



Cherry Tune-Up

By
Adriana Kraft

A Silk's Vault Electronic Publication, in arrangement with author Adriana Kraft.

ISBN # 1-934055-84-0

Copyright © 2007 by Adriana Kraft

Cover Design and Art by Carmel St. James, © Copyright 2007

Edited by Alex Bell

Silk's Vault Publishing

www.silksvault.com

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in part or whole, in any form or by any means, without permission from both the author and publisher. All characters, incidents, situations, institutions, governments and people are fictional and any similarity to characters or persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

CHAPTER ONE

Bobbi Jo Martin hung back in the shadows under the Highway Thirty-Seven Racetrack stands. Acrid smoke, fumes and dust from a long night of racing swirled in the hazy light but couldn't entirely block her view of her childhood best friend. There he was, Jack Day, strutting toward a red pickup with a buxom brunette clinging on each arm. She cringed—they must be the spoils that went to the winner of the feature race.

Deflated, Bobbi Jo shuffled toward her rental car. She'd had no contact with Jack for nearly ten years, but she just *knew* he'd help her with her current problem. When they were kids, he had never, ever let her down. She glanced one last time at the two women scrambling into the pickup. A solution would have to wait.

Her skin chilled and then suddenly turned hot. She needed him, damn it. She slid behind the wheel of the car, started the engine and rested her head on the steering wheel.

Bobbi Jo had a surprise for Jack—but would he welcome it? He had to relieve her of her virginity. Her childhood sweetheart had to teach her how to be a captivating lover—and there wasn't much time. Two weeks from tonight would be her wedding night, and she had to be skilled at lovemaking by then.

She banged her fist against the steering wheel. Why did he have to be involved with those two women tonight, of all nights? She'd hoped to set up a chance meeting in a public place. Now she'd have to go directly to him.

Would he want her? Goosebumps pebbled her arms. She couldn't let him reject her. He had what she wanted.

Bobbi Jo leaned back in the seat and shook her head. "No," she said aloud. "Jack Day has what I *need*."

Was that fear churning her insides? Or was it lust? She managed a half smile. Maybe Jack could help her figure out the answer to that question, too.

* * * *

Cussing softly, Jack Day tugged on the socket wrench. The rusted nut gave way and Jack smiled. Once again strength and oil had overcome the erosion of time. He was nearly ready to pop a rebuilt clutch and starter into his 1968 Firebird. Then he'd check the engine's timing.

He stretched out his legs and groaned from the sudden ache in his muscles. The Beasley

twins hadn't left until mid-morning. Maybe he was getting too old for all night celebrations.

"Is anybody under there?"

Jack startled at the sound and hit his head on the metal frame. "Damn!" With all the tools strewn about and his legs sticking out from under the car, wasn't it obvious?

He glanced toward the front of the car and saw two feet peeking out from sandals under two shapely, well-tanned legs. The feminine voice had an oddly familiar ring to it, but he couldn't place it.

He rolled out from under the car and sat up halfway to look at the intruder. Immediately, he took off his Highway Thirty-Seven Racetrack hat, rose to his feet and folded his arms across his chest. "Well, I'll be damned. That is you, isn't it, Bobbi Jo?"

"It's me." Her voice was soft and shy. "How are you, Jack?"

"How am I? Shocked. It's been how long? A decade, maybe." Jack pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped perspiration from his eyes. "Let me take a look at you, Bobbi Jo." She'd always been tiny, and he was glad her flowing blonde hair hadn't changed color. He tried not to stare too hard at his childhood friend's breasts. They'd filled out quite nicely—not too big and not too small. He couldn't ignore pebbled nipples peeking through a mesh halter-top. Bobbi Jo Martin wore no bra, and that surprised the hell out of him.

"Like what you see?" Bobbi Jo's voice cracked with emotion. She turned around slowly.

Jack wasn't bashful about taking in that view. The black mini-skirt accentuated well-turned thighs and calves, but his eyes were drawn to her butt. His breathing stalled. Shapely wasn't an adequate description. He might be able to balance his coffee cup on her rump. It was an ass that begged to be caressed. He willed his hands to remain at his side.

Bobbi Jo faced him and gave him a half-smile, her voice still timid. "Do I meet with your approval?"

God, how he'd loved kissing those soft lips when she'd turned thirteen. He'd never quite tasted anything like them before or since. But they were uniquely Bobbi Jo, and he hadn't realized how much he'd missed them until now. Belying her external caution, her eyes contained an undecipherable sparkle. "You look super, Bobbi Jo." He reached out a finger and grazed her cheek, leaving a smudge. "Oops, sorry." He backed away, retrieved his handkerchief and dabbed at the dark stain on her cheek. "It's just so good to see you."

Bobbi Jo laughed. "Don't worry. It'll come off. And it's good to see you, too."

She hesitated and took a tiny step backward, but then she drew herself up and stood her ground. She was screwing up her courage about something—but what? Any other woman dressed like she was had only one thing in mind, but he didn't think Bobbi Jo had come all the way from Boston unannounced to jump his bones.

"So what were you doing under there?" Bobbi Jo pointed at his Firebird. "I like your car. You sure keep it sleek and shiny," she rattled on. He'd swear she was nervous about seeing him after all these years. "Why do you have to use a light to see in broad daylight?"

"You are full of questions." She folded her arms under her breasts and then over them. It occurred to him that she wasn't used to going without a bra. He smiled. Was she trying to hide them from him? So why hadn't she bothered with a bra in the first place? Anyway, her questions were stalling tactics.

He decided to play along. He picked up the light. "This is a timing light. I was getting ready to set her timing. Been tuning up the old girl." He smiled with pride.

"She's almost cherry, you know. Just about as perfect as when she came off the assembly line, maybe even better. When her stroke is right, she purrs like a kitten."

"I bet you have that effect on all your women." Bobbi Jo's blue eyes conveyed an age-old invitation.

He swallowed hard. "Since when have you become a tease? Come on in the house. I want to get cleaned up. Then you can tell me why you've shown up on my doorstep after all of these years."

* * * *

Bobbi Jo paced back and forth across Jack's small living room while he showered. Maybe it had been a mistake to wear a mesh top and no bra. But the admiration in Jack's eyes had almost been worth being nearly naked. Almost. How was she going to pull this off? He'd never take the initiative no matter how much sexual innuendo she could muster and no matter how she dressed.

She stopped in front of two tall bookcases and frowned. Her dad had always said if you want something, you go after it. She'd be direct. It was the best way—probably the only way. She had no experience with seduction.

Jack's library surprised her. She never knew he was such an avid reader. History books, historical novels, auto racing, car repair, carpentry and masonry. Her eyes widened as she focused on the bottom shelf. Some of the titles made her blush. *The Art of Lovemaking for the*

Novice. Maybe she should curl up on Jack's sofa and study that book first.

There wasn't time. Bobbi Jo glanced up to see Jack enter and her heartbeat quickened. His dark hair, damp from the shower, curled over a dark green tee shirt that clung to his chest like it was glued on. There was no flab. He'd tucked the shirt into an equally tight fitting pair of dark jeans—worn, but clean. She avoided dropping her gaze to his waist.

His dark eyes were also appraising her. She blinked. The tiny scar on his left cheek, the result of misguided stone she'd thrown at him in a childish tantrum, twitched a warning. His nostrils flared slightly like she'd seen stallions do when they first caught the scent of a new mare. His lips thinned.

She flinched, remembering the effect those lips had had on hers. But they weren't teenagers anymore. So why was her skin on fire? This time his lips would lead to much more—much, much more.

"You want a beer?" Jack arched an eyebrow.

She nodded. She preferred wine, but at this point even a beer might help her nerves.

Jack retrieved two beers from the kitchen, offered her one and flopped down in an overstuffed chair. "So, are you going to tell me why you're here?" He paused and gestured toward the sofa. "You don't have to stand."

"Thanks." She sat and immediately tugged at her mini-skirt. How did women ever get used to sitting while wearing such short skirts? She gave up when she saw Jack admiring her legs and thighs. *Focus, girl. Remember why you're here.* This time her eyes did drop below his waist. She'd have to be blind not to notice the effect she was having on him.

Bobbi Jo took a deep breath. "I need your help."

"That doesn't surprise. I haven't heard from you in years." Jack shrugged. "But then I guess I was never any good at responding to your letters."

"I cried when you didn't write, but that's another story. I'm here now."

"So how can I help you? I don't have a lot of money, but I can help you with a loan."

"I'm not here for money."

"Oh. Are you planning to move back here to Edenville?"

She managed a thin smile. "Hadn't planned on that."

"I've never been good with twenty questions." Jack's eyes narrowed. "Why don't you just tell me what you want, Bobbi Jo? What's the problem?"

"I'm getting married a week from Saturday." She struggled to hold back tears.

"That's a problem?" Jack crossed his arms over his chest. "Congratulations, I guess. So who's the lucky bastard?"

"Nelson Barstow is his name. He's a banker."

"How old is this guy?"

"Late thirties."

"But that's not the problem?"

Bobbi Jo shook her head. "He despises virgins."

"What?!" Jack's jaw dropped and he inched to the edge of his seat. "He hates virgins?" His brow furrowed. "And you're a virgin? Jesus. How can you still be a virgin at twenty-three?"

She tried to smile. At least he was filling in all the blanks. She knew immediately when he reached the final conclusion.

Jack leaped to his feet. "No way! Not me! I'm not into deflowering virgins even when they are good friends—especially when they are good friends."

"But I need your help. And it's not only my virginity we're talking about here."

Jack backed away from her until he was pressed against his bookcases. "What? There's more? How can there be more?"

She rose to her feet, closing the distance between them. "Nelson is an experienced lover. He expects his wife to be one, too."

Disbelief registered on his face. He tried to back up again, but thankfully the bookcases prevented escape

"So why the hell hasn't he fucked you silly by now?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He wants me to be 'virginal' for him on our wedding night." She brushed tears back. "Virginal, but experienced. I don't know why. It's his thing. He wants to make love to me for the first time while I'm wearing my wedding gown."

Jack glowered at her. "So put it on for him and pretend it's your wedding night."

"He's adamant about this."

"He's a fucking idiot." Jack's voice had risen to a shout.

She took a step backward. "I know I must be the last person you expected to see or ever wanted to see, but I couldn't think of anyone else I trust as much."

"Trust! Is that a joke?" Jack shoved his hands in his front pockets.

Bobbi Jo followed the outline of his hands, which unintentionally pointed to a sizeable arousal. She wasn't completely ignorant. Nelson had gotten hard several times when they made out, but he'd never allowed her to touch him. But Jack's arousal made Nelson's look puny. She moistened her lips. "This is no joke, Jack. I want...no, I need you to make me a woman—a woman skilled in the art of lovemaking."

"Jesus." Jack banged his forehead with a palm and spun around to face the bookcases.

"I know you're experienced. I saw you leave the racetrack last night with those two women." He turned slowly around to face her. "They left your house at ten-fifteen this morning. I don't think you played cards all night. And you have a most intriguing library, including a fascinating section on sex. I'll want to read some of those books before the next dozen days or so are passed."

"Twelve days?" His voice was harsh.

"Yes. I have to be back a week from Friday evening for the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner. But that gives us," she scrunched her mouth, "twelve entire days and nights."

"I'm supposed to turn you into an accomplished lover in twelve days and nights?"

"Sort of like the twelve days of Christmas. Aren't you up for it?" She giggled when he reflexively glanced at his crotch. "I assumed with your experience that would be more than enough time."

"You've developed quite a teasing mouth, Bobbi Jo. So I'm supposed to be your sex object, helping you make final preparations for your wedding night."

She widened her stance and folded her hands at her waist. "Yes. That about sums it up. But I had hoped you would enjoy the opportunity to tutor me. So will you help me?"

"I'm not sure. I'd be a fool if I did." He raked a scalding gaze over her body. "I'd be a fool if I didn't."

"That sounds a bit indecisive. Maybe I can help you make up your mind." Bobbi Jo slipped her hands behind her back and fumbled with the simple string holding up her top. At last, it gave way. She lowered the mesh and let it float to the floor. "Remember these?" She lifted a breast in each palm. "You never did get to see them very well, but I can still feel your fingers all over them."

In a millisecond, Jack reached for her and hugged her body tight to his. He kissed her forehead. "Damn, you don't know how often I've dreamed of this." He kissed her eyelids. "This

isn't the way I wanted it." His hands caressed her back. "But maybe it's a beginning." His lips settled over hers. Her spirit soared. They were the same as she remembered. Soft, but demanding. Seeking. Satisfying, yet leaving her with desire for more.

His tongue sought entry. She parted her lips and his tongue filled her mouth. She stood on her toes to give him a better angle. Her mouth ached for more. He withdrew and she thrust her tongue into his mouth. She was so hot—and they were only kissing.

He broke the kiss. Gasping, he said, "You are the most kissable girl—no, woman—I've ever known. Why didn't you come back sooner?"

Jack didn't wait for a reply, which was just as well because Bobbi Jo had no answer. He kissed her throat. Her body boiled. His tongue traced the outline of her collarbone and then it licked the underside of a breast while he cupped the other breast in a palm. "Goodness," she mumbled. "What is happening?"

Her nipple tightened under repeated kisses and the sudden warmth of his mouth undid her. She curled her hands in his dark hair trying to hold on—to what, she didn't know. It was no use. She was crumbling under his ministrations. She'd rather die than faint.

His tongue worked its way all around her breast. She clung to his back. He dropped one hand to her crotch and she broke into pieces. She whimpered. She couldn't stop whimpering. She shook her head but it wouldn't clear. He came off her breast and held her shaking body.

Gradually, she stilled in his arms. She bent her head back to look at him. "What?"

Jack's laughter filled her soul. "Welcome to the world of orgasms, Bobbi Jo. I'm pleased to have shared your first. It *was* your first?"

She nodded.

"I may enjoy this more than I thought. A sex tutor. Jack Day the sex tutor. Has an odd but tantalizing ring to it, don't you think?" He paused and looked her over again "You may want to put your top back on. I don't have anything in the house to eat. We'll go out."

"But." Bobbi Jo hesitated to point out the obvious. "I'm still a virgin."

"Yes, you are." Jack gave her a sexy smile. "All in due time, young lady. All in due time. Sex isn't something to be rushed. You aren't questioning the wisdom of your tutor already, are you?"

"Of course not." Bobbi Jo retied her halter, grabbed his extended hand and let him guide her out the door. They had begun.

If that kissing was any indication, she was in for the ride of her life. She'd known Jack Day would be man enough to make her a woman.

CHAPTER TWO

Jack finished his ice cream and watched Bobbi Jo pick at hers. Maybe anxiety was setting in. It was about time.

They'd caught each other up on the high points of the past ten years. Not that he'd had many, though he made a good enough living working as a contractor to support his passion: car racing. And maybe—just maybe—his big break was right around the corner. Owners of Mid-West Circuit Racing were supposed to stop by the following Saturday to see him race.

He sipped his coffee and glanced around the café. The dinner crowd was light, typical for a Sunday. Most people were home with their families or still hung over from Saturday night binging. Had Bobbi Jo ever had a hangover? Probably not.

Jack wished he could say the same. Leaning back in the booth, he pondered his most recent problem.

Hadn't Bobbi Jo's problems always been his problems? Ever since she could tag along behind him he'd been getting her out of scrapes. Then just when she turned old enough to be really enticing, her family had suddenly left town. He'd never found out why.

And he was supposed to help her become a skilled lover! How could he possibly do that and not lose himself in the process? He'd always had a soft spot for the spunky girl with pigtails. Hell, he'd taught her how to kiss. He could teach her more. But should he?

Damn, she looked good. It wasn't that she was a bombshell. She had an average build—average height, average sized boobs, not so average ass—but none of that mattered a whit. She was Bobbi Jo of his early fantasy days when innocence meant something.

So how was he going to protect his heart? She already had her tentacles wrapped around it. But she'd only come to use him. Why did that bother him? It wasn't every day an attractive woman asked him to tutor her in the art of sex.

Jack grinned with new insight. She wanted a master teacher? That could provide the way for him to maintain some distance. He'd be the master, and she'd be the willing student.

"So you're still convinced that you want to go through with this harebrained plan of yours?"

Bobbi Jo looked up quizzically as if she hadn't understood his question. Where had her mind been? Certainly not on them.

"You know," he continued, jutting forth his chin, "you still want me to—I believe your words were—to make you a woman?"

"Yes, of course." Bobbi Jo looked directly at him. "Did you think I'd change my mind about that?"

She had guts. He'd give her credit for that. "Just checking."

"Well, I haven't. When can we get on with it?" She grimaced. "I mean when can we continue?"

"When I say so," he declared icily.

Bobbi Jo stiffened. "Well, you don't have to get huffy about it."

Jack interlocked his fingers with hers and squeezed.

"Ouch," she said, trying to pull back.

He held on until she stopped resisting. "Let's get a few things straight, Bobbi Jo. You came to me. I didn't come to you."

Her eyebrows shot up, but she nodded her agreement.

"I've got something you want. A cock." Her eyes flared. "And knowledge of how to use it. Right?"

She swallowed and slowly raised and lowered her head again.

"Good. And I'm willing to help you the best that I can." She visibly relaxed a bit and then he added, "But I'm not going to let you mess up my life. I kind of like things the way they are."

"I'm only going to be here a short while."

"That may be way too long unless you follow the rules."

"What rules?" Her voiced quaked.

"I'm not completely sure." He purposefully hardened his tone. "But you're the student, and I'm the master. I make the rules and you follow them. Understood?"

"Why are you doing this, Jack?" Bobbi Jo glared at him and then, perhaps thinking better of it, softened her expression. "Of course you're the teacher. You have the experience. But rules. Student. Master. Isn't that overreaching?"

He sat up ramrod straight and thinned his lips. "You came to me, right?"

"Yes, damn it. I said I did."

"Then, you'll do what I say."

"Fine. Whatever."

"If you try that little rich spoiled girl act on me, you'll be across my lap so quick your pretty little ass will be humming."

Her eyes narrowed. "You wouldn't."

"I wouldn't what?"

"Spank me," she mumbled.

"I won't hurt you. That I promise. But! You will follow my instructions or you'll find out how intertwined pain and pleasure can be."

"You're kidding!" Her eyes widened with shock.

"Do I look like I'm kidding? What will it be?" Jack chuckled, taunting her. "Are you joining me in the classroom, or are you going to run back to your tight-assed banker?"

