

'JUST' JANE CH. 10

twofourthree

Jane faces her past, but not before Poole says so.

Incest/Taboo

4.77

13.9k words

I am not a writer, far from it. Except for the names and places, the stories you read are for the most part true. Still they are not biographies. Artistic license has been taken to enhance or in some cases minimize the events described. All sexual situations were between consensual adults within the framework of their story.

This is the ninth of now twelve interviews I have worked on over the last four years.

Most of these stories cover several years. I will try to keep the chapters short. I suggest you save one for reference. None of the stories are mine, any personal friend, or relative.

Since I wear a bathing suit every day I no longer think about it. Wearing it in front of twenty strange men all in one room was a different situation all together. Lela had a light yellow bikini set out. It was a more modest one but still revealing enough.

Lela was waiting for me outside the conference room. Wearing a soft mint suit just like mine accentuated not only her curves but her ebony skin as well.

"Are you ready?" I asked taking a deep breath.

Lela holding all of the files moved closer and gave me a quick kiss.

"Now I am." She giggled.

I opened the door and held it as she walked past me in the room. The quiet talking quickly stopped and except for a few whispers the room fell silent. I looked past the twenty young men all dressed in just swim trunks. Nothing tight fitting but not long and baggy either, just plain swim trunks, each with a number.

Lela sat the folders on the front desk and I walked behind her to address the room. Then and only then did I look at their faces.

"I am Jane Ramsey and this is..." Then I saw a familiar face. "...Lela..."

At that moment I froze. I recognized that face, and it smiled back at me. I looked in his eyes and I could see he too was surprised. Just then it dawned on me where I saw the young man so I looked around. I soon recognized another, he was shocked but smiled as well.

There were more but TJ and Fred's faces will always be the ones I remember seeing first. They were from the club. TJ fucked me, I gave Fred a blowjob. The quiet of the room soon filled with not so silent whispers and not so subtle snickers.

The room was filled with all of the men at the club. Standing before them in only a bikini I wondered what kind of meeting they thought this would be. As I scanned the room again and again I'm sure most thought they would be undressing me with more than their eyes.

"Gentlemen I need you to form a circle and hold hands." Lela announced as I tried to gather my thoughts.

There was an awkward moment of confusion as if they weren't sure they heard Lela right.

"If you would do that right now we can move on." I stated with authority.

Most looked at the others to see what they would do.

"You heard the ladies, get to it." TJ boomed as he took Fred's hand.

Suddenly it dawned on the others this was no mistake and started to shuffle around. Lela and I watched like hawks as some eagerly took a hand while others still resisted. Lela had assigned them random numbers 1-20 and they soon lined up accordingly as if on cue.

It wasn't really necessary as we had no idea who they were, but it was an interesting outcome just the same.

Without their names we started observing them as Lela put them through a series of drills. I'm sure Max and Poole had purposely formulated each of these to elicit varying reactions. By the time we broke for lunch I'm sure most of the guys attending wondered what the hell was going on.

Lela and I ate lunch with them and all the while I thought of the night at the club. They knew I had watched them perform sexual acts, and I damn well knew they watched me. Several among them I even fucked and sucked.

Back in the conference room Max and Poole had another barrage of tests, the last one was the best. We would pick one guy at random and have him interview the next one with questions we provided. This was repeated twenty times until each was the interviewer and interviewee.

Since they were in essence competing with each other for a job it was interesting to see how competitive they could be. At times we saw what I hoped was the best of some and the worst of others. Lela and I kept copious notes.

At four thirty Lela and I stood by the door and thanked each young man personally. At the same time Lela handed them a card with the time of their interview the next day. There were many questions and comments made as well.

"It was good to see you again Jane Ramsey..." TJ smiled and shook my hand. "...Will there be dancing tomorrow?" He teased me quietly.

"I can assure you there will be no dancing." I smiled back understanding his meaning.

"I was afraid you might say that. Probably for the best just the same." TJ squeezed my hand then released it.

I could see he wanted to say more but he moved on to Lela. Fred was the last in line. I could see he approached nervously afraid to look anywhere but my eyes.

"Thank you Ms. Ramsey." Fred replied as he offered me his hand.

It was warm and the grip was surprisingly firm for such a shy young man.

"Thank you for coming Fred, I look forward to seeing you tomorrow." I answered.

"Really?" He said as his eyes lit up.

"Really." I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

If anyone saw the gesture nothing was said. After they left Lela spread the files out and left them on the desk. She kissed me goodbye and closed the door behind her. I sat down and my mind again went back to the night at the club.

Poole walked in and sat down beside me without saying a word.

"Why?" I whispered without even looking up.

Poole didn't respond.

"Why did you let me make a fool of myself to people that may work here?" I now turned to face him.

"Did you Jane?" Poole reached out and took my hand. "Did you make a fool of yourself?"

"How could you?" I raised my voice. "How can I ever work with any of these young men knowing what I've done?"

His hand was a calming influence even though I was starting to become more enraged.

"Do you know how many of the women in our office I've slept with?" Poole turned me to face him.

"No."

"Take a guess." Poole lifted my chin.

"All of them?" I suggested. "Well not Claudia, I would assume."

"And yet for years you've worked with me every day?" Poole's eyes focused on mine.

"That's different." I argued. "You're the boss."

"But they're not, and you've worked with them." Poole pointed out.

I had no reasonable reply and he knew it. I had an option at the club and we both knew it. I did what I thought Poole wanted me to do, or was I trying to prove to him I would do it? Why invite future employees to such a place?

All of the guys in the room today were there. Most participated in a sexual act on some level and except for Fred did it willingly. I guess you could say Fred did, but I seduced him. Was that what Poole was really observing? Them and not me? Are they just as embarrassed as I am?

Poole let me think about that for a few minutes. Then he pulled me on his lap and held me tight. It was as if he knew all along that was what I really needed. Just for him to hold me.

"Let's get busy and put some names to those faces." Poole finally said as he kissed the back of my head. "And to be perfectly clear, the number is one, just you Jane."

Shocked at his answer I turned to face Poole. He nodded it was true. I was the only woman in the office Poole had made love to. I kissed him profusely to show him how happy I was.

Opening a folder Poole pulled out pictures with names, we matched them with the names on the files. Poole and I spent the better part of two hours matching my notes to the person's file.

I had studied those files for days and yet I was only right in matching one name with the person wearing a number on his trunks. It was TJ.

TJ is a bit older than the other applicants. Having served four years in one branch of our military, his education came a bit later in life. His initials may have helped but he seemed the most mature, and the most confident. He has that something about him, almost like Poole, that something you just can't help but like. I felt it when we fucked as well.

I was close on Fred. Right on the guy, wrong on his education. I figured a Midwest kind of guy, smart but shy, I expected him to go to a small college close to home or maybe a community college for a couple of years.

Fred was all of those things, except he went to a prestigious school with a large campus. Full ride scholarship, graduated summa cum laude.

On the ride home Poole and I talked some more about the applicants. He seemed impressed with my observations challenging me on just a few.

That night before bed Tina and I talked about the club and what I had done and with who. She didn't seem surprised by Poole's actions but didn't seem to approve either.

"Jane it's a big company, but we both know you will run into them sooner or later, maybe even work with them." Tina leaned over and kissed me. "If you think that will be a problem don't hire any of them."

She got up and walked to the door.

"Are you coming?" She snickered.

"Maybe tomorrow?" I suggested. "I need to get some sleep."

"Turning us both down? That's a first." Tina teased me then blew me a kiss.

I never thought of it but she was right. I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I knew it was early when the window showed it was still dark outside. As stealthy as he tried it is impossible to miss a man six feet four inches tall weighing almost two hundred and fifty pounds get in your bed.

Still craving sleep I wanted to protest when he started to undress me. My flimsy top and petite panties were no match for his pent up desire. I was like a rag doll as he pulled me over his massive frame.

I felt his stiff cock trapped between us as Poole gripped my ass cheeks and drug my pussy over its length.

"Tonight?" I whimpered as my desire betrayed my words.

