

ALMOST LIKE A SONG

A SERIES

BY HEATHEN57

A lonely widower is trying to run from his pain by traveling across the country. He finds a young girl half frozen in a blizzard, and rescues her. Follow along on their journey across the country and into their emotions. All the titles are song titles and have something to do with the stories.

Table of Contents

Wolf Creek Pass.....	3
Silverton.....	12
Canyon Trilogy.....	22
Las Vegas Nights.....	37
Amarillo by Morning.....	49
Hello New Orleans	63
Country Roads.....	79
Annie's Song	93
Because we are in Love	111

This work is copyrighted 2005 by Heathen57 who retains sole possession to all rights and privileges contained within the law, domestic and international.

Permission is given to individual readers to retain 1 copy (electronic or print) for personal use. Copies to mirror sites of the original posting sites (ASSTR, EWP, SOL) permitted. Any other use is reliant on the written (electronic or printed) permission of the author who retains copies of all requests and grants. Any other publication, reprinting, archiving, or other use, in whole or in part is forbidden. Any exceptions to the above provisions require the permission of the author as stated. Reposting of the electronic media versions of the works of this author can be obtained by sending a request to:

Heathen57 at excite.com

Wolf Creek Pass

Usually I love driving. You see so much from the cockpit of a motor coach. I have traveled to 49 of the states and Canada, saw some beautiful scenery and even witnessed the sight of bare female flesh from passing cars. My wife and I had bought this converted tour bus used and had just finished rebuilding the inside, preparing to pull up stakes and travel. It had always been a dream to see the country, and after we had sold the business, we had the funds to make that dream possible.

But I was traveling alone. My wife had passed away a year ago. We had pulled into a campground outside of Orlando. Kris decided that we needed some supplies so she and I walked to a local store. Making our selections, we headed to the checkout, chatting happily about going to Universal Studios the next day.

That is when all hell broke loose. Two men walked in waving guns in the air, demanding all the money in the registers. An off duty policeman confronted them and one of the robbers fired. The cop returned fire striking the robber in the left side. As the robber fell his gun discharged, hitting Kris in the chest. She collapsed into me. It seemed that time slowed to a crawl as Kris fell back against me, a red spot spreading across the center of her Light yellow blouse. Sinking to the floor beside her, I held her head in my lap as the rest of the scene played out. The second robber decided that surrender would be the best idea, and put himself on the floor spread eagle.

By then the place was swarming with police and ambulance personnel. My darling wife was taken to a trauma center 15 miles away. The doctors worked on her but the bullet had struck a rib and tumbled, causing extensive damage. She died during surgery.

The funeral was held in our hometown. I am not sure how I made it back there. I vaguely remember when the lid of her casket was lowered. I knew then that my soul mate was gone from me forever. I stayed with friends for a while, but decided that I would rather be on the road.

Which is how I found myself climbing up Wolf Creek Pass. I had fueled up in South Fork on Highway 160 headed south. I had just started up the pass when it started to snow. I had driven this route before many times, but this was the first time when it was snowing this hard this late in the year. Tricky even in the best of conditions, snow and ice could make it almost impassible.

Before long, there was snow collecting on the side of the road. There was some slush on the roadbed itself, but it wasn't causing any problems. But the snowfall was getting heavier and I was beginning to get concerned. Still there was nothing to do but push on.

It was getting toward evening but you could only tell by the chronograph that was in the dash. Looking out the windshield you could see little except the large snowflakes. They were reflecting the brightness of the headlights, making a curtain of brilliance in front of the coach. There was no opposing traffic, which could only mean that the state patrol had closed the pass. I remembered that there was a pull-off midway to the summit. If I could make it there, I could pull in and wait the storm out. Propane tanks were full, the generator was working fine, and I had plenty of food and water aboard.

I could feel the drive wheels starting to lose traction just before the sign announcing the pull off appeared. I gingerly maneuvered into the area parking against the wind. This would keep the exhaust pretty well cleared. I slumped down in the drivers seat exhausted. After resting a bit, I moved to the back and started up the heaters and the generator. It would soon be toasty inside the coach. I tried to get something on the CB and the radio, but it was a lost cause. At least I wouldn't freeze and they would have the pass open in a day or two. I settled in for the duration.

I had just set my book down with thoughts of cooking a bite to eat. The wind was picking up and I could feel the bus rock back and forth a bit. The wind was also driving the ice crystals into the metal sides making a sound that reminded you of sand being dropped onto a drum. But there is a different sound. A tapping sound that was not in the rhythm of the storm's song.

Moving to the front of the bus, I heard it more distinctly, someone or something was rapping on the door. I couldn't see anything in the sea of swirling white. Friend or foe I was not sure, but I could not in good conscience leave whomever it was to the certainty of freezing to death.

I opened the door to find a huddled figure leaning against the side. It was bent nearly double in it's attempt to keep the snow from buffeting it even more than it already was. I reached out and touched the shoulder and then grabbed the jacket to bring it inside, along with whoever was inside of it.

Once inside and out of the wind the figure stood upright. At full height she (for now I could see her face) was not much over five feet tall. Her age I would guess to be about half of my own 45 years. Her face was red from the cold. Her blonde

hair, stiff from being frozen, started to thaw and drip the moisture onto her jacket. All in all she looked very cold and a little scared.

"Why don't you shed your coat and sit by this heater, I will make you some tea and see if we can't get you warmed up." I was talking as much to let her know I meant no harm as to reassure myself that this was happening.

It took a few minutes to pull enough energy reserves to shed the coat she was wearing. As if took what she had left, she slid down until she was sitting on the step. I heated some water and did make her a cup of tea. She stayed where she was, just holding the cup in both shaking hands.

It took several minutes until she would even raise her head. Though still chilled to the bone, she at least smiled and thanked me. I wasn't sure if her voice was affected by the weather, or if it was normal but the tones that issued were deeper than I expect from a body so petite. She continued to tell of her reason for being out in the snow as she slipped off the ski pants she had on, along with the bulky sweater. She was now sitting on the couch in a pair of spandex pants and a smooth silver top.

She said that her boyfriend had convinced her to go to the Wolf Creek ski area for the Thanksgiving weekend. They had made it over the pass after noon yesterday. The car started to cough and die out and they nursed it to this pull off. Her boyfriend Nigel had hitched a ride back over the pass to Pagosa Springs and was supposed to come back with help. Spending a long cold night in the car, she had waited patiently until the snow started falling. She had seen my headlights in the rear window of her car, but had resigned to staying where she was. The cold finally forced her to seek the vehicle that had pulled in.

By now I had some soup warmed up and handed her a bowl. She drank that plus a sandwich that was offered. Finally, with her hunger sated, we started talking about why I happened to be here.

It must have been an hour or more and we were chatting like old friends. She was beginning to yawn and I was feeling the weariness of the day as well. I pulled a comforter out of the closet and pulled the couch out into a bed. I could not take chance of the exhaust being covered during the night, so I left the one heater that was vented through the roof running. I shut down everything else and set the alarm for 2 hours so I could start and warm the diesel to make sure the fuel didn't gel and the oil would flow. I snuggled down in my own covers and was asleep within minutes.

When I got up to start the bus up, I stumbled through in the darkness slipping on my jeans and boots. I grabbed my coat and stepped out to check the back of the bus. The wind had lessened but the snow was now getting deeper. I cleared the snow from around the generator exhaust but I knew it would not remain clear, so the generator was out of the question. Since the diesel exhaust was run through the back corner, unless it drifted 12 feet high we could run the engine.

I was shivering by the time I got back inside. The wind chill would probably be near 80 below. The moisture from my breath was causing frost to form around the scarf I had around my face. The diesel complained but turned over and fired. As I watched the gauges, I heard that voice again.

"Dave? Is there something wrong?" Michelle's soft voice startled me from my thoughts.

"Nothing wrong. I just need to keep the motor from freezing up. I am going to leave it running the rest of the night, but we won't have much light. The generator can't run, so we are on the engine lights."

I turned to get out of the seat and was struck with the sight of Michelle's long perfect legs. She had shed her leggings and stood there in her blouse and panties. Even in the dim light, I could see how the muscles almost shimmered as she moved toward me.

I was enjoying the sight. After all I was still male and had not seen a woman in this state of undress in over a year. I could feel my cock harden in my jeans. Before I did something stupid, I moved back toward my bed. I had to pass her in the narrow aisle of the bus. I could feel her nipples moving against my chest, leaving a hot trail as I passed.

I'm sure she felt my hard-on rub against her tummy even though I tried to avoid it. I glanced back and saw her look down and smile. To hide my embarrassment, I said, "It is going to get colder in here. If you need another blanket, come back and get one." I hurried back to my bed and quickly stripped and crawled in, trying to get the thoughts I was having out of my mind and my cock to go down.

I was about to drop off again when I heard Michelle call my name. "Anything wrong?"

"Dave it is getting colder in here. Do you think I could get in with you?"

I thought about it. "I suppose we could. It would be warmer. Let me grab my sweats."

"Skin to skin would be better wouldn't it?"

"Yeah it would, but..."

She just smiled and crawled under the covers. "This is a lot better. We both will be more comfortable this way." She moved around under the covers a bit and then her blouse, bra and panties appeared. She tossed them on the floor then moved up against me. I could feel the hardness of her nipples as she pushed in tighter, rubbing her crotch against my erection.

"We could generate a little heat of our own if you want."

I simply said, "I want" and started kissing her hard. Her mouth opened willingly taking in my tongue as her hands slid around my back.

As we kissed, I explored her body with my free hand. Her boobs were not too big, but very firm, the nipples as hard as my cock. She started moaning when I moved my mouth from her neck to latch on to one of those pink tips.

My hand moved down across her side and down her hip feeling the muscles of her ass clench as I switched to the other breast. Moving down her thigh as far as I could reach I reversed direction and brought it up to her pussy. I marveled at the wetness and heat that was radiating from the smooth outer lips. She had a tuft of trimmed hair at the top of her slit and I knew that I wanted to see what I had explored with my fingers.

However she was not in the mood for prolonged foreplay. Michelle was much too excited to wait. She was trying to maneuver me into position between her spread thighs. Not one to deny a lady what she desires so strongly, I moved up until my cock was just touching her swollen lips. She reached down and moved my cock around gathering her wetness, moaning when it brushed her clit. She pushed down as I drew back a bit and the head of my cock settled just spreading her lips at her entrance. She bucked up and I slid in an inch or so.

I started backing out a bit to spread her juices then back in a little further at a time. In just a few strokes I could feel the base of my cock push against her clit and I was fully embedded in her.

She was too anxious to go slow, bucking up at me and groaning. I knew I wouldn't last long so as I started pumping in and out, I directed one of her delicate hands to her clit. She started a frantic rhythm strumming her pleasure button and breathing harder. I was pounding harder now lost in the passion and reaching for my own release. When I knew I was going over the edge, Michelle stiffened and let out a loud groan. She lost her rhythm as her pussy contracted

around my cock. I pushed in as far as I could and saw lights in my head as I shot off deep into her.

When I came back down, I saw that she still had her eyes closed breathing deeply. Resting my weight on my elbows, I leaned down and kissed her on her nose. She giggled then sighed.

"Oh God Dave, I really needed that. I kept lying in there thinking how wild it is that we are stuck together. Then I started getting horny. I hope you don't mind."

"I definitely don't mind. You are beautiful and very sexy. I wanted you but didn't want you to feel pressured."

She chuckled. "What I would really like it is to be pressured by you shoving that cock in me again." She started fondling me and to my surprise I was getting hard again. As soon as she felt I was stiff enough, she rolled me to my back and climbed on. This time I could reach her myself, so I caressed her boobs and ass while she rode me to 2 more orgasms before I emptied myself into her again. She collapsed onto me and we both fell asleep hearing the gentle vibrations and rumbling of the diesel below us.

I awoke a few hours later with the desperate need to relieve myself. I had softened and slipped out of her and we were lying on our sides facing each other. I gently untangled myself and moved to the tiny bathroom.

It was chilly in the coach and I could see the beginnings of daylight coming in around the edges of the curtains. Making sure Michelle was snuggled deep into the blankets, I dressed and made some coffee. I checked the gages and switched over to another fuel tank. Looking out I could see that the snow was about 4 feet deep but the wind had died. The storm seemed to have passed. Fortified with a cup of coffee, I finished dressing preparing to go out and see what the situation was. As I was putting on my boots, Michelle came out from the back wearing just the blanket from the bed. Her hair was messed up and she had that sleepy "I just got my socks fucked off" look. She smiled and sat down while I got another cup from the cupboard.

"What are doing?" She asked while sipping her coffee.

"I am going to take a look and see if I can clear enough snow to get the generator up and the heaters going. Be back in a few minutes." Kissing her I stood and went out.

It was still bitter but the storm had indeed passed. I warmed up quickly shoveling the snow from around the back and sides until I was certain that it was

safe. There was a blanket of white covering everything and I was certain that we would not see any rescue for a day or two.

With the generator up and running and the heaters working, I knew we could just wait it out. Deep down I was happy that no one would be able to find us for a while. I was enjoying the company too much. I trudged back around and went inside.

As I took off my coat and boots, I realized that there was the unmistakable odor of bacon frying. Michelle was standing at the stove wearing one of my t-shirts that didn't quite cover her luscious little bottom. Her cheeks were twitching as she swayed back and forth to a rhythm that was only in her head.

"I will have breakfast ready in just a minute. How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled is fine," I replied as I shut down the diesel. I then moved past her to start up the water heater. On my way by I gave her a hug savoring the feel of her butt against my crotch and the weight of her boobs as they rested on my arms. She turned her head back and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "In a little while, we should have enough hot water to at least wash up."

"Good. I can still feel you coming out of me every now and then. Not that I mind all that much." She replied with a big smile on her face.

I got a serious for a minute. "Michelle, I enjoyed what we did last night tremendously. But I don't want you to think that you had to do that in payment for staying."

"Dave, Last night happened because I wanted it to. I didn't do it for payment, I came to your bed because you are a sweet person and sexy to boot. If you are interested, I would gladly do it again."

As she set the plate in front of me, I grabbed her waist and set her in my lap. "I am more than interested. And I figure we are going to be stuck her for a couple of days at least."

"Good. Now eat up. You are going to need your strength. I guarantee it"

Actually we were there for 3 days before the plows came through. During that time we thoroughly explored each other. Not only our bodies but also our hearts and minds. We made love countless times, trying every position and piece of furnishing we could think of. When I was totally drained for the moment, I feasted on her glorious pussy. When we both exhausted, we talked about our lives. She was out of college, but was working as a waitress in a small diner in

Pagosa Springs. Her boyfriend was from one of the rich families there and they had been going together for months. I told her that I was retired and just traveled around the country, writing articles and even a couple of novels that were well received.

I heard the snow blowers go through midday. We got up and dressed completely for the first time in 3 days. Within an hour a state patrol car pulled up and the officer came to check on us. We told him we were fine, but were running low on supplies. With the plow breaking a path for us, we managed to pull out. Michelle went to the car she had been in and got her belongings and we got out on the road.

Michelle sat behind me as we drove down the pass and into the town. She didn't say much during the trip. I too was starting to feel the impending loss of her company. I might say I was a little in love with her.

She directed me to stop at the diner so she could let them know she was okay, and then she was going to see what happened to Nigel. I let her out with a heavy heart, but I knew she had her own life. Sighing, I went down the road to a station to fill all the tanks and dump the wastewater. That done, I walked across the street to a little Mom and Pop grocery and picked up the supplies to replace those we used up. Everything I picked up reminded me of her fixing dinner, brewing coffee, and especially the bottle of Chocolate syrup. She had found it on a shelf and brought it to bed using it to cover my cock, licking it up and my cum shortly after. I, of course returned the favor, savoring the taste of her essence mixed with the sweetness of the syrup.

I was standing there lost in thought with a stupid grin on my face, when I heard a voice behind me. "You should get an extra one in case you find another damsel in distress"

I gave Michelle a hug and a kiss. "I didn't figure on seeing you again, but I am sure glad I did."

She smiled and then looked down at the floor. "You said that you wished for a companion for your travels. I am not a puppy, but would I do?"

I picked her up and twirled her around. "Nothing could make me happier." Then I set her down. "But I thought you had Nigel here."

A dark look crossed her face. "I found Nigel at the bar. He had gotten drunk and forgot to send anyone up. He was sitting with some young bitch on his lap when I saw him."

She had her clothes packed in two suitcases sitting by the door of the coach. I teasingly said, "Confident I would say yes?"

She blushed. "Well I was hoping, but I thought at least you would take me out of here."

"Your hope was right. Come on, let's see what New Mexico offers." I opened the door and set her bags in. We pulled out on the highway heading south. I wasn't sure what was in the future for us, but for now I was more at ease than I had been for a long time.

Silverton

I pulled out of the station as Michelle took her bags to the bedroom in the back. I could hear her humming some tune I didn't recognize. It was nice to have another presence in the coach. Since the death of my wife, I had been alone traveling the country. Now I had a passenger, but Michelle was more than just a passenger. She was my companion and my lover. The night before we had been lying together after a long bout of lovemaking and Michelle had told me a little about her life.

Her parents had been really strict. She hadn't been allowed to date until she was 17. After graduating, she went to the local community college. She had moved into Pagosa Springs a year before with her boyfriend and had taken a job at the café. A few months later she had come home and found the place empty. Her boyfriend had taken all they had. With no money and not wanting to give her parents the satisfaction of having to bail her out, she stayed and tried to save up enough to be able to leave.

She had met Nigel. They dated quite often for a few months. He seemed arrogant, but was nice enough to her. She finally trusted him enough to go skiing with him, and he left her up on the mountain on her own. She had her fill of the young guys around the area. At first she wasn't sure of me, but decided that I wasn't like any other man she had known. I gave her hope that she could catch her dreams. That is why she asked to come along with me.

At the junction of the highway it was time for a decision. Going left would take us into New Mexico where Michelle could probably stay and continue her life - find a job, a place to live, and perhaps even a person who would love and commit to her. To the right would be the unknown; many questions and problems would come up. My previously ordered - if lonely - life would be disrupted. True, Michelle could find a job and life anywhere along the way and I would be back to where I was except I would miss her more than I wanted to admit. I was starting to realize this more and more. If I could have been honest with myself, I would confirm in my head what my heart was already telling me. I was falling for this young woman.

I made a right onto highway 160 and headed northwest. There was an old town called Durango that I wanted to see and I thought Michelle would find interesting. I was hoping that the biggest attraction in town was not shut down for the season.

The supercharged diesel labored as we moved along the winding road. The scenery was magnificent. The newly fallen snow tipped the firs and pines giving them a surreal appearance. The road was dry and we toiled along with no worries. For the first time in quite a while, I was enjoying myself.

Michelle came back up front and sat on the step that led to the living area. She was looking at the scenery, and I was stealing glances at her. She was a beautiful woman; about five and a half feet tall, but with a petite build; more athletic than curvy. The sun shining in from the windshield showed on her wavy brown hair like a halo bringing the auburn that was there in highlight.

She looked at her watch and saw that it was mid afternoon. With the sun blazing in upon us, she realized that we were heading west, not in the direction she expected. She cast a questioning glance at me.

"We're taking a detour. You didn't seem to care where we headed out to, so I thought we would see what Durango was like."

I could see her eyes light up. "Durango? I wonder if the train is still running. I would love to see it."

"Well it is kind of late in the season, but we'll see when we get there. In the meantime, would you get a Pepsi for this poor dehydrated old man?"

She playfully slapped me on the shoulder. "You are not an old man. You proved that to me before." As she stood up and turned, I was treated to a view of the most perfect butt ever to be encased in a pair of skintight jeans. Between that and the memories of our previous time together, it caused a stirring in my jeans. Cursing about my inability to take advantage of it right now, I concentrated on my driving instead.

It was just before 4:00 when we pulled into the town. The sun had slid behind the surrounding mountains, casting a premature darkness and highlighting the streetlights that could be seen from the edge of town. I stopped at the depot first and found out that the normal trains were still running. Michelle told me she wanted to watch as they pulled the engine in for the night. As she closed the door, I talked to the woman behind the counter and made some arrangements. I thanked her and went out to Michelle. We talked to the engineer and fireman for a few minutes then headed out.

On the way back to the coach, Michelle asked if we could go on the train tomorrow. I just smiled and said "Maybe." She gave me a playful punch on the arm then slid up under my shoulder, wrapping her arm around me.

I got back aboard the bus and backed it into their empty parking lot. We had permission to park there overnight. I got the generator fired up and leveled the coach for the night. Coming back in I dropped onto the sofa that was opposite the galley. Michelle was busy looking through the cupboards. "Do you have any rosemary in here?" she asked. "I need it for the chicken."

"Probably not. My cooking tends to be simple. How about we try the café up the street tonight and you can make a list of what we need later."

"But I was going to start doing my part around here. I'm a good cook and I wanted to repay you for bringing me along."

I pulled her over onto my lap. Taking her hands in mine I gave her a quick kiss. "Michelle, you are paying your way just by being here. And I don't mean by giving me the greatest sex I have ever had. Before you showed up knocking on the door of the bus, I was just moving from one point to another. I wasn't really enjoying things around me. I guess I was just surviving. Now I feel like I am alive again, and that is your doing."

She gave me a kiss. "Dave, I still want to pull my weight. I don't think I could ever drive this monster, but I can make sure you eat well. I saw all the ready to heat dinners in there."

I laughed and helped her up. Once she was standing, I gave her a swat on the butt. "You can play kitchen wench tomorrow, but for tonight you have a reprieve. Grab a coat and we'll go and eat."

"Kitchen wench huh?" she tried to sound insulted, but the sparkle of her eyes gave her away. Grabbing her coat, we secured the bus and headed up the street.

Dinner was excellent. It was a Mom and Pop operation and the food was all you could want. They seemed in no hurry to close up and came over to sit with us while we had coffee. They told us all about the gossip around the town. Despite the tourism that drove the economy, the town still had the feel of a typical small community with everyone knowing each other. We stayed just awhile longer, then bade them a good night, promising to come back tomorrow.

As we walked back to the coach hand in hand. Michelle looked up at me. "The lady in the café stopped me on the way out of the bathroom and asked me if I enjoyed traveling with my father."

I chuckled a bit. "Sweetie, if you stay with me you may get that more and more." Then I got serious. "Does it bother you, the difference in our ages I mean?"

She shrugged. "I hadn't noticed until she mentioned it. All I see is a very caring, smart and sexy man. Years don't make that much difference." We started moving again. "I don't care what other's think, as long as we are happy."

I put my arm around her waist and we walked back to the bus in a friendly silence. We piled in and I pressed the lock on the door. As I made my way to the back I checked that the heater was set for the night and opened the door to the bedroom. Michelle was bent over slightly removing her panties. Her rounded breasts pointed down but were not so large that they had more than a little sway. Her nipples were distended probably from the sudden exposure to the cool air. Her beautiful full cheeks were on display as well the soft appearance hiding the strong muscles within. My cock immediately started to fill and expand.

I stepped up and caressed those cheeks with the flat of my hand. She let her panties fall to the floor as she turned and embraced me, her mouth finding mine and giving me a passionate kiss. With her lips locked on mine, she ran her hands up under my shirt touching my back. Breaking the kiss she started to rapidly remove my clothing, kissing the exposed flesh. She sucked on both of my nipples sending shock waves throughout my chest and down to my cock, which was now fully hard. She ran a trail with her tongue down my body until she encountered my belt. She used the time while unbuckling my pants by running her tongue from one side to the other causing contractions in my stomach muscles and a low moan to escape my lips.

As my pants and boxers dropped to the floor, she inhaled my cock. Before she took her time, now she seemed to be in a hurry. After feeling her head bob a few times down the length of my shaft, I helped her up to where I could give her a kiss. She moaned into my mouth as my hands worked their way down her back and cupped her ass.

I moved her to the edge of the bed and put her down on it. I started to give some attention to her breasts, but she was too worked up for any type of foreplay. "I've spent most of the day thinking about how we made love for the first time, and the times after. I have had all the foreplay I could stand. Please just move up and fuck me."

Not one to refuse a lady, I moved between her legs. I could feel the tension quivering in her thighs as I brushed past them. I rubbed the head of my cock up and down her wet slit, separating the inner lips and spreading her nectar. I moved back down until I got to her opening and pushed. The head of my cock slid in, and I marveled at the feeling of being engulfed within her velvety walls. She groaned as I slid in until our pubic bones met. I could feel her moistness leak on my balls. I slid almost all the way out then back in with more force. At her

urging, each stroke came quicker and harder. She pulled her legs out and back toward her chest making her pussy even tighter. I could see the muscles in her tummy start to flutter as she started to orgasm. Her body tightened and I felt the contractions as she rode the crest.

This was the most passionate woman I had ever been with. My wife had been just a little more than indifferent to sex throughout our marriage. I continued to be fascinated by Michelle's reactions. As she came, her face would contort into an almost pained expression, her nipples were hard and her entire chest was flushed. She would hold this pose as she hovered on the edge. Then her pussy would contract first, rapidly followed by spasms throughout her body. She did not scream, but her moans and guttural sounds that came out in her throaty voice were extremely arousing.

I had slowed as I watched her in the throes of passion and as she started coming down, I started pumping in again at a little slower pace. This brought her back up toward the top of the wave again. Just as she started her second orgasm, I went with her. I felt the semen rushing through my cock to fill her up. We pushed hard against each other trying to fill her with everything I had.

As I collapsed onto my elbows, she stretched her shaky legs out beside mine. "Mickey that was fantastic. I have never seen anyone have an orgasm like that."

"I don't think I've had one like that either. Mickey huh? I like that."

I kissed her on the nose. "It fits you." I moved over her to where her nipples were rubbing on my chest. "I am so glad that you are here. You have made my life mean so much more."

I could see her brown eyes brimming with tears. "You really mean that?" She was biting her lower lip, a little bit uncertain.

I caressed her cheek with my fingertips. "Yes my Mickey, I am very glad. We may have been together a week, but you have become very important to me."

She reached up and hugged me hard. I could feel the wetness on my cheek. "Thank you Dave. You can't imagine how much that means to me."

I held her for a while longer, then gently pried her arms loose. She looked at me. "We should get under the covers to continue this."

She giggled a little and then stood and pulled the covers back. She slid in first with me following so we were lying face to face. We whispered to each other

until we both felt sleepy. I reached up and set the alarm clock then turned off the lights. We were both asleep within moments.

I awoke up to the buzz of the alarm getting louder. I reached over and shut the irritating sound off. I was snuggled up to Mickey spoon fashion; my hand around her waist and my cock nestled between the globes of her firm ass. I tried to move slowly trying not to wake her, but she stirred and turned to look at me.

"Morning babe. Time to get up."

She smiled, but I could tell she was not fully functional. I went to the lavatory and performed my morning ritual. The water heater was working fine, and I got a quick shower. By the time I got out, Mickey had made it to the edge of the bed. "Your turn, I'll get the coffee started."

"Dave, why are we up so early?"

