

FITTING IN

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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"FITTING IN"

By Evie Kay

Chapter One: A Flight of Fancy

Sigh.

"Another vacation.

"Why do I take them?

"Sure, I get to visit different places. See things not everyone gets a chance to see... possibly not even the people who live there! Took me years to go the top of the Empire State Building...

"Oh, I dunno. Beats vegetating at home, I guess."

Such are the thoughts of Evan Collier, about to travel via plane. Evan is a young man in his mid-twenties and is presently in limbo.

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Early as elementary school, Evan displayed intelligence beyond his years. So did many of his peers.

These children, while not exactly prodigies, were singled out. The school system wanted to try something with pupils like Evan. They wanted to expand the children's capacities for knowledge while the students were still impressionable, to see exactly how much they can truly learn, if given the opportunity.

So a new curriculum was formed.

In addition to the "three R's," there was music appreciation and the learning of foreign languages. These were formerly taught exclusively in the upper grades. It was time to reexamine teaching methods in order to give children the chance to grow intellectually at different speeds, according to how fast they were able to learn.

There was already schooling for the mentally-deficient. The new theory was 'Why not give those with a desire to expand, but are held back merely due to antiquated prescriptions of indoctrination, a chance to excel?'

As one of these children who showed such promise, Evan proved that, given the proper attention, it was possible. Evan caught on learning new things unusually quick. Catapulted through school at an accelerated rate, Evan was shown many things he could be when he grew up that a child his age normally would never have dreamed of.

However, it was too many things, without a purposeful direction for any given one. At least, for Evan that was the case. Because of this, his own attention waned as the

special classes ended. This approach disappeared completely when he finished elementary school. The higher grades were no longer specialized, as these were the foundations of where the 'higher learning' had come.

In high school, without the focused consideration, Evan gave up to the point of barely making the grade. He gave up because, deep down, he felt that no one cared any more. You see, in elementary school, there was one skilled teacher that came to the class, able to give each person attention. In junior and high schools, it was the student that traveled to the teacher. This teacher saw much more than a classroom of 30 students. Therefore, the student was very fortunate if a teacher took an interest in them. This did not happen to Evan.

The one person that got him to become the special student in the beginning, the teacher that saw promise in him, was long gone as well. Evan did realize that she could not hold his hand throughout all of his school years. Still, he felt the everyone needed encouragement, every now and then. Not getting that, Evan practically gave up on himself.

He had slumped so badly that he had to spend an extra semester in high school, just to get his diploma. It was a small miracle that he did not drop out, after spending the last two summers in Summer School. Indeed, having all of that attention at one time and then losing it, affected Evan for the rest of many years.

Into the working world instead of college, thanks to Evan's own lack of drive and mere academic diploma, no one knew where to place him. So, he wound up being a mail clerk for a bank, though not for long.

Oh, he remained a clerk. Just not at that bank.

Soon, it was a paper company. Next, a stock brokerage house.

And another job. And another...

All served at the bottom rungs of the corporate ladder.

Evan barely survived as he drifted from job to job. He could do more, he just lacked the motivation. Not showing much promise, Evan was always one of the first-considered to be let go.

Then, Evan was out of a job for almost a half-year.

The government decided that Evan could continue receiving unemployment checks for yet another six months, but only if he were willing to participate in their sponsored educational courses. These courses were designed to get people into better jobs. By this time, Evan would have accepted any option for successfully finding work. Therefore, for the next three months Evan went back to school.

And this time, he excelled.

With the small class size, everyone received personal attention, and Evan ate it up. At the end of the prescribed time, Evan was placed in a topnotch job, with authority.

Hired with three others, he learned the job quickly. Evan not only was assigned to assist fellow workers on how to do the job he swiftly accomplished, but every new-hire thereafter was put in his able hands for appropriate indoctrination.

Evan was happy there.

It was a job he liked, with people he liked. Within time, while not given official sanction, Evan ran his department; he was always the first to arrive and the last to leave. Still, it was an impasse.

Evan needed more. He needed a life, to go with the job. Evan needed someone who really needed him... from the heart.

He would meet people, day in and day out. Yet no one really knew Evan. He was the perennial 'nice guy.' He was the guy who always had a smile for everyone, no matter what he was feeling inside. Like the town that everyone loves to visit but nobody wants to live in, Evan was the guy who everybody knew but was nobody's real friend.

As things worked out, Evan, now in his mid-twenties, was still a virgin. He had yet to receive his first real kiss.