"Now." Poole's cock pushed between my moistening lips.

"At lunch?" I moaned still in denial.

"Now Slut." Poole groaned as his cock swelled even bigger.

"Uh...ah...uh...oh...aaaahhhhh..." I mewed as his cock found my opening and started its journey to my depths.

Poole thrust up as he held my ass then pulled out and thrust even deeper. I loved this part. We both knew my pussy would take all of his cock, but during these first few moments Poole felt he could never be sure. And even though I knew my pussy was made for his cock neither was I.

"Poole..." I hissed.

"You ok?" Poole asked concerned.

"Now Poole! Fuck me now."

I arched my back and plunged my cunt down hard impaling myself over his cock. My pussy stretched to accept him as his cock grew even more. I spread my legs wider and closed my eyes thrusting my hard nipples against his chest.

Poole thrust up again, I wrapped my arms around him just hoping to hold on. It had been some time since Poole fucked me like this. It was almost like there was a need to prove something but also passion.

My pussy was alive with sensations as his massive hands still held my ass firmly. I looked up at him his nostrils flared and his eyes half closed. I pressed my chin against his chest, the pain brought his attention to me.

"Fuck me Poole." I hissed.

He smiled and thrust again. "Yes Jane."

"Not Jane, your slut." I corrected him. "Fuck your slut now Poole, fuck her hard."

Poole's grip tightened on my ass cheeks and slammed me over his cock. I yelped a bit and winced.

"Again!" I grunted.

"Fuck!" Poole slammed deep in my cunt.

"Again!" I demanded.

"Fuck!" Poole repeated.

"Again and again." I clung to him. "It's your pussy Poole. Isn't that right? Show me Poole, show me what a good slut I am."

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Max was already sweating when I joined him in the workout room.

"You're here early." I spoke clearly so he could hear.

"Big day today." Max called back.

"Interviews?" I asked to verify we were both using the same system.

"All day." Max smiled pedaling faster.

I headed to the rowing machine and thought about what he said and how that seemed to make him happy. For Max it was all about people. He finds satisfaction in helping everyone.

I was expecting Poole to be in the conference room when I arrived, instead Lela was there in a bright pink bikini. She sat at one end of the long conference table but my stack of files was at the other end. There were six chairs on one side of the table and only one on the other side in the middle. The void between where we sat and the chair was noticeable.

"Are we ready?" Lela giggled.

"As ready as we'll ever be." I replied as I stood behind my chair.

Lela stood up and walked to my end of the table and gave me a quick kiss. Lela opened the door directly behind the single chair. Then she left the room only to soon return with our first candidate.

"Please have a seat." Lela said as she returned to her place at the far end of the table.

The first candidate quickly took the single seat at the table that was directly in front of him. I opened the folder and started by reintroducing both Lela and myself. With the preliminaries handled I asked simple questions from our candidate. Max and Poole had teaser questions we asked as well.

A small sample are: Who is your role model, and why? What's the most interesting thing about you that we wouldn't learn from your resume alone? Describe the color yellow to somebody who is blind. If you could have dinner with anyone from history, who would it be and why?

I asked all of the questions and Lela just listened. With twenty candidates and just one day we limited the interviews to twenty minutes, sometimes less. By the third interview it was clear the responses would be different but the process was becoming predictable.

One by one each candidate would always chose the single chair just inside the door. Since I was the only one speaking, after about the third or fourth question they turned their attention to me all but ignoring Lela but for a few polite glances. And so it went for the morning. Lela and I again joined all twenty candidates for lunch where the conversation was lively.

After lunch we started again. Fred was the fifteenth candidate we met with. Taking the seat as the others did he answered the first two questions uncomfortably. He did his best to give Lela and I equal attention but was clearly frustrated. You see when he spoke to one of us the other was almost looking at the back of his head.

"I'm sorry..." Fred shifted in his seat looking perplexed.

"Yes?" Lela spoke for a rare time after introductions.

"...is it possible the two of you could sit closer..." Fred looked at Lela and then me. "...I feel I'm being rude."

Fourteen guys thought about that very thing and not one suggested it. Lela looked at me and grinned.

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"Maybe across the table?" Fred asked shyly.

"Sure." I replied.

Lela and I both got up and moved to two of the six chairs opposite Fred. We were not maybe three feet from Fred instead of more than six. With my next question you could see Fred's whole body relax and he addressed the two of us instead of having to choose between us.

Lela and I liked his answers. He wasn't the most impressive, or the most outgoing. Thoughtful, polite and definitely smart, Fred reminded me of Max. Number eighteen was TJ, Lela took her seat and TJ's eyes never left her ass as she made her way to her chair. He looked at me knowing I caught him red handed but just smile broadly.

"Do I have to sit here?" TJ pointed to the lone chair.

He looked at Lela and back to me for an answer.

"No." Lela replied.

TJ now locked onto Lela. He studied her as she sat in her bright bikini. His head tilted to one side as she shifted uncomfortably in her chair. The room was silent, TJ did not move, and yet his eyes never stopped taking her in.

The minute TJ approached Lela I could see her tense up. For the first time in two days she seemed uncomfortable in the presence of a candidate. When she looked at me I could almost sense her eyes pleading with me for help.

"Would you like to sit here?" I offered TJ the seat beside me.

TJ Looked at me as my eyes left his to reassure Lela. He looked at her and back at me, his eyes met mine now and he smiled. TJ was now just two feet from Lela on the side of the table with just one chair. This tall solid black man knelt on one knee facing Lela, his hand rested on the empty table. Gathering up her courage she stood her ground.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you." TJ spoke just above a whisper. "When I saw you yesterday I thought we had met before, but surely I would never have forgotten anyone as beautiful as you."

His tone was warm and friendly.

"Except for yesterday we haven't met." Lela answered clearly.

"And yet I feel I know you as if we had." TJ continued.

"We should get started." Lela replied bluntly looking again at me.

TJ Looked at me as well, he looked at Lela and back at me then smiled. It was at that moment I saw it. Poole. Not the man of course but the persona. That look of knowing, of confidence, of understanding. Just like Poole, TJ was patient, observant and analyzing.

"Would you mind if I asked you sit beside Jane?" TJ asked.

There was a slight pause but I knew he would insist even if she refused. Lela looked at me and I nodded slightly. She seemed relieved I would agree to the request.

"Ok." Lela responded as if she had made her mind up on her own.

TJ stood and offered her his hand. It was a bold move but one that paid off as Lela reluctantly accepted. Walking her to my end of the table TJ grabbed the single chair and placed it right beside me. With the grace of a ballet dancer he deposited Lela in it.

"There things are as they should be." TJ chuckled.

To this day I still wonder if he knew then Lela and I were lovers. Walking around us both TJ took the seat I had offered earlier. Back straight, shoulders square, his broad smile put us all at ease.

"T. Johnson at your disposal ladies." TJ saluted.

The first time Lela laughed I knew TJ had won us both over. He was everything Lela and I thought he was and more. When the allotted time was up both Lela and I hated to see him go. No one else stood a chance after that.

We finished our interviews and as the last applicant closed the door Lela and I closed our files. I got up and carried my files to the other end of the table and placed them beside hers.

"Well we're not done yet." I reminded Lela.

"You're not but I am." Lela laughed.

"What?" I asked surprised.

"Tomorrow you're on your own." Lela stood up looking at the files smiling.

But don't you have to choose five?" I asked confused.

"I did, it's all in my files." Lela laughed as she pressed against me. "Kiss me, Poole will be waiting."

Lela's boldness was out of character, especially at work. Her hands gripped my hips and pulled me tight. I'll have to admit I missed her lips as much as hers missed mine. Lela's leg pressed between mine, my hands slipped inside the bottom of her bikini.

Lela gasped quietly as her pussy thrust against my thigh. I pulled her tighter as our tits alternated between us.

"Lela." I pulled loose calling out her name.

"Please Jane?" Lela whispered.

"Were at work Princess." I reminded her.

Ignoring my warning Lela rubbed her pussy even harder.

"Please Slut, I'll hurry." Lela pressed her lips to mine again.

