

## “BGFF”

Whoever would have thought I would acquire a BGFF? Not me for sure. Martha was everything to me from early on in our relationship. Yet I felt myself missing something. I really had nobody other than Martha to fully confide in and that was beginning to play on me. I needed someone to talk to other than her; someone to talk to about Martha and myself. I never would have guessed it to be Drew Adams.

After Martha's explosion during the famous Monday morning meeting when she threatened to fire everybody, things began to move rather quickly. Within a week a rough draft of the proposed merger was on Martha's desk. She worked intensely over the weekend to make the changes she felt necessary to expedite the deal. Of course she was insufferable the entire time. But by Monday morning the initial agreement was on Marti's desk.

Marti and Drew were almost family members by the third week after the agreement arrived in Boston. They had been back and forth several times and were always our houseguests. Whilst Marti and Martha were busily engaged in their very private discussions, I was left to entertain Drew.

I was quite nervous at the beginning because Drew, aside from being somewhat shy and reticent, was the guest and it was up to me to come up with activities to 'amuse' us both. And to make things even more worrisome, she was very bright, more so than anybody I knew except for maybe Martha.

However things did loosen up quickly once I realized that she was as nervous and tense about this entire business as I was.

“I would really love to go to the Met...the art museum?”

I had to laugh because she sounded just like a young child asking for an ice cream. Her lovely green eyes were so big and her expression so...needy that no body could refuse so innocent a request. I, of course, was tremendously relieved. I was a member of the museum through Martha and could show her things not available to the general public.

Drew bloomed like a flower, opening up to provide a marvelously soft and very human view of herself. We joked and laughed and discussed a myriad of things. We lunched in the museum restaurant and acted much like two teenagers; totally animated in speech and waving hands and touching one another and forgetting who we were in a very serious and adult world.

Marti began to come down from Boston almost weekly and she would usually bring Drew. We became very close without even touching upon our common roots. We would often do something; shop, dine, go to matinees or museums, or simply sit in the garden and talk...really talk.

We were amazed to discover how much alike Martha and Marti truly were. They could have easily been sisters and, indeed, they thought of one another in that manner. Drew even became comfortable enough to discuss her relationship with Marti. They were so totally devoted to each other in a manner that I hoped Martha and I would be.

Though I wasn't nearly as open with Drew about Martha and me, and I know she realized this, it didn't stop her from being as totally honest and open as Martha was to me. We even began to call one another during the week as our friendship grew. It was perfectly natural that I would turn to Drew when 'the big melt down'...my big melt down...occurred.

About three months into my new life I awoke one morning and, upon entering our bathroom and gazing into the mirror, suddenly realized that I couldn't remember my name!!! I freaked and began to cry uncontrollably. Actually it was more of a wailing.

Martha quickly hurried in to see what the matter was about. She found me crumpled upon the floor, my face hidden in my hands, and tears flowing freely. She knelt down beside me and took me around in her arms attempting to comfort me as best she could. However, not being accustomed to performing such acts, she couldn't aid me at all.

In all fairness, I was no real help in the matter. I was too out of sorts; indeed I was close to hysteria. In desperation, Martha phoned Doctor Weintraub and related the situation. The good Doctor recommended that Martha give me a Xanax...or two, which she did.

After a short time I did managed to calm down enough to at least try and explain what had upset me so. I was still on the floor and Martha sat on the vanity chair holding my hands. I looked up into her concerned eyes.

"I forgot my name." She looked at me incredulously. "I looked in the mirror and couldn't recognize myself." I began to softly weep again. Martha took my face in her hands and kissed my forehead softly. She smiled.

"I think you need to speak to someone about this. We can't have you not knowing who you are and, although I believe this might only be a passing moment, I think we must address this matter immediately."

Martha pulled my robe back up over my shoulders and covered me. I was trembling. I felt quite chilled.

"Perhaps Drew Adams might be just the one to speak with." I looked up at her in surprise. I hadn't realized that she knew we spoke frequently. I don't know why that should have surprised me. After all, Martha seemed to know everything.

"Come sweetheart..." Martha offered me her hands as she arose from her seat. "...let's see if we can get her on the phone." I slowly, and carefully, got up off the floor. Martha took me around the waist and assisted me into the bedroom. I felt so very weak.

Martha led me to the bed and sat me down. She then went to her desk in the anteroom and returned with the phone.

"Would you like me to dial her?" I nodded. I took a tissue from the box on her night table and dabbed at my eyes. Martha dialed and waited only a moment for an answer. "Good morning...Drew? Yes...its Martha calling. No..." Martha chuckled. "...I actually wanted to speak with you. I realize it's a bit early... Oh dear...how very kind of you to say."

Martha smiled warmly. Obviously Drew had said something quite kind and generous. But that is who she is.

"I'm afraid Pet is a bit under the weather and I was hoping perhaps you might speak with her." Martha turned to me and smiled kindly; she still held my hand in hers. "Oh that's wonderful. Let me give you over to her." Martha handed the phone to me. I grasped it and slowly brought it to my ear.

"Hello? Drew?" I looked at Martha questioningly. I suddenly began to cry again; this time more softly and...controlled?

Martha got up from the bed and headed into the bathroom. She returned with a damp face cloth, which I used to wipe my eyes and blow my nose. Martha left for the bathroom again with the cloth and continued her morning rituals. I returned to speaking with Drew.

"I am so...I don't know...confused? I woke up this morning and freaked out. I forgot who I was...am...whatever!" I began to tear up again. "I don't know if what I'm doing is right. I mean...everything is going sooo fast...you know?"

"Oh baby..." I could hear the genuine concern in her voice. "What is right anyway? By the time you determine what is right? Oh my God!!! Everything is past by and it's too late anyway. The real question is how you feel so far. Ya know? I mean...have you been happy with your life with Martha?"

"I don't know..." I had to take a deep quivering breath and slowly exhale. "I mean...things are going so fast and it's like I have no time to think about anything. I mean I don't even look like I did before I met her. It was straight into the Doctor and the surgery? I don't recognize myself any more. Everything is sooo...permanent...forever...and I feel sooo frightened."

"Look sweet heart...nothing is really permanent...yet. You're taking hormones?"

"Yeah...a lot of them I think. Should I be worried? I mean...will I wind up with cancer or something? Will I wind up a freak?" Drew laughed. But it was a knowing sort of laugh.

"No. You won't die or become a monster. But you do need to remember that your emotions are going to play roller coaster with you for a while. Who's your Doctor?"

"Doctor Weintraub?"

"She's the best. You really have nothing to worry about. And anyway...it'll be some time before anything really permanent will happen. You'll have months before any real decision point comes. Trust me baby...it's more important that you deal with getting yourself right in your own mind first. Are you seeing anyone for the other stuff?"

"What other stuff?" Yeah...what other stuff?

"Ohhh...the other stuff like this morning? You know...the 'who the hell am I today' game?"

I had never discussed Drew's transition with her. Firstly it was very hard for me to even realize that she had ever been anything but a woman upon meeting her and spending time

with her. And secondly, I simply felt...odd...about speaking with her concerning that part of her life? But now I felt compelled to ask her. Maybe a milligram of Xanax provided the proper motivation?

“What was it like for you? I mean...well...how did you know?”

“You mean how did I know I wasn’t really a boy?” She giggled.

“Yeah.”

“Sweet heart?” It was Martha. She looked wonderful and more than ready to begin her day. “I really must be in this morning. Do you feel right enough to be alone?” Her brow was crinkled with concern. I smiled and nodded. “Do stay home and get sorted out. If you need me...”

“I know. I’ll be okay.” I covered the mouthpiece with my hand. Martha furrowed her brow even further. “Really...I’ll be fine now.”

“Well...I’m sending Mister Stone directly back here. If you need anything at all...or if you feel...overwhelmed?”

“I’ll call. I promise.” I smiled again at her. She came and again took my face in her hands and kissed my forehead...and then my lips. She gave me one of her stern frowns. “I will call if I begin to feel...weird again.”

Martha nodded and turned to walk out of the bedroom. She gave me one last look, smiled weakly, and left. I waited one more moment before removing my hand and speaking again.

“That was Martha leaving. I think I upset her. She was really quite concerned.”

“You are sooo lucky. Martha is totally amazing.”

“Lucky...yeah. When people freak out on her she usually fires them.” I laughed.

“Martha went through a lot over the past two years. She’s only being protective. She must like you a lot.”

“Did she love Emma?” I knew I was...pushing? But I thought that if anyone would tell me anything it would be Drew. I could hear her sigh.

“Love is a very big word when it comes to Martha. They were very affectionate...but to a point. Martha is not big on public displays you know. But I do think that Martha felt something more than mere...liking...or passion for Emma. I mean she was totally crushed when Emma was...when Emma died. You’ve seemed to have brought back a bit of the old Martha. She certainly is as feisty and assertive as I’ve ever seen her.”

“You know she had me tattooed.” I giggled.

“What??? Oh my God!!! Really???” I could hear Drew’s excitement. “What did you do??? Oh my God!!! I can’t believe it!!! Stogie old Martha??? What is it? A heart or something???”

“Not really.” I had to laugh. “I had done something that really upset her. So she tattooed ‘Martha’s Slut’ on my butt cheek.”

“What????!!! Oh my God!!! Does it show??? I can’t believe it!!!”

“Well...a thong or a string bikini is definitely out.” I giggled again.

“Oh my God!!! I can’t believe it!!! And you let her???”

“Well she got one too.”

“She did??? I don’t believe it!!! Martha???”

“She was a bad girl as well.” I laughed.

“What did she do??? Ohhh...I don’t believe this.”

It suddenly occurred to me that I might have gone too far. What Martha did, and what I did was...well...something very private and perhaps I shouldn’t have revealed this to Drew. But what I needed to ask Drew was also very private. Only the four of us knew about Drew’s ...past?

“Listen...you can’t breathe a word of this to anybody...not even Marti...okay? This is really...personal?”

“Of course not!!! I won’t tell a soul. Well, maybe the Boston Globe gossip columnist...” She laughed.

“Really Drew...not anyone...please?” I was really begging. I definitely didn’t want this getting back to Martha. There was nothing but silence, and then Drew spoke.

“You know I wouldn’t tell a soul.” She spoke in almost a whisper.

“Okay...I don’t know... I mean...is this what I really want?” I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I mean...what happens if she...well... What if she gets tired of me? Where does that leave me; especially when things really begin to...happen? It’s not like I can be simply another guy with boobs, you know?”

“Are you sure you’re really a guy? Sometimes mistakes happen...”

“Oh...I don’t know.” I was feeling a bit frustrated. “I don’t know what I think...or what I feel. I’m sooo fucking confused.” I began to tear up again.

“When I was young, about four or five, I began to feel...out of place? I couldn’t really identify what was wrong. But I knew something just wasn’t right. It got worse as I got older. When I would pee...that thing my pee was coming out of...well...it just wasn’t right; it wasn’t supposed to be there. It’s hard to explain.”

Drew’s voice trailed off a bit but I hung on every word. Was something simply not right with me? When I first began dressing in girl’s things, at around ten or so, and especially when my mother would assist me, I felt...right. The image I saw was the one I envisioned...sort of. But was that enough to say I was miss-gendered? (Pardon the pun)

“You know sweet heart...maybe you shouldn’t even think of it in that manner. Just focus on that image in your head. If it matches the one you see in the mirror...then go with it.”

Then I told Drew about Gary. I had never revealed that to her before.

“I loved the way he treated me when I was dressed; the compliments, the entire thing. It felt so natural...so...right. Even the sex, although I know I was being used. It was like...’use me...please!”

“And what about Karen?”

Karen...now that was something! That always felt...well...forced? I don’t know if it would have been any different with another woman. Playing the ‘guy’ role was always difficult and confusing. Even though she was...a top...I always felt the need to...prove myself? And I never could with her. It seemed she could never have me off of her quickly enough.

With Martha it was way different. Martha always seemed to know how to ‘feed’ whatever it was within me that hungered. She directed our entire little play from start to finish and she was always satisfied with me. And I, in my own little way, was always shattered with the pleasure she seemed to provide me even though that pleasure never came in a way that fulfilled any masculine desires.

“I just don’t feel all that secure in our...relationship?”

“Well...let me see if I have this right.” Drew giggled. “You have her name tattooed on your ass and she has yours on hers and you don’t feel secure.” Now she laughed. “Are you crazy? What is she gonna do, cut your name off her ass?” Drew had a good point and I laughed.

We must have spoken for several hours. Drew even offered to fly down to be with me. I was a bit choked up with emotion when she offered that. She went so far as to offer to come for several days and even come to visit when Marti was out of town.

In a very real way I felt closer to Drew from that day forward than I did even with Martha. I felt as though we were sisters and that I could tell her anything...anything and everything. And I did...well...almost everything anyway.

Drew had been where I was yet to go. Our relationship continued to grow with time and I can truly say I do love her as dearly as anyone I have ever...or will ever...love. She saved me...my sanity...that day and has done so several times since. And I have provided her with the confidant she so badly needed as well.

## “My Cumming of Age”

“...yes...yes...oh my God yes!!!” My heels were hooked around Martha’s ass and my arms wrapped around her waist as she drove her...cock...into me. I was lost in an amazing new world of sensation. “Fuck me...fuck me...fuck me harder.” I couldn’t believe the profanities that flowed from my mouth as Martha’s thrusting hips hammered away at me. My fluids puddled on me as she hammered into me.

Of course Martha’s language was even more explicit than mine. Every other appellation was slut, filthy slut, whore, and God only knows what else. This was the main event, the act of completion we

both had waited for and we were going to wring every little bit of ecstasy out of the moment for our efforts.

## Earlier that day...

At the end of five months my dick had died; well...my testicles anyway. And since erections were no longer an issue, the collar was done away with forever. My dick had gotten too small to fit the collar on anyway. My body had undergone a series of changes that required a new wardrobe as well. Peter...whoever he might have been...was gone forever.

I didn't take the loss personally though. Martha was positively jubilant upon finding out from Doctor Weintraub that yes...indeed...I was now completely sterile. I had mixed feelings about that fact. No longer being functional in the erectile department was unsettling, to say the least.

Though I rarely achieved an erect state over the past few months, when it ceased completely, I was shocked. I could still sensate but...I don't know...something seemed to be...different? I suppose I might liken what I felt to a low simmer as opposed to a fast boil. In truth, I was getting off anyway and the getting off was far more protracted and it built in intensity as I did experience an orgasm, or orgasms.

The new clothing part was fabulous. For the very first time I had to be fitted for a bra! It may sound ridiculous but I found the whole new world of lingerie quite exciting. I never knew how intricately personal a style of bra could be. A men's large tee shirt is the same for most large men. But a bra is as individual in fit as one woman differs from another.

But we are so uniquely individual in shape and size that a thirty six 'B' in one style could fit two women in completely different ways; one being comfortable and the other not. And then there's the shoulder strap issue. Will they stay in place or not. Though I went through this nuisance for several months, I actually found that with the 'real thing' filling the cups, I could find a nearly perfect fit without the shoulder straps continually shifting around.

And my skirts, dresses and suits were all a bit snug where once they were easy fitting and vice versa. My waist was certainly more tapered and my hips...OH...MY...GOD...I now really had hips! My jackets now required a bit of extra shoulder padding because I seemed to have lost bulk? Not that I was at all bulky to begin with.

Martha was more than pleased with the manner of my development and gladly even decided to accompany me on my visit to Ms. Taylor. What was even more amazing to me was that I was included in the conversations and the selections of clothing and materials. I felt like a person and not the object she had first measured.

At the club...well...though I was still an 'outsider', some of the members had allowed me to speak with them on a first name basis. And I was certainly treated differently by

everyone. I suppose I was shown certain deference. Maybe it was Martha's influence but I would like to think that maybe I was being seen as a more permanent fixture.

I even had a few work acquaintances that I would occasionally have a glass of wine with after the day was done. I would always confer with Martha first but she truly encouraged me to take the time to enjoy myself outside of our relationship. But she always insisted that either Mr. Smith or Mr. Davis pick me up.

My mother couldn't have been happier with my circumstance. She had the 'daughter' she always seemed to want and that daughter was being well taken care of. Though grand children would not be in the future, my mom was never really into that whole 'generations' thing anyway.

It was Friday morning when the phone call came. We were to leave early for Martha's home out on the south fork of Long Island. I had yet to see her 'weekend' retreat though I had heard much about it from time to time from various people.

Mr. Willis had come in to speak to Martha about the finalization of the merger with Marti Adams. Meg was also in attendance. We were sitting around the table in Martha's office munching on sweet rolls and jellied toast and having our morning coffee when the phone sounded. Meg got up and quickly answered. She made a sour face and turned to look at Martha.

"It's Charles."

Martha made a sour face as well and got up from her seat with a resolute expression to take the call by her desk.

"Hello Charles." Martha said as she turned to face the window, her back to us.

She spoke for several minutes as we silently continued our brunch, pretending to not be aware of her muted conversation. Upon hanging up the phone, Martha uttered one of her rare in office expletives.

"Shit!!!" Martha turned and looked at me with a wry expression on her face. "I'm afraid our little trip is off for this afternoon." She then looked at Meg. "The wicked witch of Westport requires an audience."

I had no idea of whom Martha was referring to but Meg gave Martha a sympathetic look. Though we finished the meeting, Martha's mind was definitely somewhere else. I made sure I took proper note of what was being said and who was doing the saying.



I might as well have saved the time for something else because Martha simply wasn't at work the rest of the day. She was so pre-occupied that I spent most of the day working with Meg, who offered little more than to explain that Martha often became sullen and withdrawn when a visit to her mother was involved.

Her mother????!!! Though intellectually I knew better, I could not envision Martha as ever having had a mother...or a father for that matter. She just...I don't know...seemed to always be so in control and so ahead of the curve that childhood, or even teen years, seemed too farfetched to have actually occurred.

Martha's very subdued mood carried over into the evening. Though we did dress and go out to a very lovely restaurant, Martha was far from her usual self. Our evening ritual was far from the usual red-hot exciting sensual fest. I felt it was more of a soothing of Martha's spirits than anything else though I did enjoy the less demanding and more...romantic atmosphere.

We were in bed. I was cuddled up into Martha's side as she held me. I could feel her cheek atop my head rubbing against me softly as she held me in her arms almost as if I was a child; her child. My head was atop her breast. I was listening to her heartbeat, and mine, as her lingering aroma waft from my face to my nose. My eyes were closed and I felt so very enveloped by her...warmth.

"You know my Pet..." Martha kissed the top on my head. "...I really don't know how you suffer me with such...elegance."

**"My mother is a cunt!"**

Martha spat the words out as we flew up the turnpike in her sports car. Mr. Davis offered to drive us to Westport but Martha would have none of it. I was a bit taken when he drove the car up to the curb. It was a silver Maserati coupe with a tan leather interior. Though folding myself through the opened door was something...unique...I sank into the leather seat and felt quite secure in its encompassing glove.

I wasn't quite prepared for Martha's sudden burst away from the curb. She was once again quite solemn and dressed to match in a black suit and ivory white blouse. A triple looped strand of nine-millimeter pearls adorned her neck and her lush curls were pulled back into a ponytail.

Martha had a set jaw expression that denoted intense concentration as she motored through the city and up the East River Drive. Once we were free of the city, and through the first toll, she noticeably relaxed a bit as she turned on the stereo system.

“My mother is a cunt!” Her profane outburst shook me from my thoughts.

“What???” I couldn’t believe she had actually called her mother a...cunt? That was usually an epithet reserved for her during our ‘play time’ or the ‘hated’ competition. I looked at her in shock.

“She’s a first class cunt! And...” Martha drew out the word ‘and’. “...she never hesitates to prove it whenever the occasion might arise.” Martha didn’t look at me as she spoke. Her jaw became set again and her eyes narrowed behind her sunglasses. I couldn’t imagine what could make her react so...poorly toward her mother. She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly as if trying to calm herself.

“I am very sorry to have you endure her presence today but I really see no other way.” Martha glanced at me briefly and smiled as her right hand firmly clutched my left. “Sooner or later you would meet her and I would prefer you do so in a more...private venue. She is bound to be at her worst and I just want you to be aware of the situation.”

“What situation?” Situation? What situation? I gazed at Martha with a smile.

“Well...” Martha took a deep breath and let it out with a note of exasperation. “She was the ultimate trophy wife; beautiful, witty, somewhat clingy in an arm candy way. She knew how to dress and how to impress. She is one of those women who can enter a room and instantly everyone knew she was present.”

Martha quickly turned her head and flashed a smile. I loved the way she could simply radiate whenever she did that. I envied it in fact.

“She was, is, and always will be, very high maintenance. Mother breathes money. Indeed she eats and dresses and...wipes her ass with money. Imagine her surprise when father left everything to me. He set up two trusts; one for her and one for my brother. I administer to their needs out of the trusts and upon their passing, I receive whatever is left.”

“So...you are their keeper...so to speak?”

Again an exasperated breath emanated from Martha.

“Yes. I tend to whatever mother requires. Even the house is mine but she gets to live in it until either her death or she vacates it.”

Martha remained silent for several moments as if allowing me a bit of time to absorb the reality of the situation. Then she began again.

“Charles...the butler...is my man. He has been with the family forever and, though he detests mother, remains because he adores me...and I do pay him quite royally. His wife cooks and there are two maids and a gardener. Charles pretty much runs the house.”

“And sees to your mother?” Martha snorted a laugh as she quickly turned her head and smiled.

“You might say that. He keeps an eye on her and calls me if there is anything I should know about.” Martha took another very deep breath and slowly exhaled. “And...there certainly is something I needed to know about. It seems that mother has a new friend.”

I turned as much as the seat belt would allow trying to face Martha. A new friend? Hmm... This was beginning to sound interesting. While I was exposed to a totally new and wonderfully opulent existence since becoming...involved with Martha, this visit with ‘mother’ sounded as though my exposure was going to be radically broadened even further.

“Mother has met...” Martha suddenly had a sour expression on her face. “...a...an Italian nobleman it seems. An impoverished one I might add. AND...” I could see Martha’s face redden. “...he’s thirty years her junior!!!”

“Oh my God!!!” I had to smile in wonder. I mean...if you have it...flaunt it? But really!!! Thirty years is a bit much especially if the ‘junior’ is a male. Oh...my...God!!! But isn’t that me??? “What does he want?”

“What indeed!!!” Martha snorted her laugh again as her lips set tight. “He probably wants a loan to repair his...chateau? Or whatever you call those homes in Italian. More likely his credit is in need of repair.”

“And she wants you to approve whatever sum he has in mind?” A logical leap on my part. Martha simply nodded her head. “Does she really expect you to authorize this...this...” I was searching for the proper word. “...stipend?”

