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"Nah, she's too fat," he remarked. For one thing, my friend who said that could have stood to lose ten to fifteen kilograms himself. Next, we were dressed like middle class college kids - jeans, shirts that were most likely clean when we picked them out of the laundry basket, light jackets and the shoe thing.

This girl was dressed up for a good night out. Nice makeup, her clothing choices were - eh - not stunning, but this wasn't a stunning nightclub/bar. She looked fun, she smiled and yes, she was overweight. It dawned on me that not only did I not care - I never cared. I was a sexual omnivore and that meant any lady interested in sex with me was fine in my book.

So, I turned the tables on him.

"If you can score her number, I'll give you my watch," I dared him. The wristwatch was really nice ... one of those \$500 handmade German ones. One of my Exs' great-granddad had swiped it off some Nazi pilot in World War II... and the same girl gave it to me twice. See, by accident, as I was exiting the (thankfully) first floor window of the Natural Sciences building, she threw a pitcher at me.

It had been sitting in an ornamental display case close by. I caught it, nodded to the flabbergasted female professor-type gawking at the semi-naked me, handed her the projectile, then fled like the responsibility-dodging coward that I was. It turned out that that bit of crockery was from the mid-1600's; the woman I'd surprised was the item's owner.

That older lady wasn't a teacher. She was a major benefactor in charge of one of the school's larger endowments. Had it shattered, the Ex most likely would have been expelled. Instead... after watching me round the Chancellor's residence, the mature chick turned to the totally naked chick leaning out the window, still screaming at me.

"Is he on the track team?" she inquired as she handed the artifact back. They talked, agreed I was a miserable human being, a cad and had firmly developed buttocks. Well, I guess that makes me a pig with nice hams. The next day, I showed up to return the watch - it was just an excuse for one more round of $\text{sex.} @ \mathcal{W}.nov@/w^2.mov$

She explained the whole incident to me, took back the watch and sent me on my way. I hurried back

to my dorm room, changed the sheets and picked up a bit. An hour later she was quietly knocking at

my door. Rather epic make-up sex followed, she gave me the watch as a keepsake and I swore off intercourse in classrooms for two whole months. I'm a tower of resolute willpower, I know.

Back at the bar, my buddy snorted, made some comment about her being obviously desperate and promised me he'd nail in her in one of the back rooms. They talked a little, he got 'friendly', then said

something that really hurt the girl's feelings. She looked our way, steadied herself with a shot of

"Did you tell that guy you would give him fifty bucks if I put a lipstick ring on his cock?" she confronted us.

"No, I told him you were too good for him and if he could get your phone number, I would give him this watch," I showed her the watch. The girl's face flashed back to 'cautiously curious'.

"Is it a nice watch?" she asked.

bourbon and came over to me and my other bud.

"It is a family heirloom. My great-grandpa brought it back from World War II after taking it off some high ranking kraut officer," I embellished. "I knew he didn't have a chance with you."

"Thanks," she grinned. "I agree. Let me get my sister and we can get a bite to eat." Sex.

Two guesses of who her sister was. If you guessed the girl I had been cultivating since I got there, you would be right. I am too damn lucky. Lads, the next time you blow a sure thing - blame me for sucking all the good karma away from you... and nine of your friends. I got a three-way. The guy I made the challenge to got his revenge. He bailed and I had to hitchhike back to school. You know, female truckers... oh, back to Miyako.

After stashing our clothing and weapons (all of mine anyway), I took a small fluorescent lantern and slipped into the water. Cold, but doable. Miyako joined me and then, by moonlight, we swam to the point where the guide had said we'd find a passage to a secluded grotto. Down we went. My motivation wasn't sex.

That was coming no matter what. Seeing my Nipponese sweetie completely nude directed my course of action. Security protocols meant no lights after 11 p. m. My solution was to cut on a light that couldn't be seen from outside - the grotto. We felt our way along the rather wide submerged passage emerging well before air became an issue. I raised the lantern and cut it on.

