

A Close-knit Family

I met my wife Judy when both of us were attending the local college. We started out as lab partners in a physics class, and by the end of the semester, we were dating pretty regularly. By the end of the school year, we were a Couple, and by the time we graduated, we were engaged.

With both of us going to a local college, there were plenty of times and occasions for me to meet her family. I got along pretty well with all of them — even her Dad, much to my surprise. Judy's sister, Teresa (who was two years younger), sometimes made less-than-flattering comments about Judy, but I simply chalked it up as a sibling rivalry thing. Also, Teresa wasn't able to go to college the way she wanted because she'd gotten married right out of high school; her husband, Doug, worked in an insurance office and didn't make enough to pay for her to go to school. In fact, Teresa had to get a job, too, to help support them when she started having kids — three of them, all daughters, all born within a couple of weeks of the same date in successive years. Donna, the oldest, was a cute little pixie of a blond; the next oldest, Karen, had coal-black hair and looked somewhat elfin. The youngest was Wendy, who was stunningly beautiful, even as a child. All three of them thought their Uncle Ted was the greatest thing since peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and were always delighted to see me; their Aunt Judy, not so much — something that annoyed her.

Judy and I didn't have any kids of our own (despite frequent and enthusiastic efforts on both our parts), so I was more than happy to have Teresa's three even as part-time family. When Teresa's husband got transferred to a distant city, all three of the girls were heartbroken and all but inconsolable. Only by my promising that I'd come and see them "soon" were they willing to be relocated with their mom and dad.

I didn't get the opportunity to do as I'd promised, due to a sudden and dramatic increase in business for the electronics company I worked for. That lasted several years before a sudden downturn in the economy resulted in my losing my job. I was a good engineer, but not senior enough to survive the staff reduction.

While we were married, Judy and I had the usual assortment of marriage problems. One of them was her tendency to buy things that she not only didn't need, but had no use for. I mean, we lived in a city, so why would she need a horseback riding outfit?

Another issue was the lack of kids. I tried to talk her into the two of us going in and being checked out to see if there was anything medical going on, but she was adamant that she was fine. As the years passed, things progressed from her being fine to there must be something wrong with ME. I dutifully went in for a variety of tests, and they all came back saying that there wasn't anything wrong — which only aggravated Judy even more.

So when I got laid off from my job, our relationship took a sudden and dramatic downturn. Not only was Judy continuing to spend money we couldn't afford, but she started bitching at me about my inability to father children — or support them, for that matter. I tried to deal with it as

best I could, and even tried to get her to agree to marriage counseling, but she wasn't having any of that. Instead, she would denigrate and berate me on a daily basis, even while I was trying to keep myself together so I'd be able to present myself well in job interviews. Unfortunately, there finally came the point where the two of us had an argument that ran damn near an entire weekend, off and on. The following Monday afternoon, I got a call from her telling me that she wanted a divorce — something I agreed to, just to put an end to all the fussing and fighting.

Her family knew what was going on, of course, and uniformly supported ME during all the hubbub — even to the point of refusing to give Judy the money she wanted to hire a divorce lawyer. The little bit she was able to get from the friend she was staying with limited her to hiring someone that would only file the paperwork for a "no-fault" divorce; each of us was allowed to keep a limited amount of personal and professional property (such as my laptop I used as an engineer), the rest was to be sold, and the money equally divided. Judy literally signed off on the agreement, only to be horrified to learn that it meant almost all of the clothes and other things she'd bought would be sold, too. By that time, I was so sick of all the bullshit that I actually laughed when the auction company hauled off the solid oak dining table and chairs she'd been adamant we "needed", among other things.

With the sale of our house, and the money I got from the property auction, I was able to find a smallish one-bedroom apartment I could afford while I continued my job search; Judy not only managed to spend all of her share in a matter of a couple of months, but got herself kicked out of her friend's home for all her shenanigans — something that I considered eminently fair and appropriate.

Things were starting to turn around in the economy when I heard from Teresa that her husband had stolen several thousands of dollars from the insurance company he worked for, and disappeared — leaving her to try and take care of herself and three kids. It took a while, but she finally found a better-paying job and was able to rent a house for herself and the kids after she had to move out of the one she and her absent husband had been buying.

I continued my job search, and it was just a couple of days after I got notice from the courts and my lawyer that the divorce was final that I got an offer for a new job — in a different city.

When I found out where they wanted to send me, I knew that my life had started to turn around, too — it was the same place that Teresa had moved to. When I called her to give her the good news about the job, the first words out of her mouth were "Congratulations!", immediately followed by "So how soon can you get here?"

I thought that she meant she was looking forward to me being in the same town with her, but she soon set me straight; I was expected to move in with her and the girls, at least to start with. The basement of Teresa's place had been finished for occupancy, so there would be plenty of room for me to set up housekeeping there, and it would help BOTH of us if I paid her a little bit of rent. Not only would I be able to save some money toward my own place or anything else I needed or wanted, the additional income would obviously help her with HER expenses. I was welcome to spend as much or little time with her and the girls as I wanted, and with the door between the

house proper and the basement, I'd have however much privacy I wanted, as well. Teresa and I got along better than Judy and I ever had, and I adored the girls; so with the other assurances I'd gotten from her, I was happy to agree to her proposal.

Just over a week later saw me pulling into the driveway of Teresa's house. I'd barely shut the door on my car when I was all but knocked over by the sudden impact of a squealing young female. When I looked around, I saw Teresa coming toward me, with Donna close behind, and Karen at her side. That meant that the not-so-small body fused to me must be Wendy; when I got her arms peeled from around my waist and was able to push her back far enough to see her face, I saw that it was her — and that she was easily still as beautiful as she'd been.

How long it had been since I'd seen her last hit me when I didn't have to bend over as far to pick her up, and she was heavier than I remembered. It took me a few moments to work out that she must be 12 years old then — no wonder she was bigger!

I managed to give her a kiss on the cheek before she wrapped her arms around my neck and hugged me again; it was when she did that that I realized what "12 years old" and "female" meant together by the feel of a couple of small but distinct breasts pressing into my chest. Feeling a bit guilty that I'd noticed, I quickly set her down again, and looked into her beautiful brown eyes as she told me "It's soooooo go to see you again, Uncle Ted! Even if you *didn't* come as soon as you said you would...", that last with an accusing tone, and look.

By that time, Teresa was close enough to remind the girl "Wendy, Ted had things HE had to do, just like we have. Instead of making him feel bad, why don't you just be glad he's here now?"

Wendy quickly wrapped her arms around me and said "I'm sorry, Uncle Ted. I just missed you so much, is all."

Softly patting her back, I answered "That's okay, honey. I've missed you, too."

Finally satisfied that I really, truly was there with them, she released her hold on me and stepped back. That gave Karen, then Donna, the chance to come up and show me their broad smiles before hugging me tight and giving me a kiss on the cheek and telling me how much they'd missed me. I didn't try to pick either one of them up, and couldn't help noticing that both were even more developed than Wendy had been. Then it was Teresa's turn, and there was no mistaking the fact that I had a full-grown adult woman in my arms. The kiss I got was full on the lips, and went far enough beyond a simple welcome that it made me a little uncomfortable. Teresa had never given me any indication that there was anything more than friendship between us, but that kiss from her started me wondering.

Teresa pulled one of my arms around her waist, and Wendy put one of hers around me, before the five of us started toward the house; Donna and Karen were walking ahead of us, and I felt guilty again when I caught myself watching the gentle swaying of their firm little butts.

Inside the house, the girls were adamant that I needed to sit in the middle of the couch — Karen and Donna were content to sit next to me, but Wendy insisted on taking station on my lap.

Clearly amused at my predicament, Teresa sat in a chair nearby. All four of them caught me up on all that had happened, and been happening, in their lives — the girls more so than Teresa. When asked if I wanted anything to drink, I said a beer would be good, if they had any. Donna said they did, and jumped up to go get it for me. When she came back and handed it to me, I couldn't help but notice the way the shirt she was wearing pulled taut across her chest, revealing a couple of small bumps about where her nipples had to be. I could feel myself blush faintly as I thanked her, and she just gave me a smile before sitting next to me again.

Then it was my turn to tell them about my new job, and what I'd be doing. Engineering isn't what you could call a real exciting subject for most people, so I kept it brief in the interest of not putting them to sleep. By the time I was done, Teresa informed me that I was the guest of honor at supper that night. I thanked her, admitting that I'd gotten tired of either eating prepackaged stuff and my own cooking long before, which made her laugh. She detailed the girls to go out and get my stuff from my car and down into the basement, and only had to insist just once in response to their mild protests. When they were gone, she told me "It really is good to have you here, Ted. Not just because you're family, or the added income, but because ALL of us have missed you — even me. Hell, maybe me most of all; that rat bastard I was married to always came in a pretty distant second, compared to you. But you were married to my spoiled older sister, and I know that I did the best I could to make MY life and family happy."

I couldn't help giving her a wry grin before I answered "When I started looking back on it, I realized how many times you tried to let me know what Judy was *really* like. But I never paid you the attention I should have; I just figured you were jealous, or something. I never said anything about Doug to you because I didn't want to interfere, but he always struck me as being kind of... dense, and like he was always trying to find a corner to cut. I just have to look at the girls to see that you were doing what you were supposed to; they're too healthy and happy for anything else."

Teresa snorted before she told me "Yeah, Doug **was** dense. When we graduated high school, he'd had to study long and hard to finish up with a solid 'C' average; and that insurance job was the best thing he could have gotten. Otherwise, he'd have been selling furniture or cars or **SOME** damn thing or other. All he really had going for him was the ability to schmooze with people and get them to like him. He was useless about working with his hands because he'd end up hurting himself too much — hammering his thumb, or busting his knuckles with a wrench; that kind of thing. And that cutting corners thing is **JUST** what he was like; he didn't have the balls to do anything outright crooked or criminal, but he wasn't the least bit reluctant to try anything he thought he might actually get away with. That money he took from the insurance company before he disappeared? It wasn't a big check or wad of cash that he'd taken. He'd been hanging on to dinky little refunds that he was supposed to be giving people when they overpaid their premiums; the company figured out that there were a couple hundred people that hadn't gotten anywhere between ten and twenty dollars apiece. He was *supposed* to cut them checks after the company told him when it happened, but he never did — he just withdrew whatever the amount was from his 'draw' account. It wasn't until some guys widow was going over his insurance that

she figured out that they'd been overpaying twenty a year for the last ten years and called to ask about getting a refund that anybody noticed what was going on. The manager where he worked called him into the office to ask him about it, and Doug claimed not to know what they were talking about. After that, he called here to say he was going to have to work late; then he left work EARLY, and just... disappeared. I don't doubt that he'll turn up sooner or later — he's just too fucking stupid NOT to get caught!"

I'd never heard Teresa swear before, so that last bit told me better than anything else just what she thought of her absent spouse.

Still, I had to smile at her description of him, and she smiled, too, before telling me "The only good thing about it is that because the money came out of an account that HE had to sign for, the insurance company isn't trying to come after ME to recover it. And because he took off the way he did, the lawyer I got when I filed for a divorce tells me that it's not going to take anywhere near as long for it to be granted, once the judge gets a chance to see it. He thinks a couple more months, maybe a little longer, and I'll be *free* again!", obviously pleased at the prospect.

Our conversation was put on hold by the reappearance of the girls. All of them insisted that since I was going to be staying with them, I simply *had* to see their rooms. By the time I'd gotten the tour and made all the appropriate remarks, it was close to time for supper. Teresa sent them in to get the table ready, giving her and I the chance to chat a little more before she got up to finish supper. I offered to help, and was politely informed that I was a guest that night, and that I'd have plenty of chances to help later if I wanted — so I'd better enjoy the break I was getting. I laughed, and gave in. Several minutes later, Karen came in to let me know that it was time to eat.

When I sat down at the table, I realized just *how* glad Teresa was to see me. She'd apparently gone all-out by preparing a roast beef dinner with all the trimmings. By the time supper ended, I was disappointed to see that we hadn't put much of a dent in the roast, despite the fact that I felt stuffed to the gills. When I looked at the girls, I could see that they'd had their fill, as well. My offer to help clear the table was rebuffed when Teresa told me that that was the girls job each evening. When Teresa and I had finished our iced tea, she suggested that she show me where I'd be staying while the girls took care of things. I agreed, and she led the way to the stairs that led to the basement. Along the way, she pointed out where I'd be able to get in and out of "my" place without having to go through the rest of the house, and the latch on "my" side of the door to the basement.

My home (for the next few months, anyway) was decently finished, though sparsely furnished or decorated — I had a bed, dresser, a small dining table and couple of chairs, microwave, two-burner stove/oven combo, single basic kitchen sink with some cabinets, small couch, some rough but sturdy shelving on one wall, an old but serviceable recliner, and bathroom with sink, commode, and (small) shower. When she showed me the bathroom, Teresa didn't hesitate to tell me that if I ever wanted to take an actual *bath*, I was more than welcome to use the one upstairs — then teasing me about being on my own to find someone to scrub my back.

The place wasn't a fancy hotel room, but it wasn't anywhere near as expensive, either; and I had

the benefit of having what I thought of as "family" (my own parents had died in a car accident the winter after I started college) nearby. All in all, I was perfectly satisfied with it, and told Teresa so. She was visibly relieved at hearing that, and moved close to give me another hug before releasing me and saying "I'm glad you're okay with this. I know it's rough, but the rest of us hardly ever came down here, so there wasn't any reason before now for us to think about *doing* anything with it before. I expect you'll want to fix it up a little; I'm willing to split the cost of materials with you, and I know any or all of the girls would be happy to help."

"Don't worry about the cost. Any fixing up there is, I'll do a little at a time so it doesn't cost too much. If the girls want to, I'd be glad to have the help — I don't know diddly about matching colors and patterns and all that. If I'm not busy with work, any of you is welcome to come down for whatever reason."

Smiling, she warned me "If you say that where the girls can hear you, you may never get rid of them. They've all missed you soooooooo much" — imitating the greeting I'd gotten from Wendy — "that I can't begin to tell you. And all I've heard since you called has been 'Is Uncle Ted *really* coming to stay with us?', and they've all been happier than I've seen them for months. They know you aren't going to spoil them or anything, since you didn't do that when they were little; they just like you because you're such a nice guy, and are willing to pay attention to them the way you do."

She hesitated a moment, then told me "**I'm** glad you're here, too, Ted. *Really* glad." before giving me another kiss on the lips that quickly matched the last one she'd given me. I put my hands on her hips, but nothing more. Technically, she was still married, and that whole marriage vows thing was always something real important to me. The other thing that occupied my mind was the knowledge that she had only recently gotten out on her own. Sure, she had three kids and a job and all that, but up until just a few months before, she'd also had whatever support there was to be had from Doug; I figured that she'd need (or want) some time to decide for herself what she wanted for herself and the girls, and who she wanted to share her life with. So rather than try to follow up on the offer implicit in the way she was kissing me, I chickened out and played dumb as I kissed her back. After several seconds, Teresa pulled back from me again, and looked into my face before turning and leading the way back upstairs. When we got to the landing between the basement and the door to utility room at the back of the house, she took a key off a hook on the wall and told me "That's to the back door of the house, here. I always keep the door between the rest of the house and here closed, so you don't have to worry about leaving the door open if you have to carry things in, or whatever."

I thanked her, and followed her back to the living room — noticing along the way that she had a nice-looking ass in her own right.

The girls had finished their chores, and were (mostly) patiently waiting for us to get back. I was instructed to resume my position between Donna and Karen, then Wendy parked herself in my lap and pulled my arms around her. Teresa occupied the chair again, and we spent the evening watching television. When it got close to their respective bedtimes, the girls simply went back

and got changed before coming in and giving (and getting) a kiss good night. When it was just Teresa and me, she shut the TV off and the two of us sat there talking until it was time for us to go to our respective beds.

That pretty much set the tone for the weeks that followed.

If I had the time and inclination, I was more than welcome to join them for the evening; but they didn't have any problems with it if I needed to work in "my place", or just wanted to be alone for an evening. Some evenings one or two of the girls would come down; sometimes it was to ask for help with homework (usually math or science), which I would patiently provide. Other times, it was just to spend a quiet evening with just the two of us.

It didn't take long for us to get into a routine where I would join them for breakfast, and usually supper — which prompted the only conflict that Teresa and I had. I wanted to help pay for the groceries I was eating, and she was adamant that I was family, and didn't have to. After a LOT of patient negotiation, I finally got her to accept a small increase in my "rent". It wasn't as much as I was willing to give her, but more than she wanted to take.

When Teresa got word from her lawyer that the judge was granting her divorce, she let me take her out to dinner, just the two of us; the girls were informed that it was a "grown-up" situation, and reluctantly accepted their exclusion. I made it up to them a couple of weeks later by taking just THEM out for pizza, over Teresa's mild protests.

Another aspect of the situation was that as all of us gradually got used to my intermittent presence in the house, we became less and less concerned about any formalities such as how dressed we were. Not that anybody was running around naked or anything; simply that it wasn't anything worth noticing if one of us was wearing only their bathrobe at breakfast, for example.

Naturally enough, there were a few times that I'd catch sight of one of the girls scampering away dressed only in panties — and perhaps a bra. To save embarrassment all the way around, I always pretended not to have noticed anything; but the visions of their nubile young bodies stayed with me.

I'd been working late for a couple of weeks helping with the fabrication of a system that I'd helped design, and finally gotten home at a reasonable hour one afternoon. When Teresa told me over supper that night that they would be going out to do some shopping later, I figured it was the perfect opportunity for me to come upstairs and have myself a nice, hot soak to relieve some of my overused muscles. I acknowledged what she said, and later, after I'd heard her car leave, I got my things together and went upstairs. When I opened the door to the bathroom, I was greeted by the sight of Donna just stepping out of the tub as she dried her hair with a towel. Because her head was tilted down and the towel was blocking her view, she couldn't see me — but I had a clear view of her young body. Her breasts were each perhaps half the size of a baseball. Her small areolas were just a few shades darker than her skin and sported nipples about the size of a pencil eraser; her bust was a delight to see. Her waist and hips were formed by a couple of gentle

arcs that made her young form distinctly feminine. Fit and trim, her stomach and belly were as flat as they could be. At the bottom of her pelvis, I saw that she had a small and somewhat narrow strip of hair that was as blond as what was on her head — and still sparse enough for me to make out the slit dividing her full mons. I could only stand there in a mixture of shock, and pleasure at the view I had. I was still standing there when she pulled the towel from her head and saw me. Much to my surprise, it took a couple of seconds before she calmly told me "Uncle Ted, I'm NAKED."

That broke the spell, and I hurriedly turned around and apologized as I made my way back out the door and closed it behind me. Giving up on the idea of a bath, I headed back toward my place. Only when I started down the stairs did I notice that the front of my bathrobe was leading the way; immediately after that, I realized that there was a distinct possibility (even *probability*) that I'd been in the same state in front of Donna. Embarrassed, I got myself dressed again, and then went upstairs to wait for Teresa to get home; I wanted to tell her what had happened so that she'd know it had been an accident.

I was sitting on the couch when Donna came through on her way to the kitchen. When she came back again, I told her that I was sorry for barging in on her, and said that I'd be sure and knock next time. She just gave me an amused smile before answering "It's okay, Uncle Ted... I know you didn't do it on purpose. I'm just sorry it bothered YOU."

Hearing that, my engineering mind just *had* to know "It didn't embarrass YOU, or anything?"

After a brief laugh, she answered "Just surprised, is all, not embarrassed. You were married, so I have to figure you already know what girls look like. I think maybe you liked what you saw" — the allusion that I HAD been tenting my bathrobe caused me to blush — "so it actually kinda made me feel good. I don't know that I want it to happen again, but it's okay this time." before turning and heading back toward her room.

Hearing that I hadn't traumatized her, or caused her any discomfort, made me feel somewhat better. But I was still going to let Teresa hear about it from ME.

A couple of hours later, when the rest of them got home, Teresa saw the look on my face and sent the girls back to their rooms so that we'd be able to talk. After I told her what had happened, Teresa was amused as she told me "Don't worry about it, Ted. I expect it embarrassed you more than it did her, and I **know** that you didn't do it on purpose or anything; it was after you'd gone back downstairs that she said she wanted to take a bath tonight, so you *couldn't* have known she'd be there. I don't doubt that you got an eye full, but I know you're not going to try to make anything like that happen again, either. Just chalk it up to experience, and try to remember that things like that are probably going to happen if you're sharing a house with four females. I think it'll only bother THEM if you let it bother YOU too much."

Seeing my confusion, she explained "They like sitting with you, and even on your lap. If you start getting too stressed out by seeing them naked or topless, you might get too particular about letting them sit with you, too — and that would hurt them more than you just seeing them would."

If it happens, it happens; like I said, I know you're not some Peeping Tom or anything."

I'll admit to being a little surprised by her attitude — but it also comforted me somewhat, too. When I thought about it later, I realized that she was right about the chance of that, or something similar, happening again. Even if she made a point of telling them to lock the bathroom door, they likely weren't going to remember to do it each and every time. And I cared about all three of them too much to want to hurt them by banishing them from sitting with me just because of *my* hangups and foibles. After a fair amount of thought and soul-searching, I finally decided to take Teresa's advice as best I could: chalk it up to experience, and not let it worry me. Even so, I still felt a little guilty about how I'd reacted to the sight of Donna's nude form, regardless of how nice it had been.

Over the course of the next few days, the incident eventually left my mind — leaving me free to enjoy the time I spent with the girls in various combinations. When Karen expressed an interest in softball, I went into the back yard to play "catch" with her for a while, and help her learn to hit a little better; I went to one of Donna's field hockey games and cheered her efforts. Wendy wanted to know if I'd go to the park and play Frisbee with her, and I was glad to do so.

A few more weeks went by, and I was staying home with the girls one Saturday while Teresa got in some overtime at work. I was there less to supervise than to simply be there if anything serious happened, or one of them needed something Parental; all three of them had already accepted me as an authority figure in their lives, despite my minimal exercise of such. Wendy and Karen had gone off to visit friends while Donna stayed in her room to work on some project or other. I was watching sports on TV, and when a commercial came on, I went to make a bathroom break. The door was locked, so I knew that it must be Donna inside, and I simply stood across the hall and waited for her to finish. When the door opened, she was standing there wearing only a *very* brief pair of panties and nothing else. I looked at her face, and saw that she knew full well what she was doing as she just stood there, all but verbally **inviting** me to look at her — something that I couldn't **HELP** but do.

With her standing so much closer, I didn't have any trouble seeing that her developing breasts were smooth and flawless. Even as I was looking at them, I saw as her areolas rose up slightly, and her nipples got visibly longer and harder. The first thing to go through my mind was to wonder if girls had looked that good when I was her age, and if so, how stupid could I have been not to notice? Right on the heels of that was to wonder if the mounds of her breasts were as firm as they looked, and then to wish that I could find out. But I was an adult, and her Uncle Ted, and as tempting as it was, I just couldn't. When I finally dragged my eyes back up to her face, it was plain as could be that she enjoyed letting me look at her, and wasn't the slightest bit nervous or embarrassed about it. Considering how she looked, I couldn't help but think that she had every reason to be as confident as she appeared. After she gave me a pleased smile, she stepped out into the hall and serenely walked back to her room — with my eyes locked on the way her cute butt filled what little bit of cloth there was covering it.

Once I was in the bathroom, I simply **had** to relieve the pressure in my groin that she'd caused; it

took only a couple of minutes for me to find the release that I was after. Only after my penis had shrunk again was I able to tend to my original purpose; when I was done, I washed my hands and went back out to the living room to sit in front of the TV again. My eyes may have been pointed at the screen, but what I *saw* was Donna's half-nude form.

I had to figure that Donna had done what she had for the express purpose of letting/having me look at her that way; with that came the realization that she wouldn't be saying anything to her mother about it. After all, what possible reason could she give for making a trip to the bathroom wearing only a skimpy pair of panties, knowing full well that I was upstairs and watching TV? She couldn't say that I'd peeked into her room, either — Teresa knew full well that I **always** knocked on their bedroom doors just SO I didn't see them when they didn't have anything on or interrupt anything they were doing; she'd even told me that the girls actually appreciated my discretion, that way.

Despite the visions of Donna that kept crowding my thoughts, I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to figure things out. What the hell was Donna *trying* to do, and why was she doing it? Was that just a one-time thing after I'd seen her in the shower? If not, what else might she be up to? What, if anything, could or should I do about it? Those, and what seemed like a thousand other questions, kept my mind busy until Teresa got home from work.

As the next couple of weeks went by, Donna contrived to let me see her topless a couple more times. Both times, I simply looked her over until she chose to put an end to her little "show". It was approaching supper time one night, and I knocked on the door to her bedroom to let her know that we'd be eating soon. She told me it was okay, and when I opened her door, she was standing there stark naked and facing me. As I told her what I'd come to, she didn't make even the *slightest* move to turn away or cover herself. Even after I'd finished, she continued to stand there for several seconds before calmly turning around and giving me a clear look at her ass.

The sight of it had my cock rising in about half a heartbeat. It was small, obviously firm, and nicely rounded; when she took a small step forward, I watched as each of her cheeks clenched but didn't noticeably change shape. Trying to play it cool, I simply told her she might want to hurry before backing out of her room and closing the door.

After that little incident, I figured I'd better try to get some idea of what the hell was going on. I figured that Teresa might be able to help, I started trying to figure out a way of finding out what I wanted to know from her without causing any problems — for me OR Donna. I finally settled on something, and resolved to try it the next chance I got. That turned out to be just a couple of days later, when Teresa had to work late. I took care of supper (cheeseburgers and chips all around), and was waiting for her after the girls went to bed.

Seeing that the house hadn't burned down, and with no evidence of a riot or murder having taken place, Teresa gave me a happy smile before going back to change clothes. When she came back out, she made a detour through the kitchen to get each of us a beer before settling on the other end of the couch from me. After she'd had a few sips, I started chatting with her, carefully edging

us closer and closer to the things that I really wanted to know. When the time was right, I casually told her "I've been thinking about opening the bathroom door on Donna, and there's something that I've started wondering about."

Teresa didn't look concerned in the slightest when she asked me "What's that?"

"Well, you said that it was probably going to happen that I'd see one of the girls again, and I'm curious to know what else might be in store for me, or that I should be ready for. You said that you've already talked to them about sex, but should I be worried about one of them asking ME about it, for example?"

Realizing that I was asking an honest question, but only so I could have some idea of what I might expect, she considered what she had to say for a little bit before telling me "No, I don't think they'd come to you with anything like that. But if I'm wrong, just answer their questions the best you can, and let me know afterwards just so I don't tell them something else that has us contradicting each other. Right this moment, I can't think of anything I can warn you about; there's just no telling what might happen. You're the engineer, and paid the big bucks to think about the 'what-if' stuff, so why don't you just start asking whatever things that come to mind, and I'll answer the best I can."

I agreed, and after a few seconds, I suggested "One of them seeing ME naked."

She smiled before telling me "They already know about the difference between boys and girls. If they see, they see. I don't think any of them is going to come looking, and I know how careful you are about making sure you've got *something* on, so I don't think it'll happen. But if it does, I'm not going to worry about it."

Next, I asked "What happens if one of them decides she WANTS me to see her naked or topless?"

Teresa's smile didn't change a whit before she told me "Then look. Ted, I **know** that you aren't going to try and start anything with any of them. And I'm just as sure that if any of them gets it into her head to try it, you're going to do everything you can to put a stop to it. But just *looking*? I don't see any harm in that. I expect every girl that has ever gone through puberty has tried to vamp an older guy at some point, and it wouldn't surprise me in the slightest if one — or even more — of them tried it with you. I know how much you love and care for them, and if you want to play along with it to make them feel better, then by all means, go for it — you have my blessing, because I've seen how you are with them too many times to think that you would **ever** do anything that you even *thought* would hurt them. And just so you don't have to ask, I want to say that even if one of them starts trying to get you to touch one of their tits, I'm okay with it, for the same reasons I just gave you. They're three young girls on their way to becoming women, and as their bodies grow, they're going to want to find out what they can do with them; I was the same way when I was their age. Except that I didn't have an Uncle Ted that I could **absolutely** trust the way they do you, so I had a lot of questions and problems. If they can get the answers they want with you, then I don't have any problem with you giving them the help they need.

ANY help."

I must have gotten a look of surprise when she said that, because she went on to say "Yes, said ANY help, and that's what I meant. I know Donna is old enough to start thinking of boys as more than just amusing toys, and I expect that Karen is starting to wonder what else can make her feel good besides just touching herself — which is what I think Wendy is just discovering. So if one of them is sure enough about what she wants that she's willing to come to you for help, I'm not going to fuss. I know that it'll be THEM coming to you, not the other way around; and that that's what you'll be doing — *helping* them. Thankfully, Doug left all this kind of stuff up to me, since all we had was girls; so I haven't had any problem with anyone else making them feel bad about being female, and all the perfectly normal and natural things that have happened, and will BE happening for them. They don't think sex is shameful or dirty, just **special**; just like they've learned the same things about nudity — which is why Donna wasn't upset when you saw her that time."

After we'd each taken a pull off our beer, she told me "Honestly, Ted, I trust you. If I thought it was YOU doing anything TO them, I'd have your happy ass in jail so fast it would make your head spin. I know I keep saying this, but I **know** that you wouldn't do anything like that. Not only have I had plenty of time to see how you talk to the girls, and treat them, I also saw how you were when you told me about seeing Donna — and I don't think that *anybody* could have doubted that it really had been an accident, and that you really WERE sorry about it. If you were that way about just seeing one of them, don't you think I'd know how much more concerned you'd be about anything actually *happening*? And how careful you'd be about it? After dealing with my louse of an ex-husband, don't you think I could spot someone that was faking the sincerity you were actually SHOWING?"

I have to admit to feeling no small measure of relief at hearing that she wouldn't have my nuts to hang on her key chain for just looking, but hearing that she'd be okay if anything more happened didn't settle my mind any — it seemed to imply that she considered it an actual possibility. But that was for later; what I needed to know *then*, she'd answered.

I asked a few more "what-if" questions, but it quickly became clear that she not only trusted me not to be starting anything, but to actively resist — and that if I couldn't find any other way, she was confident that I'd do whatever was necessary with patience and consideration. It was certainly flattering, but also pretty daunting, too, for her to have **that** much trust and confidence in me.

With that out of the way, I asked her how she was doing at work — and easing the conversation toward more casual topics.

I finally decided that if Teresa was okay with it, and Donna *wanted* me to see her, then there wasn't any reason not to simply enjoy whatever little shows the youngster wanted to put on for me. I had no interest or intent in **making** them happen, but was willing to accept whatever views of herself that Donna was willing to provide.

And provide them, she did. It got to the point that my seeing her topless was relatively common, and the nudity happened often enough that it actually stopped shocking me each time — though I never stopped appreciating the way she looked.

Donna got so blatant about it, in fact, that Teresa was finally witness to what was happening. I'd knocked on the door to Donna's room while Teresa was behind me, and after Donna told me "Okay", I opened the door — only to see Donna apparently trying to reach something on the top shelf of her closet while naked. Stretched out the way she was only highlighted the curves of her bust and ass; and when she was done, she turned and faced me almost straight on. I saw her eyes flicker to where her mother was standing, but all she did was respond to the warning I gave her that she needed to get any dirty clothes together so they could be washed. After I closed her door, I turned to look at her mother; Teresa just gave me some unfathomable look, and didn't say anything.

After that, it wasn't long before Donna was comfortable with the idea of doing whatever she had to in whatever state of (un)dress she happened to be in. She didn't turn up for supper naked, or anything like that; but if she started to get ready for bed and needed something from another part of the house, she wasn't the least bit reluctant to go get it while topless, or even nude. Teresa witnessed the majority of those events, and to the best of my knowledge, never said a word about any of them.

With Donna being the oldest, her bedtime was the latest, so Karen and Wendy seldom saw the trips Donna made in the latter part of the evening; but they certainly saw some of the ones that happened during other parts of the day. After the trips continued for a while, they apparently decided that it was okay for THEM to do the same thing. The first time I saw Wendy calmly walking down the hall toward me while wearing only a pair of panties, I practically fell over — not just from surprise, but from how she looked. Her breasts weren't but about the size of half a lemon, with a very similar shape... and about as beautiful and perfect as they could be. The tips of her breasts were slightly puffy (think of that rounded bit on the end of a lemon to get an idea of the right proportions) and rose pink. Both of her areolas looked like a confection of some kind, and from the center of each sprung a small pink pebble of a nipple. As she walked toward me, her breasts didn't jiggle or sway in the slightest, telling me how firm they must be; when she got close and saw that I was looking at them, both of her nipples extended slightly as she gave me a self-satisfied smile. After she went by, I turned my head to see that her little butt was creating some *very* interesting motions inside the panties that barely covered it.

A day or two later, I was in the kitchen to see what groceries I could/should bring home when I heard the fridge door open. From the other side, I heard Karen's voice ask if we had any juice. I said that we didn't, and that I was going to get some on my way home from work the next day. I heard her express her disappointment, followed by the sound of the fridge closing. I turned as I started to ask if there was anything else she wanted while I was at the store, only to discover that she was standing there stark naked. She moved to face me when I spoke, giving me the chance to see that her breasts were roughly the size of half an orange and generally conical, with small, dark areolas that sported nipples about the size of a small bean. Though less curved at waist and

hip than her older sister, she was still plainly female in shape. Between her thighs, she had a small wedge-shaped patch of sparse pubic hair; I could easily see the skin underneath, and the cleft of her sex. Her legs looked incredibly long, and were both slender and nicely shaped. I managed to finish what I'd started to ask her, and listened as she told me the couple of things that she wanted before she turned and left — giving me the chance to admire the firm globes of her rounded little ass as she walked away. Even after she was out of sight, I could only stand there with the vision of how she'd looked in front of me.

