

# 'JUST' JANE CH. 09

*twofourthree*

*Donald makes his choice, Jane makes hers.*

Incest/Taboo

4.7

13.6k 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.

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I know nothing about golf, in fact the only time I have actually been on the course itself was when Donald and I first started to have marriage trouble. I purposely took him to the course late one afternoon so he could teach me.

I loved the course with both trees and wide open spaces. Donald had little patience to teach me so I soon got bored. With few others playing it wasn't long before I found the perfect spot and disrobed.

I tried to get Donald to fuck me but he couldn't keep an erection long enough as he kept getting worried someone would see us. I on the other hand was beyond excited hoping someone would. He did get a half ass blow job. As for me my back and ass itched from the grass until I got home and showered.

I'm not sure how long they will play today. I guess it will depend on how they do as a group. Winning determines how many rounds they play. If all goes well they will still be playing Sunday. Lose too many and we will be heading home Friday or Saturday.

There is a light on the phone flashing, apparently there is a message for me. Hopefully it's Poole.

I listen to the message only to find a package had arrived with my name on it. I head down to the lobby and retrieve it. On the large stuffed envelope it says 'Thursday'.

Confused I open it up to find a note from Lela explaining I have work to do. Inside are resumes. I chuckle to myself and after breakfast throw on a one piece swim suit and head down to the pool to study.

People looked at me like I was crazy working at the pool, for me it was natural, I do it every day. It was just after eleven thirty when a shadow cast over me.

"Would you care to join me for lunch?" Misty asked.

'Seriously?" I gulped.

She was dressed in a bikini I swore Tina custom made for her. It covered everything and nothing. The fact it formed like a second skin was downright amazing.

"My treat." Misty smiled.

"You sure... I mean after last night..."

"Jane, it's ok, really." Misty smiled widely. "Leave your work at the desk and take a break. I promise you'll have the afternoon to finish."

Something about the way she said it made me think she was right. I put the documents back in the envelope and dropped it off at the desk for safe keeping. When we walked past the restaurant to the elevators I got nervous.

"I thought we were having lunch?" I asked as the doors opened.

"We are, in my room. It has a nice view and fewer distractions." Misty smiled.

She took my hand and led me in the elevator and held it the whole way to her room. It was a suite, bigger than my room but outfitted the same. From her balcony you could see the golf course and the pool.

Misty called room service and asked that lunch be sent up. After hanging up she walked over and sat on the couch near the balcony.

"Come sit with me." Misty motioned to the other end of the couch.

I moved instead to the large overstuffed chair opposite her.

"Suit yourself." She smiled removing her wrap.

I removed mine as well letting her know I wasn't intimidated.

"So, you're Poole's slut?" Misty blurted out.

"And you're not?" I snapped back.

"No Jane, I'm not." Misty replied unabashedly. "Not that I wouldn't want to be."

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

"I'm not his type of woman he says." Misty explained a bit sadly.

"But you're absolutely beautiful...I mean look at you!" I almost shouted.

"Nature has been good to me, I'll admit." Misty blushed. "Still there's more than looks."

"Yet you were riding his cock." I reminded her.

"Yeah. Can't deny that." Misty smiled as if she was remembering that moment. "Can you blame me?"

"No." I admitted truthfully.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Misty quickly stood and went to answer it.

"Over on the coffee table please." Misty led the young man to the table in front of the couch.

He looked at me in my one piece suit quickly scanning my body as I'm sure he did hers as she walked in front of him. Misty signed for the delivery and walked the young man back to the door.

"Thanks, that will be all." Misty said before closing the door.

"That was fast." I noted as she sauntered back to join me.

When she walked back she stopped beside me. Reaching her hand out Misty took mine and stood me up.

"Won't you join me on the couch?" Misty asked seductively.

"I think I better stay on the chair, I'm not sure I trust you." I said honestly.

"Very well the chair it is." Misty flopped down pulling me on her lap.

"Hey!" I protested as her arms wrapped around my waist. "What are you doing?"

"Saving time." Misty pulled me tighter. "This way I don't have to subtly move closer on the couch."

"Let me go." I struggled feebly.

"I have a better idea." Misty held me with one arm and pulled the coffee table to the chair we shared. "Lunch is served."

Misty picked up a chocolate covered strawberry and held it to my lips. I stopped struggling and looked her right in the eyes.

"Jane, it will only happen if you want it to." Misty said as if reading my mind.

I knew the moment she stood over me at the pool this might happen. Maybe part of me wanted it to, maybe ...I just didn't trust myself. As Misty held the fruit for me to bite I felt I could trust her. I leaned in and sunk my teeth into the succulent fruit. Misty bit the remainder off the stem.

"Do you always start with desert?" I whispered.

"Oh Jane, that wasn't desert." Misty leaned in and kissed me softly. "You are."

Misty wrapped her arms around me and pulled me in for an even more passionate kiss. I couldn't believe I was in the arms of this goddess and she just told me I was the object of her desire. Pulling one strap of my suit over my shoulder Misty rubbed another strawberry around my areola coating it with chocolate and juice. Her lips tugged at my nipple as she squeezed the base.

I found myself wanting this more and more. I reached behind and untied the back of Misty's top. This emboldened her even further.

"Come with me." Misty cooed.

Kissing me once again she started to move me off her lap.

"What about lunch?" I asked stupidly.

"I've thought about what you said and decided to start with desert." Misty led me to the bedroom side of the suite her top no longer with us.

I don't ever remember trembling this much as she helped me off with my suit. I returned the favor and pulled down the bottoms of hers.

There was no awkwardness at this point. We both knew why we were here and what we were about to do. The only decision was how to start off. I gave myself to Misty continuing to let her take charge. She pulled the covers off the bed in one swift motion and moved me in place.

Misty wasted no time in moving between my legs. With her hands under my ass she lifted my pussy up to her talented tongue.

"Tina told me you were delicious." Misty swooned as she lavished me with attention.

My head was spinning as she admitted to knowing Tina. It would be like Poole to not keep Misty a secret, but Tina and she actually talked as well?

"Do you and Tina..." I dared to ask as Misty teased my clit.

"Only once, now just relax and enjoy this." Misty dove back in.

It was nice, damn nice I have to admit, but not special. Misty turned me on then turned me inside out. I squirmed and wiggled until her expertise drove me over the edge. My orgasm was solid and fulfilling, just not special. When I recovered I returned the favor.

"You don't have to do this." Misty held my face in her hands before I worked my way down her body.

"If you're starting with dessert so am I." I squeezed her massive tits.

I slid under Misty and let the weight of her breasts settle over my mouth. I licked and tugged at the nipples as I liked but Misty had other needs. Her tits are huge but my guess not sensitive like mine.

Her plump lips were perspiring with excitement. I tasted her passion straight from the source this time and it was just as delicious as last night coating Poole's cock. I grazed her clit as I plunged between her inner folds. Misty moaned and ground down firmly.

"Lick that pussy slut!" Misty barked.

She then pulled up and hovered over me her pussy just out of reach. Her eyes met mine, I could see she thought she had hurt my feelings.

"It's ok this time, now just relax and enjoy this." I repeated her words from earlier.

When I smiled Misty smothered my mouth again. I gripped her thighs and guided Misty on a short but satisfying journey. It was nice, damn nice I have to admit, but not special.

The kisses were. The cuddling was great.

"What about lunch?" I asked my stomach grumbling.

"Stay here." Misty said as she jumped from the bed and running into the other room.

Her tits bounced and swayed just like my daughter Cody's do. Carrying the tray Misty placed it on the bed and moved beside me again. We ate lunch with me using her tits as a pillow. We talked about Tina, about Poole and finally about me.

"Will I see you again?" Misty asked as I slipped myself back in my swim suit.

"I would like that." I looked at her and smiled.

"But not enough to stay?" Misty gave me a vulnerable look.

I leaned in and kissed her softly.