“Whatever do you mean?” Martha’s brow furrowed.

“Well...sometimes children ask their parents for something when they know the answer will be a ‘no’; like if they can attend a co-ed sleep over...or to go away for the weekend with friends. You know? They know the answer but they ask anyway so that they can tell their friends that their parents won’t allow it.”

“So...you’re saying that she really wants me to say no?” There was a look of incredulity on Martha’s face.

“I think so.” I had to giggle. I mean...one would think that a sixty-one year old woman could be more to the point with someone that much her junior. I mean...Martha was very up front with me and I appreciated that in her.

“Well then I’ll tell her no quite emphatically!!! I usually do anyway. She does have a way of being most frivolous with the trust fund...and my good graces. Do you know she actually

spent nearly thirty thousand dollars on gowns last year??? And I doubt she even wore all of them!”

I couldn't fathom that kind of spending. That was half my salary for the year! I doubt that Martha spent that much on her own wardrobe...complete!!! I don't even think I've cost Martha one-quarter that much!!! Martha began tapping the walnut steering wheel with her index finger.

“I think you should tell her yes.” I giggled at the thought.

“What????!!!” Martha's eyes mimicked her surprise at my statement. “Are you out of your mind??? God only knows how much she'll ask for. And whatever it is...” She slapped the wheel for emphasis. “...it's too much.”

“Well...”

This had to be good. I simply felt that this ploy would work. If her mother thought that Martha might even remotely be considering acceding to her request, she would then be forced to either make the loan or she'd be forced to tell her friend that the money wouldn't be forthcoming. I knew...or at least I felt...that in either case Martha's mother would be forced to do her own dirty work.

“...it might be worth it to see the shocked look on her face. And anyway, do you really think she wants to throw away money she could easily be spending on herself? She's probably stringing him along because she enjoys his company at the moment.”

Martha sat silent for several moments. I could tell that she was thinking about what I said. I sat quietly...smiling. I reached over and clasp her right hand in mine. Martha smiled slightly. I pulled her hand to my lips and gently kissed her fingers. She giggled.

“I would be worth the price to see her reaction.” Martha spoke almost as if thinking aloud. I could see the distracted expression on her face. She suddenly brightened with a sly smile. “You know dear...” Martha turned her head briefly enough to look toward me. “...you are becoming quite useful...and resourceful.”

The remainder of the drive was taken up by Martha speaking of 'life with mother'. The woman sounded positively abhorrent; totally self-absorbed, self-centered, and egocentric beyond belief. Small wonder that Martha became so taken with Rose Howe. There was no other feminine source available to Martha as a child.

We reached the exit for Westport. Time had flown once Martha began to speak a bit about her childhood. She seemed to almost be on automatic pilot as she navigated the streets of the town. Soon we were on a tree lined road that paralleled the river. Large expansive homes appeared through breaks in the foliage.

Martha suddenly turned quite sharply to the right and into a long sweeping lawn and tree lined driveway that lead up to the largest home I had ever seen. The Tudor style mansion was complete with two enormous stained glass windows that towered two stories on either side of the huge double door entrance to the stately residence.

Charles met us at the door with a broad grin that emanated the warmth he must have truly felt toward Martha. They embraced and Martha kissed his cheeks.

“Charles! It is good to see you!” Martha positively beamed as she held the black suited man.

Charles was an older man...probably in his seventies. But his age was belied by his sparkling deep blue eyes that seemed to echo the smile on his face. His pale white skin matched his snow white thinning hair. The blue of his eyes and the rose colored cheeks provided the only color in his face. His somewhat rotund build told of his once powerful frame that perhaps still could deliver a crushing hand shake.

“My dear Ms. Martha...I am quite happy you are here. You look very well indeed.”

“Charles...this is my...companion...Petra.” Martha turned, still with one arm around the waist of Charles, to face me.

‘Oh my God!’ I thought. I’ve been elevated from assistant to...companion! I must look up the meaning of the word. Martha never used a word other than in the exact context it was meant. I blushed, smiled and positively tingled.

“A pleasure to meet you Ms. Petra.” Charles extended his hand toward me and I took it. His other hand immediately covered mine, completely engulfing it with his.

“It’s good to finally meet you. Martha has spoken most highly of you.” I smiled, blushed, and demurely lowered my eyes.

“Well Charles...are you going to invite me into my house?” Martha laughed.

Charles laughed and, extending his arm toward the opened door, bade us to enter. Martha took my hand and we walked in followed by Charles. Our heels clacked upon the stone floored entry that opened up to a grand wood paneled atrium that rose three stories.

Though the lighting was dim save the day light that streamed through the stain glass windows that towered two stories along the facing wall, the ambiance was warm. The smell of strong tobacco seemed to linger in the air.

“And where is the wicked witch of Westport?” Martha chuckled.

“She’s in the solarium Ms. Martha. Would you care to freshen first; or perhaps some tea?”

“Tea sounds quite nice thank you.” And Martha began to walk toward a sitting area with me following closely behind.

I quickly glanced around trying to take in everything. The furniture looked antique; no more than two matching chairs among the many and all had carved arms and legs. Some were quite ornate and others elegant in their simplicity of design. It was as though someone had carefully selected each and every piece and placed them 'just so'. The rugs and runners were Persian and bore the signs of age with that same elegance.

Various pieces of porcelain and silver decorated the small tables alongside the chairs and settees and original prints and oils hung on the wood paneled walls. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling between the exposed wooden beams. The tapestries that hung by the windows were subdued in color but very ornate in pattern. Everything shouted of wealth and good taste.

The end of the long reception room opened up to a glass walled and ceiling solarium. The air was somewhat humid and racks holding numerous orchid pots lined the one brick wall of the house. The glass offered greatly diffused lighting.

Martha opened the French doors and strode into the room.

"Hello mommy!" Martha said with mock joy as she strode to the wicker settee with a woman sitting on it. She got up with a surprised look on her face.



"Martha? That damned spy of yours is up to no good again. I suppose HE imparted his version of MY life to you."

They embraced briefly as if to be in contact physically was painful. There was only the briefest of air kisses exchange. The woman was tall; nearly as tall as her daughter. She was slim. Clad in a silk dress that flowed down to her ankles, her movements were slow and elegant. Her dyed auburn hair was piled up upon her head in a French braid and the movement of her hands and arms was serpentine.

Her face bore the same angularity as Martha's and her voice nearly matched. It was even a bit deeper due to her incessant smoking of custom blended cigarettes which she never seemed to be without during our stay.

"I see you've brought your new toy with you." The woman nearly croaked as she regained her seat on the settee without a second glance toward me. "Charming!"

Martha sat in an adjoining wicker settee and motioned for me to join her. I sat making sure my thigh touched hers. I knew I would need that touch for moral support.

"Oh mother..." Martha exhaled and rolled her eyes. "This is Petra. She's my companion and assistant. Do be nice." There definitely was a pleading sound to her voice.

“Companion eh? Is that what you call it these days?” She cackled that awful knowing laugh that says she knows differently and enjoys letting everyone else know that she knows. “Well...hello Petra. I suppose she calls you Pet.” She smiled wryly at me, her eyes boring into my being.

Just then Charles entered pushing a tea cart. He approached us with a smile and I got up to prepare a cup for Martha and myself.

“Thank you Charles. Petra will see to the tea.” Martha smiled and Charles exited.

“Tea sweetheart? Are you sure you wouldn’t prefer one of these?” Martha’s mother held up a glass with what appeared to be orange juice.

“Oh mother...” Martha rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Isn’t it a bit early...even for you?”

“Nonsense darling! It’s good for the blood pressure.” ‘Mother took a healthy sip and placed the glass back down on the table. She then tucked her legs beneath her and leaned forward a bit. “So I would guess you’re here to meet my new toy.” Her smile was a bit toothy and she had a glint in her eyes that was a bit...lurid? Her eyes flashed as she spoke. “He is simply delicious!”

Martha sipped her tea and set the fine porcelain cup into the saucer that sat so delicately in her lap. She looked up at her mother.

“He’s a Count...or some such thing?”

“Yes!” ‘Mother’ sat even taller and her eyes flashed with excitement as she spoke. “He’s from a very old Venetian family. He wants me to join him there and live in his family’s home. I think it’s simply wonderful...so very romantic...don’t you think? The lineage would be so proud. A Count no less.”

The lineage?

“Oh mother ...” Martha said with more than a hint of exasperation in her voice. “...really!”

“What lineage?” I asked in almost a whisper. I was curious.

“Evidentially we’re four hundredth and ninety eight in line to the English throne.” Martha said quite dourly as she shook her head, her hand over her eyes as if she had a head ache.

“Four hundred and eighty sixth. There have been a few deaths this past year.” Her mother was quick to add with a wide eyed grin. Martha simply shook her head in disbelief at what she was hearing. “It’s quite exciting really.” Her mother continued. “Not everybody can make that claim.”

“As if they would want to...” Martha mumbled under her voice.

“What’s that dear?”

“Nothing mother. I’m simply commenting upon the importance of knowing one’s place in the pecking order.” Martha snorted her derision.

“So...” Mother turned her gaze toward me. “What exactly is your place in the pecking order...Petra, is it?” The wry expression upon her face caused me to tremble slightly. I was

reminded of the evil Cruella De Ville character except mother was real. "And exactly what is it you do for my daughter?" She glared and chuckled at my obvious discomfort.

I began to explain my job. I glanced at Martha for reassurance. She gently squeezed my hand; an action not lost to mother's attention. Mother smiled knowingly at me and chuckled. Of course she had no idea of my...situation...and simply assumed that I was a genetic woman. I did nothing to discourage this.

"So...essentially you're a secretary." She laughed.

"Oh mother please!" Martha again rolled her eyes and turned her head.

"No dear..." Mother cast her gaze at me once again. "I am interested how your...new toy views her place in your life."

"Oh mother...it's not important how she views her place. It's only important how I view her place."

I looked at Martha who was smiling like the Cheshire cat. Although I know she was defending me and attempting to get me off the hook...so to speak..., I felt mildly insulted. I felt as though my being part of her life was only a one way decision. Perhaps it was, but I felt as though I was earning my keep by being more than simply an assistant. Was I being delusional?

"I am curious sweet heart...how DO you view her place?"

I was beginning to really detest this woman. No...let me rephrase that...I wanted to scratch her eyes out!!! The very nerve of her!!! I work my little buns off all day and then attend Martha at night; every day and every night. I do everything I possibly can to make her life a bit easier, for heaven knows her life is most rigorous and demanding.

"Oh mother..." Martha laughed. "You'll never change. Petra..." Thank God she didn't call me Pet. "...is the most important person in my life at the moment. I could not image my life without her."

Martha spoke those precious words with a straight face. My heart absolutely melted and I felt tears begin to well up. I had never heard such a strong affirmation of my place in her life before. Of course mother had something to say.

"You two should get married. I am sure she'd make a wonder wife and mother." Mother said with a sharp chuckle.

Martha didn't retort. She simply changed the subject to the matter at hand.

"Speaking of wife and mother...where is your new...amore?" With Martha's question mother suddenly became quite excited.

"Oh wait till you meet him. He's absolutely delicious." Her eyes sprang wide open and her brows arched.

"And where did you meet this...treasure." Martha's voice dripped with sarcasm.



I was beginning to feel my nerves fray from their bickering. I couldn't image what life must have been like growing up in this household.

"At the Met museum. I was browsing through Rodin and he quite accidentally bumped into me."

Martha snorted a chuckle.

"No..." Her mother's voice was quite emphatic. "It really was quite innocent." Her brows shot up in emphasis. "One thing led to another and he began explaining 'The Thinker' to me in very technical terms. He studied sculpture in art school."

"Indeed!" Martha actually quipped with a wry smile. "And how long ago was this?"

"Last month."

"And he's been here ever since that...fateful day?" Martha's smile broadened even more.

"Well..." Mother took a good sip of her drink before she continued. "He was scheduled to return home but I insisted he stay a bit longer. He really had nothing to rush home for anyway and I was so enjoying his company. It's not easy being stuck out here in the country you know. There is so little opportunity for encountering people with an understanding of...my needs." Mother looked out the glass wall of the solarium into the garden. "I do become quite lonely for company you know."

Martha said nothing but I could feel her body tense against mine and I noticed her lips tightening as she contained herself from commenting. I didn't know what she was thinking but I could imagine. I grasped her hand and held it firmly. She briefly looked toward me and then back at her mother.

"And where is this...find now?" Martha smiled through her tightly clenched teeth.

"He's in town. He should be returning very shortly. He's picking up a few things to wear while he's here."

'My God' I thought. She's buying him a wardrobe. But how different is that from what Martha did with me? Though I must admit I was probably in greater need in that I truly had almost nothing to wear. We heard a booming voice come reverberating through the main house. Mother suddenly brightened.

"That must be him!"

"Indeed." Martha quipped dourly.

"Cara Mia!" The voice boomed out from the entrance.

He strode in as if he owned the place, and, I must admit, he was...gorgeous. The man was impeccably manicured. His golden brown hair was slicked straight back on his head and not a single hair was out of place. His golden tan was...perfect. Baby blue eyes looked directly at mother as he glided across the stone floor in his thin soled cordovan penny loafers.

He rushed to mother and, grasping both of her hands in his, he bent to kiss them. This man was obviously quite fit and his exquisitely tailored, rakishly cut, navy blue double breasted blazer was tailored to attest to this fact. His broad shoulders and narrow waist were not lost at all.

"I see we have company. And such delightful company at that." He smiled; his eyes twinkled in the light. "I am Carlo." He came first to Martha and, taking her right hand in his, bowed to kiss it softly.

"Martha." That was all she said, her gaze never leaving his.

Then he turned slightly toward me. He repeated his greeting complete with the kissing of my hand. Now I must admit I was quite taken by his presence. I blushed and lowered my eyes, smiling, as his lips touched my hand in the lightest of fashion. I could feel his gaze upon me and I was...excited by it? Hmm...

"And you are?" He asked softly as if any louder would startle me and cause me to rush off.

"Petra." I could barely hear my own voice!

"I am much honored to meet such a divine beauty as you." I giggled. He released my hand and I instinctively held it as if the touch of his lips would remain forever if I guarded it safely.

Carlo turned on his heel and proceeded to sit next to mother, unbuttoning his blazer as he sat down. Still blushing profusely I raised my eyes enough to take in the view. He wore a light blue silk shirt with a Paisley ascot tied around his neck. Carlo's belt matched his shoes and his topical weight grey flannel slacks exposed just enough for me to see that his socks were quite seer.

Carlo was one of those men who seemed to glow and shine with the polish that fashion sense and style seems to bring. Nothing was out of place. Even his perfectly manicured nails attested to his obvious vanity.

"I hope you approve Cara Mia." Carlo said innocently as he turned in his seat toward mother and held his blazer open to give her a better view of what he purchased.

"You look positively beautiful dear." Mother gently stroked the side of his face.

"As do you my heart, as usual." His smile was all teeth; perfect teeth. He took mother's left hand in his and, covering it with his right, held it in his lap. "So, you have told them the exciting news?"

"And what news...pray tell...might that be?" Martha said with a bit of sarcasm as she smiled.

"I'm going to join Carlo at his family's home. I'm going to actually stay in Venice. He promised to show me the Italian AND the French Riviera." Mother was completely animated and gestured freely with her one free hand, content to let the other remain in Carlo's procession.

"Yes. That does sound exciting."

"And..." Mother drew a deep breath as if it would be needed to relate all she had to tell. "...he's going to show me all around Venice and Florence and several other towns. I am absolutely jumping out of my skin thinking about it all."

"Yes...I'm sure you are." Looking at Carlo, Martha smiled as she spoke. "And she will be staying with you the entire time?"

"But of course." Carlo replied with some surprise in his voice.

“But...of course.” Martha echoed. She then took my hand in hers and, whilst looking at my nails and smiling, asked my mother. “When will you be leaving and for how long?” She didn’t look up at her mother.

“Well...” Here it comes. Mother took too long enunciating her ‘well’. “...you see...” It’s going to be a big one. I just felt it from the ‘you see’. “That depends on the renovations and repair that are required so that I might be more...comfortable during my stay.”

“It is really only a loan until I am able to sell some of my work. I am in several galleries and the prospects are quite good.” Carlo positively beamed his most charming and brilliant smile.

“How much?” Martha said dryly as she tightened her grip on my hand. She didn’t smile.

“A mere pittance sweet heart...really not much.” If mother’s voice was any more syrupy...

“How much...mother.” Though her voice was calm, Martha’s grip on me was nearly painful at this point.

“Well...” Mother took a deep breath and looked at Carlo who smiled and nodded encouragement to her. She then reached for her drink with her free hand and started to take a sip. “...one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?”

Martha looked at my hand again, her fingers now white as they gripped me tightly. She said nothing at the moment. I could only image that she was trying to wrap her mind around that large a sum of money.

“One hundred...and...fifty...thousand dollars.” Martha spoke to nobody in particular. “And...” She finally looked up at her mother. “...this is a secured loan I assume...property or perhaps artwork?” Martha looked at my fingers and held each one as she inspected them carefully. She suddenly looked at me and spoke. “However do you manage to keep them in such excellent repair?”

Martha’s expression was quite serious; she was curious. I began to explain my regimen when she suddenly looked directly at mother and Carlo.

“Well???” Martha asked melodically with one raised eyebrow. A ten month pregnant pause ensued as Martha’s mother stared blankly back at her daughter. Finally mother spoke.

“I don’t think that’s necessary, do you?” Mother spoke in her deepest, huskiest voice...and in all innocence no less. “He does come from a very good family you know.” Mother leaned forward to take one of her cigarettes. Carlo nearly leaped as he lighted it for her. “Anyway, Carlo is a gentleman...” She turned to look at him as she exhaled a slender column of smoke toward the ceiling. “...and he did give his word.” She smiled and turned her head back to look at Martha.

Martha sat quietly the entire time her mother spoke. I could tell from the little signs...her pursed lips, her ‘death grip’ on my hand, and her unwillingness to look at her mother...that she definitely didn’t like what she was hearing. And, to be totally honest, I couldn’t believe that her mother would even attempt such a transparent charade on her daughter. This absolutely screamed; ‘Tell me no!!!’

“Yes...” Martha said after what seemed like a long silent pause. “...well...” She inhaled deeply and exhaled quite slowly and deliberately. “There it is.” Martha said as if almost to herself.

Martha's mother sat with a content expression on her face. She flicked imaginary ash from her cigarette, smiled and took another drag.

"Well, I see no problem so I'll transfer the money into your account as soon as we return to the city."

Mother suddenly began to cough as if the smoke went down the wrong pipe. Tears came to her eyes as Carlo began to slap her in the center of her back as if she had swallowed something. Martha leaned forward in mock concern.

"Mother? Are you alright?" Martha got up and poured a cup of tea. She brought it over to her mother who waved her away as if the cup contained hemlock. Finally regaining her breathe, mother spoke.

"Are you sure you're alright?" I could tell Martha was having quite the moment attempting to control herself from laughing. Not that she thought her mother choking was amusing, but the reaction to Martha's assent was truly...priceless. She turned and returned to her seat alongside me.

"Are you sure you don't want to take some time to think about this?" Her mother rasped as she took a long sip of her drink.

"Mmmno..." Martha smiled and spoke as calmly as she possibly could. "The dollar is strong against the Euro these days and you won't have the expense of a wardrobe for the coming season." Martha brought my hand to her lips and gently kissed it. "And I'm sure living in Venice will be less costly than a winter in Palm Beach. We'll make it up somehow."

Mother seemed to seethe more with each word Martha uttered. Her lips narrowed. Her jaw set tightly. Her eyes seemed to blaze with her contained fury. Truly I had to keep myself from bursting out in laughter. However, contain myself I did.

I couldn't help but to sneak a look at Carlo every so often. The self-satisfied expression on his face was priceless. He was speaking about his home and what wonderful things mother and he would do will there. Mother took another cigarette, which again Carlo lighted, and nervously flick the imaginary ash from its tip as he spoke.

We stayed for a light lunch during which mother grumbled about the food preparation, presentation and anything else that came to mind. She became so vitriolic that even Carlo had to gaze at her in wonder. Martha was quite inure to her mother's ways and took it all in stride.

After lunch Martha and I excused ourselves from their company. Mother strode off toward the solarium, drink in hand, with Carlo in tow. We were escorted to the front entrance by Charles. As we approached the door we heard mother's voice echo through the reception room; "DON'T YOU 'CARA MIA' ME!!!"

I had to giggle and could only image the conversation for the remainder of the afternoon. Martha embraced Charles and kissed both his cheeks again. She thanked him most profusely for his watchfulness and concern. I was truly very touched and moved by the relationship and the show of

affection between the two. Martha never ceased to amaze me with the depth of feeling and emotion for those people she chose to share any part of her life with.

As we motored down the hill and toward the bridge, I couldn't help but begin to giggle again. Martha looked at me briefly as she down shifted the car around a curve.

"And what are you giggling about?" She asked in mock gruffness.

"Well..." I could barely contain myself. "...you were right...as usual." Martha again looked at me with curiosity. I giggled again. "Your mother is a cunt."

Martha was absolutely silent for a moment or two. Then she began with a giggle that turned into a chuckle that turned into total body laughter. Indeed we were both beside ourselves with the comedy that had unfolded before us today. Martha had to pull the car over to the side of the road because her tears so clouded her vision.

Martha turned toward me, at least as much as she could within the confines of the bucket seat, and smiled oh so...gently? I mean the look in her eyes was one of comfort and affection. It was a smile that I'd seen with greater frequency lately. What she said next literally took my breath away.

"I am so very glad I found you." Martha gently stroked my cheek with her fingertips. I leaned into her touch as a kitten might whilst being rubbed. "I would have never thought to do as you suggested. That was really quite astute of you." Martha took a deep breath and exhaled. "You really are quite the find."

I blushed. I flushed. I smiled and lowered my eyes demurely. I shuttered. I tingled. She leaned across and brought her lips nearly to mine. I couldn't resist if I wanted to. I leaned in the few inches to have mine touch hers. It was electric; a massive jolt from head to toe!

I must say that I lived for Martha's praise. And she was not stingy with it these days. But this was something else; something special. Martha was rather closed lipped when it came to speaking about us; our private and personal relationship. After all...we were 'us' in every true sense of the word.

My mind continually added up the little bits that seemed to be said; the 'fond ofs', the 'glads', the 'happy withs', and such. But there was nothing more substantial and nothing to really my feelings around. And I did have such very strong feelings for Martha. I did from the very beginning when we first met.

I felt such a great indebtedness to Martha. She literally saved me from falling into the morass of self-pity and losing myself in the wasteland of insignificance. She gave me the identity that always lurked in the shadowy images in my mind and birthed me into the world, her world. I was now somebody; a presence...a being.

