

Chapter 17

There Are Screwers & Screwees

VERY LATE SATURDAY NIGHT

“Marina, are you awake? Marina! Marina, are you awake? MARINA!”

“Damn it! I am *now!* Mikey, what do you want?”

“I was just wondering....”

“Well, *great!* Thanks for *just* wondering.... It took me *hours* to get to sleep.”

Silence...

“Marina, I can’t get to sleep,” Mike complained.

“But you *were* asleep! You sounded like you were sawing down a whole damn rain forest earlier tonight.”

“Yeah, I know, but I can’t sleep now.”

“Mike! I had a very, very hard time getting to sleep. ...And I have the bad, bad feeling that history is going to repeat itself,” Marina advised.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah! Why can’t you get to sleep, Mikey? Are the ropes bothering you?”

“No!”

“No? Those ropes aren’t bothering you—*not at all!*”

“No, not really.”

“The way your legs are split, that doesn’t bother you?”

“No, I think you were right, Marina. I think my muscles needed stretching and now they’re stretched, or somethin’ like that, and they feel relaxed and comfortable.”

Marina was very surprised to hear that the ropes binding his feet and wrists didn’t bother Mike. “Well, why can’t you get to sleep?”

"I don't know."

"Are you worried about tomorrow's inquisition?"

"No."

"You're *not*? You're not even *slightly* worried—after what Sonja did to you tonight?"

Nah! ...I knew she wouldn't physically injure me. She just likes to act tough and sexy."

"So you weren't terrified when Sonja sat on your face to keep you quiet and nearly asphyxiated you?" Marina questioned incredulously.

"Nah! I just had a hard time breathing."

"You looked pretty terrified when I suggested that I might try it."

"I knew you two were trying to scare me, so I just played along—to make you happy. Besides, I knew *you* wouldn't do that. You're too sweet."

Marina knew that Mike was correct, but she actually felt a little offended. "That's ridiculous, Mike. You don't know me. You don't know that I'm sweet."

"Yes, I do."

Damn! *Why does everybody instantly conclude I'm so damn sweet,* Marina reproved. Then, Marina began wondering why she should feel offended at Mike's ostensibly flattering remark. She decided not to think about it or press the point. She knew the tequila was still in control.

"So Sonja didn't intimidate you *one little bit*?"

"Nah! But don't tell Sonja—it'll just make her feel bad. With me, a beautiful lady like Sonja is sorta like a 900-pound gorilla—she can do *anything* she wants."

"Sonja will be interested in hearing about your analogy between her and a 900-pound gorilla. ...But she'll really like the '*...do anything she wants*' bit."

"Probably! ...And I really liked the little goodnight kiss she gave me. She turned me on quite a lot."

"Turned you *on*?"

“Yeah! *Everything* tonight seems to turn me on.”

“*Wow!*” Marina exclaimed quietly—mostly to herself.

“And *you* turned me on *even more*. That’s why I can’t get to sleep—because I feel so damned horny. I have a boner that just won’t go away—and I got *hot nuts*.”

“You’ve got what?”

“Hot nuts.”

“What are *hot nuts*?”

“You don’t know?”

“No! It’s something they must not have covered in Biology 102. Besides, I’m exceptionally naïve.”

Mike decided not to go into details.

There was a long silence.

Then Marina droned on...very quietly and languidly. “I think I know how you feel, Mikey. That tequila and Sonja’s mischief, and my antics, have *me* feeling horny too.”

“*Really?*” Marina’s reply was totally unexpected to Mike.

“Yes! *Really!*”

Several minutes of silence.

“Mike, you’ve had that hard-on all night; how in the world can you hold an erection for so long?”

“I don’t know. I think it’s genetic. Yeah! I think it’s a *genetic family curse*.”

“Well, I wouldn’t spread that speculation around in any women’s clubs.”

“Thanks for the advice,” Mike grumbled.

“I’ll bet you could sell some of your DNA to one of the big biogenetic engineering labs for a *whopping* big fortune.”

“Whoopee!” Mike exclaimed flatly.

About fifteen minutes passed.

“Marina, are you asleep?” Mike whispered *very* loudly.

“Damn it, Mike! No, I’m not—*now!* I’m sorry, Mikey, I was dozing a little, but I can’t seem to get to sleep either.”

“Well, Marina...I was thinking... If...I’m feeling horny...and...you’re feeling horny... why...why don’t we *both* do something about it?”

Marina didn’t answer, but she began thinking. *Mike’s proposal was not very romantic, but Mike’s logic was unassailable.* Marina thought a little more. *Mike is a big good-looking guy, simplistic and direct, nice personality—sort of like a large teddy bear...* Then, without a word, Marina climbed out of bed and headed to the bathroom. She returned a minute later with a little foil package, which she tore open with her teeth and sailed the empty foil across the room in the direction of a trash receptacle in a corner of the room. She climbed on the bed, straddled Mike’s thighs and pulled Mike’s jockey shorts down.

“Wow! Mikey, you are *very well-endowed*. I hope I can fit you.”

Mike remained silent. Marina rolled a condom onto the rigid digit arising from between Mike’s thighs, and the appendage grew significantly larger and stiffer as a result of Marina’s toil.

“Damn, I hope this condom is going to be long enough,” Marina kidded.

An ecstatic low groan came from Mike’s lips. Marina stood up on the bed, still straddling Mike. She hooked her thumbs into the elastic at the sides of her silky powder-blue panties and wiggled her hips as she pushed them down her thighs.