Her tongue was desperate and greedy. I thought of stopping her but just then I felt her body shiver. I gripped the bottom of her bikini and pulled the gusset to one side. I instantly felt the wetness of her exposed pussy drug ever so slightly on my thigh.

"Is that better my love?" I whispered.

Lela's answer was drawn out over several minutes as first her lips and then her body responded to my question. I held her tight until the last tremor passed and she could again stand on her own two legs.

"I love you Jane." Lela said as her head rested on my shoulder.

"I love you Lela." I squeezed her firmly.

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"He's waiting for you." Max said looking up from his desk.

"How's Claudia doing?" I asked acknowledging his statement.

"She'll be ready." Max replied proudly.

"Let's hope I am." I laughed nervously. "Thank goodness for Lela."

Max smiled again but this time there was concern in his eyes. "Well lets' hope she behaves herself once this is over."

He knew, Lela must have told him, otherwise why would he say such a thing? Max looked down at the tablet he was looking at when I came in. This was his way of letting me know the conversation was over.

I made my way to the small conference room across from Poole's office. He rarely uses his office but I notice the door is open. I look in only to find Lela is with him.

"Come in Jane." Poole bellows out. "We were just wrapping things up."

The office is pleasant but sparse. A functional desk, an office chair, along one wall a leather couch. Lela is curled up in his lap at one end.

"Would you take the applications from Jane and file them?" Poole asked Lela.

"Ok." Lela replied bubbly.

"Thank you." Poole kissed the top of her head then guided her from his lap.

Lela approached me and took the folders from me and left closing the door.

"Please." Poole offered me his lap Lela just vacated.

There was a happiness in his voice and a sparkle in his eye. I sauntered over and turned to lower myself over his thighs. Poole's hands gripped my ass cheeks and scooted me closer. Once in place his hands wrapped around my thighs and guided me to lean against his chest.

"I hear you have been a bad girl." Poole chuckled teasing me.

"Who told you that?" I snuggled in closer knowing he wasn't mad.

"A princess." Poole replied. "Max knows as well."

"I gathered that when I saw him." I warned Poole.

"Ah... he'll get over it he always does." Poole kissed the nape of my neck. "Still it would be wise to stand up to her at work."

Poole's hands moved higher just under my breasts. I could feel the material of my bikini start to shift.

Not since the first time Poole touched me have I felt this nervous. Maybe it was because Lela had already told Poole about her orgasm in the conference room. Maybe because we were in his office during working hours. Maybe it was because I just found his arms wrapped around Lela.

My skin tingled as Poole kissed the back of my neck. Already on edge I felt Poole's cock begin to stiffen below me.

"What are you doing?" I whispered as his hands moved up to grip my breasts.

"What would you like me to do?" Poole replied his hot breath drifted over my ear.

My tits became instantly aroused as Poole pushed the cups over my stiff nipples.

"Here?" I gasped as he tugged firmly on my engorged nub.

"Would you like to go someplace else?" Poole's right hand moved lower over my tummy.

"No." I hissed through my teeth.

Poole reached the top of my bikini bottoms, I lifted my ass letting him know what I really wanted. Poole made short work of pushing the suit bottom over my ass and thighs. I ground my ass over his growing cock and yanked the suit from my legs.

I spread my legs open exposing my sex to Poole.

"Is this what you had in mind?" I taunted him still unsure if he would go through with it.

Poole's answer came in the form of his hand cupping my cunt and slipping two fingers in. I threw my head back and twisted it to kiss his stubbled cheek. With my tits exposed and my legs splayed the tension in the room only continued to build.

Without a word from Poole I squeaked and squirmed in his lap as his fingers danced in and around my pussy. I could feel his cock straining below me, I swear Poole's heart pounded against my back as I pressed into him. The sound of my gushing pussy around his fingers filled my senses. I knew it would be soon.

"I...want...you...i n me." I gasped as rouge tremor surged through me.

I lifted my ass and frantically groped between my legs and pulled his cock free. Poole refused to help as his fingers continued to churn in my cunt. At long last I gripped the swollen shaft, lifting higher I pressed his cock beside his greasy fingers. I tried to stuff his cock in but there just wasn't room.

"Please Poole!" I cried out as he thrust his fingers in me one last time.

Poole pulled his fingers out, I impaled his cock then took his hand and guided it to my mouth where I passionately cleaned my cum from his fingers.

"Uhhggggg..." I moaned as his cock nudged my cervix.

"Fuck me slut." Poole hissed.

I put my feet on his thighs and with his hand on my waist lifted myself up his cock before thrusting down again. We had never fucked this way before, I quickly found the strength and rhythm for both of our enjoyment.

"You're so big today." I grunted as his cock pressed deep inside me.

"You're so tight today." Poole lightly bit my shoulder.

With my legs doing all of the work Poole's hands once again found my tits. I loved being stimulated from both ends. By angling my hips I could guide his massive cock under my clit and stimulate my G spot. My pussy was dripping with excitement as we continued to fuck.

I looked down and watched Poole's massive cock disappear inside my body. Easily as big as my wrist, maybe bigger, it only added to the intensity I was feeling. My calves were burning by now, my pussy was stretched, my stomach clenched as my orgasm quickly approached.

"Please fill me." I struggled to get out. "Cum in me."

Poole gripped my tits firmly and thrusting up into my cunt. I closed my eyes and felt his warmth fill the void in my pussy. Thrusting again his cum pushed around his cock, I opened my eyes and saw white froth coat Poole's cock. In and out Poole fucked me as more and more excitement clung to his shimmering cock.

I slammed down hard over Poole's cock and rode out a massive orgasm as Poole wrapped me in his arms and held me throughout. Exhausted and satisfied I sunk back against his chest. Still in his embrace Poole's breathing soon returned to normal. His now semi hard cock slipped from my pussy, his fingers teased my nipples lightly.

"What was that all about?" I whispered as the glow of my climax still filled my soul.

"A reward of sorts." Poole shifted me to one side so he could kiss me.

The passion of our kiss did little to erase my curiosity.

"A reward for what?" I asked confused.

"You'll see." Poole replied cryptically.

"Let me get us cleaned up." I offered as cum still oozed from my pussy.

"Maybe in a little bit?" Poole whispered.

"Ok." I agreed.

Poole kissed me passionately again then just held me tight. It would be a long time before we finally separated. As much as I loved the time he held me it was another sign that worried me. Poole was acting strange at times and this was one of them.

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"When are we going to look over the prospects?" I asked Poole as I drove us home.

"Tomorrow." Poole replied matter of factly.

"Will we have time?" I pushed thinking of the schedule.

"Trust me." Poole looked over and gave me that look letting me know the conversation was over with.

Tuesday night is the one night Poole and I usually spend together. After our tryst at work I assumed he would spend the night with Tina. I was pleasantly surprised when he came to my room and pounded my pussy again to another glorious climax. When Poole fucked me again before he left for work I started to worry again.

Sure the sex was great, Poole even seemed especially passionate. What I didn't understand was why? My pussy ached from two days of Poole's massive cock punishing my cunt. As I stood under the warm mist of the shower I wondered what piece of the puzzle I was missing.

I expected Poole to meet me in the morning to go over the applicants. The prospects themselves were on a tour of the different divisions of the companies Max and Poole run. When we hadn't met by lunch I was getting concerned. When I looked at the clock as it struck two I was getting seriously worried. The decisions needed to be made tonight at the final event.

Max and Poole had arranged a mixer for all of the applicants, men and women, at six tonight here at the office. It would be set up around the pool where Claudia, myself and the rest of the girls work. Bathing suits required as always. Those being offered a job would be staying later, the others would be placed on a waiting list and asked to leave earlier.

By four I was frantic, when we turned our tablets in just before five I was mad. With just Claudia and Max remaining behind I walked over to Poole to confront him.

"You said we would go over the applicants today." I blurted out so they could hear.

"And we will." Poole replied a bit perturbed.

"But they'll be here in an hour." I reminded him clearly agitated.

