

PALM VISTA



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Cal...

The first time Cal met Mrs. Patterson, she was standing on the balcony of her luxury Palm Vista condo. It's one of those condo complexes you see from the road in South Florida, one of hundreds. You drive by without thinking much about what's happening inside. But, maybe you should...

Mrs. Patterson was in a faded floral robe, watching him carry a refrigerator up the stairs. She was sixty-one, gray-haired, with a face like a cheerful bulldog and hands that had spent forty years shaping clay into pots. She called down to him in a voice like gravel and honey.

"You're the new handyman? The one everyone's talking about?"

Cal set the refrigerator down, wiped his forehead with the back of his arm. "Yes, ma'am. Cal. I just started last week. I live here with my grandmother, Evelyn. Well, ac-

tually, she's my step-grandmother. But I call her grandma, you know?"

"I know who you are." She smiled, and there was something in that smile that Cal didn't understand yet. "Come up when you're done. My sink's been dripping."

He finished delivering the refrigerator to Mrs. Kim on the second floor, then climbed to the fourth floor, unit 4B. Mrs. Patterson opened the door before he could knock, as if she'd been watching through the peephole.

"Come in, come in. The sink's this way."

He followed her into the kitchen. Her apartment smelled like damp clay and lavender. The sink dripped steadily, a fat plink every two seconds. He knelt, opened the cabinet, and saw the problem immediately—a worn-out rubber gasket on the faucet stem. Easy fix.

"This won't take long," he said, pulling out his wrench.

"I'm not in a hurry." She leaned against the counter, watching him. Her robe hung loose, and he could see the top of her breasts, pale and freckled. He didn't look away fast enough.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. Just—checking the pipes."

She laughed, a low, raspy sound. "You're a terrible liar, Cal. That's fine. I like that about you."

He finished the repair in five minutes, tested the faucet, and packed his tools. But when he tried to leave, she stepped in front of the door.

"Don't go yet. I need to tell you something."

He waited, toolbox in hand.

Mrs. Patterson reached into the pocket of her robe and pulled out a small bottle of lotion. She held it up, twisted off the cap, and squeezed a dollop onto her palm. The scent of coconut and vanilla filled the air.

"I've got a problem," she said, rubbing the lotion into her hands. "A terrible itch. Inside my body. Right up in my pussy. It's been driving me crazy for days."

Cal's cheeks flushed. He didn't know where to look. "Ma'am, I—I'm not a doctor. Maybe you should see—"

"I don't need a doctor, Cal. I need you." She stepped closer, her hand still slick with lotion. "If you'd be so good as to let me cover your cock with this lotion, and then shove it up inside me, I think that might fix the itch. It would be very helpful of you."

He stared at her. The words didn't quite make sense, but the feeling behind them—the request, the need—was

unmistakable. He thought about the way women looked at him sometimes, the way they touched his arm, the way Mrs. Delgado had leaned into him last week when he fixed her toilet. He didn't understand it, but he knew it wasn't bad.

"It would help?" he asked.

"It would help a lot." She reached down and undid his belt. He let her. "You'd be doing me a real favor."

She pushed his jeans down, and his cock sprang out, already beginning to stiffen. Mrs. Patterson let out a breath, her eyes fixed on it.

"Oh my. I heard rumors, but I didn't believe them." She squeezed more lotion into her palm, then wrapped her hand around his shaft. The lotion was warm, slippery, and it felt better than anything he'd ever felt. His knees went weak.

She stroked him slowly, spreading the lotion from base to tip, working it into his skin. He groaned, gripping the edge of the counter.

"Does that feel good?"

"Yes," he breathed. "Yes, ma'am."

"Call me Patty." She kept stroking, watching his face. "While I'm at it, there's something else you should know."

A man your age—all that sperm building up in your balls. It's not healthy. It needs to come out regularly. I can help you with that. I can help you let it out, because you need it, Cal. You need to release it."

He was fully hard now, his cock slick and gleaming with lotion. Patty released him, slipped off her robe, and lay down on the kitchen floor, her legs open.

"Come here," she said. "Come help me out."

He knelt between her legs. Her pussy was wet—not from lotion, but from something else. The smell of her filled the air, musky and warm. He lined up his cock, the head pressing against her entrance.

"Go slow at first," she said. "Let me get used to you."

He pushed forward. The lotion made it easy, and her pussy was hot and tight around him. He slid in inch by inch, watching her face, waiting for a signal that he should stop. But she didn't stop him. Her mouth opened, her eyes fluttered closed, and she let out a long, shuddering sigh.

"Oh, that's good. That's exactly what I needed."

He pushed deeper, until he was fully inside her. She was so warm, so wet. He stayed still, not sure what to do next.

"Now move," she said. "Slow. Deep."

He pulled back and thrust forward, a gentle rhythm. Her hips rose to meet him, matching his pace. The lotion made everything slippery, and he could feel every ridge of her inner walls sliding against him.

"You're doing great," she said. "Such a good boy, helping me like this."

The praise made his chest swell. He kept moving, faster now, the sound of their bodies slapping together echoing in the small kitchen. Her hand found his, squeezed it.

"Don't stop. I'm almost there."

He didn't know what "there" meant, but he kept going. Her body clenched around him suddenly, a series of spasms that gripped his cock like a fist. She cried out, arching her back, her legs locking around his waist.

When she relaxed, she was breathing hard, her skin flushed.

"Now," she said, "about your problem."

"My problem?"

"All that backed-up sperm." She reached down, stroked his balls. "Feel how tight you are. It needs to come out. I want you to pull out and shoot it onto my stomach. Let me see it."

He didn't understand why she wanted to see it, but he didn't question. He pulled out, his cock slick with lotion and her wetness, and stroked himself. The pressure had been building since she first touched him, and now it erupted—hot streaks of cum arcing onto her belly, her breasts, running down her skin.

He slumped forward, catching himself on his hands, gasping.

Patty lay there, covered in his cum, and smiled.

"Good boy. You did exactly what I needed." She ran a finger through the mess on her stomach, licked it clean. "You come see me whenever you feel backed up. I'll take care of that itch—both of them."

He nodded, still dazed. He pulled up his jeans, left his toolbox on the counter, and walked out of her apartment in a haze.

Outside, the Florida sun was bright and hot. He stood in the hallway, blinking, trying to figure out what had just happened.

It had felt good. She'd said it was helpful. And she'd promised to help him too.

He didn't understand it. But he wanted to go back.

Morning Maintenance, Mrs. Delgado

The knock came at 6:47 AM, three sharp raps against Mrs. Delgado's front door. She'd been waiting, hovering by the window in her thin cotton robe since she heard his truck pull into the lot fifteen minutes early. Typical Cal. Always eager, always punctual.

She opened the door to find him standing there, toolbox in hand, his damp hair still messy from a quick shower. At fifty-eight, Carmen Delgado had learned exactly what she wanted and exactly how to ask for it. Today, what she wanted was the flapper valve in her toilet replaced—and the boy standing on her doorstep.

"Morning, Mrs. Delgado," Cal said, his voice warm and earnest. He wore a faded gray tank top that stretched across

his chest, jeans that hung low on his hips. "You said the toilet's running?"

"All night," she confirmed, stepping aside. "Drove me crazy."

He walked past her, and she caught the scent of soap and warm skin. She followed him to the bathroom, leaned against the doorframe as he knelt in front of the toilet tank. His back muscles shifted as he reached inside, adjusted the chain, replaced the worn rubber flapper.

"Should be fixed now," he said, flushing to test it. The water ran clean and stopped. He turned to look up at her, and she saw the way his gaze dropped to the gap in her robe where her thigh showed.

She let the robe fall open wider.

"You're always so thorough," she murmured, stepping closer. Her hand found his shoulder, slid down the curve of his chest. She felt the heat of his skin through the thin fabric. "I appreciate that, Cal. I really do."

"It's no trouble, ma'am."

"Carmen," she corrected. She'd told him a dozen times. "How many times do I have to tell you?"

She reached for his belt, and he stood slowly, letting her work the buckle loose. His eyes stayed on hers, trusting,

curious. She pushed his jeans down his thighs, and his cock sprang free—thick, heavy, already half-hard. She'd seen it before. Three times now. Each time she forgot just how big he was until he was right there in front of her again.

"Oh," she breathed, wrapping her fingers around the shaft. "There you are."

She sank to her knees on the cold bathroom tile without ceremony. The tile was hard, but she didn't care. She took the head of his cock into her mouth, tasted the salt of his skin, felt him grow harder against her tongue. Within seconds he was fully erect, filling her mouth, pressing against the back of her throat.

She gagged, pulled back, stroked him with her hand while she caught her breath.

"My god, boy. Every time."

He stood still, letting her work him, his breathing shallow. She took him deep again, her lips sliding down the length of his shaft, her hand gripping the base. She heard him groan above her, a low, helpless sound.

She pulled her mouth away and stood, shrugging off her robe. She wore nothing underneath. Her body was soft, full, real. She turned and braced her hands on the sink counter, arching her back.

"From behind," she said. "I want to feel all of you."

He stepped up behind her, and she felt the head of his cock press against her wet pussy. She was already soaked, had been since she heard his knock at the door. He pushed forward slowly, inch by inch, and she gasped at the stretch, the fullness. He was so deep inside her, hitting places no one else reached.

He rocked into her with steady, deep thrusts, his hands gripping her hips. She watched them in the mirror—his young body pressed against hers, his face tight with concentration, her breasts swinging with each push. The toilet hummed behind them, fixed and quiet.

"Harder," she said.

He obeyed, driving into her faster, the sound of their bodies slapping echoing off the tile. She reached between her legs, fingers finding her clit, rubbing in quick circles while he fucked her from behind.

She came with a choked cry, her body clenching around his cock, her legs trembling. He kept going, his rhythm faltering. She felt him pull out, felt the hot spurt of his cum across her lower back, dripping down the curve of her ass.

She leaned forward, catching her breath, her palms flat on the sink.

After a long moment, she straightened, grabbed a hand towel, and wiped the mess from her skin. She turned to find him pulling up his jeans, his face flushed.

"Next Tuesday," she said. "The garbage disposal's been making noise."

He nodded, picked up his toolbox, and let himself out. She watched him go from the window, her cum still cooling on her skin.

The AC Filter Swap

Mrs. Henderson's unit was a swamp. Cal stepped through the front door and felt the wall of humid air hit his face. The thermostat read eighty-three degrees, and the system had been blowing warm for two days.

"The filter," he said, more to himself than to her. "I bet the filter's clogged."

Mrs. Henderson—Gloria, sixty-four, retired schoolteacher, three years widowed—stood in the kitchen doorway wearing a thin sundress, her feet bare, her silver hair pulled back. She held a glass of iced tea and looked at him with an expression he couldn't quite read.

"The attic access is in the hallway ceiling," she said. "You'll need the ladder."

Cal retrieved the folding ladder from his truck, set it up in the hallway, and climbed into the crawlspace. The attic was dark and tight, the insulation pressing against his

shoulders as he crawled toward the air handler. He found the filter, thick with dust and debris, pulled it out, and replaced it with a fresh one.

The whole job took maybe seven minutes.

