

# 'JUST' JANE CH. 12

*twofourthree*

*Jane learns more about herself and the people she loves.*

Incest/Taboo

4.83

14.1k 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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## Chapter 12

I learned of Penelope's passing in a most unusual of ways. It was a Tuesday morning. In my dressing room was a one piece bathing suit. Surprised I put it on and joined the other girls in the office.

Each of the other girls also wore a one piece suit. The line to be inspected was suspended and instead we lined up along the one end of the pool.

Max came out with Poole and Lela close behind. Max announced Penelope's departure earlier this morning. From a prepared statement Max outlined the many contributions Penelope put in place for the company's benefit.

Among those was the requirement that the women under her supervision would dress only in bikinis. Max explained Penelope felt, that along with daily inspections, she held her girls to a higher standard and therefore they would hold themselves to higher standards as well.

With her passing, starting tomorrow the dress code would be retracted, as would inspections. After some additional thoughts Max announced we would only be working a half day.

The girls each headed to their desks and so did I. Sitting down and turning on my computer I looked at my tablet to see the day's tasks. Something just didn't feel right. I looked up at Poole to see he too was not focused.

I stood up and went to my changing room. Pulling out a drawer I pulled out a spare bikini and changed into it. Looking in the mirror I knew Poole would be impressed. Leaving my room I walked past Max and stood in front of Poole for inspection.

Claudia saw me first and knew right away what I was doing. She walked past Max to her room and disappeared as well. Poole watched her then looked up at me.

"Jane you don't have to do this." Poole explained.

"No but you do." I replied. "Now do your job."

An impish smile crossed his face as his hand reached out and touched the outside of my thigh. Following the lower leg opening his finger slipped inside the gusset of my suit.

"You might want to update your personal grooming." He teased me.

It had been only two days since I shaved down there but a far cry from the hairy bush I first presented Poole with.

"Maybe you could help me with that after you get off work tonight?" I taunted him.

"It's a date." Poole readily agreed.

Poole removed his finger from my pussy and stood up. My nipples hardened as he checked the straps to my top leaving pointed impressions in the thin material.

"Thank you Jane." Poole leaned in and kissed my cheek.

"See you tomorrow." I winked at him.

I turned to head to my seat and noticed the rest of the girls headed to change as well. Walking past Max I noticed his eyes seemed to be a bit watery. I wanted to stop and console him but knew now was not the time or place.

Each girl took their place in line for inspection. After lunch there wasn't an empty desk. As the day concluded each girl took her tablet up to Max and gave him a big hug. I waited to be last and handed him my tablet.

"If there is anything I can do for you or Lela, please let me know." I hugged him as well.

"Thank you Jane." Max held me tight. "I'm inviting Tina and Poole over for dinner tomorrow night. Lela insisted she ask you herself."

"I understand. I will save my reply for her then." I explained with a wink.

Max hugged me again letting me know how much he appreciated my help recently. Shortly after we left Penelope at the hospital, Max and Poole broke the news that Penny didn't have long to live. Except for Mary, no one would be allowed to visit again.

Penny insisted there be no viewing, no funeral, and especially no reception. Her wishes were to be cremated immediately and her sister Mary was to spread her ashes on the playground where they grew up.

Looking at the clock, my guess that had already taken place.

"Lela could spend the night with me if you'd like?" I offered Max.

"You wouldn't mind?" Max glanced over at Poole. "I thought you two might have plans."

"Nothing set in stone. Besides I offered to go pick Tina up from the airport later and you know how he hates that." I rolled my eyes. "You two share a guy's night and we girls will do the same."

"Thank you Jane." Max replied emotionally.

It's been over a month since Penelope passed and things are just now getting back to normal around here. Max has been busy working with Mary to settle his mother's estate. I thought things might change with Lela since her mom passed, but she still only comes on Sunday to spend the day.

Poole has taken it the hardest by far. Even Tina has mention Poole just doesn't seem the same. The two of us have agreed to let him have some space for now. It's easier for Tina as her business has been booming of late. She even signed up to do one of the larger trade shows in Miami this year.

Cassie and TJ hit it off just Poole predicted they would. Cassie is still a free spirit, but in TJ she's found someone that isn't intimidated by it. The couple that surprised me most was Cody and Fred. I know it's not his real name but he answers to it just the same, at least for me.

Donald has taken a turn for the worst however. The job at the bar has been more of a temptation than even I expected. If I thought it was because of me I would help him but he insists, and so does Poole, that's not the problem.

Pestering people at the bar is. With a captive crowd when he's working, Donald makes the rounds to tell them his exaggerated stories. Donald had been warned after several complaints and people leaving early. Already written up twice, the next time he'll be out of a job. Again.

That brings me to myself. I'm not sure how much Penelope's passing affected me. I barely knew her but then again the time in the hospital was moving for me. This lady was dying and she opened her heart up to let me see what she cherished. Now each time I look at Lela I see a bit more of her mother.

Sex with Poole is still intensely gratifying. If he is a bit off it sure doesn't show up in bed. Again because of Tina's schedule my time with her is limited. Above all else I make sure Tina and Poole have their time together. Sundays I spend with Lela. If Tina is home we spend the day with her. If Cassie and Cody are available they will join us as well.

Lela and I make love maybe twice a month. Lela has suggested she would be happy to lavish her attention on me without reciprocating whenever I want. There are nights I would accept but don't think it would be fair.

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"Jane..." Max approached my desk. "...Morgan would like you to stop in before you go home."

Morgan is the president of the credit union branch in our building.

"Sure." I replied thanking Max.

I'll have to admit wanting to know why Morgan would talk to Max if he wanted to see me? I don't make much money but then I don't need much. Then it dawned on me that Donald must be in some financial pickle. I've already bailed him out twice this year. Although it wasn't big money I decided this would be the last time.

I left the office right at five so Morgan wouldn't have to stay later than normal. Handing Max my tablet I headed to my room to change. When I came out in street clothes only Max was waiting for me. When I looked at Poole's desk to see he was gone I noticed his computer was still on. He must be in the building somewhere since he would never leave without turning it off.

"Are we ready to go see Morgan?" Max asked pointedly.

He didn't seem upset but he wasn't his jovial self either.

"You're coming with me?" I questioned.

"Yeah, I'm afraid I am. Poole is already there." Max replied solemnly offering me his hand.

"Is everything ok?" I asked concerned.

"It will be when we get this done." Max took my hand and led me out of the office. "It's still hard to think she's really gone." Max whispered.

"Your mom?"

"She was always more than just my mother. Does that make sense to you?"

"It does, I feel the same way about Kate." I looked up smiling at Max. "Besides she's not really gone, some of her still lives in you and Lela."

Max stopped in his tracks. I stopped beside Max as he pulled me back by my hand. "Do you really believe that?" He asked emotionally.

"I know that. Penelope was proud of you both." I leaned in and hugged Max.

At first Max didn't know what to do, then he wrapped his arms around and pulled me in tight. If I didn't know better I would think he was crying. We held each other in the hallway where anyone could see us. To this day I don't know if anyone ever did.

"Thank you Jane." Max released me.

"Anytime Max." I replied sincerely. "Seriously big guy, anytime."

Max and I found Morgan hastily gathering papers just outside his office door. Ushering us in Poole stood as we entered.

"Please have a seat Jane." Morgan said offering me the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you." I replied happily.

"Before we begin I need to tell you Max and Poole are here only as a courtesy. My business is with you and you alone. You may ask them to leave at any time." Morgan informed me.

I looked at Poole and Max seated to our side and then back at Morgan. "Why would I do that?"

"Under the circumstances you probably wouldn't. That's why I invited them."

All I could think of is how bad Donald had fucked up now?

"Do you acknowledge knowing Lela Martin and her mother Penelope?" Morgan started.

"I do." I replied perplexed.

"Are you in fact Jane Ramsey, the same person who Penelope met in her hospital room on this date?" Morgan held up a legal looking document pointing to the day we visited.

"You know I am." I replied causing Morgan to wince. "Sorry Morgan, I am."

