Carol and asked her what she thought. She listened and said:

"They are fucking. No doubt about it at least not in my mind."

"Then I guess we are done here."

"Why?"

"I know what I needed to know so I'll head on home."

"Do the words "Get even" ring a bell?"

"What are you suggesting? That I find some way to force the connecting door?"

"That would be retribution. I'm talking getting even."

"You have lost me here."

"Okay class. For the slower students I'll spell it out. We have a pretty hot guy in room 118 with a sexy blond, or at least she thinks she is, and there is this big bed available. Now for extra credit class what should the hot guy and the sexy blond do with that bed?"

"You are joking right?"

"Not in the least."

"But what about Andy?"

"A little Latino named Rosiletta somehow found Andy's dick in her ass so Andy is history."

"You sure about this?"

"You betcha."

Andy was an idiot to let Carol get away. If she wasn't at Western I would do my best to make her my new Thursday/Sunday girl with an honest shot at getting more days. She wanted to do everything and all of it twice and so we did. A few things we did three times.

Much as I hated to do it I had to get home so I could take care of mom. I didn't dare miss her two weekends in a row. I got the Mustang's plate number and Carol drove me back to my car. I asked Carol to call me the next time she was back home and she said she would. I kissed her and then hit the road. I was in my bed at home by three and managed to get four hours sleep before my hot alarm mouth woke me up.

Since I had no plans for the evening mom and I played until dad was due home and even then we were in the living room with mom bent over the back of the couch where we could watch the driveway while I fucked her ass. It is a truism that timing is everything and I had just sent my load deep into mom's ass when dad turned into the drive. Mom hurried off to douche and I went to my room to change clothes prior to going out.

I stopped at Harry's for burgers and fries and then I went over to the arcade to see if there was anyone around to hang with, and Nancy was there. She saw me and came over.

"Alone tonight?"

"Fraid so."

"Want some company?"

"You? A stone fox alone on a Saturday night?"

"Bev set me up with a blind date. A guy who is supposed to be, according to Bev, totally hot. Totally hot guy is a no show."

"How would you feel about leaving this place and going to the teen club?"

"I'd much rather you take me somewhere and feed me since my dinner date didn't show up and then maybe you could take me somewhere and let me do to you what I was going to do to the totally hot guy if he was indeed totally hot."

No fool I and I had her at Harry's in less than three minutes.

"I know it isn't gourmet dining, but I ate just before I got to the arcade and I just couldn't see sitting across from you at the steak house watching you eat. I'll make it up to you tomorrow if you don't have other plans."

"I don't, but might I ask why you are not out with your significant other tonight?"

"Significant other did what every one expected her to do and screwed the pooch. She is now the ex Miss Significant other."

"Picked out a replacement yet?"

"You were on the short list, but you bailed."

"I did, but you know why. We are still friends and for this weekend at least we are friends with benefits."

"I take it that that means I get tomorrow?"

"Absolutely."

Another exhausting night at the Starlight and another morning waking up with a warm body in my arms. We started the morning off right, at least what was right to my way of thinking and then we showered and I took her out to breakfast. After eating I asked:

"What now."

"More of what we spent the night doing."

"Why didn't you tell me that before I gave the room up?"

"Don't need the room. My parents left to visit my Aunt Betty this morning and they won't be back until after ten. I figure I'll have you wasted long before they get home.

And that is just what she did and I never did get to take her to dinner.

When I got home mom asked me where I had been and I was a bit flip with her and said:

"Out spreading pollen."

"You lose your phone?"

I reached in my pocket and felt that it was still there so I said, "No; I've got it."

"Then why aren't you answering it?"

"It hasn't gone off."

I took it out of my pocket to check the battery and saw that it was turned off. Then I remembered turning it off when Carol and I were sitting in her car playing detective. I didn't want it going off and calling attention to us, but I forgot to turn it back on.

"Gail has called four times, Natasha has called about ten times and a girl named Vonda has called twice. Who is Vonda? Do I know her?"

"Marcus's daughter."

I turned the phone on and saw that I had over twenty missed calls and six voicemails. Three of the voicemails were from Natasha and I deleted them unheard the same as I deleted her messages. There were two voice mails from Vonda and one from Tash and the rest were from Gail. I called Gail first. After exchanging greetings she said:

"Nat has been calling me since early this morning trying to find you. She is frantically trying to get in touch with you."

"Too bad. How sad."

"What does that mean?"

"Remember our conversation when you told me why you wanted to stay close to me? It happened just like you thought it would. I caught her and I guess she just found out that I found out."

I told her what had happened on Friday.

"I guess some one who knows me saw me up there and mentioned it to her and she is trying to get in touch with me to try and find out why I was there and if I know anything."

"You going to call her?"

"No. She will track me down when she comes home next weekend and when she does I'll end it with her."

"I know that you are pissed at me Bobby, but I would really like to be the one to help you pick up the pieces."

"Sorry Gail, but that train has left the station. Bye."

Next I called Vonda.

"What's up Princess?"

"Where have you been? I've been trying to get in touch with you all weekend."

"I was out of town. Problems with the girlfriend and I had to drive up to Western to sort them out."

"All hell broke loose here. On Thursday and Friday my dad and mom got into it so bad that he moved out. Now my mom is a wreck and she is blaming me. My dad is blaming you for causing the problems. I'm sorry Bobby, but I have to stay away from you and try to help my family get back together."

"I understand Princess. If I can help in any way let me know."

"You really mean that?"

"You doubt me? Whatever else happens Princess you are my friend."

"The only way you can help Bobby is to stay away from my mom and that is something that you told me you wouldn't do."

"That is while all the fantasy playing was going on Princess. I have no desire to break up a marriage. If that stupid fantasy is what is causing the problems I can put an end to it. Your dad told me that those were the rules. That either party could end the fantasy. I'm ending it. You take care Princess. I'll miss you. Bye."

I went back to my contact list and checked. I did have Marcus's cell phone number from back when we first set up the fantasy. I called him and when he answered I said:

"Are you looking for me to kill me?"

"There was a while when I considered it and now that I hear your voice I'm thinking of it again."

"Whatever. I'm not going to hide from you. I just talked to Vonda and she filled me in on what happened while I was out of town. Back when you told me about the fantasy playing and the rules of the game you told me that it could last for a night a week or however long the people involved wanted it to go. You also told me that either party could end it. I played the game by your rules. I didn't want to be the one to end it and apparently neither did Tash, but in lieu of what has happened I'm pulling the plug on my part of it. I have a voice mail on my phone from Tash that I haven't listened to yet and when I hang up on you I'm going to listen to it and then call her and tell her that I'm ending the fantasy. I'll see you Wednesday and hopefully by then you will have lost the urge to do me in. Take care."

"Bobby?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you."

Tash's voice mail was short and to the point.

"I can't see you again White Boy. I have to get my head out of my ass or I'm going to lose my marriage. I'm sorry. We had a good thing and I would have loved for it to go on for years, but I can't lose Marcus. He is the love of my life. Bye baby."

I went to the land line and called Marcus again.

"You need to hear this" I said when I got him on the line."

I played the voice mail for him and said, "I hope that helps" and broke the connection.

My last call was to Tash.

She knew who the call was from when she saw the number on her screen.

"I can't talk to you White Boy. I have to break it off clean."

"That's the reason I'm calling Tash. According to the rules of the fantasy game that you play with Marcus either party involved in the fantasy can be the one to call it off. Also the other night you told me that you would never be the one to end it and that it would have to be me that did it. This is my official notice to you Mrs. Williams that I will no longer participate in your fantasy. Goodbye."

I no sooner hung up from that call when my cell rang. It was Pam.

"Mark is leaving town for three days and I miss you. Can you drop by?"

"I don't think so Pam. You are a very lovely and sexy lady, but twice now Mark's unexpected return almost nailed us. I don't want it to be three strikes and you're out. I'll miss you sweetie, but I think it is for the best. Bye."

How's that for a devastating weekend? Four of my harem gone in the space of forty-eight hours.

Oh well. At least I still had a few even if none of them could really be considered mine.

School was school and the atmosphere was charged since spring break was only a week away. I ate alone at lunch time and work was supposed to be another week in the office. I checked in with Marge and she sent me to the basement to pull old files and I was not surprised when she joined me half an hour later.

"I know I'm going to see you tonight, but your mom missed our lunch date and I'm horny. I need just a touch to get me to tonight."

I ate her to orgasm and she left. The door to the playroom might as well have been a revolving door because she was no sooner through it that Tina walked into the room. As she walked toward me she was taking off her sweater.

"I hope to make my final fling last until just before the wedding. You are going to help me aren't you?"

I was going to say no? Tina was another one who loved and wanted oral and anal, but she liked having her pussy filled also. I gave her all three and as she was leaving Andrea came into the room.

"I don't have much time, but I'll suck you off if you will eat my pussy."

She was on me before I had a chance to tell her that my dick had just come out of Tina's ass. She sucked on it for several seconds and then took her mouth off of me long enough to say, "Tina's pussy tastes a little strange" and

then she went back to sucking while I went after her beaver. We got each other off and then she left and thank God no one else showed up. I did have to get some work done."

Just like school was school it was getting to the point where I could describe my Monday nights as mom and Marge were mom and Marge. Not that I didn't enjoy the hell out of what we did, but it was like every day of class – repetitious. There are only so many combinations that two women and one guy can get into. And as usual the two of them were no where near quitting when I was too pooped to pop.

Who could have imagined that my father's wife and my father's girlfriend could be so into each other? For that matter who in the hell could imagine that I would be a part of it?

School was school and at lunch Nancy joined me and invited me to play the friends with benefits game with her that night and I of course refused. Yeah! Right!

At work it was Gloria and Tina and I forget what it was that I was supposed to be doing work wise.

I picked Nancy up at six-thirty and took her to Duke's Steakhouse and fed her before taking her to the arcade to play games and let the food settle. Then a trip to the Starlight where it was an evening of pussy, mouth and ass. I took her home and she thanked me for a fun time.

Wednesday the mouth alarm got me up and since I didn't have to go to the library for anything I played with mom right up until it was time to go to work. I was surprised that she didn't cut me off and tell me she had a lunch date with Marge. When I mentioned it she told me that Marge had other things to do that day.

At work I went to check in with Marge and she wasn't there. Tina and Gloria were there though. I couldn't get over how much Tina loved to have her butt fucked. Three times during the course of my shift. Gloria just wanted straight fucking and some sixty-nine. Just before quitting time Andrea told me that her hubby was leaving on a five day run in the morning and she invited me to follow her home and spend at least one night with her although she did say she would prefer Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I told her I couldn't promise her all three days, but she could have Thursday and Friday.

For once Marcus wasn't sitting with Mary when I got there. She was naked on the couch and waiting so I stripped as soon as I got there and took her bent over the back of her couch. Once I had gotten us both off we went upstairs where I was surprised to find three women servicing the eleven guys. Mom, Gail – and Marge!

"I told her about this over lunch last week" mom whispered in my ear as I was fucking her "and she finally decided that she wanted to try it. Look at the slut go!"

I watched Marge go and I wondered about it. What was it about the women that I hooked up with that they for the most part cheated on their husbands and boyfriends? Was it me? Was there something about me that made them cheat? Pam, Shelly, Tash, Andrea and my mom cheated on their husbands. Gail and Tina cheated on their boyfriends. Marge in a way was cheating on my father. Or was it something in me that drew me to cheaters?

Did I really care?

Fuck no. Pussy was pussy!

When mom finally had to call it quits I was done too. Marcus followed her out as usual and I was waiting for him when he came back in.

"Do any good?"

"No. Just the usual. Loves fucking me, but will only do it here."

"Things any better on the home front? If it helps I've cut all ties with the females in your family."

"What really helped was playing that voicemail for me. Thank you for that."

"If I can do anything else to help let me know."

Bobby?"

"What?"

"To answer a question you asked a while back. I could stand a white son in law."

"Good luck in finding one. It won't be me. No way could I stay away from my mother in law."

He smiled, offered me a 'fist bump' and I took it and went on home.

School was school and everyone was excited by the coming of spring break. All around me people talking about where they were going to go and what they were going to do when they got there. I was envious of them. All spring break meant to me was that I would go to work fulltime for the two weeks.

No one joined me at lunch and at work there were no trips to the basement.

At quitting time I followed Andrea home. We were on the bed three minutes after walking in her door. She sucked me and then I ate her and then we fucked. We went sixty-nine and then I took her ass. A wash job followed by a light snack in the kitchen was followed by some head to get me hard again and then Andrea moved into the doggie position and smiled at me as she said:

"You know where I want it most."

I did and I slid my hard cock in her ass. I was fucking her hard when I heard:

"You motherfucker!" and in the half second between his words and the pain that I felt on the side of my head I had the silly thought "How does he know that?"

I took the blow on the right side of my head so I rolled left and off the bed. I came to my feet just in time to meet his charge. It was no contest. He had at least five inches in height and sixty pounds in weight on me and when he hit me like a linebacker taking on a running back I went down. He was quickly on his feet and I saw the kick coming at my crotch just in time to roll and take it on my thigh.

I was in deep shit and I knew it and I was frantically trying to scramble away from him and get up. I managed to get to my knees and I saw his foot draw back prior to another kick when suddenly he fell to the floor and I saw

Andrea standing there with a table lamp in her hands. She put the lamp down and ran over to the closet and I got to my feet and reached for my clothes.

"Forget your clothes" she said as she tossed me a handful of ties. "Tie him up with those."

I stood there looking at her confused.

"Do it Bobby! Get your head out of your ass and get a move on!"

"What? Why?"

"Do you want him to get up off the floor and kill you?"

"Oh. Yeah. Right. Tie him up."

I shook off whatever it was that had me standing there like a doofus and tied his hands and feet with the neckties. While I was doing that Andrea left the room and came back with a digital camera. She set the camera down and said:

"Help me get him on the bed."

I helped her lift him up and that is when I saw the blood leaking out of his head. It wasn't a drip, drip, but a slow flow. He was conscious now and struggling and Andrea said:

"Quick. Get on the bed with him."

"Why?"

"I'm going to take a picture of you with your dick in his ass. I'll shoot it from an angle that will make it look like he isn't tied and is doing it willingly. Then I want to get one with your dick in his mouth."

"Are you fucking crazy? No way am I going to do that."

"We have to. We can use the pictures to make him keep quiet about this."

"This isn't going to be kept quiet. He's bleeding badly and we have to call 911."

"Oh sure. Then I get to go to jail."

"Get dressed and get out of here. I'll take the blame."

I reached for the bedside phone and she grabbed my hand and tried to stop me. I caught her arm and pushed her away and yelled at her:

"Get the fuck dressed and get out of here!"

I called 911 and reported a head injury and gave the address. Then I untied him and told him to stay lying on his side while I got something to try and stop the bleeding. I hurried into the bathroom and got a wet wash rag and then went to the kitchen and got some ice out of the freezer. I wrapped it with the wash rag and then went back, put it on the gash and told him to hold it in place. I got dressed and then waited for the EMT personnel. I was standing there looking at him when he looked at me and asked:

"Why are you still here?"

"Somebody needs to be here to make sure that you don't do something dumb like stand up and pass out and maybe hit your head when you fall."

"That ain't what I mean and you know it."

"I'm the cause of it. Andrea is just a dumb sex starved woman that I took advantage of. I'm not going to let her go to jail because of it. I'll take the blame."

"No you won't. Get the fuck out of here. I'll tell them that I tripped, fell and hit my head."

"Why?"

"Just get the fuck out of here you dumb ass."

"Promise you won't try to get up?"

"Get out!!"

I left the front door open when I left and as I turned the corner I saw the flashing red lights coming from the other end of the street.

As I watched the flashing red lights in my mirror I wondered what I had to look forward to. It wasn't, at least to me, natural that Andrea's husband would tell me to get out of there. He was the wronged husband and he was supposed to want to do me bodily harm and God knows that was his intent before Andrea put him down with the table lamp.

Why did he tell me to get out instead of giving me up to the authorities when they showed up? Could it be that it was because he felt he could get at me easier if I wasn't in jail? It just didn't make sense to me, but then neither did Andrea's actions. Tie him up and take gay type pictures to use as blackmail? She told me that she loved him to pieces and the only reason she was playing with me was because she couldn't get oral and anal from him. She loved him and she was willing to let me stick my dick up his ass? That just did not compute.

What if he changed his mind about saying he tripped? What were my parents going to think when the cops showed up to haul me off? Would dad be pissed off enough at me for getting involved with one of my coworkers that he wouldn't even go my bail?

I did not sleep all that well when I got home and went to bed.

There had been no night time knocks on the door and I didn't see a police car sitting outside when I got up so I ate the breakfast mom fixed for me and got ready to head to school. Mom stopped me and said:

"Make sure that you come home tonight motherfucker."

I gave her a weak smile and said I would. As I drove to school I was hoping that I would be able to go home that night and not be in a jail cell somewhere.

School was school with one major difference. Every time the classroom door opened I looked up expecting to see someone dressed in blue coming in and looking for me.

At lunch time I took a seat and kept one eye on the door to the cafeteria not that it would do me any good. I couldn't run anyway. I did see Vonda come through the serving line and she saw me and gave me a small smile and a little wave before going and sitting down on the other side of the room.