Pecks on the cheek had been gathered by the bushel, yet none from an actual girlfriend. Yet another reason, as Evan left those early special classes, why he waned thereafter. There was no one in his social life.

Evan Collier was not a loser, per se. He was well-liked and was considered great company... in a group. He was just someone who depended on others to make the first move, someone who had not yet taken advantage of life on his own.

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"Excuse me?"

The plane was still boarding. Evan, in his assigned aisle seat, inadvertently blocked the window seat. A willowy blonde snapped him out of his reverie, as she wished to get to that seat.

Momentarily startled, Evan was at a loss what to do.

One option would be to stand up and step out into the aisle, to allow the woman access to her seat. Instead, Evan, who had been slouching, merely sat erect. Taking this as a sign of passage, the female sidled past Evan.

It was not enough that she was dressed provocatively. She now seemed, to Evan, to put her rear directly in his face as she glided by. She had not done so deliberately, of course. The seat in front of them had already been reclined somewhat, which forced her rear outward as she passed Evan. Still, on purpose or not, it had an effect on the young man.

The woman, being naturally attractive, had also dressed appealingly. Wearing black three-inch spiked heels, her legs were encased in black mesh seamed stockings. Hugging her hips, her black knit skirt just barely hid the garter tabs below. The tabs did display themselves to a minute degree along with stocking tops upon her sitting. She did not bother to tug at her skirt to hide them again.

On top, the woman wore a white halter. It looped around the back of her neck and again her lower back as it moderately covered her bosom. It displayed almost all of her back, plainly noting that she wore no brassiere; her bust moved freely underneath.

As such, Evan found her daring décolletage very impressive. Her nipples made their statement against what little the material in front hid. Her picture was completed by her long, flowing, honey blonde hair trailing well down her back. She had very low bangs in front, just meeting her eyelashes and expressly made-up face.

Poor Evan was already getting an erection from her closeness, when she passed him. He could not help himself.

So, he began counting the minutes until the plane could take off and he could go to a lavatory, to be able to get himself off.

"Hi, neighbor!" the window-seat woman brightly said.

"Huh?" Evan was taken yet again by surprise, by the female's extroverted manner.

"We're gonna be sitting close to each other for a few hours, and I don't believe on sitting like a lump on a log for the whole time. So, let me introduce myself. I'm Fancy Champlain. I'm from L.A. On my way back there, actually." Fancy then held out her hand.

Evan numbly took it, barely shook it, and said, "Evan. Evan, uhh... Collier."

"Evan Collier. Ni-ice name. Plain, direct. Not a name people could screw up. My last name, though. Champlain...? People are always messing it up. If they're not misspelling it, they're saying it wrong. I couldn't tell you how many people have called me 'Fancy Champagne!'"

That thought brought out a case of the giggles in her. Evan quickly became fascinated with Fancy's full bosom, as it rippled when she laughed. He caught himself staring and stopped. While Fancy's eyes closed for most of her laughter fit, she did not notice Evan's indiscretion.

Calming down, she rested a hand upon Evan's. "It kinda fits, 'Champagne', so I don't mind that. I like being 'a bit of the bubbly!'"

Just then, the engines began roaring.

Fancy involuntarily gripped Evan's hand tightly at the sudden noise. He did not pull free. As the engines began to whine and then hum, they both noticed the stewardess begin her safety spiel about air masks, seat cushions and seat belts.

It was a night flight, and the cabin had been dimmed almost immediately as the stewardess began her short discourse. They could neither hear nor see the stewardess. Despite her using the plane's intercom, the engines were drowning her out.

Fancy relaxed then, as the flight attendant ended her lecture. Yet she never let go of Evan's hand.

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The plane leaned backward slightly as it pointed toward the sky and took off. Once airborne, it was then that Fancy realized she was still holding Evan's hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "It's just that, although I love flying, the engines preparing for takeoff always scare the shit outta me"

"It- it's okay," Evan stammered. "To be honest, it's kinda nice."

"You're sweet to say that," Fancy replied, and she leaned over to give Evan a quick kiss on the lips.

Fancy had not yet let go of his hand. Although the kiss was quick, in moving towards him she had inadvertently pushed both of their hands into Evan's lap.

As Fancy sat back, she noted what she felt while in the clinch, that was also in Evan's lap. "Honey, did I upset you?" she asked, as she dipped her eyes for a second to his lap.