"Any objection to us agreeing this is the person I should be addressing?" Morgan looked to Poole and Max.

"Not by us." Max replied.

"I'm no lawyer but that's good enough for me." Morgan exhaled as if a burden had been lifted.

"Enough of the formalities Morgan, Penelope insisted you handle this. Do it your way." Poole suggested.

Penelope insisted what, I thought to myself. And what formalities was Poole talking about?

"Jane I'll try and keep this simple." Morgan turned to me. "Penelope has requested that you be the natural guardian of her daughter Lela until her passing or yours."

"What?" I gasped. "What about Max?"

I turned and looked at Max not believing what I just heard. Why me, I hardly knew the woman? Max looked at me and then Morgan. "Maybe you should explain."

"Oh, yes, I guess I should." Morgan blushed. "Jane, Max will continue to be Lela's legal guardian. As the natural guardian, per Penelope's wishes, Max will transfer most of the responsibility for Lela's personal and financial care to you."

"I don't understand. Why would Penelope do this? How can she take Lela away from Max" I argued.

"Jane, Penelope isn't taking Lela from Max." Poole cut in. "She merely agreed to change her will to what Max suggested."

"Is that true Max? Is this what you want?" I turned to face him.

"I do Jane, and after Penelope met you she agreed." Max confessed. "Jane you have shown me, hell you've shown us all, that Lela is a grown woman."

"But Max she needs you, you give her structure." I argued. "I'm a terrible influence on her."

"And yet she's never been happier." Max pointed out. "We'll take this slow, you can always back out later if you want."

I looked at Poole hoping for guidance. "But you don't want to back out do you Jane?" Poole read my mind.

I put my head in my hands and shook it side to side. "I have so many questions." I lamented.

"Let Morgan finish then you can ask them." Poole suggested.

"Yes, well maybe that will help." Morgan looked at his papers.

Morgan spent the next twenty minutes laying out what Penelope envisioned. Lela would still live with Max for now but could stay overnight with me if she wanted. Penelope also left Lela a substantial amount of money. Lela would have access to the interest but not the principal. There were strict guidelines for the funds uses with Max overseeing the records.

The rest was pretty common sense stuff designed to protect Lela not only from others but herself. Since we were keeping Morgan after hours I didn't ask many questions then. It was only as I was driving Poole home from work did I get a better understanding of what took place.

"Why would Penelope do that?" I looked over at Poole. "She didn't even know me."

"She knows you better than you think." Poole grinned widely. "You are just like her."

I stared out through the windshield contemplating what Poole just said.

"Just so you know this was all Max's idea." Poole stated.

"Really?" I glanced over again.

"When Penelope asked Lela about you she told her everything." Poole explained.

"As in everything?" I blushed.

"Yeah." Poole laughed.

It may be funny to him but some things should be personal. There was one question I wanted to ask earlier but didn't want to hold up the meeting.

"Poole what did Morgan mean by uncompensated employee?" I asked.

"Technically Lela doesn't work for the company. When she did, by law we had to pay her at least minimum wage." Poole explained. "Lela has no concept of money, and since she didn't really need it she basically gave it away."

"So you don't pay her?"

"Not directly. Hence she is not compensated. She did have to sign a confidentiality agreement. Therefore she is an employee." Poole tried to explain.

"Did she have to sign the family agreement?" I just thought of asking.

Since Lela is technically part of the Poole family, she should be eligible for benefits. That said she should also have to sign the same sexual release form.

"Max had her sign one recently." Poole mentioned.

"Why not before?" I asked curiously.

"Until you came along he never considered it necessary."

There were times I thought Poole himself may have been her lover, if not in the present, maybe in the past. Now knowing Lela is his half-sister, and she is gay, makes that even more unlikely.

It is a sobering thought to think Lela needed to sign the document to protect the company from her sexual relationship with me.

"So where do I go from here?" I looked at Poole for guidance.

"I was thinking Lela should have her own room when she visits. You could offer her the spare room if you want?" Poole suggested.

"Don't you think Tina should do that?" I asked.

"Maybe, but Tina has a lot on her plate right now. Besides Lela might appreciate it more if it came from you." Poole said looking out the windshield.

I looked at Poole but he didn't respond in kind. It was another one of those moments from the last several months that made me uneasy. It started long before Penelope, and even before I watched him alone with Max. Poole was hiding something from me and I still didn't know what it was.

Tina was waiting for us with dinner when we arrived home. She listened intently as I explained the situation with Lela.

"Jane you must be so excited." Tina gushed, then looked at Poole.

"I feel so privileged." I admitted. "I hope Lela feels the same way I do."

"Oh Jane, I'm sure she will." Tina replied her excitement having faded. "Come let's eat."

I thought Tina would have been happy for Lela but each time the subject came up Tina changed the conversation. Poole noticed as well and before long we all but ate in silence. By the time I was ready for bed I was more concerned than ever. I had the feeling the closer I got to Lela, Poole and now Tina were slipping away.

"May I come in?" Poole spoke softly just outside my door.

"It's your house." I rudely replied reflecting my state of mind.

"No Jane, it's our house." Poole replied sharply.

"Is it?" I looked up from my bed.

Poole stepped through the door and made his way to the bed as well. Sitting beside me Poole scooped me up and moved me to his lap. His strong arms pulled me against his broad chest his one hand guided my head against his shoulder.

"This isn't about Lela is it?" Poole asked me soothingly.

I could hear his heart beat and feel the heat from his bare skin against mine. His deep voice and manly scent unsettled me like always.

"No." I replied in a whisper.

"Do you want to tell me what it is about?" Poole pried.

I wanted to be mad, to argue, to accuse him of some conspiracy of deception. But I had no proof, only a theory. How could I explain something was wrong when I didn't know what it was?

"No."

Poole leaned back to look in my eyes. When they met I knew he could see right through me. I waited for the next question that was sure to follow, the one that would force me to reveal my true feelings.

Instead Poole kissed me. His lips pressed to mine and before I knew it his tongue forced its way past my feeble resistance.

'No', I thought. This isn't fair. Didn't he want to know? Poole grabbed my waist and turned me to face him as we broke the kiss. I gasped for air as I helped him move me in place. Poole pulled me tight and again his lips met mine.

Was I that easy to seduce? Did I have no will power? Poole's hand slipped under the hem of my top and up my back to my shoulder blade. My tits pressed firmly against his chest through the thin material.

I moaned in his mouth as my nipples begged for attention. 'Ask me now and I tell you everything' my brain screamed while there was still time.

As if he read my mind Poole's hands moved between us and found my tits. I scooted back to give him room and in the process felt his hard cock press below my cunt.

"Your top." Poole hissed as he broke the kiss.

'Now Jane!' that little voice inside urged me to speak up. 'Tell him now.' Poole's fingers rolled my aching nipples sending shock waves through my chest. Like a defibrillator my lust was jump-started blocking the signals from my brain.

I pulled my top off and tossed it aside. Poole's hand gripped my tits and squeezed them firmly.

"Fuck me Jane."

I've always wanted to hear those words, to fuck instead of being fucked, to be using instead of being used. Maybe that's why I like women, they can give and take. My desire built until my blood boiled.

"You mean fuck me slut?" My hands desperately groped to pull his cock free.

Poole raised us both up so I could push his pajama's down.

"Are you Jane? Are you really a slut?" Poole asked.

I was stroking Poole's throbbing cock, Poole was gripping the cheeks of my ass. I looked up to see his eyes waiting for mine.

"Isn't that what you want?" My eyes begged for clarity.

"And what do you want?" Poole's eyes begged for the truth.

Just then my hand felt the warmth of Poole's pre-cum drool over my fingers. I looked down to see the slit of his cock begging for my pussy.

"I want to fuck you." I explained forgoing all other agendas.

Poole's hand slipped lower under my ass and pulled my panties hard to one side. Lifting me up Poole positioned me over his glistening cock. I wrapped my hands behind Poole's neck and rubbed the fat knob between my plump labia's.

"I'm going to fuck you now Timmy..." I locked on his eyes. "...and you're going to watch."