"Jane please sit down." Poole swiveled in his chair offering me his thigh.

I stood defiantly for a moment but thought better of making a scene when I remembered he asked me to trust him. I took my place on his thigh, Poole place a hand on mine.

"How long have you worked here?" Poole asked.

"Almost three years." I quickly reminded him.

"And have you ever seen me refer to a paper file when making a decision?" Poole asked.

"No." I snapped back.

"Jane you have this..." Poole pointed to my temple. "...and this..." He now pointed to my heart. "...use this..." He again pointed to my temple. "...and listen to this." Poole again pointed to my heart.

I was floored. Poole was asking me to make decisions on the company's future solely on my observations and gut instincts?

"But you said you would help me?" I argued.

"And I will, when the time comes." Poole reassured me. "Now go change, Lela has laid out something for you to wear."

As I entered my changing room I found a one piece bathing suit laid out on the table. Confused I looked around to make sure I didn't miss another suit someplace else. The suit was in a bright red with strategically placed white stripes in a stunning pattern.

I freshened up and started to put the suit on. The first thing I noticed was it had liners at the gusset and in the bra cups. It had been years since I had worn anything so equipped. Looking in the mirror the next thing I noticed was the generous cut of the material. The suit looked great but very conservative compared to how I have been dressing around Poole.

I joined Claudia and Max around the pool where staff were just finishing the setup of the large area where we work. Lela joined us a bit later in a suit much like mine but in different colors to highlight her darker skin. She saw me in the suit and headed in my direction.

"Jane you look beautiful." Lela gushed.

We hugged and kissed lightly just as Poole entered the large room. He scanned the setup and decorations before his eyes moved in our direction. He looked at Max and smiled, the same with Claudia. He looked at Lela and then at me. I could see Poole scan bathing suit before his eyes returned to Lela. I knew then he was disappointed.

Without skipping a beat Poole shrugged it off and headed to join the four of us.

"Max you've done it again." Poole called out as he offered his hand to his old friend.

"I had help." Max looked to his sister Lela.

"I'm sure you did..." Poole moved to the diminutive person beside me. "Although I'm not sure she doesn't have you helping her."

Poole leaned down and kissed Lela softly on the cheek.

"Ok folks let's get to work." Poole said happily.

Max went to his desk and made a call, shortly after twenty young men and twenty young women entered the room. All dressed in bathing suits the area around the pool was soon filled. As upbeat music played drinks were offered and after that hors d'oeuvres. The mood was surprising cheerful considering most of these people would not be guaranteed a position, some would never work here.

As with most young people in their twenties they milled around and then sought out small groups to chat with. With the comfort of at least having seen each other before most of the men were with the other men, the women with the women. The one exception I saw immediately was TJ. Not so much hitting on women none the less he was at least getting to know them.

Poole and surprising even Max walked through the crowd and engaged the prospects. Claudia joined me as I stood and looked over the room.

"So have you decided?" Claudia asked with a nervous smile.

"A few. How about you?" I responded.

"Hard to say, I know who I like but Max reminds me we are looking for the best candidate for the job." Claudia lamented.

"Has he helped much?" I pried.

"Oh yes! The man is amazing." Claudia gushed. "But he still insists I make the decisions."

"Yeah, I feel Poole will be the same way." I agreed.

"How about Lela, who did she pick?" Claudia asked.

It then dawned on me I never asked Lela that question. I had always assumed Poole and I would consult with her or go over her notes and take them into consideration.

"I haven't had a chance to ask her." I blushed.

"Well maybe you should." Claudia nodded and winked. "I better go mingle. Max thinks I need to work on my interpersonal skills."

As Claudia left I had a feeling I should do the same. I stopped and introduced myself to several groups when I spotted Lela walking to the door leading to the conference room. I started in her direction when a person tapped me on the shoulder from behind.

"So are you avoiding me or just saving the best for last?" TJ's broad smile crossed his face as he looked down on me.

"The latter of course." I quickly responded.

"I'll hold you to that." TJ teased.

"You seem to be having a good time." I nodded to the beer he was holding.

"Just for looks." TJ grinned. "Half of these people don't get it, the other half still think they're in college."

"And you?" I challenged him.

"Just checking out the competition. Wondering who I'll have to work with." TJ said boldly.

"A bit confident are we?" I taunted him.

"Shouldn't I be?" TJ cornered me.

"We'll see." I replied not committing one way or the other. "Any suggestions on who you would like to join you since you're a shoe in?"

"Just two for now." TJ answered. "The one sitting alone by the bar and the Asian guy on his phone."

TJ nodded in their directions. The first was Fred of all people, the Asian guy's name was Chen. Chen was high on my list as was TJ. Fred was in consideration but just barely.

"Fred and Chen." I offered up their names. "Why them?" I asked curiously.

"Chen is the smartest guy in the room, needs a little help with the women if you know what I mean?" TJ winked.

"And Fred?" I pressed.

"He's smart, but better than that loyal to a fault." TJ offered.

"How so?" I pressed harder.

"When you and he danced at the club..." TJ reminded me. "... Fred refused to talk about that to anybody, even me. Took a lot of abuse, some of it physically. You could trust that guy with your life."

I blushed as I remembered how I fucked TJ and gave Fred a blow job letting him cum in my mouth. I looked in the room and remembered all of the guys in this room were there. I was getting aroused just by the thought of Poole watching us that night.

TJ had that look as if he too was remembering the time we shared at the club. My body felt flushed as I remembered how TJ felt in me. Then dull ache between my legs reminded me of Poole fucking my pussy three times since last night.

I looked up at TJ as he waited for a reply. A picture of Poole's cock in my ass and TJ's black cock stretching my pussy at the same time flashed through my head. Suddenly I needed fresh air.

"Thank you TJ, but I need to see someone." I stammered.

"You will come see me before this is over?" TJ now seemed worried he had said too much.

"I promise." I leaned in and pulled him down and kissed his cheek. "I really can't thank you enough."

I headed to the door that Lela had gone out to get her thoughts on the candidates before it was too late. My head swirled with what TJ shared with me. I opened the outer door and stepped in the hall closing the door behind me. I leaned back against the door to compose myself in the quiet of the hallway.

"I'm sorry Poole but there were going to be so many women out there..." I heard Lela speaking down the hall. "They are all so young and pretty, much prettier than me."

"That may be but you had no right to give her a suit with padding." Poole replied sternly.

"What about all of the guys?"

"Jane needs to make that decision on her own."

"But she's your slut." Lela blurted out.

"Jane is what she wants to be." Poole snapped back. "Max told you and I will remind you, with Jane there are no guarantees."

"But I love her!" Lela shared.

"Then you must be willing to let her go if that's what she wants. For now you will do nothing or say anything to change that." Poole replied softening his voice. "Please do as I asked, I need to get back to the event."

I opened the door I was standing at and once again joined the throngs of people. First TJ and now this. In my mind was trying to sort out what I just heard when another distraction caught my eye.

I'm not sure how we recognize people, but with the briefest of glances my brain registered two images that should not be in the room.

"Cassie, Cody?" I muttered under my breath to myself. I looked across the pool and there they stood in bikini's talking to Max. Just then the door I was at opened. Poole stepped in the room to join me. He looked where I was looking and saw my daughters as well.

"Oh good, they're here." Poole said happily.

"You invited them?" I asked confused.

"Thought it would be best if they saw them for first time in an open setting." Poole looked down at me and smiled.

"Them?" I questioned now completely lost.

"Your future son-in-law's." Poole winked.

Still overwhelmed by the recent turn of events it was a wonder what he did next even registered. Poole slipped his hand inside of mine and took hold.

"Come, let's join them together."

The act was such a simple one. One hand taking another's, but I knew by the way he did it, Poole meant something by it.

"You smell nice." Poole whispered as we walked through the crowd.

Poole was always complimenting me however even for him the timing was odd.

"Thank you." I looked up at him. "I hoped you'd like it." I said of my perfume.

"Funny, but I swear I smelled the same scent in the hallway." Poole abruptly stopped.

His eyes pierced mine to see if I would confess.