"The train leaves at 8:00 and we don't want to be late. So move those cute little buns"

She groaned but got up and moved into the lavatory. The coffee was done when she came out wearing just a robe and a smile. We had a quick cup of coffee and then I went back to dress while Mickey cleaned up. It was just after 7:30 when I heard the first fiery breaths of Locomotive 482 as she came to life. The steam was just starting to get enough pressure for the grand old lady to start singing. Mickey quickly dressed and we walked across the lot to the roundhouse.

We arrived just in time to see the engineer, Mac, start to step up into the cab. He waved us both over and he helped Mickey into the cab. She had worn a black mid-thigh skirt and a sweater, and I enjoyed the view of her light blue bikini panties as she climbed up the ladder. I hung on the outside as Mac blew the whistle, and then eased the throttle forward. We could feel a shudder as the 143 tons of fully loaded locomotive started to move. The pistons slowly transferring power to the drive wheels as she moved out into the yard. He pulled up past the switch then backed onto a siding where the cars for the trip were. As they were coupling the cars, we moved back into the first car. Since there were no other passengers on the way up, we had the car to ourselves.

I stepped back out and talked to the conductor. I told him of the arrangements I had made last night and he told me it had been taken care of. I thanked him and climbed back in to find Michelle.

She had taken a seat near the center of the car by a window. Her eyes were shining as she took in all the restoration work that had been done. Her smile

told me just how happy and excited she was. I reached down and she took my hand as she looked at me with a question on her eyes.

"Come on, we still have to check in you know. Then you get your surprise." We climbed down the ladder and went to the depot office. The lady behind the counter recognized me immediately.

"Mr. Robbins, the arrangements are ready. Your car is the last on the train. You may wait on the dock." She pointed to the direction we were to go. We stood there watching the other passengers moving around. The train looked to be almost full. We heard a whistle blow then we saw the grand lady in her full glory moving stately out of the yard and up to the platform.

People were lining up according to the car they were assigned to. Michelle noticed that we were the only 2 for the last car. She was about to ask me about it when a porter came out of the car and introduced himself as Alan. He took Michelle's hand and led her to the door of the railcar. She gasped as she looked in.

Furnished in the Victorian style, the seats were padded velvet, done in the reds, greens, and blues of the period. The elegance was something that you do not see in modern day furnishings. A man in a white coat, who said his name was Charles, was standing at the rear of the car. Michelle was visibly shaking as she stepped in. She looked at me, her eyes wide.

"When I checked last night they were not sure if they would be able to get us on the regular train. I found out that they have cars for hire, so I rented it. This is the *Cinco Animas* and it was built in 1883. Normally it is used for parties of 25 but I convinced them that we could have it for ourselves."

She grabbed me into a big hug and started kissing me passionately. Realizing that both Alan and Charles were trying not to look, she stepped back blushing. She sat on one of the couches, straightening her dress.

We heard the whistle then the car gave a small lurch. We were sitting together waving at the people alongside that were there to see the train off. Soon after pulling out, Charles served us a light breakfast of Mimosa and pastries. He was very attentive -- keeping the glasses filled and getting anything we wanted. We held hands as we watched the scenery go floating by. We marveled at the panorama of the high line, and the sheer walls of the canyons. At times it seemed that the tracks were hanging on the sides of the cliff. When the train slowed to a halt at the Needleton tank for water, Michelle darted for the bathroom. I asked why she waited that long and she said she didn't want to miss anything.

Three and half hours later the 45-mile trip ended in Silverton, a small mining town from the 1870's that had been rebuilt for the tourists. As Alan helped her off the platform of the car, I saw a wicked sparkle in her eyes. That was the same sparkle that meant she was very aroused. Walking up Main Street, she whispered, "I can't believe how the vibrations of the train affected me. I'm so damned horny, I can't believe it." I just grinned and pulled her a little tighter to me.

Michelle looked through the little shops, but refused to buy anything. When I asked, she said she was saving her money. I assured her that I did not mind buying anything she wanted, but the only thing that caught her eye was a cast pewter thimble with a picture of the train on it and I bought it for her. She also had used my digital camera, filling up all of the memory cards for it, so I bought a couple more.

It was time to head back to the station, and we boarded the train. I told Charles for the return trip that we would want some privacy. He just smiled and assured me that he would stay in the back of the coach until called for. Michelle was sitting on the couch looking out and waving at people as they passed the car. Feeling frisky, I gave her a kiss and slid down to the carpeted floor.

Michelle stared as I slid my hands up along the outside of her thighs. "Dave? You can't do that here."

"You just watch out the window Mickey. Nobody will know the difference." I slid my hands up they were caressing her hips. She moaned, but was trying to keep a straight face looking out and smiling. Moving her skirt up to her hips, I started running my hands on her thighs, up the outside then back down the inside. I started running my tongue back and forth leaving a trail across both thighs as I moved closer to her panties. I could smell her arousal as I made my way up. I slid the crotch to the side exposing one of her outer lips. I sucked on it as her moans became deeper and more intense.

No longer able to hold her concentration, she turned her face from the window, moving so that her body was easier to access with my tongue. Mickey unzipped her skirt and raised her hips so I could drop it and her panties on the floor. Then I got down to some serious pussy eating. I moved my tongue along the line where her legs met her body, giving her little shocks. Then I started running my tongue along each outer lip, down to her opening then up between until I touched her clit. Then I would repeat the same pattern on the other side. Her juices were flowing freely now so I started licking it from its source. I could feel her legs tense and her moans were becoming more frequent. As the train shuddered when it pulled out, I pushed two fingers into her opening and bent

them, searching for her g-spot. I could tell when I found it by the change in Michelle's voice. By this time I knew she was almost over the edge, so I sucked her clit between my lips and ran my tongue rapidly over and around it.

Her orgasm was fantastic, especially since she was trying to be quiet. Her body was trembling and shaking. I tried to prolong her orgasm as long as I could and when she finally came down, she was panting and still moving from the aftershocks.

She finally came back to Earth her feeble movements motioning me to come closer. I leaned towards her and she brought her arms around my neck. "Thank you."

I kissed her and said, "You're welcome."

"But I am too worn out to do anything for you."

"Mickey, this is not a contest. We're not keeping score. I love to watch you cum." I kissed her again. "Besides you'll have a chance to do the same for me someday."

I did get her to rise up enough to slip her skirt on. Her panties I slipped in my pocket. I did get her up on the couch in a more respectable position. At my call, Charles immediately appeared with some champagne. "I thought Madame could use something to drink." I said as I took the flute from his tray and handed it to her. She could see Charles discreetly sniff the air and she turned a lovely shade of red. He gave a small smile and went back to the rear of the car.

Michelle was very tired from the day's activities. She leaned against me and snoozed for the remainder of the trip, while I looked at the scenery and thought about the sexy bundle of joy that was snoring softly against my side.

I roused her as we passed the town of Hermosa, giving her time to get herself together. By the time we pulled in, she had her clothes straightened and her hair back in place. As we were getting off, Michelle turned to Charles. "Umm. I apologize about... If we... I mean..."

"Think nothing of it ma'am. It has happened before. I am just glad you enjoyed your journey."

Still red, she just nodded and then stepped down beside me. We walked hand-in-hand to the same diner from the night before. We ate a quick meal still holding hands. The owner's wife was looking at us strangely, so Michelle decided to set her straight when she came over to the table.

Still holding my hand, Michelle told her, "You asked me yesterday about traveling with my father. Dave here isn't my father. He is my friend and lover. Our ages don't make any difference because when I look at him I don't see his age, but what a wonderful person he is."

The poor woman apologized. "-I didn't mean anything. Honest."

Michelle smiled at her. "I know you didn't, and I didn't answer since I had never thought about it. I never saw the difference. But you were so nice I wanted to tell you the truth."

"It wasn't necessary, but thank you."

We paid our bill and went back to the bus. We were both tired so we just stripped and crawled into bed. I was on my back with Mickey curled up against my side. She gave me a kiss and with a sleepy "g'nite" she settled down on my chest. We were both out within a few minutes.

The next morning I woke up to the sound of a train whistle. I was underneath 5'-6" of very sexy, but also very asleep woman. I got myself out from under her and made my way to the bathroom. The smell of coffee roused my bedmate and she stumbled to the front of the coach naked. She sat down and I handed her a cup of coffee. As she woke up, I sipped my second cup, looking at a roadmap.

"What you looking at, babe?" She looked over at the atlas.

"Just figuring where to go to next. Any preferences? I was thinking of Las Vegas."

"Mmmmm. That sounds good. Could we stop and see the Grand Canyon on the way?"

"Sure. Anything you want to see just say so. Being with you as you discover something new makes me see it in a new light too."

She gave me a light kiss. She headed back to get cleaned up and dressed. I finished my coffee and as soon as she came out, I got the coach ready to move. Michelle stowed everything away and I warmed up the diesel. We pulled out of Durango heading towards the Grand Canyon.

With me in the driver's seat, my companion and lover on the seat behind me on the sofa, we settled in for the first leg of the trip. We had made some memories during our train trip, but I was looking forward to the next adventure. With someone like Michelle, I knew it would be interesting.

Canyon Trilogy

We were heading west again along highway 160. The air was getting warmer since we were going down in altitude as well as having a warm air front come through. I was just enjoying the feeling of freedom that you can only get by moving along on the open road.

Michelle was sitting behind and a bit above me on the couch. Although I couldn't see her, I could feel her presence there. I was still trying to figure out what I had done in my life to deserve to have this vibrant, sexy woman want to travel with me. Along the same lines, I was trying to sort out my feelings for her. My rational mind was telling me that it was just her youthful excitement that I was picking up on -- that we were too far apart in age to have anything really come of it. That she could, and possibly would, go her own way soon.

My heart was telling me that I was falling in love with this woman. I was finding myself wanting her to stay around. It was more than just the sex, though that was fantastic. Rather, I felt a thrill at hearing her voice, the touch of her hand, even the radiant smile that she often flashed me. My mind kept throwing up roadblocks in this relationship; those arguments were fading fast. In the end, my heart was going to win.

Still lost in these thoughts, I heard Mickey call my name. "I'm sorry Mickey. I was kind of lost in thought."

She poked my shoulder lightly. "Silly. I was just asking if we could stop at the next town and buy some food. I still want to fix you a dinner."

"Sure. Cortez is a good-sized town. I can pull in and we could pick up what you think we need, and we could even camp around there if you want."

It wasn't long until we found a grocery store not too far from the edge of town. I parked the bus at the edge of their lot and we went in. The store was clean and bright but had the feel of a Mom & Pop operation. I followed Michelle through the aisles as she found what she considered the essential supplies for any meal. When she went to the meat counter, I had to remind her that the refrigerator was not too big and we could stop almost anywhere to pick up whatever she wanted.

When we got back inside, Michelle put the sacks under the table and we headed toward the south end of town. I had asked about a campground and this one

came highly recommended, having the facilities I was looking for. We pulled in and I went in to pay the fee. I even booked some time for the hot tub that was next to their pool.

This was the first night since Michelle and I had been together that we had been where she could enjoy the full luxury of our coach. ("Our" coach? Where did that thought come from?). I hooked up the electric, water, and waste connections, and leveled the rig. Coming in, I told Michelle I was headed to the shower. I had been traveling long enough to use the campground facilities whenever possible. Grabbing clean clothes and towels, I jogged over to the shower rooms.

The public showers were deserted when I went in. I stripped down and stepped under the head, letting the water rinse the day's grime away. With an almost unlimited amount of hot water, I took my time. After I was completely clean, I stood and let the water cascade over my body. The heat helped to relax muscles that were stiff from the unusual amount of activity I had been participating in. Thinking of those activities was causing a certain part of my body to become stiff, not relaxed. My hand stroked my rising cock as I relived the feel of Michelle's flesh, her scent, and most importantly -- her cries of joy. I finally broke out of my revelry to remember I was in a public shower and that the object of my revelations was waiting for me. I stepped out and started to dry off, trying to will my cock to go down.

As I entered the bus, I was hit with the scents of a wonderful meal in the making. I had not smelled such aromas since before I had been married. Michelle was standing in front of the oven, sliding a pan in. Dressed as she was in tight jeans and a t-shirt, my cock was trying to resurrect itself. I was imagining her smooth skin under that cloth and remembering how the muscles flex as she comes closer to orgasm was having its natural effect on me.

Raising my eyes I found Michelle staring back, questioning the smile on my face.

"I was just thinking how beautiful you are."

She blushed a bit, but her smile grew at the comment. "Keep an eye on the chicken. It has to cook another half an hour. I am going to get a shower myself." She grabbed her towels and headed over to the showers.

I sat back and took it easy, taking a bottle of white wine out of the storage, and then sat back with a book. As the timer went off, Michelle came back in the door. Grinning at her I said, "You sure timed that just right. Didn't even give me a chance to mess it up."

Her hair was still damp, hanging down her back. I could see her nipples poking against the thin fabric of her t-shirt, stimulated no doubt from the cool air. With a giggle, she breezed past me on her way to rescue her culinary creation.

Dinner was even better than she had promised. Michelle glowed in the compliments I gave her as I finished off my second helping. Afterwards, we sat back and relaxed with the remainder of the wine.

We were talking about the trip and the campground. Michelle was grinning and turning a little pink. I asked her what was wrong.

"I promise I wasn't snooping, but when I pulled out the towels from in the bedroom, a bunch of DVDs fell out of the shelf. The titles looked interesting. Are those really movies of people having sex?"

I had forgotten about my movie collection. Now it was my turn to be a little embarrassed. "Yes Mickey, those are erotic movies. I had forgotten all about them."

I could see a twinkle in her eyes now. "Do you think we could watch one of them? I never had a chance to see anything like that before."

The thought of watching an erotic movie with Mickey was definitely causing me to have a reaction. "If you want to we will. I will find one of the better ones and get it ready while you finish up the dishes."

Michelle jumped up and hurried to finish off the last of the dishes. I headed back to the bedroom and turned on the Plasma Screen and the DVD player. I selected one that had a plot to it and slipped it in. I slipped into a pair of boxers and lay back on the bed.

Michelle came in and saw how I was dressed. She smiled and stripped down to her bikini panties. She crawled up on the bed and stretched out beside me. A touch of the remote and the movie started.

As the action on the screen heated up, so did Mickey. The first scene featured a large busted woman playing with herself in the shower. As the woman started rubbing her hands around and over her labia, Michelle started moving her thighs together. The next scene that aroused her interest was the same woman swallowing a cock that must have been 11" long. You could see her throat expand as his cock started down. I pushed Mickey's hand away from her pussy, replacing it with my own. I worked on her labia, just occasionally dipping deep into her hole to spread more of her flowing juices around. I wasn't trying to bring

her off, but just keep her excited. I maneuvered her panties off of her and she was lying there gloriously naked.

When a scene between the blonde and an equally busty redhead came on, I felt the tension in Michelle increase. I looked at her face and she was watching in rapt attention. As the two girls fondled each other's breasts, Michelle's hand moved unconsciously to her own. Her hands were following the movements on the screen on her own body. As the women on the screen went into a 69, Michelle suddenly went into a massive orgasm. Her body shuddered and twitched and she groaned as the waves washed over her.

I held her until she relaxed a bit and opened her eyes. She looked a bit embarrassed, but insisted that we finish the movie. I got the idea to mimic the movements on the screen, just touching her tummy or thigh when the action was calm, then moving to her sensitive areas as it heated up.

The final scene was a threesome between the blonde, the redhead, and the redhead's boyfriend. I felt Mickey's soft hand reach into my boxers and grasp my hard cock, squeezing and moving in short strokes. I was enjoying the sensations she was causing, when she took a sharp intake of breath. The man on the screen was teasing the blonde's ass with his tongue then started to lube her up. Mickey was enraptured with the action. I quietly reached over and picked up a bottle of lotion that she had left on the bedside stand. I put a generous amount on my fingers and moved between her butt cheeks. My fingers roamed all around her nether hole, causing her to twitch every time I brushed against it.

By now, the blonde was on her hands and knees, her face buried in the other girl's shaven pussy, her butt in the air. Mickey was teasing her clit and rocking her pelvis. I moved my thumb into her soaked pussy, and then touched her backdoor with my finger. She muttered "Oh God!" and tried to push against my finger. In time with the actor's motions, I pushed my slickened finger into her ass. I felt her tense just a bit, and then relax as my finger pressed in to the second knuckle.

As the actor started pushing in and out of the blonde's ass, I copied the movement with my finger and thumb. Within just a minute I felt Mickey start to tense up in anticipation of another massive orgasm. As she went over the edge, her real moans and shouts drowned out the canned noises from the movie. Her hand was gripping my cock so hard that it was almost painful. I had never seen her cum as hard and for as long before. Her entire body was stiff and vibrating as the feeling of her orgasm washed over her.

As she started coming down, I gently removed my finger and thumb from her passages. There were tears leaking from her closed eyelids as she tried to get her breathing under control. I stroked her tummy and side, talking softly.

It was some time before she had the strength to move. She opened her eyes and smiled at me. She looked a little embarrassed. "I never had anyone ever touch me there before. It was a strange feeling, kinda nasty in a good sort of way. God, I feel like you fucked me for a week straight." Then she realized she still had her hand on my erect cock. "I'm not sure what I can do to get you off. I'm sorry, I was so into my own orgasm that I completely forgot about you."

I told her to roll onto her side. Between her own juices and the lotion, the whole area between her legs was slippery. I snuggled up behind her, sliding my aching cock between her legs. Her lips spread allowing my shaft between them. I could feel her hot juices coat me as I moved back and forth. Mickey reached down pushing my cock harder against her pussy. I increased the speed and firmness of my strokes until her butt cheeks were vibrating each time I slammed into her. I stiffened as the cum began moving up my shaft, then started thrusting furiously against her as I shot again and again. My semen shot out, some of it drowning her pubic hair. As I came back to reality, I could feel her fingers touch the head of my cock as she rubbed my cream into her pussy. We drifted into a sound sleep in that position.

I awoke the next morning on my back with Mickey cuddled up against me. I was definitely getting used to having this wonderful, sexy, and very naked young woman next to me. I felt contented as I lay there, letting the warmth of the sun filtering through the shades warm my body. The call of nature became too great and I carefully got out of bed, being careful not to disturb the sleeping form that was lying there. I finished up and took a quick shower to wash off the remains of last night's activity. Somewhat more awake, I stumbled to the galley to make coffee.

The aroma of the coffee must have drifted back to the bedroom because as I was filling my cup, Mickey came walking out, still naked. Her hair was in disarray and her eyes still had that look of one not quite awake. The evidence of last night's activities showed plainly as my dried cum had plastered her pubic hair to her skin. She was a beautiful sight to me in all her glory.

She cupped her hands around the mug as she fought the urge to return to bed. I moved opposite her and sipped my own strong, hot liquid, hoping that it would take effect and force my body to function.

After about half a cup, Mickey sighed and gave me a small grin. "Dave, I can't believe how stiff I am this morning. At the end of the movie, when he was going in her butt and you put your finger in me back there, I thought the top of my head was going to fly off."

"I saw your response to the action, so I thought I would try and simulate it for you."

"Well, it sure worked. I had never seen anything like that before. You know you are only the second man I have ever been with. The first was my boyfriend I moved in with, and all he ever wanted to do was stick it in me for a couple of minutes and then cum. Then he would roll over and go to sleep. You are the first one ever to lick me." She took a sip of her coffee. "Seeing that movie made me realize that there is a lot I don't know about."

I reached across the table and touched her arm. "Don't worry. You've been sheltered most of your life. Now that you are out in the world, you will be exposed to things you never knew existed. Any way I can help, just ask. There is only one rule that I have learned -- do what feels right to you. Don't let someone else force you into doing anything you don't want to."

I stood to refill our cups. As I poured hers, she asked, "The two girls eating each other in the movie... do you think that is dirty or perverted?"

"I don't think it's dirty or perverted. That kind of scene is in every erotic movie because it's a fantasy for men and for some women. In real life, I think that if two people are attracted to each other and both consent, they should be able to pleasure each other."

She still looked a little troubled. "Mickey, did that scene bother you? Or are you concerned that it turned you on?"

She sighed and looked down at her cup. "My mom told me that two women or two men that did anything together were perverted and dirty and that they would burn in hell."

"And you're worried that you are dirty for reacting to it?"

"That is part of it. I mean, it doesn't make me a lesbian to wonder what that would feel like, does it?"

"No dear. That makes you curious. If you find that you do enjoy it; that means you are bisexual. You like both sexes."

"I think I might be that then. When I was 12, my best friend Debbie and I were always talking about boys. You know... what it would be like to kiss them, how it would feel to have their hands all over us, that kind of thing. Since neither one of us had ever kissed a boy, we decided that we would practice kissing each other. You know, just to see how it felt.

"Our first attempts were clumsy. We were in my room, sitting on the bed. We both closed our eyes and completely missed the other's lips. We finally found each other and we pushed our lips together. It made me tingle all over. When she opened her lips and touched mine with her tongue it was even better. It was a good thing that the door was shut and the radio was on, because we were both groaning. Debbie reached up and cupped my little tittie. I almost had an orgasm when she did that, it felt so good. I did the same to her and she shuddered. Her hand had just made it under my shirt when my mother knocked on the door and wanted to know what we were doing. It broke the spell and we never did it again."

Mickey smiled softly at the remembrance. I could also see that it was turning her on a bit since her nipples were crinkling and becoming erect. She came back to the present and a bit of a blush came across her face. I touched her arm. "Mickey, as far as I am concerned, you did nothing wrong with your friend. You were both young and just experimenting with your feelings. Don't let it embarrass you."

She looked back down. "Anyway, that is why I reacted like I did when I saw those two women. Shortly after that, my mom gave me the standard lecture about how sex was bad, and that it had to wait for marriage. But I still wonder what would have happened if we had not been interrupted."

By now we both were awake enough to be hungry, so Mickey made toast and eggs. We decided to stay for another day and get things in order. The rest of the day was spent with Mickey doing laundry and cleaning the coach while I did some maintenance on the outside. Dinner was some of the frozen dinners that she declared had to be eaten so she could get some real food in the freezer. Later, we took a walk around the campground and watched the sunset. We were both still tired from the exertions from the night before, so we crashed on the sofa, her head in my lap as we both read something that interested us. The last thing I remember as I shut off the light and snuggled against the warm body next to me was how much this girl was affecting me.

I was up early the next morning and had breakfast made for Mickey before she was out of the shower. As she cleaned up and stowed the dishes, I made sure the

water tanks were filled and we were uncoupled from the site. We pulled out and headed toward the Grand Canyon.

We pulled into the Canyon visitor's center late in the afternoon. Mickey had spent the day looking at the sparse scenery. The high desert has a beauty that is all its own. This part of the country had a lonely feel; the vastness of the open space was incredible.

I went in and paid the fee for the campground. After getting directions to our space, I maneuvered the coach around the winding road and pulled into the campers' village. We were quickly hooked up and settled in. Despite the lateness of the year, there were several other campers already there. A couple with a popup trailer was in the space next door. They looked to be in their late twenties. On the other side was an older couple that looked to be retired and enjoying it.

We spent the evening with the young couple, having them into the coach for a bottle of wine after dinner. They were celebrating their second anniversary by getting out of town. They were very much in love and were cute in their devotion with each other. Throughout the evening, Mickey kept looking at them with a wistful expression. I'm sure she was thinking about having a relationship, but the question running through my mind was if I was the person she was thinking about.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind how I felt about her. I had fallen madly in love with the beautiful, bright, and sweet girl. I was still reluctant to voice those feelings because it would cause my heart to break if she decided that she didn't feel the same.

The evening wound down and we bade them goodbye. Mickey was quiet as we got ready for bed. I was pretty sure I knew the cause, but when I asked, she didn't reply with more than a shake of her head. I got a good night kiss and she laid her body against me, her head on my chest. She was so quiet that I thought she was asleep. I was wide-awake however. I was so deep in my own thoughts that I almost missed her whisper.

"Dave, how do you feel about me?"

I knew that if I was ever going to say what I felt, I had to do it now. "Mickey, I am falling madly, hopelessly in love with you."

I could feel the muscles in her face pull into a smile. "I'm glad cause I love you too."

She snuggled tighter against my body and breathed a deep sigh. We fell asleep soon after, locked together.

Mickey was up before I was the next morning. This was very unusual and I commented as soon as I had a sip of coffee.

"I just woke up early and I felt like moving around. There will be cinnamon rolls out in a few minutes. Sorry they are from a can, but I am not going to try and bake from scratch out here." She was almost bouncing and her face had a huge smile.

"Not that I mind, but you seem extra chipper today."

"That's because the man I am in love with admitted that he loves me back." With that she bent over and kissed my cheek. The timer went off, and she pulled the rolls out of the oven. The smell of fresh rolls filled the coach. She sat down next to me as she waited for them to cool enough to ice.

"I am in love with you." I said pulling her body close to mine. "I was just worried that you would be shy of staying with an old man. I didn't say anything because of rejection."

"You didn't have to worry about that." She nuzzled my ear. "You have been so good to me, so gentle. That is something I had never had before. And you treat me like I am a person, not a trophy or some brainless fuck toy."

We just sat there in a state of bliss. I knew we faced problems ahead, but for now we were happy just being with each other. We finally came back to reality and had breakfast.

The rest of the day was spent sightseeing and doing all the things that tourists do. It was fantastic to watch Mickey's excitement at seeing things for the first time. We got plenty of pictures with either one or both of us in front of the signs and landmarks.

A few of the pictures were not what you would find in a normal family album. When we were alone in a deserted place, Mickey would suddenly lift her sweater to have me photograph her bare breasts. Or she would pretend to be looking over the edge down into the canyon and slide her jeans down to reveal her firm ass to the camera. As soon as I would get the shot, she would giggle and cover up before someone came along. She was having a great time playing the exhibitionist. And she also enjoyed the reaction that was evident in my pants.

We pulled back into our spot, tired but still laughing about the sights. We had stopped at the small store at the campground office and bought the fixings for sandwiches that night. I pulled into our spot between the newlyweds, Donald and Kathy, and the older couple, then I hooked up the electrical while Mickey went to see how our neighbors enjoyed their day.

I pulled a couple of beers from the fridge and sat down to transfer the pictures to my laptop. I created a file just for our private pictures and then downloaded them from the memory card. I was admiring the private shots when Mickey came in with Kathy in tow.

"Dave, Kathy is alone tonight, so I invited her for dinner. Don was called back to Flagstaff on some kind of emergency."

I was glad that Mickey was comfortable enough with this being her home now that she would invite someone in without having to ask for permission. I smiled over at Kathy and motioned them to come on up. "All we are having is sandwiches and potato salad, but there is plenty. By the way, do either one of you know what wine goes with chopped ham?"

They both giggled and Kathy answered, "Probably something from Boone's Farm."

"I have just the bottle for this occasion." I pulled a couple of large jugs of a 'house' wine that someone had given me. Throwing a flowered dishtowel over my arm, I carried it to the table. With a flourish I 'presented' the bottle. "Ahh. Just what the Madame ordered. Our finest... whatever this is. Bottled at least a week ago, it has the bouquet that is preferred by college students and winos the world over. Would Madame care to smell the screw cap?"

