

# Pick Up the Spare

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*A Valentine's Day kindness turns into a perfect strike*

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David sat back and stretched, enjoying his time off. He'd always taken this week off because of Valentine's Day and his anniversary, even though it eventually didn't help to keep his marriage intact. After the divorce, he'd just kept up the tradition because it was part of the way he balanced his vacation weeks. A scowl crossed his face when the door downstairs slammed shut. David looked out the window to see his son climb into the car. He'd converted the basement into an apartment when Greg turned sixteen and decided to move in, after living with his mother since the divorce. David had thought that giving him his own space might lead him toward independence, but it had the opposite effect. Need to start charging the boy rent or something to straighten him out, David thought. Might keep him from wasting all his money on beer and that car. He levered up out of his chair as the car roared to life and pulled out of the driveway. Speaking of beer... Fortunately, his son either hadn't found the six-pack of beer, or had learned not to take any when it rarely appeared in the refrigerator upstairs. David didn't mind his son drinking, but the boy often drank to excess, and sometimes drove afterward. David shook his head and sat down, flipping through the channels until he found a bowling tournament to watch. The knock on the door surprised him, as most everyone he knew was at work. Wondering who it could be – and hoping it wasn't one of his son's annoying friends who didn't know about the door downstairs – David answered the door. A smile spread across his face when he saw Greg's girlfriend. She was one of the only wise decisions that the boy had ever made. Not only was she attractive and outgoing, but she was also going to school for a nursing career. "Well, hello Katrina. What can I do for you?" "Hey, Mr. Marsh." She paused and corrected her mistake, which he'd always insisted upon. "David." She looked down for a moment, and then asked, "I was wondering if you could call my cell when something shows up. I had it shipped here." "Well, sure. Greg can be a bit unreliable at times, I know." Katrina sighed and said, "He broke up with me last night." "What? Two days before Valentine's? Ah, sweetheart, I'm sorry." "It's okay. Things weren't going well, and I was thinking that I might have to break it off." She let out a deep sigh and added, "Everyone will know when I don't get flowers tomorrow." "Give me your number, and I'll keep an eye out for that package." Katrina had already written it down, and handed him the slip of paper. "Thanks." "Not a problem. Greg

doesn't know what he's doing. You're the best thing that ever happened to him." Katrina blushed a little and said, "Thank you. I'm going to miss your cook-outs." "I'm going to miss having you around, too." He waved the piece of paper and said, "I'll call as soon as it shows up." "Thanks again. Bye." "Bye." As David shut the door, he couldn't help but glance at her perfect ass swaying as she walked to her car. That boy of mine is an idiot, he thought as he returned to his chair. \*\*\*\* "So are we going to bowl a few frames tonight?" David asked his friend on the phone. "Sure. I'm at the wife's shop helping her where I can. I'm starting to get in the way now, though." David laughed when he could hear in the background, "Yes, you are!" "Want me to pick you up there?" "That will work. I'll be by the front door." "See you in a few," David said, and then hung up the phone to fetch his bowling bag. A few minutes later, Carl stepped out the door when David walked up. A call from inside sounded before they could leave, however. "Could you bring us one more box of vases before you go?" "Okay, honey." "I'll give you a hand," David offered. He could immediately tell why anyone who didn't fit into the controlled chaos within the flower shop would be in the way. Once he helped his friend put down the case of vases, the sight of all the flowers got him thinking. He turned to Carl's wife and asked, "Is there any chance you could do something for me – last minute?" She narrowed her eyes and wiped sweat from her brow, but then shrugged and said, "I suppose." "My son broke it off with his girlfriend, and she seemed really upset that everyone would know about it when she didn't get flowers for Valentine's." "Aww – and you want to spare her for a while?" She then turned to her husband and pointed at David. "Are you paying attention?" She shifted her gaze back to David and said, "Just tell me where to send it. From a secret admirer?" David waved his hand in a dismissive gesture, "Just Happy Valentine's Day ." "She's going to think that anyway, so you may as well have signed it that way." She pushed an order pad in front of him. "Write down the name and address, and then both of you get out of the way. You can pay me later, once I know what I can put together." David wrote Katrina's name and her mother's address down, assuming that she would return there after the breakup. The gesture made David feel buoyant, and he bowled his best game in months. \*\*\*\* The next morning, David found a note from his son that said he would be gone for a few days, with no explanation why. He just shook his head, the note yet another reminder that he needed to have a long talk with his son and set some new ground rules. Only an hour or so later, a knock on the door announced the arrival of Katrina's package. David had to sign several extra forms, because the package had been opened along the way somewhere. The forms would allow Katrina to make claims if anything was damaged or missing from the package. Once he finally acquired the box and stack of papers, David could hardly miss what he saw beneath the torn paper in the open package. A naked woman is a little hard to ignore. He knew that he shouldn't, but he lifted the flap a little higher to see the title of the DVD. It read Homegrown Lesbians – amateur laplickers in action . David's eyebrows rose as he wondered why Katrina had ordered the video. Curiosity continued to get the better of him, and he lifted the video to find another lesbian video beneath. Below that, he saw a box containing a vibrator, and pink, lacy cloth wrapped in clear cellophane. David put the box down and shook his head, trying to chase away the thoughts of Katrina using a vibrator – quite possibly while watching lesbian videos. He put the claim papers on top of the box to hide what was beneath, and tried to relax