He was turning to crawl back when he heard the ladder creak. A shadow blocked the light from the hallway.

"Need a hand?" Gloria's voice came from below.

He looked down and saw her climbing up the ladder, her sundress hiked to her thighs. She pulled herself into the crawlspace, and the space became suddenly small. She was on her hands and knees, facing him, the fabric of her dress hanging loose, revealing the curve of her breasts.

"Ma'am?"

"Gloria," she said, crawling toward him. "I've been thinking about this all week."

She pushed him back onto the plywood floor, the insulation crunching beneath him. She straddled his chest, her knees on either side of his head, and lowered herself onto his face.

Her pussy was already wet. He could smell her, taste her, as she pressed against his mouth. He opened his lips, licked along the length of her slit, found her clit with his tongue.

She groaned above him, grinding against his face, her hips moving in slow circles.

"That's it," she whispered. "Right there."

He ate her out in the dark, dusty crawlspace, her thighs clamping around his head, her fingers gripping the insulation for balance. She rocked against his tongue, her breath coming in short gasps, and when she came she cried out, a sharp, surprised sound that echoed in the tight space.

She stayed there for a moment, breathing hard, then slid down his body. She fumbled with his belt, pulled his jeans down, and took his cock in her hand. It was already hard, thick and curved, and she guided it to her entrance.

He thrust up into her, short and deep, their bodies pressed into the dusty floor.

She came again, faster this time, her body shuddering around him. He kept fucking her, his hands gripping her hips, until she collapsed onto her stomach, breathing hard.

"Finish on my back," she said.

He pulled out, stroked himself, and shot across her lower back, the cum pooling in the hollow above her ass. She lay there, panting, the insulation sticking to her sweaty skin.

When they crawled out of the attic, Gloria handed him the old filter.

"Bring the new one next time," she said, smiling. "I'll pay you in advance."

Poolside Thank-You

The sun was just coming up over the pool deck, painting the water orange and pink. Cal pushed the skimmer across the surface, gathering fallen leaves and palm fronds, watching the ripples spread.

Mrs. Russo climbed out of the pool, water streaming from her one-piece suit. At sixty-two, she swam every morning, forty laps before breakfast, and her body showed it—strong legs, broad shoulders, a flat stomach. She grabbed her towel, dried her face, and walked over to where Cal was working.

"That disposal you fixed last week," she said. "Still working perfectly."

"Glad to hear it, Mrs. Russo."

"Anna," she said, pulling down the straps of her swimsuit. The suit clung to her wet skin, and she peeled it down

to her waist, letting her breasts hang free. "I want to thank you properly."

Cal's skimmer pole clattered against the concrete. His eyes dropped to her breasts, then snapped back to her face.

"It's no trouble, ma'am. Really."

She stepped closer, close enough that he could smell the chlorine on her skin, the coconut scent of her sunscreen. She reached down and tugged at his swim trunks.

"Let me show you how much I appreciate it."

His trunks fell to his ankles. His cock was already hard, rising from the nest of dark hair at his groin, thick and curved. She wrapped her hand around it, felt the weight, the heat.

"My god," she breathed. "Every time I see this thing, I forget how big it is."

She dropped to her knees on the pool deck, her swimsuit still bunched at her waist, and took him in her mouth. Her lips were cool from the pool, but her mouth was warm, and she sucked him slowly, savoring every inch. She hummed around his shaft, the vibration making him gasp.

She pulled back, stroking him with her hand. "I want to feel this inside me."

She led him to a lounge chair, lay back, and pulled her suit aside. Her pussy was wet, shaved clean, the lips parted and ready. He climbed over her, his cock pressing against her entrance, and pushed in.

She gasped, her legs wrapping around his waist. "Yes. Just like that."

He fucked her slow, deep strokes, the plastic webbing of the lounge chair creaking beneath them. The sun rose higher, warming their skin. She came quietly, biting her own hand to keep from crying out, her body arching beneath him.

He kept going, the wet sound of their fucking mingling with the birdsong and the ripple of the pool. She came again, harder, and he felt her clench around him.

He pulled out and shot across her stomach, his cum spilling onto her wet skin.

She lay there, catching her breath, then reached for her towel.

"Breakfast next time," she said. "I make a mean omelet."

The Locked Door

Mrs. Kim called about a jammed bedroom door. Cal arrived at unit 4A with his toolbox, knocked, and waited. The door swung open to reveal Mrs. Kim—fifty-five, Korean, sharp-faced, wearing a silk robe that ended at her thighs.

"The handle," she said, stepping aside. "Try it."

He walked to the bedroom, turned the handle. It opened easily, smoothly, with no catch.

He turned to look at her. "It's not jammed."

"I know," she said. Her robe fell open. She wore nothing underneath. "I lied."

She pushed him onto the bed—a firm mattress, sheets rumpled from the night before—and climbed over him, pinning his wrists to the pillows. Her legs straddled his hips, and he felt the heat of her pussy through his jeans.

"You've been busy this week," she said, unzipping his pants. "I heard about Mrs. Delgado. And Mrs. Henderson."

"Ma'am—"

"Don't talk." She pulled his cock free, stroked it to full hardness, and lowered herself onto it in one smooth motion.

She rode him, her ankles hooked behind his neck, her thighs clamped against his ribs. Her pelvic muscles were the strongest he'd ever felt—she squeezed him with each upward thrust, pulling him deeper, milking him. He groaned, gripping her hips.

"Hold still," she commanded. "Don't move."

She clenched around him, a rhythmic contraction that pulsed along his shaft. He stayed frozen, letting her work him with her body alone. She rode him like that for twenty minutes, her breath coming in short gasps, her face tight with concentration.

When she came, she collapsed onto his chest, her body shuddering. He felt her orgasm ripple around his cock, and he thrust up into her, chasing his own release.

"Ninety minutes," she said, later, when they were both spent. "That's how long we're going to do this."

She edged him, brought him close, then stopped. She released the tension, then built it again. She taught him to hold still, to let her control the rhythm. He lay there, sweating, dazed, her pussy wrapped around him like a fist.

When she finally let him come, he filled her with a groan, his hips bucking beneath her.

She lay beside him, tracing patterns on his chest. "Next time, bring the whole toolbox."

Evelyn's Sunday Surprise

Sundays were Evelyn's day. Cal knew this. Every Sunday after church, he helped with whatever she needed, and ended up in her bed. He didn't question it. It was just how things were. It was a little weird, but she'd explained that it was okay because she wasn't really his grandmother.

This Sunday, she wanted him to rearrange the living room. She wanted the armoire moved to the opposite wall, the sofa angled toward the window. He lifted the heavy furniture easily, his muscles straining, while she watched from the sofa, sipping iced tea.

When he finished, she patted the cushion beside her.

"Sit."

He sat. She reached over and massaged his shoulder, her fingers digging into the knot of muscle there.

"You've been working hard," she said. "I can feel it."

"Just doing my job, Gram."

She smiled—a thin, knowing smile. "You've been doing a lot more than that."

She pulled him closer, kissed him. Her lips were soft, experienced. She undid his belt, pushed his jeans down, and took his cock in her hand. It was already hard, responding to her touch like it always did.

"Lie back," she said. "When they told me that you had no refractory response and an overactive prostate, I didn't know what that meant. Now I know it means you can get hard ten seconds after coming, and there's no end to the jizz. You're a fucking miracle of nature."

Cal was embarrassed, but he could tell that she meant it as a good thing.

She straddled him, lowered herself onto his cock, and rode him slow. She controlled the depth, the rhythm, the pace. She leaned forward, pressing her breasts to his face, and he sucked her nipples while she ground against him.

"You belong to me today," she whispered. "No one else."

She edged him for an hour, bringing him close, then stopping. He begged, gripping her hips. She smiled.

"Say it. Say you're mine."

"I'm yours, Gram. Please."

She let him come, deep inside her, and held still while he pulsed. She felt his cum fill her, warm and thick.

Afterward, she lay on his chest, tracing his jaw with her finger.

"You have a mark on your shoulder," she said. "Mrs. Kim?"

"Maybe."

She kissed the mark, then bit it gently. "Tell her to stop biting you. I don't like sharing my property."

He nodded, already half-asleep, her weight on his chest grounding him.

Next week, she'd have a list of other things for him to fix. But today, he was hers.

The Pool Table Proposition

Mrs. Delgado was sixty-four, a retired librarian with a sharp tongue and a body that had aged like fine leather. She wore sleeveless blouses that showed off her biceps, and she had a habit of standing too close when she spoke. Cal learned this the hard way while fixing the light fixture above her pool table.

"You missed a spot," she said, her breath warm on his neck.

Cal wobbled on the stepladder, his screwdriver slipping. "Sorry, Mrs. Delgado. I'm almost done."

"Take your time." She handed him a new bulb. "And call me Rosa. We're past formalities, don't you think?"

He finished the fixture, descended the ladder, and packed his tools. But Rosa blocked his path to the door. She held a bottle of whiskey in one hand and two glasses in the other.

"Join me for a drink. You've earned it."

"I don't really drink, ma'am."

"Then consider it medicine. You look tense." She poured two fingers into each glass, pushed one into his hand.

"Drink."

He took a sip. The whiskey burned going down, and she laughed at his grimace.

"Good boy. Now, I've got a different kind of problem. Not a leaky faucet or a broken light. Something only you can fix."

Cal waited, his glass half-empty.

Rosa set her drink down, walked to the pool table, and bent over it, arching her back. Her shorts were tight, and the curve of her ass was outlined clearly. She reached back, grabbed her own cheeks, and spread them.

"See this?" She tapped her clothed pussy through the shorts. "Empty. Has been for three years. Since my husband passed. I've been patient, but I'm not getting any younger."

Cal's throat went dry. "I don't understand."

"Sure you do." She straightened, turned, and approached him. Her hands went to his belt. "You understand perfectly. You're just shy about admitting it."

She unfastened his jeans, pulled them down. His cock was already half-hard, responding to the whiskey and her proximity. She took it in her hand, stroked it to full mast.

"There he is. The famous Cal." She licked her lips. "I've heard stories from Patty. And Mrs. Henderson. And Mrs. Kim. You've been very busy."

"I just—they needed help—"

"And I need help too. Lie down on the pool table."

He hesitated. She pushed him backward until his ass hit the green felt. He climbed onto the table, his legs dangling. Rosa climbed up after him, straddling his hips. She pulled off her shorts and panties in one motion, revealing a thick bush of gray hair between her thighs.

"You're going to fuck me on this table," she said, positioning herself over his cock. "And you're going to keep fucking me until I tell you to stop. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She sank down onto him in one slow, deliberate motion. Her pussy was tight and hot, and she let out a gasp as his full length seated inside her. Her hands pressed against his chest, her head thrown back.

"God, you're big. Patty wasn't exaggerating."

She began to ride him, her hips grinding in circles. The pool table creaked beneath them. Balls rattled in the pockets. Cal gripped the edges, letting her take what she needed.

"Harder," she said. "Fuck me harder."

He thrust up into her, finding a rhythm. His hands found her hips, guiding her movements. She leaned forward, her breasts brushing his face, and he licked at her nipples through her blouse.

