

STORIES

FOR YOUR DESIRE
EXPLORATIONS
AND ENJOYMENT
PLEASURE



JOGGING

Millicent Jensen

FOURTH EDITION 2026

Copyright © Play4Mates 2004-2026

The moral right of the author has been asserted hereby.

All rights reserved. without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner and the publisher of this work.

This work is a work of fiction. All characters in this work are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, or to events described herein is purely co-incidental.

ISBN: 978-0-9941717-0-2 (pdf, ePub, Mobi)

Publisher - Play4Mates.com

Please contact us at team@play4mates.com if you experience any difficulties in accessing this electronic publication.

JOGGING

His routine early each morning was well established.

By five-thirty on most mornings he was jogging.

He didn't always go the same way. But for most of the several ways he travelled, he went along Margaret Street. He almost always went that way on one or both days at the weekend. It led to his longest circuit.

For several weeks he thought he'd spotted someone watching him. At last, he saw her.

She didn't withdraw from the window fast enough. He waved. She ignored him. He was ready after that and waved before she had time to go.

After quite a few days, she at last waved back. Timid at first, but after a quite few days, some enthusiasm showed in her wave.

This particular Saturday morning, she was waiting by the gate to her residence. They waved and smiled to each other. She started to jog alongside him.

"May I jog with you?" she asked in a firm but sweet-sounding voice.

"If you'd like!" he replied.

"But would you like?" she shot back.

"Yes! Yes, I would," he conceded, *"It would be a lot nicer than simply thinking about you for the next half hour or so!"*

"Is that all I'm worth ... a half hour's thought every day or so?" she asked sadly.

"I didn't say that! And I most certainly think of you many times during my day and at night!" he replied, almost defensively ... before catching her smile out of the corner of his eye.

They turned their heads and smiled full on, as they ran.

They didn't say much more that Saturday.

He jogged her back to her place, which was not far from his and then with a smile

and a wave turned off for home.

She was there by his side, each morning he jogged past. He seemed to be jogging past her place more often than not lately. Their morning exercise meetings had been regular for several weeks. They didn't say much. But they enjoyed each other's company.

She was lithe, firm and beautiful. Her hair was golden light brown. Her limbs firm and hard from obvious exercise. Her breasts had no sag, although of medium size. Her lips were full and languidly sensual ... looking as though instantly ready for a call to action.

She wore aerobic shorts with a leotard quite often and often ran ahead of him.

He thought she may have been teasing him. Her butt was small and hard. Her crotch gaped between her legs. Without any fat. Just the way he particularly liked women. But there were few women that he didn't like.

She would have been barely of teenage years and be in her last year of high school! He confirmed this sometime on one of their jogs.

In the second month of their now daily meetings, the times they took were longer. So were the distances, especially on Saturdays and Sundays. But now, they jogged ... then walked and talked ... then jogged ... and so on repetitively: until he returned her to her gate!

Often with seeming reluctance they parted.

This particular Saturday, her outfit was new. A beautiful iridescent green. Light and fresh. And green his favourite colour. He spotted her waiting by her gate as he ran towards her. Her smile radiated warmth to him as she turned and looked directly into his eyes. She came to his side and they were off.

But somehow it seemed different. A special morning.

Somehow. But as yet undefined!

To compensate for their longer journeys, he had been setting off at five o'clock each morning. She'd asked about starting earlier. He'd agreed. So, for several weeks past the earlier time had been the norm.

This Saturday, it was almost seven o'clock before they reached her gate again. They had jogged. But they had seemed to do more walking and talking. Both were oblivious to the time.

"Come in, for some coffee!" her eyes pleadingly asked what her lips said.

"I'd like that!" he smiled warmly to her retreating back.

She obviously wasn't taking a *"No!"* for an answer, he thought.

Good thing, I said *"Yes"*, he thought as he followed her.

Their companionable walking for the last kilometre had slowly cooled them down. Sweaty they may have been, but he didn't feel the need to retreat to the shower urgently as he would have done had he been running home. Barely through his front door at home, he would have had his clothes off as he headed for the shower.

Their hot drinks turned into freshly squeezed orange juice. Nita had asked. He had agreed.

He sat at the kitchen table watching her at the sink. Her back to him.