I think it excited Poole I spoke so boldly. I imagined Penelope talking this way herself. I lowered my pussy over his cock a few inches and then pulled off. We both watched as the slit in his cock gulped air instead of the warmth of my pussy.

"Now be good and hold still." I warned him.

I guided Poole's cock back to my entrance and held it steadily in place.

"Now let go." I insisted.

With my panties pulled to one side and Poole's hands no longer supporting my weight I dropped over his cock like a hang man in a gallows.

"OH FUCK!" I shouted.

"AARRGGHHHHHH." Poole grunted.

I was impaled. Plain and simple, Poole's cock slammed in me to the hilt.

"Fuck me..." Poole chirped. "Fuck me raw."

I wrapped my hands behind Poole's thick neck and pulled myself up. My pussy clung to his cock seemingly dragging every membrane with it. I loved this and Poole knew it.

Using my arms and legs I used his cock to pleasure myself first and foremost. Occasionally I would pull up and offer my tits for Poole to suck. His hands caressed my ass and back as I steadily twerked over his cock.

"I think you're excited." Poole whispered as my head rested on his shoulder.

My pussy was not only excited it was on fire. My juices were gushing by now coating his cock as I watched. His groin was drenched and responded with vulgar effect each time I slammed down over his cock.

"Cum for me." I eventually begged.

"I'm not raw yet." Poole taunted me.

"But I am." I whimpered.

"I have a thought." Said Poole.

His hands cupped my ass cheeks and pulled me free from his cock. I started to protest when Poole pulled me closer and rubbed his cock against my asshole. I lifted my head and looked him in the eyes.

"Yes." I whispered.

"Are you sure?" Poole asked tenderly.

I pushed my ass over his greasy cock and swiveled slightly. Receiving the permission he needed Poole pulled my ass cheeks further apart.

"Damn you're so big." I moaned.

Our eyes never left each other as I slowly added my weight over his cock. When I bit my lower lip Poole's hands started to support me again.

"Don't stop me now, we're almost at the good part." I clenched my teeth.

Poole was hesitant but his hands let me continue my journey. Then just like I wanted the plump knob on the end of his massive shafted slipped past my stubborn muscle.

"Aaaahhhh...there..." I basked in the feeling of my ass being stuffed.

Poole's hands held me there so I took the opportunity to kiss him. As my ass lowered our lips parted. I leaned against him dragging my tits over his chest.

"Now fuck your slut until you're raw." I moaned.

If I couldn't see it I wanted to remember every detail I could. I closed my eyes and leaned against Poole as he guided me up and down his cock.

The slight discomfort was nothing like the overwhelming feeling of his cock crammed in my ass. My pussy was still leaking with excitement, my clit rubbed against Poole's greasy belly.

I could feel his cock swell with each thrust and I knew Poole wouldn't last much longer. As for myself I was already there. I gave Poole a big bear hug and held on as my orgasm raced through my body.

It was like a wrecking ball crashing into my cunt then swinging away only to return again and again each time weaker but quicker. By the time the last swing tapped my pussy I could feel Poole ready to explode.

"Is it raw enough now?" I hissed.

Poole thrust up and I could feel the warmth of his cum deep in my bowels. Without really pulling out Poole held my waist firmly in place as he thrust again and again.

Poole let me go but I hovered over his cock so we could both bask in the moment a bit longer. Poole kissed me passionately then his cock slipped from my ass.

"You better go get cleaned up." I giggled.

"I could stay." Poole offered.

"Thanks but it might be better if you didn't."

I leaned in and kissed Poole then slipped off his legs and ran to my bathroom. When I came out I could hear the faint sound of water running as Poole took a shower.

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In the morning with my door open a crack it was a sign visitors were welcome. I heard Poole coming down the hall. He stopped and opened the door to look in. Seeing I was awake he stepped in.

"If you want to see her, now might be a good time." Poole leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

I stopped in the bathroom and brushed my teeth among other things. Heading down the hall naked I turned into the master bedroom. Tina it seemed was expecting me. Pulling back the covers she too was naked.

The bed smelled of sex and as our lips met Tina's legs intertwined with mine. I could feel Poole's cum coat my thigh as Tina brushed along it.

"Good morning?" I laughed after tasting her mouthwash.

"It was, now just hold me. I'm too sore even for you." Tina shifted in my arms.

I knew the feeling well so I obliged Tina by letting her get comfortable. For the next hour we didn't even talk. Being a work day we both begrudgingly got up and prepared for the office.

I caught Tina in the kitchen just before I left. She looked sad for some reason as she waited for me.

"I might need you to help hold down the fort, I'll be pretty busy the next few weeks." Tina kissed me goodbye.

Maybe she knew what I didn't?

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I went to work that morning and worked out with Max as I do every day. You get to know people when you spend every day with them, today Max was not his cheerful self. I knew there were only two reasons Max would be upset, Poole or Lela.

I entered my dressing room as I do each day, first to take a shower after working out, the second was to change into my bikini Lela sat out for me. For the first time in almost three years there was no bikini waiting for me.

I started the shower and peeled off my workout clothes. Standing under the warm mist I thought I heard the door to my dressing room close. Just as I was about to take a look the shower door opened. Without a stitch on Lela stepped in and closed the door behind her.

"Lela what are you doing?" I laughed as she threw herself at me.

"Max told me." Lela started kissing me.

"Told you what?"

"He said you're my guardian." Lela grabbed my tits.

"But he's still your brother and Poole is still our boss." I pulled her hands free.

Lela seemed surprised I rebuffed her advances so quick. She pulled her wrists from my hands and scowled at me.

"I thought you'd be happy." Lela pouted.

"I'm happy to be your guardian, but Lela, that doesn't mean you can do whatever you want." I explained. "Right now we're at work, maybe you don't, but I need this job."

"So you want me to leave?" Lela whined.

"I don't want you to but I think you should." I suggested. "Now give me a kiss before you go."

"No!" Lela turned to leave. "You're mean."

I reached out and took her elbow stopping her before she reached the door.

"Will you come home with me tonight, I'd like to talk to you?" I released her arm letting her know I wasn't going to keep her from leaving.

"No!" Lela snapped back. "I'm going home with Max."

"Ok, I understand." I replied softly. "Thanks for coming to see me."

Lela left but not before she looked to see if I was going to stop her again. After my shower I went back to my dressing room to put on my suit. Since she was mad at me it didn't surprise me Lela didn't lay one out.

As I started looking through the drawers however, they too were empty. Not only did the little imp take my dirty workout clothes, she took my cell phone. By the time I searched the room twice I looked at the clock to see I was late for work.

With no other choice I decided to forego clothes and stand for inspection au natural. As quiet as the area around the pool is I heard the gasps right away. With Claudia last in line as she usually is Max was the first male to see me.

With a crook in his neck and an uncertain smile on his face he then gave me a knowing nod. I proudly walked past Max to line up behind Claudia. I could feel my labia's rub together getting wetter with each step.

I dare not look at the others thinking it might only add to my excitement. By the time Claudia stepped aside I was all but dripping.

"What have we here?" Poole asked cheerfully. "Did we forget something?"

"No." I stood unsteadily. "I seem to be out of suits."

"So you decided clothes are optional?" Poole teased me further.

"They're missing too." I explained not able to hold back a smile. "And my phone."

"Lela?" Poole questioned.

I nodded my head so as not to laugh. I should have been mad, I even tried to be, but the look on Poole's face when he saw me made it all worthwhile.

"Don't move." Poole said so everyone could hear.

Picking up the phone on his desk he spoke to someone in a muted voice. Hanging up Poole turned his attention back to me.

My nipples were hard as rocks, my pussy anticipating Poole's every move. When he reached out and placed his hands on my hips I became light headed. Poole twisted me lightly and placed me on his lap.

As I moved in place his one hand rested on the upper crease of my thigh. With his fingers just inches from my sex I dare not move. Poole looked over the office, one by one heads ducked behind screens as if they were working.

"Ah there she is." Poole spoke.