"You know I love her too?" I admitted both being there and hearing their talk.

"I know." Poole replied squeezing my hand gently and starting to walk again.

"Poole?" I stopped him now.

"Yes Jane?"

"I need to talk to Lela." I said with urgency.

"She's gone for now, it will have to wait." Poole explained.

"But what about the interns? I haven't had a chance to get her input." I lamented.

"Haven't you?" Poole asked.

"No we haven't had a chance to talk." I explained.

"Talk? Talk about what?" Poole now grinned.

"Her observations, the reply's to our questions, you know, her gut instinct." I argued.

"Jane this isn't about what Lela learned." Poole explained. "You know my methods, use them. This is about what you learned, what you observed."

I wanted to stay and plead my case but Poole started walking to Max with me in tow. Just as we got closer I saw TJ look at my hand in Poole's. TJ then looked at me with almost a sense of understanding and relief.

"MOM!" Cassie yelled out. In a brief instant I looked at my older daughter as did TJ. He looked back at me and then to Cassie a second time. I faced my daughter as Cassie quickly moved to greet Poole and me.

"Poole." Cassie flung herself at my uncle.

Poole swept her up and planted a wet kiss on her cheek. Setting her down he moved to Cody bending down to give her a wet kiss as well.

I embraced Cassie feeling her chest press into mine. Her bikini left little to the imagination but was tame compared to some on display. Cody came over to greet me as well, her bikini a bit more conservative.

"You're both here?" I asked still a bit perplexed.

"Poole insisted we keep it a surprise." Cassie laughed.

"That and he said there would be a slew of horny cock's to check out." Cody deadpanned.

"Eligible young men is what I said." Poole moved behind me slipping his hands around my waist.

"Same thing." Cody grunted.

"Let's hope so." Cassie teased Cody kissing her cheek.

"Nothing but perverts and geeks." Cody looked around the room. "One wants to undress you with their eyes the other wants you to undress online."

"I want the one that just wants to undress me. I can take it from there." Cassie teased her sister.

"I'm sure you would." Cody sneered.

Poole kissed the back of my neck. "I'll take the difficult one, you take the horny one." Poole whispered. "No dancing tonight."

Poole released me after a second kiss to my neck. That along with his words sent a shiver down my spine.

"Come with me Cody, we need to get a drink." Poole approached my younger daughter.

"But what about me?" Cassie complained.

"Jane will introduce you." Poole relayed.

"I will?" I looked at Poole bewildered.

"Just remember, no dancing tonight." Poole took Cody by the hand and led her away.

Cassie stood looking at them then turned to me. "What did he mean by that?"

"Poole is being Poole." I took Cassie's hand.

We watched as Poole led Cody to the bar. It was then I saw Fred sitting not far away. Something in my gut told me it would be him. I looked at Fred, his eyes were focused on Cody the whole time she was at the bar with Poole. If he checked her out I didn't notice as his eyes seemed focused on her face.

Poole ordered and turned Cody in the direction of Fred. Just feet away Poole soon struck up a conversation with the shy young man. Fred stood and shook Cody's hand, his eyes never leaving hers. Words were spoken, Cody looked at me and Cassie.

Fred looked at Cassie only briefly but then his eyes met mine. He clearly blushed guiltily which both Cassie and Cody noticed.

"Do you know him?" Cassie turned to me clearly intrigued.

"We've met. He is an applicant for the intern program." I answered half way.

"Did you fuck him?" Cassie leaned in and hissed.

It wasn't my answer that tipped her off it was my delay in doing so.

"No." I replied much too late.

"But you did do something?" Cassie accused me not giving up.

Just then Poole looked over and seeing us standing in the same place made it clear he was not happy. He nodded his head slightly in the direction of the crowd. I realized he wanted me to introduce Cassie to someone. With all that took place I was still a bit in a fog. I scanned the crowd and then I saw him.

Tall and black TJ stood out even among the other black men present. 'No dancing tonight' came back to my thoughts. TJ was talking to the Asian man, Chen, unaware what I was soon going to offer. I took Cassie's hand and pulled her close.

"Come with me, I want you to meet someone." I whispered.

"Which one?" Cassie scanned the whole room looking for the lucky man.

"You'll see. Don't look yet." I growled.

TJ glanced at me as he had all night just to see if I remembered him. Looking back at the man he was talking to I started off with Cassie. We made our way around the pool behind TJ. About half

way there he looked to find me again but I was gone.

Slowly we made our way through the crowd coming up behind my past lover.

"Which one." Cassie pleaded to know as we passed each potential suitor.

"Not yet." I hissed.

About five feet behind TJ I stopped as he talked to Chen. I looked at Cassie not sure how to introduce her to TJ.

"That's him..." I started to explain but stopped short.

"The Asian guy?" Cassie asked since he was the one mostly facing our direction.

"No..." I hesitated. "...the tall one." I still struggled.

"But mom...he's black." Cassie leaned in and whispered in my ear.

At this moment I realized I really didn't know how my daughter felt about black men, or any other race for that matter. Her hand gripped mine tighter sending another mixed signal. Was she excited to meet him or did she want to run.

"I'd like you to meet him." I replied not hesitating.

"Are you sure?" Cassie moved in front of me.

"Yes baby." I blushed.

"So this is the one you fucked." Cassie accused me.

"Please Cassie, not here." I whispered.

"Did you fuck him slut?" Cassie dared to raise her voice.

"Just once." I reluctantly admitted.

"And you still want me to meet him?" Cassie searched my eyes for a motive.

"Poole does too." I reminded her.

"And he knows?" Cassie looked around to find him. "What am I saying? Of course he does." Cassie mumbled under her breath.

"Will you baby?" I pleaded with her now.

"No dancing, is that what Poole said?" Cassie asked me bluntly.

"Not tonight Cassie." I answered her.

"And you, will you dance with him again?" Cassie probed.

"TJ and I agreed not to, even before I knew you were coming." I admitted.

"But he still wanted to?" Cassie pressed.

"You'll have to ask him that." I suggested before I thought of what I just said.

"Let's go do that then." Cassie pulled me with her now.

Chen saw us approaching having seen me standing behind TJ earlier. He looked at me as Cassie was looking at TJ. He could sense that we were not coming to see him. Chen looked up at TJ and nodded in our direction. TJ turned just as Cassie and I started to move to his side.

"Oh, hello." TJ smiled happily at me.

"Chen, TJ this is my daughter Cassie." I introduced them.

"Hello." Chen nodded with a smile.

"Hello." Cassie replied. "Have you fucked my mother?"

Chen gulped then turned all but purple with embarrassment.

"No." He answered quietly looking around.

"What about you?" Cassie looked at TJ defiantly.

"I'm pretty sure that is none of your business." TJ deferred.

"Well if you ever want to dance with me, it just became my business." Cassie countered.

"And if I don't want to dance with you?" TJ taunted Cassie.

"Then you're a liar." Cassie accused him. "The cock never lies."

We all looked down to see a growing tent in TJ's swim trunks.

"Well a gentleman would never kiss and tell, but let's just say in this case he wouldn't lie to deny it." TJ grinned.

"Fair enough, now buy me a drink." Cassie demanded. "Oh and just so you know, there will be no dancing tonight, so you might want to take a swim to put that thing away." Cassie looked at his crotch.

"Um, well...uh..." Tj was tongue tied.

"I warned you she couldn't be tamed." Poole put his arm over TJ's shoulder. "Maybe you and Chen could take that swim. Cassie will join you in a minute or so."

TJ looked at me and then Chen. He looked at Cassie and seemed to know Poole would keep his word. Without hesitating TJ ran the few steps to the pool and jumped in. Chen looked at us then followed him not far behind.

"Are you sure about this?" Cassie looked up at Poole.

"It's your decision Cassie, it will always be your decision." Poole answered.

"Mom, are you sure?" Cassie looked at me.

"I only know you should find out for yourself." I replied.

"And Cody?" Cassie looked around the room to find her sister.

"Why don't you ask her when she joins you?" Poole nodded to the water.