They were both laughing by now. Kathy had a beautiful laugh. I grabbed three water glasses from the cabinet and we sat down to eat. Kathy's mood lightened as we ate, the wine contributing to the relaxed atmosphere. We were laughing at the people that we had seen, and the silly stuff that had happened.

Mickey wanted to show off the pictures we had taken since we had been together so I set the computer up and they were soon on each side of me watching the screen as we went through shots of the mountains and finally the train ride in Durango. Kathy asked me to stop at one shot of Mickey that was taken just after she had straightened her clothes in the railcar.

She was still sitting against the plush velvet very relaxed, and the look on her face was one of sheer bliss. Kathy was awed. "Mickey, you look beautiful here. I haven't seen a look like that since..." She broke it off, embarrassed.

Since most of the wine had been consumed we were all feeling very relaxed, but I was mildly surprised when Mickey revealed what had happened.

"I looked that way because Dave had just eaten me to a fantastic orgasm." She had a far away look in her eyes as she remembered.

Kathy's face was showing her shock. "You mean he licked you while you were on the train, and you came right there?"

"Yeah he did. It was about the naughtiest thing I have ever done. I was horny from the motions of the train anyway, and he started rubbing me before we even got out of the station. He had my legs spread and was eating me as soon as we were underway. As soon as we were done, the waiter came out with a drink for us. I know he could smell me, but he just smiled and went back to his compartment. I was so embarrassed that he knew."

"Wow, have you done anything else like that?"

"Just today. I flashed Dave a few times when nobody was around."

Kathy giggled. "You're kidding! I always wanted to do something like that, but Don is so conservative when it comes to things like that."

Then Mickey surprised me again. "You want to see them? Bring them up Dave."

I looked at her to make sure she wanted me too. She was grinning and nodding her head. Her eyes showed the effects of the wine, but there was something else there too -- a look that I had learned to know and love. My little sex goddess was getting very horny. I clicked onto the folder, and the icons appeared. I started at the first one, Mickey showing her tight little tummy, her shirt pulled up to the bottom of her boobs, and jeans unbuttoned but still zipped, showing the promise of more to come. From there they became more revealing. The girls were giggling and laughing as each one came up. The last one came up showing Mickey bent over, her arms on a railing. She was looking back over her shoulder with a look of lust. Her jeans and panties were mid-thigh revealing her round ass and the treasure below. Kathy looked for a minute then gave a nervous grin.

"You are much braver than I am. Don would have a fit. I have to admit that it looks exciting, but I don't have the body you do."

I broke in at this point. "Kathy, you have nothing to be ashamed of. Any man can see that you are a well proportioned woman."

She blushed, but smiled at my compliment. We sat awhile longer with the girls discussing all kinds of things, with me inserting a comment or two. The wine was gone, so I opened another bottle of some better vintage. This too was consumed in a short time. I could tell both of them were very 'loose' but not to the point of passing out. When Kathy got up to use the bathroom she weaved a bit, bumping into the narrow hallway. Mickey was giggling and in a very silly mood. Kathy called out from the lavatory for Mickey to help her with finding something. Mickey started down the hall, bumping into the sides in much the same way Kathy had earlier.

They were back there for several minutes before Mickey came back out. "Dave, would you care if Kathy stays here tonight? She is really uncomfortable about being in that camper all alone."

"I don't mind at all. Why don't you two take the bedroom and I'll pull out the sofa here."

Mickey's eyes sparkled, confirming my suspicions. Her mother had denied her the chance of experimentation, and the wine must have lowered her inhibitions enough that she was going to satisfy her curiosity. From the intoxicated conversation earlier, I also knew Kathy was not adverse to something happening either. Mickey came over to me and gave me a kiss that showed her appreciation, and then headed toward the bedroom.

I felt a bit left out, mostly from the desire to fulfill that age-old male fantasy of watching two beautiful women giving each other pleasure. Mostly though, I felt good about allowing Mickey the freedom to satisfy her curiosity. I pulled the bed out, stripped down, and tried to relax.

The sounds coming from the back of the coach was serving to make sure I was not going to drift off anytime soon. I could hear voices, then moans and groans as the two women explored each other. I reached under the blanket and grasped my hard cock, preparing to find relief in my own hand. I stroked slowly, enjoying the sounds I was hearing. Grabbing my shirt, I felt my orgasm building as I heard the muffled cries of a climax followed quickly by another. I followed almost immediately, shooting into my shirt as I heard them both cry out once again.

I was trying to relax after the sounds had calmed down. I was on my back with my eyes closed when I felt someone sit on the side of the mattress. I felt that

same someone kiss me. The taste of her lips was subtly different from what I had tasted before. As the kiss ended, Mickey placed her head on my chest. "Thank you."

"Did you find out what you wanted to know?"

"Mmmm. Sure did. She wasn't any better than you, but it was different. Feeling her body as she felt mine was different too. Now I know why you enjoy caressing me so much."

I could feel Mickey starting to relax. "Sweetheart, why don't you go back and keep Kathy company. You two shared something special, and you should enjoy the feel of each other for the aftermath."

"You mean you don't mind?"

"I don't mind, but maybe a little curious is all. And that can wait for you to tell me later. Now go on and enjoy yourself."

I swatted her bare butt and she giggled, but headed back anyway. I lay there thinking about those two young bodies lying together until the wine finally took me into a deep slumber.

I awoke the next morning with a good-sized hangover. I had not drunk that much in a long time. I grabbed the ibuprofen then started the coffee. Then it was into the bathroom to de-fur my teeth and tongue. I knocked at the bedroom door and announced that the coffee was on. Then I went back to the kitchen for my first cup.

A few minutes later I was treated to the sight of a couple of very hung over women. Kathy had on one of my robes and it was not closed. She did not even seem to notice that she was showing everything she had. They each grabbed the pain reliever and sat down to wait for it to take effect.

Conversation was limited to short questions and shorter answers until the drugs took the edge off. I went in for a quick shower, leaving the girls to talk. When I came out wrapped in a towel Mickey motioned me to the couch. They were both still not dressed and the sight was causing the natural reaction in my crotch. I was accustomed to Mickey's beautiful body, but Kathy was a new element. Perhaps an inch taller than Mickey, she was also a few pounds heavier. When her breasts would peek out, I could see the pink nipples touching the fabric, causing them to stay erect. Her pubic area was shaven clean. The tan lines from her bikini showed that she loved sun. All in all, she was a lovely sight.

They became a little more talkative as their headaches started to lessen, and of course the topic was what happened last night. Both girls thanked me for allowing them the time together, and admitted some concern that I was jealous.

"I wasn't jealous Mickey. I felt a little left out, but I knew you needed to do this on your own. I am just glad you have no regrets."

Mickey blushed. "No, no regrets. I had always wondered and I enjoyed it a lot, but I still prefer sex with you."

I chuckled at that. "Believe me, I am very glad to hear that."

Kathy spoke then. "Mickey and I got to enjoy each other last night but you were out here by yourself. I kept expecting you to come in and at least have sex with one of us."

"I wanted to, but I wanted you two to enjoy yourselves even more."

"Well you deserve something for being so considerate. Mickey? Do you mind?"

Mickey giggled and said, "I had you last night. Now it's Dave's turn."

As she said that, she opened the towel I was wearing while Kathy dropped the robe. Seeing the whole package caused my cock to spring into an immediate hard-on. There was no foreplay; she just put her legs outside of mine and climbed into my lap. She shoved a nipple into my mouth as she lined up my cock with her entrance, and slid down. She must have been very aroused because I slid in to the hilt. Her warm depths were causing their desired effect on me and I started making upward thrusts in time with her downward ones.

Mickey came close to watch the action and started rubbing Kathy's boobs. This succeeded in bringing her to her climax. With her pussy milking me and the strangeness of the situation, it soon pushed me over the edge. Just as I started to cum, I pulled Mickey into a hot, passionate kiss.

It was a few minutes before we could collect ourselves. I hugged them both and thanked them. Kathy was still leaning against my chest with my cock still in her. Mickey snuggled up against my side. We finally untangled ourselves and the girls headed to the back to shower and dress. There must not have been any fooling around because they were out in record time. We ate a light lunch and then Kathy returned to her trailer. Mickey went back to take a nap, and I was preparing to follow when I saw Don's truck return. Kathy greeted him with a big hug and kiss before they retreated into the trailer hand in hand. I smiled and went to join the woman I loved.

Las Vegas Nights

The big diesel was purring as we moved along Highway 93 toward Boulder Dam. Mickey was sitting in her usual place on the couch looking out the windows and enjoying the desolate beauty of the desert as we ate up mile after mile.

Things had changed between us since our time at the Grand Canyon. It was there that I had finally admitted to myself, but most importantly to her, that I was in love with her. To my great relief, she admitted the same. The extra day we spent there was not for playing tourist, but rather for some serious conversation -- and, of course, some time for love making.

The discussions centered on problems that could arise from our obvious age difference. It was more of a problem for me as she took it all in stride. She seemed to think that love would help us over the big problems and the smaller ones were not worth thinking about.

I still had the nagging fear that she might grow tired of me and want someone closer to her own age. Perhaps she was right. Why not enjoy the time we had together? My first wife and I had finally decided to do just that, but then she had been shot down in a store robbery.

I had to pull off for a security inspection before we approached the dam. The officer was polite enough, but they had to inspect our entire vehicle. They checked the interior for explosives, looking at every cubby and drawer. Mickey was a little concerned as they looked through everything. As the officer checked the interior with Mickey inside, another officer and I opened the luggage compartments so they could see the storage. All the storage was clear and they could see inside with ease. They checked the holding tanks making sure that there were no dangerous chemicals around. Finally the ordeal was over, and they allowed us to button things up and continue. Mickey settled back on the couch still tense, but she relaxed as we moved closer to the dam.

I slowed down for the parking lot at Hoover Dam. I needed to stretch my legs, and I was sure that Mickey would like to look around a little. I pulled in and we shut the coach down. We made the walk across the parking lot with Mickey stopping along the way to stretch and bend in different ways to get the kinks out. I marveled once again at the sheer sexiness of her lithe body. Two men were heading toward their car as she bent at the waist to touch the ground. One was

so intent on observing her tight ass in her jeans that he walked into the bumper of a car, bruising his shin and setting the alarm off at the same time. He hurriedly limped away to catch up with his buddy.

As I tore my eyes from the same sight that had caused him so much pain, I looked between her legs and saw her beautiful eyes dancing in amusement. As I approached she straightened upright and was desperately trying to keep from laughing out loud.

"You little tease," I said, snaking my arm around her waist. "You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

"I really started out stretching, but when I saw them staring, I decided to give them something to look at. The way he walked straight into that car was funny."

"Yeah, it was pretty funny." I pulled her closer so our hips were touching. She slipped her arm around me in return.

"I love you, Dave."

There was no hesitation on my part, for I had by now thrown aside my doubts. "I love you too, Mickey. Very much." This earned me a smile that melted my heart, and a very firm squeeze.

We made our way to the dam. There was enough time, so we did the Discovery Tour. It took us a little over three hours since Mickey was so interested in everything. We went down the tunnels and saw the generators, watched the movies, did the whole thing. Mickey's obvious delight in everything made me take notice as well. I was turning from a cynical old man into someone who was interested, even eager to explore all that life had to offer.

We made it back to the coach around five in the afternoon. We decided to push onward to Las Vegas, seeing the lights of the city just around dusk I pulled the coach into a campground just inside the city. We paid the fee and pulled into our assigned space.

Mickey was ready to start making dinner when I stopped her and told her to pack a suitcase. She looked at me strangely, but did as I asked. I put what I needed into a separate case. We locked up the coach and went to the office, where I made some phone calls. Within a half hour, a cab pulled up and we got in. On the way to the strip, Mickey asked me what we were doing.

"I thought that you deserved to get out of the confines of the bus, and the only way to experience this city is to stay there. We have a bungalow suite at the MGM Grand waiting for us."

This information earned me a big hug and a kiss. As we started down the strip, Mickey's eyes became huge at all the lights and glitter for which this place is famous. The cab driver was typical for this town and after a harrowing ride; we were sitting in front of the entrance to the MGM Grand hotel. The valet opened the door and we stepped out. Mickey was admiring the décor as I handed the clerk my platinum card and signed us in. In a short time, we were ensconced in our bungalow. I tipped the bellman as Mickey marveled at the furnishings. I closed the door and pulled her into my arms.

"Do you approve?"

"God, I can't believe this place Dave. It is perfect."

"You deserve to have a nice room to relax after a hard day of gambling and shopping."

"Thank you, Dave. I love it." Then she pulled me down and kissed me. "And I love you too."

I answered her with a kiss of my own that lasted until we both needed air. She leaned back until she could look up into my eyes. "You want to try out the bed and see if it is as comfortable as it looks?"

I smiled back. "How about we get something to eat first? There is a great buffet here and then we can gamble a while. Have you ever played the slot machines?" She shook her head. "You'll like them. They're a lot of fun."

"I guess I am hungry. Why don't you feed this poor deprived girl and show her a good time before you take advantage of her." She flashed me that heart-pounding smile and grabbed my arm.

My guess was close to the mark about Mickey's love of the slot machines. The first time she hit, she was practically jumping up and down as the bells went off and the lights flashed. She had only won \$40.00, but from her reaction, it could have been a million. I pointed to the blackjack tables and told her to find me there when she got tired.

Mickey finally came in a few hours later and stood behind me. I had a jack of spades showing and waved off another card. The dealer went to the other three at the table and finally to himself. He had 12 showing and brought up a nine.

When I turned my hole card revealing an ace of clubs for 21, I could feel Mickey grin behind me. I took my winnings and relinquished my seat. I cashed in at a little over \$200.00 to the good, and took my tired, but excited, woman to our room.

Our excitement of the day transferred into our lovemaking that night. Mickey was insatiable, climaxing several times from my fingers and tongue before I ever entered her. She was so hot that we both climaxed shortly after I slid into her pussy. By then she was so exhausted that she slipped into a deep slumber as soon as I pulled out. I pulled the covers over us, and after snuggling up beside her, joined her in a dreamless sleep.

I opened my eyes the next morning to look at the still sleeping form next to me. The cover had been kicked off, revealing her beautiful body. I gazed at her soft curves as she lay on her side, her breasts rising and falling with each breath she took. I still could not comprehend that this lovely woman would want to stay with me, but I thanked my lucky stars that she did. Looking closer, I noticed several very light, thin lines at the top of her thighs and up along the bottom of her butt. I vowed to ask about them sometime, but for now I eased out of the bed so as not to wake her. She moved just a bit but then settled back into slumber.

I called down to room service, and then jumped into the shower. I finished quickly since I didn't have another body to work on, and then got out to awaken Mickey. She gave me a quick kiss and a smile, thanking me for the night before, and then headed for the shower.

There was a knock at the door signaling our breakfast. As the young man wheeled the cart in, Mickey came out of the bathroom in nothing but a smile. She stopped mid-stride, so shocked that it took a second for her to react and cover herself. The bellhop was standing there openmouthed. Mickey broke the standoff by taking the towel from her hair and covering herself. The bellhop turned beet red and quickly took his tip and left. Mickey was giggling when I turned around.

"Talk about bad timing! I didn't know you had ordered breakfast."

"Yeah, but you can be assured that if we order room service, there will be a fight to see who gets to deliver it, in hopes of a repeat performance."

"God. I am so embarrassed! What if I see him in the hallway or something?"

"Don't worry Mickey. They see all kinds of things, but I'm sure you made his day. I know you make mine."

"You are so sweet." She came over and gave me a kiss. "Now what's for breakfast?"

While we ate, we discussed the day's agenda. Mickey looked at the guide that was published by the Chamber of Commerce that showed the sights in and around the city. A trip to the local candy factory was a must, then some shopping at the shops along the strip, and finally dinner at Emeril's.

We dressed, taking time to tease, tickle, and fondle each other, then headed out to start the day's adventure.

The tour at the candy factory had one highlight -- the enrobing machine that had a curtain of chocolate through which the centers passed through. Mickey commented that she wished we could come back after hours and she could pass under it and then have me eat all the chocolate from her body.

The walk through the shops turned into an event that took most of the rest of the day. Mickey went into almost every shop and looked through their entire inventory, commenting on the styles and the prices. Even though I wasn't really interested in the merchandise, I enjoyed watching her enthusiasm as she checked everything. She wasn't buying anything. After I reminded her that we were going to dinner and she needed a nice dress, she got down to some serious power shopping.

She said she wanted to surprise me and asked if she could look for something on her own. I handed her a credit card that I had already set up for her signature. With a quick kiss she was off.

I wandered back toward the hotel, stopping in at a jewelry store. Spotting what I wanted, I talked to the gold smith and was assured that what I wanted would be ready in about an hour. I stopped into a coffee shop to pass the time. After I picked up my purchase, I headed back to the room to get a little writing done and to get ready.

6:00 P.M. found me in a lounge at the hotel awaiting the grand unveiling. Mickey had come in carrying her purchases. She was talking about all the wonderful shops she had seen and what she had found. One shop had really caught her fancy. Called Sephora, it was a woman's dream for make-up and body products. Being male, the descriptions of bath oils, eye shadows, and foundations were completely foreign to me. But the enthusiasm that she displayed convinced me that it was very important. I had already finished my shower and shave, so I dressed and told her where to meet me when she was ready.

The conversation around me slowed to a few whispers so I looked up. There was Mickey, standing in the entrance, wearing a deep blue dress that came to mid calf. The slit on the side revealed her very sexy legs almost to her hip with each step. The top was cut to show the cleavage of her breasts. With her hair swept back into an elegant bun, she looked like a model fresh from the runway.

She spotted me at my table and started toward me. I noticed that every male head turned as she passed. Then I saw her glance to the side and a small smile formed on her lips. She was attracting attention and she was basking in it. I stood when she got closer, and as soon as she got to me, she reached out for my hands.

"Mickey, you are absolutely stunning."

She blushed a bit. "Thanks. I hoped you would like it." Then she took a quick glance over her shoulder. "Seems like the rest of the guys in here do as well."

"Yeah, they are just wishing they were me."

Mickey gave a low nervous giggle. I slipped my jacket on and she laid her arm on mine as we headed out the door.

Dinner was all you could expect from a restaurant of that caliber. As we were finishing our desserts, Mickey looked up from hers to catch me watching her. "What?" she asked.

"Have I told you how beautiful you are and how much I love you?"

"Yes you have, but I don't mind hearing it again."

I reached into my pocket and felt the small box I had put there earlier. "Ahhh. Before I forget it again, I got a little something that will go with your outfit."

I placed the small black velvet box on the table between us. She picked it up gingerly, as if it was going to suddenly collapse and disappear. She opened the lid and gasped in surprise. Inside was a gold heart, its edges sparkling with the red fire of small rubies. She turned it over and saw "For Mickey, Love, Dave." inscribed in the back. Tears sprang up as her eyes went from the box, to me, and back.

"Dave, nobody has ever given me anything like this before. It's so beautiful."

"Mickey, you have done so much for me. You have given me a reason for living, not just existing. You made me want to enjoy life, as long as that life is with you."

"Thank you Dave. You know I love you."

"I love you too, Honey. Now are you going to put it on?"

She pulled it out of the box and I came around to fasten it behind her neck. It nestled just at the top of her breasts. Her hand went over it feeling the weight and the coolness of the metal. I gave her a kiss and returned to my own seat.

I settled the bill and came around to hold her chair. We wandered back along the strip, stepping into the various casinos just to look around and possibly even dropping a few bucks into the machines. We made it back to the hotel and decided to stop in the lounge for one more drink before we went to our room. We placed our order and Mickey headed for the ladies' lounge to freshen up.

I took a couple of seats at the end of the bar and sat sipping my scotch when a girl walked up beside me. She must have thought I was alone since she started to flirt with me immediately. I was trying to be polite since she was obviously drunk. I tried to explain that I was with someone, but she just wouldn't leave. I had picked up our drinks and started to move away with her following, when I spotted Mickey walking towards us. Walking up to me she reached out to my left hand where she retrieved her drink. I could almost see the fire in her eyes. The other woman got a look at Mickey and blurted out, "Well, if it isn't little mousy Michelle. You finally figured out that there is an opposite sex or are you still the perfect little virgin?"

Mickey's voice was low but the anger was plainly showing. "And you're still wearing the sign around your neck that says 'Hi, I'm Candice. Come fuck me' aren't you?" Mickey's face was turning red. "You were nothing but a low class street whore who spread her legs for a dollar and opened her mouth for half that."

She turned to look at me. "Dave, I want you to meet the biggest slut who ever came out of Amarillo." Mickey turned back to the shocked woman. "Just how many abortions did your daddy have to pay for? Was it 3? Or maybe 4? Not to mention, they kept an open prescription for antibiotics for your diseases."

Mickey got very close to the other woman's face. "If you so much as even think about touching my husband, I'll beat the living shit out of you. You got that bitch?"

We set our drinks down and walked out, leaving Candice standing in the middle of the floor with her mouth open. Once in the room, Mickey collapsed on the

couch. I finally got over my shock and started to chuckle. She looked at me with anger still evident in her eyes.

"Honey, I have never seen that side of you. I was just hoping you could see I was trying to get away, but I never thought you would tear into someone like that."

She thought about it for a minute then smiled back. "I didn't think I could do that either. I guess it was because I was so mad. I saw that girl and I had a flashback to when I was a junior in high school. A guy I liked finally asked me out to the prom. I was so excited, but Candice came along and stole him away. I caught them behind the cafeteria with his dick in her mouth. She lorded it over me until we graduated."

"I think you finally got your say, my dear." I pulled her to my arms. "You outshine that bimbo by a mile sweetheart. You have shown that to me many times over -- even if you did claim me as your husband."

She pulled her head back from where it had been resting on my chest. "Oh God! I didn't, did I? I'm sorry. I mean, I was mad and... it just slipped out... and..."

I gave her a kiss to slow her down. "I am not upset, and maybe someday soon..." She put a finger to my lips. She just pulled me into the bedroom and pushed me toward the bed while she moved to the bathroom.

When she returned, she stood shyly at the foot of the bed. The outfit was a definite change from the normal oversized t-shirt that she usually wore. Made from forest green silk, it consisted of a camisole top and matching tap pants. The color contrasted wonderfully with her skin, and the cut of the pants made her legs look like they went on forever. I could see that she was expecting me to say something, but the only word I could think of was, "Beautiful."

She relaxed a bit and walked to the side of the bed. "You didn't mind me buying something like this just to sleep in?"

"Of course not, honey. Why would you worry about that?"

"I haven't had anything special for sleeping since I was a little girl. They had some really nice stuff in the shop where I got this. They had some underwear that I hadn't even heard of -- a lot more daring than what I have."

I had not thought about it before, but it was true. All of her bras and panties were pretty conservative, all cotton and modest cut. "Do you like the way this feels on you?"

"Yeah. It makes me feel sexier. More womanly, I guess."

"Then how about tomorrow you and I make the trip back to this shop and get you some of the things you really like."

She bent down to give me a hug. I grabbed her and pulled her onto the bed with me covering her face with kisses. The silk felt wonderful on my hands and body as I pulled her closer. The softness seemed to excite her as well as she started moaning and moving around almost as soon as I touched her. But it had been a long, and for her, emotional day. I was determined to let her know how much she was loved and appreciated.

We spent a long time just holding and cuddling. Words of love and affection were given and received. Eventually, we reached a point where the touching became more sexual. I started with her face and neck, planting little kisses and nips all around. Moving lower, I painted her skin with my lips just to where her breasts were covered by the silk. My hands had not been idle, tracing intricate patterns along her back and sides.

Asking her to remove her new garments, I had her lay on the bed face down. I grabbed some lotion and started to massage her entire body. Starting from her neck, I worked down her spine kneading any tension away. Her arms were next, as I was relished the feel of her skin. I jumped past her deliciously firm ass and started on her feet. Taking the time to rub and massage each of her toes. When I got to her big toes, I discovered something delightful. As soon as I touched them, Mickey shuddered and groaned in passion. It was like a direct line to her pussy. I filed that away for future reference.

I continued, working on her calves and the backs of her knees. This elicited another moan and sigh. As I started up her thighs, she spread her legs out to give me access. Her pussy was damp and the lips were swollen. Her clit was starting to peek out from her folds. By the time I reached her delectable ass, her pelvis was rocking with involuntary movements.

She was starting to moan with her pent up need. Before I could ask her to roll over, she lifted her butt up a bit. "Just take me like this. I want to feel you in me now. I want to feel you against my back as you fill me up."

I paused long enough to slip a pillow under her, raising her enough that her pussy was accessible. I found her so wet that I could just slide in. When I felt my cock finally buried to the hilt, Mickey shuddered.

"Hold my arms down and fuck me."

Thinking she was wanted to be a bit submissive, I grasped her wrists behind her back, holding her just tight enough for her to feel it. This seemed to bring her to the brink and as I started pushing into her, she started shaking in orgasm. The muscles in her pussy were pulsing and milking me. This took me over the edge and I felt my seed rush out of my cock and splash against her womb.

What started out as a slow sensual massage had become so passionate that it left both of us exhausted. I moved off of her and rolled her to where her back was against me. I brought my left arm around her, pulling her tight against me. "I love you, Mickey."

"I love you too," was the mumbled reply as she placed my hand over her breast and snuggled down for a well-deserved sleep.

The previous day had tired us out, so we slept in quite late. I was lying on my back with Mickey snuggled into my right side. I was basking in the feel of her body against mine. This woman was quite a puzzle at times. She would show flashes of open sexuality, but was unschooled in so many things sexual the next. I wanted to know more about her past, but was willing to wait to find out. One thing was for sure, I was madly in love with this woman. It wasn't just the sex. Her whole being drew me to her. I would almost melt when she gave me that smile that seemed to be reserved just for me.

I was drawn from my thoughts when I felt Mickey move. I glanced down to see her deep blue eyes looking at me. "Morning, Honey. Did you sleep well?"

"Hmmm. Like a baby," she said as she stretched. "That was so good. I was so relaxed and then I got so turned on, I couldn't believe it. And you make it so special for me."

"You do the same for me, you know." With that I kissed her, and then rolled out of the bed. "Want to share a shower?"

She immediately agreed and we were soon enjoying the feel of our soapy bodies rubbing against each other. Neither one of us was horny, but just enjoyed the sensual feel of skin against skin. I washed her hair for her, massaging her scalp in the process. She had never experienced that before and demanded to return the favor. We finally got out and dried each other off. She then shooed me out to get dressed, saying that she would meet me downstairs.

I went down to the Studio Cafe restaurant and ordered a cup of coffee. When the waiter brought it over, I ordered breakfast since Mickey had already told me what she wanted. She appeared a few minutes later. I asked if she was all right,

and she explained that she had started her period. I asked if she still felt like shopping to which I got a resounding yes.

I signed the tab, and we stepped out into the sunlight. Mickey led me to the shop where she had been yesterday. The salesgirl recognized Mickey and warmly greeted her. "Did you enjoy the cami set?"

Mickey blushed and said she did, very much in fact. The two then started talking like old friends, pausing only when they realized I was still standing there. When I told them I was just there to carry the bags and supply the plastic, they started through the racks. I was asked my opinion on a few things, but other than that it was like watching twin whirlwinds.