Moving me back to my feet Poole also stood. I turned to find Lela being escorted by a female security person. Although she feared Poole, when Lela looked at me, I saw her triumphant smirk. I should have been mad, I even tried to be, but I still remember that look on Poole's face.

"Come here young lady." Poole curled his finger at Lela.

The security person released Lela, she took one last look at me and left. I could only imagine the rumors that would be told for the next month or so.

"What?" Lela approached Poole.

"Look at her and tell me if you see a problem." Poole pointed to me.

"Her tits are too small?" Lela joked.

I tried not to laugh but it was hard. Poole who usually went along with Lela's antics didn't think it was so funny.

"You have job to do here and so does Jane." Poole explained seriously. "The two of you are about the same size, give Jane your clothes."

"What?" Lela replied shocked.

"Your clothes, all of them, give them to Jane." Poole demanded.

There was not an ounce of humor in his body or his voice.

"Here?" Lela looked around at the other girls in the office.

"Right here, right now." Poole boomed.

"But I can't." Lela now started to understand the seriousness of the situation.

"You can and you will." Poole reaffirmed his order.

"But they'll see me with no clothes on." Lela replied her eyes filled with terror and now tears.

"Like Jane?" Poole stepped closer to Lela. "Did she have a choice?"

"She was mean to me." Lela pointed her finger at me.

"Your clothes Lela, now." Poole demanded again.

I could see Lela's fingers shake as she tried to remove her blouse. By the time she had her shorts off Lela was an emotional wreck. Standing in her bra and cartoon panties she looked at Poole to see if she should continue.

"Enough!" I shouted. "Lela put your clothes back on."

"Jane, Lela works for me and she will do as I say." Poole turned to me upset by my intrusion.

"She did this to me, I say enough. Lela put your clothes on." I repeated.

"Have it your way, but if she does you're fired." Poole yelled then winked at me.

I was so taken aback I almost didn't catch on. Poole was playing Lela and using me to do it.

"Fine then fire me because I am not going to stand by and let this happen." I yelled back.

"NO!" Lela screamed. "No you can't fire her, Jane needs this job. It's all my fault."

"Your fault?" Poole challenged Lela. "Get your clothes, both of you in my office now!"

Poole pointed to the hallway leading to the conference room and his office.

"Max, I suggest you come as well, and for goodness sake lets' find Jane some clothes."

In all the years I have worked for All Corp I have never been in Poole's office for a real meeting. I will admit it was a bit intimidating. Dressed in robe Max brought me I was seated beside Lela across from Poole at his desk. Max stood behind him with a worried look on his face.

"What is this all about?" Poole's voice boomed.

"It's all my fault..." I looked at Lela hoping to spare her. "...I was a bit rude I guess?"

"You guess?" Poole repeated unconvinced. "Your turn."

When Poole looked at Lela his voice softened.

"Jane asked me to leave." Lela answered honestly.

"With her clothes?" Max snapped back.

"They needed washing." Lela replied with a snicker.

"All of them?" Max questioned still perturbed.

"Where were you when Jane asked you to leave?" Poole asked with a knowing smile.

Lela shifted uncomfortably in the chair now. Poole had cornered her and she knew it.

"The shower." Lela giggled like a little girl.

I thought Max was going to burst a blood vessel but then Poole raised his hand before he could speak.

"Jane, you should get to work, I think Max and I should handle this from here." Poole stood.

I left the three of them in Poole's office. The thing I remember most when I left was the look Max gave me. He wasn't mad, if anything he seemed impressed I asked Lela to leave the shower.

Not a thing was said, at lunch time I went into my dressing room and found a bikini waiting for me. After I ate I stood by Poole's desk for inspection.

"Better?" I asked slyly.

"Not really, but under the circumstances..." Poole chuckled. "You did the right thing this morning."

Poole's hand drifted up between my thighs and over my protruding mound. I gave out a slight whimper only Poole could hear.

"You love her don't you?" Poole asked bluntly.

I am taken back by the question. It was not only the seriousness of how Poole asked but the place he asked it. We are at work and rarely if ever talk about these type of personal things at work. His eyes bore into mine as he waited for an answer.

"I do." I replied without hesitation.

"Jane, are you in love with Lela?" Poole followed up without breaking our gaze.

"Maybe..." I whispered uncommitted. "...in some ways, yes." I finished with more conviction.

"I'm glad." Poole smiled.

Poole looked happy as he said it but the pit in my stomach told me he really wasn't. It's the same uneasy feeling I've been having for months. Everything seems just fine on the surface but somewhere below that veneer I know he's hiding something.

There are times like now I just want take Poole someplace, strip naked and let him fuck me. While he's pounding my pussy I would tell him how good he feels in me. I would tell him how much he means to me. Then when he's ready to fill me with his love I would ask him, I would ask what he's not telling me.

Then I would know. I would know if he feels about me like I think he does, or am I really just another slut to him? Then I would know.

"I'm glad too then." I replied before turning to my desk.

I wondered if I would ever have the courage to know the truth.

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"Jane?" Lela approached my desk just as I was getting ready to leave.

She looked back nervously at her brother Max and then to me.

"Yes?" I smiled.

"Can I go home with you tonight?" Lela asked quietly.

This was bold move for Lela. Everyone at work knows who she is and what she does, or at least part of what she does. They know she is Max's sister, although I doubt anyone other than me knows she is also Poole's half-sister. They also know Lela is not to be teased or messed with.

Lela is rarely seen and never heard. She lives in the shadows of this huge building. Tending to every job as if she were a ghost. Taking care of Poole's many tasks without anyone knowing, save maybe

Max, and getting no recognition for it. For Lela to come out of the shadows and approach even me is extraordinary.

"I was going to make Poole dinner, you could join us..." I glanced up at Max then back to Lela. "...or are you staying the night?"

Lela seemed surprised I would ask such a question. She looked at Max again, this time she had that sad puppy dog face. Max nodded his approval but Lela remained humbled.

"I would like to stay if it's alright with Poole." Lela replied.

I looked at his desk but he was still on the phone. He glanced at me and I knew right away what his answer would be.

"Don't worry, it will be ok with Poole." I grinned. "I'll meet you in my dressing room in fifteen minutes."

"I'm not allowed in your dressing room if you're there." Lela looked down at the floor.

"Ok, I'll meet you at Poole's desk then." I replied happily.

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"Ladies that was some dinner." Poole said as he pushed his chair back from the table.

"I'll clean up." Lela offered.

"That's ok, I'll do it." Poole proposed. "I promised Tina to call her early. You two go take a swim and leave this to me."

It wasn't unheard of for Poole to help but I had a sense tonight was for another reason. I was going to argue myself but one look at Lela and I thought better of it.

Lela and I made our way out to the patio and swimming pool. It was an especially hot day and even now the temperature was above normal. Lela wasted no time stripping naked and jumping in the crystal clear water. I sat on the side dangling my feet to help cool down.

Lela swam like a little fish without a care in the world. She would swim by threatening to drench me before swimming away only to make sure she didn't leave me dry either. I thought of Poole's question from earlier in the day. Did I love her?

I watched the dark skinned woman glide through the water like a child and wondered how I could. Then there were moments, like now, when she pops up across the water and looks at me.

At times like this Lela is no longer a child but a woman, a woman older than me by a few years, who is searching for something I wonder if anyone but me sees. Am I in love with her? Lela ducks under the water and comes up in front of me. Her eyes search mine and I fear she sees how much I love her.

"Will you join me?"

Her voice is mature and compelling. Gone is the child like giggle, the distracted looks, all I see is yearning. I pull off my top and lift my ass with my arms. Lela reaches up and pulls my bikini bottoms



off and down my legs. She looks at me again and I can see the happiness in her eyes, the yearning is still there.

I slip in the water in front of Lela and I can feel how much we want each other. I lean in and Lela's greedy lips push flush with mine. I can feel her stiff brown nipples brush against mine, her arms intertwine with me as we pull each other close.

The passion is so thick you could cut it with a knife. I know any minute now her legs will press between mine and the wait is killing me. Lela's tongue is probing and begging at the same time. My hand falls down her back and grips her firm ass cheek.