How do I repay such an enormous debt? How do I repay her for my...life? True, I let Martha use me in whatever fashion she desires. In truth, there isn't anything I would object to her doing with, or to, me. And in truth again I longed for and relished her treatment of me. It was as much my show as hers.

I lived, in my own heart and soul, for her service and pleasure and yet I always seemed to receive more than I gave. But today, right at this moment I wanted something from Martha. I didn't know how to ask. I really never asked anything of her before today. What???

"Sweet heart! Where are you???" I was so inside myself I didn't even hear Martha speaking to me.

"Huh?"

"I would offer you a penny for your thoughts but I think a dollar would be a fairer price." Martha's laugh was so light; her sweet smile a delight.

"Don't YOU *cara mia* me!" I did my best 'mother' impression with my nose in the air. Martha broke up in hysterical laughter and I followed. Then, from out of nowhere, the impulse hit me and I spoke. "Make love to me tonight." I grasped her hands as if in emphasis.

Martha's smile faded a bit and I felt as though a wall, well, maybe not so much a wall, but a curtain, dropped down to separate us. She nervously looked into my eyes, then straight out the windshield, then off to her left. She was silent and inwardly focused as her gaze finally fell to her hands in mine.

"I AM going to let her have the money." Martha looked up into my eyes again and gently smiled. She had decided to change the subject for whatever reason. Her decision to let her mother have the money surprised me and my face must have shown my surprise. "I'm not going to change her and I'm not going to punish her." She looked away for a moment and then back toward me. "And I'm tired of trying."

I continued to stare at Martha. A sudden calm seemed too radiant from her. She somehow seemed younger; her spirit as well as her face. The stress of the past day and a half vanished in an instant. I understood completely. She had made some sort of separate peace in the same fashion I had with my mother although the reasons for our separations were quite different.

Martha looked away from me as she started the engine. She slowly pulled back onto the road and began to motor toward the highway again. We drove for a few minutes in complete, yet comfortable silence.

"Is there something wrong with the way we...have sex?" What???! Oh my God no! That's not what I meant when I said what I did.

"Nooo! Not at all. I have never felt the things I feel when I'm with you." I was so stunned at how Martha interpreted what I had said. And I was being completely honest with her. I have never been so satisfied physically by anyone before her. "It's simply that..."

Oh my God...however do I put it? I quickly gazed around searching for the proper words. I reached for her free hand and grasped it in my own. How do I tell her what was only a feeling I had. How do I tell her that I needed something else, something more? And how do I describe that 'something more' without belittling what we already had. I took a deep breath.

“It’s simply that I want to...feel you and embrace you once in a while. You know? I always receive the sensations...the pleasures. I want to be...” Yet another deep breath... “I want to...” Oh God...please give me the words. Martha stole a quick look at my discomfort and chuckled.

“You want me to perhaps be a bit more...romantic? You want me to sweep you off your feet...or something to that effect.” Her smile was easy.

“Yes.” I whispered as I felt color come to my cheeks. I nodded coyly and cast my gaze downward. In even a softer whisper I looked at Martha and said; “I want us to make love.”

Martha was silent again. We held hands only breaking physical contact when she required her hand to turn the steering wheel or execute a gear shift. I knew she was deep within her thoughts and I didn’t want to break the easy silence and disturb her. She finally spoke very softly after kissing my fingers. Her voice was sad and weary.

“I don’t know if I remember how.”

**W**e dined out, as usual, and slowly strolled home, as usual. Martha was quite subdued but I did sense she was at peace. Martha sat at her desk in the ante room and examined her mother’s accounts. She eventually called mother to inform her of her decision to release the funds without condition.

Whilst she was at work, I sat in the bath room before the mirror and played with my cosmetics. I was bored with my daily looks and wanted to play with some of the colors I hadn’t tried before. So, covering myself with my robe and then a towel to prevent staining my robe, I began.

I was tired of the greys, greens and browns of everyday life. Though shades of blue were truly ideal for my skin tone, I couldn’t get comfortable with blue shadows and my green eyes. At least with the berry colors I could go closer to the redder shades and gilds. I was amazed how gold seemed to light up my eyes.

I was so engrossed in playing with myself (pardon the pun) that I hadn’t noticed Martha standing behind me. She was gazing at my reflection in the mirror and smiling with a bemused expression on her face. I blushed and giggled as if I was caught at mom’s cosmetics case.

“No sweet heart, don’t stop. I want to see.” Martha smiled and pulled up another stool to sit behind me and off to my right.

She sat silently as I continued to apply and then remove different shades. I would change lipsticks and glosses with the eye shadows just to see how the colors matched against my skin and hair. Martha leaned against my back and rested her chin on my collar bone. She watched in utter fascination...and delight.

“Which combination looks the best?” I watched her reflection in the mirror.

“Oh dear... I don’t really know sweet heart.” Martha gently pulled on my ear lobe with her teeth while her eyes never left mine in the mirror. “You always look so...beautiful to me. Even without...all that.”

Martha brought her arms beneath the towel and around my waist. She locked her hands and hugged me as she kissed the side of my face. I closed my eyes and basked in the sweetness of her words and the luscious sensation of her lips on my cheek.

“Mmmm...” I purred with her ministrations but I really had to know what she thought. After all, this was as much for her as it was for me. I sat up and forward keeping her arms around me with my hands but drawing my face away from her lips. “No...really...I would love to know what you think.” I nearly whined with my pleading.

“Well...” Martha uttered in her deepest and gravest voice. “...I do think this color... a berry is it? Anyway...I do like that on you with the gold. It does lighten up your eyes quite a bit and makes them seem even larger. Normally I don’t consider the liner much but in this case I do like the charcoal color.” Martha leaned onto my shoulder again and gave my waist a gentle squeeze. “Those are definitely bed room eyes...smoky eyes...even with the lighter shades.”

“And the lipstick...do you like this shade?” I giggled a bit as I turned my head to face Martha; my lips moist and but a few inches from hers. Oh my God! I was actually flirting with her.

“Sweet heart...” Martha smiled and crooned. “...I love any shade of lipstick on your lips as long as you’re trying to share it with your lips on mine.”

I don’t know whether it was her chuckling, her bedroom voice, or the wicked glint in her eyes but I shivered with excitement and desire. I turned back to my palette of eye shadows and ran a clean brush over the slate grey color pot. I turned back toward Martha and raised the brush to her upper lid.

“Oh no you don’t!” She laughed, raised her hand to deflect mine, and backed away. “I haven’t worn that stuff in ages AND...” Okay...she was still smiling. “...I don’t intend to begin again now.” Her emphasis on the ‘now’ only encouraged me further.

“Oh please...” I whined and pouted. How could she refuse such a heartfelt and renting display of begging?

“No! Absolutely not! I refuse to display my femininity before your eyes!” She spoke in an overly dramatic manner complete with waving arm and haughty facial expression. But Martha couldn’t contain herself and broke into a chuckle.

“Pretty please???” I clasped my hands in prayer pose and pouted even harder. But I too couldn’t contain myself and we both broke into laughter. Martha nodded her ascent and shut her eyes.

I knew I had to work quickly lest she become bored with this kind of play. But I didn’t work so quickly as to chance spoiling the effect I was seeking. Martha had such gorgeous eyes. I had been dying to do this for ages...well...for at least a few months. I wanted to dramatize how beautiful they were for my own viewing. I did hope she would be impressed enough to perhaps, even if only once in a while, to display her beauty more effectively.



First the shadow, then the liner, then the mascara then the blending and then the viewing; I managed to accomplish it all quickly and without any complaints from my victim. I was directly in front of Martha and blocking her view of her reflection in the mirror.

“Open your eyes.” I blended the trailing edge of the shadow with a cotton swab. Martha fluttered her eyelashes.

“Oh dear...this feels sooo...odd. I never apply so much mascara. I must look quite the sight.” She frowned.

“Not at all.”

I was stunned by what only a bit of color had done. Oh my...she looked...her eyes looked so...gorgeous-er??? It gave her entire face such a dramatic look. Martha Gray was suddenly a creature of sensuality and mystery; even sexuality. Her gaze was so much more piercing as well. I had to do all the rest; her cheeks, a touch of bronzer, and her lips.

“Oh well...in for a penny...in for a pound I suppose.” Martha frowned slightly when she heard my request to continue.

Martha let me continue with my ministrations as I colored her face as a child might color in a line drawing with crayons. I knew I had to work quickly. She was becoming somewhat fidgety. In truth I would have taken a bit more time.

I found servicing Martha in this manner to be...quite exciting? It was as exciting as when I washed her hair or polished her toe nails or performed any of the other personal assignments she requested. No...this was even more stimulating for me because she had to trust me to a task that she never performed for herself (of late) and without the ability to even observe the work in process.

Her lips were last. I wanted to give Martha's lips the same coloration as mine. She had a similar skin coloration so I went with the plum shades; a touch more blue than the berries. With her grey eyes and shadow, the effect would be even more striking than what I had done for myself.

I used the same brushes that I applied my lip colors with. I definitely wanted to take the time to do this correctly. The lipstick and gloss were long lasting so it had to be right the first time. I lined Martha's lips first and then went to work. The brush strokes had to tickle a bit because she would smile every few strokes and I would need to stop lest I go foul with a brush stroke.

Matisse never handled a brush with the authority I exhibited. I matted her lips with a tissue and then began again with the gloss. I was hypnotized by my task as Martha's lips truly began to call to me with color. I was so very tempted to press mine to hers and feel the flesh slide across the waxy color. The very thought of what it would look like caused that special tingling to occur in my panty.

Finally I finished and placed the brushes down. I grabbed my brush and took several swipes at Martha's hair before I moved out of her line of sight. Just before I did, I had to sit back a bit and take in her visage. I moved a lock of hair up and away from her brow and gently petted the side of her face. She looked so beautiful that I could feel tears begin to well up in my eyes.

“Oh dear! Whatever have you done to me?” Martha said as she looked into my eyes.

Her gaze followed me as I moved aside and allowed her to view what I had done. I heard Martha catch her breath as her mouth opened slightly. Her brows sprang up as her eyes opened wide. She turned her head from side to side as she took in her visage. Martha even brought her hand up to her face as if to see that yes...this image reflected back was indeed hers.

“Oh dear!” Martha could only repeat her comment. She looked at me and then back to her image. “...now you’ve done it!”

I was petrified with fear! Did she hate the look? Had I screwed up royally? I realized I had pushed a bit with being insistent that Martha try something new and I realize that maybe this was a rather petty thing...BUT... Martha wasn’t a very vain person yet she always appeared to be impeccably well groomed in public. Martha suddenly turned to face me with a curious expression on her face.

“I can’t believe how brazenly you eyed that...that...that gigolo this morning.” Oh my God! I felt myself begin to blush. “Really sweet heart...you must learn to contain yourself.” I giggled.

“I am so sorry. I couldn’t help myself.”

“And he knew that as well. He was actually strutting for you to see.”

“Well...” I smiled, my eyes focused on Martha’s plum colored lips. She did look so...hot; at least to me. “...he was kind of cute.”

“Yes...” Martha’s gaze now bored into me. I could see the sudden fire in her eyes. “I must admit he certainly was that. Mother does have the finest taste in that sort of man.” She raised her hand to stroke my cheek. “She does try to get her money’s worth. What do you think sweet heart? Am I now irresistible?”

Martha smiled broadly and chuckled but I knew she was asking a serious question. I could see it in her eyes. There was a glint of insecurity. It very rarely surfaced and certainly never in public or at work. I saw it first after she exploded and struck me months ago. I found moments like this...endearing. My Goddess was indeed...very human and fragile.

I placed my arms around her neck as I carefully inspected every bit of her heavenly glowing face. I wanted to imbed every little nuance of her into my memory; her lush lips, her glowing skin, her oh so expressive eyes. I don’t know why but I felt tears welling up in my eyes.

“You are...” I took a deep breath and exhaled. “...beyond any reasonable doubt...”

“Oh...are we now practicing law?” Martha moved a bit closer to me. I could feel her breath on my face.

“...the most beautiful woman I have ever known...with or without make up.”

“Then why bother with all of this?” She edged almost within lip-touching distance.

“Because I want the world to see you as I see you and envy me beyond words.” I felt a tear fall. “I want everybody to know that I am owned by the most beautiful woman ever.”

Martha leaned in and touched my lips with hers. What an exquisite sensation; the slightest of touches. The tackiness of our lips sent a thrill right down my spine as our lips parted. She looked at me adoringly. I lowered my eyes and smiled. I blushed even more furiously.

“Well...” Martha crooned. “I must say that this is a bit too...dramatic...for the daytime. Though I must confess I do love the lipstick shade. I was tiring of pinks and the brown. But the eye shadow...” She shook her head and exhaled. “I simply don’t know.”

“Well I think it’s divine. The grey really plays up your beautiful eyes. If I...”

Martha’s lips on mine stifled my going on about how she looked. And, to be quite blunt, with her lips on mine, I couldn’t have cared less. I lived for her kisses, her touch. And she was sucking my soul right through my mouth at the moment. When she broke the kiss she again spoke.

“Did you want to feel him...his body?” Her eyes mirrored the excitement in her voice. She was turned on...I could tell.

“Yes.” I must admit Martha turned me on. She always did. And her question didn’t ease that situation one bit. No...not at all! “I wanted to touch him. I wanted to touch his chest.”

“His chest? Is that all?” She smirked. “I would have thought you might want to touch his cock as well.”

“Yes...maybe that as well.” Martha placed her hands around my waist and pulled me closer to her. I acceded and slid my seat closer until the two chairs touched. She pulled me into her body.

“And what else did you desire...my dear Pet?” Martha’s eyes were on fire. She began to kiss my neck...gently. My skin stuck to her lips slightly as she pulled back. The sensation was...delicious. “Did you want to kiss his cock? Did you want to kiss the center of his strength? Did you feel the urge to make it the object of your affection?”

Martha didn’t wait to hear my answer... as if!!! She kissed the front of my neck and then began to very slowly kiss her way down to where my robe lapels overlapped. At the same time she began to undo the tie that kept it closed. Opening the belt, Martha then bent her head and kissed my nipple. I threw my head back and savored the jolt that shot to the pit of my belly.

“Oh my God!” I moaned as she gently raked the nubbin with her teeth. She laughed.

“Oh my God’ what dear. You didn’t answer me. Did you want his cock in your mouth?”

My hands interlaced behind Martha’s head. I held her gently but firmly as she began to ‘nurse’ on me. I was rapidly becoming overloaded with sensations.

“Yesss...” I hissed as Martha pulled me off of my stool and onto her lap, never once moving her mouth from my breast. She looked up into my face and smiled at my ecstatic expression. I glanced down at her and smiled.

“Yesss?” Martha crooned. “You wanted to suck his cock?”

“Yesss...I did. I wanted to taste him.” I was on the verge of...well...I was wild with desire.

I felt as if Martha had conditioned me to respond physically to these...monologues...or interrogations of hers. And she continually reinforced our little psychosexual dramas with exquisitely evil teasing and crashing, resounding, and over whelming climaxes.

“Oh...you ARE such a naughty girl.” Martha nibbled my ear lobe and suddenly began to rise up out of her seat. I stood up on shaky legs. She took me in her arms and, smiling devilishly, brought her cheek next to mine and whispered into my ear. “Would you suck my cock?”

“Yes.” I responded without even a thought; without a lag of one millisecond’s time. Martha held me tightly against her body. She brought her mouth to mine and kissed me again.

“I knew you would. Come...see what I’ve done.”

I nodded breathlessly as Martha took my hand and led me into the bedroom. Martha had arranged candles about the room. The light was defused by gauze like sand colored fabric draped around the cut crystal bells enclosing the candles. Martha had also put roses around the room. Their sweet scent filled the air. She had set a tray with a wine cooler and two fluted glasses next to the bed. A platter of cut fresh fruit rested alongside.

I turned and looked at Martha. I had tears in my eyes...again. She smiled, took my face in her hands, and kissed me. I threw my hands around her neck and pressed my half nude body into hers. I was deeply touched, to say the least. I had asked for...well...something more romantic and Martha had attempted, quite successfully I might add, to do exactly that. And with no time to spare! She had somehow got this all together without me knowing or even suspecting. She had done all of this...for me!

I squeezed Martha’s hand gently as I took it all in. The ambiance was perfect down to the long stemmed red roses on the pillows. I looked at her and kissed her quickly. Martha sat down on the bed and pulled me down next to her. We looked into each other’s eyes. I saw a joy in Martha’s that reflected my own.

I loved the way the flickering candle light played upon Martha’s face. I told a few moments to take in her visage. I brought my hand up to touch her cheek but I stopped just a hare’s breath away. I smiled and leaned in to kiss her again.

“Why don’t you get into bed sweet heart and I’ll join you in one minute.”

I couldn’t imagine why Martha needed to get up and leave but she was back in only a few moments. I was situated in the center of the bed with those lovely long stems on either side of my head.

“You do look so...amazing...as you might say?” Martha chuckled as she joined me.

I was on my back and Martha, still in her robe, covered my upper body with hers as she pressed her lips to mine and gave me one of those ‘I’m going to take your breath away’ kisses. It was quite

successful. She then began to work her way down my neck to my breasts, moving an inch or two and then kissing that spot.

By the time she got to my nipples, they were already quite erect and...tingling? Martha lapped at one and then sucked it for a moment. That was just long enough to wet it and then allow it to sensate as her saliva dried in the air.

Between her wickedly wonderful applications upon my breasts and nipples, Martha would stop and return to visit my mouth with her devastating kisses. I, in turn, could not remain totally motionless. I hugged and caressed whatever part of her body she allowed me access to.

Martha slowly worked her way down to my navel and drove me absolutely wild with her wicked tongue. I had never felt that kind of attention...ever...and I was so very surprised at just how much of a turn on it was. With her tongue in my navel and her fingers teasing my nipples, I felt as though I was ready to explode at any time.

It was at this time that Martha removed my panty and sat back on her haunches to survey my body. She ran her hand gently from between my breasts to just below the flat of my tummy and stopped at my neatly trimmed pubic patch. Her smile was...blinding.

"You are so very beautiful...so very beautiful." Martha crooned softly. I caught a glint of light off of what I thought was a tear in her eye.

Martha turned her back to me and removed her robe. She then bent her body until I could feel her cheek on my dick. She then cupped my butt cheeks and hugged her to her. We remained frozen like that for several moments. Then Martha lifted her head and softly blew on me...my dick. It felt, as usual, exquisite.

Then Martha did something she had never done before...at least to me. With what felt like the flat of her tongue, she lapped, very slowly, from the base of my dick up to the head. My entire body shook in spasm and jerked. I had never felt anything so totally heavenly in my life!

"I see my little slut liked that...didn't she?" Martha snickered.

Then Martha did it several more times. Each time she elicited the same response from me. I was grabbing at her body, wanting to hug her or at least touch her but she remained just a bit out of my grasp. She lifted her head and looked back at me with the most wicked smile on her face.

"It's nice to know I haven't lost my touch."

Martha reached beneath her robe and removed her panty, tossing it off the foot of the bed. She then moved over me and sat with her robed butt just beneath my chin. Then she dove back down to kiss the head of my dick and then engulf it entirely, scrotum and all, in her mouth. My hands instantly shot up to her back and, as I moaned in absolute delight, I held her waist. I felt her swirling tongue bathe me in a manner that was totally new and completely devastating. She raised her head and looked back at me.

"You know sweet heart..." She said as she smiled slyly. "...you could return the favor."

I was briefly at a loss for what Martha meant until she slowly raised her robed bottom and moved slowly back over my face until I felt something hard slap my chin. In the dimmed light that filtered through the

opened front of her gown I could see a belt and attached to the belt was a dildo. It was larger than mine prior to...my change? But it certainly wasn't...ridiculous. Martha then sucked the head of my dick into her mouth as if she was sucking a strand of spaghetti.

I reached for the...thing. It seemed to be firmly attached to the strap device. As I moved the head to my mouth I heard Martha softly moan. I felt along the length of the thing toward the strap and then I discovered why she moaned. The other end seemed to disappear into her! It was double ended.

Now I was determined to do my part as well and I brought the head of it to my mouth. I began to do what I had done many times before to Martha's fingers and toes and to whatever else she fed into my mouth. Every memory of my times with Gary returned as I worked the head and the length, as much as I could, into my mouth.

I felt a chill at my buttocks and I realized that Martha had begun to lubricate me for the 'grand event'. She never once took her mouth from me as she worked her fingers into me; slowly and teasingly. I, in turn, was caressing her bottom and thighs as I continued to suck and pull on the dildo. We sounded like an out of rhythm chorus of moans and groans. It wasn't until I licked, and then stuck my tongue, into her butt that she finally lifted her head in she excitement.

"Oh you slut! My but you are quite a dirty girl...aren't you?"

Martha laughed as she sat back and relished the effect my tongue was having upon her. Her hand hadn't left my dick and she gently rubbed it, and my scrotum, as I did my best to ignite her passions. Finally she got up and off me and sidled around to my legs. Martha then hooked my legs with forearms and began to move her body toward my middle.

As my legs were raised, I smiled knowing what was to come. This is what we both had been working toward for these months. She was going to fuck me and I was going to love every minute of it. It could have been any night but I guess something I said triggered her for tonight.

When she was close enough to me and my legs were high enough in the air, Martha let them go and rested them on her shoulders. She then centered the dildo's head on my butt hole and leaned into me. She kissed me as she pushed the head into me slightly; just enough to open me up a bit. She arm went under my back and she hugged me as her tongue attacked my ear. Her other hand went to my breast and she squeezed and teased my nipple.

All of the stimulation was driving me crazy. My eyes were closed and I moaned into Martha's shoulder. My hands went to her butt and I suddenly swiveled my hips up and pulled her butt toward me. The dildo jerked into me and I cried out in pain and pleasure.

"I knew you would love this, my slut. You were born to be fucked...by me."

"Please..." A tear of joy rolled down my cheek followed closely by another.

Martha withdrew till the head nearly popped out and then slowly pushed herself back in; a little further this time. She repeated this slow dance until her hips were touching mine. I opened my eyes to find hers only a few inches away. She smiled and kissed me. I kissed her back as I tried to catch my breath.

Martha began to pick up the pace, going faster and faster. I continued to pull her into me with each inward stroke. Her eyes were ablaze with passion as I've never seen them before as she continued to kiss my lips and face and ears. I hugged her to me and bathed in the feeling of her body on mine. It was then that she reached back and I heard a snapping sound and the vibrator began to do its wicked act. I think I screamed...

