

The Long Weekend

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DAY 4 – Wednesday 4th November

It'd been almost four weeks ago, when Scott had returned from the hike with Janet. Four weeks of organising himself to move all his stuff to Janet place. Scott had E-mailed Janet making an appointment to see her for lunch. She'd replied saying, "Sure, be at my office at 12:30 on Wednesday. If it's closed, just come in. We can go to lunch, and talk about you moving in. Lots of kisses Janet."

It was Wednesday today, and Scott went gone across to the main building. He had been over twice during the four weeks but hadn't had time to stop by and see Janet. Today Scott found her door with the nicely engraved plaque. The door was closed, but it wasn't quite 12:30 yet. Scott tried to keep his watch set to the same time as the clocks around the office.

He stood around a while, trying once to peer though the glass walls except the blinds in Janet office were completely obstructed any view.

Scott opened the door exactly at 12:30 by his watch. Janet was at her desk reading through some paper work, inscribing notes on the paper with a pencil. She looked up to see him.

"Come in, come in." She said gesturing, "Time flies when you're reading reports, just this page and I'll be finished."

Scott came in, and closed the door behind him. He sat down on the chair opposite Janet, facing her. She was wearing her hair back today, in a braid. He could see she'd let it grow a bit, as the braid reached down past one shoulder. The weather had been colder since the hike, and was only barely warming up again. Scott could see Janet was wearing a white short sleeve loose fitting shirt. He could see the straps of some sort of underwear under the shirt, but beyond that Scott couldn't see what Janet was wearing under the desk.

Scott felt comfortable wearing his black jeans, and short sleeve shirt with a small tie. Commonly the QA people didn't wear suits, and often only wore shirts and ties with whatever else they wanted. They were usually testing this or that system, working through endless details systems that required sitting down for hours, and that meant wearing something comfortable.

Janet finished the page she was working one and put the pencil down. After shuffling some of the papers together, she leaned back from the desk.

"Well, ready for lunch?" she asked.

"When you are." Scott replied.

"Ok, let's go then." Janet said, getting up from the desk and slipped a black handbag over a shoulder.

Scott raised himself from chair. As Janet stepped out from behind the desk, he could see that Janet was wearing a short black skirt, with sheer black stockings.

Scott opened the door, and let Janet lead. As Janet moved out the door, her could see her hair was down to her shoulder blades. Janet closed and locked the door behind her, and they went down the back stairs that Scott usually used to leave the building, and headed toward the cafe located within the commercial park. They talked briefly while they walked about things that had happened after they'd gotten back to work after the long weekend.

At the cafe they sat down in one of the closed booths, and made selections from the menu. They didn't have waitresses so Scott took their order to the counter, seafood pasta for Janet, and a chicken quiche and salad for himself before returning to his seat.

"So, you ready for the big move?" Janet asked.

"Almost. I've a few more things to get together yet, and the land lord is supposed to be checking through the place today before he give back my bond." Scott said.

"Is that wise, letting him go though while your not there?"

"I know him well enough." Scott said. "Most of my stuff is packed, so he wouldn't be wanting to play around with that, and I've kept good records of the condition of the place. That and the fact that today was the only time before the weekend that he was available."

"Well, I've cleared out and vacuumed the second bedroom for you. I haven't had time to paint it myself, but we can do that on the weekend. And there's now space in the study for some of your stuff."

"Well my only problem now, is I need to move my gear." Scott said. "The biggest item is the bed, and there's no way I can move it with my car. I was wondering of I could borrow your four wheel drive?"

Janet thought for a moment, before replying "Why don't I come over and help, that way we could move stuff in both vehicles and reduce the number of trips?"

"Ok. Better then me trying to move it all myself and breaking my back." Scott said, shaking his head.

The server at the counter called to Scott saying his order was ready. Scott got up and retrieved their lunch after paying for it.

After spreading out the food on the table, they sat down to eat. Janet was having a seafood pasta dish.

Scott was eating munching on his salad, and felt Janet foot against his leg. He knew it was Janet, because were looking at each other for little other reason than that there was nothing much else to look at in the cafe except other patrons, or out the window at commercial traffic on the road. He'd seen her shift in her set just before he felt the contact. He let her slowly slide her foot up the inside of his right leg. He had to admit she kept a firm face as she did it. Scott broke the silence as he felt her foot moving up to his crotch, "You sure you didn't want me to order sausages?" referring back to the lunch they'd had at the cabin.

The contact left his right thigh, and then start up his left leg. Janet smiled and said "Maybe." She then took a bite of a her lunch and said "Maybe not."

He felt her foot up at his crotch again. Scott let her continue as they finished up their lunch wiping their faces. Scott took his chances and asked "There something you want to show me at your office?"

"Yeah, in fact there is. I want you comment on something." Janet said, like she'd just remembered something.

The foot left his crotch, and Janet stood up. Scott got up and Janet readjusted her skirt before they left the cafe, and headed back along the path to the main building and Janet's office.

Janet led as she used her pass to enter the back stairs. Scott only used them for exiting the building as it required a security pass to get in, and his didn't cover this entry into the building.

Scott followed Janet up the back stairs, with the click, clicking of her shoes on the stairs. From this low angle he could make out the top edge of the stockings, thinking she probably kept them up with straps.

Scott caught up to Janet as she used her pass to enter the floor that her office was in. Scott pulled open the door, following Janet again, as she unlocked her door with a key before entering her office.

Scott entered and Janet let the door shut closed with a gentle push and snick shut. Janet moved around the desk dropping her on the side.

"I wanted to give you something as a sort of welcome to my house." Janet said. She bent down on the other side of the desk, and brought up a small box, and pushed it across the desk to Scott.

"Thanks, you know you didn't have to." He said, lifting the lid.

Scott lifted out of the box a set of briefs with a leopard skin pattern. Underneath was a set of keys. Scott looked at the briefs first, turning them about, before holding them in front of himself.

"They're form fitting and stretch. I went out shopping last week for some new clothes, and when I saw those, I just had to buy them for you. Show me how they fit on the weekend, and I'll show you what I bought." Janet said.

"Thanks again." Scott said, and carefully folded them and picked up the keys, putting the briefs back in the box.

"Those are keys to the house." Janet said. "Front and back doors, and the garage. I had them cut when I went shopping."

"Keys to the castle gates." Scott said broad smile, and hooked them to his other keys from his pocket.

"Ok, so what time do you want me at your place on Saturday?" Janet asked.

Scott stared at the box, thinking for a moment. "No particular time, just come around early. I'll have to pack the bed and other stuff before anything moves. Here's my address."

Scott pulled out a card, with his details printed on it, and handed it to Janet. "I'll have to make some new ones of these. The only problem you might have when you come over is parking. There's a small side street where the flats reside, park anywhere along it, if you can find a empty spot."

"Sometime early then." Janet said, fingering the card.

Scott picked up the box, preparing to leave so Janet moved around the desk to let Scott out. She held the door closed for a moment and kissed Scott lightly on the lips, before opening the door.

Scott stepped out and Janet closed the door behind him.

DAY 5 – Saturday 7th November – Moving day

Scott awoke at the sound of his alarm. He didn't quite remember what day it was. Sometimes he did that and had to check what day it was before remembering why he was getting up so early.

It was a Saturday, and today he was moving out of the flat. He'd been too warm during the night, and slept naked in his bed. He got straight up, and slipped on the boxer shorts he had lying around. No need to make the bed today, since it was going to be packed up.

After having something to eat for breakfast, Scott washed the dishes to pack them away first. Most of the dishes he'd put away last night after dinner, packing them into boxes he'd acquired from the supplies department from work. There was only the few he'd used this morning, a dish rack, and a few containers he emptied from the fridge. The food in the fridge would have to wait until he was moving something as some items were frozen. Otherwise dry food items were already packed.

The rest of the flat was packed up except the TV, which he'd watched last night, and his bed. He'd spent the night packing the last used items from the kitchen, and bathroom. A big bag near the front door was filled with dirty clothing, which he'd have to wash as soon as he got to Janet's since he wasn't going to use a laundry-mat or drycleaner any more.

Scott moved back to his bedroom set about folding bedding and clothes, and packing them into boxes. He was unbolting the bed frame, when he heard the bell for the gate out the front. The flats had a locked gate out the front, and there was a button for each flat so visitors could call whoever they were visiting without disturbing other residents.

Scott went to the front door where the intercom was located, and pressed down the button. "Hello?" he asked.

"Scott? It's Janet."

"Come straight up." He said, and pressed down the lock button for the gate, to admit Janet through the gate.

When he heard the gate close, he released both buttons. After unlocking the door, and pulling it ajar, he went back to the bedroom to continue unbolting the frame.

After a moment, he heard Janet's voice from the front door, "Scott?"

"I'm in the bedroom, Janet." He called out.

Janet followed the initial direction of his voice, moving around the stacks of boxes in the small entryway. Janet looked in each door she came to, as they all seemed to be open. She finally found him, bent over the wooden frame of a bed, trying to loosen some nuts.

"Moving a bit fast aren't we, bringing me to you bedroom first." Janet said, looking about the room.

"I suppose so." Scott said, preoccupied with the bed frame. "Could you get in here, and hold the other end of this bolt with the pliers?"

Janet picked up the pliers from a pile of tools on the floor. She came around the other side of Scott and squatted down next to the bed. Reaching around the frame she put the pliers flat on the bolt, holding it firm using the frame to lock its movement as Scott twisted with a spanner.

Scott strained a bit without moving the nut. After adjusting his position, he tried again and succeeded in moving it. After that the nut came loose quickly, and Scott spun it off with a finger.

Scott stood up finally to see Janet. She was in a pair of pair of faded blue overalls, with a few holes worn in them, over a plain white t-shirt, with her hair tied up in a loose bundle. "You arrived at just the right time." Scott said, "These others are probably also stuck."

Janet helped with other seven nuts, holding each one as Scott loosened and removed them. The last two bolts were in the corner of the room, and Scott dragged the frame out of the corner, so she could get in the corner to hold them with the pliers.

When the bed frame was neatly stacked in components on the floor with the bolts in a bag, Scott said "We can start by shifting the boxes by the door."

"Ok, but you might want to put a bit more clothing on. Some of your neighbours are already up." Janet said.

"I'll be out in a moment then." Scott said, and bending down over a couple of boxes shuffling through clothing.

Janet took one last look at his butt, and stepped back through the doorway. She was about to pick up a box, but shook her head remembering that she wouldn't be able to get back in the gate, she went back to ask Scott about it.

Scott had pulled on a dark t-shirt, and slipped off his dropping his shorts. Janet stood just back from the doorway admiring his buttocks as Scott pulled on a pair of jeans. She let him button it up before interrupting. "I just forgot. You got a key for the gate so I can get back in?" She asked.

Scott turned about flustered for a moment. "There should be a clip on the back of the gate to hook it open."

"Ok." She said, and left the room saying under he breath, "Damn I like that butt."

Scott pulled some sneakers onto his bare feet, and shoved the clothes he'd pulled out, back into a box along with the shorts he'd been wearing.

His keys and wallet were on one of the boxes in the room and he grabbed these, walked out carrying some more boxes from the hallway. Janet passed him on the short path headed back upstairs as he went to her vehicle.

Scott saw that'd she'd folded down all the seats except the driver seat, as he loaded in the box he carried.

They kept passing each other, bring boxes down and loading it into her vehicle. Scott joined Janet at her vehicle, which was full now. "I'll take this load over to my place, and unload and come back for the big stuff." Janet said.

"Come back soon." Scott waved as Janet got in her vehicle, and slowly backed it out of the side street by stretching out her open window to see behind her, before pulling away.

Scott loaded shelves and chairs into his vehicle by himself, before filling up the space with the last of the boxes. Scott checked the flat over for last minute details, and packed the cold food into a fridge pack in the last box and packing into his vehicle.

There wasn't much left to do until Janet got back, so he went outside and talked to a couple of the neighbours, saying goodbye. Janet arrived back about 50 minutes after she'd left, with an empty vehicle.

Together they shifted Scott's mattress and bed frame into her vehicle, along with a computer desk, and a dresser.

Fortunately Scott didn't have a lounge suite or chairs, just some comfortable deck chairs that slid in beside Janet in the front of her vehicle.

Finally Scott walked through the empty flat, and turned the fridge off and left the door open, not knowing when the next tenant would move in. After that he locked the door, and pushed the keys into his mailbox.

The landlord had come around Thursday night satisfactory with the condition of the flat, returning Scott's bond and leaving instructions for vacating the flat. The landlord had a set of general keys that would allow him to open the letterboxes to collect the keys. Scott had only left him a forwarding address, as the new tenant was sure to receive some of his old mail.

Janet was waiting by her vehicle as he took one last look. "To your place." He said.

"To our place. You'll be living there now." She said, reminding him.

They both got into their vehicles. Scott drove away, not looking back a second time. Janet followed with the Land Cruiser packed with boxes.

Scott pulled up to the curb in front of Janet's... his place now. Janet pulled up behind him angling across the roadway, and backed up the driveway.

Scott pulled out and backed in, turning the smaller vehicle tightly around the fence, backing onto the lawn behind the fence line.

Getting out, Scott looked at the sky. Strangely enough, the weather was clearing up. He grabbed the bag of clothes and the box of cold food out of the car first, and headed toward the front door.

Janet was waiting at the door, with one of the boxes on the porch.

"After you." She said gesturing at the locked door. "You have to unlock it with your own keys, and open it yourself to call it home. Its traditional."

Scott dropped the bag down, and stacked the box on Janet's. Scott fished out the keys from his pocket. He'd put a new key tag on them he'd gotten for Christmas a few years ago, so he'd remember these belonged to a new home. Eventually he'd put the car keys on it too, and get rid of the old key tag.

Scott unlocked the screen door, and pulled it open. He unlocked the front door and turned on the handle pushing it open. It swung open quietly, but it felt good.

Janet adjusted the bar on the screen door to keep it open, and waited until Scott came back out. "Feels good to be home, eh?"

"Yeah." Scott said. Janet picked up the top box, moving inside with it. "That's food, it'll need to go into the fridge or freezer right away." Scott said.

"Ok." She called back.

Scott picked up the bag and the other box. He hadn't marked the boxes, but by the weight of it, it felt like some of the kitchen utensils.

The boxes Janet had brought over earlier were stacked along the hallway, as Scott carried his stuff to the kitchen, where Janet was identifying the food from the box, and putting each away either in the fridge or on the bench.

Scott put the both down, and opened the box up verifying it contained stuff for the kitchen.

"I've got some kitchen stuff, and I've got a pile of dirty clothes that need washing." Scott said.

"Just stack the kitchen stuff up, that way we can organise it together. Go ahead and make use of the washing machine. There's a bottle of washing soap on a shelf." She said, sorting through some items.

Scott pushed the box to one side, and took the bag through to the laundry. He sorted out some of the clothes, leaving his white shirts separate, putting the rest on to wash with a small measure of soap. The machine rattled around a bit before settling down.

Scott went around to the bedroom, to have a look at it before he moved anything in. The walls and ceiling were a faded cream colour. They would definitely have to paint before he started putting anything in. Scott walked in and checked the wardrobe. It looked better than the rest of the room, the doors and shelves looking very white. Scott checked the drapes, thinking they'd have to come down for the painting. But meanwhile, the vehicles could be unloaded.

Scott returned outside to his vehicle, to identify boxes before bringing them in. Janet came out, and started moving them also. The shelves and chairs were left in the lounge room. When his vehicle was empty, Scott had to identify the boxes in the hallway. Leaving the bed and desk in the Land Cruiser.

Eventually, there were boxes stacked in the kitchen, a box in the bathroom, several in the lounge room, and a pile along the hallway outside the bedroom and study.

Scott heard a rumbling from the other end of the house. "That damn washing machine." Janet said, and headed quickly off to the laundry.

Scott followed in her wake, and found her sitting on the rocking machine, which had moved out from the wall.

"I should have warned you that the washing machine likes to wander a lot." Janet said, from her perch. "I think the motor is off kilter. I've had somebody have a look at it, but it needs to be replaced entirely. By why but a new machine when this one washes fine?"

"You got a point there." Scott said.

"So you want to repaint the room?" Janet asked.

"The ceiling could do with fresh coat, and I was thinking of making walls a pastel brown. The wardrobe is fine as it is."

"Sure." She said, her voice starting to quaver with the shaking machine. "I've got white paint for the ceiling in the garage, with coversheets and some ladders. But we'll need to go out and buy the paint for the walls."

The machine fell silent as it finished washing the load. Janet slipped off, and lifted a basket from a wall hook. Scott pulled the clothing from the machine, dropping them into the basket Janet held from him.

Janet looked at the wet clothing as it piled into the basket. White singlets, socks, some colourful briefs, and a pair of jeans that she could see.

Scott pulled out last item, tossing it on the basket, before throwing shirts into the machine. "Don't wash them yet." Janet said, "I'll put some of my shirts with them, so we don't have to do too many loads."

Scott led, sliding open the back door to let Janet through with the basket. She placed the basket down on a ledge attached to one of the poles supporting the shade cover, with a container of pegs hanging next to it.

Janet helped Scott hang up his clothes on the single line that ran along the edge of the deck, getting the job done quickly.

"I can set up the coversheets and bring in the ladders, while you can go out and find the paint you want." Janet said, leading back into the house with the basket to hang it up.

"You sure about that?" Scott asked. "This is my room were talking about."

"That stuff of yours will be stuck in the hallway until we get the room painted. You want to sleep in the hallway?" She asked.

He knew it was a rhetorical question, but he gave her an answer that she didn't expect "Only if I can sleep across your doorway."

"The floor ain't that comfortable, I know." Janet said. "Just go get your paint."

The screen door was still open, as they went out the front. Janet left it that way so she could get the ladders in. Scott got in his car, and pulled out.

Janet opened up one door to the double garage. Janet had her old car parked on one side, but a lot of junk lay across the other side. If Scott wanted to park his vehicle in here, they'd have to clean this up too. Janet went straight for the coversheets, left there after the study had been painted out.

She took them inside, dumping them on the floor of the bedroom, and returned for the two ladders. Three more trips through the house got the garage and screen door closed and got the ladders into room, with the paint and a couple of paint rollers in trays and some brushes. After locking the garage door, Janet left her keys by the front door in the side table with her purse.

Janet used the ladder to lift the drapes off the windows, and stripped down the coverings. They were covered in dust, so Janet carefully took them out the back and layed them on the deck.

After dusting the window frame, Janet spread the large coversheets. They were big pieces of clear plastic, with paint splotches on them.

Janet checked the paint before pouring some into the roller tray. Sometimes it hardened on the surface if the can wasn't sealed properly.

Janet got to work on the ceiling, covering as much area by moving between the two ladders, before getting down and moving them. The roller splattered sometimes, but she'd worn the older clothing just for this reason.

Janet had about a quarter of the ceiling left when Scott came back with a paint tin in hand.

"Took me a while to find a place nearby that sold paint." Scott said, stepping into the room. He looked up at the ceiling, taking in how much Janet had already done.

"Sorry. I should have said something. You found a paint shop thou?" Janet said.

"I found a place in the big mall nearby." Scott said holding up the can.

"There's a second roller down there, so you can start on the walls." Janet said. She brushed some stray hairs out of her face, and resumed rolling paint on the ceiling. "When this is finished, I'll have to go round the edges with a brush."

Scott used a tool on the side of a brush to pry open the can, pouring some into the tray. Experimentally it touched a bit onto the roller, and made a small patch on the wall checking the colour. Satisfied, he applied more paint, spreading it up and down the walls, starting next to the doorframe.

Gradually the room changed. Twice Scott had to move around Janet on a ladder, as she touched up the edging between the ceiling and the wall. After that Janet grabbed another brush, and started touching up where the walls touched the doorframes and the skirting board with the pastel paint.

Janet visually checked the walls, and pointed out some light or dark spots to Scott, who went back over them with the paint roller.

Packing up the tins, Janet noticed Scott was speckled with pastel spots on his face and down his front.

"You look like a spotted leopard." She told him.

"You should look at yourself." Scott said.

"What? Where's the paint?" She said, looking down at herself. She could only see several large white spots on her overalls and white paint on her hands.

"You'll have to look at a mirror." He said trying to hold back a laugh.

Scott packed the ladders up as Janet stepped out the doorway to the bathroom, not touching anything with her hands.

Scott picked up the brushes, rollers and trays carrying them out into the hallway to wash them outside, as he heard Janet scream.

Painting the ceiling, the white paint had gotten into Janet's hair, and across her face. In the direct light, Janet could see more paint down the white t-shirt.

She couldn't use the bathroom else she'd spread the paint, so she moved outside to use the tap to wash it off.

She met Scott at the tap. He was using the hose to run water through the brushes as he rubbed them against the trays.

"You could have warned me!" she said.

"You were well covered by the time I got back with the paint. It wouldn't have made much difference if I'd told you then." He said shrugging his shoulders.

Janet turned on the tap, and started with her hands, rubbing them together to wash off the paint. There wasn't a mirror outside, so she just threw water on her face, rubbing all over to remove the paint.

Janet ran her hands randomly over her face, to find the spots of paint. Whenever she found another spot of paint, she would throw more water on it rubbing it with one hand. Her face was thoroughly wet, with water running down her neck and t-shirt when she turned and asked Scott if there were any more spots.

Scott saw a few on her neck, and one left on the side of her face. Janet resumed throwing more water on her neck and face until those spots were clean.

Janet ran her hands through the top of her hair, pulling them away with paint on them. "Damn it. This is going to take ages to get out." Janet grabbed the hose from Scott, bending over she ran the water through her hair, rubbing it with one hand.

Scott used the tap to wash the rollers under, running his hands along it until they seemed clean, and started washing his own hands.

Janet's long hair got in the way a few times, and she had to straighten up to get it out of the way, before trying to get the rest of the paint out.

Janet got Scott to check her hair while she was still bending over. "It's still a little pale, but it looks like you got it all out." He said, examining her hair.

