

“Tracy”  
By Dirty Dawg

*Prologue*

The thing of it is, we both know it's basically wrong. But we didn't ask for the situation to end up this way. When Tracy and I met, we were friends, good friends at first. Slowly, over time, it grew and blossomed until it became something much, much more, something special and unique, something you'll be lucky to find once or twice in your life.

It's just that we never wanted it, we never intended for it to get this complicated. It all started two years ago.

# -1-

## *Meet Cute*

The first day of high school is always a blast. Everything is new and special again, just like your first day of any other grade. But there's the added excitement of being in a new school, new teachers, new rooms. Everything takes on a unique, electric kind of charm. You find yourself thinking ahead to all the days and weeks and months you'll be spending here, learning, growing, becoming who you're going to be in this world.

For me, the first day of high school had an added bonus. I met Tracy. You see, the school sent me this little piece of computerized paper that told me which locker had been assigned to me, and what my classes, rooms and teachers were. When I figured out how all the lockers were numbered, I finally tracked mine down. That's when I met Tracy.

Her locker was next to mine. If that isn't divine intervention, I don't know what is. I came up behind her, intending to snap my shiny-new padlock on my locker, and saw this...goddess standing next to my locker. All I could see was the side of her face. She was beautiful.

A word here on Tracy's looks. I don't know how to explain it without sounding corny, but I'll try my best. Tracy was...fresh face, like a farm girl. She had a natural beauty, the kind of beauty that never goes away, no matter how old she gets. She wasn't model- gorgeous, and she didn't look like a junior slut-in-training that some of the girls at that school did. She wasn't wearing any makeup that I could see, but her skin was perfect. Pale, white, porcelain skin. Her eyes were huge and round, deep blue, the color of the ocean on a stormy day. Her nose was perfect and small and upturned just a little. Her hair was glorious. Long and the color of honey, it hung to the middle of her back in flaxen waves. Her smile, when she showed it, was wide and white and invigorating. She was wearing an izod shirt and dockers and topsiders. She looked like a vision to me. She looked perfect.

I turned and walked away. The thought that this girl, this perfect person, would be next to me, all year long, every morning and every afternoon, and possibly even between classes, blew me away. I was going to have to get to know her. There was no other option. But then what? Would I ask her out? Could I? She probably already had a boyfriend, some huge hunk that played football or basketball, or worse, wrestled or boxed. There was no way this girl didn't have a boyfriend. Life doesn't work that way.

But it was true. She was single and alone. No one had asked her out. She wasn't flashy enough for the jocks and the popular guys. She was quiet and studious and just a little too shy for her own good.

Her name was Tracy, and I found that out because the same computer that had assigned our lockers together had also has the vision and insight to assign us to the same homeroom. Freshman didn't get to pick their own schedules, and I was astonished to see Tracy in class after class after class that first day. I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

The second day of class, I got to my locker early, stocking it up with blank notebooks and paper and pens and all the shit you need for modern education to work. I sensed her there a moment before she walked into my line of sight. She dialed her combination and opened her locker, inserting a lot of the same stuff into hers that I was jamming into mine.

"Hi," she said out of the blue. "I'm Tracy."

"Steve," I said, offering a smile.

"I saw you yesterday," she started, and I paled, thinking she was going to say that she'd seen me staring at her. "...we have a lot of classes together, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. I couldn't think of anything more to say.

Then she turned and looked at me full in the face for the first time. I heard this funny buzzing in my head, and felt something strange in my stomach. Looking at her was hard; looking away was harder. I wanted to reach out and stroke one of her cheeks with my finger. I wanted to feel her skin under my touch. And I wanted to kiss her so much. In my mind, I could see her leaning towards me, her eyes slowly closing, her mouth parting just a little as we pressed our lips together, the passion, the sweet, pure hunger between us growing and-

"Steve?"

I snapped out of it as she said my name for the first time.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm just thinking about classes and stuff."

"Oh," Tracy. I could hear the smile in her voice.

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It seemed that everywhere I turned, the fates were conspiring to bring Tracy and I closer together. I've always been a writer ('natch) of sorts, and so one of the first extracurricular activities I investigated was The Centurion, our school paper. I wanted to be a journalist or a novelist when I grew up, and this seemed like a way to get some good experience.

At the orientation meeting, I had found a seat in the back and was settling in to become invisible when I saw Tracy walk through the door. She spotted me and smiled, walking over to take the seat next to mine. She leaned over and whispered, "Looks like we're the only two Freshman," she said. I just nodded, not sure what, if any, reply was appropriate.

I had some writing samples with me, as did Tracy. She looked at mine and lifted her eyebrows. I handed them over. She read them quickly, scanning them, I assume. She handed them back with a noncommittal face on and I waited for a good two minutes before finally whispering, "Well?"

"They're very good," she allowed. I indicated that I wanted to read hers, and she was suddenly shy and demure. She was getting ready to hand them over when Dr. Kelton, the faculty advisor, walked into the room and started the meeting, saving Tracy from my critique. But that didn't stop me from enjoying her opinion of my work, however.

We both made the paper.