"N-no. Not at all," Evan stuttered, knowing exactly what she meant from her glance.

"Wait a minute!" Fancy exclaimed, as if getting a grand idea. Releasing Evan, she then stood up and reached into an overhead cabinet; she pulled out a blanket.

Sitting down, she covered Evan's slacks with the blanket. Before he could say anything, Fancy had a hand underneath it and found his zipper. Unzipping his pants, she deftly found his hardened member, extricated it, and began pumping.

Evan felt as if he was a drowning man gulping for air at first. He was now trying desperately to calm down.

Fancy could see what he was going through, but continued to pump him. In the meantime, she kissed him. Not quickly, but tenderly, in an effort to assist Evan to relax.

It did not happen right away. But the longer Fancy kept her lips pressed to Evan's, he stopped breathing so forcefully and fast. As he began to ease, his tension became fully localized. Fancy broke away her kiss and smiled at Evan.

From Fancy's nimble machinations, Evan soon felt the surge and it was like no other he had felt while masturbating alone. Fancy intuitively knew it was happening. Impulsively, she lifted the blanket as Evan was about to spurt free. Fancy had barely covered the rod's head with her own, as she caught all of his ejaculate in her mouth.

Sucking it dry and licking the tumescence thereafter, Fancy then rose, to sit erect in her seat. After she replaced him back into his pants, Fancy asked Evan, "Did I miss any? Is any on my face?"

Fancy had asked because of the look that was now on Evan's face. He was stunned by the overt, seemingly crazy woman. She had taken an unbelievable chance in doing what she had, in masturbating him under a blanket, in these close quarters! And her grand finale was absolutely shocking!

Evan furtively looked around in the darkness; if anyone did notice, no one was looking his way. The people directly behind him were reading. The single woman across from him seemed to be absorbed with the view out of the window.

At the angle that Evan could see the neighbor in front of her, he could not possibly tell what they were doing. Even if those people were doing something similar to he and Fancy. Therefore, he could only assume that the person in the aisle seat, behind the

woman across from Evan, also had the same line of sight, so as not to be able to see him.

Everyone else had minded their own business in the near-dark.

With that, Evan tried to calm down. "Are you mad at me, Evan?" Fancy looked at him, pouting pseudo-innocently. Evan was flabbergasted.

"How... how can I be mad at you?" he expiated, in a constrained yet forceful whisper. "I admit I want to be, but at the same time, God... I don't know what to feel! We could've gotten caught!"

"Yeah, well..." Fancy grinned smugly. "What're they gonna do? Turn around and make us get off... Refuse t'give us that godawful airplane food for dinner?"

Evan could not help it. Fancy made him laugh.

At the very worse, being made to feel very embarrassed in front of a flight attendant, Evan realized that most of the embarrassment would have been self-inflicted. Even he had heard about the "Mile High Club." The invisible fraternity of people having sexual intercourse while in mid-air. Of those instances, he had not heard of anyone ridiculed or arrested, if they had been discovered.

"Evan, relax. That's why I did it, so that you could," Fancy said, her former 'dizzy-blonde' act completely gone. "Is this your first flight?"

Evan took a deep breath and then sighed, "No. I've flown many times. You were the cause. You made me all nervous!"

Evan could not help it. He wanted to be manly. He tried laughing it off. Yet, as quickly as he had sighed in resignation, he immediately got upset.

Instantly noticing this, he realized how childish he sounded. Still, because of this awkwardness in front of an engaging, attractive woman, Evan was helplessly on the verge of tears.

"Oh God, don't look at me!" he cried out in frustration.

Evan then tried to get up, in order to sob in silence in the bathroom. But Fancy would not let him.

"Hey, you! You listen to me, Evan Collier! Whether or not we see each other after we leave this plane, I'm your friend, not your enemy, dammit! Sure, I admit I might be forward, but I don't just put out for anyone who's got a cock! I felt a... a kindred spirit. That's not the words I was searching for, but I like you, Evan! I was only trying to help!"

Evan got up and ran to the lavatory. Once inside, he just sat on the seat, doing nothing.

Then, the tears fell.

It was something he had wanted for so long, to be intimate with someone, if for only a kiss. Still, Evan could only see everything for what it was. Something endearing that was reduced to having been given on a whim, making it all meaningless.

Evan was going to Los Angeles because it had become his favorite place to visit. This time, deliberately to lay back and enjoy the city. No tours, no sightseeing, just to be around his favorite city.

