

Mourning Becomes Samantha, Part 3, Section 2

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Husband becomes the last piece of the puzzle -- and fits.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/mourning-becomes-samantha-part-3-1.aspx>

Mourning Becomes Samantha

Part 3, Section 2

By Captain Midnight

Suggested by *The Oresteia* by Aeschylus; title inspired by *Mourning Becomes Electra* by Eugene O'Neill

Category: Group Sex

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In the style of a Greek tragedy, a young woman overcomes a loss by finding a girlfriend and a boyfriend at the same time, while a young man copes with his loss by falling in love.

(Hitchcock shown outside the entrance doors to a cinema, from behind. *Psycho* shower scene music plays in the background, from inside the cinema; he waves his hands to the beat of the music.

Woman's high-pitched scream. Stops, takes a musician's pocket notebook and pencil from his inside tuxedo jacket pocket, marks a note.)

Not bad ... but the older lady at the 7:00 o'clock showing hit F above high C.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

I was just re-creating a scene from the biographical film about my making this little picture.

Actually there have been two biographical films in the last six months. The one for television deals with my relation to Miss 'Tippi' Hendren and makes me look and act rather like a toad in a business suit.

(Winces.)

Sponsors of today pay so much for so little. What a pity.

The part I was re-creating was from the cinematic treatment with Sir Anthony Hopkins as myself and Miss Helen Mirren as my dear wife Alma. Rather a good treatment, except my wife never did quite look like Miss Mirren.

*Then again,
no woman Miss Mirren's age looks quite like Miss Mirren.*

(From inside the theater: the soundtrack of Anthony Perkins yelling "Oh No! Mother! Blood!" A woman's scream. An attractive woman rushes out the doors in terror, sees Hitchcock in the lobby, screams at a still-higher pitch and rushes back *into* the theater. Hitchcock makes a note on his music pad.)

G above high C! a new record!

Oh yes. Since you are not inside the cinema with a ticket costing you this hour's wages -- or two hours' wages if you live in Texas -- nor at the concession stands paying a day's wages, you shall have to sit through these little snippets of utterly useless information for free.

THE STORY SO FAR ...

Samantha went from studying the Book of Daniel into the lions' den in one devastating moment, when both her parents were killed in an auto accident. She was left with an uncle and the uncle's wife, who put her "out of sight, out of mind" in a boarding school for teenage girls. Samantha, at age 15, was left totally adrift both in academics and in relationships. She started to break down mentally and suffer from panic attacks.

When Samantha was in her junior year, she acquired a roommate named Susan, a slightly younger

but much more experienced young woman who had great intelligence and great empathy. One night when Samantha lay huddled in her bed, terrified beyond all belief by a winter windstorm, Susan crossed the room and climbed into bed with her. Susan, who had had some lesbian experiences with other students, cradled Samantha and calmed her fear, but also caressed Samantha and touched her body, and asked Samantha to touch Susan's instead. Samantha was petrified, but eventually saw that Susan meant no harm and began to reciprocate the caresses. Slowly but surely, Susan taught Samantha the ways of love.

Samantha joined Lush Stories and wrote numerous blog posts talking about her life in recent years and what it was like to be an orphan with only one true friend. Jean, a middle-aged mother who had joined Lush several years earlier and had written some fantasy stories, quickly befriended Samantha.

Samantha proposed that she and Susan host Jean, who lived ten hours' drive from them in another state, for an eight-day Easter visit. Susan spoke with Jean on telephone calls, where the two women learned they had passions for learning and for being mother figures, and also met and became acquainted with Jean's son Jack, who became her first male friend ever.

While Jean was taking a shower in preparation for a get-acquainted dinner she would treat the girls to, she felt Samantha washing her back. Jean was surprised and touched by the little gesture that was far from little. Later that night after the dinner, the three women sat in the living room and talked. Susan stood, took the hands of Samantha and Jean, and led them into the master bedroom. The three women undressed and lay down, Jean watching as Samantha and Susan kissed and caressed each other. Jean caressed herself, yearning to be part of the group.