to relieve the pressure of his cock swelling. He had no idea how he was going to hand the beautiful young brunette the box without blushing as bright red as a stop sign. Even if he hadn't peeked deeper inside, the plainly visible video on top was more than enough to raise questions in his head. Despite his attempts to push the thoughts out of his head, he was still imagining Katrina lying in front of a television, watching women pleasuring each other while she took care of her own needs with the vibrator, when another knock sounded on the door. David started from the sound, and realized that he was rock hard. Somewhere between the embarrassment and thinking the least arousing thoughts he could summon up, he'd softened to the point where he felt safe to answer the door on the third knock. Seeing Katrina when he opened the door forced him to redouble his mental fight. "Thank you. You're too sweet," she said as soon as he opened the door. "What do you mean?" "You're not the only one who has a friend at the flower shop. She told me that you were the one who sent me the flowers. I was all set to be miserably depressed, and you went and brightened my day." "You're welcome," David said, his ears burning with shame. Now, on top of his completely improper thoughts, she'd caught him in another embarrassing situation. Katrina leaned a little to the side and asked, "Is that a bowling bag? Do you bowl?" David turned around and stared at the bag, too embarrassed at first for the questions to register on his brain. Finally, he caught up and answered, "Yes, I bowl." "I tried to get Greg to take me a dozen times. He wouldn't have anything to do with it. Are you in a league?" "No, I just play with friends when we have the time." "I haven't been in ages." She paused, and pointed over her shoulder. "You wouldn't want to go, would you? I could really use a distraction, today of all days." "Sure," David replied, surprised by his own answer. He'd certainly thought about ways to beg off without seeming rude, but a completely different response had tumbled from his lips unbidden. "I'll just get my ball," he said to cover his shock, and knew he was committed. Make the best of it. Bowl a few frames, keep it under control and come home. David managed to do just that, despite more than a few tempting situations where Katrina bent over the ball return, or bounced in celebration of a good frame. By the time that he and Katrina had bowled two games, he could handle her proximity without having the distinct dirty old man feeling that had started from the moment that her package had arrived. "That was so much fun," Katrina said as they pulled back into the driveway. She then looked at the porch and said, "I expected my package yesterday. I can't believe it isn't here yet. At least I don't need it today, anymore." David knew that he had to bite the bullet. He felt as comfortable as he suspected that he ever would, so he said, "Actually, it showed up just before you did. I completely forgot about it." "Oh good. I spent a lot of money, and I wasn't looking forward to the fight if it didn't show up." "I'll get it for you. Come on in." As the pair walked toward the front door, David explained, "The package was opened somewhere along the way. There are a bunch of claim forms with it in case anything is broken or missing." "That's probably why it was late," Katrina said with a sigh. David unlocked the door and gestured to the package. "Here it is. All the forms are on top." Katrina picked up the papers and flipped through them before looking down at the package. Her face turned bright red when she could see the DVD through the open box, just as David had a few hours earlier. "It's none of my business, and I'm not judging you for anything," David quickly said, the sight of her shame prompting him to say something. "Thanks," Katrina said. "I guess you did see it,