When finished, Mickey had a complete wardrobe of undergarments -- everything from the practical to the next-to-nothing. She had even convinced me to get a few pairs of silk boxers and some lounge pants.

We had lunch at a small deli then headed back to the room. Mickey was feeling a little tired so we took a nap.

It was early evening when I awoke. I roused Mickey and we decided to have room service, and then take in the late night show at Bally's. Dinner was delicious and we dressed casually for the show. Rather than fight the crowd on the strip, we boarded the monorail for the trip to Bally's.

We got a good location to see the entire show and settled down. The house lights dimmed and the show began. This was one of the full-blown Vegas shows with all the costumes, but since it was the late show, it was topless. I was surprised, but Mickey was fascinated. The costumes were beautiful, glitzy and full of color. Their movements were perfect and it made for a fine show. On the way back, Mickey was bubbling with all the details that she had seen. It fascinated her that the women in the show could be so casual with being topless. When I told her that they even made up their breasts to highlight their nipples, she decided that she wanted to try that herself. We changed for bed, dressed in the finery that Mickey had picked out earlier that day. We held each other as we fell asleep.

The next morning, we were sitting in the restaurant finishing breakfast, when Mickey got a little quiet. I asked what was wrong.

"Dave, I have really enjoyed our stay here, but I am starting to miss home."

The world started closing in on me. I felt the pit of my stomach open up and attempt to swallow my whole being. She must have seen my fallen expression for she reached over and grabbed my hand.

"Dave, I don't mean it like it sounded. I meant OUR home. I miss the coach and being together, just the two of us. I think of that as my home now."

I went from one extreme to another. From despair to elation in seconds. The thought that she considered the coach her home now gave me a feeling that was impossible to describe. She must truly be happy to think that way. I gave her a smile in return and squeezed her hand.

"If your are ready to go back to OUR home, let's get packed and then check out. We will be back there as soon as you get ready."

We were soon checked out and in a cab heading back to the bus. The ride out was just as harrowing and in short order we were standing next to our home on wheels. While the diesel was warming, I did a quick check on all the systems. I was filled the water tanks and dumped the waste. While I was doing this, Mickey used the cell phone to contact her parents. I spent more time at my task than necessary to give her some privacy.

When I finally came inside, I found Mickey bent over holding the phone in both hands. When she raised her head, there were tears in her eyes. "Dave, I need to get back to my parents' house. It's my sister."

Amarillo by Morning

We were still a long way from our destination. We had filled up at dusk and now it was in the early hours of the new day. We were moving along I-40, the coach eating up the miles. Our departure from Las Vegas had been swift and the direction was not what we originally planned, but this trip was important for Mickey. That was enough of a reason to do everything in my power to accomplish what she needed

The lights from the instrument panel illuminated the cockpit area and Mickey's face as she handed me a mug of coffee. It was heated in the microwave but the strong taste along with the caffeine was welcomed. As I set the mug down in the holder, she laid her head on my shoulder and gave me a squeeze. I reached up and patted her.

"We should be there in the morning and you will know more then."

She sighed and held me tighter. "I know we're getting there as fast as we can, but I still worry. Kaitlyn and I are very close. We took care of each other a lot and now I don't know what is wrong."

"You'll find out soon enough. You and your sister took care of each other? Didn't you say your mom was always home?"

"Yeah, but she never would talk to us about the things that teenage girls need to talk about. I once asked her about something to do with sex and she yelled at me for thinking about such things. Then she told my father when he got home. I got a whipping and never asked her anything again. That's why my sister and I are so close."

She sat down on the step that led to the main part of the coach. Even in the dim light I could see her face was showing her anger and sadness of the events as she replayed them in her mind. It was several minutes before she spoke again.

"My parents were always distant as far as love to us girls went. We had to be perfect whenever we were out in public. We weren't allowed to wear the clothes the other kids did. It was always dresses that went past our knees, with socks that covered our bare legs. We could not speak up even to defend ourselves in the house. Mother saw Kait kiss the boy next door and washed her mouth out with soap. She told her that it was a sin to kiss anyone but her husband. That scared me so I never kissed a guy until I got into high school."

I thought if she kept talking, maybe she wouldn't be worrying about her sister. "So did you ever get any real sex education?"

"Father made sure that we didn't get into any of those classes. He is the preacher of a small church, and is very opinionated on sex education. He tried to shut the entire program down and replace it with some material from Focus on the Family. The only time he said anything about sex or love was to scare us into waiting for our husbands."

I remembered the white marks that I had seen earlier. "Honey, I saw some white lines on you thighs. Did he..."

"Yeah, he did. He and Mother would consider any breaking of the rules as a sign that we were being 'worldly' or under the influence of the devil. We had a ritual that we had to go through. When we were to get a spanking, we were made to stand at the back of the couch and lean over. My dress would be lifted and my panties lowered. Then we would be lectured about what parts of the Bible that I had sinned against, as Father would lay into my butt. When he finally got tired we would have to stand and apologize to him for the offence, then kneel and pray until he figured we were repentant. As we got older, things progressed from a hand to a belt. He did stop lowering my panties after the time I was on my period and he spotted the pad.

"Those marks came from when Father caught me and a boy in the church basement. Charlie was my first crush and he had finally noticed me. We started sneaking away from the youth meetings at the church. I didn't know anything, but Charlie taught me how to kiss, and how to enjoy him touching me. I didn't understand what I was feeling, but I knew it was the best thing in the world. He got me hot enough that I let him put his hand under my dress. His fingers touching my panties were enough to bring me off. Then he pulled them to the side, and pushed his fingers into me. He went too far and broke my cherry, but I was so far gone that I hardly noticed. I knew I was in love.

"We continued for a couple of months, meeting every Wednesday. Right after the Bible study, we would sneak out. The last time we were kissing and he had his hands on my breasts, outside of my clothes. Charlie had taken my panties off and put them in his pocket, but we had not gotten so far that his hand was on my pussy. I knew I was in trouble as soon as the door opened. He literally threw Charlie out of the room. Father dragged me up the stairs by my hair. I had never seen him so mad. He threw me into the car and drove home with me in the back seat, crying. I knew I was in a major degree of trouble.

"We got home and Father shoved me into position over the back of the couch. When he raised my dress and saw that my panties were missing, he seemed to go crazy. The closest thing at hand was an extension cord. He wailed into me with everything he had. After about a dozen licks, the pain was so intense, I passed out. I woke up on the floor bleeding and hurting bad. I crawled up to my room and didn't come out for 3 days."

She was crying now that the memories coming back. I reached down and grabbed her hand. "Honey, nobody is ever going to touch you like that again. I'm not into things like that and anybody else will have to go through me."

She smiled up at me. As much as she succeeded in being her own woman, strong and independent, she still craved comfort and protection. I was glad to be that person. We drove along that way in a relative silence, comfortable in each other's company. Soon, I saw a truck stop just off the highway. I was feeling tired so we pulled in off to the side and went back to take a nap.

Three hours later, we were back on the road. We were in west Texas and headed to her parents' place just west of Amarillo. I roused Mickey from the couch so she could tell me where we were headed. We made it through the city and were soon sitting in front of a nice bi-level home in one of the better subdivisions. Mickey decided to go in by herself at first to find out what had happened to her sister. I could see the dread in her expression, but she squared her shoulders and went to the door.

As soon as she went inside, I made a pot of coffee and went to the bathroom to shave. I had just sat down with a cup when there was a knock on the door. I looked out to see a man about my size, probably in his mid fifties looking at my rig. I opened the door and asked if I could help him.

"Yes what are you doing parked in front of my house?"

"You must be Mr. Kirk, Mickey's father."

"That is Reverend Kirk and I had a daughter named Michelle. She ran away and turned from the Lord. Who are you?"

"David Robbins."

I offered my hand which he took reluctantly. I offered to let him in for a cup of coffee, but as he was refusing, Mickey came out of the house.

Seeing her father brought her up short. Her demeanor became very stiff.

"Hello, Father."

"Hello, child."

"Please sir, I would like to get inside so we can go to the hospital and visit Kaitlyn."

"At least you remember your manners. Go on. But your mother would probably like for you to come back."

"Yes sir."

The way Mickey was acting reminded me of a young errant child. With what she had explained last night, I could understand why. But it pained me to see her treated this way. She was very quiet as we moved out to the hospital. I knew she would talk when she felt ready so other than her giving me directions, the trip was quiet. As we neared the hospital I pulled over.

I got out and walked up to the vendor on the corner. I climbed back in the coach carrying two dozen red roses.

"Your sister should have some flowers, and I couldn't get some for her without giving you some as well."

She gave me a kiss and a hug. "Did you know this is the first time anyone ever bought me flowers?"

"You didn't get any from your prom?"

"I was not allowed to go to the prom. That was a sin according to Father."

"I'm sorry, Honey. You deserved a lot more from your teen years than what you got."

"Yeah, but I am making up for it now." She grinned up at me.

"We both are. Now let's get to the hospital so you can see your sister."

When we walked into the room I was struck by the young woman lying in the bed. She was a double of Mickey. A little shorter and without Mickey's curves, but I imagined that she was what my lady looked like at that age. The only other difference was the bandages on both wrists.

But to Mickey, this was of little importance. She rushed into the room and hugged the girl, tears streaming down her face. "Kait! I am so glad to see you. I have missed you so much!"

They spoke quietly for a few minutes, then Kait looked over to where I was by the door. She whispered something to Mickey, who whispered back. Whatever was said caused Kait to giggle. Mickey motioned for me to come over.

"Dave, this is my sister Kaitlyn. Kait, this is my boyfriend Dave."

I smiled at her and set the flowers on the bed. She looked at the roses, then back to me.

"I always bring flowers when I meet a beautiful woman for the first time."

The blush that crept from her face to under her hospital gown was amazing. Mickey was trying to keep from laughing. I stayed just a few minutes more and then announced that I would be in the bus whenever Mickey was ready. Kait told me to come back soon and I left the room.

In the bus, I grabbed a Pepsi and settled in with the laptop. I connected to the Internet and checked my e-mail. Then I transferred some funds into one of my checking accounts so the ATM would be available. Paid off what we had charged in Vegas and contacted the card company to check on the status of Mickey's charge card. With all the business done, I logged off and started writing on the sequel to my latest novel.

I was napping on the sofa when Mickey came in. She was relieved to see her sister, but it was overshadowed by anger that she had bottled up. Since it was mid afternoon, I pulled out some stuff for sandwiches and made one for her. As she finished her lunch, I asked if she was ready to talk.

"Dave, I am so mad! Mother wouldn't tell me why; she just said that she had tried to end her life. Kait told me what happened to her. She had been out on a double date, since that was all that our parents will allow. They went out past town after the movie. The other couple took a blanket and went over a small hill to be alone. Kait and her boyfriend were making out, and she got really turned on, but when he started to put it in her she got scared. She tried to fight him off, but he went ahead and shoved his dick in her anyway. After he came in her, he rolled off. She was sitting there crying when the other couple came back. The other girl consoled her and helped her get herself back together."

"The boy did that to her? Did she call the police?"

"No, that happened a couple of months ago. She couldn't say anything for fear that Father and Mother would find out. Last week, after she had been feeling bad for several days, she went to the family doctor. The nurse ran a pregnancy test and it came back positive. Kait was terrified. She had tried to call me in Pagosa Springs, but found out the phone was disconnected. She didn't know what to do. She called the boy, but he denied everything. She couldn't face the wrath she knew would come from Father. She said she felt that she had nowhere to turn so she went into the bathroom, got into the tub and slit both wrists. Mother found her and called the paramedics.

"They patched her up and then let our parents in to see her. Mother was weeping that she didn't understand and Kait wouldn't say why. Finally the doctor came in and told Kait that the blood loss had not hurt the baby. That was when the cat was out of the bag.

"Father went ballistic about how she had shamed him by being a slut and a whore. She tried to tell him that she had been raped, but he wouldn't listen. He just went off about how she had tempted the boy by being alone with him. That bastard even went so far as to suggest that Mother should have let her die for being a fornicator."

By now the anger was starting to take its toll on Mickey. As I sat and held her, I could feel myself getting more and more angry. Anyone who would treat their daughter in such a way deserved to have the same heaped upon them. I wanted to throttle him myself. And any mother that would allow their child to be treated like that doesn't deserve them.

Mickey saw the anger building in me and she started looking scared. I suddenly realized that the anger reminded her of her father.

"Honey, I am NOT angry at you. Your parents are another story. Has Kaitlyn thought about her options?"

"She wants to keep it. Dave, I feel like it is kinda my fault. If I had been here, or if she would have been able to get hold of me... Maybe I could have helped somehow."

I pulled her tighter into my arms. "Mickey, there wasn't a thing you could have done. Now that you are here, maybe you can help her out. I don't know how, but maybe we can think of something."

We sat there holding each other, her thoughts obviously on her sister and mine on how to make her feel better. In the end, neither one of us accomplished our goal.

We ended up going back to her parents' house. This time I went in with her. Her mother invited us in and we sat at the dining room table. Gladys Kirk was a small woman, her once brown hair going gray and tied up tight to her head. Her face might have been pretty at one time, but now was pinched up into a constant scowl. She was polite to me, as I was to her, but you could almost cut the tension with a knife. She questioned Mickey on how we met, and what had been happening in her life. Gladys went into the kitchen to bring out some cake, then asked Mickey to help her. The ploy was as transparent as glass and I smiled as I saw Mickey roll her eyes.

At first I heard Gladys' voice but not her words as she asked about our relationship. Mickey's voice was not so quiet. "Yes Mother. We have been together for several weeks. Dave saved me from freezing to death on that mountain."

More whispers, then, "No, I am not a kept woman as you call it. I stay with Dave because I want to. We love each other, even if you can't see that."

They came back in and Mickey moved to sit right next to me. Gladys was once again playing the concerned and helpful mother; smiling at both of us even though the strain was there in her face and body movements.

Mickey finally brought up the subject of Kait. "Mother, when will Kaitlyn be released from the hospital?"

"The Doctors say she will get to come home day after tomorrow. They want to check then to make sure that the child she is carrying is still all right. I suppose I will have to ask your father to pick her up, but you know how busy he is with church business."

I spoke up then. "Getting her home will not be a problem. We can bring her back here."

"But it would inconvenience you to have to do that. After all, I didn't think you would be staying that long."

"It would be no problem at all. Mickey, I mean Michelle, will probably want to be there to see her anyway. And if that is where she wants to go, that is where we go."

"I see. Well, you must stay here until then. Michelle can stay in her old room, and I'll just make up the guest room for you."

Mickey then spoke up. "That will not be necessary. The bus is very comfortable. It is just like a home on wheels." She could see some doubt so Mickey invited her to go out and see it for herself.

Mickey escorted her mother to the bus with me following behind. When my late wife and I rebuilt it, we had spared no expense. Even with a coat of road grime and dust, the royal blue and gold exterior still gleamed. The bus was almost 50' long, being a converted Trailways Scenic Cruiser. Mickey unlocked the door with her own key, which did not go unnoticed by her mother. Since Mickey had joined me, my usual clutter was replaced with order, and this was one time that I was glad she kept our house. As they started through, I hit the remote start on the generator. The initial rumble quieted down and the interior lights winked on.

Gladys was impressed with the entire setup, admitting that it was indeed a full house on wheels. One thing she did bring up was the lack of a second bedroom. "Don't you get tired of sleeping on the sofa, Dear?"

Mickey just smiled. "Mother we both sleep in the back room. I will nap on the sofa, but I haven't slept there since that first night."

Her mother was scandalized, but managed to get it under control. "Well yes. I am sure your father would not approve, but you are living your own life now."

"Yes, I am and I couldn't be more happy."

"Now I must get back to the house and start your father's dinner. He likes to eat shortly after he comes home from the church you know."

"Why don't you and father join Dave and I for dinner? I can have a meal ready in no time at all."

"I will ask your father when he gets home. If he agrees, that would be fine."

With that, I handed Gladys my cell phone and offered to let her call Dwayne, Mickey's father. The conversation was short, but they would be coming for dinner. Gladys went back to her house, and Mickey started on the preparations.

Ninety minutes later, there was a knock on the door. I opened it up to let Mickey's parents in. The table had been expanded from its usual size to accommodate the guests. Mickey had gone all out. The stuffed chicken breasts

looked perfect. There was a tossed salad, and mixed vegetables to go along with it. I offered them water or soda, and poured their choices.

Conversation was muted during dinner. The subjects mainly flowed around the places we had been, and other general, safe subjects. Kait was never mentioned. Dwayne seemed to be on his good behavior; much different from his gruff demeanor I had seen earlier this morning. He was surprised when he asked how I made a living and I told him that I had retired except for doing some fiction writing. Mickey spoke up and told him that I had sold a very profitable business and still received residuals from that plus some very good investments. He glowered at her for speaking up when she wasn't asked, but he kept his mouth shut.

Once dinner was over with, Gladys' offer for us to stay in the house was again extended. We politely declined and they went inside alone. As soon as the door was closed, Mickey slumped into the sofa. I let her sit while I cleaned up and put things away. She commented that dinner went well, but she had been tense the entire time.

As soon as I got things in order, we headed for the bedroom. While Mickey used the bathroom, I stripped down and she was soon cuddled against my chest. We talked only a few minutes before she dropped off to sleep, exhausted from the lack of sleep and the tensions of the day.

We awoke the next morning earlier than normal. As soon as we were cleaned up and dressed, we headed straight to the hospital. We stopped in the cafeteria for breakfast then went up to Kait's room. She was in a much better mood today after seeing her sister again. I took the chair at the foot of the bed and enjoyed watching the interaction between the two sisters. I would interject a comment once in a while, but other than that I just listened to them talk. Mickey described the conversation she had with her mother and the dinner. Kait was almost in tears when Mickey told her about her mother's reaction when she realized that Mickey and I slept together on a constant basis.

We had been there close to two hours when an orderly came in and said they had to take Kait for another ultrasound. We left with the promise of coming back later. The next few hours were spent getting the coach serviced, restocking our supplies, and then making a trip to a mall that Mickey insisted was of vital importance. We made it back to the hospital late in the afternoon.

The sisters were still talking when dinner was brought around, so we took our leave and grabbed something from the cafeteria. On the way back, I told Mickey to go on up and I went to find the head of security. After explaining the situation,

I received permission to park the coach at the far end of the lot. Once I got the coach set up for the night, I went up to Kait's room. Gladys showed up around 8:00 to check on Kait. She fussed about Kait's 'mistake', and how sorry she was that Kait had not come to her. She went from fussing over Kait to scolding her with lightning speed. After she left, Kait was exhausted.

"I don't know how I am going to be able to handle this for a whole seven months. Between the two of them, I will be insane before the baby is born. Father says I have shamed him and that I am some kind of monster!" Mickey just hugged her sister, but I started to ask questions.

"Kait, you are 18 aren't you? Could you move out and get your own place? I know that you could get help. And the boy who raped you would have to pay whether he wants to or not."

"Father would never allow me to have my own place because it would look bad on his image. Mother has suggested a home for unwed girls, but I guess she hasn't found one yet. I think he wants to use me as an example of what happens when you turn away from his teachings."

"Have you had any counseling since you have been here? You should be talking to someone."

"I have talked to a nice lady since I have been here, but Father told them that his assistant pastor will take over. Some of the old ladies from the church came in and talked and prayed for me, but they didn't care about the why."

We then talked of lighter things again. I noticed that she kept watching me and when I would smile at her or compliment her, she would blush beet red. It started getting late, so we told her that we would be outside and gave her the cell number if she needed anything. Then Mickey and I went out to the coach to bed.

I awoke early, letting Mickey sleep. I had a feeling that this would be a tough day for everybody. I was dressed and sipping my second cup of coffee when Mickey came out. She plopped down on the seat, and I poured her a cup of her own. She mumbled something that was close to thanks and took a sip of the hot liquid. I had learned early on that Mickey was not a morning person. When the cup was empty and her brain was once again functioning, she went back to get ready for the day.

We walked into Kait's room to find the doctor there. After he found out that Mickey was her sister, he explained that Kait would be released from the hospital as soon as the paperwork was ready. Her bandages would be fine for a couple of

days but they would have to be kept dry and changed as soon as they got dirty. He had removed the stitches that day but she was to take it easy. He also let us know that he thought therapy would be most helpful.

Kait was happy to be leaving the hospital, but was dreading going back home. Mickey asked if she had any clothes that she could wear. When Kait pulled her clothes out to get dressed, she realized that they were bloodstained. Mickey went back to the bus to get some of hers and I stayed to talk with Kait. She wanted to know all about what Mickey and I had done since getting together. I was telling her about being in Vegas when Mickey returned. I was ushered out and the curtain was closed. From the excited whispering and giggling from behind the curtain, I could tell she liked the choices.

The curtain was pulled back to reveal a very pretty young lady. The jeans were a little loose on her, showing the difference in the sister's maturity, but they still showed off a well-rounded butt. The t-shirt was tucked in showing that she didn't have a bra on. Her nipples showed clearly through the material. I cast an appraising eye then commented that I thought we should get out of here soon before the two of them attracted every male on the floor. This got me a grin from Mickey, and a huge blush from the younger one.

On the way down, the sisters were talking as I followed, carrying the roses and Kait's other belongings. I barely caught Kait's whispered comment. "My nipples are really showing. Do you think Dave noticed? I would be so embarrassed."

Mickey glanced back at me and I grinned. She leaned down and whispered, "You can be sure he did." This brought another giggle from Kait.

I left them alone with the nurse by the front entrance and went to get the rig. Kait's jaw dropped when she saw it pull up. I opened the door and Mickey helped her sister in. As soon as she settled in, I pulled out, heading across town to the Kirk home.

The reverend's car was in the drive when we arrived. Mickey was going to take Kait in by herself, but I talked her into letting me go as well. Gladys greeted Kait at the door, first hugging her, and then telling her not to ever do anything so stupid ever again.

The reverend walked into the room and all hell broke loose. He took one look at Kait and exploded.

"Now your daughter is dressing like a common harlot. Girl, get yourself up to your room and remove those heathen rags. First she tempts a boy, and then tries

to commit the sin of suicide. Now she walks into my house, a house blessed by God, dressed like a common slut."

Kait tried to explain. "But Father, I had nothing else to wear. Michelle let me borrow these so I wouldn't have to wear that bloodstained dress."

That is when Dwayne slapped Kait across the mouth. "Shut up harlot. I did not tell you to speak"

It was then that Mickey lost it. The pain and humiliation that she had endured and she had watched her sister endure came boiling out.

"JUST A FUCKING MINUTE!! I have put up with you and your pious garbage all my life. You have degraded both of us ever since we were born. You never showed us any love or even respected us as human beings. You're the reason that Kait is pregnant. You never told either of us anything about the facts of life. You know something? I was just damned lucky I didn't end up in the same condition. Remember when you caught me with that boy? If you had showed up 10 minutes later, you would have seen me on my knees with him pounding his cock into me."

Both parents were speechless, as was Kait. I thought she was done, but she was just getting started.

"I learned about birth control AFTER I thought I was pregnant. I wasn't, but the doctor at the clinic was appalled that I knew absolutely nothing about birth control. I have the Norplant now. Kait wouldn't be in this condition if you had used the common sense you were given. And she wasn't tempting that boy. He fucking RAPED her. She tried to stop him. And all you can do is call her names and slap her around. You raise your hand to me and I guarantee you will be wearing your balls as earrings."

She finally ran out of steam. I could feel her trembling under my hand as I restrained her. Finally Dwayne got his voice back.

"I do not have to take such talk from you. You will leave now and I will handle Kaitlyn as I see fit."

As he moved to grab Kait, I spoke up. "You touch her and I will make sure you are in jail before the day is over." Then my voice dropped lower. "That is if you are not in the hospital." The threat made him stop and reconsider.

Mickey moved away from me and went to her sister. Kait had a red mark on her face from his hand. "Kait, do you want to stay here?"

"I don't think so, Michelle. I can't stand being treated like this." Mickey looked over at me. I had a thought, but needed to check something.

"Let me make a quick call. Why don't you and Kaitlyn get her stuff together and we will get out of here."

I stepped out onto the porch and made a couple of phone calls. Getting the answers I wanted, I walked back in to see Dwayne blocking the girls.

"You are not taking anything that I paid for. A harlot like you doesn't deserve such things."

Kait was looking scared, but I interjected, "Just leave everything except what you really want. There is a mall nearby that has what you would need."

I got Kait to come over to me. I put my hands on her shoulders.

"Kait, I just talked to my sister and her husband. They would be overjoyed to have you come stay with them. If you are willing, they will help you with your pregnancy, and then whatever comes later."

Kait looked up at me, her eyes huge. "You mean they would let me stay?"

"More than that, they would love to have you. I told them what a wonderful person you are, and they are alone in that big house since their two kids are in college. Plus, you would be great company for my sister. Harold is often gone in his job, so you would be a help to her."

Kait gave me a big hug. "I would love to go. They would have to be wonderful people, if they are anything like you." She hung onto me with her head on my chest until I gently peeled her off.

Dwayne had to give one more shot to retain his control. "I refuse to allow her to go. Harlot or not, she should stay here and remain within God's grace."

"She is 18. That is legal age in the state of Texas. If you wish, we can call the police right now and they can explain the law to you right after you explain how she got that red mark on her face."

He knew he had lost the battle. "Be gone from here then. I will have no more to do with you."

Gladys had to try one more tactic though. "But you can't want to leave your family. We love you, and want you to stay here."

Finally Kait confronted her mother, probably for the first time in her life. Her mood was not anger as I would expect, but instead was very sad.

"Mother, you never really loved us. We were just objects for you to show off. You never gave us the love and support that we craved. You never stood up for us, even when you knew father was being cruel. If I had felt that I could talk to anyone do you think I would have slit my wrists? I couldn't face being alone and isolated any more."

She gazed at her mother waiting for her to say anything. When she didn't, Kait fixed a steely stare at her father and turned to walk out of the door, Mickey and I following.

Kait made it to the sofa before she broke down in huge sobs. Mickey was once again the big sister, taking care of Kait just as she had for years. She rocked her in her arms and stroked her hair, telling the girl that she was going to be all right.

Rather than stop today for the things Kait needed, I just headed to the interstate. This had been a visit that I would have gladly spared Mickey from. However, she had finally been able to come to grips with her relationship with her parents, and was able to finally help her sister. Both of the girls had come through as better, stronger people -- for they had their dignity.

Kait fell asleep in the bedroom and Mickey took her usual seat on the step.
"Dave, I'm sorry that you had to see all this. You don't think less of me because you have seen my parents, do you?"

"Honey, they are not you. If anything, I have even more respect for you than I had before. Going through all that, and still being the wonderful person you are, shows just who you really are."

She stood and hugged me around the neck. "I love you Dave."

"I love you too."

She went back into the bus to get a Pepsi and to relax. I was content to be heading toward my sister's house. I had not seen her for a couple years. Spending time with Mickey's family had made me realize it was time to tell my sister how much I loved her.