Samantha pulled herself up, crawled over to Jean and gently and firmly went down on her close friend and new lover. Samantha's tongue, fingers and nose hit all the right spots in Jean's sexually sensitive areas, and soon Jean went over like only an experienced lover can. The three brought each other over the top until they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Michael and Jean set up a plan for the girls to spend a two-weeks' vacation holiday, centered around Samantha's birthday, at Michael and Jean's rather palatial estate. Jean, knowing the "girls" had had few vacation trips or opportunities to see the country, planned multiple day trips to climb mountains; go to wine country; ride horses around the property, play tennis and golf; meet and befriend the neighbors, and in the dark of night make even more love.

As Jean was leaving, she made one request of the two girls.

"Both of you, get on birth control."

To which, Susan and Samantha looked at each other and mouthed the equivalent of "Say what?"
Actually, I think it was the spelled-out version of "W ... T .. **F????**"

Michael said -- and would continue to say -- that he had no interest in a FMF or FFMF group sex get-together. He was OK with lying in bed while, down the hall, she and her girlfriends made sweet love together. That was just as well because Susan wasn't interested in making love to Michael.

There was, however, another male in the family.

Jean's son Jack WAS married, and had been for over two years. And he did have a child, a daughter named Autumn, on whom he doted. However, his wife bore a close resemblance to a certain Lush author whose stories get more bizarre with each reading. Not in imagination. In temperament.

Kara was the most hypercritical woman this side of -- oh, sorry, I don't dare name her. Jack extended everything he had and was never good enough. He took, as often as possible, to going over to his parents' house on a Saturday by himself, to take refuge.

It was a disaster waiting to happen. Jean decided to steer it to her girlfriends' advantage.

On the night the girls arrived, Michael hosted a welcoming party and made sure that Jack, Kara and little Amber were invited. Everybody in the household knew how to cook and cook well (Susan and Samantha would take their turns in the kitchen and live up to the family standards), so they had a very nice supper and then a nice living-room chat.

As the time grew nigh for Jack and family to head back home, he went into the kitchen to help clean up his plate and asked Susan to bring in some other plates as well. He only took long enough to clean the remains off his plate and get it in the dishwasher, and to help Susan with her stack. But, in the few seconds after his plate was safely stacked, he looked Susan in the eyes, took her hand, pulled her to him and kissed her. She took the kiss and returned it with a great deal of enjoyment. She *truly* liked this man. They quickly broke it off as they heard Kara's footsteps -- she was coming into the kitchen to clean her own plate -- but there was no question that they would meet again.

Over the next several days, Jean spent the days taking the girls on day trips and the nights making love with them -- and showing them what it was like to be with a man. Oh my, she had a lot to show and tell them.

Like mothers everywhere, Jean had caught Jack in the act of self-pleasure and had observed him in the, er, throes. She had had more than the cursory "The Talk" that parents seem to find horribly uncomfortable and teenagers seem to find utterly unenlightening. She had talked to him a lot about

what men felt and what women felt, and how the twain often did not meet. She (and Michael) had been forthright about their sex life and how they had learned to truly make love instead of just fuck and suck and all that jazz.

Jean determined to show the girls how to make love to a man. She showed them her and Michael's favorite positions: doggy, ostrich (doggy with her upper torso lying on the bed), missionary, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, and belly to back on their sides. She brought out her toys and showed them what Michael's erection looked like, and also what she had seen of Jack's as he grew up and had girlfriends.

The time came late in the first week, just before Samantha's birthday. That morning, Jean showed up early wearing a nightgown and robe. She explained that she had seen Michael and Ella off, and that she would go to pick up Ella at lunchtime to do some shopping for the birthday girl, whom Ella regarded as a big sister. She doffed the robe and the gown, but carefully hung them up on a hook as she climbed in the bed with her girlfriends.

Jack was taking an early lunch hour and would be over before long. He had a key to the front door. Jean kissed her girlfriends. Then she led the girls by the hands and set them on the couch and chair in the front room. She waved a cheerful goodbye and shut the door.