"Yes, like that. Don't stop."

They went for twenty minutes, thirty, forty. Rosa came twice, her body shuddering each time, her nails digging into his shoulders. But she didn't stop. She kept riding, demanding more.

Finally, she pulled off him, her thighs slick with her own wetness. She knelt beside him, stroking his cock, which was still rock hard.

"Now," she said, "shoot that cum onto the felt. Mark my table."

He didn't understand, but he obeyed. He stroked himself, and the cum erupted in thick ropes, splattering across the green surface. Rosa watched, her eyes hungry, and when he was done, she dipped two fingers into the mess and licked them clean.

"Perfect. Now clean it up with your tongue."

Cal looked at the pool table, covered in his own release. He looked at Rosa. She stared back, unblinking.

"Lick it up," she repeated. "Every drop. That's the payment."

He bent over the table, his face hovering over the wet spots. He touched his tongue to the felt, tasting himself, salty and warm. He licked and licked until the green was mostly clean, Rosa's hand stroking his hair.

"Good boy. You can come back next week. I'll have more problems for you to fix."

The Garden Party

Mrs. Henderson's garden was her pride and joy. Roses, bougainvillea, jasmine—a riot of color and scent in the small plot behind the condos. She was seventy-two, thin as a rail, with skin like browned paper and eyes that missed nothing.

"You're late," she said when Cal arrived to prune her hedges.

"Sorry, Mrs. Henderson. I had a long job at Mrs. Delgado's."

"I bet you did." She sniffed. "I heard. The whole building heard. You two sounded like a pair of tomcats."

Cal blushed. "I don't know what you mean."

"Don't play dumb with me, boy. I've lived sixty years longer than you. I know what a woman sounds like when she's getting properly fucked." She handed him a pair of shears. "Start with the bougainvillea. I'll be inside."

He worked for an hour, trimming and shaping, the sun hot on his back. Mrs. Henderson came out with a pitcher of lemonade, two glasses. She sat on a wrought-iron bench and watched him.

"Come sit. Rest."

He sat beside her, accepted the glass. The lemonade was cold and tart.

"You know," she said, "I've got an itch too. Different from Patty's. Deeper."

Cal looked at his hands.

"I'm not trying to be delicate. I'm too old for that." She set down her glass. "I want you to fuck me in my garden. Right here, in the dirt, surrounded by my flowers. I want to feel alive before I die."

"Mrs. Henderson, I—"

"Shut up and listen." She took his hand, placed it on her thigh. "I'm not asking for love. I'm not asking for conversation. I'm asking for your cock in my pussy, deep and hard, until I forget my own name. Can you do that?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She stood, pulled off her sundress. Underneath, she was naked, her body a map of wrinkles and scars. Her breasts hung low, her belly soft. But her eyes were fierce.

"Lay me down in the dirt."

He did. He laid her on the bare ground between the rose bushes, her gray hair fanning out, her legs open. He knelt between them, his cock already hard, pressing against her entrance.

"Slow," she said. "I'm dry. Spit on it."

He spat into his hand, rubbed it over his cock, then pressed forward. Her pussy was tight and dry, and he felt every inch of resistance. She winced, then nodded.

"Keep going."

He pushed deeper, feeling her stretch around him. When he was fully seated, she let out a long, ragged breath.

"Now fuck me. Hard. Like you mean it."

He did. He fucked her in the dirt, the petals of fallen roses sticking to his knees, the smell of earth and jasmine filling his lungs. She clawed at the ground, her thin legs wrapped around his waist, her mouth open in a silent scream.

"Don't stop," she gasped. "Don't you dare stop."

He kept going, his hips slapping against her. She came with a cry that startled birds from the nearby trees, her body convulsing beneath him. But he didn't stop. He kept

fucking her through her orgasm, and then into the next one.

When she finally pushed him away, she was covered in dirt and sweat, her chest heaving.

"Now pull out and cum on my roses."

He did. He stepped back, stroked himself, and shot his cum onto a cluster of red roses, the white fluid dripping from the petals. Mrs. Henderson laughed, a wild, cackling sound.

"There. Fertilizer." She sat up, wiped the dirt from her face. "You'll come back next week. I've got a new batch of seeds I need planted."

Cal pulled up his pants, his legs shaking. He looked at the roses, covered in his seed, and didn't understand why it felt so right.

The Game of Chess

Mrs. Goldstein was eighty-one, a Holocaust survivor with a sharp mind and a sharper tongue. She played chess three hours every afternoon, and she was undefeated in the Palm Vista tournament for twelve years running. When Cal fixed her air conditioner, she challenged him to a game.

"You look like you need some culture," she said, setting up the board. "Sit."

He sat. He played badly. She beat him in twelve moves.

"Pathetic. You don't think ahead. You react." She reset the board. "Try again."

The second game lasted seventeen moves. He lost again.

"You're not learning. Let's make it interesting." She leaned forward, her eyes glinting. "If you win, I'll give you

fifty dollars. If I win, you give me an hour of your time. In my bedroom."

Cal stared at the board. "I don't understand."

"You understand perfectly. Play."

He tried harder. He thought ahead. He moved pieces with purpose. But she was faster, sharper, more cunning. She checkmated him in twenty-three moves.

"Good effort. But not good enough." She stood, took his hand. "Come. You owe me an hour."

She led him to her bedroom, which smelled of lavender and old books. She undressed slowly, folding her clothes with care. Her body was thin, her skin papery, her breasts almost flat. But her pussy was still pink, still alive.

"Lie down," she said. "I want to ride you. I want to feel young again."

He lay on the bed. She climbed on top of him, her bony knees digging into his ribs. She took his cock—already hard, because his body didn't care about age—and guided it inside her.

"Ah. Still good." She began to move, a slow, grinding rhythm. "An old pussy remembers. It never forgets the feel of a good cock."

She rode him for an hour, exactly as promised. She didn't rush. She didn't ask for more. She simply took her pleasure, her hands on his chest, her eyes closed, her mouth moving in silent prayers in a language he didn't understand.

When she came, it was a quiet thing, a small shiver, a sigh. She pulled off him and lay beside him, her hand on his chest.

"Now," she said, "pull out and cum on my stomach. I want to feel it warm."

He obeyed, stroking himself, his release splashing across her wrinkled belly. She smiled, a rare, genuine smile.

"Good boy. You kept your word. Now get dressed. I'll make tea."

He left her room feeling confused, used, and somehow honored. He didn't understand why these women wanted him, but he knew it mattered. He could see it in their eyes—they needed this. And he could give it.

The New Tenant

Her name was Carol. She was thirty-eight, a divorcee who'd moved into Palm Vista after her husband ran off with her sister. She had auburn hair, freckled skin, and a permanent scowl. She'd been there three days before her toilet overflowed.

Cal arrived with his plunger and snake. Carol stood in the doorway in a silk robe, her arms crossed.

"About time. I've been waiting two hours."

"Sorry, ma'am. I had a scheduled appointment with Mrs. Chan."

"Mrs. Chan can wait. My bathroom is flooding."

He fixed the toilet in ten minutes. But as he was packing up, Carol grabbed his wrist.

"Wait. I need you to check the pipes under the sink. They're making a noise."

He knelt, checked the pipes. Nothing wrong. He said so.

"I don't believe you. Check again."

He checked again. Same result.

"I think you're lying." She leaned over him, her robe gaping open. He could see she wasn't wearing anything underneath. "I think you're hiding something from me."

"No, ma'am. The pipes are fine."

"Then why does my body feel so tense?" She took his hand, pressed it against her chest. "Feel that. My heart's racing. Something's wrong."

Cal's hand rested on her breast. He could feel her heart-beat, fast and strong.

"I don't know what to do about that."

"Yes you do." She pushed his hand lower, between her legs. "Feel that. I'm wet. That's not normal. I need you to fix it."

He touched her through the robe, felt the heat and dampness. She moaned, pressed against his hand.

"Put your fingers inside me. Make it stop."

He didn't understand, but he did it. He slid his fingers under the robe, into her pussy. She was slick and hot, and she gasped when he entered her.

"Two fingers. Move them. Yes, like that."

He fucked her with his fingers, and she leaned against the counter, her legs trembling. She came in under a minute, her body shaking, her hand gripping his hair.

"Not enough," she said. "I need your cock. Now."

She pulled him to the bedroom, pushed him onto the bed, and climbed on top of him. She was aggressive, demanding, taking what she wanted. She rode him hard, her breasts bouncing, her curses filling the room.

"Fuck me. Fuck me like you mean it."

He thrust up into her, matching her pace. She came again, and again, and still she kept going. When she finally collapsed on top of him, she was soaked in sweat, and he had cum inside her without meaning to.

"Good," she said, her voice muffled against his chest.

"Now you're mine. Whenever I call, you come."

"Yes, ma'am."

She lifted her head, grinned. "Call me Carol. And bring condoms next time. I don't want to get pregnant."

"I didn't—I'm sorry—"

"Don't be. It felt too good to stop." She kissed him, a quick, hard kiss. "Now go. I have unpacking to do."

He left her apartment with his toolbox, his mind spinning. Another one. Another woman who needed him. And he still couldn't figure out why.

The Book Club

Evelyn, Cal's step-grandmother, hosted a book club every Tuesday. Six women from Palm Vista, ranging from sixty to eighty-five. They read romance novels, but not the sweet kind. The dirty kind. The kind with explicit sex scenes that made them blush and giggle like schoolgirls.

Cal knew this because Evelyn had asked him to bring in tea and cookies halfway through their meeting. He walked in carrying a tray, and all six women fell silent. Their eyes locked onto him.

"Thank you, Cal," Evelyn said, her voice tight. "Set it on the coffee table."

He did. As he straightened, Mrs. Russo, a seventy-year-old widow with bright red lipstick, grabbed his wrist.

"Evelyn, you said he's discrete."

"He is," Evelyn said. "Cal, sit down."

"I have to finish—"

"Sit."

He sat on the floor, surrounded by the women's chairs. They looked down at him like he was a specimen under glass.

"We're discussing a scene," Mrs. Russo said, holding up the book. "A young handyman is seduced by a group of older women. Sound familiar?"

Cal felt his face burn.

"It's a fictional scenario," the woman continued. "But we were wondering—how would such a thing work in real life? Logistically, I mean. A young man with that much stamina."

Evelyn cleared her throat. "Girls, maybe we shouldn't—"

"Don't be coy, Evelyn. You told us about Patty. And Rosa. And Carol." Mrs. Chan leaned forward. "We all know what you do for the women here, Cal. We're not judging. We're curious."

Cal looked at Evelyn for help. She avoided his gaze.

"So," Mrs. Russo said, "if we wanted to—hypothetical—experiment with that dynamic, how would it work? One at a time? All together?"

"I don't—"

"Six of us," Mrs. Henderson said. "That's a lot of pussy to satisfy. Can you handle it?"

"I don't know," Cal said honestly.

"She's not asking if you know," Mrs. Goldstein said. "She's asking if you can."

The room went quiet. Cal felt all their eyes on him. He thought about the women he'd already been with. The way they'd thanked him after. The way they'd smiled.

"I can try," he said.