I saw Nancy and she waved at me and she also sat on the other side of the room. I had expected it from Vonda, but why would Nancy avoid me? Did she know something and didn't want to be around me when whatever it was happened?

Was I being paranoid? Then I remembered the old saying. "Just because you are paranoid it doesn't mean that they aren't out to get you."

I did have someone join me. Gail. She sat down without asking and then said:

"Okay Bobby; how do you want to play this?"

"Play what?"

"Nat doesn't know that you have kicked me to the curb and she keeps calling me so that I can let her know where you are. She is going to call you and tell you that she is held up and won't be home until the morning. I'm supposed to get you to take me out tonight since she won't be here and then let her know where we will be so she will know where to find you."

"We don't need to play it Gail. Just tell her the truth and let her hunt. I won't be all that hard to find."

"That's not why I'm here Bobby. You need to be with me when she finds you. You don't need Nancy or whoever it is that you are out with tonight being embarrassed when you are ambushed by Nat. If you are out with me she won't go off on me because she thinks I'm on her side. Also, if you want, I'll take the heat. I'll tell her I've dumped Tom and that I'm taking you away from her because you don't need a serial cheater like her in your life. That will make her concentrate on me while you go off with some other dolly."

"Why would you do that?"

"If you have to ask that Mr. Marchant you wouldn't understand the answer."

"I guess I have been kind of hard on you haven't I."

"I deserve it. I was stupid and unlike some other things there is no cure for stupid. I honestly thought you were overreacting where the wimp thing was concerned. I thought if I kept quiet it would go away. I never thought that you would actually go after Terrell because I honestly didn't see the need. Anyway; I just wanted you to know that I've got your back if you want me there."

I sat there and thought for a bit and then said, "Where would you like to have this confrontation?"

"Honestly? On a bed at the Starlight, but I guess that would be asking too much. We need to do it where we won't disrupt the evening for other people so I would suggest we use the old standby. Let's do it at Harry's."

"Tell her that I'm going to pick you up after work and go for burgers and fries and then maybe go to the arcade or Skate City. Tell her that we should be getting to Harry's about six-thirty."

"How do you want to handle it?"

"I haven't a clue. Take it as it comes. Just follow my lead and we will see what happens. The only guarantees are that we are done and this time it is for good."

At work I checked in with Marge and she told me to go see my dad. In all the time I had worked there I had never, not even once, been to my father's office. Naturally my thoughts were "Now what the fuck have I done!" On the way to his office I looked around and I didn't see Andrea and I wondered if that had something to do with the summons. Then I thought it couldn't be bad because I was tight enough with Marge that she would have clued me in. Wouldn't she? I turned around and went back to the west windows and looked out. I didn't see any police cars. Not even one that looked like an unmarked one.

I knocked twice on the office door and heard "Come" from inside and so I opened the door and walked in. Dad was on the phone and he pointed at a chair and I sat. He didn't look at me while he talked and the longer he was on the phone the antsier I got. Finally he hung up the phone and turned to look at me. He was silent, almost like he was contemplating something and then he said:

"I've been hearing things about you."

My immediate thought was "Oh fuck me!"

But then he went on to say, "All the departments you have worked in have nothing but good to say about you. As you will remember I talked to you about what I was going to have you doing over your spring break, but I've decided to change it. I'm going to put you on the second shift. I've all ready told you about the building loyalty thing and what I want, what I'm hoping for really, is that you will form a tighter bond with them.

"I'm not worried about our older employees since you have been around them since you were twelve and have spent your summers working with them. They all ready see you as a little kid brother so their loyalty to me and the company will transfer to you almost automatically. I want the Johnson people to develop that same loyalty and to seamlessly merge into the company and I see putting you with them as the way to go about it. Any questions?"

I smiled at him and said, "Just make sure that I get the swing shift premium on my check while I'm on second shift."

"Get out of here. Take the rest of the day off and don't bother punching out. I'll take care of it."

Not bad news really I thought as I left his office, but it was damned sure going to fuck up my love life. On second shift I wasn't going to be able to use the playroom or have access to any of my harem with the possible exception of mom. Tina, Shelly, Gloria and Marge would be at work while I was off and be off while I was working. I didn't include Andrea on the list because I had no fucking idea where that would be going.

Mary would maybe be available during the day. I knew that Nancy had plans to go to Panama City and was leaving right after her last class, Vonda was history and Natasha was going to be history in another six hours. I also knew that the girls who had given me their numbers the night I took Vonda dancing were going out of town for the break so I guessed I was going to have a dry spell for a while. Then I had to laugh at myself. I was one spoiled nineteen year old. Here I was thinking that a two week dry spell was going to be hell when most guys my age were still trying to get their first piece.

I stopped by and asked Marge if she wanted to try and fit me in over the weekend since it would be at least two weeks before I could see her once I started work Monday.

"What's wrong with tonight?"

"I have a rather distasteful chore to take care of and then I promised mom I'd be home."

"Doesn't that slut realize that she has to share?"

"Oh no you don't. I'm not getting in the middle here."

She laughed and said, "I know what you will be doing until your father gets home so why don't you call me around four and we will see what we can work out."

I went out into the office and gathered together Shelly, Gloria and Tina. I asked where Andrea was and Shelly told me that she had called in sick. I told the three of them what was going to happen for the next to weeks and told them that I'd miss them. Tina said:

"You don't have to start missing us until Monday." She turned to the other two and said, "Rock, paper, scissors to see who goes first okay?"

Gloria was first and all she wanted was some oral and a straight fuck. Shelly was next and she wanted sixty-nine and her ass fucked. Tina was last and she wanted all three and she ended up getting anal twice. All three waved goodbye to me as I walked out the door.

Being paranoid pays off at times. I don't ever remember watching my rear view before to see if any one was following me, but the paranoia now had me looking and so I spotted the white van that pulled away from the curb and followed me when I pulled out of the plant parking lot. I slowed down so that it had to close on me and I got a look at the driver. It was Andrea's husband. I could run, but I couldn't hide, at least not forever, so I put on my turn signal and pulled over to the curb. I got out of the car and walked back to the van that had pulled in behind me and when I got there he had his window down.

"Here or some place more private?"

He had a bandage wrapped around his head, but I figured that he must be okay since he was driving. He gave a little chuckle and said:

"You got balls kid; I'll give you that. Here is fine. Get in."

"Get in? There isn't room in there to fight. Granted that it won't be much of a fight, but I'm not going to just stand there and let you wail on me."

"There isn't going to be a fight. Just get in."

I got in and he got right to it.

"Why were you fucking my wife?"

"I think you should get that from her."

"I can't. She took off and I can't find her. When I do find her I'm going to need to know how to handle things. Since I can't get the information from her I need to get it from you. It is a simple question. Why were you fucking my wife?"

"Don't blow up on me here okay? It is going to sound like I'm smart mouthing, but I'm not. I was fucking her because she asked me to. She asked me to and she is a stone fox so I said okay."

"There has to be more to it than that."

"Of course there is, but that is the bottom line. I was asked and so I did."

"Can you give me a little more to go on?"

"It was a combination of things and I don't know what came first. The two things – no – the three things that had the most bearing on the situation were her losing her job at Johnson Brothers and then being hired by my dad's company."

"You're the kid who talked your dad into hiring all those people?"

By then I had just learned to accept it and I nodded my head and said:

The third thing is that Andrea was out either running or hiking in Paint Brush Park and she saw my girlfriend giving me head behind a bush."

"That was you?"

Again I nodded a yes.

"Andrea recognized me at work and started teasing me about it. She figured that because I was a kid she could push my buttons and get away with it, but I teased her back. She asked me if I gave as good as I got and I told her I gave the best head in the state. She told me I was bullshitting her and I laughed and said that I was willing to prove it. Bottom line is that she told me she loved getting and giving and she told me she would give me a thank you blow job for talking my dad into putting on a second shift and getting her back to work so that you wouldn't lose your house.

"I told her no way. I told her that if she went down on me she had to let me go down on her. Bear in mind her that she thought I was bullshitting her when I told her that I ate pussy so she called what she thought was my bluff. I surprised the hell out of her and I ate her and gave her an orgasm doing it. Then she told me that you were great

in the sack, but you didn't do oral and she told me that if I would settle for just oral with her she would blow me every time I went down on her. After a month of that she asked me how I felt about anal and I told her I loved it. She said that she couldn't get that from you either and as long as I understood that her pussy was yours and yours alone she would give me what you wouldn't take. That's it. That's the whole story."

"How long has it been going on?"

"Maybe twice a week since the day she hired in. Usually at work during break times or after work on days when you were on the road. Last night was only the second time she brought me home with her. The only reason that she brought me home yesterday was she was pissed at you because you wouldn't do something that she wanted you to do and she had decided that since you didn't love her enough to do what she wanted she was just going to say "Fuck it."

"She felt that strongly about it?"

"So it seemed. Again, I just come when I'm called. No guy my age is going to turn down a woman like Andrea. I have no insights into her. All I am to her is an instrument she uses to get what she feels she needs."

"Why did you face her down last night?"

"Because what she wanted to do wasn't right. I can't think of anything that could have been more humiliating than what she wanted to do and there was no way I was going to be apart of it. You were justified in your anger at me. I was fucking your wife and you had every right to want to do me bodily harm. I'm glad she hit you with that lamp because I was sure you were going to kill me, but I got really pissed at her when she didn't want to call 911. I don't know much about that kind of thing, but it looked pretty bad to me and it was bleeding pretty fast."

"It looked a lot worse than it was. The medic's told me that your ice pack did slow the bleeding down. I got five stitches out of it, but nothing was broken."

"Why were you so willing to take the blame? Why did you tell her to get out and that you would take the heat when the EMT guys and maybe even the cops showed up?"

"I don't know if you will understand this or not. I don't know you, but I do know quite a bit about you. Andrea talks about you a lot. After what you saw you may doubt it, but she does love you and the way she talks about you makes me think that she thinks you could walk on water if you wanted to. The Andrea that was running around with that camera was not the Andrea I know. My guess is that she lost it when she saw you seeing her with me. She panicked and wasn't thinking straight. From what I got out of her ravings was that she thought she could use the pictures to blackmail you into not leaving her. I tried to protect her because it was my fault that we were there to begin with."

"Your fault? How do you figure that?"

"She was married and I knew it and I should have stayed away. I knew that screwing another man's wife was wrong, but I did it anyway. I didn't chase after her, but I should have said no when she asked me to help her out. But in my defense what nineteen year old is going to say no to pussy? What now?"

"You go your way and I'll go mine. I have no idea how things are going to go with Andrea. Unfortunately I love the cunt, but I don't know if it is enough to get us by this. I would appreciate it if you would stay away from her while we try to work things out. Did she say anything to you at work?"

"She wasn't there. She called in sick."

He shrugged and then surprisingly he offered me his hand and I shook it and then I got out of his van, got in my car and went to get ready to face Natasha.

I picked up Gail and drove over to Harry's. We got there at five after six which gave us time to eat before being approached by Natasha.

She had called my cell maybe twenty-five times during the week and I hadn't taken any of her calls or returned any of the missed messages. Gloria was facing the door and she said: "Here she comes and she is not smiling."

Natasha walked up and looked at me and asked, "Where in the hell have you been?"

"Right here. Going to school and going to work. Same as always."

"Why haven't you been taking my calls?"

"Because I don't want to talk to you. That's two easy questions in a row Natasha. When are you going to give me a hard one?"

"Okay. Why didn't you want to talk to me?"

"Another easy one. Because you have nothing that I want to hear and I have nothing that I want to say."

"Can we cut through the crap and just tell me what is going on?"

"Simple. When we sat down and put things back together I made it absolutely clear that Eddie Wooters was persona non grata. I told you that if you so much as even looked in his direction and I found out you would be history. I got a phone call from a friend and was told that you were sitting with him in a place called Gina's."

"Jesus fucking Christ Bobby. Is that all this is? Why the fuck didn't you talk to me when I called? I could have explained it and save all this bother. I got a call from Eddie asking me to meet him at Gina's. He said that he needed me to get a message to you. I met him at Gina's and I wasn't with him for more that two or three minutes. What it was was that he is scared to come home on weekends now. Your friends told him that if he gave you the least bit of trouble they would bury his body out in the woods.

"They scared him to death Bobby. He wanted me to tell you that he will never bother you again and would you please tell your friends to cut him some slack when they see him around. You are bound to cross paths and he doesn't want any misunderstandings."

She smiled and said, "Now can we go somewhere and make up?"

"I don't know. Have you got something from a doctor or a lab saying that you are disease free?"

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"It means that you are fucking other guys and I want to be careful."

"In the first place I am not fucking other guys. I'm dating, but I'm coming home to get what I need."

"You telling me that when you stay up there and work projects on weekends you aren't fucking?"

"What the hell gave you that idea?"

"What you did in room 116 with the driver of the Mustang convertible that had plate 642 DKC on it."

"I don't know who told you that, but they are lying to you."

"My eyes lying to me? No. Oh no. They would never do that to me."

"What are you saying?"

"Ten minutes after I got the call about you and Wooters I got your call saying that you had to stay the weekend. I got suspicious and drove up there to check things out. I was watching your dorm when you came out with your little over-night bag, got in the Mustang and leaned over and gave the guy one scorcher of a kiss. I followed you to the Comfort Inn, watched you check in and then go across the street to eat. When you came back and went into room 116 I went up to the desk and rented room 118 and then using a glass as an amplifier on the connecting door I listened as you and the guy you were with fucked. You know what I heard using that glass? The reason that you all of a sudden wanted to do anal every time we got together

"Our deal was that no questions would be asked about whatever went on during the week, but the weekends were mine. I didn't get my weekend Natasha. You gave it to driver of that Mustang. We are history Natasha and it is all on you."

I stood up and said to Gail, "Since you dumped Tom and I've just shed Natasha would you like to see if we might have a future together?"

"You mean it? W can do something besides just go out on hand holding dates?"

"I'm willing if you are."

"Then why don't we get the hell out of here and see if we can find something interesting to do."

She stood up and we walked out leaving Natasha standing there staring at our backs.

As we left Gail said, "We need to get over to the Starlight and get checked in."

"Why?"

"Because Nat isn't going to believe or accept what just happened. She just knows that you are hers and that you really didn't mean what you said. To her all it is is that you are pissed and blowing off steam and that you will get

over it. As far as she is concerned you agreed that she could play while she was away so she will eventually be able to convince you that it wasn't really the problem that you thought.

"But she is going to remember the time I told her that if I didn't have Tommy I would have gone for you. Believe me sweetie when I tell you that I am the one girl that she is most afraid of. She wasn't worried about Pauline or any other girl you dated because she always felt that she would get you back from them, but she isn't sure that she could get you back from me. She will drive by the Starlight to see if your car is there. I can guarantee it."

"You really think so?"

"I'd bet money on it. If we get over there right now we might even get lucky enough to have her see us go into the room together."

"What the hell" I thought, "If it will help drive home the fact that I'm done with her then I should do it."

We got in the Impala and as we were pulling out of the parking lot Gail, who was looking over the seat back, chuckled and said:

"She is in her car and following us."

I got to the Starlight and went in the office to check in and when I came back Gail told me that Natasha was parked across the street at the Conoco station watching. We went into the room and Gail peaked out through a gap in the curtains.

"She is still there. Probably waiting to see how long we stay."

Gail went to use the bathroom and I turned on the TV and settled in to kill time. I was jumping channels when a completely naked Gail came out of the bathroom.

"What are you doing?"

"What? You are smart enough to be a college student and you can't figure it out?"

"We didn't come here to do this."

"Maybe you didn't, but I sure did. No need to let a perfectly good motel room go to waste."

"I don't want to Gail."

"Bullshit! I know you Bobby and there ain't no way that with me standing here naked you don't have a stiffie."

She was right, but I was still pissed at her for what she had pulled with Terrell. Almost like she was reading my mind she said:

"I know that you aren't happy with me Bobby, but you like to bump pelvic bones as much as I do. Just fuck me hard while thinking "Take that bitch. This'll teach you." Just pound me Bobby. Punish me" she said as she reached for the buttons on my shirt.

I don't know about the punishment, but I do know that I was the one staggering on the way out to the car. And Natasha was gone from the Conoco station."

I got five hours sleep before my alarm mouth woke me up. It was a typical motherfucker/ cocksucker Saturday with the exception of my not having to leave early to pick up Natasha.

Baby's cocksucker woke motherfucker with her mouth and then rode me cowgirl until I rolled her and got us both off in the missionary position. Sixty-nine and then anal followed by a cock wash and a dick hardening suck to get me to where I could do her doggie. More sixty-nine and another dirt road trip followed by a shower, breakfast and then a repeat of the morning.

We were in the usual bent over the back of the couch situation when dad pulled into the driveway only this time the timing sucked. I was close, but not close enough to get off before dad walked in the door. We broke and mom headed for the kitchen and I went up to my room.

I called Marge on my cell and she told me that if I would feed her she might see her way clear to keep me busy for the rest of the night.

I took her to Duke's Steakhouse and when we were seated I noticed Marcus, Tash, and Vonda sitting on the other side of the room. Marcus saw me and gave me a smile and a thumbs up and I don't know if it was his way of saying hi, saying things were fixed with his wife or he was giving his approval of my being with Marge. Marge saw where I was looking and she said:

"Oh shit! He's one of the guys from Wednesday night."