Jack walked in, shut the door without a word, and kissed each girl. He kissed Samantha on the nose, which made her blush, and Susan on the lips. He took each of them in one arm and gave them a group hug. Then he looked at them, in night clothes he knew were his mom's, and knew why she had asked them to wear them.

The lunch "hour" took 150 minutes, as Jack made love to the girls in every way he could imagine. At the end, he asked them to go down on him. Samantha gagged on his semen, but Susan seemed to enjoy it.

A few days later, Jack met Susan alone on another lunch hour. They made one-on-one love until both went over the top. That's when Kara, who had called Jack's workplace and had been told he was at his parents' house, let herself into the house and into Jack's bedroom.

In flagrante delicto.

Caught in the act.

Fucked.

Kara dismantled part of the bedroom before she took off. She gathered her baby and drove home to mother. From there, she filed a divorce petition and demanded wallet-stretching child support. Jack

gave up his and Kara's house and moved in with his parents to make ends meet. With nothing to lose, he and Susan spent the last two nights of her visit sleeping together.

Did Samantha spend those two nights sleeping alone? Hardly. Jean asked for and got permission from Michael to spend the night with Samantha. A memorable night it was too. Jean had learned erotic massage skills in her lifetime and she gave her girlfriend a massage to remember.

No, no, no, Michael had said when his loving (yes, really) wife Jean approached him about a MFF threesome. She had Samantha and Susan, and they had each other. He had her. They had been married for 27 years and she had been his girlfriend; his companion; his family raiser (no, I was NOT going to say baby mama), his homemaker (OK, yes, she did that); his companion throughout the military and civilian life; his gracious greeter of the wealthy and powerful (he knew a lot of people) -- and his lover, all in one person. As the actor Paul Newman famously said of HIS wife Joanne Woodward: "Why go out for hamburgers when you can have steak at home?"

I doubt VERY much that Woodward told Newman he could have a double portion of "steak" for the asking. I doubt if Jean put it in quite those terms when she approached Michael about having Samantha spend the last two nights of her visit in their bed with them. What she undoubtedly DID do was point out that Samantha would either spend those nights alone -- Samantha didn't want to break in on the blossoming romance between Susan and Jack -- or she could spend it with Jean alone. Michael chose the latter course and blessed his wife as she made one-to-one love with her girlfriend.

There was a motivation behind Jean's actions -- pride. Not pride in herself. Pride in her husband. She had an idea that Michael, having learned the arts and crafts of loving with her for 27 years, might prove to be the kind of man Samantha really could relate to. I don't know what Jean knew about Samantha's first time with Jack, but the sequel -- Jack falling in love with Susan while Samantha was still in love with her -- was hardly in Samantha's best interests.

Thus things stood as the "girls" prepared for a ten-hour drive back to their adopted hometown, a resort location where they worked as waitresses. There was a lot of sadness in the air. Jean, for good reason, was saddest of all; Jack wasn't far behind. It's not every day that a man loses his wife and his daughter in one fell swoop, and then realizes he was helplessly in love with a woman not his wife. Jean was saying goodbye to her two best friends other than her husband, and mourning the departure of her granddaughter. The divorce would take a good two years to work its way through the state court system, given the laws about trying everything to effect a reconciliation.

Still, Jean figured, it was nice while it lasted.

Two months later. Friday night.

Jean was checking out a story site on the computer. Michael was out in the back yard looking at the stars. Jack, who now lived with his parents, was gone on some vaguely defined "date." Ella was in her room.

The doorbell rang.

Jean was casually dressed -- somewhat appropriate to the site she was browsing. Still, she made herself presentable rather quickly and hurried to the entryway. The family usually didn't host friends over in the evenings, but businessman Michael sometimes got drop-bys from his associates if there was a good reason -- a sale item for his store that wasn't advertised online, or a tennis buddy of either parent stopping by for a quick hello and to set up a match. Michael and Jean, although they were fairly well-known in town, weren't so prominent as to have to discourage visitors.