She was a living picture of great beauty. Her body shapely and well proportioned. Very well proportioned. Her hair hung damply down her firm back, some across her shoulders. She worked efficiently and silently. Confident.

No silly giggling female this one, he thought.

"I'm sorry, Nita!" her melodious but husky voice returning him to reality, *"I was off the planet! What was it you asked me?"*

"Would you like a little ice in your juice?"

"Yes, please!"

Her bending into the refrigerator was pure heaven. He almost lost himself off the planet yet again. This lady's long legs up to her tight buns would send a monk into ecstasy!

The drink ready, she came around behind him. After reaching across his shoulder in the tight kitchen and placing the drink on the table in front of him, she withdrew her arms lightly back across his shoulder. Her hand rested on his shoulder. It lingered there.

He turned his head and lightly kissed the side of her hand. It stayed there. Gently he lifted her hand ... kissed it ... and began to caressingly kiss up the length of her arm.

By the time he had reached her shoulder, she had plopped onto his lap. Neither spoke. Their eyes longed. He kissed her neck. Her lips came around.

Their languidness had gone. Their sensual energy had not, as they locked their mouths together as old familiar lovers. Three months of sexual anguish began to pour forth.

"I'm sitting on something hard!" she said.

"You've always given me an erection!"

"You've always made me wet where he's pushing now!" she laughed.

"What do you do about it?"

"Masturbate! Often ... regularly ... thinking about your hard dick! I've seen it while we jog and walk, you know?"

They smiled. *"What do you do?"*

"The same!" he replied. "A whole lot more lately! I can't seem to get you out of my mind ... after our jogs ... at work ... at home ... other times! Almost all the time!"

"Do you have to jerk off during the day?"

"Yes ... sometimes!" he admitted.

"But mostly, when I get home each morning ... and at nighttime."

"You told me you didn't have to work today. How about we fix each other up today?" she smiled enticingly ... wriggling her fanny on his hardness.

He appeared hesitant. She read his thoughts.

"I'm almost nineteen and I've never done it before!

But God! ... I need a man ... better than any man, I need you!

For three months or more I've needed you ... ever since I started watching you out the window of a morning!

You know ... while I used to sit there and watch you ... I had no panties on ... I used to play with myself in anticipation.

Really rub myself when you came into sight. I'd have myself off, by the time I'd watch your beautiful bum reach the top of that hill!

I cursed myself so much for not having your dick between my legs, that I finally had had enough.

I decided I had to have you totally ... or give you up completely.

It took me more than a week to work up the courage to wait for you by the gate!

I don't know what I would have done, if you'd said no!

Your waves during that time ... and especially your smile during that week, gave me the courage I needed!

I've never done this before ... but I need to fuck with you so badly ... so badly I'm

aching inside ... either you've got to do it for me ... or I've got to go now and do it for myself!"

His lips found hers.

His free hand found her breasts.

Over time as their lips explored each other's lips and tongue and inner recesses of their oral holes, his free hand roved over the front of her body.

Caressing her breasts ... her stomach ... down her thighs ... her legs ... up between her crotch.

She moaned when his fingers lightly explored there.

She was growing in heat and wetness. She was trying to grind her own hips together.

She tried to bring her hand down once or twice to massage between her legs.

He replaced it around his neck.

She clung tighter, in frustration.

His hands and fingers became more active between her legs. Finally, he slipped his fingers under the side of her tights.

Only one layer between his fingers and her throbbing ... wet ... luscious cunt!

His fingers found her swollen hard clitoris through the thin layer of viscous material.

Rhythmically he began to massage her love button.

Her thigh movements came into unison with his fingers.

Her mound pressing against the palm of his hand.

Slowly ... at first: but quickly ... quickly ... more quickly ... their bodies were moving together.

She could feel ... he could feel his hard stiff prick ... as he gently nudged it into her covered backside.

She wanted him inside her. He wanted also to be inside her.

But for now, he was taking her with his fingers.

The rest she could have later.

Later, when she was so wet ... she wouldn't believe it possible to be so wet ... so randy ... so wanting ... so ... so very and exquisitely wanting ...

She came!

Gasping for breath ... clinging her mouth to his ... but yet wanting it free to grasp air.

Coming ... like she'd never felt before!

Oh! Isn't it wonderful, she thought, so fantastically wonderful to have someone else do it to you.