But that wasn't all. Things really started to get interesting in science class about three weeks later. In our school, if you want to take honor classes, you have to take a test to see if you're capable of the work first. Also, you have to be invited to take that test, you just can't ask to take it.

Dr. Kelton, who also happened to be our science teacher, took Tracy and I aside one day after class and told us that he wanted both of us to take the test in two months, and that we had all that time to prepare and study. He suggested that we work together to divide up the work and make it easier.

And that's how Tracy and I started spending a lot of time together. That's how Tracy and I became best friends. And that, friends and neighbors, is how I started to fall in love with her.

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We agreed to meet at the library after school every day. Dr. Kelton gave us a suggested reading list, and on the first day we located all the books on the list and piled them on a table in the reading room. There were four piles, each two feet tall. We sat back and looked at them, then at each other, and then burst out laughing. There was no way we could cover all the material, but as Tracy so sagely reminded me, we only had to cover enough to pass the test. We could learn the rest at our leisure as we took the honor courses in the following years.

I agreed. Tracy sighed one last time, opened her purse and pulled out a pair of reading glasses. Donning them, she reached for the reading list and started checking off volumes, assigning some to me, some to her. Me? I was lost. Just watching her read, seeing how the bangs of her silky golden hair hung over her brow, lightly brushing her eyebrows, the way the glasses perched on the end of her nose, the way she tapped the eraser of the pencil against her perfect pink lips...I was lost. She looked so... good. That's the only word that fits. Good.

She caught me looking again, and I blushed, turning away.

"Ok," she said, handing me the list. "The checks are yours, the x's are mine. What do you think?" I checked the list. She had given me chemistry and physics. She took biology and earth sciences. It seemed like a fair trade, and I agreed to it. We opened notebooks, licked the ends of pencils, and reached for the books.

All that week, we met in the library after school, dug into the books and took copious notes. I filled up three notebooks that week. On Friday, near six, we looked at each other and just nodded. It had been a long week and we were both beat.

"Ok," Tracy said, putting her stuff away. "We take a day off, and Sunday we meet at my house and go over the notes. You teach me what you learned, and I'll teach you what I learned. Fair?"

"Fair," I agreed. "What did you learn this week, anyway?"

"More about biology than I ever thought I wanted to know."

I was rubbing my eyes. "Anything in particular, or just biology?"

"Hmm?" Tracy asked, making some final notes in the margin. "Oh... no, uh..all kinds of things. I got a ton on sexual reproduction." The way she said it, the casual air with which she tossed that off, caught me by surprise. Surely, she couldn't be dropping some sort of obtuse female hint, could she?

My fingers stopped rubbing my eyes. I looked over at Tracy, but she was still writing notes in the margin. I figured it was nothing and stood to leave.

But I was really looking forward to Sunday.

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All day Saturday, I thought about Tracy. I couldn't get her out of my mind. I had this huge mental image of her studying, the hair, the eyes, the bangs, the pencil-against-the-lips, the whole thing. She was perfect. I couldn't stop thinking about her. I knew that I was starting to fall for her, but I didn't know what to do about it. I didn't want to ask her out, in case she told me that she didn't want to go out with me. I couldn't take being rejected by the most perfect girl in the world. No way, no how.

So I did nothing. My Dad caught me sitting in the reading nook, staring off into space. Since the divorce, my father has been trying to spend a lot more time with me. I live with him, mostly because my mother had gone off to 'find herself,' and didn't want to be bothered with a kid. It still hurt, even though it had been almost two years. I wished my father would date, but he was still hung up on Mom.

"Hey sport," he said, lightly thumping me on the back. "Whatcha thinking about?"

"A girl," I said. I could always tell my Dad anything, and I really wanted his advice. I told him all about Tracy, and I guess I was a little moon-eyed, because when I was done I looked over to see my father smiling softly.

"Guess I got it bad, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah, but that's cool. There's nothing like your first love, Steve."

"Who was your first love, Dad?"

He was quiet a moment, and then he softly said, "Your mother."

*Ah, shit.*

"So what should I do?"

"Just keep it even and cool for now, pal. If she likes you, you'll know it. There's no need to rush. You've got all the time in the world."

"Yeah," I agreed. "That was my plan."

Dad left me to my thoughts.

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When I got to Tracy's house the next day, she answered the door after one ring. At school, Tracy normally dressed pretty fancy. Lots of flowery dresses and things like that. I think she wore pants twice in all the time I'd seen her.

Today, however, she was casual. She wore a T-shirt and jeans, and topsiders. Her hair was up today, in a sexy French braid. Her youthful breasts were pushing softly against the well-washed material of her shirt, and I wanted to badly to reach out and cup one in my hand. I wanted to feel their weight and softness, the heat of her against me. But I just smiled and said, "Hey!"

"Hey yourself," she said. "C'mon in. We have a ton of work."

Always the whip-cracker, Tracy was. I stepped inside, carrying all my notes, and we went to her father's den. Or, what had been left behind after her father had died. I'd learned that Tracy's father had died in a horrible car wreck about two years ago. She was like me, a single-parent kid.