"Don't sweat it. He's with his wife and daughter and he's a cool guy anyway."

Tash caught my eye when I was looking that way and hurriedly turned her head. Vonda on the other hand gave me a nasty look. I didn't understand that. She was the one who told me to take a hike and not the other way around.

When we finished eating Marge asked what next and I told her that I was going to use her to make me look like a stud.

"You are a stud."

"Maybe to you, but there are a lot of others who don't think so. I want to tweak some noses. Let them see me with an older woman who just happens to be a stone fox."

"Not only a stud, but a silver tongued devil too."

I took her to the teen club and wouldn't you just know that we ended up sitting at a table with Phil Reed and seven other old classmates of mine. Marge helped me blow them away. Our dirty dancing was just a few silly millimeters short of being actual sex out on the dance floor.

Marge danced with all the guys at the table and I danced with all the girls and naturally when Marge went to use the ladies room Phil was after me again trying to find out my secret. I just could not get him to buy the 'aura' story.

When we left the club Marge laughed and told me that my stock as a stud was at an all time high.

"One of the three of the girls who were in the ladies room with me asked me straight out what a woman like me was doing with a young guy like you and I told them it was because my husband wasn't worth a fuck in bed, but you were fantastic. I even hinted that I was going to leave my hubby for you. I'll bet you at least one of them is going to try and steal you away from me."

On the ride back to her place she asked me what I had done with mom until dad got home. I told her and she told me that she wanted to duplicate what mom and I had done. When Marge finished with me I fell asleep exhausted. I woke up to the smell of bacon frying and I pulled on my boxers and went out to the kitchen. She saw me walk in to the room and pointed at the coffee pot. I got a cup and sat down at the table.

"I figured that I'd better feed you if I was going to spend the day fucking you. You need to build up your strength if you are going to do me any good."

"I guess I'd better. If I'm going to get enough to hold me for two weeks I'd better take some vitamins. You got any?"

"Why do you think you will be going two weeks without? Swing shift doesn't start until four. You come in at two-thirty or three and take care of business."

I hadn't thought of that. It would work. Fuck yeah! It would work!

When I got home I thought that I was going to have to use my cell to call mom and have her come out and help me into the house. Marge didn't leave me with much. I was glad that I didn't have to get up the next day to go to school and could sleep in.

That was a laugh. The sleeping in part. I didn't have to get up, but my alarm mouth didn't see it that way.

"Wakey wakey motherfucker. You have to take care of mommy now since you won't be there to do it tonight."

It was a Monday morning replay of motherfuckers and cocksuckers Saturday. Mom called it quits around eleven so she could have lunch with Marge and I took advantage of the free hours I had until swing shift started to go something I hadn't done in a while. I went for a run. I was so out of shape that I was huffing and puffing before the run was half over. I made up my mind to get back in the groove.

Just before leaving for work I turned my phone on to check for messages. I had turned it off when Gail and I left Harry's because I knew that Natasha would start calling and I wasn't going to talk to her. I turned it on at three on Sunday and found eleven missed messages and five voicemails from Natasha and I deleted them all and then turned the phone back off.

This time there were ten and five so I deleted them and turned the phone back off. The only reason I turned the phone on at all was to check and see if there was anything from Andrea. I was worried about her.

I checked in with Marge when I got to work at two-thirty and she told me that she would see me in the basement in a minute or so. It was more like ten, but who was counting?

"I can't stay long. Your father and I have a meeting at Argus at four at the Hilton and knowing your father as well as I do he will get us a room and rip off a quick one for luck before the meeting. The evil in me wants two things. Give daddy your sloppy seconds and have the juices of both of her men in me when Madge goes down on me tonight."

"I thought you liked her?"

"She knows stud. I talked to her at lunch and told her what I planned on doing and she said she couldn't wait. God but she is such a slut."

"What was it that I heard somewhere? Something about pots and kettles? Something about one calling the other black?"

"Oh get off of it! Yes we both are sluts and you fucking love it."

I sent her off with a present for dad and just before she left she asked who I wanted next.

"It doesn't work that way. It's whoever who wants to come down and there is no guarantee that anyone of them will want to."

"You are a stud Robert, but you are also totally clueless. There isn't one of those sluts who wouldn't move you into their spare bedroom if they could get away with it. They are probably upstairs arm wrestling to see who gets to be next."

The next was a total surprise. It was Andrea.

"I can't stay Bobby. I shouldn't even get anywhere near you, but I needed to thank you for what you did. I panicked and was going to do some really stupid shit. Thank God you stopped me. I don't know how things are going to work out for us, but Dennis and I are at least talking. I owe you another one Bobby" and she leaned over and kissed me, said "I'll miss you" and then she left.

When I told her to get dressed and get out on Thursday night I hadn't expected to ever enjoy her again, but it was still a bummer to hear it from her. She was no sooner out the door when Shelly came in. It was almost like she had been standing outside waiting. It turned out that she was.

"She told me all about it Bobby. You really liked her didn't you?"

"I did. I do."

"Nurse Shelly is here to cheer the patient up. She asked me to be especially nice to you and I promised that I would be."

She was and it was an extremely satisfied Bobby that started his first swing shift.

It was a busy evening for me. Ben Kotlartz, the shift supervisor (and whom I'd been calling "Uncle Ben" since I was six) used me as relief and I rotated through the positions on the production line.

The production line never stopped. There were four regular relievers (besides me) and their job was to cover positions on the line when men had to go take a leak, go on their ten minute breaks and take their half hour lunch breaks. I had a pretty good idea of how things ran by the end of the shift.

Monday was pretty much the way the rest of the week went for me. The alarm mouth wake up followed by trying to keep mom happy until two and then off to work. The 'playroom' until ten to four and then the production line until twelve thirty. By the end of the week I knew every job on the line, but then that was the reason that I was there right?

As far as my love life (sex life?) was concerned I was doing okay. Tuesday was Marge and Gloria. Wednesday was Shelly and Tina. Thursday was Gloria and Tina and Friday was Marge and Shelly. Shelly sure did like to go into her weekend's well butt fucked.

As far as work was concerned it was turning out as my dad had hoped. During my breaks and lunch period I met and got acquainted with the guys on the shift. On Wednesday a support leg for a six roller segment of the west conveyor broke and threatened to cause a back up. I hurried over to the machine shop and got the Miller 251 and welded the support leg back in place and established some credibility with the guys on the shift.

It was on my lunch period that I really bonded with some of the guys. Jared was moaning that it sucked not being able to play double pinochle any more. The guy that made up the fourth was one of the few who decided to move when he lost his job at Johnson Brothers. I played the game and wasn't bad at it and so I said I'd play if they wanted. They did and that is how I spent every lunch break for the next two weeks. As we played we talked and I ended up being very good friends with Jared, Archie and Max. So good in fact that I was invited to a barbecue at Archie's house on Sunday.

My Saturday was no different than the previous Saturdays and mom kept me busy until ten minutes before dad was expected to be home. She went off to shower and douche and I wisely declined when she invited me to join her.

I dressed and decided to go out and see if I could find someone to bum around with. I was just backing out the drive when my cell phone hollered at me. I hadn't had anything from Natasha for a couple of days so I started leaving it on. I flipped it open (No Virginia, I do not have a fancy I Phone, just an ordinary cell) and I saw from the screen that it was Mary.

"I missed you on Wednesday."

"Sorry, but I'm working afternoons for two weeks."

"I know, but that means that your days are free so why haven't you called me or stopped by?"

"No excuse sexy lady; no excuse at all."

"Do you have any plans for tonight?"

"Nothing planned."

"I could use some company."

"Why? Why is a lady as sexy as you are sitting at home on a Saturday night instead of being out on a date?"

"Oh I get asked out, but at the end of the date all they want to do is fuck me."

I laughed at that and told her that I could be there in ten and she told me that I knew where to find her. I did indeed know and we never left that bedroom until ten the next morning.

Mary fixed us breakfast after our morning wake up and shower and as we ate I asked her if she would like to go to Archie's barbecue with me.

"I don't think that that would be a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because of the age gap. You don't really want to be seen with an old hag like me."

"That is absolute horseshit and you know it. I'd move in with you this very afternoon if you would let me."

"I don't believe that your mother would approve."

"So what? What is she going to do, cut me off? I'd still have you and we both know that you could pick up the slack."

"It is a lovely idea baby, but outside of sex we have no common interests. I told you before and I'll tell you again. You need to be with Gail. She wants you and you already know that the two of you get along good together. Besides; why would you want to tie yourself to a slut like me? You already know, or at least you should, that I'm not a one man woman. I wouldn't give up my Wednesday gangbangs and there are a couple of guys that I see on a fairly regular basis. You don't need a slut like me for a steady girlfriend. Go with Gail."

"You are not making sense here. You tell me that I don't need a slut like you and should go with Gail. In case you have forgotten it Gail IS a slut just like you. Or have you forgotten that she lies on the bed next you at your gangbangs?"

"But she would give it up for a steady guy."

"I doubt that. She likes threesomes too much. She had Tommy and me doing them with her before he left. She is as big a slut as you say you are. Besides, I happen to like older sluts. You, mom and Marge are proof of that."

"You left out Pam."

"What?"

"Oh don't try to act surprised. We are sisters you know. Very close sisters and we share secrets. She was very upset when you dropped her."

"Did she tell you why?"

"Yes she did, but there are ways to work around things like that."

"I didn't want to go there so I said that I needed to be going if I was going to have enough time to go home and change clothes and get to the barbecue."

"I'll see you Monday morning right?"

"Maybe. I have things to do first thing in the morning, but I can maybe be here around noon."

"Just make sure that the 'thing' you have to do in the morning leaves enough for me."

I got to Archie's at two and there were already about thirty people there. All of them second shifters with their wives, girlfriends and families.

"No fate?" Archie asked me as he walked me over to the keg and got me a glass.

"Broke up with my girl last week and haven't had the time to find another."

He walked me over to good looking busty redhead and introduced me to his wife Evangelina and she surprised the hell out of me and hugged me and gave me a kiss on the mouth.

"Thank you" she said and I knew better than to ask what for. Archie laughed and said:

"If my daughter Becky tries that push her away. I can control Vangie, but I lost control of Becky about the time she turned six."

I was walked around and introduced to the wives and families of the other guys and got three more kisses and a thank you very much along with a little razzing from the guys whose wives kissed me.

After a bit I noticed that Archie was spending his time on the grill and since I was dateless I volunteered to take his place so he could mingle with his friends. He argued that I was a guest and he wouldn't feel right so I just grabbed the spatula out of his hand and told him to beat it.

Maybe five minutes later as I was placing some hamburger patties on the grill a voice from behind me said:

"Hey mister; you wanna go some place and fuck?"

I turned and found Carol standing there."

"What are you doing here?"

"My Uncle Archie invited me. How is it that you are here and doing the cooking."

"I work with Archie and he invited me. I saw that he was tied to the grill and since I came without a date I volunteered to free him up so he could spend time with his guests."

"No date huh? Got any plans for later?"

"Not a one."

"You do know. I would like to pick up where we left off the last time I saw you. How about you?"

"Sounds like a plan to me."

She wandered off to visit and I went back to flipping burgers. Evangeline brought me a fresh beer and she had a girl with her.

"I'd like to introduce you to my daughter" and before she could go any farther her daughter said:

"Hi Bobby."

"How you doing sweetstuff?"

"You know each other?"

"Becky turned me down for the first time in the eighth grade."

"The first time?"

"And every other time all the way up to the eleventh grade when she started going steady with Paul Salmons."

"Well then I guess I'll leave the two of you to catch on things."

She left us and Becky said, "You sure seem to be a popular guy around these parts."

"Too bad I couldn't have been as popular in school."

"There wasn't anything wrong with your popularity Bob; I just wasn't interested in you. I was into the ball guys. Foot, base and basket and I had no interest in runners and swimmers. But that said I've grown up a bit since then."

Carol came up to us and said, "Hey slut! Get the hell away from my man!"

Becky looked at me and then laughed. "You and my skanky cousin? Well maybe I'm interested in you after all."

"You stay away from him or I'll cut your tits off you cunt!"

"Slut!" said Becky.

"Whore" said Carol.

"Cum dump!"

"Fuck pig!"

Becky laughed and said, "At least we know who we are" and the two of them hugged.

"Don't forget later" Carol said as she and Becky walked off together.

Jared showed up and introduced me to his wife Alice and daughter Megan. Alice was another hugger and kisser and after a "Thank you" she and Jared moved off leaving me with Megan.

"I'd kiss you too, but I'd probably get hollered at."

"Did you get hollered at last time?"

"No, but then it was dark and the others were on their way into the restaurant and didn't see me do it. I can't do it here because every one is watching you. You are the man of the hour."

"It was only a quick peck last time. I need a real kiss to see if you are going to be the one I marry or at least get you on the list" I said teasing her.

"I'm years away from even thinking about things like that. I have to finish college first and then live a little before I even start to think of things like marriage."

"Oh well; my loss."

"Didn't have to be. Other seniors dated tenth grade girls. You could have too. You might have been able to lock me in before I started thinking college and career."

She moved off and I went back to flipping burgers.

Around eight Carol came up and told me that she was ready to go. I circulated and said my goodbyes and then we headed out the door. When we got to the car I got the door for her, but before I could close it she said:

"Hold on. We have to give her time to sneak out the back door."

"Give who time?"

"Becky."

"Just for shits and grins would you care to clue me in?"

"Becky is going with us."

"I don't think so. Not if she has to sneak out to do it. I like Archie and I have not intention of getting on the bad side of him."

"I shouldn't have said 'sneaking out' because that really isn't what it is. She just doesn't want to be seen leaving with me because I'm considered a bad influence on her."

"Are you?"

"God no! She's the bad influence. I was sweet, young and innocent until she got me gangbanged by a bunch of basketball players."

I wondered what it was with basketball players and gangbangs. Happened to my mom too.

"So just why is Becky coming with us?"

"I told her how good you are at eating pussy."

"So I'm just going to be a piece of meat for the two of you to play with tonight?"

"Worse things could happen to you."

"If you and Becky were pulling trains how come I never heard about it?"

"Becky is a class A slut, but she is a smart slut. She told them all that if even a whisper of what she was doing with them got out they were all cut off. Not just the one who whispered, but every last one of them. They didn't want that to happen so they policed themselves. As a group they decided that they would all rip the ass off whoever fucked it up for them. I guess it worked."

"It just seems strange to me that after all these years Becky is coming after me when she wouldn't have anything to do with me all through school."

"Nothing strange about it at all. The guy in the Mustang? He was Becky's boyfriend. Becky's pussy is a gift to you from Natasha and you better believe that she will be letting Natasha know all about it."

Just then Becky came up and got in the car and I aimed the Impala toward the Starlight.

"You are no stranger to multiples are you" Becky asked as I was eating her pussy while fucking Carol.

"I've been to a rodeo or two."

"Too fucking bad you didn't play one of the ball sports. I would have loved to have found your mouth way back when. I got fucked a lot, but rarely eaten and even then it was a half-hearted effort."

"I went out for football, but the coach told me I was too slow. I ran track and the idiot said I was too slow if you can believe it."

"Well I've found you now and what do I need to do to hold onto you?"

"Back off bitch" Carol said. "I found him first and you wouldn't even know how talented he is if I hadn't told you."

"Since when did you become such a greedy slut? Since we were five we have always shared our toys."

"Can we discuss this later? Right now I'm trying to enjoy myself" and I attacked Becky's clit and she squealed.

If they were into each other they didn't show it and we did all the things that I did with mom and Mary and mom and Marge with the exception of the girl/girl stuff. Both gave pretty good head and they both loved it up the ass.

I was pretty wrung out when they were done with me and after we had showered and dressed we went to Harry's for pie and coffee. As we drove over Carol asked me if I had kicked Natasha to the curb yet and I told her yes.

"Found a replacement for her yet?"

"Been too busy. I'm working swings at the plant during spring break. That's how I met your Uncle Archie."

"Do I have to fill out an application? I figure that tonight was the interview."

"Hey! What about me" Becky called out from the back seat.

"In the first place neither one of you is a serious contender. You both go to Western and I'm here going to State."

"So what? Why can't I get the same deal that you gave Natasha?"

"Are you forgetting how well that worked out for me?"

"Just because she broke her deal with you doesn't mean that I will."

"Maybe, but I think I showed you tonight that I like sex and I'm not big on waiting for the weekend only to find out that you would have to stay up there to use a lab or the library for research."

"That never happens. I know Natasha told you that it did, but she was lying to you. I haven't always come home on the weekends, but that was only because I had nothing to come home to."

Becky asked what kind of deal we were talking about, but by then I was pulling into Harry's parking lot. Carol told Becky she would explain things when we got to our booth. When I walked in the door the first person I saw was Gail and the second one I saw was Vonda. Gail was alone, but Vonda was with Bert Ellsworth. I guess she had to see if I was telling her the truth. I got frowns from both girls when they saw me with Carol and Becky, but I ignored them.

We took a booth and Carol explained the deal that I had with Natasha and Becky shook her head in disbelief.

"She had that and she fucked it up? That girl is seriously brain dead. I want that deal. I'll take it in a heart beat."

"Back up bitch. I keep telling you that I got here first."