"What we shared was beautiful..." I smiled again.

"But..." Misty trailed off.

"My place is elsewhere?" I admitted.

"With your husband?" Misty asked bluntly.

"Maybe." I replied a bit offended.

"That's bullshit and you know it." Misty sat up pointing her finger at me. "You're in love with Poole just admit it."

"I have work to do." I yelled back. "I'm leaving."

"Jane, please don't go away mad." Misty jumped up. "Please, before you go give me a kiss."

I so wanted to leave but my feet wouldn't move. Misty approached me and took me in her arms.

"Don't give up, he loves you Jane. He may not say it but he does." Misty placed her lips against mine and offered me her tongue. We kissed like lovers then parted.

"Tell Tina I missed not seeing her." Misty walked me to the door naked and saw me out.

I went back down to the pool with my resumes and spent the afternoon working. I smiled each time I thought of my time with Misty, but it's Tina I can't wait to see.

With fourteen people around a large table, Thursday night's dinner was jovial to say the least. No one was happier than my husband Donald. He's not the best golfer, and neither is Poole, but from what I gathered Donald played a solid round of golf.

Donald and I joined the others in the bar before dinner. Poole was there but we didn't get a chance to talk. I could tell he had talked to Misty as he had that certain look of satisfaction about him.

I did get to talk to Max and thanked him for the package Lela sent with the resumes. He assured me another would be waiting for me in the morning. I sat beside Donald at dinner, Poole and Max strait across from us.

Poole and I exchanged glances, it's not like the others didn't know about us. Hell we rode up together. Still I found in discerning to have him study Donald and I together in public. The meal was very good but the conversation focused on golf and then more golf.

The first toast was to their combined success the next was for each four man team. The fourth or fifth toast was to Donald for a clutch shot he made. After the last toast they all made their way to the bar.

"Maybe we should go up dear." I suggested. "You have another early start tomorrow."

"You go ahead, I'll be right up." Donald replied blowing me off.

"Maybe we should head up early like Jane says." Poole said putting his hand on Donald's shoulder. "The two of you can ride up with Max and me."

"Jane can go if she wants, I'll be up in a few minutes." Donald pulled free from Poole.

"Just don't drink too much." Max said concerned. "Your team will need you tomorrow when we square off."

"You'll be watching us from the club house." Donald taunted Max and Poole.

I rode up the elevator with Poole and Max alone. Poole explained, as luck would have it, the two foursomes that came up together would be pitted against each other first thing in the morning.

Maybe he was expecting me to make the first move, I know I expected him to. In the end Poole and Max headed to their rooms with just a light kiss to my cheek for good night.

I waited for Donald in new lingerie hoping his good mood would light a fire in his dick. It was well past a few minutes two hours ago. When Donald came in the room he wasn't staggering but he was more drunk than not.

When he came out of the bathroom with just a towel again I had high hopes. We kissed awkwardly as Donald fumbled with my top. By the time I slipped my panties off he was losing his erection.

I pumped him up and moved him between my legs. With my pussy just inches from his cock Donald came. Drunk, exhausted, and now satisfied Donald rolled over and fell asleep. I rolled off the bed and proceeded to clean up the mess.

The green light flashed on, I turned the handle and slowly opened the door. The same soft light filled the room beyond. I walked slowly listening for clues of others in the room. When I rounded the corner Poole looked up at me with papers in his hands.

"You're alone?" I asked looking back at the bathroom door.

"Not anymore." Poole answered happily.

Although he was smiling I could see the concern he had that I had come again.

"If you're busy I could go." I suggested.

"Is that what you want Jane? To go?" Poole questioned.

"I came to be with you." I argued.

"And yet you just suggested you would leave." Poole stated.

"I came hoping we could make love." I replied agitated.

"So the only reason you came was to fuck?"

"Yes... I mean no...not the only reason." I stammered. "Why are you doing this?" I threw my arms up.

"Come here slut." Poole said harshly.

He gathered the papers up and placed them neatly together. They were the resumes I worked on today with my notes. I waited silently as he slipped them back in the envelope and folded over the flap. Setting it on the night stand he turned his attention to me.

"Come closer, I want to undress you." Poole explained.

My body shivered in anticipation as it does each day at work when I present myself for inspection. With hands almost twice the size of most men his touch was so gentle. I stepped free of the panties as Poole gripped my ass cheeks. Moving his hands over my hips I felt his fingers trace over each rib on my sides. Lifting the top over my head I stood naked in front of him.

"Even a blind man would see more beauty in you than your husband does." Poole whispered as his eyes met mine. "If you join me you may not leave before I do this time."

"Understood." I replied as his thumbs lifted my modest breasts.

"You've left precious little time slut." Poole admonished me.

"I'm sorry." I whimpered as his hands squeezed my ass cheeks hard.

"On your knees I want to see that ass when I fuck you." Poole sneered.

"You could fuck it if you want?" I suggested.

"On your knees, I'll take what I want." Poole barked.

I moved to the bed and presented my ass. Poole spit on my asshole and with my ass cheeks spread rubbed his cock against it. He teased my puckered hole before moving down and slipping it in my cunt.

"Misty said you joined her for lunch." Poole started working his cock in deeper.

"And desert." I moaned as my pussy stretched to take him.

"So I hear. Will you be sharing desert with her again?" Poole thrust in deeper.

"I wouldn't object if it was the only thing on the menu, but it wouldn't be my first choice." I said cryptically.

"Fair enough." Poole replied. "Fair enough."

Poole pounded my pussy from behind as he continually fondled my ass cheeks. Then for the first time ever I felt his thumb probe my asshole.

The moment it passed through the tight opening I came with a thunderous roar.

"POOLE!"

My asshole clamed over his thumb my cunt contracted around his cock.

"Deeper Poole, fuck me deeper, fuck my ass deeper, cum, fill you're sluts cunt..." I rambled on.

Not long after Poole filled my pussy as another smaller orgasm reminded me how lucky I was. Poole got up and used the bathroom I rolled on my side content to sleep with a pussy full of cum.

"I read your notes on the resumes. I like what read." Poole nuzzled against my back.

"So I'm not just another piece of ass." I teased pressing firmly against him.

"Jane..." Poole sat up rolling me on my back. "...you have 'never' been just a piece of ass to me."

Poole's eyes were on fire as he glared at me. I appreciated what he said but was surprised by the emotion. The fact he didn't joke about it only confirmed something was different lately. I decided to lighten the moment if I could.

"Well you not just a piece of ass to me either." I leaned up and kissed Poole firmly. "Now get some sleep you have an important game in a few hours."

We kissed again before I turned my back to him and pressed my ass against his semi hard cock.

"Jane." Poole shook me lightly. "Jane."

I opened my eyes and found Poole standing over me.

"Good morning." I smiled broadly. "Are you off to play?"

"I'm sorry to do this to you, but Donald is not up yet." Poole said in frustration.

I sat up and let what he said sink in.

"I'll go get him." I quickly offered.

"I can do it if you want." Poole offered "Just give me the key."

"No, he's my husband, I should do this." I said before I realized the words I used.

I could see the hurt in Poole's eyes as it sunk in for both of us.

"Well you can't go like that." Poole said recovering quickly.

I dressed in my lingerie and then pulled on a clean dress shirt from Poole's closet. Barefoot with no pants on I scampered down the hall to my room. There was an older couple in the hall when I exited Poole's room. The three of us rounded the corner leading to the elevators, they seemed amused as I quickly passed by. Opening the door to my room they watched in disbelief as I went in.

"Donald!" I called out as soon as I entered the room.

Lying in the rumpled bed he stirred to life.

"You're late." I said with urgency.

Donald looked at my attire and then at the hotel room around him.

"Where have you been?" He asked holding his head.



"There's no time for that you need to get dressed." I threw his clothes at him.

After he used the bathroom I pushed him out the door in stocking feet. Poole and Max were waiting at the elevator for him.