huh?” She folded the lid of the box closed and added, “If Greg took after you, things might have been different.” “As much as I hate to say it, you’re probably better off. I’ve made a lot of mistakes with him.” “He makes his own mistakes,” Katrina argued. Her sad expression changed as she looked up from the box and turned toward David. An angelic smile spread across her face and she said, “You know, this is probably one of the best Valentine’s I’ve ever had.” “Well – uhm – glad I could help make up for what Greg did,” David responded, feeling a little uncomfortable under her gaze. There was something both disturbing and enticing in her deep, brown eyes. “You did more than that,” Katrina said while turning toward him. “I feel good – appreciated.” She shifted her weight from one foot to the other and tilted her head a little. David felt blood rushing to his nether regions from the sweet, attractive display. “I haven’t really felt that way in a long time,” Katrina continued as she crossed the room toward him. “Well, you’re welcome,” David finally responded, realizing that he was standing there silently admiring the way she moved as she walked toward him. “I wish there was some way I could return the favor,” Katrina said as she reached him, her eyes locked with his. Her lips remained slightly parted as she looked up at him, her breathing heavy, causing her firm, young breasts to rise and fall hypnotically in his peripheral vision. “I just...” Whatever David had started to say evaporated from his mind in an instant when Katrina’s hand curled around his waist. His brain completely froze up as she rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips to his. David hesitated for only a fraction of a second before her soft lips and the scent of her perfume overwhelmed him. He kissed her back, matching her soft, sensual approach, in complete disbelief that it was really happening. Katrina let out a high-pitched sigh of satisfaction as their lips parted. She looked up at him with undeniable attraction, sending chills running through him. “Katrina, this isn’t...” “Oh,” she breathed with a hint of surprise as her fingers moved from his side to his swelling erection, cutting off what he’d planned to say and changing it into a groan that he couldn’t hold back. Katrina panted as she traced the contours of his cock, culminating in a gasp when her fingertips glided over the tip. David knew he should be stepping away – telling her to stop – but he could neither move, nor speak. She looked down to unhook the button on his jeans, and slowly pulled down the zipper. A quiet moan escaped her as the zipper parted to reveal the outline of him beneath his boxers. She tugged down on his waistband a moment later and said, “It’s gorgeous.” David groaned again as she wrapped her fingers around him. She looked back up at him when he opened his eyes and asked, “Does that feel good?” “Oh yes.” Katrina tugged his pants down farther, until she had completely revealed him. With that, she looked up into his eyes and sank down to her knees. Without losing eye contact, she leaned in to kiss the tip, causing it to twitch away from her lips. “My god, Katrina,” David said as she took him in her mouth. He’d never felt anything so hot or soft as her lips and tongue caressing him. She took him slow, and deep, moaning around him, causing his muscles to twitch from the unbelievable pleasure she gave him. Katrina wrapped one hand around the bottom of his shaft and cupped his balls in the other. Her head bobbed faster, causing her luxurious, dark brown hair to bounce. His hands came to rest on her shoulders, helping to support his already weak knees. It had been far too long, and David knew that he was going to explode after only a few more quick sucks. He tried to fight it, but he knew that the battle was over before he’d even formed a plan of attack. “K-katrina,” he said as he pushed on her