Cassie kissed us both then took a leap of faith and joined TJ and Chen in the deep end. Poole and I watched as Cody and Fred joined them. After that the splashing steadily grew as many of the others joined in.

Poole and I made our way to his desk, I sat on his thigh as we talked and watched the applicants enjoy what little time they would have left before our decisions. I'll have to admit it wasn't easy picking five. Fred, TJ and Chen were in. My problem was deciding who would be out. Poole helped as he said he would but not in ways I expected.

Poole asked me to consider a variety of things including how they treated Lela, and myself, but also each other. After I chose the other two, Poole had me give him the next five and the next five again. Just before ten three groups of five people left the room.

The last five guys and gals thought for sure they were the ones that were chosen. And they were, they were chosen to leave the buildings first, the least likely to return for a job. Max, Claudia, Poole and I met with the top ten prospects. Based on our decisions they were offered paid full time intern positions.

The next group were offered part time paid internships. The last group offered non paid part time internships. Over the next couple of weeks several of the interns left for a variety of reasons and adjustments were made accordingly. Fortunately for now TJ, Fred and Chen plus two others stayed with the company. If you really must know Lela and I agreed on four of the five.

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"Cassie knows." I mentioned to Poole as we drove home.

"And yet she stayed." Poole replied smugly.

"And that makes you happy?" I scowled.

"It does." Poole looked at me. "It proves Cassie trusts you. They both do Jane."

Poole and I talked about the girls often but never like this. Even after they day they had sex with him Poole never brought it up again. But tonight we talked about Cody and Cassie the whole way home.

Tina was still away on business and I knew Poole would want me to spend another night with him. Normally I would relish the thought but my pussy was still tender. Since it was late it was possible we could just go to sleep.

I joined Poole in his room tonight. Wearing pajamas I slipped under the covers while he was in the bathroom. Poole was naked when he joined me and quickly closed the gap between us.

"You're wearing pajamas?" Poole gripped my tit nuzzling close.

I knew better than to lie, besides if I told him I was just tired he might wake me up later.

"I'm still a little sore from this morning." I whispered. "I'd be happy to give you a blow job." I giggled.

"I had something a bit more intimate in mind." Poole suggested.

"Oh, well, we could but I'll need some time to prepare." I explained.

"Not that, but thanks for the offer." Poole chuckled. "Now let me help you get undressed."

I'm pretty sure he just told me he was going to fuck me again? Didn't he hear me explain why we shouldn't? Poole's lips met mine and for the next twenty minutes he undressed me and kissed every inch of my body, well almost.

My pussy was dripping by now but still throbbing from the earlier poundings. When he looked in my eyes I pleaded him to be gentle.

"Here, use this." Poole rolled to the side and handed me a tube of lube. "Don't be stingy now, I want you to enjoy this."

Did I hear him right? Poole knew this would be uncomfortable and he still wants me to do this? I coated my hands liberally and coated his cock. I started to move over Poole as he laid on his back but he stopped me.

"Now yourself." Poole said.

I coated my hand again and thrust it between my legs. I could feel the cool gel coat my tender inner walls as my fingers spread it about. I rubbed my clit sending a delicious tremor through my body.

"Now slowly." Poole instructed me.

Poised over his jelly coated cock I placed it at the entrance to my pussy. The mushroom head bluntly pushed my inner walls against my bruised muscles. I gasped and started to pull off but Poole grabbed my hips and stopped me.

"I said slowly." Poole chastised me.

"But you're so fucking big." I cursed.

"You never complained before." Poole replied.

"You never fucked me four times in less than a day." I complained.

"Two days." Poole corrected me.

"Day and a half." I argued.

"Just go slowly." Poole chuckled. "Trust me."

Millimeter by millimeter I slowly eased myself over Poole. It was almost like I could feel his blood pumping through his cock I was so sensitive. The dull ache was slowly changing to greedy desire the further I lowered myself. The lube mixed with my desire removed most of the friction I usually enjoy.

"Are you ok?" Poole whispered as I looked past my tits to his cock not yet half way in me.

"I will be." I bit my lip. "Maybe I should just get this over with."

"Trust me Jane." Poole's eyes met mine.

"I thought I was your slut?" I searched his eyes for meaning.

"Not tonight." Poole replied seriously.

"Why?" I dared to ask.

"Just go slow. Ok?" Poole gripped my hips tighter.

I heeded his advice and painstakingly move at a snail's pace over his cock. I could feel his cock snake deeper and deeper all the while Poole watched me in utter silence. I could see his chest rise and fall with each breath, my heart pounded in my chest as I was mere inches from my goal.

Poole moved his hands from my hips and along my sides his firm grip never relaxed. My body was in a world I no longer controlled. The ache in my pussy was ever present but so was the need to be fucked. My whole body quivered now, my skin sensitive to every move of mine or Poole.

"Stop there." Poole looked up at me again.

"Here?" I asked just short of his cock pressing against my cervix. "Ok." I replied when he nodded.

Poole's hands moved under my breasts then over them. It was electric as he softly caressed me. My nipples were uber sensitive as the palms of his hands drug over them. I could feel the spasms in my pussy contract over his cock reminding me of the delicious conflict of pain and pleasure.

"Now lie down on me." Poole wrapped his arms around my back and pulled me over his chest. "I'm yours Jane."

I almost cried I was so affected by those three little words as his body relaxed below me. My body was on pins and needles in anticipation of the inevitable thrust of Poole's cock. My sensitive nipples pressed against the fine hair on his chest, my pussy engulfed his swollen cock.

I wanted to stretch up and kiss him but that would mean giving up what I so patiently accepted. Even Poole's hands drifted lightly on my back instead of gripping my ass for leverage. My pussy wrestled with what to do next, part of me wanted to fuck the other part of me wanted to bask in the glory of just having Poole in me.

Torn on what to do I did something new. I circled my pelvis around his hard cock. Moving neither up or down, or in and out I just rolled my hips let his cock swirl inside my pussy. Slowly at first, just enough to test the limits of my discomfort. Amazingly there was none so I moved a bit faster.

I pressed against Poole's groin with my clit and soon a whole new sensation started to flush through me. The ache in my pussy was now turning to pleasure in ways I can't explain.

I ground myself against Poole as he patiently allowed me ride his cock.

"Fuck me!" I growled.

"Not tonight Jane." Poole caressed my back. "Doesn't this feel good?"

It felt sensational but in my mind I needed more. I needed all of him in me, I need to show Poole... I need him to cum.

"OH FUCK!"

I yelped as I thrust down over his cock in discomfort.

"Jane..." Poole gripped my ass cheeks. "...please don't."

"But I want to make you happy." I pleaded.

"But you were, I am."

"I want you to cum in me..." I ground my clit against Poole again. "...I need to feel it."

"Ok, here let me help you." Poole's hands moved off my ass and up to my back.

I felt his cock swell inside me, quickly at first, and then another.

"Do that again." I purred.

Poole flexed his cock and my pussy responded by contracting around it.

"Mmmmmmmmm." I lifted my head and showed him my happiness.

Poole flexed again, I ground my clit against his groin and met the next surge by clamping his cock hard.

"Don't stop." Poole hissed.

I rotated my hips twirling around his cock. I contracted and he flexed. My pussy was slick with excitement and lube.

"Hurry Poole." I gasped as my clit drug over his groin again.

"Don't wait." He muttered.

My pussy was on autopilot now, he couldn't have stopped me from cumming if he tried. I squeezed and ground, then cursed and rotated. I knew Poole was close as his hands gripped my sides firmly

"Now Jane."

It was too late but not by much. My body was in mid shudder when I felt his warm cum flood my sex. The feeling pushed my orgasm to the next level. I wanted to fuck his cock but Poole held me in place.

With limited movement I ground down one last time mashing my clit between us. I moaned as the pleasure spread throughout my body. With one last quiver my body settled in over Poole.

His hands released my sides and once again started to softly caress my back. I closed my eyes and felt Poole's cock start to soften. I knew even half hard it would stay firmly in place inside my cunt.