It was just his luck to meet up with Fancy Champlain.

She could not be a fellow New Yorker whose home was a bus stop or subway ride away, to be able to visit upon his return. No, she just had to be a native Californian!

When he traveled, Evan was always meeting people with whom he had gotten friendly with, close to, only to leave them behind. Oddly enough, people he knew in his neighborhood never seemed to be as warm, in contrast.

Now, his vacation had not yet begun and his first kiss, his first real sexual experience has to happen en route- despite it being a mere blow job- with no way to make something of it, except for maybe a long-distance pen-pal!

It was the story of his life!

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Evan stayed in the lavatory until the plane had just passed over Chicago, according to the captain's description over the intercom.

It being a no-frill flight, there was no movie nor meal. The interior cabin light had been greatly darkened by this time, even more than earlier, in order to allow sleep. Of course, individual passengers always had the option of turning on a single light overhead, to read.

Except for two separate lights further down the aisle, the cabin was dark, as Evan returned to his seat.

Evan saw that Fancy was curled up, leaning over into his seat. As he approached, before he could sidle in, Fancy looked up. She saw that it was Evan, and turned away, to face the window.

"Fancy... ?" Evan whispered.

No response.

"Fancy... ?

Still no response.

Evan leaned over, and touching her on the shoulder, he said, "Fancy, you said you were my friend. If you meant it, I sure could use you now."

The second Fancy felt Evan's touch, the first reaction was to pull away. Yet, as she could not stop herself completely, the movement amounted to a slight jerk that still allowed Evan's hand to stay.

Fancy was used to making instant friends. Because of her beauty, she had no one turn her down. Whether it was to return a smile or a sexual favor.

As far as sex went, she had, indeed, gone to bed with virtual strangers. Still, Fancy was hurt, because in making her importunate intimacy with Evan, he had rejected

her. Not an unnecessarily vain person, she had wondered what was wrong with her that made Evan dismiss her.

Before Fancy could ask, Evan had gone to the lavatory. However, Fancy was too distressed to be angry. Fancy sat up properly and faced Evan.

"Look, everyone's trying to sleep," said Evan. "Let's go... one at a time... to the lavatory, to talk openly and privately. I don't want to attract attention, but like you said, it's not like they're gonna turn around and make us get off!" He grinned. "...Please?"

Fancy brightened a little and followed Evan's lead.

Inside the cramped quarters, Evan suggested, "Maybe if I sat we could be more comfortable. Would you mind sitting on my lap?"

Fancy replied, "We-ell, if you don't mind, as long as I'm here I do havta pee. Can I use the toilet?"

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No, Evan. It's a normal human function," she said flatly. "I don't put on performances, but you can stay.

"After all, what if someone just happened to be waiting for this bathroom?"

Evan sighed in resignation. "Okay, I'll stay."

Admittedly, it was disconcerting enough to Evan for Fancy to raise her skirt and lower her panties to her ankles, displaying even more skin to him. It was absolutely unnerving to hear the sound of Fancy relieving herself. Yet, Evan was determined to be brave.

When she was done, Fancy had leaned forward as she used tissues to cleanse herself. There was no place for her face to go but into Evan's crotch. Well, that was it for Evan. Another erection coming up!

It seemed to him that Fancy was deliberately prolonging the incident of tidying her middle, as her hot breath penetrated Evan's slacks.

As she was done, Fancy merely sat back. Then, she said, "Now, Evan, I don't need you getting all bent outta shape. I didn't do it on purpose, but I know that you are hard again... Let's not fuss over it and make the best of it, and then we can talk, okay? If we're caught coming out, people are gonna think it's what we were doing in the first place!" She smiled warmly.

Evan wondered what he was going to do; even as he felt his member growing. Debating on whether Fancy had a choice in promoting his cock's stiffness or not, he resigned after her speech to merely unbuckle his trousers.

As he did so, Fancy stood up, but not before removing her panties completely. Telling him to sit, they gingerly switched places in the small compartment.

With his pants and underwear at his feet, Fancy lowered herself onto Evan's tumescence. Holding Evan's face, she kissed him deeply, with her tongue busily working in his mouth. Evan quickly learned how to reciprocate.

Breaking away, she moved the cloth of her halter aside and breathlessly invited, "Suck my tits, baby."

Evan complied as Fancy humped away.