A new package was waiting for me at the main desk when I went down. Taking my place around the pool to work I seemed to have garnered more attention in a bikini.

"Do you mind?" She asked.

I looked up and found Rita, Slim's girlfriend pointing to the lounge chair beside me.

"Please do." I smiled.

"Reading a book?" Rita asked looking at the stack of papers.

"Working." I explained with a laugh.

"What?" Rita looked surprised.

"I have interviews Monday so I need to be ready." I shrugged my shoulders. "You?"

"I can only shop so much." Rita sighed.

"Shop?" I asked.

"The other women, it's like all they want to do." Rita laid down directly in the sun.

"Oh." I replied a bit hurt.

"Don't tell me they didn't invite you?" Rita seemed embarrassed she brought it up.

"No, but that's ok. I worked yesterday as well." But then smiled remembering Misty.

"Bitches." Rita replied. "You were probably better off."

Rita closed her eyes seemingly letting me get back to what I was doing. I looked her body over quickly in her swim suit. A bit taller than me she also a bit bigger. Athletic or fit would be an exaggeration, soft might be a better choice of words. Pretty but not stunning, her tits filled out her top but drooped quite a bit, the bottoms of her bikini dug deep in her skin.

I turned back to my work for now.

"Rita?" I reached over and shook her gently.

"What?" She opened her eyes with a start.

"I was thinking of getting something for lunch. Would you like to join me?" I smiled. "Beside you might be getting a bit pink?"

Rita looked herself over moving her suit in places to reveal the beginning of a sunburn. She looked at me a bit embarrassed.

"Lunch sounds fine." Rita replied.

Unlike yesterday Rita and I ate in the restaurant. She sat beside me instead of across at an open table. I found her easy going and a bit chatty. Rita is also a bit touchy feely as well. During our conversation Rita filled me in on the other women, and of course what they thought of me.

It's common knowledge Rita is bi-sexual, and except for delivering the dildo for Poole, she has never come on to me. I wasn't sure if I should be offended or relieved since her boyfriend and Poole are so close. As I headed back to the pool and my work Rita decided it would be best if she stayed indoors for the rest of the day.

I was in the room getting ready for dinner when Donald arrived in a foul mood. He had been drinking but was nowhere near drunk. No he was just really pissed. I didn't even ask but as soon as he started making excuses I knew he had fucked up in some way.

The dinner Friday night was pleasant but mooted. No one said a word about what happened but it was soon clear tomorrow would most likely be their last day. Donald's team had lost badly twice today. Somehow their second loss affected the team Poole and Max played on.

Tomorrow both teams were playing one game to decide the final rankings.

The shouts and bragging from the night before at the bar were now attempts to cheer everyone up. The congratulations for Donald yesterday were now blame tonight. Cheating was suggested if not said explicitly. I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt but I saw his excuses falling on deaf ears.

I stayed with Donald even when Poole made it clear he was heading upstairs. What kind of wife would abandon her husband in his time of need? It was getting late when I decided we should head upstairs.

"Donald it's time." I whispered to him after he finished his beer.

"You go ahead, I'll be up in a minute." He replied brushing me off.

"You said that last time. It really is starting to get late." I pleaded with him.

"I said later!" Donald yelled at me.

The bar became quiet for a moment as everybody looked. I turned and walked away as the crowd started back to life. I went to my room upset and confused. Donald didn't want me and Poole didn't invite me to his room. I stewed for half an hour hoping Donald would come up.

I remove my bra and panties from under my dress and splashed on some additional perfume. I'll be dammed if I'm going to spend the night alone.

Walking down the hall I put my key in Poole's door. The red light lit up so I tried it again. Red light one more time. Confused I checked the number and tried the third time. It glowed red again so I knocked, and knocked again. A young lady opened the door half undressed.

"You looking for Poole?" She asked way too happily.

"Yes." I replied moving my head to look inside. I could see another girl and she was totally naked.

"Poole someone to see you." The young lady blocking the door called out.

"Tell him I'm busy." Poole laughed.

"It's a woman..." The girl looked at me.

"Jane." I informed her.

"She says her name is Jane."

"Oh." I heard Poole say guiltily. "This late?" He said not expecting me to hear him.

"Give me a minute." Poole called out.

The girl looked at me and then held her finger up as if I hadn't heard him too. She closed the door and just as I was about to leave the door opened again.

"He said to give you this." The girl smiled. "You were invited."

She handed me a key to a hotel room with the room number then closed the door. Pissed but intrigued I decide to see who requested me. If he was going to get laid so was I. I rode the elevator up to the next level and headed to the room indicated on the key. Sliding the key in the slot a green light blinked and I opened the door.

I closed the door and her head popped out around the corner.

"You came!?" Rita squealed. "Poole said he would send you."

"Rita why am I here?" I asked. I was even more confused when she moved off the bed and into full sight naked.

"Slim agreed to let me invite you up for some fun." Rita approached me happily.

I could see the lines of where she was sunning herself today. Her tits swayed and bounced her pussy looked engorged and shiny. As she got closer Rita took my hand in hers and pulled me tight.

"Kiss me slut." Rita growled.

Without hesitation she pressed her lips against mine. Her tongue forced its way past my resistance. Poole had set me up again. Remembering he was having the time of his life I gave in and accepted Rita's forceful request. The moment I did she started to claw at my dress.

"Come join us, Slim just filled my cunt with cum." She squealed in delight. "Here let me do you first, my pussy is messy, but we'll clean that up later unless you like cum."

Slim moved to the side of the bed clearly happy to see me naked now. Rita kissed me as she laid me down. Her soft flesh felt hot to the touch, her hands were everywhere. The intensity of the situation overwhelmed me. Still talking a hundred miles an hour it was impossible to keep up.

I looked at Slim, he looked pleased I was taking this so well. Rita attached herself to one tit and was driving me wild. I looked up again at Slim and gave him a questioned look. He just smiled and nodded that this was normal.

Rita moved again this time between my splayed legs. She ate pussy as fast as she talked. I again looked at Slim but he was watching his girlfriend pleasure me.

With a slightly greying goatee on a well weathered face he looked rugged. Tall and lanky his body looked almost malnourished. I saw his hand wrapped around his long but slender cock. I reached

over and offered to help.

His eyes met mine now, there was a yearning but also concern. I looked down again at his cock, Slim removed his hand and mine took its place. Stroking his cock I could feel it growing in size.

Slim reached over and stroked Rita's hair. She looked up at me clearly enjoying her efforts.

"Well." Slim reached under and gripped her tit.

"Delicious." Rita beamed her face coated with my excitement. "If I would have known at lunch she was this tasty I would have eaten her in the restaurant."

Rita wiggled an arm free and the next thing I knew she had two fingers stuffed in my pussy. I clamped down on them as she curled them under my G spot.

"Yes!" I gasped.

Rita was proud she found a trigger and was going to pull it until I came. Over and over she stroked the base of my clit. Dancing around my pussy Rita then focused on my clit.

"Oh you bitch!" I cried out as she brought me to the edge.

Slim's cock swelled in my hand as I stopped stroking him to concentrate on my climax.

"Are you a slut?" Rita asked flicking my clit.

"Yes." I gladly replied.

"Will you eat Slim's cum from my pussy slut?" Rita flicked my clit again.

"Yes you bitch, now let me cum." I protested.

"Say it slut, say you will clean my cum filled pussy." Rita sucked my clit and probed my G spot.

"I promise to eat you're cum filled pussy." I hissed through clenched teeth.

"Cum for us Jane, show us what a slut you are." Rita attacked my clit.

My orgasm was so intense Slim had to pry my fingers from around his cock. It must have been a death grip as my whole body was seized in tremors.

When I recovered Rita was between my legs on her knees.

"Wow you cum hard." Rita said.

"Well you make it hard not to." I replied using her words.