After that, I was simply careful not to take any overt notice of any exposed girl parts when Teresa was around — I didn't turn my head to look at them, didn't follow them with my eyes, or anything like that. But the brief glances I took were more than sufficient to fill out the memories of them I got at other times. There came the point that I even saw Wendy nude; the few hairs I saw at the base of her belly were as dark as the hair on her head was light. I finally caught on that although Wendy and Karen weren't as *actively* trying to let me see them in little or no clothing as Donna seemed to be, they weren't reluctant to take advantage of whatever opportunities they were presented with. I doubt that it took much more than a month for me to know what each of them looked like more intimately than I suspected even their mother did.

After I'd divorced, I naturally went back to masturbation to relieve my sexual needs; using a prostitute of any kind scared me because of the risk of disease, as did the idea of casual bar or club encounters. I was still more than a little gun-shy about getting involved in any kind of relationship with a woman because of the divorce, so that pretty effectively limited my options for finding releases for my physical needs.

But after the first little "show" that Donna had given me, and I'd gotten myself off in the bathroom, I found myself thinking about her (and even Karen) as fodder for my masturbatory fantasies. I had no plan or intent to actually try to make any of those fantasies come true, and invariably felt guilty about them afterwards — at least, at first. But as I saw the girls wearing less and less, more and more often, my guilt afterwards became less intense and shorter-lived. I still wasn't looking for anything to actually *happen*; I simply didn't concern myself as much about what I was "just thinking".

We were having a movie night, and I was in my usual seat in the middle of the couch. Donna was on one side of me, and Wendy was on the other; Karen had opted to sit on the floor in front of me, between my feet. Since we got a bit of a late start on the movies, Teresa had told the girls that they could stay up past their usual bedtimes, but that they had to go to bed *immediately* afterwards. All three had opted to go ahead dress for bed ahead of time. Donna was only wearing one of my old tee shirts and a pair of panties; I know that's all she had on because I could see the way her nipples faintly dented the material of my shirt, and caught a glimpse of the panties when she sat down next to me. Wendy had on actual bed clothes, but they consisted of a pair of very small shorts and very small (and rather snug, revealing the general shape of her breasts) top. Between my feet, Karen was wearing panties and a girl's sports jersey.

We had two movies to watch; the first was a comedy that had all of us laughing. The second was more of an adventure thing. After the second movie started, Donna took one of my hands and held it in front of herself, gripping it tightly during the more active or tension-building scenes. It wasn't until about halfway through the movie that I realized that I could feel something more than just her hands touching mine. Barely moving my head, I was able to look down and over to see that she had the backs of my fingers pressed against the side of her breast.

After Teresa had warned me that one of them might try something like that, I wasn't sure if Donna had put my hand there deliberately, or simply let it drift there while her attention was on the movie. The contact was small and light, and I decided to wait and see what was going on. If it was accidental, she'd realize it soon enough, and move my hand; if it was deliberate, I could expect her to increase the contact.

When a little more of the movie had played out, I had my answer: she had gotten more of my hand touching her young mammary, with a couple of my fingers softly pressing the sides of her nipple. Even as I was taking note of the change, I felt her shift her hands slightly — slowly dragging the backs of my fingers across her nipple. When she did it again several seconds later, I thought that her nipple felt a little firmer, somehow. After she'd repeated her actions several more times, I was sure that it was not only harder, but getting a little longer, too.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Teresa look over toward us and see what Donna did. She continued to watch, and saw it happen again. I couldn't see any change in her expression, and after witnessing it happen a third time, she just turned her head to watch the movie again.

Teresa had said she was okay with it if one (or more!) of the girls tried to get me to touch one of their tits, and when she didn't visibly react to what I had to figure she *knew* Donna was doing, I could only think that she'd meant it. But that didn't mean that I was going to start groping any of the girls, either. I wasn't happy about what Donna was doing (yes, it felt good... but that's something else, entirely); but between the assurances I'd gotten from Teresa, and the fact that it was **Donna** that put my hand where it was, I wasn't unhappy, either. I figured to just wait and see what happened, thinking that if Teresa didn't like it, she'd tell Donna to knock it off; if she was okay with it, I'd know that, too.

When the final credits for the movie started to roll, Donna casually moved to get my arm behind her so she could stand up and stretch. I couldn't help but notice that both of her nipples were plainly visible before she leaned over to give me a kiss on the cheek and wish me a good night. I wished her one, too, before she turned and headed toward her bedroom. Following that, I got kisses and good-nights from Wendy, then Karen, before they went off to bed, too. I waited with Teresa while the movie rewound to see if there was anything she wanted to say to me. Other than to comment on the movies, there wasn't. I got up and got both movies back in their boxes, and after we'd wished each other pleasant dreams, went downstairs and went to bed.

Several nights later, we were all watching TV when Donna contrived to get my hand between both of hers again. The difference was that even as she was holding my hand in her lap, she was slowly twisting her body slightly so that her hardening nipple brushed against the back of my

arm. Again, I saw Teresa look over at us and witness what was happening before silently turning her attention back to the TV.

Donna didn't do that kind of thing every time she sat next to me — but it certainly happened often enough, and her efforts gradually grew longer and more explicit. With Teresa's tacit permission, I neither hindered nor helped Donna's efforts — even when we were having another movie night, and she finally worked up the courage to actually put my hand ON her breast. I could feel the hard pebble of her erect nipple pressing into my palm and the warmth of her tit under my fingers, but I remained as impassive as a statue. It certainly felt like a part of me that none of them could see had turned to stone! But rather than start playing with the warm mound under my hand (as I so very much wanted to), I just kept my hand still, slightly cupping the bosom underneath it. With the end of the movie, I casually removed my hand so that I could stick my arms out and stretch; when I was done, my arms naturally came to rest on the back of the couch while the girls got up. A brief exchange of pleasantries and kisses, and they were off to bed. As I'd gotten into the habit of doing, I stayed with Teresa while the movie rewound. I didn't doubt that she knew what had happened, but she made no comment on it.

It was Saturday afternoon just over a week later, and I was downstairs in the recliner going over some technical specifications when I heard Donna softly call down "Uncle Ted? Have you got a minute?"

I told her I did, and set the paperwork aside. When she came in to where I was sitting, I could see that she had on a pair of loose shorts, and equally loose top. She came over to where I was sitting, and I asked her what she needed. She hesitated for a few moments before answering "There's something I don't understand, and I need to ask you about."

Seeing the troubled look on her face, I quickly told her I'd be glad to do what I could to help, and asked what was bothering her. Again, she hesitated for a moment before asking "Would it be okay if I sat on your lap while we talk?"

The last time she'd been on my lap had been shortly before they'd had to move, and I was trying to convince her that it was okay for them to go. I'd been glad that she hadn't wanted to do it again since I got there — I didn't figure I needed any of the potential problems that could result from having a nubile fifteen-year-old female on my lap, thank you very much. But she looked so distraught that it never occurred to me to say anything BUT "Of course you can, honey."

Once she'd gotten her cute fanny on my lap, she curled up and leaned against me, her head resting against my chest. It hurt me terribly to see her like that, and I put my arms around her to try and comfort her as best I could while she told me whatever was bothering her. The two of us sat there for perhaps a minute before she quietly asked "Uncle Ted? Don't you love me any more?"

Stunned by the question, it took a few seconds for me to get my wits back enough to answer "Of course I still love you, honey! Why would you even think you had to ask?"

"Well, I just had to wonder if something happened, or was wrong, or something. I mean, the way

you act, it seems that you don't like me or want to do anything with me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I started letting you look at me — you know, with no clothes on, so you can see my boobs and everything, but all you ever did was just *look*. Then, the other night, when I actually put your hand on me, you didn't do **anything**. I wanted you to touch me, and play with my boob a little bit, but you DIDN'T, even after I put your hand on it. Don't you think I'm pretty enough, or that my tits are big enough yet?"

To say that I was flabbergasted would be an understatement of monumental proportions. It seemed that every thought I had would go crashing into another one, wrecking both, while my jaw just moved up and down with no noise coming out. That lasted until I felt wetness on my chest, and realized that she was quietly crying — which was all it took for me to focus my thoughts again.

Hugging her gently, I told her "Honey, I promise you — I think you're MORE than pretty enough, and that your tits are just *fine*."

I could hear the quiver in her voice when she asked "Then why won't you touch me like I want?"

"Sweetheart, you know what happened with me and your Aunt Judy. I hope you didn't hear about ALL the things that happened between us, but I'll bet you still know that it wasn't easy for us to get our divorce." She quietly nodded her head, and I went on "That's a little bit of the reason that I haven't wanted to do anything like you want; I guess you could say that I'm still a little bit nervous about doing anything with girls. Another part of it is the fact that you're only fourteen" — "Almost fifteen!", she optimistically corrected me (her birthday was still four months away) — "and that's still young; particularly to me. The other thing is that I **am** your Uncle Ted... with the emphasis on the 'Uncle' part. It just doesn't feel *right* to me to touch you that way; I've known you since you were little, and because I'm your Uncle and I DO love you, I don't want to do anything that would hurt you — either physically, or inside, in your heart. And touching you that way makes me feel like I *would* be hurting you."

She sat there in silence for several seconds before telling me "But if you love me, why would you think you have to be nervous about doing anything with girls with ME? I can understand that you wouldn't want to hurt me, and that I'm still young — but after I've let you see me without clothes on so many times, and after *I* put your hand on my boob, why aren't you willing to let me grow up? Or even HELP me? It's not like you're trying to take advantage of me because I'm so young, and don't know any better. Mom has already talked to me about sex and all that, and I'm not asking you to do anything like that; I just want you to touch me, so I feel good. I love you, Uncle Ted, and there isn't any other guy that I would trust the way I do you. I *want* you to touch my boobs, and maybe even between my legs, later, so that I **can** learn how to grow up — but with somebody that I know loves me, and I know I can trust. Like I said, I'm not asking you to have sex with me, just help me find out what it's like when a guy touches me. I don't want to wait until I'm older to find out, and maybe get into some kind of trouble because I didn't know what to

expect!"

I did love her, and the **last** thing in the world that I wanted to do was hurt her, just as I'd said. So after hearing what she had to say, I was left sitting there feeling as though I was stuck between two equally unpleasant choices, regardless of how much I knew I'd enjoy getting my hands on her delectable body. Thinking that I probably already knew the answer, I still asked her "Have you talked about this with your mom?"

"Of *course* I have. Not just how I was feeling, but wanting YOU to look at me and touch me. She told me that if I wanted to be grown up enough to make my own decisions, then I had to be grown up enough to let you know what I wanted."

Hearing that, I knew that Teresa had to be aware that if Donna let me know what she (Donna) wanted, there was the possibility (even likelihood) that I would actually take her (Donna) up on it. So if Teresa was willing to say something like that, then I had to figure she really would be okay with it happening. That was all the salve my conscience needed before I asked Donna "You're really **sure** that you want me to touch you?"

"Of course I am! Wasn't ME that put your hand on my tit the other night? Didn't I come down here and TELL you that's what I want?"

"Then if your mom is okay with it, and that's what you want, then I'll go along.", I told her.

It took a second for her to realize that I was actually agreeing before she suddenly sat up, facing me. Her eyes were a little puffy, her nose was red and a little runny, and she still looked lovely to me when she asked "Really? You will?"

"Yes, I will, if that's what you want.", I assured her.

"I do!", she declared, before reaching down to grasp the hem of the top she was wearing, and unceremoniously pull it up and over her head before casually tossing it aside. That left her sitting there with nothing to obstruct the view she was giving me of her beautiful breasts. I let my eyes feast on their loveliness for several seconds before looking into her face — and seeing the delight and happiness she felt. We just looked at each other for a bit before she got an expression of expectation on her face. I quickly realized that it was up to me to let her know that I was sincere, and I did so by raising my hands and placing them on the mounds of her young bust.

As I'd felt the night she put my hand on one, her breasts were warm to my touch; when I gently squeezed them, they proved to be as firm as they'd appeared. Though neither one quite filled my cupped hand, they were still large enough to make holding them a treat. After I'd cupped my hands under them and softly used my thumbs to tease her nipples a bit, she told me "I *like* how it feels like when you touch my tits like that, and I want to know what it's like when you touch them other ways, too... and even kissing them, and... stuff."

I left it to her to decide if it was "kissing", or "stuff", when I slowly leaned forward and fastened my mouth on the peak of one of her smooth mammaries, and began gently sucking on it while using my tongue to lave its nipple. She released a soft moan as she put her hands in my hair to

hold my head where it was — something that was **entirely** unnecessary; it probably would have taken a crowbar to pry me loose, just then.

I don't know how long we stayed like that, with me orally tending the tips of her breasts, while my hands and fingers did a thorough and detailed examination of the rest of them. I had gotten both of her areolas puckered, and nipples erect and shiny, and was happily keeping them in that condition when a slight pressure as Donna began to push my head away. Despite the disappointment I felt, I did as she wanted — though I gave each of her girlish mounds a soft kiss first. When my head was back far enough for us to look into each others faces again, I could see that she'd *thoroughly* enjoyed my attentions by her broad smile. I smiled back at her as she told me "I... I think that's enough for now, Uncle Ted. It felt **really** good, and I want you to do that some more, again. But I have to finish my homework and do my chores for today, so we'd better stop."

"Of course, honey. I love you, and I'm not going to do anything to push you or cause you to get into any kind of trouble. If you want us to do this, we can — when YOU want it."

"I know you wouldn't, Uncle Ted", she lovingly told me before continuing "I *like* it when you touch me like this, and when we do it again, I want to make sure we have time to do it as much as we can."

"I'd like that", I assured her.

With that, she scooted herself off my lap, and unashamedly bent over to pick up the top she'd been wearing, and put it back on. After she leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek, I gave her a gentle pat on the butt after she turned and started toward the stairs. She turned her head to give me a pleased smile, and continued on her way.

When she was out of sight, I just sat there for several minutes looking at the palms of my hands as I remembered the feel of her.

Once we'd started, it didn't take but a few weeks for the intimacy between Donna and myself to increase dramatically. The first few times, she was content for me to touch her developing breasts, and gently suck on her nipples while she still had clothing on her lower half. The next thing she let me know was that it was that it was okay for me to touch her more. I willingly did so; while remaining careful not to approach the area between her thighs, I DID include the firm globes of her ass — at least, through whatever she had on — and however much of her lovely legs was exposed. Naturally enough, it didn't take long for her to understand that what she wore affected how much of her I touched; once she did, she seldom wanted us to be together while she was wearing anything that went beyond mid-thigh on her... and usually *much* shorter than that.

It also became a common occurrence for me to give her a little pat on the butt, even when the others were around. Wendy and Karen saw me do it, of course, and rather than explain how and why my relationship with their older sister was special, I simply began to do it to them, much to their delight. Teresa saw what I was doing, and merely smiled.

It didn't take but a couple of times of Donna putting my hand on her breast for her sisters to notice that I was slowly and softly caressing it through whatever Donna was wearing at the time. In short order, both of them gathered the courage to get my hand on one of *their* breasts, too. Karen's mammaries were a trifle firmer than Donna's, though smaller. They were still just as warm to my touch, and **almost** as nice to have in my hand. Wendy's smaller bust made it almost impossible for me to do much, despite how nice they felt; but both of us found it pleasant and acceptable when I would gently toy with their puffy tips. Teresa didn't have any comment about what I was doing with the two younger girls, either.

Don't get the idea that I was constantly being offered the chance to play with their tits — I wasn't. The time Donna and I spent together wasn't but a minute or two at a time, and didn't happen more than every couple of days. For all of them, the playing with their breast only happened sometimes, even IF I was there with them watching TV or for movie night — not always a sure thing. But it certainly happened often enough that I had plenty of the stimulus I needed when I took care of my increasing sexual desires.

Early one Sunday afternoon, I was resting on my couch downstairs while watching sports on TV when Donna came down to visit. She didn't hesitate to get herself situated in the recliner, and sat quietly with me until the game I was watching ended. There wasn't anything else that I wanted to watch, so I turned the TV off; when I did, she got up and came over to where I was laying down. Without saying a word, she shed the blouse she was wearing before moving to lay on top of me. Since she was laying face down with her head right under my chin, I simply put my arms around her and held her — she wasn't heavy enough to bother me, and it felt nice to just have her in my arms like that.

Several minutes went by before I heard her ask "Uncle Ted?"

"Yes, dear?"

"When I touch my boobs, it feels good — but not as nice as when you do it. Well, sometimes I touch myself between my legs, and that feels even better than just touching my boobs. So I was wondering if... if it would be okay if YOU touched me between my legs now. I mean, it feels so much better when it's you touching my chest than when I do it, that I figure if you touched me between my legs, then THAT would be even better, too. I *want* you to do it, so would that make it okay for you to do that with me?"

I wasn't as shocked or surprised as I maybe should have been; the last few times she'd wanted to be semi-nude with me, I'd caught the faint scent of aroused female shortly before we stopped. And I hadn't forgotten the conversation we'd had with her on my lap, when she told me that she might want me to do that. While I was certainly *willing* enough, I didn't want to accidentally push her farther than she wanted to go, or frighten her, so I calmly asked "What did you want me to do?"

She sounded a little relieved as she told me "I just want to know what it feels like when YOU touch me there. Sometimes, when I do it, it starts feeling so good that it kind of scares me, and I

stop. If... if you did that with me, I know I wouldn't have to be scared about what might happen."

I almost couldn't believe my ears. Not that she would tell me that she was masturbating, but that she got scared and stopped what she was doing because she was afraid of the increasing pleasure when she got too close to having an orgasm — and wanted **me** there, and helping, when she finally let it happen. The idea of not merely witnessing, but actually *assisting* as she had her first-ever orgasm aroused me tremendously — something that I could only hope she didn't notice. Maintaining my equanimity, I replied "Okay, I can do that, if you like. Was there anything else you wanted?"

"I thought it would be better, and nicer, if we, you know, maybe kissed and stuff, too. I mean, if you want to."

Giving her a soft hug, I answered "I'd like that, sweetheart. When did you want to do that?", thinking that I already knew what she'd say.

"Could we maybe do it today? Or even now?"

"Of course we can. Do we need to close the door, or anything?", I asked, wanting to know if I should be concerned about us being interrupted.

"Oh, no. I told Mom that I was coming down here so you could help me with something, just the two of us, and she just smiled and said she'd make sure nobody bothered us."

We stayed on the couch like that for another minute or so before I hesitantly told her "If we're going to do that, it would probably be easier and more comfortable if we were someplace where we had more room than on this couch."

I got an idea of how much she loved and trusted me when I heard her answer "I thought your bed would be better, too. Just because we're there, I know you aren't going to do any more with me than what *I* want, Uncle Ted. I know you don't want to scare me or anything, but you don't have to worry about talking to me, either. If I'm grown up enough for us to do stuff like this, don't you think I'll understand those kinds of things?"

Hearing that, I moved my hands so that I could start gently caressing the soft, smooth expanse of her back, and heard her release a contented sigh; being able to give HER pleasure like that while getting my own was something that always pleased me. After I'd tenderly re-mapped the topography of her skin several times, she spoke up again to tell me "It always makes me feel good inside when you touch me like that — but that's not what I came down here for."

"Well, I *suppose* we can do that, now...", I replied, feigning a reluctance I certainly didn't feel.

Knowing that I was just teasing her, she raised her head and graced me with a loving smile before placing a brief soft kiss on my lips. When she raised her head again, I knew that she could see how much it had meant to me by the happy expression on her face. A second later, she moved to stand up next to the couch again, leaving me free to sit up. She unabashedly unfastened and

dropped the skirt she was wearing, revealing that she was wearing only a **very** skimpy pair of panties. Confidently, she looked into my eyes as she calmly slid her hands under the waistband and eased them down her lovely slender legs. After she stepped out of them, she turned to face me straight on before saying "I don't think you've gotten a chance to really *look* at me before — at least, not with us close like this, or for very long. So if you want to, you can do that now; it's okay. I... I'd like it, even."

The closest I'd ever been to her for one of her little shows had probably been three feet. And with me being a good foot and a half taller than she was, the views I had gotten weren't as good as they could have been. So with her standing there not two feet from the couch, and my eyes about level with the bottoms of her breasts, I definitely DID want to look at her closer and longer.

I saw her lift her foot, as if she wanted to go somewhere — and realized that she was willing to come even closer to me. I shifted my feet apart, and she gave me a pleased smile as she moved to stand between them. I leaned forward slightly, and finally got to really **look** at her adolescent body.

With her that close, the first thing I noticed — **HAD** to notice! — was how incredibly flawless her skin was. Looking as delicate as the finest porcelain, it also had the light pink color of a healthy young girl. I couldn't see a wrinkle or blemish on her anywhere; there was absolutely nothing to mar the beauty of her epidermis. Able to really examine her mammaries, I saw that they were beginning to fill out a little; compared to the generally conical shape they'd had when I first saw her, they looked to be slightly more rounded then. Her dime-sized areolas were almost perfectly round, and darker than the smooth flesh surrounding them. Discounting the slight crinkling they were showing from what I knew was her mild arousal at having me look at her, I figured that both of them would have only a minimum of the small bumps that I'd seen on other women. Her nipples grew from the center of her areolas, and slightly larger around than a pencil; each stuck out for perhaps a *bit* more than a quarter of an inch.

Letting my eyes finally drift downwards, I thought her "innie" navel was about the cutest thing I'd ever seen — and leaned forward to give it a soft kiss. When I was sitting up again, my gaze dropped even lower, and I got my first close look at the base of her flat abdomen. Up close and personal (as it were) with her developing bush, I saw that it was made up of a still somewhat sparse growth of fine blond hairs that looked to be still a little short — and soft. I didn't have any trouble making out the skin beneath, nor the cleft that divided her mons. I thought to myself that if I'd known that girls could look **THIS** good at that age, I'd have paid a **hell** of a lot more attention to them...

When I lifted my head to look into her face again, I quietly told her "When you were sitting in my lap, I told you that you're pretty more than pretty enough. Seeing you now, like this, I want to say it again. Honey, you are *way* more than pretty enough — you're beautiful. When you let me look at you like this, you make me glad that I'm a guy."

My words delighted her, and she leaned over to give me another kiss before standing up again — and turning around so that I could look at the back of her.

I'll admit that the first thing I looked at was her cute little ass. Simply put, it was a work of art, sculpted out of the finest marble by a singularly talented craftsman. Each of her cheeks was visibly tight and firm, nicely rounded, and as smooth and flawless as the rest of her. Difficult as it was, I finally managed to drag my eyes away from it to look at the rest of her. Her legs made her look a bit coltish, but in a good way; slender, they were composed of a series of graceful, gentle curves that made them simply *flow* from her ankles to the ass that they merged with. After another bout of admiring her butt, I got my eyes moving upwards so that I could examine the source of my most recent pleasure with her. Clear and smooth, her back was a blank canvas that I wanted to paint on with my tongue; her delicate shoulders supported her slender and graceful neck. Without the interesting terrain features that the front of her boasted, though, there wasn't anything behind her to get all *that* engrossed with — except for her ass, which I found myself marvelling at yet again.

She seemed to realize that it wouldn't take me as long to look her over from that direction as it had the front; I was still trying to decide what I wanted to do with her ass *first* when she took the decision away from me by turning around again. I didn't have any problem telling her, as sincerely as I could, "You have THE nicest looking butt I have seen in a long, *long* time." — making her giggle, and smile. Still looking into her face, I raised my hands and slowly reached out to put them on her hips before telling her "Sweetheart, I'm honored that you would let me look at you like this. But I want you to know that I love you — not because of how you look, pretty as you are — but for what's **inside** you. You're smart, but you still study so that you can get the best grades you can; you're as kind and gentle and loving as anyone could want. I know you don't always get along with your sisters, but I have NEVER heard you argue with them — which tells me that you're patient and generous, too. I know that you don't like some of the things that you have to do, but you don't complain or make a fuss; and that helps make things easier for your mom, because she had to worry about you and your sisters. I love you, Donna, for who you ARE, not what you look like — and I always will, no matter what else happens. If you wanted to stop doing stuff like this with me, it would be okay, because I'd still love you. If you didn't want me to see you without clothes on, it would be okay, because I'd still love you. For me, you and your sisters are the kids that your Aunt Judy and I couldn't have; I don't think I could love you and them any more if I *was* your dad. So if maybe sometimes I'm a stinker, that's why — because I **do** love you so much, and the last thing in the world I'd want to do would be hurt you in ANY way."

I saw tears start to form in her eyes before she managed to blink them away and tell me "I know how much you love me, Uncle Ted. And Karen and Wendy know it, too. That's why we always liked you better than Aunt Judy, because we could tell that she didn't love us the way you did. When Daddy was still with us, we knew that he loved us — but it didn't seem like it was anywhere near as much as you did, because he hardly ever wanted to do anything with us, like come to the stuff we did at school, or help us with our homework, and stuff like that. He'd hug us and tell us he loved us, but it never sounded like the way you just said it, and we didn't think he meant it the way you do. I'm sorry he's gone, but I'm even happier that *you're* here now."

There wasn't anything that I *could* say to that, and I didn't even try. Instead, I leaned forward again and gave her a soft, gentle kiss about halfway between her navel and breasts before pulling back and looking into her face to say "Thank you, dear."

We looked into each others eyes for several seconds before she took my hands in hers and gently tugged me into standing up. Releasing one of my hands, she used the other to lead the way to my bed, and then onto it. When both of us were laying down (her on her back; me on my side, propped up on my elbow), I put my hand on her just above her navel. She looked up at me and said "Yes, sometimes you are a stinker — but it's only when I want you to do something with me, and you're not sure about it. I know it's because you love me and don't want to do anything to hurt me, either inside, in my heart, or outside, on my body; and it's okay when you're a stinker like that, because I know *why* you're doing it. Now I'm ready for you to start touching me, even between my legs; and I'm telling you that so you know you DON'T have to be worried about me. I know what I'm asking, and what you're going to do; and I'm SURE about what I want, and that I want YOU to do it. So you don't have to worry about me now, okay? I know I can trust you not to do anything I don't want you to — that if you start to do something I don't like, you'll stop if I tell you. I told you I know how much you love me, and I want you to know that I love you and trust you with all my heart; that's why I want to learn and do these things with YOU. Karen and Wendy and me, we've talked about it, and they feel the same way about you that I do."

What she said touched me so deeply that the only response I could make was to lower my head and give her a soft kiss on the lips — chaste, but as *loving* as I could make it. And somehow, despite her youth, her lips told me that the depth of her love equalled my own.

When our lips separated, I looked into her face and saw that she was every bit as sure as she'd said she was — that she wanted to be there, that she wanted us to do the things we would, and that she was ready. I also saw that she was supremely confident that I would make her happy, and that she could trust me. That removed the last qualms I had about doing what I'd wanted to since the first time I saw her naked: get my hands and lips on as much of her delectable body as I could. I did love her the way I'd said I did — for all the good things I saw in her. But I wasn't so committed to her intelligence and character that I'd fail to appreciate the package that held them.

Lowering my head, I touched my lips to hers again, and she willingly — even eagerly — returned my kiss. It was still loving and affectionate, but it also served to mark the beginning of the time we'd have together while I helped her learn just how much pleasure was available from her own body.

That first kiss lasted but a few seconds; the one that quickly followed it went on longer. The next lasted longer still. With the start of the next, Donna took my hand in hers and moved it to her breast, letting me know she was ready for me to begin.

When I'd touched her before, it was both to let her learn what it felt like to have someone else's hands on her, and to satisfy my own desire to simply become more familiar with however much of her anatomy she was willing to grant me access to. With the change in her reason for being there, I didn't have to restrain myself from touching her in ways that I knew would arouse her —

quite the opposite, in fact. But since I knew I wasn't going to be doing anything more THAN touching her, I didn't have any reason to hurry — not that I would have, anyway. So as our kisses got longer and more involved and intimate, I was perfectly fine with starting out much as I "usually" did with her by simply reacquainting myself with her developing body... including the newly-available areas that had been off-limits before. The next several minutes passed with me happily caressing as much of her as I could reach, though I remained discreet about how and where I touched her pelvis and the area between her firm thighs.

The way she responded to what I was doing let me know that she was perfectly willing to experience whatever pleasure there was to be had with me. Her kisses gradually included more and more of her increasing desire; and the soft noises she made told me that she liked how I was touching her. When I caressed her breasts, I could tell that her areolas were more puckered, and her nipples longer, than they'd ever been.

Her breathing had gotten to the point that it was almost impossible for me to continue kissing her, so I slowly shifted my attention to her breasts, via her earlobes, throat, and shoulders — and noticeably increasing her desire and arousal in the process.

After I'd fastened my mouth on the tip of one of her breasts, I decided that it was time to finally start trying to help her experience the kind of pleasure she'd been denying herself. After tracing a path down the top of one of her smooth thighs, I eased my fingertips to the inside of her knee before slowly drawing my hand upwards with a featherlight touch. As my hand moved higher and higher, she started making a soft moaning noise that presaged a sudden strengthening of the scent of her increasing arousal. When the side of my hand brushed the hair on her mons, she gasped and arched her pelvis up in response. Taking that as my cue that she was ready to take the final step, I traced a path around her small bush and down the top of her other leg. When she felt my fingers slide down to the inside of her knee, she released another soft moan as she voluntarily spread her legs to make room for my hand before I started to repeat on that thigh what I'd done on the other.

After my fingertips reached the juncture of her thigh and pelvis, I lightly drew my fingertips across her mons — enough to disturb the fine hairs on it, but not touching the skin underneath, before following the summit on one side of her cleft upwards so that my first touch was in the open forest at the top of her pubic thatch. Slowly and softly, I ran my fingers through the fine, down that presented little more than token covering for her lower belly, pleased at how soft it felt. Only when I was sure that all of my fingertips had touched every single hair that wasn't on her mons did I finally begin to move my hand again. Letting my fingers separate slightly, I gently traced a path downwards with two fingers on each of the soft ridges that declared her womanhood; when I reached the bottom, I cupped her mound in my hand, with my middle finger along the cleft of her sex.

Under the pad of my finger, I could feel the warmth radiating from the opening I knew lay beneath, as well as no small measure of dampness that had escaped. As I continued to suck and gently bite the rubbery hardness of her nipples, I carefully curled my finger so that it dipped

between the folds of her pudendum. She moaned, and arched her pelvis up again when she felt what I was doing. Almost immediately, I felt the edges of her inner lips, and it took only a few moments for the end of my finger to be wetted with the overflow of her feminine essence. Patiently, carefully, and above all, GENTLY, I explored the hidden recesses she had made available to me.

I soon learned that her labia were small, somewhat thin (even accounting for her youth), and easily as soft as was to be expected from her virginal state. I let my fingertip lightly touch the entrance to her vagina, and she didn't react in the slightest; it took me only a few moments to collect a goodly sample of her oils in anticipation of needing them before long. Tracing the folds of her labia upwards, I easily found the bump where her clitoris was hiding. Using the lubrication she'd already provided me, I tenderly enticed it into making an appearance; it proved to be about the size of a *very* small pea — and sensitive, as I learned from her pleased reaction when I gave it a butterfly-light caress.

Lifting my head from Donna's chest, I turned my head to look at her. Her eyes were closed and she was panting, but I could somehow tell that she was eagerly anticipating that I would be helping her find even more joy — and looking forward to where and how it would end.

So that I didn't give her reason to think anything was wrong, I quickly lowered my head again, and began tending to the mate of the breast I'd just been enjoying. Even as I was applying a series of soft lip-bites to the slopes of her breast, I was trying to figure out what might be the best way of helping her experience her first orgasm. I had to try and find something that would be *satisfying* for her, but not so much that it overwhelmed her — after all, she was still only fourteen (almost fifteen!, I heard her tell me in my mind), and she simply didn't have the wherewithal to experience anything like a grown woman would enjoy. The more I thought about it, the more I found myself getting tied up in knots; so I finally chucked the whole thing in favor of simply bringing her along however quickly she responded, until it finally happened for her.

With that resolved, I promptly went about doing what I'd settled on. It wasn't but a few moments before I was softly and gently starting to stimulate her clitoris — and only a few seconds longer before I could hear a change in her breathing that told me I was getting things right. With frequent side-trips to make sure I kept the end of my finger lubed with her juices, I carefully and patiently went about finding out what she liked, and how she liked it done.

Between her apparent desire to discover what she'd been missing out on, and her trust that I was going to help her find it, it didn't take but a very few minutes before I could tell that she was approaching an orgasm. After wetting the end of my finger again, I went back to tending to her clitoris by circling it at the pressure and tempo that her body told me she enjoyed most. I could feel her body begin to tense up beneath me, and knew that she was almost there; but when several more seconds passed and nothing happened, I had to figure that she needed *something* — probably almost anything — to actually push her over the edge. Figuring "What the hell... it's worth a try...", I got my mouth on the peak of one of her breasts and sucked on it — then gently bit her nipple. To my surprise (and our *mutual* delight, I suspect), that did the trick. Her body

froze in place underneath me, and I felt her clitoris disappear under its hood just ahead of the first wave of release to course through her lovely body. She managed a gasping breath before the next spasm of pleasure overwhelmed her, which was quickly followed by a third. After she'd managed to draw in a little more oxygen, a fourth, then fifth ran through her. Though the last two had been progressively milder, they still left her gasping for a couple of seconds, until what proved to be the last wave of her first climax made itself felt.