They'd been at it for a good clip, when Evan felt that it was his time. He began to panic, realizing the possible dangers of cumming inside of Fancy. But with her on top of him in the confining space, he was at a loss as to what to do.

Fancy knew what was happening. Indeed, she felt that her own time was imminent.

"Don't worry, baby. It's okay. Let it happen!" she cried. "Don't leave me now!"

Trusting her, Evan let himself go. His hips moved with a will all their own. Fancy slowed down, letting Evan do all the work. And he complied, filling her with his thick, viscous liquid.

All that was left was a fantastic tingling sensation, attacking every nerve ending. It dissipated as quickly as it occurred.

Fancy collapsed weakly upon Evan's chest. With Evan's hands formerly at her back, the arms now limply fell to his lap, his fingers just barely grazing Fancy's hips.

"That's right, baby. Hold my ass. Keep me inside you, make it last," Fancy moaned into his ear, as she felt his hands on her.

Evan, quite naturally, grasped her rear more firmly. He could swear that he felt her vagina grip his penis for that last drop of semen.

Raising her head slowly, Fancy kissed his lips hard. "This is your first time, huh?"

Evan was again speechless.

"It's okay, Evan. I said I was your friend. You took me up on it. You're still inside me. I'm not gonna back out now. I'm not trying to embarrass you. You can trust me."

"Yeah," said breathlessly.

"That's what it's all about, huh? I mean, wanting to come back here to the lavatory and all? "I was pushy and you were worried about making attachments too fast. And although you didn't plan on fucking me in here, still... You wanted this. You needed this. But you didn't want it to happen like 'two-ships-in-the-night' sorta thing... Am I right?"

Evan nodded lamely.

"Well, honey, I'm sorry that I can't be your one-and-only. But I can be the next best thing until she comes along, can't I?"

Evan was stunned at Fancy's astuteness in reading him so well. "What are you saying?" he asked curiously.

"Well, why are you going to L.A.? Do you live there?"

"No. Just visiting. I happen to like L.A."

“Uh huh, I figured as much. You didn't seem like the usual wide-eyed tourist type. Well, honey, now you have a home there, too! If you've got hotel reservations, cancel 'em... You're staying with me!”

“I can't do that.”

“Can't, or won't?”

Evan sighed again, but inside, he was going crazy with glee at his good fortune. “I can't believe this is happening!” he thought to himself. Aloud, he said, “Fancy, if you'll have this mess of a man as a guest, you've got a deal!”

Chapter Two: The Fabulous Rita Z

From the airport, Evan found a phone and canceled his hotel reservation. He was made to understand by the manager that under the last-minute circumstances this forfeits his deposit, but he didn't care. Evan walked to the baggage claim for his luggage.

Once there, someone screamed out, "Fancy!"

Fancy then took off. Running toward a stunning, long-haired brunette who wore an even shorter skirt than Fancy. It just reached the edge of her hips.

Above, the woman wore a vest-like top that had very long fringes over her arms and breasts. The opening in front barely covered her, with crisscross leather strings that tied the vest together. On her feet, she had on skyscraper heels that seemed to be higher than Fancy's; there were straps above each ankle.

The two women hugged as if restraining themselves from wanting to kiss in public.

Once they broke away from each other, the woman said, "I thought I'd meet you here, Hon, since you had to come here, anyway. I recognized your bag, as it was one of the first out, and grabbed it. What took you so long getting down here?"

Without explaining that she was waiting while Evan canceled his room, Fancy said, "We have a guest, Ree."

"C'mere, Evan!" Fancy called over her shoulder. Evan had kept his distance from the reunion.

"Ree, this is Evan Collier. Evan, this is my bestest friend in the whole wide world, Rita Zachary!"

Rita said, "My friends call me 'Rita Z.' But since you're a friend of Fancy's, you just call me 'Ree.' Okay, sugar?"

Ree then lay a big wet kiss on Evan's lips, complete with inserted tongue. As Evan had quickly caught on from Fancy, his mouth automatically opened, to let Ree in.

"Am I gonna be in trouble?" Evan still asked himself, after Ree's overt friendliness.

As if reading his mind, Fancy said, "Lighten up, Evan. I will warn you, though, Ree's a sexaholic. She'll fuck anything. But don't worry about it, I made her get into the habit of keeping clean."

"Hey! You trying to ruin my reputation?" Rea said to Fancy.

Ree put an arm around Evan's back, but she grabbed his crotch at the same time in front, with her other hand. Evan jumped at the intimate touch. Ree let go, but let the arm that she had on his back slide around his waist.