As Janet straightened up, Scott could see the water had run down her t-shirt and was thoroughly wet and plastered to her chest. Her breasts were clearly outlined, with her nipples pressing behind the straps of the overalls.

"I hope you don't need anything else painted." Janet asked.

"No, the room looks fine now." Scott said.

"Good, that means we can put all this stuff away." She said and picked up the two trays and rollers. "There's a back door to the garage around here." Janet said walking around the side of the yard.

Scott turned off the tap and brought the brushes along following Janet.

Around the side beyond the spa, was a door set into a plain wall with a single large window.

"I usually keep it locked, but since we were going to be painting I unlocked it. The garage key fits this door also." She said, and pulled open the door.

Scott followed Janet into the big garage. He saw Janet's small sedan, the same that she'd had in the photos when she'd moved into the place.

Scattered about were bits of carpet, closed boxes, tools, more paint tins, rolls of wallpaper, and all sorts of odds and ends.

"The garage has been the real sore point of the whole house. If we can even clean it up, you might be able to get your car in here." Janet said. She put her rollers and trays down on some paint tins.

Scott put the brushes down with some others, briefly looking about.

"We might as well put the stuff away now." Scott said before stepping outside.

Janet followed him out a moment later. They carried the paint tins and ladders out the back way, and together they carefully folded up the coversheets, staying away from the wet walls. Janet locked the door behind her, after they put the sheets in the garage.

On the deck, just outside the sliding door Janet said. "I think we're past the dirty part. I'm going to soak the paint out of these, and take a shower."

"I think these need a wash too." Scott said poking at paint spots on his jeans.

Janet pulled her shoes off, and dropped them against the wall, before stepping inside. Scott left his next to hers, following Janet into the laundry.

Janet stopped in the laundry, and unbuttoned her overalls, and let them drop to the floor. Janet stood wearing a black thong panty, and the wet t-shirt that contoured her body.

Janet put a plug into the basin, and started filling it with warm water. Scott stood watching, as Janet knew where everything was.

Janet applied some soaking agent to her overalls, and to the water then dropped the overalls into the basin, giving them a push down into the water.

Scott now pulled off his t-shirt, and put soaked on them. He rubbed the soaker in first and threw it into the basin. Turning about, he saw Janet trying to lift her wet t-shirt off. Her wet breasts shining as she had lifted the t-shirt up from the base, turning it inside out, but it had gotten stuck across her face and on her arms and hair.

Janet spoke through the wet t-shirt "I'm stuck. Could you get this thing off me?"

Scott moved over to assist. Standing in front, he first pulled the t-shirt clear of her face, then pulled the t-shirt up, lifting it clear of her arms.

Scott handed it back to her, and she turned it right side out. After applying some soaker and rubbing it in, she added it to the sink.

Scott was still standing there with his jeans on when she turned back around. "You want to soak those too, or are you going to keep the paint spots?" Janet asked, raising her eyebrows.

It didn't really matter to Scott that he had nothing on underneath, but looking at Janet's wet breasts, shining in the light from outside was giving him an erection. He unbuttoned his jeans and slid down the zipper, then drew them down.

Janet took in a quick breath, "Nice. Now you can help me wash my hair." She said.

Scott pulled the jeans off, hopping on one foot before getting them totally off. The jeans rattled with his keys, so he pulled them out of the side pocket with the wallet, so they wouldn't get wet. He spread soaker onto the paint spots and rubbed the surfaces together. After putting them into the basin, he pushed the clothes down into the water, making sure they were wet.

Janet led the way to the bathroom, moving past Scott's boxes. Scott left his keys and wallet on a box following Janet into the bathroom. Janet went to the cabinet, so Scott stepped into the shower and turned on the water, finding out how much to turn the knobs before getting adequate pressure and temperature.

Janet pulled some shampoo from the cabinet. After loosening her hair, she slipped the straps of her panties off and dropping them to the floor. Stepping out with one foot, she flicked them up with the other, catching them in one hand and despoiled it in a basket beside the sink before stepping into the shower with Scott.

Janet closed the door of the big shower. Scott was already wet from standing under the shower, so moved to the side so Janet could get under the flow of water.

She let the warm water run through her hair, and passed the shampoo to Scott so she could run her hands through her hair, loosening it.

Janet moved out of the water flow and stood with her back to Scott, "Start rubbing it in." Janet said.

Scott applied an ample amount of shampoo to one hand, and put the bottle on the soap stand. He rubbed the shampoo into her scalp first, where it was pale from the paint, using fingers of both hands to work it in.

Janet could still smell the soap on her hands, so used the soap to clean her face and hands as Scott worked on her hair.

Scott worked more shampoo into her hair, working her hair together to clean it as he moved down the length.

After a time, Scott finished with Janet's hair and said, "How's that."

Janet turned about, and rinsed her hands off in the water, to run her hands through her hair. "Pretty good. Let me rinse it off." Janet stepped under the water face up, washing the soap off her face and hair.

Scott thought it was quite likely he'd gotten paint in his hair also, so put some shampoo on his hands and washed his hair, then washed his face with the soap.

Janet moved back out of the water squeezing the excess out with her hands. "How does it look?" She asked.

Scott looked up, running his eyes over it. "Looks clean now. How my face?" Scott said, running it under the water to get the soap off.

"You missed a couple of spots." Janet said. Scott went to grab the soap again, but Janet said, "Here, let me."

Janet stood close, so she could see the spots clearly as she used some soap on her hands to rub the spots off his face.

Eventually Janet found all the spots. "Come into the water now." Janet said, pulling Scott under the shower with her.

Janet held him as the water rinsed the soap and shampoo off his face and hair. Her close contact reignited the blood pumping in his body, causing his penis raise up. Because Janet was pressed close to him, it came directly into contact with the side of her leg first, brushing up the inside of her leg as it became firm.

"Either you've got an extra hand, or you've been training your muscles." Janet said.

"Sometimes it's got a mind of its own." Scott answered under the water.

Janet could feel the light pressure against the bottom edge of her vagina. She pushed her hips back and felt it brush up across her vagina. Leaning forward against Scott again, she could feel the warm organ pressing against her abdomen.

Scott could feel Janet pressing against him, and he saw her looking up at him. So he asked her directly, "Do you want to do it in the shower?"

She nodded back, "Yes."

Scott bent at his knees lowering himself. Feeling himself low enough, Scott brought his hips forward and up, using one hand on Janet's bottom for a guide. Janet gripped his shoulders as he penetrated her. Scott kept straightening his knees until he was standing back up.

Janet felt Scott thrust deep into her vagina, before she felt her feet leave the ground. She had to hold around Scott's neck to lessen the pressure against her cervix. She lifted her legs, trying to wrap them around Scott, but the water caused them to slip.

Scott felt the increase in pressure just before standing upright, as Janet arms went around his neck and her legs to his hips. He grabbed her legs as they slipped, and held her up. The weight caused him to slowly tip forward, to have Janet lean back against the clear shower screen.

Scott found it difficult to maintain the position, and tried to lift Janet's wet form, only to have to slide down. Scott tried this several times before realising it was generating an intense orgasm. Scott continued the effort letting his hands lose grip on purpose, to plunge Janet down on his penis every time.

Janet felt the pulsing and squeezed her legs tighter around Scott, bringing him to climax. Scott stopped in his efforts as he felt the ejaculation throb into Janet.

Scott arms were tired after the effort of lifting Janet up several times, so he slid down to the floor of the shower with Janet still entangled around him.

Janet felt the solid floor under her legs, so released her grip around his neck to lean back against one wall.

Scott leaned back against the opposite wall. Slowly he felt the shift in Janet's weight, as she slipped off his hips to the floor after his penis lost its stiffness.

They sat in the flowing water, letting the feeling of the warm water wash away their efforts.

Finally Scott reached up and turned the water off. "We can't sit in her all day."

"Sometimes I wish I could. I've tried it for a few hours, but my skin starts to wrinkle, and feel like mush." Janet said.

"Then we better get out."

"And put your stuff away."

"Ladies first." Scott said. Janet had her legs across him still and had to get up first.

It was a difficult position, so Janet braced her on either side of Scott to push against the wall behind her, sliding up. She opened the door and stepped over Scott legs, allowing Scott some room to get up.

Janet's towel was only one hanging up. Janet offered it to Scott. "Here, use it first, my hair will soak it."

Scott took it, drying his body and hair thoroughly, taking care to dry the tip of his penis before passing the towel back to Janet.

Scott watched as she dried portions of herself, drying her arms first then up each leg and the crotch and midriff before leaning forward to let her hair hang free to dry her back, chest and face. Janet worked the towel through her hair last, before bounding it up in a neat twirl on her head.

"And old trick my mom taught me. I'll have to brush it later after it dries."

Scott nodded thoughtfully, "Well since we're here, we can unpack this." Scott said opening up the box on the floor.

Leaning over Scott, Janet could see usual stuff, hairbrushes, toothbrushes, shampoo, shaving gear, lotions, and creams. There were also boxes of soap, toothpaste and rolls of toilet paper.

Janet opened up the cabinet, and returned her shampoo to its shelf. "Choose any place, except the shelf where my stuff is."

Scott grabbed a handful of items, and spread them across a shelf.

Janet picked up a roll of toilet paper. "The soap and stuff we'll just have to use up." She said and stacked on some on the windowsill.

Scott emptied the box and arranged his items the way he wanted them. He put a cup with his toothbrush next to Janet's on the sink.

Seeing the box empty, Scott flattened it down and asked, "Which room next?"

"How about the kitchen. I'm feeling hungry."

"It's lunch time already?"

"I don't know, I haven't got a watch on. But I'm feeling hungry." Janet said, running her hand over her stomach. "It should be close to noon."

"Let's unpack the stuff in the kitchen then get lunch then." Scott said. He stepped through the doorway, walking along the hallway. Janet ducked under the doorway so the towel on her hair wasn't disturbed.

Scott had a number of boxes filled with electrical items, cookware, containers, and a few with dry and packaged foods.

Janet sorted through the foods, finding places to store them with the food she already had as Scott unpacked the rest, laying out a mixer, a toaster, a microwave, a few dozen containers and bowls, several saucepans and frying pans on the available bench space.

"I realise you have some of these already," Scott was saying, "so we only need to agree which we're going to use and just store the extra stuff."

"For starters, I don't have a microwave. Never bothered with one, but sometimes thought I could use one." Janet looked for some out of the way bench space with a power outlet. "We can keep it in that corner over there." Janet said pointing into the corner of the bench space.

Scott moved some containers out of the way, and carried the microwave over, shifting in into the space and plugging it in. The display lit up, showing the 12:00 and blinking. Scott didn't know what the time was so he left it, looking back at Janet.

"I don't have enough containers for two people, so just put them with the rest in those cupboards up there."

Scott opened up the cupboards, looking at the small amount of containers. He didn't use make use of many himself, but he'd acquired a full set of them giving him a wide variety of storage options for food.

Scott arranged the new addition of containers in the cupboard, and closed the doors.

Scott pulled out a ceramic plate from a box, showing Janet.

"I got full sets of six of plates, bowls, glasses and cutlery." Janet said. "Unless you've got something fancy."

Scott put the plate back, and from another box pulled out two glasses. "Some tumblers, and big drinking glasses."

"They should be fine." Janet shook a packet of noodles at a cupboard. "The glasses I've got are in there. You can move the plates across to make some space."

Scott arranged the glasses in rows, allowing equal access, and stacked his boxes of crockery back by the doorway.

"Ok, a toaster, and a blender." Scott said.

Janet looked around at them. "Your toaster is better. Pull mine out of the cupboard there," Janet said indicating the cupboard next to the crockery. "I've only big mixer. Your small blender will compliment it."

"Where do you want your toaster?"

"You can put it in the box with your plates." She replied.

"Last thing are these pots and pans." Scott said holding up a few of them for Janet to see.

"Do you have a full set?" she asked.

"Not the pots, only of pans."

"Amazing coincidence. I've got a full set of pots, but only a few pans. Store the complete sets over there. Janet pointed behind her without looking, "The extras can be boxed away. While I'm here, any suggestions for lunch?"

"Yeah, I'll show you my 5 minute lunch." Scott said.

Scott put the unmatched pots and pans in a second box on top of the other at the doorway.

Scott pulled out one of the medium pots from the sets in the cupboard filling it with water, and putting it on the stove and lighting the jet.

Scott squeezed beside Janet as she put food items on shelves, and picked out some instant noodles.

Scott cooked the noodles in the water as it boiled, and retrieved bowls and forks.

Janet finished with the food items, closing the pantry to watch Scott.

When the noodles were cooked, he drained and served them into he bowels. He pulled out a jar of pasta sauce from the fridge and grated cheese and spread each into the bowls on the noddles.

After that he put the bowls into the microwave and heated them on medium for 40 seconds, and put the sauce and cheese away.

The microwave went off, and he pulled out the bowls laying them on the bench with the forks. "So, did you time me?"

"Well," Janet said holding up her arms, looking at them, then down her unclothed body, "I sort of don't have a watch on, but 5 minutes was about right."

Scott offered her a bowl and fork, and picked up the other.

Janet moved around the bench to the breakfast table, to sit on a stool with her bowl.

Scott sat on the next stool, wait for Janet to try her noodles first.

Janet mixed in the sauce and cheese lightly, and twisted up stands of coated noodles onto the fork before putting them into her mouth. "Umm... " Was all she could get out as she chewed and swallowed.

"Glad you like it." Scott said, then started eating his.

Janet finished her, scraping the bowl to get the sticky cheese off. "Might have to cut down on the cheese, but quite a different approach to instant noodles." Janet said.

"If we can get some low fat cheese, all the better."

Janet stacked the bowls, and tuned her stool about stepping off. She stacked the dishes with her breakfast dishes on the sink.

"We ought to check my room, the paint should be touch dry by now." Scott said, pushing off the stool backwards.

They went to the newly painted room, and Scott touched the surface lightly in several spots, to find how sticky it was. "Almost. Some spots are a little sticky still." He remarked.

"We might as well move on into the lounge room then." Janet said, stepping out of the smelly room.

Janet was on her knees opening the boxes wide, as Scott stepped in. He had some more modern stuff than Janet did, but not nearly as much.

They rearranged the lounge room, moving his chairs and shelves out of the way, pulling some of Janet's stuff out, and plugging Scott's in, adding to the collection of CD's and videotapes on racks and shelves.

Eventually they had Scott's TV and VCR set up, and moved Janet's to her bedroom if they wanted to watch two tapes separately.

Scott had only a small stereo system, and left it in the box. The deck chairs were left opened out against the far wall, in case they had guests. Otherwise the lounge room was complete.

"We'd better mark these boxes, else we won't know what we left in them." Scott said.

"There are marker pens in the hallway in the front table."

Scott retrieved a black marker, and marked the top of the boxes, with the contents and owner. Janet closed the boxes up, folding the flaps in and slid them into the hallway.

Scott went to the kitchen and marked the boxes there, then returned to Janet. "Study next?" he asked.

"It's the only thing other than you bedroom." Janet said.

"We'll need to bring in computer desk." Scott said.

"Let's go and get it then." Janet said, grabbing her keys from the small table and opening the front door.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Scott said.

"Oh." Janet pulled the towel off her head, and twirled her hair, throwing it over her back, before stepping outside.

Scott just shrugged his shoulders and followed her naked form into front yard. It was quiet outside, except for the usual birds and insects. Traffic could be heard but some distance away.

Janet went straight to the back of the Land Cruiser, unlocking and opening the back. Janet slid the dresser out, as Scott got there. Together they lifted it out, and carried it back to the house. Scott had to hold the dresser with one hand to pull the screen door open. To keep the hallway clear, they put the dresser down in the lounge room.

Janet pulled the screen door open and adjusted the bar to keep it open. Scott followed her back out once more, to collect the computer desk.

It was a larger item, requiring more effort to unload it from the vehicle. Once down, Janet closed and locked the vehicle again. Janet held the keys in her mouth as they carried the desk inside. They stopped at the entry, to put it down on its wheels to roll it to the study.

Janet closed screen door and left her keys on the table, as Scott wheeled the desk down and around the hallway.

He had to stop at the boxes near his room. "I should have remembered." He said.

"We should be able to lift it over." Janet said. She squeezed around the desk, flattening her breasts against the wall as she went past. "Tight squeeze." She said.

Janet got around and braced the top of the desk, as Scott tipped the desk back towards her. When Janet was holding it up from the floor, Scott bent down and lifted the base.

After raising the desk up a bit, they carried it over the boxes, to the doorway of the study, and lowered it back down again.

Scott manoeuvred the desk on its wheels through the doorway into the study, to where Janet was indicating. It fit in well after Scott opened out the leaves of the desk.

"I'll bring in the boxes." Janet said.

Janet slid the first box in, and Scott pulled out components of his computer and placed them on the desk. As Scott emptied each box, Janet flattened it and put it in the hallway to retrieve another box.

After taking out the last box, Janet stepped out to retrieve the towel. She hung it back in the bathroom and got her hairbrush, and returned to sit on her office chair, brushing her hair as she watched Scott. When he finished plugging it all together, and into the power point, he looked around for a moment before saying, "I better get my chair."

Scott wheeled his office chair from the lounge room. It was narrow enough to get past the boxes, and into the study.

Scott turned on the computer then sat on his chair, swinging left and right as he let the computer do its diagnostics as it started up. When he was satisfied he shut it down again.

"Works fine." Scott said, turning his chair around to Janet.

"Only the bedroom now." Janet said. "We might as well bring in the mattress and frame." Janet finished brushing her hair and left her brush at her desk.

Scott got up from his chair, pushing it under his desk before following Janet back to the front door. He set the screen door open, as Janet stepped out.

It took six trips, out to the vehicle, to carry the mattress into the lounge room, and the bed frame into the house.

A couple cars went by on the road when they were moving the frame, into the house, but Scott didn't see them.

Janet went back out and locked her car as Scott reset the screen door. The door swung shut behind her as Janet came in. "We should be able to set the bed frame up in the centre of the room away from the walls." Janet said.

"After you." Scott said, gesturing to the other end of the long lengths of frame.

Janet picked up one end of the two long sections, leaving Scott with the other. Janet walked backward into the bedroom, been careful to stay away from the walls.

Scott brought up the rear, angling so they didn't gouge out the doorway.

After putting them down, they returned to carry in the bed ends next, carrying one at a time.

Janet went back to get the bag of nuts and bolts with the spanner and pliers, whilst Scott arranged the parts of the bed on the floor, approximately how he wanted the bed in the room

Janet held the headboard vertically as Scott lifted one of the long sections and threaded a bolt in. Janet had to angle the frame forward as Scott pushed the second bolt in.

Scott moved across the other side, and attached the other long section in the same manner.

"Now the other end." Scott said, lifting the footboard into position so Janet could hold it.

Scott threaded the last bolts as he held up the long sections across a leg.

After that it was a simple matter of screwing on the bolts firmly. Janet stood back, allowing Scott to tighten the bolts with the spanner and pliers.

Janet realised she was close to the wall, so stepped away from it.

Scott stood up from the bed frame. "The slats can come in now." He said.

Janet moved out the doorway again, with Scott following, leaving the tools on a box.

Scott assisted Janet to lift one stack of curved slats, and carried them into the bedroom. Scott stepped into the centre of the bed and over the other side, so they could lay the slats directly onto the bed frame at the head.

They retrieved the second stack, laying it at the other end of the frame.

Scott stepped back into the centre, and pulled the top slat from the head end, and the stack unfolded like a concertina along the frame. Scott layed out the second stack of slats almost all the way, to allow himself to step out, before adjusting the slats.

Scott went and touched the walls, checking how dry the paint was. "It feels dry enough to move some stuff in."

"About time." Janet said.

Together, carried the mattress from the lounge room and manhandled the mattress into the bedroom, dropping it over, onto the frame.

Scott sat back on the mattress, looking out the large window. He had been worried about been unclothed outside in the front yard, but the window in his room provided an unimpeded view of the front yard, and the street in front with the neighbours fences on the other side.

Janet sat down next to him, looking out the large window. "Nice view." She said. "No one every looks in. We could have sex right here, and no one would notice."

"You sure?"

"Why, you want to bet on it?"

"Umm, I suppose, but if the cops get called in, you have to tell them it was all your idea." Scott said.

"Ok, but if no one notices, you have to cook dinner for a whole week, in the nude." She said.

"Sounds fair enough." Scott said. "But to make it fairer, we have be right in front of the window, so help me move the bed closer."

Scott dragged the head, while Janet dragged the foot end right up to the window, leaving the mattress only centimetres away.

"Close enough." Scott said, before rolling onto the mattress up to the window.

Janet bouncing onto the mattress on her knees, letting Scott watch her breasts bounce up and down freely.

She saw the Scott was flaccid and needed encouragement so she lay down against Scott, pressing her body against his and kissing him, as she wrapped and arm behind him.

Scott responded to the kiss, and involved his hands with Janet's body, running them down her back, and over her buttocks. Scott continued his foreplay by running his hands up Janet's side to her breasts.

Janet pushed back after the kiss, sitting across his legs leaning forward to let Scott run his hands over her breasts. She used he hands to work on his penis as a motion out the window caught her attention. It was just a passing car, the driver not even looking this way.

Janet looked back at Scott, feeling his now rigid penis in her hands. Janet let herself back down against Scott, feeling Scott hands shift from her breasts, to slide down her body as she sank towards him. Janet used her knees to shift her hips up, and slide back along Scott, letting him enter her.

Scott felt the intenseness of Janet as he kissed her again passionately. Their love-making was a slow, and fulfilling as they embraced each other kissing each other, every other moment.

Janet slowed her pace down as Scott came close to ejaculation twice. Janet wasn't distracted by more passing cars, as she let herself take pleasure in the extended moment. Janet didn't ease off, even after Scott finally released his load, working him dry. Only after she felt the push of her muscles expel Scott, did she relax.

Scott let go of Janet as she rolled off next to him. "I think the room is well christened now." He said.