"I love you Poole." I said in a dreamy state.

His hands paused for a moment on my back as the words I chose sunk in for us both. Then as quickly as they stopped they started again. I knew it was a mistake to be so blunt but it was true.

"Goodnight Jane, we'll talk in the morning." Poole eventually replied.

I knew better than to expect him to reply in kind. I knew he cared for me, maybe more than even he wanted to admit. Still I didn't expect Poole to say he loved me, I am here to be his slut. Still it hurt.

I started to move to leave but Poole stopped me again.

"Please stay." Poole suggested.

"I should clean us up." I replied.

"Or you could just stay where you are." Poole caressed my back.

"I would like that." I answered emotionally.

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I'm not sure when Poole rolled me off and snuggled behind me. It was five in the morning when he left for the bathroom. Around six I heard him talking to someone downstairs. Maybe on the phone?

"Hey sleepy head?" She giggled.

"Lela what are you doing here?" I asked looking at the clock.

Lela was standing beside the bed stark naked.

"Poole is sending us on a trip. You need to get showered and dressed." Lela smiled.

"Why aren't you dressed?" I asked quizzically.

"Because I get to help." Lela laughed.

"Oh you do, do you?" I teased her. "Does Max know that?"

"Only if you tell him." Lela replied smugly. "Hurry Jane we don't have much time."

It was a good thing we didn't. Lela was very playful and easily distracted as we took our shower.

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I pulled the last suitcase from the carousel as Lela stood quietly beside me. If the plane ride was hard for her, the throngs of strange people in the airport was overwhelming.

We made our way to the car rental. After we loaded the luggage and headed from the terminal Lela started to relax.

"What time is she expecting us?" I asked Lela looking at the clock on the dash for the time difference.

"She's not." Lela relied. "Tina is only expecting me, you're a surprise."

"A surprise?" I asked coyly.

"Poole thinks she misses you." Lela giggled. "I think you miss her."

"And that wouldn't upset you if I did?" I asked cautiously.

"Not at all." Lela answered matter of factly. Then as if she missed something Lela looked over at me intently. "Should it?"

Unwittingly I had put myself on the spot. If I expected her to be jealous, Lela's response made it clear she had no such thoughts.

"No Princess." I reached out and caressed Lela's cheek. "And you're right. I do miss her."

Lela smiled with pride knowing she was right.

I wasn't sure what the plan was so I followed Lela's suggestion and drove to the hotel. Lela confirmed our reservation and soon we found ourselves in the room. It was nice and respectable, nothing extravagant or high class.

One king sized bed, a desk and chair in one corner, a small love seat along the wall. The mini bar was below the TV, the bathroom had just a shower.

"When do we meet her?" I asked Lela as we unpacked.

"I don't know?" Lela replied not looking up. "She's supposed to call me around 7."

Lela and I waited dinner on Tina until 8. We left word at the desk which restaurant we were at just in case. By 9:30 and still no call I went to the bathroom and took a shower. When I came out Lela looked forlorn.

"She's going to be late." Lela looked at me unhappily.

"Is that a problem?" I asked not sure of the consequences.

"I was hoping to surprise her." Lela replied disappointingly.

"Well we can surprise her in the morning." I suggested.

"No, that's ok..." Lela forced a smile. "...you go next door and wait for her. Tina won't want to wait to see you."

"What about you Princess?" I asked concerned. "Maybe we could snuggle until she gets back"

"We better not, besides I need to be up early. No, you should go wait for Tina alone."

Lela gave me a key card to a room just down the hall on the other side. Wearing a sexy nightgown I gave Lela one last kiss before checking for other guests. I scampered down the hall and looked back giggling as the door opened. Lela blew me another kiss.

I must have nodded off as I waited for Tina to return. I had pulled back the covers and nestled in her bed in an upright position. I awoke in the dimly lit room to passionate voices.

"Can't you wait until I get in the room?" A familiar voice asked as the door latched.

"No...!" Tina gasped.

"Don't you need to check in on Lela?" Elaine questioned.

"It's late she'll be in bed where I intend to take you." Tina hissed.

"Are we a little too horny?" Elaine laughed. "Here let me help you."

After remembering where I was and why, I realized their voices were coming down the short hall. I tried to grab the sheet and pull it over me just as Elaine cleared the corner.

"Tina!" Elaine stopped suddenly.

With her top down and breasts exposed Tina had a firm grip on one tit. Elaine grabbed Tina's wrist and pulled her hand free exposing herself even more.

"Jane!" Tina yelped in shock. "What are you doing here?"

I looked at Elaine who was now clearly disappointed to see me. Our eyes met and I could see the frivolity of their entrance had drained from her whole body. Elaine was now trying to cover up as I shifted in the bed uneasily.

"Poole sent me here with Lela." I spoke softly now looking at Tina. "He thought you could use some company, obviously he was wrong."

I knew Tina had other lovers, but seeing her with one hurt me more than it should have. At first Tina seemed offended by my rude reply but then her stance softened. Caught in the middle of situation not of her making Tina looked at Elaine. I stood up from the bed.

"I should go." I offered heading in their direction.

"Maybe she could stay?" Tina asked Elaine.

It took a second for Elaine and I to register what Tina just suggested. I had never been with two women but the idea didn't repulse me as much as who would be joining us did. Elaine and I didn't hate each other but there was no love between us either.

"I really should leave." I repeated rather than be honest.

"You're staying slut!" Tina glared at me. "Elaine was just on her way out."

At that moment two worlds spun in different directions. Elaine just learned that Tina chose me over her. I could see the rage on Elaine's face as Tina's rebuff sunk in. I tried not to gloat but I'll admit a smile crossed my face.

"Fine..." Elaine snarled. "...have it your way."

"I'll see you in the morning, we can talk then." Tina replied sternly.

I stood silently as Tina led Elaine to the door where she refused to kiss Tina goodbye. Tina closed the door and stood facing it for several moments before turning to face me.

"This is such a great surprise." Tina said closing the distance between us.

"Is it?" I asked still uncertain.

"You're still here aren't you?" Tina whispered as her hand stroked my cheek.

"Yes." I admitted meekly.

"Stay here, don't move." Tina lightly kissed my lips.

Turning she disappeared in the bathroom. I stood patiently as I heard the shower run briefly then other rustling behind the bathroom door. When Tina returned she was naked.

"On the bed Jane." Tina barked out.

I quickly moved to the bed sitting up just as she found me earlier. Tina instantly grabbed my ankles and quickly pulled me on my back. With cat like quickness Tina pounced on the bed and lowered her pussy over my mouth as she faced my feet.

"I need you to be a slut tonight!" Tina growled just before she lowered her damp cunt.

The heady aroma filled my nostrils as her tangy essence soon hit my taste buds. Tina ground down hard as my tongue extended to push between her greedy lips.

"God how I miss you!" Tina shuddered over me.

With my arms under her shins it was all I could do to push her hips up to keep from suffocating.

"Don't you dare make me cum yet." Tina growled as her body started to quiver.

She was well on her way and there wasn't much I could do to stop her. Then I did something I have rarely done, I bit her pussy.

"Oh FUCK! You nasty bitch." Tina yelled.

She ground down even harder, my lip was mashed between my teeth and her pubic bone. I chewed on her labia's, not to hurt her but to let he know I had not given up.

"So you want to play rough, do you?" Tina growled happily.

'SMACK' Tina brought her hand down sharply over my pussy. Smack, smack, smack. Tina continued to abuse my cunt. My legs thrust my pelvis up hoping to shorten the distance between her hand and my pussy. My tongue went back to work making her cum.

"Oh you naughty slut." Tina cooed as her pussy started to seep with excitement.

Just then I felt her hand push under my panties and two fingers curled inside my pussy. With my ass still off the bed she pulled my pelvis up even further. I moaned but her cunt sealed off all evidence of my pleasure. I spread my legs wide apart giving her access to my growing desires.

"So you've missed me too?" Tina teased me.