Bobbi Jo's fingers rose to her reddening neck.

"Just talking about sex has your heart pumping strong, doesn't it?" Her slight shake of the head told him what he already knew.

"Damn, you're going to be an able student. I don't wait well, Bobbi Jo. Are you in or out? Your master is about to ring the bell. And I'll let you know when its time for recess." He tilted his head at her.

Bobbi Jo parted her lips. "I'm in," she breathed.

* * * *

Peering at her flushed cheeks in Jack's bathroom mirror, Bobbi Jo couldn't decide if her increased coloring was the result of the thorough scrubbing Jack had instructed her to do—she was not to wear make-up—or if it was a consequence of the fiery passion burning in his eyes when he'd sent her off to the bathroom to prepare herself. She set aside the washcloth and sighed heavily.

So who was this guy she trusted to take her maidenhead? In his living room during the afternoon, he'd seemed like the Jack Day she remembered fondly from her youth. Engaging, rough-edged, yet sensitive. By the end of dinner at the café, he had turned into some sort of Machiavellian sex master. At least he hadn't called her his slave.

She placed her hands on her hips and glared at her image. He might as well have called her that. So had he turned the tables on her? She'd get what she'd come after, but on his terms. Wasn't that fair?

They only had twelve days. What was the worst that could happen in that short period? Even

if everything fell apart, she still had the keys to her rental car and she could drive away and leave Master Jack to his kinky fantasies.

Once he'd taken her virginity, she'd be back in control, and she'd decide how many of his little games she was willing to play. Bobbi Jo puckered her lips. He was still a fantastic kisser. But kissing was hardly going to get the deed done.

She pulled the long pink nightgown over her head, straightened its bodice and ran her hands through her mussed hair. How long would it take? Fifteen minutes. A half hour. Certainly no more than an hour. With only slightly trembling fingers, she twisted the doorknob and stepped into Jack's bedroom.

"It's about time," he declared.

Bobbi Jo faltered at the sight of Jack lying on his bed clad only in a pair of sweat pants. His bare chest looked like it was the handiwork of a sculptor. His abs had that washboard look she'd only seen in magazines she'd briefly explored in some waiting room. But it was his crooked smile that really set her on edge. She used to be able to read his moods, but he'd become a sphinx—and a dangerous looking one at that.

"That might be a sexy enough gown for your banker fiancé, but if that's the best you can do, we'll have to go shopping."

Frowning, Bobbi Jo stood at the edge of the bed with her hands folded at her waist. Why did Jack have to keep reminding her she was engaged? Couldn't they just pretend for a while? Her eyes widened. She still wore her diamond. Maybe they both needed to be reminded from time to time

"Take off the gown, Bobbi Jo. You have no need to hide from me. Right?"

His dark stare didn't countenance discussion. She shrugged. He could hardly do what she needed without seeing her body. She drew the offending gown over her head and tossed it aside. Her nipples immediately came to attention. She sucked on her lower lip.

"You are quite beautiful, Bobbi Jo. You could use a trim down there but we'll deal with that later. Don't try to cover your pussy with your hands," he suddenly barked. "Never attempt to conceal who you are from me. Do you understand?"

She gave him a tiny nod.

"I want to see you. I want to hear what you are feeling. I want you open to me at all times. How can I teach you about loving," his voice softened, "if you try to hide from me? Now turn

around."

She did as he requested, careful to leave her hands at her sides.

"Damn, your ass just doesn't stop."

Bobbi Jo chilled. Jack didn't like her rear? She'd always been self-conscious about how it jutted out so much.

"I'll have to exercise a lot of patience not to take your ass before your pussy."

She trembled at the sound of his hoarse voice. He wasn't disappointed with her rear at all. Her butt tingled. What had he meant by taking her ass?

She heard him get off the bed and sensed him approaching from behind. His arms wrapped around her and his hands cupped her breasts.

"Relax," he murmured into her ear. "Nothing will happen tonight that you aren't in control of."

"What about my heart rate?" she muttered, resting her head against his shoulder. His chest provided a substantial pillow for her back.

Jack grazed her belly with calloused fingers, leaving one breast to fend for itself. She tensed.

"Relax," he whispered again, pressing her rear against his groin.

Her mouth opened, but she uttered no words. His erection stiffened until it rested naturally in the crease of her buttocks. She wiggled trying to get away from its pressure, but her efforts only seemed to cause him to extend even more. There was no longer any doubt that Nelson was puny.

"Let him be," Jack coaxed. "He's found a new home worthy of exploration."

She quivered in his arms.

"But not tonight. Still, it's not too early to become comfortable with him. Before we're done he'll explore everything you have to offer."

Bobbi Jo tried not to think. His words were surprisingly soothing, but it was his nibbling on her earlobe that helped her relax more than anything else. She let herself soften against him. One of his hands fondled a breast while he rimmed her belly button with the index finger of the other hand.

"Look at us," he whispered.

It was only then that she realized she'd had her eyes closed from the moment he'd stepped up behind her. When had he moved them? They stood in front of a full-length mirror. Why did she

feel more naked being exposed to him and herself in the mirror than she had when her eyes were closed? Maybe because she could no longer escape what he was doing to her—what she was allowing him to do to her.

Jack gave her a half-smile. "Since that was your first orgasm this afternoon, I don't imagine you have much experience playing with yourself?"

Bobbi Jo frowned and then understood the import of his words. She shook her head. "Mama said it was naughty. My church said it was a sin."

"Is your Mama or your church in this room?"

"No," she said, softly.

"And neither would likely approve of the fact that you came to me with carnal purposes in mind."

Again, she shook her head, trying to ignore the sensations gathering at the nipple he twisted between forefinger and thumb. She drew a deep breath.

"So," he said, "first we need you to understand that self-pleasure can be quite enjoyable. Give me your hand."

His large hand dwarfed her small fingers. Her eyes widened when he used her fingers to trace her belly button. She nearly closed her eyes, but remembered his admonition about that.

"Good," he said, smiling. "You are educable. Spread your feet apart a bit. Good girl."

She watched his hand guide her fingers downward. She'd only tried touching herself a few times before, with little result. So why was she so damp now?

He covered the back of her hand that nestled against her pussy and then he began rotating their palms. She licked her lips. The friction teased something inside of her—that same something she'd sensed earlier that afternoon. Her toes curled.

"Not bad, huh?"

She shook her head.

"It'll only get better. Let's probe a little."

Bobbi Jo gasped at the sight and feel of Jack pushing her finger inside her. *Don't faint. Don't panic.* She arched her head harder against his shoulder. That only served to drive her finger deeper.

"You're a natural," he murmured. "I'm glad you waited for me." He wiggled her finger and guided it in and out.

"Oh my goodness," she mumbled to no one in particular. She'd nearly forgotten Jack's presence. Her entire consciousness concentrated on what was happening in her loins. They were expanding. No. They were contracting. Her hips began to sway back and forth, setting her finger deeper and deeper.

"Nice rhythm. You're almost there, like this afternoon."

She nodded at his reflection and tried to hold on.

"Let me help you over the top. Continue fucking your pussy and I'll take care of your clit." He tapped a forefinger against it.

"Good God," she screamed. "Don't. Don't stop." Her loins erupted. She bent at the waist and pushed her finger in as far as she could. Stickiness surprised her. Her vision finally cleared enough for her to see Jack leaning over her back, smiling broadly. Only then did she feel his still clothed cock riding the crease of her ass

Jack slowed and then stopped. Bobbi Jo managed to straighten before collapsing against his solid frame. In a single move he picked her up and carried her to the bed.

"Not bad for a first try," he said. "That may be enough for tonight."

"But you didn't...I'm still a..."

"We have twelve days, right? And I'm in charge, right?"

After several minutes, Bobbi Jo's heart returned to normal. She peered up into the two darkest eyes she'd ever known. Why couldn't she read them anymore? They were opaque.

She reached out and tentatively tapped at his nipple with a finger. He smiled.

"So you're not ready for sleep?"

She looked down at the large tent still obvious in his sweat pants. "Ah," he said, grinning. "You want to meet my cock."

She bobbed her head up and down.

"Go ahead. Pull my pants down. He's eager to make your acquaintance."

Bobbi Jo moved to her knees and tugged on Jack's pants. Her eyes shot upward at the sight of his cock bursting forth and weaving about as if it were a heat seeker. She wasn't dumb. By this point, she knew what heat source it sought.

Mesmerized, she reached a hand out but hesitated.

"You can touch him. He won't bite."

She ran a finger along its crown. How could something so hard be so soft? She wrapped her

fingers around its shaft and squeezed. Jack's moans incited her to further exploration. She pulled down on its head and giggled when its hole opened wider, as if it were another mouth. Was it smiling at her? Or was it pouting?

"Jesus, woman!"

"I thought this was supposed to be pleasurable for you, too," Bobbi Jo said, looking back at Jack.

"I'm not complaining. Don't misunderstand. It's like when you're close to exploding. Well, that's where he is."

"Can I make him explode?"

"If you don't, I'll have to."

"Show me how."

She sat back on her heels and watched Jack slide his hand up and down his cock. She'd wanted to do that to Nelson, but he'd always resisted. "Let me," she whispered. "I want to do it."

Bobbi Jo wrapped both her hands around Jack's cock and replicated his movements up and down the shaft. She smiled at how the crown thickened even more.

His hips began to move in concert "Close, babe. Real close."

His crown turned deep red, almost purple. Jack began to convulse. She sensed enough not to slow and then spurts of white jutted from his cock. She had no warning and she couldn't duck fast enough to avoid much of it falling across her breasts and belly. The rest pooled on Jack's belly.

"My, my," she said, her lips curling into a grin. "That was something else. Power. Raw power." She sat back and watched an array of emotions spill across Jack's face as his body relaxed.

At last, he squinted at her. "Wow. Many women would have stopped at the first sight of come. You continued. Very good."

"So does your star pupil get an A for effort?"

"An A-plus. We should probably get a washcloth for you to clean up. In the future you'll use your tongue."

"Why wait?" Bobbi Jo ducked her tongue to his belly and licked him clean. "Sort of salty," she said, before using her fingers to clean herself. She smiled as his cock reenergized. She was playing the role of the erotic cleaning lady—maybe she *could* get into this sex stuff.

She shook her head. But she was still a virgin. Not much success on that front, yet it was a night to remember. Would Nelson be as pleased with her newfound dexterity as Jack was?

She slid up Jack's body into his widespread arms and snuggled against him. Soon his soft snoring soothed her. She closed her eyes and basked in this newfound warmth and sense of security. Her eyes popped wide open. Snuggling with Jack might be more dangerous than having sex with him.

CHAPTER THREE

Wiping perspiration from his forehead, Jack checked his watch for what must have been at least the tenth time that morning. He eyed the deck structure he'd been building. This was as good a place to stop as any.

He started clearing the area of debris and storing his tools in his enclosed trailer. It had been a tough morning. He was lucky the deck wasn't lopsided. There'd hardly been a moment without thinking about the foxy woman waiting for him at home.

He'd left for work early that morning after telling Bobbi Jo he couldn't afford to spend the entire next two weeks with her. Besides, she'd need some down time to rest sore muscles. He planned to work in the mornings and spend the afternoons and evenings as master sex tutor.

Damn, she had a responsive body. Sometimes stacked meant little or nothing in the bedroom. The best looking candy wasn't always the best tasting. He could hardly wait to taste Bobbi Jo.

Surprisingly, she seemed to be taking his role as master in stride, even to the point of wanting him to grade her. That was easy—A-triple-plus. He'd never expected her to lick him clean. He'd have to be careful or she would yet try to be master.

Jack grinned and climbed into his pickup. So how had his star pupil spent the morning? Was she practicing without him? That hadn't occurred to him. Maybe he should devise some homework assignments for her.

* * * *

Looking up from her book, Bobbi Jo checked the grandfather clock in Jack's living room. Twelve-thirty. Jack should be back soon. He'd said he'd be back for lunch.

She thumbed back through some of what she'd read. *The Art of Lovemaking for the Novice* had proven to be quite helpful. Diagrams and pictures gave her additional insights into where he might be leading her.

She'd been quite tempted to lick his cock last evening. It seemed like the right thing to do. Now she knew it was, and she had a few more clues about how she might best work his cock into her throat. That did sound like a challenge. She frowned. Maybe Jack's cock was too wide for that? She licked her lips. If it didn't fit, it wouldn't be because she didn't try.

And how was she supposed to take him in her pussy? Her finger had been a tight fit. And her ass? She shuddered. Impossible. Why would he want to, anyway? Though he did seem quite enamored with her butt.

Bobbi Jo flipped several pages back toward the early sections of the book and examined a picture closely. Now *that* was something she looked forward to trying. He was such a good kisser. Would his lips on her pussy be as enchanting?

The throbbing between her legs was becoming familiar. Could thinking about sex make her come? But she hadn't been only thinking about *sex*. She'd been imagining *his* lips gliding across her pussy, and *his* fingers parting those lower lips. Would his tongue enter her there like it had her mouth?

The throbbing increased. Her thighs started to hum. She quickly set the book upside down on the sofa and jerked her panties from under her mini skirt.

Free. She sighed and let her fingers tease her pussy, imagining they were his. Like the night before, she sank a finger into her entrance and wiggled it. Stretching herself, she managed to shove a second finger in. Her breathing stalled. Closing her eyes, she tried to remember the size of Jack's penis. She used both fingers to make room for a third. She groaned loudly and her hips began a rhythmic cadence. She gnawed her lower lip.

The humming turned to reverberations of a thousand drums. Her ears filled and her pussy screamed for release.

"Don't stop on my account."

Bobbi Jo's eyes flew open and she flashed Jack a horrified look, but her fingers never stopped moving. There was no way she could pull back now; she was following the drumbeat into an erotic abyss. She spread her legs wider, puffed out her cheeks and came over her fingers. "I'm sorry," she managed to whimper, gasping for breath.

"Don't be," Jack said, his face splitting into a wide grin. "That was marvelous. I'm glad I arrived in time to witness that. You look so lovely when you come."

Through clouded vision, she smiled softly at Jack, who was falling to his knees in front of her. His kisses began below where her fingers still lay buried in her body. "Good grief," she murmured. "That's even better than I imagined when I read about it."

She withdrew her fingers to give him more space. He licked the full length of her vulva, sucking her juices as he went. He lifted her wide-spread legs over his shoulders and dove his

tongue into her opening.

"Yes," she squealed. She laced both hands behind his head urging him to do—what? She didn't quite know, but she surely didn't want him to give up his quest.

Jack's laughter reached her ears as a muffled echo. He lifted her rear and kneaded her buttocks as if coaxing her next orgasm. She knew he wouldn't have long to wait. He levered her butt back and forth until she was riding his tongue.

Furrowing her brow, she gritted her teeth, unable to discover the origin of the orgasm until it was slamming her against his face. She pounded his back with her heels, demanding more and receiving more until there was no more. Exhausted, she went limp. His large hands cradling her kept her from collapsing entirely.

Vaguely, she sensed Jack's lips covering her labia, and then he sipped her juices. She threw an arm across her forehead. Could anything ever match this moment?

Gingerly, he lowered her legs from his shoulders and settled her on the sofa. "I neglected to give you homework before I left, but I see you made up for my oversight."

Bobbi Jo made a huge effort to collect herself. "Your library is quite informative. You're not mad at me?"

"No. I can't control what you do when I'm not here, and I won't try to. But," he gave her a crooked smile, "as I said, I'm glad I didn't miss out on that. So how many orgasms have you had this morning?"

"You saw them both." Feeling suddenly shy, she reached for her panties.

"Leave them," Jack ordered.

She looked at him questioningly.

"They'll only get in the way. I want you open to me at a moment's notice." He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "You may find it helpful to be open to yourself, too."

"What if we go out?" Her voice quaked.

"Did you bring longer skirts?"

She nodded.

"Wear one of them when we go out, but no bra or panties. Understood?"

"Yes. Master. Sergeant. Sir." She stood and gave him a smart salute.

"Don't get too sassy with me," he said, lightly slapping her butt. "Let's go find something else to eat."

Following Jack toward the kitchen, Bobbi Jo hid a grin. She'd timed that little episode quite nicely. She'd thought she heard his pickup pull into the driveway just as she'd come across the picture of the guy nibbling on the woman's pussy. She hoped she'd looked appropriately shocked when she acknowledged his presence. He didn't seem to have a clue she'd been waiting to put on a performance for him. The entire scene had been laid out in the book she'd been reading. There was something to be said for playing out fantasies, even when your partner was unaware of his role.

Jack wanted to control her for some unfathomable reason. Two could play that game—though she'd have to be more subtle about taking charge than he was.

* * * *

"Is it the speed or the danger that draws you to racing?" Bobbi Jo stood by the number nine orange racecar with its hood up. Jack had brought her out to the track to show her his car. He leaned halfway over the fender, giving her an excellent view of his tight butt. She smiled. His jeans pockets showed faded wear, about the size of her palm prints. What would he do if she put her hands on him? That would probably be too forward, particularly when he was "tinkering" with the carburetor.

"Both, I guess," Jack grunted, not taking his eyes off what he was doing.

Bobbi Jo waited and stayed focused on how his butt swiveled each time he turned a screwdriver or moved a wrench. She hadn't realized how central the rear end was for all kinds of body movement. She frowned. It was sort of the anchor or fulcrum of the body. Odd, she hadn't given her butt much credence until she'd arrived at Jack's place.

She wiggled with the memory of his hands roaming provocatively over her backside. Did he really intend on taking her *there*? By now she'd read about anal play in his books, but she knew you couldn't believe everything you read. She squinted until his butt became fuzzy as if in soft focus. If he planned on exploring her ass, did he expect her to explore his? She wet her lips and followed the rotation of his butt.

Jack backed out from under the hood and turned to her with a satisfied grin. He wiped his hands on a rag. "That should do it. I'll start her up. She should purr like a kitten."

He revved the engine. She clapped her hands over her ears. If that was supposed to be a purr of a kitten, it must be a lion. Jack switched off the engine. The resulting silence came as a shock.

"Hope that didn't frighten you," he said, coming to stand beside her.

"No. It was just loud. How can you stand that for racing?"

"I use ear plugs. That helps some."

"Have you been in wrecks?" Bobbi Jo blurted out the question before she had a chance to censor herself. Why did she have to know that?

"Sure." He shrugged. "There's probably not a driver out there who hasn't. That's part of racing."

"So you court danger?"