"And I keep reminding you that we have always shared and he proved tonight that he can handle both of us."

She looked at me and said, "What say you Bobby?"

"Bobby would say that he would be a fool to say no, but Bobby is also just a little bit skittish since being burned by Natasha."

"I can't speak for the other slut" Carol said, "but I will promise that you will get my full attention every Friday through Sunday and all my breaks and vacations."

"Count me in too" Becky said.

"There is more to it girls and before you go making promises you need to know what you are getting into."

I explained how my life was set up as far as the plant was concerned.

"When you are on summer break I will be working. I get two weeks off during the summer, but that is all I get and even then on the weeks I work I can't even say that I'll be working on days. I tend to be moved around a lot. Are you sure that you want to gamble your summer on something like that?"

"Not a problem for me" Carol said. "I'll be working too."

"So will I" Becky said. "Come on Rob; what do you have to lose? I mean besides the weight that Carol and I will work off of you."

"You are serious? Both of you?"

"I am" Carol said.

"Me too" said Becky.

"Okay, but it won't start until next Saturday. I have a full schedule every day during the week and I don't get off work until after midnight. I'll be free from around two on Saturday until school starts on Monday. I expect that you will both be going back to school sometime Sunday so we won't have much time together."

"Okay then; how about this then" Becky said. "The deal will start at three o'clock this coming Saturday. Plan on being with the two of us until five on Sunday and then every weekend from then on. Okay?"

I looked at Carol and she said, "Works for me."

I shrugged and said, "Okay ladies. We have a deal."

Monday morning my alarm mouth was on the job and once up I partook of the usual. I was mounted cowgirl and then was ridden until I had to get off and then I rolled into the missionary. Some sixty-nine and then anal followed by the cock wash, blow job and doggie. I moved to get mom into another sixty-nine but she said no.

"I have to meet Marge for an early lunch. Your father is going out of town and Marge is going with him on this trip so we need to meet early for lunch."

Once she left the room I called Mary and told her I could be there by ten if she still wanted me to stop by and of course she did. I got the usual directions:

"You know where to find me."

And as usual I did. Only she wasn't alone. A naked Pam was looking up at me from the bed. Mary laughed and said:

"I told you there were ways to work around Mark's dropping in early."

Mary graciously let Pam have first crack at me since she had been so long with out. I guess it would be more accurate to say that her crack got first crack at me. Whatever. Between the two sisters I was walking funny when I left Mary's at two-fifteen to go into work.

Marge had already left on her trip with dad and Shelly was on a week's vacation. Gloria was celebrating her time of the month and Andrea was staying away from me. I thought I was going to get some rest, but Tina disabused me of that idea.

"I'm getting married Saturday so I have to get my fill in the next five days. Marge won't be back until late tomorrow evening so it is just you and me lover."

It was a shaken Bobby who stumbled up to the time clock to punch in.

The week was almost the same as the previous. At work I was used as a reliever for three days and a safety inspector for two. As far as the harem was concerned at work it was Tina and me for two days and then Tina and Marge for two days and then Tina and Gloria on Friday. Tina swore that she was going to be a faithful wife and I wished her luck and gave her a kiss goodbye.

As far as the harem away from work was concerned mom was waiting up for me when I got home and she took me to bed with her since dad wasn't home. Tuesday she kept me at it until two and then Wednesday Marge was home so she turned me loose at eleven to go meet Marge and I called Mary and went to visit her. Mary made me promise to come over at ten on Thursday and I went even though mom bitched about my leaving early. When I got to Mary's Pam was there and the two of them worked me until two-thirty.

I was one wore out puppy when I fell into bed Friday night and I thanked God for his making my dad take my mom to Vegas for the weekend. I could sleep in on a Saturday for the first time in I couldn't remember when. As I slipped out to sleep I was remembering that my deal with Carol and Becky was going to start the next afternoon. I made a mental note to myself to load up on vitamins.

I woke up at eleven in the morning on Saturday, showered and dressed and then headed for the Village Inn for breakfast. Over French toast and bacon I tried to think of things I could do with two dates on a Saturday night. I decided that the teen club would be the way to go.

I called Carol and made arrangements to pick her up at four and then I had a thought and asked:

"Should I pick Becky up first and then come get you? You know; the bad influence thing. Should we not take the chance of them seeing you in the car?"

"Her parents are out of town for the weekend which is why we will be ending the night at Becky's. You get to save on motel costs. And next weekend my folks will be gone from Friday until Monday so you save even more. Face it Bobby; you have died and gone to Heaven."

I picked Carol and five minutes later I had Becky in the car and as she got in the back she said:

"I'd have you pick me up first tomorrow so I could sit in front, but if we work it right you won't be picking either one of us up tomorrow."

"Way to go slut" Carol said, "Give up the game plan. Now you have given him time to think up a way to avoid things."

"Yeah. Right. As if. You going to try to get out of twenty-four hours of pussy Bobby?"

"Gee girls; I don't know. I'll have to give that some thought. I think better on a full stomach so how about Angelina's?"

It was fun being with those two. Just listening to them talk to each other and insult each other was a riot. When dinner was over I told the girls that I had reached a decision on Becky's earlier question and I saw disbelief appear on their faces when I said:

"I don't think I can go along with the twenty-four hours of sex idea."

Smiles appeared when I said, "The best I can offer you is about seventeen hours. From here we are going to the teen club where I'm going to make myself look like some sort of stud by having the both of you on my arm. Then we can go play."

"Works for me" Becky said.

"If that's the best I can get I guess I'll just have to settle for it" Carol said.

The last thing I did before we left Angelina's was ask the two of them if they had a problem with what I was going to do at the teen club.

"Just what are you panning on doing" Carol asked.

"Play the role of stud. Let everyone see that I'm with the both of you. Not just driving you around, but WITH you if you get my meaning. I'm going to hog all of your time and dance with both of you at the same time and if

someone else comes up and asks for a dance with you I'm going to say no and then say something along the lines of "Sorry, but I don't share." Is that going to be a problem with you?"

"I'm okay with it" Becky said and Carol said, "Me too."

We were a little early and the band was just setting up when we got there. We got a table close to the dance floor and as other people that we knew arrived tables got pushed together and we ended up with a group of twelve of us and wouldn't you just know that Phil Reed was one of them.

He kept giving me strange looks and it occurred to me that he (and two other guys at the table) had played in all three of the ball sports. Could he (and they) have been in on the gangbangs that Becky and Carol had taken part in?

I did what I said I was going to do and danced with both of them singularly and together in a group hug like arrangement. Twice when guys came up and asked Carol or Becky to dance the girls asked me if I would mind and I said:

"I don't think so. I'm feeling like a pig tonight and I'm going to keep you both to myself."

About two hours into the evening I had to go to the john and Phil came in just behind me.

"Damn it Marchant! Just what the fuck is going on? I've known you for fucking ever and you could barely buy a date most of the way through high school, but since then you have been running with the cream of the crop. What is your fucking secret?"

"I keep telling you Phil. One day I woke up and had this aura around me that girls can see and it attracts them to me. I'm just praying that I don't wake up one morning and find that it has gone."

"You are so full of shit. You would think that as long as we have known each other you would help out a bud."

I almost laughed at that one. If we were such good buddies where was my invite to the gangbangs that Carol had told me about?

"Honest to God Phil" I said lying through my teeth, "I've no idea why I'm suddenly so popular, but you can bet your ass that I'm going to be taking advantage of it for as long as I can."

I left him there shaking his head and watching his pee stream into the urinal.

When I got back to the table Becky said in a low voice (but just loud enough to be heard by those sitting by us):

"You need to get us out of here Bobby if we are going to have enough time to do all the things that Carol and I plan on doing to you before we have to leave for school tomorrow."

"Your wish is my command lovely lady" and we got up, said our goodbyes and left.

Once in the car I had to ask. "Honestly you guys; why are you doing this? Why are the two of you here with me?"

"Honestly?" Carol said. "You are the only guy I know who eats pussy and is good at it. In addition you are the only guy who has made it a point to see that I get mine. You don't get yourself off and then pull out and say:

"Okay. We're done. Want to go for coffee or something?"

"Plus you are a nice guy and I think we may have something if we work on it."

Becky said, "Carol told me that she told you why I went along on that first night, but after being with you that first night I pretty much feel the same as she does. Plus I like your attitude and mind set. Not too many guys our age around who could handle what the three of us are doing or what the two of us have done. You have no idea how many guys want to date us just because they think we are easy pieces, but won't have a relationship with us because as far as they are concerned all we are is a couple of gangbang sluts.

"I make no bones about it. I like to fuck. I like to fuck a lot. So do most guys, but they seem to think that is all right for them, but if a girl does it she has no value. Lastly, if my skanky cousin wants you there must be something good there and I'd rather have it than let her get it."

"Back off bitch. I saw him first and you wouldn't even know about him if I hadn't told you."

"Don't matter. I'm going to marry him and if you behave I might, just might, let you borrow him every once in a while."

"You wouldn't do that to me would you Bobby? I did put in first dibs right? At the Comfort Inn and again at Uncle Archie's party I was first in line right?"

"You keep putting all this pressure on me and I might not be able to perform tonight."

"Oh God, we don't want that" Becky said.

"Okay. No more" Carol said. "At least not until we get back up to school and I can take my time kicking your slutty ass."

"As if! Fuck with me cum dump and I'll let the air out of your tits."

It went on like that until we got to Becky's place and then things got strenuous for me. It was a totally new experience for me. Carol and Becky didn't just suck and fuck. Their "Cum dump," "Slutty skag" insults at each other carried over into our playing on the bed. They kept trying to outdo each other, show each other up.

For example; I was eating Becky and Carol was sucking my cock. Carol took her mouth off me long enough to say, "You liking this? Like having your meat munched on?" and then she went back to sucking. I took my mouth off Becky's beaver long enough to say, "I love the way you suck my cock. You are so damn good at it" and I went back to work on Becky. I got Becky off and we switched around and Becky went down on me while I munched on Carol. Becky gave me a couple of sucks and then she said:

"You thought the skank was good? Ha! She can't do this!"

And then she deep throated me. Every female that I had ever been with had sucked my cock, but not one of them had ever taken it down to the root. Becky took it down until her nose was buried in my pubic hair and then she stayed there and I felt her throat pulsing around me.

They had contests. See who could get me off the quickest. See who could get me up the fastest. It was a damned good thing that they were up at Western during the week and couldn't get to me. If I had them around seven days a week they would have put me into an early grave.

I was learning to love waking up between two warm bodies. As their hands roamed over my body I had a sudden flash back to the time with Andrea and Shelly and for a brief second I felt sorrow that it would never happen with the two of them again. Only a brief second however because that was all I could spare as the two teenaged sexual athletes tore away at me.

I finally pushed them away and told them that I needed to fortify myself before we could go on. I took them to breakfast and departed from my usual French toast and bacon. I figured that I was going to need something a little more substantial if it going to give me the energy that I needed to stay up with my girls. I went with the steak and eggs. It didn't help much. I was a worn out husk when it was time to take Carol home. Becky kissed me goodbye and told me that she was all ready looking forward to the next weekend.

"Maybe I'll be recovered by then."

"Oh you poor baby. Did the two little girls hurt the big man?"

Then she giggled and said that maybe they could slack off just a little the next time. When I dropped Carol off she kissed me and said:

"We will Bobby."

"Will what?"

"Take it a little easier on you the next time. We want you to last."

I went home and saw that mom and dad weren't back yet and I went up to my room, fell into bed and was asleep in no time.

School was school and at lunch Gail joined me.

"It is official Bobby. I got a letter from Tom on Saturday. He's sorry, but his life, in his words, "Has taken a different path." He basically said that there was no room in that life for me."

"I'm sorry Gail, but it's not like we weren't expecting it."

"The question now is is there any room in your life for me? I know you are probably still a little pissed at me, but I saw something in you the night you dropped Nat that gave me a little hope. Was I wrong?"

"To be honest with you Gail I don't even know if I have room in my life for me."

"I want in Bobby. I really do want in. Keep me in mind. Please?"

She got up and left and across the room I saw Vonda sitting at a table and looking my way. Her eyes met mine and she smiled and gave me a little wave. I gave her a little wave back and then I got up and left.

The next stop on my learning journey at work was the Quality Control department. I knew how to use micrometers from high school shop class, but Brinnel testers and other hardness testers, ohm meters and load testers were all new to me.

The product came off the line in batches and five units were randomly picked out of each batch and tested. If any one of them didn't test out perfectly the entire batch was tested. There was no:

"This one is marginal so let it the batch go."

It had to be perfect.

I stopped by the office to see if Marge wanted to play that evening and she did, but she told me she had at least a half hours worth of work she had to get done before she could leave and she told me she would meet me at her place by seven. As I left her office Gloria waved me over.

"Can you spare me some time downstairs?"

No way I could say no to an invitation like that so downstairs we went. We did a bit of sixty-nine and then I fucked her doggie as she leaned forward over the table. She told me that she needed that and she thanked me and we

left. I parked my usual one block over and walked back and saw that Marge was home. I rang the bell and she opened the door in a robe which she dropped on the floor as soon as the door closed behind me.

She took my hand and led me into the bedroom where I found Mary lying naked on the bed. It wasn't much of a surprise to me given what I knew about mom and Mary and mom and Marge and that Marge had been over to Mary's on Wednesday. In a way I was glad that mom wasn't there. It is damned hard for one guy to handle two ladies and do the job even half way satisfactorily, but three women? No fucking way.

During the course of the evening Mary asked me if I could come over on Tuesday.

"Can't wait for Wednesday?"

"I want a little one on one time for a change."

"Six-thirty do?"

"Just fine."

As was usually the case when I was ready to leave Marge and Mary were not even close to calling it quits so I said my goodbyes, kissed them both and went on home.

Mom and dad were home and dad had all ready gone to bed and mom asked me:

"Were you where I think you were?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Did you miss me?"

"Of course I did. Both tonight and Saturday morning."

"I'll make it up to you baby."

"I'm counting on it."

School was school and at lunch Gail joined me again.

"Would it make a difference if I quit going to Mary's on Wednesday?"

"Why would you give up something that you seem to really like?"

"I do like it, but I only started because I wasn't getting enough from you on just Thursday and Sunday. And you were the one who suggested it."

"So what Gail? Even if we did get back together you would still only get Thursday and Sunday."

"Why? With Nat out of the picture I would have from Thursday to Sunday."

"No you wouldn't."

"You all ready have some one else?"

"I do."

"That's not fair Bobby. That is just so fucking unfair" and she got up and left.

I saw Vonda on the other side of the room and she gave me a smile and a little wave and I wondered what was up with that? She did push me away right?

It was QC again at work and about half an hour before quitting time Shelly came up to me and handed me a piece of paper. It simply said "Please?"

I told Abe (head of the QC department) that I was wanted in the office. Of course where I was really wanted was in Shelly's ass. I gave her what she wanted and when I gotten us both off she took a plastic baggie out of her purse that had a wash cloth in it and she cleaned me off. She sucked me hard again and then I went a second time in her ass. When we were done she said:

"Mike is going out of town Thursday and he won't be back until late Friday. Want to follow me home and spend the night?"

"I'd love to but I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because I learned a lesson my last time with Andrea (and Pam, but Shelly didn't know about her). I'm not taking any more chances on husbands coming home early. We can go to a hotel or motel, but I won't do it anywhere where there is a chance I might get caught."

"I can't go to a motel because I have to be home when he calls, but I can stay late after work. He won't call before eight so could you stay here with me until maybe seven forty-five?"

"I think I can do that."

When I got to Mary's I knew the routine so I walked in and started to strip as I walked up the stairs to the bedroom. I walked into the room and found what I expected – a naked lady on the bed, legs spread and waiting – but the naked lady wasn't Mary. It was Pam.

"Mary had a date tonight so I asked her to get you over here for me."

"Hubby out of town again?"

"No. He is at home sitting in front of the TV and watching some stupid ball game. He thinks I'm visiting my sister and in a way I am. I'm at her house right?"

Like it mattered to me who the naked lady on the bed was.

I did my duty and I think that she was happy with my efforts. She seemed to get an extra kick when she answered the bedside phone while I was buried in her ass. It was hubby wanting to know what time she would be home and if he should wait up.

"That depends" she said. I couldn't hear his part of the conversation, but I assumed that he asked "Depends on what?" because Pam said, "Depends on whether or not you want some pussy." I assume he said that he did because she said:

"Okay sweetie. I'll be home by ten."

She hung up and said, "Damn! Now I have to douche before I go home."

I looked at the clock and saw that I had an hour and a half to give her plenty more to clean out of herself.

We left together and as we were going out Mary was coming in.

"How was the date" I asked.

"It was okay until near the end."

"What happened then?"

"It turns out that he was only dating me because he wanted to fuck me."

"No! The cad!"

"I wasn't totally against the idea, but I've had him before and he really wasn't all that good so I thought I would hurry home and see if my slut of a sister left enough of you for me."

"Pam laughed and said, "You are such a pig. Call you tomorrow" and she left.

Pam had left enough. Just enough. As I was leaving Mary asked me if I was going to be there on Wednesday and I said of course.

The same question was asked in the morning when the alarm mouth and running shower woke me up.

"You are going to be there tonight aren't you" mom asked and I said of course again.

