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I literally leapt out of my tent. "Good morning, campers! And how are we doing today? And where, oh where is my beloved P'nyssa?"

"Down by the river," Paul said, smiling. "You look happy today. Nyss went down to the stream to get some water for hot chocolate."

Carroll had settled down next the fire; I will admit to there being just a touch of chill in the air, and she looked chilled from it. "Carroll?" I asked. "You okay?"

"I've decided something," she said.

"Tell us!"

"I hate camping. I hate hiking. I'm not built for it. I think I'm a stay-at-home kinda mare."

"Aw, be serious, sweetheart. Here we are, in the great wild outdoors, with nothing but a crude trail marked in splotches of red paint to lead us up the mountainside, with little to entertain us and sustain us but our own intuition and whatever we can pack on our backs. It's so very rustic!"

"Well, I guess I'm not rustic. Aaden didn't come with us," she pointed out.

"That's because the poor boy's a wimp!" I said cheerfully.

"I'll tell him you said that."

I smiled and knelt down next to her. "Listen, my beautiful Centaur princess you, if you tell him any such thing he'll redden my ass so bad I'll never be able to sit down again."

"The price you pay for being so flippant," she said.

I sobered considerably and said, "Carroll, is there anything I can bribe you with?"

"I'll have to think about it," she laughed.

"Creature comforts, perhaps?"

"Such as?" she asked.

"What if I draw you a bath, a nice, warm bath, and give you a complete bodyrub, with comb, along with a Centaur mug of warm milk with two lumps of sugar and two shots of brandy?"

She looked down at me, then over at Paul. I followed the glance quickly enough to see Paul wink back at her. "I accept," she said. "Besides, I guess Aaden can always find some other reason to tan your butt. Just like you do him."

I laughed quietly and leaned up against the equine bulk of Carroll's body, folding my fingers against my chest. "Much better," I sighed.

"Is he being lazy again?" P'nyssa's voice came from the trail to the stream; she appeared moments later bearing a large pot of water. She handed it to Paul and wandered over to me. "Obviously."

"Very obviously," I said. "Good morning, sweetheart."

"I tell you, Carroll, I can't do anything with him. Ever since the Pamthreats he's been nothing but lazy."

"Hey, I work hard for my position in society," I mock-pouted; parts of this conversation were getting uncomfortably close to reality, and that sort of bugged me.

"No, you're just hard," P'nyssa said, kneeling. She leaned over to kiss me, and as she did so I felt Carroll shift gently; her fingers dug into my sides, sending me screaming into ticklish fits. P'nyssa put her mitts over Carroll's, using them in the most sadistic fashion I'd ever seen; she used her psionic healing talent to jack the feedback from my nerves sky-high. I was screaming, my entire body tickled at once by four small hands. It was one of the most effective torture devices she'd ever discovered. I wondered when she would bring it to Rhysh.

They stopped, and I sagged against Carroll, seething, clenching my teeth together. "I. Hate. When. You. Do. That."

"But you love it, don't you?" P'nyssa asked, smiling, leaning over to kiss me. And I admit, it does work; I responded to her kiss with a powerful, unbidden passion, grateful for this tiny pleasure from her after the enormity of the overload. As the kiss broke, my intensity went with it, and I sagged back against Carroll once again. "Wow."

"Good morning, Ken," Paul said, handing me a cup of cocoa. "Feeling better?"

"Much," I said, smiling, sipping carefully from the hot liquid. I don't like burning my tongue. Hurts.

We broke camp after quenching the fire; it didn't look like it was going to be a very good day. We had about twenty-five clicks in front of us, and I could smell rain in our coming day.

And rain it did. Although it was a warm rain, it came down in huge gusts that soaked through our clothes, our bags; it was going to be forever airing out the sleeping blankets.

I walked alongside Carroll, who grumbled and gritted her teeth all the way home. Her hair, long, straight and black, had clumped together into stringy lengths. I will admit to enjoying the wet t-shirt look, especially with Carroll, since of all the women I've ever seen naked, Carroll has what I consider to be the most perfect breasts in the universe.

I know, I know, I have a certain fixation on Carroll, for reason other than the obvious. There's a lot of history between Carroll and I, some of which goes back to before she was born. And now she knows it too.

I had decided to seduce Carroll Lewis; I knew that now. Sometimes my mind hides from me the truth about my intended course. Of course, eventually I choose to reveal to myself that truth. But now that I knew what I wanted, I wondered how I was going to go about it.

The bath seemed like an ideal situation. But that meant I had to wait until we got to the ranger station, the SDisk, and home. That's okay, I could wait. It was only a few hours away.

We got home before nightfall. Some of Carroll's foul mood puzzled me, because I've seen her run outside during a rainstorm and delight in it, enjoying the heaviest downpour, wheeling around, her tail tossing. I mentioned it to her.

"I didn't have a choice," she said. "I mean, if I wanted to, I could come inside at anytime. Out there, I just had to live with it."