When it was over for her, I quickly moved to lay next to her, again propped up on my elbow as I softly stroked her face. When she opened her eyes, I could see how stunned she was by what had happened — and how thoroughly she'd enjoyed it. It took a several more seconds before she got enough of her breath back to softly tell me "It felt so... I never thought... I didn't know I could **feel** like that!", overwhelmed with emotion.

Smiling, I simply told her "Yeah."

Awed, she asked me "If I hadn't gotten scared before, when I was touching myself, I would have felt this before now, wouldn't I?"

"Probably.", I answered.

She considered that for a few seconds as her panting slowed, then told me "If I'd known, I sure would have let it happen before now. But I didn't, and I'm *glad* that you were here with me, and helped me find out what it's like. That was incredible, and it's even more special to me to learn I can feel like that and have you here with me when it happened."

I gave her a soft kiss, and she said "Really, Uncle Ted — it's because you were here with me, and making me feel so good. When I could feel myself getting closer, I knew I didn't have to be afraid or nervous; and that you'd take care of me — and you DID! It felt so good, what you were doing, and I could feel that it was *almost* going to happen, and it was starting to make me kind of crazy, I wanted it to happen so bad. Then I felt you suck on my tit that way, and when you kinda bit my nipple, everything just... **exploded** inside me!"

I couldn't resist smiling at her delight and enthusiasm, and asked "So, you think you'll be okay with finishing things yourself, now?"

She gave me a pleased grin before answering "Yeah, I think so. But I'll still want it to happen with you sometimes, too."

"I'm okay with that", I told her, "but let's not make it *too* often, okay? We don't want to make anybody mad or upset, do we?"

Only mildly chastised, she told me "No, I guess not."

I softly kissed her again, and the two of us lay there for several minutes before she quietly told me "I wish I could stay with you like this, but I guess I should go back upstairs so Mom doesn't get worried or anything."

After a few moments, we got out of bed, and I went with her back to where she'd left the clothing

she'd taken off. When I sat in my recliner and blatantly watched her, she got a smile on her face and made a show out of it as she got her things back on. Dressed again, she came over and gave me a soft kiss on the lips before telling me "Thank you, Uncle Ted. That felt **really** good, what you did; and how you made me feel."

"I'm glad you liked it, and that I could help you, honey.", I told her. She gave me a pleased smile, and when she turned around, I gave her a soft pat on the butt as she started toward the stairs.

After giving it a couple of minutes in case she came down for something else, I went into my bathroom to deal with my own needs after what we'd done.

Later, after supper, when Teresa and I were alone in the living room, she told me "I have a pretty good idea of what Donna went to see you about, and I want to make sure you know that I'm okay with it. I saw how happy she was when she came back upstairs, and that just lets me know that I'm right to trust you the way I do. If or when Wendy or Karen come to you about anything like that, you don't have to worry about whether or not I'll have any problems — I won't. As long as you're not hurting them, and they're happy afterwards, I'm not going to object."

"I kinda figured, when she told me that you said you'd watch to make sure nobody bothered us."

She gave me a wry smile before saying "Like I said, I had a pretty good idea of what she was after; it seemed like a good idea to make sure she had whatever time and privacy she needed. And on the subject of privacy, you haven't said anything to me about what happened with her — and I do *NOT* need or want to know. Your time with her — or any of them, for that matter — is just for you and them."

I had to laugh, then tell her her "I'm glad to hear that. I was trying to figure out how to not tell you anything, if you HAD asked.", getting a small laugh from her. We looked at each other, and satisfied that we were both at the same place on the same page, we moved on to talk about other things.

After Donna learned what kind of pleasure she could experience, I really didn't figure that she'd need or want my assistance when she was perfectly capable of taking care of things herself. But several times after that, she would make it clear to me that she wanted us to have another session together. Whether it was down in my place, or in the privacy of her room when no one else was home, I was more than happy to go along with her desires. Along the way, I learned that she was willing and able to have orgasms that were appreciably stronger than the first; that only gave me the freedom and opportunity to enjoy the limited pleasures I got from her body even more.

Even with the activity between myself and Donna, I still had the benefit of seeing all of the girls in various states of undress, as well as the infrequent satisfaction of having them put my hand on their breast so that I would touch and caress it. With all of them patently unconcerned about me seeing them, I fell out of the habit of waiting for a response when I had to knock at one of their closed doors; I'd still knock, but if I didn't hear any response after a couple of seconds, I'd figure it was okay to open the door.

It was a day off from school for the girls, and I was taking some comp time from work so they'd have an adult around if they needed me while Teresa was at her job. Wendy had gone off to visit one of her friends, leaving me, Donna, and Karen in the house. As it got close to lunchtime, I started thinking about what to make for the three of us, and couldn't decide what would be good. Figuring that one or the other of the girls might want something in particular, I went down to solicit their input. Donna's room was the first one down the hall, so I knocked on her door, then opened it and put my head in a couple seconds later. She wasn't in her room, and I just figured she was in the bathroom; closing her door again, I went to Karen's room next. Again, I knocked, and when I didn't hear any objection, opened it far enough to stick my head in — only to be greeted by the sight of Karen and Donna both stark naked on Karen's bed, legs spread wide, and each with one hand between her thighs and the other on her breast, busily masturbating themselves with their eyes closed.

I don't know if I made a noise that they heard, they just sensed my presence, or what, but it was only a second before their eyes flew open and they saw me looking at them. I quickly apologized, and when I started to withdraw, Donna told me "No, Uncle Ted, don't go! I think we need you in here!"

With the door between me and them, I asked "Are you sure? I didn't mean to interrupt, or anything."

It was Karen's voice that told me "It's okay, Uncle Ted... really. We... *I* need to talk to you, and ask you some stuff."

Baffled, it took me a few moments to work up the courage to go on into her room — where I saw that though they'd stopped their activities, they were both still sitting there with their legs parted. Looking around, I saw that there was enough stuff on the chair in front of Karen's desk that clearing it for a place to sit wasn't viable. That meant that if I wanted to sit down, it would have to be on Karen's bed — something that I wasn't entirely happy about, considering the situation. But since she'd said that she wanted to talk and ask me some questions, I figured I'd better make myself comfortable; I parked myself on the edge of the bed, next to Karen's knee, and managed to keep my eyes above her waist. When I looked into her face, I saw that she was completely unconcerned about what I'd seen her doing and what I might see OF her. A look at Donna told me that she had much the same attitude as her younger sister. My mind couldn't resist going off to visualize what the scene might have been if either of MY folks had witnessed my self-gratifications...

Pulling myself back together, I looked at Karen again and asked "What was it you wanted to talk to me about, honey?"

To my surprise, I saw her blush slightly before she told me "I've been touching myself, and it feels good and everything, but it doesn't seem to feel as good for me as when Donna does it for her." It took me a few seconds to understand that she had blushed not because she was embarrassed about touching herself, but because she was having trouble getting the results she wanted. Again, my mind had to head off in a different direction as I contemplated the

significance and implications of that understanding...

Karen was looking at me patiently, waiting to hear what I had to say, when I got my attention back on her. I considered what she said for a few moments before telling her "I don't think that's anything that you really have to worry about, Karen. You're younger than your sister, and it might just be that your body hasn't quite developed to the point that you *can* feel as good as she does."

She thought about that for a moment, then asked "Could it be that I'm doing something wrong, or that there's something different about me? Donna showed me how SHE does it, and when she had me do to her what I do to me, it made HER feel good enough to have an orgasm."

Of course I immediately got a vision of the two of them in my head that had my cock hard in about zero seconds flat. Hoping that it wouldn't burst out of my pants, and that they wouldn't notice the sudden bulge in at my crotch, I told her "Honey, I really don't think that a person **can** do that wrong — I mean, the fact that it feels good means you're doing it right; and if it feels good, then that pretty much says that there can't be anything wrong with you, either."

Completely without shame or embarrassment, she asked me "Would you look at me, Uncle Ted? To see if there's anything different or wrong with me? Donna and I both looked at each other, and WE can't see anything that we think would make a difference; but you're a guy, and older than us, so maybe you'll find something we didn't know about."

When she asked me to look at her so intimately, I had the singularly novel experience of what I can only describe as my ears blinking — the audio equivalent of a person blinking their eyes when they see something they can't believe.

My first thought was that she was teasing me, or joking, or something else like that. But when I looked into her face, I could tell that not only was she serious about wanting me to look at her there, but she was actually concerned that there might be something wrong with her. It hurt me terribly to see her worried about something that should have been a source of great pleasure for her, and setting aside my misgivings, I told her "If it would make you feel better, or you think it would help, then I can do that."

Following that, Donna suggested "Since we're sisters, it might help if you could look at me, too." — something that left me both surprised and pleased. I turned to look at her, and nodded my head — not trusting myself not to say the things that were going through my mind.

When I turned my head back to Karen, she didn't say a word — she just scooted herself down a little farther, and brought her knees up almost to her chest before spreading her legs as far as she could to expose herself to me. She was soon followed by Donna doing the same thing, leaving me sitting there with two young pussies to look at.

Leaning over put my head in the general vicinity of Donna's pelvis; shifting myself a bit got my head barely a foot from where her hand had been busy so recently. There was still enough of her oils present that I could easily discern the aroma that was hers alone — light, only slightly

musky, and fresh. As I began to look at her, she eased her arms to the insides of her legs, using them to help keep her legs apart as she used her hands to open herself up to me. It was easy to see that her labia were just as my fingertip had told me they were — small, somewhat thin, and soft. Between them, I could see the entrance to her vagina; she was holding herself open enough that I could even discern the ring of her hymen. At the top of her womanhood, her clitoris was making a little bit of an appearance from underneath the hood that protected it. Even with Karen needing whatever reassurance I could give her, I still had to take the few seconds necessary for me to memorize the sight that Donna was presenting me.

When I lifted my head from in front of Donna, Karen moved to duplicate her sister's actions of moving her arms to support her legs so that she could use her hands to expose herself to me. As she did, Donna moved her arms and stretched her legs out on the bed. A little wriggling on Karen's bed got me positioned in front of its owner much as I'd been with her sister.

That close to her, I didn't have any problem identifying the unique scent of her arousal, or seeing that she'd certainly been enjoying what she'd been doing — between her vaginal lips, there was a distinct shine from the oils that had escaped her. Though her labia were smaller than Donna's, they were a bit thicker, and easily just as soft. Karen, too, was holding herself open enough for me to see her intact maidenhead; where her labia came together at the top, her small clitoris was only slightly visible. With the excuse of "examining" her, I was free to take the extra time needed to really give her mons and pelvis the kind of look that I wanted to — and was glad I did. Her sex sported a patch of fine, dark hair that extended only slightly beyond the limits of her mound; it was short and sparse enough that the skin beneath was easily visible.

Despite how young she was, I found the sight (and smell!) of Karen's sex (and arousal) almost intoxicating. But I never forgot *why* I was looking at her, and after I'd committed the view I had to memory, I withdrew and sat up again; when I did, she went back to sitting as she had been before. Looking at her, I made a point of sounding as reassuring as I could manage when I told her "Karen, sweetheart, I don't see **anything** wrong with you. You look just fine, there; nothing is different about you that isn't different on every other woman that I've seen."

Hearing that seemed to give Karen considerable comfort — at least, at first. But after she had time to think about it for several seconds, I saw how troubled she was as she asked "Then what's *wrong*? It works when I do it to Donna, but not when I do it to **me**!"

"Like I said before, it might be that because you're younger than she is, your body just hasn't reached the point where that can happen for you, is all. I'm an engineer, not a doctor, but I'd still bet that there are all kinds of reasons that it isn't happening for you that are perfectly natural and normal — and not one of them would mean that there was anything 'wrong' with you."

With Donna and I watching her, she considered that for a bit before looking at me again and wanting to know "Uncle Ted? Would... would you watch? To see if maybe I should be doing something different? I mean, since Donna's older, and she's started having orgasms and everything, maybe what I'm doing is just *easier* for her, so she doesn't know that I could do it better for me. And if I get, um, stuck, maybe you could kind of try to help me, even?", the tone of

her voice letting me know that she wasn't nervous about what she was asking, but that nothing would work.

From the corner of my eye, I could see Donna looking at me as she nodded her head, letting me know that SHE thought I should do as her sister was asking. But it was the anxiety and disappointment that I could see on Karen's face that really settled the matter for me — I wasn't entirely comfortable with the idea, but I couldn't bear the thought of leaving Karen to worry and wonder unnecessarily. I managed to keep my voice even as I told her "I'm not sure I'm qualified to know how a girl could touch herself better, but yes, I'll do it. And if I think there's anything I can do that will help, I'll do that, too."

There was no mistaking the hope on her face when she told me "Thank you, Uncle Ted. I knew you'd help if I asked..."

After that, all there was for me to do was to get myself positioned in front of her again. As I did, she pulled her knees up again (though not as far) and moved her feet and legs apart — not only to make it easier for her to masturbate, but for me to see what she was doing, and how. Next to her, Donna sat quietly, neither moving nor making any noise; her attention seemed to be *entirely* on her sister. I saw that both of Donna's breasts were coming to some rather pronounced points, telling me that SHE enjoyed watching what Karen was starting to do, too.

When I looked at Karen, I saw that she'd closed her eyes and had her left hand was cupping (and being slightly overflowed by) her breast. Both of her areolas and nipples were starting to perk up again, and when I lowered my eyes to where her other hand was, I saw that she had started by drawing her finger up between the soft folds of her womanhood. It took only a couple of minutes for the scent of her increasing arousal to waft into my nose; it had a certain amount of similarity to the aroma I'd noticed with Donna, but was still uniquely her own. Shortly after that, I began to see traces of her essence on her finger; and it wasn't long before the end of her digit was faintly glistening. She had also increased and expanded her efforts to include the pearl of flesh at the top of her mound, drawing it farther and farther out from under its protective hood.

I have to confess that I felt considerable admiration for her that she was obviously so at ease with her own desires and sexuality that she was not only willing, but able, to perform such an intimate act with her sister AND ME looking on. Once more, my mind went off on a tangent as I considered the likely results if I'd even had the nerve in the first place to ask someone to watch ME masturbate when I was younger, to make sure I was getting it right...

Dragging my thoughts back to the matter at hand (so to speak), I continued to watch as Karen pleased herself — squeezing and caressing her breasts, gently pinching and pulling on her nipples, and softly pressing against the entrance to her vagina while gathering the oils she needed to continue to circle her clitoris, and rhythmically press on it with the end of her finger. It was an incredibly arousing sight, and felt my erection get even longer and harder as I watched her, despite the seriousness of why I was even there.

So, because of my desire to comfort and help her as best I could, and the sheer eroticism of what

she was doing, I was paying close attention to her just as she'd asked. I watched as her arousal slowly progressed to higher and higher levels, and how the way she touched herself changed as her excitement increased; and I could tell that as she got closer and closer to what should have been her release, that same arousal and excitement gradually stabilized — she was getting so close to having an orgasm, only to hit a certain point that she couldn't get past. As I continued to watch her, I saw as she reached that plateau on her climb to release; and could tell that she was slowly getting frustrated at being denied the pleasure she could obviously feel so close.

For a happy change, my engineering "mindset" worked to my advantage in my personal life; as I watched her teasing her clitoris again, I *thought* that it looked like she might not be doing it quite the same way as she had been. When she'd wetted her finger a couple more times as she continued to manipulate it, I was fairly sure that she had slowed her actions slightly, and wasn't pressing against her clitoris quite as much. Seeing how very close she was to her climax, it never occurred to me to say anything to her — I just licked the pad of my thumb to lubricate it, and the next time she moved her hand down to wet her finger again, I reached out and started circling my thumb on her exposed clitoris, a trifle more firmly and a bit faster than she had been. Her first reaction was to arch her pelvis forward to maintain the contact, and remove her hand from between her legs; less than a minute later, her thighs snapped together as she released a loud cry of pleasure. With my hand cupped along her mons, I could slightly feel it as her vaginal entrance spasmed in time with the contractions I figured were happening farther inside her.

It was an incredible sight, and a true privilege, to watch as her thirteen-year-old body practically convulsed in time with the cycles of intense pleasure she was experiencing. In my peripheral vision, I saw Donna look at me, surprised at the power of her sister's first orgasm — not knowing that she'd had an even stronger reaction.

Even Karen's youthful energy and vitality had its limits, and the strength of her climax eventually waned and died out — leaving her sitting there, gasping. When Karen started to tip over, Donna quickly got her sister to lean back and over, so that she could support the younger girl as she recovered. Karen's thighs fell apart, and I was able to rescue my hand from their clutches; without even thinking about it, I brought it to my face and used my tongue to clean the little bit of Karen's secretions that were on my fingers. It wasn't until I lowered my hand afterwards that I saw that Donna had witnessed what I'd done.

Sitting up again, I looked on in a mixture of pleasure (that she'd found the pleasure she was after) and amusement (at the look of awe on her face) as Karen began to get her senses and breath back. After a couple of minutes, I listened as she said "That... I never... **WOW!**", making Donna and I both laugh briefly.

Donna responded by telling her sister "See? Now you know why I couldn't tell you what it's like!", with a hug.

Karen's voice was still a bit shaky when she said "Boy, do I!"

Another minute or so had gone by when Karen suddenly launched herself at me, wrapping her

arms around my neck and pressing herself against me as she told me "Oh, *thank you*, Uncle Ted! I was so close, just like the other times, and I was so afraid that it wasn't going to happen again... then I felt you touch me, and it felt so **good**... and then that happened... and it was WONDERFUL!"

A moment later, I could feel the front of my shirt getting wet — but it was okay, because I knew that Karen was crying because she was happy. I put my arms around her, and after I gave her a soft hug, simply held her. Donna looked on, obviously glad that her sister knew the same kind of joy that she did.

To my relief, it took Karen only a few minutes to cry herself out; when she did, she started sniffing with the need to blow her runny nose. I gently eased her away from me, and took off my shirt before handing it to her with the command "Blow."

Embarrassed, but smiling that I was talking to her as if she were a child again, she did as instructed. Then after she'd wiped her eyes and face, she seemed unsure what to do with my shirt. Taking it from her, I made a production out of folding it so that the assorted fluids she'd left on it were on the inside before setting it aside with exaggerated movements. She blushed before realizing that I was just teasing her; her smile lit up her face as she told me "Thank you, Uncle Ted."

I gently pulled her into my arms again, and caressed her back as I told her "You're welcome, dear."

She let me hold her like that for another minute or so before I felt her start to pull away again. I readily let her go, and after she turned to look at Donna and I saw the two of them share a Look, stood up and told them "Okay, now that we've got all the *drama* and **excitement** out of the way for today, I actually wanted to find out what you two wanted for lunch. So do you want to suggest anything, or is it going to be Chef's Surprise?"

I'd jokingly told them once that it wasn't a good idea to go into any dining establishment that had "Chef's Surprise" on the menu... that whatever it was, it would be composed of the things the chef was surprised were still in the fridge — something that had greatly amused them.

It took them only a few seconds of discussion to decide that reheating the pork chops that had been left over a couple nights before would be fine. After telling them "Miss Piggy it is!", I made my way out of Karen's room, closing the door behind me.

Both of them seemed inordinately happy at lunch, though neither one said anything about what had happened earlier. I was shooed out of helping clean up after we'd finished eating.

Mid-afternoon, I was downstairs in my recliner and contemplating a nap when Karen came downstairs. Before I could say anything, she wanted to know if she could sit on my lap. I certainly didn't mind letting her, but had to wonder why she'd want to — but simply told her I'd like that. She was resting against my chest much like she had as a little girl when I heard her ask "Uncle Ted? Why was it that *I* couldn't make me feel that before, but it happened so fast and easy

when YOU touched me that way?"

I told her that I'd seen what I thought she was doing differently, and how I'd made sure before doing anything. She sat there silently for a little while; when she spoke again, I could hear how troubled she was as she asked "But *why* would I do something like that? I mean, if I started out making myself feel better and better, what would make me not keep doing it that way? I did it again after you left, and I didn't have **any** problems — it even felt better than the first time."

She waited patiently as I tried to figure out what to tell her. It seemed that the most obvious answer seemed to be that it was something psychological — but the last thing she needed was for me to dump something like THAT on her. That made it necessary for me to try to think of something that at least sounded good.

With Karen sitting on my lap like that, the best that I could come up with was to tell her "The only thing that I can figure is that you didn't even realize you were doing it, and you didn't know enough to realize that it made a difference."

She tilted her head to look up at me, and I explained "Think about it, honey. You *were* touching yourself, and it still felt good, so why would you notice that you weren't doing it quite the same way? You never had an orgasm before, either, so you couldn't know that it **would** make a difference. It's kind of like when you got your first pair of roller skates — remember how they kept slipping loose until you learned you had to tighten them that extra little bit?"

That was something she could relate to, and I felt her nod her head in understanding before I continued "Once you knew what you had to do, they never fell again after that, did they? So I think that what happened with you touching yourself was kind of the same thing." Knowing what I was getting at, she nodded her head again, and I added "Of course, learning to use those roller skates didn't *feel* the same...", teasing her a bit.

I heard her giggle, and knew that I'd managed to resolve her concerns, and cheer her up again.

"Falling on my butt when I was trying to learn to roller skate didn't feel *anything* like what **that** did!", she told me. She sat quietly cuddled against me for a couple of minutes before she asked "Donna told me that you sometimes do things with her. You know, kissing and touching her and stuff. Would you do that with me, too? Not all the time, but sometimes?"

"Are you asking me that because you want me to, or because I'm doing it with Donna?", I had to ask.

"Because *I* want you to", she answered. "I... I liked it when I knew you were looking at me, you know, earlier. And a little bit of the reason *that* happened so fast after you touched me was because I knew that it **WAS** you."

Giving her a hug, I told her "If that's what *you* want, then I'll do stuff with you. **Sometimes.**"

She looked up at me again, then smiled and said "Thanks, Uncle Ted." before lowering her head again.

After a bit, she wriggled around so that her back was against my chest with my arms still around her. After a minute or so, she took my hand and put it over her breast; I took it back off, then slid it under the loose blouse she was wearing so that I could touch the warm skin of her firm young breast directly. When I softly ran my thumb across her nipple, she gave a happy sigh and settled herself a little closer to me.

We stayed like that for nearly an hour before I extracted my hand again and told her "I like having you on my lap, sweetheart, but it's getting late enough that you need to make sure all your homework is done for when you go back to school tomorrow."

She didn't say a word; she just eased herself off my lap, and turned around to lean over and give me a kiss. As she did, I reached out and put my hand on her cute little butt, giving it a couple of soft caresses before she pulled her head back and stood up again. I could see that she was pleased at what I'd done before she turned and left me alone again.

When it got to be time for their birthdays (Karen first, turning 14, then ten days later, Wendy (13), with Donna's 15th being two weeks after that), I was ready. Karen was delighted with the high-end softball glove I gave her; she'd been bothering her mother to get it, without success. For her part, Wendy was nearly ecstatic about the subscriptions to a couple of teenage-girl magazines that I'd paid for, as well as the introductory cosmetics kit (after due consultation with Teresa) I presented her with. When Donna's birthday arrived, she was overjoyed with the new complete field hockey outfitting I'd gotten her — uniform, stick, pads, the works.

The other thing I did for each of them was to take them out for dinner — just the two of us, and to a different nice place for each of them. With the help of their mother, they got as gussied up as they could for it; all three were delighted and proud that I'd want to take them someplace nice, and show them off. And it **was** a case of showing them off; each of them was lovely as could be, and I saw no small number of male heads turning to watch as each of my companions moved through 'our' restaurant. I suspect they were aware of it, too, since all three were nearly giddy with joy by the time I got them back home.

My attentions weren't limited to just the girls, either. All along the way, I'd do what I could to try and make life a little easier and more pleasant for Teresa, too — springing for delivery food sometimes, doing whatever shopping I could for everyone, just sitting with her and listening when she felt the occasional need to bitch about the various shenanigans going on at her job, taking the girls out for an evening so Teresa could have some quiet time alone, and that sort of thing. Even so, Teresa wasn't anywhere near prepared for the surprise I had planned for when *her* birthday rolled around.

First, I enlisted the girls' help by giving them the money to take their mother in for a somewhat rare visit to a beauty salon to "get her hair done" — and once she was there, she'd also get a manicure, pedicure, facial, and additional pampering. The girls' role was to claim to have saved the money up from various odd jobs and the like, and the beauty salon visit was their gift to her. While they were out, I went upstairs and added a nice dress that Teresa had admired to her closet;

it cost more than she thought she could afford, but I saw how often she looked at it while we had been in the store. When I went back the next day, the salespeople in the store remembered her, and were (thankfully) able to help me get it in the right size.

After all of them got back from the salon, I complimented Teresa on how nice she looked; then told her that if she thought she had something she was willing to go out in, I'd take her out to dinner — just the two of us. Asking her to wait for just a couple of minutes, I made a quick dash downstairs to change into my best suit; I'd showered and shaved while the four of them were still out. When I got back upstairs, Teresa told me "I don't know if I've got anything that would be nice enough, if you're going out like THAT."

After she went back to her bedroom, all three girls looked at me with glee on their faces in anticipation of their mother's surprise when she discovered not only the dress I'd gotten her, but the new jewelry that they'd bought with the money they pooled together with their actual savings.

Several minutes went by with no sounds coming from the direction of their mother's bedroom, and all three girls were starting to look disappointed when Teresa silently walked into the living room, surprising them. When they saw the happiness and delight on her face, they all swarmed around her and wished her a happy birthday between complimenting her on how nice she looked in the dress. Teresa thanked all of them for the jewelry (which she was wearing), and asking them how they'd been able to afford it AND the salon visit. That was when they broke the news to her that the salon visit had been from me. Looking at me, Teresa asked "Do I need to guess where the dress came from?", too happy to be wearing it to be upset with me for buying it.

Keeping my face deadpan, I responded with "I dunno... the Easter Bunny, maybe?", making her and the girls all laugh.

"Well, wherever it came from, I want to thank them. This is *perfect* for a nice dinner!"

"That's good to hear", I told her. "We've got a reservation in" — checking my watch — "Twenty minutes, so we MIGHT want to get going."

After a round of kisses, Teresa held my arm on the way out to my car. During the drive, I glanced over several times, and saw how happy she was as we chatted. When we got to the restaurant, we had to wait only a couple of minutes before they showed us to our table.

It was a nice meal in a good restaurant, and it was easy to see that Teresa was having a *great* time. She got a **little** bit tipsy on the wine we had with our food; just enough that I didn't have any trouble talking her into the almost decadent dessert she started lusting at on the dessert cart. Afterwards, we were back in my car when she asked "Where are you going? This isn't the way home!"

"I thought you might like to spend a little time out on the town tonight — a little dancing, maybe, and even a couple of drinks. But if you want to go home..."

"Don't you DARE!", she exclaimed before she realized I was teasing her, then telling me "No, I

don't want to go home, and yes, I *would* like some time out on the town. It's been **entirely** too long since I've been dancing, and a drink or two would be wonderful."

The place I took us to was geared more toward us "older folks" than the clubs the younger kids packed; the music was the kind of stuff that we were familiar with, and could dance to the way we were *used* to dancing. A bit shorter than I was, Teresa made for a nice bundle in my arms during the slow tunes, and both of us had a great time during the next few hours. Both of us kept our alcohol consumption down to purely social levels.

Still, we WERE "older folks", and the late hour and exercise finally began to take its toll on us. When Teresa suggested that we get home before the girls phoned us in as missing persons, I agreed. On the drive home, she sat next to me with her hand on my leg, while I had my arm around her. As we got close to the house, Teresa told me "I had a *great* time tonight, Ted... the best I've had in, oh, **forever**. I'd have been happy just with that trip to the salon — but to not only get this dress, but the necklace the girls got me, and then have a night OUT like this... well, you've made this the best birthday I've had in a long, *long* time. I just want you to have some idea of how very happy you've made me tonight."

I spared her a quick kiss to the cheek before telling her "I'm glad to do it. You do so much — not just for me, but the girls, too — that you deserve at LEAST this much happiness."

By then, we'd reached the street where we lived, and it wasn't until I'd parked the car and both of us were on the way to the door that either of us said anything. She stopped in the shadow of a small fir in the front yard, and when I stopped and turned to look at her, she told me "Ted, ever since you got here, I've wished to hell that I'd been the one that could have gone to college instead of my ditz sister — so that maybe it could have been **me** that met you, instead of her. Then maybe both of us could have had a happy life together all this time, instead of both of us going through all the *crap* that we have. I can tell that you like me, and that you're happy to be in the house with us. I know the girls have to be watching for us after they heard the car pull in, and I want us to have a little privacy when I tell you that I like you, too... a **lot**."

With that, she reached up and pulled my head down to give me a kiss — one that made it amply clear that when she'd said "a lot", she'd meant it. I put my hands on her hips to steady her as our kiss lengthened; when it intensified and she began pressing herself against me, I moved them to her ass, pulling her closer as our mouths opened so that we could touch tongues for the first time ever. Even as we were checking out each others' tonsils, I could feel her bust pressing into my chest while my hands squeezed the surprisingly firm globes of her ass. Several seconds later, at almost the same time, both of us realized that we were moving pretty fast and had better break it up. As Teresa was getting her dress smoothed out again, I told her "I'm sorry, Teresa. I guess I really shouldn't have done that."

I heard her laugh softly before answering "It wasn't just you, Ted. I'm the one that damn near dragged you down to the ground so I could kiss you, in the first place!"

With both of us looking presentable, Teresa took my arm, and neither of us said anything else as

we made our way into the house. In the living room, all three of the girls were so obviously being casual as they watched TV that Teresa and I had to share an amused smile. Turning to where they were *plainly* just lounging, Teresa told them "Okay, it's time for you three to get to bed. You've got time to say good night to Ted IF you hurry..."

In just a couple of minutes, all three of the girls and I had made our good nights. As we watched the last of them disappear down the hall, Teresa turned to me and said "I really am sorry about what happened outside, Ted. But I meant every word I told you, too — not just then, but in the car, about how happy you made me tonight."

Looking into her eyes, I assured her "And I meant what *I* said, too.", before giving her a brief, soft, and loving kiss on the lips. I couldn't fathom what I saw in her expression and eyes when I pulled my head back; after wishing her pleasant dreams, I turned and went downstairs. I didn't get to sleep as quickly as I would have liked — I couldn't forget how nice Teresa's body had felt next to mine, and how pretty she'd looked while we'd been dancing...

I'd gotten home early one afternoon after getting a project finished, and was sitting upstairs with the girls watching a local TV station's "Dialing for Dollars" movie. Donna was next to me, with Karen sitting in a chair while Wendy lay on the floor. When the program took a break, Wendy got up and started down the hall — apparently for a bathroom visit; moments later, Karen announced she was hungry and was going to fix herself a snack, then went into the kitchen. After a bit, Donna asked me "Would you do something for me, Uncle Ted?"

Figuring she just needed a ride someplace, or wanted me to take her to the mall, I asked "What's that, sweetheart?"

"I know that sometimes boys and girls, they, uh, do things to each other... with their, um, mouths. When you helped Karen, I saw that your fingers were shiny from her being wet inside and that you licked her off of them. You even looked like you liked it, even. I thought about that, and the other part, about boys and girls using their mouths on each other; and I was hoping that you would let me find out what *that's* like, too. Not just you doing it to me, either — I... I'd want to learn how to make you feel good, too."

Okay, I'll admit that I have my dense times, too — it took a few seconds for me to really understand that she wanted to find out what it was like when somebody (me!) ate her pussy, and start learning how to perform oral sex (again, with me).

While there was a desire to agree immediately, I couldn't forget the fact that I'd never done anything with her or her sisters that had involved *my* genitals. Sure, I'd seen all three of them naked, and had my hands on all three, and all over the older two (and even helped them have orgasms, more than once) — but they'd never seen ME naked (to the best of my knowledge, anyway), or had any kind of contact with **me**. The other things I'd done with them had been "helping"; if any of them did anything physical like that with ME, then there wasn't any denying that our activity was "sexual". It may have been a relatively small point, but it was still a line that I was extremely reluctant to cross.

Looking over at her, I told Donna "That's something that I think is a lot more serious and important than anything else we've done, honey. I'm going to have to think about it first, okay?"

She didn't seem overly concerned by my response, and told me "I know, Uncle Ted. Karen and me, we've noticed that you do stuff with us, but we never do anything with you; so I figured that this was something where you wouldn't be able to give me an answer right away. But I really am sure I want to try it, and with you, 'cause I know it'd be okay."

With that, she simply turned her attention back to where the host was reaching into the revolving drum to pull out the name and phone number of some lucky viewer.

After the movie ended, all three of them went back to their rooms to take care of whatever homework and studying they had. I stayed in the living room, my thoughts on what to do about Donna's request.

I was still sitting there when Teresa got home without my noticing; it wasn't until she sat down in "her" chair that I noticed her. When I turned to look at her, she'd apparently noticed that I'd been a little (!) preoccupied and simply asked "One of the girls?"

I nodded, and had barely gotten my mouth open to say something when she interrupted to tell me "Ted, I don't need to know what it is. I don't *care* what it is that whichever one of them wants from you. I've already told you — I trust you not to let things go too far with any of them, and I know that you'd NEVER do anything to hurt them. The way you looked when I got home, I have to figure that it's something serious; but I still believe that you'll do the **right** thing. All I'm really going to say to you is this — that whatever it is she wants, it's a pretty safe bet that it's something that she'll need or want sooner or later, anyway. If she gets whatever it is from you, then you've got some control over the how and when and why of it, and can make sure everything is okay. I don't doubt that you don't like it, whatever it is; but that's part of raising kids — setting aside *your* worries and fears and all that, so that you can take care of THEIR needs."