Darn good thing, too.

Jean opened the front door and opened her eyes and her mouth and her arms as wide as they could go. Truth to tell, if it had been ladylike enough, she would have opened her legs just as wide, all for the purpose of wrapping them around people -- but time enough for that later, she had two young ladies to embrace and kiss and gush over right there on the doorstep.

A pace behind stood Jack, grinning like the cat who swiped his pet human's barbecue sandwich and got away with it. The sound of Jean's shriek of joy -- and a peek from the edge of the fence -- brought Michael bustling into the front room.

For once -- *for once* -- in his life, Michael had gone behind his wife's back. Though he wasn't the city super-celebrity, he knew people who knew people who *knew* people. That non sequitur will be explained in a moment.

Through process of inquiry of his son, Michael knew that Jack had managed to save up money for back-and-forth airfare for both Samantha and Susan to come in on the night flight. Through process of inquiry of his peers, Michael had learned of job situations coming open at the local post office. Through process of inquiry of the post office, Michael had arranged for each of the girls to get an interview for a pair of clerkship jobs. Through process of inquiry into human nature fueled by observations of everyone from buck private to major general, Michael had learned the exact methods of training a person to interview for a job and for that person to be most impressive.

Put those together and it meant that Michael would deliver unto the Post Office two highly intelligent workers who could be trained with minimal fuss, while delivering those workers the skills necessary to impress even those who knew one of those workers was his son's girlfriend (and the other was his wife's), and delivering unto his son and his wife a Christmas present in August.

The girls had obtained four days' leave from their witnessing jobs. They were going to spend their nights in the spare bedroom, making love to Jack, Jean and one another. During the waking hours, though, they were to be Michael's pupils as he worked his job-coaching magic on them. If they got the jobs, they could move into the house permanently, as close family friends who were "respectable."

There was no doubt to either of the girls that being a postal clerk was a much better job than being a waitress at a resort, especially when drunken males were likely to hit on either or both of them. Furthermore, in the resort town they had only each other as friends. As residents of the home, they would have four instant close friends in Michael, Jean, Jack and Ella. Those friends had friends of their own and the girls would have a circle of true boyfriends and girlfriends, as well as people who liked them as nice young women who obviously deserved respect. Not to mention that Susan and Jack could openly be girlfriend and boyfriend, which was a big thing considering they had fallen in love with astonishing speed.

Both of them got the jobs.

One day remained on the visit before Samantha and Susan headed back to their old place to wind up their affairs and prepare for the big move, which would occur at the beginning of the next quarter of the year. They all had a celebratory dinner. Michael, who had not publicized his wife's visit to the girls or theirs to her, now could explain that his son's girlfriend had gotten a job and was moving into their house with him, and that her old roommate, who had come along to keep her company, had tested alongside her at the post office and passed, so she would come and move into a spare bedroom. As it turned out, Samantha was also a good shop assistant for Michael's store, and worked there in her spare time after the move. The girls would be part of the community, perhaps the first time they had felt at home in five years or more.

Then came that night. Susan and Jack, who had moved into his old room, went off merrily to bed. That left Samantha, Jean and Michael. All this time, Michael had declined to be with a woman other than Jean (for the Paul Newman reason), but Jean pointed out that Samantha had not slept alone in four years and now was NOT the time for her to start. Besides, Michael had never seen Jean with a woman (by choice), and Jean wanted to show him how exciting it could be.

Whatever persuasion Jean used on Michael, it worked out. That night, Samantha accompanied Jean and Michael into their master bedroom.

Jean and Samantha began making out while Michael watched. It was certainly a male fantasy to watch two women kissing out of love, with more to come, and he certainly got aroused. Eventually he got off the bed, took off what clothing he had on, and watched the two women undress each other.

Michael had never seen Samantha without a full set of clothes on. He didn't think anybody could compare to Jean, who looked astonishingly beautiful with or without clothes, and Lord knows he had seen enough of her in both situations.