Rita beamed with pride as I praised her. She flung herself at me so we could share a passionate kiss. Pulling away she leaned back on her thighs. I looked at Slim and his raging hard on. I knew he had enjoyed our show and might want to join in.

Maybe I can help you with that?" I offered with a giggle.

Slim seemed taken back by the offer, when I turned to face Rita she seemed bewildered.

"Meaning?" Rita asked.

"If he'd like to fill my pussy we could both share his cum." I offered. Rita looked at me oddly. "You know sixty nine."

"You want Randy to fuck you?" Rita asked.

"He seems willing." I defended myself missing her point.

"You think 'I' asked Poole to have you come over to fuck my boyfriend?" Rita replied now truly pissed.

"I'm sorry, there must be some misunderstanding. I never talked to Poole. I just thought..."

"You just thought you're such a hot slut that everyone wants to fuck you?" Rita yelled.

"I'm sorry, this was a mistake. I should go." I said jumping up from the bed.

"That's right slut, you should go." Rita wagged her finger at me.

I threw on my dress and picked up my purse. I looked at Slim and could see he was as helpless as I was to calm her down. I closed the door behind me and almost started to cry.

I walked slowly to the elevator and pushed the button. It took some time before the car arrived. I pushed the button for my floor and waited for the doors to close. It was a quick trip one floor down. When the doors closed the young lady that was in Poole's room was waiting on the other side. This time she was fully dressed.

"Come with me." She said firmly.

"Thanks but I think I'll go to my room." I replied.

"Poole said you might say that. He told me to bring you kicking and screaming if I had too." She grinned.

We were about the same size but she was much younger than me. I figured it wasn't worth the effort.

"Lead the way." I suggested.

"After you." She gestured.

We walked together to Poole's room. The door was ajar and there seemed to be a flurry of activity. We entered a room with naked and half naked young women getting dressed. I could hear the shower running and since Poole was nowhere in sight I assumed he was in there.

The question is, is he alone? The first two left the room together, it dawned on me they were the two lesbians at the club last week. I looked at the third still getting dressed, she also was at the club.

When she passed I could see she was not happy to be going. I heard the shower stop and several minutes later Poole emerged in just a robe.

"Thank you Haley. You may go." Poole kissed her cheek before she left.

The door closed and Poole turned to me. I looked up and met his eyes expecting to see him mad. He wasn't even upset, instead he seemed to be reading me for clues.

"Jane we can't go on like this anymore." Poole said calmly.

"Like what?" I started to get sick to my stomach.

"This isn't a game for me." Poole replied as if he hadn't heard a word I said.

"What isn't a game Poole? Please tell me." I pleaded to understand.

"I gave him every opportunity and he's blown it every time." Poole looked past me to the door. "We end this tonight."

"End what?" I asked again.

"Come with me." Poole said still looking at the door.

"Not until you tell me what's going on." I crossed my arms.

"We don't have time for this he'll be there soon."

Poole picked me up in his arms and carried me to the door.

"Open it Jane." Poole demanded.

I wanted to protest but I knew it was no use. I opened the door and Poole, in just his robe, carried me quickly down the hall to my room. He stopped at my door and looked down.

"Open it." Poole repeated.

"What if I don't?" I threatened him.

"Then we will do it right here in the hall. I suggest you open the door slut." Poole explained without hesitation.

I pulled the key from my purse and placed it in the electronic lock. I knew my future was riding on a little green light. It flashed and I opened the door. Poole kicked it closed and placed me on the bed.

With a strength and passion I had never witnessed Poole grabbed the neck of my dress and ripped it in half. Poole pulled the tattered cloth from my body and positioned me on the edge of the bed.

With my ass in the air Poole threw his robe over me so it landed on the other side of the bed. I heard him spit and then his cock drilled deep in my cunt.

"Oh fuck!" I called out.

"Take it slut." Poole grunted.

"Fuck me Poole." I cried out.

Poole complied with my request and eagerly started fucking me.

I wasn't sure but I thought I heard the faint sound of the door unlocking.

"Take it slut." Poole drilled me hard again masking any noises.

"Deeper Poole, fuck me deeper." I hissed my pussy now burning from his hard thrusts.

"What in hell do you think you're doing?" Donald called out.

"Fucking your wife." Poole grunted. "Now sit down and shut up, or get out."

I froze the moment I heard Donald's voice. Poole never stopped or skipped a beat as he put Donald in his place.

"Me get out? This is my room." My dumb ass husband was going to argue about whose room it was while another man is in my pussy?

"Don't stop fucking slut." Poole smacked my ass. "Donald I swear if you don't shut up and sit down I will sit you down and shut you up." Poole threatened my husband.

"Harder Poole, fuck me harder." I moaned to let Donald know I wanted this.

"Jane how can you do this to me?" My husband whined.

"Donald if he pulls out of my pussy before I orgasm or he fills it with cum, 'I' will kick your ass." I yelled. "Watch if you want, or get out if you don't."

Poole gripped my hair and pulled my neck back. I could feel my nipples drag across the sheets as Poole fucked me.

"Spread those legs let him watch my cock fuck you." Poole taunted Donald.

"God you're so big!" I gushed. "Poole you're going to ruin my pussy for anyone else."

"Anyone else? This is my pussy now slut." Poole bragged. "Tell him slut, tell him I decide if he gets to ever fuck you again."

"Hear that Donald? I'm his slut, my pussy belongs to Poole." I moaned for real now as my orgasm was approaching fast.

I reached down and rubbed my sensitive clit. My pussy contracted around Poole's cock letting him know I was close.

"Can I cum..." I whimpered.

"Not yet slut." Poole said slamming his cock hard in my pussy.

"Hurry then..." I squeaked. "...cum with me Poole ...fill my cunt..."

"Get ready slut." Poole warned me.

It wouldn't have made any difference. Just the thought of someone watching was too much for me to resist any longer.

I fell to the bed as my orgasm ripped through my body. Spasm after delicious spasm was made even more intense as Poole filled my cunt with hot sperm. Falling over me Poole continued to work his half hard cock between my ass cheeks and into the opening of my pussy.

I could feel his hot breath as he started to kiss the back of my shoulder. Slowly his cock started back to life. I wiggled my ass and it grew harder still.

"Please Poole." I whimpered.

"Not in front of him." Poole argued.

"What?" Donald asked hoarsely.

"My ass, I want him to fuck my ass." I moaned as Poole's cock started to fill my pussy deeper.

"Why would anyone want to fuck your ass?" Donald asked in disgust.

"Because you wouldn't." Poole answered. "Turn over I need to cum again."

Poole pulled out and gripped my hips he placed me back on my knees and held me there. It took a second but I knew what he wanted when he spread my ass cheeks and pussy. With ease I pushed out Poole's cum from my cunt.

"There's soooooo much." I gloated.

Poole rolled me over and I quickly spread my legs. My pussy gaped open and I pushed more cum from the depths of my sex.

"Please don't make me wait any longer." I begged.

Poole moved between my legs. I gripped his massive cock and guided it back in my greedy twat.

"Yessssss." I hissed happily. "Kiss me Poole."

My lover arched his back and met my lips with his. We kissed passionately until the strain of bending him in half was too much.

"Now just fuck me." I pleaded. "Just keep fucking me until you fill my pussy with your cum."

Poole drilled me into the mattress as I moaned in pleasure. I wrapped my ankles behind Poole's thighs and urged him to fuck me harder.

I turned my head and watched Donald sitting in the chair watching Poole's cock drill my pussy. When I saw his face contort I had a feeling he was jacking off.

Not a word was spoken this time, just the sounds of Poole's cock churning in my pussy as he fucked me steadily.

"Poole." I gasped as a mini orgasm flushed through me.

Poole raise up looking at me smiling when he saw what he had done.

"Don't stop." I whispered.

I moaned as another mini orgasm passed through me. I wrapped my arms around Poole and held him tight.

"Don't stop." I whispered again.