Hearing that from her, my first thought was that I wasn't raising them... then had to admit to myself that I WAS. Not as much as the full-time job it was for Teresa, but that I was having an impact on them was undeniable. Shortly after that, I had to face the fact that I hadn't been particularly serious or responsible about it, either; I was fine with dealing with the fun and easy things that came up, but not so good at it the rest of the time — the infrequent need to discipline one of them I'd always pushed off onto Teresa, instead of taking care of it when and where it was appropriate. She'd even **told** me that she'd rather have me punish them, since she didn't believe in wait-til-your-father-gets-home. Remembering THAT got me started on recalling a lot of the other things she'd said to me — not just since I'd moved in, but before; and that started me *really* thinking about what Donna had asked of me.

My reverie was interrupted by Wendy coming in and kissing me on the cheek to get my attention, then telling me supper was ready. When I sat down at the table, all three of the girls looked at me oddly — and continued to watch me as we ate. I wasn't a big part of the conversations that went on, and Teresa just nodded when I said that I'd be downstairs, after we

finished.

It was later than I would have liked when I finally got things settled in my mind, and figured out what I was going to do... not just about Donna, but Karen, and even Wendy — and Teresa.

It was a couple of days before I got the opportunity to be alone with Donna long enough to tell her "If you want to know about that stuff that you asked me to help you with, I can do that. But I think there are some things that we need to talk about, so that we ALL understand what's going on with all of us. I'm not going to embarrass anyone by doing anything like calling some kind of family meeting, or sitting all of you down and lecturing at you, or anything like that. You're the oldest, and you're the one that has been asking me to do new stuff with you more than the others, so you and I are going to talk — and when we're done, I know that I can trust you to let your sisters know what's going on, too, when they have a problem or question. Okay?"

Donna solemnly nodded her head, and I started out by saying "You said that you and Karen know that you haven't done anything with me, and there are a couple of reasons for that. One of them is the big one that was MOST of it, and the other is something else that I had to worry about, but not as much."

Donna asked me what they were, and I explained "The second thing, the little one, is that I *could* get into a lot of trouble if anyone ever found out that I've been touching you and your sisters, and doing the things we have with you and Karen; and I mean trouble like police and maybe going to jail or prison and things like that."

In response to the horrified expression on her face, I quickly told her "I know that you and your sisters would never say anything to anyone about it, and your mom has already told me that if it's one of you that comes to ME, she doesn't mind. That's part of why I wasn't AS worried about the second thing — because I know that I can trust you as much as you trust me. But I think I had to tell you what might happen so that you would know how much trouble I could be in if anyone ever **did** find out what we've been doing. I'm not trying to scare you, or make you feel guilty, or anything like that; I just need to make sure that you understand that what happens with me and any one of you three is something that could mean that I'd never get to see any of you ever again if anyone found out. You're fifteen, now, and I know that you want to be grown up; well, this is something that being grown up means you have to know about. I think you know that I couldn't explain this to Karen and Wendy without scaring them, or making them feel bad; and I think you know that you *could* tell them so that they don't feel the same way you do right now."

It took only a moment for Donna to consider the matter before seriously telling me "Yeah, I could. And I know that's *why* you're telling me, instead of them — so that I can do it, and you won't scare them." She was silent for a few seconds, then said "Being grown up isn't as nice or easy as I thought it would be; you have to think and worry about more stuff, and do a lot more things that you don't want to, than I thought."

"That's the other reason that you weren't doing things with me.", I told her. "As long as it was you girls coming to me and asking me to do things with you, then I could tell myself that I was

just 'helping' you; but if you had done anything with me, then I would have had to think that there was something like sex happening between us — even if it was only a little bit. Except that I finally had to admit to myself that even the other stuff we were doing was still 'sex', even if you weren't doing anything with me. Sweetheart, you and your sisters are more important to me than anything else in the world — I couldn't love any of you any more than if you were my own daughters; and THAT was something I had to think about, too. It wasn't easy, and I had to think about it really hard and for a long time before I had an answer to all the questions and things that were on my mind. I know you're fifteen, and you feel like you're all grown up and everything; but I was still worried that I might do something to you, or with you, that you weren't actually ready for. I was also worried that if you did anything with ME, that what happened might hurt you or scare you in a way that might even last your whole life. So I had to really think about all of you, and me, and what we were doing, and what might or could happen **IF** we did even more things together — like what you asked me to help you with."

She remembered that I'd already told her that I'd do what she wanted, so she was simply looking at me with considerable interest as I continued "Like I said, it wasn't easy for me — particularly when I had to admit that what we'd already been doing was sexual. But I remembered some things that your mom has said, and thought about those, too; and I finally decided that if the three of you really want to know about stuff like that, then after all the other things we've done together, the best thing I could do to make sure you weren't hurt or scared by learning that stuff was if you learned it with me — because I know that if it's with me, then I can make sure that each of you understands that we're doing something **special**... not because it's US doing it, but because of why. When I touch you and help you have an orgasm, the most important part of it is that we love and trust each other, not that it's you and me, or that I AM touching you. You understand what I'm saying?"

The expression of love on her face told me that she did, but I was still glad to hear her say "Yeah, I do, Uncle Ted. That's why I do come to you — because I **do** love you, and know that you love me. I don't think it would even feel as good as it does, if I didn't know you love me as much as you do."

I gave her a quick kiss on the forehead, then went on to say "That's what I figured, about the things I've done with you and your sisters, so far. But you remember that *you* told me that you knew us using our mouths on each other was something where I wouldn't be able to give you an answer right away, so I know you understood that it was important. Now, I said that I *can* help you learn about that. Telling you how much I had to think about it, and all that... that was so you would know why I **can** help you; if I hadn't thought about all the different things like I did, and for as long, I would have told you 'no'. Now I have to tell you what has to happen before I *will* do anything like that with you."

I could see the surprise on her face, as well as her concern, when I continued "If I'm going to do anything with you or your sisters from now on, it's going to be up to all of you to make sure it's okay with your mom for you to be with me longer, so that we don't feel like we have to hurry or anything." She said that sounded okay, and I told her "For that to really work, I think that it has

to be okay for whichever one of you that wants to be with me to come down here any time, too... even in the evening, or for the whole night. So you have to make sure your mom doesn't have any problem with that, too. *I'm* not going to ask her if it is, because I'm not the one asking for us to be together — YOU girls are. And I don't think she would tell me she doesn't mind, for the same reason. Now, any of you **could** just do it, but I think that you know that even if your mom thought it was okay the first couple of times, she'd be mad if it kept happening without you saying something first. If she got mad at ME, then I'd probably have to move out — which means that we wouldn't be able to do stuff together AT ALL any more, and I probably wouldn't be able to see all of you as often. So even if it's hard to do, I think you see that it's still best if you check with her first, right?"

Donna assured me she did, and that she and her sisters would do as I said. Next, I told her "I know I've been a stinker about doing stuff with you girls before — and now you know some of why that was. But you also heard me tell you that I've decided it's okay for me to do things with you; and that means that if one of you wants me to do something with you, you aren't going to have to try to talk me into it. If I think you understand what you're asking, then I'll probably agree — so it's going to be up to each of YOU to think about what you want, and make sure of it, before you come to me. I'm still not going to do anything to actually *hurt* any of you, ever — but I'm not going to try to stop you from doing something dumb, or embarrassing, either. So if you're going to be 'grown up' enough to want me to do sex stuff with you, it's up to you to make sure you act grown up enough to think it through beforehand."

I watched as she mulled that one over for a bit before realizing that the freedom to do what she wanted came with the responsibility for the consequences of those actions. There was no mistaking how serious she was when she nodded, letting me know that I could continue "It doesn't have to be just one of you at a time. If there's something two, or even all three, of you want to know about, then it's okay with me. You don't have to do the same things, or be together the whole time, either. I'm not saying anything like that should happen, or that I want it to... just that it's okay with me. Whether it does, or when, or how, is up to you three."

"I understand, Uncle Ted.", she assured me.

"The last thing", I told her, "is that you and your sisters know your mom better than I do — at least about stuff like this. So it's going to be up to each of you to be SURE that you don't do anything with me that your mom wouldn't like. If you're wrong, then there's the same problem as about how much time you spend with me, only worse — your mom might decide that she IS mad or upset enough to make trouble for me with the police. You've said that you trust me, and now you know how important it is that I can trust YOU... and what can happen if that trust is ruined because somebody did something dumb, or forgot, or got mad."

Solemn again, Donna told me "I know what you're telling me, Uncle Ted, and how much trouble there *can* be if we aren't careful — that we have to take care of the serious parts before we can do the fun ones."

Smiling, I told her "That's exactly right. That's what *really* being grown up is all about. You just

listened to me talk; now it's your turn. Is there anything you want to say to me? Or ask?"

"Not right now. Later, maybe."

"That's fine, dear. Any time *any* of you wants to talk to me, or ask me something, that's fine. It's just about doing stuff with each other that we have to think extra about.", I told her, before taking her in my arms and giving her a hug. She readily hugged me back, and I could see that although she was still serious about what we'd talked about, she was happy that it hadn't changed how I felt about her.

My change in attitude wasn't just about me and the girls; I also began making sure that I was doing my fair share about other things, too. I began to *make* the time to help with some of the household chores that weren't assigned to the girls — and reminding them of the ones they *DID* have, when necessary; taking care of the myriad of small jobs that seemed to crop up in a house, like fixing a leaky faucet or oiling a noisy door hinge; cutting the grass myself, instead of renting a neighbor kid do it.

It was maybe a couple of weeks after I'd talked to Donna, and after the girls had gone to bed one evening, when Teresa told me "I don't know what's gotten into you, Ted, or what's changed... but I haven't missed noticing that you're being a lot more 'involved' around here lately. Don't get me wrong — I appreciate it; but I wonder what brought it on, too."

"Remember a couple weeks ago, when I was having a problem with one of the girls?"

She gave me a half-smile before answering "Yeah, I remember. You were zoned out on us all through supper, and disappeared downstairs right after. You weren't *entirely* with us even at breakfast the next morning."

A little shame-faced, I told her "I had a lot on my mind, and the things you said to me when you got home got me thinking about a lot of other stuff, too. Along the way of getting things worked out in my head about the girls, I realized a few other things, too — one of them being that I wasn't really doing as much around here as I should. It wasn't fair to you or the girls, so I decided to stop cutting myself so much slack. I told you on the way home after we went out that night that you do a lot for me, and I figured that I was overdue to start doing things for you, too. I know I spent a lot of time just... coasting along since I got here, and I'm not going to do that any more."

I didn't know quite what to make of the expression on her face as she told me "I didn't mind that you were... coasting, as you say. You were still trying to get yourself back together after your divorce, and I knew it was different for you than it was for me — my marriage wasn't all that damn good to start with, and it ended fast and hard. I knew how hard you tried to make yours work, and how much crap you had to deal with while it dragged out; so I was fine with you coasting after something like that. But I have to admit that it's nice that you're getting it in gear, so to speak."

I gave her a wry grin as I replied "I'm not sure that I have, yet."

"I don't think you're going to slack off. When I first noticed the change, I thought maybe you were just 'working off' something, but you've kept at it — and even gotten better about it. I don't know if you realize it, but when the girls started to argue about what show they wanted to watch tonight, you gave them a chance to settle it themselves; when they didn't, you just stepped in and put an end to it — no muss, no fuss."

"I'm sorry if I stepped on your toes, or hurt anybody's feelings.", I answered, sheepish.

Teresa just laughed before saying "You didn't, not even a little bit. After you did it, I realized that they'd have kept on until I DID get annoyed with them, so you were putting an end to it before I would have had to. And it didn't hurt them or me in the slightest; when you did it, I saw that *they* knew what they'd been doing, and by stepping in when you did, you actually put an end to it before any of them **did** end up with hurt feelings — and because it was still early in the argument, you were able to squash it quieter and nicer than would have happened if you'd waited for ME to do it. Ted, all of them love you as much as you love them, and you're a good influence on them, whether you or they realize it, or not. Maybe you can't see how much they've changed since you got here, but *I* sure can!"

She took a breath then, and with a more serious tone, told me "I think I know — at least, a little bit — what you decided about whichever one of them was troubling you that night. This last week, all three of them have actually made it a point to come and talk to me, independent from the others. All three of them have had pretty much the same things to say, but with different words, and wanted to make sure I was okay with them being with you — not just about whatever has already gone on between you and them, but that more might happen, too. I don't think that I'd have to tell you this, but I want to; I've said it before, but that was before you had your 'night out'. So here it is... I'm **fine** with them coming to you — whenever they want to, for however long, for whatever reason. I know that all of them *want* to be grown up, and sometimes even feel or think that they are; and I have every reason in the world, I think, to believe that you're trying to help them. I don't doubt for even a moment that you're trying to teach them what it means to be an adult, and how they can do it. I know, **know** mind you!, that you aren't going to hurt them, or let them hurt themselves — but that if you have to, you'll let them learn what they have to know the hard way, too. You'll love them, and be gentle and patient with them — but without spoiling them, either. Like I told you that night — whatever one of them might come to you about, it's a pretty safe bet that it's something she'd try to find out about, anyway; for all the good that I know you'll do them, and everything else I know you'll teach them, I'm not going to quibble about something as relatively trivial as HOW you do those things."

Sure, I'd told the girls that I didn't need to hear from their mother that they'd talked to her, or that she would accept the increased intimacy between me and them; but since she *did* tell me those things, and more... well, it did a lot to put my mind at rest. I figured that turnabout was fair play, and that I could (and should) do what I could to resolve any concerns she might have.

Looking into her eyes, I told her "Thank you. Not just for letting me know that you noticed I'm participating more, but that you appreciate it. You told me that night that you didn't need to know

what was wanted from me, and it didn't matter — and then told me why. You just said that you've got a little bit of an idea of what I decided that night, and from what you've told me, I think you do. You've also given me a vote of confidence by making it clear that you trust your daughters with me, and I want to thank you for that, too — and let you know that I will *never* give you any reason to regret doing so. You said that you don't need to know what happens between me and them, and I'll respect that. I haven't necessarily **tried** to be a good influence on them before; if you think that I have, anyway, then I want to tell you that I **WILL** be trying from here on. Yes, I love them — as much as if they were my own; and no, I won't hurt them, or let them hurt themselves. And if that's the way it has to be, then I'll let them learn the hard way... even if it hurts *me*. Above all, I'll cherish them, always."

I could see tears forming in Teresa's eyes as she quietly told me "Thank you, Ted.", with a smile on her lips.

I smiled back, and trying to tease her out of any sadness, said "Now that we've got all that **mushy** stuff out of the way, I think it's about time we get some sleep.", before standing up.

After a short laugh, Teresa stood up, too, then came over and gave me a hug. When she released me, I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before saying "See you in the morning.", and getting a "Good night, Ted." in return.

Late morning the following Saturday, I was downstairs in my place watching one of the home improvement and repair programs on public television when I heard Donna call down to see if I was busy. I told her I wasn't, and turned the TV off, then heard as more than one pair of feet came down the stairs. A second later, I saw that all three girls had come down for a visit; Wendy with a book in her hand.

As I was looking at them, Karen told me "Mom went out to go visit with Martha" — one of her friends from work — "and we thought this would be a good time to maybe, uh, learn some stuff."

The way she was talking told me that all three of them were there about some aspect of sex — but what, and why, I didn't know. That was cleared up when Donna told me "I wanted to come see you about the other stuff we talked about, and I kinda talked about it a little bit with Karen, and she said she wanted to learn some of it, too. I remembered what you said about it being okay if there was more than one of us, so I asked Wendy if there was anything she wanted to find out."

Wendy spoke up then, telling me "I... I've kinda been wondering about, um, guy stuff. Your parts, I mean — between your legs.", with a little bit of a blush. Taking a breath, she went on to say "I know what girl stuff looks like, with me and Karen and Donna all being able to see each other, and everything; and I've seen boy **babies** before, and even some other guys when I was littler. But I think it's probably different when they're — I mean, you're — grown; I know **WE** don't look like we did before we started growing boobs and hair and everything..."

Karen picked it up from there, saying "Anyway, we figured that if it was okay with you, we could all find out about guy stuff together. Wendy'll leave after that, but I'd like to see the part

where Donna is doing stuff with you — just at first, I mean, so I can see what happens to you. After that, it'd just be you and her."

I looked at Donna, and she simply said "You said we needed to think about what we wanted, and all that, so I thought that if we did things that way, then we could all find out what we wanted to know — but not *too* much."

I looked at each of them for a moment, and not one of them appeared to be nervous or afraid or embarrassed — only a trifle worried that they'd picked a bad time, nothing more.

I smiled before telling them "That's fine; that's exactly the kind of thing that I want you to do — think about what you want, and figure out how to make it happen while you help each other."

All three looked pleased as I asked them "I'm guessing you wanted it to happen now?" They nodded, and I next wanted to know "Did you want it to be down here, or someplace else?"

It was Karen that told me "We thought down here, for this. Your bed is bigger, so there would be room for all of us."

"Okay, that's fine. What did you need or want me to do?"

Wendy gestured with the book in her hand as she told me "Um, just for you to be naked at first, so we can see how real people are different than the book Mom had us all read."

To that, Donna added "We think we'll have questions, too. And... and if it's okay, we'd like to do more than just *look*."

"That's okay, too.", I told them.

All of us just stood there for a couple of seconds, before I realized that they needed me to get things moving. After standing up, I walked to where my queen-size bed was; the three of them followed, and silently watched as I started to get undressed. I was curious as to when (or if, in the cases of Wendy and Karen) they would get undressed to — and was mildly disappointed when none of them followed my example. They didn't need to, of course, but I would have enjoyed the view if they had.

The only noise came when I slid my shorts down, and my cock and balls slipped free — causing Wendy to gasp. Once I was naked, I calmly got onto the bed and lay down on my back so that I was as passive and non-threatening as I could be. It took a few seconds for them to get started, but all of them were soon sitting on the bed even with my thighs, facing me. Wendy opened the book where one of them had put a bookmark, then set it to where all of them could look at it. For the next several minutes, I understood how a bug under a microscope must feel as all three of them gestured between me and the book as they exchanged whispers. Once all of them were satisfied that what was in the book was a reasonable approximation of the real world, it was Wendy that asked "Why are you different here at the end, than the book? It shows something they call a 'foreskin', but you don't have one."

I carefully explained to them that I did, in fact, have a foreskin — but that it looked different

because I'd been circumcised (and what that involved). They were wide-eyed by the time I was done, and I had to go on to explain to them that it had happened while I was still an infant, and that I had no memory of the experience... which visibly relieved them.

A few more questions followed, and I didn't have any problem answering to their satisfaction. After they'd all sat there silently for several seconds, I thought to ask "You want to look closer, and touch?"

With faint blushes, all three nodded their heads, and I told them "Go ahead, then, if you want. I'll let you know if you start to do anything that hurts, but otherwise, I'll just stay quiet."

Though my expression never changed, and I stayed quiet and impassive, I was considerably amused when the first thing each of them did was to run her fingertips through my pubic hair, above my penis. They must have spent nearly two full minutes just marvelling at how different it was from their own growths before Karen tentatively took my flaccid penis between two of her fingers and lifted it up from where it was laying on top of my scrotum.

When I didn't have any visible reaction, Wendy and Donna then began their own investigations. After that, the next few minutes went by with all three of them fascinated by the particulars they found. With all three of them dressed, and me again feeling like a particularly interesting biology specimen, having their soft hands on my equipment wasn't exactly stimulating for me. I knew that Phase One of the program was over when Wendy closed the book she'd brought along, then moved up to give me a kiss on the cheek (and get one back, along with a pat on her butt) before she told me "Thanks, Uncle Ted.", and smiling when I answered "You're welcome, honey."

After Wendy had been gone for several seconds, Donna and Karen shared a brief look before both of them got off my bed and began undressing. Once naked, they got themselves situated next to me again, one on each side. Apologetically, Karen told me "I... I want to see what happens when you get excited, but I don't think I'm ready to, um, do anything with you yet."

I quickly assured her "That's fine, sweetheart. I don't want you to EVER do anything you're not ready for, okay? I will never, *ever* be mad or upset if you want to wait and make **sure** before you do something."

I could see that my words had the desired effect when she smiled, and nodded her understanding.

Donna then asked me "What should I do, Uncle Ted? To get you excited?"

I looked at her, and calmly answered "What you *should* do is only what you **want** to. What you can do is try doing to me what I do to you."

"But you're a *guy*, and you're not the same as me!"

"No, but a lot of what works on girls will work on guys, too. Sure, all our parts are on the outside, but that really just means that it's easier for someone to get us excited. Instead of a small clitoris like you have, I've got the head of my penis, which is pretty easy to find" — that drew a laugh from both of them — "and has the same effect on ME. Instead of the pretty flower petals

that YOU have" — both gave me pleased smiles at my description — "there's the shaft of my penis." Then, sounding like a TV ad announcer, I added "But wait! There's more!", making them laugh again before I finished "There's also my testicles, inside my scrotum. They aren't as sensitive, but if you touch them and *gently* play with them, that helps, too. And pretty much **every** guy is going to be easier to get excited if he can touch you, too."

Smiling, both of them scooted themselves close enough that I could reach them; then Donna reached out and took my cock in her hand as I put a hand on each of their cute little asses. Donna seemed uncertain what to do once she had hold of me, so I started caressing her smooth, firm ass cheek; a second later, she began stroking me.

It took a couple of minutes before she began to get the kind of reaction she wanted; once she did, though, it didn't take her long to increase and expand her efforts. She wasn't hurting me, so I was perfectly willing to let her learn what to do, and how, on her own. Besides, it gave me time to enjoy playing with both of their lovely tushes. Once I was almost fully erect, I heard Karen's incredulous voice say "It... it's so BIG! I didn't know they could *get* like that!"

Calmly, I told them "Believe it or not, that's about the normal size for men. I'm about as average as I can be — some are smaller than me, and some are bigger. It's a lot like girls and how big their breasts are — I'll bet you two aren't much different than MOST of the girls your ages, but that there are some that are really small, and some that are really large; but most of you are pretty close to the same."

I saw as both of them silently nodded in agreement as Donna continued her efforts. A little later, Donna managed to convince her sister to try it for a bit; the first thing Karen said after wrapping her hand around my turgid manhood was "It feels so *warm*! And it's so soft on the outside, but still so **hard**..."

Once she'd given me a few slow strokes, Karen wasn't reluctant to continue for a little longer — but didn't hesitate to release me when Donna indicated she wanted to continue.

A few more minutes, and I was fully erect... and starting to enjoy Donna's efforts. Not sure what they had in mind, I figured I'd better give them some idea of what they *could* do by telling them "Donna, what you're doing feels good for me, and both of you know what it looks like when a guy gets excited. Now, there are a couple of ways we can do this, depending on what you want to happen. Karen, it's up to you whether or not you want to see what happens when a guy has a climax. Donna, if you want us to, you can help me have a climax before we do the other things you wanted to find out about. If you do, then it'll take a little time before I can get excited again — BUT, I can do the things that you wanted to learn about between when I climax, and I can get excited again. After that, you can do the things that YOU wanted. So it's up to you two: if you want, both of you can see what happens when I get excited enough, and Karen can leave if she wants; then I can do things with Donna, and we finish with Donna doing things with me. If Karen doesn't want to see what happens, then Donna and I do whichever one she wants to first. Whatever you decide is fine with me."

They looked at each other for several seconds, then exchanged a few whispers, before Karen told me "I'd like to see.", followed by Donna saying "I want to see, first, so I'm not surprised."

"That's okay — both of you. Now the only thing you have to decide is how soon you want it to happen, and whether or not Karen helps. If you want it to happen sooner, then it would help ME if I could touch you more."

I got the answer to the second question when both of them scooted even closer — making it possible for me to reach them from their shoulders on down. What Donna was doing felt good, and my hands were still enjoying the feel of their tight asses, so I just kept going with what I was doing — at least, for a little while.

When Donna released me so that Karen could begin stroking my hard cock again, I figured that it was to me to raise my goals a bit; and more specifically, get my hands on their tits.

When I'd admitted to myself that the other things I'd done with them had been sexual, too, it was as if a weight had been lifted off of me. I was still committed to not doing anything to hurt or disturb them, but I felt like I was finally free to really *participate* in the things we did together. So with both of them there with me, and both interested in seeing what happened when I climaxed, I didn't have any problem with seeking out the pleasures that would help make that happen.

Slowly and soft, I caressed my way from the smooth globes of their asses to their hips and waists. After a brief detour to delight in the softness of their bushes, I meandered my way farther and farther up their young bodies until I was finally able to start playing with two very different, but equally enjoyable, breasts. Donna's mammary was still larger than Karen's, but Karen had a slight advantage in firmness. For both, the way I softly drew my fingers from the base of her breast to the tip soon had two small nipples standing proud — one light, and one dark.

Once I'd gotten them to that point, it wasn't long before Karen decided that she wanted to have my erect cock in her hand again; when she started to reach for it, Donna simply smiled at her sister and released her grip on me. After shifting her position slightly, Donna moved to her hands and knees, then leaned over me so that her breasts were right over my face. I was happy to accept her invitation, and raised my head enough to take the end of the breast that I hadn't been touching between my lips, and start gently sucking on it. As I was doing that, I caressed my way down her body until I was able to cup her soft pale mons in my hand. I heard her moan softly when I let the tip of my finger dip between the soft folds of her labia; after wetting the end of it with her oils, I slowly drew it upwards so that I could begin softly and gently teasing her erecting clitoris — which earned me another pleased moan from her.

It didn't take long for me to get Donna softly panting between the sounds she made as I continued to nurse at her breasts, and patiently toyed with her small pleasure-button. When I spared the time to look, I could see that Karen was fully aware of what I was doing to her older sister — and how Donna felt about it.

Donna had come to me enough times that I had a fairly decent idea of how best to arouse her,

and help her have an orgasm. I happily applied myself toward making that happen, but with a little bit of a twist; as Donna got more and more aroused, the supply of her feminine juices increased — and I deliberately let her watch when I would collect a goodly sample of them on my finger, then transfer them to my mouth. The first time I did it, her eyes widened in surprise; but after that, I could see that it excited and aroused her a little more each time I did it.

About the time that I could feel myself reach the point that signalled I was on the "home stretch" toward finding my release, I felt Karen's hand slowing slightly as she continued to stroke my penis. Another look her direction revealed that she was watching what I was doing to (and with) Donna, more than what she was doing to ME. That gave me the idea to try something a bit different than the plan we'd started out with.

I increased the speed and pressure of my manipulations of Donna's clitoris to a point that I knew stimulated her tremendously, and it was barely a minute until I could tell that she was getting close to an orgasm. I waited until I knew she was *almost* there, then firmly (but carefully!) bit her nipple — effectively pushing her over the edge and into the chasm of a deep and powerful release that had her young body going through a series of powerful spasms. When it was over, I helped support her as I guided her to lay on her side while she got her breath back. Though I kept my head turned toward Donna, I could see from the corner of my eye that Karen was somewhat awed by what her older sister had just gone through — and a bit envious of it.

When her breathing had stabilized, Donna sat up again and looked down at me to say "Thanks, Uncle Ted — that was *great!*"

I smiled up at her before saying "I think Karen might like to have one, too, before she leaves..."; that was all the prompting Donna needed to change position so that she could nudge Karen's hand out of the way and start masturbating me again. When I turned my head to Karen, I saw that she was looking at me with an expression of uncertainty and desire. I knew how to deal with the desire, and addressed the uncertainty by holding my arm out in invitation.

In almost no time at all, she'd gotten herself to her hands and knees, and close to me; close enough, even, that I was able to gently guide her head down for the two of us to share a kiss — one that ended only after our tongues had played in each others mouths. When Karen pulled her head back from mine, there was a look on her face that I didn't quite know what to make of; it quickly disappeared, though, when I used my hand to tease both of her nipples to erection before sliding it down her belly...

When my hand slid between her thighs, Karen tilted her head back and released a pleased sigh before getting herself situated over me much as Donna had. Again, I welcomed the opportunity to lick and gently suck on the peaks of her breasts, and gently nibble them with my lips. Between her silken thighs, I had started softly drawing the tip of my finger across her opening before slowly easing it up enough to brush it across her erect clitoris. Just a very few passes like that resulted in enough of her oils leaking out of her for me to begin using them to keep from causing her any pain while I twirled my finger around her clitoris, interspersed with periods of gently pressing on it and a slow rhythm. That added stimulation dramatically increased the supply of

her nectar; just as I'd done with her sister, I let Karen see as I licked them off my finger after I'd gotten it well-coated. Having seen me do the same thing with Donna, Karen wasn't surprised by it — but certainly just as aroused.

Younger and slightly less experienced than her sister, Karen didn't respond quite as quickly as Donna had; that only meant that I got to enjoy the delights of her young body for that much longer before I'd gotten her close to her own orgasm. Once again, I patiently brought her to the edge, only to push her over it by rapidly tapping her clitoris as I strongly sucked on the end of her firm breast; from my perspective, I figured that her release was easily the equal of the one I'd help Donna find.

After the pleasure had tapered off for her, I had to help Karen lay down, too; as she got her breathing back under control, the two of us looked into each others eyes; in hers, I could see the joy she felt at the experience she'd just had — and the love and gratitude she felt toward me for helping her have it.

Remembering that Karen wanted to watch as I climaxed, Donna had taken care not to stimulate me too much. Even so, I wasn't far from finding my release by the time Karen was able to sit up again and get herself relocated across from her sister — something that Donna took as her cue that it was okay to increase her efforts.

I think that both of them knew that I was getting close, and it both surprised and pleased me when I felt Karen's soft hand cup my scrotum, and then carefully roll my balls around inside it.

Knowing that both of them had a hand on my genitals was all it took for me to find my release; I barely managed to tell them "It's going to happen!" before the first jet of my cum erupted from the end of my cock, quickly followed by a second. I managed to draw a breath before the remaining surges of semen left me gasping.

Opening my eyes, I looked down toward the two of them to see what their reaction would be to what they'd just accomplished, and witnessed. Though both were clearly surprised, neither exhibited any sign of being put off by it. In fact, Karen watched as Donna brought her jism-coated hand up to her face to examine it; then after sniffing to see if there was any odor, Donna stuck her tongue out and used it to collect one of the larger blobs for a taste-test. After she'd considered it for a second, she crinkled her nose, but then opened her mouth and began licking her hand clean. That was all Karen needed to see before she used her fingers to collect what she could from one of the larger puddles on my belly, and perform similar tests. Karen apparently found the taste more appealing, since she didn't make any faces — she just went about wiping up puddles of my semen and depositing them in her mouth.

When they were done, both looked toward me — and only then seemed to realise that I'd likely witnessed what they'd done. Both blushed faintly, but when I didn't say or do anything to indicate that it mattered to me, they quickly settled down again. I opened my arms, and both of them quickly moved to lay on their sides and snuggle next to me. I rested my hands on their waists, and told them "Thank you, both of you. That felt *really* good."

I could hear the satisfaction in Donna's voice when she told me "I'm glad I was able to make you feel as good as you made me feel, Uncle Ted.", followed by Karen happily telling me "Yeah... me, too. I was just surprised at how *hard* it came out, and how much of it there was!"

Donna laughed before adding "Yeah, it surprised me, too — but in a **nice** way.", prompting both of them to giggle briefly.

Several seconds went by before I heard Donna say "After I saw you tasting what MY wetness is like and how you looked like you liked it, I wanted to find out about yours. It didn't have any smell, like I have; and when I tasted it, it was kinda thick and salty. I guess it tasted okay."

Karen spoke up next, telling us "I thought it tasted kind of good..."

I hugged both of them briefly, then told them "It's up to you to decide if you like what a man's semen tastes like. And just so you know, I've heard that not all men taste the same; so if you do that with someone else, you might find that you like it more, or less."

It was Karen that asked "Really? If it's still semen, why wouldn't it taste the same?"

"For the same reason that women don't all have the same smell when they're excited. I'll bet that you've noticed that the two of you are different that way when you're excited, and it's the same way with guys. I expect it's because it's still the same basic *stuff*, but each person has something different about them to make it a little different."

Donna responded with "Yeah, that sounds right. Karen and I *kinda* smell the same, but not exactly."

I hugged them again, and answered "Yeah, I've kinda noticed that...", followed by the feel of both of them blushing slightly.

All three of us were content to lay there silently for the next few minutes — they were happy to be snuggling with me, and I was delighted to have them there. It wasn't until Karen started to run her fingers across my abdomen that the quiet was broken by her saying "Uncle Ted— your stuff — your semen is drying out."

I told her that it was okay, but she adamantly told me "No, it's NOT okay. After Donna was nice enough to let me do things with you, too, I'm not going to leave you messy like that!", followed by her getting out of bed and making her way into my bathroom. She reappeared a bit later with a damp washcloth, which she used to *meticulously* clean me of any seminal residue that she and her sister hadn't consumed. Only when she was satisfied with her efforts did she take the washcloth back into the bathroom. When she came out again, she didn't get back into bed with us; instead, she stood at the side of the bed and told us "I'm *really* glad I got to learn what it's like when a guy gets excited, and even what happens when he has a climax. Thanks, Uncle Ted, for letting me see that, and for that *wonderful* orgasm. Donna, thank you for letting me be here, and do things, too."