shoulders. Katrina groaned around him as she resisted his attempts to push her away. Her hands quickly moved behind him, holding him in place as she sucked him even faster. David sucked in a loud gasp, and the deep breath emerged as several clipped grunts as he reached the point of no return. "Going to..." He didn't even have time to finish his warning before he erupted in her mouth. Katrina slowed down, her moans growing louder as he filled her mouth with cream. David twitched and gasped as she drained him dry, in shock from just how many spurts of hot cum she was pulling from him. At last, she released him with a satisfied moan, and licked her lips. She stood back up and leaned in to whisper in his ear, "That was so good." David cupped her cheek in his hand and turned her face toward him. "Lord, Katrina. That... That was..." Katrina smiled and said, "Sit down. I'll be back in a minute." She then guided him toward the couch, and he carefully sat down, to avoid collapsing onto the cushions in a heap. His muscles still contracted beyond his control, causing him to twitch as she gathered up her package and walked out of the room. David's eyes popped wide open when Katrina returned to the room a couple of minutes later. The pale pink nurse costume didn't even reach low enough to cover the sheer panties beneath, as if the nearly transparent skirt could have hidden anything. He could plainly see the outline of her bare-shaven lips, and the triangle of dark curls above. A bright red cross decorated the hat, with another just below her perky breasts, which were also displayed in their full beauty by the sparse lace and gossamer cloth. Two more crosses adorned the top of her stockings. "Do you like it?" She asked as she leaned over the couch, and then suckled his ear lobe. "You look incredible." "Mmm – thank you," she whispered before standing back up straight. "Now, you just relax, and we'll have you standing up straight again in no time." A glance at his flaccid cock left no doubt as to what she meant. Katrina knelt down in front of him and started on the laces of his shoe. "We just need to get you undressed. Don't be nervous, I'm a nurse." David drank her in as she removed his shoes, and then tugged his pants the rest of the way off. She stood up and said, "Now we just need to get that shirt off, and we can get started." He felt a little self-conscious as he raised his arms to let her remove his shirt, but if she took any notice of the sprinkling of gray hairs on his chest or his small spare tire, she showed no sign of it. Katrina sat down next to him and said, "Let's get your temperature first." She then sensually tugged the straps off of her shoulders and pulled the top of her costume down. Beyond any reservations now, David leaned in when she slipped her hand behind his head and pulled him toward her. He sucked on the stiff, pink point of her right breast, and felt her shiver from his touch. "Very good," she breathed while running her fingers through his hair. David let out a gasp as he released her nipple and switched to the other. Her back arched, thrusting the firm globes against his face. Katrina panted and moaned as he sucked and licked her nipples, using one hand to support his weight on the back of the couch while he cupped her breasts in his other hand. Her fingers crept between her legs to rub the material of her panties against her pussy. "That's it. Just a little longer." David grew more ardent by the moment, sucking her perfect little buds harder and flicking them with his tongue. She moaned encouragement to him, her body undulating in a slow wave. She sucked in a loud gasping breath when he let her nipple pop free of his lips in preparation to switch once more, and said, "I think you might be a little dehydrated from the heat. We should get some fluids in you." Katrina scooted a little farther away on

the couch, and then reclined back. As she did so, she parted her legs to prop one up against the back of the couch, and let the other drape to the floor. David pulled his knees under him as she flipped up the transparent skirt of her costume, and leaned down as she tugged aside her panties. The scent of her filled his lungs, the heady, musky perfume of her arousal making him feel lightheaded. He hooked his fingers beneath the damp cloth of her panties to pull them even farther away, and then closed the distance between her wet pussy and his eager tongue. "Oh yes," Katrina cried out as his tongue slid the length of her lips in a gentle caress, followed by a harder lick that pressed between her folds. Her hands moved to the back of his head even as her muscles tightened to lift her pussy toward him. Intoxicated by the scent and the taste of her, David devoured Katrina's pussy. He couldn't remember the last time that he'd gone down on a woman, but he knew that he'd never tasted anything so delicious in all of his life. Her moans and whimpers were like music, and the feeling of her folds twitching beneath his tongue like heaven. Even as long as it had been, he had forgotten nothing. He wanted her to come on his tongue, and he made every effort to get her there as quickly as possible. "Oh god, that's so good." Katrina let out a long moan when he sucked her clit, letting it pop free of his lips before returning to a fast lapping. "Don't stop. You're going to make me come." David concentrated his efforts on her swollen bud, only moving away just long enough for the shock of his return to push her ever higher. Her body writhed on the cushions as she edged closer to climax, the sounds of her sexy voice growing louder with each breath. "Oh – you're so good. You're licking me so good. I'm going to come so hard. Make me come, David. Please make me come." David's neck was starting to ache, but he barely noticed it in light of the beautiful young woman crying out his name, on the verge of orgasm. His tongue flickered over her as quickly as he could manage, and he sucked her clit hard, massaging the little bud with his lips. She began to tremble and pant, the bittersweet tang of her juices growing stronger. "Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." Katrina sucked in a great breath, unable to finish, and screamed as she came, her fingers digging into the back of his head to hold him against her. David kept licking, drinking up the flow of her nectar as she cried out and came. Her screams changed to whimpers, and then to moans as her orgasm tore through her. He only relented when her sounds of ecstasy took on a slightly pained edge, and sat back to watch her beautiful pink pussy quiver and contract. Katrina squeezed her breasts hard in both hands, and then her right hand slapped down hard on the couch cushions. A violent tremor took control of her body, accompanied by a loud, warbling moan. When she ceased to shake, her propped up leg fell limp, and she closed her eyes to pant for breath. David licked his lips and wiped her juices from his face with his fingers while he watched her come down from her orgasm. He could feel the slightest tingles of blood trying to swell his cock again, but knew that he was still some time away from possibly getting hard once more. When she finally caught her breath, Katrina's eyes fluttered open and she let out a long moan. "My god. You should teach a class," she said, and then let out a languid chuckle. "Do I taste good?" "Good doesn't even begin to describe it. You are too sexy for words." Katrina shivered from another wave of ecstasy shooting through her. Her voice had a note of hope when she asked, "Do you want some more?" David tried to ignore his stiff and aching neck as he nodded his head. Katrina quivered, moaned, and then sat up to say, "Lie down." While David maneuvered onto his back on the couch,