We set up shop. I sat behind her dad's desk, in the big leather chair, and spread out. She sat down in a huge, old leather wing chair across from the desk, sitting Indian style, and opened her notebook on her knees. She poised the pencil above the page and gave me the go-ahead signal.

For the next three hours, I delivered a lecture from my notes on all the things I'd learned about physics that week. She took notes very quickly, and I was amazed at how fast she picked it all up. She asked several highly intelligent, pointed questions, questions that told me little escaped her steel-trap mind.

We broke for a snack. We were in the kitchen, joking and laughing as we made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and poured huge glasses of cold milk. I felt so at ease with Tracy, like I'd known her my entire life. I felt like she was a person, instead of just a girl. I know how strange that sounds now, but back then, girls were an entirely different species.

We sat down at the table and ate our sandwiches.

I was in the middle of a bite when Tracy put hers down and said "Danny Stoner asked me out on Friday." I paused chewing for the briefest of seconds, and then managed to continue. I kept my face as expressionless as possible. I'd feared this, worried that someone else would find out what an incredibly special girl that Tracy was, feared that someone with a whole lot more experience with girls than I would figure out a way to approach her and ask her out. And now it had happened.

After about a minute, I managed to croak, "Are you going to go out with him?"

This time Tracy paused. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I told him that I'd let him know." I digested that piece of news with the sandwich. We finished our lunch in silence. Tracy stood and gathered my plate and glass and went to the sink to wash them.

Now or never, pal. I stood up and walked over to Tracy. She had her back to me, and I put my hands on her shoulders. I heard her gasp softly.

"I don't think I'd like it if you went out with Danny Stoner," I said quietly.

Silence, for about thirty seconds, and then, just as quietly: "I'm glad that you wouldn't like it." Slowly, Tracy turned in my arms until she was facing me, her butt against the sink. She was about seven inches shorter than I was, and she lifted her face to look into my eyes. Her gaze was serious, unblinking, and we stared at each other for one incredible moment.

The moment grew. Tracy licked her lips with the tip of her little pink tongue. I didn't need an engraved invitation. I did the One Inch Head Move. Every guy knows what that is. The One Inch Head Move is when you move your head one inch, one single inch closer to your girl. If she doesn't move back, or better, if she moves towards you, you know that the kiss is OK.

Tracy moved towards me, that one single inch. Net gain: two inches. There were still seven between us. The room was very quiet. A bird chirped in a tree. Far off, a dog barked. Another inch. Tracy blinked, and it was in slow motion. Her eyelids came down slowly, paused, and then back up, her eyelashes fluttering. Her huge blue eyes found mine again, and her head turned to the side, slightly, just an inch. We move closer still. My fingers tightened on her shoulders.

Tracy lifted herself just a little, onto the balls of her feet. She was so close I could feel her warm breath on my face, on my lips. Her eyes closed a moment before mine did, and then our lips touched gently. That first kiss was incredible.

First, there was gentle pressure. The pressure relaxed, and Tracy's mouth opened just a little, and she kind of...sucked my lower lip between hers. Then she released again, and then caught my upper lip and gently sucked that one, at the same time stepping against me, pressing her body against mine. I felt the soft, firm pressure of her breasts against my chest and I moaned in my throat.

The kiss intensified. I felt Tracy's mouth open against mine, wider this time, and then she reached in with her tongue and gently licked mine, and then she ran it over my teeth. I sucked at it gently, and then felt it retreating. I chased it with mine, and Tracy gently sucked at it. Her hands went around my waist, and she pulled me against her.

I was as hard as a rock, and I knew she could feel my need pressing against her. And then the kiss ended. We pulled apart a little, and then pressed our foreheads together. Our eyes opened, and Tracy smiled up at me, and then she giggled.

"Took you long enough," she said.

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Obviously, things changed after that. Tracy and I kissed a few more times in the kitchen, until things started heating up. My hands were aching to touch her breasts, but I stopped them with sheer willpower.

Tracy pulled away from me and put her perfect, tiny hands on my chest, and then put her head on top of her hands, turning her face to the side.

“You have no idea,” she said softly, “how long I’ve wanted you to do that.”

“Probably as long as I’ve wanted to do it.” I hugged her to me, and then she stepped back. “C’mon, we still have a lot of work to do.”

We went back into her dad’s den and got back to work. But it wasn’t like it had been. It was her turn to talk, and my turn to listen. Tracy liked to walk as she talked, using her hands as she lectured me on biology. She was up to pheromones, talking about how animals attracted each other with scents, and how some species were monogamous and how some were not. She was behind my chair as she talked about species mating for life, and suddenly she spun it around, her face an inch from mine.

“How about you?” she demanded. “Do you stay with one partner?”

There was a hint of humor in her voice, but not much.

By way of answer, I leaned up and kissed her. “I don’t want anyone else,” I said. “Just you.” She kissed me back, and then we continued to study.

Later, she was talking about erosion or something like that. She was standing in front of the window, looking out on the block, reciting her notes from memory. I got up as silently as I could and walked behind her.