With that, Karen leaned over far enough to give me a kiss while ignoring the way I was playing

with her butt. When she pulled back again, though, I could see that she was pleased and happy. Donna and I both watched as Karen got dressed again, patently unconcerned about our presence. After giving us both a smile, she left.

After she'd been gone a couple of minutes, Donna told me "Uncle Ted, it was really nice of you to let her be here like that. I know it made her *so* happy."

"Why would you think that you have to say that? I told you that it was okay if there was more than one of you at a time."

"I know, but Karen really wasn't sure you meant it. She's kind of in an awkward place — she isn't the oldest, so there aren't a lot of things that she gets to do first, or on her own. But she isn't the youngest, so she doesn't have that as an excuse to use for herself. She doesn't talk to me much about it, but I know that sometimes she doesn't feel like she's part of the family, or that she's somehow not quite as good as me — whatever **that** means. So when you said that it was up to her whether or not she sees what happens when a guy climaxes, I think she felt like you were doing something special *just* for her, and it made her extra happy to be here. I'm the oldest, and all three of us know that Wendy is the prettiest, and that really doesn't leave anything for Karen — and I know that bothers her sometimes. So when you're with her, it makes her feel better — inside, about herself, I mean."

I have to admit that I really hadn't thought about the relationships among all of them, or how they might feel about their "place" in the family. So hearing that from Donna made me resolve to make sure that Karen knew and understood that she was as important to me as any of them. In the mean time, I asked Donna "What about you? And Wendy?"

"I'm the oldest, so I used to get a lot of 'you should be setting an example' and 'you should be watching out for your sisters' stuff — mostly from Daddy, when he was still here. He didn't have any brothers or sisters, so he didn't understand what it was like. Mom was the younger sister, but she seemed to know what it was like for me, anyway, so she didn't say stuff like that. I know you don't have any brothers or sisters, either, Uncle Ted, but you don't say things like that, either, and I like that. You're nice to all of us the same way, and none of us thinks that you like one of us more than the others, and that's good, too. I used to think that it was **so** unfair that Mom and Daddy used to make me look after Karen and Wendy, and then treat me like I was a baby; but after you talked to me about you and all of us being together, and explained why you were talking to ME first, I finally understood that Mom and Daddy were treating me the way I acted. I was kinda-sorta starting to understand before you got here, but when you talked to me, that's when I could see how I looked to someone else. It used to be that I'd do the stuff Mom told me just so I wouldn't have to listen to her if I *didn't* do it; but now I know that when I do it, I'm actually helping her — and that's nice. Sometimes, Wendy and Karen act like I'm being the oldest on purpose, as if *I* got to choose when I was born. But then they see how often I have to do something that I don't want to because I'm oldest, and they're okay with it again."

She was silent for a bit, then told me "Wendy... she's the youngest, and she knows it. Sometimes she tries to get away with doing something because of that, and how pretty she is, but not so

much any more. I know she wishes she was older, so she'd have bigger tits and more hair, like Karen and me, but she doesn't make herself crazy with it. She knows she's just starting to grow, and that she doesn't really know anything yet — that's why she brought the book with her when we came down here. When you play with her boob like you with me and Karen, it makes her feel *so* much better about how much she DOES have. She's still a little scared about all the stuff that's happening — you know, her body changing and all that; and that's part of why she hasn't come to you like Karen and I do. I think if she did, you could make her feel better, just by talking to her; she just loves you and trusts you that much. If she let you touch her a little bit, I'll bet that would help her understand that the feelings and everything she's starting to have are okay. Since we had that talk, you know, just you and me, I've tried to remember that she probably feels like she gets left out of a lot of stuff because she's the youngest, and see if she wants to be part of whatever I'm doing, more. That's why I asked Wendy if she wanted to be here, too."

After filing a mental reminder to have a special time with Wendy, too, I started caressing Donna's side, being careful not to tickle her. She released a contented sigh before draping her leg across me — leaving her soft bush pressing against my hip. The two of us lay like that for several minutes, happy to just be next to each other.

I was on the verge of falling asleep when I heard Donna ask me "Uncle Ted? If I asked you some questions, would you answer them? And tell me the truth, and not just part of it, or some story to make me feel better?"

Surprised by the question, I took a moment to gather my thoughts before I answered "Yes, dear, I'd answer them. And yes, I'd tell you the truth — all of it. I've never lied to you, and I never will. If there's something I don't want to answer, I'll say that, not just tell you something to make you be quiet or go away."

After a moment's silence, she asked me "How long are you going to be here with us?"

"I don't know, sweetheart. All I can tell you is that I don't have any plans to move, and I like being here with you girls and your mom enough that I don't want to move. But I can't say how long because I honestly don't know what might happen. Sorry."

She digested that for a bit, then told me "I guess that's okay. I know you can't promise about anything you're not in charge of, and the other part is good."

The next thing she asked me stunned me — "If... if I wanted to — I don't, but if I did — would you... would it be okay if I wanted you to be the one I gave my virginity to?"

I **really** had to think that one over for a while before I could answer "IF you showed me that you understood what you were doing, and IF you could prove to me that you were really ready, and IF we could be sure that I wouldn't get you pregnant or hurt you, then I think it would be okay — at least with me. But that's something a lot more serious than us just making each other feel good, and you and your sisters learning about guys and sex stuff; I expect your mom would have something to say about it."

Several seconds passed, and I heard Donna ask "Do you think Mom is pretty? Do you like her?"

That one I could answer right away, and did. "I think your mom is *very* pretty, and I like her a lot. Why?"

"I just wondered. We never see you and her kiss, or anything — unless it was after you took her out on her birthday, and you were behind the tree in the yard, where we couldn't see you.", she told me, then blushing furiously when she realized she'd said that she and at least one of her sisters had been watching us, as Teresa had said.

"Just because you and your sisters don't SEE us kissing doesn't mean that it doesn't happen", I informed her. "If you're watching us like that, you think we might even be waiting until none of you is around because we don't WANT you seeing us?", I asked, prompting her to blush again.

It was nearly a full minute until she wanted to know "Do you think you and Mom might get married?"

I had to think about that one for a moment before I answered "I suppose that we *might*, but I don't know that either one of us is looking for it to happen."

"Why not?"

"Honey, I think you know that it wasn't easy for your mom when your dad left. And I know you understand that it wasn't easy or fun for me when *I* got divorced. Your mom and me... we've both had a bad experience about being married, and worse ones about how our marriages ended. I don't know if you can really understand that after what your mom and I have been through, it takes a little while before we're ready to start thinking about maybe trying it again, even if it would be with someone else that we like. I think your mom and me... we're happy with how things are, right now. We like each other, we're friends, we can talk to each other about almost anything, we understand each other... there is a lot of good things happening with us, and I don't know that we're ready to take the chance of giving up the good stuff we HAVE for something that we aren't sure — right now, anyway — would be any better, and might turn out to be as bad as what already happened to us. Your mom might think something else about it, but it isn't something she and I have talked about; I think it's just something that both of us *understand*, without having to say anything. Things might change so that we did start maybe wanting it to happen, but I can't say."

She considered that in silence for a while; the next thing she wanted to know was "Uncle Ted, do you *want* to do stuff with me and Karen and Wendy? More than we already have, even?"

I wasn't happy that she'd asked the question, but I'd told her that I'd answer her questions and tell her the truth; so after thinking a moment about how and what I wanted to say, I answered "That's a tough question for me to answer, honey, because I have to try to explain some things."

I moved my head to look at her, and saw that she was patiently waiting for me to continue. I did, by saying "Something that I have to explain is that there is a part of people that is kind of left over from before we were actually human beings — it goes all the way back to when we were

still animals, even. What it is, is different for women and men, too. You know how you feel when you get close to a baby?" I felt her nod, and continued "That's part of it, for women. It's something that's buried so deep in your brains, and what makes you human, that it takes something really, really big to change it. The next time you're around a baby, if you'll *try* to see if you can feel any different about it, I think you'll understand just how much a part of you something like that is. That's not the only thing, of course — there are a whole BUNCH of things like that that are just part of being a female human being; you couldn't change them any more than you could grow feathers, instead of hair."

Taking a breath, I went on "There are things like that about being a guy, too. Depending on the guy, those things might show up in different ways, but still be trying to make us do something left over from when we were animals, or even cavemen. One of them is that there's just *something* in us that makes us want to be with different women; kind of like the way you see one male deer that has a bunch of females — it's just Nature telling us to try and make sure we don't run out of people. But because we aren't animals or cavemen any more, **most** men try to put that part away, and be married to just one woman. Something else that's in a guy's brain is for him to want to make babies with younger females — they're probably healthier, and able to take care of babies better. Since I got here, THAT part of my brain has kind of woken up, and sometimes I think about how nice it would be to do sex things with you and your sisters. But because I'm not a caveman, I can choose whether or not to listen to that part of my brain."

I felt her nod again before I continued "Because you and your sisters ARE growing boobs and all that, there's a little part of me that wants to have sex with you — that old caveman part of my brain sees you and your sisters, and thinks of you as young females that could make babies, and wants that to happen. But the part of me that isn't a caveman knows that you aren't actually old enough yet — even though you *could* make a baby if you had sex while you were having your period, it wouldn't be a good idea if that actually HAPPENED. So what I've been doing with the three of you has been kind of like I've been letting the caveman out, but only a little bit, so that the civilized part of my brain can make sure nothing bad happens. So the only way I can answer your question is to tell you 'sort of' — there's a small part of me that wants to have sex with you and try to make lots of babies; then there's the **way** bigger part that loves you, and doesn't want you to be hurt, and all that. That old caveman part of my brain sees how young and pretty and everything that you and your sisters are, and *wants* to do things with you. Then there's the new civilized part of my brain that knows that what the caveman part wants isn't good for you, and because the civilized part is bigger, it's able to keep the caveman part from hurting you. When you and your sisters come to me, then what you're doing is telling the new part of my brain that it's okay to let the OLD part out a little bit — which makes the old part of my brain happy, without making the new part UNhappy. You understand what I'm saying?"

I was pleased when, several seconds later, she told me "Yeah, I do. What you said, it made me understand something about ME. Sometimes, when I see a really cute guy, or one with lots of muscles, I feel like I want to have babies with him. That part you said about the male deer made me remember a science program I saw one time, and they said that the female deer were looking

for a male that would make good, strong babies — and I realized that when I see a guy that I feel like I want to have a baby with, I'm doing the same thing the female deer is. Except that I never understood why *I* would feel like that, when I'm not a deer; but when you told me that there's parts of our brains that are left over from being cavemen, and even animals, then I knew what was happening, and why. I know that I can't stop feeling the way I do when that happens, so there's nothing for me to be upset about when it happens for you. And I **know** that the civilized part of your brain is in charge, because you have never EVER done or said anything to hurt me that way. I guess if I want to do things with you, then I'm letting out the cave woman that's in MY brain so she can make the caveman in YOUR brain happy — and that's okay, because the new parts of our brains are still in charge."

I have to confess to feeling considerable relief when she was done; I'd been half-afraid that simply hearing that I desired her and her sisters would be ALL that she'd notice, and not the rest of it. But she'd listened to everything I'd said, and used her own experience and learning to understand what was going on — and found it acceptable.

After another couple of minutes had gone by, Donna told me "Uncle Ted... if you wanted to... you know, sometimes... it would be okay with me if you... if you wanted to let your caveman out first, a little bit. I know you wouldn't do anything to hurt me, or want to do anything more than I wanted you to — and it would make me feel like you really do like for us to do things with each other. I think Karen might like it, too... and maybe even Wendy."

Hearing that from her brought joy to my heart, for a couple of reasons. First, it told me that she really was okay with the idea that I found her physically attractive, if she was willing to let me be the one to initiate intimacy between us. Second, there *had* been times when I'd wanted to be the one to put my hand on one of their breasts, or even get them naked and have the pleasure of enjoying the feel of their young bodies while bringing them pleasure. Now, with her words, Donna was telling me that she would actually like for me to such things — at least, with her, and probably with Karen, as well. The idea that even beautiful Wendy might be agreeable left me speechless for several seconds, before I got my wits together enough to answer "I'd like that, sweetheart. Not all the time, or anything like that... but *sometimes*."

I went off into a fantasy about having Karen on my lap, and slowly teasing her into letting me bring her to an orgasm — only to have it stop suddenly with the realization that I had the delectable bundle of Donna right there in bed with me... and that she'd already expressed a desire for us to become more intimate. It seemed like a **perfect** opportunity to take the initiative in our relationship for a little while.

A couple of soft nudges of her hip with my hand got Donna to roll over onto her back; I quickly got on my side, and propped my body up with my elbow so that I could look down at her. Her lovely green eyes looked up at me with trust and confidence, and I happily lowered my head to kiss her. Her return kiss was eager and loving, and the two of us continued to exchange a number of kisses that grew in affection and desire. Our tongues were a couple of snakes wrestling in each others mouths when I put my hand on my niece's stomach — the softly dragged my fingertips in

lazy circles on her abdomen and across the upper slopes of her breasts before finally spiralling in to cup her young mammary in my hand. As I gently squeezed its firm mass, I used my thumb to circle and tease her areola and nipple — and felt as both responded to my touch.

While Donna and I continued to exchange kisses and duel tongues, I delighted in moving my hand from one of her girlish orbs to the other, and back again, delicately caressing their smooth surface and patiently bringing the peaks of both to stand proud from their surroundings.

Having accomplished that, I began kissing my niece places other than her soft, pink lips: her eyes, her cheeks, the tip of her nose... and then expanding my efforts to include the lobes of her ears, her neck and throat, and her slender shoulders — followed by tenderly kissing her flawless skin, and "biting" at it with my lips as I traced a circuitous and indirect path that ended only when I fastened my lips on the protrusion of one of her areolas, and its nipple. Softly sucking on it as I twirled her rubbery nipple with my tongue, I heard her release a soft moan of pleasure and passion.

When I was satisfied that I had them as erect as I could, I shifted my attentions to the summit of her other breast, and gladly brought it to the same condition with the accompaniment of Donna's increasing moans.

It was only a few minutes' "work" to get the ends of both of her mounds hard, and faintly glistening with my saliva. My next considered action was to begin placing my open mouth over random places on her breasts, and softly trying to suck them in; as I was engaged in that task, I slowly and carefully moved my body over hers. When she felt one of my legs between hers, Donna groaned softly as she eagerly moved her legs apart to make room for mine. Positioned and ready to continue, I gradually shifted my attentions lower and lower on her body — from the firm symbols of her femininity to her stomach, then belly; next was the smooth expanse of her abdomen, and the landmark of her cute navel. When my mouth reached that lonely terrain feature, I delighted in kissing and licking it; and even sucking on it, to her vocal appreciation.

My nose told me that I was having the desired effect on her — I didn't have any trouble detecting the perfume of her increasing pleasure, and that gave me the impetus to continue my journey. My lips found the hair on her pelvis to be soft and fine, and I was more than willing to slow my advances so that I could softly pull on it with my lips. Another minute, and I had reached my goal — the mound of her sex, and particularly the lower half of it, between her smooth thighs.

I noticed that since the first time I'd seen her, her pubic fleece had not only filled in some more, but also covered more of her pelvis. It still wasn't so thick, though, that I had any problem seeing the skin underneath, or the cleft of her sex. When she felt my breath tickling the hairs of her lower mons, Donna quickly brought her knees up and spread them — not only opening herself to me, but tilting her pelvis up, and giving me a better view of what I'd wanted to look at since the first time I'd seen her nude.

With her spread before me like that, I didn't have any trouble seeing that her labia were thin, and almost delicate in appearance. They were slightly dark with her arousal, and the area between

them was already glistening with the overflow of her essence. Visually tracing them upwards, I saw how they flowed together at the hood of her clitoris — which was already starting to pull back, exposing the precious nubbin it guarded.

As close as I was to the source, the pleasant aroma of her arousal was enough to make my mouth water in anticipation of finally being able to get the full flavor of her. When I couldn't fight it any longer, I gave in to the desire to bring my head forward; extending my tongue, I slipped the tip of it into the bottom of her cleft, and then slowly eased it upwards — across the entrance to her vagina, then between the petals of her labia, and ending the journey with a soft pass across her clitoris. When I'd started, she began to moan; but as I pulled my tongue back into my mouth, she was releasing a deep and impassioned groan of obvious excitement.

The fluids that I'd collected proved to be a treasure for my taste buds — her oils were thin and light, their flavor fresh and pleasantly tangy. The second pass of my tongue through the valley formed by the ridges of her mons took a little longer, due to my desire to collect as much of her essence as I could along the way. When I got to her clitoris, I spent a few seconds gently flicking my tongue across it as she again groaned her appreciation, and arched her pelvis up in invitation for me to continue.

She proved to be a willing and eager recipient of my oral attentions; it took just a very few minutes for me to get her as aroused as I'd ever seen her. Always careful to pay attention to how she reacted, I patiently tried a number of different things with her to find out what she might like, and how best to do the ones that she responded to. Over the course of the next several minutes, I learned that she appreciated everything that I did to and with her; but that circling her clitoris with my tongue between bouts of rhythmically pressing on it dramatically increased her arousal and pleasure — as did the feeling of the tip of my tongue against her opening when I would collect the tasty juices that continually escaped her virginal sheath.

It pleased me immensely to raise her excitement and arousal slowly, because it gave me more time to enjoy what I was doing to, and with, her. Moving my arms to her sides, I was able to reach up and take her breasts in my hands; as I tenderly ministered to them, Donna had her hands on my forearms, her grip on me letting me know that the added stimulation was appreciated.

Still, I *was* increasing her desires, and moving her closer and closer to an orgasm; as much as I would have liked to be able to keep going, there came the point where I knew she was going to climax again — and soon. By that time, I'd recovered enough that I could feel my cock starting to engorge again, because of the arousal I was feeling. It took only a few moments to decide not to tease her into having *too* strong of an orgasm so that she'd be able to recover a little faster — and we could continue with her learning to use her mouth on me... perhaps even while letting me continue my feast between her firm thighs.

With that in mind, I slightly increased the rate that I was moving her toward release; it took little more than a couple more minutes before I felt her begin to tense up before the start of her orgasm.

The tip of my tongue was slowly fluttering across the entrance to her vagina when I felt her hands grip my forearms harder than I thought she even could grip me as she arched her back with the beginning of her climax. I felt her vaginal opening clench underneath my tongue, and simply HAD to pull my head back to watch as it went through a series of extended "winks" at me in time with the spasms running through her body; each time her opening relaxed, a small trickle of her oils would be released for me to quickly lap up before withdrawing so that I could watch as she repeated the cycle. I suspect that I was prolonging her orgasm, but she was simply too damn tasty to let the escaping juices go to waste...

Later than I would have wanted, but sooner than I was afraid they would, the waves of pleasure coursing through her faded to nothing — leaving her gasping. After giving her one last pass with my tongue, I helped her straighten her legs again before moving up to lay next to her. Taking her in my arms, I held her next to me as she tried to get her breath back, slowly and gently stroking her back as I softly talked to her. When I felt her small hand press lightly against my chest, I released her to lay on her back again. Looking up at me, she said "When I heard about somebody doing that, I thought it sounded like it might be kind of nice, and sexy. But I never thought that it could make me have an *orgasm*!"

Smiling, I told her "Honey, if you think something is sexy, and the person you're with is doing it so that you like it, almost **anything** can help you have an orgasm. You wanted to find out what that was like, and I like *doing* it enough that I wanted to help you learn how good it could feel."

Her delight at hearing that I liked eating her pubescent snatch was plain as she told me "I thought you liked doing that. I mean, after I saw you lick Karen's juice of your finger that time, and the way you kept doing the same thing with me... I just didn't know you liked it that much — what you were doing was **great**! Will it be like that when I do it to you?"

I couldn't help but laugh a moment before answering "I don't know that there's any way of finding out if women and men experience climaxes the same way. Because that part of us is way back in the animal part of our brains, I kind of suspect that it might be close; but it's still different because we're different sexes. But I **can** tell you that it'll feel good for me — probably as much as what I was doing felt to you. And if you make me climax... well, that's all that really matters, isn't it?"

She recognized the point I was making, and smiled at me as she nodded her head. A few moments later, she realized that my semi-erect cock was laying on her leg. She looked down at it, then up at me, before asking "You're ready? You're getting excited again?"

I grinned as I told her "Well, I'm *getting* excited because of how much fun we've been having, and what I was doing with you. But as you can see, I'm not **quite** 'ready' again."

That last part earned me a look of abused patience before she asked "Wouldn't it help if I started learning how to do to you what you were doing to me?"

I cupped her breast in my hand, and gave its nipple a couple of passes with my thumb as I answered "Yeah, it would help. And if you want, I can keep going with what I was doing to you

while you're doing that."

Seeing the slightly confused expression on her face, I explained "You're heard about '69'?" She nodded, and I told her "Think about how the numbers look, and I think you'll understand."

She did, and it wasn't but a second before her expression bore both delight and anticipation. She started to move, but when my hand stayed on her breast, she turned her head to look at me again and heard me tell her "It doesn't *really* matter which one of us is on top, but it's usually best if it's the smaller person, so that both of them are more comfortable for longer."

It wasn't but a moment before she told me "Yeah, I think that would be best for us, too." After she'd said that, she started to move again, and I let my hand fall from the warm mass it had been holding.

I rolled over onto my back again, and it didn't take long for Donna to realize what she should do if she wanted us to be able to use our mouths on each other at the same time. Getting to her knees, she positioned herself next to my head, and let me help guide the way as she lifted one leg and moved it to the other side of my head. She looked down at me and smiled before leaning forward enough to put her hands on the bed; supporting herself that way, she carefully got herself in position so that her head was right over my penis, then lowered her body so that it was resting on mine. She was enough shorter than I was that that put her cute little butt and other fun parts a bit out of range; I grabbed a pillow, and after folding it over and tucking it behind my head and shoulders, found that I'd be able to resume my previous efforts without excessive difficulty.

It was a mild, but pleasant, surprise when she didn't bother to ask what she could or should do — she simply took my penis in her hand and lifted it up enough to look at it; even more closely than she had when all three of them had been examining it. After just a few seconds, I felt her soft lips kiss the head of it; then a second later, the end of her tongue made a pass across it. Deciding that whatever taste there might have been was acceptable, she calmly wrapped her lips around me, just behind the crown.

As Donna began experimenting with what she could do to the head of my cock with her tongue, I took a few moments to look at the sight of her parted labia dividing the dark vee of her bush, with the fold of her clitoral hood peeking out at me. Above that, I could see the rosette of her anus, centered between the smooth globes of her cute little ass. It was truly a sight worth memorizing before I lifted my head and began my oral assault on her developing womanhood.

What followed was one of the best times of my life. Donna never paused to ask questions or seek suggestions; she plainly wanted to learn how to arouse and please me entirely on her own, and I left her to it — not only was what she was doing enjoyable as it could be, it also gave me ample time and opportunity to enjoy HER delights.

I don't know if she'd read about it, or figured it out on her own, but Donna never hurt me or made me uncomfortable in the *slightest*. All she did was experiment — extensively, carefully, and with attention to thoroughness. She tried licking me in various ways, using assorted techniques, all over my penis. Sucking, too, was tried in different ways and varying degrees of pressure. She

experimented with trying sundry ways of using her lips on me. She used her hand to stroke me with a mix of pressures and tempos. My scrotum and balls were cupped and manipulated in a diversity of ways. None of it hurt, as I said, and all of it felt good to some degree; she wasn't in any hurry, and not above repeating something that got a particularly favorable response from me. She had wanted to learn "how" and "what-if", and that's just exactly what she was doing.

For myself, I was having a *dandy* time where I was. I'd moved my hands to the firm orbs of her butt, and was having a fine time caressing and gently squeezing them as I treated my taste buds to her nectar, between bouts of teasing and stimulating her erect clitoris.

The way she was using her mouth on me was certainly pleasant, but not enough to move me toward climaxing again any time soon — and that gave me the idea to see if I couldn't give HER an orgasm, or even two, before that happened.

I applied myself toward making that happen with a will — deliberately increasing the pleasure I knew I was giving her, and steadily ramping up the speed at which I gave it. It took only a few minutes for me to have her moaning around where my cock was buried in her mouth, as she arched her pelvis down toward me in her desire. I continued my efforts, and when I gently began probing at the entrance to her vagina a minute later, that was all she needed to let my erection slip from between her lips so she could cry out with the start of her release.

As her young body arched from the spasms of pleasure coursing through her, I put my mouth over her opening and softly sucked up the almost continuous trickle of oils escaping her — and tried to worm my tongue through her woman's portal at the end of each wave that passed through her.

Her orgasm lasted appreciably longer than the one before, and I felt it as her slender body came to rest on mine when her climax had passed, and she couldn't support herself over me any longer. My hands on her delightful ass let me hold *that* part of her steady as I gave her a reprieve while she recovered from what I'd done.

As I felt the cycling of her breath on my cock, I tenderly kissed the insides of her thighs, alternating between them in a pattern that moved up and down in a line.

When her breathing had slowed, I heard Donna ask me "Uncle Ted, you did that on *purpose*, didn't you?"

I expect she could hear my smile in my voice when I answered "Yup. What you've been doing has felt good, so I thought I'd show you how much I appreciate it."

She considered that for a second before telling me "Could you **warn** a person first, next time? Geez! And I haven't even made you squirt again, yet, either!"

"I told you — you've been making ME feel good, so I wanted to make you feel good, too."

"Uncle Ted, that went **way** past just being 'good', and you know it!"

I chuckled, and told her "Well, I just wanted to make sure..."

I heard/felt as she released a heavy sigh; a couple of seconds later, she told me "If you think you can behave yourself, I'd like to *try* to help you finish again."

Hedging my bets, I told her "I'll promise to try and do my best." — something that I could tell she wasn't *entirely* reassured to hear. But she didn't let it stop her from raising herself off of me, and taking hold of my cock again. After she'd taken nearly half my length into her warm mouth, I lifted my head and began kissing the insides of her thighs again.

Knowing that she was pleasing me, and the impetus of the orgasm she'd just had, Donna apparently decided that she'd done enough learning, and began to apply the knowledge she'd gained thus far. As she used the things she'd learned, I gladly went back to arousing and stimulating her again.

While she had precious little in the way of experience, her enthusiasm for applying what skill she *did* have was more than sufficient to increase the pleasure she was giving me... and in no small measure, either. It was enough, even, that I found it prudent to increase MY efforts; something that only seemed to inspire her to try harder.

I doubt that it was deliberate on either of our parts, but it became something of a race to see which one of us got the other off first. Even today, I still think that it was because she had to recover a little more from the orgasm she'd had that kept me from being able to bring her to a climax first.

I was rhythmically sucking on her clitoris when she cupped my balls in her hand again, and started softly stroking my scrotum as she slowly bobbed her head up and down on my cock — all while gently sucking on me and doing some rather fascinating things with her tongue. The cumulative effect on me proved to be too much, and I pulled my head back to (loudly) tell her "Donna! It's gonna happen!".

She didn't miss a beat, and it wasn't but a few more seconds before my cock hardened that last little bit, and I erupted in her mouth. When the first jet of my cum left me, she pulled her head back — but not off me, choosing instead to keep her lips tightly clamped around me just behind the head as she applied even greater suction in time with the semen pulsing from me. After the first couple of wads of my jism were in her mouth, she quickly swallowed them, and then continued her efforts... with the apparent intention of sucking the very life out of me.

Thankfully, the human male can only ejaculate so much, and for so long; when the last faint traces of semen had been wrenched out of me, I was able to lift my head again — and did so with the single, sincere purpose in mind of bringing her to a climax that equalled the one she'd just blessed **me** with.

I was back to licking up the overflow of her oils when Donna took my slowly-deflating penis in her hand. Holding it still, she carefully went about making sure that she cleaned ever bit of my cum from the end of my cock before she finally released her hold on me. With my manhood free of her nefarious clutches, I began to apply myself toward achieving my goal. Using everything I'd learned about arousing and stimulating her, I calmly began doing them — often, and with

great enthusiasm. It wasn't long before I could again hear her moaning her increasing pleasure, and noted the additional flow of her juices as she got more and more excited, and moved ever closer to the goal that *I* had set for her.

It wasn't difficult raising the level of her passion, and I enjoyed every moment of it — without losing sight of where I wanted it to end. I carefully monitored every sign, every cue, every symptom as she approached the tripping point that would signal her release; and as that point got closer and closer, I deliberately and malevolently slowed and reduced my efforts so as to prolong and delay the time when she would reach it.

She had gone past merely making noises of frustrated arousal, and had actually given voice to her need, and outright begged me to let it happen, before I finally gave her the release she sought — and then some.

I knew that I was holding her on the very edge as I twirled the end of my tongue *ever* so slowly and lightly around her erect clitoris; when I decided to give in to her pleas, I paused for only the briefest of moments, then used my tongue to press firmly against her clit and "vibrate" it. Donna's attempt to scream was choked off before she could give voice to it; her body froze in place above me for a moment before almost convulsing with the power of the first of a series of paroxysms of pleasure that overwhelmed her. At the start of each throe of her orgasm, I would repeat my actions of vibrating her clitoris with my tongue, stopping only when it began to fade.

By the time the last of her orgasm had passed, she was covered with a fine sheen of perspiration from the energy she'd expended from her entire body clenching over and over again. I heard her make some small noise before she essentially collapsed on top of me; if I hadn't still had a secure hold on her ass, she almost certainly would have fallen over. Carefully, I eased her hips over so that I could support them with one hand while I got her "far" leg moved so that both were on the same side; then I had to use both hands to gently ease her to the bed. Able to sit up, I just as carefully and gently got the rest of her body moved — then positioned so that she could be comfortable. A look at her face told me that she was awake, but clearly stunned by what had just happened. Feeling a bit guilty after the fact, I quickly got up and got a damp cloth, then went in to get each of us a soda, which I set on the small table next to the bed.

Once I was back in bed with her, I gently wiped her face with the cloth; the coolness of it seemed to refresh her, so I waited a bit, then did it again. By the time I was done, I could see that she was starting to get her wits back. Getting my arms under her, I was able to pick her up and get her turned around, and moved closer to the head of the bed. When she was where I'd be able to reach her, I set her down again, and got myself seated with my back against the headboard before gently getting her sitting up — if leaned against me. Only then did I grab one of the sodas and open it before putting my arm around her and holding the open can to her lips. She managed a couple of small swallows before indicating that she'd had enough. Her voice was soft, but I could still hear the awe in it as she told me "Please don't *ever* do that to me again. It felt... it was... I don't know how to say what it felt like — but there was so much of it that it **scared** me."

She gestured that she wanted another drink, and when I put the can to her lips, she was able to

put her hand on mine, and let me know when she wanted to take a breath, and when she wanted to drink. She'd gone through maybe a quarter of the can before nudging my hand to let me know she was done, and telling me "Really, Uncle Ted — I didn't know anything like that **COULD** happen, and even though it felt absolutely *incredible*, it kind of scared me, too. I know you were just trying to make me feel as good as I know I made **YOU** feel, and I really, truly do appreciate it; and I'm not mad or upset or anything, either. I'm just telling you that that was **WAY** more than I was anywhere near ready for."

"I **am** sorry, sweetheart. I really didn't want to do anything except make you feel as good as I could, and if what I did scared you like that, then I'm more sorry than I could ever tell you. I love you, and the *last* thing I'd want to do would be anything that upset you."

Taking the can of soda from me, she took a few sips before answering "No, really, Uncle Ted, it's okay. *I* know you didn't mean for me to get scared, and that if you'd known that might happen, you wouldn't have done that... or, at least, not so much. I'm not exactly **SORRY** it happened, 'cause it was amazing. Like I said, I'm just trying to let you know that it was *too much* for me right now, is all. Now that it's over, and I'm starting to feel better, I'm not sure that it was even that scary, afterwards. I just don't think that I want to go through anything like that again. **IF** you did anything wrong — which you didn't! — it was just making me feel **TOO** good. I know you love me, and I still love you, and that's all that **really** matters."

I'd already resolved not to tease her again (or her sisters, ever!) like that, so hearing that she didn't think what I'd done to her was really all **that** bad did make me feel a little better. Still, I was going to try and make it up to her as best I could.

With her appreciably more alert, and able to move on her own again, I opened the other soda and traded with her — over her (only mild) objections. As I'd thought she would, she needed the liquid as much as the kick from the sugar and caffeine; I knew that I'd consumed a goodly amount of her fluids along the way. I put my arm back around her, and she happily snuggled next to me with a contented sigh. The two of us sat there in silence as we consumed our drinks. When she was done with hers, I heard Donna release a soft belch, followed by the warmth in my side that told me she was blushing. Thinking to put her at ease, I released one of my own that resonated nicely — and earned me the admonition of "Uncle Ted!", followed by a small laugh.

Taking the empty can from her, I got out of bed and deposited it and my own into the little recycling bin I kept. When I got back to the bedroom, I stood at the foot of the bed and told her "If you think you can *behave* yourself, I'll let you take a quick shower with me before we get dressed again."

She immediately started to look indignant, then realized I was teasing her. After a tolerably good "why do I put **UP** with you?" sigh, she told me "Well, I **guess** I can do that...", trying to tease me back. I just smiled, and held my arm out to her; it didn't take but a few moments before she was standing next to me, with my arm around her. Holding each other close, we went into my bathroom and shared a quick and **very** friendly shower. Dried off, we went back into the bedroom to get dressed; I was sitting on the edge of the bed when she was done, and she let me

pull her over to stand in front of me. She put her hands on my shoulders, and I held her butt in my hands as I looked up at her and said "I had a nice time with you and your sisters today — not because of the things we did, but just because I *always* like having all of you around. If I'm not busy with my work, any of you is welcome to come down here and visit, for however long you want, for whatever reason you want. You're all pretty, and fun to be with, and it makes me happy when you're with me. Okay?"