Wonderful to have someone else's hands between her legs.

Quietly her body movements settled. They clung to each other.

His hand moved reassuringly over her body. Over her whole body.

Body not yet completely naked as she'd wished ... but he was ensuring that she felt every touch!

In time, before their kisses again became too passionate, he lifted her from his lap and stood her facing him. Slowly and sensuously his hands reached out.

His hands rested either side of her neck. Sinuously his fingers stretched up to her ears, around to her throat ... her neck extended upwards to feel the full touch of his fingertips for as long as possible ... her lips kissed his fingers as they touched upwards over her face ... to her forehead ... down her temples ... behind her ears ... to the back of her neck.

He repeated the circuit ... gradually extended the time his fingers stroked down her shoulders ... and down the top of her chest. Her body shuddered in want ... extreme wanting of sensual touch and pleasure-gifting that simply had to become sexual in her mind's eye of passion.

Wantonly willing his hands to free her body of its clothed bondage.

At last, his fingers eased under the shoulder straps.

Slowly, he pulled them down from their clinging resting places.

The weight of the cloth that had been pulling on her shoulders was ethereal ... light ... ignored ... usually: but now her shoulders felt free ... released!

With a sigh she raised her shoulders ... he pulled downwards: in the opposite direction but in unison with her sigh of lightness. She threw her arms upwards out of the top she was wearing.

Her breasts sprang free.

Two mountains of solid muscle flesh, topped by hard pebbles, stood out in greeting.

His fingers touched lightly their bases. She smiled luxuriously and reached out her hands.

Taking his shirt, she bared his chest.

His fingers worked their tender and loving ways over all of her breasts.

Her nipples ... touched ... she sighed ... squeezed softly ... her passion enveloped her.

She flew into his arms.

Pressing her protruding hardness against his chest ... where her fingers had been wandering previously.

She buried her face in his shoulder and massaged it against him ... just like her nipples were doing to his solid lightly hairy chest.

Her mouth came up his neck. Kissed across his jaw. Found his ... mouth.

She longed to be filled with him through all parts of her body ... as her tongue found comfort dueling with his tongue inside his mouth ... then his tongue in hers.

He held her with his arms wrapped around her for a long time ... then his hands began to explore.

Her body. Her back. Her buns. He slipped her tights down over her hips. Slender hips. Firm ... thin thighs. His toes came up and removed the tights ... as she cooperatively side-stepped each action of his feet ... all the while locking her mouth to his.

Eager ... willing ... sensual lips crushing themselves against his firm but soft orifice.

As they kissed he slowly ... feelingly ... massaged the small of her back, her hips, her buttocks ... and peeled down her aerobic shorts.

Added heat consumed her lips as her fanny came free.

She reached out ... for him ... for his organ. He wore no underpants.

She found it up the leg of his shorts.

Gingerly ... she discovered it ... then grasped it in her hands.

He removed her pants.

Kept his hands and fingers roving over all parts he could reach of her body.

His fingers explored her rear valley ... his fingers in the softness of her lower back drove her wild.

As he crept down her crack, she spread them ... voluntarily ... involuntarily ... she didn't know ... she didn't care!

His fingers were going to her physical need ... her wanton physical desire.

Her growing nakedness made her free.

Free of past inhibitions. Free in her desires. Free in her love ... physical and emotional.

Free to do with her body as she wanted ... when she willed to do what she wanted.

An envelope of freedom ... surrounded her!

He reached down harder ... further!

His fingers skidded into slippery wetness.

She murmured. Pleasure sounds escaped her lips.

Longing. Wanting. More. More ... so much more the longing and wanting!

Slipping his tongue from her mouth, he leaned further over her back.

His fingers now reached the full length between her legs ... that wonderful space of pleasure she'd know only previously with her own finger ... now fingers from another ... another most wonderful person ... another most wonderful man.

They slipped back and forth. He nudged a finger into her front hole.

When her slipperiness was spread even further, he eased another finger into her tight arsehole.

She grimaced. Then settled to the pleasure.

But she wanted more. She rubbed his dick. She wanted to mount it. She tried.

"I want sex!" she pleaded. *"I want your dick buried deep in me!"*

"Not yet!" he replied, as he disengaged himself from her holes and lifted her into his arms.