Aaahhhhh, there she is. Lela's toned thigh pushes my legs apart her stubble covered pussy is pressed hard against my leg. Lela drags her clit over my thigh and moans in my mouth. I clamp my legs around Lela's holding her in place.

Lela pulls loose from our kiss and searches my eyes for meaning.

"Later." I whisper, the noise traveling across the water.

"Please Jane." Lela begs me.

"You didn't shave, your pussy is too rough." I explain sadly.

"Please slut. Please?" Lela begs again. "I'll make it up to you."

I move my hand from her ass and force it between her legs. Lela grants me instant access to her greedy cunt releasing my leg in the process. I easily turn her in the water so I am at an angle from behind. My hand glides over her pussy and Lela opens her stance further.

Two fingers push into Lela's virgin pussy, her excitement had been building for some time. My left arm was around her back and gripping Lela's left breast. Lela's arms reach over her head pulling mine above her shoulder for a kiss.

"I love you Jane." Lela whimpers just before our lips meet in a twisted fashion.

Am I in love with Lela? This is the part of the woman I am in love with. Passionate, giving, sensual, vulnerable, sexy, responsive, but most of all honest. Lela really does love me. How could I not love her?

Our lips separate as Lela is now lost inside her body. My fingers have worked their magic the back of my thumb now stroking her clit. Surely Lela knows any sound she makes will travel all the way to the house. With one hand over mine on her tit, Lela's other is stretching her nipple profusely.

"Jane." Lela gasps.

"I know honey, it's ok, go ahead, enjoy it." I whisper back.

Looking up I see Poole watching Lela, a phone to his ear. He looks on at her happily, his lips moving all the while. Is he giving Tina a play by play? Is he talking shop just enjoying the show?

Just then Lela starts to buck against my hand. Her tits slap the top of the water, her lips search for mine. I look at Poole he turns his attention from his sister to me. The happiness he was showing for her now disappears as his eyes meet mine. Turning now Poole steps back in the house still on the phone.

Is Poole unhappy with me? Why? What did I do? I want to understand but I have my hands full with Lela as her orgasm has blossomed in my very arms. The water around us is churning angrily as Lela rides out every ripple inside and out.

When it's over we fill each other's arms again and kiss passionately.

We take turns washing the chlorine off in my shower. What started out so poorly this morning has become something very different tonight. Not a word has been spoke about what happened in my dressing room. Quite the contrary, Lela seems happy to just enjoy our being together.

By the time we reach my bed it was clear what was in store. Lela wasted no time spreading my legs and diving between them. I can attest she has done better but I doubt anymore eager. Although still learning Lela is none the less effective.

Keeping me on the edge for almost a half hour I finally succumbed to a solid climax before her tongue wore out.

"Kiss me." I laughed.

"I can't." Lela sat up her face coated in my excitement.

"Why?" I replied a bit offended.

"Come with me." Lela jumped from my bed.

"What?"

"Come with me." Lela reached for my hand.

Leading me down the hall I thought she was going to take me to her room since my bed was drenched. Instead she continued down the hall, just before the stairs Lela knocked on Poole's door.

"It's open." He called out.

Even though we were both naked Lela didn't hesitate to take me in.

"I thought you might like some company for tonight." Lela offered me up.

"What about you?" Poole couldn't help but look at us both.

"No boys." Lela frowned. "Besides you're my brother." Said his naked sister I thought. Then again I am his niece.

"I meant, why isn't Jane sleeping with you?" Poole rephrased the question.

"She's your slut not mine." Lela chided him. "Besides Tina is gone and you get testy without her."

"So you think I was mean to you because I'm not getting enough sex?" Poole asked shocked.

"You said it not me." Lela turned and left.

I stood there uncertain what to do. Poole watched Lela leave then looked at me. That same distant look was on his face, I had been passed off to an unwilling partner it seemed.

"Goodnight." I turned to leave.

"On your hands and knees slut." Poole commanded me pointing to the bed.

My heart raced and my pussy dripped even more than it had been. I moved into position as Poole removed his shorts. I felt his strong hands grip my hips, his cock drug along the crack of my ass. I whimpered slightly then I felt him dip down and press his massive cock at my opening.

"Fuck me!" I begged.

"My thoughts exactly." Poole laughed.

Poole didn't fuck me, he punished me. For what I don't know. I love his cock, I love every inch of it. There have been times that he has dominated me but this time was different. Poole's hands were gripping me hard his thrusts were brutal against the back of my thighs.

My pussy took each attack in stride, even knowing something was wrong I tried to enjoy it. In the past when Poole was rough he always let me know it was just a game. Not so tonight.

I missed the gentle caresses from before, I missed the loving banter as he warned me how he would use me like the slut I wanted to be. Most of all I missed the feeling that I was the one he wanted to be making love to.

I welcomed his abuse at first and even encouraged Poole to fill my cunt. When he refused to respond I swallowed my pride and let him use my body for his enjoyment. I didn't have to wait long as Poole thrust deep in my cunt and held me in place. I felt his cum splash deep inside me almost in one long release.

Then just as quickly as he came in me Poole pulled out. I heard him walk away without even offering me his cock to clean. When I looked back Poole was already in the bathroom. I fell to my side and started to cry. Deep inside I felt I was losing Poole. I heard the shower run, he didn't even invite me in.

I must have dosed off as the next thing I know Poole is behind me in bed. I moved to get out the other side when he called out.

"Where are you going?"

"To get cleaned up." I stopped not turning to face him.

"Are you coming back?" Poole asked.

"You'll be getting up early, I thought I would sleep in my bed." I answered choking back tears.

When Poole didn't respond I left his room and headed down the hall to mine. I stopped and looked in on Lela, she was sleeping like an angel. I blew her a kiss then went to my room closing the door. I went to the bathroom and expelled my cunt full of cum and tried to make sense of it all.

Turning out the light I walked across my bedroom in the relative dark.

"Here, let me help you." Poole startled me.

Pulling back the light cover Poole pulled me in beside himself and covered me up.

"Why Poole?" I started to cry again.

"I'm sorry Jane..." Poole pulled me tight. "...don't worry I won't stay long, I need to get up early."

I was crying so hard I couldn't even ask him what I did wrong.

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"Were leaving for work." Lela kissed me on the cheek. "I love you Jane."

"I love you princess." I said as she closed the door to my bedroom behind her.

I stood in line for inspection waiting my turn. Not sure what to expect I hoped for the best.

"Good morning Jane." Poole said happily enough.

"Good morning." I replied trying to be upbeat.

Unlike last night his hands were gentle this morning, my skin tingled at each place Poole touched. I looked down hoping to see it was all a terrible mistake but Poole's eyes seemed to avoid mine.

The day drug slowly by, I struggled to concentrate on my work. That night I drove home alone, Max and Poole had some important meeting pop up. I was in bed alone well before Poole arrived. Poole continued avoiding me the next day, oh he would stop by like he always does but when he left I felt like just another girl in the office.

He was never rude, always complimentary, maybe even more so. There wasn't one thing I couldn't think of to blame him for, in all outwards appearances nothing had changed. Inside it was eating me up. By Friday even Max could see it was affecting my work.

He spoke to me, even gave me a big hug but in the end nothing had changed.

"Were going out tonight." Poole said as I drove him home. "I want you to wear the dress from the benefit,"

"Tonight? What's the occasion?" I asked optimistically.

"Will you wear it?" Poole looked over his eyes looking hopeful.

It was the first time in a week I had any feeling Poole wanted me again. That look of lust was back, the thought of wearing that dress made my pussy start to moisten.

"I would be happy to." I smiled contently.

We arrived at the house and went our separate ways. I was just finishing up when I head Poole call up the stairs.

"Are you coming any time soon?" Poole shouted.

"Let him wait." I said to myself.

I had gone out of my way to make all the preparations for a perfect night. I slipped on the last piece of clothing and looked at myself in the mirror. I'll admit I looked hot, hopefully it would be enough.