Hello New Orleans

(So Adios to Amarillo,)

What a long day. From utter despair of having to go back to my parents to relief when my sister and her boyfriend 'rescued' me and even found me a new place to live.

Michelle -- No, she asked me to call her Mickey now -- and I had always been close. We would comfort each other when our father would discipline one of us, if you can call a whipping until your butt was covered in bleeding welts discipline. She was also the one who explained what was really happening when I had my first period. All my mother would say was that I was going to have "the curse" every month and I had to stay away from boys or they would kiss me and I would become pregnant. Then she told my father who declared me a slut like my sister and forbade me from ever even talking to a boy.

Mickey took me aside and after drying my tears, told me what the real deal was. She also told me about using some of my allowance for tampons and how to take the big pads that mother would buy and dispose of them.

It became my turn to comfort her when Father caught her with a boy. After she had passed out from the beating, I didn't dare go to her since I would have the same done to me. But as soon as she got to her door, I helped her in and comforted her. Then I cleaned her cuts and doctored them as best I could. I also brought her food since Father demanded that she could come down to eat when she got hungry.

I was so scared when she left home. She and Father had a terrible argument, and he slapped her. She went upstairs and grabbed her personal stuff and after hugging me, walked out the door. I wanted to go with her, but I was too young. I felt so alone and scared. After she left, Father refused to even allow us to speak her name. He said she had shamed the entire family and was a harlot.

I endured life as best I could. I had to go to public school since the town had no Christian school and Mother said I was too headstrong to teach at home. Father would spy on me to make sure I didn't talk to any of the other people, especially boys. I had to wear those awful dresses and the other girls made fun of me.

The only thing that kept me sane was that Mickey would call late on Saturday night. I would turn the ringer on the phone down and cover it with a pillow after everybody else would be in bed. We would talk sometimes for an hour. I know it cost her more than what she had, but she told me it was worth it to make sure I was all right.

Father caught us talking one night and he yelled at her, and then beat me for disobedience. She then took to sending letters to a friend of hers who would pass them to me at church. I missed her voice, but it was better than nothing.

Then came the night of my first date. Father was against it but finally agreed to let me go since there were others that would be there. Mother again cautioned me that boys were evil and that if I kissed one it would lead to me getting pregnant.

She was right in a way. I did end up pregnant, but not in the way she said. My date raped me and took my virginity. A few weeks later I had missed my period. I talked to the boy who had raped me and he told me to get lost. I couldn't get in touch with Mickey, and I was at my wit's end. I couldn't take another beating and then ridicule from my parents so I tried to take the easy way out. Mother found me in the bathtub with deep cuts on both of my wrists and called 911. I spent a week in the hospital. Of course my parents found out about the baby, so I knew I was in for another beating at the very least.

Then Mickey shows up here with this absolutely gorgeous hunk of a man. She had met him when he rescued her from a blizzard. He is handsome, sweet, and he treats her like a queen. Too bad he is my sister's. I want one like him.

As Dave moved the bus (Mickey called it a coach) away from my parents house and out onto the highway, I sat next to my sister on the sofa and cried in relief and probably a little fear. As bad as my home life had been, I had never been out "on my own". It was really scary. The world is a big place and I had no idea what was out there.

Since I had left with nothing but the clothes on my back and they were Mickey's, Dave decided that we needed to stop at a mall. I didn't have any money, but Mickey said not to worry about it.

I had never been to a mall before. Father had deemed them "Dens of Sin" and anything that Mother could not make was purchased at the local Wal-Mart. I was excited but a little nervous at the same time. This place was huge! We parked out at the far end of the lot. Dave was going to relax while we shopped, but Mickey

talked him into coming along. He grumbled a bit about becoming the community pack mule, but he was smiling so I guess he really didn't mind.

As we stepped out of the bus Dave got between us, and held his arm out from his body so we could each grab an arm. I linked my arm through his and we strode across the lot and into the double glass doors. The smells of all kinds of food hit my senses like a wall. I had not been eating much and it smelled so good.

Mickey giggled at my reaction. I was sniffing the air and smiling. She touched Dave's arm and said, "I think we could all use something to eat." Since I had never tasted 'heathen food' as my father called it, Dave suggested that we start with pizza. "The main food group of teens and college kids" he called it, and after the first mouthful I could see why. This was definitely going on my must have list. The crust was thick and chewy and the combination of all the toppings was delicious. I ended up eating three slices before I was stuffed.

While we were eating, I looked around at all the people moving around. The girls were dressed in low-cut jeans and crop tops. The boys had baggy jeans and big shirts. Couples were walking around holding hands, or had their arms around each other's waists. There were even couples standing in more out of the way places kissing and running their hands all over each other.

As I watched them I could feel heaviness in my chest because I had never had the chance to enjoy the love of a boy. Further down, I could feel a tingle in my pussy as I fantasized about being with a boy who loved me.

Dave must have seen me watching the couples because when Mickey left to dump the trash, he leaned over and put his hand on my forearm. He whispered just loud enough for me to hear, "Don't worry, that will be you soon enough." I blushed, but I was also very grateful for his touch as well as his words.

We started out hitting places that specialized in teen clothing. The jeans I had on were just a little baggy on me but the first ones Mickey picked out were so tight that you could see every curve of my legs and butt, and they rode very low on my hips. I came out of the dressing room, and Dave whistled at me. I blushed again, but decided that I had to have these pants.

Mickey asked me to pull up my shirt a bit to see how they looked. When I did Mickey looked with a critical eye. I looked down and with horror realized that the 'Granny panties' that Mother insisted that I wear were showing far above the top of the jeans. I shoved the hem of the shirt back down as far as I could with tears of embarrassment forming in my eyes.

Mickey quickly gave me a hug and told me to hurry and change back into my other jeans. I brought them out to the counter where Mickey had 3 other pairs and shirts to match! Dave gave them his credit card (platinum!) and we were out the door.

Mickey walked up to a shop that had the most revealing underwear I had ever seen displayed in their front windows. Dave followed us in and found a chair near the dressing rooms. Mickey took me around showing me all kinds of different panties, some of which seemed to be nothing but strings and a bit of lace. She grabbed several different styles that she thought would fit and to my surprise, she picked up a few for herself.

We shared a dressing room and Mickey immediately popped her top off to try on the bra that she had picked out. Her breasts were firm and bounced just a little as she pulled the bra she was wearing off. I was embarrassed to see her topless, but it was as if she didn't even think about it.

I slowly pulled my own top off revealing the bra I had borrowed from her. My own breasts were starting to swell from the pregnancy so her bra had been almost a perfect fit. When I let the cups drop, I felt my nipples crinkle in the cool air.

"Being pregnant does have some advantages," Mickey commented with a giggle.

I blushed, but grinned back at her. She had me slip on a low cut bra made from a soft lacy material. It matched the panties that she had talked me into earlier. It fit just right, and the padded underwire gave me even more of a lift. I had never felt so sexy before. I could feel my nipples stand out more and there was a definite wetness in the panties that I had on.

We made our selections and headed out to find Dave. He teased a bit by asking Mickey since he was paying for this stuff, he should at least get a show of what she had bought for herself. She gave him a quick but passionate kiss, and promised she would show him later.

The rest of the time in the mall was a whirlwind. We must have stopped in almost every shop in the place. I even got my ears pierced since that was something else that my parents had forbidden. Dave left us for a bit to pick up a couple of things, and we finally met back at the food court loaded with bags filled with the day's bounty. The last thing we bought were some of those giant cinnamon rolls that I had been drooling over.

We piled back in the bus and headed out. Dave drove for a while longer, pulling into a campground about sundown. Since we had all eaten at the mall, we just had sandwiches for dinner. After we cleaned up, Mickey decided that I should show off the outfits we had bought today. Dave and Mickey leaned back on the couch while I headed back to try on the clothes.

The first outfit was the jeans and a crop top that showed my belly. I also put on the thong and bra set that Mickey had talked me into. I felt the soft satin of the thong, as it pressed tight against my moist pussy lips. I felt the tingle again, but much stronger than before. The tight jeans stimulated my clit with every move I made, making me even more aroused. I checked the mirror one more time and noticed that my nipples were showing against the shirt's material.

I walked out to smiles of approval from Mickey and whistles and claps from Dave. It made me feel so sexy to see him notice me. I had let my long hair down from its usual bun and I had to admit it made me look different.

The next outfit was a dark blue mini and a low cut blouse. I received the same reaction. Feeling just a bit naughty, I bent over to adjust the strap on one of my shoes letting the skirt slip up. I knew they could just see the bottom of my butt cheeks. It turned me on so much that I almost exploded right there.

The final outfit was not really an outfit at all, but a short sleep shirt that Mickey decided I needed. It came down to not quite mid thigh but was made of very soft cotton and would feel great to sleep in. It felt so much more comfortable than the ankle length flannel gowns that Mother insisted I wear.

With the show over, Dave and Mickey retired to the bedroom in the back of the bus. I stretched out on the couch that had been folded out to make a comfortable bed. I rolled over to try and get to sleep. As I moved my head, I caught the scent of Dave's aftershave. This triggered memories of how sexy I felt when he would look at me, and how good his warm touch had felt on my arm.

Without thinking about it, my left hand came up to touch my right breast. The nipple hardened under my fingers and I started to rub and pinch it lightly. My other hand moved lower, caressing the skin on my tummy and then lower to find my pussy outside the satin panties I had on. My imagination was bringing up images of Dave's hands where mine were, caressing my breasts and sliding under the satin to press his fingers into the wet folds.

I gasped as my fingers moved around my clit, the tingles getting more intense. I heard myself moan a bit and then froze as I realized they might be able to hear me. I listened intently, and heard a moan coming from the door to their room.

I looked up and saw that there was light coming from the hall where the door to their room had not closed completely. I knew I shouldn't but I got up and crept down the hallway.

I could hear their voices whispering and sighing as I got closer. Peering in, I could see them both naked on the bed. They were kissing and holding each other. His hands were wandering down the side of her torso moving from her ribs and down around her butt. She was stroking his cock slowly up and down. It was hard and huge! When Gary had raped me, I hadn't seen what his looked like, but it could not have been anywhere near the size of Dave's. I tried to imagine something that big inside of me, opening me up. Just the thought made me wetter than I had ever been.

I started touching myself everywhere Dave's hands were moving on Mickey. I felt as if I was on fire. Imagining that it was me that he was touching, I could feel myself coming closer to an orgasm. My nipples were so hard that they were beginning to hurt. My fingers were moving the lips of my pussy, spreading my juices.

As Mickey crawled over on top of Dave I slid my panties off. I pushed two fingers inside my pussy as Mickey slid down and impaled herself on his cock. The rhythm of my fingers matched hers as she rode up and down on his shaft. His hands were rubbing and tugging on her erect nipples so without thinking my other hand was under my nightshirt and I was doing the same to mine.

I felt myself going over the edge, and when Mickey moaned and bucked her pelvis against Dave, I lost it. I bit my lip to keep from getting too loud as my body started to shake. My pelvis was thrusting against my hand forcing my fingers deeper into my pussy. My juices were coating my hand and spreading across my thighs.

My legs were trembling so bad that I had to kneel down and lean against the wall. Gasping for breath, and fearful of getting caught, I crawled back to the couch. My mind kept replaying the scene I had just witnessed over and over and I ended up giving myself a couple more small orgasms before I could get to sleep.

I woke up the next morning to the smell of coffee brewing. I opened my eyes to see Mickey sitting at the table looking over at me. I rolled over to sit up and noticed that my thighs were sticky with my juices. This brought the whole scene from last night to the forefront of my thoughts.

I slid out from under the covers, and felt the cool air touch my bare pussy. As I was trying to figure this new feeling out, Mickey held up the red satin panties that I had been wearing when I went to bed.

I tried to mumble out an apology, but Mickey just smiled. "If you really want to watch, just knock next time. I'm sure Dave wouldn't mind."

I felt my face turn an even deeper shade of red. I explained that I had been touching myself and stopped because I was afraid I would be heard when I had instead had heard them. I apologized to Mickey again for watching but explained that I couldn't seem to help myself.

Instead of berating me, she shocked me even more with her next question. She just smiled again and said, "Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh God, Mickey. I had never been so turned on in my life. You looked so beautiful and sexy. I couldn't believe that he was so gentle caressing you. And when you lowered yourself down on him I almost came right then."

"Yeah, that was pretty intense for me too. I imagine your first time was not very romantic."

"Not a bit. It hurt like hell, and he just stuck it in and pumped about five times and came in me. I didn't feel a thing other than the pain. Then he climbed off and told me I was a rotten lay."

Mickey then came over and sat by me. "Kait, believe me, you will find someone who will treat you right. Someone who will make you feel like I did last night."

Then she reached around and drew me into a hug. I needed that more than I realized. I suddenly started sobbing with relief. For as long as I can remember, I had never received a hug from either of my parents. That simple act caused me to feel more loved, more wanted, than I had ever felt in my life. I knew that I would be all right with whatever I had to face in the future, because my sister would always be there for me.

I finally pulled myself together as Dave came out of the bathroom in a robe drying his hair with a towel. He smiled at me and wished me a good morning. Mickey then patted my leg and said that if I wanted a quick shower, she would show me how to work the controls.

I hurried through a quick shower, making sure I scrubbed the evidence of my night's activities from between my legs. I was drying off when there was a knock

on the door. Mickey handed me a short light pink silk robe, I ran a comb through my damp hair and stepped out.

The cooler air whipped up under the robe reminding me of my nudity. I looked down and noticed that my nipples were showing through the material. Dave looked up from his laptop as I walked by and carefully sat down opposite him.

We made small talk over coffee and the cinnamon rolls we had bought yesterday. I saw Dave's eyes flick down more than once and when I glanced down I saw that my robe had come open just enough to show most of my breasts. I started to cover up, but decided that I kinda liked the idea that he was looking. It made me feel all warm inside that he would find me desirable.

As we finished up, Dave turned to me. "I know that we haven't had a chance to really discuss what is happening. I know that we pulled you out from your home pretty fast yesterday, so I want to lay out what I have planned. If there is something that you don't like, just say so."

I nodded my head and he started to speak again. "My sister lives in New Orleans with her husband. They have a big house in one of the better districts of the city. Their kids are already gone and when I talked to her she was thrilled to have you come to live there. You see, she, too, got pregnant when she was 16, so she already has a special place in her heart for you. You won't have to worry about having a place to stay and you can decide what you wish to do after the baby is born.

If you want to go to college, they will help you. It is a chance to be whatever you want to be. If you don't feel comfortable with them, you can get a place on your own and they will help you until you find a job or whatever."

I could not have been more overjoyed. I asked him if it would be alright if I hugged him. He surprised me when he hesitated. I looked at Mickey who seemed to understand why.

"Kait, the way you are dressed, I think Dave is afraid that he will have a normal reaction and scare you off."

I looked back to Dave, and he admitted that it was true. Well I didn't care at that moment. I knew he wouldn't try and take advantage of me, so I went over and sat on his lap and gave him a tight hug. He returned the hug, and true to Mickey's prediction, I felt his cock stirring to life under my bare bottom. I stayed there for just a minute more, enjoying the feeling of his hardness against my butt before I stood up. I noticed that I was breathing a little quicker than normal.

Mickey ignored it and started toward the bedroom to get dressed. I sat back down and tried to collect my thoughts. We sat there, each in our own thoughts, until Mickey came back out and I took her place to put on one of my new outfits.

We hit the road soon after that, Mickey and I sitting and talking on the couch with Dave driving. Every once in a while one of us would take him a drink and in the early afternoon I made him a sandwich. We traveled most of the day, stopping only for fuel.

It was just after dark when we pulled into a small town just inside the Louisiana border. We went into a restaurant and had a good home cooked meal of roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy and fried okra. That was something I had never tried and I was surprised that I really liked it.

The woman that ran the place was happy to hear this and in just a moment I had a large bowl of it on the table. When I thanked her she told me that any one who enjoyed her cooking deserved all she wanted. This, I thought, is what a real mother should be like and I made a vow to myself that I would be just like that with the child I was carrying.

It was late afternoon when we pulled into the Garden District of New Orleans. The houses, actually the mansions, were beautiful. As ancient as the huge trees that surrounded them, standing stately as reminders of how old the city was. Many were decorated with beautiful swags and garlands of real greenery. As we passed one huge place, Dave told me that it belonged to Bob Dylan. I had heard his music and was really impressed.

Dave pulled the bus into a driveway just off St. Charles Avenue. I looked out at the house in wonder. Built of brick it was three stories tall and probably four times the size of the house I grew up in. The entry was guarded by huge white pillars that matched the grand scale of the rest of the house.

Out of the front door walked a lady that looked to be in her mid-thirties. She was tall with dark brown hair. Dave opened the door and stepped out as she came quickly into his waiting arms. Mickey and I stepped out and Dave introduced us to his sister, Mrs. Caroline Washburn.

She greeted Mickey warmly; telling her that she thought Mickey was the best thing that had happened to Dave in a long while.

When she turned to me I was treated to the same kindness and welcome.

She grasped my hand in both of hers saying, "You must be the little lady Dave told me about. He didn't say however that you were so pretty and shy. Well, we

will work on the shyness. I do so hope you will want to stay here with us. I do get lonely wandering around in this big old place. It would be so nice to have some company."

All of this seemed to come out of her in one long sentence, the words tumbling almost over each other. Her welcome surprised me, and I barely managed to get out "Thank you, Mrs. Washburn," before I started to stumble over my words.

She smiled even more at my words. "And so polite as well. You will fit in just fine around here. But you are to call me Carol. All my friends do. Davie has always enjoyed introducing me like that. He says it rolls off the tongue so well." Then she gestured for us to follow her into the house.

Inside we were greeted by an entrance hall with a huge staircase that could have been in the movie *Gone With the Wind*. The entrance to the left led to a formal dining room. The long table was set with china and crystal that would be fit for a state dinner.

On our right was a pair of sliding doors that led into a large room that looked like a sitting room. Peeking inside I saw a large Christmas tree decorated with Victorian ornaments and lights that were made to look like candles. There were several boxes below, wrapped in beautiful paper and topped with ribbons and bows in all the Christmas colors.

I felt a pang of sadness. With all that had happened I had not even thought of Christmas. Mother and Father did not hold with all the things that most people associate with the holiday. This would be a far cry from what I was used to. I wondered if my parents would miss me this Christmas. Even after the way they had treated me, they were my parents.

I shook off such thoughts as Carol led us up the stairs and to our rooms. Since I would be staying on, she gave me the room at the front of the house on the left side. Dave and Mickey would be in the room next door.

My room was everything I could have wished for. There was a large bed with a canopy, a dressing table, a large closet and the biggest chest of drawers I had ever seen. What little clothes I had would get lost in there.

After Carol had left us to get settled, I knocked on the door between my room and Dave and Mickey's. I went in and sat on the bed. Dave looked over at me and started chuckling at the confusion that must have shown on my face.

"She is a whirlwind, that sister of mine."

"I don't know if I will ever get used to all of this... grandeur. Do they really use that dining room I saw? I feel like a country bumpkin. I don't know anything about fancy dining, about being dressed for dinner every night, things like that."

Dave came to my rescue. "Don't worry Kait. Carol and Henry keep the front of the house done up for tours and special occasions. Most meals are eaten in the kitchen and evenings are spent in the rooms up here on the second floor. Most of the time they are just regular people."

When Carol's husband came home from the courthouse there was another round of introductions. He did not seem to be my idea of a judge though. He was shorter than Dave, and rather portly with a round face that seemed to have a permanent smile and thinning salt and peppered hair. Carol told him to hurry and change since she had already made reservations for us all at Antoine's, one of the finest restaurants in the city.

We were soon in the French Quarter on Rue Saint Louis Street in front of a large, very old building. Carol told me that the same family has run the restaurant since 1857. We were escorted to one of the 17 different dining rooms and seated. I looked at the menu and couldn't believe my eyes. It all sounded so delicious.

Mickey suggested that chicken might be a good choice for me. I finally settled on the "Poulet a la Creole" which was a half chicken covered in a tomato sauce of some kind. But it was perfectly cooked and seasoned. I have never tasted anything like it before.

The conversation during dinner was lively. Judge Washburn, "You're family, call me Henry" was speaking, I tried to imagine him in the black robe, sitting high above the rest of the courtroom. But here he was friendly and caring, interested in all the happenings of his wife's brother and, of course, me.

When I felt I could not eat another mouthful, Henry insisted that the meal would not be complete without dessert. He ordered Crepes Suzette, something that I had only heard of, but had never seen. When they lit the brandy and served it flaming, I thought I was in a fantasy-land.

Over coffee, Henry asked what I wanted to do with my life after the baby came. I thought for a moment then said, "I'm not sure. I have tasted just a bit of the freedom that is forbidden by people like my father. Now that I know there is another side to life, I would like to find a way to help the people that are still under that kind of thinking."

Henry suggested becoming a lawyer, while Dave said to think about becoming a journalist. Both were excellent ideas, and I thought that either one or the other would be a great career. It was Mickey who suggested that perhaps I could combine the two. Get my degree in law and pass the bar, then take up cases that would allow me to publicize the cause.

That definitely gave me something to think about, and I was doing just that as I lay in the bed. At least, I was until I could hear moaning from the next room. Those two were at it again. I tried ignoring the noise, but eventually the sounds combined with the images I could still see dancing in my mind, caused too much excitement for me to ignore. My hands went to breasts and pussy, and I started to rub myself in rhythm to the imagined action just beyond the door.

As Mickey's muffled moans got more intense, I abandoned my nipples for the moment and slid my other hand down my tummy to join its mate. I imagined Dave's hard cock pushing into my wet tunnel as I pushed two, then three fingers inside myself. I could feel the soft walls inside my vagina contract against my fingers. I loved the full feeling as I pushed harder against my fingers. I circled my clit with two fingers of my other hand, trapping it between them. I was trying to keep myself on the edge of orgasm, listening for the sounds that would signal the climaxes in the next room.

They were getting closer and so was I. I was thrusting my hand against the wet folds of my pussy, as I thrust against the image of Dave's hard cock slamming into me again and again. I was getting very close now.

I twisted my wrist a bit and suddenly felt my little finger touch my anus. It shocked me then really excited me. As I pushed into my pussy I also penetrated my back passage just a bit. Just as my finger penetrated to the first knuckle, I felt my orgasm hit. I strummed my clit and felt the explosion start from deep within my pussy and spread throughout my body. It was so intense that I couldn't breathe in, letting out a loud moan as the tremors shook my body again and again.

As the tension released from my body and my mind came back down to earth, I realized that my crotch was soaked. My pubic hair was glistening from my juices and my hands were covered. But I was too exhausted to clean up. I used some tissues from the nightstand to wipe some of my juices, but then just rolled over into a contented sleep.

The next morning I woke up feeling my nightshirt sticking to me. I jumped up and headed for the bathroom that was across the hall from my room. I stripped down and jumped into the shower. I soaped my body, making sure that I got my

mat of pubic hair cleaned. I was curious about the way that Mickey's hair "down there" was nice and neat, so I thought I would try to do the same. I grabbed some scissors that were on the sink and slipped back into the shower. I trimmed back most of the length, and cut short where I wanted it gone. Then putting a new blade into the razor I used for my legs, I lathered and very carefully shaved off the offending hair.

After I rinsed the soap off, I felt around admiring my handiwork. I could not believe the how smooth my outer lips felt. They were much more sensitive and I could feel myself getting wet from the stimulation. I had left just a small patch directly above my clit, which was starting to push its way out, peeking from between the folds of my pussy. It took just a few rubs for me to give myself a small but satisfying orgasm.

During breakfast, Dave and Mickey kept glancing at me then grinning at each other. Mickey said we were going to relax for the rest of the morning. Then hit the mall in the afternoon. Henry had something special planned for the evening.

Dave was in the bus doing some work and Mickey and I were relaxing in the garden when Mickey looked over at me and grinned.

"Sounded like you slept well last night."

Oh God! You mean you heard me? I am so embarrassed. It's just that I heard you guys, and I just got so worked up, I couldn't help it."

Mickey laid her hand on my arm. "Don't worry about it Kait. Tell you the truth, I think hearing you turned Dave on. He really started working on me after he heard you groaning. He thinks you are very sexy."

I looked at her in disbelief. "Are you serious?"

"Most definitely. I saw how he watches you when you aren't looking. I asked him last night and he admitted that if he didn't love me so much, he wouldn't mind being with you."

"I can't believe he said that. To tell you the truth Mickey, I get wet every time I think about what I saw in the bus. I wouldn't try it, but just the thought of something that big moving inside me almost makes me cum without touching myself."

We were giggling like we used to when Dave found us.

"What's so funny?" he asked after giving Mickey a kiss.

"Just girl talk, honey," was Mickey's reply. She looked over at me and just smiled.

We left soon after. However instead of the mall like I had thought, we ended up in the French Quarter. Dave went his own way while Mickey and I wandered around looking at all the shops. I had saved some money and used it to buy some small presents for everyone for Christmas. The folks in the shops were very friendly, and the accent was fascinating.

Dave caught up to us, carrying a few bags of his own. We had coffee in a little cafe, and then headed back home. Even though I had only been here a few days, this felt more like home than where I had grown up. Here I could actually feel the love and affection that I had been craving for all these years.

After a quiet dinner, Henry gathered us in his Suburban and drove out of town to a place a fellow judge had invited us to. Henry explained that this was a tradition in the area for the holidays, that they were welcoming Papa Noel.

There was a huge bonfire, with everyone dancing and having a great time. I had never been allowed to dance before, and stayed on the outside, standing with Dave and Mickey. I was watching the people when a nicely dressed young man came up and asked if I would care to dance with him.

He was just a little taller than me, with black hair that was collar length, and eyes that were so dark that they almost matched. I stammered a bit, trying to explain that I had no idea how to dance. He just laughed and said he would be happy to teach me. I looked to Mickey for support, but she urged me to go. Out of excuses, I accepted his offer and off we went.

Louis showed me how to dance and I caught on fairly quick. Soon I was having a great time. The fiddlers were playing traditional fast tunes, and we were sweating in the cool night air. During a break Louis and I talked, telling each other about ourselves. Then it was back to dancing.

The evening was starting to wind down when Louis surprised me by asking if he could kiss me. The moment our lips touched, I felt a bolt of electricity rush through my body. It did not last very long, but left me breathless. Then he asked if he could call on me. Shocked, I nodded smiling. This hunk was actually interested in me! I spent the ride home in a daze.

The next day was Christmas Eve. I helped Carol get things ready for the party that night. It was to be an open house for all of the judge's friends and coworkers. We spent all day decorating and making sure the caterers had everything they needed. The elegance of the house was in full view that evening.

Carol had surprised me with a period dress for the evening. The hoop skirt was of dark red velvet and the white blouse was low cut showing off cleavage that I didn't realize that I had. I spent the night being introduced to all the important people in New Orleans's society. The highlight of the evening was when Louis appeared with his parents. His father was a judge like Henry and they were very good friends. He looked so handsome in his suit and tie. I wanted to eat him up!