The shower stopped running and the alarm mouth left the room. Thanks to Pam and Mary's efforts the night before I did not have to resort to using the ever present pair of dirty panties. Mom was a little bent out of shape because I didn't stick around to play, but I had papers due so it was a library day for me. I finished up around lunch time so I hit the cafeteria for lunch and had a surprise visitor to my table. Vonda joined me.

"I miss you Bobby."

"Bert not getting the job done?"

"Bert does it, but it is clear that he doesn't like it. He is willing to do it to get pussy, but there is a huge difference in getting it from some one who likes doing it and getting it from some one who treats it like a chore."

"Nothing has changed Princess. You said it yourself. You needed to stay away from me to help put your family back on track."

"All I have to do is keep you away from mom. That should be easy enough. We just meet away from the house."

"Your parents would still find out somehow. We made a clean break Princess. I'm not the only guy that does it and likes to do it. Keep looking and you'll find him."

"I don't want anyone else Bobby; I want you."

"The problem there Princess is that I have moved on. I have some one else in my life now."

"Well if she doesn't work out keep me in mind."

"No way Princess" I thought as she walked away. "Not with your mother still around. Maybe if she and your dad moved three states away and you stayed here, but how likely is that?"

Another QC day at work and about half an hour before the shift ended I was called up to Marge's office.

"Close the door" she said and as I did it she was taking off her panties.

"We both know where your mom is going to be tonight and daddy wants a quick piece before he goes home."

She bent over her desk and said, "Hurry."

We ripped off a quick one and she said, "I'll see you later tonight stud" and I got the hell out of there and just in time too. I saw my dad coming out of his office and I got the hell out of Dodge.

No surprises at Mary's unless you count Marge's second appearance a surprise. Mom, Mary, Marge and Gail to take on twelve guys limited the three hole action until mom left to go home. As usual Marcus followed her out and as usual I gave him an inquiring look when he came back in and he shrugged and shook his head no. I knew how he felt. He had the same yearning for my mom that I had for his wife. He at least got to see my mom once a week.

I was the last one to leave (the last man anyway) and when I left Mary, Marge and Gail were huddled and I wondered what mischief they were cooking up.

School was school and Gail dropped by at lunch and asked if I had the night free and I told her no.

"I'm not going to stop trying Bobby. I'm going to haunt you until you give me another chance."

Speaking of haunting I was still getting three or four calls a day from Natasha, but I didn't take any of them.

Work was more QC and a half hour before quitting time Abe came up to me and told me that I was wanted in the office. Shelly was waiting for me in the hallway and we headed for the playroom. We went sixty-nine for a bit and then I fucked her butt. She used the wash rag from her purse to clean me and then sucked me hard and I did her in the butt a second time. I ate her until I was up again and took a third trip up the Hershey highway. By then it was seven-twenty and we both headed for home. Her to take a phone call and me to hopefully get a good nights sleep.

Not to be.

As soon as I walked into the house mom asked:

"Where in the hell have you been? I've been calling you since five."

I took my phone out of my pocket and saw that it was turned off. I don't remember turning it off, but it was off.

"Why were you calling? What's up?"

"Your father was called out of town and I wanted you here with me. Get your clothes off. We've already wasted almost three hours."

I missed my first class the next morning due to a needy mom, but other than that school was school. I had no visitors at lunch, but on my way to work my cell went off and it was Becky.

"We will be there by five and I'll be over at Carol's."

I told her that I would see her around six-thirty and disconnected.

It was QC for me again and Abe came and got me about a half hour before quitting time.

"Why the hell do they call you up there damn near every day?"

"They are trying to teach me how to do payroll" I lied, "But they are too busy to do it during the day so they are trying to cram it into a half hour every night."

"How in the hell do they expect you to learn it like that?"

"Don't tell any one but I already have it down pat. I'm pretending to be a slow learner because while I'm there I'm working on Gloria. I think I'm getting somewhere."

He laughed and said, "Damn good thing you aren't one of my permanent employees or I'd have to put a stop to it. If you are successful give her a couple of pokes for me. I'd leave my wife for that little lady;"

And that was absolute total horseshit and I knew it. You couldn't pry him away from Lisa with dynamite. They had been together for over thirty years and I never even once saw them together that they weren't holding hands and casting loving glances at each other.

It was Gloria who met me in the hallway and who led me down to the playroom and because I'd known Abe since I was six or seven and I liked him I did give Gloria a few pokes for him.

There was an awkward moment when we were done and Gloria asked if she was ever going to be more than a basement good time. I had to tell her that honestly I did not know. I told her that since the night that blew up our budding relationship I had come up with a girlfriend and that she had first call on my weekends. Then I lied and said that I had evening classes on Monday and Wednesday and that Tuesday and Thursday although they were sometimes free other times I needed them for doing homework.

"If things don't work out with the girlfriend you will be the first one that I call."

"I'm going to hold you to that."

I arrived at Carol's on time and she pulled me into the house and laid a passionate kiss on me. She broke the kiss and said:

"I've no idea what your plans for the evening were, but you can forget them. Becky and I made dinner and we plan on serving dessert in the bedroom."

She pulled me along to the dining room and I saw the table set for three. There were candles and wine glasses and she said:

"We are going for a romantic atmosphere."

Becky came into the room and gave me a kiss that was every bit as passionate as the one I got from Carol and then she led me to the chair at the head of the table and told me to sit down. I did and she and Carol left the room and then came back with a bottle of wine and some trays with food. The wine was a Cabernet Sauvignon to go with a five cheese lasagna and a salad. Carol sat down to my left and Becky took the seat to my right and as we ate Carol described Becky's meeting with Natasha on Tuesday.

Carol and Becky found Natasha sitting alone in the Student Union cafeteria and sat down with her uninvited. Becky said:

"I want to thank you for getting Wesley to cheat on me."

"What are you talking about?"

"About you and my Wesley and what you did in room 116 of the Comfort Inn. I decided that if you could fuck my boyfriend I could fuck yours and I have to tell you that I got the better of the deal. I never realized what a loser

Wesley was until I had Bobby. Wesley is all yours now sweetie. I'm going to be spending all my weekends with Bobby from now on. You are one stupid twit for giving him up, but your loss is my gain" and then we got up and left her sitting there with a shell shocked look on here face."

"I guess that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"I've been getting two or three calls a day from her since I broke up with her, but on Tuesday I got twelve."

"What did she say?"

"Don't know. I don't take the calls and I delete the voicemails without listening to them."

"Come Monday" Becky said, "I'm going to find her and tell her what a great weekend that I had and thank her again for making it possible."

Dessert was eaten in the bedroom and it was the equivalent of a five course meal. The twenty percent tip was a killer. I fell asleep and slept soundly until hands and mouths woke me up at seven. As I became awake I suddenly realized that I had fucked up. I'd meant to leave around midnight so I'd be in my room when mom came in to play alarm mouth.

She was going to be pissed when she went into my room and didn't find me there, but it was too late to do anything about it at that point and so I laid there and enjoyed the roaming hands, hot mouths and soft breasts pressing into me.

The morning started out with another one of their contests. They took turns sucking my cock alternating every sixty seconds and the winner would be the one whose mouth was on me when I came. Carol took the honors although Becky claims that she cheated because I had been in Carol's mouth for over sixty seconds when I let loose. Six seconds over to be exact and yes, they were using a stopwatch.

Then they had another contest to see who could be the fastest to get me hard enough to slide into a pussy. Two minutes each and then they switched. Carol won that one too. Becky didn't call her on that one, but I thought she cheated. I don't think I was really erect enough to be going into her when she mounted me, but Carol did manage to get me inside her even though it did take some effort. It kept wanting to fold in half, but once in it decided that it was in a happy place and it grew a bit of backbone as it were.

We played until ten and then we went out for breakfast. I took them to the IHOP and the Gods were smiling on me. As I entered I saw Natasha sitting with two other girls and she saw me walk in with Carol and Becky. Her face clouded over and she threw a nasty glance our way.

"Don't look now" I said, "But I think we just ruined Natasha's morning."

"I know" Becky said, "And if looks could kill the three of us would be dead right now."

We were led to a booth and I took the seat that put my back to Natasha and Becky sat down next to me. Carol was sitting opposite where she could see Natasha's table and she kept up a running commentary.

"She hasn't taken her eyes off of us."

"Move a little closer to Bobby. Oooh, she doesn't like that. Lean into him and rest your head on his shoulder. She REALLY doesn't like that."

"She's getting up ... wait! One of the girls pulled her back down. She wants to come over here so bad that it is driving her crazy."

"The waitress just brought her food, but she isn't touching it."

"She just can't seem to take her eyes off this booth. Turn your head and kiss Bobby. That should wind her watch."

"And it might just push her over the edge" I said. "And cause her to come over here. I want breakfast not a scene. I've put her behind me and I want to leave her there."

"I was just trying to get a little more revenge for Becky."

"No need. She has seen us together and Becky said she was going to look her up next week and tell her about our great weekend. That should be enough."

Our food came and we dug in, but while Carol still kept an eye on Natasha nothing more was said. We finished eating and got up to leave. As we were waiting in line at the cashier Carol whispered:

"Hostiles coming up on our six."

"Coming up on our six? What the hell does that mean?"

"Daddy was a fighter pilot and he talks like that and I picked some of it up. Imagine that you are standing in the middle of a clock face and looking straight ahead at twelve o'clock. That means that straight behind you is six o'clock. Ergo your back is your six and anyone coming up behind you is on your six."

"Why didn't you just say "Here comes Natasha?"

By then the cashier was handing me my change and I turned to leave and Natasha was standing there.

"We need to talk Rob."

I turned to Becky and asked, "Should I talk to her honey?"

"Fuck no! Ignore the whore."

I turned back to Natasha and said, "My girlfriend says that you should take a hike."

I stuck my hand out, Becky took it and we walked out of the IHOP holding hands.

We went back to Carol's and played some more until five and then we went out. We stopped at the arcade for a while and then went and played miniature golf. After a light bite to eat I gave the girls a choice. Charlie Smither's party or the teen club.

"There will be booze at the party and more than likely some of the guys we pulled trains with" Carol said. "I don't want to spend my evening fighting off drunks who want to relive the 'good old days' if I can avoid it."

"Goes double for me" Becky said.

There were several people that we knew at the teen club, but I told the girls that thee three of us were the largest group I felt like being with and I asked if they would mind us sitting at a table by ourselves and they said that it was fine with them.

Turned out to be a mistake. It was a 'safety in numbers' thing.

I'd danced with both girls, singularly and as a threesome and we were having a great time until I had to get up and go to the bathroom. When I came back there were three guys at our table talking to Carol and Becky. I knew who they were although I really didn't know them. They were a year ahead of me in high school and they had been football, basketball and baseball players.

"What's up" I asked when I got to the table."

"We are inviting the girls to a party."

"And what kind of party are we being invited to?"

"You aren't invited. Just the girls."

"Well then I guess you can give them a call after I take them home, but right now you are interfering with our date so you need to leave."

"Don't think so. Party starts as soon as we leave. Right girls?"

I turned to the girls and asked, "You want to leave with them?"

Both said "Hell no!" in unison.

I turned back to the three and said, "There you have it. You can leave now."

"You think you can make us?"

"Of course not. I could make one of you leave, but not all three of you. What I can do is get all four of us thrown out of here and barred from ever being able to come back. I can also make myself look good to a bunch of people here by taking on the three of you assholes. I don't figure that you guys can hurt me too bad before the bouncers break us up and toss us out."

"Of course the cops will be called and I doubt that they will believe that little old me attacked all three of you and in fact I can almost bet that my dates will say that you started the fight and all I did was defend myself."

"That's right Bobby" Becky said. "I saw it all and I saw Hank start it."

"So there it is guys. Go find something else to do or start the dance."

I could see it in Hank's eyes. "Do I want to be seen backing down from this clown? Do I really care if I get barred from this place?"

I knew, just knew, what his choice was going to be and I was setting myself for his first move when Phil Reed walked up.

"Need some help Bobby?"

"It's about to get messy Phil. You don't need to get caught up in it."

"Nonsense bud. Got to try and keep you healthy. How am I going to find out your secret if you don't stay healthy?"

I saw the change come over the three guys. No longer was it going to be an easy three on one. One of the guys said:

"Come on Hank; the cunts ain't worth it."

Hank looked from me to Phil and then back to me and then said, "The sluts are probably diseased anyway" and then the three of them left.

"Thanks Phil" I said.

"Anytime bud; anytime" and he went back to the people that he had been sitting with.

I sat down with the girls and Carol said, "Good thing we didn't go to Charlie's party. Can you imagine what it would be have been like with a bunch like that all boozed up?"

"No thanks" Carol said.

"I'm not in a party mood any more" Becky said. "Can we go Bobby?"

"Whatever you want sweetie."

We got up and left. It was quiet in the car as we headed toward Carol's and I finally asked:

"Okay girls; what's the matter? What happened to the good mood you've been in all day?"

"Tonight drove home something that I have been avoiding facing up to" Becky said.

"And that would be?"

"Tonight showed me what I have to look forward to if I stay in this town. There is no house with a white picket fence, no husband and no kids if I stay here. I'm always going to be 'that gangbangng slut from high school' to the guys around here. To have any kind of life I'm going to have to relocate when I graduate and that sucks because I love it here."

"Oh come on babe; it isn't that bad."

"Yes it is. No decent guy is going to get into a relationship with the likes of me."

"So you are saying that I'm not a decent guy?"

"Of course you are Bobby, but be honest here. Would you marry a girl with a past like mine?"

"Of course I would."

"No you wouldn't. You are just saying that to make me feel good right now."

"No I'm not. I had fully intended to marry Natasha when she graduated and I have already explained the arrangement we had. She could have done a different guy a day for every day she was up there and it wouldn't have mattered at all. She does them one at a time and you did them in bunches. So what? I don't know you all

that well yet, but what I think I know is that you did what you did because you wanted to right? You weren't forced, you weren't doing it because you were desperate for attention and doing it to buy friends right? You did it because you liked doing it."

"Not true Bobby; I did it because I loved it. I'm into sex and there is nothing like the continuous orgasms you get when guy after guy does you and you never get to come down from the high. In a perfect world one guy would be able to go until I was so weak from the physicality of it that I couldn't go on, but this isn't a perfect world."

"That's the point I'm trying to make. You love sex. I love sex. The fact that you got it from a bunch of guys doesn't matter. The fact that I've gotten it from several girls doesn't matter. We are having a good time together are we not?"

"We are."

"We haven't known each other very long, but we seem to like each other. Could that like grow into something stronger? Who knows. If it did grow into something stronger would you hold what I'm doing with Carol against me?"

"Of course not."

"Then why would you expect that I would hold other guys you've had against you?"

"That isn't what I'm saying. Every guy that asks me for a date does it knowing about my past and they expect me to fuck them as part of the date. They aren't looking for a relationship, just a piece of ass."

"Again so what? The only guys you know right now are the guys you knew from school. They know you fuck. Guys like to fuck so they are going to date girls that fuck. Did you ever stop to think that one of those guys is asking you out because he wants to fuck you in particular and would like to make it exclusive?"

"You are away from home and there are a ton of guys at Western that are from other places than here and they don't know what you did in high school. You hooked up with that Wesley guy and he didn't know, did he?"

"No."

"You are the total package Becky. You are great looking, have a great personality, are fun to be with and you are intelligent. Add to all of that the fact that you love sex and love to fuck and guys are going to flock to you. You may have to kiss a few frogs before you find your prince, but he's out there and when you find him your past isn't going to mean shit to him."

"I've already found my prince. I just have to land him."

Carol laughed and said, "He ain't gonna want you with no tits you sleazy cum dump. I already told you that he's mine. You wouldn't even know him if it wasn't for me."

"Lighten up ladies. You are forgetting about Shelly, Andrea, Gloria, Marge and Mary."

"Who are they?" Carol asked.

"The girls I spend time with during the week."

"Then I guess that Becky and I will have to kill them unless they understand that you are only killing time with them until we come home on the weekends."

"You didn't have anything to do with me all the way through school and now after only a couple of weeks, days actually, you are possessive?"

"I don't seem to recall that you made any effort to get my attention in school. Better late than never is the way I see it."

"Goes for me too" Becky said.

"Bull crap sweet stuff. I asked you out lots of times before you started going steady with Paul."

"I dropped Paul half way through the eleventh grade. Why didn't you ask me then?"

"Didn't bother because I knew you would say no again."

"Probably would have because I was into my ball players by then, but that was back then Bobby. We aren't the same people now that we were back then so as Carol said, better late than never."

"I still don't understand why two hotties like you are interested in me."

"Horseshit Bobby. You know perfectly well why. It's the way you treat us. You are a gentleman and you don't treat us like the sluts we used to be. You ask for our opinions and input. Tonight is a perfect example. You didn't want to sit with the large group, but you didn't just go to the other side of the room and sit down. You asked us if it would be okay with us. You treat us like we matter to you. Do you have any idea how long it has been since a guy has done something like that for either of us? Add to that that you are killer in the sack. Why wouldn't we want to be with you?"

I pulled up in front of Carol's and she said, "Come on Bobby. We will show you why we want to be with you."