"I hadn't thought of it quite like that." The corner of his mouth turned up. "But then I guess that's something we have in common."

"What? Me? Hardly. I'd never get behind the wheel of a racecar."

Jack held her chin between forefinger and thumb and slanted his lips across hers. She rose on her toes to greet him. Too soon, he backed away.

"You're courting danger by coming to me." He peered deep into her eyes. "Right?"

Her pulse quickened. "Maybe."

"So tell me about this creep who won't make love to you."

Bobbi Jo balled her fingers into fists and pressed them against her hips. "Don't call him a creep, a bastard or any of those other nasty things running through your thick brain. He's my fiancé."

Jack smirked. "And I'm your lover."

"For eleven more days."

"Eleven days for an alcoholic can seem like a lifetime. So maybe you'll become addicted to me."

"I doubt that."

"Maybe you'll want to visit me from time to time for a refresher course, or so you'll be satisfied at least once and a while."

"Jack." Bobbi Jo poked a fist against his hard bicep. "You can be impossible, you know." She gave him a shy grin. "But then that's not new. You always were impossible."

"So you think this Nelson fellow will be able to satisfy you in the long run?"

"Of course. I'm sure he's an accomplished lover."

"But you don't know that for a fact."

"No, but how could I if he's saving me for our wedding night?"

Jack grabbed her by the elbow and guided her toward the parking lot and his pickup. "I assume you've at least kissed—you know, made out some."

"Yes."

"How's his kisses compared to mine?"

"That's not a fair question, and you know it. Besides, if you count our teen years, we've had much more practice at gauging each other's responses than Nelson and I have."

"So, we are better." Jack grinned like the proverbial Cheshire cat.

"I didn't say that."

"Not in so many words."

He opened the passenger door and she climbed into the pickup. Jack caught the door before she could close it. He leaned in and kissed her thoroughly, as if he were replaying those kissing sessions of their early teenage years. She responded immediately. His hand slid between her thighs until it covered her mound.

He broke away laughing. "I thought so. Even talking about kissing got you wet."

Her eyes widened as his finger sank into her pussy. She cast her eyes around the parking lot. "Not here, Jack. Somebody could see us."

Jack lifted his head and glanced around. "I doubt if anyone will be by, but it does add a bit of excitement to it, doesn't it?"

His mouth covered a breast through her tank top. She scrunched down in the seat. Was she trying to hide, or to provide him with better access? She couldn't decide. He took advantage of her spreading hips and pushed a second finger into her. She gasped and fought to keep her eyes open. One of them had to be vigilant; Jack certainly wasn't.

Her hips began to buck. He moved off her breast and stared into her eyes. His fingers picked up the pace. "Come for me, Bobbi Jo. You want to live dangerously. Come for me right in the middle of a public parking lot."

Bobbi Jo shook her head. She licked her lips. Jack's fingers curled. He'd found an incredibly sensitive spot. She bit into his shoulder, hoping he would muffle her squeals. Her hips churned with no guidance from her and she knew it was happening again.

"That's it, babe, pump those juices all over my hand."

She did and then she settled back into the seat. Jack wiped the back of his hand against her soaked pussy, lifted it and sniffed. "Pungent and sweet at the same time. Just like you." He

pulled her skirt back down and pecked her on the lips before quietly closing the passenger side door.

As they headed back to Jack's place, Bobbi Jo couldn't decide if she should feel humiliated—and if so, why did she feel so exhilarated? Anybody could have stumbled across them at any moment, but that hadn't bothered Jack.

He'd taken her to a fever pitch and at that point fifty thousand people could have been cheering and she wouldn't have noticed or cared. Was she becoming depraved? And, she was still a virgin.

"Penny for your thoughts," Jack said, glancing at her.

"That would cost you a heck of a lot more than a penny," she responded immediately. "So what was that back there? Another effort to be macho man? Or maybe you expected the twins to drop by and join us."

"Whoa. I detect a little resentment in that last remark."

"Don't believe that for a millisecond. Once I'm gone you can have an orgy, for all I care."

"After you get what you came for, so to speak."

Bobbi Jo cringed. "That's right. So when do you take my virginity? I trust you haven't forgotten."

Jack's lips thinned. "Hardly. In due time. Aren't you enjoying my efforts thus far?"

"Yes." She couldn't lie about that. "But I want to get on with it."

He turned and beamed at her. "You don't take a new car to the racetrack without it being well tuned. Trust me on that."

Her cheeks flamed. "So you're tuning me up like you would a racecar?"

"Uh, huh. By the time you lose that cherry of yours, it will be so well tuned-up it'll be aching to pop."

She dropped a hand to her waist. "If that was the sole criterion I wouldn't be a virgin any more."

"Ah. But that's lack of experience talking. You're nowhere near ready. We still have to check your timing. There's more priming to do, and I'll have to do a thorough check in case I've forgotten anything."

"Fat chance of that happening!" She huffed, crossing her arms.

Jack grinned and focused on his driving.

Bobbi Jo studied the old storefronts as they drove back to Jack's house. Nothing had changed, and everything had changed. Stores that had once been so familiar to her were now foreign.

How many people in the town would actually recognize her? Probably not many. She'd only stayed in contact with two old girlfriends, and they lived on the West Coast now. Would anyone recognize her for the wanton woman she'd been only a few minutes ago? Could anyone she knew even imagine Bobbi Jo Martin riding in a pickup with a wild and sexy looking man, wearing a skirt and a tank top and no underwear?

She could hardly believe that herself, yet here she was. Beyond that, she was turned on by it. Or was it by him? She was losing track of what cranked up her sexual desire. Seemed like anything and everything could.

Glancing over at Jack, she saw the tiny scar on his cheekbone twitching. That only happened when he was angry or amused. She shuddered. Which was worse? What scheme was he cooking up now?

Bobbi Jo wanted Jack to take her virginity, but even so she almost wanted him to delay that moment longer. She was immensely enjoying his tune-up efforts.

CHAPTER FOUR

Bobbi Jo lowered her eyelids and let the pulsations of the blue vibrator reverberate across her mons. The sensations brought on by that simply constructed little instrument were nearly inexplicable. They soothed. They tantalized. They promised.

She leaned against a backrest like those she used for camping. Jack lay across from her on the bed, reclined on pillows, but there was no need to peek at him. He watched her intently, idly stroking his cock from time to time. She wanted to touch him, but he'd have to wait. Tracking her own vibrations proved too demanding.

"Scoot down a little more," he said. "That's right. I'm going to memorize that beautiful sight. Your lush pussy and dark anus are nicely framed by your thighs."

"I'm glad you appreciate the view, Jack." She cocked an eye open. "This is wonderful. I'm going to have to buy one of these for myself. It never dawned on me how sensuous a steady vibrating motion could be."

Jack chuckled. "You haven't experienced anything yet. And why buy only one when two or three are better?"

She saw him pull a couple others from the drawer. He'd called them sex toys. She exhaled. Whatever they were called, she was having fun. He reached for the lube and smeared it over the vibrators and his fingers.

Bobbi Jo smiled when he ran his fingers down one side of her vulva and then up the other. She laid the blue vibrator across a breast, arched into it and welcomed the gleam in Jack's eyes.

Jack leaned over and kissed her nipple. His eyes never left hers as he trailed a finger lower to the base of her pussy. It stayed there—teasing. He worked it back up the slit of her labia and back to its base. She tried not to flinch.

He smiled. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

She knew instantly when his finger moved lower still, tracing the narrow shelf between her pussy and her anus. Her eyes widened. "My God." She started to roll away from him. He grabbed her and held her still.

"Don't move away from me! Never! Remember."

She nodded. His stern tone made her voice box close.

"This may feel a little strange at first."

Her eyes rounded. His lubed finger pressed against her anus. Could she do this? She gritted her teeth.

"That's right. Be a good student. Your master is about to claim one more orifice for himself." His finger pushed further and then stopped. He seemed to be waiting for something. "Relax," he said, "give it a moment. Your sphincter muscle will open for me. It will welcome my intrusion even if you don't."

"Why must you?" she whimpered.

"Because I want to. And," his voice softened, "because you want to be a skilled lover. This is just another part of your sexual education—a pleasurable one, I might add."

"It doesn't feel so pleasurable."

He smiled at her. "It will, trust me."

"What choice do I have?" she muttered, between clenched teeth.

"You don't have a choice at the moment. Relax. Open to me."

Bobbi Jo sighed, telling her body to calm.

"There," Jack said. His finger slid in with ease. He wiggled it.

It was as if his finger had thrown a switch deep in her ass. Her mouth fell open. "My God, it can't be happening. Not now. You're in my..."

"Ass, that's right. And oh yes, it can and is happening. Do you want me to do your clit, or do you want to?"

Her hand flew to her clit. Her fingers clawed at it. Although her ears were ringing, she could still hear Jack's laughter as he propelled his finger in and out of her ass.

He kissed her open mouth and that was when she fell apart, with his tongue probing her mouth and his finger filling her ass and her fingers showing no mercy on her clit. Her body shuddered. She let go and clasped Jack to herself with both arms. She never knew when he pulled out of her butt. She just sobbed.

Jack held her. He kissed her closed eyelids and cradled her. "It's okay, babe. You did fine."

"I didn't want it to end," she confessed, her lips grazing his neck. "How could that be so wonderful?"

"There may be no answer to that question, Bobbi Jo. Come lie with me for awhile. Let's

pretend there's no tomorrow, at least for a little bit."

* * * *

Jack smoothed out Bobbi Jo's hair with his fingers. Who was he to tell her to pretend there was no tomorrow? That was the problem. There would be a tomorrow. But *that* wasn't the tomorrow that bothered him the most. It was the one a week from Friday. What was he going to do when she left him? How the hell was he going to let her go?

"Penny for your thoughts," she whispered.

He patted her head. "You wouldn't want to know."

He felt her lips curve into smile against his chest. "Are you planning another surprise for me?"

"Maybe."

"Good. I'm really beginning to relish your surprises."

Her fingers played with his chest hair. He kept his eyes closed. He grinned to himself as her fingers traced a path toward his belly button and below. She stopped to toy with the hairs marking the rest of the path.

"You," he mumbled, "are becoming quite adept at teasing."

"That's good, isn't it? I do so want to be a worthy student."

"Hmmm. Sometimes worthy students devise their own plans for pleasing their masters."

Bobbi Jo shifted lower, wrapped the fingers of one hand around his very rigid cock and cupped his balls in the palm of the other.

"They feel quite fragile," she said, squeezing gently.

"Careful. They are."

"So," she said, running a fingernail the full length of his shaft. "This student needs to devise a way to please her master. I've already earned an A-plus for making you come with my hand. To do that again would be redundant."

"Absolutely."

"So..."

He peeked at her through slit eyelids. She knelt with her mouth hovering over him. Her hot breath engulfed his penis.

"Maybe I'll try something I read about in your book."

"Don't let me stop you."

She chuckled. "Why Jack, I do believe you're having some difficulty breathing. Maybe I ought to stop. I wouldn't want to injure you."

"You stop now and I'll spank your bottom good."

"Oh my, my, I am scared now. The master is back." She flicked her tongue at his cock. She drew back.

He hoisted his butt off the bed. "Do it, Bobbi Jo."

"You are a bit jangled for being the master, don't you think?"

"Damn it, Bobbi Jo."

She lowered her mouth enough to twirl her tongue around the crown of his cock. She backed off and stared at it. "Are you telling me I *have* to take this handsome cock into my mouth?"

"Yes, I am."

"I don't have a choice. I have to take him into my mouth and suck him until he comes."

"No. I mean yes."

Bobbi Jo giggled. "I guess I'd better get on with it or you won't be able to speak at all."

She took in as much of his length as she could easily manage. Her blond hair rose and fell, playing hide and seek as she traveled up and down its length. Then she stilled. He started to reach for her but hesitated.

Jack could feel her testing the edges of her throat. Slowly Bobbi Jo inched further down his cock. His eyes widened when her lips kissed his groin. She pumped a fist in the air as if she'd achieved a major feat. He groaned. She was in complete control. Then she began her final assault on his manhood. She became a blur of blond hair flying wildly about.

He didn't stand a chance. He didn't try to hold back. He loved it. The girl in pigtails of his past had vastly outdone his imagination, and he'd always thought he'd had a fairly vivid imagination.

His toes curled. He was going to come, and she hadn't even used her hands. He ground his ass into the mattress. She followed him, not allowing even a brief respite.

"Jesus H. Christ," he moaned. She'd slipped a finger in his ass. Not far, but far enough. He arched his head back and his hips bucked pumping his seed into her throat. Her finger sank deeper into his ass.

He expected her to back away from his urgency, but she didn't. She stayed with him. She swallowed quickly and then more slowly. She held him in her mouth until he softened.

Jack's awareness slipped and then gradually returned. Had he ever been blown better by the most skilled lover? There was something to be said for exuberant innocence. He tapped Bobbi Jo's shoulder. "You can let him go now. Damn, that was thrilling—to watch and to experience."

She looked at him triumphantly, smiled and swiped the back of her hand across her mouth. "You like?"

"Oh yeah," he groaned. "What an unnecessary question. And you?"

She gave him a puzzled, guileless look. "Master, do you believe a woman can get addicted to come?"

Jack laughed and pulled her up his body until her breasts mashed against his chest and her breath warmed his neck. He wasn't sure if a woman could be addicted to come, but he was definitely afraid he was already becoming addicted to Bobbi Jo Martin.

* * * *

The next morning Bobbi Jo lounged in Jack's bed poring over a book. Her body still hummed from the previous night's lovemaking session, though perhaps it ached a bit from trying out new places. There was certainly one particularly tender area.

She shook her head. Who would ever have suspected the anus was an erotic spot? No one would have to convince her of that in the future.

The future. She shivered. Would Nelson be into what Jack called anal play? Probably not. He might be an experienced lover, but she could hardly imagine her rather fastidious fiancée wanting to get his finger anywhere near an asshole.

So why did she have to become practiced at anal play? Jack never had fully explained. Typical of a male not to answer questions a woman really wanted to know. But it was part of the whole package she'd signed up for.

Whew. She sure hadn't realized the nature of the package before signing on. Would she have been so willing if she had? Honestly? Probably not. Now? She could hardly wait until Jack got back home so they could continue with his instructions.

Homework. He had said she might benefit from more homework.

"Well, what do we have here?"

The sultry voice momentarily paralyzed Bobbi Jo. There was Mrs. Joy Dixon—her former school nurse—standing in the bedroom doorway as if she belonged there. Frantically, Bobbi Jo scrambled for the sheet and pulled it up to her neck to hide her nakedness.

"So Jack has a new playmate." Mrs. Dixon entered the room and closed the door softly behind her—something Jack hadn't bothered doing when he'd left.

What was *she* doing in Jack's house? Uninvited. Didn't he lock the place?

"Hi, Mrs. Dixon," she stuttered. "What are you doing here?" The auburn haired woman wore a long black skirt and a canary yellow blouse barely concealing her very sizeable breasts whose nipples were pebbling as fast as Bobbi Jo's own.

"That was my question, I think." Mrs. Dixon smiled, showing pearly white teeth. "So you know who I am. I can't say I recognize you, though you do look somewhat familiar."

"I'm Bobbi Jo Martin."

"Oh, of course!" Mrs. Dixon advanced further into the room. "You used to have the hots for Jack when you two were kids."

Bobbi Jo tried not to blush. "I don't know about that."

"That's okay. You weren't the only one. And it's obvious what you've been doing here, so I'll answer your question. I come by every other Wednesday morning to do Jack's books."

"Oh. I thought you were a nurse."

"I was, and I am, but I also do simple bookkeeping for a few select customers."

"I guess that's a way to augment your income."

"Umm. Sure." Mrs. Dixon winked. "But then I'm more into the barter system. There's much more room for creativity with bartering, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Oh, really? Mrs. Dixon scanned the scene and focused on the book at Bobbi Jo's side. "Interesting book title—*The Art of Lovemaking for Novices*." Her eyes grew wide and a smile crept across her lips. "So are you a novice, Bobbi Jo?"

Bobbi Jo didn't have to look at herself. She knew she was blushing to her roots.

"It's okay. Everyone has to start sometime. I did. My late husband did—God rest his soul. Jack did. And so, apparently, did you."

To her horror, Mrs. Dixon picked up the book and started thumbing through it. "I'm beginning to get a sense for what's going on here." Mrs. Dixon grinned. "Jack is breaking you in. Isn't that true?"

Bobbi Jo shrugged as nonchalantly as she could. Maybe the truth would send the woman away.

"I thought so." Mrs. Dixon ignored her and turned several more pages. "Interesting chapter on women loving women. Have you ever tried that before?"

Bobbi Jo shook her head vigorously. Before! She felt herself turn red again as Mrs. Dixon calmly undid her blouse and shrugged out of it.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked.

"Calm yourself, Bobbi Jo. I'm only doing what Jack clearly expected."

"What?" Her voice squeaked.

Mrs. Dixon unzipped her skirt and let it pool at her feet. "Isn't it obvious to you by now, Bobbi Jo? He left you for me."

"What?"

"He knew I'd be by." Mrs. Dixon unclasped the front of her bra and her breasts leaped forward.

Bobbi Jo moistened her lips involuntarily. The woman had a total-body deep tan. Light blue eye shadow set off her hazel eyes. Her full lips were dark, providing little contrast with her tan skin.

Bobbi Jo sat against the headboard, mesmerized by the woman's slow moving lips and her oversized breasts. She'd never seen larger. The fingers she'd kept tightly curled around the sheet began to loosen.

"Didn't Jack tell you to stay in bed this morning and rest up from last night's endeavors?"

She nodded fractionally.

Mrs. Dixon smiled and pulled her long auburn hair over one shoulder, letting it hide much of a breast. "See? I told you so. I'm part of your sexual education, Bobbi Jo. I'm sure Jack told you he didn't want to leave anything out."

Bobbi Jo shook her head and watched the older woman step out of her panties. A trimmed reddish pussy greeted her. If there was such a thing as a classy pussy, she was staring at it.

"I'm sure you don't want to disappoint Jack—and I'm equally certain you don't want to make him mad."

Again, she shook her head. Her breathing stopped as Mrs. Dixon reached a hand toward her.

"Give me the sheet, Bobbi Jo. Let me take a good look at you."

The sheet seemed to part as easily as the Red Sea had for Moses. Bobbi Jo stared in amazement as Mrs. Dixon ran an appraising gaze over her. The corners of the woman's mouth

turned up. Her eyes radiated pleasure. Had Jack really intended for Mrs. Dixon to seduce her?