We fucked in front of Donald for over thirty minutes the second time. My pussy was stretched and throbbing from his massive cock but I don't remember being any happier.

"Soon." Poole whispered.

"Don't hurry." I replied thrusting up to meet him.

"You sure." Poole thrust deeper.

"It's your pussy." I bit his nipple.

"Oh you beautiful slut." Poole moaned as his cock spewed another precious load deep in my cunt.

I held on tight and felt every shudder, every thrust and even his cock shrivel from inside me.

There was no announcement, no bragging, and no rubbing it in Donald's face. Poole pulled out, his massive cock dangling and dripping with cum.

"She's yours for the rest of the night Donald." Poole turned to face my husband. "After this she will be living with Tina and me."

Poole looked at me as I looked up at him. My heart soared as he told my husband I no longer needed to live the lie that I still loved him. I looked at Donald to see if he had anything to say but as we all knew, he wouldn't

I looked at his lap and saw his hand wrapped around his cock and that it was coated with cum

"You can take me with you, Donald is done for the night." I said diplomatically.

Poole looked at Donald's lap and then at Donald himself. "We'll talk tomorrow."

Poole turned to me again, I looked down and saw his cock shimmering with our excitement.

"Come here and let me clean you up." I grinned widely.

Poole was going to pass then saw me glance at my husband.

"You're such a slut." Poole teased me.

"Just remember, I'm your slut." I boasted.

Wasting no time I fell to my knees and gripped Poole's cock. I positioned myself so Donald could watch me feasting on Poole's slick pole. I sucked and licked, stroked and slathered the massive member until it started to grow again.

I looked up at Poole and smiled happily.

"What?" He asked coyly.

"You didn't fuck any of them." I replied happily.

"How do you know?"

"Three times maybe with a day rest, but four?" I challenged him.

"Come here Jane." Poole reached down and stood me up.

He walked around the bed returning with the robe and a solid hard-on. Poole picked me up by my ass cheeks, my legs instinctively went inside the robe and around his waist.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as he guided his cock back in my gaping cunt. His cum was forced from my pussy and landed on the hotel floor with a splat.

"Take me home." I said placing my head on his shoulder. "I think there's one more load where that came from."

"It might take all night." Poole teased.

"Promise." I baited him.

"You're such a slut." Poole razed me back.

"Your slut." I pulled up and kissed him firmly. "Are we going to talk or fuck?"

Poole carried me all the way to his room riding on his cock. It hurt like hell at times but I wouldn't have stopped for anyone or anything. I was afraid we wouldn't get back in the room but Poole had the new key in his robe.

We didn't make love any more that night, Poole wanted to but my pussy was aching and he still had at least one round of golf left. These last few days have been so chaotic I stayed up half the night playing it back in my mind.

Poole on the other hand kissed me passionately then easily fell asleep.

"Jane?" I heard Poole through the cobwebs of my dreams.

"Jane." Poole spoke a bit louder now.

"What time is it?" I asked instinctively.

"Five am." Poole confirmed my suspicions.

"Oh, ok are you leaving?" I asked seeing he was dressed.

"I want you to come with me." Poole sat down beside me and softly moved a strand of hair from my cheek.

"For breakfast?" I asked confused.

"No baby, to golf." Poole chuckled.

"But I don't know how to golf." I sat up rubbing my eyes.

"You could be my caddy and drive the cart." Poole reached out and pinched my sleeping nipple.

"So you want to go public?" I asked as the thought crossed my mind.

"It's time don't you think?" Poole avoided a direct answer.

"That's not an answer." I protested.

"Jane it's complicated." Poole balked.

"So you want to go public privately, but not publicly?"

Poole reached out and took my hand. "I want to spend more time with you." He answered. "Is that enough for now?"

Of course it was. He just fucked me in front of my husband and told Donald I would be living with Tina and him. Of course I wanted more, not Poole himself, that I was willing to share. What I wanted most was to hear him say the words we all want to hear. 'I love you'.

"I don't have anything to wear." I threw myself at him happily.

"I had a few things sent up just in case you said yes." Poole pointed to the chair in the corner.

"At five in the morning?" I asked thoroughly impressed.

"The concierge is a friend of mine. I had her send up a few things from the pro-shop." Poole stood and turned to face me. "You need to hurry if we're going to have breakfast."

I jumped up and rifled through the bags and found an outfit that I thought would fit.

"Poole am I going as Jane or your slut?" I asked seriously.

He looked at the outfit and back at me confused.

"What's the difference?" He asked happily.

"Jane would wear the bra and panties, your slut wouldn't wear either." I teased.

"I always thought they were one and the same." Poole chuckled as his eyes met mine.

"So panties, but no bra." I walked past him on the way to the bathroom.

I was out of the bathroom in record time for me but the bedroom was empty. Poole left a note saying to meet him in the restaurant. I dressed and made my way to the elevator. As I rounded the corner I saw Donald standing there with another man I didn't recognize. I wanted to take the stairs but Donald saw me first.

Pulling my shoulders back I walked to the elevator and stood beside the other man. The door opened and we stepped in joining two more men. Everyone said good morning as we took our positions in the car. Hoping that would be the extent of our contact I stood alone in front of the door. I could feel their eyes checking out my ass in the short skirt.

"You plan on golfing?" Donald asked looking at my outfit with the rest of them.

"Just driving the cart." I replied pleasantly.

"You never drove a cart for me." Donald whined in front of the others.

"You never asked me to." I snapped back quickly.

They all looked at Donald.

"You can drive my golf cart any time you want." One guy spoke up to a round of chuckles. The insinuation was clear. Just then the car reached the ground floor and settled to a stop.

"Thank you, but my pussy is much too sore from the pounding it got last night." I said as the door opened.

You could almost hear their jaws drop. When I entered the restaurant Poole stood and helped me with my chair. Two of the guys came in the restaurant not long after I did. They saw Poole slide my chair in then lean over and kiss my cheek. With a nod from one and a wink from the other they knew I was telling the truth.

...

"It's all here?" Poole asked Donald one last time.

"Checked it twice." Donald stood nervously. "Do I still get to drive the car?"

"The deal was you behave yourself." Poole reminded my husband.

"I swear it was all a mistake." Donald lied.

By now I could tell it a mile away.

"Donald they had three people see you do it." Poole shook his head.

"This isn't fair." Donald argued. "You promised."

"I'll tell you what Donald, you promise me, right here, right now, you will never say a word to Jane about our relationship and I will let you drive the car home." Poole held out his hand.

"You promise?" Donald's hand started forward and then drew back.

"I'm serious Donald, no words, no actions, no threats. You have any issues you bring them to me." Poole held his hand steady. "You do that and I hand you the keys right now."

Donald took Poole's hand to shake it.

"Say it Donald." Poole held on tight.

"I promise." Donald readily agreed. "The bitch is yours, now give me the keys."

Poole handed over the keys with his other hand. I saw Donald start to wince.

"If I hear you refer to your wife with any other word but Jane I personally will ..."

"Poole please let him go." I pleaded.

Poole released Donald's hand. I moved in front of my husband.

"Donald if you don't live up to this agreement, I 'will' divorce you." I said firmly.

As part of the family I am guaranteed to share in the profits of the company. Donald viewed that as his golden blanket.

"I'm sorry JANE!" Donald spat back. "I'm going home."

With that my husband traded me for the opportunity to drive a Ferrari.

"So what have you learned?" Poole asked.

We are driving the van full of golf bags and dirty laundry that wouldn't fit in the sports cars back home from the hotel. From the passenger seat I looked up from reading the resume. He nodded his head at it and smiled.

"Not as much as you did." I replied flipping the pages back.

"Sorry?" Poole asked confused.

"You know, my resume, the one you've been studying the last three days." I smiled.

"Jane, what are you talking about?"

"Poole we both know Donald is a poor golfer at best. You invited him to play golf with your best friends?" I pointed out. "I don't think so."

"So what do you think?" Poole asked without denying the allegations.