"Is your bedroom this way?" he nodded.

"Yes! Oh yes!" she eagerly urged him onwards.

He laid her lightly on her bed. Rolling her over and over he massaged all parts of her body with his hands, his strong fingers ... with his lips and tongue following closely behind.

He kissed her and tongued her from head to toe. From toe to head.

The contractions of pleasure in her body were almost uncontrollable.

Eventually, he lifted up her legs ... beginning to kiss, lick and tongue her inner thighs.

She was squirming ... wriggling ... with pent up desire!

Her moans had turned to groans ... when finally, he decided to have mercy on her. She had had enough, he thought! Enough of what she wanted but hadn't had at that time.

So, he buried his tongue in her vagina ... and his lips licked and sucked and kissed and ate ... until she screamed in orgasm!

But he was not done with his mercy.

Lightly, he continued licking ... until she stirred again ... and again ... and again. Thrice more she felt the pleasure of orgasm from his face parts ... as he roved around her wet luscious cunt with his nose, and lips, and mouth, and tongue, and forehead.

"I can't come anymore!" she pleaded.

"Just rest!" he whispered, as he lay down beside her.

Stroking her, she was surprised to find that her arousal did not wane ... her exhaustion abated ... her acute wanting returned ... her passion grew!

She offered him her lips. He took them eagerly. Shortly he rolled her up on top of him. At first, it felt strange ... no, not strange ... for she had never done anything like this with anyone before.

It felt ... different!

Different than how she had for several years imagined it to be ... her lying on her back, her male mounting her ... his weight on top of her ... in her thoughts ... as she had masturbated many times previously!

This felt like pure freedom.

No weight.

His teasing arousal of her passion caused her to spread her legs.

At first, a little. In time, widely ... so she could give maximum exposure of her fanny to his body ... to his hard dick, that she tried to keep between them ... but which keep slipped away to the side.

It always slipped away, at a most inconvenient time ... she thought.

Just when she was getting her orgasm together.

"Are you ready to fuck?" he asked.

"Am I ever!" she said, as she rolled her eyes with willing longing.

"Lift up your body from me and come up a little!" he requested.

With his hand, he grasped his dick and guided it to the entrance of her love canal.

"Slid downwards, slowly!" he told her.

Her eyes rolled with the erotic pleasure of penetration. She eased her pleasure hole downwards ... engulfing his dick ... taking his full length into her body ... pressing fully until her clitoris found his shaft.

"We probably need to make a slight adjustment, sweetheart" he whispered in her ear.

"Adjustment!" she sounded disbelieving. *"This is pure heaven!!"*

"Wait 'til we've rubbed them together ... and got them exploding together ... then you'll know pure heaven!"

"So, what adjustment then?" she asked quizzically.

"I want you to pretend you are standing up, with your legs apart. Imagine rotating your pelvis so that you pull the bone under your fanny upwards ... and, at the same time drop the bone in your buttocks downwards. Can you imagine doing that?"

She thought about it. Pictured it in her mind with his help.

"I think I can imagine it; but ... I don't see ..."

"Now, just do it!" he suggested strongly.

As she did it, he did it too. She gasped.

"Oh my god! Your dick went further in!" she glowed.

"And your clitoris has a better approach to rub on it!" he added by way of explanation.

"Now ... we're ready to start fucking!" he explained. She looked at him strangely.

He explained how it often felt strange at first. Particularly, for seasoned lovers who had to adjust their physical approach to their lover.

Slowly, his fingers circled her hips ... caressed her buns ... came to her back ... down to her downy lower back ... circling ... back up her body sides ... a finger squeezed in between them to her breast ... her nipple hard ...

Slowly, but easily, he stirred her passion again. She rocked back and forth, began to rub up and down ... lightly, softly ... her arousal grew stronger ...

Soon, passion gripped her ... she raised her body on her arms ... thrusting her wanting flesh button up and down his shaft ... the length of his dick sliding in and

out of her love hole.

He raised his head and licked her nipples. All the while smoothing his hands along the side of her hips.

As she grew more and more excited ... more wanting of physical encounter, he slowly gripped her buns and held her body hard against his own.

"Oh! Yes! YES!" she exclaimed. "Your dick is so hard ... so strong! I want to fuck you ... more ... forever!"