Mike viewed the sensuous spectacle above him. Marina looked absolutely ravishing—a blond angel—a devilish blond angel. And that inscrutable little smile on her lovely face—her deep blue eyes were drowning him. Mike panicked. He felt that he was about to have an orgasm right then and there.

Marina lowered herself, grasped Mike’s distended member with both hands and slowly, *very* slowly, worked her way down, settling ever so gently. Mike was so large

and long that Marina was somewhat fearful that she might bottom-out in the process of working her way down. Eventually, everything seemed to fit nicely, and Marina began to slowly roll her pelvis forward and up, and then backward and down. Initially, the motion was barely noticeable.

“Marina! Let my hands loose, please, Marina!”

Marina didn’t answer.

“Please cut my hands and feet loose, Marina,” Mike pleaded frantically.

Marina continued her barely perceptible undulations.

“Marina?”

Marina answered in a slow, low, throaty, dreamy voice. “No, Mike, I like it the way it’s working right now. For the first time *ever*, I’m the *screwer*—instead of the *screwee*. And I’m *really* enjoying the difference.”

Silence...

Marina continued the slow forward-up and backward-down roll and gradually increased the magnitude of her undulations.

Mikey was getting frantic for more action. He suddenly attempted to change the scenario by thrusting rapidly upward and downward. Marina quickly lifted off of Mike and plopped her full weight on Mike’s stomach to punish him for his initiative. Mike huffed under the impact.

Sonja’s anecdote about her errant brother flashed through Marina’s lightly clouded mind...*Let the punishment fit the crime.* Marina leaned forward, picked up the blue silky panties that she had been wearing and pulled them down over Mike’s head. “So, you think I’m sweet. Ha! That’ll teach you,” Marina mumbled almost inaudibly with great satisfaction.

Marina labored for a few seconds to repair the broken connection, then she resumed her slow pelvic roll.

“Remember, Mikey, you’re the *screwee* this time.” Mike got the message that he was to follow—not lead.

The tequila seems to be gaining a second wind, Marina reflected.

She droned on, in a sedated voice which may or may not have been directed toward Mike—Marina really didn't care. "This is my *first* screwing where I'm doing *exactly* what I want...*exactly* the way I want it...and *exactly* at my pace."

A half-minute passed. Marina droned on.

"As a screwee, I always *hated* my traditional obligation to scream...and moan...and thrash around in phony ecstasy..."

"Now! As Chief Screwer, let me tell you, Mikey...I don't require *any* of that kind of phony rubbish from *my* screwee. You're not obligated to scream...or moan...or show any emotions whatsoever...or portray any ecstatic feelings...or ...*anything at all like that!*"

Mike wisely resolved to remain silent.

During the next many minutes (it seemed like a magnificent eternity to Mike who was fighting relentlessly to delay his orgasm), there were humps, bumps, rolls, grinds, etc. There were even a few unscheduled and sincere screwee- and screwer-type groans and moans...and all the other good feelings that an exceptionally good copulation evokes. And then there was an awesome mutual climax. Both Marina and Mike were enormously gratified. Marina continued sitting on Mike, just perceptibly rolling—like a runner walking down after a race.

Every fiber and muscle in Marina's body seemed to go limp. She was wondering if she had the fortitude to rise off of Mikey's *genetic curse*...when suddenly she began to perceive that Mikey's *curse* was melting away within her.

"Mikey! Mikey! ...I've destroyed the curse!" Marina screeched loudly. She leaned over and kissed Mike lightly and tenderly on his mouth, through her panties, which were still over Mike's head.

Mike could not see Marina through the panties, but he felt Marina's kiss and tears welled up in his eyes. Mike was a very emotional guy, and he was *kind of glad* that the

panties were hiding his face, because he hated to betray *musby* emotions. Eventually, he felt Marina's weight and pressure removed from his hips. Marina removed the condom, cleaned things up a bit and pulled Mike's jockey shorts up. *That was very 'sweet' and considerate of her*, Mike thought. He heard her slide onto the left side of the bed.

"Mikey...(giggle, giggle)...you look adorable—blue is definitely your color (giggle)."

Then, Mike distinguished, through the fabric of the panties, that the lamp beside the bed was extinguished. He thought of asking Marina to remove the panties from his head—but he guessed, *correctly*, that, in her present frame of mind, if she had wanted to remove the panties, she would have already done so. And...if she didn't want to remove the panties, she wasn't going to do so...even if he asked. So why should he bother to ask?

Marina grabbed Mike's left hand—still tied to his side. "That was a *very good idea*, Mike." Marina spoke in a slow, drowsy, sedated tone. "I think I'm going to sleep like a log."

Marina reflected to herself. *So...it wasn't romantic...and Mike was not Prince Charming...but damn! ...It felt good!*

Marina rolled over against Mike and snuggled. She threw the cotton blanket over both of them. She laid her left leg and knee over Mike's legs, wiggled an arm under Mike's pillow, pulled Mike's head to her bosom and hugged it like a teddy bear. Mike could feel the hard nipple of Marina's left breast pressing on his cheek. He struggled to turn his head a few degrees, took the nipple in his mouth—through the soft, pliable, silky fabric of the panties and the thin T-shirt—and held it tenderly. Marina liked that. She hugged Mike's head just a little bit tighter...pushing a little more of her breast into Mike's mouth. "Good night, Mikey! You don't have to answer with your mouth full," she giggled.