Katrina stood to slide down her panties in a sensual, hip swaying dance. Once the sheer material hung suspended below her glistening lips, she turned and bent, giving him a perfect close-up view of her heart-shaped ass. She then stepped out of the frilly undergarments with her right foot and turned again to kick the panties away. Wearing a coquettish, sexy smile, Katrina lifted her leg over his body and settled over his face with one knee on the couch and her other foot on the floor. She slowly lowered her pussy to his face, and let out a yelp when he thrust his tongue inside her as soon as he could reach. David swirled his tongue over her folds in a soft caress, and tugged on his arm to pull it through where it was trapped between his body and her leg. Katrina shifted position just enough to let him do it, and then moaned when he pushed two fingers into her depths. "Curl them up a little," Katrina requested, her walls squeezing against his buried fingers. David pulled his fingers into hooks, and felt a spot that was different than the rest of her satiny walls – a bumpy little mound. "Oh – that's the spot," Katrina groaned. "Right there." David quickly discovered that his fingers drew a much stronger reaction than his tongue, and so concentrated on them. He kept his tongue moving, mostly over her clit, but her sharp sounds of ecstasy as he rubbed her g-spot were more than enough motivation to experiment. Growls, whimpers, moans, and squeals erupted from Katrina in a steady stream as David rubbed harder and faster. With every touch of his tongue on her clit, the volume of her voice jumped. Her pussy rhythmically clamped down on his fingers, squeezing them tight. He was completely unprepared for her orgasm, and judging from the surprised sound of her scream, so was she. Katrina's shriek went on and on, trailing off as all the air pushed from her lungs. A cascade of juices flowed over David's face, actually causing him to cough as she soaked him in her girl-cum. He barely had time to consider the phenomenon before she sucked in a huge gasp of air, and screamed again. David watched her second flood of wetness rain down on his face, and then chest as she jerked away to tremble atop him. Streams of her juices ran down his chest, meandered through the triangle of hair there, and dripped down his neck. Even more pooled in his naval. Katrina snapped her head against the back of the couch as she continued to cry out in release. Her fingers curled into claws, squishing the cushions into her hand. She bit down on the cushion, muffling her cries, and twitched chaotically. David watched her come in startled fascination, running his fingers through the incredible wetness covering him. He'd never seen something so amazing in his life, let alone caused it. Katrina looked almost possessed as she writhed atop him, still dripping. After a minute or so, Katrina managed to turn toward him and gasp out, "Water." She pulled with trembling arms on the back of the couch to lift up enough for him to wriggle from beneath her, and then collapsed down onto the cushions with a groan. David hurried to the kitchen, the kiss of the air from his movement chilling the wetness on his body. He returned with a bottle of water to find Katrina leaned back against the couch, still panting, but wearing a very wide smile and rubbing her pussy. "Thank you," Katrina said when he handed her the bottle. She sipped at first, pausing to take several breaths between each, and then finally drank. She finished about half of the bottle before holding it out to him with a sigh. David sat the bottle back down and looked at the dark, damp spots on the couch. Katrina followed his gaze and said, "God – you made me squirt a lot. I didn't even know it was coming until it hit me. I've done it a few times, but never like that." "Surprised me, but I liked it." David said, and then shook his