"Fuck me, my darling ... Oh! You feel wonderful on my dick! Your muscles are so tight around my pole ... it wants to squirt inside you!"

She pounded faster and harder.

"Yes, give me your juice!"

He thrust forward harder. With that she reached the precipice and plunged over. Sobbing her delight of orgasm as she collapsed on him ... exhausted.

He held her. Caressed her body. All parts that he could reach. He kissed and licked the lobe of her ear. Slowly, in time the wanting in her stirred again. His pole hard.

"Did you come my love?"

"No! Not yet!" he responded. *"Not 'til you've had a greater fill!"* he reassured her.

"But ... I've never had so many orgasms before!"

"With practice, we'll have far more ... together, my angel!"

"Oh, lead me on! This heaven I can handle!" she whispered eagerly, as her passion was building and he started to position his body ready for her renewed rutting.

Three more times she came. Disappointed that he had not yet unloaded into her.

"I'm exhausted, my darling! Come on top and fuck me ... I want your juice!" she pleaded.

"One more time like this, Nita ... just for me?" he asked.

She smiled. *"I'll try! I don't know where to find the strength, but I'll try!"*

He had kept her arousal on low key turnover with his hands all the while.

Now he increased the rhythm. Her body started to respond.

But this time he held her buttocks firmly to him and they both began to thrust.

Sensuously. Flesh to flesh. Wet tunnel to hard pole. Rock hard clitoris to rock hard shaft.

Not long and lascivious thrusts in and all the way out. But short hard rubbing together. Two bodies. Two sex organs. Passions increased. His finger ran up and down between her buns.

Moisture the full length. He slipped the tip of his finger into her arsehole.

She broke momentum ... just for a moment.

Then the sensuality took over. The sensations in two holes were unbelievable.

"Oh! OH, fuck my arsehole!" she pleaded.

"I'm fucking your arsehole ... and your cunt, my darling! And ... you feel absolutely gorgeous! Go on my darling ... rut ... my sperm wants to come to you!"

I want to blow my juice deep inside your cunt ... all over your womb!

I want to fuck you so badly! ... Oh! Come on, my darling! Come on! I'm starting to ... oh! ..."

And with that her orgasm began. So did his. And their bodies kept up their respective rhythms ... but in unison! They finished as they began ... together!

They rested in each other's arms.

His still hard dick slowly thrusting slightly in and out.

His hands caressed her.

His lips began to suckle the parts of her shoulder, her neck, her cheek, her ear ... that were in reach.

"I want you Nita! I want you ... so badly!"

"Can you fuck me some more?" she whispered.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" he said as he nodded.

"Then take me! Have me as you want me!" she offered.

He shifted her legs on top of him ... and then in between his legs.

He wrapped his arms full around her ... one holding her buttocks firmly to him. With gentle rocks he rolled over on top of her. Then spread her legs ... very willingly they came apart!

At his suggestion, they went through the earlier exercise of re-positioning their pelvises. Better physical contact was obvious as he began to thrust in and out of her body.

Greedily her slurping wet cunt took his dick. He settled quickly to rubbing her clitoris with his shaft. Her passion ... which she thought had gone ... soon returned.

She had two more orgasms, before they again climaxed together ... pumping his sperm into her as she mutually wet them both with her moistness ... moistness that became a flooding river ... gushing over their organs ... down her bottom and legs ... over his balls ... down her crack ... to the bed below.

He squirted into her twice more, while she had three more orgasms ... before their exhaustion found them. He shifted his weight to the side off her body. But his dick stayed firmly planted inside her love tunnel.

They slept ... locked together in each other's bodies and arms!

Two hours later, they awoke. Almost together.

They smiled. Kissed. Lovingly.

"I never thought it could be this good!"

"It isn't for most people!" he said sadly.

"No! So, I've heard from most of my friends. That's partly why I was so scared ... or took so long to try! Why am I so lucky?"

"That I can't answer! But, from what I've heard ... most males are pretty stupid when it comes to sex!"

"That's what my elder sister says ... and most of my school friends! But why?"

"Because most males think that getting it in there is enough! Most males think they are doing the lady a favour by filling her cunt with a prick! Most males don't know enough about their own sex organs ... and know even less about a woman's body!"