Donna gave me a delighted smile as she nodded her head. Without prompting, she leaned forward so the two of us could share a soft, loving kiss; when it was over, she told me "I had a nice time today, too, Uncle Ted — and I know Karen and Wendy did, too. I'll tell them you said it was okay to come visit you more often."

"Thanks, sweetheart.", I told her, giving her ass a little pat on one cheek. Still smiling, she took her hands off my shoulders, turned, and went back upstairs.

The following Friday, we'd finished supper and the girls had all gotten their schoolwork taken care of so that we could have a movie night. Teresa had stopped off at the video store and picked one up — something that I'd seen before. I'd been less than impressed with it, but was willing to stay and watch it with them when I noticed that Karen seemed to be less than wild about it, too.

Recognizing the opportunity, I told all of them that I'd seen it before, and thought that I'd watch one that I'd bought — then told Karen "If you'd like to, you're welcome to come down and watch it with me; it's something that I think you'd like — it's called 'batteries not included'".

As I'd hoped, she welcomed the chance to see something else, and stood up. I stood, too, and held her hand in mine as the two of us made our way downstairs. She stood patiently as I got everything set up and ready to go; when I stood up from in front of my TV, she asked "Would it be okay if I sat on your lap?"

"Of course it would, dear", I assured her.

After a brief hesitation, she wanted to know "Would... would it be okay if we were both naked, too?"

I just smiled, and told her "I'd like that." before starting to take my clothes off. By the time I was finished, Karen was standing there nude, waiting for me with a pleased expression on her face. I got myself parked at the end of the couch, and she quickly settled herself on my lap; I put one arm around her, and after starting the movie, got the other one similarly located. The movie was a *little* slow getting started, but once things started happening, it made for a nice, non-violent, entertaining story. As I'd expected, Karen was delighted with it, and I could see how happy she was as the credits started to roll.

I was happy to hold her on my lap for as long as she wanted to stay there, but she finally told me "I guess I'd better be going to bed, now. That was a really nice movie, Uncle Ted, and I'm glad I got to watch it with you."

When she started to get up, I told her "Karen, if you want to, you're welcome to stay down here tonight. And if you think you'd like to, I'd be glad to have you sleep in my bed, with me."

She looked at me uncertainly as she asked "Really? It's okay? You'd let me do that?"

Smiling, I answered "Yes, really. I just asked you to, so of *course* I'd let you do that."

A trifle chastened, she smiled broadly as she answered "I'd like that — sleeping with you tonight. It always makes me feel warm and happy when I'm sitting with you, and I know it would be even better to do that."

She looked at me in confusion when I put my arms under her knees and behind her back, then let out a surprised (and delighted) shriek when I managed to stand up while holding her in my arms. I carried her to my bed and gently deposited her on it before moving to lay next to her. It was a comfortable evening, and I didn't feel any need to sleep under blankets — or even a sheet. I rolled onto my side, and with minimal direction, Karen got herself spooned against my front. I put my arm around her, and cupped her breast in my hand accompanied by her happy and contented sigh.

As I softly stroked the warm smoothness of her breast with my fingertips, I told her "Honey, I want to make sure I tell you that I love you. I know that sometimes it must seem like Donna and Wendy get all the attention and everything, but I want you to know that I never, *ever* forget about **you**. You're just as special to me as either of your sisters, even if I don't always remember to let you know that. So that's why I was glad to be able to spend time with you tonight — watching the movie together, just the two of us, and having you here with me like this. And I want to make sure you understand that I'm *always* here for you, no matter what you need or want, or when. If you want to come down and just sit with me sometimes, I'd like that — having you close always makes me happy, and feel better. You know that I didn't have any brothers or sisters, but I think I can imagine what it's like, being in the middle. You're not the oldest, but you're not the youngest, either; and it must seem like you're **always** being left out of things because of things like that. So I'm telling you that you don't have to feel that way, or think that you're alone. I expect Donna told you this, but I want to make sure that *I* tell *you* — you are MORE than welcome to come down here to see me any time you want, for however long you want to stay, and for any reason, or no reason. I like it when you're with me, no matter when or why. If you're happy about something, I'd like to be happy WITH you; if you're sad, or mad, or hurt, or anything else, I'm here for you. I'll listen to anything you want to say to me, and I'll answer any question that you want to ask. If you need or want my help with something, then you've got it — that easy, and that simple. Okay?"

A couple of seconds went by, then she quickly turned over so that she was facing me — and when I saw the tears in her eyes, it nearly broke my heart. I pulled her close to me, then rolled over onto my back, bringing her with me so that she was laying on top of me — and I could put my arms around her and hold her as her warm tears fell onto my chest.

Some time later, I felt her try to push herself off of me; rather than let her go, I asked "What is

it?"

I could hear the embarrassment in her voice as she told me "I want to dry my eyes... and I need to blow my nose."

Reaching out to the corner of the bed, I managed to pull the corner of the top sheet up, then over to where we were. Putting it in her hand, I told her "Here — use this, so you don't have to get up if you don't want to."

It took her a second to realize what I'd given her to use, but she raised up enough to dry her eyes, and mop up the puddle of her tears on my chest. When she started to move to blow her nose, she stopped, and looked at me. Trying to cheer her up a little bit, I turned my head and made a show of blocking my view of her with one hand. She laughed, and a moment later I heard as she got her sinuses cleared out. Once she was done, she tossed the corner of the sheet back toward where it had been; after laying down on me again, I heard her tell me "Thank you, Uncle Ted."

"That's okay, dear. Do you want to talk to me about it?"

A few seconds went by before I heard her answer "Yeah, I do."

When she realized that I was patiently waiting to hear what she had to say, she told me "You were right — sometimes I **do** feel alone, and left out, and all that. It's not like I'm being ignored, either; it's worse than that, because it feels like I'm being *forgotten*! If people were ignoring me, then they'd at least have to know that I was there; but the other way, it's like I don't even exist. I know that Donna has to do a lot of things that she doesn't like because she's the oldest; but she also gets to be the first one to do new things or something different, too — and there's plenty of times that I wish that *I* could be like that. Yeah, the being told to do all that stuff can't be fun — but the getting to go first can't be bad, either."

After taking a breath, she continued "Wendy used to get out of a lot of stuff just because she was the littlest, but not so much, now. But she's still the youngest, and there's plenty of times that she doesn't have to do something Donna and I do because of it — even though there really isn't any reason she **SHOULD**. Sometimes it feels like I have to do *everything* I don't want to, and don't get to do **any** of the stuff that I **WOULD** — it's like, if it's good, I can't have any; and if it's bad, I'm automatically included... and it **sucks**!"

I just **HAD** to smile at hearing what she thought of it, but managed not to actually laugh. I was still paying attention as Karen said "I was glad to hear you tell me that I could come to visit or talk to you any time. Yeah, Donna told us you said it was okay for us to come down here, and all that, but I really wasn't *sure*. It isn't anything you've said or done, Uncle Ted, it's just **me** — I have a hard time believing that it's okay for me to do things, sometimes. And the bigger and more important it is to me, the tougher it is... and... and except for Mom, you're the most important and specialest thing in my life, ever. I didn't think you'd get mad at me, or be upset, or anything like that; I just didn't want to, you know, *bother* you. I'm so used to people paying attention to Donna or Wendy that sometimes it feels like if *I* want or need something, I'd be getting in the way of the person taking care of one of **THEM**. But when you told me, yourself,

that you love me, and that you'd like it if I was with you... that made it okay, because you've NEVER lied to me about ANYTHING, so if you tell me that you like it when I'm with you, then I know you're telling the truth; and that if you say it's okay for me to come and visit, I know that it really **is**. And talking to you like this... it feels good, knowing that you aren't going to get upset with me, and that you understand, at least a little bit, what it's like for me, being in the middle."

After taking a deep breath, she continued by telling me "I think maybe I'm as pretty as Donna" — "Not 'maybe'... you ARE." I informed her — "even though my tits aren't as big as hers, and I don't have as much hair as she does, yet. But I see how much difference there is between me and Wendy, and I know it'll be okay when I'm grown up. Donna has started talking to me more about the stuff she learns, and what she's thinking and feeling and everything, and that's nice. But it's when I'm with *you* that I feel the best inside — you know, happy and everything; because when it's you and me, I know I don't have to be embarrassed or ashamed for not knowing things; or for the different things I feel in my heart, and my body. And the way that you pay attention to me when we're together feels SO good, and nice, because you only talk to me about ME, and not Donna or Wendy. When we do things together, you know, touching and everything... you're always so patient and gentle with me; I **know** you do it because you love me, and want to make ME happy, and you're always so careful not to do anything to hurt me, or make me afraid. I'm always so happy when you include me in stuff — or at least let me know that it's okay if I want to do it, too. Like last weekend, when you said it was okay for me to stay and see what happened when you squirted your juice; I thought I just wanted to see what it was like when a guy's penis gets hard, but once we got started, I realized that I wanted to see THAT part, too. I don't think that Donna would have told me to leave, but when you *invited* me to stay, then it made me feel like I was doing something special, too, like Donna was. I knew it wasn't going to be as much, but I didn't **want** it to be — that little bit extra was fine."

I kissed the top of her head, and when she raised it to look at me, I could see the smile on her face that let me know she liked what I'd done. After she put her head back down, she told me "That's something else that you do that tells me how much you love me, and that I'm important to you — the way you give me kisses like you just did, and pat me on the butt, and things like that." She paused for a moment, then said "Sometimes, it would be nice if you did other stuff, too. I know you don't want to push me to do anything, and I like that; but if you wanted to do other things like we've already done, then it would be okay if you went first. I didn't say anything about it to you before because I didn't want to feel like I was bothering you; but since you told me it's okay to talk to you, and tell you things, and all that... well, I just want you to know it's okay with me if you wanted to do something like put your hand on my boob, instead of waiting for ME to put it there for you. I know you aren't going to hurt me, or start just... *grabbing* at me all the time, so it's okay. Like I told you, it's nice sitting next to you, 'cause you make me feel warm and happy; and if you're the one to touch me first, then I know that you're happy I'm there, and that you haven't forgotten about me."

I waited a bit, but it didn't seem that there was anything else she wanted to say. I gave her a gentle hug, and asked "Are you feeling better now, honey?"

"Yeah — *lots* better, Uncle Ted."

I reached down to give her little tush a soft pat before I told her "I'm glad, dear. I love you, and it makes me feel good when *you* do."

We stayed like that for a few more minutes before she told me "I think I'm ready to go to sleep now, Uncle Ted. It's nice having you hold me like this, but I'm starting to feel sleepy, now."

After giving her another hug, I answered "Of course, dear.", and released her from my arms. She eased herself off of me, then moved to lay on her side — and looked back at me expectantly. Smiling, I rolled over and got myself spooned against her again — including putting my arm around her and holding her breast in my hand. She put her hand on top of mine, and told me "I love you, Uncle Ted, and it feels *nice* to be here like this with you."

I raised up enough to tilt my head far enough to nibble on her ear a little bit, causing her to giggle and scrunch her shoulder, before softly telling her "I love you, too, sweetheart; and I like being able TO hold you."

Once my head was back on my pillow, I heard her release a happy sigh. Some time later, both of us were asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, it was to discover that I had a full-fledged erection — and that it was neatly tucked along the crack of Karen's warm, firm ass. I couldn't tell if she was still asleep or not, so I started trying to *carefully* get my arm from around her so that I could move away from her a little. When I got my hand off her breast and out of her gentle grip, I wasn't prepared when I heard her tell me "It's okay, Uncle Ted — you can leave your hand there if you want."

"I know, honey, but I have to move a little bit."

I could hear the humor in her voice when she asked "Why? Because your erection is on my butt?"

"Well, yeah..."

I heard her soft laugh before she told me "I don't mind, Uncle Ted. I know you aren't going to *do* anything to me, and it actually feels kinda nice. You don't have to move because of me."

From what she'd said, and the tone of her voice, I got the distinct impression that she actually *liked* having my hard cock resting against her ass — and would be disappointed if I moved away from her. Well, she'd said it was okay, and it DID feel good holding her...

I kissed her shoulder, and eased my hand back under hers so that I could cup her breast again. As we lay there, I heard her tell me "I woke up a couple of times last night, I guess because I'm not used to sharing a bed with anybody; but as soon as I knew it was you holding me, it was okay — I felt warm and safe with you like this, and I fell asleep again *real* easy."

"I'm glad you felt that way, sweetheart. I liked it, too."

"Except when you found out your penis was hard, and on my butt!", she teased.

"I'll have you know that I liked THAT, too, young lady. I just wanted to move a little bit, was all."

She just laughed again before answering "Okay, Uncle Ted.", her tone letting me know that she didn't believe that excuse any more than she would anything else I came up with.

Eventually, *slowly*, my cock returned to its normal flaccid state — despite Karen's occasionally wriggling her ass against it. To my own amusement, I found that I was both relieved, and disappointed.

A bit later, Karen told me "I think it's close to time for breakfast, so we should probably get up."

"Yeah, I *suppose* so...", I agreed, followed by her soft laugh at my feigned reluctance. She scooted away from me, then stood up next to the bed, before telling me "Come on, Uncle Ted. You'll feel better after a shower, and when you have some coffee in you."

I looked at her, not entirely sure that I was understanding what she was getting at. After a moment, I finally just asked outright "Are you saying you want to take a shower with me?"

The look I got from her let me know, in no uncertain terms, that I was being **particularly** dense as she answered "Of COURSE I am. Unless you don't *want* me to...", the last part with a tone that made it clear she knew better.

Smiling, I told her "Okay... for YOU, I'll get out of bed.", drawing another small laugh from her.

A few moments later, I was standing next to her; she calmly took me by the hand and led the way into the bathroom, then got the water started in the shower — ignoring the way my hands were playing with her cute ass. Once both of us were inside, she was meticulous about getting ME clean, and amused by how thorough I was in tending to her. Both of us had rinsed off when she surprised me by taking hold of my cock — and began to stroke it. My conscience demanded that I ask "Are you sure you want to do that, Karen?"

She just looked up at me, and answered "Yeah, I'm sure.", before focusing on what she was doing to me again. Figuring that there were worse ways to start the day than by getting a hand job from a cute little teenybopper, I didn't say anything else — I just reached out and began playing with her breasts. Between the water-slippery feel of her firm mammaries, and the way she was stimulating me with her hands, it didn't take long at all before I was fully erect. When I was, she damn near stunned me by leaning over far enough to take the head of my erection between her lips as she continued stroking me. My first coherent thought was that my morning was getting off to an even BETTER start than I'd first thought. Immediately after that, I realized that Karen had taken even more of me into her mouth, and was rubbing a VERY limber tongue along the bottom of my penis, and using the tip of it on the sensitive area right behind the head. As good as she was, I had to figure that she'd heard at least some of the details of what had happened between Donna and me — but that was something I'd have to think about later; just then, Karen had added some gentle suction to the mix, and I could feel myself moving right along toward

blowing my load.

My first reflex was to try and fight it — to see if I couldn't hold out a little longer. Then I realized that she wouldn't be there, plainly doing her damndest to get me off, if she didn't want me to do just that: get off. With that, I gave myself over to the pleasure she was giving me, and felt myself moving even faster and closer to emptying myself in her greedy, but oh-so-warm-and-talented mouth. It couldn't have been more than a couple more minutes before I had to warn her "Karen! I'm going to do it!"

Her sole reaction to my warning was to pull her head back so that only the end of my cock was between her lips; she continued suck on me as she slid her hand up and down my length. A few seconds more, and I was sure that the first shot of my cum would take the back of her head off. It didn't, and she continued her efforts as I made every effort to fill her mouth with my jism — failing to do so only because the supply was less than the desire to give it to her.

When no more of my semen was forthcoming, she used her lips to milk the last couple of drops from me before swallowing what she'd collected. Standing up again, she gave me a self-satisfied smile before turning around and rinsing her mouth out with water from the shower. That accomplished, she faced me again, and reached out to make sure the water running off my body washed away any residue from what she'd done. Though not entirely steady on my feet, I managed to reach around her and get the shower turned off; she opened the door, and led the way out — then had me stand while she dried me off. When she was done, she simply handed me the towel, and I did the same for her... though I'll confess to gently molesting her a little bit in the process. After I'd hung the towel to dry, I asked "What prompted that?"

She just gave me a pleased smile before saying "I just wanted to do something special for you. You've been so nice and everything about helping all of us that I figured it was time somebody did something to help YOU."

"Well, you didn't have to do that" — "I know! I wanted to..." — "but it felt *really* good. Thank you."

Pleased that she'd made ME feel good, Karen took me by the hand again, and led the way in to where we'd left our clothes the night before. Both of us got dressed, and I got to watch her ass move as she led the way upstairs. When we got there, I saw that we were *just* in time — Teresa was putting the last of the food on the table as we walked in. She just looked at the two of us and said "Perfect timing!" before taking her seat. Karen and I followed her example, paying no attention to the looks that we were getting from Donna and Wendy. A couple of minutes later, I glanced at each of them from the corner of my eye, to see what they thought about the fairly obvious fact that Karen had spent the night with me. Donna looked pleased, and Wendy seemed more surprised than anything else... neither of them showed any sign of jealousy or any other negative reaction. A look at Teresa was sufficient to let me know that she wasn't concerned about it in the slightest — Karen was plainly too happy for there to be anything wrong; that made everything else irrelevant.

Other than the entrance by me and Karen, the rest of breakfast went as usual, with plenty of happy chatter to accompany the good food. After my shower experience, I didn't need my morning coffee anywhere near as much.

Over the course of the next several weeks, I carefully began to make the changes the girls indicated that they'd like to see. If Karen or Donna were snuggled next to me, I was perfectly willing to put my hand on her breast if it would be comfortable, for example.

Shortly after my night with Karen, I got Wendy to spend an afternoon on my lap, just the two of us; while she was there, I let her know much the same things I'd said to her sisters, and got a pretty good idea of where SHE was in her mind about things. Though she was a bit shy at first, she wasn't nervous or afraid as I made it clear to her that I found her as attractive as her older sisters — and that I could help her with the emotions and physical sensations and feelings that she was having. She wasn't quite old enough to experience an orgasm, but I *was* able to help her learn that the "funny feelings" she sometimes got could be resolved to her satisfaction. By the time she left, she was feeling appreciably better — in more ways than one.

All three of them were initially still a little hesitant about coming down to visit with me, but when I unfailingly welcomed them, the visits became more and more frequent. There were times when one of them would already be there when another came down; I left it up to them to work things out; they came up with using the door at the bottom of the stairs as a signal as to whether whoever was with me needed/wanted our time to be private — if the door was open, additional company was welcome; if not, then not. I think it worked because all of them were *meticulous* about not abusing it.

There were a few times when I had all three of them for company — and in varying states of (un)dress, such as Wendy naked on my lap on the couch, with Donna topless and tucked into my side, while a fully-dressed Karen held station in my recliner. On that occasion, Teresa came down to see if I knew where the girls had gotten off to; when she saw that they were with me and perfectly safe, she just gave me a smile before heading back upstairs. Neither Wendy nor Donna paid her any more notice than giving her a token greeting before returning their attention to the cheesy Sunday afternoon movie we'd been watching.

All three of them got to spend entire evenings alone with me, and Donna and Karen both spent the night with me a few times. Karen didn't repeat her shower wake up call efforts, but when we were in bed, she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to get my cock to some state of hardness (preferably completely) and get it wedged against her ass as we spooned. Donna didn't *try* to get me hard, but if it happened, she didn't mind in the least — and usually actually seemed pleased about it.

Donna and I also had a couple more **very** pleasant sessions of "69"; I kept my promise not to over-excite her, and she showed her appreciation of my forbearance by giving me some inordinately good oral sex that left me drained (physically AND sexually) by the time we were done.

It was roughly four months after I'd had my "talk" with Donna (and all three of them had come down to see me together); it was a Saturday evening, and Karen had readily accepted my invitation for her to spend it with me. When we'd gotten downstairs, she'd closed the door most of the way, as they'd gotten in the habit of doing. It wasn't the "Do Not Disturb" sign of the door being closed all the way, or the "Visitors Welcome" of a wide-open door; but more of a "Disturb Only If It's Good Enough To Happen To YOU" warning. The couple of times that whoever I was with and I *had* been interrupted, it had been for good reason... once, one of them had fallen and possibly sprained an ankle. The other time, it was because someone was at the front door and wouldn't go away; it turned out to be somebody from a religious group that was subjected to my rude, vehement, and profane encouragement to depart the premises — which they did, in considerable haste.

Karen was on my lap as I sat in my recliner; both of us were nude per her (usual) request, and I had my arms around her waist as the two of us watched TV. During commercials, I'd release my hold on her in favor of moving my hands up and caressing her breasts while the two of us exchanged soft, loving kisses. Between the fondling of her mammaries and the way she'd wiggle her little butt in my lap, I was semi-erect almost constantly — something that pleased her tremendously.

When the late news came on, she exercised her prerogative of using the remote to turn the TV off, knowing that I never bothered watching the late news. After I'd molested her a little more, and we'd shared a few kisses, we were just contentedly sitting there when she asked me "Would you do something for me, Uncle Ted?"

"If I can. What is it?"

"Would you be the one to make me not a virgin any more?"

Needless to say, the question wasn't something I'd expected to hear. It took me a few seconds to get my thoughts settled enough to ask "You know what you're asking me to do?"

"I'm asking you to have sex with me for the first time. And yes, I know that means you putting your penis inside me!"

With a few gentle nudges, I got her to sit up and turn around to face me. Putting my arms around her slender waist, I looked into her face and asked "Do you *really* think you want something like that, and that you're ready for it? Or are you asking for some other reason?"

From the expression on her face, I could tell that she knew I needed not just the immediate answers to my questions, but explanations, too.

She was as serious and sincere as I'd ever seen her when she answered "Yeah, I **do** want that to happen. I've been thinking about it almost since I was with you and Donna that time. After what you did with me and her... and then when we talked that night, the first time I stayed with you... I knew that sex was something serious — but that it could be fun, and feel good, too. After I told you it was okay, you've been doing what I wanted — touching me first, I mean, and being the

one that starts when we do things together. And when I've wanted to come down here and talk to you, or just BE here with you, it's always been okay. After we slept together that first time, and I used my mouth on you in the shower, you didn't treat me any different; you weren't any nicer to me than you've always been, but you weren't afraid to touch me and kiss me and everything, either. When I'm with you like this, just the two of us, I know that it's okay for us to be together — that you wouldn't do anything to hurt me, or make me feel bad, and I like that. You do so much for me... and Donna, and Wendy, and Mom... and you never, ever ask us for anything, or say anything to remind us about the things you do. I know I'm *kinda* young, but I got a chance to look up a bunch of things on the Internet one time, when I was over at Christina's house, and it's not that much. What I found out was that most girls are between fifteen and sixteen when they lose their virginity — but that my age isn't like, **weird**, or anything. And I've really, truly tried to find out as much as I can about it; stuff like how girls felt afterwards, and what they thought about it, and how it happened for them, and what they wished they'd done different, and things like that. I've really THOUGHT about it, too — I **know** that I can't go back and change it afterwards, and that it really is something *special*, and that I should be really, really sure first. Honest, Uncle Ted, I **have** thought about it, and I really am sure that I'm ready for it, and I really *do* want it to be with you. I know you might be thinking that I want to do this just so I'm 'first' to do something, but that's not it... really. And I don't want to be with you like that because of anything you've done — not that way, anyway; I mean, I'm not wanting to have sex with you just because we've been kissing and touching and everything, and all I want is just to do more *sex* stuff with you. You're somebody really, really special to me — I love you, as much as I do Mom, and even more than I did Daddy, when he was here. I know that you love ME, too, the same way; and THAT'S why I want us to be together like that — because we love each other as much as we do. I know we can't get married, or anything; and that if we're together like that, you still aren't going to treat me any different than you do Wendy or Donna... and I know that's the way it SHOULD be, because I know I'm still not *that* grown up that I don't need you and Mom watching out for me. But I think I'm old enough, and grown up enough, for this because it isn't me trying to be grown up and everything like you and Mom; it's you and me loving each other as much as we do, and being able to show it to each other. I don't even want us to stay together, you know, me living down here, or sleeping with you, all the time, either. Like I said, I just want us to be able to share how much we love each other sometimes. I know I'm going all over the place, telling you why I think it's okay, and I hope you don't think that means I'm not ready, or that I'm not sure, and tell me 'no' because of it."

It had taken her a good ten minutes to tell me all that; she'd spoken clearly and slowly, trying to make sure I understood what she was saying, and all that she'd done and thought before she brought it up with me. Yes, she HAD bounced around a bit as she was talking — but since she was doing it from the heart, and not a script or printed notes, I was willing to dismiss the style in favor of paying attention to the content and substance of what she'd had to say.

As I looked at her, I saw that she was a bit nervous, but unafraid — and absolutely certain of what she wanted.

Looking into her eyes, I told her "Okay, you've told me what you want, and why, and all that. But you've had plenty of time to get ready for this, and I'm just hearing about it now. I'm not going to make you wait too long, but I need a little bit of time so that *I* can think about what you said, okay?"

Dry-eyed and solemn, she nodded her head; and after I'd released my soft hold around her, she quietly got off my lap and took a seat on my couch. I thought it noteworthy that she didn't assume the right to wait on my bed, but didn't give up and go upstairs, either — there was something she wanted me to do, and she was apparently ready to wait for it to happen.

With nothing to distract me, I sat there and considered what she'd said — not just the words, but what they told me about her; and how she'd tried to get across to me what she'd thought and done and felt before she made her request. I also had to think about what MY involvement was leading up to that point — whether I'd done anything to encourage her, or cause her to think that *I* wanted us to be that intimate with each other. Finally, I had to try and figure out what would (or might) happen afterwards, for either choice I made. It wasn't a fast or easy process, and required a lot of serious thought (and no small amount of soul-searching) on my part before I finally had an answer to give her.

When I looked at the clock, I realized that I'd been sitting there for nearly an hour; turning to look at where Karen was waiting, I saw that she was ready to sit there until she got an answer. When I cleared my throat, she saw that I was looking at her, and realized that I was ready to tell her what I'd decided. She got up, then came over to resume her previous position on my lap. When she was settled, I put my arms around her waist again. She was looking at me steadily as I told her "You know that what you want is something serious — *very* serious. And I'm sure you understand why I thought it was important enough that I had to think about it for this long. There are several things that make me think that us having sex wouldn't be a good idea — how young you are, the fact that I *am* your uncle, and several more. But there also things that make me think that it could be okay, too. Things like the fact that we DO love each other so much; and that you worked so hard to try and make sure of what you wanted, and what would happen, and all of that. I had to try and think about what could happen if we started having sex — not just the things between us, but what might happen TO you, and even how it could affect your sisters and your Mom. Then I had to try and see if *I* did anything that maybe caused you think this was something we could or should do, and what *I* thought about us having sex — and what might happen to ME. As much as I could, I had to try to see if I could figure out what good **and** bad there would PROBABLY be, and COULD be, and MIGHT be — not just for you and me, but for your Mom, and Donna, and Wendy, because whatever happens with US is going to affect them, too. I think you can see that there were a *lot* of things that I had to look at, and think about, and try to decide whether they were big and important, or not — and if they were, how much. I told you that I would never lie to you, and I'm not going to lie to you about this, either. There was a lot of stuff that made me think that us having sex wouldn't be good, just like there was a lot of things that made me think it could be okay, too. Honestly, I'm still not **sure** that what I decided is the right one, and I'm afraid that it's going to do things that make you end up hating me for it. But

what I finally decided was that if you're sure enough to ask if you can give your virginity to me, then the best thing I can do is try to make it as easy and good for you as I can."

As I'd been talking, I could see that Karen was trying to prepare herself for what she thought would be a negative answer — so when I agreed to what she'd asked, it took her a second to understand that she'd gotten the answer she wanted. Still, she didn't get ecstatically happy, or start acting like a kid in a toy store; if anything, she seemed to get even more sober about it — which actually helped settle *my* concerns a bit, since it let me know that she really comprehended the significance of the matter.

We were looking at each other when I asked her "You asked me about this tonight, but it doesn't have to *happen* tonight, unless you want it to. If there's anything you want to do first, or you need to wait, or anything else, that's fine. This will be easiest for you if it happens WHEN you want and HOW you want. There are some things that I can do — and will do! — to help; but THE most important part is that *you're* comfortable with it. I know you know that sex is how babies are made, and I don't think either one of us wants THAT to happen, so I need to know what we're going to do about it."

She managed to give me a small smile before she answered "That was one of the *first* things I checked on, Uncle Ted. Because my periods still aren't regular like Donna's, they say it wouldn't be good for me to use anything like chemical birth control, yet. It **might** be possible for me to get an IUD, but that's usually not something they can do while the girl is still a virgin. I talked to Mom about it, and she said that whenever I was ready, she'd make an appointment for me to get one. I... I decided that when... when we have sex the first time, I don't want either of us to have to do anything special, so I checked and made sure that if it happens right before I start my period, there isn't any egg for your sperm to make a baby with. So if... if we did it tonight or tomorrow, that would be good, because my next period won't start until Tuesday — you *can't* make me pregnant today or tomorrow, or even Monday; but I think waiting until then would be too close."

I wasn't surprised that she'd thought to check on what her options were; she was the smartest of the three of them, and consistently brought home the best grades — something that didn't always please her sisters.

The next thing I asked her was "You know that we can make love in different ways?"

"You mean positions? Yeah, I know, I've seen diagrams of them."

"Did any of places or things that you used to learn about girls losing their virginity say anything about what was easiest for them?"

She nodded before answering "Yeah, they said the easiest one is if the girl is on top so she can be in charge of how fast it happens. But I'm not sure that I could actually *do* it myself like that — hurt myself on purpose that way, I mean. I know that there's no way of **really** knowing if it'll hurt before it actually happens, and I think I'd be too scared that it **WOULD** hurt to be able to do it myself. I was hoping that it would be okay with you if you were on top of me the first time — IF

it's going to hurt, then I know you'll make it as little as you can, and that you won't chicken out like I might; and besides, I'd like it if we could look at each other, and kiss, and stuff."

Myself, I was all in favor of the first option, her being on top of me, so that she WAS in control, and I could be sure that she wasn't hurt. But if she was afraid that she wouldn't actually be able to make it happen when the time came, then her request that *I* take care of getting through her hymen was something that I was just going to have to do, regardless of how I felt about it.

The last thing I had to make sure of was to ask her "Karen, I know you'll understand why I have to ask this... are you **sure** that your mom will be okay with this? That there isn't going to be any trouble, afterwards?"

She smiled at me again, then answered "I'm sure, Uncle Ted. When I talked to her about an IUD, she asked me if I thought I was going to need one. I told her I thought I was, and she asked me to make sure first; then she said that I had to decide for myself when I was ready, and that she loved me, no matter what. Then she told me that I didn't have to be afraid, that she knew the guy would do everything I needed to make it easy, and nice. Neither one of us said your *name*, but I knew she knew that I wanted it to be you. I kinda think she was even happy for me."

Well, Teresa had said that she trusted me completely, and what Karen just told me simply confirmed that fact. Still, I felt a little relief at hearing that Teresa had been okay with the imminent deflowering of her fourteen-year-old daughter.

Karen's answer to my question left me with nothing else to do other than gently pull her close enough to hold her against my chest, and softly tell her "Sweetheart, if you want to give yourself to me like that, I'll do the very best I can to worthy of the **honor** you're giving me. I'm sure you believe it, but I'm going to say it anyway — I'm going to go as slow and easy as you need. You don't have to worry about however long it takes, or maybe getting nervous or even afraid; I love you, and the most important thing to me about this is that when we're done, *you're* happy. I'll wait whenever you want me to, and until you tell me it's okay again. If you want me to stop doing something, I will, the second you say so. If you change your mind, or decide you don't want this to happen with me — now, or ever — then that's okay with me. And it's okay with me because I love you, and if I didn't do those things, then I know it would hurt you... and that's the last thing I'd ever want to happen. Okay?"

"I know you wouldn't rush me, or anything, Uncle Ted; and I know you'd stop if I asked, or wait for me if I needed you to. I'm a little nervous, now, because I don't know how it's going to go — but I'm not even a *little* bit afraid of what's going to happen. I love you, and I know you love me to, just as much, and the same way; that's what makes me want YOU to be the one that makes me not a virgin any more, and to be with YOU while I learn about the rest of this sex stuff — because I know you'll be patient with me, and not say or do things to hurt me, and all that. But it's still nice to hear you say it."

I held her like that for a couple more minutes before she softly asked "Uncle Ted? Can we go now? And... you know..."

"Whenever you want, honey.", I answered. With a soft pressure of her hand against my chest, she let me know that *then* was when she wanted; I released my hold on her, and she calmly got off my lap and stood next to the chair. When I was standing, too, she took me by the hand and led the way to the bed. Under her command, I helped pull the bed covers down before we got on the bed and situated next to each other. She was laying on her side next to me, with her arm and leg draped across me while I had my arm around her.

Her head was resting on my shoulder when I told her "We can make this happen however you want it to, Karen. If there's something that you want to happen in a certain way, then that's what we'll do. If you just want to tell me when you're ready for me to do something, that's fine, too. You told me that it was okay for me to start doing things with you first, and if it would make you happy for me to be in charge unless you say different, I'll be glad to do that for you. It doesn't have to be the same the whole time, either; we change things around however you want, whenever you want — **you're** the boss, here."