"Well was it worth the wait?" I asked coming down the steps.

Poole met me at the last step and pulled me in for a passionate kiss. Maybe I was wrong after all I thought as Poole's lips finally left mine.

"We should go before I decide to stay." Poole's hand ran over what little material covered my ass.

"I think it fair I get to tease you a little longer." I whispered back.

We headed to my car but Poole drove. After a fair drive we ended up at a steak house that featured a small band on the weekends. The average age of the clientele was probably seventy but the food was great and the music made for dancing.

I won't bore you with every detail as I wasn't the only one dressed like a slut, but I did garner my fair share of attention. Poole was attentive and engaging throughout dinner. We people watched and I pointed out the obvious arm candy some men brought.

I may be one of them but at least my man wasn't old enough to be my grandfather. Oh and there were plenty of cougars in the same position. During dinner we hit the dance floor a few times between courses. Poole and I even joined some kind of Congo line just for laughs.

I rested my head on his chest as a slow song played.

"Would you like to stay and dance or go home after this?" Poole stroked my hair.

"I'm not sure I can wait until we get home." I pressed hard against his pelvis.

"Let me leave a tip." Poole held me as the song wound down.

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In the car I reached over the console and rubbed Poole's cock through his pants. He shifted uncomfortably in the seat adjusting the belt. Poole's hand came down over mine and held it in place.

"Just a little longer Jane."

There it was again I thought, it was just a little thing, something only I would notice. I would have expected Poole to call me slut in this situation, but lately even that has changed. The door opened and Poole parked in the garage.

"We should go in the house." Poole suggested as I reached for his zipper. I happily agreed as Poole opened my door and led me to the kitchen. Poole pulled me in for a kiss as he lowered the short zipper on the back of my dress.

Plunging both hands inside my dress Poole gripped my ass cheeks and squeezed them firmly.

"I've wanted to do this all night." Poole hissed.

I again reached for his zipper and lowered it as well. Fishing out his hard cock was no easy feat but I did. I tried dropping to my knees but Poole's grip on my ass prevented it. With his growing cock between us I looked up to find Poole's eyes filed with desire.

"Should we go upstairs?" Poole asked before his lips smothered mine.

We had played this same game once before, I so hoped he still felt that way again. Playing his part Poole pulled my dress off and tossed it to the side. I stood again in just the black satin thong and my high heels.

"First one up gets to cum first." I laughed trying to break free from Poole.

Poole held me for a moment as if contemplating if he still wanted to play. With my eyes begging him to let me go I slipped through his fingers. Poole smacked my ass just as I moved out of reach.

"Get back here Jane!" Poole again chased me.

"NO! I want to cum first." I yelled seeing him getting closer.

I had just made it to the first stair when Poole's hands landed on my waist stopping my progress. I took a deep breath no longer trying to get free.

Poole's hands reached up from behind and gripped both of my tits, his lips kissed my neck.

"Tell your slut what you want." I taunted him.

"Jane please don't say that." Poole whispered.

As much as I dreaded he said that I wasn't willing to give up yet.

"Tell me Poole what do you want?" I twisted to kiss him.

Poole's lips pressed hard against mine. I could feel his massive cock press into the crack of my ass. Poole's tongue was hungry for mine.

"Bend over." Poole released my lips.

Yes, I thought to myself. With my heart racing and my body exposed in anticipation I felt Poole's cock press between my legs. I shuddered in anticipation of what would happen next. I felt my thong being pushed aside and his massive cock at the entrance to my pussy.

This time I knew what to expect, the only question was did Poole still desire me the same way he did then?

I closed my eyes and willed Poole to want me. I held still forcing Poole to make the first move. As the plump head of his cock forced me open I whimpered in happiness. It all came rushing back.

The same sensations from the first time Poole fucked me flashed back in an instant. As Poole continued to work his cock deep in my cunt I knew my feelings for him have only grown. Once again I gave myself to Poole.

I braced myself for the coming onslaught but this time was in a more playful mood. Oh he fucked me hard but then he pulled out and spanked my pussy from behind.

"Higher." I chirped.

Poole fucked me again then pulled out spanking my ass hole.

"It's all yours." I looked back grinning.

"Upstairs." Poole grunted impaling me once again.

With his cock in my cunt and his arms wrapped behind my knees Poole picked me up. I was but a feather in his arms as he carried me up the steps. Each riser forced his throbbing member deeper in my pussy as my thighs pressed hard against my chest.

"So you want to be on top do you?" Poole nibbled my ear.

"I want you to ravage me." I turned my head and whispered.

Poole moved beside the bed and unfolded me. Back on my hands and knees, with his cock still imbedded deep in my pussy, Poole granted my wish. He flat out fucked me.

It was the first time in months I had felt this way. Each thrust of his cock made me feel more and more special. Poole grunted and groped, I whimpered and groaned. My body quivered in desire and Poole did his best to fulfill it.

Pure and simply we were making love. I was holding off, waiting for Poole. He knew this, he always does. Spreading my ass cheeks I felt his thumb probe my exposed asshole.

"Yessssss." I cooed.

"Cum Jane." Poole demanded.

"Only if you join me." I pushed back firmly. "Fuck my ass."

"Not until you cum." Poole slammed in hard.

Letting my head down on the bed I reached between my legs and found his ball sack. I gently tugged it and instantly felt Poole's cock swell in my cunt. Stroking it again I knew he was closer than I thought.

I flicked my clit and clamped down on his cock.

"I'm ready." I hissed.

That was all it took to send us both down that tantalizing path of gratification. With my ass in the air and the first tremor rocking my body I grasped the covers and held on tight. This was the feeling I longed for.

Poole kept fucking me throughout my orgasm and then started to fill my greedy cunt.

"That's it darling fill that pussy." I said milking his cock. "Fuck your slut."

Poole hesitated when I said that. I thought I did something wrong. Then as if a switch turned on Poole thrust deep in my pussy with force.

"Take it slut take it all!" Poole grunted.

I did take it all and when I felt Poole was pulling out I turned and took his greasy cock and started to suck it clean.

On my knees looking up I could see, maybe for the first time, how conflicted Poole seemed to be.

"Don't you dare think were done here." I threatened him with a smile. "I still get to be on top."

It didn't take long after that to get Poole's cock hard again. Still I took my time lavishing my attention with my mouth. I had plans and walking the next couple of days wasn't one of them.

I waited until pre-cum was dripping from his cock, my mouth was tired but I stuck to my plan. I directed Poole to lie on the bed. While he was removing the covers I reached in the night stand for some lube and a toy.

I stepped out of my shoes now but left my panties in place. With Poole lying on his back I hovered over him greasing his cock with lube.

"Are you sure Jane?" Poole propped his head up on a pillow.

I pulled my panties to the side exposing my ass hole. In my other hand Poole's cock swelled noticeably. "I think that makes one yes vote." I chuckled.

I placed his cock at my opening and smeared some lube around. Facing Poole with my pussy partially covered I lowered my asshole over his cock.

"This is the best parts isn't it? " I whispered.

Poole looked up from his cock pressing against my tight opening to see if I was serious. I almost wish he hadn't. As much as he wanted this I could see he was still conflicted.

"You are." Poole replied solemnly.

That I was not ready for. I looked in his eyes and almost started to cry. Why, why now? I had waited months for Poole to say something like that. Now here I am my ass perched above his cock and he says it?

"Am I?"

I didn't give Poole a chance to answer. Instead I threw myself at him attacking his lips. Poole wrapped his arms around me and held on tight. My tongue attacked his with a vengeance he would never forget.

"Fuck your slut's ass." I growled in his ear.

"Jane..."

"Your slut Poole. Fuck her ass now!"

Poole pulled my panties aside and as I helped him line up once again his cock pressed against my sphincter.

"Jane ... we don't..."

"Do it or I will." I bit his lower lip.

Poole held his cock straight as he pushed past my stubborn muscle. I held my breath and pushed back to help him. Then that glorious ache turned into a fiery pinch then a delicious feeling of being stuffed.

"Hold me and make me your slut again." I hissed.