Again she nervously wet her lips. Mrs. Dixon made a show of folding the sheet over the end of the bed before kneeling next to her. She tried to lock her eyes on Mrs. Dixon's but failed. The reddish glistening pussy between the woman's thighs proved too irresistible. She knew she was staring, but she couldn't stop.

"Such a lovely girl," Mrs. Dixon whispered, brushing the back of a hand across Bobbi Jo's breast. "Jack has been holding out on me." When Mrs. Dixon's mouth settled over her taut nipple, she nearly sprang from the bed. The sucking motions calmed her. How was it possible? Mrs. Dixon suckled even better than Jack.

Jack. Bobbi Jo blinked and tried to clear her mind. It was impossible. The only image materializing was Mrs. Dixon suckling her with so much passion she feared she might melt.

Tentatively, she placed her arms around the woman's neck. Mrs. Dixon gave a satisfied moan. Bobbi Jo held her tight. Her own moans escaped through compressed lips. If this wasn't part of Jack's plan, then maybe it should be.

Nine more days. She could handle this. It might be her only chance to experience a woman. Why the heck not? She arched her back, surrendering to Mrs. Dixon's passion and to her own.

The redhead murmured a soft "yes" and swallowed her entire breast.

Bobbi Jo twisted her fingers in the long auburn hair splayed across Mrs. Dixon's back. She chewed on her lower lip and embraced the sensations spreading across her upper torso. Mrs. Dixon nibbled her way up to her collarbone. She licked along her neck cord and ran her tongue along her jaw line until she could nibble on an ear.

Bobbi Jo moaned and whimpered. The tantalizing tongue was driving her half crazy. Or was it Mrs. Dixon's breasts pressing against hers? She slid her hands up and down Mrs. Dixon's back and then brought them to rest against her head. She groaned louder. She needed to taste the woman or she'd die. Her entire body had come to life. Her hips were thrusting even though there was nothing for them to thrust against. She tried to tilt the woman's head so she could taste her mouth. "Please," she murmured.

"Yes, I want you too." She covered her pussy with a palm. "My, you are wet."

Bobbi Jo shifted her thighs and welcomed the finger entering her sex. At the same moment, Mrs. Dixon's lips covered her own. The woman's lavender scent filled her nostrils.

Bobbi Jo opened her eyes to see Mrs. Dixon's triumphant gleam. They both knew the

redhead's conquest was assured.

Someday she'd look back on this moment and know she'd never stood a chance as soon as Mrs. Dixon had stepped into the bedroom. For now, she didn't care. There was so much to experience before trying to make sense out of anything. She licked Mrs. Dixon's lips and chewed on the corner of the woman's mouth.

"You're good, girl." Mrs. Dixon flicked her tongue. Grinning, she did the same. Mrs. Dixon swallowed it into her mouth. Bobbi Jo's eyes widened. This woman could suck tongue.

The finger in her pussy began to move again. Good grief, she'd almost forgotten it was there. A second finger pushed in to join the first and a thumb grazed her clit. And Mrs. Dixon had shown no signs of relinquishing her tongue, not that she wanted it back anytime soon.

Her legs thrashed. Her hips bucked.

Mrs. Dixon broke off their kiss.

"No," Bobbi Jo mumbled. "I want..."

"Easy, girl. I want to taste you. We'll never have another first time." She swung about until her open mouth settled on Bobbi Jo's mound.

"Ah," Bobbi Jo gasped. And then her eyes grew wide when she saw a very trim reddish brown pussy hovering over her own mouth. "I...I never..."

"Don't go shy on me now, girl. Do what feels right. You can hardly go wrong. Think of me as your favorite ice cream cone and lick me as if it were a warm day." Bobbi Jo felt her own pussy separating before Mrs. Dixon's adept tongue. "Make that a very hot day in August."

She couldn't stifle a giggle. She took a deep breath and stuck her tongue out. It made contact with puffy flesh. She drew her tongue back into her mouth and tasted. She'd never had a liqueur, but Mrs. Dixon tasted like how she imagined one would taste. She flicked her tongue out again for another taste.

"I feel like I'm going through some sort of weird taste test."

"You are," Bobbi Jo retorted.

"I hope I passed."

"You did. Exquisite."

"Don't forget that hot day in August."

Bobbi Jo laughed and lapped at the pussy lips thoroughly as though they might disappear if she blinked, as though they were a product of her imagination. But then she could never have

imagined this kind of loving.

"That's a girl. Keep it up and you'll have much more to taste."

She'd become so entranced with what she was doing to Mrs. Dixon that she lost track of what Mrs. Dixon was doing to her. The woman's pussy folds had engorged and her thigh muscles strained. Boldly, she thrust her tongue between the fleshy folds as deep as she could. The woman's scent filled her nostrils. The taste overwhelmed her taste buds.

"Squeeze my butt, please. Very nice," Mrs. Dixon cooed. "You can use your fingers wherever you want. There is no out of bounds."

Bobbi Jo smiled at the not so subtle invitation. She wasn't about to give up her perch at the mouth of Mrs. Dixon's heated channel. She slid a finger in long enough to wet it and then sought the woman's darker entrance. She didn't have to look far; it was nearly at eye level. And it had already parted as if expecting a visitor. She rimmed the portal before pushing inward. There was little resistance before her finger was deeply seated.

"Damn, damn, damn. You are a treasure, girl. Jack must be an excellent teacher."

She couldn't resist the jibe; she backed away long enough to reply, "Maybe I'm brilliant student."

"I'm sure you are. No more talk."

A tongue slid along Bobbi Jo's clit and then Mrs. Dixon's lips settled over it. The woman sucked gently but with a growing sense of urgency. And her fingers delved deeper and faster.

Not wanting to focus solely on her own needs, Bobbi Jo flattened her tongue and lapped at Mrs. Dixon's pussy while working her finger in and out of the woman's ass. Mrs. Dixon's thighs squeezed her head. She lost track of hearing or any feeling other than her tongue and finger plying the woman to a certain orgasm and her own loins expanding and contracting under the skilled ministrations of a near stranger. Her body didn't seem to have any qualms at all.

"I'm coming. Oh man, am I coming," Mrs. Dixon screamed.

Bobbi Jo swallowed as much of the woman's juices as she could and smiled at the barely muffled screams coming from the head buried in her loins. She hadn't swallowed nearly enough before Mrs. Dixon lightly bit Bobbi Jo's clit.

Bobbi Jo went into a whirl. She grabbed onto the woman's ass as if it were a life preserver and bucked wildly. And she gushed. She'd never gushed before. But she gushed. She held on tight, praying she wasn't in danger of hemorrhaging.

Mrs. Dixon cupped her hand under Bobbi Jo's pussy and drank from pussy and palm. She waited patiently for Bobbi Jo's convulsions to cease. "You're something else," she groaned, shifting back into a position where she lay beside Bobbi Jo.

Bobbi Jo parted her lips in a grateful smile and the woman covered them with her mouth. Their juices joined. She couldn't decide what this new blend tasted like. But it was good. It was very good.

Brushing a hand across Bobbi Jo's forehead, Mrs. Dixon said softly, "What a way to start the day. I'm glad I found you."

"Me, too." She blinked. "Mrs. Dixon, do you really think Jack planned this?"

"Does it matter now?"

She shook her head and half smiled.

Mrs. Dixon ran a forefinger down her cheek. "Given our new relationship, Bobbi Jo, don't you think you could call me Joy? Mrs. Dixon makes me feel much older than I want to feel when I'm holding you in my arms."

Bobbi Jo's heart fluttered. Relationship? Mrs. Dixon expected to do this again. Why not? "Sure," she whispered. "I'd love to call you Joy."

"Good. So are you still a virgin? Or has Jack taken care of that little technicality yet?"

"Still intact," she murmured, "to my chagrin."

"You have an excellent tutor. There is no need to rush an untried woman."

"But I'm in a rush," she squeaked, failing to hold back tears.

Mrs. Dixon frowned. "Tell me about it."

"It's a strange story."

"I've never known a woman without at least one of those."

After repeating her story, Bobbi Jo tensed, waiting for some kind of censure from the woman.

"That is a strange story. Your fiancé must be a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"To let you go off and be tutored by an expert?"

"He didn't know I'd come here. He doesn't even know I'm a virgin."

"Just the same, he hasn't questioned his own assumptions. That makes him a fool." Mrs. Dixon again ran a long finger down her cheek. "But then Jack will be a bigger fool if he lets you

get away."

She jolted upright. "What do you mean by that? I can leave anytime I want."

"Don't get bent out of shape. I just mean if he can't convince you not to go through with this wedding that's supposed to happen in a week and a half he's a bigger fool than I ever thought he was."

Leaning back against the bed board, Bobbi Jo relaxed a little. "So how long have you known him?"

"Since he entered high school."

"That's not what I meant."

"Oh. Since I've known him in the biblical sense?"

She nodded.

"Since the night he graduated from high school."

"Really!"

"Uh, huh. I doubt I was his first, but I know I was his first real lover. I gave him a fine education in the art of lovemaking, if I do say so myself. Seems sort of fitting I would play a small role in your education as well," Joy teased, reaching out to tap a nipple that still had not fully retreated. "I'm pleased Jack has shared you with me."

"If he meant to."

"If he didn't, then he should do a better job of protecting his students. And if he didn't, he will be royally pissed."

"At me, or at you?"

"At both of us."

She glanced at the clock. "We'll know soon enough. He's due home soon."

"Well, then we better take a shower and get lunch on the table."

She sat up and threw her legs over the side of the bed. "Then you're not leaving."

"Of course not. I wouldn't let you face his wrath alone." Her tone was mocking. The redhead grinned. "But then I still believe our being together will neither surprise nor displease him."

Bobbi Jo shuddered. "I hope not."

CHAPTER FIVE

"I see you two have met," Jack said, pulling a chair out from the kitchen table to join the two women dressed in white terry cloth robes. Clearly, his question wasn't necessary.

"Delightfully," Joy said, arching an eyebrow. "What a nice present you left for me this morning. She was even unwrapped."

"And how about you?" he asked, looking at Bobbi Jo. "Did you have a pleasant time while I was away?"

Bobbi Jo glanced down at her plate and then raised her chin defiantly. "Yes, I did—to my surprise. I don't know how it could've been better." She hesitated. "Your cheek is twitching, Jack. Did we do something to make you angry? Or are you amused?" Her mouth tightened. "Did you really plan for Mrs. Dixon..."

"It's Joy, Bobbi Jo. Remember? I do believe you've earned the right to call me by my first name."

"I'm sure she did," Jack responded. "Our girl is showing considerable promise, isn't she? I just wish I could've witnessed your first time with a woman, but I figured that might be too much for you. Next time, maybe."

"You want to watch?" Bobbi Jo gasped.

"Of course." Jack reached across the small table and lifted her chin and stared into her blue eyes. "Well, maybe not just watch."

He held back a laugh when the implications of his words sank in. Bobbi Jo's brow furrowed. She looked at Joy and then at him. "Both of us at once?"

He nodded.

"Oh my." She clamped a hand over her mouth and her eyes widened. "The twins left here Sunday morning. Two women and you. I forgot."

"I'm surprised. You've proven to be such an able student—seems strange you would've forgotten such an important piece of information. But no problem." He smiled. "What I and the Beasley twins did or did not do will not be on your final exam."

"But what the three of us will do," Bobbie Jo glanced from him to Joy, "will be?"

"Exactly."

"I understand you still haven't claimed her maidenhead," Joy said. "I assume you do have a plan."

"Absolutely." He saw Bobbi Jo's face brighten with anticipation. "But there's no particular hurry, is there?" His childhood friend sobered. "We've found a number of ways to entertain ourselves while preparing her. And I've been waiting for you to get involved, Joy."

"Thank you. I'm pleased you waited for me. Ushering Bobbi Jo into womanhood should be a very special occasion."

"Yes, I want her moment of giving up her virginity to be most memorable."

Joy chuckled. "I doubt many women forget the first time a cock entered their pussy."

"You're probably right. But Bobbi Jo's moment will be especially worthy of celebration because she chose us to help her. Right?"

Bobbi Jo nodded. "Yes."

"Do you really want my help, too?" Joy eyed the blonde as if she was a rare piece of chocolate.

"It doesn't matter what she wants." Jack's lips curled. "She's my student and I hand out the assignments."

"*I'm* not your student, if you recall." Jack watched iciness form behind Joy's eyes. She could be such a bitch at times. "I want Bobbi Jo's permission to help you take her virginity. It's as simple as that."

"Your defiance," he snapped, "isn't appreciated."

"So whip my ass."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

She ignored his sarcasm. "So what will it be, Bobbi Jo? Do you want me to help you?"

Jack watched fear and passion dueling across Bobbi Jo's flushed cheeks. Maybe it would've been easier for her to just accept his demands. Now she'd have to make a decision.

Her lips moved soundlessly. Her eyes rounded at him before she turned to face Joy directly. Fascinated, Jack watched Bobbi Jo snake a small hand inside Joy's robe and part it. Her blond head lowered and took Joy's breast into her mouth.

Joy beamed at Jack over the top of Bobbi Jo's shoulder. "I believe she's saying yes."

Bobbi Jo straightened and nodded, first at Joy and then at him. Joy didn't bother to cover her exposed breast.

"Good," he said, letting out a breath of air he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "I'm glad that's settled. There are a couple things I want you to do to help with our preparations, Joy."

"Just ask."

"Take our lover shopping. Buy her some sexy outfits. You can use my credit card."

"Bedroom type stuff?"

"Yes, but don't limit yourselves. If you see something slinky I might like, go for it."

"What else?"

"Help Bobbi Jo learn the art of make up."

"Why?" Bobbi Jo glared at him. "I thought you didn't want me to wear make up."

"I don't want you to wear make up like that first day you came to my house. You had so much on you could've been mistaken for a streetwalker."

"I didn't."

"You sure as hell did." He directed his attention back to Joy. "I want her sexy, classy like you."

"It's okay, girl," Joy said, patting Bobbi Jo's hand. "You'll have fun learning. And you really do need someone experienced to help. Apparently no one has to this point."

Bobbi Jo shook her head. Jack watched Bobbi Jo's gaze drop from Joy's eyes to her exposed breast. Bobbi Jo wet her lips.

"And," he said, quickly heading off what might have been another delay. "I want you to help her trim her shaggy pussy."

"What?" Bobbi Jo started to rise but quickly retook her seat. "There's nothing wrong with me."

Joy scooted across the few inches separating the two women and put an arm around her protégé's shoulders. "It's okay, Bobbi Jo. Remember how you admired my trim pussy?"

Bobbi Jo nodded.

"I can teach you how to keep yours as neat." Joy licked her lips provocatively. "You have a fabulous pussy. I should know. Trimming it will only make it more attractive, and maybe easier to eat."

"Oh."

"Will you let me trim it for you?" Joy moved her mouth to within a few inches of Bobbi Jo's mouth. "Please."

"Yes."

"Thank you," Joy murmured, slanting her lips across Bobbi Jo's and slipping a hand into her robe to fondle a breast.

Trying to ignore the women, Jack reached for a sandwich. "This afternoon might be a good time for you to take care of some of those things. I have to work at the racetrack. My car isn't going to get set up for Saturday night by itself."

Joy waved at him as she lowered her head to suckle a breast. Bobbi Jo laced her fingers in Joy's long hair and clutched her tight to her body.

Jack sipped his lemonade. Bobbi Jo chose that moment to open her eyes and wink at him. Jack coughed trying to get the drink to go down the right channel. Bobbi Jo smiled blissfully and shuttered her eyes. What was he creating with his student? How could she ever be satisfied with a staid banker?

He grinned as Joy lowered a hand under the table. He knew immediately when she'd found Bobbi Jo's pussy. Bobbi Jo's eyes sprang wide. She stuck her tongue out at him and then withdrew into her little erotic cocoon.

Jack chewed slowly, studying the waves of passion rolling across Bobbi Jo's face. She was close. Damn, she was responsive. He resisted unzipping his pants and joining them. This was too precious to interrupt.

Bobbi Jo's fingernails dug into Joy's robe as she neared her climax. Her body stiffened and her brow pinched. "Oh," she murmured into Joy's hair. "Enough."

With grace, Joy raised her mouth to Bobbi Jo's waiting lips. They kissed lightly. "You are a rare find, girl."

Joy moved back to her chair. "Trust you enjoyed that?"

"I did," Jack responded. "Though unfortunately my view was partially blocked. But everything you were doing was reflected supremely on Bobbi Jo's face. She is very expressive."

"Very."

"Only because you play me like a finely tuned musical instrument," Bobbi Jo said, covering Joy's hand with her own. She blushed and added, "So do you, Jack. I feel so cherished when either one of you makes love to me."

"Think," Joy prompted, "how cherished you'll feel when we're both making love to you."

"Um." Bobbi Jo gave him a curious pout. "When?"

"Not now," he said chuckling. "You'll have to wait. I've got things to do, and so do you two."

"What if we're finished before you?" Joy asked. "What are the ground rules? Can I do her without you present?"

He grimaced. "Yeah. I don't like missing out on anything, but it can't be helped. And we don't have a lot of time to put Bobbi Jo through her sexual finishing school. Have at each other as often as you want. I won't mind."

"Good," both women responded in unison.

"But don't wear her out." Jack stood and walked around the table. He leaned over and kissed Bobbi Jo and then he kissed Joy. He worked a hand beneath each robe to caress a taut nipple and kissed the women again. His cock strained for release from its denim prison. "Damn," he said, straightening and heading toward the doorway, "I may be back sooner than you think."

* * * *

Bouncing from foot to foot, Bobbi Jo dumped several shopping bags on Jack's bed. "I can't believe some of the stuff we bought." She held up a skimpy pink item by a single strand.

"Go ahead," Joy said laughing. "Try it on. At times, I find a thong makes me feel sexier than being naked."

"I thought Jack didn't want me wearing underwear," she protested, eyeing the object.

"He certainly didn't want you wearing those white briefs I saw in the bathroom."

"Do you wear underwear when you're with Jack?"

"I seldom cross the threshold with my panties on if his car is home. But I don't give up my bra, even for Jack. If you have twin monsters like these you have to accept the fact you need to wear a bra most of the time."

"But I love your breasts."

"Most people do. It would be easier if they were a little smaller, but," Joy smiled, "I do get by with them. Now, get that thong on, girl. Let's see how you look."