"I think you invited Donald to study him away from me. You expected him to say no because you intimidate him, but his ego outweighs his fear of you. When he said yes you were intrigued." I explained. "Then at the last minute you thought this would be a good time to see Donald and I interact. So you brought me. Now you can study him during the day and study us together at night."

I looked at Poole only to find he was not giving his position away one way or the other.

"Go on." Poole turned and looked at the road.

"Before you cuckolded him you needed to be sure I wasn't making things out to be worse than they really were." I continued. "But things were worse than you expected. That's why you kicked the whores out last night. You never even fucked one did you?"

Poole looked at me silently and maybe a bit embarrassed now.

"Why Misty?" I asked. "What did you learn from Misty?"

Still Poole didn't talk.

"Why did you send me to Slim's if you knew Rita would get so mad if I fucked him?"

Poole shifted in the seat and still refused to answer.

"So I ask you Pool, what did you learn from observing my resume." I asked.

Poole pulled over to the side of the road and put the van in park. We sat silently as he contemplated his answer. I assumed it would be something quite profound, instead it was nothing like I expected.

Poole turned on the flashers and unbuckled his seat belt. He reached over and unbuckled mine. Pulling me on his lap his hand came up and caressed my face in a way that made my heart skip several beats.

"I learned that Tina was right." Poole gazed in my eyes as his hand pushed my hair behind my ear.

"Right about what?" I asked unable to stand the suspense.

"That you belong in our house, in our lives." Poole whispered.

"Do you mean that?" I searched his eyes for the truth. "I mean really mean that?"

"I do Jane." Poole leaned in and kissed me passionately.

"Let's go home Poole." I kissed him again and again. "I need to see your wife and thank her."

We made many stops before Poole headed to my new home. We dropped off suitcases and golf clubs to each of the attendees except Donald and Max. Donald had taken his, Poole would see Max the next day.

Many were surprised Poole was delivering their belongings and invited us in. Poole politely refused explaining we had more items to deliver. At each stop Poole insisted I stand with him as he thanked his friends for participating in the trip.

We stopped at Slim and Rita's last. I braced myself for fireworks but instead I received an apology. The fence may have been mended but I was sure the gate would never be opened again.

Arriving at my new home Poole asked me if I was up to dropping the van off. When I agreed we unloaded the last of the cargo and I followed him to the car rental where he parked the van. We drove to a local restaurant where we had a late dinner alone.

I pulled past the car Max drives each day as I parked in the garage. Walking inside Poole and I found Max and Lela waiting for us.

"Jane!" Lela squealed running into my arms.

"Princess, what are you doing here?" I asked happily.

"Lela insisted on seeing you before she went to bed." Max sighed.

Poole looked at Max with a knowing smirk. "Tina?"

"It hasn't stopped since the moment I got home." Max shook his head.

"Lela would you like to spend the night here?" Poole bent over and whispered in her ear.

"Can I Max?" Lela shrieked.

"Where would you sleep?" Max asked purposely.

Lela turned back to me, her deep brown eyes pleaded with mine. I looked at Poole and then Max for objections.

"She will spend the night with me of course." I said looking back at Lela.

Lela tilted her head and seemed unsure about what I just said. Max seemed concerned right away.

"What about Poole." Max asked Lela for some strange reason.

"He can spend the night with us too if he wants." I joked. Max and now Poole seemed less than happy by my humor.

"No he can't!" Lela protested. "He's a boy."

"Oh?" I stammered. "I stand corrected." I looked at Max.

"What if Jane wants to 'spend the night' with Poole?" Max asked Lela emphasizing those words.

"Then I can sleep in her bed! She's his slut, I know what that means." Lela boasted.

"What if Poole is too tired to 'spend the night' with his slut?" Poole himself asked Lela as well.

Lela looked at Poole beaming in happiness. She turned to me blushing. Somehow Lela knew what Poole was suggesting and what Max was asking. It was like a secret code only the three of them understood. Until now.

"Then I would like to spend the night with Jane." Lela looked deep in my eyes.

"I would like that Princess, with Max's permission of course." I pulled Lela back into my arms.

"Max, maybe it's time?" Poole looked at his friend and nodded.

Max sighed then looked at me warning me with his eyes this could go badly.

"Let me get her clothes out of the car." Max sighed again.

"I love you Max." Lela ran and hugged her brother.

"You two go up and get ready for bed." Poole said to us. "I'll be up later to tuck you in."

Lela didn't even wait for her clothes. Grabbing my hand she pulled me up to my bedroom. Once inside Lela closed the door and locked it.

"Lela what's wrong?" I asked looking at the locked door handle.

"Can we spend the night together now?" Lela looked at me excitedly.

She was so wound up I thought she would have a seizure or something.

"What's the hurry?" I asked patiently.

"What if Max changes his mind? What if Poole isn't tired?" Lela started to pace.

Princess unlock the door and come here." I sat on the bed patting the spot beside me.

Lela reluctantly unlocked the door and moved beside me on the bed. I took her hands in mine, I could feel the tension she was under. I have felt like that myself but never this intensely.

Lela and I have been together several times but always under the pretense of being naughty. If anyone ever asked we would refuse to admit what we did. Maybe this is the first time Lela was ever allowed to have sex on her own terms?

"Kiss me Princess." I whispered.

Lela lunged at me but I backed away until she stopped.

"Slowly my love. WE have all night." I whispered.

Lela hesitated, I now moved my lips to hers brushing them together softly. Learning quickly Lela now pressed gently before offering me her tongue.

I accepted it and pulled Lela closer to me on the bed. Her hand reached for my breast over my top but I pulled it away with mine.

"Later my love, I want you to make me beg for it." I explained.

"But why, you're not my slut." Lela replied.

"Exactly, but I still want to feel that desire of being touched, of feeling loved." I suggested. Lela didn't seem to understand. "Come with me, let me show you."

I stood up and led Lela into my bathroom. I slowly removed her clothes until she was standing naked like a black goddess. When I was finished Lela was panting in anticipation.

"Now me."

Lela started quickly then as if remembering her lesson started undressing me much slower. Like I had to her, Lela looked into my eyes studying my reaction as each piece fell on top of hers on the floor.

With gentle touches placed around my body Lela had me anticipating her every touch.

"Come with me, I think you'll like this." I whispered seductively.

I turned on the shower and pulled Lela in when the temperature was right. She seemed uncertain what to do next until I grabbed the body wash and coated her ebony skin.

"Jane." My Princess whimpered as my hands slipped over her modest tits.

"Not yet my love." I leaned in and kissed the back of her neck.

I moved lower washing the flare of her waist, Lela swayed her ass as if I was a snake charmer. My soapy hands glided over her firm cheeks, Lela yelped when I washed down the crack of her ass.

"Jane please." Lela pushed back against me.

"Not yet Princess. You have to beg." I taunted her.

I moved in front of her. "Now me."

Lela had learned her lesson earlier much to my chagrin. With long deft fingers Lela treated me to an exquisite shower. She avoided my tits until the last agonizing minute. Moving lower she came back up and squeezed my nipples until I moaned in pleasure.

"Like that?" Lela lips grazed mine.

"Yes baby, just like that." I cooed.



Standing in front of me Lela reached around and started running her hands over my ass cheeks. The soapy water ran down the crack of my ass and dripped from my pulsing sex.

I stepped closer pressing my mons against hers. Lela's tits rubbed over mine our stiff nipples caressed the others. Lela groaned as she pressed me against the wall.

"Kiss me Jane." Lela demanded.

"Yes Princess. Yes." I gasped just as her lips found mine.

Lela still had my ass cheeks in her hands. Mine ran up her back and pulled her shoulders tight against me. She swayed again, this time her pussy brushed hard against mine.

The feeling was incredible, her tongue searched my soul for more passion.

"Jane." Lela threw her head back exposing her neck.

"What?" I bit lightly on her collar bone.