head as he admired her. The whole thing still seemed unreal. Katrina looked at his half-hard cock and let out a sexy growl. She sat up and leaned forward to wrap her hand around him. "Oh, you're so much bigger than Gary," she breathed. He had just enough time to wince from that comment before she slurped him between her lips and made him forget all about it. David stiffened in her mouth in no time, and she let him go with a final slurp as soon as he was completely hard. "I need it. Sit down," she breathlessly demanded while pulling on his arm. He barely had time for his ass to hit the cushions before Katrina stood up and turned her back to him. She squatted down to guide his cock inside her before leaning back, and sinking down on him. Her velvety soft walls squeezed him tight as she sat down on his cock. She was even tighter, hotter, and wetter than he could have imagined. After a groan and a wriggle of her hips, she pumped her knees and started riding him. David let out a stuttering groan as he slid in and out of her, little squishing sounds from her saturated pussy accompanying her vocalizations of pleasure. He reached around her to squeeze her breasts as she slid a hand between her legs. "Oh, your cock feels so good," Katrina said as she bounced a little harder. "Does my pussy feel good on that big cock?" "Unbelievable. So tight." "Uh huh," Katrina responded, and then yelped when he bucked his hips up toward her on the downstroke. "Oh yes! Fuck me." David felt the itch building in the tip of his cock, but it was subdued. Somewhere between having come so recently and the sheer force of her riding his cock, he was able to maintain control. Katrina bounced on his cock with wild abandon, her fingers rubbing her clit hard and fast. David concentrated on keeping up with her rhythm. The last thing he wanted was to slip free of her with a mistimed thrust of his hips. "So good. So big," Katrina called out between whimpers and squeals. "Come for me," David growled, now losing ground against his cum bubbling up for release. One of the clips on Katrina's garters snapped loose, letting the strap whip as she continued to ride him. "I'm getting there. I'm going to come – come on your cock." "Ah – do it," David managed to spit out, now fighting with all his will against the growing inevitability of his own climax. "Oh – y-y-y-yes!" Katrina cried, and then sat down hard on his cock. She screamed and threw her head back, covering his face in her dark locks as she came. David breathed hard between clenched teeth as her walls squeezed him almost painfully tight. Several more screams erupted from her as she continued to come, and he thought for sure that he was going to come as well. As her body went limp, he felt the urge subside – barely. Once she caught her breath, Katrina asked, "Did... Did you come?" "No. Almost," he answered. Katrina took several deep breaths, and then pushed away from the back of the couch. His cock slipped free of her to slap against his stomach as she stood, leaving an outline of her creamy juices when it popped back away from his body. Katrina quivered and twitched as she slowly turned around and leaned over the couch with her hands braced against the back. "Take me. I want to feel you come for me," she begged, and then yelped as another wave of orgasmic energy coursed through her. David stood up and moved in behind her, his cock throbbing in anticipation. He pushed inside her with a groan, and then gave free rein to his needs. Katrina looked back over her shoulder at him and said, "Oh yes – fuck me hard. Come for me. Come in my pussy." Two bodies collided with loud smacks as David thrust into her clinging depths. He voiced the rapid swelling of his climax with a loud, growling scream, and then slammed his hips forward to bury his cock hard inside her. "Oh! Oh



yes. Mmm – it feels so good,” Katrina breathed as he pulsed inside her, creating a warm pool of cream in her depths. David remained buried inside her, reveling in her sexy voice until he couldn’t endure the tight squeeze of her pussy any longer. She echoed his groan when he pulled free, and then rolled over to sit down as he bent to support his trembling knees on the arm of the couch. Katrina parted her legs and brought a dollop of his cum that had bubbled up from inside her to her lips. She sucked the digit clean with a moan. As she reached for another taste of the creamy treat, she grinned and said, “Happy Valentine’s Day.” David chuckled and agreed, “Happy Valentine’s Day.” Eventually, the couple made it into David’s bedroom. Katrina went to the bathroom to pee while David collapsed, exhausted onto the bed. He had quite nearly dozed off when she crawled in next to him and laid her head on his chest. “Would you take me bowling again tomorrow?” “Sure.” Katrina snuggled up against him and said, “You sure hit a strike on me.” David chuckled and wrapped an arm around her, already drifting off to sleep. His half-asleep brain conjured up the thought, More like picked up Gary’s spare. His eyes popped open and he furrowed his brow at that disturbing thought, but having the beautiful young brunette in his arms soon chased away the discomfort, and he drifted off to sleep.