Bobbi Jo drew her yellow smock over her head and bent to pick up the thong. It was only then that she realized she wasn't blushing at all. How quickly she'd become comfortable with her nudity with Jack and Joy. Of course, their admiring eyes might have fueled her boldness.

She stepped into the tiny fabric and pulled it up to her crotch. "Goodness," she whispered, as the thin cord settled in the crease of her butt.

"Nice. Not bad, huh? Turn around slowly."

Stretching wide her arms, she rotated.

"Wait."

She flinched when Joy pulled the thong tighter so it fit even more snug. When she faced Joy again, the woman's smile was ecstatic.

Joy breathed deeply. "Wow. You have a gorgeous ass anyway, but a thong draws the eye and makes the mouth water. That thong is screaming for tongue. But unfortunately we have too much to do before Jack gets home for you to find out how that skimpy material can accentuate the appeal of a tongue."

Bobbi Jo wiggled her butt trying to discover how Joy or anyone else could become comfortable wearing a thong. "How can you walk without risking an orgasm?"

"You get used to it—though risking an orgasm with every step sounds like a risk I'd gladly take."

Bobbi Jo turned back to the bed. "I'd only seen pictures of garter belts until today."

"You'll look great in those. A garter belt will frame your pussy and ass quite artfully."

"And what about the sheer transparent gowns? I noticed you bought one for yourself. What are they for?"

Joy's lips parted in a knowing smile. "For a very momentous occasion."

Bobbi Jo gulped. "Oh." Why did she get anxious about the thought of losing her virginity? Maybe because that was about all she had left to lose.

Joy reached for her hands and squeezed them. "Maybe we should think about trimming your pussy."

Trying not to clench her thighs, she nodded. "Will it hurt?"

"Not much. I'm pretty good at it. I picked up everything we'll need while shopping. Why don't you slip your cute thong off and sit on that hard-backed chair?"

The chair was too hard and too cold. She shivered. Joy knelt before her exuding confidence.

Placing a hand on each of her thighs, Joy whispered, "Spread your legs for me. That's good."

Joy closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. "This may be more difficult for me than for you. I have to concentrate."

Bobbi Jo's eyebrows arched at the sight of the razor that had suddenly appeared in Joy's hand. "Please do concentrate."

"If you agree, we won't try anything too fancy. I'll shave these straggly hairs on your labia so they are bare, and then we'll shorten and reduce the size of that unruly patch of hair covering your clit. A woman's clitoris should be readily available and visible to her lover, don't you think?"

"I'll leave you with about an inch-wide path from your clit to about your panty line, if you were to wear panties." Joy leaned back and smiled. "That'll leave your luscious lips bare and your hooded gem shrouded in just a bit of mystery. I can hardly wait to dip into that mystery again."

"Fine, but I don't believe words like 'luscious lips' and 'hooded gem' help you concentrate."

Joy chuckled. "You may be right. First, I'll lather you pretty good."

Bobbi Jo clenched her teeth trying not to feel anything sexual as Joy work the lather over her pussy.

"Now, don't move. Try not to twitch."

Bobbi Jo stiffened as the razor scraped against skin that had never felt such a thing.

"You're doing fine, girl. Keep your eyes closed. This is no worse than visiting a dentist."

"I hate going to the dentist."

"Oh." Joy never halted the razor. "Think of something you do enjoy then."

"Okay." Her mind went blank. Think. She liked art museums. She liked Jack's smile when he admired her, and Joy's too. Would they really appreciate her new look?

Joy leaned back on her heels and grinned broadly. "Gorgeous. I hope you like it. Come with me and I'll introduce you to your stylish pussy."

Bobbi Jo grabbed Joy's hand and let herself be pulled to her feet. She wiggled. It didn't feel very different. There was some tingling in certain places, but nothing she couldn't tolerate. She followed Joy's lead until they stood in front of the full length mirror. "Oh my God." She covered her mouth but couldn't smother a giggle. "That's me?" She pointed at her reflection. "Mine is as pretty as yours. You're an artist."

She fluffed up the remaining hair and wished Jack could see her. It was a sexy trim. Jack would love it. Would Nelson? Her eyes clouded. Why did she have to think of him now?

He hadn't crossed her mind since she'd been with Joy—not that that was a long time ago. It seemed much longer than mere hours. She knew Nelson wouldn't approve of Joy. She'd better get her fill of Joy before walking down the aisle.

Bobbi Jo scowled at her reflection. She'd better get her fill of Jack, too. Nelson wouldn't like

the idea of her coming back for refresher courses.

"I thought you liked it," Joy said, frowning at her in the mirror. "But you look so melancholy. Like you lost your best friend."

She shook her head. Was Joy also a mind reader? "It's nothing," she lied. "And I love the trim, you know I do. When will I be able to use it?"

Laughing, Joy said, "Only you can answer that question. Maybe by this evening. You don't look raw at all. Prickly, maybe. Certainly, by tomorrow morning."

"Not until then?" Was that her in the mirror pouting like a teenager?

"You'll be able to touch yourself before Jack or I can simply because you can feel what's pleasurable and what's too painful."

"Oh." She gave Joy a half-smile. "Well, that's better."

"You really are getting into this, aren't you?"

Her smile broadened. "I believe I am. That was delicious what you did to me at the kitchen table. I thought Jack was going to come just watching."

"It probably wouldn't have taken much to bring him off."

"I owe you one," she whispered, parting Joy's robe.

"I wasn't keeping track. But what the hell." Joy pushed gently downward on her shoulders. "If you want to do me, I won't hold you back."

"Good," Bobbi Jo murmured, sliding down Joy's body until she knelt before her. She had no difficulty finding the object of her search and easily inserting two fingers.

"Very nice, but you can do more than two." Joy reached for the wall for support and hoisted a leg over Bobbi Jo's shoulder.

She eased two more fingers in.

"Now we're cooking. This is no time for finesse, girl. Grab my ass and shove those fingers in and out hard and fast." Joy tossed back her head. "Yes. Sweet. Thank God, you learn quick. Lick my clit. Better yet, bite it. Jesus. I'm over the top. Brace yourself, here I come."

Bobbi Jo leaned back to watch her fingers finish their mission. She smiled. She laughed at Joy wailing for more. Then when Joy's flow came, Bobbi Jo closed her eyes and lapped greedily.

Would a week of this be enough to last a lifetime?

CHAPTER SIX

Standing back to admire his racecar's wax job, Jack nodded with satisfaction. He didn't want to overlook anything if the Gearing boys were going to come by to see him race. There was many a race he entered with the dust and grime from the last race sticking to the car's surface. But not this one. Saturday night, day after tomorrow, might be his big break.

Before that, however, was Friday night. Jack grinned. The big night for Bobbi Jo. She didn't know it yet, but that was to be her coming out party. He pulled a cover over his Number Nine car. He hoped it hadn't been a poor idea to share her with Joy. He and Joy hooked up frequently enough—though they'd agreed not to consider themselves exclusive. That would be too restrictive for each of them. That was one of the many things he liked about Joy Dixon—she never balked at trying another conquest.

Evidently, Bobbi Jo had readily succumbed to Joy's wiles. The redhead could be quite persuasive. He'd figured Bobbi Jo should experience a woman if she wanted as thorough an education in lovemaking as she claimed she did. The Beasley twins would've been more than willing to break Bobbi Jo in, but that seemed too much, even to him.

Having Joy in charge of that task seemed fitting and somehow symmetrical. He still had fond memories of his graduation night. Joy had been waiting for him in her car when he'd struggled home from a full night of partying. They'd gone to her house. He hadn't gotten back to his house for two more days—though his uncle never seemed to notice his absence. Yeah, if there was a woman with sufficient compassion and zeal to coax Bobbi Jo out of her safety zone it was Joy Dixon.

Jack stroked his chin. It was about time to head home and find out what the women had been up to all afternoon. They'd probably bought out a store or two. He hoped they'd gotten around to trimming Bobbi Jo's pussy. Knowing Joy as he did, she'd no doubt finagled some sort of payback for that show she'd orchestrated at the kitchen table.

Damn, he wished he'd had a camera to record Bobbi Jo's glorious look when she came. On second thought, maybe he didn't need a picture. She'd seared her carnal delight on his brain. He doubted he'd ever witness a purer moment of ecstasy.

Whoever said "pleasure is a gift of the goddess" must have watched a woman loving a

woman.

* * * *

"It looks splendid! How does it feel?" Jack's voice was ripe with hunger.

His intensity electrified Bobbi Jo, but she couldn't hold back a wince when he reached out to touch her new trim. He stopped immediately. She stuck her tongue out at the erection peeking through the folds of his robe. "Sorry. We're not accepting visitors yet. I'm glad you like it. I like it a lot." She placed a foot on the chair next to the bed to give him a better view. "It's prickly in several places, particularly here at the base."

His eyes followed her fingers. "Looks like you're out of commission for the evening?"

"Definitely my pussy is," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"I told her she could probably play with herself because she'll know what is sensitive and what isn't while we won't," Joy said. "Of course that still leaves a lot for us to do in the way of educating her."

Bobbi Jo inhaled sharply when Joy leisurely slipped off her robe. "*My* pussy isn't out of commission," she said, brushing her palm across her mound.

"I can see that," Jack responded.

"And my mouth and ass are quite fine, too."

"There's nothing wrong with my mouth or ass," Bobbi Jo piped. Jack looked quickly at her. She bit her tongue. Where had those words come from? Could she take them back?

"Later," Jack said, looking amused. "Tonight you will learn the titillating role of voyeur. I doubt you've ever watched a man and woman make love."

She shook her head and her eyes widened.

"If you must, you may play with yourself, but I want you paying close attention to what Joy and I are doing. The number of positions for a man and a woman are probably infinite; we'll only be able to demonstrate a few." He smiled. "You've already learned a lot about preliminaries. We won't spend much time reviewing those."

An hour or so later, Bobbi Jo sat breathless on the edge of a winged chair. Many of the pictures she'd tried to memorize in the books she'd been reading had been brought to life. It was as if Joy and Jack brought still life art into motion. She was enthralled. They'd demonstrated positions with Jack on top and then with Joy on top. There had been some delicious looking side-by-side positions.

Joy had provided most of the commentary with Jack adding an observation here and there from a man's point of view. She'd given up counting the number of times Joy had come. The woman came often and noisily. Fortunately, Jack didn't live in an apartment.

Bobbi Jo's nipples ached from their prolonged state of arousal. She twisted and pinched them until she couldn't stand it anymore. She'd used a small vibrator to tease herself and she'd carefully massaged her pussy several times. It felt strange to have a fraction of the hair down there she'd become so familiar with. But the smaller tuft of hair did feel sexier. She didn't know if it was the physical difference of the touch or the lustful looks Jack and Joy threw her way.

They moved around on the bed switching positions again. Jack's cock jutted out full and long. She marveled at his ability to hold himself in check. His body perspired profusely. Sex did provide a healthy workout, at least the way Joy and Jack were going about it. How long could they maintain this steady, non-stop pace?

"Enjoying yourself?" Joy quipped, crouching on her hands and knees.

"Very much," Bobbi Jo breathed. "You two are spectacular together. It would take me years to develop the kind of fluidity and sensitivity to each other's cues that seems to come so naturally to you."

Joy flashed a smile. "It might at that. We've been working at it for years. Now we'll demonstrate a rear entry option."

Bobbi Jo's breathing quickened as Jack knelt behind Joy and pushed his cock into her until it disappeared from sight.

"There," Joy moaned, settling back against his groin. "This is a particularly fine position for deep penetration. It brings the woman's G spot into play, and both partners have access to the woman's clit. Of course, as you can see, the man also has easy entrée to her anus. With moderate flexibility the woman can reach under and squeeze his balls, like this."

Jack groaned.

"Oh my," Bobbi Jo said. "It's a position with many variations."

"This is one Joy neglected to mention," Jack said, reaching around to fondle Joy's breasts.

Bobbi Jo licked her lips and pulled on her own nipples in rhythm with Jack's fingers kneading and tugging on Joy's large breasts and dark nipples.

"Anytime, lover," Joy said, canting her head to tease Jack.

"Now's as good as any," he retorted, straightening and clutching a butt cheek in each hand.

Bobbi Jo tried to breathe. The power of the position was graphically evident. Jack reared back and slammed into Joy who seemed to love it the harder and faster he pistoned. The woman arched her back and neck. Once again the image of the stallion and mare flooded Bobbi Jo's senses.

She picked up the vibrator, clicked it on and ran its tip the full length of her wet crevice.

Joy's moans intensified until they became wails filling the room. "Fantastic! Finish in my ass. Now. Hurry."

Stunned, Bobbi Jo saw Jack quickly pull out of Joy's pussy. The woman scrunched her shoulders lower and raised her buttocks. How many yoga instructors knew about this variation on the baby pose position?

She watched with amazement as Jack's wide cock inched its way into Joy's anus. His gentleness surprised her. Only moments earlier he'd been fucking like a wild man. Now he took his lead from Joy. Would she ever learn the subtle communication those two shared?

When he came to rest against Joy's butt, Joy turned and grinned broadly at her. "Try it," she said. "With your vibrator. Use some lube. Come with us, Bobbi Jo."

Bobbi Jo's fingers trembled. She lubed the vibrator and brought her heels to rest on the chair. She had no difficulty finding her portal. Without turning the vibrator on, she let its head rest at her entrance.

"Let it go in slowly," Joy instructed. "You'll meet some resistance. That's right. Wait a moment."

Bobbi Jo kept her eyes glued on Joy's for comfort and support.

"Try it again. That's right. Go deeper, girl."

Pushing the object deeper in her channel, Bobbi Jo felt herself widen. She wasn't going to have any difficulty taking in the vibrator, but how could Joy accommodate Jack's large cock? She suddenly remembered his words to her overly bold reference to her mouth and ass not being out of commission: "later." Surely he didn't expect to penetrate her anus like he did Joy's?

"Excellent, Bobbi Jo. Okay, Jack. Fuck me. This time don't hold back. This is your finale for the evening." She chuckled. "Just imagine it's the Fourth of July."

Jack grunted, pulled halfway out and eased back in.

Bobbi Jo watched him do that several times and then she did the same with her vibrator. "Ah," she groaned.

"That's it, girl. Give yourself a ride. Faster, Jack."

Jack quickened the pace. So did Bobbi Jo.

"You're a natural, girl. Flip the vibrator on."

Bobbi Jo bit down hard on her lip and hit the switch. Her entire interior spun. She held the vibrator with one hand and grabbed the back of her head with the other. Every muscle in her body shook. She wanted to rub her clit but couldn't. She had to hold onto her head or it might blow.

She bore down on the vibrator and took it in another inch and then she whirled out of control. Her yelps joined those of Joy's. Jack's hips had become a distant blur. She heard him yell "Hi Ho" several times.

Fumbling, she found the switch and turned off the vibrator, closed her eyes and allowed herself to descend the steep mountain she'd climbed. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Jack stretched out atop Joy with his cock still encased in Joy's ass.

Smiling, Joy caught her eye. "I think we all deserve an A-plus for that one. Why don't you remove the vibrator slowly and come join us in a cuddle?"

She eased the vibrator out and bit down again on her lip. How could having a vibrator in her butt be so enthralling? She didn't try to answer her question, but rather padded from her chair to the bed and snuggled up against Jack and Joy. She kissed one and then the other. "I will never forget what you gave me this evening."

"You were a pretty sight, too, girl," Joy whispered. "Wasn't she, Jack?"

"Looked like she enjoyed herself." He pulled out of Joy, swung his legs off the bed and headed toward the bathroom.

"Is Jack always this quiet when he has sex?" Bobbi Jo asked, moving into Joy's embrace.

"He is a little quieter than usual, but then his cock speaks loudly."

"It sure looks like it. I know I saw it, but I still can't fathom how you took that into your butt."

Joy giggled. "You'll find out, in due time. It'll be quite fine."

Bobbi Jo shuddered at the thought. Jack joined them on the bed and cuddled her backside while she laid her head on Joy's shoulder.

He kissed her neck. "Hope you enjoyed your night off."

"It was very instructional," she responded, catching the gleam in Joy's eyes.

"Your turn," he said, matter-of-factly, "is tomorrow night."

She rolled onto her back and looked at him. "Really. Tomorrow night. You'll take my virginity tomorrow night?"

Joy laughed. "You sound disbelieving."

"It's just that I thought he'd do it last Sunday afternoon or the next day. Here it is nearly a week later and I'm still intact."

"But," Jack interjected, "much wiser about sex."

"Yes, much wiser and much more experienced. But why do we have to wait for tomorrow night? Why not right now?"

"You're sore, remember? And a woman's cherry is something that shouldn't be stolen in the night or quickly dispensed with to get on to the main course—which is apparently the belief of your fiancé."

"True." Bobbi Jo flinched. "But can't we keep him out of this?"

Jack ran a finger down her nose. "Whether we like it or not, Nelson, the fiancé, is in this bed with us. And that diamond you've not taken off is a sure reminder. Besides, there wouldn't be an *us*, however temporary, if it weren't for Nelson. Right?"

"I suppose so." She shuddered. "But why do you have to keep throwing him in my face?"

He brushed aside her question. She hated it when he did that. Jack looked directly at Joy. "I'll be away all day tomorrow. You can pamper Bobbi Jo anyway you want to, just don't let her come. I want her primed but not spent for tomorrow night's celebration."

Bobbi Jo felt his eyes settle on hers. Her skin warmed.

"And it will be a celebration. Joy will assist." He paused for her response.

She nodded. Having the older woman act as her assistant seemed more than reasonable. At least there'd be a witness if she died waiting for Jack to finally penetrate her.

"Joy will prepare the room and you. You will smell more fragrant than you even do now, which is difficult to imagine. You want my cock filling your pussy right now?"

He waited for her nod. "You will be jumping out of your skin by tomorrow night. Whenever you eat, whenever you drink, whenever you breathe, I want you imagining what it will feel like for me to be sinking into your steaming pussy."

He cupped her chin. "I don't take lightly the gift you offer. I hope I'm man enough to take you slowly so you'll experience the intense pleasure of knowing that you are fully woman."

She had no words for him. She reached for his cock to show her affection. He rebuffed her gesture and climbed out of bed.

"I'll spend the night on the couch downstairs. Remember, Joy, she's not to come until I take her maidenhead tomorrow night."

Joy smirked. "Yes, Master."