**M**y birthday came and went and it proved to be the birthday of all birthdays. Martha had Ms. Taylor design a wardrobe suitable for the social season. There were a dozen gowns to be worn once and then disposed of in some suitable manner. And along with the gowns came the matching accessories; everything a woman might require to be fashionably dressed for the events Martha considered required for someone in her position.

But the true crowning touch...literally...were the stones; diamonds and emeralds. Martha had, completely unbeknownst to me, a tiara, necklace, earrings and a bracelet fashioned for me. The larger stones, the emeralds, were surrounded and accented by the gorgeous tiny diamonds. The entire set was sooo amazingly delicate and elegant that I had a hard time envisioning the pieces on me.

Knowing what Martha's mother paid for her season's designs, I could only imagine what the gowns could have cost. But the jewelry pieces, custom designed at that, were beyond comprehension. I was to discover later on that this far exceeded anything Martha purchased for Emma. But I was sooo totally stunned by the gift that the fact would not have even registered.

We...Martha...hosted a small party for me. I still really didn't know many people but those I did know came. The party was a luncheon at the house, in the garden. George Willis came with his wife Susan. Lois attended. Of course Meg was there with her new paramour, a young blond with a gorgeous smile and enormous breasts.

And I was shocked to discover that Marti and Drew came down from Boston just for me! I had tears of joy in my eyes as Drew and I embraced. We always seemed to have such an amazing time together whenever she could come and visit. Because I was such an integral part of Martha's functioning day, I was rarely able to leave for even a day.

Of course Marti, George, and Martha disappeared for about an hour to hold council in her library. And then George and Lois disappeared for about an hour whilst Meg and I kept Susan busy. But all in all I had a wonderful day and I got to spend a good amount of time with Drew.

Martha's birthday was on an entirely different level. She procured the second floor ball room at her club for the event; an evening's entertainment complete with formal attire, live music from two bands, and a guest list to rival any in the city that evening.

I wore a form fitting black sequined, ankle length, halter necked gown with an opened back down to my waist. With my tiara and accompanying pieces, Martha said I looked like a princess. And I must admit I felt like one though I was always to her right and a step or two behind. I must admit I relished the hungry stares from some of the club members as well as the few men invited.

George could barely keep his eyes off of me. And even Meg's guest, her young lover who was now 'the item' in her life, continually stole looks whenever she could. My own mother didn't even recognize me!!! She stared directly at me for several moments before the realization of who I was struck her. Of course having my hair up and my face done professionally didn't help her at all.

Drew couldn't believe how wonderful I looked. Upon casting her eyes on me she became so excited that her high pitched squeal resounded throughout the entrance foyer. She grasped my hands and the two of us acted like high school girls at the senior prom; bouncing with excitement on our high heels as we simultaneously spoke in high pitched excitement.

Later in the evening, after dessert and after most of the non-member guests had left, I gave Martha my gift. It took quite a bit of thought. I mean...what do you give the woman who has everything...and then some? What do you give the woman who you care more about than anyone or anything else in the world? And what do you give to the woman who purchased everything you own for you?

Martha had just finished thanking everyone for their attendance when I suddenly walked very deliberately up to her and, with tears forming in my eyes and a reddening face; I knelt in front of her. I took her hands in mine and looked up at her as I spoke.

"I give to you all that I am; my heart, my soul, my very life for as long as I live. I will always be yours." I felt a tear roll down each cheek as I kissed her hands.

There was not a sound in the ball room as I arose, assisted by Martha. She was completely stunned. I didn't know whether she was so totally taken by my actions, or if I just earned another tattoo...or worse.

Her eyes shed a tear or two and her lips quivered slightly as she suddenly embraced me and held me tightly. I returned her embrace a hugged her to me. The remaining ladies applauded and, as I looked around, I could see several women dabbing at their eyes with tissues and others looking at me in...envy?

Just being in Martha's arms...feeling her body against mine...was sooo heavenly. She leaned back enough to look into my eyes. Her two hands suddenly grasped my face gently as she smiled ever so warmly. Martha looked at me with an almost...maternal expression; a daughter who has made her mother so very proud.

"I've never seen you look more radiant my dear." Martha gazed into my eyes. My heart skipped several beats and I knew she meant every word she said.

This was the first time during the entire evening that we had been together. Martha spent most of the evening going from guest to guest...from table to table...speaking with everybody there. She had spent more than a bit of time campaigning for Marti and Drew in their bid to become members and for Marti to become the new executive vice president of Martha's company.

Martha looked toward the band conductor, who was looking for some direction; to play or to pack. They began to play a slow and very romantic song upon Martha nodding her head. She looked back to me and swept me onto the dance floor with her arms tightly around my waist. I laid my head upon her shoulder, inhaling her fragrance, and closed my eyes.



As we slowly danced to the song, I opened my eyes enough to see others following our lead. Drew was in Marti's arms. When she saw me she smiled and winked. I giggled and closed my eyes again; settling back into Martha's shoulder and neck.

Later still...back at the townhouse...Drew and I sat on the king bed in the guest bedroom. I was in my panty, sleeping tee, and robe. We both sat with our legs crossed in the center of the bed and Drew held my hands in hers.

"That was sooo brave of you. I can't believe you did that in front of all those people!!!"

"What do you mean???"

"Well...kneeling like that. And saying what you did. I would have been sooo...embarrassed?"

"Yeah..." I Giggled. "It was kind of in the moment. I mean...it simply felt...right? Oh God Drew! I feel sooo strongly about her. Sometimes...I feel like I'm going to...explode, you know?"

Drew smiled and nodded.

"Yeah..." She giggled. "I know. I said similar things to Marti but it was when we were alone. In private, you know? I mean...to admit that kind of thing in public is really...brave? I don't know if I could do that. I mean...like I tell Marti I love her and all but..."

"We haven't used that 'L' word...yet. I think we both feel it? But...I don't know. It's such a fucking huge word. I mean I want to say it...but..." My voice trailed off in sadness.

"Are you afraid that maybe she doesn't feel 'that' way about you?" Our faces were no more than a few inches apart and we spoke in very hushed voices as if Martha was listening at the door.

"Yeah...maybe..." I curled my lip.

"But what you said tonight was so much more than that."

"Listen... She's owned me from the beginning...from that very first night. I was hers. I would have done anything she asked...and I've done everything she's asked. Tonight was an admission on my part that I realized who I was and what my place in her life is. And that she can do as she pleases with me; I really am powerless to resist her you know."

"But what if she told you to go...to leave...forever."

I looked at Drew in shock. I can't say I've never thought of that...but it's never been stated out loud. I looked away from her as the thought sank in my mind...and my heart; life without Martha. I looked back at Drew with tears welling up in my eyes. I looked down at our hands holding one another's. Then back into her eyes.

"I would leave."

**I**t's been nearly a year since I first stepped...or was pulled...into Martha's life. The changes have been...amazing...to say the least. For one thing, I have full boobage!!! The 'mones plus the twice daily vacuum treatments of my nipples have produced changes that have made my wardrobe fit in ways I can

only describe as wonderfully fulfilling of my mental image of myself. And I've seemed to have developed a curvaceous butt and hips.

I've begun to use 'we', 'us', and 'our' in my everyday speech. This draws a smile, and a nod, from Martha even though her vocabulary hasn't yet adopted those words. I've also seemed to have developed a place in her daily life as a buffer...a go-between...for others seeking her time. Even George Willis will seek me out to ascertain Martha's mood before meeting with her.

Often I will handle requests without even speaking with Martha first. I work quite closely with Meg and often 'run interference' with board members and others to free Martha's time up for other matters. I am much more secure with my position and no longer see myself as merely 'Martha's girl'...or Meg's for that matter.

We now have a new houseguest, Priya. She's a young Indian woman who has come to stay with us. Evidentially she's eighteen, pregnant, and seeking a better life in the States. She is performing very light house work and attending school in exchange for...refuge? Priya is currently using my old bedroom and has become a part of our household.

I have been travelling with Martha as part of my work. I'm responsible for making the proper arrangements and for attending to our agendas while away. I have to giggle when I think back to the time when I couldn't make a dinner reservation without consulting with Karen two or three times and, even then, screwing things up.

**"I** wish to party tonight Pet. So do think of something suitable to wear. I think we'll go dancing."

There was real excitement in Martha's voice and animation in her gestures.

We had slept in that Saturday morning, or at least I did. We were out partying the night before and didn't return home until the very wee hours in the morning. I looked up at her and smiled through my sleepiness. We hadn't been to Frankie's place since the last time Marti and Drew visited some six weeks ago.

After my morning ritual I went directly to our closet. My side had filled up quite a bit with wardrobe. I smiled every time I glanced over my clothing. My daily things...my work outfits...came first. Blouses and skirts and suits hung neatly in a row. The casual things followed. All of the skirts and dresses were all at least just below the knee and many were mid-calf length. Martha didn't like me in pants or shorts though we were a bit more casual out at her beach house.

My favorite things hung toward the back of the closet. These were my party clothes; the things I wore when we felt like letting go and getting a bit crazy. Most of the outfits were glittery, shiny, or sequined. Martha frequently chose what she wanted to see me wear and these things were no exception.

Martha loved to see me 'exhibited' and all those dresses and skirts were cut above the knee. I was either bare shouldered or in very wide loosely fitting cowl necks. Many of the pieces were very low backed; open to the small of my back and then some...oh my!!!

I made an appointment to visit with Allen at the spa. Martha was particularly fond of my hair being up. She loved the way this would emphasize my long slender neck. I was thinking perhaps a braided 'do' coiled high upon my head. Allen would work his serious styling magic for sure.

I had let my hair grow out from the initial modified wedge styling just for such occasions. It took forever in the morning but I simply adored the classic look when we went out for special evenings. I even thought about wearing my tiara for accent but then I would be confined to either green, gold or brown for my dress and I seriously wanted to wear something with red; perhaps my ruby or pink sequined party dress.

I threw on my robe and went downstairs for a bit of breakfast. Martha was already up and about town. I rarely stayed in bed later than she did. But when I did I often clutched her pillow to my face and inhaled her scent. I hated the bedding changes because our scent would permeate the linens and I relished savoring our scent as well. I often buried my nose into the sheets and, with closed eyes, inhaled deeply.

Priya greeted me in the kitchen area with a cup of coffee and a gorgeous smile. The bloom was upon her in full rage. What is it????!! What is this magic that seems to overcome pregnant women; this magic that makes them look...lush and...well...mystical regardless of how they might really look or feel?

"How are you feeling today Priya?" I took a sip of my coffee without taking my eyes from her.

"Oh..." She smiled that damned Mona Lisa smile that moms-to-be seem to master early on. "...I am a little tired today and I did get a little sick again this morning. But I will feel better as the day progresses."

Priya is such an enigma!!! She doesn't seem to know who the father of her child is nor does she really seem to care. The schooling she seeks is actually one of several courses offered at the Ninety-Sixth street Y. So much for career development!!! This entire thing seems sooo weird!

"I've been told that this will pass soon." I smiled at her. "So...what are your plans for the day?"

"Miss Martha..." Poor Priya hadn't yet learned the significance of the title 'Ms.' nor could she have cared less. I was...'Miss Petra'. "...asked me to assist you in preparing for the evening. I am to assist you with bathing and dressing."

I had to wonder what exactly she was here for. But, truth to tell, I think what disturbed me the most was her...'delicate' condition. Priya seemed to think nothing of what she was doing. To me this was a major league miracle; bearing children and all that. There wasn't anything I wouldn't give to experience that once. To me nothing was more blessed or sacred. Even to nurse a new born; the very thought gave me chills.

Martha and I had spoken...well...I spoke to Martha...she ignored me...about this whole child bearing business. But I don't believe she fully understood me or my intense desires. 'Not for me dear...' was all she'd ever say. There was not even the thought of maybe adopting. 'How about a puppy...or perhaps a kitten?' Martha simply wasn't interested in the conversation.

After two pieces of toast with preserves, I left our mindless little conversation and padded upstairs to set aside my attire for the evening; the electric pink mini skirt with a matching tunic cowl necked top,

matching pink sequined shoes and clutch, and undies. I then dressed in 'street fashion' and prepared to truly begin my day.

**A**llen was no help in curing the melancholy that overcame me after my brief conversation with Priya. He went on and on and ON about this woman and that one and their trials and tribulations with child bearing. Then...not to leave any massive boulder unturned...he then started in with adoptions and the problems inherent with acquiring a child of dubious background. If he wasn't so fucking talented with shears and a comb, I would have murdered him on the spot.

Upon returning home, I found Martha in her library speaking on the phone to my mom...MY MOM...mmmommy!!! She always spent more time speaking to my mom than I did. And it wasn't for lack of trying. I would call her and, no more than two or three minutes into the conversation, mom would ask to speak with Martha and that would be that!!!

I stood at the entranceway watching Martha's animated form smiling, laughing and gesturing, as she spoke to mom about me no doubt. I posed, smiled, and pointed to my newly constructed hairstyle done especially for Martha, but nothing, no acknowledgement at all. She merely glanced at me, smiled, nodded her head, and motioned me away. What could I do? I rolled my eyes whilst shaking my head, turned, and climbed the stairs up to our bedroom. Thankfully...THANKFULLY...I resisted the urge to stamp my foot!!! My heart sank even further. This was simply not going to be one of my better days.

The hour grew late in the afternoon. I assumed we would be dining out so I began my routine for an evening out. I always bathed; internally as well as externally. After all, I could always hope that perhaps Martha might feel romantic as opposed to...well...frantic? And an internal cleansing was always a proper daily precaution anyway because...well...a girl never really knew when...or what...might occur.

No sooner had I filled the bag, attached and lubricated the hose, and squatted over the bowl when Priya walked in completely unannounced!!! Now...this sort of thing is a very private matter especially given the outcome. And I always lavaged three times in the morning to be squeaky clean. I had little choice or recourse but to suffer Martha's presence when she felt the need to be...witness? But Priya??? No...no, no...ummm...no! So I assertively asked her to leave.

I had no sooner begun the flow of spiced water when Martha did walk in with Priya in tow!!!

"Whatever is the matter Petra." I knew immediately I was in trouble. Martha never otherwise calls me Petra.

"Please Martha!!!" Well...okay...maybe it was of a plaintive whine. I mean damn! The water is flowing in and these two want to have a little conversation!

"Pleeeeezzzee!!!"

"I don't know what you're fussing about. Priya can certainly massage your belly. I'm sure things would work out more...favorably if she did."

She chuckled! Martha actually chuckled at that thought...or was it my predicament? I'm holding the nozzle in place and I'm trying to relax as the water floods into my tummy and these two are becoming insufferable in more ways than one can imagine. I'm verging on tears at this point.

“Martha!!!???”

“Priya...assist Petra please.”

Oh...my God!!! Priya smiled and, the little bitch, she giggled as she came to my side. She reached around me holding a bottle of lotion in her hand. After taking a fair portion into her hands, she began to massage my lower tummy. The lotion was warmed. I nearly exploded right then and there. I moaned...partially in distress from the distending pressure as I filled and partially in exquisite pleasure from the pressure and the movement of Priya’s hands.

“Ten minutes Pet. And I warn you...there will be the devil to pay if you let loose one minute sooner!” Martha smirked as she glanced at her wristwatch.

Now you may wonder why I’m discussing this sort of...less than appetizing bit of personal hygiene...at this time? Okay...so it is something that perhaps should remain private...an issue between Martha, Priya and me? Or maybe you might think I’m nit picking...embarrassing as this all may appear?

Well...this was the kind of day I was having. It’s as simple as that. And anyway, they’re MY nits and I’ll pick them if I choose!!! Okay...so maybe I am PMS’ing or whatever girls like me do when it’s hormone hell time?

Well...whatever! Martha was determined to put me in my place and not put up with any attitude from me...or anybody else for that matter. She very rarely humiliated me in front of others and certainly never in public or at work. But she definitely wanted to show Priya who the boss was, and me who I was dealing with.

I was suffering unimaginably as a tear fell from each eye. Time stood absolutely still as Priya continued her ministrations. Martha glanced again at her watch and then looked up at me. She could see the cramping pain reflected in my facial expressions and she walked over to where I sat. She gently wiped away my tears with her thumb, tasting the salty fluid by licking it off. She smiled down at me with a compassionate expression on her face.

“Do you realize that you took me away from what I was doing to attend to the matter of your personal hygiene?” Martha’s voice was calm and her intonation almost...apologetic? “Do you realize what a waste of time this is? I cannot have this from you again...not ever. Do you understand?” She gently touched my cheek with her fingers.

“Yes Martha.” I nodded my head most vigorously. “I am so very sorry.” A few more tears fell. How inconsiderate of me. To want just a bit of privacy when performing this task was obviously out of the question. I was very sorry...NOT!!!

“Well...I don’t believe you.” Martha chuckled. “So here’s what sweet heart...I want Priya to assist you in this task every day from now on.” She then glanced at Priya who was still on her knees massaging my raging tummy. “Assist her with the next two and make sure she holds them for ten minutes each.” I nearly blew a vessel upon hearing Martha’s pronouncement. “Oh yes...” She chuckled as she looked at me. “...I seemed to have lost track of the time whilst dealing with this...nonsense. It’s been twelve minutes. You may release.”

I yelled! The water came flooding out of me. Fortunately the spices used were most fragrant and shielded our sensitivities from the worst of things. Of course Martha chuckled the entire time. Thankfully Priya's massaging sped up the evacuation. Martha turned and left the bathroom once she felt her point was properly instilled in my mind...and it was.

However, I now hated Priya!!! What had occurred was entirely her fault. At least I felt that way at the time. Certainly her assistance in cleaning up afterward was appreciated and the bath she ran, oiled, and scented made up somewhat but...ttt...I couldn't quite forgive her for telling Martha about my objections.

I appreciated her assistance dressing. The skirt had three tiny hooks in the back that were a real beast to close by myself. I chose a soft cup strapless bra in a blush color and the matching bikini panty. My pumps matched the color of the dress, of course.

My hosiery choice was sheer jet black with a vertical striped pattern in a thigh high. I detested garter belts and the stocking snaps always seemed to 'print' through the skirt of most dresses. I didn't like wearing a slip unless it was chilly outside so thigh highs were definitely my friend.

I always wore two sets of earrings. One set was usually a hoop or larger ring and the other was usually a drop or stiletto. My normal work day ear wear were studs of some sort. But I felt like doing something different, especially if we were going dancing. I chose two pairs of gold stilettos with tiny ruby stones and chips.

My makeup palette was something new for me. I wanted to try and match the pink of the dress. I played with color for almost half an hour till I finally settled on a pink with a bit more blue; something in the berries. I managed to nearly duplicate the shade in a lip color by using one shade of lipstick and another of lip-gloss.

I must have sat at the vanity for nearly an hour between working different colors and applying my final choices. I was totally oblivious to Martha's preparations for the evening. I finally stood up, backed away from the mirror and gazed carefully at my reflection. I pouted and turned my head this way and that. I played with the two long strands of loosely curled hair that framed my face and patted the curled braided pile on my head. It was then that I noticed Martha's reflection staring at me with her mouth agape. I smiled and blew a kiss at her reflection.

"Oh sweet heart..." Martha's voice was more throaty than usual. "...you look so incredibly scrumptious." I could swear that I saw her eyes water a bit as she spoke. "I have never seen you look so...beautiful!!!" Her voice actually went up several pitches as she said beautiful.

I smiled demurely, blushed, and looked down at my hands. Hmm... I should have had my nails done whilst at the spa. It's sooo very difficult to do nails before one decides one's color choices for the evening though. Maybe a quick coat over the blush tinted clear? Oh my God!!! I hope I have the proper color.

I was a bit surprised Martha chose to dine at the Carlyle. I thought that one of the very exclusive small bistros that seemed to hide amongst the tenements off of Second Avenue would have been

more...romantic? We were seated at our usual table and enjoying an aperitif whilst waiting for our hor d'oeuvres. Suddenly Martha seemed to perk up.

"Oh dear!" Martha chuckled. "You seem to have an admirer sweet heart." I followed Martha's gaze across the room to a small table with a tuxedoed man seated having his dinner alone. "He is quite delicious. Don't you think so?"

OHMYGOD!!! He was staring quite boldly at me. Our eyes met and I trembled. I also blushed and looked down at my hands.

"Yummy! Looks like Italian food to me." Martha laughed. She reached across the table and clasped my hands in hers. "And he seems to be quite taken with you my dear. I would take that as a compliment."

"Martha...please!!!" I could feel myself redden even more.

I quickly glanced up and over toward him. Again our eyes met. I was becoming a bit flustered. Although I'd draw stares before, nobody has been bold enough to meet my eyes...repeatedly! Martha was right. He was sooo incredibly beautiful. His eyes were so blue! And his hair was very blond. He was so incredibly well groomed. He reminded me of Martha's mother's friend, Carlo?

Our starters arrived though I hardly noticed. I don't know what it was about him but I couldn't get him off my mind. I kept stealing fleeting glances at him and every time I did his eyes caught mine. I picked at whatever was placed before me; hardly tasting what was on my fork.

"Oh my! I do say... He is quite big dear. Looks to be quite the athletic type...don't you think?"

I looked across the room to see him rise from his seat to greet the maître d'hotel, shake his hand and exchange a word or two. Well...he certainly doesn't remind me of Carlo now. He is so tall and he has such broad shoulders. And his mannerisms are so...refined. Oh my God!!! What a smile!!! He's simply...perfect!!!

Somehow, magically, a salad seemed to appear within my sight. Again I picked at the various colored shapes with my fork. I could vaguely taste the dressing as I placed one morsel after another slowly into my mouth. I felt as if I was in the midst of a dream from which there was no awakening...as if!!!

"My, my...look at his mouth...those beautiful lips. Wouldn't they feel divine sucking on your nipples dear?" Martha chuckled as I stopped my fork in mid air, mouth agape and awaiting. "Or better yet...around that tiny...pathetic...thing you call a cock?" Now she laughed.

I stared at Martha in complete disbelief. I simply couldn't believe what I was hearing coming from her in this restaurant...in public! I was quite accustomed to her vulgarities in the bedroom. And, to be quite honest, I found myself to be aroused by them. But...here??? And she never uttered such things unless she was excited. Could it be?

Martha nonchalantly continued eating as if we were discussing the weather but my mind was definitely somewhere else. She had planted an image in my head and now I couldn't erase it. The thought of his mouth engulfing my dick caused me to rub my thighs together to ease the imagined itch between my legs. This was yet another time I was glad Martha had instilled the panty liner regimen into me.

Martha suddenly looked up at me. Then she seemed to cast her glance at some far point over my shoulder.

"No...I think not." She then looked back at me and smiled. "...think not? What???" I thought.

"What's that Martha?" I had to know. She purposely loved to do this sort of thing to me. Martha would make a statement from seemingly out of nowhere and...beckon me to ask the source.