We finally moved into the library where we could talk a bit in peace. We stood there holding hands continuing the talk we had started last night. I finally told him about the rape and my pregnancy. He was very angry that someone could do that, but admitted that it did not change his desire to date me. I was on cloud nine for the rest of the evening. Our kiss that night was a little more heartfelt and much more heated. I dreamed of Louis that night and woke up with my hands in my panties, rubbing my clit.

Christmas day was quiet compared to the previous night's whirlwind. We met in the library where we had chicory coffee and rolls that Carol had baked. The presents were distributed to all and we began to open them.

I hoped that what I had bought would be alright. Mickey had helped me with the choices, and when my money ran out, with the purchases. For Carol, I had found a very nice blouse whose color complimented her eyes. I had found a nice tie clasp with the scales of justice on it for Henry. For Dave a couple of shirts that would show off his build. And for Mickey a locket that said "Sisters and Friends Forever". She had tears in her eyes when she saw it.

My pile of presents was huge. There were lots of maternity clothes, books that I had never been allowed to read, and much more. There are two things that stood out. One was a laptop from Mickey and Dave. She said that it was set up to work on the wireless network that was in the house. I would be able to set up my own email and other accounts so we could talk to each other.

The second was from Dave. There was a card and inside he had written:

Kait,

Even though I haven't known you very long, I feel that our lives will be forever intertwined. You are a very special young woman and not because you are Mickey's sister. You are smart, pretty, and have a spirit that I have not seen in a long while. The present that comes with this card is an expression of my faith in you as well as my love and friendship.

Love,

Dave

Under the wrapping was a black velvet box. I opened the lid to find a pair of real diamond earrings. He must have noticed that I had my ears pierced. I looked at them with tears in my eyes. Nobody had ever given me anything so nice. I noticed in the lid of the box was a neatly folded piece of paper. Opening it up I saw a note that said. "Every woman should have diamonds. Wear these until you find the man lucky enough to put one on your finger." Then I did start to cry. Never in my wildest dreams would I ever have thought to be among such warm, honest and loving people.

We had a nice dinner and afterwards sat back to just enjoy each other's company. Looking around the room, I knew then that I had finally was a part of something I had always wished for during the times of physical abuse and isolation. I had a family that really loved me. I was finally home.

Country Roads

"Mickey! We got another email from Kait." I looked up to see this vision coming out of the shower. She was gloriously naked with beads of water reflecting the interior lights off her skin. I thought once again that I was so lucky to have the love of this woman.

She brought me out of my revelry by sitting down next to me and turning the screen toward her. "What does she say?"

"You can read it all later, but the basics are that she passed her finals scoring a 3.8 overall."

In the months since we had rescued Kait from the abusive relationship with her parents, she had blossomed into a very bright and outgoing young woman. She was also blossoming physically since she was now approaching the third trimester in her pregnancy. The baby was growing and now making her presence known to Kait, often in the middle of the night. She had already picked out a name: Ashley Ann.

"She also sent some details about her latest date with Louis." I told her casually as I got up to take my shower. "I figured you would want to read about it. I think she took your advice."

Mickey threw her damp towel at me, and then turned the screen to where she could read it. The young man that Kait had met at the Papa Noel celebration had turned out to be very good for her. He knew of her upbringing and of her pregnancy. To his credit, he took it in stride and treated her with respect. Their relationship was heating up and this email told, in graphic detail, of their first explorations into oral sex.

As I came back out of the shower, I saw Mickey still sitting there reading the screen. Her hand had strayed down to her pussy which she was absently stroking as she read. I watched, as her finger would trace the surface of her outer lips making a circuit down one side and back up the other. She would stop on the down stroke and collect some of the moisture that was pooling at her opening. At the apex of her pattern she would circle her erect clit. I was finding the unconscious display very erotic.

Mickey finally closed her eyes and rolled her head back as her other hand joined the first in her masturbation, reaching under her thigh she pushed two then three

fingers deep into her pussy while concentrating the movements of her other hand around her clit. I reached down and took my cock into my hand slowly stroking it in response to my lover's display of passion.

She was fast approaching her orgasm when she opened her eyes just enough to focus on my cock. She licked her lips and increased the speed of her manipulations. Suddenly she arched her back and shoved her fingers into her pussy as far as she could. Her climax was a beautiful sight. Her breasts shook as her body vibrated in the waves of pleasure. It was then that my own climax erupted with me shooting my semen across the hallway and onto the wall.

I leaned against the wall as my body recovered. I opened my eyes to see Mickey staring at me with lust in her eyes. "That was such a turn-on to see you react to me. It just pushed me to even greater heights."

"I could not believe how sexy it was to watch you do yourself." I told her. "I couldn't help myself."

"Well, since we both have done ourselves, how about we go back to the bed and do each other?" Her voice was still husky from lust, giving it an even sexier quality. I let her pass me and followed her into our bedroom. I had not even made it to the bed before Mickey grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me around. She dropped to her knees and sucked my reviving cock into her mouth, putting into practice what she had taught to Kaitlyn.

Since I had cum a short time before, she had to work a bit but soon had me to full hardness. She then stood and turned toward the wall. She bent at her waist and thrust her ass at me. "Fuck me just like this Dave. I need it hard and fast." She moaned as I entered her still soaked pussy. She placed her hands against the wall of the coach for support as I started pounding into her. Our lovemaking was usually tender and slow, but once in a while Mickey wanted to be taken, her body dominated. I always went along with her wishes since it produced some of the most mind-blowing orgasms either one of us had ever experienced.

Mickey was approaching her fourth orgasm as I felt my own climax starting to rise. I put my hands around her waist and pulled her tight against me as I felt myself going over the edge. I pounded into her with short strokes, which triggered her own orgasm. As the spasms of my cock slowed, I pulled out of her and sat on the floor, pulling her onto my lap.

"Mmmmm. I think I have just enough energy to crawl up on the bed and collapse." She whispered as she gave me a soft kiss. I followed her and soon we were both sound asleep.

We both slept in later than normal the next morning. When I finally crawled out of bed, Mickey was barely shifted from her position in the middle of the bed. I once again looked down at this very sexy woman and thought of how lucky I was to have her with me.

I started the coffee pot then headed into the lavatory to wash the sleep from my face. I emerged feeling a little closer to once again human. The cups of the coffee I smelled would complete my climb back up the evolutionary scale.

I was about to go out and unhook the coach from the facilities where we were parked when Mickey came stumbling out of the bedroom. Her hair was askew and her eyes were still half closed in sleep. Without saying a word, I poured her a cup of coffee and added the cream and sugar that she liked. She lowered herself into the seat at the table and mumbled her thanks as she wrapped her hands around the cup.

By the time I came back in from getting the coach ready to move, she had gotten dressed and was on her second cup. I suggested that we pull in at the truckstop for breakfast and after she quickly agreed, I warmed the diesel up and pulled out of the RV Park.

We found a booth at the truckstop and moved toward it as truckers watched Mickey's jeans clad ass passed by them. We sat down and ordered. The waitress brought over a pot and two cups for us while we waited for our food. Our plates soon arrived and the food was excellent and the portions large. Mickey had become a big fan of truckstop diners in our time together, actually preferring them to the fancy establishments that we would sometimes go to. When I asked her about it she said that she just guessed that her tastes leaned toward the simple things. Yet she could be the most sophisticated woman that any man could wish for. I guess that is just one more reason that I was in love with her.

While Mickey paid the bill, I pulled over and fueled up. As she came across the lot, a guy in a straight-nosed Kenworth leaned out his window and let out a long whistle. Mickey glanced over her shoulder, grinned and continued on her way, her ass taking on a more pronounced sway. I paid for the fuel and then headed out onto the interstate heading for West Virginia.

Since we had been at my sister's house we had traveled through the Midwest and up through the Dakota's. Anywhere we wanted to see, that was where we went. Sometimes, my consulting would take us to a specific town, but Mickey would always find something new and exciting to see or do. She had grown from the young, naive girl who I had rescued from a blizzard to a very bright, well-rounded woman.

The ultimate goal for this trip was New York. I had to be in Washington, D.C. for a meeting with some military officials and I was figuring on getting in the area a week early so I could show her the Nation's Capital.

West Virginia was a round about way to get to the East Coast, but I wanted to stop and visit my late wife's sister and brother. They had both been a big help when she was killed and we still communicated via phone and email. I always promised to stop in and this seemed to be a perfect time. Kyle worked from home telecommuting as well as working on his farm. Lisa was content to be on the farm and sold their extra produce in the farmer's market.

Mickey was enjoying the scenery as the miles passed under the wheels of the coach. The lush green of the hills were so different to the crags and snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains and almost another country from where she had grown up in Amarillo.

When we were about an hour away from the farm, she came up and took her place on the steps. "I'm a little nervous about meeting Kyle and Lisa. They won't think I am trying to replace Kris will they? They won't have a problem with me being with you?"

"Don't worry sweetheart. They know all about you and us being together. Before we met, they had been trying to get me to move on with my life. They knew that I was wandering around just existing before I met you. Afterwards, they could hear the change in me and were glad for it. Actually, they are worried about how you are going to handle their relationship."

"What do you mean? They are brother and sister and they share a house. Nothing wrong with that."

"Actually, they share more than just a house. They share the same bed."

Mickey stared at me for a moment. "You mean they... uh... they're lovers??"

"Yes, I mean they are lovers and have been for many years. They live as husband and wife and no one knows that they are brother and sister."

"Wow. I had heard of incest, but I thought it was just something made up. I really didn't think people did it."

"Does it bother you?"

"I'm not sure. I mean I never really thought about it before. I remember Father took us on a vacation to visit his brother one time when I was about 14. Their

son, Stanley, was 15 and kept trying to get looks at me when I would change clothes or would get out of the shower the whole time. Both families went on a picnic after church in this big park and Stanley asked me if I wanted to go for a walk. Mother gave me permission and we wandered along a path until we were well away from the rest of the family.

I had learned to kiss with my friend Gloria, and I was curious if kissing a boy was like kissing Gloria, so when we stopped for a rest, I asked if I could kiss him. He eagerly agreed. I felt myself getting excited as he kissed me. I opened my lips a little and he slid his tongue into my mouth. Then, he started feeling me up, rubbing my little titties through my shirt. It felt really good and was even better when he put his hand under my shirt and played with my nipples.

About then, we heard the car horn signaling us to return to the picnic site. We broke off and I tucked my shirt back into my skirt. Just before we got back into sight of our parents, I flipped my skirt up at him showing my panty-covered butt. But that is as close as I had come to anything like incest."

I grinned at her. "It is probably a good thing your father never found out."

"You're right about that. He would have beaten me to death. First for kissing a boy, and worse for it being my cousin."

Since we were getting closer, Mickey decided to change clothes and put on a little makeup. For reasons I did not comprehend, she felt that she had to make a good impression on these people. She came back out in a pair of tight jeans and a light blue blouse. I thought she was beautiful.

We were coming up on the west side of Clarksburg when Mickey asked if she could turn on the stereo. I knew she listened to a personal player most of the time. One of the presents I had given her for Christmas in New Orleans had been an MP3 player. Honestly, I had not paid much attention to what she had downloaded to it. Now the batteries were down on it so she wanted to use the stereo in the coach.

As I drove, I explained how to work the system. It was tucked away in the bedroom and was connected to state of the art speakers throughout the coach. When I was traveling alone, I had it running all the time for company. I heard the sounds of country music coming through the system so I knew she had turned on the satellite radio. I could see her in the mirror coming up the hall bouncing to the music and smiling.

As she set down on the steps, I asked if she thought I wanted to listen to country and not something she would prefer.

"Not really. I like most all music but my first love is country."

"Well, coming from Amarillo, that would make sense." Her reply startled me.

"It wasn't just that. It was the first kind of music that I ever heard after getting away from Father. He didn't allow any music in the house other than hymns. He called all other kinds 'devil's invitation to debauchery'. The first song I ever heard was 'The chair' by George Strait. I loved his voice and the song talked about things that I had never experienced. I've been hooked ever since"

Once again I felt bad that her childhood had been void of all the things that normal children took for granted. She never had the posters on the walls of the latest heartthrob, never got to squeal when she saw her latest crush in a video. Sad that someone would be so fearful of outside influence messing with their religious ideals that they would rob their children of their childhood. The rest of the drive was spent with the speakers turned up and Mickey moving to the music and grinning. I had rarely seen her so happy.

Kyle and Lisa lived on the west side of Clarksburg on a 30-acre farm. I turned the coach into a long drive with white three rail fences on both sides. The two story white house was well kept with a large manicured lawn to the front. The gravel crunched under the weight of our rolling home as I maneuvered past the horse barn and the garage.

I parked the coach to the side of the house. Lisa had seen us pulling in and was waiting by the back door, wiping her hands on a white kitchen towel. I set the brakes and let the big diesel rumble into silence, then opened the door and stepped out. Lisa grabbed me into a huge hug.

"Kyle and I both have been wishing y'all would come by. You haven't been here in ages. Oh it's so good to see you!"

I returned the hug with gusto. Lisa had always been one of my favorite people, and she was right. I had not seen them since the funeral and that was almost 2 years ago. I felt Lisa's head turn toward the door of the coach. She let go and moved back just a bit. I turned to see Mickey standing on the bottom step looking a little unsure of herself and about meeting Lisa for the first time.

Lisa took care of any awkwardness that could have developed. "Dave, you rat! When you wrote and told us about her you didn't say how pretty she was." Lisa then walked over to the door. "You have to be Michelle. I am so glad to meet you."

Dave has told us about you, but he left out some things apparently." She reached out and took Mickey's hand and clasped it firmly in both of hers.

Turning towards the house, Lisa motioned us to come along. "Well, come on into the house. I am canning tomatoes, and the latest bunch is about ready to come out of the water bath."

I took Mickey's hand and we walked into the large, airy kitchen. Done in white and yellow, it gave off a cheery ambience. There were canning jars sitting on all the counters filled with bright red tomatoes, lending their color to the atmosphere. A timer was going off which Lisa turned off before she pulled 7 more quart jars from the huge kettle on the stove, adding them to the ranks already cooling.

Since she and Kyle had moved out of the city, Lisa had taken to the country lifestyle with a vengeance. She had a large garden behind the house where she grew everything she thought they would eat. She kept chickens for eggs and meat. They got their milk from a farmer down the road. She seemed so happy with the lifestyle that I had often thought she would have fit better in an earlier time.

Mickey offered to help to Lisa's delight. She was soon scalding the tomatoes and then peeling as Lisa chopped. I was pressed into service to carry the cooled jars to her storage room in the half basement. With the help, Lisa finished up what she had, saving out several for the evening meal. They cleaned up and started frying chicken for dinner.

I sat at the table with a cup of coffee reflecting on how easily Mickey had slid into the domestic mode. And how easily the two of them became acquainted. As they worked, they chatted as though they had known each other for years.

Kyle drove in a short time later. He had been in town making a couple of deals on the hay and beans he had growing. While he was there, he picked up the specs on a job that he wanted to bid on. A structural engineer, he took on bridges and buildings in difficult places. His professional insurance was high, but the profits were as well.

The conversation over the evening meal consisted mainly of Lisa and Kyle asking about where Mickey and I had gone and what her impressions were of it all. They were both very adept in drawing her out and making her feel at ease. Then Kyle told her about what he did and she was soon asking all kinds of questions. I was surprised that she had such a mechanical mind. Her thoughts were well organized and what she asked was logical.

When Kyle offered to let her see just what he was working on, she was ecstatic. "I always loved anything mechanical or drafting. Father would not allow me to pursue it though. A woman working was not even on his radar. He would have approved of keeping me out of school completely if the state would have let him."

Kyle looked thoughtful for a minute. "You know you can take courses online from most of the major universities. If your grades were good enough and you would be interested..."

Mickey looked at me. "If you would want to, I sure wouldn't mind. It would be your call."

"Well, I guess I could be with you and do that too. I always dreamed of going to college."

Kyle promised to help her figure out just what she would need in the morning. The recommended classes she would need and what to focus on. We finished up dinner and Kyle and I went into the living room to relax a bit while the women finished in the kitchen.

When they came in to join us, Mickey snuggled up with me on the sofa. We finally got caught up on each other's lives and talk turned to more general subjects. When Mickey yawned for the third time, it was decided that bedtime had arrived. We retired to the guest room while Kyle and Lisa headed to theirs. On the way up, Lisa pulled me aside and asked if Mickey knew of their sleeping arrangement. I told her that I had explained as much as I could, but that she might be asking some questions. Lisa assured me that she would be happy to explain to her. She squeezed my hand and left me at the door to our room while she headed to her own.

Mickey was very excited about working with Kyle for the day. She was tossing and turning so much that I finally crawled between her legs and ate her to an orgasm to relax her enough to drift off. I went to sleep with her scent to keep me company.

I heard Kyle call to Mickey a little after sunrise telling her that she had time for a shower before they had breakfast. The smell of bacon frying roused me and I hurried through a shower to get down to the kitchen.

I found Lisa dishing up a huge breakfast. Mickey and Kyle had already eaten and were busy in his office. I dug in and only pushed the plate away when I couldn't handle another bite. Over coffee, we talked in detail about Mickey- her

life and how we got along. She was surprised that she was as friendly as she was after the way her parents had treated her.

She then told me that she and Mickey had a good talk while they were cleaning up last night. "She admitted to me that she was worried that Kyle and I would think she was somehow trying to take over Kris's place. She is still insecure about herself even though she hides it well."

I took a sip of my coffee. "I was afraid of that. She has come a long way from when I first met her. I have tried to help her as much as I can. I just hope she doesn't want to leave when she does come into her own."

"I can set you straight on that account, Dave. Every time she mentions your name, which is often, her whole face lights up. There will never be another Kris, but this woman couldn't love you any more than she does. You are her whole world. You have given her something that she had longed for longer than she can remember. You love and respect her for the person she is."

"You're right. After we buried Kris, I wasn't sure I wanted to go on. We had something so special. With Mickey there is a subtle difference, but I do love her so much it hurts."

"Kyle and I talked a bit last night. He thinks she is good for you. You seem so full of life with her. We both love you like a brother and want you to be happy." I gave her a leer and a grin. "Not quite like THAT!" she said, slapping me on the shoulder. With that, she rose from her chair and came around to plant a kiss on my cheek.

She started to clean up from breakfast. I volunteered to go out and feed the livestock. I went into the barn and cleaned the stalls for the two horses they had. After mucking the stalls, I replaced the hay, checked the water troughs, and then it was out to feed the chickens and gather the eggs. On the way back to the house, I stopped by the corral fence and watched the horses move through the pasture. It felt good to do chores that I had done as a child. Then, I would grumble about having to do such mundane labor, but now it gave me a feeling of peace. I had spent a good part of my adult life in pursuit of the fast-paced world of business. Just when I had made it to the top, my reason for it all had been taken away from me. Now I was being given another chance with Mickey. I decided right then that I was not going to waste it.

I gave the eggs to Lisa and then went out to the coach to take care of some business matters. I answered some email and checked on some investments that I had going. The trip into New York was a couple weeks away so we had at least a

week before we had to leave. I was going to absorb as much of the peace and quiet as I could in that time.

The time flew by as it does when you are relaxed. I heard the door of the coach open Mickey came out looking for me. I was still seated at the table. She came in and gave me a big hug. She was bubbling with excitement and reminded me of a little girl at Christmas.

"I couldn't believe it! I was looking at some of Kyle's drawings and asking questions. And all the equipment he was using. That CAD program can do just about anything. He showed me how to do some basic things with it. Then he told me how much it costs. Did you know he has over Fifty Thousand in that room? He said he needs a new plotter but the one he wants is almost ten grand.

Then he showed me the classes that I would need. There is so much that I would have to learn. Would you care if I at least tried? You wouldn't be mad at me would you??

I had to chuckle at her enthusiasm as I hugged her. Treated as she had been as a child, she never realized that there was a chance to do better for her self. Things that we all take for granted are wondrous to her. I assured her that if she wanted to try it I had no objections.

She snuggled closer and I thought about how she made things look so new and wondrous. It was something that I hoped she would never lose.

She then looked up into my eyes. She laid her hand against my cheek as she asked, "What are you thinking?"

How could I tell her the wonder, the absolute love that I felt whenever I was near her with just words. It went far beyond what you can express with just words. Instead, I just smiled. "Just how much I love you."

She snuggled in closer to me. "I like those kinds of thoughts."

After dinner we watched some TV and then headed for bed. I was almost asleep when Mickey rolled over next to me. "Listen. You can hear Lisa. Sounds like she is having a good time." Then she chuckled quietly. We didn't follow in their footsteps, but just settled for intimate caresses and words of love.

The next morning, I woke up and Mickey was nowhere in sight. This was unusual since I was the early riser. I could count on one hand the times she had been up before me. Most of those times, I would float out of slumber with the sensation of a pair of soft, warm lips wrapped around my cock. Today however,

that was not the case. Down the stairs, I could hear voices, as the women were busy doing something in the kitchen. Pretty soon I could detect the odors of coffee. I jumped in the shower and dressed quickly, heading down to find the source.

Lisa was at the stove and Mickey was sitting at the table... She spotted me and went over to get a cup of that wonderful life-giving brew for me. All conversation had stopped when I came in, so I took the cup and went out to the back porch. From there I could hear them as I petted Kyle's black lab that had the run of the place.

"Lisa, do you mind if I ask how you and Kyle... well, how you first got together?"

"Sure. You said it doesn't bother you but you were curious about it. Tell you the truth, it just kinda happened. We both had plenty of dates in school but never seemed to make a real connection. Since Kris was 4 years older, she and Dave were already involved, so while we got along fine, Kyle and I were closer. It started with just sitting together watching movies, my going with Kyle to watch his band playing, etc. We spent a lot of time together.

What triggered our first time was a girlfriend of mine that had the hots for Kyle. She spent the night one time and decided to seduce him. She went into his room and I could hear her and him petting. Curiosity overcame caution and I snuck in to watch. Kyle spotted me and he thought he was in trouble until I assured him. I had never seen a cock before, and ended up exploring with Brenda. We all got worked up and let's just say we went further than we had expected to. After the first time, we both just figured we preferred each other more than anyone else."

"Sounds interesting. Maybe not something for me, but I don't have a brother. You guys are a great couple and that is what counts." I walked back into the kitchen for a refill and saw them in the middle of a hug.

"You two keep that up and you are going to leave me in agony for the rest of the day." I grinned to take the embarrassment out of the comment.

Lisa broke the embrace with Mickey and swatted my arm. "You just wish don't you mister!"

Breakfast was ready so I sat back at the table. When we finally finished, I pushed the plate away. "Lisa, you keep feeding me like this and I will have to get some new clothes. I don't know how you and Kyle stay so slim. Must be in your genes."

Lisa answered with a smirk. "No, it's Kyle trying to get into my jeans that keeps him so slim."

We spent the rest of the time at Kyle and Lisa's relaxed. Mickey was comfortable with their relationship and they took Mickey into their hearts. One night, she told me that they were not upset at all that she was with me. She had been more worried than she had let on about that. The women went everywhere together. They shared recipes and cooking tips.

Mickey found she loved the livestock. She laughed at the way the rooster would chase the hens. "Horny bastard" was her comment to that. She also learned to ride, but was not too happy with the goat. He caught her bent over petting one of the dogs and had butted her. She found herself on the ground much to her embarrassment and my mirth.

She gave me an evil look, but I couldn't keep from laughing. She finally saw the humor of it and joined in, but she never trusted that goat around her again.

We left Kyle and Lisa's farm with one extra passenger, and it certainly was not the goat. One of the cats had given birth to a litter of kittens several weeks before. Mickey fell in love with one of them, a gray tiger female. When we left, there was a litter box in the back of the coach and as we pulled out, the kitten was curled up in Mickey's lap.

The kitten, who Mickey named Trouble, wandered around the interior inspecting every corner and nook. When she decided the accommodations were up to her standards, she jumped up on Mickey's lap and curled up to have a bit of a nap. Trouble adapted to life on the road very well. She thought that everything within the steel shell of the coach was her domain. Her days were spent laying on our bed, playing with a toy mouse that Mickey had bought for her, and generally being a nuisance. She found the shelf by the windshield a nice place to sun herself. She did spend a large amount of time sleeping on Mickey's lap as Mickey checked the computer or read. I really didn't mind the addition and Mickey had never been allowed a pet so it made me happy to see her enjoy Trouble so much.

The trip into the Nation's Capital was uneventful. We took in Washington, looking at all the monuments. My business there took only a couple of days, and then we were free. Seeing all the famous buildings that she had only read about fascinated Mickey. We went to the top of the Washington monument, and took the tours. We also stopped at Arlington cemetery, and she found the name of a friend's uncle on the Vietnam wall.

It was late in the evening after a day of sightseeing. We were parked in an RV park in Virginia and were relaxing on the bed when my cell phone rang. My sister, Carol was on the other end.

"Davie? I wanted to call and tell you that Kait is going into labor."

That, of course, made me sit up and gained Mickey's attention. "How close are they?"

"About ten minutes apart for now, but they are steady. Henry is calling the doctor and then we will be heading to the hospital."

"Alright. We will be on our way as soon as we can. Thanks Carol."

I ended the call and turned to Mickey. She looked frightened. "Did anything happen to Kait? Is the baby alright?"

"Relax sweetie. They are both fine except that Kait has started her labor. It is a couple of weeks early, but that shouldn't be a problem." I got out of bed and pulled out the laptop.

"What are you doing, now?"

"I am going to find you a plane ticket. You need to be there for your sister's first baby. There should be a flight out of here tonight. I will drive down and meet you there as soon as I can."

I found myself trying to type while being hugged. There was indeed a flight on United that left Dulles International at 1:50 AM and would arrive at Louis Armstrong International about an hour and a quarter later. I told her to book a ticket while I went up front and started the diesel.

We arrived at the terminal with plenty of time. We picked up her ticket and then grabbed a bite to eat. Security being what it is, we parted at the checkpoint, her small bag with one change of clothes with her. This was her first plane trip and it was apparent that she was very nervous but determined to get to her sister as soon as she could.

I got back to the coach and found Trouble waiting for me. I picked her up and scratched behind her ears. "Well fur ball, it looks like it is just you and me for a few days." She didn't answer back other than to purr. I moved to the back and crawled into bed. I had paid for overnight parking and figured to use it. I would pull out in the morning and be in New Orleans in a few days. As I drifted off, I

felt something warm and furry against my shoulder. It was a nice gesture, but I still missed Mickey.

Annie's Song

The big diesel was humming its song as I headed down I85 southwest of Montgomery, Alabama. It had taken 3 days to get this far from Dulles airport outside of Washington. Most times, I enjoyed the scenery as I drove through the states. I had no desire to do so now. All that mattered now was getting to New Orleans.

Mickey had called saying she had arrived safely after a bit of a scare on the plane. Some guy had drunk too much and was making passes at every woman on the plane. The hostess kept trying to get him calmed down, but it took an air marshal that happened to be on the flight to calm him down enough to get the flight to continue.

When the plane landed at Louis Armstrong Airport, she was detained by security long enough to give a statement. Seems she was the youngest (and probably the sexiest) woman on board. In addition, she was traveling alone. This added up to an object for the drunk's advances. After getting most of the facts, the security team asked if she wanted to press charges. She declined to do so since the man was already charged with several other crimes. I told her to give me another call when Kait had given birth.