"But why won't you sleep with us tonight?"

His eyes snapped at Bobbi Jo. "I don't trust myself not to take you sooner."

Bobbi Jo gasped. He wanted her as badly as she wanted him. "But what's so special about Friday night?"

The corner of Jack's mouth turned up. "It was a Friday night that I first kissed you in the back of the movie theater. It was a Friday night when I cupped your bare breasts. It was a Friday when you left town without saying goodbye."

Jack crossed his arms over his bare chest. "It will be Friday night when you become a woman. Understood?"

"Yes," Bobbi Jo squeaked. "I'll be ready for you tomorrow night. More than ready."

She watched him walk out the bedroom doorway and shut the door softly behind him.

"Wow!" Joy squealed, clutching her tight. "Do you ever have him hooked."

"What?" Bobbi Jo's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Jack. He wants you so bad he has to sleep on the couch downstairs? And he's saving you and punishing himself so he can take you on Friday night. I never knew he was such a romantic."

"Romantic," Bobbi Jo huffed. "Saving me for Friday night doesn't have anything to do with romance. It just means he's still in charge."

Joy tilted Bobbi Jo's chin and kissed her deeply before replying. "If you believe none of this has anything to do with romance then you are as much of a fool as Nelson and Jack." Joy pecked at Bobbi Jo's lips several times. "Perhaps the biggest fool. Most guys would've tossed you on the nearest bed and feasted on your cherry like it was Christmas morning and they were in a rush to open their gift. Jack is savoring you like you're the rare dessert you really are."

"But why?"

"Maybe because he's loved you since you two swapped spit as kids."

Bobbi Jo's spine tingled. Was she chilled? Or was it something else?

"Come on now, Bobbi Jo, I'm exhausted. Let's get some sleep." Joy slung an arm around her.

"We'll need plenty of rest for tomorrow. Hope you enjoyed your classroom instruction."

"Oh, I did," Bobbi Jo whispered, laying her head on Joy's bosom. She'd have to deal with her entanglements with Jack later. At the moment, she had a woman to cuddle. She rested a palm atop Joy's mound. "You sure your pussy isn't worn out?"

"Hardly." Joy chuckled. "But don't move. Your hand is quite soothing where it is."

Bobbi Jo drifted off toward sleep with a faint smile on her lips. Images of her two lovers moving from position to position flashed before her mind. Then the picture of Jack standing by the bed with his arms crossed emerged, reinforcing his image as master.

She tried to conjure up a romantic Jack, but failed. Why did she even bother? She was getting married in a week, and not to Jack.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Peeking at the clock again, Bobbi Jo drew in a breath. When would Jack join them? They'd been ready for over an hour. His bedroom had been transformed by Joy who had been busy in the room most of the afternoon.

Rough fishnets decorated the shadowy walls. She could make out swords and chests in the dim light. She, herself, had been blindfolded until Joy had escorted her to the bed. The air was pungent with incense and smoke. Burning candles provided only shimmering light. Soft sultry drumbeats played in the background.

Earlier in the evening, Joy had given her a bubble bath, massaged oil into her pores and perfumed her body with an exotic scent she couldn't identify. She glanced at Joy sitting across from her in a chair. Joy's white gown matched her own.

Was she a virgin waiting for her seducer? Or a sacrifice waiting for a pagan priest?

Before she could answer that question the door opened and Jack sauntered into the room. Bobbi Jo gasped. She hardly recognized him. Yet it was him—so real, so manly, so sexy. He wore a white frilly shirt open to his navel showing plenty of dark chest hair and loose trousers that buttoned up the front. His face was fierce. He crossed his arms over his chest. He looked like a pirate. Like her pirate.

"I've come for the stowaway's passage fare," Jack said gruffly to Joy.

Joy shook her head. "She has no coin upon her person."

"Then how does she expect to gain passage? I should throw her overboard."

Bobbi Jo flinched.

"No need for that, Captain," Joy said, with a smile. "You are in luck. I believe the lass has a treasure stowed deep in her purse that thus far has gone unclaimed."

Shock registered on Jack's face. "You mean she's a virgin?"

"No doubt about it. I checked."

He nodded with a lecherous grin. "I'm sure you did. Not many such purses escape your curious inspection.

"And what about you, lass?" Jack's gaze probed her soul. "Are you prepared to pay for your voyage?"

"Yes," she managed to mumble.

"Is it true that no man has ever claimed you?"

"Yes."

"And you're willing to divest yourself of your treasure for me? For your passage?"

"It is but a small price to pay," she said, meekly. "Don't you think?"

"You may not say that so easily when I'm through with you."

Bobbi Jo blanched. She couldn't differentiate between Jack her childhood best friend and Jack the menacing pirate.

"Enough. I don't have all night." Jack reached for his trouser buttons, drawing Bobbi Jo's attention to his hard, straining length. His fingers stilled. Now why was he waiting? Agony gripped her chest.

"Is she adequately prepared?"

"I've bathed her in rose scented water and massaged her with oils and spices," Joy responded. "She is perfumed with a touch of lavender and lilac."

"Sounds good enough to eat."

"That, too." Joy ran her tongue provocatively around her lips.

"But first things first. I demand payment for your journey with me, lass. Spread your legs."

Trembling, she complied with his orders. Her eyebrows arched when he finally unbuttoned his pants and his cock jumped out at her. It no longer looked familiar. She narrowed her eyes. It was huge. How in the world could the pirate believe he could fit that into her?

Not a pirate. Jack.

Jack nodded at Joy. "You may prepare her pussy."

"You don't want to?" Joy asked, moving to the bed.

"You do it. Only my cock will penetrate those virginal folds. She does look beautiful. You've done good work."

Joy reached for Bobbi Jo's breast. "No, only her pussy," he ordered. "Hurry, my cock is getting restless."

Restless. His cock was getting restless. After making her wait for days, Jack was now in a hurry. Or was it the pirate in him that needed to press forward? She gasped when Joy spread her pussy lips for Jack to assess her state of readiness.

Jack nodded. "She's ripening. Finger her until she's wet. But don't let her come."

Jack's eyes snapped with passion. Bobbi Jo licked her lips, concentrating on his reactions rather than on Joy's or even her own. He grabbed his cock and slid his hand up and down its extending length.

"Enough," he said, sharply. "Wet my cock."

Joy didn't hesitate. She moved to the end of the bed and took him deep in her mouth.

Bobbi Jo wasn't aware she'd moved to touch herself until Jack said, "No. Don't interfere, lass."

Jack pulled Joy's mouth off of him and climbed onto the bed. "Place me at her entrance. I'll take my due now."

"With pleasure, Captain," Joy replied, guiding him.

Bobbi Jo's eyes widened when she felt him inch into her tight crevice. He moved back and forth, testing her. Was this all there was to it? Why had they waited?

"You're as prepared as you ever will be. I will take you swiftly. There will be some pain, but it will soon pass."

He cupped his hands under her butt and lifted her off the bed. Before she could think he backed nearly out of her pussy and rammed forward.

"Jesus!" The pain shot through her like a bolt of lightening. There wasn't room for him. She tried to twist away, but he secured his perch with strong arms. She closed her eyes, not wanting him to see the pain.

"Relax, babe. You'll be fine."

Those were Jack's words, not the pirate's. Her breathing steadied. She replayed the moment. Good grief, she'd sworn. She *never* swore.

There was a chuckle. It was a pirate chuckle. "You've hardly paid the price of nautical miles yet. I need more, much more." Gently, almost tenderly, he moved in and out of her.

Where was the pain? It had vanished and was quickly being replaced by a different intensity—an intensity building with captivating pleasure. Her eyes popped open.

He gave her a brilliant smile. "Welcome back. From here on out you'll enjoy your voyage. I promise. I do believe there is much more treasure to be had," he said, pulling back and then moving swiftly to penetrate her depths again.

Bobbi Jo gave him a tentative smile. "You may take all that I have, Captain." She wrapped her legs around his back, encouraging him to probe deeper. She didn't want him to miss anything

now that he'd finally made her a woman.

She wanted to shout with joy. Bells were going off around her. Or were they only in her head? He leaned over to kiss her soundly. She shoved her tongue in his mouth. He hauled back and laughed without slowing his movement.

"You shouldn't miss out on this," Jack said to Joy. "Kiss her, nibble on her tits. But her pussy is mine. All mine."

Gleefully, Bobbi Jo parted her mouth for Joy.

"Welcome, Bobbi Jo, to the sorority of well- fucked women," Joy said, before brushing her lips across hers and then plundering her mouth with her tongue. Bobbi Jo hugged Joy and raised her pelvis off the bed trying to draw Jack further in.

"Come to me, Bobbi Jo." She heard his coaxing words while he plunged in and out of her again and again.

"Come to us, Bobbi Jo," Joy added softly. "You'll never have another first vaginal orgasm. Make it a good one."

Bobbi Jo's eyes slit open to see Joy smiling down at her while she fondled a breast and then she felt Jack caressing her clit. Instantly, she pounded her heels against his back. Joy lowered her mouth to swallow her whimpers and her wails.

Her vagina clamped down on Jack. His screams matched her own. His hot liquid mixed with hers. Her orgasm swept from her mouth to Joy's who began trembling in her arms.

Minutes later, she revived. Joy lay in the crook of her arm beaming at her. Jack knelt before her, still lodged in her pussy. They were waiting for her. "Glorious," she whispered. "Absolutely glorious."

"Unforgettable?" Joy winked at her.

"I'll never forget this night no matter how long I live."

"Good," Jack muttered, gently pulling out of her and sliding up on her other side. He kissed her softly. "I don't want you ever to forget. Neither will I."

"So Captain," Joy teased. "Do you want to take her ass as additional payment before you go back to the helm?"

"No, that treasure can wait. I pride myself on not being overly greedy."

Bobbi Jo's heartbeat steadied. It wasn't that she was opposed to him taking her ass. Not any more. Not after the tenderness and skill he'd shown in taking her maidenhead. But she did want

to lie there and savor the moment.

Her ass could wait. Apparently Jack could too.

* * * *

Jack deliberately stayed busy until it was time to pick up the women to go to the races. He had a lot to sort out in his head, and he didn't need Bobbi Jo screwing with his brain.

He felt no remorse for taking her maidenhead. After all, that was why she'd shown up on his doorstep in the first place.

His sadness had to do with knowing that a week from this very day Bobbi Jo was going to become somebody else's bride. Another man's cock was going to defile her pussy—that sacred chamber he'd claimed as his own.

And there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. He didn't have a pirate ship where he could stow her away as his captive, and she wouldn't go willingly. She'd made that clear from the beginning. He was merely a convenient tool for what she needed done.

Jack pulled into his driveway shrugging off his melancholy mood. At least he was enjoying what they did share. The pirate scene he and Joy had concocted had been so erotic he'd almost been unable to hold himself in check.

He entered the kitchen to see the women finishing packing a cooler for the evening. His jaw slackened when Bobbi Jo turned to greet him. She wore one of his white dress shirts with the tails knotted under her breasts. Her nipples standing out like buttons were only slightly shaded by the material. Her long black skirt had a slit that stopped only a little short of her waist.

His gaze, though, settled on her belly button. A simple little silver ring piercing her navel was about the most erotic thing he'd ever seen. His hardness pressed against his jeans with sudden interest.

"Whose idea was that?" He pointed at the ring.

Bobbi Jo smiled sweetly. "Joy mentioned it first, but I thought it was a great way to commemorate last evening. Do you like?"

Bile rose in his throat. "Shouldn't the question be will Nelson like it?"

"Jack!" It was Joy's single word that stung him to the core. That, and Bobbi Jo turning white in front of him. "Okay," he acknowledged, raising his open palms to the women. "Maybe that wasn't fair." He couldn't help himself. He drew Bobbi Jo into his arms. "It's beautiful. You're beautiful. You always have been."

"I'm glad you like it," she whispered against his chest. "I'll never remove it. No matter what."

He breathed in the scent of her hair and smiled at her determination. Would her husband ever ask what the belly ring symbolized? What would his wife say, if he asked?

"You're lovely. You both are," he said, looking over Bobbi Jo at the smiling Joy. "If we had more time, I'd lay you across the table and take you from behind."

"But we don't have enough time?"

Jack laughed at Bobbi Jo's exaggerated pout. "No, I have to be at the track soon for warm ups and time trials." He slipped a hand between them and up the slit of her skirt until he found what he wanted. He entered her dampness briefly and then pulled his finger out. "That's an image for you to focus on when you get bored tonight."

She brought his hand to her mouth and drew in his index finger. She sucked it briefly before asking with an air of innocence, "Should I be imagining you in my pussy or in my ass?"

He grunted and kissed her raised lips. "Let's get the hell out of here or I won't be racing at all tonight." He grabbed her by the hand and headed toward the door.

"Remember what's waiting for you when those Beasley twins accost you after the races."

"Don't worry about that." He missed a step and glanced quickly at her. "Was that a trace of jealousy I detected?"

"Jack," Bobbi Jo squeezed his fingers. "Don't think about me while you're racing."

"I'll try not to," he huffed. "I'll try."

* * * *

Warm-ups were finished and time trials were beginning. Jack watched Bobbi Jo adjusting the ear plugs he'd given her to help with the deafening noise. The women had joined him on the backside where cars were prepared for racing and where drivers waited trading stories and cussing at one another and bad luck.

He spied Harold Mannix approaching and scowled. He didn't really have the time or patience to deal with the burly driver who hated his guts. They'd been in more crashes than he could count. Mannix had to be livid knowing that Jack was being evaluated by the Gearing brothers.

"Wowee!" the man declared, coming to a stop by Jack's car. "You really are moving up in class," he said, leisurely running his gaze up and down Bobbi Jo's body.

Jack stiffened.

"Got her all tuned up, I see." Mannix ran his palm across the car hood.

"Don't touch anything that's mine," Jack hissed between clenched teeth.

The man guffawed. "When have I ever wanted anything you soiled?" He stared again at Bobbi Jo. "That belly ring sure is enticing, though."

Jack took a step forward. "Go back to your own area, Mannix. And stay out of mine."

"No offense, ladies." Mannix doffed his cap. "I've always prided myself on appreciating class and beauty—a hot car or a hot chick."

Mannix shook his head at him. "And you have two. That's hardly fair." Mannix widened his stance and crossed his arms. There was no mistaking his challenge. "Damn," he goaded, "I heard the rumor you might begin driving at the next level, maybe even the Busch series. Hell, I must've misheard. Here you are driving a blond bush. The chick looks hot, man. Doubt you have enough cock to satisfy her. I may have to offer my services."

Jack heard Bobbi Jo's gasp as his fist collided with Mannix's stomach. The man had been waiting. His coupled fists crashed into Jack's back at the same instant.

Ignoring the pain shooting through his left shoulder, Jack got in one more solid jab before nearby drivers pulled him off of Mannix. He glared at the idiot, pleased to see that his last punch had connected with the man's nose, which was bleeding profusely.

"Get out of here, you bastard," Jack yelled. "I warned you. Don't touch anything that's mine."

"I'm leaving." Mannix glared over his shoulder and leered at Bobbi Jo. From a safe distance, he turned and shouted, "I doubt she's yours, Day. She's wearing a fancy diamond ring. One you never could afford." Mannix brushed blood from his face. "I may be a bastard, but I don't fuck another man's woman."

Jack glowered at Mannix lumbering away before crumpling against the car. Joy cradled his shoulder and Bobbi Jo bit her lip. "I'm sorry," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Don't be," he muttered. "Mannix had it coming. If it wasn't you, it would've been something else. He's a royal asshole."

"You can't race." Joy plied her fingers across his shoulder. It hurt like hell.

"What do you mean, I can't race? I'm racing. The Gearing brothers are supposed to be here by the feature race. I'm racing."

"But your shoulder. It's separated."

"Put it back together."

"It's not that easy to do."

"Then tie it down. I've driven one handed before. No problem."

"You're an idiot."

"That's not the first time you've suggested that."

He rummaged around in two chests before handing a cord to Joy. "If I can tow a car with it, it ought to hold me together."

Joy laced him up tight. He grunted when she made a final cinch. "It may work," she said. "But you're still an idiot for trying."

"Yeah, well why don't you take Bobbi Jo to the bleachers? It should be safer there."

Jack glanced at Bobbi Jo and saw tears flowing down her cheeks. "Hey, don't worry," he said, scraping some of the tears away. "I'll be okay." He winked at her. "Don't forget that image of you draped over the kitchen table and me fucking you from behind. You select the spot."

Bobbi Jo shook her head and blubbered some more. She never spoke a word, but did let Joy guide her toward the stands.

Damn, that's all he needed was a crying woman. He had a rough night a head of him as it was.

* * * *

Bobbi Jo sat on the hard bench clutching Joy's hand tight and trying to keep track of the orange number nine car. So far, so good. She had to keep checking with Joy to know who was in the lead. Jack and the number thirty-five car kept jockeying for the lead. It was when they passed lapped cars that she lost track of what lap they were on and who really was in the lead. Joy had told her Mannix hadn't brought his car to the track, so that was at least one less worry.

She tried not to imagine how it must be for Jack driving with one hand. How did he manage the shifting? However he did it, he seemed to be doing it well.

Joy stood. Bobbi Jo rose to her feet expecting to see yet another crash. Instead she saw a white flag. She felt like surrendering. But to what or whom wasn't clear.

"Last lap," Joy shouted over the incessant din.

On the far side of the track, number nine and thirty-five scraped fenders. Neither driver seemed to hesitate. On the turn to her left, Jack dipped inward and advanced a half a length in

front. Number thirty-five fishtailed around the turn, losing valuable time and space.

Bobbi Jo clapped her hands above her head when Jack crossed the finish line a length and a half ahead of the thirty-five car. She turned and hugged Joy. They both jumped up and down until Jack drove around the track one more time and turned into the winner's circle.

They dashed down the stairs to join him. It took two men to help pull him out of the driver side window. He grimaced in obvious pain.

He stood there leaning against the car when they ran to him. He put his good arm around them. "Hey, I told you I'd be fine."

Bobbi Jo wanted to poke him in the ribs, but restrained herself. He didn't look fine at all. He looked like he'd been to hell and back.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Sitting on Jack's living room couch, Bobbi Jo couldn't keep her mind focused on the page in front of her. Her gaze shifted to the diamond ring still on her left hand. Had the ring brought on this trouble for Jack? If she'd taken it off when she first arrived, then that bully at the track might not have become so agitated.