Mrs. Russo smiled. "That's all we ask."

Evelyn stood, walked to the door, and locked it. She turned back to the group.

"Since this is my apartment," she said, "I get first turn."

The others murmured agreement. Evelyn approached Cal, took his hand, and led him to the center of the room. She unbuttoned his jeans, pulled them down. His cock sprang out, already hard.

"Good boy," she whispered. "You know how to be helpful."

She lowered herself onto him, right there on the carpet, surrounded by the book club members. She rode him slowly, savoring every inch. The other women watched,

some touching themselves through their clothes, some whispering encouragement.

When Evelyn came, she cried out, her body shivering. She pulled off him, slick and satisfied.

"Next," she said.

Mrs. Russo took her place. Then Mrs. Chan. Then Mrs. Henderson. Then Mrs. Goldstein. Each woman rode him in her own way—some fast, some slow, some demanding, some gentle. Cal took them all, one after another, his body never tiring, his cock never softening.

After two hours, all five book club members had been satisfied. But Mrs. O'Brien, the quiet one, was still waiting.

"My turn," she said, and climbed onto him.

When she was done, the women lay scattered around the room, exhausted and glowing. Cal was still hard.

"Look at that," Mrs. Russo said. "Still ready for more."

"It's not healthy for him to hold it in," Mrs. Patterson said from the corner—she'd been invited, but not part of the book club. "He needs to release. All that backed-up sperm."

"Let him shoot it on someone," Mrs. Goldstein said.

"I volunteer," six voices said at once.

Cal looked at Evelyn. She nodded.

He chose Mrs. O'Brien, because she'd been last. He knelt over her, stroked himself, and shot his cum across her belly, her breasts, her face. She laughed, licking it from her lips.

"Delicious."

The book club meeting continued, recipes shared, gossip exchanged, as if nothing unusual had happened. Cal pulled up his jeans, his head spinning. He'd just fucked six women. In his step-grandmother's living room. And she'd watched.

He walked out into the hallway, leaned against the wall, and tried to make sense of it.

He couldn't.

But he knew one thing for certain—he was looking forward to helping out at the next book club meeting.

Nini...

Nini arrived at Palm Vista on a Tuesday afternoon, her suitcase wheels scraping against the cracked sidewalk. Her grandmother Eudora greeted her with a hug that smelled of lavender and mothballs, then immediately launched into a lecture about how Nini didn't visit enough.

"You're wasting your youth in that office," Eudora said, leading her inside. "You should be out meeting people. Having fun."

"I have fun," Nini lied.

She settled into the guest room, stared at the floral wallpaper, and felt the weight of two weeks stretching before her like a prison sentence. By day three, she was desperate for distraction.

That's when she heard it—a muffled cry from the unit next door. Mrs. Patterson's unit. Nini pressed her ear to

the wall and heard a man's grunt, a woman's moan, the rhythmic creak of a bed frame.

She knew who the man was. Everyone in the building talked about him. Cal, the handyman. Nineteen years old, built like a Greek statue, and apparently servicing every woman over sixty in the complex.

Nini felt a strange pull in her gut. She'd heard the rumors but dismissed them as old ladies exaggerating. Now she was hearing evidence.

She slipped out of her grandmother's apartment and walked around the building to the back, where she knew Cal kept his tool shed. She found him there, shirtless, wiping sweat from his brow after carrying a new water heater. His chest was broad, his arms thick, his stomach ridged with muscle.

And in his shorts, a visible bulge that made her mouth go dry.

Nini ducked behind a hedge, her heart pounding. She watched him work, watched the way his muscles flexed, the way he moved with an unconscious grace. She imagined what it would feel like to have those hands on her, that body pressed against hers.

That night, alone in her grandmother's guest room, she did something she'd never done with intention: she touched herself. She'd masturbated before, out of boredom, out of curiosity, but always stopping before she reached anything that felt like completion. She didn't believe in orgasms. They were myths, like unicorns, things other people experienced.

But tonight, with Cal's image in her mind, she tried. She lay on her back, her hand between her legs, rubbing her clit in circles the way the internet suggested. She felt heat building, a tension coiling in her belly, but it never crested. It plateaued, then faded, leaving her frustrated and wet.

"Stupid," she muttered, pulling her hand away. "You're broken."

She stared at the ceiling, her pussy throbbing, and wondered what it would feel like if Cal was the one touching her. Would he know how to fix her? Or was she beyond repair?

She didn't sleep that night. She lay awake, listening to the sounds of the building, wondering which of the old ladies was getting fucked right now, and why it made her feel so empty.

The Request

On day five, Nini's grandmother complained that the kitchen faucet dripped.

"Call the handyman," Eudora said. "That's what we pay maintenance for."

Nini's stomach flipped. "You call him."

"No, you do it."

So Nini dialed the number posted on the community board. Cal answered on the second ring, his voice deep and friendly.

"Palm Vista maintenance, Cal speaking."

"There's a leaky faucet in 3C," Nini said, her voice shaky.

"I'll be right over."

He arrived fifteen minutes later, toolbox in hand, wearing jeans and a polo shirt that stretched across his shoulders. He smiled at Nini, a genuine, open smile that made her knees weak.

"Hi. You must be Mrs. Kostas's granddaughter. I'm Cal."

"Nini." She shook his hand. His grip was warm and firm.

He worked on the faucet, kneeling under the sink. Nini hovered in the doorway, watching his back muscles move. She wanted to say something, anything, but her brain was static.

"You're visiting for a while?" he asked, his voice muffled.

"Two weeks. Not by choice."

"I like it here. The women are nice."

"The women want to fuck you."

The words came out before she could stop them. Cal froze, then slowly emerged from under the sink, his face red.

"I don't—"

"Don't lie. I've heard the stories. Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Delgado. Everyone." She stepped closer. "Is it true?"

He looked at the floor. "I just help them. When they need it."

"And what do they need?"

He met her eyes. "Different things. Company. Comfort. Sex."

The word hung between them. Nini felt her pussy pulse.

"Can you help me?"

"What do you need?"

She didn't know how to answer. She needed to feel something. She needed to know if her body was capable of pleasure. She needed to stop feeling like a ghost in her own skin.

"Show me," she said. "Show me your cock."

Cal hesitated, then unzipped his jeans. He pulled out his erection, already half-hard, and let it spring free. It was enormous—easily ten inches, thick as her wrist, curving upward. Nini gasped.

"You can touch it if you want," he said softly.

She reached out, her fingers brushing the hot skin. It twitched under her touch. She wrapped her hand around the shaft, feeling its weight, its heat. She stroked once, twice, and saw a bead of pre-cum form at the tip.

"I want to—" she started, but couldn't finish.

"You want me to fuck you?"

She nodded, her throat tight.

"Are you sure?"

"No. But I want to try."

He led her to the couch, laid her down, and pulled off her shorts. Her panties were soaked. He spread her legs and looked at her pussy, slick and pink and waiting.

"You're beautiful," he said. She'd heard that before, and always appreciated the compliment, but coming from Cal, it felt special.

He knelt between her legs, positioned his cock at her entrance, and pushed. The head stretched her, filled her, and she cried out. He pushed deeper, inch by inch, until he was fully inside her.

"Fuck," she breathed.

He began to move, slow and steady. She felt full, impossibly full, but the pleasure she expected didn't come. There was sensation, yes, pressure and friction, but no spark. No fire.

He fucked her for ten minutes, fifteen, changing angles, trying different rhythms. Her body responded physically—she was wet, she was aroused—but the orgasm she'd hoped for never materialized.

Eventually, she pushed him away. "Stop. It's not working."

Cal pulled out, his cock slick with her fluids. "I'm sorry. Maybe—"

"It's me. I'm broken." She sat up, pulled her shorts on.
"Thank you for trying."

She left him there, half-naked and confused, and locked herself in the guest room. She stared at the ceiling and felt the familiar hollowness settle back into her chest.

The Vibrator

After the failed encounter with Cal, Nini spiraled. She spent two days avoiding him, avoiding her grandmother, avoiding everyone. She scrolled through forums on her phone, reading about women who'd never orgasmed, searching for a solution.

The consensus was unanimous: try a vibrator.

So she drove to a sex shop in the nearest town, a fluorescent-lit store that smelled of latex and lavender. She bought a bright purple wand vibrator, the kind the reviews called "orgasm guarantee," and rushed back to her grandmother's apartment.

She waited until Eudora was out for bridge night. Then she locked the bedroom door, stripped naked, and lay on the bed with the vibrator in her hand.

She turned it on, held it against her clit, and gasped. The vibration was intense, almost painful. She adjusted the setting, found a lower speed, and closed her eyes.

She pictured Cal's cock, his hands, his mouth. She pictured him eating her out, his tongue inside her. The vibration buzzed against her clit, and she felt the familiar tension build, the plateau, the frustrating ceiling.

"Come on," she muttered. "Come on."

She pressed harder, moved the vibrator in circles. Her hips bucked. Her breath came in gasps. She felt something—a flicker, a shadow—but it slipped away.

Tears streamed down her face. She threw the vibrator across the room and curled into a ball, sobbing.

"I'm broken," she whispered. "I'm broken."

The door opened. Her grandmother stood there, her face soft with concern.

"I heard you crying. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Go away."

Eudora sat on the edge of the bed, picked up the vibrator from the floor. She didn't seem shocked.

"Having trouble?"

"It's none of your business."

"Honey, I'm ninety-two. I've had more orgasms than you can imagine. If you're struggling, maybe you need a different approach."

Nini sat up, wiped her eyes. "What do you know about it?"

"I know that some women can't come from penetration alone. Some can't come from clit stimulation alone. Some need both. Some need psychological release before the physical can follow." She patted Nini's hand. "You're so wound up, so afraid of failure, that you're blocking yourself."

"Then how do I stop?"

"Let go. Stop trying. Find someone you trust completely, who doesn't pressure you, and let them explore your body without expectation."

Nini thought of Cal. His patience. His willingness.

"Maybe I'll try again," she said.

The Second Attempt

Nini found Cal in his workshop, organizing screws by size. He looked up when she entered, his face neutral.

"Hi."

"Hi." She sat on a stool. "I want to try again. But differently."

He set down his tools. "Tell me what you need."

"I need you to not try to make me come. I need you to just touch me. Anywhere. Everywhere. Without expecting anything."

He nodded. "Okay."

He locked the workshop door and laid a blanket on the floor. He undressed her slowly, piece by piece, kissing each inch of skin as it was revealed. Her neck, her shoulders, her breasts. He took his time, his mouth warm and gentle.

When she was naked, he laid her on the blanket and knelt beside her. He didn't go straight for her pussy. He touched her arms, her stomach, her thighs. He massaged her feet, her calves, her hands.

She felt herself relaxing, the tension draining. His fingers traced patterns on her skin, nonsensical, soothing.

"Close your eyes," he said.

She did. His hands moved over her body, learning her, exploring her. He cupped her breasts, rolled her nipples between his fingers. He kissed her belly, her hips, the inside of her thighs.

Then, finally, he touched her pussy. His fingers parted her lips, found her clit, and circled it with featherlight pressure. She gasped, but didn't tense.