Her hands slid further together on my ass. She pulled my cheeks apart and mashed me hard against the wall.

"Lela!" I groaned as my pussy started to quiver.

I moved my hands to her ass and pulled our sexes tighter still.

"Spread them slut." Lela cursed.

The student was becoming the teacher as I pulled her ass cheeks apart as she had mine. Lela ran one hand down the length of my ass. Her finger grazed hard over my tight hole then circled it.

"Please Princess, I need to cum." I begged.

"So do I slut." Lela wiggled her ass. "Touch me there Slut."

Her finger probed my ass sending shock waves through my body. My fingers moved closer, Lela swayed her ass until my middle finger found its mark.

Lela gasped in my ear as I found the spongy center. Lela stabbed my ass with her finger triggering my orgasm. How could I deny this special woman the same experience? I slipped my finger in her ass, Lela immediately bucked her pussy against mine.

Holding each other tight we rode out our orgasms together. I pulled my finger from her ass and Lela did the same. With our hearts pounding we pulled each other tight and kissed for quite some time.

I turned to the side and still facing Lela held her hands.

"Thank you for treating me like a woman and not an inexperienced girl." Lela said.

"You will always be my Princess." I leaned in and kissed her lightly. "Maybe we should get some sleep?" I suggested.

"I was hoping we could spend the night together." Lela giggled.

"Maybe in the morning?" I offered.

"Promise?"

"I promise Lela."

We dried off and stepped into the bedroom. Poole was waiting on the bed to tuck us in. Lela quickly pulled her towel around herself when she saw him. Poole seemed amused as I only had it around my waist.

"I was hoping it was going to be a quick shower." He teased us.

"Well we were very dirty." I joked.

"Ah! So that's what I was hearing?" Poole chuckled.

"You listened?" Lela squealed.

"Of course he did, he's a boy." I reminded her.

"Time to tuck the two of you in, I have an early golf game." Poole grinned.

"But we're not dressed." Lela explained the obvious.

I dropped my towel on the floor and pulled Poole off the bed. Pulling back the covers I looked back at Lela.

"That's ok, he won't look." I teased her.

Poole made a point of squeezing his eyes shut, Lela moved closer, when Poole heard her drop the towel he opened his eyes.

"Hey he looked." Lela stood naked for Poole and I both to see.

"Of course he did, he's a boy." I laughed. "Now hurry up I want my kiss goodnight."

Lela scampered into the bed still not happy with Poole but snuggled in with me just the same. Poole pulled the covers over and made a point of tucking them just under our chin.

"Good night Jane." Poole kissed me firmly.

"Good night Lela" He kissed her cheek.

"Good night." We said in unison.

Poole stopped at the door and looked back at us both.

"Goodnight Princess." I said kissing the back of her shoulder.

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I heard Poole head down the stairs as Lela lay partially covered sleeping in front of me. I heard Poole in the kitchen opening the cupboard doors. Fearing he might wake Lela I rolled out of bed on the far side. Grabbing my robe I headed down the stairs.

"Can I help you?" I asked Poole as I entered the kitchen.

"I need a plastic bag." Poole smiled as he watched my breasts bob as I moved closer.

I went into the pantry where Tina keeps them and pulled one from the box.

"Have a good game." I kissed him lightly as he bent down to give me a hug.

"Thanks." Poole kissed my forehead.

"About Lela..." Poole started to say something then stopped.

"You're afraid I might be stringing her on?" I suggested.

"Not on purpose." Poole backtracked.

"Poole I would never do anything to hurt her." I promised.

"I know that Jane, but she doesn't see things the way we do sometimes." Poole warned me.

"I think she does with this." I argued.

"What if you're wrong? I'm not saying you are, but what if we are? Max will be the one picking up the pieces." Poole pointed out.

"You said we, you approve?" I asked surprised.

"I was the one that suggested he let her stay the night when he told me how much she missed you." Poole admitted.

He let that sink in and then then kissed my forehead again.

"I should go." Poole looked at the clock.

"Poole?" I called out just before he closed the door.

"Yes Jane?"

"Is this you reading more of my resume'?" I asked.

"No Jane, not this time, we all knew she chose you." Poole said solemnly. "She loves you Jane and we all know you love her."

Poole started to leave then turned back.

"Just the same I suggest you keep Max up to date. He has a lot on his plate right now."

Poole closed the door behind himself. I used the bathroom on the first floor then joined Lela in bed. Lela was still sleeping soundly but my brain continued to churn. Poole did it again, he points out the pitfalls then subtly points out solutions trusting me to see them through.

With just my thoughts, something was still bothering me. I knew Poole played golf but he wasn't devoted like Donald. I remembering him repeating a quote from a famous person, 'Golf is a good walk spoiled'. He just came back from playing three straight days of golf. I find it hard to imagine he wants to play again today.

Why did he need a plastic bag I wondered? Why didn't Max come pick him up today? Most of all, if this was my new home why did Poole want Lela to come stay the night?

Lela rolled over on her back just then. Her firm tits settle very little to each side. I looked at her face to see her smiling as she does all day long. Remembering Lela wanted to 'spend the night' I decided to grant her wish. Reaching over I lightly circled her dark brown areola. Lela's nipple stiffened instantly.

I pulled my hand back as hers rose to rub her breast then fall back to her side. I teased her other breast with the same effect. Lela's smile grew as she arched her back slightly in response. Not sure if she was dreaming or was really awake I decided to find out.

I boldly placed my hand on her stomach and caressed her ebony skin even lower. When I reached the crease between her pelvis and her thigh Lela's leg moved over to shield her pussy. I gripped her thigh and pulled her leg back, amazingly Lela opened her legs wider.

Her black pussy clearly on display I moved my white fingers across her mons. Lela writhed on the bed but she still appeared asleep. I continued to explore lower now hoping to wake her. I toyed with her small patch of pubic hair and grazed my finger over her outer lips.

Lela's hand came down and tried to swat mine away. I slipped my middle finger between her outer labia finding her inner lips slippery with excitement. Now her hand gripped mine. I probed my finger between her slick inner lips searching for her opening.

I felt her body shudder involuntarily. I looked up to see her mouth forming the letter O and her nipples hard as rocks. I pushed my finger deeper finding Lela's opening. Her eyes shot open then looked down to see what was going on.

"Jane!" Lela cried out. "What are you doing?"

"Spending the night with you." I replied smiling.

Lela still had a look of terror as I said that. I started to pull my hand away when hers gripped me ever harder.

"I have to pee." She said her pussy pressing up against my captured hand.

"Not yet Princess." I moved my finger through the folds of her slit spreading her excitement along the way.

Lela closed her eyes and arched her back pressing her pussy tighter.

"Spread your legs." I whispered.

"But I have to pee." Lela whimpered as her legs moved apart.

"Hold it baby."

I moved a second finger between her black inner lips. Lela moaned as I opened her sex for me to look at.

"God you're so beautiful." I said.

I moved down and licked the soft skin just above her clit. This drove Lela wild. She squirmed and tried to push my face away. I just moved lower.

"Jane you need to let me go." Lela hissed. Her legs tried to clamp shut.

"Open your pussy to me." I demanded.

"But I have to pee!!!!!" Lela cried out desperately.

I ran my tongue along the length of her cunt. I felt her pussy contract and a slight drip of hot piss hit my tongue.

"JANE!" Lela screamed.

"When you come back we start off where we left off." I chuckled.

Releasing my ebony lover she scampered to the bathroom. I heard the steady stream of her bladder empty in the toilet. When the water in the sink shut off Lela came and stood at the door.

"Why did you do that?" Lela chastised me.

"To see if you would trust me." I teased her.

"But what if I had an accident?" Lela replied still miffed.

"I trusted you not to." I pulled back the covers. "Who knows I might have liked that as well."

Lela didn't seem as put off by my suggestion as I would have thought. She thought about it and then joined me back in bed. Snuggling up to me she pushed my head between her legs.