"And nobody, stopped to have a look." Janet said, with the sound of satisfaction running through her voice. "Maybe we should have done it on the front lawn. I don't think anyone would have even noticed us there."

"What would you have asked for, in return?" Scott asked.

"Well, I could have gotten you to do dinner for a month in the nude, especially when my parents come over for dinner in two weeks." She grinned at the thought, but Scott couldn't see her face.

"That's a bit over the top for just explaining to the police it was your idea. I'd have to get you to do something in more in return if you lost." Scott said. He rolled on his side, facing away from the window, leaning on one elbow, to run a finger between Janet's breasts.

"Maybe it's time we had our game for sexual favours." Janet said. "This is the substitute long weekend. And if I remember you correctly, you asked last time to replay the scenario." Janet breathed in deeply. Making her chest lift as Scott moved his finger over a breast.

"Well, we do have to give the paint a bit more time to dry before we bring the drapes back in." Scott said. "Ok, but let's play something different than poker this time. Something a bit faster, but still relying on chance."

"Well, that sort of leaves out playing computer games, as they require skill. So its cards, dice, or coins." Janet said thoughtfully. "The only fast game that comes to mind, is snap."

"Sounds all right. We should lay out the rules clearer this time however." Scott said.

"Yeah, same as last time, but with the changes we were thinking of. What sort of duration are we looking at."

"Since we live here together now, so we could have it longer than the weekend. But if we do this each month, we could have the favours valid for only one month, but restrict the favour to one week's duration."

Janet giggled, "I could live with that. But we better have some restrictions. Like we cannot allow a favour to interfere with work, or anybody else. So I could ask for you to do something at work, but not when it makes you late for something."

"We should restrict ourselves to simple one part requests." Scott said, "Unlike some of yours." Scott emphasised the point, by pressing down upon one of Janet's nipples.

"We should be able to request the same favour. It only makes it fair to make the other each other do the same thing."

"Yeah, and since the favours have to be uncomplicated, we should increase the number of favours. Say around ten. That would be 5 each." Scott said.

"As we're playing snap instead of poker, we have to start with a freshly shuffled deck after someone has won. And we have to be clear as to who won, else we reshuffle the deck and start the hand again."

"I can't think of any other changes."

"That's about it. Now we need a deck of cards, and they're all in my bedroom."

"After you then." Scott said, lifting his hand from her.

Janet rolled off the bed, putting her feet down on the floor. Scott sat up, and slid to the edge of the mattress, before following Janet to her bedroom.

Scott sat on the edge of Janet's bed, as she bent over to retrieve a deck of cards from a drawer at the bottom of the bookshelves.

Scott always admired her long legs, and took the time to look at them thoroughly.

Janet climbed onto her bed, sitting cross-legged on one side. Scott shifted opposite, trying to sit comfortably with his legs crossed like Janet. He instead changed to a kneeling position.

Janet shuffled the cards, dropping a few, but put them back in, and shuffled again. She put the deck face down on the bed. "Ok, ante up." She said.

"What I was thinking earlier, is for you not to wear any underwear for a week. No bras, briefs, panties, corsets." Scott said.

Janet thought on it for a moment, considering her periods. "I think I can do that. I can still wear a garter for stockings?"

"Yeah."

"Ok, I agree." She said. Janet took a bit of time to consider her favour. "When I go jogging in the morning I want you to join me."

"That's not sexual." Scott said curtly.

"Umm, well, you have to wear those boxer shorts from this morning and your sneakers only."

Scott considered this for a moment before saying, "I agree."

Janet split the deck into two. "You start, take your pick."

Scott picked up one pile, adjusting the cards in one hand, so he could quickly palm them onto the pile that would develop in front of him.

Janet picked up hers, and waited for Scott to start.

Scott put the first card down looking at it, but quickly adjusted his eyes to follow Janet's hand as she put the next card down.

Janet likewise kept her hand on her lower leg when not putting a card down, ready to reach out.

They put down several cards, each almost jumping as they recognised a card value that had been seen earlier, but restraining themselves seeing that it was not of the last two cards.

Janet brought a card down, and instantly Scott's hand was out as he called "Snap!" before Janet realised what card she had put down.

"Your hand." Janet said, double checking the card's values.

Scott piled the cards together, and split the deck and fanned them together on his leg. After shuffling them a few more times, Scott placed the deck down between them.

"Do you have in-line skates?" Scott asked.

"Yep. In the wardrobe over there." Janet said pointing to the folding doors with the Unicorn on them.

"If the neighbourhood is so quiet around here as you say, then go skating with me tonight, both of us naked."

Janet wanted to prove this point, but it was his favour instead of hers. She relented "Ok."

Scott split the deck, picking up one himself. "Your turn." He said.

Janet picked hers, and laid down a card. She was going to pay more attention on the value of the current card and card been put down.

The second card Scott put down matched up. He shifted his hand about, just a little quicker than Janet's. Her hand came down on top of his, as they both yelled "Snap!"

"Your hand again." Janet said, as she withdrew her hand from Scott's.

Scott left the pile to Janet, as she gathered the cards together and shuffled them. She spent a bit more time making sure they were randomised thoroughly before putting the deck down.

"Ante up." Janet said.

"Since I'm doing dinner this week, you can do dinner next week naked."

Janet thought for a moment, about when her parents were coming over. They'd arrive the following day after the end of her week doing dinners. "My parents come over the next day, so it's fine with me."

Janet cut the deck. Scott picked up one half leaving Janet the other.

Scott put his card down. Janet followed promptly, with hers. Straight away she saw the values match up and moved her hand quickly to take advantage before Scott did. "Snap!"

"That was quick. I hardly saw it." Scott remarked as he gathered the cards, and shuffled them. He put the deck down. "Your ante."

"Have you thought about what your making for dinner tonight?" Janet asked.

"I was thinking of cooking some ravioli, with a vegetable sauce, and making a side salad." He said. "Why do you ask?"

"Just that I want you to lick cream and chocolate topping from my body for dessert." She said.

"That's your favour?"

"I'm going to put plenty on." Janet said. "You have to lick all of it off."

Scott looked Janet up and down, trying to size how much she was referring to. "All I can do is try." Scott said. He cut the deck.

Janet picked up her half, and put the first card down after Scott picked up his.

They went back and forth several times, before Scott layed down a matching card. His hand was halfway back when he realised it. Both of them put their hand down, calling "Snap!"

Looking down, Scott fingers were just under Janet's. She conceded the victory. "Your hand."

Scott lifted his hand, to allow Janet to gather the cards up, and reshuffle them. She put the deck down between them, "Ante up." She said.

"We really haven't decided on how we're going to travel to work." Scott said.

"Why, what are you thinking?" She asked.

"To make it fair, we should alternate vehicles and drivers. One week, I drive my vehicle, the next you drive in yours." He said.

"It would half our fuel costs, and give each other a chance to relax each week." Janet said. "What's this got to do with your favour?"

"I was thinking that I'd take the first coming week, and you the second, and switch back again. During the third week, I want you to suck me off as I drive. Going either to or from work." He said.

"Five days. I can agree to that."

Scott split the deck into two. Janet took one pile, leaving the other for Scott.

Janet started with the first card. Scott followed, quickly to make the pace faster. Janet had her third card down, and Scott was moving too quick, about to put his next card down when he saw the matching pair on top. Janet plunged her hand back down calling "Snap!"

"You did good that time." Scott said, as he gathered up the cards.

"We really ought to write these favours down, otherwise were going to forget where we are during the month." Janet said.

"Ok, you got a pen and paper?"

"Just a moment." Janet said. She unfolded her legs, slipping off the bed. She kept a pen a pad on her side table with the phone. Some people rang at night and she had to make a note quickly.

Janet climbing onto the bed, and kneeled down holding the pad on one leg.

"Ok, your first favour." Janet said. She talked as she wrote down "Scott does dinner for week one naked."

"That wasn't the first favour." Scott said.

"No, that was the bet in your the bedroom in front of the window." She replied.

"Oh, ok. The first favour. No underwear for a week."

Janet wrote down in a second column, keeping Scott favours separate from her own. "Janet doesn't wear any underwear for week one." Janet looked up from the pad. "You didn't specify which week, so I'm doing it the first week."

"That was the intention. My second favour. In-line skating tonight."

Janet wrote down again, "Janet and Scott skating at night nude."

"And my favour." Janet said, as she wrote. "Scott goes jogging in morning with boxer shorts and sneakers with Janet."

"You're doing dinner for the second week." Scott added.

"Uh, huh." Janet said. "Janet does dinner for week two naked." She wrote.

"Now the one I just won." She said. She wrote as she continued "Scott to lick cream and chocolate topping from Janet's body for dessert."

"And now the one I'm playing for." Scott said. "To suck me off during the third week."

Janet talked as she wrote it down under Scott's column "Janet to suck off Scott as he drives to/from work in week three." Janet marked ticks next to all the favours in each column except the last one, indicating that a favour had been awarded.

"Just to make it easier for me, I want you to not wear any underwear for the third week." Janet said.

Scott nodded, "I can accept that."

Janet wrote down on the pad, "Scott doesn't wear any underwear for week three." She put down the pad and pen, as Scott split the deck in two.

Each with a handful of cards, Janet put the first down. Scott tried to watch the cards better this time, alternating between putting a card down quickly, and watching like a hawk as Janet put her card down.

They went through many cards, not achieving a matching pair. Scott though the cards felt light in his hand and glanced down at the wrong moment to see how many were left, as Janet yelled "Snap!"

"Bugger. I wasn't looking." Scott said.

"Your fault, not mine." Janet spread the top cards, so Scott would see the matching pair, before she collected the cards together and shuffled them. She put the deck down, and picked up the paper and pen. After marking a tick beside her favour, she stuck the end of the pen in her mouth as she thought.

"I know, I want you to wax off all you pubic hair." She said, pulling the pen out of her mouth.

Scott looked down at his crotch, the hair surrounding his slack penis, and coving his scrotum and onto his legs. "That's hurts doesn't it?" He asked.

"I'll give you a hand to apply it correctly so it doesn't hurt so much, but you get to pull it off." She said.

"I always wondered what it'd feel like without the hair. Ok, I agree." Scott said.

Janet wrote the favour down on the pad, "Scott is to wax off his pubic hair. Janet will assist."

She put the pad back down, and split the deck of cards. Scott took his, and placed a card down after Janet picked up her cards.

The cards went down quickly, but paused, as they each looked at the new card, ready to jump in. Scott put a card down and pounced on it, making the bed jump as he put his hand down with the "Snap!" he yelled.

Janet merely looked at the cards and picked up the pad and pen after putted the rest of her cards down. She ticked off Scott favour, and counted up the favours. "No need to jump on the cards, you're ahead. Out of seven favours, you have won four, and I have won three."

"Must be all the excitement of the game." Scott said as he shuffled the cards. He put the deck down.

He sat there a moment, before he realised he had to think of a new favour. "Here's a good one. During the forth week, you are to be my alarm, and wake me up by slipping into me bed naked, and use whatever sexual means of waking me up."

Janet sat nodding her head, "I'll have to wake up just a bit earlier, but I agree." Janet wrote down the favour on the pad carefully, "Janet to wake up Scott, by getting in his bed nude and using sexual means in week four."

Janet put the pad down as Scott split the deck, and she took a pile of cards. After Scott picked up his cards, she put the first card down.

From there, they both watched the cards as they fell. Janet put her fifth card down after Scott's, and saw the matched pair. Her hand just beat Scott's, as she called the words they've been using "Snap!"

Scott allowed Janet to scoop the cards together and shuffle them. She put the deck down and picked up the pad, marking a tick next to her favour. "Four all. We're neck and neck, and only two favours left."

"Your ante now." Scott said, reminding her.

"Shucks, and this might be my last favour." She said jokingly. "Ok, you have to not wear any clothes during week two, except for those needed to be presentable for work and out in the streets. So nothing on around home, you dress minimally in the vehicle on the way to work, and as soon as we get in the vehicle to leave work, you strip off."

"When exactly do your parents come over?" Scott asked.

"Oh, on the Saturday, which would be the last day of the week. Just throw on a t-shirt and shorts. It's informal, and I never wear much when they come over anyway."

"Week two?" Scott asked. Janet nodded. "You're driving to work, so that should make it possible. Ok, I agree."

Janet wrote her favour on the pad, "Scott to go nude week two, wear minimal clothing only in public."

Janet split the deck with one hand as she tossed down the pad and pen. Scott took one half, and Janet took the other.

They put cards down quickly, only visualising the two last cards on top, as each placed down a card after the other. Janet was getting edgy and jumped the gun as Scott's put his next card down. By pure luck it was a matching pair, and Janet shouted "Snap!" and put her hand down before Scott had even let go of the card.

Scott hadn't said a word. Scott looked back at Janet after double checking the cards, and she only shrugged her shoulders. "The lady wins again." Scott said, as he picked up the cards and shuffled them.

Janet marked the pad, as Scott put the deck down. "Last favour." She said. She read back over her favours, "I should have asked you to go jogging every morning with me for a week, not just one morning."

"Just like I should have gotten you to go in-line skating for a week." Scott said. "We know for next month."

"I know, but it doesn't stop me from trying to correct it now does it?"

"No, only if it doesn't interfere with another favour." Scott replied.

"Exactly. So, in trying to fit it in, I want you to go jogging with me in week three, in just the boxer shorts and sneakers."

"What was in week three?" He asked.

"Just you without underwear, and me sucking you off." She replied.

Scott nodded his head, "Yeah, sounds fine. I agree."

Scott split the deck. Janet picked up one half, and Scott picked up the other.

Janet put the first card down withdrawing her hand quickly, and kept her distance as Scott put each of his cards down. She'd seen the number of favours, and to be fair, she was going to let Scott win the last favour.

Fortunately it wasn't obvious, as Scott put down the sixth card after Janet's, he jumped on the matching pair showing, calling "Snap!"

Scott smiled at the win, and Janet could only smile back. She picked up the pad, and marked the last favour.

Scott shuffled the cards, and neatened the deck.

Janet tore off the page from the pad, and handed it to Scott to read, as she got off the bed to put the pad and pen back, and put the deck of cards away.

"Well, there they are. I'm going to put a bit more something on, then we might as well finish your room."

Scott moved to the edge of the bed, and sat watching as Janet went to the wardrobe opening a door. Behind it was some drawers. Janet pulled a drawer open, looking for something.

Scott saw her lift out something black. Janet was facing away from him, as she drew something over her head, then lifted her hair across it. He couldn't see as she adjusted something in front of her, then she brought her hands back to clip two straps together.

Janet turned around then, holding the last piece in front of her, a black panty, then stepped into it, slipping it up.

Scott could see the texturing now. Janet had slipped on a bikini bra that only covered the top part of her breasts with curved triangles of black leather, which matched the black leather panties. "What do you think?" Janet asked, turning left and right, then turning about on the spot.

"Lovely. I wouldn't want to get them wet, they'd go stiff." Scott said.

"Let's start unpacking your bedroom, and then you can show me your leopard briefs."

Janet followed Scott back into his bedroom. Together they dragged the bed away from the window and up against a wall where Scott was satisfied.

They carried the shelves and the dresser from the lounge room, fitting them into the bedroom.

Janet carried the boxes in, and Scott started unpacking. The clothing was just a matter of, sliding it into the dresser, or hanging it up into the wardrobe. The wardrobe had a set of drawers just like in Janet's bedroom and Scott made use of these also.

Also in the boxes were various things that couldn't be classified as anything in particular. Scott found his in-line skates with his footwear, and put them in the bottom of the wardrobe. Scott had books, CD's, and various knick-knacks which went on the shelves.

In one box, Scott pulled out a big digital wall clock. "Here, this should go in the lounge room, so you can always know the time."

Janet took the clock from Scott examining the display. It also had the day, date and room temperature. She looked over the back noting the wall-mounting bracket. "This'll need to be mounted. If you're fine here, I'll go do this now." Janet said.

"Go." Scott said, waving a hand over his head as he dug through another box.

Janet stepped out the door with the clock in hand.

Scott pulled out a pile of bedding from a box, sorting out the items. He pulled an under blanket out and spread it onto the mattress, and slipped the elastics over the ends of the mattress, securing it. Following that, Scott untangled two sheets, and fitted one onto the bed, and spread the other over it, folding it under the sides of the bed. The last item from the box was a pillow, which Scott placed on the bed.

He emptied two more boxes, with neatly folded sheets and blankets, before pulling a squashed doona from the next. After fluffing up the doona, he smoothed it out over the bed, completing it.

Following that Scott attached a bed lamp to the bed, and put an alarm clock on the dresser.

The room was almost complete but missing something, some decorations. From an open box, Scott pulled out rolled up prints and posters he'd collected. He positioned some around the room, using the bluetac in the box to stick them to the walls.

All that remained were some boxes that Scott had filled with odds and ends he'd kept, like computer parts, papers, receipts, the sort of things he couldn't throw out. Scott just pushed the boxes into an empty part of the wardrobe.

The rest of the boxes were empty now, as Scott flattened them into a stack. All that was left was to attach the drapes. Scott looked back at the window, remembering he was to put some briefs on.

A quick look through the dresser found the spotted briefs in question. He slipped them on, and picked up the flat boxes and went looking for Janet.

Scott checked the bathroom, and picked out the flat box there. Going back down the hallway, he picked up the flat boxes from the study. Outside the lounge room, he put the boxes down on the others, unable to carry them all at once.

Scott could hear light hammer in the lounge room, so he went in. Janet was standing on the soft fabric of one of the deck chairs, reaching up, hammering a nail into the wall.

Scott picked up the clock from the floor. Janet stopped hammering and turned about to step down.

"Here." Scott said, passing the clock to her and taking the hammer.

Janet hooked the clock on, and straightened it, before carefully getting off the chair.

"Good location." Scott said, handing the hammer back. "I better set the microwave too."

Janet disappeared out the other door of the kitchen, as Scott went through the settings on the microwave to set the time. He had to double check the time from the wall clock to make sure the micro was accurate.

Janet was back in the kitchen, as Scott came back in. She looked over Scott's spotted briefs "They do suit you well. Maybe we can see how they stretch too." She said mischievously. Janet changed the subject before Scott could respond "Your room all finished?" She asked.

"All but the drapes. I've piled the empty boxes in the hallway. If you don't want any, I'll just take them back to work."

"No. I don't need any. Your driving Monday, so lets move the boxes to your car now then."

Scott led back to hallway. He had to grab his vehicle keys and open the front door, before they could carry out the flattened boxes, which filled their arms.

Scott emptied his arms, dropping the boxes on the ground next to his vehicle, so he could open the boot. The seats were still folded down from carrying his furniture, so Janet just slid her boxes straight in. Scott put his boxes in on top, and closed the boot. He took the time to open the passenger door, and fold its seat up, before locking the door closed again.

"Your drapes." Janet mentioned to Scott, as he looked toward his bedroom window. The bright outside light made it a little dim through the glass, but he could see in clearly enough.

"Ok." He said, and went back through the house, leaving his keys on the front table.

Out on the back deck, Janet helped Scott shake the drapes. They held the four corners of one drape, and raised it into the air quickly, causing it to make a snapping sound in the air, and simultaneously through off a lot of dust.

After choking a bit, and moving onto the lawn away from the house, they continued until they felt as if they'd shaken it enough.

Janet shook her head, "It's too dusty, they have to be washed." Janet said.

"But we can get some of the dust out of the other drapes first. Otherwise we might block up the drains." Scott said.

"I don't want that." Janet said, and helped him with the other drape. After giving it a shake, they carried them back inside. Their clothes were still in the basin so they had to empty the washing machine of Scott's shirts before piling them into the machine, and turning it on.

It was then a matter of filling the big laundry basin with the drapes and warm soapy water.

They both took turns at dunking the heavy water laden drapes up and down, making the water turn dark and cloudy quickly.

Janet pulled the plug, letting the water go. After trying to squeeze some of the water out, she put the plug back, and refilled the basin with clean water.

They continued taking turns, dunking the drapes. Janet was at it when the washing machine started to rumble.

"I've got it." Scott said, grabbing the runaway machine, and springing up to sit on it.

Scott got to sit back and watch as Janet continued dunking the drapes into the water. He had a good view of her side profile leaning of the basin, and the leather bikini bra hid little of the side of her breasts. Scott noted that every time Janet lifted the heavy drapes, her breasts would lift up. He couldn't help but enjoy the view, the curve fitting leather around Janet's waist, showing the length of the leg. It was enough to start an erection and the vibrating machine just helped it along.

Janet stopped, and looked over at Scott when the washing machine stopped. "I told you we'd see how they stretch."

Scott could only look down at the stretched fabric, showing the prominent shape of his erection. The briefs still felt comfortable, as he got off the washing machine.

Scott emptied the machine into he basket from the wall, and left it on the floor, as he helped Janet drag the drapes into the washing machine.

It took a minute to arrange the drapes evenly in the small machine. "I'll just put it straight into rinse." Janet said, adjusting the controls and pushing in the knob.

Janet rinsed some of the dirt off her arms, before following Scott outside with the basket. It was just a few items to hang up, and they got back inside before the washing machine started its spin cycle.

Janet sat on the lid, and Scott leaned on the machine, one hand on either side of Janet holding the top down as it vibrated. Looking forward, Scott saw Janet's navel, the skin shaking lightly. He brought his head up, and saw Janet's breasts quivering. It was strange to see the flesh shaking oddly like that.

Janet saw where Scott was looking and leaned forward, giving him a closer view. She could see down the side of the machine now, and brought her foot up, to rubbing her toe along the front of Scott's briefs.

Scott felt the movement, and couldn't stop the physical reaction so just kept his attention focus on Janet's breasts.

Janet could feel the stiffness with her foot. Spreading her toes wide, she pulled the fabric lightly on either side of the long bulge. She meant to pull the top of the briefs down, but it only stretched tighter.

The washing machine stopped it rocking, so Janet withdrew her foot and slipped off, into Scott's arms.

She turned about, opening the machine, to drag the drapes out into the basket Scott picked up and held for her.