He changed his mind as more and more of Samantha became visible to his eyes, and to other parts of his body. The fact was, Samantha had always thought of herself as the ugly duckling in her and Susan's relationship. She had freckles that tended to intensify under the sun. Her nose seemed too big. Her hair was vulnerable to the sun and changed from mousy brunette (or so she thought it) to mild blonde, a half measure between strongly brunette Jean and full-on blonde Susan. Her eyes seemed too big for her face. We're not talking about the rest of her body because, for a long time, she had never displayed it to anybody -- only to Susan and later to Jean and most recently to Jack, in each case with Susan present as protector and, well, model.

News flash.

Samantha's smile and eager-to-please personality did a lot to make her beautiful on the inside. And now, making love to someone away from Susan for the first time, she found out how she really looked on the outside.

"Oh, my God, you're BEAUTIFUL!" Michael let the words fly out. Samantha looked at him with astonishment. Jean took the opportunity to move in behind Samantha and hug her, and kiss her in a manner that said she fully agreed. Michael lay down on the bed facing Samantha, and caressed her top to toe with his eyes. This was followed by him caressing her face with his fingers while Jean continued to kiss Samantha.

It doesn't take much imagination to figure out how turned on the three people became. Jean began to kiss down Samantha's body while Michael continued to caress his wife's girlfriend and look her in the eyes. Samantha looked back at him for a while, until her attention was diverted. Jean, taking full advantage of the size of the bed, had scooted down until she could put her knees on the bed, raise her hips and thighs up into a half-kneeling position, and slide her hands gently under Samantha's pelvis to lift it into place for her tongue to work over Samantha's vulva and points beyond.

Samantha's womanhood was not only beautiful, it was VERY distinctive. Nature had blessed her with labia majora and labia minora that were unusually large and formed a remarkable sight even when

they were closed. If someone opened the outer lips, with a finger or tongue or Samantha herself through sheer arousal, the color scheme varied from dark pink to light pink to dark pink again, making the flesh between the vaginal opening and the clitoris a beautiful shade which varied according to her arousal. When Samantha was fully aroused, she blossomed like a fully-shaded rose. And Jean, having been on the most intimate terms with her girlfriend's womanhood, knew just how to bring Samantha from mildly aroused to quivering with desire. For Michael's benefit, that's just what she did. She worked her tongue magic on the outer lips, also taking the fleshy lips in her mouth and sucking and gently nipping on them until they blossomed.

Michael let Samantha go for now. He had seen those raised hips on many an occasion and knew just what his wife was preparing for him. As he knelt between Jean's calves, he could see right up her back to her head, which was nestled between Samantha's hips. He could see the rest of Samantha flushing and showing signs of ecstasy as her girlfriend licked and kissed on her. Meanwhile, Jean's hips and pelvis were lined up in just the position for him to run his shaft over, around and finally into her very-well-attuned vaginal opening. He continued to speak his mind with words while his cock spoke its own language.

The thrusts, as hoped, rocked Jean back and forth. One moment her face was mashed into Samantha's crotch and penetrating her; the next, she was back a little and licking the inner thigh and the flesh north, south, east and west of her vaginal opening. Jean got into the rhythm, and on every downward and forward thrust she would find a new place to lick until she had thoroughly coated her girlfriend's womanhood in saliva and her own juices, and was figuratively stirring it into a nectar.

Michael, behind her, was having the time of his life. He was watching his wife make love to her girlfriend, and watching the girlfriend REALLY enjoy it. Samantha seemed to get prettier and prettier as she felt her girlfriend make love to her. Jean, meanwhile, was making love with her pelvis and her mouth and all the organs within. She was meeting Michael's thrusts and adding return strokes of her own. She knew something about Michael that Samantha didn't know, but would find out directly.

Jean hit her plateau quite easily. She would stay aroused and go into orgasmic peaks frequently until the lovemaking session finally ended. But she didn't want it to end with just her. She knew where to bring Samantha -- and what would happen next.