I slid my hands around her waist and pulled her body against mine. Tracy didn’t falter, didn’t even break stride. She just kept talking about erosion as I lowered my head and kissed her neck.

“Mmmm,” she said, lifting one of her hands to hold my head against her. “That feels nice.” I moved up slowly and kissed her earlobe, and then blew a little air into her ear. She giggled. When I gently, softly licked her ear, she groaned and twisted in my arms, bringing her hands up to my face, bringing my head closer...and then we kissed again, a soft, moist kiss that made me melt. The kiss intensified again, and our mouths worked together, hungrily. Her hand was at the back of my neck, her nails scratching my skin, pulling me harder against her. I could smell Tracy, her clean, pure scent in my nose as I tried to devour her with my mouth.

I could feel the hot, hard points of her nipples pressing against me, and I knew she was aroused. But...something held us back. Something made me pull away from her after the single most intense kiss of my life. I started to pull back, aware that my hormones were raging, that my arousal was almost out of control. Tracy saw the fear and naked need in my eyes and let me go, her hand still on my face until I stepped back.

She turned back to face the window and continued on with her lecture. Slowly, I went back to the desk and sat down, and resumed taking notes.

We finished about three hours later. I packed my stuff up and got ready to leave. I was at the door, opening it, when I heard a discrete cough behind me. Ah, that’s right. Gotta kiss her goodbye!

“Oops,” I said, turning back to Tracy. “Forgot to kiss my girlfriend goodbye!”

The look on her face when I called her my girlfriend made my heart sing. She smiled at me, and I felt the warmth of the sun. I leaned down and kissed her softly, and then turned to go. She caught my head with her hands and turned me towards her again. Tracy kissed ME then, her mouth

opening against mine again. We touched tongues, and then she broke the kiss and pushed me towards the door, laughing.

“See you in school tomorrow, Steve.”

“See you.”

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What happened next is probably not what you’re expecting. But in a weird sort of way, it was predictable. What happened was that on the way home from Tracy’s that day, I got hit by a car.

My mind was in the clouds, thinking back to the kisses that Tracy and I had shared, and I stepped off the curb without looking first. I heard a horn, a screech of wheels, and then a blinding flash of light and pain.

And then nothing.

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No, I didn’t die. But I did break both my legs in several places. I woke up in the hospital the next day. The doctors told me that I’d be in the hospital for about two weeks, and flat on my ass for about four months.

My dad was there when I woke up. He told me that Tracy was waiting downstairs to see me, but the hospital had a rule about having to family or something, and she could not come up to my floor. She was worried about me, my father said, and wanted to know if I needed anything.

What I needed were her arms around me, holding me, but I shook my head.

“Nice girl,” my father said.

“Yeah,” I managed weakly. “She’s great.”

“Is she the one?”

“Huh?” And then I remembered our conversation. “She’s my study partner,” I said, because I didn’t want my father interrogating her about our relationship. I would live to regret telling him that.

“Her mother is down there with her,” my father said, and then his voice got a little distant. “Interesting woman, Kate.” The pain medication they were giving me took effect, and I passed out.

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The phone woke me two days later. It was Tracy.

“Hi,” she said, her voice music to my ears. “How are you?”

“I’m much better now,” I replied.

She giggled. “When are you coming home?”

“About a week.”

“Good,” she said. “I’ve got some news you are not going to believe.”

“What?”

“Your father and my mother are dating!”

“What?!”

“They met in the ER after your accident. The next day, your father called my mom and asked her out! They’ve been out like four times in the last week!”

“Oh, shit!” I said.

Tracy turned defensive. “What’s the matter with my mother?”

“Nothing, Tracy! But what if they fall in love?!”

“That’d be great!” Tracy said. “My mother really needs someone in her life.”

“What if they get married?!”

“Even better! I think they make a wonderful couple!”

“Tracy! If they get married, we’ll be stepbrother and sister! We.. we..can’t...!!”

That got her attention. “Oh,” she said, her voice suddenly small and far away. “I hadn’t thought about that.”

Shit.

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It happened. Against all odds, it happened. I got out of the hospital about two weeks after the accident, and I spent the last four months on my ass. I missed the test Tracy and I had started to study for, and she passed it, gaining admittance to the honors program. I had a nurse at the house that was there all day, every day, and Tracy and I didn’t have a single chance to be alone. Nurse Helga, as I called her, watched over me like a mother Hawk.

Meanwhile, Dave, my father, and Kate, Tracy’s mother, continued to date. It came as only a mild shock when they announced that they were getting married. They were so happy, so ecstatic about finding each other that neither Tracy nor I could bear to break the news to them, news we already both knew.

Kate and Dave might have loved each other, but so did Tracy and Steve. Very much. And now we were going to be brother and sister.

## Part II

Our parents had decided to get married immediately, if not sooner. It was decided that Tracy and Kate would move into our house, as we had more room. Neither Tracy or I could bring ourselves to tell our parents about what had been going on between the two of us, and it was killing both of us. My feelings for Tracy had not changed one iota the entire time I’d been laid up in bed with my bum legs. And I knew that Tracy felt the same way.