Pulling her fingers out she drug them harshly over my clit. Tina smacked my pussy again, then fingered me back to pleasure. Tina repeated this over and over as I concentrated on bringing her off. I was humping her hand as Tina ground her pussy over my face.

Growing tired and both in need of an orgasm Tina made the first move.

"I bet you need Poole's cock don't you slut?" Tina rubbed my clit until I groaned. "Let's see if I can improvise?"

Folding four fingers together Tina worked them in and out of my frothy cunt while her thumb strummed my clit. Redoubling my efforts I attacked her pussy with a vengeance. It didn't take long before Tina and I started to shudder in unison.

With her creamy excitement flowing from her pussy I lathered it around her clit. Tina's body tensed then started jerking uncontrollably. Her orgasm hit hard, grinding her cunt over my mouth, my tongue stabbed deep in her pussy. With her climax peaking Tina was no longer focused on my pleasure.

I broke one arm free and gripped the wrist of the hand fucking my pussy. Holding on for dear life I rode out my orgasm well after Tina's subsided. Tina rolled to the side as we both basked in the glow of sexual release. Tina reached down and offered me her hand.

I positioned myself beside her lying the wrong way in the bed. Her satisfaction couldn't have been more apparent if it was written on her forehead.

"Why so happy?" I asked as her lips left mine.

"Is it that obvious?" Tina blushed.

I wanted to answer but her lips pressed hard against mine. Still in my nightgown I wrapped up Tina and held her close. I wanted her now more than ever, I wanted to feel Tina against my bare skin, I wanted her to know how much I still loved her.

"Let me get undressed." I whispered.

Tina propped herself up and looked down in my eyes. She was crying now and I wasn't sure why.

"Tina?" I questioned caressing her back.

"Do you know what this means?" Tina replied choking back tears.

"What?" I questioned without a clue.

"Poole still loves me." Tina cried with a smile.

"What are you talking about..." I said still puzzled. "...of course he does."

"Oh Jane I love you." Tina's lips met mine again for a long lasting kiss.

We just laid there holding each other kissing romantically for quite some time.

"You should go get cleaned up you smell like pussy." Tina teased me.

We kissed a few more times than I headed to the bathroom to freshen up. Removing my nightgown I came out of the bathroom naked only to find Lela was now in the room with Tina.

"Jane!" Lela ran to me. "Tina says I can sleep with you."

One look at Tina and I knew she wanted Lela to be here.

"As long as Tina can stay too." I replied.

"Ok." Lela quickly replied. "Can I get undressed?"

With good night kisses all around I settled in bed between my two lovers.

Friday morning I woke to a naked Lela kissing Tina goodbye.

"You leaving?" I asked Tina.

"No my love you are." Tina walked over dressed for work. "Your job is done here."

"My job?" I asked confused.

"Tell Poole I'll be home Monday and make it up to him." Tina smiled. "Watch over our Princess."

Tina looked up at Lela standing naked at the foot of the bed.

"I'll tell housekeeping to stop by later." Tina leaned down and winked at me.

Giving me a passionate kiss Tina stood to leave.

"I'm so happy you came, both of you." Tina said then headed down the hall.

I heard the door latch as it closed then looked at Lela. She seemed uncertain what to do next.

"Are you going to join me?" I asked picking up the covers.

Lela's caramel skin contrasted on the white sheets as she slid against me.

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The earliest flight we could get home was late Friday night, and it had a 2 hour layover in Denver. Our first flight left on time but was delayed to land in Denver for bad weather. The second leg of our flight was delayed as well. I texted Poole letting him know we would not be home until Saturday morning.

When Lela and I finally arrived back at home it was late Saturday afternoon. Lela hadn't slept at all during the flight home. I didn't fare much better. The house was empty, we were tired and hungry. Lela and I ate something then headed up to my room to take a long nap. I left a note for Poole to wake me when he got home.

"Jane." Poole whispered as he sat on the bed beside me.

"What time is it?" I asked.

Poole was dressed as if he was going to play golf.

"It's early Sunday morning." He replied with a broad grin.

"You didn't wake me?" I complained.

"I got home late myself. Tina said I should leave you two sleep."

I rose my head and looked around. "Tina's home?"

"No, I talked to her on the phone." Poole ran his hand through my hair guiding my head back to the pillow. "I'll be home later tonight. We can talk then." Poole whispered as Lela rustled behind me.

"Promise?" I smiled.

"I promise." Poole leaned down and gave me a quick kiss.

Leaving my room Poole made his way down the stairs. Lela's arm slid over my side gripping a tit.

"No boys." Lela giggled.

"Ok Princess, no boys." I laughed rolling on my back.

Lela moved closer. Her soft tit slid under mine her nipple clearly hard. Lela's hand moved down and softly stroked the mound of my pussy.

I could feel my skin tingle as the thought of what might happen when Lela's hand found my mound. We had been intimate on several occasions but I was always the one initiating that. I almost held my breath in anticipation as her dark brown finger grazed my protruding lips.

"Jane..." Lela shifted looking into my eyes for permission.

"Shhh." I whispered hoarsely.

I lifted my pelvis forcing myself against her hand firmly.

"I love you Lela."

A knowing smile crossed her face. Lela now looked down at her hand and back up at me. If there was a moment of hesitation it was very brief as her fingers slipped between my now moist lips. I spread my legs further confirming her actions were desired.

"Mmmmmm." I mewed as her middle finger found the source of my excitement.

I knew Lela wanted to talk. I knew she wanted to ask questions on what to do. I knew she wanted to make me feel how I have made her feel. I stroked Lela's cheek then guided her close so I could kiss her.

"You're doing fine Baby, just don't stop." I assured Lela before her lips pressed hard against mine.

The passion of her kiss was no match for what I was feeling now. The tingle I felt earlier was now a burning desire to show my lover what I wanted. Lela did her part by exploring my pussy with one finger and now two. Each time Lela found the right place, the right pressure, the right fucking touch I moaned.

I spread my legs further and with my knees bent thrust my pussy even higher off the bed. If I didn't know better I might have thought Lela was playing with me. God was I close. One more flick, one more thrust, my pussy was desperate for release.

"OH Princess!" I gasped as my cunt contracted around her fingers.

My tits jostled, Lela's tits jiggled as the pace of her fucking me was reaching a fevered pitch.

"I need you Lela." I screamed as my legs clamped shut around her hand.

My body shuddered on the edge of a frustrated orgasm. Knowing what Lela loved best I quickly rolled on top of my lover.

"Open your legs." I demanded.

"Jane are you mad at me?" Lela's eyes started to water.

"Open your legs." I grunted shifting between them as they spread.

Shifting quickly I ground my soaked pussy over Lela's clit. Lela gasped as she looked up at me still confused.

"Jane...?"

"Cum with me." I growled "Lela I need you to cum with me." I softened my words.

Lela rolled her hips up and gripped my waist to guide me over her clit. I circled over her cunt as Lela writhed below me. The excitement from my pussy now cast a sheen over her dark brown sex. I ground down pushing and pulling her pussy lips with mine.

"Jane hurry." Lela looked up at me with desperation.

I swear I felt her cunt pulse against mine. Lela gripped me more firmly and thrust up harder. We were both now gushing against each other. It really didn't matter but it was hard to tell who was closer now.

"Now Princess?" I taunted Lela.

"Yes." She cooed.

I rubbed her clit up and down.

"Now?" I teased her further.

I rubbed her clit side to side.

"Jane!" Lela hissed.

"Cum Princess."

I clamped her pussy firmly between my legs.

"JANE!" Lela screamed.

The first buck of her cunt against mine sent me sailing with Lela in a tsunami of an orgasm. I held her pussy hard against mine as we rode each other thrusting and grinding with the last ounce of our energy. The bed was soaked our pussy's raw and abused.

I fell to my side and lay still just catching my breath. Lela was the first to move. She untangled herself from me as I laid on my back. Moving on top Lela joined me clearly happy.

"I love you Jane." Lela said before kissing me passionately.

I pulled Lela on top of me and held her close. It may not have been the best of starts but it was a start none the less. Lela settled in above me happy to just be held.

To be continued...