It was a very happy and tired Bobby that fell asleep between the two girls. The same two girls who work me up at eight in the morning and played with me until noon. After breakfast at the Village Inn I drove them both to Carol's. I walked her to her door and thanked her for one hell of a great weekend. She said that she would try and make the next weekend even better.

As I was driving Becky home she said, "I meant it Bobby. When I said that I had found my prince you know who I was talking about. I am going to try to land you Bobby."

All I could do was smile at that.

"What are you thinking Bobby? Why the smile?"

"My weekday girls say the same thing."

"Then I guess we will have to kill them after all."

We were almost to her house and I asked, "Are we okay if I take you to your front door?"

"What do you mean?"

"You have been gone all weekend and then I show up with you?"

"It will be okay. As far as the parental unit is concerned I spent the weekend with Sandy Winkler. If daddy asks we ran into each other at the arcade around noon and I asked you for a ride home, but you are right about one thing" and then she said "Pull over."

I did and she slid across the seat to me and gave me a passionate kiss.

"Couldn't do that in front of the house without raising questions that I don't want to answer."

When I pulled up in front of her house she said, "Carol and I are going to tell our parents that we are staying up at school this next weekend. You need to plan on us keeping you busy all weekend. One of us will call you when we get back to town and tell you where we will be. Plan on a long and tiring weekend."

I watched her walk to her door and then I headed home.

There was a surprise waiting on me when I got there. Natasha was parked in front of the house apparently waiting for me to get home. I considered just driving by and coming home later, but then I decided that it would be best to put an end to things. I pulled into the driveway and parked and she got out of her car and walked up to me as I was getting out of mine.

"We need to talk Bob. Things are getting way out of hand here."

"We don't have anything that needs to be discussed Natasha and as far as things getting out of hand? They've gotten out and they are long gone."

"You are not being fair to me Bob. You gave me permission. How can you hold it against me when you told me that it was okay?"

"You are conveniently forgetting some things. The deal was that what happened Monday through Thursday or even Sunday night after you got back to school until Thursday was okay, but that the weekends were mine and mine alone. The only exception to that was if you had to stay at school over the weekend for school work of some kind. Even then I was going to come up and spend the weekend with you.

"You lied to me and said that you had to stay up there for school, but what you really did was give my weekend to someone else. You should have known that you were on a short leash with me as far as trust was concerned. You lied to me and I caught you and the trust is gone. It is gone and it isn't coming back and since I won't tie myself to someone I can't trust we are history."

"I didn't lie. I did have to meet with the others at the library at ten on Saturday. And since I had to stay what I did was within the scope of our agreement."

"No it wasn't. I said I would come up and you told me not to because you wouldn't have any time for me and that was a pure assed lie. I could have had from the time I got there Friday until you needed to leave for the library Saturday and then I could have had Saturday night. But that isn't what happened is it? You said that you didn't have time for me, but you found time for that Wesley guy didn't you?"

"I took you back once Natasha and I gave you a second chance. You don't get a third. We are done Natasha and no amount of talking is going to change that. I've moved on. Goodbye."

I walked away from her as she yelled, "Damn it Bobby; I love you. You can't just walk away from what we have."

I didn't answer her.

I walked into the house fully expecting to face another irate female. I wasn't disappointed. I got a very nasty look from mom, but dad was there so she couldn't say anything about my not being there on Saturday.

She was still snarky though.

"Finally decided that you still live here? Decided to grace us with your presence? You could call and let me know what's going on you know. Keep me from wasting food. If you aren't going to be here I don't have to make so much."

It was the wrong time to jump my ass. I was pissed as a result of my short meeting with Natasha and worried about what Archie and what he was going to do about Becky being gone all weekend and being brought home by me. Mom's jumping on me tripped my trigger and I snapped back at her.

"Sorry to put you out. I think it is time for me to get an apartment. That way you won't have to sweat making too much or not enough. I'll start looking tomorrow."

I headed up to my room and as I left I heard my dad say, "Way to go Madge. As long as you are chasing him away why don't you go up and help him pack?"

That started an argument that I didn't stick around to listen to.

I got a good nights sleep and in the morning my real alarm clock woke me up. I had decided that I needed to get back to running and I was out of the house before mom and dad woke up. Because I was a bit out of shape the run took me a little longer that I expected so when I got home I only had time for a quick shower and then I headed for school so mom didn't have a chance to get on my case.

School was school. At lunch I was joined by Nancy and Gail. There was some small talk, general in nature and then Nancy left. Once she was gone Gail said:

"Nat called me on Saturday. She wanted to know if you and I had hooked up. I told her not as a couple, but that we did see each other from time to time. She broke out crying. The girl is a basket case Bobby. Don't you think that maybe you could cut her a little slack?"

"Not a chance. I got talked into going back with her after all that bullshit with Wooters and then she tried to get you to set me up so I wouldn't be able to bitch about her fucking Wooters. I got by that and then she pulls this weekend crap on me. That's three strikes and out. We are history."

"I don't have three strikes against me so does that mean that I have a chance at getting back in?"

"Why Gail? All we had was a friend's with benefits type arrangement so I could help to keep you safe for Tom."

"You were more than a friend with benefits to me Bobby. I told you once that if Tom hadn't gotten to me first I would have gone after you. Even when I was with Tom I was a little bit in love with you. Please let me back in Bobby. Please?"

"You know pretty much how limited me time is. Even if we did get back to seeing each other you know that you wouldn't be exclusive."

"I know that I can't come between you and your mom, but I know Mary will share you with me and any others don't matter because none of them want you like I do. I talking wedding bells Bobby; I'm talking long run here. We are perfect for each other Bobby and if you take a long hard look at it you will see that I'm right."

"I'll think on it Gloria. No promises, but I will think on it."

I wasn't paying all that much attention to my surroundings as I headed for my car after class so I was quite unprepared when a hand grabbed my shoulder, a voice snarled, "Now I've got you cocksucker" and a blow to my head sent me to the ground.

Expecting a kick I rolled to my right and my hand landed on a softball sized rock. I grabbed it and rolled to my right again and as I did I saw the guy that hit me moving to follow me. I got up on my knees and threw the rock at his head. It hit him right in the middle of his forehead and he dropped like a heart shot elk.

I got up and moved to him and I saw it was the Wesley guy who had been fucking Natasha. I drew my leg back and kicked him square in the nuts as I said:

"Sucker punch me asshole? How do you like this you fucking cunt" and I kicked him again. I kicked him in the stones a third time and was drawing back to give him a couple in the ribs when arms went around me and pulled me back and a voice said:

"Cool it bud. He's down. You don't want to kill him."

It was Phil. He pulled me away from the downed man as he said, "I saw it bud. He came up behind you and hit you. I hurried over to help, but it looks like you don't need any. Except to sit on you of course. Who is he?"

"The guy I caught fucking Natasha."

"Why would he sneak on you because of that?"

"He was Becky's boyfriend and she came after me to get even with him. Must have upset him some."

Wesley was lying on the ground moaning and Phil asked what are you going to do? Leave him lay there?"

I looked around and saw his Mustang and I went over to Wesley and checked his pockets, but he didn't have his keys on him. I figured that they must still be in the car so I told Phil to grab one leg and I grabbed the other and we drug him over to the car. The keys were in the ignition so I got them and opened the trunk. Phil helped me get Wesley in the truck and I closed the deck lid, broke the key off in the lock and then threw the keys as far away as I could.

As we walked away I said, "Thanks Phil. Helping me out is beginning to become a habit for you."

"Yeah and I figure that you owe me and you do honor your debts don't you? I want to know your secret."

"I don't have a secret Phil."

"You've got something. I never see you anymore that you don't have some sexy chick hanging on your arm. Come on man; you owe me."

"Okay, but it isn't a secret. What it is is that I do what you won't."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"You remember all those locker room conversations about pussy that we had in high school?"

"Yeah, but what does that have to do with anything?"

"All the guys, you included, used to say that you would rather jack off than fuck if the price of the pussy was that you had to eat it. That's my secret Phil. I eat pussy. I don't just eat it, but I eat it until the girl gets off. Girls like their cum muffin munched as much as guys like blow jobs and if they find a guy who does it well they will go after him.

"The upside is that girls talk just like the guys do. Guys are always talking about girls that give it up and who are willing to give blow jobs and the girls talk about guys the same way. The word is out that I eat pussy, that I like doing it and that I'm good at it. Girls want to see if that is true. That's the secret Phil; I do what you won't."

He was silent for a moment and then said, "You like it? Christ Bobby, girls pee out of that hole."

I laughed and said, "Listen to yourself Phil. You would beg, borrow or steal to get a girl to suck your cock. Does it kill her to suck on the thing that you pee out of?"

"But they bleed out of it too,"

"But not all the time. You just don't eat it until she is over her period."

"Still man; I just don't think that I could do it."

"You wanted to know what I had going and now you do. Learn to do it and do it well and you will have a lot more success with the girls."

"Oh man; I don't know. I wouldn't know how even if I could make myself try."

"No problem. Just tell Stella to tell you how she likes it done. She will lead you through it. That's how I learned. I got the girl to lead me through it."

"Stella kicked me to the curb a couple of weeks ago."

"Why?"

"Because I wouldn't do for her what she did for me."

"Don't tell me; let me guess. She would blow you, but you wouldn't do her."

He looked away and I asked, "You want her back?"

He was silent for a couple of seconds and then said, "No. I thought we had something, but the cold-assed way she dumped me told me that we didn't have what I thought we did."

"So get yourself another girl. You never seemed to have trouble dating when we were in high school."

"Since Stella dumped me I can't seem to get a date. It's almost like she put out the word that I'm a loser or something so even if I was willing to try and eat pussy I can't find someone to do it with."

I had a thought and was about to say something when Wesley started banging on his deck lid. I thanked Phil again, told him I would talk with him later and we both got in our cars and took off.

At work Marge told me that she had me scheduled for the office all week.

"Don't wear yourself out in the playroom stud. I plan on being very active with you tonight."

"I won't be there tonight."

"Why not?"

"I'm in no mood to put up with my mother."

"Oh come on stud. I don't know what the problem is, but a good sex session can cure almost anything."

"Maybe, but I still think I'm going to take a pass."

"Then I guess I'll have to get mine here. Give me ten minutes and I'll meet you."

She handed me a list and said, "When you aren't in your playroom you can pull these files for shredding."

I clocked in and headed for the basement. As I passed through the office I said hi to all the girls. It was Tina's first day back from her honeymoon and so I stopped at her desk and asked:

"Have a lot of fun while you were gone?"

She smiled and wiggled her eyebrows and I laughed and headed for the basement. I unlocked the playroom and then got busy pulling the files on Marge's list. Marge came down and we went into the playroom. She took off her panties, leaned over the table and said:

"You know what to do now right?"

I moved in behind her and gave her what she wanted until we both got off and then she sucked me clean, got me hard and we did it again. I got us both off for the second time and she did the clean and get me up number and then had me take her in the butt.

As she was getting ready to go back upstairs I said, "Do me a favor and send Gloria down here for something. Don't tell her that I asked, just send her down for something. I need to talk to her away from the others."

Ten minutes later Gloria came down and opened a file drawer to pull a file and I walked over to her.

"I know that it is short notice, but are you doing anything tonight?"

"No. Why?"

"Care to have dinner with me?"

"I'd like that."

"Pick you up around six-thirty?"

"I'll be ready."

She took the file she'd pulled and went back upstairs and I got back to pulling the files that needed to be shredded. About a half hour before quitting time I had a surprise visit from Andrea.

"Can I ask for a favor?"

"I don't know. What is it?"

"I'm craving anal sex and Dennis won't do it. He is on a four day run so I don't have to hurry home. Please?"

"Sorry, but I can't. I promised Dennis that I would stay away from you."

"That's not fair Bobby. You got me used to it and I need it."

"Dennis told me that he didn't know if he could get by what he caught us doing and he asked me to stay away from you while he tried to work things out and I told him that I would. If you break up with him come see me. Or if you can work it out with him have him give me a call and tell me that it is okay for me to do with you what he won't, but I won't go back on my word."

"That just isn't fair."

"Maybe not, but that's the way it has to be."

She looked so dejected that it was all I could do to keep from putting my arms around her, but I was smart enough and knew me well enough to know that that would be the first step toward breaking my word to her husband.

I picked Gloria up and took her to Angelina's for dinner. We talked about work, the weather and other inconsequential garbage and when dinner was over I asked her what she would like to do. I half expected that she would want to go back to her place and get it on, but she surprised me.

"I haven't played miniature golf in ages. We drove by it on the way here and I remembered how much fun I had doing it."

We had a good time. There were several from my class there, including Phil, and I got a raised eyebrow from him as he checked out Gloria. She was the second gorgeous older woman he had seen me with (Marge being the first) and I knew that his mind must be in overdrive. He caught me over to the side a little later and said:

"If learning to eat pussy can get me something like that" nodding in Gloria's direction "Then I'm just going to have to break down and do it."

"Just doing it isn't all of it Phil. You need to be eager and enthusiastic. You have to make them believe that you are more interested in getting them off than you are in getting yours."

"I don't know bud. It is going to be hard enough just to get myself to do it."

"You have to look at it the right way Phil. You show the girl how much you want to see to it that she gets her pleasure and she will likely jump through hoops to keep you coming back. If the choice is between sex with a guy who is only interested in getting his or a guy who will see to it that she gets hers before he worries about getting his who do you think is going to be the winner?"

"The problem is that I'd be too embarrassed to ask a girl to teach me how."

"How about I introduce you to the girl who taught me? I'll tell her about you and ask her to do it as a favor to me. You won't have to ask her."

"You think she would?"

"No promises, but I think I can make it happen."

Of course I couldn't introduce him to Mary, but I thought I might be able to get Gail to do it.

Gloria came up to me and asked if I was ready to go and I told Phil that I would get back to him later. Gloria and I went to her place and then she did her level best to fuck my eyes out. And she damned near did it.

Tuesday morning the alarm mouth and the sounds of the shower ushered in the new day. As soon as she new I was awake mom asked:

"Why weren't you there last night?"

"I didn't want a repeat of what I got when I got home Sunday."

The shower stopped and she got up and left the room. When she got to the door she turned and said:

"We need to talk."

I got up and headed to the park for my run. When I got back I didn't even have time for a shower let alone time for a talk with mom. I quickly changed clothes, grabbed my book bag and headed off.

School was school. Gail got to the cafeteria before I did and she was sitting alone so I joined her. I went right to it.

"I need a favor. A really, really big favor."

"What kind of favor?"

"A weird one. Don't freak out on me okay? Hear me out before pouring your glass of water on my head and leaving in a huff."

I explained what I wanted and she did get pissed.

"Just what kind of girl do you think I am?"

"A girl who loves sex. A girl who loves sex so much that she does gangbangs. You know Phil is a nice guy. Have a fun date with him and teach him what he needs to know. I owe him and you are the only one I know that I can ask."

"What's in it for me?"

"What do you want?"

"My Thursday and Sunday for starters."

"Done. Except we can't start until Sunday because I've already made some promises for this coming Thursday. You say for starters. What else?"

"More than Thursdays and Sundays, but I know that will be difficult for you right now, but we can work on it."

I spotted Phil coming through the serving line and I got his attention and waved him over. He sat down and said hi to Gail and then I said:

"About what we talked about last night? Gail has agreed to take you in hand. I'll leave it to the two of you to work out the details and I'll talk to you guys later."

I got up and headed off.

At work we had a new accounting program on the computers and I was put to work learning it. The usual half hour before quitting time Shelly came up to me and asked me to join her in the basement.

We spent some time working on each other orally and then she got down on the air mattress, pulled her butt cheeks apart and said:

"You know what I want lover."

I worked myself into her ass and then I did her hard until I got us both off. When we were done she said:

"Mike is going to be out of town from Thursday until Saturday. Want to follow me home?"

"You already know my position on that."

"What if I make sure that he is where he can't interrupt us?"

"How would you do that?"

"He will call and tell me where he is staying. After the call I wait a couple of minutes and call him back with a question I forgot to ask or something like that. That will make sure that he is in Cleveland There is no way that he can get back from there in time to bother us."

"I can do Thursday, but not Friday."

"I'll take what I can get. We can do what we did last time. Stay here until a quarter to eight and then you follow me home. Park a block away, I'll make the call and then call you on your cell and give you the all clear. Okay?"

"Works for me."

I wasn't surprised to find Pam at Mary's when I got there, but I was surprised to find Alex there. Alex was one of the Wednesday night regulars. As soon as I got there Pam pulled me into Tom's room and said:

"I know what Mary does, but I don't do that. I'll share you with Mary, but I won't do him."

"Why is he here?"

"He asked Mary to marry him. I think she is going to do it."

"Not likely. Mary just isn't a one man woman."

"He knows that. They were talking about an open marriage and swinging."

"They are adults so they can do what they want, but I didn't come here to talk about stuff like that."

As I was speaking I was undressing Pam and minutes later we were in a sixty-nine. The sixty-nine turned into missionary and after I got us both off Pam sucked me hard again. I was busy ass fucking her when the phone rang. Mary answered it and then she walked into the room and handed the cordless handset to Pam saying:

"It's for you."