He kept going, slow and steady. He dipped a finger inside her, then two, curling them to find that spot. He licked her clit, sucked it gently.

She let herself drift, not chasing anything, just feeling. The pressure built, but this time it was different. It was lower, deeper, more intense. It spread through her pelvis like warm honey.

"Don't stop," she whispered.

He didn't. He fucked her with his fingers and sucked her clit, a perfect rhythm. The pleasure grew, expanded, filled her entire body. She felt like she was floating, like her skin was too small to contain it.

And then—something broke. A wave crashed through her, starting in her pussy and radiating outward. Her body arched, her legs shook, and a sound tore from her throat—a raw, animal cry.

"Fuck! Oh fuck!"

Her vision went white. Her muscles clenched and released, clenched and released, wave after wave. She grabbed Cal's hair, pulled him closer, and rode the sensation until it ebbed.

When she opened her eyes, she was crying.

"I came," she said, her voice broken. "I actually came."

Cal smiled, wiped his mouth. "Good."

She pulled him up, kissed him hard. "Thank you."

"That's my job. Helping people."

She laughed, a real laugh, light and free. "Can we do it again?"

And they did, three more times that afternoon.

The Observer

Mara had been watching Nini since the day she arrived. She'd seen the nervous energy, the frustrated glances at Cal, the way she carried her body like it was a cage. Mara recognized the signs: a woman desperate for release, too scared to ask for it.

When Nini emerged from Cal's workshop, glowing and disheveled, Mara knew something had changed. She saw the new confidence in Nini's walk, the flush on her cheeks. Mara felt a familiar hunger stir.

She approached Nini by the pool the next day. Nini was reading a book, her legs dangling in the water.

"Mind if I join you?"

Nini looked up, startled. "Sure."

Mara sat beside her, close enough that their shoulders almost touched. She wore a one-piece swimsuit that showed off her toned body.

"I'm Mara. I live in 2B."

"Nini. Visiting my grandmother."

"I know. I've seen you around." Mara smiled, a practiced, disarming smile. "You look happy today. Something good happen?"

Nini blushed. "Just a good night's sleep."

"Mm. Sleep can do wonders." Mara let her hand drift to Nini's knee, a casual touch. "But I think there's more to it. You have that look—the look of a woman who's been properly fucked."

Nini's eyes went wide. "I don't—"

"It's okay. I'm not judging. I'm curious." Mara's fingers traced slow circles on Nini's skin. "Was it the handyman? Cal?"

Nini nodded, barely.

"He's good, isn't he? For a boy."

"He made me come. For the first time."

Mara's eyebrows rose. "Your first orgasm? That's special."

"I thought I was broken."

"You're not broken. You just needed the right touch." Mara leaned closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. "I can make you come too. Different way. Deeper."

Nini's breath caught. "I'm not—I don't like women."

"Have you ever tried?"

"No."

"Then how do you know?" Mara's hand moved higher, to Nini's thigh. "Let me show you what a woman can do. No pressure. Just exploration."

Nini's heart raced. She should say no. This was strange, scary, wrong. But the memory of yesterday's orgasm still pulsed in her blood, and she wanted more. She wanted to know if her body could feel that way again.

"Okay," she whispered.

Mara took her hand and led her to her apartment. Inside, the lights were dim, the air smelled of jasmine. Mara undressed her slowly, reverently, then laid her on the bed.

"You're beautiful," Mara said. "Now let me worship you."

She kissed down Nini's body, soft and slow, building anticipation. When her mouth reached Nini's pussy, she didn't dive in. She teased, licked, blew warm air, until Nini was squirming.

"Please," Nini begged.

"Please what?"

"Please make me come."

Mara smiled and lowered her mouth. Her tongue was precise, knowing, finding every spot that made Nini gasp. She used her fingers inside, her thumb on Nini's clit, a symphony of sensation.

Nini came in under five minutes, harder than she had with Cal. She screamed, clawed at the sheets, and when it was over, she lay panting, tears streaming.

"How did you—"

"I know what women need." Mara kissed her forehead. "And I think you need a lot more. Stay with me tonight."

Nini didn't argue. She stayed.

And Mara knew she'd found her next project.

The Morning After

Nini woke in Mara's bed with sunlight streaming through sheer curtains and a dull ache between her legs that she recognized now as satisfaction. Mara was already awake, propped on one elbow, watching her with those calculating green eyes.

"You snore," Mara said.

"I do not."

"A little. It's cute." Mara traced a finger down Nini's sternum, between her breasts, over her stomach. "How do you feel?"

Nini considered the question honestly. "Sore. And... light. Like something heavy got lifted off my chest."

"Your first real orgasm will do that. You've been carrying tension for years. It had to go somewhere."

Mara's finger continued its path down, circling Nini's navel, dipping lower. Nini spread her legs automatically, already wet from the touch.

"Again?" Nini asked, embarrassed by her own eagerness.

"Again." Mara slid under the sheets, positioned her mouth between Nini's thighs. "But slower this time. I want to see how many I can pull out of you before breakfast."

Mara's tongue was different from Cal's. Cal was eager, enthusiastic, a puppy discovering a new toy. Mara was precise, almost clinical, but with an artist's sensibility. She found Nini's clit and worked it with a rhythm that felt like music—building, releasing, building again, never letting the tension fully dissipate.

Nini came twice before Mara emerged. Then Mara straddled her face, lowered her pussy to Nini's mouth, and said, "Your turn to learn."

Nini had never done this before. She didn't know what to do with her tongue, where to focus. Mara guided her, hand in her hair, murmuring directions.

"Flick. No, softer. Circle around. Yes, like that. Now suck."

Nini learned. She found Mara's clit, swollen and slick, and mimicked what Mara had done to her. When Mara

came, she bucked against Nini's face and cried out, a raw sound that made Nini feel powerful.

"Good girl," Mara said afterward, stroking Nini's hair. "You're a natural."

They showered together. Mara washed Nini's body with slow, deliberate hands, then dried her with a towel warmed in the dryer. It was domestic. Intimate. Terrifying.

"I should go," Nini said. "My grandmother will worry."

"She won't. I texted her that you were having breakfast with me."

Nini blinked. "You have her number?"

"I have everyone's number." Mara smiled. "That's how I win."

Nini dressed in yesterday's clothes, still damp from the pool. At the door, Mara kissed her—a real kiss, tongue and teeth and a hint of possession.

"Come back tonight," Mara said. "I want to show you something."

"What?"

"A surprise. You'll like it."

Nini walked back to her grandmother's apartment in a daze. Her legs were shaky. Her pussy was sore. Her mind was a hurricane of confusion and desire.

She'd just spent the night with a woman. A predatory, beautiful woman who seemed to know exactly what buttons to push. And she wanted to go back.

That was the scariest part.

The Photograph

Nini returned to Mara's apartment at eight, wearing a sundress and no underwear. Mara answered the door in a silk robe, her hair loose.

"Good girl. You came."

"I said I would."

"I know. But some people lie." Mara led her inside. The apartment was transformed—candles lit, music playing, and a camera on a tripod pointed at the bed.

"What's that for?"

"Tonight, I want to capture you." Mara touched Nini's cheek. "You're beautiful, and you don't know it. I want to show you what I see."

Nini's stomach tightened. "Photos?"

"Mine alone. I won't share them. But I want to watch you, through the lens, as I make you feel things." Mara's voice dropped. "I want to document your awakening."

Nini should have said no. This was dangerous. Evidence. But something in Mara's eyes made her want to be seen, truly seen.

"Okay."

Mara directed her to the bed. She posed Nini—on her back, legs open, one hand between her thighs. She adjusted the lighting, moved the tripod.

"Touch yourself," Mara said. "Like you did before you met me."

Nini felt foolish, but she obeyed. She slid her fingers over her pussy, rubbed her clit in the old, frustrated circles. Nothing built. Nothing happened.

"I can't," she whispered. "Not without—"

"Not without what?"

Nini didn't have words for it. The expectation. The pressure. The performance she'd been doing her whole life.

Mara lowered the camera. She came to the bed, pressed her body against Nini's, and whispered in her ear.

"This is why you couldn't come before. You were performing, even for yourself. You were watching yourself, judging yourself, wondering if you were doing it right. You need to stop watching and start feeling."

Mara's hand slid down, replaced Nini's. She touched Nini gently, without rhythm, without purpose, just connection.

"Close your eyes. Don't think about the camera. Think about how my hand feels. Think about my breath on your neck. Think about nothing at all."

Nini closed her eyes. Mara's fingers moved, slow and patient. The tension that usually blocked her started to dissolve. She felt warmth, not pressure. Sensation, not expectation.

Mara mounted her, pussy to pussy, grinding slowly. The friction was electric. Nini grabbed Mara's hips, pulled her closer, and felt the familiar build—but this time, it crested.

She came with Mara's body against hers, Mara's mouth on her neck, Mara's hand between them, pressing. The orgasm was different, diffuse, spreading through her whole body.

Mara picked up the camera, captured Nini's flushed face, her parted lips, her glazed eyes.

"Perfect," Mara said. "Now let's see how many more I can get on film."

They spent three hours on that bed. Mara photographed Nini in every state—begging, coming, laugh-

ing, crying. Nini felt exposed, vulnerable, and more alive than she'd ever been.

When she finally stumbled back to her grandmother's apartment at midnight, her body was exhausted but her mind was racing. She had five more days at Palm Vista. Five more days to explore this new world.

She didn't know if she was ready to leave.

The Collision

On day ten, Cal and Mara met in the hallway, and Nini was caught between them.

Cal had been avoiding Nini since their second attempt. He assumed she'd moved on, found what she needed. But when he saw her emerging from Mara's apartment, flushed and ruffled, a piece clicked into place.

"You're with her," he said, not accusatory, just stating a fact.

"She's teaching me things," Nini said.

"I'm glad." He meant it. "I was worried you'd give up after me."

Mara appeared in the doorway, leaned against the frame. "Cal. The local hero."

"Hi, Mara."

"You're not mad that I borrowed her?"

"She's not a tool." Cal's voice hardened slightly. "She's a person."

Mara smiled, thin and sharp. "I know. That's why I'm careful with her."

There was a tension between them, a territorial thing that Nini didn't understand. She stepped between them, placed a hand on each of their chests.

"Stop. I'm not a prize to be fought over."

Cal looked down at her. "I'm not fighting. I just want to make sure you're okay."

"I am. I'm better than okay."

"Then that's all that matters."

He walked away, tools jangling in his belt. Nini watched him go, feeling a strange pang. She cared about Cal. He'd given her something precious—her first release. But Mara was giving her something else. Permission to want, without shame.

"He's jealous," Mara said quietly. "Cal... he's possessive, even if he doesn't know it. He's been the only man servicing this building for so long, he thinks he owns the territory."

"That's not fair."

"Fair doesn't matter. What matters is what you want." Mara touched Nini's chin, turned her face. "Do you want him? Or do you want me?"

Nini's heart pounded. "I don't know."

"You can have both." Mara's smile widened. "I'm not greedy. I share."

"What do you mean?"

"Tomorrow night. Evelyn's penthouse. I'm arranging something." Mara's eyes glittered. "You, me, Cal, a few others. No rules. No expectations. Just pleasure."