It was a heavy load, to carry outside, so Scott just put it down on the deck where there was an empty section of clothesline.

It wasn't a matter of pegging the drapes, but just hooking them up with the hooks. It was late afternoon, and Scott knew they wouldn't be dry by tonight, but at least they would be clean when they were hung up tomorrow.

They walked back inside, "So what do you usually do for fun on a Saturday afternoon?" Scott asked.

"For fun? I sometimes play games on the computer, or go see some friends." Janet said. "But right now I feel like relaxing. I'm going to sit in the spa for a while and read a book."

"I'll leave you to yourself then. I'm going to play around with my computer a bit before I start on dinner, see if I can link it to yours so we can play games."

"Go right ahead." Janet said, as she stepped into her bedroom from the hallway, letting Scott continue towards the study.

She had a book she was currently reading, sitting on the bedside stand.

The book was a collation of short stories from new science fiction writers entering the genre. She picked it up, and thumbed through the pages, to the bookmark as she walked to the bathroom to pick up a towel.

Janet went outside with the towel over her shoulder and along the deck to the spa.

Holding the book in one hand, she pulled the cover off with the other, just letting it lie upon the decking, as she switched on the pumps, heater, and the side jets.

Janet waited for a moment, making sure it started up. Janet put the book and towel down on the edge of the raised spa. She didn't need the leather bikini getting wet and becoming stiff, as Scott had said earlier, so she simply slipped out of the briefs, and unclipped the bra, dropping them on the decking.

Janet climbed up to sit on the edge for a moment, sticking her legs into the water first to feel the temperature as she wound up her hair and tied it into a loose knot so it wouldn't get wet, then slipped in.

Janet turned about, to face outwards and lifted her book from the edge.

She'd done this many times, stretched out in the frothing water, leaning over the edge of the spa with her arms. The side jets thrusting into the front and sides of her body, taking the knots and tension of a long day out as she let her mind relax, reading a book.

Occasionally she would move left or right, to allow the side jets target a different location on her body as she turned a page.

When Janet had enough of relaxing in the spa, she closed her book and got out. After turning the spa off she covered it back up. Janet spread the towel half on the side of the spa and on the deck, facing the yard. She sat down upon the towel, with her legs out and reopened the book, allowing her body to dry in the air slowly.

Scott had been busy. He'd gotten a spare network card from the parts in his room, and installed it into Janet's computer. After some careful cabling, he'd turned both computers on. They computers started up well, and after installing the drivers on Janet's computers, they were able to communicate with each other.

Scott copied files to and from, then borrowed Janet's CD with the car racing game, and installed a remote version, allowing the game to operate on both computers. Scott ran the game on both computers and got it linked. After a successful race around the track from his computer, Scott shut down the link, and played it on Janet's computer for a while with the joystick.

Scott got bored of it after a while. It was better played against someone else, not the computer players who were all so perfect or all so pathetic drivers. Scott ran diagnostic programs to defrag his computer, and idly browsed through Janet's computer, looking at whatever took his curiosity.

The art of voyeurism came into its own, when a person looked through the personal computer files of another person. Janet didn't really have much on there. Various programs, and games. Of person information, all she really had were timesheets, work documents, and tax figures.

Scott looked at the CD stand, reading the labels. It had usual CD's with programs and games, except for some with colourful labels. One was the CD that Scott had seen last month, with the images of Janet's house.

Under it was a CD labelled: Historic Archive. Scott put it into the computer. It didn't start up with anything, so Scott used the file manager to browse the CD.

On it he discovered a heap of information. Looking through it, Scott found School photos, class work, and copies of certificates, resumes, personal photos, and other collections of files.

Scott took the time to look through the school photos. Janet looked cute when she was small, but with a serious expression under the glasses. Further on, photos of Janet starting at high school, looking bigger with a pony tail. The high school photos showed as Janet matured. The school dress would subtly change, getting shorter, and her chest getting more pronounced.

Scott saw the favourable reports from high school, showing that Janet was an A-grade student. Scott couldn't tell much when he looked at the class photos of Janet, but he thought he could understand that most students would have stayed away from her, thinking she was some sort of geek, because of her glasses and good class results.

Later photos showed Janet doing various things with her family, on the beach, in a museum, or at the amusement park. Scott didn't see a single photo of Janet with another guy, except a few, which Scott identified, as her brother. The last photos showed Janet at her graduation ceremony, dressed in robes and accepting a cylinder from and old women in similar robes.

Scott now believed that Janet's life had been pretty lonely. He had thought differentially when her first met her more than a month ago, thinking she was a bit forward but under the circumstances who wouldn't try? Scott felt

personally happy with Janet. She had the exuberant qualities he would like in a partner or girlfriend. If he could make her happy, maybe she would want to go further with the relationship they had.

Scott had seen enough now, and closed Janet's computer down, putting the CD away. He stared at his computer a while, thinking about dinner until his computer beeped when it finished. He shut it down now and turned it off.

The room was getting dark now he realised. Scott went through the kitchen checking on the time, then went outside to ask Janet when she wanted dinner.

Scott walked along the deck, to the spa. The spa was covered, and he couldn't see Janet. Scott stepped on something, and bent down to pick it up. It was Janet's leather bikini bra and panties. Not only didn't Scott know where she was, but also wherever it was, she was naked. So Scott called out Janet's name.

"Down here." He heard her voice quite close, and saw her arm reach up from the other side of the spa.

Scott walked around the spa, to where Janet was sitting. "When I couldn't see you in the yard, I thought you'd gone robbing the neighbour's houses in the nude."

"That's a nice thought, they wouldn't be able to identify me in a line up with my clothes on then." Janet said.

When he thought about it, Scott burst out laughing. The neighbours would have only remembered Janet's bare breasts and legs. With clothing on, they'd have trouble in identifying the difference between her and someone else.

Janet joined in Scott laughter. She got enough control back to close her book, and get up with the towel in hand.

"I was thinking of starting dinner, if you're ready." Scott said.

"We have to bring in your washing first." Janet said.

Scott looked up at the line of clothing stretching along the deck, "I almost forgot."

"Let's bring them in, and I'll fold them while you start dinner." Janet said.

Scott handed Janet her leather bikini back, then went inside to retrieve the basket from the laundry. Janet had put the bra back on and slipped into panties by the time Scott got back.

The clothes they'd worn painting were still damp, so they left them there to dry tomorrow, and brought in Scott's clothing.

Janet carried the basket into the kitchen, sitting down on a stool. "Ok, let's see you do dinner." Janet said, taking her book and towel off the basket and putting them down on the stool next to her.

Scott pulled down the briefs, and threw them to Janet. She folded them and started a pile, as she started folding Scott's other clothing.

Scott pulled food out of the fridge and pantry, the starting parts of dinner. He put a pot on the stove with water, heating it up as he used canned tomatoes, and vegetables to make a sauce in another saucepan, heating it slowly.

Janet had gotten the idea of how Scott's clothes were folded when he put them away in his bedroom, when she wasn't sure, she used her own methods of folding it neatly.

Scott chopped up lettuce, mushrooms, and carrot on a board. "What sort of bowls do you prefer you pasta and salad in?" Scott asked.

"In the cupboard down there," Janet said pointing over the counter, "are flat plastic bowls for pasta, and small leaf shaped bowls for salads."

Scott split the salad into two bowls, and dropped the ravioli into the boiling water.

Janet packed the folded clothes back into the basket, as Scott cleaned up the bench. "It'll be ready soon, where do you want to eat?" Scott asked.

"Dinning room. I'll take these to your room, and rejoin you." Janet said, getting up with the basket, towel and book.

Scott set the table, laying out cutlery, and such.

Janet took the basket to Scott's room, and unpacked his clothes into a neat pile on his bed. She returned the towel to the bathroom, and went to her bedroom to put the book away. Janet felt a bit chilled and decided to change into something with a bit more covering.

The leather panties and bra went away in the wardrobe dresser, and she pulled out a sheer white dress and panties. It felt light and airy as she slipped it on, yet comfortable as it covered from her arms to the top's of her thighs. Janet took the basket back to the laundry, before returning to the kitchen.

Scott had gotten drinks on the dinning table, with the salads with a light salad dressing. He had just tipped the ravioli into a colander when Janet came back in.

Janet stood in the opposite doorway, leading to the dinning room, "So is it ready yet?"

Scott looked about to see Janet. He could make out her breasts behind the sheer fabric, whilst the dual layer cover her crotch more effectively.

Scott attention was drawn there, as he tried to make out curves under the fabric as his hands shook the colander automatically to get rid of the water. "Almost." Scott replied.

He had to turn away to tip the pasta into the two bowls, but turned back to put the colander on the sink, and get the sauce from the stove.

The sheerness of the dress added to the illusion of hiding Janet's body at the same of displaying it, and Scott had a hard time making sense of what he saw, but knowing what he was looking at was just giving him an erection, which Janet was surely noticing.

He turned the stove off quickly, and poured up the sauce into the bowls. Scott carried the bowls after Janet, after she turned about to go to the dining room.

Janet sat on one side, and Scott placed a bowl down in front of her, then rounded the table to put his down and seat himself.

Janet murmured a few brief words, thanking for the food on the table, before picking up a fork and trying the food.

"It's good." Janet said between bites. "You always eat as good as this?"

"Most of the time." Scott said. "I have to figure out what to cook for the rest of the week yet."

Janet enjoyed the meal, with the balance of raw and cooked vegetables with the pasta. She finished the meal with the favoured mineral water that Scott had served.

Scott finished after Janet, and together they cleared the table, taking everything back into the kitchen.

Janet said, "You go into the lounge room, and I'll bring dessert in."

Scott followed her order and left the kitchen.

From the fridge Janet pulled an aerosol can of whipped cream, and a bottle of chocolate topping. She shook the can and put some cream on a finger and tasted it, as sometimes the cream went off, but it tasted fine.

Janet carried both into the lounge room, where Scott was waiting. He got up off the sofa as Janet walked in.

Janet put the can and bottle down on the exercise bench, and disrobed, slipping the dress over her head and slipping the thong panties off. Janet picked up the can and bottle, and lay back upon the bench.

Looking down, she depressed on the can, and spread the cream. It was a little chilly, as the cream had been refrigerated. She spread it over her chest, breasts, down her torso, and across her vagina and down to the tops of her thighs like a pair of revealing white shorts. She pressed the tip into her clitoris, and squeezed the can's applicator.

With the other hand now, she spread the chocolate topping a bit thinner, concentrating more on her breasts and crotch. She lay back now satisfied that she had enough on her body. "Come and get your dessert." She said.

Scott approached with trepidation, seeing the amount of cream and topping Janet had spread on her body. He came from between her legs, spreading them apart so he could kneel between them and start on her upper thighs.

Scott licked the cream up, picking up bits of topping occasionally, cleaning the top of Janet thighs, swallowing as he went. He went up each side to her hips, before having to move back and start up the centre.

He worked up the clitoris, running his tongue up several times across it and around it to pick up the cream and topping.

Scott worked up through her pubic hair, licking out what he could. He returned back to Janet's vagina when he noticed more cream in her clitoris.

He pressed his face down, and pushed his tongue in, trying to lick it out. After a moment he gave up, and pressed his lips over and sucked, dragging up cream into his mouth, which he stopped to swallow before he choked. "Who says, you can't give a woman a suck job!" he heard Janet say as he pressed his mouth down several more times sucking out cream until he felt he couldn't get any more out.

No he leaned into her crotch, to reach towards her bellybutton to continue cleaning off the cream.

Occasionally Janet would squirt cream and topping into her mouth and swallow it, as she felt Scott working up her body.

Scott reached the point, where he had to back out and go round to Janet's side. He recommenced licking across her midriff. Scott worked up to the bottom edge of Janet's breasts, and skipped over them to lick up the cream just above.

He stood back a moment to admire his handiwork and to swallow what he had. "Looks just like a bra." He said after a moment.

Janet looked down at the spread of cream on her breasts. She lifted the chocolate topping bottle, and dripped a little under each breast. "There, a cream, under chocolate bra."

Scott grinned at this, before leaning back down to lick over Janet's right breast. He left the crevasse between her breasts before leaning further over to do the other. Shortly both breasts as Scott dug his face in to clean off the cream between finishing up.

Janet swung up, letting her legs down on either side of the bench to look at her almost clean body.

"No more, I'm stuffed" Scott said, sitting on the edge of the bench in front of her.

"You stay right there then. I'll put these away." Janet said shaking the cream can. "And I'll be right back."

Janet dashed through the house to the kitchen, putting the bottle and can back, swinging the door closed as she ran to her bedroom. She pulled open a dresser draw, and rummaged through pulling out some stuff.

In a moment she was back in lounge room, kneeling down in front of Scott. Scott was lying back on the exercise bench just as Janet was doing several minutes ago.

Janet squeezed some paste from a tube and rolled it between her hands warming it up then pressed it to Scott's pubic hairs in his crotch. Scott shifted up to his elbows to look down at Janet. "What you doing down there?"

"Hair removal." She said. "This ain't hair removing wax, it's something else so it may not work on this thick hair."

Scott just layed back and let Janet work around his penis. He felt her pressing the paste on the skin above his penis. After a minute, he felt her peeling it off and the pull of some hairs. He held his tongue for the moment and looked back down at Janet when the pulling stopped.

Through clenched teeth, Scott said, "If that isn't wax, then I'd hate to feel what it does feel like when you do pull wax off."

"Well it worked a little, but not much. I'm going to heat the wax up, so stay right there." Janet said.

"I'm not going anywhere." Scott said.

Janet left the room, and was back in a few minutes. Scott sat up again, and watched as Janet used a small paddle to apply the warm wax, and place a strip over it. Janet applied more wax onto other spots, each with a strip until there wasn't any clear space left.

"Ok, this may hurt, but only briefly." Janet said. She gripped the first strip she had put down, and pulled up quickly. Scott felt the pull of pain, and the sudden release.

"That went better than I expected." Janet said. "It's almost clear. You want to pull the next one off?"

"Uh, uh, no way. You do it, I can't bare to try it." Scott said, and fell back.

"Ok, but I'm going to do it one after the other, to get it out of the way." Janet said.

In a moment, Scott felt the first pull, then the second, with the other following right after. He though he was going to be in pain for eternity until it stopped.

"You finished?" he asked.

"No." Janet answered. "I've gotten most of it off, but because I had to do it in small patches, there are lots of edge pieces I missed. I have to reheat the wax, so just relax and think nice thoughts."

Janet left the room again. Scott put a hand down to feel around. There was a lot of smooth skin now, but with spots of long hairs he could feel. Like a patchwork quilt he thought.

Janet came back in, and saw him feeling around. "It won't feel too good at the moment, until I've finished." Janet said, squatting back down at the end of the bench.

Scott dropped his hand, and let Janet spread more wax on him.

When Janet was finished, she said, "Ok, last time. I've gone a bit further around to get the stray hairs, so it may actually hurt more. Here goes."

Scott felt the pulls coming from all around his groin now. He gritted his teeth, knowing it would end eventually. It did stop, and then he felt Janet rubbing something on.

When she finished he sat up, to view the results. It look quite strange, but natural somehow. "That's it now?"

"That's it, no more hair. Until it grows back of course." Janet said.

"Feels kinder strange, like it's naked or something."

"I don't know, I think its cute", Janet said, running her hand under his bare scrotum. "It won't be as difficult to remove the hair next time."

Scott got up from the bench. "I'm going to go do the dishes, while I get used to this." Scott said.

You make a start. I feel a bit sticky from the cream, so I'm just going to wash myself down."

Scott went to the kitchen. After a brief search, he got the dish rack out, and dishwashing liquid in the sink and found the plug and washing cloth.

Janet took the hair removing stuff back to her room, and packed it away. In the bathroom she used a wet washer to wipe her body down. She felt better after she dried herself. Janet stopped back at the lounge room to put the sheer dress and panties back on, before going into the kitchen.

Scott had some dishes on the rack, so pulled out a tea towel and dried them, putting them away as she went.

The dishes didn't take long to do.

Scott leaned back against the bench, wiping his hands on a towel. "So do you want to go get your skates now?"

"No better time than the present." Janet hung the dish rack up, as Scott hung the hand towel up.

"After you." Scott motioned with his hand towards the doorway.

Scott followed Janet through the doorway. Her hair was still tied up from earlier, so he looked down at the half-hidden lines of her body under the dress. Janet stepped into her bedroom, and Scott went to his own.

Janet dragged her in-line skates from the wardrobe and found some socks. She pulled the dress up over her head, and slipped off the panties leaving them on the bed behind her as she sat on the edge. She rolled on the socks, and pushed each foot into an in-line skate. Janet pulled on the laces, marking sure it was firm before she tied them.

Janet got up from the bed, higher than usual and moved slowly to the doorway across the carpet. She had to almost duck through the doorway. Scott hadn't come out yet, so she made her way to his bedroom. He came out just as she got to his doorway.

"Sorry, I had to loosen all the laces before I got my feet in."

Janet turned about, and moved with a lifting step along the hallway. Scott followed at a distance, on the soft carpet. She grabbed the house keys from the front table, before they rolled out the front door. After locking the door, she put the keys down in water well of a pot on the porch, lacking a place to attach them to her skates.

It was dark, but there was some light coming from streetlights placed well apart, filtering through the trees. Scott rolled down the path to the drive, and past the Land Cruiser, before turning about to wait for Janet.

Janet came after, and rolled past Scott out to the footpath. Scott pushed off to catch up. They rolled along, one behind the other at a sedate pace down the path.

Scott felt a kind of excitement, and thrill of moving down the public road completely naked, except for the skates on his feet. It gave him a rush, which showed in the form of an erection.

Janet was just enjoying herself, the cool night air across her body, not caring if anybody did see her.

Many of the houses they passed, they could make out lights behind the fences and bushes, but nothing else.

They came up to an intersection in the road, and Janet pushed ahead of Scott, moving faster as she came into contact with the road surface, and went left around the corner along the road. Scott followed, pushing to keep up with her.

They stayed on the road surface, using the whole road to skate along. Scott saw Janet clearly every time they passed under a street light, showing that it was obvious they were naked.

They rounded the next corner in the road. Coming towards them were headlights, Janet was closer to the right so she jumped up a driveway onto the path, while Scott went up to the path on the left. The car passed without noticing them, and Scott rejoined Janet on the road.

They came to the next corner and stopped in the middle of the intersection, not quite under the street light. Scott looked up the road to the right. At the end of it was a main road, where he could see lights going band and forth as cars passed the street.

"See, one really notices much here." Janet said, rolling up to Scott.

Scott was still thrilled with the close encounter with the car. Janet stopped with her feet interlaced with Scott's, and her body almost touching his.

"We could probably even make out here in the middle of the street, and no one would notice."

Scott felt her hand run up his scrotum, and along his penis, and pulling back the foreskin, exposing the large head.

"I'd rather try it without the roller blades." Scott said.

"I agree, maybe tomorrow morning then?" Janet said, as her hand left him.

Janet shifted back and spun about. "Race you back." She said, and moved off.

Scott chased after her, down the street. Janet was in the lead down the road, but Scott was able to make up some ground along the straight stretch. Janet took the corner wide at the last intersection, but Scott didn't have to be so cautious in following, so he cut the corner, coming close to the guttering before rounding the corner.

Janet barely saw her driveway in the dark, and pulled up with a screech near the curb just beyond the driveway. Scott came up just beside her as he stopped.

"You skate pretty good." Janet said.

"Thanks." Scott said, shifting his feet, starting himself backwards to the driveway. "Your not so bad yourself."

Scott raised one foot as he hit the edge, and then pushed about, up the driveway. Janet pushed off after Scott, up the driveway.

Scott got the house keys, and unlocked the door, letting them back inside. Scott felt he had exerted himself enough for the day, and decided to have a shower before settling down for the night.

He'd packed his towels with his bedding when moving, and hadn't gotten them out yet. He got a towel down from a shelf in the wardrobe, where he stored the extra bedding. Scott took his towel to the bathroom, and after turning on the water, got in.

Janet hadn't finished her exercises for the day. The skate had been just around the block, not far at all. After putting her skates away, she pulled on Lycra bike shorts, a crop top, and sneakers and headed to the lounge room. Janet turned the TV on for something to occupy her thoughts as she got on the rowing machine.

She usually spent about 15 minutes before moving over to the treadmill.

Scott finished his shower, and hung his towel up after drying. Back in his bedroom, Scott pulled on some shorts and a t-shirt and headed for the lounge room to watch TV.

The movie on the TV had only just started when Janet turned the TV on, so Janet was well occupied as Scott came in.

Scott just sat on the sofa, and watched the TV. Eventually Janet moved across to the treadmill. Scott used the remote to turn the volume up as Janet made regular thumping sounds as she jogged.

Scott paid attention to Janet during the commercial breaks. He realised that she exerted quite a bit, more than he could imagine himself doing. He could see that she was covered in perspiration, the Lycra shorts and crop top stained visibly. But as the movie came back on, Scott's eyes returned to the TV.

Janet finished on the treadmill, and moved directly over to the exercise machine. Janet layed back on the bench to hook her legs in then proceeded to do sit ups, counting quietly.

Scott had to admire Janet's physique, as Janet used her stomach muscles to lift herself up.

After about fifty sit-ups, Janet unlocked the leg bar, and started on leg lifts. Janet finished when the commercials came on, and went out to the kitchen, filling a large glass full of water. She drunk half of it down at the sink, and topped it up before returning to the lounge room with the glass in hand.

Janet pulled over one of Scott's chairs, so she wouldn't leave the sofa all stained with her sweat when she sat down. She sipped on the water slowly as she watched the movie to its conclusion.

Janet got up from the seat when the film finished. "I'm going to have a shower and go to bed." Janet said. "Your welcome to stay up and watch TV."

"Thanks, I might watch something I taped on video earlier this week."