And I don't like not having a choice."

I nodded. "By the way, would you like that bath?"

"You still want to do that?" she asked.

"I offered, didn't I?"

She thought about it for a moment, then said, "I accept."

I smiled and said, "I'll be right back." Leaving her in the living room of her dom, I left to go find Paul. I found him in conference room one, apparently studying.

"Paul!"

"Ken," he said smiling. "Hi!"

"I need to ask a favor."

He shrugged and said, "Anything you want."

"Are you sure?"

"Anything."

"Don't come home tonight?"

He looked puzzled. "You're right, that is something to ask 'Are you sure?' about. Are you going to play with Carroll?"

I nodded. "A thousand years is coming on us quick, Paul. A thousand years is too long to leave this one hanging."

He nodded gently and said, "I'm glad you're finally going through with it. Go ahead, have fun. I can make arrangements. Remember the advice I gave you."

"I will. Thank you, Paul. I appreciate it." I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

As I turned his hand grabbed my arm. "Ken- Sometimes I think Carroll's not the only person you have trouble with." He pulled me close, and I tried to relax as our lips met, and finally I did, kissing him gently and warmly.

I looked down into his golden eyes. There was a tear in one, a tear matched by one of my own. "Thank you, son."

He smiled and said, "You're welcome."

In a bit of turmoil, I returned to the Lewis dom and found Carroll lying on her side on the Centaur-sized bed, reading a book. "I'm back."

"So I see," she said. "Did you do everything you needed to get done?"

"Mostly. A couple of things came up, but I can handle them later." I lay down on the bed next to her and said, "You smell like a sweaty Centaur."

"Why thank you, Ken, that's the most romantic thing you've said to me all week."

The scary part about that was that it was probably true. I rarely aim romantic comments at Carroll. "What if I told you that I find it to be one of the most alluring scents I've ever had the privilege of being near?"

"Then I'd say you're as crazy as Paul, who tells me that at least once a day."

"Then I'm crazy... I accept. But it's still a great smell. If we could bottle it..."

"You'd have a bottle of Centaur sweat."

I rolled my eyes and said, "I'm going to go draw your bath."

"I'll be waiting," she smiled at me. I walked into her bathroom and examined the tub, suspension bench, and controls. "Dave," I said, "Can you get me a bottle of that Sea-Salt stuff P'nyssa like so much?"

"I can," the AI responded calmly, "but Carroll's not fond of it."

"Oh. Then what would you recommend?"

"Plain bubbles."

"Do it." It took maybe six seconds for Dave to transport the soap powder into my hand, and I soon had the tub rolling at her preferred temperature, with about 20 cents of bubbles. I surveyed the bathroom, looking for the brushes, combs, and oils that she preferred. Dave was helpful. Then I ordered her drink.

"Carroll," I said, gently, "Bath is ready."

I stepped out of the way as she walked into the bathroom and enjoyed the look in her eyes when she spotted the tub. "Bubbles!" she squealed, nearly jumping down the steps into the tub and settling onto the cushioned bench with a deep sigh. "I love bubbles."

"Then why don't you have any bubble soap?" I asked gently, sliding into the pool with her. A bathtub big enough for a Centaur is big enough for a human to swim in. I was literally holding onto the sides of the tub and trying to breath through a swarm of bubbles. I swam through the white haze to her and slid over her body.

She leaned her torso against me and sighed. "This is so nice." I gave a small mental command over my biocybe and the lights dimmed to one-third power. "That's even better."

"Tired?" I asked.

"A little," she admitted.

"Then this is probably a bad idea," I said, handing her the mug Dave had given me.

She sipped at it carefully, then closed her eyes and sighed, taking a big gulp. "Oh, that's so good. And it probably wasn't a good idea... I'm going to get even sleepier."

I smiled and reached for the bottle of soap and the showerhead. Turning the showerhead onto "gentle," I splayed the water slowly over her head, playing with her silky, fine hair. I poured some of

the soap into my hands and stroked my fingers into and through her hair, rubbing her scalp carefully. Her sighed was deep and satisfied. "I haven't decided if doing that can put me to sleep yet," she said.

"Let's find out," I said, chuckling slightly. After a few minutes of this, I rinsed her hair clean of the soap and began a careful stroking of her neck. With another mental command, the forward leaning bench these tubs have descended from the ceiling. "Lie down," I said.

"Yes, sir," she said, poking her slight fun at mine and Aaden's little hobbies.

"Hush," I said as I began to stroke her body lengthwise. It was hard to beleive just how tense her body was, but as I worked on it she began to relax, and as I eased each major muscle group down to a broken state she relaxed even more.

"You have no idea how much I need this," she said.

"I can tell," I said. "What's got you all stressed out like this?" I asked.

"I'm pregnant."

"Again?" I asked, amazed. "Michelle's not even twenty yet!"

"I know," she murmured quietly. "But I just wanted another one, as soon as I knew I was ready. I'm ready."