It was Pam's hubby wanting to know when she would be home and asking if he should wait up. While she was talking to him I continued to slowly stroke into her tight ass smiling at every push I sent into her. I was remembering all the scowls and nasty looks he had given me and was thinking that I was giving him something that he could really scowl about if he only knew about it. The upshot of the conversation was that he was horny and he wanted some pussy. After Pam hung up she said:

"I'm going to have to douche and brush my teeth before I go home tonight. Come on baby; fuck me hard and make me cum."

She left at ten to go home and I was starting to dress when Mary walked into the room and said:

"What do you think you're doing? Get those pants off."

I got home around mid-night and as soon as my head hit the pillow I was out.

My real alarm clock woke me up and I was out of the house before mom and dad woke up. I got back from my run just as dad was backing down the driveway. We exchanged waves and I went into the house where I expected mom to be waiting for me to have our talk. It would be the first chance she would have at me since Sunday and since it was a Wednesday and I didn't have any reason to go to school she would have plenty of time.

I heard her down in the basement and I assumed that she was putting a load of laundry into the washing machine. I undressed and got into the shower and was shampooing my hair when the curtain was pulled back and mom got into the shower with me.

"Bad motherfucker" she said. "Bad, bad motherfucker to leave mommy hanging."

She got the wash rag and the soap and started doing my back while I finished my hair. By the time I had rinsed my hair she was doing my front and seconds later she was leaning on the wall as I fucked her from behind and moaning:

"Fuck me motherfucker; fuck mommy hard and make her cum."

We end up on her bed impersonating sex crazed rabbits until noonish when she had to leave to go have lunch with Marge. Along the way, between fucking and sucking, she wanted to know why I was neglecting her.

"Why didn't I get my Saturday? Why weren't you there Monday night? Why are you up and out of here in the mornings before I can see you?"

I took them in the order asked.

"I wasn't here before my girlfriends wanted to spend the weekend with me and so I was with them from Friday after work until just before I got home on Sunday."

"Girlfriends? Plural?"

I explained Carol and Becky to her and then said, "I wasn't there Monday because of the way you acted Sunday and I didn't want any more of it. I haven't been here in the mornings because I was getting out of shape and I've gone back to running. I have to get up and do it early in order to get it done and still get to class on time."

"It isn't fair that you short me. After all I am your mother and I should have some priority."

"Says the woman who is going to leave me in an hour to go have sex with someone else."

"That's not the same and you know it. Besides, you were the one who got us together."

"But only after you bugged and brow beat me into it. Will you please just stop talking and go back to sucking my dick?"

"Mean motherfucker" she said as she went back to work on me.

"I'm not mean cocksucker. I'm just a teenager trying to cope."

Work was shredding documents and fucking Shelly and Gloria. As I was on my way to the time clock I got a nasty look from Andrea and a look from Tina that I couldn't read.

Parking when I got to Mary's required that I park a block away. Some day I was going to skip work just to see if I could get there early enough to park in the driveway.

Mary was naked and waiting for me on the couch in the living room. She was working on herself with a cucumber.

"Hurry lover. I'm hot, horny and I need it."

"Then why aren't you upstairs getting taken care of?"

"I promised you when this all started that you would always be first."

"And what does Alex think about that?"

"He isn't happy, but when I give my word I keep it."

By then my clothes were in a puddle on the floor and I took her from behind as she bent forward over the back of the couch. When we were done and headed for the stairs I told her that I was releasing her from her promise.

"You need to keep your new beau happy. I don't want to be the cause of friction between you two."

"No lover; you get to be first. As far as Alex goes I need to set the ground rules so that he understands that I am my own woman and do not intend to be subservient in our relationship."

"Okay then how about this. I get to be first in one of your holes. You join in when the fun starts upstairs, but you save me either your ass, pussy or mouth for me to be first in. Will that work for you?"

"My ass. I'll save my ass for you. You will always be first in my ass."

When we got upstairs I found mom on Mary's king size bed with three of her basketball players buried in her. Next to her on the bed Marge was also being three holed. Across the hall in Tom's room Gail was being three holed while two guys, one of whom was Alex, stood and watched. Mary laughed and said:

"I guess I know what I'm going to be doing next."

We went down the hall to the guest bedroom and Don and Alex followed us. Mary was correct in her assumption and in less time than it takes to talk about it she was being made airtight.

I fucked all four of the ladies once (Mary twice) and I was done. Gail made a futile attempt to get one more out of me, but it was no go.

As usual mom left at ten and also as usual Marcus followed her out. When he came back I gave him a questioning look and got a negative headshake. I wondered if somehow I could set up a one on one with mom for him. I know it was silly, but I felt that I owed him for the unforgettable experience that I'd had with his wife. And his daughter.

I was up and out of the house early to get my run in and then it was off to school. School was school and at lunch Gail joined me.

"Does my Thursday and Sunday depend on y getting Phil to like eating pussy?"

"No. Just that you try to teach him. Why?"

"We got together Tuesday night and it was a mixed bag. He needs more work and I'm seeing him again tonight."

"A mixed bag? What does that mean?"

"Between us right?"

"Of course. You know that you don't ever have to ask that."

"The first time he had to rush to the bathroom and puke. But he did try again, but had to make another run to the john. He came back and I tried something different. We did it sixty-nine and he was all right with that. So tonight

"I'll start him out sixty-nine and then after that I'll see if he can handle it without his dick in my mouth. If he can't I don't know what else I can try."

"How does he do when you are sixty-nineing?"

"Not bad. Needs a little work, but not bad."

"So concentrate on making him great when he is going sixty-nine."

"I'll try Bobby, but you know I can't promise anything. He has to want to do it to be any good at it."

"All I can ask is that you try."

As I was talking to Gail I saw Vonda watching us and I wondered what she was thinking.

On my way to work I called Carol and told her that instead of them fibbing to their parents about not coming home for the weekend that I would drive up to see them. Carol told me that she would give me a call on Friday and let me know where to meet them.

Work was shredding documents until forty minutes before quitting time and then it was mouth and ass with Shelly in the playroom until a quarter to eight. I followed her home and waited for the phone call telling me to hurry on in. It came at eight-ten and then it was more mouth and ass until midnight and then I went on home.

The alarm mouth woke me up before my regular alarm could get me up for my run. When mom saw that I was awake she said:

"I'd better get my Saturday or you will never get your favorite macaroni and cheese ever again."

"Then I will never get it because I'll be out of town this weekend. I'll be leaving right from work."

"Where are you going?"

"Up to Western to see my girls."

"Am I going to have to kill those sluts?"

I laughed and she asked what was funny. "That's what they say about the girls that I see during the week."

"I need some alone time with you motherfucker. Monday nights and Wednesday nights are fun, but I need you alone."

"I'll work something out."

"See that you do."

I got up, went for my run and came home to shower. Dad was just leaving and we exchanged waves and I went into the house to see a naked mother. I of course knew what she wanted and I gave it to her twice and it caused me to miss my first class and then of course it was school was school.

No one joined me at lunch, but I did see Vonda and she watched me the entire time I was there. I have to admit I was tempted – Lord knows I was – but her mom still lived in this state so Vonda was off limits to me.

I checked in with Marge as soon as I got to work and she told me to punch in and meet her in the basement. As soon as we were in the playroom she said:

"You bad boy! You bad, bad boy! How dare you deprive your poor mother of her Saturday just to spend time with a couple of college sluts!"

I started to say something, but she said, "Just keep your mouth shut and fuck me." Naturally I didn't argue with her and I got right down to it. I got us both off and then she sucked me hard and had me do her butt. That done she told me to get my lazy ass to work. I spent the rest of the shift stuffing invoices into envelopes and running them through the postage meter.

By five-thirty I was on the road taking the three hour trip to Western. A half hour out I called Carol and she told me that she and Becky were waiting for me in room 116 of the Comfort Inn.

"I got this particular room because of its fond memories."

"I thought 118 is where we made those memories."

"But 116 is the room that caused them to be made."

The girls were naked and waiting when I got there which caught me a little off guard because I had expected that we would go to dinner and then they would show me around before we got down to playing. Becky laughed and said:

"Food is not what we are hungry for right now. Maybe latter."

Latter turned out to be breakfast the next morning. Over French toast and bacon I asked them what the plans for the day were.

"Silly boy. We have a whole week to make up for" and then she laughed and said, "Your day has just been made."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't turn around and look, but you ex just walked in with Jeff Fisher and they are holding hands. It looks like the hostess is taking them to that empty table to your right." She laughed again and said, "She just noticed us and she dropped Jeff's hand like it was a hot piece of steel and stepped away from him. He's looking at her with WTF written all over his face. If you want to see her you better turn around and look because she is trying to get Jeff to leave."

"I don't need to see her. I've already told her that she is history."

Becky leaned over and kissed me and then said, "You might not care to see her, but I wanted her to see that."

"She saw it all right" Carol said, "And she didn't like it one little bit. Jeff isn't letting her pull him out. He is heading for the table."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Natasha and the guy sit down, but I ignored them and ate my breakfast. Carol told me what had happened when they had stopped by Natasha's table in the school cafeteria on Wednesday and told her how much fun they had had with me over the weekend.

"Becky called her stupid for letting you get away and told her that she would never get you back. Natasha laughed at us and told us that it had taken two of us to take her place and that didn't say much for either of us. She turned purple when Becky said that was one way of looking at it. The other was that Natasha wasn't woman enough to satisfy you so you needed two of us to take care of you properly."

I chuckled at that and we finished our meal and then got up and left. I made it a point to ignore Natasha even though I had to face her table when I turned to leave.

We went back to the motel and played until six and then we showered and went out for dinner. Damned if we didn't see Natasha and the Jeff guy sitting at a table when we walked into the restaurant. I saw Natasha's face cloud up when she saw us and Becky laughed and said:

"This is just priceless. The only thing that would have made it better would be if it was Wesley that she was with."

I ignored Natasha and her date and the hostess seated us in another room which pleased me as I did not feel like any more running commentary from Carol or Becky.

Natasha and Jeff were gone when we finished eating and left, but the fates were not yet done with their mischievous whims.

We went back to the room and played until we fell asleep exhausted. In the morning as we were getting ready to go out to breakfast, after working up an appetite of course, I was packing my bag and Carol asked me what I was doing.

"It's ten-thirty and check out time is eleven so I'm taking my bag with us when we leave."

"No it isn't. You aren't getting off that easy. We have the room until tomorrow. We will be coming back here after we eat."

As we walked out of the room I happened to glance to my right and I Natasha standing in front of the open door to room 110 watching as Carol, Becky and I got into Becky's car and drove off. Over my French toast and bacon I listened as the two girls plotted what to say to Natasha if they ran across her during the coming week.

I got up to use the men's room and while I was away from the table I called Gail and I told her that I would not be back in time to see her that evening and I promised that I would make it up to her by giving her Tuesday in place of her Sunday. She didn't seem upset about it and I told her I'd see her at lunch the next day.

We went back to the motel and played until six when I finally had to call it quits.

"I need to get home and rest so I'll be able to function in school tomorrow."

"But we have the room until tomorrow morning" Carol said.

"Can't help it sweetie. I've got just enough left in me to steer the car and work the pedals. If I stay any longer I won't even have enough left to walk out to the car let alone drive it."

"Party pooper."

"You are absolutely right. I am pooped."

"Poor baby. You'll have it a little easier next weekend. I have to go with my parents to visit my grandfather so it will be just you and Becky."

"And I plan to occupy your every minute lover, so rest up and take lots of vitamins."

I got home at nine-thirty and mom and dad weren't home so I went straight to bed.

The alarm mouth woke me just before my real alarm clock was due to go off and mom said:

"Your father and Marge are going out of town today so it will be just me and you tonight. Make sure that you come straight home from work."

My real alarm went off and mom hurried from the room.

As I ran the trails at Paint Brush Park I wondered if my mom was a nymphomaniac. Me whenever she could, Marge during long lunch hours, Monday nights with me and Marge, me on Wednesday mornings, the Wednesday gangbangs and I know dad was getting it four and five times a week. I knew that because they were loud and I heard them. I was sure that she could fit Marcus in there somewhere. I'd have to give it some thought.

School was school and Gail joined me for lunch. Out of curiosity I asked how things were coming with Phil.

"Better. After he got used to it going sixty-nine we tried it straight and he didn't have to run to the john. He is still a bit hesitant but when he gets started he stays with it until he gets me off. He needs more work, but he is showing progress."

Work was the Quality Control Department until about forty before quitting time and then I got the call to go to the office. Abe grinned at me and I said:

"I will Abe. I promise. If I do get to Gloria every third poke will be for you."

He laughed and I headed for the office. Shelly was waiting for me in the hall and once we got to the playroom I got a big, big surprise. Shelly pulled her thong off, got down on the air mattress, spread her legs and said:

"See anything you like?"

"A pussy that you won't let me have."

"Take it."

"What?"

"Stick your cock in it and use it."

"You serious?"

"You are wasting time lover. Fuck it, eat it or take my ass but do something and do it now!"

I was going to argue with the lady?

Of course I chose the pussy that I had never been allowed in and we fucked until we both got off. Then she sucked me hard and then gave me her dirty hole. When we were done I asked her why the major change.

"I'm three months pregnant" she said and for a quick moment I felt fear and panic, but it quickly passed when I remembered that I'd never been in her pussy before.

"I'm pregnant and Mike won't make love to me anymore. He says he is afraid he might hurt the baby. I told him that he couldn't and even the doctor said we could go until late in the seventh month or early eighth, but he still won't fuck me. It has been a month since he has touched me and just having you do my ass isn't enough for me so until the baby comes I've decided to threat my pussy like I do my ass. It isn't cheating if I give up what he won't

use. I'm only doing what I can't get from him. After the baby shows up and he goes back to making love to me you will go back to ass and oral only. That okay with you?"

"I think I can live with that."

When I got home from work I found mom waiting for me naked except for her favorite pair of 'come fuck me' pumps.

"Give you any ideas motherfucker?"

"A couple."

"Like what?"

"The heels rubbing my ears while you scream "Fuck me motherfucker" or fucking you from behind and using the heels of your shoes like the handles on a wheelbarrow as I slam my cock into you."

"I don't care which motherfucker as long as you get your ass in gear and get to it."

The room rang with "Fuck mommy motherfucker" and "Make mommy cum" and "Oh yes motherfucker; do it, do it, do it" and such like until midnight when we fell asleep cuddled up with each other.

For a change I woke her up using my mouth, fucked her, showered with her and then fucked her again. My running that morning consisted of running for school and even then I was two minutes late for my first class.

School was not school as usual that day. At the end of the class as the students were filing out Professor Smothers said:

"Mr. Marchant, a word with you please?"

As soon as every one else was out of the room he said, "I don't know if you care about the grade you receive from this class or not, but you are aware that attendance has an impact on that grade are you not?"

"I am."

"Then why are you constantly coming to class late and why have you missed as many classes as you have? Your work is fine and your test scores are above average, but quite frankly your attendance sucks!"

"I guess I'm trying to get too much done in the time I have available between the time I get up and when I need to be to class and something always seems to happen that results in me being late. The few days I missed were due to family problems that I had no control over."

"Well I can tell you this Mr. Marchant, if you are late any more or if you miss one more class your grade is going to drop one level."

I left the classroom in a sucky mood and it hadn't gotten any better by the time I went to lunch. At lunch a weird thing happened. At least I thought it was weird. After all that Gail went through trying to get her Thursdays and Sundays back she broke our date for that night.

"Phil is making progress and I told him that I would keep helping him until he got it down pat."

Well it was me who asked her to do it so what could I say? I'd already called Mary and told her I wouldn't be able to be there that night so it looked as though I had a free evening. As Gail was talking I noticed that Vonda was sitting on the other side of the room and watching us. Two tables over from her Nancy was sitting at a table by herself. In my mind I started that old rhyme of choosing:

"Eenie menie miney moe" and then suddenly said to myself, "Fuck no!" The breaks were made, they were in the past so let it go! I did what was sensible – to me anyway – and when I left the cafeteria I called Mary.

"Can a guy change his mind at the last minute?"

"Sill boy. Of course you can."

Work found me in the machine shop bead blasting and powder coating parts until I was told by Fred that I was wanted in the office. Shelly met me in the hall and we headed for the basement. Shelly sucked me and then I ate her until she told me to get my cock inside her body. I fucked her pussy and when that was over she took the wash rag out of her purse, cleaned my cock, sucked it hard and then gave me her ass. When we had dressed she gave me a passionate kiss, thanked me and then headed home to her idiot husband.

As I was leaving the building I saw dad and Marge pull in and park. I waited on the steps until they got there and then asked:

"Successful trip?"

"Very" my dad said.

Marge knew what I was really asking and she winked at me which told me that her record as dad's lucky charm was still intact.

It was almost eight when I got to Mary's. Alex and Mary were there, but Pam had not yet arrived. She showed up about three minutes after I got there and after a few words with Mary and Alex she took my hand and led me upstairs to Tom's room and we started undressing.

Before I could get my pants off Mary came into the room and told me to get dressed.

"We have a problem Rob and we need you downstairs."

She left the room and I followed her out. I saw Gail at the bottom of the stairs. When I got to the bottom of the stairs Mary told Gail to tell me what was going on. Gail had decided to ask Mary to give her some help with Phil and she and Phil were parked just down the street while Gail tried to work up the nerve to approach Mary. They saw me arrive and a couple of minutes later they saw Pam arrive and go into the house. Another car arrived right behind Pam and after she went into the house a guy got out of that car carrying what looked like a camera and then walked around the house like he might be looking for an open window to see in.