Thus, Jean pulled away from Michael and Samantha, crawled beside the younger woman and urged that they switch places. With a lot of kissing and endearments, she positioned Samantha in a kneeling position right in front of Michael and his still-engaged shaft. She encouraged Samantha to look around and see her new lover as he showed off the organ that had just recently been inside his wife's body, as for the first time in forever he slipped it inside the core of another woman.

Thus too, Samantha saw the truly astonished expression on Michael's face as his shaft penetrated her vagina. And then she saw his hands coming over to clasp around her chest, and then she saw his face coming down to give her a whole-hearted kiss.

"Oh, my God, you are so TIGHT!" Michael breathed into Samantha's mouth. He pushed into and out of her saturated core with his organ, and his tongue pushed in and out of her mouth.

Well, what did he expect from a near-virginal vagina? Michael, as Samantha later confirmed, was not as big as his son, but maybe his son was spoiled on various girlfriends and had forgotten the finer qualities of lovemaking. Michael, on the other hand, had been with Jean for a good half of his life (he was 55) and had learned much from the marriage. One thing was to shower a lady with compliments, especially if they were true. Another was to be caring and considerate, mindful of the lady's feelings. A third was the fact that his cock could still stand up and salute a beautiful pussy offered to him with no conditions.

Michael had another thing going for him as well. He had learned the art of getting hard and staying hard, even when his lover's pussy spasmed around him. No quick shoot-offs for this gentleman. He could and did match Samantha stroke for stroke, taking her to the plateau where every little new thing could bring on an orgasm for her. He stayed long and he stayed hard for an astonishing amount of time as Samantha wriggled under him, and with his wife shared the kindest of endearments to her.

When Michael finally came, Samantha was so hot that his limited amount of semen felt like liquid fire in her pussy. Fortunately, Jean's tongue was available to bathe it. Samantha had been eating Jean during much of her first fuck, and now Jean would repay the favor.

Two rather happy young women left the next day, finishing up their waitressing jobs and preparing for the new jobs and lifestyles. They could hardly wait!

After the girls got settled into their new (and rather palatial) digs, Susan and Jack lived together in his old room. Jean and Michael had a king-sized bed and plenty of room, and both equally enjoyed Samantha as a bed partner. Six nights a week, Samantha slept with Jean and Michael together. Quite often, she would be in the center of a double spoon, with Jean hugging her as if she were a baby in the womb.

One day, when Samantha and Jean were out at the stables preparing for horseback riding (which both enjoyed), Samantha shyly asked Jean if she could call her "Mum," her pet name for her own mother. Instant agreement was forthcoming. As much as Samantha loved her girlfriends, she deeply

wished for a mother figure and Jean was that person.

Things were a bit different with Michael. One time when Jean's time of the month came around, Samantha left their bed for an hour to chat with this author.

Samantha came back and talked of the nice chat. Jean then got up, padded into the computer room and spoke with this author for *two* hours. She noted wryly that she was hearing cries of ecstasy from Jean as her husband made love to him. Jean peeked back into the bedroom at the end of the chat and saw older man and younger woman asleep in each other's arms like boyfriend and girlfriend. She smiled and spent the night in the spare bedroom.

One night a week, Samantha slept with Jack and Susan. Quite often those nights were also spent in lovemaking sessions, either two-way or three-way. Jack would cum in them on or on them, as circumstances dictated, and watch the girls put on their own finely honed brand of lovemaking.

Still, there was no question about Jack and Susan's relationship. They were most definitely boyfriend and girlfriend, and intended to get married soon after Jack's divorce was finalized, which under state law would be two years down the road. Susan had early on decided she didn't want to sleep with a father and son, which became quite understandable as time went on and she fell more and more in love with the son. She also had an interest of her own.