"But why do women let it happen?"

"A lot of reasons, I guess! They've been trained to be submissive ... they submit!

They don't know how to talk about sex with a man ... mainly, because when they try the man is too damn stupid to understand what they're talking about ... so they submit, and hope it will fix itself ... but it never does!

A whole lot of reasons ... but none of them are very good!"

"So, how come we're so lucky?" she asked again, reaching her fingers out to stroke his face tenderly.

"Because you're very randy and know what you want!" she nodded approvingly.

"And, because I've read a lot ... and was very fortunate to be taught a lot by a very experienced and passionate friend.

She showed me where I was being an idiot. Taught me how not to be!"

"Did you mind me being a virgin?"

"I love virgins! ... and love helping them not to be so!" he said as he smiled teasingly.

She smacked him lovingly across the head. Kissed his nose.

"But you're not a virgin anymore!" he quipped.

"No! Thanks to you!" she barely got the words out, before their lips met and their tongues intertwined and they explored each other again.

"Do you think we could spend the day together?" she asked when they eventually separated.

"You bet we can! And ... tonight ... if you like?"

"I like!" she rolled her eyes seductively. *"My sister left last night for a month's holiday overseas! I'm alone ... all alone ... and sexually ravenous! Even more ravenous, after having you this morning! Why do I want more!"*

"You can't have too much of a really good thing!" he counselled.

"Good loving makes you want even more ... and there's nothing wrong with that! You should never be able to have enough good sexual fulfilment and satisfaction!"

"So, what's your ideal?" she asked teasingly.

"Oh! Three women of course!" he quipped back.

"All at once ... I mean, together ... living together?"

"Yes, of course!" he replied.

"It's not an unknown phenomenon, you know! Sure, it's happened in other times and places and cultures ... but there are still a few examples around in our society.

I knew a fellow once ... from Russia or somewhere over there ... who had a mistress and a wife. He found another man with his mistress and killed him.

He went to jail for manslaughter. While he was in there his wife and his mistress came to visit him, together. I'm not sure how they met now! Maybe at the trial.

When he came out they both lived with him ... very happily ... and had his kids! A bit extreme, I concede ... not the ideal way to do it! But there are other examples around!"

"Three women, ay?" she smiled surreptitiously.

"... I think Virginia and I are coming closer and closer at school. Perhaps I should tell her about today and invite her over. I'm thinking I'd like to have her as a lover

also. I'm sure you'll like her also!"

He drew her to him. They locked together in a warm embrace.

"Will we spend the day in bed today?" she asked.

"If you're willing, we've plenty of time to make love over the next month. What say we have a shower and go out somewhere for the rest of the day?"

A heart-warming smile broke over her face.

"I love to do that, lover darling!"

They kissed longingly. He got up, picked her up into his arms and carried her to the bathroom.

He manipulated the taps, while she sat on his leg ... his foot planted on the walls foothold.

After testing the water temperature ... he slowly introduced her body to the waters soothing ripples ... eventually he stood her on her feet ... and with soap in hand began to lovingly wash her body all over!

With hands and lips ... he washed and kissed her splendid naked loveliness from head to toes.

And Nita speculated about what it would be like if she got Virginia to come over for some time and experience having cum introduced into her holes ... all of her holes ... because she thought that Virginia was a virgin and didn't want to be such.

But that's another story for another time.

For now, they dressed in minimal clothing and went out for the day and readied themselves for passionate love-making that night!

EROTIC ROMANCE SERIES

PROSPECTIVE AUTHORS OR AFFILIATES

Contact us if you'd like us to look at publishing some of your short stories or fuller works digitally. We do not publish hardcopy works.

Short stories are usually between about 5,000 to 15,000 words. Fuller writings are often in the order of 40,000 or more words.

Tell us if you want to use your own name or a pseudonym. Suggest any pseudonym you'd like to consider using.

Ensure what is presented to us is all your own work; written by you and not by artificial intelligence programs.

If you want to write, do not be scared. We'll try to help you build your confidence. You can write, if you want to do so.

If you'd like to be an **affiliate** selling all of our publications, you are welcome to discuss this with us also.

You can earn some money while dealing with your desires and pleasures ... and do so quietly behind the scenes of your life, if so preferred.

© **Play4Mates.com**