She called again while I was on the road to let me know that Ashley Ann had arrived ahead of schedule but was healthy and just the greatest thing that ever was. Kaitlyn had a rough labor, but was now resting and very proud. Louis had shown up at the hospital and convinced the staff that he should be allowed in and when Kait gave her grateful consent, stayed right with her through the whole thing. My estimation of that young man, high as it was already, went up a few more notches. Any man, who cares enough to stay for the birth of a child that isn't even his, is worth a lot.

She had also called her parents. The reaction was indifference from her mother and hostility from her father. They did want to talk to Kait but when she got on the phone, her mother started to berate her to give the child up for adoption and come back. Being exhausted, Kait was in no mood for any of their games. She told her parents in terms even they could comprehend. "Ashley and I will get along fine. And there ain't no fuckin' way I would come back to that hellhole. I have people who love me here and that's something you could never give."

Mickey was very proud of her for standing up for herself and her baby and I was in complete agreement. Once she received her degree and passed the bar, she would be a formidable opponent in the courtroom.

Trouble was restless. She was normally content to lie in the sun on the far side of the dash or on our bed while the coach was moving. Ever since we had left D.C. though, she would lay for a bit then get up and wander around, settle for just a bit and start all over again. I glanced down and to my right to see her sitting on the same step where Mickey had spent so many hours, talking and watching the road with me.

I put my right hand down and she hopped down the last step to rub her head against my knuckles. I scooped her up and brought her up to eye level. "I know, Furball. I miss her too." I sat her on my lap where she curled up into a ball of gray and black. "Now, don't get used to that spot. This is only temporary." The only answer from the kitten was her purring that gave a counterpoint to the diesel's rumble.

And I did miss Mickey. Her smile, the silly jokes that she would find on the net and tell me. The way she insisted on taking care of me while I drove, bring me a snack or a drink and trying to help me navigate using the GPS system.

The nights were when I noticed it the most. I would roll over to take her in my arms only to wake up and find empty space. Lisa had been right. She had brought meaning to my life again. I had felt more alive in the past months than I had for a very long time. Yeah, I missed her. More than I could imagine or even admit to myself.

Just outside of New Orleans, I called Carol's cell phone. I asked where Mickey was and she said that she was at their house. Kait was home now and they were up in Kait's room. I told her that I was about 15 minutes out and to put the coffee on.

Mickey must have heard the engine's sound as I downshifted to pull into the drive because the front light came on and she came running out. I barely got the lock off the door before she was pulling the handle. As the engine died out to bring silence to the neighborhood again, she pulled me out of the captain's chair and into her arms. "Oh God, Dave. I can't believe how much I missed you." She said between kisses and a few tears. "If I hadn't of had Kait and Ashley to distract me, I would have went crazy."

I told her that I felt the same way, returning the kisses with abandon. As Mickey was starting to collect herself, Trouble let her presence be known by meowing

rather loudly for such a little furball. Mickey picked her up and cuddled her. Trouble then gave her a look that seemed to say, "About time you showed up again." Then jumping down, she went to her food dish demanding a snack. Laughing at her attitude, Mickey opened her a can of food and then took me in to meet her niece.

I walked into Kait's room to find her feeding her daughter. She saw me and got a huge smile on her face. Then she turned red when she realized she was naked from the waist up. She asked if she should cover up, but I assured her that there was no need on my part.

I moved to the bedside and got my first look at Ashley Ann. A tiny babe (at least to me), all pink and with a full head of dark hair. Her tiny mouth was locked around Kait's nipple and her little cheeks were working slowly as she finished off her meal. She pulled away a little bit as a trickle of milk escaped from the corner of her mouth. Kait then picked her up and patted her on the back a few times and a very dainty burp erupted. Then she gave a contented sigh and fell into a deep slumber. Mickey came over and gently carried her to her bassinette. Kait fixed her nightgown then held out her arms to me.

I went over and gave her a hug. "Congratulations, Kait. She is as beautiful as her mother."

"Thanks Dave. She is the prettiest baby that there ever was"

"I'm sure she is. And how is her mother doing?"

"Still pretty tired. This is the first day we have been home. Since she was early, they kept her a couple of days just to be sure nothing was wrong. They said she is very healthy and there seems to be no problems."

"Since I just got in and am in need of a shower, I am going to go and say hi to the rest of the family. You get some sleep and we'll see you in the morning."

"M'Kay." As I turned to leave, she called out quietly, "Dave? Thanks for letting Mickey come as fast as you did. It meant a lot to have my sister with me."

"You're welcome sweetie. She needed to be here too." With that, Mickey and I slipped out the door and down to the kitchen.

Henry and Carol were sitting at the small table that was in the kitchen. Carol got up and poured me a cup of coffee. I took a seat at the bench.

"What do you think of your 'niece'?" This was Carol, putting the 'niece' in quotes with her fingers. She knew that Kris and I always wanted children and I had a weak spot for babies and young children.

"I think she is beautiful and Kait is a very lucky girl. The question is what do you think of having an infant in the house now that yours are out on their own?"

Henry answered for her. "You know Carol, Dave. She is as proud of this one as if it was one of her own. She can't wait to parade her up and down the street in the stroller while Kait is in her classes. Since Kami came out as a lesbian, and Joe may never settle down enough to have any children, Carol was afraid that she would never have grandchildren. Kait has been calling her Grandma Carol."

We all chuckled at that remark, but Carol was smiling. She had come to love the girl upstairs as if she was her own daughter. Henry felt the same way but he just didn't let on. Carol had told us that he was as protective of her as he had been of their natural daughter, Kami. On her time off, Kait would often go to the courthouse with 'Yer honor" as she called him and listen in to the cases being tried in his courtroom. Then, they would go and have lunch talking the various aspects of legal procedure.

We talked a bit of how things had been going in our lives since we had seen them a little over seven months ago. It was getting late and Henry had to be in the courthouse at nine in the morning, so Mickey and I headed out to the coach.

I plugged into the outlet on the side of the house for lights and went inside for a quick shower. Mickey was waiting for me on the bed when I came out. She reached over and pulled the towel loose and let it drop to the carpet. She ran her fingers over my abdomen as she picked up the head of my cock between her lips. She ran her tongue over the head, causing a groan to escape my lips. As I got hard, she started to get more into a serious blowjob, bobbing her head in slow rhythm taking me further into her mouth with each stroke. I reached down and stroked her silky hair as she put both hands on my ass and started to take me in as far as she could.

I was really getting into the sensations when she pulled free. Flipping back the covers she hopped in and turned her back to me. Giving me a smoldering look over her shoulder she said, "I want you to fuck me from behind hard. And after you cum, I want you to stay inside. I want to fall asleep with your cock filling me up."

I moved onto the bed behind her as she pulled her legs up and open exposing her very wet pussy. I slid into her with one stroke savoring the liquid velvet of

her tunnel along the length of my cock. I adjusted my angle of penetration until the head of my cock was rubbing across her G-spot with every thrust. This sensation caused Mickey to come even closer to her release and she started moaning. I reached over her body and circled her clit with two fingers. That was all it took and she went off like a rocket, her body vibrating with spasms of pleasure.

Between the blowjob and the feel of her tight pussy milking me, I lost it. As she was starting to come down, I started thrusting into her with short fast strokes shooting my seed with each inward thrust. This caused her to have another orgasm, less intense, but still very satisfying.

I remained plugged into her as she asked, and just moved my hand from her tummy to lovingly caress her breasts while I nuzzled her neck and whispered in her ear. She was starting to drift off so I reached down and pulled the sheet over us. I squeezed her in one last hug and drifted off into the first restful sleep that I had managed since she had stepped onto the plane.

I awoke the next morning to a knocking on the door of the coach. My cock had slid out of her pussy during the night and had found a resting place in the juncture of her thighs. I disengaged slowly and grabbed my robe and opened the door to find Henry standing there in his suit and tie. He said that Carol was fixing breakfast and we had about 20 minutes before it was ready. I thanked him and returned to the bedroom to find Mickey still sound asleep. I studied her naked form for a few minutes before I woke her up. She sat up and smiled a good morning to me. I gave her a quick kiss and told her that Carol would have breakfast ready soon. She got up and walked quickly to the bathroom to let the remainder of our combined juices from last night come out. She then washed up and slipped on a sundress. We gave Trouble some attention and fresh food and water, and then headed into the house.

We found Kait and Henry already seated as we came in. We took a couple of the remaining chairs, and started in on the waffles that Carol was cooking. Kait looked tired, and responded that after Annie's 2AM feeding she couldn't go right back to sleep, so she had been up until almost 5. Mickey volunteered to keep an eye on her this morning while Kait went back to bed for a couple hours. As soon as breakfast was done, the two sisters went upstairs, Mickey cradling Annie in her arms. Henry finished his coffee and headed out to the courthouse. He was awaiting the jury's decision on a drug related murder case and hoped that they would return with a verdict today.

It was just Carol and I in the kitchen when I asked if she would have time to take me downtown to do a little shopping. I wanted to get something for Annie, and

Mickey's birthday was coming up in little over a week. I wanted her opinion on something to get that Mickey would like. She agreed and we were soon on our way.

It had been years since Carol and I had done something together, just the two of us. As teens, we got along better than many of our peers. We had spats every now and then, but I always stood up for her, and she did the same for me... And we always seemed to enjoy each other's company compared to just hanging out at the local hot spots - at least when we were not dating someone. I had actually been the one that took her to the shops and bought her the 'perfect' dress for her prom. It had been my present to her.

This time I was buying some dresses, and other things, for another princess. She was still about 17 years away from prom, but she still needed some nice things to wear in the meantime. With Carol as a guide and consultant, we soon had the back of her minivan filled. We stopped at one of the small outdoor Bistros to have some lunch before I got what I wanted for Mickey.

During lunch, Carol brought up the same thing that I had been thinking. "You and I haven't done something like this since before you and Kris got married. I really missed not having you around to talk to my last year in high school."

"Well I was around, but by then you had so many boyfriends, you had forgot about your brother."

"I didn't forget. Some of those guys were a little bolder after you moved out though. If they tried to push me too hard, all I had to do was remind them how you beat Joey Cummings after he tore my clothes. That made them think about what they were doing."

I joined her in a good laugh about that incident. Joe Cummings was a weasel of a boy that Carol had gone out with more as trying to be friendly than having any real interest. However, he took it as a sign that she wanted more, much more. He tried to kiss her when he brought her home and she refused. He tried to force the issue, and they started to struggle. I was walking home from Kris' house and came upon them just as he ripped her shirt and bra. I normally was not a violent person, but I ended up beating him pretty good. I pretty well knocked him out with the first blow, which happened to coincide with Carol giving him a well-placed kick. When he returned to school that Monday, he had two black eyes and a broken wrist. He swore up and down that Carol had beaten him up. After that, his reputation was shot, and Carol's went up a lot. Common knowledge was that if a guy messed with Carol, he took his chances.

"I wonder if he ever knew the truth?" I asked her.

"I don't think so. But the lesson worked. The next girl that went out with him was treated with kid gloves."

We had a last cup of chicory coffee just basking in the afternoon sun. As we left, Carol headed to a shop for some things she wanted and I finished up what I needed to get. We met back at her vehicle after about an hour. She took one look at my purchases and broke down in laughter.

"You didn't really buy that thing, did you?" She asked through her giggles.

"Every little girl needs a teddy bear."

"But Dave, that thing is huge. She will be able to use it for a bed after she gets out of the crib."

"I know, but I couldn't resist. Besides I got her a soft little rabbit that she can snuggle with too." So what if this pink and white bear was big enough to be buckled into a car seat. I thought it was cute.

Still giggling we left with our bounty and headed home. We went in carrying all the smaller purchases and stopped to put the majority in Kait and Annie's room. We pushed the door open quietly to see Kait sitting up on the bed holding a book on her lap. Her head was bent forward showing she had dozed back off. Mickey was walking back and forth across the room cradling Annie in her arms. The child was asleep but Mickey continued to walk looking down into the infant's face and singing softly to her. She looked up and saw us at the door and motioned us to be quiet. I set the first load down softly and then returned to the van to retrieve the rest of it.

When I brought the bear in, I could see Mickey's eyes dancing with laughter. I set it over by the window, set the rabbit down in Annie's crib, and turned to leave. I was almost to the door when Kait stirred. She saw the bags sitting by the bed and me sneaking out.

"Dave, just where do you think you are going?" she said in a low voice.

"Sorry, I didn't want to wake you."

"You didn't. What is all of this?" She pointed to all the bags.

"Well, I guess I did go a bit overboard. But Carol would say 'this is cute' and somehow it ended up in the pile."

"I really appreciate it, I don't think we will run out of clothes." Mickey walked over and handed me little Annie so she and Kait could look at all the stuff I had brought in.

I took the little bundle in my arms. It had been a very long time since I had held a baby. Probably, it had been Kami when she was about a year old. Annie seemed so tiny snuggled down in my arms breathing gently. I sat gently down in the rocking chair that was across from the bed.

"Hi there, little one. You are sure lucky to have a mommy who loves you and an aunt that feels the same way. When you grow up, we can go and see all the things you will like. Tell you what, when you get big enough, I'll teach you to drive that big ol' bus outside and we will take you on all kinds of trips."

About then, Annie opened her eyes. They were the deepest blue I had ever seen. I continued to talk to her and she would coo back to me. She must have heard and felt the rumble in my chest as I talked and was reacting to it. But part of me wanted to think that she just enjoyed my company. I was touching her hand and she suddenly gripped my finger in her tiny grasp. Such a perfect little girl. I could imagine that Mickey and Kait must have looked like this when they were born. If it was true, she was going to be a heartbreaker when she grew up. Hell, she could melt my heart now.

The flash of a camera suddenly blinded me. I looked up and through the spots I saw Mickey holding a camera. "Got to have a picture of the first time Uncle Dave held her."

I tried to act mad, but I guess my smile gave me away. Annie started to fuss a bit, so I gave her back to Mickey. Before I could head out the door, Kait came over and gave me a hug. "Thanks for all the stuff, Dave. You have done more for me than I can ever thank you for."

"Hey, I just wanted to give her something from Aunt Mickey and Uncle Dave."

"It just isn't the stuff today. It's bringing me here. Helping me pay for college, for being there when I needed someone so desperately. You'll always be my knight in shining armor." By now she was sniffing. I looked down and saw the tears in her eyes. I just held her tighter swaying back and forth. I had heard that a woman would be emotional after giving birth, but this kind of took me by surprise.

She moved back wiping the tears from her cheeks. I bowed at the waist and in a very bad English accent said, "You are welcome, M'Lady. Rescue of damsels, a specialty."

I got a chuckle as she went over to retrieve Annie. Mickey had changed her and now it was feeding time again. "Tell Carol I will be down for dinner tonight." Kait called as Mickey and I went down to see if Carol needed some help.

Dinner was delicious as usual. Annie joined us riding in one of those carrier things you see women carrying around all the time. The phone rang as we were finishing our coffee.

"Kait, it's for you. Sounds like long distance." Henry said as he held the receiver out for her.

"Hello? Oh, hello Mother. I have Annie in my arms right now so I am going to put you on the speaker phone." She pushed the button and then replaced the handset. We could now hear both sides of the conversation.

"Kaitlyn, I called one last time to try and convince you to return to where you belong. We could give the baby to a good Christian family. That is as long as it isn't half black or Mexican."

"No mother, the guy that raped me was white, as if that would make any difference."

"Thank the Lord. At least you didn't tempt one of 'them'."

"I didn't tempt anyone. Why can't you get it through your head that it wasn't my fault?"

"Well, no matter. You must return here. You can't stay there and be around all those heathens in that Godless place."

Now Kait was getting upset. "Why should I come back there? I barely escaped with my life and my sanity. I sure won't come back and let Father beat on me some more."

"Now dear, your father loves you. If you would just follow God's will, you wouldn't have any problems. Now when are you coming back?"

"I will say this only once more. Annie and I are staying right where we are. And there isn't a thing you or that monster you are married to can do about it."

"Kaitlyn, you take that back. Your father is a very important..."

Kait broke the connection and then sat there shaking and crying quietly. Mickey went over to comfort her. I moved over to where Henry is standing.

"Henry, there isn't anything they could do to force her to give up Annie or go back is there?"

Henry had an answer immediately. "I can't think of anything that we couldn't counter immediately. The only one who would have any legal claim at all is the natural father, and I don't see him doing anything."

Kait had calmed down by the time the doorbell rang. Louis, the boy Kait had met at the bonfire at Christmas, had come to see Kait and Annie. Kait stood and gave him a kiss that he returned until he remembered we were all still in the room. Henry suggested that we adjourn to the second floor and allow the lovebirds some privacy.

Upstairs, Mickey was furious. She was ready to call her parents and really give them a piece of her mind. I told her that I thought she should let Kait handle it. We argued for a bit until Henry suggested she should talk to Kait first.

Carol wanted us to use the same bedroom we had before, but we declined. Trouble had been by herself most of the day and we should stay there. So after we drank the last of our glasses of wine, Mickey and I headed out to the coach.

As we passed the den we heard Kait moan. Looking over, we saw that the lovers had left the door open and were making out on the couch. At the same time, Louis looked up and saw us. He jerked back and his movement startled Kait who turn her head. Grinning I spoke in a stage whisper, "Try nibbling her earlobes. Works for me with her sister." Then giving a thumbs up to the thoroughly embarrassed couple, we walked out the door.

As soon as we were out of range, Mickey cracked up. "That was really mean!"

"Yeah, but it is true."

"Okay you're right." She snaked her arm around my waist and we walked to the coach together. Trouble was waiting for us, sitting on the counter and looking very perturbed. Mickey picked her up and was giving her many hugs and pats. Then a couple of quick showers and then we were snuggled up and sleeping quietly.

The next few days were quiet. Annie was growing and with all the constant attention, was a happy little girl. She was starting to keep her eyes open more and was alert to sounds now. Since Mickey had never celebrated her birthday with a party, Carol was busy planning one for her. And Mickey when she wasn't holding her niece, she was trying to teach the furball to walk on a leash.

Actually, this was an interesting battle of wills. Mickey was determined, and Trouble was resisting with all the will in her tiny body. Mickey was making progress though. She could now get the harness on the four-legged tornado. The thin leash was another story. As soon as Trouble saw the leash, she would disappear into the bedroom and Mickey would have to spend half an hour or so coaxing her out.

I was watching this drama unfold and trying not to laugh when I saw a car pull up in the driveway. I called to Mickey to follow me and I headed toward the door to intercept him. The well-dressed gentleman stated that he was looking for a Ms. Kaitlyn Kirk. When he refused to say what his business was, I thought I knew what he was doing but the reason for it was vague. I turned to Carol.

"What would Henry be doing right now?"

"He should be in his office right now. He just finished a trial and is researching his decision on it. Why?"

"We may need his expertise. Could you get him on the phone? Mickey, please go up and see if Kait can come down. This gentleman has some papers that he can only give to her."

They both left to do what I asked. The lawyer (or server) stood waiting and giving me looks like I might have him for a snack. He was very nervous. Finally, Carol came out and handed me the cordless.

"Henry, we may need your advice soon. There is a document server here to serve some kind of papers on Kait. I would guess it is some kind of ruse by her parents. Okay, will do. Thanks."

I handed the phone to Carol. "He said that we should go ahead and let this man do his job, and we will make a response."

Kait came out of the front door carrying Annie with her. She identified herself and took the papers that he offered her. As he left, Kait glanced over the papers. "That no-good, cock sucking, pile of shit!!!!" She was so angry that she was almost shaking. "Jerry Mannis is trying to sue for custody of Annie. I'm sure Father put

him up to this. They are never going to get away with this!" Then she suddenly broke down in tears.

I gently pulled the documents from her hand as Mickey helped her back into the house. Henry had said that he was going to be home within the hour. While we waited, I scanned the papers. Sure enough, Jerry Mannis was trying to get custody of Annie, claiming Kait to be an unfit mother. I made note of the petitioning attorney's name and number. I also started to think of how to handle this.

Henry came home with a woman following close behind. He introduced the woman as Brenda Taylor. She was an attorney, and from Henry's perspective, one of the best.

She was going over the complaint when Kait came down, followed closely by Mickey who was carrying Annie. Henry did the introductions and we all sat down at the dining room table. Ms. Taylor finished reading the complaint then sat back. "Now Kaitlyn, tell me your side of this."

"Well Jerry was my first date and a double date at that. We had necked a little, and then he wanted to go farther. I tried to push him off, but he ended up raping me. When I found out I was pregnant, I called and told him and he told me to get lost. My parents were of no help, and I ended up trying to commit suicide. Dave and Mickey rescued me from there and brought me here to live with Henry and Carol. After I had Annie, my mother tried to convince me to give the child up for adoption and to come home. I would bet that my parents had something to do with this. They want me there to be able to control me."

Brenda was scribbling notes on a pad. Mickey told her what their home life had been like. She made some more notes and then we started to discuss possible strategies. Carol called for some take out and we ate as we brainstormed. About ten that night, Brenda left with all the ideas and a promise to set up the meeting for the day after tomorrow.

We all met in Brenda's office for a conference call with the opposing attorney, his client, and Kait's parents.

The meeting started with the opposing attorney stating that Jerry had already taken a DNA test and was suing for the custody of the infant. The basis of his claim was that Kaitlyn was an unfit mother without a source of income and she has a history of disappearing since she had run away without letting Mr. Mannis any chance to have a say in how the child was going to be raised. That Kaitlyn had left a loving and stable environment to hide from his client.

Brenda cut him off. "Here is how this is going to work. Mr. Mannis is going to withdraw any and all claims to parentage of the child. There will be no harassment of my client from this day forward."

"And why would he do that? It isn't in the best interest of the child."

"Because if he doesn't, I will be contacting the District Attorney there to have charges of forcible rape brought against your client. I have already contacted the parties that were present the night the child was conceived, and they have already faxed their sworn statements to my office. Furthermore, there will also be warrants sworn out for the Reverend and Mrs. Kirk for child abuse and neglect. The 'loving and stable environment' you spoke so highly of in your complaint was not such at all."

Henry spoke up then. "My name is the Honorable Henry J. Washburn of the superior court of the state of Louisiana. The papers are already in the works for the subpoena to get a DNA sample from your client. But since you already saved us the trouble, the report will do. Once the paternity of your client is established, you will be receiving a judgment for child support, which will be in effect until the child reaches the age of eighteen or twenty-two if she wishes to attend college. The only way this order can be rescinded is if your client relinquishes his claim of parental rights."

From the other end of the line we heard a young male voice. "Man, I didn't want to do this anyway. You and your wife put me up to it. Now, I am going to end up in prison for the rest of my life." The lawyer told him to shut up and then requested that we hold the line while he conferred with his client.

The line became live again and the lawyer agreed to the demands. The suit would be immediately withdrawn. In addition, the documents terminating Mr. Mannis' parental rights would be filed and copies sent. Brenda stated that there would be a restraining order filed on the Reverend and his wife keeping them from contacting Kaitlyn or her child. The conference ended and we all shook hands. I told Brenda to send the bill to me and we would take care of it. She shook her head and said this was pro-bono. Her parents had been abusive to her as a child and she had made it out. She knew that Kait was in pre-law and doing well. If she made it past the bar someday, she would be welcomed into her firm.

The troop left in a much happier mood than when they had arrived. We stopped in the French Quarter for an early meal and then headed back to Henry and Carol's house.

When we arrived, Louis was waiting for us. He and Kait went inside first, in deep conversation before they even started up the stairs. The rest of us went up to relax and watch TV. Louis left early that night since he was due to be at work early the next day. Kait came wandering into the room shortly after the front door had closed.

She was unusually quiet and thoughtful. Mickey went over to her and they were soon engaged in a quiet but earnest conversation. Watching Mickey's expressions I could tell that it couldn't have been too bad. By the time we went out to the coach, she seemed back to her bubbly self.

Mickey fed and petted the furball while I answered some email and checked a couple things. I then checked the door and we headed to bed. Mickey was in the mood for slow sensual lovemaking and I was more than willing to comply. After bringing her to a drawn out orgasm orally, I moved up and slid into her pussy in one stroke. She was whimpering from the first thrust and she continued as I would pull almost all the way out and slowly pushing back in until the base of my cock was rubbing against her clit. She locked her ankles around my hips and started thrusting her pelvis against me trying to increase the pace.

I did start moving faster. In addition I reached up and pulled and tweaked her distended nipples. I knew her nipples were sensitive and judging by her reaction, it must have the right thing to do. Her back arched and her thighs locked around my waist. I could feel her pussy pulsate down the length of my cock. Her entire body was shaking as her orgasm washed over her. I started moving again once she relaxed a bit, wanting to reach my own climax. Several hard thrusts and I could feel my climax starting to build. I shoved into her until I was buried as deep as I could get. I felt the release all through my pelvis as I shot into her again and again.

We were lying together, cuddling in the afterglow when she told me about what Kait had been thinking about.

"She said that they were sitting together talking about how things had gone today. When he found out that Jerry agreed to sign over his rights, he asked if I would let him adopt Annie. She was confused until he told her that he meant if they got married. She was hesitant about marriage until she has her diploma in hand. He agreed to that since he wants to finish college as well, but wanted her to think about it. Seems he is worried that she might find someone else. She assured him that she was very happy and if they were still together she would be happy to marry him.

What she was worried about when she came in was that maybe she was wrong to try and finish school. Would he want a wife that was a lawyer? I asked her how he reacted when she was studying or talking about classes. He was very interested, and even offered to help her out when he could. I told her he seemed fine with it, and she should continue with her plan. Her biggest concern was that he would want to wait for making love until they were married. I laughed and told her I was sure if she hinted at it he would be more than willing. Now she is fretting the 5 weeks the doctor said she had to wait."

I whispered into Mickey's ear as I nibbled on it. "So little sis is horny."

"Mmmm. Too bad, because big sis just had her brains fucked out and I will have to brag tomorrow."

The next day was Mickey's birthday. She would be 25 and this would be the first time she had celebrated with people that really cared for her. Carol had planned a small dinner party with some of Henry's friends from work, and Kait's friends from school. A small gathering of 20 people for dinner.

I kissed her awake that morning. "Good morning sweetheart. Happy Birthday."

She smiled up at me through sleepy eyelids. I played with the furball until we were ready to start the day. Mickey showered and dressed, and then we went in for breakfast.

We were greeted with "Happy Birthday!" from the three that were already seated at the table. Mickey was a little embarrassed from the attention, but thanked them all. Carol had a few things that she had to finish for the party tonight then they were going to pick up a new dress. I followed Henry's lead and found something else to do until late afternoon.

I spent the remainder of the morning alternating between playing with the kitten and getting some work done. By late afternoon, I pulled my dark suit out of the closet. Thinking about it, I placed it back in and dug into the very back of the closet. Hidden away was my tuxedo. Classic in every style and for any formal occasion. And Mickey deserved the best. I found Henry and we took the tux to a cleaners that was close by. They said they would have it ready in an hour, and we adjourned to a pub nearby for a game of darts until it was time to go back.