Janet wandered off to return the empty glass to the kitchen, and went to the bathroom. She pulled off the sweat stained clothing and dropped them into a plastic bin before hopping into the shower. She felt refreshed and clean when she got out, especially after brushing her teeth. She hadn't brought any clothes into the bathroom, so

simply stepped out as she was. Janet heard the sound of the TV, and wandered to the lounge room curious of what Scott was watching.

Janet poked her head around the doorway, looking into the lounge room.

Scott was watching a science fiction comedy. Occasionally he would laugh at something or just chuckle.

Janet had seen part of the series before, and thought it was a good show, and funny. She retreated back when she was about to burst out laughing.

Janet stopped at the bathroom to relieve herself before returning to her bedroom. She slipped on a chemise before getting into bed. Janet read her book for a while, before turning off the light and going to sleep.

Scott stayed up long enough to finish watching the tape, before switching the TV off. He went past Janet's darkened doorway to brush his teeth before going to bed also.

DAY 6 – Sunday 8th November

Janet woke early to the sound of her alarm clock. She got up following her normal routine, pulling off the chemise she slept in and making her bed. She sat on the bed fixing her hair up and tying it back.

Janet stood at the dresser in the wardrobe, figuring out what to wear. She needed something to go jogging in, and had her favour to Scott to fulfil by not wearing underwear. Lacking any immediate ideas, she pulled out blue athletic shorts. Janet rummaged through her t-shirts until she found one with characters from the show Scott watched last night. It was a little worn and ragged, but it fit well as she pulled it on, and matched well with the shorts.

Janet pulled on her sneakers, and stepped out into the hallway to Scott's bedroom. Janet stepped into the doorway as Scott was just getting up. "Morning." Janet said. "Get dressed, cause we're going jogging."

"Morning." Scott said, as he lifted himself from the bed. "Jogging? What was it I had to wear?"

Janet saw that Scott had worn the boxer shorts to bed. "You're wearing it already." Janet said. "Just put your sneakers on."

Scott left the bed as it was, and moved over to the wardrobe and pulled his sneakers on. Scott came over to the doorway where Janet was, rubbing his eyes. "Give me a moment to take a leak and throw some water on my face."

Janet stepped aside, letting Scott go past and followed him to the bathroom. She watched Scott's back from the doorway, as he stood above the toilet bowl, hearing the distinctive sound of liquid hitting the water in the bowl, then short dripping sound as Scott leaned forward, before the snap of elastic.

Scott closed the toilet seat lid with one hand as he hit the flush button. At the sink he washed his hands, then splashed water on his face. After drying his face and hands, Scott rejoined Janet in the hallway.

Scott looked Janet up and down a moment, resting his focus on the t-shirt "Funny you should be wearing that. That's what I had on tape last night." Scott said.

Janet headed towards the front door. "I know, I had a peek before I went to bed. I'd seen most of the episodes before but I wouldn't mind seeing them again." she said.

"You can join me in watching the next one then. I'm watching them all again to see if I missed any." Scott said.

They stopped at the front door. "It's the first week isn't it? Wasn't my favour that you not wear any underwear?" Scott asked.

"Sure." Janet said, lifting her t-shirt to show her uncovered breasts. She pulled the t-shirt down again and lifted the sides of the shorts up, pulling the shorts up into her crotch at the same time, to expose bare leg all they way up to the waistband which couldn't have covered anything.

Scott nodded, satisfied that she didn't have underwear on. Janet released the shorts and unlocked the front door, pulling it and the screen door open before stepping outside.

Scott locked the door behind them as Janet did last night, stashing the keys in the pot again.

Janet started some leg stretches, and Scott followed suit, unsure how far Janet would take him jogging.

Janet lead out of the driveway and along the path they followed last night on their in-line skates. It was a slow jog, more up and down, making Scott feel more comfortable.

The streetlights were still on, as sun was wasn't visible making the air chilly on Scott's chest. He warmed a bit as they progressed along the street, and over the road they had turned down on their in-line skates.

Janet led along the length of the street, to finally cross a road to a reserve next to railway track before turning left. Janet increased the pace slightly as they progressed.

Scott could hear his heart thudding in his chest but kept up easily, jogging next to Janet. At the end of the reserve they reached the main road. Janet's indicted left, and he moved with her along the path. There wasn't much traffic, as it was a Sunday morning.

There were many shops along the roadway, and Scott tried to identify each one as they went past. The only place open was the petrol station as they jogged past, with the brightly-lit "open 24 hours" sign.

Scott felt they were much past the street near the house when Janet led them back up a side street. Scott's could feel a slight pinching in his side of a cramp, as they turned onto another street but he persisted for the moment.

Janet could hear the slapping of Scott's sneakers as he resisted her pace so she slowed her pace down. They turned one last corner leading back towards the main road. Janet stopped on the corner opposite on the opposite block from the house.

Scott recognised the road clearly even though it wasn't pitch dark now, seeing the house down the street to the right.

Janet could see Scott was breathing heavily, more so than herself. She gave him time to relax his breathing.

Scott looked about the street, seeing the quietness of the neighbourhood. He looked back at Janet seeing her looking at him expectantly. "Still interested in copulating out here?" he asked.

"Sure, if you're feeling up to it." Janet said.

"My legs feel like lead, so you may have to do most of the work." Scott said.

"Don't you bet on it." Janet said, moving closer as she first ran a hand over the outside of Scott's boxer shorts, then sliding her hand down inside his shorts.

Janet put her other hand up one leg of the shorts, using it to massage Scott's shrunken scrotum while she fondled delicately with his penis that had reduced in size because of the cold.

It took Janet a while to get Scott to respond. When it did, she pulled it down through one leg in the shorts, letting it stick out under the edge.

Janet turned about to put a hand on the stop sign, and pulled the crotch of the shorts sideways, holding it open with her hand. Scott approached Janet, holding his erect penis out as he slid it into the wide gap in the leg of Janet's shorts. When Janet felt his penis with her fingertips, she grabbed it, guiding it directly into her vagina.

She leaned over as Scott moved right up to her to get full penetration. Janet grabbed the pole with both hands so she wouldn't fall over when Scott pressed right up to her.

Scott Grabbed Janet's hips when she lurched. Scott moved in and out slowly, hearing Janet "oh!" and "ah!" every now and then.

There was no traffic, as Scott pumped Janet. Scott almost collapsed when he finally felt the rush of ejaculation and had to hold onto Janet firmly. Slowly he released his grip on Janet to back away. He shorts dropped back down over his now limp penis.

Janet stood up, fingering the juices that leaked out of her vagina, to run her finger across her lips. "That was good, but you look beat." Janet said.

"If we ever do this again, can we do the jogging last?" Scott said as they walked slowly across the intersection.

"If we get the chance." Janet said. "I fully expected at least one car to drive along here, but this is dead quiet."

"A car? What would you have done?" Scott asked.

"I would have stood up a bit straighter and waved. You were the one stuck up my vagina."

"I suppose I would have had make it look like I was embracing you." Scott said.

"Look like?" Janet said with indignation. "It would have been better if you were embracing me for real, body and all."

They walked up the driveway to the front door. Janet pulled the house keys out, unlocking the doors.

"I think I'll just go back to bed for a while." Scott said, moving towards his bedroom.

Janet locked the doors, and returned to her room.

Scott dropped straight onto his bed. Janet had gotten him up early, and the jogging had tired him out. And now he felt so exhausted he dozed off.

Scott awoke later, feeling hungry with daylight spreading in his unshaded window. Bright light was the only thing that usually got him permanently up on a Sunday. Scott got up realising he'd fallen asleep with his sneakers on.

He pulled them off and made his bed. After pulling some jeans on over his boxer shorts, he picked a t-shirt at random from his drawers.

Scott headed for the kitchen. He didn't see or hear Janet in the house as he made himself breakfast. Scott thought about dinner as he chewed his cereal, for tonight and the whole week. He considered the food he had purchased the last week but realised he'd only purchased food in quantities for one person, not two. They'd need to go shopping sometime midweek to balance out with what they had.

For tonight at least, Scott planned on cooking a tuna bake with vegetables. It could all be put together in about fifteen minutes and take just as long to cook.

Scott knew Janet was awake somewhere, seeing her breakfast dishes when he put his on the sink. There was no sign of her in her bedroom, and nothing in the bathroom as he took care of his toiletries.

Scott went to the front door, thinking maybe Janet went out and left a note, but there was nothing on the table and her house keys were still there.

Scott thought a physical search would be required now, pulling open the front door. It was unlocked which confirmed Janet was around but not in the house.

Out in the front yard Scott could see the open garage doors, so walked over, figuring Janet had to be in there.

After returning to her bedroom, Janet had pulled off her sneakers, and relaxed on her bed for a while. She only went jogging in the early morning occasionally because it left her with nothing to do for the rest of the morning, unless it was a workday. She couldn't sleep, so read her book through to its end, then lay on the bed thinking. The garage would need cleaning out, or at least cleaning, since there wasn't anything in particular planned for the day. Scott should also be able to lend a hand in cleaning it out.

Janet got off the bed, and dropped her shorts in favour of an old pair of worn jeans with holes in them. Perfect for working in the dirty garage.

Janet took a look in Scott's doorway, and noted he was asleep from his sprawled appearance, before going to the kitchen for breakfast.

Janet flicked through one of the magazines she kept on the counter for reading whilst she ate breakfast.

In the bathroom she fixed her hair up, tying it up so it wouldn't get dirty working in the garage. She grabbed the shoes she used while painting yesterday, and headed for the front door. There was a spare set of house keys, just for using around the house in the table drawer. She'd have to tell Scott about them so he wouldn't have to go searching for his keys each time he just wanted to step outside to the garage.

Janet grabbed them now, letting herself out the front door. She looked in Scott's sleeping form in his bedroom window as she passed, just to check on him before opening up the garage doors. It was dusty, dirty, and it was a mess.

Janet opened up the back door, and started carrying out the boxes from yesterday, stacking them on the ground in an attempt to clear some of the garage first.

Janet worked on sorting through a pile of all sort of things opposite her car, tossing recognisable junk out the doorway. After a while, she went and got the garbage bin, wheeling in into the garage and piled the junk into it before going back to sorting through the items.

In the items Janet had collected together were various tools, and hardware. These she stacked onto the bench in a semblance of order.

The garage looked clear now, but still dirty and oily. Amongst the collection of stuff Janet pulled out a can of oil degreaser for cleaning oil stains. She was applying it over the stains on the concrete floor when Scott came in.

"Morning again." He called to her.

"Watch you feet, I've been picking up all sorts of junk from the floor."

Janet said. "Good morning. Feeling better now?"

Scott stopped at the doorway in his bare feet, staying out of the oil stains. "My feet feel a little sore but otherwise I feel ok."

"Well, if you get some shoes on, you can help me clean this out." Janet said.

"I go get some then." Scott turned about and headed back in the house.

Janet thought for a moment, and went back inside to grab her vehicle keys. She moved her sedan down onto the wide driveway, next to the Land Cruiser, revealing more oiled spots on the garage floor.

Scott came back out, and for the rest of the morning Scott was on the floor scrubbing the oil spots while Janet sorted through all the items on the bench and racks, tossing stuff into the bin or collecting a pile of them.

They spent the whole day cleaning out the garage, only stopping briefly for lunch, then to continue scrubbing, washing and wiping surfaces down.

Janet hadn't really gone back through all the tools and stuff before they had to carry it all back into the garage because it was getting dark.

Scott went inside first, letting Janet put a few things away and to park her vehicle in the garage. Scott washed his hands in the laundry, glancing out the window and saw the drapes and clothing let on the line. He hastily brought them in, leaving Janet's clothes in her bedroom, and dropping his on his bed as he hung up the drapes and scrims. After been in the dirty garage all day, Scott felt like he'd been rolling in dirt and decided to have a quick shower before starting dinner.

He hadn't discussed with Janet about some of the finer points of how Janet wanted things run in her house, and wasn't sure whether to put his dirty clothes into the plastic bin which held Janet's soiled laundry. For the moment however, he dropped them in and stepped into the shower. He'd have to ask her after the shower, and arrange something if she said it wasn't ok.

After Janet parked her vehicle back in the garage, she closed the doors, locking them as she went. The garage had more space now, leaving enough space to park Scott's car now. It still looked dirty after scrubbing and cleaning, making Janet think they would repaint the walls when they got the chance.

Janet entered the quiet house through the front door, taking her shoes to her bedroom. She could hear the notable buzzing sound of the fan in the bathroom, guessing the Scott was taking a shower. Janet decided to use the intermediate time to work out.

She stripped off her jeans as they would encumber her, and searched around to put on something. Janet often did her exercises in underwear and pulled out a set of briefs, and was about to put them on but remembered she shouldn't wear any underwear. Janet thought for a moment, considering. She pushed the underwear back in the draw, shutting it and walked out to the lounge room in just her t-shirt. She'd worked her legs during the morning jog, so now worked on her torso and upper extremities on the exercise bench before she heard Scott working in the kitchen between her sit-ups.

She got up after she finished, leaving a large sweaty imprint on the black vinyl bench.

Janet stopped in the doorway to the kitchen to check on Scott. "How long is dinner?" she asked to his back as he was working on the bench.

"About this long." He said, and held up with two hands in the air. "No really, it'll be a few more minutes, then I'll have to cook for at least 15 minutes. Why do you ask?" Scott turned his head about to look at Janet.

When he saw Janet standing half naked he turned about bodily seeing her with the t-shirt plastered against her chest, showing her breasts still moving up quickly from her exercises, with rivulets of perspiration running down her bare legs.

Janet let him look for a moment before answering, "I was thinking of having a shower before dinner, if that's all right?"

"Sure." Scott said, always impressed by Janet's body. He shook his head, remembering about his clothes, "I was wondering, you have a plastic bin in the bathroom for dirty clothes. Should I use that to put mine in, or should I be looking at getting a separate container?"

Janet put a finger to her chin as she thought on it for a minute, before replying, "No, it should be ok. We'll be washing the clothes together anyhow. I usually wash clothes in the evenings during the week, so it can dry during the next day. If you have any really dirty, soak it in the laundry first."

Scott didn't reply, merely nodded with his eyes fixed on her drops of perspiration running across her vulva.

"I'm going for that shower now." Janet said, thumbing over her shoulder. When Scott didn't reply, she turned about and walked to her bedroom, picking up her jeans before going to the shower.

After finishing in the shower, Janet dried herself, and went to her bedroom, before picking out a jade satin nightshirt. She buttoned up the front as she went back to the kitchen.

Scott wasn't there, but she could hear the TV. The dining table was set as she walked through to find Scott relaxed on the sofa, still unclothed.

Scott glanced up as she walked in, "Dinner should be another ten minutes." He said.

Janet sat down next to him, "What's on?"

"Not much." He said, "I'm just watching 60 minutes. There's been some stuff about government ministers having verbal fights in the house sessions. At the moment though, is the new thing on gene therapy. They're growing capillaries that join into new arteries instead of performing bypass surgery."

"Sounds like cutting edge stuff." Janet said, then shut her mouth to listen to the TV.

It was more than ten minutes when the commercial break came on, but Scott wasn't worried as he went to the kitchen and served up dinner.

Janet sat down to the table with Scott, enjoying the different way of serving tuna. Her satin nightshirt kept sliding on the seat as she ate, so she had to stop momentarily to pull the back of the shirt up, to plant her bare bottom on the seat so she wouldn't slide.

Scott cleared the plates and glasses when they finished, and brought in bowls of frozen strawberry yoghurt.

Janet enjoyed it immensely, squirming in her chair every so often before scraping the empty bowl with her spoon.

"That was good." Janet said, leaning back.

"I'm glad you liked it." Scott said. "Unfortunately, that was the last of it. Some of the food we have was only bought for one person in mind, so we'll have to go shopping mid week to pick up enough stuff for the two of us."

"The supermarkets only stay open late on Thursdays and Fridays. Think we can make it till Thursday?"

Scott made some estimates, "I think so, but we'll have to buy dinner for Thursday night."

"That should be fine then."

Scott rose from the table, picking up dishes. Janet followed, clearing the table items.

Scott started filling the sink with water automatically to wash the dishes.

Janet just sat on a stool for the moment, until Scott started putting clean dishes on the rack to be dried. The dishes didn't take long as Scott made some conversation, talking about the gene therapy, and the possibility of regrowing lost limbs and organs using cloned material instead of using animal organs, or transplanting them from dead donors.

The conversation died off when they finished the dishes. Janet hung the rack up, "So nothing on TV?"

Scott nodded his head.

"What do you want to do then?" she asked.

Scott wasn't sure, but he remembered, "I networked the computers yesterday, if you want to play some linked games or something."

"After you then." Janet said, waving a hand at the doorway. Scott proceeded first, and Janet couldn't resist clapping Scott's bare buttock as she followed.

At the doorway Scott said, "Just turn the computers on, I'm going to put something on."

Janet went in, thinking about the playing something. She flicked her computer on, and had to find the button on Scott's computer first, to turn it on. She sat down to face her computer as it started up.

Scott came back before either was ready, wearing matching boxer shorts and t-shirt. "I had to put something on. The fabric on my seat irritates my skin."

Scott pulled his chair up to the desk as the computer screen showed it was ready. "So, what's your poison?"

"Uh? Oh, give me a moment." Janet said, still waiting for her computer. She took the moment to think. "Could we try car racing again?"

"Sure, I got it working yesterday before I shut them down."

"Good." Janet pulled down the CD, and started it up.

Scott started up the game on his computer, waiting to link in to Janet. "You have the CD, so you're hosting the game and have complete control of the game settings."

"Ok", Janet said, picking out game settings for a network game. She saw Scott's computer linked in, then started a full tournament with 8 races.

The twin roars of engines emanating from the speakers of both computers as the raced around the first track.

They both raced well enough, sometime beat one another, or been forced back by the aggressive computer cars.

When the tournament was finished, the final scores screen came up, showing how they went. It was close, Janet won by a clear margin, but both of them leaving the computer cars far behind.

"Good, game." Scott said, "You've obviously been practising."

"Hardly, I try a race now and then." Janet took a look at the time, "Crikey, I didn't know we'd been play for this long."

"Time to go to bed?" Scott asked.

"One more race, then its time to hit the hay."

Janet initiated a game with just the two of them, in pursuit mode with police cars.

It was a real race, to beat one another, and stay ahead of pursuing police cars. Each of them were stopped and booked a couple of times, but Scott pulled across the finish line first with police cars in close pursuit, leaving Janet to barely miss them as she followed across the line.

“Oh, well. Off the bed then.” Scott said as he shut the game down and closed down his computer.

Janet had to wait a little longer shutting her down, “See you in the morning then.”

Scott got up, “Yeah. Goodnight.” He said as he left the room. Scott went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth.

Janet came in as he rinsed his mouth out as spat the water into the drain of the basin. “Goodnight.” She said before brushing her teeth.

Scott spoke to Janet reflection in the mirror, “Night Janet.” and went to bed.

Janet used the toilet before leaving the bathroom, and went to her own bed. She started reading a new book, only reading for a while before turning the light off to go to sleep.

DAY 7 – Monday 9th November

Scott's alarm went off loudly, waking him thoroughly. The house was a little chilly, but then it felt a lot warmer than the flat did this time in the morning.

Scott went to the toilet first. Standing there, he heard the familiar beeping of Janet's alarm. He flushed the toilet and lowered the lid to its original position before doing his toiletries. He was into shaving when Janet came in, with her hair hanging untidily as she yawned wide.

"Morning." He said.

"Morning." Janet said, "I'll use the toilet first since you've got the sink occupied." She lifted the lid, and hefted her nightshirt up as she sat down.

Scott kept his attention on the mirror so he wouldn't cut himself, as the fluid sounds emanated from underneath Janet.

Scott finished in the sink, and pulled the plug give room to Janet, as he wiped his face down and splashed on aftershave.

He left the bathroom as she was applying a lotion to her face, returning to his bedroom to get dressed.

Janet returned to her room, and picked out her Monday clothes. Long black skirt, white shirt and a black jacket. She wanted something more on her legs and considered pantyhose briefly, but it wouldn't sit well without underwear, so she had to pull out her sheer black stockings and garter belt.

She continued to dress, leaving the shoes and jacket for when they were ready to leave. Janet brushed her hair for a few minutes, straightening tangles from sleeping, and tied it back with black elastics.

That done she went to have breakfast. Scott was already there in his jeans and shirt, with the tie loosely around his neck. He was standing in socks as he poured milk into a bowl of cereal.

"So, ready for the Monday morning mania?" Janet asked.

Scott turned about to look at Janet before replying, "As always. Right after I've had my corn flakes."

Scott moved across to the breakfast bench and sat on a stool to eat his breakfast. He watched as Janet made her own breakfast up, and sat next to him to eat it.

He took his time with his breakfast finishing right after Janet did, stacking his dishes on the sink with hers. It was a simultaneous effort from there to the bathroom to finish last minute items of hair, teeth, and make up before the retreating to their bedrooms to grab last minute items.

Janet met Scott at the front door and slipped her feet into her shoes. Scott had the keys in his hands and opened up the front door.

"Don't you want to make sure I've got no underwear on?" she asked before he could open the screen door.

"Is it necessary?" he asked back.

"Well, you have to make sure I'm complying with the rules." She said, "Otherwise why would we going through all this routine for?"

Scott knew he was on troubled ground if he blew this off, so he asked her straight out, "Ok, show to me that you have no underwear on."

Janet put on a pouted face, "You're only asking because I said something."

Scott was stuck for it now, unless he fixed the problem immediately. Janet's skirt was one of those long one's with a split down one side, showing a nice length of leg. He bent down and slid his hands under her skirt and up her legs. He felt the edge of the stockings, and the straps holding them, then slipped his hands under the straps, following the legs up.

When he couldn't push his hands any further up, he realised his fingers had reached the waistband holding the skirt. He could feel some fabric with his finger and pulled on it as he looked up. He realised it was her shirt as it pulled tight into her dress.

This only proved she had no normal style panties on. She could still have a G-string, so Scott moved one hand down the centre, feeling Janet's pubic hair before his fingers encountered the outer surface of her vagina. He ran his hand around and up the back between her buttocks, before feeling satisfied that there wasn't an inch of clothing covering her genitals, as he withdrew his hands.