Poole tightened his grip and with his legs thrust deep in my ass. I wanted to kiss him but I'm just too short. Poole bent his neck as I stretched up for one last peck.

"Oh god you feel so good in me."

I pushed myself down over Poole's cock taking all that was available. My tits pressed tight against his chest, I could hear his deep breaths fill his lungs for the fuel to continue. My panties scraped along his cock now soaked with cum and lube.

My pussy dripped with cum each time Poole plunged in my ass soaking us both. It was the most passion we had shared in some time and I wasn't going to stop now.

Rocking with Poole my clit dug over his pelvis. One by one little orgasms rocked my world. I could feel Poole getting closer as my tight ass tugged at his pleasure center.

"Don't you dare cum yet." I bit his nipple.

"Jane..." Poole moaned as he slowed down.

I pushed up against his arms, Poole loosed his grip.

"Lie still now, I'm not through with you yet." I looked down and snickered.

Raising up slowly I stopped just short of pulling off. Poole looked from his cock up at me. I could sense his apprehension.

"I'll be back." I smiled using my best Arnold impression.

Lifting up Poole's cock pulled free of my tight ass. I loved that feeling almost as much as when it would go back in. I stood pulling off my panties then turned around. I could feel my gaping asshole start to close.

"I've always wanted to do this." I glanced down one last time.

Lowering myself over his cock as I faced away Poole's hands gripped my cheeks and spread them. With his help I reached between my legs and guided his cock back to my asshole. The spongy skin parted easily now but the same tight opening gripped firmly.

"Slowly." Poole whispered.

"Ok but only if you hurry." I teased.

Poole held me as I settled back over his throbbing member. When his pubic hair tickled my ass I leaned back against him.

"My tits." I hissed.

Poole's hands followed my command and gripped them firmly. I reached over and picked up the sex toy I laid out earlier.

"Now don't move." I turned my head and stretched up to look at him.

"What are you going to do?" Poole moaned.

"You'll see." I taunted him.

Turning the long pink vibrator on I placed it just above my clit. The egg like bulb rested where I like it to keep me interested as the long thin shaft extended to my hand. I turned the switch to a desired speed and quivered around Poole's cock.

"Now your turn." I laughed.

Dragging the pleasure bulb over my clit I gave out a soft murmur. Moving it lower I found the entrance to my pussy and rolled it between my lips. Pushing it against the entrance of my cunt it met Poole's cock embedded in my ass.

"Ready?" I taunted Poole as his cock swelled from the vibrations.

Poole responded by stretching my tits and pulling at my nipples. I started pushing the pink egg deeper in my cunt but with Poole's cock in my ass this was not as easy as I thought.

"God you're big." I ground my ass down hard on his cock.

"Here let me help you." Poole offered.

His big hand came down over mine, I handed him the toy and held his wrist just in case. Poole started fucking my cunt with the vibrating dildo quickly but gently. I thrust up to meet the toy and slammed down over his cock.

By now I was writhing on top of Poole as he drove me wild with the vibrator. Each mini orgasm only fueled my desire to have the blasted thing in me.

"Fuck me Poole, fuck your slut!" I cried out.

"Jane..." Poole started to argue.

I put my hand over his and forced the egg deep in my cunt. Like ripping a Band-Aid off the minute pain was nothing compared to the intense pleasure of having the vibrations deep in my pussy.

"Do you feel it Poole?" I asked excitedly. "Oh how I wish Tina was here to do this."

In my delirious state I stopped moving letting the vibrations of the egg pleasure Poole as well. And pleasure it did, to both of us.

Gripping my tits Poole fucked me from below. I could feel his cock swell as the vibration deep in my pussy pressed against his shaft. Soon I was bouncing on his cock and rubbing my clit. I could feel my stomach tighten as Poole's breathing started to quicken.

"Take that you fucking slut!" Poole thrust up inside my ass with all his strength.

Impaled with his cock in my ass I bent backwards over his groin. The sensation of his hot cum searing my gut sent me over the edge.

Like two trains colliding the results were the same. My orgasm ran me along the tracks consuming my body to a collision where there were no survivors.

I was like a rag doll riding Poole's cock as he emptied his balls a second time. Collapsing on the bed spent we were still coupled as the vibrator continued to keep him hard in my ass.

Poole reached down and turned it off.

"What was that about Tina?" Poole teased me.

I pulled the toy from my pussy and tossed it on the floor. Rolling off Poole's cock now easily slipped free of my ass. I moved over Poole and looked down thoroughly satisfied.

"Just a fantasy of mine." I draped over him.

Poole kissed me passionately as he stroked my back. I snuggled on top of him and fell asleep.

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I'm not sure when Poole moved me to the other side of the bed. I heard the shower running, but fell back asleep.

I felt the bed shift just before I caught her scent. Her lips pressed against mine making sure I would be awake. Her nipples brushed against mine waking me further.

"I have a present for you my love." Tina drug her pussy along my thigh. "I love it when he fucks me in the morning."

Tina reached between her legs dipping two fingers in her cunt. Smearing Poole's cum on her nipple Tina presented it to me. I cleaned her tit then met her for a passionate kiss.

"Let me taste you both." I slid down.

"Promise to share?" Tina squealed.

"Promise." I replied happily.

Tina smothered my face as she pulled my hair. I licked the gooey cum from her cunt along with her excitement. I tried to bring her off but Tina moved back in place so I could offer her my coated tongue.

"Oh how I've missed you both." Tina whispered as we held each other close.

Drifting off in each other's arms we slept until noon.

"Max tells me you handled yourself well with Lela this week." Tina's hand drifted over my shoulder as I sat on the patio.

I reached up and pulled her into my lap much like Poole would.

"He did, did he?" I smiled. "I'm afraid he and Poole did the dirty work."

"And so they should. Remember this is not something you volunteered for." Tina stated.

"Lela says she loves me." I confessed to Tina.

"Well I don't find that hard to believe." Tina laughed kissing me quickly.

"I love her Tina." I replied solemnly. "I can't explain why but I do."

"I know, I was afraid of that." Tina's voice trailed off.

"Afraid of that? What does that mean?" I asked suddenly concerned. "Is that a problem?"

"No my love." Tina pulled me against her chest. "It's just ... with Lela..." Tina stroked my hair. "... it complicates things... Please forget I said that."

"But I still love you and Poole." I added.

"Yes Jane we know." Tina pushed me back and looked in my eyes. "It's ok Jane, really it is."

I wanted to believe her but I had the same sinking feeling I was having with Poole. Tina pulled me in for a long drawn out kiss. Even though we didn't discuss it further I still felt uneasy.

"I thought you were working?" I changed the subject.

"I am, but I came home to help you pack and see Poole." Tina replied.

"Help me pack? For what?" I asked surprised.

"Didn't Poole tell you?" Tina now seemed surprised herself.

"Tell me what?"

"That you're coming to help me for a few weeks?" Tina explained.

"No. Not a word."

Tina jumped up from my lap visibly upset. She cursed under her breath then looked back at me.

"That chicken shit." She now cursed outwardly.

"If were leaving today I should call the girls and tell them not to come." I offered hoping to avoid further issues.

"No, let them come, I'm getting to the bottom of this right now." Tina fumed.

Tina picked up her phone and dialed out presumably to Poole. I heard him answer but couldn't make out the words.

"You said you would tell Jane." Tina barked.

(inaudible talking)

"Tonight? That's bullshit and you know it!" Tina yelled.

(inaudible talking)

"Well you're not getting any pussy tonight so just stay there." Tina cursed. "Oh, and bring your sister over, were having a girls night."

I was confused on two points. First, why didn't Poole tell me I would be helping Tina? It was no secret Tina and her partner Elaine were investing time and money to attend the national conventions. If she needed extra help why would that be an issue?

Second, my whole life the only sister Poole had was my mother Kate. Lela was always just Lela, few even spoke of her as Max's sister. Even though she was mad it seemed odd that Tina referred to Lela as Poole's sister.