"It's nothing dear. Just a thought." Martha smiled and rested her chin in her palm, her elbow atop the table. She stared at me with a wholly distracted look upon her face. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "It only occurs to me that a real man..."

Of course she needed to emphasize 'real man'!!! I don't know why I still took offense to the phrase 'real man'. Perhaps this was a mere remnant of my past existence...as a male? Or maybe because Karen often used this 'salt' for a newly inflicted psychic wound.

"...a real man would never think of taking another man's cock into his mouth." Martha smirked. "Only a real woman would even conceive of such a thing. Even I did...a long time ago."

I sat in silence feeling about two inches tall. I looked up from my nails...hmmm...I was glad I found a very close match to my lipstick shade, I loved my nails to look good... Anyway, I looked up at Martha hoping...against hope of course...that she would change the subject because now all I could think about was this very mysterious and gorgeous stranger who couldn't stop staring at me.

Thankfully the waiter came with our main courses. The wine steward came next. He set a silver ice bucket upon the table and produced a bottle of sparkling wine.

'I didn't order wine." Martha stared at him intently.

"It's from the gentleman Ma'am." He smiled and nodded toward our distant admirer.

"Ahhh... I see." Martha smiled and turned to slightly bow her head in acknowledgement of this...gift...offering...inducement? She turned her head back to the steward. "You may pour." She gestured grandly with a sweep of her hand. Acceptance!!!

The waiter poured Martha a small amount and waited for her to taste the champagne. Then he filled my fluted glass and topped off Martha's. As he left, I began to raise my glass when Martha stopped me with her hand.

"No, no dear!" Martha said emphatically as if a cardinal sin was about to occur. "We must toast our benefactor."

She smiled lasciviously as she turned her body slightly and raised her glass slightly...only enough to be recognized as a 'thank you'. I did the same. I could barely bring myself to look at him. I felt as though he could look right through me and see the fire within me start to burn quite brightly. He smiled and raised his glass in return.

We returned to eating our meal but I must tell you that my head was swimming in a sea of emotions and sensations. And the champagne only added to the swirling tides. Martha went on and on about



everything and anything but nothing that required my total attention or response, thankfully. I'd almost forgotten Martha's earlier pronouncements when she did it yet again.

"How do you suppose his cock would feel in your mouth sweet heart?"

Martha's innocent tone and matter of fact expression stunned me even more than her words!!! I sat staring at her frozen in mid bite. She chuckled and took a sip of her champagne. I watched her, still in mid bite of whatever was on the end of my fork, as she continued to dine. I began to take a sip of champagne to wash down my food.

"How do you think his cock would taste Pet?" Martha smiled demurely.

I immediately began to cough as something went down the wrong pipe in my throat. I was beginning to have severe distress when Martha quickly offered me more champagne.

"You really must learn to take more...human bites sweet heart." She spoke as she rolled her eyes and shook her head. "I wonder if his cum is creamy? I do hate the lumpy sort of stuff. It reminds me of mashed potatoes improperly prepared. Don't you think?"

Some of the champagne exited my nose as I began to cough again. When I finally could catch enough breath to speak, I did.

"Martha...please!" I was begging...imploring...beseeching her...to stop and give me some relief.

We managed to finish the remainder of our meal without any further explicit outbursts from Martha. But every so often she would make a remark regarding the very handsome stranger who also seemed to keep pace with our meal. The table was cleared and the waiter came to us with the dessert menu.

"Ahhh... Yesss..." Martha hissed as she gently stroked her cheek with her fingernails and eyed the selection. "Dessert..." She looked up at me. "Oh...let's share." She grinned broadly with her eyes aglow. "How about...him?"

She nodded off toward the man without taking her eyes off of me. I turned to quickly sneak a glance. He caught me once again with his eyes and I quickly turned back to Martha.

"Are you serious???" I could have kicked myself for saying that. I should have known she was. Martha laughed and looked at me with one of her...'have you ever known me not to be serious' looks complete with cocked eyebrow.

"Really dear..." Martha crooned in her deepest voice. "He is quite beautiful, very available, and quite taken with you." She smiled coyly, her case being well stated.

"But..." I had no idea of what I was going to say next.

"But nothing. We need to do this. I..." She emphasized 'I'. "...need to do this. Anyway, how else are we to show our..." Martha looked around as if the proper word would be handed to her. "...gratitude? I think it would lovely for both of us to show our gratitude actually. And I do so need a really good fucking." She laughed.

Martha motioned our waiter over. After a few words I couldn't really hear he scurried away to quickly be replaced by the Maitre d' Hotel. He in turn scurried away after a few words. In no more than a few

brief moments he returned and placed two cards down by Martha's hand along with the bill and a pen. Martha smiled up at him, thanked him, and promptly dismissed him.

"Here sweet heart. Take this." She handed me one of the cards. It was imprinted with the hotel's logo. It was an electronic room key. "Why don't you place this on his table, smile your ever so enchanting smile, and then follow me out. Something tells me he knows what to do with it."

"What???"

"Let me rephrase that..." Martha rolled her eyes upward as she effected her 'I'm deep in thought so fuck off' expression. "Where do you think I should have the next tattoo AND piercing placed?"

She smiled coyly again as the message was completely brought home to me. I gazed down at my hands...yet again...and blushed. Martha signaled the waiter over and placed her linen napkin on the table. He held her chair out as she got up. He then came around and did the same for me. Martha strode over to our admirer's table. He got up as we approached his table, me slightly behind Martha and to the right...as usual.

"Good evening sir." Martha crooned in her smokiest bedroom voice. "My...companion..." She turned to smile at me. I blushed and cast my eyes downward as I smiled. "...and I would like to thank you for your very kind gift."

"It was my...great pleasure." Oh...my God!!! His English, spoken with a thick Italian accent, sounded sooo...sexy!!! I couldn't help but look up and sneak a peek at this...Adonis...from this close. But before he could continue, Martha again spoke.

"I thought it only fair that we both thank you properly...perhaps in a more...private setting?" She again turned to me and I quickly glanced down at my hands.

I looked at Martha in total bewilderment completely forgetting about the room key in my hand. She arched one eyebrow and cast her glance to my hand. I felt as if I was in some sort of a weird play and Martha was the star and director. I felt a bit detached from what was happening as my hand began to move toward the tabletop. The few inches seemed like yards. I placed the card gently and discretely next to his linen napkin and tapped the top twice with my fingernail. I raised my eyes and stared directly into his. Oh my!!!

**N**ow half a bottle of champagne never made critical thinking any easier or more precise and, in my case at the moment, this was probably a major league plus.

"What are we doing??? What am I doing???" I asked Martha incredulously as we entered the elevator.

"Why dear..." Martha responded with equal amazement. "We're about to have dessert."

"But we don't even know him!!!"

"Yesss...how terribly convenient...don't you think?" Martha chuckled.

I must admit I felt a bit flustered by Martha's cavalier attitude and the surrealism of the situation. This man is a complete stranger and, in spite of my attraction to him, and I was very attracted to him, I couldn't see simply getting naked and having sex with him.

“You seem a bit put off by all of this Pet. Whatever is the matter? Don’t you find him quite delicious?” Martha took my hand and gazed...almost sympathetically...at me.

“I...” I was completely at a loss for words to explain how I felt at the moment.

And, to be completely honest, I wasn’t quite sure how I felt. On the one hand I was...well...he was quite a specimen. But on the other, I hadn’t been with a man since...well...maybe too long. And then there was the idea of Martha being involved in this entire thing. Was she merely spectating or was she going to be...involved?

“Where are we going anyway?” I was desperate to say something.

“Look dear...this is something I want...I need. And I would like for you to be a part of it.” There was something I hadn’t heard in Martha’s voice before; pleading. “If you find that this is not something you wish to ever do again...I will respect that. But, for now, just relax and do try to enjoy.”

**T**he room was not simply a room. It was a suite and a corner suite at that afforded a lovely view of the park from the living room as well as the bedroom. The appointments were of a much higher quality than the standard faire at even this luxury hotel.

“What is this place?” I asked as I looked around with a bit of wonder. “This is really quite nice.”

“Oh...” Martha went over to the bar and opened the small refrigerator. “...just one of our corporate facilities for out of town visitors. There are several around town and we were quite lucky to have this one vacant. Ahhh...we have a bottle chilled. How lovely.” Martha held up a bottle of champagne with a board grin. Let the party begin!” She laughed. “I’m going to make myself a bit more comfortable. Why don’t you dampen the lights and then perhaps refresh yourself. I think we’re in for a long night.”

Martha went into the bedroom as I walked around trying to add a bit more atmosphere to the room. Most of the lamps had three position bulbs and I turned them down to the lowest setting. The wall scones reflected a lovely warm glow against their mirrored reflectors and the gilt trim against the white wood on the chairs and loveseats added enough elegance to offset the sordid events yet to unfold.

I grabbed my clutch once I felt the setting was as intimate as it was going to get and headed for the washroom near the door. Upon gazing at my reflection in the mirror I saw that my makeup was still quite fresh looking. I used my long lasting lipstick and gloss for the evening. Though it was still reasonably in place, I refreshed it with more gloss. Regardless of the ads say, that long lasting is really only good for six hours or so before the color begins to wear.

After a touch of power to dampen a bit of shine, I went back into the living room to find Martha sitting in a wing chair with her slipper shod feet upon a footstool. She was wearing one of her silk robes and, it appeared, nothing else. I was a bit startled by her boldness but Martha was a woman of...appetites...and she was not ashamed in the least to indulge when given the opportunity.

On the other hand I was quite happy to be clothed and relished the protection my apparel afforded me. I mean...I had no idea of what might happen when our expected guest discovered my little...secret?

“Don’t be nervous dear. You look quite ravishing.” Martha chuckled. Before I could return the compliment I heard the door open and our guest enter.

“Ahhh...good evening young sir. I trust your dinner was...adequate?”

“Yes. My name is Sergio.” His deep voice resonated throughout my body.

“Well Sergio. My name is Martha and this is Pet.” I couldn’t believe she gave him our real names!!!

“Sergio...please be a dear and open the champagne. I’m sure we’d all enjoy a glass.” Martha motioned with a sweep of her hand toward the bar.

“Of course.” Oh my God!!! That radiant smile of his.

Sergio opened the bottle with a loud popping of the cork and poured us each a fluted glass full. He brought them over and handed one to Martha who remained comfortably seated. Then he turned and handed me a glass. As I reached for it, Sergio suddenly grasped my fingers firmly, but gently, and bowed enough to kiss the tips.

“You look absolutely enchanting...Pet.” His eyes never left mine as my gaze lowered and I felt color rush to my neck and cheeks. His touch was warm and his expensive cologne wafted to my nose.

“Sergio, why don’t you make yourself comfortable? Pet...” Martha looked at me. “...do assist Sergio with his jacket.”

The very wicked smile that crossed Martha’s lips informed me that the ‘festivities’ had indeed begun. Sergio still held my fingertips and glanced at me with his sinfully inviting smile and lovely blue eyes. He let go my hand and I took the glass from him. I took a good-sized sip before placing the glass on a nearby end table.

I stepped behind Sergio as he began to shed the jacket. I grasped it by the shoulders as he shrugged his way out of it in one sleek movement. I placed his jacket over my arm as I looked at his broad back and shoulders. I had such an urge to reach out and touch him, to touch that broad back as if to see it was really that...hunky.

I didn’t look for very long because Sergio moved and maneuvered us so that we faced each other. I couldn’t look up at Sergio. I felt...exposed...naked...embarrassed? This was not something I would have ever done on my own...with either sex...a chance encounter??? No way!!!

Sergio placed two fingers beneath my chin and steadily, but gently, lifted until my eyes were looking directly up into his. He slowly brought his face down to mine and before I even realized what was happening he kissed me fully on my lips. Now this wasn’t your ordinary little peck. It was a full-blown lip-to-lip plush, lush and very heated kiss.

I closed my eyes as his strong arms wrapped around me and I gave myself over to him. I thought I heard myself moan as he pressed my body to his but I was sooo totally lost in a myriad of sensations that I couldn’t be sure. I felt myself being turned slightly as he leaned into me.

“Ohhh...that was so sweet.” Martha chuckled.

I pulled away slightly to look at her and then back at Sergio. He smiled broadly as his arms left my back and waist. He began undoing his tie. Our eyes never broke contact as he undid the knot on his hand painted silk tie.

“Oh do help the poor man Pet. Can’t you see he’s quite taken with you?” Martha crooned with a chuckle and continued. “It would appear you drive him to great distraction...imagine that.”

No...no...that couldn’t be. Hmmm...well he seems to only be interested in me even though Martha, lounging in nothing but her silk robe, and looking quite the anatomical invitation to recreational procreation, would turn anyone’s head. Okay...so perhaps...maybe perhaps...I looked good enough to rev this boy’s engine.

However, the effect he was having upon me was a completely different story. OH my God!!! Sergio’s scent...his expensive cologne coupled with his...maleness...was beginning to over whelm me again. I took his loosened tie off him and, almost immediately after dropping it atop his jacket which now rested on the end table, I reached for the studs which held his shirt closed and I began to undo them slowly; one by one.

Once they were in my hand, along with his cuff links, I opened his shirt to catch a glimpse of his broad chest. I couldn’t resist inhaling deeply. I even placed my hands gently upon his shoulders and slowly traveled downward over the very developed muscles of his chest. Sergio obviously shaved his chest, and I assumed, the rest of his body. His skin was so very smooth.

I finally glanced up into his eyes again as I removed the silk garment and added it to the pile of clothing accumulating on the table. I leaned forward and gently put my lips to his chest and kissed it. My hands seemed to suddenly develop a mind of their own as they roamed the surface of his very buff body feeling the smoothness of his skin and the hardness of his muscles.

My eyes were closed as I wrapped my lips around one of his nipples and kissed, then sucked it. This did elicit a low throaty moan from Sergio. I glanced up at him and noticed his eyes were now closed as he smiled with the pleasure of my lips touching him. I couldn’t resist kissing and sucking on his other nipple which brought another groan of pleasure from him as his strong arms wrapped around my waist and pulled me tighter to his half nude body.

“Come now dear. There will be plenty of time for your...adorations. Why not remove his shoes and make him as comfortable as possible.” I now sensed a bit of urgency in Martha’s voice.

I knelt down on the rug and took his shoe in hand. It was a formal men’s dress slipper; easy enough to kick off. But I knew that Martha wanted a bit of a show and...to be completely honest...so did I. It had been years since I’d been with a man...a boy really...but something within me wanted to do this right...properly...totally?

I removed first one slipper and then the other. Sergio placed his hand upon my shoulder for balance as I then peeled his socks...hose really, off of his feet. They were fine formal Italian men’s dress hose; silk and patterned and ultra sheer. Sergio knew how to dress.

“Here dear...” Martha slid her footstool across the few feet from where she sat toward me. “You might find this a bit more comfortable for what must come next.” She chuckled as she sipped more of her champagne.

I kneeled upon the stool which proved to be much more comfortable than the carpeted stone floor. This also placed me at the proper height to...service our guest. My head was just about level with his navel...an innie by the way. I giggled as I reached for my glass and took a rather full sip of the bubbly wine. I knew what was coming and I did want to make a show of it.

Between the wine and Sergio’s...maleness...my mind and my senses were reeling to the music of desire. I had no idea that I would find a guy so desirable; especially after the years of being with...well...two women?

I reached for Sergio’s waistband with wide-eyed wonder and a smile starting to broach upon a leer. I undid the two buttons of his waistband carefully...I didn’t want to ruin the gorgeous manicure I’d received earlier...and pulled down the zipper of his trousers. The silk-wool blend material fell open to reveal royal blue silk boxer shorts.

I held the waist and let the trousers drop slowly. I reached down to his cuff and gently tugged letting him know I wanted to remove them. Sergio placed one hand on my shoulder for support and he lifted his leg enough for me to free the garment. Then he lifted his other leg for me to repeat the process. I stood and carefully folded the trousers. I placed them atop his other clothing with an almost solemn reverence.

I dropped back down to my knees atop the footstool and, wide eyed and mouth agape in wonder, looked briefly up into Sergio’s eyes. He was smiling quite serenely. He nodded slightly to let me know it...the big it...the unveiling...was okay. I smiled back and giggled. God only knows why.

Okay...at this point I must tell you that I have never been a slut and I did not consider myself one at that moment regardless of what my tattoo says. In truth I did not find what I was doing to be...easy. There was a part of me...granted a very teeny tiny part of me...but a part of me none-the-less...that was shouting out the stupidity and wrongness of what I was doing. In spite of my past ‘affiliation with a guy, I did not consider myself to be gay. In spite of my...‘lover’...being no more than three feet away...if that...I was not cheating. Then why was this little teeny tiny part of me making such a horrid sound within my head?

“Well dear? Are you going to wish his shorts away or are you going to unveil the grand prize.”

‘Thank you Martha’. The teeny tiny voice suddenly disappeared. I reached out with both hands and, grasping the waistband at his sides, I began to lower his shorts. Now I must admit my great surprise to discover that he had shaved and trimmed his hair down to a delightfully small patch. I remembered Gary’s growth and all the little ‘forget me not’s’ I kept finding in embarrassing places after he had gone; especially in the presences of my mom!

Anyway, I continued to lower his shorts till his penis began to be revealed. The first thought to pop into my somewhat stunned and champagne softened mind was; ‘O my God!!! It’s so big!!!’ I continued to slowly lower his shorts and its length began to become quite apparent; apparent, a grandparent, and a

whole damned family's worth. I was shocked and stunned. I had never seen anything quite that size before...not that I ever made it a point to look whenever opportunity offered.

"Oh my!!!" Martha crooned and then chuckled. "Isn't that a lovely cock!!! Don't you think so honey?"

I barely heard her speak. There was a roaring in my ears that must have been the blood my heart was furiously pumping as I glanced quickly at Martha and then back to this...thing!!! My hands, as if with a mind quite their own, let go the waistband and slowly travelled up Sergio's muscular thighs to his waist, feeling his smooth skin along their way.

"Oh dear...the poor thing looks asleep. Why don't you wake it? Fluff him for me sweet heart."

Fluff him? Whatever does that mean? I looked toward Martha with curiosity written across my face.

"Oh Pet!" Martha said with a bit of annoyance. "Just do what comes naturally."

'What comes naturally'? Hmm... I don't know what came naturally but I do know I wanted to touch his dick. And so I did. I cradled it with both hands. That was when I noticed two things; it was quite heavy...considering the size, and there was a clear plastic band around the base. I had no idea why Sergio had one on though I do remember very well why I had one. Mine was a bit more complex and certainly was tighter than his. Hmm...

I lifted it up toward my face. I could see that the head was poking out from the fore skin. It was a curiosity to me. Sergio's was so much bigger than mine was. Even though he was so much larger than me, or I was, it seemed that this particular portion of his anatomy was...overly blessed?

As if drawn by some weird magnetic force, I was pulled closer to his dick. I parted my lips and planted a kiss on it. He moaned. I...moaned. I felt like an electrical charge shot through me. I kissed it again, this time with a smile and a giggle. I closed my eyes and took the head into my mouth and swirled my tongue around it, savoring it. Then I began to run my moistened lips along its length.

"Yesss..." I hadn't noticed Martha coming up behind me. She suddenly appeared out of the corner of my eye; smiling and watching me intently. "I can see you like doing this...as well you should." Martha chuckled. "You ARE such a slut." I could see the glint of excitement in her eyes.

I took a deep breath and began to bob my head back and forth engulfing only the first few inches of his dick. I could barely fit it into my mouth as it was and trying to get it down any further was not in my plans. Anyway, the past came quickly rushing back to me and the one thing I remembered from those teenage days with Gary was that the only time I truly was 'in control' was when I had his dick in my hand, or in my mouth.

I loved the sounds Sergio made whenever I would change the rhythm or pattern of my ministrations. And Martha was right by my side egging me on and encouraging me with her steady stream of explicit commentary and profanities. And, in truth, I loved it all. I felt like a slut and I was enjoying being used as one at this point.

The touch, the taste, the aroma particular to a man, was amplified almost beyond my ability to sensate. I felt enveloped and...well...stoned as I sucked on the head of his dick. I also felt

Martha's hands on me, inside my tunic and beneath my short skirt. She was playing with my nipples, caressing the mortal remains of my dick, and nibbling on my ear between her obscene orations.

I closed my eyes again and leisurely nursed on Sergio's dick. I couldn't stop moaning with pleasure as Martha continued to tease me. Suddenly I felt her lift the hem of my skirt up and pull it over my butt. She then pulled my panty down to my thighs.

I knew what was coming even before I felt Martha's hands...her fingers...on my butt hole. With one hand still caressing my boobs and nipples beneath my tunic she began to apply cool lube to me; loosening me up for her assault. Even with her whispering obscene little...endearments into my ear, I was far too lost in the moment to pay her much heed.

It wasn't until I felt the head of her strap-on she most conveniently had hidden beneath her robe that I knew this would be very different. I should have known!!! I should have...known!!!

“OH...MY...GOD!!!”

I actually had to bring my head back and off of Sergio's dick!!! It was huge!!! At least it was larger than the one we were accustomed to using when we fucked...when she fucked me that is. And it hurt when that bulberous head popped in. Martha held quite still and leaned over my back. I could feel the tension in her muscles as she poised for what I feared was an unlimited assault on my butt. I was wrong.

“Please darling...relax...for me.” Martha crooned with her smoky honeyed voice. She almost sounded as though she was...begging??? “Trust me darling...” She licked the outer edge of my ear. I closed my eyes as my entire body shook with excitement. “You will thank me for this later. I promise.”

Now Martha tugged gently on my ear lobe with her lips and teeth. She was using all the little, but terribly explosive, tools in her very broad repertoire, plus a few new ones, to start a fire within me; a raging consuming burn that would take all that I am and create something quite different.

All along, and with my complete assent and tacit duplicity, she was forging me into something; I don't know...something quite different...someone quite different than who I was. And it wasn't simply the outer accoutrements of who I've become. While one might think that I felt confined, limited, controlled...consumed; in truth I found a new freedom. I was still on my journey and I wasn't going to stop now; not for anyone or anything. I welcomed her sparks and her flame fully!!!

“Sweet heart...” Martha had still not moved her hips. “...Sergio's cock is feeling very, very lonely and sad. It's lost the mouth that was pleasing it and keeping it so very warm; your mouth. I do believe it's time for you to get back to doing what seems to come so very naturally.”

I returned to 'doing what seemed to come so very naturally'. I moved my hands onto Sergio's very powerful thighs and held on as he began to move with a gentle swaying back and forth with his hips.

At the same time Martha reached around and took the mortal remains of my penis and scrotum into her hand. She gently massaged my dick and rolled the head between her figures as she also began the slow



and inescapably long thrust with her hips. She softly moaned with me as the length of her strap on began to disappear up my butt.