"You always know how to make me feel good, Uncle Ted, so it's okay if you're the one in charge... I'd kinda like that, even. I'd like it if we could start by, you know, kissing and stuff."

I could feel that she was somewhat tense, and decided to take things *extra* slow at first, so she'd know that she didn't have to be nervous or afraid. Slowly, over the next few minutes, I began trying to get her to relax. I started by simply kissing the top of her head, then doing it again a little later. A gentle hug, then another kiss. Slowly and gently, I began caressing her side, careful not to tickle her; small touches that started out at just her waist gradually expanded to include the entire side of her body — even when I kissed the top of her head a couple more times along the way.

I continued my patient efforts until I could tell that nearly all the tension had left her, then gently got her rolled onto her back so that I could move to MY side and prop myself up on my elbow. Looking down at her, I could see that she'd gotten a little bit tense again — which I'd expected. Putting my hand on her belly, I tenderly caressed her from navel on up, but deliberately avoiding her breasts. As I did, I lowered my head and gave her lips a number of soft, chaste kisses to try and let her know just how much I loved her. The first few times our lips touched, she was simply too nervous to respond; but as I continued, she began to relax again as she slowly began to accept that I was fine with taking however much time she needed or wanted. Once she started to kiss me back, it didn't take long for her to lose the nervousness that had been there right after we'd moved. By the time I began to let my fingers start making brief contact with the outer edges of her breasts, she was as relaxed as I could hope for.

My fingers and hands slowly making more and more contact with the firm mounds of her breasts was something that was familiar enough to her that she was able to enjoy the increasing contact; that I was still exchanging soft kisses with her helped, as well. With my hand cupping her breast as I ran my thumb across her nipple, our kisses grew longer, and more involved; I'd gotten both of her nipples nicely extended when our tongues finally touched — something that was still somewhat new to her, since we'd only done it a couple of times before then. Under my hand, I

could feel her start to respond to the additional excitement she was feeling because of how our tongues were playing "tag" back and forth between our mouths.

As Karen's arousal slowly began to grow, I transferred my attentions from her breasts to her belly again; and then, gradually, even farther. While I was expanding the range of my touch, I began making the transition from just kissing her lips, to including her face — then her throat, and neck, and shoulders, before blazing a wandering trail that ended with my lips at the peak of one of her breasts. I deliberately sucked on it a little bit harder than I usually did, to distract her from the fact that my hand had reached her pelvis. Doing my best to keep her attention on what I was doing at her breast, I reached a little farther so I could begin caressing her smooth thighs — down her leg along the top, then slowly and softly back up again along the insides, brushing *ever* so lightly across her mons to the top of the other leg, and mirroring my actions before going through the cycle again...

What I was trying to do was to be able to stimulate her as much as possible, without having her tense up again each time I began touching something "new"; the idea was that my caresses of her thighs would be "familiar" by the time she noticed what I was doing. I had to figure it was working when I moved my head from the breast I'd started with, to the other — and felt her open her legs so that my hand could move more easily between them... without reacting to the fact that I *did* have my hand where it was.

As I began to suckle at her breast, I was also increasing the contact that I was making with the area between her thighs; lightly caressing her along the cleft of her sex at first, then slowly expanding my efforts to include drawing my finger across the entrance to her vagina, and softly stroking the area around her clitoris. By the time I'd gotten the ends of both of her breasts standing tall and proud, she was beginning to moan softly as she arched her hips up in response to what my hand was doing farther down.

With her starting to feel more arousal than apprehension, I lowered my head again to begin kissing my way farther and farther down her body, keeping my hand busy for as long as I could. After a brief delay to tease her navel for a bit, my lips finally came in contact with the soft sparse cloud of her muff — something that also had me close enough to easily discern the light, fresh scent of her excitement. Still, I didn't rush things, despite the increasing desire to finally learn what she tasted like. Instead, I gave her pubis a number of tender kisses while softly "combing" and occasionally gently pulling on her hair with my lips.

With my head that far down her body, I knew that *she'd* know that I wasn't in any position to do anything, and carefully got my body between her slender legs. Once I was in position, I welcomed the opportunity to see her as I never had before.

I could tell that the patch of her pubic hair had expanded a trifle, and was starting to fill in, as well — and at the bottom of the "vee", her labia were easily visible. Somewhat small, they were thin, and delicate in appearance and beginning to darken with her increasing desire; their inner surfaces were faintly shiny from the slight overflow of her oils that I'd collected for use on her clitoris — which had nearly shed its cloak, at the top of her slit. Moving my head closer, I was

able to extend my tongue, slipping the end of it between her vaginal lips so that I could softly tease the ring of her opening for several seconds before easing it upwards; I got a full taste of her fresh, light, and faintly sweet essence before circling her clitoris a few times.

When I eased my tongue into her honeypot again, she released a soft moan and moved to spread her legs even farther apart — granting me not only better access to her young womanhood, but encouraging me to continue.

Karen had never indicated to me before that she had any wish for me to use my mouth on her the way I was, for whatever reason; but judging from the way she was responding to what I was doing, I didn't figure that it would be the last time she'd want it to happen.

It didn't take me but a minute or so to get her as aroused as she'd been when I was using my hand on her; from there, it was easy (and fun) increasing her excitement even more.

What I thought to do was simple, and to the point: after bringing her to an orgasm, try to get past the barrier of her hymen while she was still relaxed — but *only* after giving her a chance to change her mind. The window of opportunity would be brief, but my conscience demanded that I not do anything irreversible without some kind of reaffirmation from her that that was what she wanted.

So I was quite happy to apply everything I'd ever learned about her, and giving a woman oral sex, to slowly but steadily raise her arousal to higher and higher levels; doing my best to get her as excited and wet as possible so that I could do my best to make the consummation of our relationship as easy and painless for her as I could.

Trying to worm my stiffened tongue into her pleased her immensely, as did placing my mouth over her opening and trying to softly suck her delicious juices out of the reservoir she kept them in. Slowly circling my tongue around her clitoris, and gently pulling on it with my lips pleased her, as well. It was when I reached up and began squeezing her breasts, and delicately pinching and pulling on her nipples while my mouth and tongue were busy farther down that she really began to respond to my efforts.

Having learned my lesson with Donna, I didn't dare try delaying or intensifying the orgasm that I could feel building in Karen's developing body — but that didn't mean that I wasn't willing to do more of the things that I could tell were producing the kind of results that *I* was after. Getting the tip of my tongue partway through the entrance to her virginal chamber and then flexing it as if trying to lick her from the inside soon had her body writhing (she kept her pelvis steady under my mouth) as the supply of her nectar increased dramatically.

I knew that Karen was getting close to an orgasm when I felt the ring of her opening begin clenching around the tip of my tongue — it was slight and mild, and infrequent at first; but it didn't take much longer before I was forced to give up any attempts to get my tongue into her because of how often and completely further entry was blocked.

I was rolling her nipples between my thumb and forefinger while softly sucking on her clitoris

when Karen found release from the loving torture that I'd been administering — with a deep groan, she lifted her pelvis as the first of a series of spasms passed through her. I gently pressed my tongue against the small bump of her covered clitoris as the pleasure of her release coursed through her, but didn't do anything else to exacerbate the situation. When she lowered herself to the bed again, I let my head slip from between her smooth thighs; a few moments later, I moved my way up her body until my erect penis was resting in the soft cushion of her pubic hair. It was a trifle awkward because of how much shorter she was, but I managed to softly kiss her face several times before she opened her eyes to look up at me. Seeing me, she got an expression of delight on her face before telling me "That was *wonderful*, Uncle Ted!"

I smiled at seeing how happy she was, and softly asked her "Do you want to stop now, or go on with the rest of it?", flexing my cock so that it pressed against her.

She didn't bat an eyelash before assuring me "I want to go on with the rest of it."

"You're sure? I really won't be upset if you want to stop now."

"I know you wouldn't, Uncle Ted. But I really **am** sure — that I want it to happen, and with YOU."

Hearing her tell me so clearly and directly that she really did want me to be the first one to know her body that way was more than enough to remove any lingering doubts that I had. Looking into her eyes, I began to move so that my erection slowly slid down the soft folds of her mound; as I did, she spread her legs as far as she could before drawing her knees up to make herself as open and accessible to me as she could.

When the head of my cock slipped between her labia, I applied just enough pressure to keep it there as I told her "Honey, I'm going to go slow, and try to make this as easy for you as I can — but I need your help."

"What can I do, Uncle Ted?"

"I need you to tell me if I start to go too fast, or if something starts to hurt, or if anything is bothering you. We don't have to *stop* if anything like that happens, but we **can** try to do things differently to try and make it better. Okay, sweetheart?"

She hadn't seemed particularly bothered before, but I could still tell that hearing me say that gave her some sense of relief, too. Smiling up at me, she said "If I need you to do anything like that, I'll tell you, Uncle Ted. Honest."

Even in that situation, I could tell that she was hedging about being willing to tell me if I started to hurt her — I wasn't particularly happy about it, but had to figure that she had the right to decide for herself how much pain or discomfort she was willing to tolerate before she said anything.

Still looking into her eyes, I began to *slowly* increase the pressure of my manhood against the gateway to her womanhood. I could see in her face that she knew I was letting her know that she

didn't have to be nervous or afraid — and that I was giving her that much more time to change her mind, if she wanted.

Rather than say anything to me, she simply began trying to do what she could to make it happen; it wasn't but a few seconds before I could feel her trying to get the control she needed to deliberately relax herself to grant my entry. I didn't let what **she** was doing alter what *I* was doing in the slightest; I just kept a steady pressure against her so that any additional progress I made into her was just that — additional. I was nearly through her, and could already feel the obstruction of her maidenhead touching the end of my cock when she suddenly lifted herself up — far enough that the head of my manhood slipped through, accompanied by a small squeak from her.

Of course, I immediately stopped. When I looked down at her, it was plain that she was having second thoughts about what she'd just done; otherwise, she didn't appear that she was in any kind of distress. Tenderly, I told her "You didn't have to do that, dear. It was going to happen before long, anyway."

Doing her best to smile, she told me "I know, Uncle Ted... but I just wanted that part to be *over*, so that I could feel you inside me. I do, now... and I like it!"

Well, I'd told Teresa that I was willing to let them learn things the hard way if they had to, so I didn't figure that there was anything for me to say. Still, I held myself still in her until I felt her begin to press herself up against me in encouragement for me to get on with things.

After sliding my cock back and forth as much as I could to try and get things lubricated, I started moving myself in her in a series of cyclic motions that had me sinking myself into her barely a millimeter at a time — each time I "backed off", it was for slightly less than I'd pressed into her; the thrusts were small and slow enough that I knew I wasn't hurrying her, or having any problem staying wetted with her oils. I had maybe half my cock in her before I remembered feeling her hymen when I'd first entered her. Holding myself still over her, I asked "Are you okay, honey?"

Opening her eyes again, she looked up at me in a mix of satisfaction and mild confusion as she asked "I'm *fine*, Uncle Ted. Why?"

"I'm halfway inside you, but I could feel your hymen — your cherry — when I first got in."

"Oh, **that**. When you popped into me like that, I felt it when it broke. It only hurt a little bit, so I didn't say anything about it. By the time you were in me a little more, it didn't hurt *at all*; now it just feels good to have you in me. You feel HUGE, but you're not hurting me, or anything."

From the expression on her face, I had to figure she was telling me the truth that she was satisfied with how things were going. Nothing for me to do but carry on, then.

She'd let me know that she was fine with what I'd been doing, so I went back to doing it. It wasn't much later that the incredibly tight, warm sheath of her vagina was securely wrapped around almost my entire length; I might get the last fraction of an inch into her, but that was for later — just then, I could feel the end of my erect penis touching the deepest part of her, and

knew that was enough.

She looked up at me when I softly kissed her cheek, and told me "Oh, Uncle Ted! I never even *dreamed* it could feel like this — like I was missing something without knowing it, and I just found out what it was!", the awe she felt clear in her voice.

I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before asking "You're still okay? Would you like me to wait a little bit before I start moving in you?"

"Oh, I'm *fine*, Uncle Ted! Even better than fine... it's... it's... **wonderful**! But yeah, if you could wait a little bit, that'd be nice — I'm still getting used to having you inside me.", the last a bit apologetically.

I kissed her again, then assured her "That's okay, Karen. I'm a full-grown man, and you're still not *quite* fifteen yet, so I'm not surprised you need some time. Until you let me know you're ready, I'll just wait right here...", the last part drawing a small laugh from her.

She was tight around me, and most definitely stayed that way — even as I felt her begin to learn some control over her internal muscles as she tried to relax herself to having even my average-sized erect penis filling her the way I was. As she got used to my presence, I wasn't the least bit reluctant to kiss whatever part of her struck my fancy — her cheek, her forehead, her ear (with an option to nibble on her earlobe), her throat, and when I could, her lips. Along the way, she brought her legs up, and wrapped them around my waist before locking her ankles behind me. When she did, I saw her eyes go wide as the last of my penis slipped the rest of the way into her.

It didn't take her as long to adjust to being filled with my manhood as I'd thought it might; reaching up, she held my head still so she could lift her head and kiss me — and brush my lips with her tongue. When she lowered her head again, mine followed so our kiss could continue, and so that I could send my tongue out in search for hers. We finally had to come up for air, and Karen told me "You don't feel even a little bit uncomfortable inside me any more, Uncle Ted — so you can start moving in me any time you want..."

I didn't bother saying anything in reply. I just eased my hips back until only about a quarter of my erection was still inside her before reversing direction and getting myself buried in her warm, wet sheath again. After pausing a moment to make sure she was okay, I did it again... a trifle farther and faster. Then again, even more.

It wasn't long until I was pistoning in and out of her in a steady rhythm that felt good for both of us; it was her first experience with coitus, and I wanted to make it one that she'd remember with happiness for the rest of her life. It took longer than I'd hoped it would, but there finally came the point that my fourteen-year-old niece began to respond to the sensation of my adult cock filling and emptying her previously virginal pussy; it began with her slightly pressing herself up at me in response to my gentle thrusts, and slowly grew until she was using her heels to press on my ass as she voiced her new-found lust with such phrases as "Oh, god, you feel so good", and "FUCK me, Uncle Ted!", among others. Needless to say, such encouragements were appreciated, and served to inspire me to do just as she said.

There was just one wee, small problem — the fact that she was warm, and wet, and above all, *tight* around me. While she clearly wasn't experiencing any problems with having me in her, it was still new and novel enough that she wasn't able to fully appreciate the experience. That meant that I was moving close to my own climax faster than she was toward hers. I tried everything I could to try and increase the pleasure for her, but there was only so much that she'd let me do; trying to slow down, for example, was totally unacceptable to her.

I finally tried to tell her what was going on, but she adamantly told me "I don't *care* if I have another orgasm! Just keep **fucking** me!"

So I did. I still tried to make it as good and enjoyable for her as I could; I just quit worrying about it if she didn't cum again when (or before) *I* did.

Karen had developed a distinct blush on her face and upper shoulders when I felt myself reach that point where I knew it was going to happen — and not much longer, either. Karen was willing to let me slow down a little bit when it meant that I was able to take longer strokes in and out of her; by lying to myself outrageously, I was able to pretend that the increasing sensations I was feeling from the head of my cock weren't as intense as they were; but there was no way of denying the incredible pleasure of feeling myself moving in her any longer.

Somehow, I managed not to slam myself into her as I buried my manhood in her tight sheath just ahead of the first powerful spray of cum erupting from the end of my cock; I heard Karen cry out underneath me, and then the indescribable sensation of her fourteen-year-old vagina clasp at me as I continued to try and fill her with my jism. The feeling of her tight young pussy clenching around me only lasted about half the time my climax did — but the brevity of it didn't diminish the pleasure in the slightest. I was panting as I lowered my body, supporting myself over her on my elbows as I tried to get my wits back together after what I'd just experienced.

I had finally gotten to the point that I could breathe through my nose when Karen wrapped her arms around me, and hugged me as she rained a number of kisses on my face, before telling me "Oh, Uncle Ted, that was so wonderful! I could *feel* it when you started squirting in me, and it made me have a little bit of an orgasm, knowing that you were doing it! And you're still big, and inside me, and it feels so **good**..."

After she'd lowered her head to the pillow again, and we'd exchanged several small, brief kisses, I told her "I'll be glad to stay like this as long as I can, honey."

She crinkled her nose at me before saying "I know— when you're not hard any more, you'll slide out. Then we'll have to do something so your juice doesn't leak out of me and make the bed wet. But until then, I *like* having you over me like this."

I gave her another quick kiss, and answered "And I like **being** over you, so that works pretty good." — and getting a happy smile from her.

As tight as she'd been, I would have thought that it wouldn't take as long as it did for my penis to finally shrink enough to slip out of her; I can only figure that the semi-regular twitches I felt

inside her were slowing the process... not that I'm complaining, mind you!

When I knew it wouldn't be much longer, I told her "Karen, honey, I think we'll want to take a quick shower before we go to bed; but before then, I just want to know if you want to clean up with me — and if you do, whether or not you need or want any time alone in the bathroom first."

Delighted at the prospect of rinsing ourselves off together, she told me "No, I don't need to do that. Even though it felt like you put, like, a *gallon* of your stuff in me, I think it'll just drain out of me while we clean up. But thank you for asking, even if it did make you a little embarrassed!"

I was considerably surprised by her calm acceptance of the idea of getting my cum out, and that she wasn't embarrassed by the idea of letting it happen in front of me. Teresa must have done one hell of a job of explaining things to her and her sisters, since other women that I'd been with would have had conniptions at the very **idea** of letting me see them dealing with getting my cum out, never mind letting it actually happen. I smiled, and kissed her again, and as I shifted my weight slightly, felt my cock slip free of her intimate embrace. Without saying a word, and before she could move, I slipped out of bed and stood up; I was able to slide her over to the edge, then pick her up and carry her into the bathroom, where I set her feet on the floor of the shower. Keeping my hand over the shower head, I got the water turned on and adjusted; when it was hot enough, I got into the shower with her, where the two of us had a pleasant time cleaning each other off. She didn't have any qualms about squatting down slightly and using a finger to wash my semen out; the sight was damn near enough to start getting me hard again before she was satisfied with her efforts.

Once we were back in bed, the feel of her cute ass tucked into my "lap" as we spooned did succeed in getting my cock almost completely erect again. Karen just looked over her shoulder at me, smiled, and calmly lifted one leg far enough for her to reach back and get my manhood repositioned between her smooth thighs and against her mons before lowering her leg — leaving me "trapped" in a way that I found QUITE satisfactory.

As we lay there, she told me "Thanks, Uncle Ted. I wanted to stop being a virgin, and find out what it was like to make love with someone, and you made it SO much better than I even thought it could be. I was still a little bit scared, but you were so nice and patient and everything. I knew I could trust you, and that you'd make it as easy as it *could* be... and you did it even better than I hoped. I would have been okay with it if it just didn't hurt too much, but you made it feel **good**, even. I just want you to know that *I* know how lucky I am to have someone that loves me and cares for me enough to do everything that YOU did for me tonight. I know you liked it, too, and all that — but I know that you were thinking about ME more than yourself; and I want you to know that I appreciate *that*, too."

I gave her a gentle hug, then said "Thank you, sweetheart. It means a lot to me, hearing that I've made you happy."

She wriggled herself against me before releasing a contented sigh, then gave my hand a gentle squeeze where it was cupping her breast.

As I woke up the next morning, I discovered that I was flat on my back — and that something warm and wet was encasing over half my erect cock. On opening my eyes and looking down, I saw that Karen had her mouth full of my manhood while one hand was busy between her slightly-parted thighs. When she saw that I was awake, she smiled (as best she could) at me around my erection, then unashamedly spread her legs wide so I could see that she was seeing one finger in and out of her vagina between bouts of using the tip of that finger to administer to her erect clitoris. It was, without a doubt, THE best way to wake up that I've ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

Still, the Engineer part of me simply *had* to ask "And just what do you think you're doing, young lady? Aside from the obvious?"

Reluctantly pulling her mouth from around my cock, she looked at me and patiently told me "I'm getting you hard, of course. After I woke up, I remembered how good you made me feel last night, and I want to see if it's even better now that I know what it's like..."

"You're okay? Not sore inside, or anything?", I asked. As tight as she'd been, I really didn't figure that she'd be ready to have me inside her again any time soon.

"Oh, a *little* bit... but not enough to make me not want to do it again, if that's what you're asking."

Well, if I hadn't woken up, she'd have done what she was going to, anyway, so I didn't see that there was anything for me to say — other than "How about if you let me help YOU get ready, too?"

Visibly delighted, she didn't say anything in response; she just quickly got herself situated so that she had a knee on each side of my head before leaning over and getting my cock between her lips again. That left me with a slightly different view of her than I'd had the night before — equally as sexy and attractive, and more than sufficient to tickle my libido. Raising my head, I happily applied myself toward getting her as aroused as I was while holding her firm little ass in my hands.

Karen wasn't *trying* to make me cum, and that was a good thing; simply having her doing her best to get (and keep) me hard was "entertaining" enough!

It took me only a few minutes of pleasant labor with my lips and tongue to get her fully aroused; I could only figure that giving me oral sex was something that SHE enjoyed nearly as much as I did. Fluttering the tip of my tongue across her clitoris brought her a small orgasm; when it was over, she let me fall from her lips again to tell me "That feel *great*, Uncle Ted... but I know what would feel even better..."

With that, she raised up again, then carefully got herself repositioned so that she was straddling my hips. Looking down at me, she told me "I don't have to be afraid it's going to hurt, or anything, but I'm still sore enough inside that I'd feel better if I was in charge of how fast you're inside me.", a bit apologetically.

"That's fine, dear. Take your time, and even if you want to stop, that's okay.", I assured her.

She just smiled, and told me "Oh, I don't think *that'll* happen!" before taking my erection in her cool hand and levering it up. It took her a couple of adjustments before she was satisfied with her position, then she lowered herself so that her opening was resting snugly against the end of my manhood. Holding me steady, she carefully let more and more of her weight come down on me as she began to impale herself on my erection. There was only a brief battle before I felt her get herself wrapped around the head of my cock.

She paused for a few seconds, then started slowly pressing herself farther onto me, with frequent stops to raise up and ensure I stayed well lubricated before she continued. Much more quickly than it had happened the night before, I found my adult erection thoroughly encased by her fourteen-year-old vagina. As the cheeks of her ass settled onto the tops of my thighs, she looked down at me with the mixed expressions of satisfaction at what she'd done, and pleasure at what she was feeling. I could hear the lust in her voice as she muttered "Mmmmmmm... this feels **nice...**"

Even with her obviously able to take pleasure in having my cock in her, I was still ready to wait for her to start moving first — if you don't count the fact that I reached up to cup my hands under her breasts and start teasing her nipples with my thumbs. After a few seconds of that, she put her hands over mine to hold them there (*entirely* unnecessary!) before she began rocking her hips. Her movements were small and slow at first, but quickly became faster and longer as she started to enjoy the feeling more and more. In just a couple of minutes, she was sliding herself along nearly half my penis with considerable enthusiasm.

I have to admit that I was still more than a little bit surprised that she not only had the *desire* for us to make love again, but the **ability**, too. But that surprised didn't even begin to get in the way of my enjoyment at feeling her tight sheath sliding up and down on my manhood. When I looked down to where we were coupled, I was fascinated by the sight of my cock (shiny with her oils) disappearing into her, only to see it bracketed by her inner lips as it reappeared. It was only after I'd watched a few cycles of that memorable sight that I thought to get Karen's attention, and tell her "If you'll lean forward and arch your back, you should be able to see something I think you'll like."

She did as I suggested, and then lowered her head to see what *I* was looking at; a second later, I heard her gasp before softly saying "It... it looks so *sexy*... and I can see it while I'm **feeling** it, too...", followed by a heartfelt moan. Both of us watched as she slowly lifted herself almost completely off of me, then just as slowly filled herself with my erection again; it wasn't until she'd repeated her actions several times that she moved to sit up again, saying "That is SO sexy to see — but I want to FEEL it even more..."

Once she mentioned it, I realized that she had a pretty good point — as interesting as it was to watch my cock disappearing into her tight twat, the feeling of it was infinitely better. As she started to resume her previous movements on me, I started trying to see if I couldn't add to her pleasure in other ways. The most obvious targets for my attentions were her breasts, which were

firm enough that they swayed only *slightly* as she moved; I spent no small amount of time caressing and gently squeezing them — rolling her nipples between my thumb and forefinger, and softly pinching and pulling on them. When she leaned forward to put her hands on the bed, I was even able to lift my head far enough to suck on the peaks of her breasts, and tenderly bite them... something that pleased her greatly.

But her tits weren't my only target. It was still fun, if not quite as much, to run my hands over every part of her tight little body that I could reach — her silken thighs, the firm globes of her ass, the smooth skin of her sides and back, the delicate curves of her waist and hips... all were subjected to my tender ministrations. As the delicate touch of my fingertips continued to wander her young body, I could feel Karen's womanhood get warmer and wetter with her increasing arousal, as evidenced by the faint blush she'd developed on her face and shoulders.

Still, even Karen's youthful vigor had its limits when she was in an unfamiliar position and so much smaller than I was; I could tell when she started to get a little tired, and put my hands on her hips to get her to hold still so I could tell her "We don't have to stop" — "Good! I don't want to!" — "but I think maybe you'd like it if we changed around so you could take it easy for a bit?" "How?"

"If you want to try something different" — "You betcha!" — "you can get on your hands and knees, and I'll be behind you. Then *I'm* doing the work, and you can rest."

I saw her nipples perk up slightly at my suggestion, and she quickly answered "Yeah, I'd like that..."

She lifted herself off of me, moaning slightly when my cock finally slipped free of her, then readily turned and lowered herself to her hands and knees. I didn't delay in getting to my knees, then behind her — where I had to stop and enjoy the view of her almost-bare mound divided by the parentheses of her glistening and parted labia, with the globes of her cute ass above. Only when she wiggled her hips at me did I remember what I was there for, and move myself close enough to finish what we'd started. It took a little adjustment by both of us before we were in a position that I could wedge the head of my cock against her opening; holding myself steady, I pressed my hips forward, filling her with my manhood in just a single steady, slow thrust as she moaned her pleasure.

When the firm mounds of her ass were pressed against my lower belly, I held myself still in her for a few seconds to enjoy the feeling; then I eased about half my cock out of her before burying myself in her again. Giving her time to let me know if she was having any problems, I started experimenting to find out how she liked me to move in her — fast or slow, long strokes or short, and so on. It didn't take me long to decide that she was agreeable to pretty much anything, as long as it meant my cock was moving in her. With that settled, I simply got myself settled into a rhythm that would let me fuck her for as long as possible.

That proved to be one of the best decisions I'd made in a *long* time.

With my erection steadily pistoning in and out of her, Karen's enjoyment and arousal increased apace. It was but a very few minutes before I felt her have a small orgasm — about the same as she'd had when I'd climaxed in her the night before. The sensation of her warm, wet sheath getting even tighter around me as I continued to plunder her treasure was a delight... and a surprise, learning that she could enjoy sex *THAT* much, that soon after giving me her virginity. She surprised me again several minutes later with another orgasm that was discernably stronger, and lasted longer. It also stimulated the hell out of me to have her clenching around me tight enough that only her ample lubrication made it possible to keep moving in her. By the time her second climax was over, she'd moved me a LOT closer to finding my own release.

What with her being as receptive (pardon the pun!) to sexual pleasure as she was, I didn't see any reason not to make my own approaching climax better, too — and started thrusting into her with longer, slower strokes to increase the pressure I could feel building inside me. Karen let me know that she thought that was just *dandy* with an increase in the moans and verbal encouragement she was giving voice to.

When my cock signalled that it was going to happen *now*, rather than slam myself into her the way I wanted to, I held her by the hips and tried to press myself as far into her as I could — even as I felt her clamp down on me with the beginning of her third orgasm since I'd gotten behind her.

The tightening of her vagina was in almost perfect counterpoint to the pulses of cum that erupted from the end of my cock — she would clench around me and intensify my pleasure, then relax enough to let me try to coat her tonsils with my jism before she tightened around me again.

By the time it was over, both of us were panting; I got an idea of how intense it had been for Karen when I felt her begin to wobble slightly in front of me. Wanting to enjoy the warm confines of her for a little longer, I carefully guided her forward so that she could lay down on the bed while I stayed right behind her. Supporting my weight on my elbows, I was able to cover her body with mine while keeping my slowly-deflating cock inside her.

I'd gotten my breath back, and had applied a number of soft kisses to her shoulder and ear and cheek when I heard her quietly ask "Is it *always* going to feel that good when I have sex? Or were you doing something special to make it better for me?"

I kissed her shoulder again before answering "I wasn't doing anything 'special' for you, sweetheart, except trying to make *YOU* feel good and happy, too. If you're with a guy that cares for you, then I don't see any reason why it *shouldn't* feel that good for you every time."

She considered that for a few moments, then told me "And I guess if he doesn't care if he makes me happy or not, there really isn't any **reason** to do it, is there?"

"I don't think so, but that's something you have to decide for yourself."

Another couple of seconds went by before she told me "I think I'd rather feel this good a few times, instead of doing it more often, but not liking it as much. What do you call it? Quality

versus quantity?"

I kissed her cheek, then answered "Yeah, that's what I call it."

After that, the two of us just lay there for a while longer; our companionable silence was interrupted only when she told me "I can feel you're almost ready to pull loose of me. I'd *like* to stay here, 'cause it's so nice being with you like this, but I don't want to make a mess on your bed, either. So if you'll get off of me when it happens, I can hold your stuff inside long enough to get into the bathroom. Then we can take a shower, if you want."

I nibbled on her earlobe with my lips, causing her to scrunch her shoulder, before I answered "Yeah, I can do that. You want some time in the bathroom alone, then?"

"Yeah, a couple minutes, if it's okay."

"Of course it is, honey.", I answered, before kissing her shoulder again.

A minute later, I felt myself uncork from her, and quickly moved off of her. She raised her hips enough to press her hand over the entrance to her vagina before getting out of bed and unabashedly heading for the bathroom. I gave her well past her requested couple of minutes before getting up and going in to join her. Our shower wasn't *quite* as playful as it had been the night before, but was easily more loving and affectionate. She dried me off, then I sat on the commode to make it a little easier as I did the same for her. When I was done, I put my hands on her hips and gently guided her to face me so I could tell her "Karen, honey, I really liked the things we did together last night, and again this morning. But I want to make sure you know that I love you for who you are in your heart, and what's in your mind, not because of the things we do with each other. If you want us to keep making love like that, that's fine with me — just like it's fine if you want us to stop, too. No matter what happens between us, I still love you, and I always will. Okay?"

The smile she gave me went straight to my heart before she answered "I know you love me, Uncle Ted, and you'd still love me if I didn't want us to do stuff together. I'd still love *you* just as much if you told me that YOU didn't think we should be like this together. But if we can make each other feel good like we did last night and this morning, I'd like that — it's a way we can show how much we love each other. Let's just enjoy what we have, and not worry about it, all right?"

"Okay, sweetheart." I answered, smiling back at her. She leaned forward to give me a tender kiss on the lips before standing up again and saying "Now, I think it's time we got dressed and went upstairs — we're already late for breakfast!"

I stood up, and Karen took my hand and led the way to where we'd left our clothes. Once both of us were dressed, she held hands with me again as we made our way upstairs. There, we found that we'd almost missed breakfast completely, and making me think that we'd have to take care of fixing our own. Except that after Teresa glanced at Karen, then looked at her again more closely, she asked the youngster "Are you okay, honey?"

I could see a certain serenity on Karen's face as she answered "I'm *fine*, Mom."

Seeing the expression on her daughter's face, Teresa looked at me next, her eyes telling me she was grateful that I'd been caring enough to leave Karen as happy and content as she obviously was — along with something else that I couldn't quite figure out. Telling Karen and me "You two sit down, and I'll fix you something.", she got up and made her way toward the kitchen. When I looked at Donna and Wendy, I could see that both of them knew that something special had happened, but didn't have a clue as to what it could be. But both were too polite to inquire about it directly, and simply did their best to set it aside and make conversation with me and Karen. A couple minutes later, Teresa was back with more of the waffles that they'd all been having. From there, breakfast went pretty much as it usually did.

Teresa and I were in the living room after breakfast when she told me "Ted, I know you and Karen have been... intimate. Even more than before, I mean. She talked to me about it a little bit before, so I know it wasn't your idea; and I just want to say that I'm glad you were able to make her first time as good and easy as you obviously did. It's something that had to happen sooner or later, and I knew that you'd be as patient and gentle with her as she needed. I wish to hell *I'd* felt like that after my first time!"

I didn't say anything, and Teresa went on to say "Anyway, thank you for making her as happy as you did. I don't think for a **moment** that'll be the only time she wants to be with you like that, so I want to make sure you know that I don't mind. I told you I trusted you about things like that, and I just have to look at Karen this morning to see that I was right. If, or when, Donna or Wendy come to you... well, I know you'll be just as careful with them — so don't worry about me."

"I'm not looking for any of this to happen", I told her — "I know that, Ted." — "but if things get to that point, then I promise to do my best for them."

"I know that, too.", she answered with a smile.

Any further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the girls, who wanted to watch Saturday morning cartoons. After directing me to lean back against the arm of the couch, Karen parked herself in my lap; when I'd put my arms around her, she leaned back against me and rested her arms on mine before releasing a small sigh of happiness. Neither Donna nor Wendy gave any indication that they were put out by what Karen had done; both seemed to figure that it was simply a continuation of whatever specialness that was going on with their sister and me.