"Ok, there's definitely nothing there," He said, and added quickly "covering you. I definitely have to look and see that you don't have a bra on." He said.

Janet only stood there with an odd expression, in between the pout and a smirk he thought. He had no choice but to unbutton her shirt, which he did half way down before pulling the sides apart to bare her breasts. Just to check, he ran his hands inside the shirt, behind her, feeling bare skin all the way around to where his hands touched one another.

It seemed more like a hug, as they were face to face.

"Are you satisfied?" Janet said coyly.

Scott held the position, trying to understand the meaning of the question, satisfied that she'd complied with the favour, or how he was holding her. "Uh, yes. Quite satisfied." He said, withdrawing his hands. He made an attempt to re-button her shirt, but she fixed that quite quickly, also straightening her shirt.

Scott opened the screen door, looking back at Janet with her jacket over her arm and handbag on shoulder. You couldn't really tell that she had no bra on. The shirt fitted loosely over her, not showing the sensuous curves of her breasts he'd been looking at.

Janet stepped out the door, feeling satisfied that Scott had gone to the trouble to physically check her. It'd make it all that much better for her in the future. The still cold morning air felt kind of airy under her skirt. It was kind of strange, yet not unnatural.

Scott locked the house up, and proceeded to the car, unlocking the door for Janet before opening his own and getting in.

"So which way do you normally drive to work?" Scott asked.

"Down this way." Janet indicated, and gave directions out to a main road, which Scott knew well enough.

Janet noted that Scott drove his car easily, as it was an automatic. Not speeding, but not lagging slowly either. It was a relief to not drive to work, but unusually quiet. She broke the silence by asked him, "Would you be able to lunch with me?"

"It might be awkward." He said. "It's difficult to get a break at a specific time, as testing can be running at any time, and not necessarily start or stop at a set time."

"I understand." Janet said. "I don't usually have lunch at any particular time myself. I just have a break whenever I'm ready."

"Well, if you want. I could call you when we break for lunch, and meet you at the cafe. Or I could come straight to your office, and we'll walk over together." Scott said. He looked over at Janet for a moment, "How does that sound?"

"How about you just come straight over to my office when you're ready. I don't have meetings during mid afternoon, so there's no need to ring."

Scott turned the corner into the industrial park. "Sure. It's a date then."

Scott leaned out his window and slid his security pass into the security reader before the garage door opened in the underground garage, to let the car in. Parking was quite open, except for reserved spaces for upper management, letting Scott pull into the first available open space, and switched off the engine.

No one else was in the garage at that moment, making the thumping sounds of the closing doors sound loudly.

"I'll see you for lunch then." Janet said to Scott before separating from him, headed for the main stairwell.

"Ok", he said, as he heard her heels clacking away on the car park surface, as he headed to the pedestrian exit.

When Scott finally got a break, he stretched his arms, looking at the time. It was just after one. He left the office, and headed straight for the main building.

Inside the main building, Janet's door was open as Scott approached. She was talking on the phone as he stopped at the doorway. He could see she was alternating between tapping on the computer, leafing through papers on her desk.

He edged in slowly and sat on the chair opposite her, waiting patiently. When she finally put the phone down, she sighed, "Sometimes people need glasses."

"Rough day?" Scott asked.

"Only the afternoon so far. Just some reports, that someone made out, listing hundreds of hours for processing instead of minutes." Janet said, tidying her desk up. "I was on the phone trying to find the person responsible. Apparently it was a combined report, no one knows who compiled the numbers. But, I'm starved."

"Then let's get something to eat." Scott said standing up again.

Janet leaned down to pull her shoes from under the desk, giving Scott a good view of her unsupported cleavage down the top of her shirt.

After a moment, Janet sat up to retrieve her purse before standing. "After you." She said, pointing out the door.

Scott stepped out, and Janet followed, closing the door. Scott knew the way, but walked along next to Janet. He pushed open the stairway door, allowing her to go through first.

"You been busy?" Janet asked.

"We got stuck with a multi environment procedure. Took several hours to get all the systems up and running first."

Scott pushed open the door at ground level, holding it open for Janet.

She stepped through, holding her purse behind her with both hands, accentuating her bust. "So, you're not finished with it yet." Janet stated.

Scott took it as a question, "No, but it was getting late enough so we had to take a break for lunch, or starve for the rest of the day."

Scott walked on her right, looking at Janet occasionally as they talked. The bright sunlight on Janet's shirt caught his attention. Looking at it, he noticed her breasts bouncing up and down wildly under her shirt as they walked along.

He had to return his eyes to the path to watch where he was walking, but glanced back now and then, getting erotic feelings from knowing she had no bra on, but he held himself from saying anything to Janet.

Scott opened the Cafe's door for Janet, letting her enter first. The cafe was busy, and Janet had to search for a free cubicle to sit at.

The remains of someone's lunch were still on the table, so Scott shifted it onto the tray, pushing it to the edge of the table before they sat down and looked over the menus, choosing sandwiches and a drink. Janet got up before Scott did, saying, "I'll get lunch this time." She said, clearing the tray and taking their order to the counter before returning to sit down with a tray of food and drinks.

"So what are you making for dinner tonight?" Janet asked between mouthfuls.

Scott waited until her mouth was full again before replying, "Bangers and mash."

It has the desired effect, as Janet coughed, forcing herself to swallow a mouthful of salad sandwich. "You call that dinner?"

"Well, the sausages I cook are German pork sausages." Scott said. He took watch Janet's reaction as he continued "They're big, fat, tasty sausages."

He saw her eyebrows twitch. If she'd had an Adam's apple, he thought it would have bobbed up and down.

"H... how big?" She said, just holding her sandwich waiting for his answer.

Scott layed his sandwich down, holding up one hand, he put fingertip to thumb tip, making the largest O his hand could make. He tipped his hand over to Janet, showing her, "They're about this thick."

Scott spread his hands out now, about 18 cm he thought, approximating the size between his fingers, "And about this long, with a curve in them."

He kept his eyes on Janet as she took a bite out of sandwich, still staring at his hands.

Janet looked up to his face, and said, "I never saw any sausages when I was packing your food in the freezer."

"They were in a sealed plastic container, labelled meat, I believe. I pulled them out this morning after breakfast, to thaw in the fridge."

He couldn't figure what Janet was thinking right now, as he couldn't read the emotions on her face. She spoke up once again, "Where did you buy these sausages?"

"There's a German butcher I visit once in a while. Sort of out of the way, but worth the trip just for the sausages. In fact I'll have to get some more soon, as I've only got three left, including tonight's dinner."

Janet finished her sandwich, and wiped her hands on the napkin before popping her bottle of apricot nectar open. She leaned back on the bench, sipping it through a straw.

Scott thought Janet had become unusually quiet. "If your interested, I'm planning on making spaghetti with a bolognaise meat sauce for tomorrow night." Scott said.

He finished his sandwich, "Is there anything wrong with me selection for tonight's dinner?" he asked opening his milk drink.

"No, absolutely nothing. I'm just thinking of what I'm going to cook next week." She said, and slurped her down the rest of her drink.

Whilst she waited for Scott to finish his drink, Janet leaned forward putting her elbows and arms on the table, looking up at him.

Scott had to admire her perseverance at appearing to reveal her breasts to him. He used the opportunity to gaze longingly at them as he tried to slowly sip his drink, enjoying the milk and the view. He finished the milk all too soon, but the view remained undisturbed for the moment.

"Ready to leave?" Scott asked.

"When you are." Janet replied.

Janet followed Scott up from the table, to the door. Once outside, Scott moved his hand across to clasp Janet's hand. She responded, closing her hand about his.

"You know, we ought to try and organise another weekend away next month, up at the cabin."

Janet said, "I'll have to ask my uncle of course, but he knows when I prefer to use it. I can ask if he's got any other stuff hidden up there that I don't know about."

"Are you sure there isn't a quicker way up to the cabin?" Scott asked, but added, "So we can spend more time up there then travelling there."

Janet shook here head, letting her hair fly side to side, "No. Just the track my uncle told me he uses." Janet said. She snorted, "Unless you know how to ride a trail bike, then we could borrow a couple and ride up the track."

"Actually, I've had some experience riding motor bikes, and a trail bike." Scott said.

"NO! You're kidding." Janet said, looking at Scott's face.

"I've got my motorcycle licence. But I haven't ridden one for a while, and I haven't ridden one up a mountain before."

"Well I'm not so experienced." Janet said, swinging their hands up as they walked. "I've only been on a trail bike a few times at a fun park, a competition track they made over for the park."

Janet let go of Scott's hand to open the stairway door and preceded Scott up the stairs.

"I can get the Friday before off, for an RDO." Scott said.

"Good, cause I'll be claiming for flexi time." Janet said, opening the stairway door. Scott followed her into her office. "Close the door, and I'll call my uncle now." Janet said.

Scott did so, and sat down as she dialled the phone. He listened as Janet spoke on the phone, "Hi uncle, its Janet... Yes, yes, I couldn't use it last weekend, I had someone moving into my house with me, and we had to do some cleaning up and painting... His name's Scott... Yeah, his pretty good with his hands, his doing dinner all this week... The reason I called, I wanted to confirm the cabin for next month... Yeah, the Friday to Sunday, but I wanted to know, you know the foot track? What do you think of using trail bikes up it?"

Janet was quiet a bit as she listened to the phone. She relaxed back in her chair, kicking off her shoes under the desk before speaking again, "Ok, so up the highway another 25 kilometres, and take the marked side track from the dirt road. And I'll know when it gets too rough... Yeah, I'll have to rent the trailer and bikes, but the Land Cruiser will handle it... Are there any other things you forgot to mention?"

Scott saw Janet raise her eyebrows to him, "Ok, yeah, just leave all the equipment there for us. I've used some of it before if you remember... Thanks Uncle, love you always... Bye."

Janet hung the phone up, and leaned back in the chair putting her hands behind her head before speaking. "Apparently there is a third track, except parts of it become too rough, and too narrow for four wheeled traffic. And it's longer than the foot track, which is why he hadn't mentioned it to me before. Good for a whole day's hike, but perfect for trail bikes uncle says."

"As you said, we just need the bikes and the trailer."

"We should be able to hire them from locally, just that turning the trailer around on the track may be difficult, but we'll have to find that out when we get up there."

"What else did you find out, at the end there?"

Janet leaned forward again, "You won't believe this, but just north of the cabin is a 30 metre rock face, all set up for abseiling and rock climbing, descending down to the vehicle track."

"I haven't been abseiling before." Scott said.

"First time for everything. I can show you the basics if we get around to it."

Scott straightened and stood up slowly "It's been a great lunch, but I should be getting back to work."

Janet stood up with him, meeting him at the door. "Give me a bell with your ready to leave." She said.

"I will." Scott said, and gave Janet a light but firm kiss on the lips. "Thanks for the date, same again tomorrow?" he gave a grin.

She opened the door, "See you." She said, as he left.

The drive home was usual for Scott, as he concentrated on getting through the peak hour traffic.

Janet kicking off her shoes, and relaxed in the passenger seat, "I've organised for the Friday off, and rang around a few places for trail bike hire. Took a while, but I found one that had equipment also."

Scott said, "I submitted a form for my rostered day off, but I don't expect any problems with getting it. Fridays are usually pretty loose this time of year, shopping for Christmas, and such."

It wasn't long until Scott pulled into the driveway. Janet said, "Since we've emptied the garage for your car, you should use it."

"But the four wheel drive is in the way." Scott said.

"I'll go move it." Janet said, slipping her shoes back on, before stepping out the door. She turned back to Scott before she closed the door, "Just back your car up a bit, so I can move the Land Cruiser, ok?"

Scott backed the car back onto the road, watching for traffic, before turning to watch Janet backing the four-wheel drive towards him, stopping, then moving forward again and turning onto the grassy lawn.

Slowly, he pulled up the driveway again, as Janet moved across to the garage, and opening the garage door. She stood to the side as he rolled gently in, stopping when he thought he was all the way in.

Janet opened the passenger door again, leaning in as he shut the engine off. "Pretty good." She said.

"Maybe I should have backed it in." He said, undoing his belt as he looked at Janet. Unlike leaning forward, when Janet leaned over like that her shirt hung down and Scott could see right down it. Large amounts of cleavage, almost to her nipples, but all the way down to her midriff.

"Maybe tomorrow, it's fine as it is now." She said, bending down further to pick up her jacket and handbag.

Scott got out carefully not to smash the door into the wall, locking the car doors. Janet moved up the path to open the house as he closed the garage.

Inside, Janet had peeled off her stockings and slipped out of her shirt. She folded the skirt, hanging it in the wardrobe for tomorrow and returned the garter to its drawer. She wanted to sweat a bit doing her exercises, and pulled on tracksuit pants and a t-shirt. After loosening her hair, she dropped her shirt in the bathroom.

Scott called to Janet as he went down the hall to his bedroom. "I'm just going to change and start dinner, ok?"

"That's fine," She replied, "I'm going to work out in the lounge room until dinner's ready."

In his bedroom, Scott stripped of his office clothes, folding the trousers onto a hanger, and carrying the rest to the bathroom. The bin was looking quite full now, with Janet's shirt the last item on top. He stuffed them into the plastic bin, and went to the kitchen, starting dinner.

When it was safe enough to let dinner cook by itself, Scott went into the lounge room. The TV wasn't on, but he didn't feel like watching it anyhow so he sat on sideways on the rowing machine to watch Janet work out. She was jogging on the treadmill currently, and all Scott could do was keep his eyes on her breasts, bobbing up and down underneath her t-shirt. The t-shirt was tight, contouring around her breasts, showing more shape and movement than Scott had thought possible, making his blood flow as erection came on.

Janet had been going for fifteen minutes and worked up quite a sweat on the treadmill, so started slowing down, before stopping. She moved across to the exercise bench, and layed face down, to work on her lower legs now.

Since he lost his view, Scott settled in the rowing machine, pushing forwards and backwards on the track.

Scott couldn't keep his eyes off Janet as he rowed, and eventually she turned over to lift weights. He hadn't realised he'd been going for so long on the rower, when the cooking alarm sounded from the kitchen. He was perspiring down his chest and he still carried the erection as he got up, moving to the kitchen. "Dinner should be ready. I'm just going to serve it straight up."

"Be there, in a moment." Janet replied between lifts.

When Janet entered the dining room, Scott was already seated. She sat down opposite.

“They are big!” Janet said, cutting into the sausage and taking a bite. She chewed on it and swallowed, “And they taste a lot better than what I’ve ever had.”

Scott’s choice for desert was more of the preserved variety, canned pears in jelly. He sprayed some cream onto each bowl before serving it up.

“This is more variety than I’m used to.” Janet said, eating her dessert. “I’m going to have trouble matching with your choices next week.”

The night went by as the last had, Janet took a shower as Scott washed dishes, and reappeared in her nightshirt to dry the dishes as Scott went to the shower. They settled in front of the TV after that, to watch the series Scott had on video on Saturday.

Going to bed, Janet kissed Scott as she said “Good night.”

DAY 8 – Thursday 12th November

Janet woke a little earlier this morning, having set her alarm forward five minutes, so she wouldn't have to wait on Scott as she had the last three mornings.

It had been warm last night, and she'd kicked off most of her bedding in the night, giving her reason to make over the whole bed. In fact, the air was still warm, giving reason to believe yesterday's weather forecasts of a hotter than average day.

She'd just finished with the toilet when Scott came into the bathroom in just his shorts. "Warm, morning." She said, flushing the toilet.

"Morning." He said, "Sure will be warm today." Scott tried to keep his thoughts focused on the water in the toilet bowl, as he pulled the elastic of his shorts down, urinating onto the ceramic side of the bowl to reduce splashing. He flushed it, coming over to the sink as Janet was applying facial cream.

"Finished with the basin?" he asked.

"Yeah, go ahead." She answered.

Scott went ahead with the shaving cream, preparing to take a shave.

Finished with her face, Janet grabbed her deodorant spray. Standing behind Scott, looking across to the mirror, she unbuttoned her nightshirt opening it up and sprayed the deodorant across her chest from arm to arm. Leaving the shirt wide open, she stepped forward replacing the can on the shelf.

Scott wasn't moving and had stopped shaving entirely, so Janet said, "Don't cut yourself."

"I can't shave myself if I'm distracted." he replied.

"Then let me." Janet said, lifting the shaver from his hand.

Scott held his face still. Moving only his eyes as Janet carefully drew the shaver across his face and down his chin, washing the shaving blade in the water occasionally. She had to lift up on her toes to visually check that she had gone across everything.

"Done." She said, kissing him on the lips quickly.

Scott wiped his towel across his face, removing stray shaving cream and feeling his face with his hand, and checking in the mirror. "How come women can always shave better than men?"

"Maybe we've have better practise at removing hair." She said, tugging at the top of his shorts. She let the band snap back, "Meet you in the kitchen."

Scott splashed aftershave on, gritting his teeth at the stinging, just more proof that it was a nice close shave.

Janet picked the same shirt as Monday. It was clean after washing it Tuesday night and drying all day yesterday, emptying out the dirty clothes bin that had been stuffed full.

She didn't want to wear the long skirt today. Actually she didn't fell like putting anything else on, as it was that warm this morning. Instead she settled for the short grey skirt, without stockings.

Brushing her hair, Janet thought maybe she should change it. Shorter for the summer, because it was a pain to dry every time it got wet last summer. She wasn't sure, she'd have to ask Scott's opinion, but it'd have to be done before her parents visited in a week. She tied it up, as she went to breakfast.

Scott came in just after her, as she was pouring orange juice into a glass. "I want your opinion on something." She said, putting down the bottle.

Using one hand, she lifted her hair, holding it out. "I was thinking of getting my hair cut, for the summer." She said.

Scott placed the cereal container down after filling the bowl, to look at Janet's hair. "I don't really know. How short were you thinking?"

She held her hand to her neck, "About here, off the shoulder."

Scott moved his head about, trying to imagine Janet's red hair at that height, "I'm no expert, but when I've seen other women wear it that short, it looked quite good on them. And I think more executive women are wearing it shorter now also."

Janet said, "They have been, done up more though. I never could keep my hair styled, so I kept it straight."

"Well, answer this then. When was the last time you wore it that short, and how did it look then?" Scott asked. Seeing Janet start to think on it, he resumed putting his breakfast together. Scott knew the answer to his question, after seeing the photos on Janet's archive CD of her high school, but she'd worn her hair tied back in the pictures, so he still didn't know how it looked short and straight.

Janet wanted to have her hair loose, but couldn't stand having it in her face all day. She could remember wearing it short at high school, and liked it best those times she did wear it loose, but the school had had dress regulations, so she only rarely wore it loose. "It was back in high school, and I liked having it short then." She answered Scott finally.

"Then by all means. I think it'll look good on you." Scott said, using his impression from the photos.

Janet dropped her hair over her back and resumed putting her breakfast together. "I'll have to see a hairdresser Saturday then."

When they were ready to leave, Scott checked Janet again for lack of underwear. The short skirt allowed him easier access as he knelt down next to Janet, and slid his hands up her bare leg. He kept his thumbs close to each other till the reached the waist band, before moving them forward, his right hand moving across her buttocks, and his left felt her pubic hair. Withdrawing, he slid his left hand across her vagina, and felt some string.

It wasn't clothing but had had discovered something, keeping his hands there he looked up at Janet, "What's this?"

"Tampon. For my period." She replied.

"Uh, huh."

"You don't want me leaving blood stains where ever I sit, and have someone notice, do you?" she asked.

"No, I don't. Could be embarrassing I suppose." Scott withdrew his hands to stand up.

"I think I'm getting better at this." Scott said, only unbuttoning a few buttons of her shirt to get a look. "Ok, this all checks out."

Scott did up a button as Janet did the rest, closing the gap in her shirt.

"After you." Scott said, pushing open the front door.

The day was still fairly warm, making it a relief for Janet to step out of the unventilated stairwell into the garage. Scott was waiting patiently in his car as she opened the door. "Sorry. Hope you weren't waiting too long." Janet stepped in, stretching the skirt a bit before getting her other leg in and closing the door.

"No, actually I've been listening to the news on the radio." Scott said, turning the radio down now. "It's been the warmest night on record for this month." Scott started the engine up, pulling out of the car space, moving slowly up the exit ramp.

Once outside, he pulled into the traffic, heading for the shopping complex nearest home. There was plenty of parking near the entrance as Scott pulled into a space. He pulled off his tie, loosening the collar of his shirt before getting out after Janet.

Janet had a list of items they'd made up last night, as she pushed the trolley in front of her, letting Scott do the legwork of collecting items from the shelves.

Occasionally she would grab items from the shelves that were conveniently next to her. Especially a box of condoms as Scott was collecting razor blades from the opposite shelf.

Scott picked out a small hot roasted chicken from the meat department, and some salads from the salad bar for dinner. He'd shown Janet the frozen yoghurt he usually bought, and they left the freezer section with two containers.

The shopping trolley was full as they went to the check out. "We should pay for this equally, half each." Scott said.

"That's fair, but it'll be easier if I just pay for it right now off my debit card." Janet said, "That way I can just charge you a single sum for rent and food."

"You've thought of everything." Scott said, piling food onto the conveyor belt.

"Not quite everything." Janet said, wheeling over a second trolley for the bags.

Janet slid her card through, pushing buttons, never having to touch any money.

Scott pushed the trolley out the automatic doors into the car park. "You know, you're supposed to be doing dinner without these." Janet said, pulling on his shirt. "You've picked out food, served it into containers, all for dinner."

"I apologise. I shall rectify it as soon as we load the groceries into the car." Scott said.

After the bags were lowered into the boot, Janet wheeled the trolley over to the stand, pushing into the back of the last trolley. She came back to find Scott in the driver's seat with his shoes and socks off, making his best effort to pull his jeans off under the steering wheel.