Cassie and Cody showed up as expected. Tina eagerly plied them for the latest updates on their boyfriends. Cassie was happy to report TJ, her black boyfriend, was the first man that made her happy in life and in bed.

Cody, disgusted by her sister's narrative, explained that Fred was turning out to be the man of her dreams as well.

Lela showed up a bit later when Max dropped her off. The five of us spent the day by the pool gabbing and enjoying the sun. Except for some innocent skinny dipping nothing of note happened that day.

Before my daughters left I learned my husband Donald has not been doing well at all. I won't go into details here as they will become clearer later on. After the girls left Tina and I sat with Lela to watch another off her favorite movies.

"Goodnight you two." Tina sat up from the couch. "It's been a great but long day. I'm going to get some sleep."

Tina kissed both Lela and I goodnight and made her way up the stairs. I spread my legs allowing Lela to lie against me in my arms.

"You could join her if you want." Lela strained to look back over her shoulder.

"Not tonight Princess, I'm right where I want to be, and who I want to be with." I leaned in to kiss her the best we could.

Happy now, Lela settled back against me wrapping my arms around her.

"Jane?" Lela whispered. "Can we talk?"

"Of course we can." I replied.

"I love you Jane." Lela said still looking forward.

"I know Princess." I kissed the back of her head. "And I love you."

"Do you Jane, do you really love me or are you just being nice?" Lela still looked away.

In all our time together this was the most adult thing she has ever said.

"Look at me Lela." I twisted her in my arms. She looked at me like I asked. I could feel her body become tense. "I love you Lela, and I am in love with you."

I replied honestly. I leaned in for a kiss but she pulled away.

"What about Poole and Tina?" Lela stopped me cold. "You're in love with them too, aren't you?"

It was like a splash of cold water to the face. How could I tell her I was in love with her and then admit I was in love with Poole and Tina? Certainly she would never understand that?

"The truth Jane, please don't lie." Lela said before I responded.

"Yes Princess, I am." I quietly admitted.

Expecting a kiss Lela instead turned and leaned back against me. She pulled my arms around her again and then let out a soft sigh. Afraid to speak I sat there holding her not sure what Lela was thinking.

Lela's arm moved and because of this my right hand was resting over her left breast. It was no small guess that this was intended. Even with the thin material between my hand and her tit I knew what Lela wanted.

I started out slow, I caressed her lightly before gently circling her nipple. Lela's other arm shifted and now my left hand was caressing her right breast. Another sigh just a bit louder announced her pleasure

"Jane." Lela whimpered.

"Yes Princess?" I leaned down and nibbled her ear.

"I live with Max..." Lela said with a slight quiver. "...I'm all he's got."

"You'll spend Sunday's here, he'll have Poole then." I suggested.

Lela twisted slightly to look over her shoulder.

"I would like that." She smiled.

As Lela turned back I took the hem of her top and started to pull it over her head. Lela seemed surprised at first but then moved her arms up in compliance. Settling back in against me my hands again found her breasts.

Looking over her shoulder I watched as my white fingers found the dark brown nipples and rolled them gently. The lighter skin around her areolas rose and fell as Lela started to respond.

"Your panties, take them off." I hissed.

Lela hesitated so I pinched her nipples firmly.

"Ouch." She protested.

"Your panties." I repeated.

Lifting her ass Lela slipped the cartooned panties from her womanly sex and folded them before placing them on the floor.

I took my right hand and drug it over her stomach before stopping at her small patch of black pubic hair.

"I see you shaved today." I whispered happily.

"Yes Jane just for you." Lela said proudly.

"Spread your pussy." I said in her ear.

"What?" Lela objected.

My left hand pinched her nipple again. Again Lela cried out.

"Your pussy, with your fingers spread it open." I repeated firmly.

Lela reached down and took the thick outer lips and peeled her pussy wide open. I took my middle finger and ran it over the dark hood hiding her clit. Lela pushed her head back and moaned.

Continuing lower my finger found the source of her new found wetness.

"Watch this." I teased.

My finger rimmed her dark outer lips then moved to the center of her exposed pink. My finger started pushing inside my little brown lover as she looked on.

"Jane..." Lela groaned as her legs tightened and her pussy pushed up accepting more of my finger.

I pulled it out and offered it to Lela.

"Nooooo." Lela protested.

I pinched her nipple again twisting it this time.

"I won't ask again." I hissed.

Lela took my finger and sucked it clean.

"Good girl." I praised her slipping my finger back in her pussy.

I pulled it out and this time feasted on it myself.

"You taste like the Princess you are." I praised Lela again.

My finger found Lela's pussy waiting to be fucked. I slipped my finger into the hilt and probed behind her G spot. Lela whimpered as her pussy ground up for more. I pulled my finger and brought it up and offered it to Lela.

This time she eagerly accepted her excitement quickly cleaning my finger clean. I fed myself and then her. The next time I fed myself Lela moaned in disappointment.

"So you're a greedy little Princess now are you?" I taunted her.

"Yessss..." Lela turned to look at me accepting our little game.

"Fine." I sneered.

I worked two fingers in Lela's tight cunt causing her pussy to clamp down

"Don't you dare cum yet my Princess." I threatened.

"Please Jane..."

I pulled two greasy fingers from Lela's cunt dripping in excitement. I spread the slimy lotion around my lips and offered them to Lela. Twisting in my arms she attacked my lips licking me clean with her tongue.

"On the back of the couch." I pushed her off my lap.

"What?" Lela asked confused.

I guided her to the back of the couch lying her lengthwise. There was a small arch in the center and Lela's back easily conformed to it. With nowhere for her legs I straddled the back at that end of the couch and held them up with my hands.

"Now don't fall off." I warned her with a chuckle.

Spreading Lela's legs I moved in and licked her pussy.

Lela grabbed my hair and pulled my face up.

"What are you doing?" Lela asked exasperated.

"Serving my Princess." I laughed.

As my tongue worked deeper in her pussy Lela now ran her fingers through my hair. Perched on the back of the couch I knew Lela had nowhere to go. She ached her back and squeezed her tits as I taught her more about herself.

Alternating between tugging her dark brown lips and stabbing at her pink core I kept Lela on the edge, sexually I mean, for some time. I then looked down to find her pink clit peeking out from its protective sheath.

"Cum for me Lela." I growled.

Attacking Lela's clit with care I soon brought my lover to a glorious climax. Trapping my head between her legs Lela all but ripped off my ears as she rolled to the cushions below. Opening her eyes Lela smiled broadly.

"Kiss me slut." Lela teased me.

With my face coated in her cum I moved over Lela allowing her to lick and kiss me at will. She pulled me down and held me tight.

"Mother was right." Lela sat up.

"About what?" I asked pulling Lela back on my lap.

"You need sex." Lela smiled. "She told me I would never be enough for you."

"She told me you needed affection." I laughed.

"So what do we do?" Lela asked sincerely.

"You spend a night during the week for sex..."

"And Sunday we spend time showing affection?" Lela cut in happily.

"Deal." I agreed.

"And maybe sex too?" Lela teased.

"Only if you want." I agreed.



"Jane, I will never take you away from Poole or Tina." Lela replied becoming serious.

"And I will never take you away from Max." I promised.

Lela and I sealed our agreement with a kiss.

"You smell like pussy..." Lela leaned in and gave me a quick peck. "... you need a shower."

"I have a better idea." I stood and stripped naked. "Let's go skinny dip."

"Really?" Lela's eyes lit up.

"Last one in ..."

I didn't even get to finish as Lela bolted out of the room and through the back door. I was following her out when Tina stepped in my path.

"I thought you went to bed?" I asked cautiously.

"I'm glad I didn't." Tina took my hand and kissed me passionately.

I knew she tasted Lela on my lips and was glad she did. Tina then pulled off her top and stepped out of her panties.

"Come, let's go skinny dip with your Princess." Tina smiled.

"You mean our Princess, right?" I kissed her quickly.

Lela was thrilled Tina joined us in the pool. I think she was even happier when Tina invited us both in her bed. Lela insisted I sleep in the middle. It was a night I would never forget.

To be continued ...