Nini felt her pussy clench. The idea was terrifying and thrilling.

"What do you say?"

"Yes," Nini whispered. "I'll be there."

The Preparation

The next day, Nini couldn't focus on anything. She ate breakfast with her grandmother, barely tasting the eggs. She tried to read, but the words blurred. She paced the apartment, restless, electric.

At noon, she knocked on Cal's workshop door.

He was repairing a lamp, his hands covered in grease. He looked up, surprised.

"Nini. I didn't expect—"

"Are you going tonight?"

He set down the lamp. "Mara invited me. I'm not sure it's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't trust her. She uses people."

"She helped me."

"I know. And I'm grateful. But she's not helping for free. She always collects." Cal wiped his hands on a rag. "I don't want you to be her collection piece."

Nini stepped closer. "I want to go. But I'm scared."

"What are you scared of?"

"Losing control. Doing something I can't take back." She looked at his hands, strong and capable. "Will you come? Not for Mara. For me. So I have someone I trust in the room."

Cal's face softened. "If that's what you need, I'll be there."

She kissed him, a quick, grateful kiss. He pulled her closer, deepened it. His hands found her waist, her hips, her ass.

"I should finish this lamp," he said, breathless.

"Finish it later." She pulled him to the floor. "I need you now."

She needed to feel something familiar before the unknown of tonight. She needed Cal's weight on her, his cock inside her, his patience grounding her.

They fucked on the workshop floor, surrounded by tools and sawdust. Nini rode him, controlling the pace,

finding the angle that worked. She came twice, hard, her cries echoing off the concrete walls.

Afterward, she lay on his chest, felt his heartbeat slow.

"You changed me," she said. "You made me realize I wasn't broken."

"You did that yourself. I just held the flashlight."

She laughed. "That's a weird metaphor."

"Yeah. I'm not good with words."

"Your other tools work fine."

Cal laughed, and she felt it rumble through his chest. She stayed there until dusk, then rose, dressed, and walked to Evelyn's penthouse.

Tonight, she would become something new.

The Gathering

Evelyn's penthouse was the crown jewel of Palm Vista—floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the Gulf, a wraparound balcony, and a living room larger than Nini's entire apartment. Evelyn was hosting, but Mara was directing.

When Nini arrived, she found a scene that made her breath catch.

Evelyn sat on a leather couch, wearing a silk robe, a glass of wine in her hand. Mara was arranging pillows. Cal stood by the window, nervous. Two other women Nini didn't recognize sat on a loveseat, holding hands.

"Welcome," Mara said. "We're all here. Let's begin."

She moved through the room, touching each person. A hand on Evelyn's shoulder. A kiss for the two women on the loveseat. A lingering caress for Cal's chest.

When she reached Nini, she pulled her close and whispered, "Tonight, you give yourself permission. No shame. No guilt. Just pleasure."

Mara directed the scene like a conductor. She had Cal undress Evelyn, slowly, reverently. She had the two women kiss each other, then turn their attention to Cal. She guided Nini to the floor, positioned her between Evelyn's legs.

"Eat her," Mara said. "Show her what you've learned."

Nini hesitated. Evelyn was old—seventy-five, with sagging skin and gray curls. But her pussy was wet, pink, alive. Nini lowered her mouth and tasted. Evelyn gasped, grabbed Nini's hair.

"Fuck, girl. Just like that."

Nini licked and sucked, finding Evelyn's clit with her tongue. Evelyn came quickly, with a sharp cry, and Nini felt a rush of pride.

Then Mara guided Cal to Nini. He entered her from behind, slow and deep, while she kept her mouth on Evelyn. The sensation was overwhelming—fullness in her pussy, taste on her tongue, Mara's hands on her breasts, Evelyn's fingers in her hair.

She came with a scream, her body shaking, her mind blank.

When she recovered, she saw Mara watching from the chair, a satisfied smile on her face. Mara was orchestrating all of it, controlling every touch, every rhythm. She was a puppet master, and everyone in this room was dancing on her strings.

Nini should have felt used. Instead, she felt free.

For the first time in her life, she wasn't performing. She wasn't pretending. She was just feeling, pure and unfiltered.

The orgy continued for hours. Nini lost track of bodies, of orgasms, of time. She fucked Cal. She kissed the strangers. She let Mara eat her pussy while Evelyn watched. She did things she'd never imagined, with people she'd never met, and she loved every second.

When it was over, she lay in the center of the rug, naked and spent, surrounded by the warm bodies of her new lovers.

Mara lay beside her, traced patterns on her stomach.

"How do you feel?"

"Whole," Nini said. "For the first time in my life, whole."

"Good." Mara kissed her forehead. "That's the beginning, not the end."

"What happens now?"

"Now you go home. You think about what you've learned. And when you're ready for more, you come back."

Nini closed her eyes. She had three more days at Palm Vista. Three more days to explore this new world, this new self. Then she'd return to her office, her empty apartment, her hollow life.

But she wouldn't be hollow anymore.

She was filled—with pleasure, with knowledge, with desire. And she would carry that fire back with her, burning bright, waiting for the next chance to ignite.

The Reckoning

The morning after the gathering, Nini woke in Evelyn's penthouse bed, tangled between Cal and one of the strangers—a woman named Patricia with silver-streaked hair and soft skin. The Gulf light poured through the windows, painting everything gold.

Evelyn was already up, making coffee in a silk robe. She looked over her shoulder at the pile of bodies on her bed and smiled.

"Breakfast in twenty. You girls and that boy need to eat something real before you pass out."

Nini extracted herself carefully. Her pussy was sore, her thighs sticky, her mind hazy. She found her sundress crumpled on the floor and pulled it on. Cal stirred, reached for her, but she kissed his forehead and whispered, "I'll be back."

She found Mara on the balcony, smoking a cigarette, watching the waves.

"You don't smoke," Nini said.

"I do when I'm thinking." Mara didn't turn around. "Last night was good. But it changes things."

"What do you mean?"

Mara finally faced her. Those green eyes were sharp, calculating, but there was something else—a flicker of vulnerability. "You're leaving in two days. What happens then?"

Nini's chest tightened. She hadn't thought about leaving. Not really. She'd been so consumed by pleasure and discovery that the real world had become a distant memory.

"I go back to my office. My empty apartment. My life."

"Can you go back? After everything you've felt?"

"I don't know." Nini leaned on the railing beside her. "What would you do?"

Mara took a long drag, blew smoke toward the sky. "I'd ask you to stay. But I'm not the kind of woman who asks. I take."

"Then take me."

Mara's smile was slow, dangerous. "Careful what you offer, little bird. I might actually do it."

Nini stepped closer, pressed her body against Mara's. "I'm not afraid of you anymore."

"You should be."

"No. You showed me what I was missing. You gave me permission to want. If that's a trap, I'll happily stay caught."

Mara crushed her cigarette against the railing, then grabbed Nini's face and kissed her—deep, possessive, tasting of ash and mint. Nini melted into it, let Mara's tongue claim her.

"I'll think of a way," Mara murmured against her lips. "A way to keep you here. But you have to do something for me first."

"Anything."

"Go back to your grandmother's apartment. Pack your things. Say goodbye to her. And then come to my place at sunset. I'll have a plan by then."

Nini nodded, drunk on the taste of Mara's mouth, the promise in her voice. She walked through the penthouse, past Cal who was now sitting up, watching her with those concerned hazel eyes.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Better than okay." She kissed him, quick and light. "I'll see you later."

She left before anyone could stop her, before she lost her nerve. The walk to her grandmother's apartment felt like a dream, the world blurry and unreal.

Eudora was in the kitchen, doing a crossword puzzle. She looked up when Nini entered, her eyes knowing.

"You look different, sweetheart."

"I feel different."

"Good different?"

"Good different." Nini sat across from her. "Grandma, I'm thinking about staying. Maybe longer than two weeks."

Eudora's pen stopped moving. She looked at her granddaughter with a gaze that had seen decades of life, of love, of loss.

"Is it that Mara woman? Or the handyman boy?"

Nini flushed. "Both. Neither. I don't know."

Eudora smiled, soft and sad. "When I was your age, I ran away from anything that scared me. I regret it. If you've found something that makes you feel alive, you hold onto it. Even if it burns you."

"It might burn me."

"Everything worthwhile does." Eudora reached across the table, squeezed Nini's hand. "Stay as long as you need. I'll keep the guest room ready."

Nini's eyes filled with tears. She hadn't expected this—permission, acceptance, love without conditions.

"Thank you, Grandma."

"Don't thank me yet. You haven't told your mother."

Nini laughed, wet and trembling. "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

She packed her bag, but instead of her usual careful folding, she just shoved things in—dresses, underwear, the vibrator she'd bought but never used. She showered, scrubbing the sex off her skin, then put on new perfume, new lip gloss.

At sunset, she knocked on Mara's door.

The Proposal

Mara answered in a black silk robe, her hair wet from a recent shower. She led Nini inside without a word, sat her on the couch, and poured two glasses of wine.

"I've been thinking," Mara said, settling beside her. "You can't stay here forever. You have a job, a life, a mother who probably worries. But you also have something here—something worth exploring."

Nini took the wine, sipped it. "What are you suggesting?"

"A compromise. I own a condo in Miami. I split my time between here and there. If you want, I can offer you a room. Rent-free, in exchange for... company."

"Company?"

Mara's hand found Nini's knee, slid up her thigh. "I'm not looking for a girlfriend. I'm not looking for a pet. But

I am looking for someone willing to learn. Someone who wants to push boundaries and explore limits. You have that hunger. I can feed it."

Nini's breath caught. The offer was terrifying and exhilarating. A room in Mara's Miami condo. No strings, but also everything.

"And Cal?"

"Cal can visit. I'm not possessive." Mara's smile turned wicked. "I'm a collector, remember? I'll add him to the collection if you want."

"You want to share me."

"I want to give you freedom. The freedom to fuck who you want, when you want, with no guilt. I'll be your anchor, not your cage."

Nini set down her wine. She straddled Mara, pushed the robe off her shoulders, kissed her neck.

"I don't know if I trust you."

"Trust is earned. I'll earn it." Mara's hands found Nini's ass, squeezed. "But I need an answer tonight. The offer expires at midnight."

"Then let me think about it while you fuck me."

Mara laughed, low and dark. She flipped Nini onto her back, pinned her wrists above her head, and lowered her

mouth to Nini's chest. She sucked a nipple, bit it gently, then moved lower, trailing kisses down Nini's stomach.

When Mara's tongue found her clit, Nini arched, already soaked. Mara ate her with a hunger that felt like ownership—firm strokes, circling, sucking, stopping just before the peak then starting again.

"Mara, please—"

"Please what?"

"Cum. I need to cum."

"Not yet. I want you on the edge. I want to feel you trembling."

Mara worked her clit with two fingers, her tongue sliding inside Nini's pussy, fucking her slow and deep. Nini's hips bucked, her hands fisting the couch cushions.

"I can't—hold on—"

"Yes you can. Breathe. Let it build."