Our tour guru had forgotten to mention that the algae patches along the sides and bottom as well as the quartz veins on the roof and walls reflected the light over what must have been an eight by ten meter cavern. Gorgeous. We glided to a shelf that met our needs, climbed up and shared a high school 'nervous virgin' moment. She broke the spell by pulling herself out of the water and, standing on her tippy-toes, touched one of the roof veins $\mathbf{w} w \mathbf{W} . \mathbf{n} \mathbb{O} \mathbb{V} e \ell \otimes \mathbf{O} \tilde{\mathbb{R}} \otimes . \mathbf{c} o \mathbb{m}$

I drank in every inch of my little ninja babe's lithe, finely tuned body. Once she got over the newness of my voyeurism, she became playful, giving me a variety of silhouettes and poses. I stripped and returned the favor, which earned me a giggling fit. As I took a minute to sit down and stare into the tranquility of the still surface, she snuck up on me.

her eyes relayed her intentions. 'Love me for all eternity and think of no one else but me.' My elbows were locked, supporting my upper torso as she hovered over my lap. She was a lone feather falling upon the unyielding stone.

She said it all with her eyes. I tried to speak, but she put a forefinger to my lips. 'Hold me forever,'

took it in increments. A sigh more at home in whispered Nirvana than on mortal tongues escaped her lips as she nestled all the way down. We didn't fuck. We rocked back and forth in a timid motion.

With one hand behind her, she guided my cock into the wet, luxurious vice that was her cunt. We

As Miyako became accustomed to me once more, she would lean farther back with each pulse until an in and out rhythm was achieved. I took the occasion of her victory to pluck her left nipple into my mouth. Experience had taught me that was her more sensitive one. For several seconds, she fought it before knowledge caught up with instinct, then she loosed her passion.

was returning a fraction of that warmth.

[Nipponese] "Do you ever think you will find true love?" she whispered into my ear. I was drawing

After her vibrations subsided, she rested her body tightly against mine. I still impaled her and she

my finger through her damp hair as it trailed down her back.

[Nipponese] "As in love one over all others... no," I confided. "Even if I did, I could never admit it."

[Mandarin] "Why not?"

[French] "My life is a mad race through the forest and I don't know if I am a hound or the stag. I don't

[English] "When do you think the race will end for you?" she moaned softly.

dare slow down until I know, and that is no way to repay such devotion."

[Nipponese] "I would really like to hold a child of mine. I don't regret my life's path up until now, yet I leave so very little of me behind if it ends soon," I muttered and then chuckled. "It used to be at the first sign of a pregnancy test, I would panic. The World turns very rapidly."

A minute passed as she went from warm to heatedly sensuous.

[Nipponese] "Less talk - more babies," she sacrificed her emotions for my well-being with her oh so

naught Baby Metal band voice and questing fingers. How could I say 'no' to that?

[Nipponese] "Let's find out."

[English] "I don't think it works that way," I teased\www.no(v)E(1)\wo(r)M.côm

Sometime later, I was lying on my back, Miyako's body extended over mine so that not one precious inch of her touched the cool slick rock surface. Considering our position and location, it took me a bit longer to notice the intruder. I thought she was all kinds of strange. Twin memories and perception joined forces for once.

three meters below. As she entered our isolated love nest, I noticed she had sent forth not a single ripple in the water. Memory filled in the rest. Her eyes, when her gaze met my own, had that void that comes from a tortured life punctuated by horrors you witness as well as ones you are forced to perform.

The woman moved through the water, yet she was only hip deep in a place I knew the bottom was

That was from "me". The electron swarm inside my mind provided another crucial piece of the puzzle. Utukku - phantoms... dead denied entrance to the Nether Realms, trapped between, until some sin had been lifted. The spirit gave me a look of shock, then turned and fled.

[Nipponese] "We are in danger," I hissed to Miyako before cutting off the lantern.

I dove in, angling for the tunnel we'd entered by. I was close enough not to jab my fingers into the

stone surface as I clawed my way through. I didn't burst noisily to the surface on the other side. My approach was that of an alligator - slowly letting my head crest the surface so I could look around. No one was in evidence. Miyako was soundless at my side as we scramble to the hiding place of our gear.

Miyako held my hand back until she was sure our belongings hadn't been booby-trapped. I had to

make quick judgment call: how time critical was this? I went the 'clothes and weapons' route.
"What is going on?" Miyako spoke quietly $ww.n(\circ)vEl(w)o\check{R}(m).com$

"Back there, I saw a feminine Asian ghost and the last time I witnessed such a pained, hopeless look, I was confronting the Seven Pillars," I told her. "Their slave had that same doomed stare."

"There are only two things here of value," Miyako made her assessment. "You and the children. You are far more accessible in New York City, so it must be the children." We pressed ourselves tightly to

for evening, with her bow notched and ready.

the cave sides when we heard the sound of footsteps coming our way. It was Charlotte, my minder