"You're such a slut. Now where were we?" She cooed.

Lela moaned as my tongue found her clit and started on a new journey. I gripped her ass cheeks as they wiggled on the bed. I looked up to see Lela's head on the pillow, her eyes closed and nostrils flared. Lela's nipples were stiff setting proudly on her dark firm mounds of flesh. Her torso was rigid, her arms now by her side. Lela bent her legs slightly so her heels could push off the mattress.

Knowing we had all day I lavished attention to her sex taking Lela on a safforic journey. I taunted her once, Lela opened her eyes as if to scold me. I bit her labia and tugged. Lela whimpered.

"Please Jane."

"I thought I was a slut?" I teased her pussy by biting the lip on the other side.

"Uuuggghhhh." Lela protested. "Pleeeeeease..."

"Show me Princess, show me what you want." I whispered.

Lela's hands gripped my head and guided me back to the core of her sex. Pressing my face tight her legs pushed on the bed lifting her cunt even tighter. I had drawn this out too long for Lela. Her desperation to cum had reached the limit.

My tongue delved between her sweet lips and under her clit. Lela bucked almost losing me in the act. With a firm grip on her ass I held on. I flattened my tongue and drug it over her clit.

"Jane!" Lela screamed.

I looked up her half closed eyes begged me to finish what I started. I flicked her clit with just the tip of my tongue then circled the stiff nub.

"Uh uh...mm...mm...uh...mm.. uh." Lela squirmed uttering the simple cadence.

Lela's legs trapped my head taking me with her as they swayed side to side. Her pussy bucked and shuddered then oozed a small stream of excitement.

"Good morning girls." Tina's voice drowned out Lela's gasps of pleasure. "Looks like I missed all of the fun?"

Lela released my head, her eyes locked on mine. Unable to speak she seemed a little unhappy Tina showed up when she did. Maybe she was just a bit embarrassed.

"Not really, Lela was just spending the night." I joked.

"Poole told me as much." Tina walked over to the bed and sat down beside Lela.

Tina stroked Lela's cheek then leaned over and kissed her forehead.

"I'm sorry but Max asked me to check up on you." Tina whispered.

Lela looked down at me as if to ask if I was upset Tina barged in. I sat up and nodded that I was ok with Tina being here. Lela however clearly wasn't.

"You can tell Max it's none of his business." Lela lashed out.

Tina was stung by the outburst but took it well. She stood up and walked to the door. Turning back she looked at me and then at Lela.

"You're right, I will never intrude on your privacy without your permission." Tina replied then left closing the door.

Lela looked at me, she was clearly upset she yelled at Tina. I held my arms out for her to join me. Lela flung herself at me with tears running down her cheeks. The sudden swing of emotions was too much for her.

"Shh." I held Lela close as she continued to cry.

"Why does he treat me like a child?" Lela sobbed.

I just held her and rocked her in my arms.

"Because he loves you Lela." I finally said.

She held me tight then eventually gathered her composure. Nuzzling her cheek on my shoulder Lela spoke.

"Do you think Tina hates me now?"

"Not a chance, but it would be nice if you apologized." I said pulling back a bit. "She was just doing what Max asked."

"Do you love me Jane?" Lela asked bluntly.

"You know I do Lela." I replied quickly.

"So you think I'm a child too?" Lela boxed me in.

Her logic suddenly hit me. If Max loves her and treats her like a child, everyone that loves her must be treating her like a child.

"No Lela, I don't think of you as a child, we're almost the same age. You are a woman." I answered.

"But you call me Princess." Lela boxed me in again.

"Because you are a princess." I assured her. "A princess can be any age."

"Is it because I'm dumb? I mean I lived with my mom and now I live with my brother." Lela asked exasperated. "I don't read so well. I don't know my numbers. I can't even drive a car." Lela trembled in my arms.

"Lela, the world is made up of so many different people. We all have abilities in different areas." I said holding her tight. "Maybe you aren't as smart as some people, neither am I? People like Poole and Max try to protect us from those smart people. People that want to take advantage of us, maybe even hurt us."

"That's why Tina came this morning?"

"To make sure I wasn't taking advantage of you." I replied.

"Would you do that?" Lela leaned back to look in my eyes.

"No, but Max needed to make sure." I explained.

"Oh."

"Lela, you say you're not smart but let me ask you a question." I said as a thought came in my mind.

"Ok." She replied nervously.

"You work for Poole, right?"

"Yes." She smiled.

"Does he trust anyone other than Max to know what you do?" I asked with a nod.

"Nobody, I'm not even allowed to tell anyone what I do." She replied with a grin.

"Even me?" I challenged her.

"Nobody, even Max sometimes." Lela confessed.

"So, the most important person in the whole company trusts you and only you, more than even Max?" I asked.

"Yes." Lela admitted shyly.

"Do you think he would trust a dumb person to do that?"

Lela's eyes sparkled as the truth set in. She flung herself at me again, we fell to the side as she started kissing me.

I took a shower as Lela lounged in bed waiting her turn. She wanted to join me but I felt it better to slow things down a bit.

"Jane?" Lila asked sitting up in bed.

"Yes?"

"Will you still call me Princess?" Lela asked timidly.

"Would you like that?" I asked.

"Only from you." Lela replied sternly.

"Maybe from Tina?" I asked raising my brow. "She is your best friend."

"But I thought you were." Lela asked confused.

"Lela if we weren't before, after last night and this morning I think we are more than best friends, we're lovers."

It took a minute to sink in but Lela seemed to understand what I just said. She smiled broadly proud I would admit it.

"Ok, Tina too." Lela giggled.

When Lela went into take her shower I headed downstairs to find Tina.

"I missed you." I said as she poured me a cup of coffee.

"It didn't look that way earlier." Tina teased me.

Her kiss let me know she was happy to see me as well.

"Something I should know about?" Tina looked at the staircase.

"I'm not sure but I think our little girl isn't as little as we thought she was." I replied.

"Max was worried about that." Tina explained.

"Lela knows she's not smart, but what frustrates her more is being thought of as a child." I reasoned.

"Our little girl is becoming a teenager, reaching that rebellious stage?" Tina laughed. "A teenager locked in a woman's body?"

"Maybe a woman locked in a woman's body treated like a teenager?" I suggested.

"Now you sound like Poole." Tina quickly replied.

Her eyes led mine to the stairs where Lela was descending.



"Good morning Lela." Tina said purposely using her name.

Lela stopped short of the kitchen and looked at me. I smiled and nodded my head in the direction of Tina. I could see her shift nervously as she gathered her courage.

"Tina, I'm sorry I yelled at you." Lela said softly.

Tina sat down her coffee and walked over to our princess. Ignoring the apology Tina took Lela's hands and stepped back to look at her. Dressed in her favorite panties, with little fish on them from a movie, and a cropped spaghetti tee shirt Lela looked the part of the woman/child she was.

"Jane tells me I need to start treating you as a woman." Tina stated looking at Lela.

Lela looked at me and then back at Tina. At that moment I wasn't sure how she would react.

"You can still call me Princess." Lela explained logically.

"Why thank you. Maybe just here around the house, or when we're alone." Tina replied looking at me. "I'm sorry I spied on you this morning, that was rude."

"That's ok. I think your slut likes it when other people watch."

I looked at Tina and she looked at me. We both started laughing.

"I love you Princess." Tina pulled her tight and kissed her on the lips. "Why don't you call Cassie and Cody and see if they want to come over and spend the day."

While Lela called the girls. Tina and I talked some more.

Poole learned that Donald was driving the Ferrari everywhere claiming it as his. The next day Poole sent a service to pick up his Ferrari from Donald. I learned some weeks later Poole sold the car never to drive it again.

I felt bad about that but Poole told me he never really cared for the car. Still I knew it was his fathers and it surely must have some sentimental value? Then again Donald traded me just to be able to drive it.

To be continued ...