She called me every day. We talked for hours. It was interesting; the more we were separated physically, the closer we became emotionally. The intimacy grew between us like a ripe fungus. Ok, so my choice of words isn’t that great, but you get my drift. We slowly grew closer and closer.

She would call me at all times of the day and night. Mostly at night. The phone would ring and it would be her. We would talk and talk and talk about everything and anything under the sun. And we wouldn’t talk, too. We had these long stretches of comfortable silence that were just amazing. We would be talking, and then one of us would fall silent, and then the other would join in, and we would just... stay that way for about ten or twenty minutes.

The first time it happened, I’d been home for about two days. Tracy called me at about one in the morning. We talked about a lot of things, and after about an hour, she fell silent and let me ramble on for about twenty minutes. And then I fell silent. We just enjoyed it for a little while, and then I said, “Penny for your thoughts.”

“I was just thinking,” she said softly, sweetly, “how much I love the sound of your voice. I could listen to you talk forever.” We laughed, and then hung up.

Tracy was becoming a part of me. When our parents announced that they were getting married...our world fell apart.

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Sometimes I think parents forget what it was like when they were our age. And then I think that what love means to kids today is a lot different than what it meant to our parents. I mean, I know for a fact that my parents were virgins when they married. I also knew for a fact that I was one of the last virgins in the Freshman class of my high school. I couldn't speak for all the girls, but I knew Tracy was a virgin, too.

So, it was hard for us to find a way to tell them how Tracy and I felt about each other. I could predict with certainty what their reaction would be. "There are lots of people to date! You don't have to date each other!" Or some such nonsense like that. Without talking about it much, Tracy and I agreed not to bring it up. We took a 'wait and see' attitude. After all, they weren't married yet, and until they said "I do," anything was possible, right?

Wrong. The wedding went off without a hitch. I was best man, and Tracy stood up for her mother. Our parents went off for a two-day honeymoon, and then they returned to set up house. And that's when the trouble really started. You see, up until that moment, the concept of actually living with Tracy hadn't solidified in my head. When I realized what the living arrangements were going to be...

You see, our house had three bedrooms. The master bedroom, which obviously belonged to my dad and my new stepmother. My bedroom was on the opposite side of the house, and had a common bathroom with the guest room. Which was soon to be Tracy's room.

The day of the move was interesting, to say the least. I helped Tracy carry all her stuff to her room, and then I put her bed together. It was this huge canopy affair, and her entire bedroom suite matched it. Then there were the boxes. We unloaded box after box of clothes and books and stuffed animals and crap of every shape of description.

I helped her unpack, and that's how I got to open the box full of her underwear. It was your basic brown cardboard box, no special markings or anything. I used my pocket knife to slit the tape and lifted the flap. Inside were silk and cotton panties and bras and teddies and all sorts of things that I knew instantly that I loved, but couldn't put a name to.

I lifted a pair of tiny silk panties out of the box and held them up. Tracy saw what I was doing and screeched, running across the room to snatch them out of my hand.

"Give me those!" she screamed, grabbing for them. I handed them over and she fumed at me. "That's not funny, Steve!"

"Sorry," I said. "I didn't know what was in the box."

Tracy sighed once, long and hard. "I know," she said. "I overreacted."

I smiled and leaned down and kissed her on the nose. "That's ok. You're entitled. This has all got to be freaking you out, huh?"

"Yeah," she said, smiling. "But not as much as living with my boyfriend is!" And then she was leaning up and kissing me on the mouth. It was the first time we'd kissed like this since the accident, and I remembered in a flash what I'd been missing. Tracy molded her body against mine, and the kiss took on a life of its own. Her arms slowly closed around my neck, my arms going around her waist and drawing her tighter against me.

After a long, hot moment, I pulled away. "We can't," I whispered. Tracy touched her forehead against mine, smiling wistfully.

"I know. I know we can't be alone, and we can't kiss and we can't touch. But there's no one else I want to do that with."

"Yeah. Me too."

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Things got kind of strange after that. We settled down into a fairly routine existence. We were a family, and that was strange, having a sister after all these years, especially a sister that I shared a bathroom with. Especially a sister that I loved with all my heart, and not the way a brother usually loves a sister. It was killing both of us. Neither Tracy nor I had asked for this, had planned for it. We'd met, fallen in love, and realized that we were meant for each other. I couldn't imagine dating another girl, and Tracy felt the same way. We were meant to be together, we knew it. But the fates had conspired against us, and we found ourselves circling each other like animals.

Take last Friday. Tracy and I got up about seven for school, and we had the usual tango about dealing with the bathroom. I went in first to take a piss, and forgot to lock her door. I was standing there with my cock in my hand when she barged in. Realizing what was going on, she started backing out, but not before I caught her taking a peek at my equipment. She smiled at me shyly and shut the door. That made my cock hard as a rock, knowing that she had seen it (again, this went on at least twice a week,) and I stepped into the shower with my mind on thoughts of Tracy not only seeing my cock, but touching it and stroking it. I was having thoughts like that more and more lately.