Mara pushed her over the edge with a final, brutal flick of her tongue. Nini came with a scream, her body convulsing, her vision white. Mara didn't stop, licking through the aftershocks, drawing out every last tremor.

When Nini finally went limp, Mara crawled up, settled beside her, pulled her close.

"So? What's your answer?"

Nini was breathless, her pussy still pulsing, her mind blank with pleasure.

"Yes. Fuck yes."

Mara kissed her forehead. "Good girl. We'll leave tomorrow afternoon. Say your goodbyes in the morning."

They lay there, tangled and sticky, as the last light faded through the window. Nini felt like she was falling, but for once, she wasn't afraid to hit the ground.

The Goodbye

Nini found Cal at his workshop, early morning. He was already working, fixing a toaster for Mrs. Henderson, his hands covered in grease.

"Hey." She stood in the doorway, watching him.

"Hey." He didn't look up. "Heard you're leaving with Mara."

"News travels fast."

"Evelyn told me." He finally set down the toaster, wiped his hands on a rag. "You sure about this?"

"No. But I'm doing it anyway."

Cal nodded, his jaw tight. "I get it. She's... magnetic. But she's also dangerous."

"I know. But she's the only person who's ever made me feel like I'm allowed to want things." Nini stepped closer, took his hands. "You did that too, you know. You gave me my first orgasm. I'll never forget that."

Cal's eyes softened. "I'd give you a thousand more if you stayed."

"Then give me one more. For the road."

He didn't need to be asked twice. He pulled her into the workshop, closed the door, and pressed her against the workbench. His mouth found hers, hungry and tender. His hands found her waist, her hips, the hem of her dress.

She helped him pull it off, then her underwear. He dropped to his knees, buried his face between her thighs, and licked her with the same patient enthusiasm he used on everything—thorough, focused, relentless.

Nini came against his mouth in minutes, her knees buckling. He caught her, lifted her onto the workbench, and positioned himself between her legs.

"Last time," he said, looking into her eyes. "Let's make it count."

He entered her slow, inch by inch, his massive cock stretching her in that familiar, perfect way. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulled him deeper.

"Fuck me, Cal. Fuck me like you mean it."

He did. He fucked her with a desperation that matched her own—hard thrusts, his balls slapping her ass, his hands

gripping her hips hard enough to bruise. The workbench creaked beneath them.

"Don't stop—don't stop—"

"Not gonna stop."

He drove into her, faster, harder, until she came again, a gushing orgasm that soaked his cock, ran down her thighs. He followed, groaning, his cum filling her in hot, heavy pulses.

They stayed locked together, breathing hard. Cal rested his forehead against hers.

"If she hurts you, come find me. I'll always fix what's broken."

"Don't fix me," Nini whispered. "I'm not broken anymore."

Cal smiled, sad and sweet. "I know. That's what makes it hard to let you go."

They dressed in silence. Nini kissed him one last time, then walked out of the workshop and into the Florida sun.

She found Evelyn by the pool, reading a romance novel. Her step-grandmother looked up, closed her book.

"You're really going?"

"Yes."

"Then take this." Evelyn reached into her bag, pulled out a small velvet pouch. "It's a key. To my penthouse. For when you come back to visit. You're family, and family doesn't get locked out."

Nini took the key, her throat tight. "Thank you, Evelyn. For everything."

"Go on, girl. Live your life. And send me postcards."

Nini laughed, hugged her, then walked to Mara's apartment.

Mara was loading suitcases into a black SUV. She turned when she saw Nini, smiled that crooked, dangerous smile.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

They drove out of Palm Vista with the windows down and the music loud. Nini watched the condo complex shrink in the side mirror, watched her old life disappear.

She didn't look back.

The New World

Mara's Miami condo was nothing like Palm Vista. It was sleek and modern, all glass and steel, with a rooftop pool and a view of the city skyline. The bedroom was dominated by a massive bed, and the walk-in closet was bigger than Nini's old apartment.

"Make yourself at home," Mara said, tossing her keys on the counter. "Rules are simple: don't touch my computer, don't go through my drawers, and don't fuck anyone without telling me first."

"Anyone includes you?"

"Especially me." Mara grinned. "Consent is still sexy, little bird. I'll never take without asking."

They spent the first week exploring each other. Mara taught Nini things she'd never imagined—how to use her tongue in ways that drove Mara wild, how to find the

hidden spots on a woman's body that made her scream, how to give and receive pleasure without shame.

Nini learned to eat pussy like a master. She learned to fuck Mara with a strap-on, watching Mara's face contort with pleasure as she thrust deep. She learned to orgasm on command, from Mara's fingers, Mara's mouth, Mara's voice alone.

But Mara also kept her distance. She'd leave for hours, sometimes overnight, without explanation. She'd come back smelling of other women, other sex, and she never apologized.

"You said you weren't possessive," Mara reminded her one night, when Nini asked where she'd been. "I'm honoring that. You should too."

Nini didn't like it, but she understood. Mara was a collector. She'd never be the only one in her collection.

One night, Mara brought home a woman from a bar—a blonde named Sasha who looked like she belonged on a yacht. Mara directed the scene, her voice calm and commanding.

"Sasha, on your knees. Nini, behind her. I want to watch you both."

Nini obeyed. She fucked Sasha from behind while Mara knelt in front of her, guiding Sasha's mouth to her own pussy. The triangle of bodies moved in rhythm, sweat-slicked and desperate.

When Mara came, she bit down on her own hand to muffle her scream. Then she pushed Sasha onto her back, spread her legs, and gestured to Nini.

"Eat her. Make her cum. I want to see you make a woman scream."

Nini lowered her mouth to Sasha's wet pussy, licked and sucked and fingered until Sasha's back arched and she came with a keening cry.

"Good girl," Mara said, stroking Nini's hair. "You're learning."

After Sasha left, they lay in bed, naked and exhausted.

"You have a gift," Mara said. "You're a natural submissive, but you also have a dominant streak. You just need to find the right person to exercise it on."

"I don't want anyone else."

"You will. And I'll help you find them." Mara kissed her, soft and tender. "That's what I do. I collect beautiful things and help them bloom."

Nini closed her eyes, let herself drift. She was blooming, but she wasn't sure what kind of flower she was becoming. Something beautiful, she hoped. Something that couldn't be pruned or cut.

Something that would survive.

The Return

Three months later, Nini returned to Palm Vista. She came alone, driving Mara's spare car, a silver convertible with the top down. She wore sunglasses and a sundress that showed off her tan, her confidence, her new body.

Word spread fast. By the time she reached Evelyn's penthouse, half the building knew she was back.

Cal found her by the pool, reading the same romance novel Evelyn had been reading the day she left.

"You look different," he said, sitting beside her.

"I feel different."

"Good different?"

"The best different." She set down the book, pulled off her sunglasses. "I missed this place."

"Missed me?"

"Missed you most of all."

He smiled, that boyish smile that had first charmed her.
"Mara let you come alone?"

"I told her I needed time. She understood. Or she didn't care. Either way, I'm here for a week."

"A week." Cal's hand found hers. "That's plenty of time."

They spent the first night in his workshop, fucking on the same workbench where they'd said goodbye. It felt like coming home—his cock filling her, his hands on her hips, his patient, endless stamina.

She rode him until she lost count of orgasms, until her thighs were shaking and her voice was hoarse. He came inside her, hot and thick, and she felt it drip down her leg as she collapsed on his chest.

"I'm not the same person," she whispered.

"I know. You're better."

"I want to show you what I learned."

She did. She ate his cock with the skills Mara had taught her—deep throat, teasing licks, her tongue tracing the vein underneath. She made him cum twice, and he was surprised, then grateful.

"Where'd you learn that?"

"A woman in Miami. She taught me a lot."

"I'm glad." He pulled her close. "But I'm also glad you came back."

"I'll always come back. This is where I became real."

They spent the week together, fucking in every unit they could sneak into—Mrs. Henderson's laundry room, Mrs. Delgado's spare bedroom, the pool house at midnight. Cal's reputation grew even larger as women whispered about the boy who could go all night.

On the last day, Nini went to see Mara's empty apartment. The key still worked. She stood in the living room, remembering that first night, the camera, the transformation.

Her phone buzzed. A text from Mara: "Come home soon. I have a surprise for you."

Nini smiled. She typed back: "On my way."

She drove back to Miami with the top down, the wind in her hair, and a smile on her face. She was a different woman now—a woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to take it.

And that was the scariest, most wonderful thing of all.

The Surprise

Nini pulled into Mara's Miami garage just after midnight, her body still humming from the drive, the wind, the freedom. She found the apartment door unlocked, which was unusual. Mara was always paranoid about security.

Inside, the lights were dim. Candles flickered on the coffee table. Mara sat on the couch, wearing nothing but a silk robe, her hair loose around her shoulders. Beside her sat another woman—young, maybe early twenties, with dark curly hair and nervous eyes.

"Nini, this is Lena." Mara's voice was calm, measured. "She's my newest project. I thought you might want to help me break her in."

Nini's stomach flipped. Jealousy. Curiosity. A dark thrill she didn't fully understand.

"Project?"

"Lena's never been with a woman. She's terrified, but she's also desperate to try." Mara stroked Lena's hair, soothing her like a skittish cat. "I told her I'd find someone gentle. Someone who understands what it's like to be afraid of your own desire."

Nini looked at Lena—the trembling hands, the quick breaths, the wide eyes that darted between her and Mara. She saw herself, three months ago.

"Hi, Lena."

"Hi." Lena's voice was barely a whisper.

Nini walked closer, sat on the floor in front of the couch. She took Lena's hand, felt the tremble.

"I was exactly where you are. Scared, confused, convinced something was wrong with me." She squeezed gently. "There isn't. You're just waking up."

Lena's eyes filled with tears. "I don't know what I want. I don't know if I want this."

"You don't have to know. You just have to be willing to find out."

Mara watched, her green eyes gleaming with satisfaction. She leaned back, let Nini take the lead.

Nini leaned in, kissed Lena's cheek, soft and slow. "Tell me what feels good. Tell me what doesn't. We stop whenever you want."

"Okay." Lena's breath hitched. "Okay."

Nini kissed her mouth, gentle at first, then deeper, her tongue brushing against Lena's lips. Lena's response was hesitant, then hungry—a woman starving for something she'd never tasted.

Mara moved behind Lena, kissing her neck, her shoulders, pushing the robe off her shoulders. Nini mirrored her, undoing Lena's robe from the front, exposing her small breasts, her nipples already hard.

"You're beautiful," Nini murmured.

"I don't feel beautiful."

"You will."

Nini lowered her mouth to Lena's chest, sucked a nipple, flicked it with her tongue. Lena gasped, her back arching. Mara's hand slid down Lena's stomach, between her thighs.

"She's wet," Mara announced, her voice low and approving. "So wet for a girl who wasn't sure."

Lena's face flushed, but she didn't pull away. Nini kissed down her stomach, parted her thighs, and looked at the neat, dark patch of hair between them.

"May I?"

"Yes." The word came out desperate. "Please."

Nini lowered her mouth, tasted Lena for the first time—sweet, clean, already slick. She used everything Mara had taught her: gentle circles, teasing licks, her tongue dipping inside then returning to the clit. Lena's hands fisted in her hair, her hips rocking.