I used the room that we had been in previously to lay out my clothes, and then went in to shower and shave. The ladies had come back and set themselves in Kait's room to prepare. I was relaxing before I got dressed and Kait came in and asked if I could watch Annie so they could get ready. Of course I agreed and we

had a good time until it was time to get dressed. Annie had fallen asleep so I put her on the bed and surrounded her with pillows.

I was adjusting my bowtie when Kait knocked. She came to retrieve Annie. I turned to look at her and gasped. She was dressed in a soft gray dress that came down to mid-calf. Her breasts, swollen with milk, pushed the fabric to its limits and accentuated the rest of her figure well. Her hair was made up and she was a vision.

"Miss Kaitlyn Kirk, you are a vision of loveliness. Louis will need a bib to keep from drooling on himself every time he looks at you."

She blushed but had a big grin. "Coming from my biggest crush ever, that means a lot."

Now it was my turn to feel the heat creep up my face. I smiled, and she left to change Annie.

As was the plan, I went down to join the people that were arriving. I was introduced to some very powerful movers and shakers in the political world of New Orleans. It was just a few minutes when everyone quieted down and looked toward the staircase. I turned and what I saw took my breath away.

Mickey was standing there, wearing the most beautiful gown I had ever seen. It was a calf length gown of light lavender with a wrap of the same shade across her shoulders. It was low cut and showed off the tops of her rounded breasts well. Her hair was done up instead of hanging loose and the make up was perfect. She stopped at the landing looking uncertain. Somebody to my left started to clap. I joined in and soon everyone was giving her an ovation. She descended the staircase with grace, smiling the entire time.

Before she reached the bottom, I stepped forward and took her hand. Turning to the others in the room, I introduced her. "Ladies and Gentlemen. May I present the guest of honor. Miss Michelle Kirk, late of Texas, Washington, and now of New Orleans."

Mickey curtsied, and the guests moved into a reception line. Since I did not know these people well yet, Henry came to my rescue and escorted Mickey along the line introducing her to each of the guests. I could tell she was nervous, but she handled herself well.

We were called to dinner. The formal dining room looked its best. The Victorian paneling showed a soft glow from the double crystal chandeliers. The catering staff was perfect as usual as well as the service people. As dinner was winding

down, Henry stood and tapped his wine glass for attention. "Our guest, Miss Kirk, having been to this city on other occasions, had yet to be properly welcomed to our fair city. This gathering is to rectify this grievous error." He lifted his glass. "May you enjoy the finest our city has to offer and return often to increase the beauty and grace with your presence."

As the well wishes died down, I leaned over and whispered that she should say a few words. She turned a little pale but nodded her head. I squeezed her hand as she rose from her chair. "My friends, I want to express my appreciation for the warm welcome. Our travels have seen us all over this country, but I must say that New Orleans has always been among my favorites. It has beauty, history and warmth. All of that is due to you, the folks that make up its population. I am proud to be accepted into your city." She raised her glass to general agreement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, after dinner drinks are being served in the library" Carol announced. I moved over to help Mickey from her chair. "That was a good speech." I whispered to her.

"Nothing like Henry's though."

"Henry can be long winded. You did just fine." I held her back while the others moved to the library. "Wait a minute before you go in, I want to talk to you before we join them."

"Something wrong Dave?"

"No Mickey, nothing's wrong. I just wanted to tell you that when you got on that plane, I felt more alone than I had since Kris was killed. I couldn't rest, or hardly think of anything other than getting back to you. It was something that made me realize that I don't want to be without you." I bent down on one knee. "What I'm saying Sweetheart is this, if you want this old man, I would very much want you to be my wife." I opened the black velvet box to reveal the present that I had bought for her. A one-carat diamond set on a band of gold.

Mickey stared down at the box, and then into my face, her eyes filling with tears. "Oh, Dave! You're serious! Oh God YES!!" She was sniffing and dabbing her eyes with her right hand as I slipped the ring onto her finger. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the door creep open, and Carol's head peek around the corner. As soon as she saw what was happening, quietly closed the door.

I got up and Mickey hugged me tightly. She dabbed her eyes and gave out a big sigh. "We better join the rest of the party. But before we do, I want you to know I

always dreamed of being married to a gentle, loving man. And now I get to. She gave me a kiss and took my hand to cross the hall and rejoin the party.

When we came into the room, I could see that Carol was beaming. "Ladies and gentlemen! I have an announcement. This is indeed a special day. I asked her for her hand in marriage and she accepted. So not only are we celebrating the birthday of this young woman, we are now celebrating our engagement!"

Kait ran forward and hugged both of us in turn. The rest of the guests gave their congratulations and the ladies surrounded Mickey wanting to see her ring. After asking Henry to be my best man, I stood by a bookcase and watched the proceedings. I was thinking that now I would not have to worry about being lonely ever again. Most men are lucky to have one woman who loves him in his life. I had been blessed with two. You couldn't ask for anything more in life.

Because we are in Love

We didn't get back to the coach until very late that night, but with good reason. First, my sister had thrown a dinner party to celebrate Mickey's birthday, then my proposal to her.

Carol had immediately started to plan our wedding. Her friends in the New Orleans's society had already decided that it should be a "Grand Affair" (you could almost hear the capital letters in their voices).

Henry and I adjourned with the rest of the male guests to his study. This was part of their private quarters and a mixture of Victorian architecture and modern conveniences. Henry went into a cupboard and pulled out a bottle of brandy. "Gentlemen, this occasion calls for something special."

As he poured I noticed that it was one hundred year old brandy. Jerry Miller, one of the guests raised his glass in a toast. "May you be always be as happy as you are now."

We all raised our glasses for the toast, and then conversation turned to more mundane things. We joined the ladies once again, and the party started to wind down. After all the guests had left after many more congratulations, Mickey and I made for our bed as well.

We opened the door to find that Trouble, Mickey's kitten had made herself busy with the roll of toilet paper in our absence.

"Damnit, Trouble! Just look at the mess you have made!" Mickey was clearly irritated. For her part, Trouble did peer out from under the pile of paper before she ducked back in to shred some more of it.

I surveyed the mess then turned Mickey toward me and gave her a kiss. "Go and get ready for bed, sweetheart. I will take care of this."

She smiled back and headed into the back of the coach. I pulled the kitten from the pile and held her so she was looking directly at me. "Well Furball, I think you ticked your mistress off. You had best be good to get back in her good graces." I sat her down on the couch where she watched with keen interest as I stuffed all the pieces of paper into a bag. She must have thought it was amusing to see a

full-grown man in a tuxedo on his hands and knees picking up shredded toilet paper. After all the evidence was cleaned up, I put a new roll in the bathroom and headed for bed myself.

Mickey was already under the sheet. She was on her side, once again examining the ring that adorned her left hand. She looked up at me with her eyes brimmed with tears. "You can't believe how happy you made me... Dave. I was so happy to just continue to stay with you. I had always dreamed of marrying someone kind and sweet, and now it will come true."

I laid my pants over the back of the chair and crawled in beside her, taking her in my arms. She snuggled up close and laid her head on my chest. "You have made me a very happy woman tonight. I had hopes of this soon after we met, but I was always afraid that you wouldn't want someone so young and inexperienced."

"And I was always afraid to ask because I thought you might one someone more your own age."

She pushed herself up on her elbow to look me right in the eye. "Dave, I was with a few other guys, ones that were my age. They were self absorbed, petty, and in bed they only thought of their pleasure. Then you found me and showed me that I didn't have to settle for something like that. I knew from the first that you were the one I wanted to spend my life with. I was content just staying with you for as long as I could. Now I know that all my dreams are coming true."

I felt a tear fall onto my shoulder. There were no words to express how I felt about her right then so I pulled her down and thoroughly kissed her. We were both exhausted from the day's events so we fell asleep in each other's arms content in the thought that we would never be apart again.

The following weeks were filled with Carol and Mickey (with Kait's help) planning a wedding that would be a social event to rival all others. I would have been happy to just have a small ceremony and then leave for a honeymoon, but I figured I owed it to Mickey.

Since I did not have to be involved except to agree with their ideas, I spent a large amount of time playing with my soon-to-be niece. Annie was a joy to be around. She never cried without reason and was content to be held or played with. I quickly learned to change diapers and to burp her after Kait had fed her. The rest of the time, she would stare at my face and react when I talked to her.

I was doing just that one afternoon when Kait walked out into the back yard where we had adjourned to get away from the confusion that was deciding on the wedding colors.

"I swear - you are going to spoil her rotten Dave." Kait said with a grin.

"I thought that was what uncles were supposed to do." I replied without looking away from the cute little face that was watching me and moving her lips.

"I suppose so." Kait then set down next to me. "You are so good with Annie. Do you and Mickey plan on having any of your own?"

"Well Kait, we really haven't talked about it. I know that I would like to have children. My first wife couldn't carry to term so after a while, we quit trying for any. But it really will be up to Mickey."

"Then you probably will have a bunch. Mickey loves kids." Annie started to fuss a bit, so Kait took her from my lap. "I bet this little one is hungry. I'll just feed her." She stood and headed into the house. I sat back and took a sip of my beer. Even with the preparations that were going on, I felt relaxed. I know there was supposed to be some 'pre-wedding jitters' but I didn't feel anything other than peace that we were going to be together.

I finished the beer and went through the kitchen to deposit the empty in the recycle bin, and then out to the coach to do a bit of work.

The wedding date had been set for August 18. I was not sure of the reason, but I decided that as long as it happened, it was fine with me. The ceremony would be in the main hall of Henry and Carol's house. One of the judges that Henry knew well would perform the ceremony, and since Kyle and Lisa were going to fly in, I convinced Kyle to stand as my best man.

Kait was to be the Maid of Honor with Carol and a few other friends Mickey had made as bridesmaids. Other than that, it was up to them to finalize the plans. My part was to set up a honeymoon. I made all the arrangements, but kept it a close secret as to what our destination was.

One afternoon during the height of the arrangements, I was on the back deck in my usual chair reading a novel. Mickey had come out to ask my opinion on some matter about what we should have for the reception dinner. When I answered for the fourth time that day "Whatever you want is fine with me.", Mickey sat down next to me.

"You aren't all that excited about this whole thing are you?"

"Honey, I am very excited about having you as my wife. As long as I get that, all the rest is just dressing."

"Would you rather just elope?"

I reached over and laid my hand over hers. "Mickey, I really think you should have a fairy tale wedding. After all, every woman deserves the wedding of her choice, and you most of all."

She leaned over and gave me a kiss. "I was afraid that you were getting tired of all the commotion."

"Not at all. You just go ahead and get it all set up. If there is something I feel strongly about, I'll let you know. Otherwise, it is your day. You set it up like you want."

She leaned in for one more kiss (that turned into several) and she went back inside to continue the plans.

We had one spot of trouble late in July. I heard the doorbell and went to answer it. Standing on the steps were two women. One was tall and thin while her companion was short and rather 'dumpy' for lack of a better term. Both were dressed well in a business style.

When I asked their business, they stated that they were from Child Protective Services and they had a complaint that a child at this address was being neglected and abused. I immediately called out for Henry and Kait who both arrived at the same time, Kait with Annie in her arms.

Henry started the conversation. "Just what is the basis for these complaints?"

The taller one did the talking. "We received an anonymous complaint that this child was being neglected. Accusations were made that the child was being left alone, as well as some vague suggestions of abuse. We have to check any complaint so here we are."

Kait was outraged, but held her tongue. The women checked Kait and Annie's room, took all the names of everyone in the house for background checks, and then asked to take Annie to a doctor to check for any kind of abuse. While they were looking around, Henry called Brenda Taylor, the lawyer that had helped Kait earlier in a custody suit. She arrived just before we left for the hospital to have Annie checked.

It did not take long for the doctors to confirm that Annie was indeed in perfect health and there were no signs of abuse. The shorter of the case workers then spoke up saying that this was definitely a case of someone just wanting to cause trouble, and that their report would reflect that. Brenda then let them know that any other reports would result in their records being subpoenaed to get the information as to who was making the false claims. The taller of them did say off record that the call came from out of state from 'concerned grandparents'... Brenda made a note to check into it and we all went home.

Kait was alternating between fear that someone thought she was a bad parent, and anger that they could do such a thing. It took a while for her to calm down enough to quit transferring her emotions to Annie. She sat down and we discussed just what we could do about the harassment. With the way Child Protective Services works there really wasn't much we could do, except keep an eye on happenings. Kait and Mickey had both decided that they would not return to Amarillo unless they were forced to do so. The threat of abuse with the parents, and the fact that rape charges could still be filed on Jerry Manis should keep a direct confrontation from happening.

Everyone calmed down over the next few days. Things went back to a more normal routine. The women were still planning and I was doing some major exploring of the area in and around New Orleans. I had been here many times and loved the City, but I had really not taken the time to enjoy the surrounding areas. Rather than using Henry or Carol's cars, I decided that we needed something we could get around in easier than a 60 foot long converted Trailways bus. After talking to Mickey, she agreed with me.

The trip to the dealerships was interesting. We were both dressed in very casual clothes. The first one, a salesman came out and proceeded to ask if I was buying a car for my daughter. The next one didn't make that mistake, but he would only talk to me, completely ignoring Mickey except to show her the vanity mirror. On a whim, we pulled into a dealership that was known for the luxury cars they sold. The salesman made the assumption that we could not afford the price and rudely snubbed us. By now, I was getting tired of the attitudes that we had encountered all day.

Mickey must have seen the look in my eye, because she whispered, "Oh my God, are you as pissed as I think you are? The last time I saw THAT look, you were ready to pound on my father."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I just want to chat with the manager." Then I flashed what must have been a very evil grin. We walked to the front desk and asked for the person in charge.

The lady behind the desk was very polite and within a few minutes, a distinguished gentleman in a fine three-piece suit was standing in front of us. After introducing himself, he asked if there was a problem.

"I am afraid there is. Seems one of your salesmen just lost a sale from us. In addition to being glared at from the time we walked on the property, we were told that there was a dealership down the street that would have vehicles more in our price range." I wrote a name and phone number on a piece of paper. "If you would be so kind as to talk to the gentleman at this number, we can resume our talk when you are done."

He looked at me suspiciously, but took the paper. He walked over to the receptionist and asked her to place the call. We followed him to a private office and when the call came through, he put it on speaker.

"This is Miles Carlton of the First Financial Bank. What can I do for you, Mr. Lucas?"

The vice president of the dealership answered. "I have a man here named David Robbins. He says he was shopping for a car, but felt insulted and suggested I talk to you."

"Is he there with you Mr. Lucas?" As he answered in the affirmative, I greeted Miles.

"Mr. Lucas, I would suggest that you speak with whoever was rude to Mr. Robbins. He has enough money in my bank to buy your dealership outright. Or worse, buy a competing dealership and put you out of business. His accounts just at this bank total over ninety million, and I have no idea how many other banks he works with. And in business dealings, he is ruthless. You are lucky you have only lost a sale."

I had Mr. Lucas staring at me by this point. When Miles asked if there was anything else, I asked that he fax over a letter of credit to the dealership since I had neglected to arrange for one. We ended the conversation and got ready to leave.

Walking out with a blubbering Mr. Lucas trailing behind, I picked up the letter of credit and stopped in front of the salesperson that had started the whole thing. "I decided to take your advice and go down the road. I will let your boss explain things to you."

We walked out to the car and looked back to see a very irate Lucas practically jumping up and down yelling at the hapless salesman. I smiled and started the car, then noticed Mickey just staring at me.

"Was what Mr. Carlton saying true? You are worth that much? I know we haven't talked about finances, but I thought you had a few hundred thousand at the most."

I pulled back over to the side of the road just out of sight of the dealership. "Mickey, I just never thought about telling you. It didn't seem important. You seemed to love me just for me, not how much I am worth. Does it make any difference to you now? Do you love me more since you know what I am worth?" I was getting just a bit angry.

"I don't give a damn how much money you have. I love you just for you. But I can't wrap my mind around how much that is. I just can't understand why you would want me when you could be with some playmate or something."

"Because I am not in love with a playmate. I am in love with you, however." I took a breath to calm down. "Look, I am sorry that I didn't discuss this with you before. In the first place, the money is not important to me. As long as I can live comfortably, that is all I care about. I just never think about it unless there is a need. And you do have a right to know, since I don't think about it much, I neglected to tell you."

I could see she had calmed down as I explained it to her. "I forgive you, honey. It was just a shock to my system. I was afraid you hadn't told me because you thought I was a gold digger or something."

"I promise I never thought any such thing. Unless I am dealing in business, I just never pay attention."

Mickey leaned over the console and gave me a kiss. Then she let out a giggle. "You know this is the first real fight we have ever had. And like all couples it was over money."

"Yeah, but usually it isn't because a couple has too much of the stuff."

Sitting back in her seat, she laughed at that thought. "One last question. Just how much are we talking about here? Mr. Carlton said ninety million."

"Last I checked, it is just shy of 150 million, including holdings in other companies."

"Wow." And the subject didn't come back up. We did find a nice sporty car that we both felt comfortable with. I wrote a check for the entire amount and Mickey drove it back to Henry and Carol's house. However since the subject had come up, as soon as we got back, I phoned my personal attorney and made the proper changes in my personal affairs where Mickey would be set for life if anything happened to me.

The wedding was just a month away when I borrowed Mickey from the final preparations. She was dying to ask where we were headed but held her curiosity when I told her it was a surprise. An hour later, we pulled off a two lane paved country road into a long drive. At the end was an old mansion that had stood there since the Civil War. It looked like something that would have been in *Gone with the Wind*. Massive oak trees, their lower branches covered in Spanish moss overhung the drive that ended at the large front porch. There was a car already in the drive and as we pulled up. A woman in a nice business suit stepped out of it.

Mickey turned to me. "Alright Dave, spill it. What are we doing here?"

"Well, I figured that you wouldn't want to live in the coach the rest of our lives. Mrs. Evans there said that she thought you might like to look at some houses. This is the first one."

We got out and greeted Mrs. Evans and stepped inside the double doors. By the end of the tour, we both liked this house very much. It had been upgraded with all the modern conveniences, but still had the feel of an old house. On the way to the next one, we discussed our likes and dislikes. We looked at five different places, but Mickey kept commenting on the first one. It was set on 20 acres with several out buildings, plenty of space for horses and the other animals that Mickey had found she loved at Kyle and Lisa's small farm.

Later that night, we were in bed, with me on my back and Mickey leaning on her elbow above me. Once again, she was talking about the first house we looked at that day.

"The only drawback I can see is that it has an awful lot of room for just us."

I rolled over to where I was facing her. "I was thinking that it wouldn't seem so big if we had a couple of children running around in it. That is if you want children.

She suddenly got a huge smile on her face. "I was hoping you wanted children. I love kids, but was willing to forego them if you didn't want any."

"Sweetheart, I love kids. You know how much I love Annie. But I really want a child of our own."

"Oh I want that too. I want your babies, as many as we can have." Her eyes started to fill with tears. "I always dreamed of getting married and having children. Now I can with the most wonderful man in the world."

She then pushed me onto my back and after getting me erect, showed me just how much she wanted to get pregnant. We were both exhausted by the time I filled her with my seed in the middle of her second orgasm. She then climbed off my shrinking cock and snuggled up against my side and fell into a deep sleep, and I was right along with her.

The next night, Henry and I were sitting in his office on the second floor. We had been discussing some trivial happenings that had been on the nightly news when Mickey knocked on the doorjamb. Henry invited her in. She was silent for a moment then turned to face him directly.

"Henry, could you get another judge to do the ceremony?"

Henry looked a little shocked, but answered quickly. "I'm sure I can, but is there a reason that you don't want me to do the ceremony?"

Mickey saw the hurt in his eyes and answered quickly. "It's not what you think. You have been so kind to me, and you took Kait in and everything. Since my father won't be here, I was wondering if you would walk me down the aisle. It would mean an awful lot to me since I respect you more than any other man I know besides Dave."

"In that case my dear, I would be honored to walk you down the aisle. It would mean a lot to me as well since I won't get to do that with my own daughter. At least until the laws change."

Mickey bent down to where he was sitting and gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you so much, Henry. It really means a lot to me."

After she had gone back downstairs, he sat for a long time with a huge smile on his face.

The day of the wedding finally arrived. The sun was out and it promised to be a day of clear skies and warm temperatures. We had decided that we would bow to tradition in that Mickey and I slept apart the night before. And that made for a restless night for me. But I looked forward to not having to do that again. I

showered and shaved and then took the car and went to the French Quarter for breakfast.

By the time I returned and went into Henry and Carol's house, the preparations were in full swing. The decorations were completed in the main hall and the original study where the ceremony itself would take place. Since neither one of us had too many guests to invite to the actual ceremony, there were chairs in place for all. Since the room was forty feet long, there was even enough room for Mickey to be able to "walk down the aisle". Everything else seemed to be ready with the exception of the bride. I made my way to Henry's office only to find he had beaten me there and was entertaining Kyle who had flown in with Lisa last night.

"Ready to get hitched?" Kyle asked when I walked in.

I grinned back at him. "Sure am. When I lost your sister, I didn't think I would ever be whole again. But Mickey has given me something back into my life that I didn't even realize I was missing."

"You know, Lisa and I worried about you after that. We both have been so relieved after we met Mickey and saw you together. She is bright, enthusiastic, and so full of life and love. She isn't replacing our sister, but she is taking up where she left off. And we love her as if she was our own."

"You can't believe how glad I am to hear that. You both are important to me and knowing you love her means a lot."

Kyle then came over and gave me a hug and we settled back to talk about other things until it was time for us to get dressed.

The day did prove to be warm and I was standing in the far end of the study dressed in my tuxedo. Kyle was next to me acting more nervous than I felt. He told me that this was the first time he had ever had to be in a wedding, at least up front of everyone.

Finally, the antique pump organ started playing the entrance music. The entire party came marching up the aisle. Louis looked a little uncomfortable in his tux, and very in awe of Kait, who he was escorting up the aisle. She had worked very hard at losing the extra pounds from having Annie and it showed. The rest were friends of either Henry and Carol or Kait that we had come to call friends of ours. The flower girl was a cute 5 year old who was the daughter of one of Kait's classmates that Mickey had fallen in love with.

When Mickey appeared at the entrance, my heart stopped. She was dressed in a white sequined gown that fit her well perfectly. Her makeup and hair were flawless and she almost glided down the aisle on the arm of Henry, who looked like he was ready to burst with pride. He then brought her to the front and stepped back.

Judge John Franklin started the ceremony. "We have all gathered together to celebrate the bonding of these two people in matrimony. They came together in a time of crisis for both of them and they have helped heal each other. Now, they will be brought together, each using their individual identities to become one unit bound together by love."

He did the normal ceremony until he got to the vows. "Michelle and David have written their own vows for this occasion. David, if you will begin please."

I took a deep breath to calm my nerves. "My darling Mickey. When you came into my life, I had given up, sure that I would never have happiness and contentment again. I had lost the zest for life. You taught me to start living again. Your wonderment at life and joy at even the smallest things made me look at the world through your eyes and see just how beautiful life can be. You are my lifeline, my reason for being. And I love you more than I can ever express. With you by my side, I will feel that my life will be complete. Now, I ask you to become my wife, to join me in celebrating our love for the rest of our lives."

I could see tears welling up in her eyes as she started to speak. "David, I was worried about what to say and how to say it. But my wonderful sister gave me some great advice. She said not to speak with my mind, but with my heart. And my heart says that I love you. When I was a little girl, I dreamed of a prince on a white charger sweeping me away. Those were the dreams of a little girl. I had given up on that dream until you made me believe in it once again. You are my prince. You rescued me and taught me what it really means to be loved and to love another. You make my life worthwhile. And I promise to love you for the rest of my days."

The last sentences were almost whispered as a single tear made its way down her cheek. The judge paused a moment longer, then finished the ceremony. I really didn't hear it though, since I was lost in once again in the beauty and brilliance of Mickey's face in that moment. I wanted to lock it into my memory, to be recalled a hundred times a day, every day.

The judge finally had to touch my shoulder to get my attention. I started and looked at him. "I said you may kiss the bride," he said chuckling.

"Oh, I plan to and often." With that I used one hand to touch Mickey's face gently and leaned over and kissed her. She threw her arms around me and returned the kiss to the applause of those in attendance.

The requisite pictures were taken, and then we exited out the front of the house and to the waiting limo. The reception was being held at one of the most exclusive country clubs in the area. Carol and her friends had planned this to be an event to be remembered. Those in attendance were treated to a wonderful sit down dinner catered by the Commander's Palace since she was well acquainted with the owner.

When the band started to play, I took Mickey's hand and we moved onto the dance floor. She fit to me perfectly, her body molding to mine. We started to sway to the music and she settled her head against my shoulder. "Dave, this has been the most perfect day. I have never felt so loved. I want to stay this way forever." Then she lifted her head and smiled up at me. Then she spoke quietly, so only I could hear her. "I have another surprise for you. We're pregnant."

I stopped in the middle of the dance floor, and asked "Are you sure?"

"As sure as three home tests and a trip to a doctor can be. I am only a few weeks along, but with the new tests they have, they're pretty sure."

I picked her up and started swinging her around, laughing all the while. Those around us were watching, so we announced to the crowd the news. We received congratulations all around for this bit of very good news that topped off a perfect day.

The usual speeches were made, and all of the traditions were met. It was time for us to leave for our honeymoon. The limo took us to the airport where a private jet was waiting to whisk us off to a week in the Bahamas. We were soon in the air, flying high above the clouds.

Mickey was cuddled up against my side and I was stroking her hair. Kissing the top of her head, I whispered to her. "When I heard a knock on the door of the coach during that blizzard, I thought I was just helping someone out. Little did I know the reward would be so wonderful and long lasting."

Mickey just sighed contentedly and snuggled closer.

I was looking out the window of the kitchen. I did that often since it faced the rear of the property. I looked over at the coach that was parked in a covered

space just made for it. I thought of all the times we had spent in there, loving and living. We still used it for vacation or when we had to both go on business. Mickey did get her engineering degree and worked with Kyle designing some of the most renowned structures around the world.

Kait and Louis didn't ever get married, but they still remain friends. She did fall in love with and married one of the partners in the firm she started with. There are plans in the works to start their own firm dealing with women and the poor.

Henry and Carol haven't changed. Henry is now a judge in the Circuit Court of Appeals. and hears the high profile cases. Much more interesting than the drunk driving and spousal abuse cases he used to have. Carol has tried to integrate Mickey into the social circles in and around New Orleans. She does go to some of the functions and even drags me along on occasion, but it isn't so often that it gets boring.

Mickey and Kait's parents were eventually arrested for the harassment of Kait. They had showed up carrying bogus papers giving them custody. When they tried to take the baby by force, the N.O.P.D. took it from there. The trial and appeals are still ongoing. It is funny that Dwayne's sermons to the judge didn't seem to help their case much.

While I was reminiscing, Mickey came down from bathing Linda, who was now five and John, three. I welcomed her into my arms as I stood against the counter. She came willingly into my embrace, showing me the love that had only grown in the past six years. We have grown closer with the passing of time and I could only hope that it would last for many more years to come.

The End