After I got out of the shower, I went back into my room to get dressed. I had my socks and underwear on before I realized that I'd forgotten (once again,) to shave and brush my teeth. I walked back into the bathroom.

You guessed it. Tracy was getting ready to shower. Just as I walked in, she had dropped the towel and was preparing to step into the tub. I had a momentary glimpse of her naked body before I started to back out the door. I shut it, hard, and sat down on my bed harder. My mind was filled with images of her perfect body, her youthful breasts, firm and perfect, her long, coltish legs, the soft brown down between her legs. Everything was burned into my mind. In the six weeks that Tracy and I had been living together, I'd seen her this way about a dozen times, and each time it made me crazy. I wanted to get in the shower with her, wanted to take the soap and clean each and every inch of Tracy's body.

After the dance in the bathroom, we would go down to breakfast with our parents, and then it was off to school. After school, it was back home. Since it was Friday, we put our homework off and spent the night watching TV in the family room. Usually rented videotapes, sometimes cable TV.

This Friday, Mom and Dad decided to go out to a movie, and invited Tracy and I along. We both pleaded tiredness and claimed that we were going to turn in early. Mom and Dad left us alone, and just like the six previous times Tracy and I were alone, before an hour had passed we were snuggling on the couch watching TV.

We knew it was wrong. We knew we shouldn't do it. But we couldn't help ourselves. I would lay on my side facing the TV and Tracy would lie in front of me, pressing her butt back against me. My arm was around her waist, usually under her shirt, teasing and stroking the skin of her belly.

That constant touching just deepened the intimacy between us. Tracy would lie her head along her arm, and her hand would tease my hair as we watched TV. It felt so comfortable, so right, to be with her that way. I loved the feel of her, the smell of her, everything about her. I wanted to spend the rest of my life like that, every night in front of the TV, holding Tracy like that, just feeling her next to me.

Once in a while it would get to me, it would just be too much, and I would lower my face to her neck and kiss her softly there, teasing us both. She would let me do it for a little while, purring like kitten as she felt my lips against her, and then she would push me back with her neck, telling me

without saying a word that I'd better stop, that I was getting to her. I could see her nipples hardening against her bra, and she would moan at my touch, at my kiss.

So I'd back off a little, but we still stayed pressed together. I know she could feel my hardness pressing into her buttocks. She knew how badly I wanted her, and I knew she wanted me to. What kept us apart was the fear that we'd get started, get into it, get naked and make love on the floor, and in the middle of it, our parents would return. We couldn't bear the thought of their disappointment, so we did nothing but tease each other.

We'd talked about it a lot, Tracy and I, and we'd decided that when we were old enough, old enough to make the decisions for ourselves, we'd see how we felt about each other then, and if we still loved each other the way we did now, we'd date. It would probably kill our parents, but at least we wouldn't be doing it inside their house.

Then it all came crashing down. Sort of.

What happened was that on this particular Friday night, Mom and Dad decided to check into a motel. My father called me and told me that he and my stepmother wanted some 'private' time alone. I knew what they meant. They were newlyweds after all, and they wanted the freedom to make love as loud and as long as they wanted without having to worry about the kids overhearing. Since Tracy and I were both eighteen, they figured we could take care of ourselves for the night. I hung up the phone and informed Tracy that our parents wouldn't be coming home that night. She took my meaning immediately. We wouldn't be interrupted. We were alone. All night. Just the two of us. Alone. All night.

I got back down on the couch, and Tracy moved against me, just like always. But there was something new this time. She seemed... closer, somehow. Her heat was stronger, her scent more evident. She was aroused, hotly aroused, and she knew I knew she knew I knew.

You know?

We were watching an erotic thriller on HBO. This stripper was running an insurance scam against a company that had hired an ex-con as their investigator. There were a ton of hot, steamy scenes, and before long, they got to us.

I was stroking her stomach, feeling her smooth, silky skin under my fingers as we watched a couple make love on the TV. Tracy's hand came down and grabbed my wrist, and I thought she was going to pull my hand away. Instead, she pulled it up, towards her breasts.

Without a word, one of my hands closed around Tracy's perfect firm boob. The heat was incredible. I stroked her softly, feeling her firm, warm flesh under my fingers. Tracy's breathing got deeper and deeper as I slowly, lovingly touched her breasts for the first time.

Suddenly, she sat up, dislodging my hand. I thought that the night was over. It wasn't. Tracy reached underneath the loose-fitting T-shirt and did some female magic trick, pulling her bra out of one sleeve ten seconds later and throwing it over the edge of the couch. She lay down against me again. My hand was on her waist. I was terrified. I knew what was waiting for me, but I couldn't move.

Tracy's hand found mine, and she brought it under her shirt again. I felt her bellybutton under my fingers, but I still didn't move.

"It's ok," she whispered. "I want you to touch me." Slowly, my hand ascended Tracy's body. My fingers touched the edge of her breast and Tracy softly gasped. It wasn't a gasp of shock or surprise, but arousal.

"Oh, God," she whispered, and then her hand closed over mine through the shirt, pressing my fingers tighter against her breast. "Stroke it," she said. "My nipple."