But no, she'd insisted on wearing it to remind her of what she was doing.

It was all Nelson's fault. He didn't have the patience to deal with a virgin. Her body warmed. Jack had certainly exhibited patience—nearly a week's worth.

She groaned. She was in trouble—deep trouble. And it wasn't all Nelson's fault. She could have been direct with him about her virginity. Instead, she'd cowered in the face of his distaste for the untested. What would he do if he knew where she was right now? Would he be enraged, or would he applaud her efforts to improve her skills for him?

Shouldn't he be enraged? They were practically married. But then maybe she should be enraged at him for forcing her to take such a brazen step—to ask another man to deflower her.

Who the hell was she trying to kid? She hadn't fantasized often about losing her virginity, but when she had, only one man had ever been part of the picture—Jack Day, her childhood sweetheart.

Bobbi Jo sank further into the cushions. If she lived to be a hundred and ten, nothing would ever cause Friday night to fade from her memory. She twisted the engagement ring around her finger. In a matter of days it had become a millstone. She frowned and ran her palm over the goose bumps pebbling on her arm.

"You look like a lost waif." Joy entered the living room and sat down beside her. "Let me warm you up."

Bobbi Jo softened when Joy's fingers traced the goose bumps she'd been trying to erase. Green eyes searched hers. Joy rubbed her nose against Bobbi Jo's. Their lips joined.

At least this felt right. Bobbi Jo couldn't fathom why it should, given her upbringing. But it was right. For her. For the moment. Joy's arms provided a perfect sanctuary from the real world.

She concentrated on pouring the passion coursing through her into her lips, hoping Joy would sense what she felt. She doubted she could ever bring herself to put those feelings into

words.

After several butterfly kisses, Joy smiled. "Me, too."

"You've been wonderful to me," Bobbi Jo whispered. "I'll never be able to thank you enough."

"And you've been pretty wonderful for me, too." Joy flicked her tongue across the tip of Bobbi Jo's nose. "This hasn't been a one way street. I've so enjoyed watching you open to me, to Jack, to yourself. You're not the same person who arrived here last Sunday."

Bobbi Jo shook her head and her eyes rounded. She kissed the top of Joy's head as her lover licked her way across her throat and downward until she laved the top of a breast. Bobbi Jo arched her back when Joy's mouth captured a breast and twirled her tongue around it. She would miss this—desperately.

"Come, join me on the rug." Joy stood and shrugged off her robe.

Bobbi Jo did the same and then lay on the floor before the kneeling Joy. She pulled gently on her belly ring and played with the thin line of hairs leading to her vulva.

Grinning broadly, Joy whispered, "Delightful. You've learned how to tease quite nicely."

"I've had a superior teacher." She breathed easier when she saw the auburn head lowering, seeking her pussy. She placed her feet flat on the floor, arched her pelvis, spread her thighs and reached out for one of Joy's hands.

"Spectacular view," Joy said, squeezing their interlaced fingers. She used her tongue to spread Bobbi Jo's labia. "You're so wet."

She closed her eyes and opened wider, preparing to accept whatever Joy was offering. Her lover's tongue lazily slid along her folds—back and forth, up and down. It tasted everything and everywhere. If she were a chocolate covered strawberry, she would've been devoured.

She maintained her balance suspended half way off the floor. Joy's tongue dipped to the base of her pussy and then trailed along its fleshy ridge until it covered her anus.

Bobbi Jo gasped. Her legs trembled. "Easy girl," Joy muttered.

The very familiar tongue penetrated her anal opening. She moaned. Tears came to her eyes. Quaking, she held her position.

Joy's tongue became insistent, plunging in and out. "Oh my God," she sighed, wetting her lips, making no move to resist or assist.

Joy moved her free hand to cover Bobbi Jo's clitoris. She strummed her fingers across it.

Bobbi Jo's legs rocked back and forth.

She clamped down on Joy's hand that she still clung to. Her rear throbbed. Her clit throbbed. Her entire body throbbed. She tossed her head from side to side. This was insane. This was perfect.

She couldn't hold herself up much longer. Her legs buckled. Her butt crashed to the rug. Joy chuckled and rested her head against her crotch. Bobbi Jo peeked at her. Joy looked like she was listening to determine how she might coax forth yet another climax.

"Enough," Bobbi Jo said, reaching for her friend. "That's enough. How about you?"

Joy grinned. "This was about you. I'm not the one tormented by indecision."

"What?" Ignoring her still straining muscles, Bobbi Jo scurried to stand and pulled on her robe.

Not bothering to cover her nakedness, Joy stood and cradled her. "It's okay," she whispered. "You're not ready, but I'm confident you'll do the right thing by Jack."

"What do you mean?" Bobbi Jo broke away from her lover to put several feet between them. She crossed her arms. "Explain yourself."

Joy shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "You'll figure it out on your own. But you have to decide which ring has more meaning for you and which one is the key to your future—that diamond on your finger, or the silver ring in your belly button."

"Oh." Bobbi Jo's hand flew to her navel. She turned her back on Joy. Was her friend right? Was that what her early morning turmoil had been about? But she was getting married on Saturday.

"Maybe we should check on Jack," Joy said, interrupting her thoughts. "He's had a day and a half of recovery. I gave him a goodly amount of painkiller to keep him from getting up and running around. We'll need to change his bandages soon and try to get more soup down him."

Guilt narrowed Bobbi Jo's throat. Here she was counting her woes, and she'd forgotten about the man upstairs who was suffering because of her. She'd have to try and make it up to him.

She flashed a grin as several delightful possibilities came to mind.

* * * *

"What time is it?" Jack mumbled. Who had poured liquid sandpaper down his throat?

"Seven o'clock," Joy replied, "Monday."

He squinted at her. "Morning?"

She shook her head.

"What the hell did you give me to knock me out so long?" His eyes opened wide. "And why?"

She stood before him defiantly with curled fingers on her hips. "You could've seriously re-injured yourself, or you might've done something stupid like going after Mannix again. If you'd done either you wouldn't be racing Wednesday night."

Jack scrunched to a sitting position and tried to ignore the pain shooting through his shoulder. "I suppose you're right," he conceded. "I wish the hell the Gearing brothers had been able to make it Saturday night. It's not definite that they'll even be there Wednesday night. But I'd better race."

Bobbi Jo leaned over and cupped his hand. "Your color is coming back. Are you hungry?"

He leered at her. "What are you offering?"

"For now, soup." She cranked a sly grin at him. "Later, whatever you want. But you need to build your strength before we pick up where we left off."

Hardly able to lift a muscle, he had to admit she was right. The doc at the emergency room had told him he'd have a delayed reaction to his injury, and that he'd pay a price for racing on pure adrenalin.

He stared at Bobbi Jo's cleavage peeking out from the gap in her robe. He'd sure as hell paid a price—two days without her. And their time together was running out. "Okay, nurses. At least help me feed myself. I trust the two of you have been finding ways to stay busy."

Joy winked at him. "Plenty." She reached over and parted Bobbi Jo's robe. "In case you forgot, you have a delightful package waiting for you." She ran her tongue across her lips. "I'm doing my best to keep her well tuned for you."

"I'm sure you are. I'd like to watch."

"You won't be awake long enough. You should be doing much better by morning."

He yawned. "I better be, or you'll both be fired."

* * * *

The next morning, Jack was awakened by giggles. He cracked an eyelid open. Had he gone to heaven? Two angels stood by his bedside, each dressed in a white garter belt and stockings and nothing else.

His heart tripped over itself trying to get up to speed. His left arm still lay taped to his side.

He used his right to reach out and touch the blonde. She was real, all right. He smiled to himself. She sure as hell looked like Bobbi Jo Martin.

"We thought," Bobbi Jo said, smiling, "you might appreciate a wakeup treat."

"Sounds great." He arched an eyebrow. "What do you have in mind? I'm still somewhat limited."

Bobbi Jo fluffed her sparse pussy hairs. "This little one has been lonesome from your absence. You spend all those days tuning her up and one splendid night fucking her and then poof—you disappear."

"Not by choice, I can assure you."

"Be that as it may. Joy and I have decided to take things into our own hands." She yanked the sheet down to the foot of the bed. Given her glee, his hardening shaft must not have disappointed.

"Part of you is ready. The critical part." She wrapped her small fingers around him and slid them across his length. He saw her eyes widen at his expanding cock. Would he ever tire of her attitude of amazement? It was always as if she was discovering him for the first time.

The bed shifted as both women climbed on. They moved directly to his cock. Four hands squeezed and teased him. Soon their tongues joined in. Bobbi Jo covered him with her mouth and Joy's fingers fondled the base of his cock and proceeded to caress his balls.

He licked his lips. This was better than most ways to greet a new day. Bobbi Jo settled into a steady pace, taking him deeper into her throat. He moaned when Joy's finger crept into his ass. He smiled when he saw her working a finger into Bobbi Jo's pussy. Joy seldom missed an opportunity.

They had him more than primed. Eruption was but moments away. It was gathering beyond the reach of Joy's finger. It had one destination—Bobbi Jo's throat.

His eyes bugged out and his body shook when Bobbi Jo released him and clamped her fingers around the base of his penis and smiled broadly. "Not that quickly," she said. "I have to have you in my pussy. The little one is bereft. Remember? She'd be greatly disappointed if we overlooked her."

"Well," he groaned, "let's not disappoint her, by all means. But do hurry."

Joy wiggled her finger in his butt while Bobbi Jo moved to straddle his chest. He wanted to grab her and haul her up over his mouth so he could munch on her, but this was her early

morning gift. He'd accept whatever she was willing to give.

She gave him a shy smile. Was she a mind reader, too? "Why not?" she murmured. "Though just a taste. My pussy can't wait much longer."

She scooted forward until his tongue separated her folds. "But that is so sweet," she cooed, before sliding back down his chest, leaving a trail of wetness.

"The nectar of a goddess," he said, not stretching the truth at all. She latched onto his pole and held him steady, then raised her body and placed him at her entrance.

Her smile melted his heart; and then he watched his childhood friend settle slowly onto his cock. Her tongue wet her upper lip. She slid further down his length until she settled on his hips.

"You've got him where you want him," Joy said, still not relinquishing her perch in his ass. Her breath warmed his balls. "Ride him to glory, girl. Ride him to glory."

Joy's words triggered Bobbi Jo into motion. She rose and fell slowly but she wasn't holding anything back. "This is so good," she muttered. "Why did we wait so long?"

His eyebrows arched. Was she at all aware of what she'd said? If so, she gave no indication. It did seem like they'd waited a lifetime. But he was where he'd wanted to be since they were kids. Her pussy clenched him in a love knot. He gasped when she continued her movements. She was so tight.

Her gaze lowered to his. "I can feel you expanding inside me. What a miracle!" Her pace did not quicken. She remained intent on drawing him out slowly and deliberately. Would pleasure cross over to pain? Not likely. He started to thrust his thighs upward. Joy pressed her upper torso across them, pinning them to the mattress. The women weren't going to allow him to help at all.

Passion blazed in Bobbi Jo's eyes. Her pussy heated. And he was coming. It was excruciating. It was overwhelming.

"It's happening, isn't it?" Bobbi Jo glowed without pausing. "I'm bringing you off in my pussy."

He nodded at her rising and lowering and concentrated on emptying into her.

"God, I can feel you coming. Scalding," she whimpered. Then she twisted from side to side. Her blonde hair covered her face. Her arms flailed above her head. She grabbed at her tits. "I'm there," she shouted. "Just a little bit..."

Bobbi Jo crashed to his chest.

Jack smiled into her hair and relished her soft breasts pillowing against him. He could feel

Joy licking where he and Bobbi Jo were joined as if giving her blessing. He guessed Bobbi Jo was beyond knowing. Or maybe she was feeling as blessed as he was.

* * * *

Bobbi Jo peeled off one stocking and then the other. She might not be able to move the rest of the day, but then she doubted Jack would be up for much more either. She glanced at him—he already dozing.

Looking toward the bathroom door opening, Bobbi Jo was surprised to see Joy coming out fully dressed. Joy avoided looking at her.

"Where are you going? I thought we'd spend the rest of the day together."

"I've got things to do," Joy huffed.

Bobbi Jo winced.

"I'm sorry," Joy said, scowling, "I've never been very good with goodbyes."

"Good bye? Whatever do you mean?" She stood. Her chest clenched. "I don't leave until Friday."

"I know." Joy folded her hands at her waist. "You and Jack need some time alone together. The two of you have things to work out that don't involve me."

"But..."

Joy pressed a finger across her lips. "Hush. Please. We've had a great time. But you have some decisions to make. Remember?"

Bobbi Jo moved her chin fractionally, not wanting to acknowledge the truth Joy had named. "But how can we, without you?"

"You must. I'll be available to you or Jack or to both of you, if you want. But I can't make those decisions for you." Joy held out her arms. "Come, give me a hug, girl. Don't cry."

"I need to cry," she sobbed, stumbling into Joy's embrace.

"Then, please do. I'll miss you, Bobbi Jo. Listen to your heart. Your heart knows. Trust it." Joy leaned back and smiled through her own tears. She grazed her lips. "Okay," she said, breaking away and heading toward the door. "You know how to reach me if you need to. Bye."

Still wearing only a garter belt, Bobbi Jo wobbled toward the chair and plopped in it.

"What was that all about?" Jack asked, gruffly.

"Oh, you don't even want to know," she wailed, covering her face and dashing toward the bathroom.

She bent over the sink heaving and crying. Life had been so simple until she'd found Jack underneath his car. Now life was so twisted she didn't know what she was doing or what she wanted. Why couldn't she say that to Jack instead of fleeing to the bathroom? Why couldn't she pick up the phone and say the same thing to Nelson? He should be back from Europe by now, not that he'd broken a wrist trying to call her cell.

She soaped a washcloth and cleaned her face. She placed it between her legs and washed herself. Her loins still hummed a sweet tune. Why did Joy have to go and upset the equilibrium they'd so carefully constructed?

How could she confront Jack without Joy's support? She peered at her reflection. What would she say if she did confront him? And about what?

She removed the garter belt and wrapped a towel around her midsection. Why had her shyness suddenly returned? She'd just blown the guy's brains out with her tight pussy and now she couldn't face him unclothed? Go figure.

She stepped through the bathroom doorway and winced. Jack stood there in his robe. So maybe he wasn't so comfortable at the moment with his own nakedness.

"You're gorgeous," he murmured. "Even wearing a towel."

"Thanks," she said, shyly. "Maybe I better get dressed."

"Maybe you should." Jack stepped around her to enter the bathroom.

His non-committal response bothered her. So why wasn't he more forthcoming? Maybe because she wasn't.

She slipped into a sundress. She'd become accustomed to the freedom of not wearing underwear. The light blue dress fell half-way to her knees. That was good enough. And if that bothered Jack Day then so be it. She'd had about enough of him and Joy and everyone else.

One of these days the world was going to have to accept her on her terms. She was getting damn tired of waiting to see what others wanted so she could satisfy their needs.

She drew herself up short. To change that pattern, wouldn't she have to claim her own needs?

CHAPTER NINE

Jack fiddled one-handed with the carburetor. Why did he even bother? It was fine. It was *him* that wasn't so good. Driving tomorrow night would probably be harder than it had been Saturday night. His adrenalin wouldn't be pumping as fast. And the word around the garage area was that Mannix would be gunning for him. The bastard didn't give a damn about winning. He just wanted to take Jack Day out.

And the Gearing brothers were supposed to drop by to see him. What perfect timing!

But even they weren't his biggest concern. His biggest concern was a blonde waiting for him back at his house.

Bobbi Jo Martin had appeared like a mirage from nowhere, and now she was getting ready to disappear. He knew it in his gut. He doubted she'd wait for Friday morning. Hell, he wouldn't be surprised if she was gone when he got back to the house.

No. She was too loyal for that. She'd wait until after the Wednesday night races. She probably figured she owed him that much. He shook his head. She didn't owe him a damn thing.

She hadn't made him do a damn thing. He'd been eager to fulfill his fantasies by being her sex toy for a week or so. They'd been good together. Too damn good.

Why hadn't Joy stayed around? At least she'd served as a bit of a buffer to his emotions. He grimaced and slammed the hood shut. Joy was too damn perceptive.

It didn't matter. Bobbi Jo was getting married on Saturday. There was no need to embarrass himself further by telling her he loved her.

He wasn't a fool. And he wasn't a glutton for rejection either.

Maybe they'd have a couple more good fucks and that would be that. He'd known the score before he fingered her to orgasm the very first time standing in his living room. Nelson: one hundred. Jack: zero.

* * * *

After dinner, Jack had gone up to bed to rest. Bobbi Jo checked the clock. It was bedtime. It'd seem odd if she didn't join him, and she really wanted to. She wasn't certain what he wanted. He'd avoided anything that approached personal conversation throughout dinner. They'd talked about cars and racing. And they'd talked some about childhood days, but neither one of them

broached any topic that touched on the two of them now. Or why she was still there a few days before her wedding.

She shook her head and hugged herself. She didn't want it to end this way. They'd laughed so hard during recent days, and he'd made her feel truly loved. She gasped. That was a word she avoided even in her thoughts.

She stood and straightened her dress. She could hardly spend the night on his couch. Cautiously, she took the stairs to the second floor and headed for his bedroom.

* * * *

"Thought maybe you weren't going to join me tonight," he said softly when Bobbi Jo entered his room.

"Why wouldn't I?" She stood before him and pulled the sundress over her head as if offering him her body was the most natural thing in the world to do.

He smiled at her perky breasts rising and falling slowly, her trim pussy, her blonde hair framing her inquisitive face and her full kissable lips. He tried to burn that image into his mind.

He crooked his finger and motioned to her. She didn't smile, but she crawled across the bed and nestled her back against his chest and her shapely ass against his groin. She was avoiding his eyes. That was okay with him. He wasn't any more eager to burst their bubble than apparently she was.

"You smell so full," he said, rubbing his nose against her tense shoulder muscles.

She giggled quietly. "I'm not sure how full smells."

"Like a garden of roses."

"Ah."

Jack cupped her buttocks. She pressed back harder against him. He kissed her neck and shoulders and kneaded her rear.

"Exquisite," she murmured. She rested the heel of her top foot against the knee of her bottom leg, giving him ample room for exploring.

"You've really learned to enjoy this, haven't you?" He fondled her mons with his palm and caressed her anus with his thumb.

"Absolutely," she purred.