I was being consumed and I gave myself over to the flames. I could no longer think or see or hear as one normally does. I could only feel and smell and taste and touch. There was no consciousness or design or intent other than to have this never end. I began to instinctively thrust back against Martha as she moved her huge strapped on dick in and out of me.

"Yesss..." Martha hissed into my ear as her hand played with my dick. "...my lovely slut...you are sooo very wet." Martha kissed the nape of my neck. "What do you think Sergio? Can this slut suck a cock? Is she pleasing you? Do you love the feel of her mouth and her very talented tongue?"

I could not hear Sergio's reply but I did hear Martha laugh. She switched on the vibrators in the dildos and a moan emanated from somewhere deep inside me that seemed to go on forever. Martha simply cupped my dick and balls as she continued to ride me; her stream of profane 'encouragements' and endearments never ceasing.

But it wasn't enough...for me. I couldn't get enough to orgasm and they both seemed to know it. Martha wasn't pumping me hard or fast enough; only enough to tease. And Sergio was only giving me enough to taste him. He wasn't interested in coming in my mouth. He too was only teasing. I so wished I could turn over and hook my heels behind Martha and pull her into me but all I could do is moan into that fat dick in my mouth. And Martha could sense this.

"Poor little slut. Can't get off? Awww...poor baby." She taunted. "Well...this is for me anyway." She suddenly withdrew her huge dildo, much to my sadness. "Maybe it's time you fluffed me a bit, don't you think?"

Martha completely dismounted me and stood up. I turned to look up at her as I let Sergio's dick slip from my mouth.

"You look sooo...perfect down there...on your knees...with a cock at your mouth and your ass hole opened up wide...for...business." She laughed. "Come children. Let's go into the bedroom and play some more. Martha turned; her strap on dildo swinging wildly against her opened robe. "Pet dear...why don't you grab Sergio's handle since you went through all the trouble of making it worth something." She chuckled as she headed toward the bedroom.

I looked back up to Sergio who smiled and nodded. I got up from the footrest, raised my panty and straightened my skirt, and, blushing furiously, grasp his penis in my hand. It had grown enormously during my ministrations. I took a step taking Sergio in hand but he didn't move. In fact he jerked his hips back pulling me to him. He took me into his strong arms and kissed me on the lips. I readily accepted his invading tongue and melted into his strong arms.

Then, as if to say he was now ready, he broke that very heated kiss. I nearly fell when his arms let go of my waist and back. I opened my eyes suddenly to see him smiling in satisfaction as if he knew I was his anytime he wanted me. I grasped his penis again and this time he let me lead him into the bedroom.

Martha was lying in the middle of the bed with her head upon two pillows. Her legs were splayed out with her knees bent and her toes gripping the end of the bed. Her precious vagina was already swollen

from her end of the vibrating strap on; its lips reddened, puffy and glistening with her savory and fragrant dewy moisture.

“Sergio dear. Why don’t you help our little slut out of her clothing? Let’s make her more comfortable...more...accessible.”

Our continental friend was apparently very familiar with the delicates women adorned themselves with because after I turned to face him, eyes down to avoid that delicious smile of his, he very gently, and skillfully, removed my sequined tunic and carefully laid it spread out on an armchair facing the king sized bed.

Sergio then reached behind me, making sure to rub his body against my now exposed and very sensitive nipples, to undo the clasp and zipper of my skirt. He held the waist, rather than simply letting it fall, and lowered it slowly so that I might step out of it. Of course he kissed and then sucked my distended nipple as he bent down. I placed my hand on his shoulder for balance as I did step out of the skirt...as if...

“Oh... That was so very nicely choreographed.” Martha crooned. “Now sweet heart...assume the position and...fluff away.” She laughed.

I got on my knees between Martha’s toes and moved myself so that my waist was resting on the bed. My panty was still on but I assumed that was part of the play Martha wanted and, quite frankly, I was in no hurry to remove it. I honestly didn’t know what to expect next but I knew that men...well...most men would not be thrilled to find out that their woman of the evening had a dick; even a small one such as mine.

Martha smiled down at me as I brought my face close enough to feel her heat and inhale her fragrance. I giggled as I reached out with my hands beneath her thighs and latched onto her legs. I dove right in with my tongue. She groaned quite loudly and deeply and fully as I swiped her lips from the very bottom slowly up over her clit.

“Ohhh,,,yesss...” Martha hissed in a low deep voice as her entire body shuddered. “Mmm... You are so very talented Pet. Sergio...why don’t you amuse yourself till I’m ready for you.”

I felt Sergio begin to lower my panty. I was immediately shaken by the fact that I would momentarily have my secret revealed. I hugged the bed with my waist and hips but Sergio would have none of that. He slapped my butt quite soundly and as I reacted he whipped the panty down and off of me. I tried half heartedly to get up but Martha hooked her heels behind my shoulders and forced me back down.

I knew what was coming as Sergio gently rubbed my ass cheeks and then settled a gentle kiss on each one. I smiled as he cupped my dick and balls and very gently squeezed them. I settled back down to the task at hand...uhhh...mouth.

No sooner had I gotten three solid licks in than I felt the bulbous head of his dick at my butthole. I could feel him very slowly and very gently pressing it into me. I tried my hardest to relax and simply let the inevitable happen. In truth I wanted it to happen.

“Uhhh...oh...my...God!!!”

Sergio's dick had popped in and he slowly, but gently, began to fill me beyond anything I had ever felt. I had to remember to thank Martha for her...thoughtfulness earlier. I swear I could feel every distended vein, every ripple in his iron hard muscle as it entered me. This was a marked distinction from Martha's 'built for comfort' dildos.

"Mmmm...oh God oh God oh God!!!" His dick seemed to go on forever.

Martha pulled my head down into her pussy. I closed my eyes and savored the deliciously wicked and wonderful sensations at both ends. Sergio suddenly stopped and began to slowly withdrawn from me. It was heavenly painful...but more heavenly. I'd forgotten how wonderful a real dick could feel. I felt every fraction of an inch as he slowly, teasingly, scratched that special itch of mine.

"Ohhh...Pet! You look sooo wickedly hot when you're getting a nice fat cock up your ass. I almost think you were made for that. You are such a wicked slut. I should whore you out."

Martha's voice was strained as she began to approach her orgasm. Sergio began to pick up his pace and with each stroke ventured further into me. And I was lost in a world of sensation. My entire body was buzzing with excitement. I couldn't quite remember ever being this stimulated for so long without having an orgasm. I could feel myself leaking onto the bed with each thrust of Sergio's dick into me.

Martha began to softly groan. I could feel her body tense and her hips reflexively jerk as she held my head to her. She was rapidly approaching her climax and I held on as well as I could. I knew how terrible powerful her orgasms could be.

"OH!!! DEAR GOD!!!"

Martha groaned and her body began one long hard undulation that might have broken a weaker woman's back as every muscle in her body contracted and then extended to their fullest abilities. I held my tongue as still as possible as Martha came down from her enormous climax. She rapidly recovered and suddenly slipped out of my grasp.

"Okay chef...it's time to flip this burger!" Martha laughed as Sergio stared at her in puzzlement.

Martha made a circular motion with her index finger and one could see the 'light bulb' turn on in his mind. As if I was nothing but a mere toy, and without even withdrawing from me, Sergio flipped me over onto my back in one smooth motion. I reached up and ran my hands across his broad muscular chest. I just really needed...to touch him...anywhere and everywhere!!!

I felt an additional shaking of the bed not attributable to Sergio's efforts. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Martha's face grinning at me. She cocked one eye brow.

"Enjoying yourself I see."

"Yesss..."

She disappeared from view and I suddenly felt her hands undoing the braid atop my head. She splayed my hair out in a radiating aura around my head. I felt the urge to hook my heels around Sergio's iron hard butt and, at the same time, I hitched my pelvis up slightly. The effect was completely and

devastatingly immediate. I felt Sergio penetrate deeper and he was now pounding my 'special spot' with marked regularity instead of simply sliding past.

"Oh yesss Sergio...show this little cunt what a real cock can do. Let's see if you can make her cum without stimulating that...tiny thing between her legs." Martha laughed and tugged on my ear with her teeth.

I was at a loss about where all of Sergio's energy and stamina came from. He increased his efforts with Martha's encouragements and I was caught between closing my eyes in ecstasy and having them opened wide with stunningly huge crashing waves of passion.

"OHMYGOD!!!" I cried out as I felt the sensations build to an impossible zenith. "I'm coming!!!"

Martha, her hands pulling rather strongly on my nipples suddenly covered my mouth with hers as I pulled Sergio into even harder with my heels. I screamed into Martha's mouth and held Sergio still and tightly to me as my body and soul exploded in a hedonic cascade of pleasure. I thought I even felt my dick spurt although I knew this wasn't the case. Wave after wave shattered me and with each wave I felt my buttock twitch powerfully around Sergio's dick.

And then it was over. All that remained was a completely flattened me. My arms and legs were outstretched. Sergio remained perfectly still and still perfectly erect within me. I felt my buttock twitch involuntarily. Martha rested next to me showering my face with little kisses. I opened my eyes to look at her and she was smiling.

"Why are you crying sweet heart?" I was crying??? Oh my God I was crying!!!

"I really don't know. That was sooo...incredible." I laughed between my tears.

"Okay Sergio...it's my turn now. Let's put the suit on your...little man." Martha chuckled. I looked at her somewhat surprised. 'Why no 'little suit' for me' I thought and 'why was it suddenly needed?' Martha looked at me. "Well...my cunt isn't Teflon lined you know."

Sergio slowly and gently removed himself from my butt. I felt the cool air of the room inside me as my buttock very slowly began to realize it was no longer sheathing his cock. I rolled over and tried to slowly sit up. I felt completely drain.

Martha handed me a condom and I put it on Sergio. His dick seemed to be still so awesome and hard in spite of the workout it had thus far received. I moved out of the way as he got onto the bed and poised himself over Martha. She was all smiles and brimming with anticipation. Her eyes were on fire with passion and desire.

"Why don't you put him in me dear?"

In spite of all the extremely intimate acts I have performed for Martha, and those she performed with me, she still didn't cease to...shock me? I mean not in a negative way...but in a stunning way. But who was I to question or argue with her? I was too serene at the moment anyway. So I grasped Sergio's dick in my hand yet again. I held it at the base not wanting to remove any of the lubrication the condom came with. I got down in between Sergio and Martha. I licked her pussy several times to moisten and

separate her lovely 'petals'. Then I placed him at her pussy's entrance and slipped him in just a wee bit. He did the rest.

"Oh Jesus! That is sooo positively divine." Martha's eyes were closed as Sergio began to enter her. "Oh my...you ARE a big one...aren't you dear?"

In little time Sergio was hammering into Martha who was shouting expletives and profanities and...directions???

"Harder!!! Fuck me harder dammit!!!"

And she was every bit up to the task as she met him thrust for thrust. Martha was every bit as intent on achieving her orgasm as he was to give it to her. But in spite of Sergio's best efforts, he was actually breaking into perspiration; Martha was having a difficult time. I was doing my best to tease and tantalize her with kisses and nibbling and caresses; the kind that generally get her quite excited. I could tell that she was becoming more and more frustrated with each of my kisses and each of Sergio's thrusts.

"It's been far too long! I need to be on top!"

Martha nearly threw Sergio off the bed and almost hit me in the mouth with her elbow as she scrambled to quickly reverse everyone's positions. Of course she was laughing...but I could detect a hard edge to her laughter. She quickly settled herself just above Sergio and turned to me.

"Pet!!!" Somehow I knew exactly what Martha wanted so I grasped Sergio's dick and assisted him in entering her again. "Ahhh...yesss... That is so much better!" Martha settled down upon his dick.

"Mmmm...sooo much...deeper!"

Martha leaned forward a bit and as Sergio began to pump up into her, she in turn began to meet each stroke. I was at a loss on what to do but Martha quickly instructed me.

"My ass sweet heart...lick my asshole...now!" She hissed.

The pungent scent of sex accosted me as I got down between Sergio's legs. It was as heady as the champagne. I grasped the cheeks of Martha's butt in my hands and slowly began to lick the cleft between them as Sergio continued his assault upon her. I licked deeper with each thrust of my tongue. My efforts were answered by a moan additional to the ones Sergio elicited.

Martha managed to keep herself as still as possible as I did her bidding. But when I finally got to her butt hole, she squealed in delight.

"Yesss...deeper! DEEPER PET!!!"

I acquiesced and pushed my tongue into her. Now she could barely remain still. The stimulation was overcoming any remaining conscious efforts on her part.

"Now Pet!!! Stick your fingers in!!! NOW!!!"

Without any hesitating I did her bidding putting my index and middle fingers into her now well moistened and loosened butt hole. Almost instantly she began to wail; starting with a low groan and

raising her voice up almost to a scream. She began to buck her hips hard to meet each thrust and nearly dislocated my fingers in her efforts.

“Fuck me...fuck me harder!” And Sergio indeed did increase his efforts. “Shit!!! I’m coming!!!”

It was like an internal explosion that one could see. Martha’s entire body shook and spasmed and shuttered as I had never seen her do before. In the midst of her orgasm she suddenly began to roll onto her side and Sergio, sensing what she wanted, rolled with her to suddenly come atop her without missing a single thrust.

Martha wrapped her legs around Sergio’s butt and hooked her heels into them. She pulled him deeper with each thrust as she wrapped her arms tightly around his waist and back as she continued to shout obscenities and expletives the likes of which I had never heard before; at least not in such combinations.

I managed to keep my two fingers within her and I was rapidly thrusting them in and pulling them out as Martha continued to orgasm. I had never seen her sooo...on fire before. Her face was contorted into a mask of...if I didn’t know any better...extreme pain as she continued to orgasm almost with each thrust of Sergio’s dick. She began to scratch his back, leaving long angry dark red jagged lines from his shoulders down to his waist.

I sidled around the two tightly interlocked people till I was alongside Martha. Her eyes were tightly closed and her chin was buried into Sergio’s shoulder. Her lips were parted but her teeth were tightly clamped and she moaned and groaned quite gutturally.

I smiled as I began to kiss her eyes and tease her ears with my tongue. She opened her eyes suddenly and I could see the need in them. What is stranger is that I knew exactly what she wanted as her body began to spasm and jerk yet again and her moans became louder.

I placed my lips upon hers and, as her teeth parted just a bit, I thrust my tongue into her mouth. I heard her moan again and felt her very heated breath on my cheek. Her kisses were even more heated as Martha’s arm left Sergio’s back and her hand grasped the back of my neck, pulling me even closer to her. I could feel the cool intake of air through her nose as her tongue began to tussle with mine.

Martha began to seriously orgasm again and she exhaled through her mouth and into mine. It was the weirdest sensation to be on the opposite end of something she habitually did with me. I actually liked it...very much!!! I slipped my arms around her as best I could and rode along with her as she continued to spasm and thrust and shudder with the waves of thunderous passion.

Finally she fell limp and she breathed rapidly in short gulps. Sergio slowed his rapid thrusting to a bare movement and he got up on his knees, raising Martha’s hips slightly with him. I moved in to hold Martha’s head and hug her perspiration-dampened body with mine. I gently kissed her eyelids, and her nose, and her opened lips as she slowly recovered her strength and awareness.

Martha’s arms went around me as she began to kiss me back. She also began to...giggle? She rarely did that and it was only when she felt unusually pleased. She looked at me for a moment, giggled a bit more, and hugged me to her. She softly whispered into my ear.

“Thank you dear...that was really quite lovely.” My eyebrows shot up in surprise and my mouth fell open. I really hadn’t done anything other than hold her whilst she was in the throws of her orgasms. “Well...” She got up on her elbows and looked around, finally coming back to me. “I do believe it’s your turn again.”

I stared at her in shock. Me...again??? I looked at Sergio who had withdrawn himself from Martha as she and I embraced. He smiled...most luridly. I looked back to Martha who bore a similar expression on her face.

“After all sweet heart...” Martha could look and sound sooo very innocent when she chose to. “...poor Sergio has been doing all the work and surely he needs some relief.”

‘Poor Sergio’ indeed!!! Poor Sergio has been having the time of his life no doubt!!! He has been getting blown and fucked for...oh my God...over two hours???!!! He has nothing to complain about. And, in all fairness, he hasn’t complained or made any comment at all. Martha rolled out of my arms and to the side of the large bed.

“Come Sergio.” She patted the bed indicating where she wanted Sergio to be. “On your back if you will.” In spite of everything, including this little recess of activity, Sergio’s dick was still hard; scarlet angry hard!!! “Pet...why don’t you remove that ridiculous...thing...from his cock. After all, why shouldn’t you be the receptacle for his...awarding?” She laughed. I moved to take off the condom. As I reached for it Martha spoke again. “No...no pet. Use your lips. See if you can’t supercharge our young stallion’s equipment.”

I looked at Martha questioningly and she simply nodded and smiled. I looked down at my intended object of affection and shrugged. I mean really...what hadn’t I done this evening already...or over the past year for that matter. I smiled. I giggled. I went down on him.

Now I must say that having Martha’s scent and taste on that condom was really a saving grace and I approached the task with true relish. I licked the entire length and breath of his dick and then got down to taking as much of the thing in my mouth as I could. I loved paying special attention to his very pronounced dick head.

I nested between his splayed legs and massaged his hard ass cheeks as I worked on his dick. Sergio was suddenly very vocal as if he realized this was suddenly all about him. I loved that sense of power that comes when you have him, whoever ‘him’ happens to be, completely at your mercy. All of those times I had Gary that way came flooding back to me.

Martha rested on her side watching me as she pinched and pulled on Sergio’s nipples. That was about as intimate as she had been with Sergio all night. In spite of his being in her and atop her, she didn’t kiss him once or even attempt to please him in any way. That was my job.

“Oh you do love sucking cock. Don’t you Pet. Isn’t she a wonderful cocksucker Sergio?”

“Mmmm...yesss...”

Martha continued to vocalize in that manner. She even called out instructions on what I should attempt next.

“Take his balls in your mouth dear. That’s it. Oh...they are quite large sweet heart. Try one at a time. Don’t neglect anything. Yes sweet heart...lick down to his ass hole. Yes...tickle him there a bit. Very nice...very nice indeed. Yes...take his cock head into your mouth again. If only your mother could see you know. I’m sure she’d be so very proud of you and what you’ve learned to do.”

Martha might have laughed at those images but, truth to tell, those mental pictures, the idea of my mother actually seeing me sucking a complete stranger’s dick, turned me on! I was so turned on that without even realizing it, I managed to get my tongue beneath the bottom of his condom and left it up and off of him.

I felt the bed shaking. I looked to see Martha jump up and run quickly into the bathroom. I resumed nursing on Sergio’s dick, tasting his pre-cum and blessing Martha silently for having Priya give me those enemas. All I could taste, besides his fluids, was a slight hint of the spices that were in the water I used. I heard the toilet flush and Martha quickly returned to the bed.

“Sweet heart...why don’t you relieve yourself before we get too serious?”

I felt just fine but Martha never suggested anything without a reason. So I slowly got up, smiling at Sergio the entire time, reached for a glass of champagne that was on the night table, and headed for the bathroom. Once inside I saw why Martha made that suggestion. There was a tube of lubricant on the basin ledge and a rectal nozzle screwed into the tube.

I sat on the commode, drank the champagne, peed, and proceeded to liberally apply the lubricant in, on, and around my butt hole. Fortunately I found myself to still be somewhat...loose? So I knew that I could still endure another round with Sergio inside me.

I hurried out after wiping myself at both ends. I giggled as I climbed back onto the bed. I felt like a child with a new toy. I had a small amount of the jelly in my hand and I grasped Sergio’s dick and ran my hand from the base of it up to its head, paying special attention to that tip. I giggled again as I began to center myself over his hips and started to align his dick with my butt hole.

“Wait! No dear.” Martha sat up for a moment. “Not that way. Turn around. Let him take you from behind.” She looked at me and smiled...maternally? “You’ll feel him much deeper that way. Trust me.”

Trust her? Of course! At this point whom else was I going to trust? I’ve only allowed her to completely turn my life upside down and inside out and recreate me in an image of her own imagination, and mine. Why wouldn’t I trust her?

I turned around and again centered myself. I slowly lowered my body until I felt his bulbous head at the entrance to my butt hole. I lowered myself again and felt it pry me open and start to enter. I yelped when the entire head slipped in a bit too quickly. I remained still for several moments flexing my sphincter a few times till I felt almost comfortable. Then I began to lower and raise myself slowly, taking a bit more of him into me each time.

The sensation was heavenly. Every bump, every distended vein, every aberration of the surface was...breath taking. Every itch I could possibly have was being scratched big time. I moved ever so slowly savoring it all.



When I had nearly all of him into me Sergio sat up and wrapped his arms around me. Then he laid back down taking me with him. A pillow was placed beneath my head placing my face level slightly higher than his. Sergio raised his knees up and I was effectively trapped atop him with my thighs draped over his muscular thighs.

Sergio began to slowly pump me. His cock was so slick with lubricant that I felt intense pleasure as he managed to quickly plunge his entire length into me. He would withdraw almost his whole dick, at least up to the crown of his head, and then plunge the entire thing slowly and inexorably into me until I felt his hips tap me. All I could do was issue one long, low, guttural moan.

I had never felt so completely full before...not ever! I had never felt so completely taken before. The realization struck me rather starkly that this was how I was always meant to feel; taken and full of a man's cock. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to him. Every stroke into me hit that special spot deep within me as his dick past by. I felt myself begin to leak.

I lost all sense of time and place as he increased his tempo and began to really pound into me. I didn't feel the bed shake as Martha suddenly climbed on top of us, her pussy in front of my face and her mouth blowing her heated breath onto my dick.

The strong scent of her pussy was intoxicating beyond words. My head spun as she settled just a bit lower. I only had to reach out a very short distance to lick the puffy lips of her pussy and to taste the dew that was dripping from her. She groaned and suddenly lowered her head to take my entire dick and balls into her steamy mouth. I moaned into her pussy as she laved them over and over with her swirling tongue.

I was moaning steadily into her, my mouth between her slick lips and my tongue trying to slide up into her vagina, licking the walls as far up as I could reach. Martha never ceased her ministrations on me. Of course my dick didn't get any bigger but the pleasure it could receive was incredibly intense. She was manipulating her tongue to the thrusting for Sergio and I was bathed in a rip tide of pleasure. I had never felt anything as intense as the two of them working in unison.

Just when I thought I would burst from this sensual assault, I felt Sergio get even larger. I didn't think that was possible but I knew it was happening. Martha suddenly reached back and dropped the plastic band that was around Sergio's dick on my forehead. He began to reach slightly deeper and I swear I could feel his dick head throb. He grabbed my nipples between his fingers and began to rhythmically squeeze them.