Fancy then asked him what his suitcase looked like. As things worked out, no sooner than Evan described it, it came into view. Fancy snatched it up and without handing it to him, the trio were on the way to the parking lot.

When they reached the car, Ree said, "Fancy, you don't mind driving back to the house, do ya?"

"Uh... Ree?" Fancy started, knowing what her friend had in mind. "Go easy on Evan. He's a virgin."

"He is?" Ree's eyes lit up.

"Wait a minute! He was a virgin," Fancy grinned.

"Damn you!" Rea exclaimed, knowing what she meant. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she said to Evan, "I don't suppose you mind if I have sloppy seconds?"

"Ree, give th' guy a break! He just came twice!"

"Selfish!" Ree pouted. Then, to her new friend, "Evan wouldn't mind if I sucked him a while... would you? I don't care if you don't cum. Okay, baby?"

Evan did not know what to say.

Fancy spoke up, "Evan, if you don't mind, let 'er. She's not gonna be happy if I rain on her parade now. If you refuse now, she'll think that I coerced you into not letting her have her way."

Evan shrugged his shoulders and Fancy gave him a light peck, in thanks.

Fancy took the keys from Ree and unlocked the car doors. Ree then opened the back seat door and pulled Evan in behind her. In the meantime, Fancy took to task, putting their luggage in the trunk.

Evan could not sit properly before Ree had his zipper down, his cock out, and her mouth upon it.

"Rub my ass, will ya, hon?" Ree asked, after getting a taste of Evan's meat. "If you do, I will make you cum again or my name isn't Rita Z!"

Not having anything better to do at the moment, Evan complied.

Ree's skirt had already risen halfway up her hip, from bending over double into Evan's lap. So it was not a difficult task to get it to display all of her rear. Now seeing a waistband and a strip of material that went down between her hips, Evan recognized that Ree had worn thong panties. Although taken aback by this much exposure of skin, he followed through. The mutual stroking session began, even as Fancy got into the car and put it in gear.

With a laugh, Fancy said into the rearview mirror to Evan, "Don't worry, hon. Ree's a friend, too."

Having already told Evan that Ree was her best friend, Evan readily understood that Ree was to be his friend, also.

In a little while, they arrived in a suburb of Los Angeles, called Lake Hollywood. As Fancy pulled into the driveway of their home, she turned around to see Evan still awake. Ree was sound asleep, with his member still in her mouth.

"I've just got to get her to cut down," Fancy softly chuckled. "With AIDS floating around, she's bound to bite the bullet one day."

Fancy walked around to the back, to gently wrest Ree from Evan. With a defiant grunt, Ree began to rapidly suck on Evan before letting his member go, even as she is jostled semi-awake.

Evan, now feeling his member perceiving the open air, found that he was a bit sore there. He lamely got himself together as Fancy guided Ree to the door.

Ree was a sight, with her skirt above her waist. The small patch of panty being the only thing covering her pubes in front, she lay against the doorframe, still half-asleep. From the garage, Fancy unlocked the side door of the house and grabbed her friend. Evan entered behind them.

Fancy said "C'mon upstairs. I'm gonna take Miss Big-Ass t'bed. The guest room is right across the hall from mine and Ree's. Sorry I didn't think of your luggage. If you don't mind, you can get your bag tomorrow. I'm beat. G'night!"

Evan's first guess at Fancy's remark about "mine and Ree's," was that she and Ree were more than 'just friends.' However, as he followed them upstairs, he saw that there is indeed two rooms facing another two rooms across the hall from each other. Noting one that is open, he watched Fancy go in and flick on a light.

Then, allowing Ree to slide from her to the bed, Fancy turned around, flicked the light off and closed the door. Seeing Evan still standing between the two alternate rooms, assuming that he did not know which room to take, Fancy directed him. "Oh, I'm sorry. Either one's good, hon. Okay?"

With a light kiss on his lips, Fancy said, once again, "G'night, sweets." She entered the room opposite Ree's.

Evan then numbly enters the bedroom, feeling for a light, hoping that he is touching the right area. Finding that he was correct, it comes on.

Spotting the bed, he sat upon it, feeling as if he had not sat down in a week. Noticing the softness of the mattress, all the fatigue of the day, the activity on the plane and the ride here, weariness came on him at once. Getting up and closing the door, Evan disrobed.