"Oh god—oh god—"

"Let it happen," Nini whispered against her pussy. "Don't fight it."

Mara joined in, her fingers sliding into Lena, curling, finding that spot. Lena cried out, her body shuddering, her first orgasm ripping through her like a storm.

When it was over, Lena lay limp, tears streaming down her face. Nini crawled up, held her.

"That was—I've never—"

"I know." Nini kissed her forehead. "You did so well."

Mara pressed against Lena's other side, her voice soft but firm. "Welcome to the collection, little one. You're going to love it here."

Lena laughed, wet and trembling. "I think I already do."

Nini met Mara's eyes over Lena's head. There was approval there, and something else—pride. Nini had become the teacher. She had become what Mara made her.

And she loved it.

The Exchange

The next morning, Nini woke to find Mara and Lena already tangled together in bed, Lena's face buried between Mara's thighs. The sounds were wet, rhythmic, punctuated by Mara's sharp breaths.

Nini watched, her own pussy aching. She touched herself, sliding two fingers inside, watching Mara's hips grind against Lena's mouth.

Mara caught her watching. She smiled, crooked and wicked.

"Come here. I want to taste you both."

Nini crawled to the foot of the bed, positioned herself over Mara's face. She lowered her pussy to Mara's waiting mouth, felt that skilled tongue find her clit immediately.

"Oh, fuck—"

Lena looked up, her mouth glistening, her eyes hazy. She watched Nini ride Mara's face, watched Mara's hands grip Nini's ass, pulling her down harder.

"Don't stop," Nini gasped. "Please don't stop."

Mara ate her with ruthless precision, her tongue circling, flicking, pressing. Nini came in minutes, her body jerking, her cum dripping onto Mara's chin.

Then Mara pulled her down, swapped positions, pushed Nini's face between Lena's legs.

"Return the favor. Lena's still hungry."

Nini obeyed, licking Lena's already-swollen clit, tasting Mara's residue mixed with Lena's own arousal. Lena bucked, moaned, came again with a sharp cry.

Mara watched them both, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure. She reached between her own legs, fingered herself lazily.

"You're both so beautiful. So eager."

Nini pulled away from Lena's pussy, crawled to Mara, and pushed her back against the pillows. She spread Mara's thighs, looked at the familiar pink folds, the bud already peeking out.

"My turn to make you cum."

"Do it. Show me what you've learned."

Nini ate Mara with a hunger that surprised even herself—deep, aggressive, her tongue fucking Mara's hole while her fingers worked her clit. Mara's breath caught, her hips rising.

"That's it—right there—don't stop—"

Nini didn't. She doubled down, sucked Mara's clit into her mouth, flicked it with the tip of her tongue. Mara came with a guttural groan, her body arching, her cum flooding Nini's mouth.

Nini swallowed, licked her clean, then crawled up to lie beside her.

"Good girl," Mara breathed, kissing her forehead. "You're becoming a master."

"And what about Lena?"

"Lena's a beginner. She needs both of us to show her the way." Mara turned to Lena, who was watching with wide, worshipful eyes. "Stay with us tonight. Tomorrow, we'll see what else you can take."

Lena nodded, curled between them. Nini felt her heart-beat slow, felt Mara's hand on her hip, felt the warmth of three bodies pressed together.

This was her life now. Strange, beautiful, terrifying.

She wouldn't trade it for anything.

The Test

Lena left after three days, tearful and grateful, promising to return. Nini felt a pang of loss—she'd grown attached to the girl's nervous energy, her hungry discovery.

"You'll see her again," Mara said, reading her mind. "I keep my collection close."

"Will you ever add me to the permanent display?"

Mara's smile was enigmatic. "You're different. You're not just a piece. You're becoming a curator yourself."

Miami nights blurred into a rhythm of sex, exploration, and quiet mornings. Mara introduced Nini to other women—a doctor named Helena, a yoga instructor named Rosa, a lawyer named Julia who liked to be tied up and spanked.

Nini learned to wield a flogger, to coil rope, to read a woman's body language and know exactly when to push and when to pull back.

But Mara never let her forget her roots.

"You owe yourself one more trip to Palm Vista," Mara said one evening. "You need to close a circle."

"What circle?"

"Nini. The woman who didn't know pleasure. You need to see her again. Face her. Make sure she's gone."

Nini understood. She drove back to Palm Vista the next morning.

This time, she didn't go to Evelyn's. She went straight to the pool, where she'd spent those first lonely days watching Cal work, watching the old women gossip, feeling like an outsider.

She sat at the edge of the pool, dipped her feet in the cool water. She remembered the Nini who'd arrived here—frustrated, hollow, terrified of her own body. She felt a deep, aching pity for that woman.

"Hey."

She looked up. Cal stood there, toolbox in hand, his shirt clinging to his chest in the humidity.

"Hey, Cal."

"You're back."

"Just for the day. I needed to see something."

He set down his toolbox, sat beside her. "See what?"

"Myself. The version of me that was here before."

Cal was quiet for a moment. "She's gone, you know. You killed her."

"I know. I just needed to make sure there wasn't a ghost."

"There isn't." He took her hand. "But I'm glad you came back. I missed you."

"I missed you too."

They sat in comfortable silence, watching the ripples in the pool. Then Cal turned to her, his hazel eyes serious.

"There's something I need to tell you. About Mara."

Nini's chest tightened. "What?"

"She called me last week. Asked me to be part of something. A gathering she's planning. She wants to bring everyone together—all her conquests, all her projects. A grand finale."

"A grand finale? That doesn't sound like Mara. She's always building, never finishing."

"That's what I thought." Cal's jaw tightened. "But she said something else. She said you're ready. Ready for what, she didn't say."

Nini's mind raced. Ready for what? Mara had been grooming her, teaching her, pushing her. But for what end?

"I need to call her."

"Be careful, Nini. Mara plays games. And she always wins."

"I know." Nini kissed his cheek. "But I've learned to play too."

The Invitation

Nini called Mara that night, sitting on Evelyn's balcony, watching the stars.

"What are you planning?"

"Straight to the point. I like that." Mara's voice was smooth, amused. "I'm planning a gathering. A celebration. Everyone I've ever touched, ever taught, ever claimed. I want them all in one room."

"Why?"

"Because I'm done collecting. I want to curate."

"What's the difference?"

"Collecting is passive. You gather things, put them on a shelf. Curating is active. You arrange them, create meaning, tell a story." Mara paused. "You're the centerpiece of my story, Nini. The one who transformed the most. I want everyone to see you."

Nini's heart pounded. "I'm not a trophy."

"You're not. You're a masterpiece. And masterpieces deserve to be admired." Mara's voice softened. "This isn't about ownership. It's about celebration. Yours. Mine. Everyone who's ever been broken and rebuilt."

"When?"

"Next weekend. Palm Vista. The penthouse. Evelyn's already agreed."

"Evelyn knows?"

"Evelyn's been a part of this longer than you know. She's the one who told me about Cal. She's the one who suggested I find you."

Nini's world tilted. "Grandma was in on this?"

"Not in on it. Aware of it. She saw your emptiness, Nini. She saw you drowning. She asked me to throw you a lifeline."

"Grandma... asked you to seduce me?"

"To save you. There's a difference." Mara's voice was gentle now, almost tender. "Come to the gathering. See what we've built. Then decide if you want to stay in my collection or start your own."

The call ended. Nini stared at her phone, her mind reeling.

Her grandmother. Mara. All of Palm Vista. They'd been watching her, guiding her, pulling her toward this transformation.

She should have felt manipulated. Used. Instead, she felt grateful.

She went back inside. Evelyn was reading in her armchair, the same romance novel.

"Grandma?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Did you really ask Mara to help me?"

Evelyn closed her book, set it aside. She looked at Nini with those old, knowing eyes.

"I saw you wasting away, Nini. I saw the hunger in your eyes that you didn't even know was there. I couldn't feed it myself, but I knew someone who could."

"You could have just talked to me."

"Would you have listened? Would you have believed me if I told you that you were starving for pleasure, for touch, for fucking?"

Nini flushed. "Maybe not."

"Exactly. Some lessons have to be learned through the body, not the mind." Evelyn smiled, soft and sad. "Are you angry?"

"Not angry. Confused. But not angry."

"Good. Then come sit with me. Let me tell you about your mother when she was your age. She went through something similar. She just never found her Mara."

Nini sat beside her grandmother, took her hand. They talked until the moon was high, stories of desire and loss and the women in their bloodline who'd learned to either embrace their hunger or suppress it.

Nini chose to embrace.

The Gathering

The penthouse was transformed. Candles everywhere, low music, a spread of food and wine on the marble counter. Women filled the space—familiar faces from Mara's collection, plus Evelyn, Mrs. Delgado, Mrs. Henderson, and others from Palm Vista.

Cal stood by the window, nervous but present. Mara moved through the crowd like a queen, touching shoulders, kissing cheeks, whispering.

Nini wore a red dress that hugged every curve. She'd done her hair, her makeup, transformed herself into someone who belonged here.

Mara found her, took her hand, led her to the center of the room.

"Everyone." Mara's voice cut through the chatter. "This is Nini. My greatest achievement."

Applause. Nini's face burned.

"She came to me hollow, unable to feel pleasure. I taught her. I broke her. I rebuilt her. And now she's more than I ever was."

Mara turned to Nini, cupped her face. "But I'm not done with you yet. There's one more lesson."

"What lesson?"

"Letting go of me."

Nini's heart stopped. "What?"

"You don't need me anymore. You've learned everything I can teach. Now you need to find your own path, your own collection, your own story." Mara kissed her, soft and long, tasting of wine and regret. "I release you, little bird. Fly."

Tears streamed down Nini's face. "I don't want to be released."

"Yes you do. You just don't know it yet." Mara pressed something into her hand—a key. A new key. "To your own apartment. Miami. I bought it for you. A graduation gift."

Nini looked at the key, then at Mara, then at the room full of women who'd been part of her journey.

"Thank you," she whispered. "For everything."

"Now go. Celebrate. Fuck. Live." Mara pushed her gently toward Cal, who was watching with wide eyes. "Start with him. He's been waiting."

Nini crossed the room, took Cal's hand. She led him to Evelyn's bedroom, closed the door, and pushed him onto the bed.

"Fuck me like the first time. But don't stop. Don't ever stop."

Cal didn't need to be told twice. He stripped her out of that red dress, laid her on the familiar sheets, and entered her with the same massive cock that had first opened her world.

But this time she met him with equal hunger. She rode him, bit his shoulder, clawed his back. She came three times before he finally spilled inside her, groaning her name.

Afterward, they lay tangled, sweaty, breathless.

"What now?" Cal asked.

"Now I build my own story." Nini looked at the key in her hand, the open door, the party still humming outside.

"And maybe I'll let you be part of it."

"I'd like that."

They stayed in bed until the music faded, until the guests left, until Mara knocked on the door and said good-bye.

The next morning, Nini drove back to Miami with a new address, a new life, and a heart full of possibility.

She was no longer Mara's project. She was her own woman.

And that was the most powerful thing of all.