The pain shot from my nipples to my navel and then on to my dick still entombed in Martha's mouth. I felt myself at the precipice of a high arête about to be swept over the side by a monstrous gust of wind. Suddenly his throbbing became very intense as did his thrusting and I swear I thought he was peeing in me.

I suddenly was swept over by another hedonistic cascade of pleasure sooo intense that I screamed and began to weep openly. I weathered an orgasm so amazingly overwhelming that it frightened me. I felt like I was peeing a torrent of fluid into Martha's mouth; one to match this virile stallion beneath me.

Sergio continued to pump his dick into me and I continued to orgasm as never before. I finally screamed one last time and everything went...blank.

**W**e hadn't said more than a half dozen words to one another since Sergio left although we both did giggle quite a bit. Now we were abed and entwined. I am on my side tucked neatly against Martha's body and she laid flat with her arm around me. Although we hadn't showered we had done our facial rituals. A wad of tissue was wedged between my butt cheeks to prevent me from leaking Sergio's remnants all over everything. The scent of sex still hung heavily on us.

"Did you enjoy yourself dear?"

"Yes...very much so." I giggled. Martha turned her head to kiss my fore head as she stroked my arm, which was across her tummy. "You planned this entire thing, didn't you?"

"Well..." She replied quite breathily. "...beautiful young men like that don't exactly grow on trees you know." We both laughed as I nodded my agreement. "Did you enjoy him more than...us alone?"

What? The hesitancy in her voice was quite noticeable and Martha's question was very much out of character. She never doubted herself and she never questioned her...performance...or actions? I drew my hand up her side and hugged myself to her.

"I enjoyed him because of you...because you were there as well. It wouldn't have been nearly as good without you."

Oh my God!!! Her mouth on me as Sergio drove into me was...it was an out of the body experience if ever one existed. And her kiss when consciousness returned was so heated that I thought I had come again. An orgasm suddenly had a whole new perspective...to say the least. Martha took me around with her free arm and hugged me to her even tighter.

"I needed to be sure."

She muttered this, almost under her breathe, as if she was talking more to herself than to me. I felt that we were suddenly in 'dark territory'. Martha never spoke in this manner to me before. I felt that now was the time to inquire about a few of the things that perturbed me.

"What was that business with Sergio?" I saw Martha try and give an envelope to him and he blatantly refused it...very politely.

"Oh...that. I wanted to give him a little gift. But he refused."

"Well then...who is Donna Francesca? He seemed to be upset about her." Martha chuckled at my question.

"Not Donna sweet heart...Dona...a term of respect. That's Frankie."

"Frankie? Is she a...pimp?"

"Good heavens no!" Martha wasn't laughing now. "She simply...knows people. She did me a favor as she does from time to time."

"Well then why was he so upset? He seemed...frightened?"

“Sweet heart...Sergio is from the ‘old world’ and their ways are a bit different than ours. I wouldn’t worry too much about it. Frankie is a sweet and gentle woman who happens to look imposing. She is well respected and for good reason.”

I felt Martha wasn’t telling me the entire story but I had more important things to ask her. So I moved on.

“Why do you spend so much time on the phone with my mother when she calls?”

“Does that bother you?”

I didn’t answer right away. I really felt I needed to check my emotions and thoughts before I said anything.

“Yes. It does. I mean...I never asked you what you two spoke about but I always feel like it had something to do with me.” I paused for a moment. “I feel kind of...left out?” I looked up into her eyes. Martha grunted and smiled sweetly as she stared at the ceiling.

“Our conversations had everything to do with you sweet heart.” Martha was silent for a moment before she continued. “She’s very concerned about you. She wants to know that you’re being well looked after. She wants to know that you have a future and that you will have a good life; much better...” Martha looked off for a moment in thought. “...much easier than her life has been.” Martha looked down into my eyes and kissed my forehead again. “She wants to know that you are happy...with me and with your life.” Martha was silent again for another moment. “Well? Are you?” I knew what was coming and it frightened me. I looked back up into her eyes. “Are you happy being with me?”

I was stunned...to say the very least!!! Martha had never even come close to asking me such a thing. Indeed I never thought for one second that she ever would. After all, I was, in essence, playing follow the leader and that leader never stopped for a moment to wonder what this follower thought on any level other than perhaps some trivial matter at hand. To wonder about the very core of our existence together was like...Bill Maher seeking God!!! And being with her; not simply living with her; being together!

I was deeply moved. Martha always brought out emotions within me that I didn’t realize existed. She always made me feel...something. But what she asked now just opened up my heart unlike anything she has said or done in the past. Tears came rushing to my eyes and I couldn’t stop them. Martha couldn’t help but notice because I shook slightly as I cried. She reached across and pulled several tissues out of the box she had placed on the bed.

“Life’s that bad...huh?” She chuckled. “My, my...but aren’t you the sensitive one.” Martha hugged me close to her as I wiped my eyes and nose. “I like that about you...I like that very much you know. But you still haven’t answered my question. Are you happy?”

Amidst my tears I smiled and nodded my head. I was happier than I’d ever been and each day brought me closer to a normalcy that had always escaped me. I guess whatever Martha saw in me that first day is what I suspected was always there but never truly in my consciousness or within my reach. I needed to compose myself. I had to push a little further. There were still several things I needed to know.

“That’s good. I thought as much and I told your mother as much. You know...” Martha smiled gently. “...your mother did an excellent job with you. Considering she didn’t have any real resources and without any real direction, she did a marvelous job exposing you to the true person inside of you. She is a very special woman.”

I listened very intently to Martha as she spoke. She was, as usual, right. There was no doubt that my mother did her best with me and for me. To hear Martha speak so highly of her made me feel...good ...proud!

“You know something sweet heart?” Martha kissed me once again and grinned quite broadly. “Your mother may have conceived you...but I carried you to fruition. In essence...I am also your mother.” Martha chuckled. “Does that make our relationship incestual?”

I giggled and nuzzled Martha’s breast a bit. I can’t begin to count the number of times over the past year that I’ve almost slipped and called her mother, or mom. Mommy simply didn’t do it. And when I did call her ‘mommy’ during our...playtimes...it didn’t really count as such. She was so very maternal toward me; often choosing things that she thought would be fitting and always deciding for the best in so many matters.

And then there was her nurturing ways. Martha could be sooo very patient and forbearing when I was having trouble learning something or doing something she felt was important. Sometimes I was overcome with emotion when her maternal protective instincts were aroused and she would not hesitate to get in anybody’s face if I was being overwhelmed or put upon by someone.

We laid in silence for a few moments. I was still relishing that heavenly body buzz that seems to occur when every inch of one’s physical and mental self has been melted and reshaped by an earth moving experience. I would have fallen asleep straight away but I had a ghost to chase and it seemed like this might be the perfect time.

“Did you share...‘desserts’ with Emma?” I could feel Martha catch her breath and shudder just a bit.

“Why do you ask?” The other shoe didn’t drop! How do I answer that? I shrugged and rubbed her tummy gently.

“I’m curious?”

Martha took a deep breath and let it out slowly as she gazed intently at me.

“Yes. We shared...many things.”

Her sadness hung in the air. I felt pained that...that I brought this on without really thinking about how she might have felt bring up the past. But I needed to know about Emma and nobody was really telling much at all.

“And the one before her? Did you share with her as well?” I tried to sound as innocent as possible.

“Yes...” Martha laughed but there was no humor in it. “...but...that didn’t work out very well. At least for me.” Martha removed her arm from around me and turned on her side to face me. “You see, dear Pet...she seemed to prefer a cock to me. And, as I found out later, any man’s cock would do.”

Martha's voice dripped of sarcasm. She reached out to gently stroke my cheek. I leaned into her touch and closed my eyes.

"Now you must understand that I enjoy a nice big, steely, enduringly stout cock every now and then...mostly then." Martha chuckled. "It's simply that I cannot seem to tolerate the even bigger prick that usually comes attached." She chuckled and, once I comprehended what she meant...I was so enrapt by her touch...I giggled. "Anyway..." Martha continued dourly. "...she cheated on me and I just couldn't have that."

"Was there anyone you shared with before that?" I clasped her hand in mine and kissed her fingers. I thought how devastating that must have been; to invest emotionally and give of yourself only to be deceived so...cruelly and basely.

"No...nobody special anyway." Martha chuckled. "I should have prepared a...romantic resume for you."

"We don't have to..." I wasn't given a chance to finish the thought. Martha put her finger to my lips and smiled.

"I don't mind at all dear. Better you hear this from me than from...someone else less informed? What else would you like to know?"

"Emma...was she...like me?" Martha gazed at me questioningly.

"Whatever do you mean sweet heart?"

"You know..." I glanced down at the remains my dick. Martha laughed heartily.

"Well...yes...in that matter...yes. In fact she came to my attention in the same manner you did."

"Through accounting?" I was more than a bit surprised.

"In fact the very same Ms. Harmon's section. It was she who brought you to my attention."

Now I was very surprised. I never really got along with Ms. Harmon. I could never seem to do anything right and she was always criticizing me for what seemed to be the smallest issues. I remember how my stomach would churn upon her approaching my desk.

"I should thank her."

"Don't you worry about her sweet heart." Martha was very quick to add...and very adamantly.

"Am I like her in other ways?" I must say...my need for affirmation is endless. Martha reached out and again stroked my cheek. She took another deep breath and me that maternal look of hers for a moment as she ran her fingers through my hair. Finally she spoke.

"No...not really." She took another deep breath and let it out along with a hint of exasperation. "You are...quite different. But you must understand that neither of you are better than the other; simply different. There was great value and utility in her. Em was very spontaneous, free spirited...which annoyed me to no end I must say...and..." Martha chuckled as she looked off again for a moment. "...and very high maintenance; very high maintenance indeed."

"But I'm totally different!" I was very surprised. This was one of...oh my God...what's her name??? Oh yeah...Karen. Karen hated my lack of spontaneity. She would always say that I was sooo very predictable. Now I wondered what Martha saw in me!!!

“Yes Pet. Indeed you are quite different than Em. You have such a childlike innocence. I simply adore shocking you!” Martha laughed quite heartily. “And you take our little evening dramas so very seriously...as well you should. I find that quite stimulating really.” Her eyes flashed for a moment, which sent a shiver through me. “And...” She reached out again to stroke my cheek. “...I love how eager you are to please me in every way. You do bring out whatever maternal instincts I might have.”

“Didn’t you ever wish you had children...at least maybe one?”

“What???!!!” Martha snorted. “Pregnancy???!!! ME???!!! NEVER!!! I consider that to be the ultimate insult to the female body.” Martha again laughed quite robustly but she didn’t go on to elaborate further and I certainly wasn’t going to pursue the subject further.

“I wish I could have children.” I really did and I wasn’t going to hide that fact.

“I thought as much.” Martha chuckled and smiled gently. I reached over for my glass to finish the last sip of champagne in it.

“Well...since you did enjoy yourself...let’s do this again...tonight!”

The wine suddenly went down the wrong pipe and I began to cough and choke after I spit up the bit in my mouth.

“What???!!!” I managed to croak.

Martha giggled.

## “End Game”

The days and weeks that followed our evening together were somehow slightly changed; different. There was a new closeness between us that didn’t exist before; at least not as strongly. I felt that we were more to a team than ever and that my status had been elevated, at least in my own and in Martha’s eyes.

The people around us also noticed a difference. The people at work, particularly Meg, began to regard me as more than merely ‘Martha’s friend’ or ‘Martha’s companion’. Suddenly I was listened to more seriously and if I happened to ask for something, anything, it was as if Martha had demanded it.

I felt a lot more confident and not simply about my ‘new’ self, but about my relationship with Martha. I felt a bit more empowered and voiced my opinion more. I began to take the initiative at work in terms of anticipating her needs and desires. And I began to suggest things to Martha when it came to our time away from work; where to eat or what to do or where to go.

Even the sphinx-like Mr. Stone and Mr. Davis began to at least acknowledge my existence as something more than merely an adjunct to Martha’s wardrobe of the day. Mr. Stone would, on occasion, offer a word or two in passing although he basically remained his stoic, ill tempered, ominous, and looming self. He was always the guard dog with only one mistress and he would only respond to ‘suggestions’ regarding his first and foremost duty.

Priya managed to reach a special sort of peace with me. Though I did need to be up a bit earlier so that she could 'assist' me with my preparations for the day, I kept in mind that she was here at Martha's whim...and so was I. We even became friends...sort of.

The 'girls', Meg and Lois, as well as some of the other administrative assistants to the executive staff, were tickled when I could join them for a drink after work. I enjoyed joining them and hearing all the gossip that would pour forth after the second round of cocktails. Of course I would always relate the usable information to Martha and, in truth; I think some of it was judiciously related with my actions in mind.

George Willis joined my growing list of lunch invitations when Martha was elsewhere or too busy to break. Even he would seek my limited counsel when he needed to request something, or disclose something, unfavorable to Martha.

And even some of the department heads would seek me out to join them for a libation. So I didn't think it very odd that Ms. Harmon should approach me and ask me out for a drink one Friday afternoon. She was sooo solicitous and...well...gushy and complimentary that I was saying yes before I even consulted Martha. And Martha was less than pleased!

"What!!!" Martha scowled and frowned. "You must be joking!"

"No. She really was quite nice and very insistent." I was incredulous at Martha's tone. "Maybe she simply wants to make amends for the way she treated me."

"Jean Harmon is, was, and always will be a witch. It's not in her nature to make amends for anything; only excuses."

I could see where this was going. For some reason, maybe my new found 'independence' or simply my rebelling against my...well...my beloved 'new mother', I stomped my foot.

"Please Martha. Let me do this. I need to give her a chance."

Martha was silent. She gazed at me with a seriousness that she often saves for the most important business decisions. She reached out and touched my cheek and ran her fingers through my hair as if correcting an errant lock. I could hear her inhale deeply through her nose and let it out resolutely.

"Well..." She scowled and looked at me for another moment. "...alright..." I actually bounced up and down like an excited girl being allowed to do her first sleep over. I quickly went and hugged her.

"Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!!!"

"But..." Martha grasped me by my arms and held me away from her. "...I want to know where you're going and I do want you back at a reasonable hour..." I continued to fidget excitedly. My grin was a mile wide. "Listen to me sweet heart! And I want you to take a cab directly home afterward. Do you understand?"

I didn't understand Martha's reluctances or her repeating her conditions that I already knew by heart. And I certainly didn't understand her wanting to know where I was going. She only asked that the first few times I went out with people she didn't regularly go with.

“And don’t forget your phone!”

She was almost angry as she spoke. That occurred the very first time and I always made it a point to check for my phone before I even did anything else. I didn’t want another tattoo...or worse!!!

So we met down in the lobby. Ms. Harmon didn’t mention where she wanted to go earlier and she was still being somewhat secretive. She was, however, very chatty. Starting with a ‘call me Jean’, she was almost non-stop about anything and everything. This was sooo odd because she rarely, if ever, said anything to me that didn’t directly involve work.

We left and walked down the very crowded Friday evening streets arm in arm. She did profusely apologize for her treatment of me which was surprising, to say the least; especially after Martha’s stern condemnation of her ways. So what could I do but accept profusely and try to make her feel that I truly harbored no ill will toward her. And, in truth, I didn’t. I simply avoided her once I was out of her department.

Jean steered me toward a bar and grill about three blocks away that catered to the middle management crowd. Though crowded and a bit noisier than I would have liked, the décor was pleasant enough and we were able to find a table off in a corner. She ordered a wine spritzer and I felt like having a whiskey sour. I don’t remember who turned me on to that but it was flavorful enough to hide the taste of the whiskey. Jean also ordered some finger food, which I greatly appreciated.

After the first drink, which did go rather quickly, I felt the urge and excused myself to use the ladies lounge. Still having my wits about me I took my purse first making sure that my phone was still with me. Whilst I anxiously waited my turn for an vacant stall I texted our location to Martha. I was not going to make that mistake of disobeying her instructions ever again. Whilst I feared her anger, her terrible distress at briefly revisiting the horribly haunting past was far worse and imprinted in my mind.

I returned to the table to find a freshly placed drink. It seems that Jean also renewed hers. We chatted...well...she spoke and I listened nodding appreciatively when something was agreeable. I was surprised to find her well spoken when her conversation turned to, of all things, religion. She knew history well and seemed to be very well read.

I was half way through my second drink and feeling no pain at all. The back ground noise was fading somewhat although I was having trouble understanding Jean. So I smiled and nodded and tried to pay closer attention though that really didn’t seem to help.

Was she asking me something? Things seemed to be receding; how weird! Voices were...I don’t know...echoing? I couldn’t understand the words though I could hear the sounds.

“Okay.” I answered...but I wasn’t sure of the question?

Jean got up from her seat and offered me her hand. I have to giggle ‘cause...well...I felt like it. I needed her hand. My balance seemed to be off; must be the drinks. But I only had...two? Whoa!!! I almost fell over there. I’d better hold onto her. Oh good...she is holding me. Oh my God!!! It feels like I’m on a boat. Everything is swaying back and forth. What a giggle!!!



I feel like I'm walking through a marshmallow with lead shoes on. Oh my God this is sooo weird!!! The night air feels good. Where's my purse? Okay...Jean has it. Wow...what a cool car!!! Yeah...I need help getting in. Thanks Jean...Jeanie...Genie. What a giggle. Who's driving? Oh my God!!! It's what's his name; Humphries? I didn't know you guys were friends.

Yeah...I can just lay back and close my eyes for a minute. Mmmm. I feel sooo...good and sort of...well...afloat? I feel like I'm floating on water. We should have some music on. I can see the street lights flash by on the back of my eye lids. How cool can it get? I love this car. Oh yeah...I could use a drink. My mouth is sooo dry. Mmmm...

I guess we're here...where ever here is. Yeah thanks. I really feel sooo dizzy and...tired? I am sooo glad you two are helping me. Yeah...I want to lie down but why is there plastic on the floor. Help me off with my clothes? Sure...but in from of him? Oh...I guess its okay then. I didn't realize that you two were... What a giggle. It seems I can't stop giggling. Off damned blouse! Off damned skirt!

I need to remove my shoes and stockings; hopefully in that order. Everything off!!! I really would love another drink. I don't know why my mouth is so dry. I can't see straight. Maybe I need glasses? Maybe I need a glass of something? I won't need it for long? Okay. You look sooo funny upside down; or am I upside down? What a laugh!

I'm an abomination...a freak...a...what? Oh yeah...a whore of the devil. Actually I'm really a slut. Let me roll and show you. You want me to stay still? I do like that one though...devil's whore. You're going to purify me? Cleanse me? Cool. What's that noise? Did you break something? Okay sure...lie down next to me Jean. You look sooo funny! Your head is in such a weird position. Did you bite your tongue? Or maybe your lip?

"Oh my God! Gina! What are you doing here? Did you know I'm an abomination; the devil's whore? What a giggle! Mr. Stone! Did you come to the party to? Whoa! God you're strong. I can't believe you picked me up like that. Whose coat is this? Thanks...I was getting a bit chilly. I feel sooo sleepy. Things really look strange. Humphries doesn't look so good. Maybe he needs a drinky too. Mmmm... I'm going to close my eyes for a minute since you're carrying me."

"Martha!!! Mommy!!! Why so worried? I think I'm a little drunkie. I don't know why I can't understand you. Okay...yeah...I love when you hold me. Why are you so upset? Don't cry mom...mommy...I'll make everything okay. I'm going to sleep for a bit, okay?"

I didn't remember anything the next day. I didn't even remember going to bed. All I knew is that when I did awaken, I had the all-time worst hangover ever...EVER!!! I couldn't even lift my head off the pillow without having the most throbbing, splitting headache permeate my entire being.

I managed to reach a glass and the pitcher of water thoughtfully left on my night table. After downing several glasses of water I was able to finally place my feet on the floor. The trip into the bathroom was, to say the least, most interesting. I felt as though I was still drunk. I had trouble focusing my eyes and maintaining my balance. My mind also seemed to be...well, foggy? I couldn't imagine why I felt so poorly.

I managed to shower. I hung onto the shower bars for support and simply let the cool water wash over me in an attempt to clear the fuzziness. Flashes of the evening kept playing in my head. A glimpse of this and that teased me. I basically had very little recollection of what had occurred.

I managed to dry myself and tend to my hair. I dressed very casually and steeled myself for the stairs. I walked out into the hall and the aroma of brisk coffee came wafting up to my nose. I could almost taste it and wanted a cup, or three, very badly. I looked down the stairs and immediately made for the elevator. I decided I was still not in any condition to attempt navigating the descent.

Upon exiting the elevator I could hear Martha and Mr. Stone in the library. I turned and walked slowly, with a major effort to make it steadily, to the library. They were seated in the bay window area. A number of newspapers littered the floor at their feet.

I wasn't noticed until I had actually entered the library. Martha looked up from her newspaper and smiled warmly at me. She actually got up and walked to me. She embraced me and held my quite snugly as she kissed my lips.

"I see our sleeping beauty has arisen. How do you feel Pet?"

"I feel...awful. I have such a headache and I feel a bit...woozy?"

Martha took me around the waist and ushered me to the armchair in front of her desk. She seated me and ran her fingers through my still damp hair. I looked up into her smiling face.

"I imagine you would like a cup of coffee." Martha asked as she gazed at me rather intently.

"Sure." Coffee, anything really that might help to clear my foggy mind and aching head.

Martha poured me a cup from the carafe and, after putting a bit of sugar in it, placed the strong smelling brew upon the desk by my arm. I smiled and gratefully took a sip. They were both eyeing me with the oddest expression. It was as if Martha and Mr. Stone were waiting, or expecting, something from me.

"So...what's up?" I smiled as I spoke but I was feeling somewhat...anxious?

"Do you remember last evening sweet heart?" Martha leaned forward in her armchair with the expression of complete attentiveness, and tentativeness, on her face. I looked at her, and then at Mr. Stone, and then back to Martha.

"No...not much. I must have had too much to drink. I can't really remember?"

"What do you remember?" Mr. Stone, who was normally quite gruff and direct, seemed to be making an attempt to be...less intimidating? He slouched a bit and, well, seemed to soften his gravelly voice.

"Well..." I went on to relate what little I could. I went for a drink and then things got...fuzzy? I told him that I vaguely remember some weird images occurring but I couldn't exactly recall what they were.

"Why are you so interested? I mean...I just had a few drinks...I guess."

Martha and Mr. Stone looked at one another. Martha nodded to him and he handed me a newspaper. It was opened to page three where a small article appeared down at the bottom. The headline stated; "Murder-Suicide in Lower Manhattan".