The courts had heard out the story of the breakup and had rendered what seemed like a Solomnic decision, literally. Jack and Kara would have joint custody of little Autumn -- each parent getting her for two full weeks. That meant Susan was a stepmother and mother figure in all but name. (Indeed, Autumn, who was still nursing, would sometimes try to suckle Susan's breast as well as that of her grandmother Jean.) Susan did not know how long the joint custody agreement would last -- whether it would end when the divorce was final -- but while it did, she would be a mother to the toddler -- feeding her, changing her, teaching her the alphabet and more as time progressed. Two years is a long time and Susan knew how Autumn would regard her by the end of that spell.

With Jack and Susan also working full-time jobs, Jean -- the only adult in the house who could be around the house all the time -- became a mother figure all over again, this time to her granddaughter. In fact, one of the first fortnights Autumn stayed with her dad, he and Susan had already made arrangements to go visit her parents. Jean and Michael had made plans for a vacation too (it was the Christmas/New Year's holiday), so they took all three "girls" with them. They rented two hotel rooms side by side. Jean, her daughter and her granddaughter occupied one. Samantha and Michael occupied the other.

As time went on, indeed, Michael became Samantha's first boyfriend. She loved him and he loved her back. Once, Jean remembered, the adults went to their hot tub (Jack was away on business so he

didn't get the privilege). Afterwards, Jean and Susan went into the house to do the dishes from the evening meal. Samantha, who was normally very conscientious about such things, did not show up. After a while, Jean and Susan looked at each other with knowing raised eyebrows. Al fresco sex under the stars? Check.

Jean had plenty to compensate her, though. Michael might have been a middle-aged man by the calendar, but he was something very different in his mind. He seemed to Jean to be the 27-year-old young man whom she had wed, with the energy and spirit to match. On nights when he could make love to both women, he satisfied them thoroughly. On nights when one had him all to herself, she had a DIVINE time.

Furthermore, Samantha was becoming a steadily better lover to both her boyfriend and her "mum." She even would go down on Jean just after Michael had shot his load inside his wife's vagina and clean it all out with her tongue. She STILL didn't like the taste of semen and never would, but she didn't have to keep it in her mouth for long. As soon as Samantha had given Jean a tongue bath and cleaned her all up, The two women shared a deep soul kiss, where Jean slurped Michael's load from Samantha's mouth and delightedly swallowed it, a practice called "snowballing" in which she had never indulged before.

There were other nice things, too. A few times, Jean and Susan managed to go one-on-one. Let's just say Jean and Susan were evenly matched in their sexual appetites. Whatever one could do, the other could return in kind. Susan also had a bit of a kinky side, involving anal play and the practice of lowering herself onto Jean's mouth and riding it for a good 15 minutes until Jean's neck tired -- and the women had switched places.

Life was pretty darned good.

You needn't sit there staring.

That's all there is. There isn't any more -- for now.

Oh, well, there is one thing.

People have sometimes been so rude why I chose to end my show when it appeared to be still going strong.

There were a number of reasons.

Going to an hour show, that meant I could no longer have just one sponsor. The little darlings queued up to buy 30 seconds here, 30 seconds there, until the profusion of sponsors gave me a headache. Not that I minded the extra money, but I had to count the incoming revenue coin by coin. What artist truly likes that unless he is ... well, I get away from that point.

Another speculation is that the hour shows were more than twice as hard to produce by my standards. That has some validity. Every show I have done is based on a literary work, with some sweetening on the part of my screenwriters and myself. There are only so many stories of sufficient length to fill an hour, something producers are painfully learning. Thus they throw everything save the kitchen sink into the hour and hope some story enthralls the audience.

*The final speculation is that my wage slave -- oh, I'm sorry, my speechwriter -- had passed away. When I look at the "trailer" for *The Birds*, which he wrote, and for *Frenzy*, which he did not, I flinch from beyond the grave and understand.*

*However, I must confess Alas! His contract with me ended and he was offered the head writer on a comedy series about *Prisoners of War* running their own camp in Nazi Germany. The one with the star who was even more twisted than I was. I should have liked to make his biography! But the writer set about doing his duty.*

Until one night when he had some spare time, and sat down and actually watched the show. They found him the next morning, having cried into his pillow until he choked to death.

Until I come up with a new chapter for this story ... good night.