"Good," I said, relieved, but a little worried. After a few minute's pause I said, "Carroll?"

"Hmmm?" she asked quietly.

"That doesn't influence what I'm doing to you right now?"

"No," she sighed again. "It doesn't. I just want to have you touch me in ways you've never ever done before."

"You understand why, though?"

"Not really. But I'll take your word for it."

"Forgive me?" I asked.

"Of course I forgive you." I worked my way down her sides, then said, "Swing."

She pushed herself off from the bench, and the bench rotated around her to become a backrest. I perched on the edge of the tub and reached for her shoulders, working my way down each arm and paying careful attention to each finger. Then back up to her torso.

"Carroll, would you be embarassed if I told you I thought you had the most perfect teats in the entire universe?"

"For a Centaur," she said.

"No, I mean completely. The entire universe." I ran my soapy hand over one, absolutely fascinated by the sensation of her perfectly smooth alabaster skin under my fingers. Tiny bubbles slowly slid

down them and collected on the undersides. "They're so perfect, not too big, not too small, really tiny areolas, just a touch of pink color to them. And I'd swear they were held up by gravitics."

She smiled and said, "Feels good what you're doing."

I smiled and worked my fingers carefully under her breasts, trying to relax her chest, working my fingers into the ribs. She groaned softly.

I worked my way over the chambrist, the soft forward belly of Centaurs that provide a lot of the muscular and vascular support for the physiology. I worked the muscles carefully, not as worried as I would be with a humanoid, since there's only a minimal of GI systemics in the chambrist. Unlike humans, where the equivalent abdomen is a pain to massage.

As I reached the forward shoulders, she said "How are you going to do my underside?"

"You mean, without drowning?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'll think of something," I said, smiling. She chuckled as I worked my way around her, and swinging the bench back around to her front and asking her to lie down that way I worked my hands into her back, going both with my hands for her muscles and with the wetbrush to get the soap into her short hair.

"You do that so well," she sighed.

"It's all a matter of attention," I said, working my way down her rump, which was just barely submerged. I found her tail floating loose in the water and ran my fingers between the thick strands, freeing them up and getting the soap between the hairs. Then my fingers slid down her rump, and she sighed as I pressed my fingers into the inside flanks.

I had to get off her back to get the rest of her, but Dave had provided a footstool for me to immerse in the tub so I could stand with my head out of water. I was also standing right behind Carroll, and sometimes standing behind a Centaur can be even more of a matter of trust that standing behind a horse, but I trusted Carroll.

I ran my fingers down each leg as far as I could reach before immersing myself completely, then around the inside. With slow care I worked my way up between her legs; she cooed gently and said, "I want you to."

I smiled as my fingers came up along her belly and found her vulva. She moaned as my right hand slid over the large opening and spread her a little further open. I smiled. My left hand joined the right, working to part her open; my right hand curled into a fist and I pressed it up against her submerged cunt. With one easy push I slid into her cunt, up to the elbow easily. "Yes...." she hissed.

"Good?" I asked, smiling.

"Perfect. You've been talking to Paul."

"Guilty," I admitted, rotating my wrist left and right slightly, pressing against the walls of her channel. She trembled, making small waves in the pool. I began to pump her slowly, massaging her insides as well as I had her outsides.

"Yes," she said again, "That's it. Oh, harder!" I complied, putting more force behind my thrusts; I could feel the walls of her cunt gripping my hand and arm as I fucked her in her chosen manner. Then again, I doubt my cock would have garnered much attention from her- she is a Centaur, after all.

"More!" she cried. I put more behind my pounding; with every thrust I could feel her cervical opening against my knuckles, tickling. Water was sloshing everywhere. Her moaning was louder than ever, and coherent. "That's it, oh, that it!"

"Ken, I'm going to come!" she shouted. I was literally putting my back into it, full demanding strokes between her flanks, and finally she screamed one long "YES!" as she came, shuddering, her arms wrapped around the cushioned bench. She would have collapsed if it hadn't been for the support bench underneath her.

I slowly pulled my arm from within and held it underwater, wiping it clean with a fresh cloth. I threw the cloth out of the water and swam to the front of the tub. Her head lay against the bench, her eyes closed and her breathing deep and ragged.

After about a minute her eyes snapped open. "You!" she said. "Gods, that was good. Thank you."

"You're welcome," I answered, smiling. "I thought that would help. Paul told me about what you like. Unfortunately, I'm not equipped for half of them."

She chuckled and said, "Come here," gesturing with her left hand. I swam closer and she hugged me close. "You were wonderful."

"So were you," I answered, honestly. Although I hadn't had an erection during our lovemaking, if it could be called that, it had been one of the most exciting things I'd done in a long time.

"Rinse me off and let's go to bed."

"Good idea. By the way, this is known as 'getting back' for that scene on Pandora."

She chuckled and said, "You're welcome for that, too."

"I know. Love you."

"I love you too, father."