Softly, gently, I stroked her pink little nub. I was a little above her now, looking down at Tracy's face as she closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip. "I love your hands on me," she whispered. "I love it when you touch me. I feel so beautiful."

"You are beautiful," I said. "The most beautiful girl in the world." I lowered my mouth to Tracy's and kissed her. Her hand closed tighter around mine as our tongues lightly touched. The kiss was nothing but pure, sweet, clean passion. I felt her breath in my lungs as we started to move together on the couch.

"The other one," Tracy whispered into my mouth. "Touch the other one. Please, Steve. Touch me. Touch me all over." I moved my hand to her other breast and felt its warmth and heat. We began to kiss urgently as I moved my hand back and forth, gently stroking and squeezing her breasts and nipples. Slowly, we sat up, until Tracy was on my lap, kissing me, my hand still under her shirt, still feeling her incredible breasts.

Tracy broke the kiss, leaning back a little as she crossed her arms at her waist and lifted the shirt off over her head. Tracy's hair was up in her trademark French braid. She lifted her hands to her head, making her breasts bobble gently in my face, and then her hair was cascading down, covering her shoulders, the longest tendrils just reaching her nipples. Her gaze was fixed on mine, and I knew that I loved her, because I was looking not at her breasts, but directly into her eyes.

Tracy's hands came down and captured my face and we slowly approached each other, a small smile playing across Tracy's face as she opened her mouth against mine and we kissed. I felt her tongue playing softly, moistly against mine, and then we were Frenching hotly, the passion growing and growing. My hands returned to her breasts, and Tracy whimpered softly, kissing me harder.

Her crotch started to grind against mine, softly at first, and then harder and harder as her arousal began to take hold. My mouth moved from hers as we both gasped for breath. She was breathing hard, sighing every time my hands tightened on her boobs. My mouth moved to her neck, and I kissed her there, tasting her sweat and heat. I felt her pulse beating under my tongue as I licked the hollow of her shoulder.

"I love you so much," Tracy whispered. "So much, Steve. Make love to me. Please, Steve, make love to me."

I pulled back and stared at her. "Are you sure?" My voice was small and scared.

"Yes. I'm sure. I've never been so sure of anything in my life. I want to make love with you. Here. Tonight. Just the two of us. All night."

She got off of me and found her shirt. Holding it shyly in front of her body, hiding her breasts from my view for the moment, Tracy said, "Give me ten minutes. Then come to your room."

And then she turned and left me sitting there.

## Part III

I sat there, stunned, looking at the sweep-second hand on my watch crawl around and around again. The ten minutes crawled by, and then it was time to go upstairs and discover the surprise Tracy had waiting for me.

The trip upstairs took a thousand years, and then I was in front of my bedroom door. I opened it and stepped inside, and heard myself gasp. Tracy was on my bed, the covers turned down. She had draped some sort of thin, gauzy red scarf over my bedside reading lamp, casting the entire room in a hazy, erotic shade. Tracy was lying on the bed, wearing a royal blue teddy, her long honey-

colored hair brushed out and fanned around her head. She had applied the tiniest amount of pink lipstick, and she looked good enough to eat.

I approached the side of the bed and stopped, just taking the delicious sight in. Tracy rolled onto her side, facing me, propping her head up with her hand.

“You like?” she asked, and I could hear the desperate need for approval in her voice. I nodded, once, twice, and then spoke: “I love. I love you, Tracy. More than I could ever say.”

She got up on her knees and made her way to the edge of the bed. Her hands came to my shoulders and she squeezed, smiling at me with an expression I’d never seen on her face before. Her hands moved to the buttons on my oxford, and one by one she undid them, tugging the tail of my shirt out of my jeans.

Tracy lowered her face to my chest and kissed me directly between my nipples. I felt her tongue come out and lick my skin softly. I groaned, feeling my own breath speeding and deepening.

Her fingers traced my muscles, finding my masculine nipples and teasing them gently. Her mouth closed over one, and I knew some of what she felt when I played with her nubs. The feeling was moist and hot and exquisite. She raised her face to mine and we kissed again, our mouths opening, our tongues touching softly, wetly.

“Get naked,” Tracy said with a giggle. “I want to see all of you.” I sat down on the floor, hard, and kicked off my topsiders, using my fingers to get rid of my socks. Standing, I unbuckled my belt, undid my trousers and lowered them to the floor. I was wearing my boxers and nothing else. My hardness poked at my shorts and Tracy’s eyes widened.

“I knew it was big,” she whispered, “But I had no idea!” And then she giggled when she saw my expression. “Don’t worry, Steve. I want all of it inside me before the night is over!”

She held out her hand. “Come to bed.” I took it and joined her. We lay on our sides, facing each other. Tracy slung one of her legs over my hip and we stared into each other’s eyes. Tracy used one forefinger to trace my face, stroking my jaw as she smiled softly. I dropped one hand to her leg, stroking her thigh and the bottom of her rump.

“This feels so...right,” Tracy said, echoing my own thoughts.