Janet held the door open a moment, to watch Scott's efforts at getting the Jeans off, before getting in and closing the door.

"Here." Scott said, handing her his underpants as he tossed the Jeans onto the back seat. "A token of my affection."

Janet took them, and put a hand on Scott's shoulder as he went to under his shirt buttons, "That's good enough."

"You sure?" he asked.

"Just get used to it, you'll be doing it next week." Janet said, holding his underpants up. "Nice pattern."

Scott started up the car, taking care with his bare feet on the pedals. He pulled out into traffic, headed for home. "You know, this feels kind of good. Gives me this funny kind of feeling."

"I love the way you show your feelings." Janet said, resting her hand in his lap, and stroking his stiffening penis.

Occasionally she just left her hand wrapped around it, or rolled the foreskin back and forth as Scott drove.

Scott felt her grasp his scrotum as reached their driveway. "You know, you make it difficult to concentrate on the traffic when I'm driving."

"Wait till we finish dinner, then you won't have to concentrate." Janet said.

Scott backed up the driveway, stopping before the garage door. It wasn't dark yet, but there was enough light to see by as Scott got out, collecting his clothes. Janet picked up two shopping bags and followed Scott into the house.

Janet was grabbing a few more bags as Scott came out without his shirt on this time. "Here." She said, handing him two bags. Scott waited as Janet gave him a couple more bags to carry. Scott was ready to carry the bags inside as Janet told him to wait.

"I can't carry any more." He complained.

She pulled out another bag with bread and small items in it and hung the plastic handles over his erection. "There you go. Now you can't carry any more."

"You know." He said, turning about trying not to bash the bags against his legs, "I'm going to have to give you a lesson for been bad girl."

Janet was able to lift the last bags out by herself, and closed the boot. She pushed the front door closed with her foot, carrying the bags into the kitchen.

"Let's get this food away, then we can have dinner." Scott said, emptying items on the bench space, and tossing the bags into the corner.

Janet kicked off her shoes at the doorway, and moved about putting cans, bottles, and whatever food items away.

Janet gathered up the other items that weren't food into a bag, and picked up her shoes to put them away in the laundry and bathroom as Scott laid out plates and served dinner.

Janet came back in still wearing her office clothes to sit with Scott at the table. "It ain't much, but I'd like to see you do better next week."

"I shall certainly try." Janet said, eating some of the roast chicken with some stuffing.

After finishing the dessert, they cleared the table, stacking dishes in the kitchen. Scott moved about picking up the plastic bags from the floor, "You recycle these bags?" Scott asked.

"Down in that cupboard there," Janet said pointing "is a box. Just stuff 'em in."

"I'm going to work out for a while, ok?" Janet said.

"Sure. I won't take long washing these dishes."

She felt horny, and decided to work out naked. In the lounge, Janet unzipped her skirt, letting it drop to the floor and removed her shirt. She worked hard on the rowing machine for ten minutes then moved to the exercise bench to do her leg lifts.

Scott soon came in, and stopped dead in the doorway as Janet worked at lifting her legs up and down. "I've finished the dishes." He said.

Janet stopped, and sat up. "Good, because I'm hot and I want you now." she said without getting up from the bench.

When she saw Scott moving over, she reached down, pulling a package from the small pocket. "How are you at foreplay?"

"It all depends on the game." Scott answered. "At the moment, I'd say the sink was blocked, and I see I have to pull the plug out."

Scott moved forward, getting down on her knees to approach Janet. Moving he face forward, Scott pushed his tongue out to grab the string of the tampon. He made it as much of game as he could, licking across her vulva as he used his tongue to open the loop in the string. Once he got it, he pulled the loop onto a tooth, and pulled back, extracting the tampon.

He stood up and removed it from his mouth "Plug extracted." He said.

"Well, I'm going to wrap you all up now." Janet said, removing the condom from it packaging, and handing the package to Scott. He conveniently stuffed the tampon into the plastic, and dropped it to the floor in a crumple.

Janet played with Scott's foreskin, rolling it back tight, making the head go red with excess blood. She put the condom on, and used both hands to roll it down the length.

When she finished, Janet put her hands out, to pull Scott to her. He came willingly, dropping to his almost to his knees to insert himself. Scott had to hold Janet by a leg and lift her slightly to get comfortable before he started rocking.

Janet could hold herself stretched up like that, and eventually she pulled Scott down on top of her. It became a passionate embrace as they pressed against each other. Scott's kisses went up Janet's neck, ear then over to her lips.

Scott tried to pull himself back again, but Janet held both arms and legs around him, causing they rolled off to land on Scott's back. It wasn't far and Janet's arms and legs took some of the force out, only interrupting them briefly.

Janet extricated her arms and legs, sitting up slightly to ride Scott. Janet kept going after Scott had ejaculated, until she felt him loosing his firmness. She lifted herself up, to lay back against him as they continued to kiss and roll on the floor. Eventually she felt Scott regained his erection, and it was hot sex all the way from there.

Eventually they lay next to each other on the floor, soaked in each others sweat as well as their own. Scott slipped the condom off. "Uh, this is why I hate these." He said holding it up for Janet to see. This gave him some ideas for other favours in the future.

"Kind of messy. Why don't you tie a knot in it?" Janet said.

Scott thought she was taking about his penis for a moment, then realised she meant the condom. He didn't pull too hard in case he pierced it accidentally as he rolled the end over tying it like a balloon. "Another floaty." He said, jiggling it then dropping his arm down and letting the condom slip to the floor.

"That's a work out I don't fell like getting up from." Janet said.

"Well, you have the dishes to do." Scott said, sitting up. "And if you don't go and do them, I'm going to have to drag you to them."

"You and what army." Janet said, sitting up to face him.

Scott leaned across to pinch her tit, and with his other hand, slipped his two longest fingers up her vagina. He applied a little pressure, pulling her up causing Janet cried out moaning. "I said you needed a lesson for been a bad girl." Scott slowly pulled his fingers, keeping up the pressure.

Janet had to move as Scott pulled her forward, standing up as he did. She thought it wasn't in her benefit to interfere as they moved into the kitchen.

Scott withdrew his finger from her tit and kissed it before drawing his fingers out. "Ok, now you pick the towel up and dry the dishes."

Janet gladly picked up the towel, and started drying the few dishes. She finished quickly, hanging the dish rack up.

"That was wicked." Janet said, "I'm going to get you back for that some time."

"I can't wait till you try." Scott said, turning about. He went back through the lounge room, picking up the condom and tampon, and headed for the bathroom. Dropping them into the toilet, he slapped his face as the condom floated. He retrieved the wet condom to tear it open so it wouldn't float as he flushed the toilet.

Janet wandered back to the lounge room after Scott, but he had left the room quickly, leaving her to retrieve her office clothes. A shower seemed in order as she dropped the skirt in her bedroom before entering the bathroom. Seeing Scott flushing the toilet, she threw her shirt to the clothes bin, and pulled open the shower door stepping in.

Scott turned about "Hey, I was going to have a shower!"

"It's big enough for two." Janet replied, turning on the water. He joined her, closing the glass door behind him.

They soaped and scrubbed each other under the water, running their hands over each other, relishing in the close physical contact.

Janet turned the water off as her skin started wrinkling, forcing them to get out of the shower. They stood opposite one another drying themselves, to end up staring at each other, clean and dry.

Scott looked down at his partial erection and back to Janet saying, "I think we better go to bed, otherwise were going to need another shower."

"Ok." Janet turned about, moving to the door. "I'll see you in the morning then."

Scott followed Janet out. At his bedroom door he called out "Goodnight." He heard her reply as he went to bed. He believed that Janet could have carried her lust on all night if she wanted to, but they did need to work in the morning, and after tomorrow they had all weekend.

DAY 9 – Saturday 14th November

Janet woke at nine. There were things to be done today whilst the shops were open. This was to be her last day without underwear, but Scott had started his week of cooking dinner last Saturday. So she had to cook dinner tonight, making it necessary to go to the butcher for meat that they couldn't get at the supermarket. As she did her toiletries, Janet thought about seeing this German butcher shop also.

Scott was up also, and dressed in trousers and a shirt as she entered the kitchen in a blouse, long floral dress and flat shoes.

"Morning." He said, drinking coffee. "Want some coffee?"

"No thanks. Only at work." Janet replied, pouring fruit juice into a glass for herself.

When they were ready to leave at the front door, Scott asked, "Your car or mine?" as he fingered his keys.

"Let's take mine. It hasn't been out for over a week." Janet said, opening the front door.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Scott asked.

Janet furrowed her brow thinking for a moment, "Oh, yeah, that."

Scott said, "If you forgot... Well, I'll have to make a clause for forgetting, for next time. You'll have to do something if you forget to do a favour."

"Now that's a good thought." Janet said, as Scott lifted her blouse over her breasts. He dropped it back down, and looked at the dress for a moment identifying the best way to look for underwear. Scott resorted to lifting it up, collecting the edge of the dress to drag up the whole front up to reveal Janet's uncovered crotch before dropping it back down.

"Well, fortunately you didn't forget." Scott said. He indicated to the door, "After you then."

Janet pulled her small sedan out of the garage, and waited as Scott closed the door and hopped into the passenger seat, closing the door before Janet pulled out of the driveway.

Scott found Janet's car a little noisier than his own and it didn't have air conditioning. But that didn't matter today as the weather was a little cool.

Janet drove towards the outer city suburbs, to a hair salon she knew. She parked the vehicle further along the street, missing the mass of morning shoppers on the sidewalk.

Scott hung back near the car as Janet walked over to the salon. She turned back realising Scott wasn't following, "Why don't you come in. You could do with a trim."

"Well, I don't know." He said, running a hand over his hair, trying to feel the length, "Are you sure?"

"It can't hurt, and at least you'll look presentable for my parents next week."

"Since you put it that way." Scott said, and ambled over, moving amongst the other pedestrians to followed Janet inside. The salon was busy, and they sat down while they waited.

Eventually Janet was seated whilst a hairdresser asked what she wanted done. Scott watched from his seat for a while, as she affixed a cloth over Janet to catch the hair, then let Janet's hair out, going through it to making sure that was how Janet wanted it before starting to cut.

Scott was soon seated as a hairdresser took care of him, fixing up his hair, trimming it back to how he liked it.

Back on the sidewalk, Scott looked over Janet new hairdo. "I like it a lot." He said, moving around Janet to look all over it, "Like an elegant frame, for a work of art."

"I'm pleased you like it. It doesn't feel so heavy now." Janet said touching the hair at the back. Scott was still looking over her hair when she grabbed his hand, "Come on, I feel like shopping." She said.

Janet stopped at clothing shops, looking in the windows for several minutes exclaiming what she liked but didn't really need, or was too expensive before moving on.

Janet stopped in the bookshop and browsed about for a while, looking for particular books.

Scott didn't find anything interesting so he stepped out again to look at the shops nearby. He caught sight of the adult shop two stores down, and wandered down looking at glittering window dressings, with mannequins wearing various underwear of studded leather, frilly lace, or skin tight Lycra. There were also books and magazines, several sized dildos, and handcuffs.

Scott was looking over the leather items when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He gave a jump, and turned about to see Janet. "Trying to give me a heart attack?"

"Maybe, but don't worry, I know CPR." Janet said, and gave him a mock kiss on his lips. She turned back to the window, "So, see anything you like?"

"Nothing particular." He replied.

"Let's look inside then." Janet said, pushing open the door.

Scott followed inside. It was darker inside, lit only by the overhead fluoro lighting as they wandered about the store. The items on display were vast and various. Blow up dolls, vibrators, lingerie, but Scott couldn't find anything he was really interested in either for himself or for Janet.

Scott was disappointed that he couldn't find something as they walked out the store. Janet carried a bag with something she had bought, but she didn't show it to him. It was only after they had been to the butcher and returned to the car that Janet pulled it from the bag to show him. "It's a special jock strap, designed to maintain a stiff erection for a long time." She held it out to him.

"I suppose you want me to wear this around the house next week?" Scott asked.

"Well, I was sort of hoping you could wear it other places too..." She said smiling, "but just around the house would be fine."

"You know. If I was to wear this, it wouldn't be constituted as been naked." He stated.

"I'm amending my favour. If you want to wear this you can, otherwise you wear nothing." She replied. Janet packed it back into the bag, "You can try it later, but now you can show me where this German butcher is."

Janet pulled out onto the road, doing a u-turn as she followed Scott's directions. As Scott had said, it was 15 kilometres away in amongst some other small shops. Inside Janet found shelves of various canned items, and a glass cabinet and ceiling full of meats.

"See anything you like?" Scott asked, in a parody of earlier.

"I'm still looking." Janet replied. "I'm trying to decide what we should be cooking next weekend for my parents. Sometimes they're hard to please, but I don't see anything here they would enjoy."

"They'll get double what I usually get then?" Scott asked.

"That'll be perfect." Janet said, still looking about and smelling the strange yet good odours in the shop.

Scott had to lead Janet out of the shop after making his purchase, before they made their way home. At home, they rearranged the freezer so they both knew what was stored in it, also giving Janet a better idea of what to cook for the week.

"So, you feel like mowing the lawn whilst I go and wash the cars?" Janet asked Scott after lunch.

"Uh, sure. You'll have to show me your mower. I haven't used one in ages." He said.

"Ok, but you'll need some work clothes on for mowing." She said.

Scott changed his clothing in favour of some old jeans and shirt and pulled on his boots out in the back yard. However Janet came out prepared to get wet, in shorts and a t-shirt.

Janet pushed the lawn mower out of the garage, an old model, that was quite loud as she started it up. Scott was grateful as she handed him some ear protection before he moved out around the perimeter of the back yard.

Janet went back into the garage, and opened up the doors before she used Scott's keys to drive his vehicle forward next to hers. Using a bucket with soap, sponge, and the hose she started washing the vehicles.

She was crouched over washing the wheels on her car as Scott throttled down the mower and moved through the garage before resuming on the front lawn.

He had to avoid the hose until he'd cleared enough space, then pulled it over the mower and himself before continuing. He finished the strip out the front of the fence line before turning off the mower and wheeling it back into the garage.

Janet was still washing down the cars as he stepped back out. "I never had my car washed by hand before." Scott said, as he stood back as Janet used the hose to wash soap off the sides of his vehicle.

"Haven't you tried one of those new do it yourself car washes?" Janet asked

Scott walked about the cars, towards Janet, as he answered, "No. I've always used the drive through. Seemed more efficient."

Janet's arms and legs were already wet from washing the cars so she sprayed the water around as she dragged the hose around cars.

"Hey!" Scott said, jumping back from a wash of water across his legs, "Watch where you point that thing."

"I'm sorry." Janet said, redirecting the hose at the cars again to get the last of the soap off. "If I knew you were there, I would have aimed higher." Janet turned about abruptly, "Like this." She said as the hose sent sprayed water into Scott's chest. He tried to turn away from the water, but it only got it down his back and pants, so he had to duck around the other side of his car.

Janet pursued Scott around the car intent on spraying him further but the hose lost all pressure, with only a dribble coming out.

Scott slowly stood up facing Janet across the bonnet of the car.

"We've lost water pressure." She said, shaking the hose to emphasise the point.

"You sure you didn't put a kink in the hose?" Scott asked.

Janet held the hose up, and looking along the hose as it went under the car, "No." she said.

"Maybe it's jammed under the tyre. Give it here and I'll pull it out." Scott said, putting a hand out.

Janet handed the hose across to Scott and he made an effort to look at the nozzle before bending down under the car. He stood up again with the hose, as it suddenly came to life, spraying water at Janet.

Scott untangled his feet from the hose that he'd been standing on before moving around his car after Janet as she screamed from the cold water washing over her.

Janet moved directly towards the tap and turned the water off, only after she was thoroughly wet.

"That was sneaky." Janet said, reeling the hose in.

Scott dropped the hose, seeing she was winding it up, "Sure but, you started it. As they say, "All's fair in love and war.""

Scott backed off as she turned the tap back on, but she only washed the muck from her hands from winding the hose in.

"Depends what you call fair." Janet said, flicking water from her fingers at him.

Scott didn't want to get the seat of his vehicle wet, so he just locked the doors, leaving it where it was. He ducked under the garage door as Janet was closing it, walking through to the back yard.

"I can tell you haven't mowed a lawn for a while." Janet said.

"What have I done?" Scott asked, closing the garage door behind them.

"You cut it a bit short, but don't worry, it should be fine for summer."

Scott stood on the deck, and pulled his shoes off with a slopping sound, to drop them on the edge of the deck in the sunlight. He took his shirt off, squeezing the water out of it, and hung it on the washing line.

Janet tried squeezing some of the water out of her t-shirt, but it remained a wet covering stuck to her, requiring her to peel it over her now short hair. When she had it off her head, she saw the Scott was already dropping his jeans to show that his underpants were also wet through, and sticking to him.

She twisted the water out of her t-shirt now, and used it to mop the excess water off her face, arms and legs before ringing it out again. As she did this, she watched Scott stand on the end of his jeans, as he twisted them with his hands to squeeze the water out over his feet.

Janet couldn't resist the opportunity as she spun her t-shirt around to twist it up, then flicked the end out to his Scott's bottom.

Scott yelped dropping his jeans to grab his butt with both hands as he looked towards Janet who was spinning the t-shirt again.

"Do that again, and I'll have to get physical." He warned her.

She flicked it out again, snapping down on his leg.

"Ouch!" Scott rubbed at his leg with one hand and turned about to face Janet now. She had a big grin on her face as she twisted the t-shirt up yet again.

Scott had to move quick, grabbing at Janet's arm that held the t-shirt. She dodged to the side, passing the t-shirt to her other hand.

Scott turned quickly, grabbing both her arms as she tried to swing her left hand to snap the wet t-shirt. He could see Janet was just playing with him as she bounced about topless, but his buttocks felt otherwise.

Janet had a smile on her face with the deadlock between them. He couldn't help but smile back as she pushed toward him, stretching their arms out to the side. Scott slid his hands along her arms till they caught her hands. She dropped the t-shirt with a slopping sound to the deck, as they lowered their hands together.

She was pressing up against him now, looking up at his face, "You want to get physical now?" she said, rubbing her breasts against his chest.

Scott felt like dropping her into the spa, but he was getting over the sting in his leg, reacting to her wet body against his skin. "I'd very much like to, but I'm getting hungry."

"Your right. I'm getting hungry too." Janet said, separating from Scott as she stepped back. "I didn't have any protection with me anyhow." She added, hanging the t-shirt on the line.

Scott pegged his jeans up, "Who needed the protection?" he asked, rubbing his bottom in memory of the sting. His underpants were still wet, so he had to remove them, and squeeze out the water and hang them up on the washing line next to his jeans.

He was hungry enough to ignore his erection and Janet as she similarly squeezed water from her shorts, and headed inside. He used the towel on the laundry to take the dampness off and go to his bedroom to slip on clean shorts and t-shirt, skipping underwear before returning to the kitchen.

Janet came in as he has had out two big glasses, filled with milk and other ingredients. He could see she had on a clean t-shirt as she sat on a stool and watched as he used the hand blender to turn them into thick shakes, then serve on to her.

He sipped at his one handed, as he rinsed the blender. "What we going to do after lunch?" he asked.

"Well, the house needs cleaning. It's getting dusty and the bathroom's collecting mould like rotten fruit."

"What do you need me to do?" he asked.

"Just use the vacuum cleaner. I'll do the dusting." Janet finished her drink, putting the glass down on the sink. She returned to the laundry, opening the cupboard to pull out the vacuum cleaner and some cloths.

Scott followed her progress for a moment, before plugging the vacuum together and switching it on.

He found piles of dust along skirting boards as he vacuumed through the lounge room, shifting the exercise equipment the clean underneath them before moving them back.

Scott got a better look of the entire house as they worked though it, cleaning every section of floor including the bathroom.

He pulled the vacuum cleaner back to laundry, and followed Janet as she pulled it apart, taking the contents of dust in its container out the front door, and tipping into the garbage bin.

"Cleaning the bathroom shouldn't be too difficult." Janet said, handing him a couple of bottles of cleaner and a cloth.

Janet wasn't too sure of Scott as looked at the bottles, checking the contents. "You do know how don't you?" she asked.

"Of course I do." He replied, "I was just wondering if I'd have to get wet again to clean the shower. But you've got this spray on stuff."

"Yeah, well get to it. Cause I'm cleaning the kitchen, and if you take too long, I'm going to go swimming by myself."

"Ok, ok." he said going to the bathroom. He didn't have much difficulty, as he was the only one to clean his bathroom and kitchen in his flat, and made short work of the tiled surfaces, and glass of the shower, before finishing the hand basin and toilet.

He found Janet on her hands and knees with her head in the oven when he returned to the kitchen. She was busy scrubbing away at something inside it but evidently didn't hear him come in. He saw an opportunity to get back at

her for the wet t-shirt, as her back curved in from the elastic of her shorts, leaving a gap down which her could see the leading edge of the crevasse between her buttocks. He swept some water from the bottom of the sink, and holding his hand out carefully, let it drip down her shorts.

Janet gave off a "Oh!" and bumped her head on the top of the oven, before pulling herself out. She had a scrubber in one hand as she thrust the other down the back of her shorts trying to find whatever she felt. "What was that?"

"Just some water." Scott said ruefully. "Thought I'd get you back, drop by drop."

"So you finished then?" Janet asked, closing the oven up, obviously finished.

"Completely clean." He answered. "You said we were going swimming?"

"At the local pool. Nice big heated indoor pool. You interested?"

"Sure. I'll go change and meet you at the door."

Janet had to put the cleaning stuff away first, and went to her room to change into her swimwear. She only had one outfit, a red two piece bikini. She stuffed her shorts and t-shirt into a bag for changing back, and took a towel and sand shoes.

Scott didn't appear to have changed his clothes when she met him at the door, but he appeared ready with a small backpack. "Let's take my car." Scott said, grabbing his keys.

Janet didn't disagree as she locked the house, and got into Scott's car. It was a short drive as Janet directed him, located in an unknown area to Scott. The pool wasn't packed, but neither was it quiet as they paid for entry, and Janet led them to the poolside.