My hand flew to my mouth in shock and horror and I think I may have even squealed. I read the article quickly to the bottom and then turned to a page in the rear of the newspaper to finish the story. Evidently old Humphries murdered Jean Hanson and then flung himself out the window of her loft!!! I was...shocked and stunned. The article went on to further state that a knife found in the loft matched the stab wound impressions of the murder of Emma Grandville!!!

The newspaper slipped from my hands onto the floor as the implications of the prior evening suddenly began to flood into my fogged mind. I slowly...almost mechanically...stood up from my seat, my eyes still on the article. I looked at Martha, who suddenly seemed to age in front of me, and then to Mr. Stone, who still sat impassively with his hands folded. They both looked at me. I suddenly felt...enraged and used!!!

"You set me up!!!" I shouted at Martha. "You knew and you let me go anyway!!!"

"No dear. I wasn't sure of anything."

"You knew!!!" Tears were coming to my eyes; both of rage, and anger, and of betrayal. "You used me to get at her!!! You could have stopped me!!!"

Martha got up from her chair and started to reach out for me as she spoke.

"No dear...that's not the way it was. I tried to discourage you from going." There was a definite edge of panic in her voice. "Would you have listened anyway?" Of course not; I only would have felt resentment. I backed away from her.

"Don't touch me!" I was really beginning to become hysterical. "The only reason you kept me around was to get your revenge." I hissed and seethed my words. Mr. Stone looked down at his hands. I took this to mean that he was...guilty of something? I quickly turned on my toe and began to exit the room.

"Where are you going?" Martha's voice had a note of panic in it.

"OUT!!! AWAY!!!" I had to leave. I had to think...think about this entire thing. I ran up the stairs to Martha's anteroom and got my bag. I quickly pulled a sweater from the closet and ran back down. Martha stood in the doorway of the library with a worried look on her face.

"Sweet heart...please..." I walked past her without a word and to the front door. I could hear the sound of her heels on the floor as I went out through the doorways. I was down the steps as she followed onto the landing. "Pet...please..."

I was several strides down the street before I spotted a cab. I quickly opened the door and seated myself before she could catch me. I pulled a tissue from my bag and blotted my tears. I had no idea of where I was going or what I would do. So I gave the driver the only other address I knew within the city; that crappy hotel I first stayed at when I was thrown out by Karen.

As the cab turned the corner to make the trip downtown, I felt my heart fall into my stomach. I felt as if I needed to barf but I managed to keep myself together. I already knew I had no other place in this world except by Martha's side. But I needed some time to gather my thoughts and my feelings and I couldn't do that at...home.

The same clerk who worked at the hotel was behind the desk in the 'cage' gave me the once over...then two more lingering ogles as he handed me the sign-in form. He definitely didn't recognize me although there was no particular reason he should. I handed him my credit card and took the 'honeymoon suite' yet again. Although I had no plans to stay longer than I needed to, and I knew that wouldn't be very long, I did rent the room for a week; prepaid...of course.

Sitting on the creaky bed, I suddenly realized how rash my actions were. I had nothing with me save what was in my bag! I sat and stared out the filthy window that opened onto an air shaft and cried. Reaching into my trusty bag for tissues, I spotted my phone. I retrieved it and placed it on the bed. I stared at it as I blotted my tears yet again. I slowly picked it up...once I could see clearly...and texted the only person I could think of speaking with.

'R U free?'

'No! But for U? I can make a deal. :)~'

I don't know how long I was on the phone with Drew but I had to plug the cord in to recharge it as we spoke. More accurately, I spoke and she listened...patiently. I told her the entire tale...or as much as I could remember and, without embellishment...I think...of my actions and consequent reaction.

Drew, the dear precious soul she is, let me wail, cry, bawl, and...well...sniffle to my heart's content, or discontent. She added words of encouragement and empowerment. But, when push came to shove, she dropped the huge, major league sized shoe.

"Do you love her...I mean really love her? Don't answer me now. In fact don't answer me at all. I know you're going back to her and all of her craziness. But the only real question is do you love her unconditionally. And can you forgive her...craziness? Where are your limits? What do you want and can she give that to you?"

I took a very deep breath. She was right. These were the only things I really needed to consider; as if I hadn't already thought of them at one time or another. But Martha was never really that vocal in terms of her...feelings. She was passionate, compassionate, comforting and, at the oddest times, very caring.

Martha was also very possessive, unyielding, self-centered, domineering and, at the oddest time, smothering. Yet all of these things were what made her sooo...appealing to me? There were times I felt like her toy, her living Barbie Doll. But she also centered a lot of her attention around me which did make me feel special.

And whilst I certainly changed under her tutelage, she had changed as well. Our relationship is much different than when we first encountered one another. Her very unusual...desires... became my...pleasures? In fact they became so much my pleasures that I ceased to think of them as hers. Oh...there was no question in my mind that I would return to her. The real question was if I could stay.

So many thoughts were running through my mind when there was a knocking sound on my door. I made it a point not to answer the door in the past, or to involve myself with the very checkered assortment of characters that frequented this hotel. Before, in my male role...I didn't have much to fear; maybe getting robbed of something. But now, oh my God, who knows what ill treatment I might receive. Then I heard a woman's voice.

“Hello? Are you in? I’m your new neighbor? I just wanted to say hi.”

She had a strong voice. It did sound...well...friendly? I opened the door and actually had to look up into a rather square shaped smiling face of a woman perhaps only a few years older than myself. She had rather plain features and close cropped hair. But what most impressed me was her size. This was a big woman with broad shoulders and a very athletic build. She reminded me of Frankie though she didn’t seem to be that large.

“Hi...I’m Jane. My boyfriend and I just came to town to try and find jobs.” She extended her large hand to grasp mine in a hand shake. I could feel the power in her grip though she was making an attempt not to...hurt me?

“I’m Petra Randell. I...I just arrived here myself.” I felt comfortable with her for some reason. Maybe it was her confidence. “Would you like to come in?”

“Yeah...” She was so bright and cheerful, and energetic. “Sure. You’re the first person I’ve met other than that creep at the desk.” I giggled as she walked into the room. He was kinda creepy at that. “And this place is sooo weird. God! How do people live here?”

“Please...sit.” I motioned her toward the wooden chair by the small table. Jane sat and looked around the room.

“This is actually a little bit nicer than ours.”

“I wish I had something to offer you but...” I held my hands palm up. “...I literally just got in myself.”

“Where do you shop for stuff around here? Do you know anywhere to eat? We’re totally lost.”

“Well....yeah...I know a few places.”

“Oh listen....” She reached across and gently grasped my hand. I noticed her very muscular fore arms. She must be an athlete. “Would you mind if we tagged along when you go out? I mean we don’t want to intrude but if you didn’t mind the company...”

“Oh gosh yes! I would like that a lot.”

It was a creepy kind of neighborhood; especially on the weekends when the normal street traffic disappeared. The thought of some company on the street sounded very inviting. And she did seem very pleasant. What I hadn’t expected was her even larger boyfriend! He seemed like a young version of Mr. Stone or Mr. Davis.

I was amazed how the street people seemed to cower and fade into the surrounding greyness as we approached. It was kind of a giggle how they would sandwich me between them. I felt like a little person amongst the giants. Her boyfriend, John, was very quiet and only offered a word or two every so often.

However, Jane more than made up for his silent demeanor. She was a veritable chatterbox about everything and anything and I welcomed her endless stream of commentary. I took them to a nearby cafeteria and, after a bit of animated discussion, treated them to a meal of the simple fare offered.

They, in turn, came with me to a super drug mart where I was able to at least pick up a package of panties and a cheap cotton tee to sleep in and a few additional items to freshen up with. Both Jane and I also shopped for a few food items and stuff to drink. Thankfully John was available to carry most of the heavier items.

John brought their things back to their room and Jane came into mine to chat for a bit longer. She joined me on the bed and kicked off her flats. I sat with my feet curled beneath me and I hugged a pillow to my breasts.

“...and that’s our sad story. So we’re hoping to find work here and start again. I love the thought of living in the city and if John can get work in construction, and I can find something, then we do stand a chance. So...what brings you to this garden spot of hotels?”

I looked into those big innocent eyes and decided to give Jane the most sanitized and abbreviated version of what had happened; leaving out the murder suicide portion of the tale.

“OH my God!!! You’re...” Jane’s smile broadened as her eyes widened. “...gay???”

I had to giggle. That was the first time in over a year that word came up!!! I smiled shyly and reddened just a bit...and nodded as I lowered my eyes.

“Oh my God!!! I never met a lesbian before!!! Oh this is so exciting!!!”

OH my God!!! What planet do these two come from...Idaho???

“Well...” She reached out and touched my hand. “...it was probably the drug that caused you to over react so much. I sometimes get weird after a few beers. John’s used to it though. He slaps me across the back of my head when I get that way. No hard mind you. But I slap him back and then we wrestle around and then...” Now she blushed and giggled. “...well...making up is such a gas. You know???” I laughed.

Jane was so funny and animated that I couldn’t help but giggle. It felt good to chat mindlessly about mindless things and issues. I found it so interesting to hear about her relationship with John. They seemed to be such different people in terms of their personalities.

Anyway, she took up time that otherwise would have otherwise plagued me with its emptiness until I had to go to sleep. This was the first time I slept alone in more than a year and I was not looking forward to it. I had become sooo accustomed to our pre-sleep routines that I didn’t know how to really settle down.

I tossed and turned for several hours between the terrible bed and my terrible thoughts; all of which were about Martha...and Friday night’s events. My mind ran through adventure after adventure and moment after moment of daily life with her until I was sooo fatigued that I fell into a restless sleep punctuated by turning over to seek Martha out and waking briefly to not finding her. That was really quite frightening.

I awoke in a pool of perspiration brought about by a very vivid nightmare. Martha and I were walking hand in hand and I let go for only a moment...then she was gone. I couldn’t find her amidst a crowd and

I began to cry out her name. The rather stout knocking at my door was what woke me. I opened it to find both Jane and John filling the door way...and then some.

"You okay?" Jane appeared more than a bit worried. John poked his head in to look around.

"Yeah..." I leaned against the door, my forehead still beaded with perspiration. "...just a bad dream."

"Must have been a real winner! We heard you shouting through the wall! You sure you're alright?"

"Yeah, I'm okay." Well...not really, but... I knew what I needed to do. But I also needed a little more time. "Would you like to come in for a minute?"

Maybe I could simply use the company till I calmed a bit more. Jane looked up at John who nodded his head.

"Sure! Love to. We're early risers anyway." Her grin was infectious. She strode in as John excused himself and returned to their room. "Tell you what...want to get dressed and go out for some breakfast? Is there anywhere open this early?" She walked to the edge of the bed and sat down. She leaned across the bed and rested her head on her hand. "So...what was the dream?"

"Oh..." I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. I walked to the bed and joined her, mimicking her position. "...it was about her. We we're holding hands and suddenly I lost her and couldn't find her."

"Gee..." Jane chuckled and rolled her eyes. "...I wonder what that could mean." I chuckled with her.

"Yeah...yeah...I know...I know."

Jane was a true dream. She listened to me go on and on...yet again...about Martha. It got to the point where I was feeling embarrassed about my endless, almost mindless driveling. I finally tired and stared at Jane opened mouth for a moment before finally speaking.

"Yeah. Breakfast sounds great. I just need to wash and dress."

Jane remained on the bed whilst I washed and dressed in the tiny bathroom. I managed to put on a bit of a face with the few touch up cosmetics in my bag and my ever present hair brush and comb helped form my hair into some sort of shape for the day.

We breakfasted at the same cafeteria we dined at. Being open twenty-four-seven does have its advantages. Then Jane and I left John and went downtown to sightsee a bit and do the general tourist thing. She was very pleasant company; talking up a storm one moment and leaving me to my thoughts the next. This was what I needed; to be alone and yet not alone. It's hard to explain if you haven't been there yourself.

We finally returned in the late afternoon. I went to my room and, after taking her cell phone number, and John's, I laid down on the bed and closed my eyes for what I thought would be only a moment. I awoke several hours later.

I deference to my two neighbors, I agreed to go downtown for dinner with them. They wanted to take me somewhere in China Town for a 'feast'. John was quite animated on the cab ride down. I insisted on the cab with the idea of paying for the entire evening.

We went to a place of John's suggestion. As it turned out he could speak a little of whatever dialogue was being spoken and managed to order us a magnificent feast. But, to be totally honest, my mind was elsewhere. I truly wished that Martha could be here for this meal.

We'd eaten down here before and it was an evening not to forget. Martha was the feted guest of one of her personal accounts; a Chinese gentleman of huge wealth and extravagant tastes. He actually wanted to barter for me! Imagine that! The meal was in a restaurant that was down a dark alley and up a flight of wide steps. There was no sign I could see announcing its presence but once we entered the simple double door entrance, we were accosted by bright lights and extravagant décor and groveling service people including the manager.

Although our meal didn't even approach the level of that one, it did bring back the memory. I knew what I was going to do when we returned to the hotel. I would gather the very few things I had there and proceed directly home...to my Martha. That is if she still would have me.

I told my two new friends as much and they understood. Jane could see it in my eyes, or so she said. She was kind enough to assist me in gathering the few things I had. I put on my sweater and grabbed my purse and bag and we faced one another. We hugged each other and I hid a tear or two in her shoulder. She nearly crushed me with her strength.

"I really enjoyed meeting you Petra. And I really do hope you work this out with your...friend."

"Yeah. I do too." I felt another tear well up. "I want to thank you both so very much for...being here."

I found comfort in Jane's touch and embrace. I felt protected. And even though John wasn't the most talkative, his hulking hovering form casted a shadow of ease as we walked down the evening streets. I would sort of miss him as well. Both insisted on escorting me down to the street and they waited until I was into a cab and on my way.

A thousand thoughts crossed my mind as the cab made the trip uptown. The thoughts were mainly of Martha. Some were of our adventures and some were of our quiet times and some were of our...well...fucking. They were all good thoughts; exciting thoughts and I wanted to resume building a length of these thoughts, these memories, over our lifetime.

I wanted to repeat my vows to her in the manner I did for her birthday only I wanted only a select group; only those people who really meant something to the two of us. I wanted to be at her side, or even one step behind and to the right, forever. I loved her and didn't want to go through this life without her. I could only hope she felt the same about me. I truly didn't care because her mere attentions were enough for me.

Before I knew it, we were parked outside the townhouse. The usual night time lights were on including those in Martha's bedroom. I sat in the cab for a moment as the driver charge my credit card. I was so very anxious and nervous. How would she receive me, if at all?

As I exited the cab my stomach began to quaver with tension. I walked the few steps up to the landing on shaky legs. Before I could even reach to ring the door chime, the huge door swung open and I was greeted by Mr. Stone's stoic face. It was as if he knew I would be there.



“Good to see you...Pet.” He suddenly cracked a tiny smile. The right corner of his mouth shifted upward slightly...ever so slightly.

“Thank you Mr. Stone. She’s...?”

“Upstairs getting ready for bed...as usual. I guess you’d like to surprise her?” I nodded and grinned. “I think she’ll be glad to see you.”

That’s what I needed to hear. I smiled as I walked past him and I went up the stairs as silently as I could. I immediately went to the guest room and disrobed as quickly as I could. I glanced once in the bathroom mirror, ran my fingers through my hair trying to make myself a little bit more...presentable? I freshened my lipstick a bit and sprayed a quick shot of my scent on.

As I stood before her closed door I pondered whether I should knock or not. I wrung my fingers and brought them quickly to my face in deep thought. My scent waft into my nose and I smiled. I grasp the handle and smartly opened the door. I quickly walked the few paces to her bedroom door and entered as grandly as I knew how.

Martha, to say the least, was quite startled. She looked up and, upon seeing me, smiled. She looked a bit older as she sat with her shoulders hunched and her feet in the water. As I approached smiling from ear to ear, I thought I could see tear or tow well up in her eyes. I knelt down at the basin and slowly put my hands upon her feet, my eyes never leaving hers.

“So...what shall we speak about tonight?” I asked with just the edge of a giggle in my voice.

Martha, still silent, reached behind her and took out the blinders. She handed them to me. Then she reached behind her yet again and brought out a second pair. Still smiling, and with a tear starting to flow down her cheek, she put that one on. She cleared her throat and spoke.

“Let’s speak about...us.”

## ***Epilogue***

**“S**he filed a complaint against you with human resources.”

“Who???”

“Hanson.”

Martha’s voice was very ‘matter of fact’. I laid in her arms basking in the wonderful afterglow of post coital bliss. My head rested on her breast as she sat upright against the head board.

“Is that when you knew it was her?”

“No...” I could hear Martha take a deep breath and exhale. “I didn’t make the connection for a day or two. It was then I remembered that was precisely how I came to discover Emma. Hanson had complained about her as well.”

“What???” I hated to sound dumb but ‘what’ kept leaping into my mind.

“Hanson evidently discovered that Emma...who was Charles at the time...had traces of nail polish on her hands as well as the lingering scent of some perfume on her person. She felt that this was very distracting to her coworkers; and thus the complaint.”

“What about me?” I glanced up at Martha without moving my head. I was too comfortable and in spite of my interest in the story I didn’t want to move even a fraction of an inch.

“You?” Martha chuckled. “Evidently you are quite wise not to wear garter belts. At the very least you need a slip atop them...” Martha bowed her head and kissed the top of mine. “...or else they might print through.” She chuckled. “But what really peeked my curiosity was...and if you will follow me a minute and agree that nothing happens by chance...Emma had no enemies that could be thought of. The only complaint against her was from Hanson. And that only came to mind when Hanson complained about you.”

We lay quietly for several moments. Martha kept running her fingers through my hair as she gazed off, occasionally closing her eyes for a moment or two. I hugged her a bit more firmly and inhaled her natural fragrance. This felt so very good...so very normal.

“We could never find any solid evidence. We knew the only way to trap her was to wait. I never thought for a minute she would be so stupid as to go after you.” Martha’s voice waivered as she spoke. She wiped a tear from her eye and sniffled once or twice. She reached for a tissue on her night table and blew her nose. “I am so glad we were there to catch her.”

I threw my leg across Martha’s middle and sat up looking directly at her. Then I bend, put my arms around her and buried my face in her neck. My body against hers felt so very good; to feel her heart beat against my own. She tightened her arms around me. Tears began to come to my eyes as I whispered in her ear.

“I love you.”

“I know.”

**T**he final decree of divorce from Karen along with a check for one hundred and thirty five thousand dollars arrived. That was the amount, less Ms. Hartwell’s fees, agreed upon for my portion of the apartment and sundry fees for Karen’s schooling. I immediately gave the money to my mother to purchase a small house in the country. Martha augmented the sum though she was less than enthusiastic about having my mother so far from us.

**I** noticed as soon as I entered the closet. My hands went to my mouth and I dropped to my knees in shock. The tears began to flow as I looked to the rear of the closet. The three dresses that belonged to Emma, and the accessories, were gone. The ghost that had haunted me for more than a year had finally been exorcised and laid to rest.

**P**riya seemed to become the focal point of our time at home. Perhaps two weeks after the Hanson 'incident' Martha revealed the real reason for Priya's being in our home. I simply thought her to be a pregnant woman who Martha was helping out.

"She's carrying our children dear."

I coughed up my coffee and slapped my breast trying to recover my breath.

"What???!!!" I finally managed to croak. Martha looked up from her newspaper very matter of fact and smiled.

"Well...I certainly don't want to bear them and...well...you can't. So I found someone who could." She looked back down at her newspaper and then added without looking up. "For a price."

"What???!!!" I was totally stunned and in shock!!! "How could that be???"

"Well you surely didn't think Edith Weintraub was collecting your sperm specimens for her own private use, did you?" Martha chuckled. "She simply put some of them together with a few of my eggs and voila!!! Instant baby...just add a bit of mother." I was still stunned and attempting to digest what I had just been told. "Evidently there is one of each gender and in a few months' time...six or so to be more precise, we will be mothers."

I rushed out of my seat and to Martha. I embraced her crushing the paper between us. I kissed her face and neck and head and...lips. Oh my God!!! This was a dream come true!!!

**I** made my vows and oaths again to Martha. It was a small ceremony at the club with only two dozen or so people in attendance. Of course my mother was there and Marti and Drew and our usual crew of daily friends. Even Rose made the trip down from Boston to be with us. The ceremony was held on a Saturday night upstairs in one of the private rooms.

Everyone was attired so beautifully and elegantly that any one of them could have been the 'star' of this celebration. And indeed it was a true celebration in my mind. I actually sat down and wrote out all I wanted to say to Martha. And then I memorized it! This event was more important to me than my own wedding to what's-her-name.

Martha definitely sensed it and, in the final few days prior to it, had to deal with my...craziness. I think my excitement infected her because she more than arose to the occasion and had a special outfit sewn. It was a decidedly feminine tailored black tuxedo. She looked positively amazing! The ruffles of her silk and linen blouse were edged in powder blue lace and she wore a matching powder blue scarf that was pinned with a diamond-encrusted bar. The diamond studs adorned her blouse. She wore formal black patent slippers with gold buckles.

I was in a beautiful silk and lace ivory white shoulder less gown that clung to me perfectly. It ended just below my ankles to reveal the white satin pumps with three-inch heels; my limit height wise. This was one of the few times when I was perhaps an inch or so taller than Martha. Upon my head was a crown of baby's breath intermixed with the tiniest of various colored roses.

Drew placed the cushion on the floor that I knelt upon. On my knees, I grasped Martha's hands in mine and I began to recite all the things that were truly in my heart. I pledged myself to her always and made an oath to always serve her in any way she saw fit. It wasn't more than a few moments but it felt like a lifetime. I had tears in my eyes nearly the entire. I was so filled with wonderful loving emotions.

But Martha was not one to be outdone at anything by intention or otherwise. When I finished and kissed her hands, and before I could rise up, she knelt on one knee. She looked at me, her face simply beaming with emotion and...love...and she smiled gently and spoke so that all could hear.

"And I...dear Pet...will always care for you and keep you by my side. And you will forever be in my heart." She then kissed my hands, and then my lips. We stood to the applause of our guests. I don't think there was a dry eye in the room.

**S**ix and one half months to the day Oliver Russell Grey and Jane Gloria Grey entered the world. Oliver was Martha's father's given name. Jane was His mother's name and Gloria is my mother's name. Oh yes...while we're on the name thingy...Martha and I took out a license when the state law changed. I am now officially Petra Grey. And...best of all...I was able to breast feed my babies thanks to Martha's endeavors and Edith Weintraub's concoctions.

**S**am Stone and Gene Davis returned to their duties as Director of Security and Assistant Director of Security for Grey-Adams. They also took out a license and are now happily living together in the West Village.

**The End**