"Sounds like he is following Pam" Alex said.

"The guy came back to his car and he is sitting in it watching the house."

Alex asked if the guy had any cars parked around him and Gail said that there was a car in front of him and behind him.

"He had to parallel park when he got here."

"So if a car pulled up next to him he couldn't pull out?"

"No he couldn't."

Alex looked at me and said, "Go out, get in your car and box him in."

Gail said, "Why don't I just call Phil on his cell and have him do it. He is already out there in his car."

"That will work."

Gail made the call and told Phil what to do and Alex and I moved to the front door and Mary went to the window and peeked through a gap in the curtains. When she told us Phil had pulled up and blocked the man in Alex and I

went out the door and headed for the car. Alex tried the passenger door, but it was locked so he rapped on the window and told the man to get out of the car. The window came down a crack and a voice said:

"Back off or I'll call the cops."

"If you don't get your ass out here and talk to us it will be us calling the cops."

The window went up and the man stayed in the car. Alex went over to his car and opened the trunk. He got out a tire iron and then came back and said:

"Last chance to do this the easy way."

Still nothing happened. Alex was just raising the tire iron to smash the window when a cop car with its light bar flashing turned the corner and headed toward us. It pulled up behind Phil and two officers got out of the car and one of them asked:

"What seems to be the trouble here?"

"This guy was creeping around our house with a camera and looking in our windows" Alex said. "We want to know who he is and what he is doing here."

One cop moved us back and the other one went over to the driver's side of the car to talk to the man inside. A couple of minutes later he came over to us and said:

"He is a private investigator on assignment." He turned to Phil and said, "Move your car and let him out."

"You leave your car right where it is Phil" Alex said. "We have a little more business to take care of here. I want to know the man's name and I want to know exactly what it is that he is doing here and if I don't get it we will file charges against the man in that car for trespassing and being a peeping tom."

The officer said, "I'm sorry, but this is a civil matter and we are not going to get involved other than to the extent that we see to it that no violence occurs. Now let the man out."

"On the contrary officer; you are going to get involved. We are filing the complaint and you will take the report."

Alex took out his wallet and showed something to the cop his ID or something and then said:

"The easy way or the hard way. He tells me what I want to know or you will arrest and take him in. Are we clear on this?"

"Yes sir. Come with me."

He and Alex walked over to the car and several minutes later Alex came back and told Phil to move his car. Phil did it and the man pulled out and drove away. As soon as he was out of sight the cops left and Alex told us to go on back into the house. We got inside and he told us that the man's agency had been hired to follow Pam.

"I couldn't get the name of the client because he didn't know it. His agency assigned him and that is all he could tell me."

"There is only one person who I can think off who would have me followed and he doesn't know it yet, but his life just turned to shit."

She turned to me and said, "Come on Bobby. We have some unfinished business" and she led me back up to Tom's room. As we were going up the steps I heard Mary say:

"I can't help you tonight honey and you know what tomorrow is, but if you will stop by Thursday I'll see what I can do."

I turned and looked and Gail was looking up at me. I shrugged and then turned and followed Pam.

Pam was angry and while she did respond to my fucking it was obvious that her mind was elsewhere. I got us both off, she got me hard again and I did her a second time and then she started dressing. She was ready to go when the phone rang and a bit after Mary came into the room and handed Pam the cordless phone. It was hubby and while she was talking to him she took her panties off and knelt on the bed. She pointed at her exposed body and motioned me over. I knew what she wanted so I whispered:

"Pussy or ass?"

She covered the mouthpiece and said, "I don't care. Just do it."

It would take some time to work myself into her butt so I opted for pussy. As I pushed into her she was saying:

"I'm not sure when I will be home." There was a pause and then she said, "I don't care Mark; not my problem. If you need to get off use your hand."

She disconnected, tossed the phone down on the bed and said, "Fuck me lover; fuck Mark's wife and make her cum."

I did."

I got home around one and foolishly looked forward to sleeping in since I didn't have any need to go to the library that day. The alarm mouth did let me get an extra hour before she woke me up. As soon as I was awake and able she mounted me and rode me cowgirl until I had to roll her into the missionary to get off. Head to get me back up again and then doggie,

Next on the agenda was a shower that had me taking her anally as she leaned against the shower wall. When we finished and since the water was still running she decided to go ahead and wash my cock which led to more head which in turn took us back to the bed. Once more then off to breakfast.

Over French toast and bacon I told her of my thoughts on how to get Marcus some alone time with her. She put the kibosh of that right away.

"Oh no you won't motherfucker. In fact I am probably going to stop attending the Wednesday night follies. It is self destructive behavior on my part and besides, those clowns are starting to get a little possessive."

"Clowns? I thought you dug those guys."

"What I was doing was reliving my youth and it is time for me to go back to being a grown up and to forget my wild assed teenaged years. I am still warped enough to want to keep on with my motherfucker and my two carpet munchers. Tonight will be my last night, but I don't want anyone to know. Maybe I'll find a way to sneak off for a little one on one with Marcus, but I don't know."

"Maybe I can help."

"What is it with you and getting me and Marcus together?"

"I just feel that I owe him for the time he gave me with his wife."

"You really dug here?"

"You don't want to know."

"Of course I do. I'm interested in everything my motherfucker is into."

"If she would have gone with me I would have run off with her,"

"Oh wow! You would have abandoned me for another man's wife?"

"I would have for Tash."

"Well she didn't go with you so I still have you and we need to get back to the house and take advantage of that fact."

A blow job and a trip up the Hershey highway and then it was time for me to go to work.

I played at being a safety inspector for the shift and then I stopped to say hi to Marge on the way to the time clock. She told me to close and lock the door and then she took off her panties and showed them to me. The crotch was soaked.

"Want some sloppy seconds? I had a long lunch with daddy today."

She laughed when I said, "Bend over your desk you slut!"

I unzipped and took her from behind. When we were done she told me that she wouldn't be at Mary's that night and that I should plan on some playroom time with her on Thursday.

It was mom, Mary and Gail to take care of twelve guys so there was a lot of three hole action going on. Mom left at nine-thirty instead of her usual ten and as usual Marcus followed her out and a little later came back in and gave me a negative headshake. I waited ten minutes and then asked him to follow me down to the first floor.

"I have something that I want to show you."

There was a den just off the family room and I opened the door and waved him in. He entered and I closed the door behind him and went back upstairs. Half an hour later he came back upstairs and gave me a smile and a thumbs up. I felt both happy and sorry for him at the same time. Happy that he got his alone time, but sad that he would never see her again.

I guess mom was whipped from the night before because she was still in bed when I got home from my run. She was still in bed when I finished my shower, dressed and headed for school.

School was school and at lunch Gail joined me.

"You aren't upset with me are you?"

"Over what?"

"Me and Phil."

"I think I remember being the one to ask you for the favor and the one who put you together."

"Still. It has taken me a while."

Before I could say more Nancy joined us and the conversation turned general in nature until it was time for me to get up and leave.

At work I was the designated safety inspector again until a half hour before quitting time. Marge called me to the office which I took to mean the basement so that is where I headed. Some head and some tail later I was heading for the time clock when Andrea stopped me. She told me that Dennis was on a run and she wanted me to follow her home. And I told her no and I reminded her of why.

"Then you will be the one responsible for ruining my marriage. He refuses to help me with what I need and if I can't get it from you or some one else I'm going to have to leave him."

"Maybe you should tell him that and see what happens."

I'd already talked with Shelly and her husband was out of town until Saturday. She told him not to call before eleven because she was going for a girl's night out with the girls from the office. He told her if she was going to be that late he wouldn't bother to call. She was waiting at my car when I came out of the building and we left her car there and drove to the Starlight.

Twice in her pussy, twice in her ass and a couple of sixty-nines kept us at the Starlight until one in the morning. I had her back to the plant and at her car by one-fifteen and as she kissed me goodnight she asked me if she could have Friday also. I had to tell her no.

"My girlfriend will be home from school and she will be expecting me to fill her weekend."

"I don't even know her and all ready I don't like her."

"Do I bitch when you leave me and go home to your hubby?"

"No, but that's different."

"Yeah. Right."

The alarm mouth woke me a couple of minutes before the alarm clock.

"Make sure that you are home tonight motherfucker. You owe me and I want my Saturday."

"I owe you?"

"I took care of Marcus for you so you make sure that I get mine."

My alarm clock went off and she left the room to get back in bed with dad. I got up and went for my run and got home just as dad was leaving. I hoped that mom wasn't waiting for me inside expecting a quick one. I didn't need to be late for my first hour again. No such luck. She was waiting and I took her from behind as she bent forward over the kitchen table. I did make it to class on time, but only because I skipped my shower and wasn't fully dressed when I got there.

School was school and at lunch Vonda joined me.

"I am going to Mandy's birthday party tonight Bobby and I need a date. Please Bobby?"

"You know my position on this Princess. Talk your mom into moving out of state and leaving you here and I'll be on you like a duck on a June bug."

"Damn it Bobby; that is just so fucking unfair" and she got up and stormed off and as I watched her walk away I was thinking "What isn't fair Princess is that I can't be with your mother, especially since it was her fantasy that got me involved in the first place."

Work was a surprise. Marge sent me to the basement to pull files, but I no sooner got there than Marge was there and taking off her panties. We did the deed and she went back upstairs, but before I could get back to work Gloria was there and taking off her undies. We got it done and she went back upstairs and she was no sooner out the door than Shelly walked in.

"Ass this time lover."

When that was done she left me and I thought "That's the last of them so I now I can get to work."

Nope! Tina showed up.

"Don absolutely refuses to even try anal. He's good with oral and the rest, but he just won't consider anal. I've decided to adopt Shelly's attitude. If Don won't do it I'm not cheating if I can get some one else to do it."

She took off her thong, bent over the table and then looked at me to see what I was going to do. What the fuck! What was one more right? I stepped forward and sent my cock into yet another older married woman. When I finished with Tina I half expected Andrea to show up, but she didn't and I got back to pulling files.

That evening I experienced a first of sorts. I'd been fucking Becky for several weeks, but that evening was the first time I showed up at her front door to take her out on a date.

Her mother was all smiles and saying how happy that she was that Becky was dating me. Archie was smiling too when he said:

"You aren't going to try any funny business with my daughter are you?"

I laughed and said, "Get serious. I've been trying to date her since the eighth grade and I've finally got her. I might not even bring her back."

"Then I'll have to hunt you down and do bad things to you."

He was smiling when he said it, but I somehow thought that his smile lacked sincerity.

Once in the car I asked Becky what she wanted to do.

"Bed."

"Is that all I am to you? A cock to play with?"

"We will have plenty of time to go places and do things when I am home for the summer and after we get married, but as long as I only have a short weekend to work with? Bed!"

As I pointed the car toward the Starlight I asked her what time I had to get her home.

"Doesn't matter. I'm a big girl now. Go off to college away from home and all that."

"It matters to me hot stuff. I have to work with your dad so I have to keep things cool between us."

"Make it mid-night then."

I got her home at ten till, but she would have tried to keep me going until the early hours of the morning if I would have let her. As I drove her home I told her that Saturday was going to be at least dinner and maybe some dancing before I found us a bed. She pouted and gave me a sour look, but she still gave me one hell of a hot kiss when I walked her to her door.

The alarm mouth woke me at eight and then it was suck and fuck until one o'clock in the afternoon and then mom went grocery shopping.

I picked Becky up at three and we went to the arcade for a while and then played some miniature golf. I asked what she wanted for dinner and seven o'clock found us sitting in a booth at Harry's having milkshakes, burgers and fries.

As we walked toward the entrance of the teen club Becky told me that she didn't want to sit with a group if there was one.

"I want us to be alone. I need to be able to work at making you mine."

I raised an eyebrow at that.

There was a group and we waved at them as we walked to a small table on the other side of the room. I was sitting facing the entrance and maybe twenty minutes after we sat down I saw Gail and Phil walk in. They saw the large group and walked over and joined them. Five minutes later Gail noticed us and even though she was on the other side of the dance floor I thought I saw guilt register on her face and if indeed that is what it was I wondered why.

Becky and I danced for an hour or so and she kept pressing me to get her to a bed so we headed for the car. I saw someone sitting on the hood and then I spotted the Mustang convertible. As I got closer I saw that the guy sitting on my hood was Wesley and he was holding a ball bat. Shit! I thought all the parking lot bullshit was over with when Eddie went away.

Wesley slid off the hood and stood there tapping his leg with the bat as he said;

"Gonna be a little different this time motherfucker."

It only took a fraction of a second for my mind to ask how he knew that and then come back into focus as Becky said:

"What the hell do you think you are doing here Wes?"

"Gonna teach the asshole not to fuck with another man's girl."

"I stopped being your girl the second you opened the door to room 116 to let you and that skank you were with go in."

Then she stuck her hand up in front of his face and he screamed. I hadn't seen her do it, but she had taken some pepper spray out of her purse. Wesley dropped the bat as his hands flew up to his eyes and Becky bent and picked it up. She rolled it around in her hands as she said:

"I don't know what you planned to do with this, but I've got a pretty good idea of what I can do with it."

She nailed him in the crotch with it. He sank to the ground and she kicked him in the ribs and said:

"Stay out of my life asshole and my life includes Rob."

She kicked him again and then turned to me and said, "Let's go. All of a sudden I'm super hot."

As we drove to the Starlight I asked her if I could put her on my payroll as a bodyguard. She laughed and said:

"Don't you worry about it lover. I take good care of my stuff."

"I'm stuff now? Is that a promotion or a demotion?"

"The title doesn't matter lover. What matters is that you are mine."

Epilog.

And so it came to pass.

Carol wasn't all that happy about it and I was told that Natasha collapsed when she heard about it, but three weeks after we graduated Becky and I were married and for the last fifteen years we have been chasing each other around the bedroom. At least when we can get away from the kids. There are three of them. Bobby junior, Anna Marie and Carol Ann.

I never asked Becky what she did when she was away at school and she has never asked me what I did while she was gone. Until I graduated I kept playing with my ever changing harem.

As for the other players in my little drama?

I was mom's motherfucker and she was baby's cocksucker until Becky graduated and came home. She and dad divorced when dad and Marge slipped up and Marge became pregnant. I have a half-brother now. Even though mom divorced dad over the pregnancy she still continued to see Marge and for all I know still does. I continued to

see Marge until she was in her eight month which was when she decided that we had to end it. As a parting gift, just after she had given me a passionate kiss goodbye, she said:

"Your father and you are the only ones who never used a condom with me." She gave me a big smile and said, "Think on it."

The divorce had no impact on my going to work fulltime when I graduated and when dad retired ten years ago I picked up the reins. The business has grown and now we are running three shifts.

Mary and Alex married and they have an open marriage and it seems to be working out well for them. The gang bangs at Mary's continued, but shrunk in size after mom left, followed a few months later by Marge and finally Gail dropped out also. Mary is the work horse now although for her it never was what you could call work.

Gail married Phil and they have four kids including a set of twins.

Tom made the Army his career and was just recently promoted to bird colonel.

Following the night at Mary's Pam put investigators on her husband and found out that he was trying to get some dirt on her to use in a divorce so he would be free to marry a young big titted blonde. It turned out that Pam owned the company that Mark was the president and CEO of and there was an ironclad pre-nuptial agreement in place to protect Pam that could only be invalidated by her infidelity. Pam kicked his ass out and divorced him. Five years later she remarried and seems to be very happy.

Shelly had her baby, a little girl, and she gave her husband an ultimatum. Give her what she wanted or she would find some one who would and he could either live with it or call the divorce lawyers. He caved and she tells me that he has gotten quite good at oral and has learned to love the tightness of her ass.

Andrea gave her husband the same ultimatum and he did call the divorce lawyers. Once she showed me the papers she was back in my harem until my marriage to Becky put an end to all that. Once I stopped with her she found a guy and remarried and apparently the new spouse is taking care of business.

I lost touch with Gloria. A death in her family caused her to move away.

Tina's marriage didn't last a year. She caught her hubby – get this – fucking her mother and she didn't care for it one bit especially since he was buried in her mother's ass when she caught them. I'm not sure what pissed her off the most; the fact that he was fucking her mother or that he was doing with her mother what he wouldn't do with her.

Carol became a flight attendant for United Airlines and after years of flying she moved into a management position with them. She never married because she says that she could never stay true to any one man. She is still her Cousin Becky's BFF and visits with us often and she keeps after Becky to share me like they did in school, but Becky isn't having any of that.

Nancy has been married and divorced four times and she says that she is going to keep trying until she finds a keeper.

Vonda married a guy that she met where she went to work after graduation and gave Marcus his white son in law and it seems that the marriage is working. I remember the way she was in high school and even with what she did with me aside; it boggles my mind that she married a white man.

I saw Tash in Wal-Mart's a couple of weeks ago and even though she is in her late fifties she is still a hard on generator.

And lastly there is Natasha. Her wanting to see 'what other guys are like' continued all the way through school and she developed a reputation for being an easy piece and she kept at it after graduation. Like Nancy she has been married and divorced four times. Each divorce was because she gave the current husband an STD. She is presently single and looking.

The End.