Scott pulled off his sneakers, and dropped his shorts to reveal the Speedo's he had on underneath and took off the t-shirt. After making sure his stuff was together, he went over to the edge of the pool, testing the temperature with a foot before dropping in feet first.

Janet watched as Scott bobbed back to the surface as she came over to the pool edge. There was a large clear area, which she dived into over Scott's head.

Scott had to wipe the water from his eyes as tracked Janet into the water.

They spent a couple of hours in the pool, as Janet did several laps. Scott was able to keep pace behind her, before they moved out of the lap lane to just relax in the water.

Eventually Scott got out of the water and sat at the pool edge with his legs in the water, just looking about at the pool.

Janet swam under the water, and popped up just in front of him. He didn't see her as she tread water, so she splashed water at his chest before he took notice. "Had enough water?" she asked when he looked down.

"Water? Yes. I was beginning to feel like a fish." He said.

Janet moved about to the ledge next to Scott and heaved herself out of the water, and turned about to sit next to him.

She wiped some of the water off her arms and let the rest drip, "I've had enough also, but I don't feel like going yet."

"I noticed there is a sauna here." Scott said.

"Just the one. They charge for its use."

"Since your not ready to leave yet, how about some time in the sauna then?" he asked.

"Sure." She answered. "We'll have to collect our things first."

Neither of them moved for a moment, until Scott pulled his legs out of the water and stood up. Janet followed suite. Scott was almost dry from sitting out of the water longer, but Janet towelled off the water before picking up her stuff.

After paying the small fee, they dropped their things under a seat in the closed room between the spa and the sauna. There were a few people in the spa and a guy in the sauna when they stepped in. They sat down across from one another. Scott closed his eyes, and relaxed in the humidity.

After a few minutes, he opened his eyes to the sound of the door closing. He and Janet were left alone in the sauna. After another minute Janet got up, "Time for a dip in the cold water." She said, pulling open the door.

She came back in with her towel, drying off the water. He got up and pushed open the door to take a dip. The spa was vacated now, with fewer people evident in the main entrance. After dropping into the deep pool with cold water, he shook what he could off and grabbed his towel, heading back into the sauna.

Janet was lying face up on her towel along the bench on the side next to the wall. He went to place his towel opposite as before as Janet spoke, "Lay it down here." She said, tapping the bench below and next to her. "One place is as hot as another in here."

There was no reason otherwise, so he lay out just below Janet, also facing up. His thoughts wandered as he lay there quietly, staring at the wooden ceiling. After some time, he rolled over now onto his stomach, giving his back a rest from the stiff boards under the towel. He heard Janet shuffling in a moment, thinking she was probably turning over also.

They stayed in the sauna for a long as they could before Scott spoke up "We've been in here long enough. Maybe it is time to leave." He said.

He pushed up from the decking, to find Janet lying face down, with her breasts pressed against the towel. His eyes strayed across her flattened breast. The warm air had allowed his penis to grow but lay slack in his bathers, now stiffening from the brief view.

Janet sat up. "I feel like a cooked piece of meat."

Scott got up and pushed through the door first, dropping his towel with their stuff before dropping into the deep pool of cold water.

He felt the water shift as he surfaced, realising Janet had dropped in next to him. He held onto the edge waiting for Janet to surface. He was wondering when she would come up when he felt something on his back. He realised too late as Janet pulled down his bathers. He couldn't risk moving his legs without kicking Janet accidentally, and in a moment she surfaced with his bathers in hand and flicked them back toward the sauna.

"Hey!" he said, "give those back."

Janet lifted herself out of the cold water, "You'll have to come and get them yourself." She said.

Scott stayed in the cold pool as Janet stood across from him drying herself. He was feeling the cold now. "Someone is bound to see, and we'll get chucked out for sure." He said.

"Ok. Here, have this then." She said, throwing her towel to the edge of the pool. As he climbed out, Janet grabbed his bathers, and after squeezing them, stuffed them into her bag as she pulled out her shorts and t-shirt.

Scott wrapped the towel around him, and stepped forward, looking for the bathers. "Where are they?" he asked Janet.

Janet didn't answer for a moment, as she pulled the t-shirt over her head, and untied the back. In a moment, she pulled it out of the collar, over her head. She answer Scott as she stuffed the bikini into the bag, "Safe and secure."

"If you want to play it that way then." Scott said, grabbing his towel and drying himself off. After pulling on his t-shirt, he faced away from the main area, and opened Janet's towel, and dried between his legs.

Janet sat down to watch as Scott slipped on his shorts, pulling them up under the towel, before throwing the towel back at Janet.

They left the pool, with belongings in hand, returning to Scott's car. He drove home without another comment, neatly parking in the garage after Janet opened the door.

It was her turn this week to do dinner naked. She'd taken a brief shower to wash the smell of the pool off and rinsed the bathers out, before hanging them outside. Stripped down now, she started on dinner, as it was her week to do dinner nude.

She had something simpler planned, as she put on water to steam vegetables, a pan to cook two steaks and a pot for pasta and sauce.

Scott came in after his shower to watch Janet as she cooked. "You know, you can use the microwave to cook that pasta." Scott said, now taking notice in what she was cooking.

"I would, except I know how long it takes to cook it on the stove, compared with everything else." She said, turning the steaks over, then giving the pasta a stir.

Janet set the table, and shortly they sat down to eat.

Scott found it was a good meal, even when followed by canned fruit.

Janet washed the dishes this time, making sure they had equal opportunity to do the dishes. When they were quite finished, Janet went and pulled on large flannelette shirt so she didn't feel so cool in the night air.

They spent the rest of the night relaxing in front of the TV watching the late night movies.

DAY 10 – Monday 16th November

It was a minor relief to pull on panties as Janet got dressed for work. She didn't have to worry so much about accidentally showing too much leg with a skirt, because that's all anyone would see now.

As for her top, she didn't have to just wear shirts now either. Some of her other office clothes relied upon wearing a corselet, like she had on now, with a light jacket over it. It would have been very inappropriate to turn up to work with just a jacket covering her, showing huge amounts of unsupported cleavage.

She walked out to the kitchen in her slip shoes for driving in. Her office shoes were by the door, ready to pick up. Scott didn't take long to join her in the kitchen; "I don't know why I agreed to this. Yesterday it was fine, just around the house, but going to work..."

Janet smiled at his bare bottom as he pulled the milk from the fridge. "You still took a while to get ready even if you didn't take time to get dressed." Janet said.

He turned about, giving her a good view of his enlarged but slack penis. "Well, I had to lay out my clothes, making sure I had everything I was supposed to."

After breakfast, Janet proceeded out the front door first, carrying her shoes. When Scott heard the motor running, he stepped out the door, carrying his clothes and locking the door.

He got to the passenger door as Janet was closing the garage door, but found it locked. He saw her coming back without delay, and indicated to the lock as she stepped in the drivers' side.

In a moment he was seated with his clothing on the floor. "You might as well put your shirt on if your cold." Janet said, seeing him shake a little.

He drew it on around the seat belt, buttoning it up. He followed it with the tie, only putting it on loosely for the moment as Janet exited the driveway.

The drive was uneventful to Janet, although she was distracted a few times looking at Scott.

She waited in the driver's seat after she parked the car, as Scott pulled on his socks, and slipped on his jeans in the small space.

Janet switched her shoes as Scott tied his up, and got out of the car.

Janet closed her door. "I'll see you later then," she said.

"Ok, lunch as usual." He replied, before going his separate way out of the underground car park.

Janet was only just opening the car door as Scott approached. "So how did you go after lunch?" she asked.

"Just the same as this morning." Scott replied.

Janet unlocked his door, and they both settled into the car. Janet started the engine up after changing her shoes and watched Scott intently as he removed his work clothes.

When he'd clipped his seat belt on, Janet released the hand brake and pulled out. The drive home just as uneventful as the trip in the morning, except when Janet backed up the drive, "You can open the garage door." She said to Scott.

"Thanks." Scott said, open the door as he looked out the windscreen at the road for any traffic before stepping out with the keys in hand.

"You can check the mail box too." She said before Scott shoved the door shut.

She laughed to herself as she watched Scott's rear in the rear view mirror, lifting the door open before stepping aside.

Scott walked towards the fence as Janet backed the car into the dark garage, using the brake lights to light the way. Looking forward again, she saw Scott leaning over as he looked in the mailbox. He stood up with a something in hand, and headed back towards the garage.

Janet got out of the car, and leaving the passenger door unlocked for Scott as she opened up the house.

After Scott retrieved his clothes, he realised Janet had left him to lock up the garage. This favour was proving to be very exposing as he pulled the big door shut. He'd have to think of some favour for next month to at least get her back. He went straight to his room, and folded his clothes neatly for tomorrow, dumping the shirt and socks in the bathroom for washing during the week.

Returning to his bedroom, he retrieved the mail. There hadn't been much the previous week, nothing for him as yet, since he'd been notifying every organisation he could think of, of his new address. Maybe there was some mail at his old address. He'd have to ring his old landlord to check.

He found Janet in the kitchen preparing dinner. She'd already stripped off her work clothes, and stood at the bench chopping vegetables.

"This mail is for you." Scott said, leaning on the end of the bench, holding out the envelope to Janet.

She took a look at the cover, recognising the business address, "Another bill. Open it and check for me would you?" she asked, cutting some cauliflower into smaller portions.

Scott tore open the envelope, folding out the papers, to read over the form for credit card charges.

"It's a bill all right." Scott said, looking through the list of items of places and dates. He refolded the bill, slipping it back into the envelope.

Scott put the bill down where Janet indicated.

"So you're cooking the sausages tonight?" Scott asked.

“Yep. Serving it with some cauliflower and melted cheese, carrots and beans.” Janet said, indicating to the vegetables already cut. She turned about, turning the stove on to start cooking the sausages. In a moment, the saucepan of vegetables joined them on the stove.

“Make sure you cook those slowly.” Scott said, hearing the sizzle of the sausages, but only seeing Janet’s bare back.

Janet made sure the sausages were ok before settings the table. Becoming bored with watching the food cook, Scott migrated to the lounge room, to relax on the lounge in front of the TV.

Janet popped in and out a few times, sitting down next to Scott before getting up again to check on dinner. When it was ready, she called him to the table.

Scott had reactions all night, showing Janet an erect penis all the time. Even though she’d been on the pill for several months, she still had to hold herself back from Scott at the kitchen sink. The heat from water flowed up her chest and face, making her feel flushed, and horny.

It was an effort to just walk away and have a cold shower to drain away the lusty feelings. Nights such as this, all she wanted to do was curl up in bed with a book, which she did after saying goodnight to Scott.

Scott was a little disconcerted by Janet, but Monday’s were always stressed him more. After watching the TV for a while, he went to bed early also.

DAY 11 – Saturday 21st November – Janet's Parents

Scott had survived the working week, mostly intact from wearing next to nothing to and from work. On Wednesday however, Janet had stopped next to a packed School bus on the way home. Many of the students could see directly down into Janet's car at Scott's bare form. Scott heard the whistles from female students but didn't look up, keeping his face away from the window but neither bothering to cover up. Eventually the lights changed and Janet left the bus behind in traffic.

Scott grinned ruefully at the thought, feeling his heart beating fast again as it did during the event.

Today however was going to be more difficult. Janet's parents were coming over for their monthly dinner with their daughter, and Scott was going to meet them for the first time.

Janet had gotten up a bit earlier and gone for a jog, leaving Scott to mope about the house, feeling hungry but waiting for Janet to return to have breakfast with her. He played about on his computer for a bit, checking his financial records and making sure he was paying Janet promptly his board.

When his skin was irritated enough from sitting on his chair with his bare butt, he left the computer in search for something to do. Janet had already organised dinner for tonight. Roast chicken and several salads to go with the warmer weather.

Scott wandered around the house, until he remembered the gift Janet had gotten him last weekend, which he hadn't tried out yet.

It was a set of straps and layered thick leather, which he slipped on and secured. Pulling the straps a firmly he understood its purpose. He'd been flaccid about the house, but with the firm pressure, his erection stood out now with the rounded head of his penis exposed.

He walked about the house with it, experimenting with its movement. Just to be reckless, he sat down on the rowing machine in the lounge room and started rowing. Every time he pulled forward, it tightened and pushed between his raised legs. The feeling was highly sensual as he quickly started perspiring.

He heard the front door and stopped down as Janet came through the hallway. Seeing him on the rowing machine, she stepped into the lounge room.

"Morning. Nice to see you're doing some exercise." Janet said. She had her hand under her chin, taking her pulse.

Janet had her eyes on Scott as he pushed back, straightening out his legs to reveal his enlarged penis.

Janet lost count. She tried to start counting again, but couldn't concentrate on her pulse, and dropped her hand down.

She lost her voice for a moment, before squeezing out "I told you it would give an stiff erection."

"Yes. It's very..." Scott looked down between his legs trying to find the appropriate word, "... it feels good but neglected, like it's doing its job for no reward."

"Oh you poor man. Let me fulfil its job." Janet said stepping forward. She was still warm from the jog, but stained by sweat as she knelt down in a mounting position over Scott's legs.

Using one finger, she slowly ran it down the length to the leather base and up again. She leaned over, and ran her tongue up its length then played over the head, exploring the slight crack with the tip for a moment. She could smell Scott now; his skin smelt sexually enticing.

Now she wrapped her hands around, letting them slide at first as she ran them up and down, feeling the texture of the skin. Now slowly she moved the foreskin up and down. She felt Scott move slightly from the change in sexual energy. Her own carnal lust increased when she felt the sudden throbbing in her hands. She took another moment to lick all over the head, then took hold again. In a moment Scott erupted. Janet was close enough to wear receive most of it on her face.

Scott hadn't gone limp yet, but as she worked, he expelled his orgasm on her hands. She wiped a hand on her face, leaving most of it across her lips, which she unconsciously licked with her tongue.

She felt Scott slowly going limp now, and ceased her efforts.

She looked up at Scott's burning face, seeing satisfaction there. "I think you've been well rewarded now." Janet said, leaning back, getting to her feet.

"Yes. Well rewarded." Scott repeated. "I think I'm just going to sit here for a moment."

Janet turned about, and walked towards her bathroom. She took her time to wash he hands and face down, trying to remove the sticky dry feeling. She was starting to feel cold now, after standing about in her sweat soaked clothing. She pulled off her crop top and shaped sports bra, dumping them in the bin, followed by her shorts.

After a quick wipe down with a towel, she carried her sneakers back to her bedroom, selecting something comfortable to go over a bra and shorts to match. Finishing dressing, she went looking for breakfast.

Janet decided to go back through the lounge room, and found Scott still sitting there. "You had breakfast yet?" she asked.

Scott only shook his head, not wanting to move yet.

"Well, you better get up then, as I'm not carrying it to you. You might starve, and how would I explain a dead emaciated naked guy to my parents?" Janet said.

Scott laughed at first, then shivered as he brought up images he remembered of war victims. Finally he managed to get up. He didn't need to clean up as Janet had cleaned up what she could after finishing with him, and followed Janet out to the kitchen for breakfast.

Breakfast was quiet except for the few teasing pokes Janet made at Scott's unprotected anatomy. He took it well, considering he had expended himself completely earlier.

Janet had a bigger breakfast than usual, so Scott cleared his dishes away first, and finished his toiletries in the bathroom. He took his time; thinking about what chores needed doing today.

There were some priorities, like picking up old mail from his old landlord, and Janet had to go shopping. There were some things that just couldn't be bought during late night shopping. Like a new pair of running shoes, and Scott needed some Jeans.

He made a quick pass over his face with the electric shaver as Janet came in.

"You about ready to go?" she asked.

"Almost." He replied. "I'll need something to wear."

"Already taken care of. I'll meet you in the car." She said.

Scott saw her disappear from his view as he finished his face. He packed the razor up, tapping the hair from the blades into the sink.

It was quick dash out the front door, locking it with his keys, then hopping into the passenger seat. He looked around for a moment, reaching for the seat belt slowly.

Janet already had the car running, and pulled out of the driveway, forcing Scott to strap himself in.

Scott looked once again around the car for the clothing, Janet had promised, starting to feel anxious as they entered traffic.

All Janet could do was try to keep her face placid, seeing Scott next to her starting to worry, and half imagining herself also naked, as she could only see her bare legs if she didn't look down too far, as they drove through streets of people.

She realised she was caught up in her vision, when Scott repeated himself, "Clothes? You said you had some clothes?"

She cleared her vision, to respond to Scott, "I didn't say I had clothes in the car."

"Huh?" Scott said.

Janet could almost see him sink in the passenger seat, but decided to put him out of his misery after one last line, "All I said, was I'd taken care of it. I never said there were clothes in the car, but fortunately I stashed some clothes under the seat for you."

His immediate reaction was to reach down between his legs. He found a set of his shorts, t-shirt, and thongs. He made the effort to pull the shorts on first, whilst still bent over. By the time he had the t-shirt on, Janet was starting to look for an empty spot in the car park.

The shopping centre was quite busy on a Saturday, with a busy milling of people from outside on of the entrances, and all throughout.

After waiting in line at the post office to pay some of the regular bills, they wandered through one of the big superstores looking at clothes.

"What do you think?" Scott said, holding up a pair of jeans.

"Don't you wear anything but black to work?" Janet asked. "How about blue, or stonewashed, or how about bleached white!"

Scott mulled over the thought of varying the jeans he wore to work. There was no written word about what they couldn't wear. So he grabbed two different sizes of dark stonewashed to try on for size.

"I'll meet you in the shoe department." Janet said, as he went to try the jeans in the change room.

Janet worked her way through the men's underwear, casting glances over the pictures of prostrate men in briefs and shorts.

She spent several minutes looking at sneakers and trying a pair on before Scott showed up with a pair of jeans on his arm.

By the time they exited the complex, each had a couple of bags of new items, other than just clothing. Janet had also purchased a few additional items for dinner.

They visited Scott's old landlord, or rather, Scott did, and Janet stayed in the car after Scott advised her to stay, as the old guy had some peculiarities with young women. He was sort of ok with his tenants, but Scott told her about his stories and rumours.

"So Bob, found a new person for my old flat?"

"Yep. Were you thinking of coming back? Cause I'm full up for once. Not an empty place in the building." Bob said.

Bob rummaged about in several boxes, looking for Scott's letters. "So how's your new place? You live with that good looking chick in the car?"

Scott didn't feel like saying too much, but he always treated Bob almost like a friend, "It's pretty good, a lot more space than I'm used to. I don't have to pay quite as much board as I did for you, but then I'm having to pay for utilities separately."

Bob shifted some more boxes around as he searched. Scott's original opinion of Bob's home remained. Although it looked untidy, Bob kept the place quite clean. He was a fanatic about it, probably why he was so good at keeping tenants.

"Ok, here it is." Bob said, pulling up a closed file box with "Old Tenant's Mail" emblazed across the top and sides. He pulled out a handful of envelopes, half handing them over but holding back, "I never heard your answer about your cute looking friend, unless I'm going deaf."

Scott had his hand out, "She my new land lord, if you must know."

"Uh, huh. And she drove you over herself?"

"There's more to it than that, but you'd have to ask her yourself." Scott replied.

Bob only stood there, with his half squinting eyes.

"Are you going to hand over my mail, or are you planing to keep it for yourself?" Scott asked, with his hand out still.

Bob relaxed a bit, "Sure," He handed over the envelopes, but help them for a moment more, "But you watch yourself. Any serious relationship you yet yourself into, always requires some sort of commitment. It's like physics you know, for every action, there's a equal and opposite re-action." Bob released the envelopes then to Scott's hands. "So for every relationship, there's an equal need commitment. If not, the whole thing fails, like an explosion. "

"Ok, I've rambled enough. You'd better go Scott."

"Thanks Bob. I've had a diversion put in for my mail, so hopefully you shouldn't received any more."

Bob ushered him out. When Scott was half to the car, Bob called out to him, "Remember, you just can't break the laws of physics."

After Scott back to the car, he stowed his mail with the shopping to read after he got home, still mulling over what Bob has said.

Janet had to break his thoughts, to his clothing off again. His hands worked automatically, still thinking about relationships. He wasn't concerned right now about whatever might be happening outside this car, only on the two people in it, Janet and himself.

It occupied his thoughts all the way home, so much so, that Janet was a little concerned, as he hadn't said a word all the way home.

Disconcerting really, so she talked about her parents. He seemed to be listening, and it should help in making sure Scott didn't react to anything her parents might do.

Two sides of the same coin they were. Opposites in many ways, but similar enough to fall in love with each other. Occasionally they'd get at each other's throats, but always compromised in the end.

Janet had her own thoughts about what should or shouldn't be in a relationship. With Scott so far, it was turning out right. Tonight would be a turning point in the road, she only hoped they'd both be on that same road after.

Back at home, they took care of small tasks. Scott his mail, Janet looked over the garden for anything irregular.

Janet started preparations for dinner mid afternoon, so everything that could be done was prearranged. She'd done dinner a few times before with someone else and had her parents over. Mostly it was one of her sisters stopping by for a visit, and to catch up with their parents.

The only other person was an old colleague from University she'd worked with on team projects. He'd gone onto other things, and was only staying in town for a week. Of all things, she'd met him in one of her company meetings, showing off some new technological wonder.

He'd stayed in a hotel, but Janet took to feeding him the whole week as they caught up on old things, and new. That particular Saturday, he'd stayed to eat with her parents before returning that night on a flight home.

She was never sure what his plans might have been, but now he was half a world away, and now she had Scott.

She always made dinner with her parents an elaborate affair, as they always came well dressed. Not formal, but close enough, that they probably could have gone to the theatre afterward. But Janet always did her best, with what she had, and it usually came out right, usually.

She had to laugh while setting the table, when she remembered one of the times, when one her older sisters was over. She'd worn leathers and Jean's with studs. During dinner she had to get up, and pulled half her dinner into her lap. The tablecloth had gotten caught on one of the studs.