Upon completion, before he realized what he had done, Evan turned the light out. He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

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Morning greeted Evan very strangely.

With the covers removed from him, his boxer shorts had been lowered. He found a naked Ree at his middle, sucking away.

As she saw him awaken, she looked up with a smile, "Betcha thought I forgot, huh? A promise is a promise. One orgasm coming up! Enjoy, enjoy!" Then, Ree got back to work.

Evan asked, "Ree? What're you doing? I mean, I know what you're doing, but why?"

Ree stopped again. "Well, Fancy's downstairs fixing breakfast. She asked me to see if you were up, t'see if you wanted anything special. So, before I asked, seeing that you were still asleep, I thought I'd take care of 'unfinished business.'"

"Look, Ree," said Evan, "I really appreciate your integrity. Especially with my being 'deprived' all this time. But this is really overkill!"

"Okay, I gotcha, kiddo. But you gotta understand, fresh meat is hard t'find, and great when it's hard!" she giggled, sitting up.

"Okay," Evan laughed. "Gimme a minute to get dressed, and I'll join you downstairs."

"Don't bother. This is our usual attire when we don't have company."

"Well, aren't I company?"

"Nope. Fancy told me that she adopted you and that this is your home. So, that means you're one of us!"

Ree then looked as if she had gotten a brainstorm. She arched an eyebrow and slyly said, "You wanna wear something, it better be panties in this house!"

Evan laughed at that. He saw her logic, it was certainly an all-female house. He was admittedly piqued by the rule, but he decided that Ree just had to be kidding.

"Well, maybe later," he said, playing along. "For now, let's follow 'majority rule,' letting it all hang out."

"Okay," Ree agreed, but she smiled suspiciously.

Moments later, Ree and Evan joined Fancy in the kitchen. He was surprised at what he saw.

"Fancy, you've got clothes on!"

"It's only a tank top and shorts, but yeah, I guess I do!" Fancy said sarcastically.

"But Ree said..."

"Hold on! No big deal! I'm done cooking." At that, Fancy doffed her coverings.

Meanwhile, Evan shot Ree a dirty look. Ree attempted to look innocent, and Fancy saw the exchange.

"Wait a minute, guys," said Fancy. "Let's not set up enemy camps here. Ree's only having fun, Evan."

"You would side with her," Evan said sourly. "I suppose if she had gotten me dressed up in women's clothes, I'd really be the 'laugh of the party!'" he punned sourly.

"Women's clothes...?" Fancy asked.

"My idea, Fan," Ree spoke up. "Although I had only mentioned panties, I was just having fun."

Knowing her friend's free-spirited mind, Fancy was sure that Ree would not have stopped at 'only panties'. Yet, knowing her friend, there was no malice intended.

Fancy sighed. "Evan, I told you I was your friend. But Ree's my friend, too. Look. I can find you a good hotel in the city, if you want. But I wanted you here 'cause I felt you could use a coupla real friends. Not some 'fly-by-nighters'. Y'know, good friends tease each other, as well as being there when there's tears shedding. Was I that wrong about you?"

After this dressing-down, Evan realized that if anyone was wrong, it was him. No, Fancy was not “that wrong” about him.

Just like the sex she felt that he needed, he needed good friends. Did it matter that they were of the opposite sex?

Evan said, “Forgive me, Fancy... Ree. You're right. If you'll still have me, I'd like to stay.”

“Good!” says Ree. “Then your suitcase stays in the trunk of the car.”

“Ree-ee!” Fancy snapped.

“It- it's okay,” Evan jumped in, knowing exactly what Ree means. “To tell the truth, she's got me curious. It's not like I live here and people know me, if I'm seen by accident.”

“Well, I dunno, Evan,” said Fancy. “When I invited you here, this was not what I had in mind!”

“Now who's the 'stick-in-the-mud?’” Ree piped up.

Fancy sighed, “Look, I was gonna show you a more laid-back view of L.A., since you've been here before. You're not gonna be indoors the whole time you're here.”

“Well, since you put it that way...”
Evan said. Then, as he faced Ree, “Maybe I shouldn't...”

Evan stopped talking as he saw tears roll down Ree's face. Before he could do anything more, she ran from the kitchen. Both Evan and Fancy were taken by surprise. They followed, finding Ree sitting in the living room. Fancy wrapped an arm around her on the sofa. Evan knelt in front of Ree

As Ree saw him, she touched Evan's cheek with a hand.