“I know,” I whispered, kissing her gently. “I could stay like this forever!” Her hand stroked my chest as she kissed me back.

I slid my hand up Tracy’s body to her shoulder and lowered the strap of her teddy. Her breast was slowly revealed to my gaze, and Tracy watched me watch her. I lowered my mouth and took her erect nipple between my lips, licking and sucking at it gently. Her nails dug into my chest as she moaned at the contact.

“I love it when you touch me, Steve. I love the feel of your body against mine. I love the fact that we’re going to make love to each other tonight.” She pulled my head from her breast and gazed deeply into my eyes.

“This is the first time for the both of us,” she whispered, “and I want it to be as good as it can possibly be. Let’s go real slow and find out everything about each other!” I just nodded and kissed the tip of her nose, but she wasn’t done yet. Pushing me back gently, she once again held my gaze with her own. “Listen to me, dummy! I’ve been doing some reading about...sex and stuff.” That surprised me, and then again, it didn’t. Tracy had always been a research hound. When she wanted to learn about something, she gave it her all.

“And what did you learn?” I asked.

“That there’s all kinds of things we can do to each other that feel good. Some things you probably know about...and some you might not.” That caught my attention, too. What kind of books was she reading, and where in the hell had she gotten them?

“What I want to say, Steve...once we do this, there won't be any going back. I know myself. I'm going to want you even more after we do this. But, because of the way things are, we aren't going to be able to be together as often as we want. So, I want to try lots of things tonight, lots of different things. Things that you might think are...gross.” I knew what she wanted. She wanted me to eat her pussy. I had no problem with that.

“Tracy,” I said, putting a silencing finger to her lips. “Listen carefully to me. You know me. I'm not like most guys. I'm not in this to get my rocks off. I want to share this with you, I want to remember this night for the rest of my life. If I do it with you, and it makes you happy, it could never be gross. No matter what it is.” And then I kissed her gently, opening my mouth against hers, sliding my tongue between her lips. We Frenched hotly for a few moments, and then my hands returned to Tracy's breasts. One was naked and free, the nipple poking delightfully into my palm the other covered with the silk of her teddy. Both feelings were exquisite.

“If there's anything you want me to do,” I whispered, “anything at all, just tell me. If I do something wrong, or too fast or too slow, just tell me, Tracy. You can tell me anything in the world. I'll always love you, no matter what!”

“Oh my God, Steve!” Tracy cried, using one of her hands to crush mine against her breast. “This feels soooo good!” She gasped, and then kissed me, hard. “The same goes for me, lover. Whatever you want me to do, just ask me. If you want me to do it to you, or with you, then it can't be gross.”

“Promise me one thing,” I whispered.

“Anything.”

“I want you to buy a lot more of this sexy underwear. I love looking at you in it, knowing that you're wearing it for me, to turn me on, to make yourself look sexy for me.” Apparently, I'd said the right words, because Tracy went insane then, kissing and licking my mouth and face.

“When's the last time you masturbated?” she asked.

“Last night,” I answered honestly, a little startled by her question. “Why?”

“Because the first time is going to be a little fast for you, and I don't want to ruin our first time by having it end too fast. So, I thought maybe you'd like me to...”

“To what?”

Quietly, her voice tiny, she said, “Suck your dick.” She blushed at her words, and I held her face in my hands again. “Inside this room, when we're making love, you can use any word you want. Sometimes, it's fun to be a little nasty, right? It adds to the excitement. We're already doing something we shouldn't, and that makes it a little more nasty.”

Tracy nodded. “Then let me do it. Let me suck your cock!” The way she'd said ‘cock,’ I knew that Tracy had been thinking about doing just that. I lifted my ass off the bed and lowered my boxers, letting my cock bob into view. Tracy's eyes lit up as she took in my throbbing erection. She slid her way down my body, rubbing her silky breasts over my hairy chest and abdomen, heading for my crotch.

My six and one half inches of thusly-untried cock was pulsing with need and leaking precum. “I've never done this before,” she said, “so tell me what you want me to do.”

“Start by jerking it lightly, sis.” Tracy blushed when I called her that, but her dainty hand wrapped gently around my hot, firm meat.

“Oh!” she squealed. “It's so hard and soft and hot!” And then she started slowly moving her hand up and down my cock, gently frigging me off. “Is this right?”

“A little harder. Grip it just a little harder.” She did, and a tiny drop of precum oozed from the tip. I watched in gape-jawed amazement as my girlfriend/sister/lover's mouth slowly descended to

my cock. She reached out with her tiny, wet, pink tongue and scooped the shiny drop off the top of my dick. The moist, raspy contact of her tongue against the head of my sensitive meat made me moan and jerk in response.

Concerned, Tracy looked up at me from between my legs, her eyes shiny with lust. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, not at all," I managed to gasp. "That felt wonderful! Do it again, please. Now! Please." Tracy grinned a Cheshire's grin at me and lowered her mouth to my prick again. She planted a kiss on the head, and then opened her mouth and licked it again. She continued to kiss and lick my cockhead, getting it wetter and wetter as she went along.

"Are you sure you want me to continue?" Tracy asked.