He opened her moist channel with two fingers. She flexed back until his fingers entered her. With two fingers in her pussy and his thumb sinking into her ass, he directed her like a

symphony conductor.

Her soft groans encouraged him. He bit her shoulder. She yelped and pressed harder against his hand. "You can't wait, can you?"

She shook her head.

"A little one, then." He curled the two fingers in her pussy until he could feel his thumb in her ass. He rubbed the three digits together as if he were starting a fire.

"Jesus," she whimpered. "What are you doing to me?"

"Making you come."

"I am. I am," she wailed, covering his hand as if she feared he might go away.

He didn't give her time to recover before shoving his cock into her wet pussy.

"Oh yes," she said. "Don't be gentle. Take me, Jack. Don't let me go."

He clawed at the bandages trapping his left arm. They gave way before his urgency. He rolled Bobbi Jo onto her stomach and she moved into a tuck position.

"Yes!" she hollered. "Take me, Jack."

He needed no more permission. His nails raked her back as he seated himself deep and then retreated partially only to slam forward. She jerked on the bed.

"I've been such a naughty girl, Jack. Don't you want to spank me? You said you would if I was naughty."

Jack swallowed hard and lifted his good arm. He tapped her right butt cheek.

"Harder than that, Jack. And don't forget to fuck me."

He reared back, slapped her ass and rammed back into her pussy.

"That's more like it."

Watching her butt redden, he lost any semblance of control. He pummeled her until he exploded and his body collapsed around hers. They both lay there for minutes, gasping, struggling to collect themselves.

And then exhaustion reigned supreme. He rolled to his side and cuddled Bobbi Jo tight. Too bad he couldn't trap her in his arms.

* * * *

Wednesday night Bobbi Jo sat in the grandstands alone trying to keep track of the number nine car weaving in and out of traffic. Joy hadn't shown. She winced, not certain if she felt more alone or betrayed. At least Joy should've come to the races. Apparently, when she made a break

it was a complete break.

Wistfully, Bobbi Jo closed her eyes. Why couldn't she do the same thing?

For the twentieth time she watched the silver and black car bear down on Jack. She knew it was Mannix. The track announcer had talked about the grudge between Mannix and Jack. Twice before, the silver and black car had smashed into the back of Jack, nearly spinning him around once. Jack had recovered and was again pressing for the lead.

Mannix never showed a desire to race. He seemed completely focused on Jack and had gone a lap down, apparently hanging back waiting for Jack to try and get by him.

She held her breath when Jack tried to pass the silver and black car on the back straight away. He was past him. No! The two cars were hooked together somehow. She couldn't tell if their fenders were overlapped, or bumpers, or what, but the announcer confirmed her fears as he screamed for the crowd to watch the battle between the number nine and number fifty-four cars.

The cars sped in front of her heading for the next turn. She stood with the rest of the crowd convinced that both cars would fly over the embankment.

At the last instant, Jack's car yanked to the left. Metal from his vehicle flew over the top of the silver and black car, which careened up and over the embankment. Its rear wheels caught and spun. The caution flag came out and many in the crowd hooted and jeered at Mannix who obviously couldn't move forward or backward. A wrecker lumbered onto the track. Mannix's night was finished. Jack finished a credible fourth.

She headed for Jack's garage area. When she neared it, she saw two overdressed men approaching the garage ahead of her. Would her presence cause more trouble, like Saturday? She hesitated and hung back, waiting.

* * * *

The Gearing brothers entered his garage area fifteen minutes after the feature race. The stocky one, Ed, grinned from ear to ear. Bailey, tall and thin, was passive. He was the money behind Gearing Racing. Ed managed the operation.

Ed extended his fleshy hand and shook Jack's eagerly. "We want you on our team, kid. You got balls. We like that, don't we, Bailey?" Bailey nodded.

"You raced real fine Saturday night, but tonight you raced with class."

"You got enough sense not to wreck our car because of some rift you have with a wannabe driver," Bailey said. "In the long run, that saves us all money."

"But," Jack stammered, "I thought you weren't here the other night?"

"We weren't," Ed said, "but our representative was. Said you raced your heart out with one arm strapped to your side."

Bailey narrowed his beady eyes. "We want our drivers thinking about racing, not about pussy."

Jack stiffened.

"No offense," Ed said quickly. "What Bailey says is true. We expect our guys to concentrate on driving when they're at the track. But we do like knowing that there are still guys willing to defend a woman's honor. Yep. Courage. Honor. And common sense. Will you come race for us?"

Jack stifled yelling hell yes. "In principle, absolutely. But I do want to know the particulars."

"Our legal people will draw up a standard contract. Don't worry, we don't try to lock our drivers in. We realize we're a stepping stone to bigger things, but we do expect to make some money and share some thrills along the way. Have your legal people look it over and get back to us. The sooner the better."

Jack scratched his head and stared at the brothers walking away. His legal people? That was a joke. Joy could probably recommend a lawyer.

With an extra bounce in his step, he put his garage area in order and headed for his pickup, almost forgetting Bobbi Jo until he saw her standing in the dim lights.

"Come here," he said, throwing her a smile.

She dashed to his side and he slung an arm around her waist, matching her stride as they headed toward the parking lot.

"What is it?" she asked. "You look like you're ready to bust."

"They want me!" He stopped and hugged Bobbi Jo.

She leaned into him and smiled. "And that's news?" She ran her hot lips across his neck.

"Not that." He pressed her backside against the front fender of his pickup. "Don't distract me. Not now," he murmured, tracing her lips with his tongue. He placed a hand on either side of her. If she was uncomfortable with being trapped, she didn't show it.

"It's the Gearing brothers. They want me to drive one of their Mid-west Regional cars."

Her pure happiness for him filled his very core.

"You're moving up, Jack. I knew you would. All you have to do is set your eyes on what you

want and it's yours in time."

He leveled his eyes at her. She blushed under his intense stare. She sobered. "Maybe that was too hasty of a statement."

"Maybe, maybe not." He opened the door for her and she climbed in. Her round butt waggled with promise. "Tonight we celebrate. Tomorrow brings what tomorrow brings. Tonight we celebrate."

He drove them to one of his favorite hangouts where the music was loud, the drinks robust, and the women willing. He laughed to himself. The last criterion didn't matter. Not tonight. He already had a willing woman. Damn, if only he could preserve this moment.

* * * *

He found a table for them at the back of the establishment. Several acquaintances congratulated him on putting Mannix away. He and Bobbi Jo were nursing their third drinks when one of his best track buddies came by the table.

"Well done, Jack. Mannix got what he deserved tonight."

He nodded at George Abrams. "Thanks, George."

He noticed Bobbi Jo perk up. She'd been quite melancholy—uncharacteristic for her and for his good news. She lifted her glass in a salute. She hiccupped. He'd forgotten how inexperienced she was at drinking. She'd been drinking too much and too fast. "Here's to Jacko," she slurred. "The next mid-west driver to make it to NASCAR, Busch or whatever."

"What?" George stared hard at Jack.

He nodded and shrugged. "The Gearing brothers offered me a chance to drive for them. Bobbi Jo is a little too far into her cups. This doesn't have anything to do with Busch."

"Maybe not in the short run." George's smile split his face. "Damn, I'll be able to tell my kids I knew Jack Day when he was working on his own cars and driving like a bat out of hell. When do you report?"

"Weekend after next. They're giving me this weekend to get my shit together. I won't be racing at the track Saturday."

George nodded, knowingly. "Giving up on us little guys."

"They don't want me to take risks that aren't on their behalf."

Jack turned sharply when Bobbi Jo's fingernails dug into his arm. "You're going to give up driving my bush, aren't you?"

He frowned quickly at George who was already backing away.

"I'll catch you later, Jack. Good luck." He nodded toward Bobbi Jo. "With everything."

"Thanks. You too." He rose and tossed a tip on the table.

"Do we have to leave so soon?" Bobbi Jo complained as he half drug her out of the bar.

* * * *

It took most of his energy to get Bobbi Jo up the stairs, out of her clothes and into his bed. She was still hiccupping when he joined her. Their situation might be funny if they had more time.

He cradled her backside against his groin. She quieted and then burped. "You still owe me," she grunted, half awake and half asleep.

"What do you think I owe you?" He doubted she'd even remember talking to him in the morning.

"You haven't tuned my ass yet."

"What?"

She made a valiant effort to lift her head, but finally gave up. "You haven't fucked me in the ass."

He shook his head and smiled into her back. She was right, and there was no way they'd accomplish that particular feat tonight.

Before he could reply, he heard her soft snores. "Sleep tight, babe. Maybe in the morning. If I'm lucky."

* * * *

Grogginess battled Jack's brain for space. He cranked an eye open to look at the clock. Nine-thirty. Christ! How had he slept so late? Must've had something to do with exhaustion from his shoulder, from the race, from the Gearing brothers and from the woman he loved. Bobbi Jo!

Jack flung the sheet off and glanced quickly around. Things weren't right. He was alone. And then he spied the note on the chair next to the bed. The last time he'd paid attention to that chair Bobbi Jo was sitting in it, teasing her ass with a vibrator.

He lunged out of bed, took a deep breath and picked up the note. He scanned it. Its contents didn't surprise him, so why was his gut wrenched in a half dozen directions?

Dearest Jack,

Guess I'm a coward, but this is goodbye. I'll never forget what you've done for me. And the

belly ring will be a constant reminder. Best of luck with your move up the racing ladder. I don't fully understand what all of that is about, but I am happy for you.

Tell Joy goodbye for me.

I'll always love you.

Bobbi Jo.

"Shit," he yelled. "But not enough. Not enough to stay with me."

He balled the note up and threw it toward the wastebasket. Too bad he couldn't as easily discard the memories of her smile, of her laughter, of her spread-eagled before him on the bed. Damn, he never had laid her across the kitchen table.

He headed for the shower. Would this entire fiasco make him a wiser man? He doubted that very much. Would it make him stronger? Hardly.

The full blast of cold water hit him square in the face. He shook his head. Damn, she'd fled before he got around to claiming her ass. Son of a bitch. He turned the hot water on.

Such was his world. One moment it was full and the next it was empty.

He turned off the faucet when he felt a sudden blast of cold air invade the bathroom. Had she changed her mind? He yanked the shower door open. "It didn't take you long to get here."

Joy Dixon reached for the buttons on her dress. "Bobbi Jo called me from the airport. We figured you could use some comfort. May I join you?"

He shrugged. "Why the hell not? She left me again, you know."

"I know," Joy said, entering the shower and reaching for his cock with one hand and the soap bar with the other. "So what are you going to do about it?" She lathered him roughly.

"Hey, easy down there. He's the only one I got." He squeezed his eyes shut. "I'm not doing a damn thing about her. She didn't even have the guts to say goodbye."

"Maybe it was easier for both of you that way." Joy used both hands to lather his chest. Her lips met his. She smiled. "But that doesn't mean you should just mope around with your thumb up your ass."

"You have an alternative?"

Joy tipped back her head and laughed. "How about *my* thumb?"

She turned him around so he faced the showerhead and lathered his backside and then demonstrated that her thumb did indeed fit into his ass.

"Damn," he muttered. She reached around for his cock. He braced himself and her hand

moved swiftly, bringing him to climax. He leaned back against her for support and reached for the faucets. The warm spray cleaned him—cleaned both of them.

After leaving the shower and toweling off they retreated to the bedroom. "Thanks for dropping by."

"Are you trying to get rid of me that quickly?" Joy lay back on the bed and lifted her feet toward the ceiling. She spread her pussy lips and winked at him. "Bobbi Jo suggested you might like to have me for breakfast since she couldn't make it."

"Ah, hell," he said, kneeling before his long-time lover. He dipped his head.

"And she mentioned something about ass tuning?"

"I don't have all day," Jack grunted, sliding his tongue along the crease of her vulva.

Joy laughed. "This will do, Jack." She teased his ears with her fingers. "Just eat me good."

"I'll try my best."

"You always do."

CHAPTER TEN

Behind shuttered eyes, Bobbi Jo doubted that her flight would ever end. Just as quickly she regretted that it had to end.

She was in a world of pain. And no matter what she did, she was bound to hurt people. Not a thought she relished.

Joy was right. She wasn't the same innocent little girl who'd shown up on Jack's doorstep a week and a half earlier. She was a woman. A strong woman. A woman with strong passions. And she now knew how some of those passions had to be channeled in order to be satisfied.

The question remained: Could Nelson meet her passion? And did she even want to find out? She had to find out. It wasn't fair to her, to Nelson or to Jack not to know.

She remembered Joy's words earlier that morning: Take your time. If you're not certain, take more time.

Maybe the underlying principle was the same that Jack had used with her. You don't rush a virgin, he'd said. You handle her virginity with the utmost care. You don't proceed until she is more than ready.

She laid her head back against the plane seat and relaxed. She'd give herself as much time as it took to be sure.

After deplaning, she headed directly for the bank. Her outfit didn't quite reflect her usual conservative image, but she wasn't expecting to work. She had a fiancé to meet. What would Nelson make of her bare midriff and belly ring?

* * * *

Two days later, Bobbi Jo kicked at the booted foot sticking out from under the Firebird. She grinned at the cussing that assailed her ears.

Jack's long legs were joined by the rest of his body when he rolled out from under the car. He spied her. She watched him quickly cover up his shock. He rose, brushed off his hands and leaned back against his car. "What are you doing here? You have another problem?"

"Sort of," she said, trying not to crack a smile.

He waited.

"You guarantee your work, don't you?"

He frowned. "Sure. Thirty days, no questions asked. After that, it depends."

"Good. You remember that tune-up you did for me?" She lifted her skirt to show him her neatly shorn pussy in case he'd forgotten.

"Put down your skirt, Bobbi Jo. The neighbors might see."

"Oh, I thought the possibility of discovery only turned you on." She lowered her skirt slowly and made a show of staring at his arousal. "And if I'm not mistaken, that's not a hammer you have shoved down your jeans."

Not bothering to try and conceal his erection, he snapped, "What game are you playing now?"

"It's not a game." She held up her left hand for him. He frowned and then she watched awareness sink in. He'd noticed the absence of the diamond. Still, she couldn't read his expression. "You said you'd tune up my cherry."

"I did, and I did." He crossed his arms.

"Well." She pouted. "It must not have worked. I want more. I need more. My pussy throbs with want."

A smile slid across his mouth. "Maybe I tuned you up too good. Thought this was your wedding day."

"It was," she said, demurely reaching for his hand and tugging him up his driveway toward the house. "Just about right now, actually. Turns out Nelson didn't appreciate my belly ring nearly as much as I did." She tilted her head to the side. "Guess I won't make the wedding. It's tough being in two places at once."

"That's true enough. So what's your plan?"

"Follow me," she said. "And I'll show you."

She led Jack directly to his kitchen. "I'm glad you cleared the table. You must've been expecting me."

She bent forward, crushing her breasts on the tabletop, and tossed her skirt over her rear. She canted her head. "Are you getting the picture, Jack?"

"It's coming."

"I hope so. Without your handsome cock, I'm not coming nearly enough. You might at least want to take off those boots and pants. I expect we'll be here awhile. You obviously have more work to do on my pussy and you never even began tuning my ass."

She relished the feel of his tongue gliding over her labia. "That'll do for starters." He licked her anus. She quivered. "Damn," she groaned.

"Too bad my cock can't be in two places at once."

"Umm. That's not the first time I've bemoaned that fact. So what do you think? Are you going to be able to make good on your guarantee?"

His wide cock splitting her pussy served as his answer. "That's fantastic," she muttered, clamping down on him. "I'm feeling much better already."

"You are a little off kilter," Jack said. "Re-tuning may take more than thirty days."

Bobbi Jo smiled. "I sure hope so." She gripped the other side of the table. The sound of his groin slapping her butt cheered her. He stayed the course. She gulped, aware that he wouldn't be stopping to let her refuel. Not this time. She'd goaded him, but it was all good. It was payback time. And she was relishing payback.

The first orgasm snuck up on her as if it had been waiting in outer space. Maybe it had been in the kitchen all along waiting for her return. In any case, she embraced it, loving it, tucking the memory of it away in her memory bank. "Nice," she murmured. "Now are you going to do my ass?"

"If you want?"

"I want. Don't make me beg, Jack." She reached behind her to part her butt cheeks.

"Good God," he said, hoarsely. "You're so open."

"Open for you," she said, softly. "For you." She chuckled when his slick cock tapped at her entrance. She tried not to clench. He pushed inward and then held steady. His thumb had been this far before.

Again, she clung to the edge of the table. She tried not to focus on how much larger his cock was than the vibrator she'd used.

She chewed her lower lip and he inched in further. She slowly continued opening for him. Each time he slipped forward she opened a bit more until he was completely encased. She sighed. Damn, she was so full.

"I think you're in," she pointed out.

"No kidding, Einstein."

"So are you just going to stand there?"

"No." His voice was ragged.

He moved half way out and then refilled her. "Oh," she clucked. He did it again, testing her response. Her "oh" was automatic. "No need to treat me like a porcelain doll."

"Damn," he grumbled. He pulled out further and rammed back in.

She heard herself say "oh" again, vaguely aware her pitch had risen. His cock slithered in and out of her backdoor. It was remarkable. It took her breath away. Where would the next gulp of air come from? Yet it was so magnificent. She knew he was struggling to maintain himself.

He reached around and found her clit. His movements quickened as did her responses. She frowned. She banged the table trying to stave off her climax. She wanted to feel him coming first.

She swallowed hard and clamped down on him.

"Jesus H. Christ, woman."

She grinned through clenched teeth. His hot torrents poured into her body and she let herself go. "Oh, Jack, fill me." Her own fluids spilled. She laughed almost hysterically. She'd have a messy table to clean up later. Maybe they should bronze that part of the table in memory of some super tuning.

As they gradually regained energy and focused, Jack kissed her shoulders. "Welcome back," he said. "I'm glad you came back. Does Joy know you're here?"

She nodded. "Uh, huh. She'll drop by later."

He nipped at her shoulders. "For how long are you staying this time?"

"For as long as you'll have me."

"Good." He kissed her neck. "I don't plan on ever giving you up."

She rotated her shoulders. "So it must take you a very long time to get a tune-up just right."

"A lifetime, I suppose. I am a perfectionist."

"That's one of many attributes about you that I love. Your attention to detail and your desire to be the best at whatever you set your sights on."

She squirmed her butt against his crotch. "Whenever you're ready to try to get this right, I'm ready for you to try again."