After that morning, Karen didn't act as though she had any special rights or privileges that her sisters didn't; and I continued to treat her the same as I did them — except when we were alone.

Donna and Wendy both continued to come down to visit for an evening, or spend the night with me, and they were always welcome. When Karen came down, I was just as glad to gently molest her as I was her sisters; if she spent the night with me, it was her choice as to whether or not we made love. I wasn't reluctant to try and initiate things, but if she indicated she didn't want to for any reason, then I certainly didn't press the matter. Other times, it would be all I could do not to

have her all but dragging me to bed for a bout of intense fornication. Either way, I loved her and her sisters with all my heart.

It was several weeks later, and Teresa had been asked to go in on a Saturday to help with a big project — something important enough that she told me not to expect her until after supper. That left me pulling duty as Authority Figure for the day, which was fine.

Wendy had gone off to visit one of her friends that had gotten a new stereo for her birthday, which left me and the two older girls in the house. They spent a couple of hours with me in the living room, then went back to their bedrooms when I said I wanted to watch sports. When the game I'd been watching ended, I went back to see how they were doing; I checked Karen's room first, and found it empty. After I'd knocked, then opened Donna's door, I was greeted by the sight of the two of them naked on Donna's bed — and engaged in an intense session of "69". I quickly closed the door as quietly as I could, then went back into the living room, where the memory of the sight of the two of them pleasuring each other soon had me sporting an erection. Try as I might, I couldn't get the image of them out of my mind, and was starting to give some thought to perhaps relieving my desires myself when both of them came walking into the living room, stark naked.

When I raised an eyebrow at them, it was Donna that asked "Uncle Ted... did... did you look in my room a little while ago?"

"Yes. I just wanted to see how you and Karen were doing, was all. I saw you were busy" — both blushed faintly at that — "so I closed the door again. Why? Did I disturb you?"

After they'd taken seats, Karen asked "You... you don't think we were doing anything wrong?"

"No, not at all. Didn't I just ask if I *disturbed* you? Don't you think if I thought you were doing anything wrong, I would have said something when I saw you?"

They looked at each other for a few moments before Karen told me "Well, Mom didn't really talk to us about stuff like that. I mean, she told us about guys and everything, but not about being with another girl; and both of us have heard other people talk about it, and most of the time, it sounds like they think it's bad, somehow."

"I don't doubt that it sounded like that to you, but I don't agree. I think that most of the time, when you hear someone talking that way, it's because they're afraid inside, or because they somehow think that they have the right to try and tell other people how to live. There are probably a lot more like me that think that whatever two people want to do together is their business, and nobody else's. I didn't see either one of you holding a gun or anything, so I don't think either one of you was *forcing* the other one. If both of you were there because you **wanted** to be, then there's nothing for me to say about it."

"Then it didn't gross you out, or bother you, or anything?", Donna asked.

I had to smile as I answered "No, none of that. In fact, I thought it looked pretty sexy."

Both of them were plainly baffled when Donna asked "You thought it looked sexy? Why?"

"I think that watching two women making love is something that a lot of guys think is sexy. I don't think that I can really explain it, except maybe to say that when it's two women together, they're doing what WE'D like to do — only there's twice as much of it. That, and we like to think that a woman is really excited when we're with her, and when it's two women together, then we know that they ARE excited, because they wouldn't be doing what they are if they weren't."

Karen was the one to ask the obvious question "Did you think WE were sexy like that? You liked watching US?"

"Yes, I did. I've told both of you that I think you're sexy by yourselves; why wouldn't I think that you were even sexier when you're together like that?"

Donna wanted to know "Did... did seeing us make *you* excited?"

Once again, my commitment to being truthful and honest with them was biting me on the ass; there wasn't anything for me to do but answer "Yes, it did."

To my surprise, I saw two pairs of nipples begin to erect before the two of them exchanged another look. When both were facing me again, Karen asked "Would you like to watch us? And... and maybe even do things with us? Both of us, at the same time, I mean?"

Golly-gee willikers, now **there** was a question I never thought I'd hear — did I want to watch two nubile young women getting each other off, with the option of joining in?

I (barely) managed to contain my enthusiasm as I answered "If you really don't mind, I'd like that very much. Watching you, and doing things with both of you, too."

The two of them were clearly pleased to hear my answer before Donna stood up, followed by Karen doing the same. It took me a moment longer, and both girls saw by the tenting of my pants that I'd been telling the truth about liking what I'd seen. Both gave me a happy smile before each took one of my hands and got us moving down the hall. When we got into Donna's room, I could still smell the delicious aroma of aroused female, and felt myself get a little harder in response. They quietly guided me to sit in Donna's chair, then both calmly got onto the bed. Kneeling, the first thing they did was to give each other a kiss as they held hands. Even from where I was sitting, it was clear as could be that the touch of their lips to each other was as tender and loving as anything I'd ever seen. Several more kisses followed, each a bit longer than the one before — and more involved. Their lips were still touching when Karen raised her hand to cup Donna's breast; Donna responded by putting her hand over one of Karen's. As their kiss continued, I watched as each of them gently caressed the others breast, teasing the nipple under her touch into increasing erectness.

Donna was the one to end their kiss — but only so she could start applying her lips to other parts of her sister, slowly moving lower and lower on Karen's body. When she fastened her lips around one of Karen's nipples, the younger girl moaned softly as she began caressing Donna's hair. Donna wasn't content to simply suckle at her sibling's mammary; her hand was also caressing

Karen's cute butt, and branching out to include the insides of Karen's thighs. When Donna shifted her attention to Karen's other breast, she also started to focus her efforts on Karen's mound; it took less than a minute for me to notice an increase in the scent of female desire.

A couple of minutes later, I watched as Karen gently guided Donna back up so the two of them could exchange a number of kisses before Karen began her own oral explorations.

There were a couple of times that I had to remind myself to breathe as I watched Karen return the pleasures she'd gotten from her older sister, and get the same results. I could only watch, fascinated, as Karen brought Donna to the same level of arousal as herself.

The last thing I wanted to do just then was disturb them in any way — it was simply too amazing to watch how they were with each other, and witness two such lovely young women giving each other pleasure. I just sat there in Donna's chair, not daring to move for fear of breaking the spell that was developing between them. Even as the contents of my pants was growing, so was the love that I felt for them in my heart; the depth of their obvious love and affection for each other only made me love them that much more.

Eventually, Donna patiently guided her sister upright again, and the two of them once again shared several soft and loving kisses before they moved to lay down. I found myself holding my breath as I watched Donna move over her sister, and slowly kiss her way down Karen's body while Karen raised her knees and opened her legs in anticipation of where the older girl was headed. I knew when Donna made contact with Karen's sex by the way Karen's hips lifted off the bed, accompanied by her deep moan of pleasure. As much as I wanted to be able to see *exactly* what Donna was doing (so I could learn to do it, too!), I was loathe to risk any noise or movement that might distract or disturb them. Instead, I had to sit as patiently as I could, watching and listening as Donna applied herself toward pleasuring her sister while Karen played with her own breasts.

I don't think that Donna tried to do anything to slow down or speed up how soon Karen climaxed; she simply seemed to want to make her sister feel good, and tried to make it happen — which it did a few minutes later when I saw Karen freeze for a couple of seconds before releasing a deep groan of pleasure. Donna appeared to find the taste of her sibling as enjoyable as I did, because she apparently kept her tongue and/or lips busy even as Karen spasmed several more times. Only when the younger girl was laying there gasping did Donna lift her head from between Karen's thighs; after licking her lips, she moved to lay over her sister. When Karen had gotten her breathing under control, she didn't hesitate to pull Donna's head down for a kiss that quickly escalated to the two of them trying to lick each others tonsils before it ended.

Karen then wrapped her arms around Donna, and rolled the two of them over so that Donna was on her back on the bed; from there, Karen soon had her lips fastened on one of Donna's breasts. When she let it slip from between her lips, I could see that Karen had brought Donna's areola and nipple to lovely shiny points; she then proceeded to perform the same service to the other.

Then it was time for her to work her way down Donna's body — except that instead of simply

kissing her older sister, Karen was softly licking, and using her lips to bite the surface of Donna's belly, then abdomen. Donna, too, lifted her knees and opened herself to her sister, and welcomed the first contact of Karen's tongue on her womanhood. I *think* that it took a little longer before Donna had her own orgasm, but I can't be sure — the truth of the matter is that I was so engrossed with watching them that I completely lost any sense of time. What I do know is that Karen didn't bother licking her lips; she went straight to getting herself over Donna, and the two of them once again quickly progressed from a brief, gentle kiss to their tongues dueling in each others mouths. Only after that kiss ended, and they'd shared a couple tamer ones, did they seem to remember that they'd had an audience.

First Karen, then Donna, looked over at me — plainly waiting to see what my reaction would be to what I'd seen. It took me only a moment to tell them "That was the sexiest, most *lovely* thing I think I'll ever see. It was obvious how much you love each other, and that you were both trying to make the other one happy. Thank you, **both** of you, for letting me watch that."

From the expressions on their faces, I knew that I'd not only reassured them that what they were doing was okay, but that I'd pleased them by letting them know that they'd pleased ME.

It was Karen that told me "It would be okay with me if you wanted to get naked and get in bed with us, Uncle Ted.", quickly followed by Donna's assurance "Me, too!"

It was invitation enough for me to stand up and start shedding my clothes. Both girls were amused when there was a brief struggle (har!) as I tried to get my shorts past my erection; once I'd accomplished that, I was laying next to them in a matter of just a couple of seconds.

A little bashfully, Donna said "Karen told me that she gave you her virginity. If... if it's okay, I'd like to see... you know, what it looks like when you're having sex."

I looked at Karen, and with minute nod of her head, she let me know that she was agreeable — leaving the final decision up to me. I'll confess to being a little intimidated at the idea of being watched while I had sex; but I was also more than a little aroused by it, too. It took only a moment for me to answer "If you want to watch, then it's okay with me... you can even help get both of us ready, if you want."

When Donna looked at her, Karen told her "It's easier for him to get inside me if both of us are wet — like with saliva."

That was all Donna needed to hear, and she quickly told Karen "Why don't you lay on HIM, then, so I can do both of you?"

Karen smiled, and was soon laying on top of me, straddling my hips; a few seconds later, Donna was kneeling between my thighs. She proved to be an *excellent* "helper" — she was more than willing to get Karen aroused again while keeping ME stimulated along the way.

When Karen was ready (well after I was!), she raised herself over me and started to reach between us. Before she could get her hand on my erection, I heard Donna tentatively ask "Can I hold him for you? So I can see what it's like from the beginning?"

Karen didn't say anything, and just pulled her hand back; a moment later, I felt Donna's cool hand wrapped around me. I felt Donna take the head of my cock in her mouth for a few seconds, then pull her head back, followed by her telling Karen "Okay, you can go now — I just made sure he's wet, too..."

Smiling down at me, Karen lifted herself enough for Donna to get me into position at the entrance to her vagina. Slowly, knowing that Donna was watching, Karen began to lower herself onto me. Her arousal, and the coating of saliva that Donna had left on me, made it fairly easy for Karen to get the head of my erection through the tight ring of her opening — accompanied by Donna's gasp at watching it happen. When Karen had settled herself onto me far enough, I felt Donna release her grip on my erect penis; but she never moved from where she was, watching as more and more of my manhood disappeared into her younger sister. Only when the last of my penis had disappeared into Karen did Donna say anything; even then, all I heard was a soft "Oh, *god*, that was so sexy!"

Karen held herself still on me for a few seconds, then slowly lifted herself up again so that Donna could see what it looked like when my penis was sliding back out; both of us smiled when we heard Donna's soft moan of arousal — plainly, she'd found the sight as exciting as we had.

Donna stayed between my legs as Karen gradually increased her movements on my cock; though she didn't make any more comments or noise, I was fully aware that she was there, just as I'm sure Karen was. As stimulating as it was for me to know that Donna was watching Karen slide herself up and down my manhood, I know that it had an even greater impact on Karen, who was easily as warm and wet inside as she'd ever been when she was alone with me, and moving herself farther on my cock than she usually did. She was also more responsive to my touches on her breasts, and ass, and body; it didn't take but a few minutes for her to have her first small orgasm.

As Karen was getting her breath back, I told her sister "Donna, if you want, there's a way that I can make you feel good, too, while you help Karen."

I could hear the eagerness in Donna's voice when she responded "How? Never mind... just tell me what I need to do!"

"If you'll move up here so that I can use my mouth on you, then you can lay on top of me; if Karen leans back, then you can use your mouth on HER."

I'd barely gotten the words out of my mouth before Donna was moving toward my head; a few seconds more, and she'd gotten herself positioned over my face. Karen sat up, then leaned back to support herself on her arms, which left room for Donna to lay on top of me and get her head between her sister's thighs. Before Karen could start moving on me again, I arched my hips up, filling her with my cock even as Donna was starting to use her tongue on Karen's erect clitoris. Lifting my head, I was able to slip my tongue between the folds of Donna's labia, where I found that she was practically leaking her essence, she was so aroused. When I started to delicately lap them up, I ran my tongue across Donna's clitoris a few times, and heard her release a deep groan

of pleasure.

For the next several minutes, I was in a position that I'd never even thought I'd be in — one of my nieces on my face, while she ate the sister I was slowly fucking. All three of us had not just one, but two sources of pleasure, by virtue of being "connected" to the other two — and it wasn't long before it was clear that each of them found it as enjoyable and arousing as I did.

As Donna continued to use her tongue and mouth on her sister, Karen's excitement increased quickly and dramatically — and the feeling of her vagina as I repeatedly thrust up into her improved, as well. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to hold out when she finally climaxed; the increasing intensity and duration of the fluttering of her pussy as she got closer and closer to that point were simply too much.

Despite the fact that Donna would interrupt her activities with her sister so that she could use her tongue on my penis didn't help — me *or* Karen, either one. If anything, it only got me going even more, knowing that Donna was getting Karen's taste off of MY cock. It apparently had a similar effect on Donna, as evidenced by the frequency at which she did it; I got the additional benefit of a nearly constant flow of Donna's juices to please my taste buds.

Between the feeling of my man's erection moving in her barely-pubescent vagina, and the attention her older sister was paying to her clitoris, Karen didn't have any problem reaching a climax... a strong one.

I didn't get more than a couple more strokes into her before the dramatically increased tightness of her warm, wet vagina was enough to push ME over the edge, too; with a deep groan, I filled her with my manhood one last time before the first spray of semen erupted out of me — prompting her to call out "That's it, Uncle Ted! Cum in me!" as she tightened around me even more; a command that I was already complying with, and quite enthusiastically.

When the last drop of cum had dribbled out the end of my cock, I realized that I still had Donna's cute and tasty pussy in front of me... and readily went back to trying to get HER off, too, even as Karen's vagina tried to milk my cock for whatever it could get out of me.

Karen didn't wait for my penis to shrink very much before she pulled herself off of it; after she moved to rest on her back and lift her ass off of me, I heard her tell Donna "Clean Uncle Ted off, then you can do me...".

Not more than a couple of seconds later, Donna was using her talented mouth and tongue to clean my manhood of the combination of my semen and Karen's juices — thoroughly, and with considerable enthusiasm. Much sooner than I would have liked, she'd gotten every trace of my cum or her sister's oils; I could feel it when she lifted her head, and Karen edged a bit closer and raised up again so that it was easier for Donna to begin performing a similar service on her.

With nothing else to concern myself with, I began to apply myself to making sure that Donna wasn't any less satisfied than Karen or I had been. I still wasn't about to tease her into anything *too* severe, but that didn't mean that I couldn't make it damn good for her. I knew that I was

having the desired effect when Donna began having to stop vacuuming her sister's pussy so that she could release increasingly louder and more passionate moans as she began to press her pelvis down onto my mouth and tongue.

Karen finally pulled herself away from Donna's face, and lay down between my legs, with her legs draped over mine. With nothing to distract her from what I was doing between *her* legs, it wasn't but another minute or so until I was able to give Donna the kind of pleasure she'd brought me and her sister. While I refrained from making it as intense as it could have been, I didn't skimp on trying to make it last as **long** as I could, by alternating between gently massaging her clitoris and trying to see if I could get my tongue through the then-minuscule opening to her vagina. When her release was over, Donna managed a barely-controlled collapse that ended with her laying on top of me as she panted for breath.

It wasn't long after that that I heard Karen's voice say "No, you don't have to go. Come on in, if you want."

I couldn't figure who she was talking to until I saw an awed Wendy hesitantly come in and take a seat on Donna's chair, where she just sat, practically staring at all of us.

My *first* thought was "Oh, **crap**..."; shortly followed by remembering that there wasn't anything that I needed to worry about, or be afraid of. Still, I had considerable interest in finding out what Wendy thought of what we'd done (or, at least, however much of it she'd seen).

Karen was the first to move by sitting up and getting her legs back underneath herself. Seeing that Donna was laying on me, Karen moved to sit by my hip and asked me "Would you like some help getting her off of you, Uncle Ted?"

"Thanks, Karen, I would.", I answered.

Donna was able to provide a little more than token assistance in helping Karen and me get her sitting up next to me; then when I'd moved to sit up and lean against the headboard, we got Donna next to me where I could help hold her up. That done, Karen didn't hesitate to sit astraddle my lap and lean back against my chest, where she pulled my other arm around her waist. All three of us simply looked back at Wendy for a few moments before Karen told Donna and me "I thought I heard a noise, and when I looked, Wendy was standing in the doorway looking at us. She started to leave, but I told her it was okay to come in." Following that, Karen asked her younger sister "How long were you there, Wen?"

I could see Wendy blushing slightly as she answered "Uh... since before you had an orgasm. You know, when Uncle Ted's penis was in you."

"So you saw pretty much everything?", Donna asked.

Wendy nodded, blushed again, and answered "Um, yeah... even that you... you were using your mouth on Karen, and that Uncle Ted was doing it to you."

"What do you think about that?", I had to ask. "Did you think it was scary, or silly, or what?"

Wide-eyed, Wendy answered "At first I thought it looked kinda scary. But then I remembered that I came to see what was going on because of the funny noises, and decided that it sounded more like you were, um, feeling good than being hurt, and I stopped being scared. I... I never thought about anyone using their mouth like Donna and Uncle Ted were doing, but when I started thinking that it... it looked like it probably felt **REAL** good. I didn't know that Uncle Ted and Karen were having sex, and I was **really** surprised to see that he could even fit in her, but it sure looked like she liked it. I've been touching myself, you know, and even had orgasms — but I don't think they've been *anything* like what it looked like what happened with Karen and Donna!"

Karen answered first by telling Wendy "I did like it when Uncle Ted was in me — it makes me feel I found something I didn't know I was missing before, and I think it feels *real* good. But you're right about how big he is, and I don't think it would be a good idea if you tried to do anything like that, 'cause it would probably hurt you."

Wendy hastened to say "Oh, **no**, I know I'm not ready for anything like THAT, yet! Not for a long time!"

Donna spoke up then, to tell her youngest sister "What I was doing to Karen, and Uncle Ted was doing to me, that **DOES** feel real good. You saw me doing it to Karen, but she'd done it to me, too, and Uncle Ted has done it to both of us. This was the first time that it's been all three of us together like this, and we all just wanted to make each other feel good. I'm not ready to have Uncle Ted in me like that yet, either, so don't feel like you're being left out or anything. Like Mom says, **YOU** have to decide when the time is right; Karen and me, we aren't going to do or say anything to make you feel like you *have* to do anything you don't want to — and I know Uncle Ted wouldn't let you do anything that would hurt you, anyway. If you want to do other things, like what you saw me doing with Karen, or touching each other, or stuff like that, that's okay. I... I think I'd like that, even."

Wendy's expression only got even **MORE** surprised when Karen added "Yeah, I think I'd like to do stuff like that with you, too, Wen."

After a few seconds of looking back and forth between her two sisters, Wendy finally turned her attention to me. I simply told her "If you want to do things with your sisters, that's up to you. *I* don't think there's anything wrong with it as long as you're doing it because you want to, and nobody's getting hurt. If there's anything you want to do with **ME**, it's up to you, just like I've told you before — and I am **most definitely** not going to do anything to hurt you, or let you **GET** hurt."

Wendy was silent for a few moments before she finally told her sisters "Um... yeah, I... I think I'd like to find out what that's like. Being with another girl, and, uh, doing stuff with her."

"Wen, if you want, it would be okay with me if... if you wanted to join us. We could, you know, maybe start by letting you find out what it's like when someone uses their mouth on you; and then, if you wanted, you could do the same thing to me. I mean, if you want to. Or later is okay,

too, if that's better.", Donna told her.

In front of me, Karen nodded her head that it was okay with her for Wendy to join us; when Wendy looked at me, I just smiled my agreement. She considered it for just a couple of seconds before standing up and calmly taking her clothes off; once she was naked, she quickly joined the three of us on the bed. Donna opened her legs to make room, and then patted the bed for Wendy to sit in front of her. The youngster did just that, and had barely gotten her little butt settled before Donna, then Karen, each kissed her. When she turned to look and see what I thought of what they'd done, I simply leaned forward enough to kiss her, too. Satisfied that everything was okay, Wendy wasn't reluctant to lean back and let Donna hold her. The next little while, Karen and Donna (and to a much lesser extent, me) answered whatever questions Wendy had, and explained different things to her. As they talked, Karen would softly caress the insides of Wendy's thighs; and Donna would occasionally cup Wendy's developing breasts, and gently play with them.

It was probably close to an hour after Wendy got on the bed with us that she turned to Donna and said "I... I'm ready to find out what it feels like for someone to use their mouth on me. If you still want to...".

Karen spoke first, saying "If she doesn't, I will... you're **real** cute and sexy, Wen."

Donna smiled, and told Wendy "You'll have to wait til next time to find out how good she is. I DO still want to find out what you taste like... a *lot*!"

Wendy smiled shyly, and asked "What do I have to do?"

Donna laughed before answering "Just lay back and enjoy it as much as I will!", drawing a laugh from her sister.

A short time later, Wendy was stretched out nearby, her knees pulled up and Donna between her spread legs, the two of them kissing and caressing each other. As Karen and I watched, the two of them got each other aroused before Donna started working her way down Wendy's body. Shortly after her head disappeared between Wendy's thighs, the younger girl gasped as she arched her pelvis up in response to what Donna had just done to/with her. Over the course of the next several minutes, Karen and I could tell that Donna was doing a **fine** job of introducing her sister to the pleasures to be found from receiving oral sex.

But it was after Donna reached up so that she could get her hands on Wendy's breasts, too, that the youngster *really* began to enjoy Donna's efforts. It took only a few more minutes before it was clear that Wendy was well on the way toward having one of the strongest orgasms of her young life: she was gasping and moaning and panting and all but writhing on the bed.

Several minutes later, it happened. With a loud cry of release, Wendy's body arched up off the bed as her barely-pubescent body was overwhelmed by the pleasure of what Donna had done to her. Only after the first couple of spasms of her orgasm had coursed through her did Wendy's body fall back to the bed, where she was frozen in place several more times before her climax

began to taper off. It wasn't until Wendy could only lay there and pant did Donna's head reappear from between her sisters thighs; when she turned to look at us with a self-satisfied grin, Karen and I could see that Donna glistened from mouth to chin from the overflow of Wendy's essence that she hadn't consumed.

It was Karen that suggested to her "You should probably hold her while she gets herself together again."

Apparently remembering how *she'd* felt after I'd done something similar to her, Donna nodded and quickly moved to lay next to her sister before taking the younger girl in her arms. As Wendy's breathing returned to normal, Donna gave her a number of small, soft kisses — not just on the cheek, but on the ear, and even lips.

A few minutes went by before I heard Wendy softly say "I thought the orgasms I gave myself were good... but **that**...!"

"It wasn't too much?", Donna asked, solicitously.

"Not even!", Wendy answered. "I could tell you were trying to make it bigger and better, and I wanted to see if it could be — and it *was*!"

The two of them lay there for a few seconds before Wendy asked Donna "Is... is it like that for you? When someone does that to you?"

Donna smiled before answering "Yeah, usually. Sometimes, Karen or Uncle Ted just want to make me happy, so it isn't so much then. The first time Uncle Ted did that to me, it actually kinda scared me, it was so much; but since then, he hasn't done anything like that — he just makes me feel **so** good."

Karen spoke up, telling her sister "It's usually like that for me, too, when Donna or Uncle Ted do that. But like Donna said, sometimes they just want to make me feel good, and it isn't so much, then. If you want to do that, then it won't take you long to learn how to make me or Donna feel like that, too."

From the expression on Wendy's face, I could tell that she was stunned by the idea that she could learn how to give her sisters the kind of orgasm that *she'd* just been through... and more than a little entranced by the idea, too. But first, she had to get herself back together; she was visibly tired from the experience, and still hadn't quite gotten her breath back completely.

It took only a few more minutes before Wendy apparently felt recovered enough to try and return the favor Donna had done her. Rolling onto her side so that she was facing the older girl, Wendy looked into Donna's eyes and said "Would it be okay if I did that for you now? I know I won't be as good at it as you, but I'll do the best I can..."

Holding Wendy close, Donna rolled onto her back, pulling the younger girl on top of her before answering "Of *course* it would be okay, Wen. And don't worry about how good you are; I know you love me, and you'll be making me feel good, and that's all that really matters — okay?"

Pleased, Wendy nodded before Donna pulled her head down so the two of them could exchange a number of small, soft kisses. As they kissed, Wendy began running her hands over her sister's body — paying particular attention to Donna's larger breasts. Over the course of the next several minutes, Wendy learned how to pleasure her oldest sister with her hands; then she decided it was time to do the same with her lips. After she'd nursed at Donna's breasts long enough to bring both of them to erectness, she began licking her way down the older girl's body. When she got to Donna's pale forest, I could see that she was delighted by how soft it was; but I knew she also had to be able to smell Donna's excitement even better than *I* could, and that was enough to draw her head even lower.

I watched as Wendy took a few seconds to really *see* what Donna looked like between her legs before slowly lowering her head as she began to extend her tongue. Because of Donna's raised knees, I couldn't see *how* Wendy made contact, but WHEN it happened was signalled by Donna's soft gasp of pleasure.

As Wendy began to learn how to pleasure another girl, Donna gently guided her, and offered helpful suggestions — "Yeah, there is good" and "You can do that a little harder, if you want" and "That's nice, but it would be better if you did that a little faster" were just some of the things I heard her say.

Wendy was apparently a quick and attentive student, since there weren't that many things Donna had to tell her; sooner than I would have thought, Wendy had gotten the older girl to the point that I doubt she *could* have said much, anyway — she was simply too busy moaning and gasping.

Though it took her longer, and the results weren't as dramatic, there wasn't any doubt when Wendy finally managed to bring Donna to an orgasm. When she pulled her head from the older girl's thighs, Wendy looked inordinately pleased with herself as she moved to lay next to Donna, and hold her. Naturally, Donna recovered more quickly, but wasn't any less appreciative of what Wendy had done than she'd been of Karen's (or my) efforts. She didn't hesitate to hug Wendy close, and kiss her, before telling her "Thanks, Wen... that was *really* nice." Wendy looked pleased as she could be at hearing that she'd made her sister happy.

It had been long enough for me to be able to respond to the incredibly erotic show that Donna and Wendy had just given Karen and me. I knew Karen could feel my reaction because she was slowly twisting her body in front of me so that she was rubbing the head of my semi-erect penis.

After giving me a mischievous glance over her shoulder, Karen told her sister "Wen, it isn't just girls that you can use your mouth on. Donna and I have both done that for Uncle Ted, too. Do you want to see how that works? And if you want to, you can even try it, too, a little bit — but I should probably be the one to finish him, so I can show you what happens. Would you like that?"

I saw *two* pairs of nipples erect before Wendy licked her lips and answered "Um, yeah, I would. Seeing how you do that, and... and maybe trying it."

As Karen got up to sit next to me, Wendy moved to take a position on the opposite side; then

Karen had me slide down so that I could lay flat on the bed. With me in position, and Wendy paying rapt attention, Karen graced me with a smile before leaning over and taking my semi-erect cock in her mouth. It didn't take her but a very few minutes (*damn* she was good, even at fourteen!) to get me almost completely erect before letting me slip from between her lips. Looking up at Wendy, Karen explained "His penis doesn't really have much of a taste — it's more like just like when you lick someones clean skin. Unless he's been *doing* things, of course! Then he'll taste like wherever his penis has been — if it's inside me, he'll taste like me; if one of us has used our mouth on him, then he'll just taste like his semen. That's kind of thick, and tastes a little bit salty; I really like it, but Donna says she doesn't like it as much as I do, but she'll still let him climax in her mouth. When he does that, his semen — his juice — squirts out the end, usually pretty hard, unless he's already had a climax not long before. There isn't a lot of it, really, but it sure seems like there is, most of the time. When I finish him, I usually keep my mouth on him so that I can swallow all of his juice — but this time, I'll take my mouth off right before so you can see what happens. When you know he's getting close, you can hold his testicles in your hand; when you feel them pull up next to his body, he's *close*, and when you feel him suddenly get harder, that's when it's going to happen — just so you know. He still isn't **completely** hard, but I wanted to let you know this other stuff before I got too busy. I'll be doing stuff that I know Uncle Ted likes, but what you can do is just try different things and see what a guy likes — sucking on him, using your tongue in different ways and on different places, even maybe *carefully* using your teeth. But generally, you don't want to let your teeth touch him, and it's better and easier if you leave some of your spit on him; it keeps things slippery, and makes everything feel better for him. You'll see me use my hand on him, too... that's called 'jacking him off'; if you do that until he climaxes, it's called a 'hand job'. Using your mouth on him is called a 'blowjob' — I don't know why, since you suck, not blow. Anyway, I like to make him climax like this, so I'm telling you all of this now so I don't have to stop and explain things while I'm doing it. Just let me know when you think you want to try it."

Wendy nodded her understanding and agreement, and Karen got her lips wrapped around me again. A couple more minutes, and I was fully erect as she slowly bobbed her head up and down on my manhood.

I *think* (hope!) that Karen was just "killing time" until Wendy was ready to have a try; she was doing an exemplary job of making sure I stayed hard while showing her younger sister some of the more obvious things she could do — treating my erect cock as though it were an ice cream cone and trying to lick me to death; trying to get her lips wrapped around me from the side, and sucking on me that way; slowly bobbing her head up and down as she clamped her lips around me; even "just" sucking on the head of my cock while she leisurely jacked me off. As she shifted from one thing to another, Karen would pause long enough to briefly let Wendy know what she was going to do.

I **had** to watch as Karen demonstrated fellatio to her younger sister, just as I had to look at Wendy several times to see what SHE thought of what Karen was doing. In the latter case, it was pretty clear that she found the sight arousing — she'd developed a faint flush, her nipples had

erected, and she was breathing in little pants. I could also detect an aroma that was different than Donna's or Karen's — and hoped that I could sample it myself, one day.

Watching the two of them while being the recipient of Karen's considerable oral talents was beginning to have an effect on me when I saw Wendy lean forward, then heard her say "If... if it's okay, I'd like to try now..."

If it could have, my cock would have gotten even harder at the idea of the last and prettiest of my nieces taking my erection in her mouth; but Karen had already gotten me as hard as I could get. Karen didn't hesitate even a moment to pull her mouth off of me and tell her sister "Go ahead. I know you'll do okay, and when he gets close, I'll let you know so I can finish him."

With that, I watched as little Wendy leaned over, and after giving me a smile, opened her mouth and took the head of my manhood between her lips. That first image of Wendy with her lips wrapped around me is one that will stay with me forever.

For several seconds, Wendy just held me in her mouth, as though she were simply verifying what Karen had told her about my cock not having much of a taste. When she was satisfied that I didn't, she slowly and carefully began trying to duplicate the things that Karen had done — something that proved to be exquisite torture. With the benefit of the things she'd heard from Karen, Wendy had some idea of how to please me — but without any actual prior experience, her actions weren't really enough to stimulate me **all that** much.

At least, not in the beginning. But after several minutes of trying different things, she began to get a fairly good idea of what she could do, and how, to please me the most. And as she began to get the desired results, her skills quickly increased, as did her enthusiasm. When I spared a glance at Karen, I could see from the expression on her face that she was amused and pleased that her younger sister was having the impact on me that she was.

The sight of *Wendy* with my erection in her mouth proved to be even more arousing than seeing Karen or Donna doing the same things; and with the increasing talent she was demonstrating, Wendy was moving me along rather nicely toward filling her greedy mouth with my cum.

But Karen was keeping a weather eye on things, and when I felt myself hitting the "home stretch", Karen told her sister "You'd better let me do it, now — he's going to do it before long."

I could see the disappointment and regret on Wendy's face as she pulled her mouth off of me, and sat up again; Karen quickly picked up where Wendy had left off, which suited me just *fine*.

I'd closed my eyes so that I could focus on the feeling of my manhood in Karen's warm mouth when I felt a small hand cup my balls; a second later, another gently wrapped itself around the base of my penis. I knew that both of Karen's hands were already on me, which meant that it had to be Wendy with my scrotum and erection in her hands. That got the idea into my head that I had one niece blowing me while the other helped, and **that** was enough to *really* get me going. It couldn't have been more than a minute before I felt myself get ready to spray the ceiling with cum.

Even as I felt the first wad of jism start down my dick, Karen pulled her head off — leaving no place for my cum to go but damn near straight up before coming back down to land almost in my belly button. The next landed a bit farther up, since Wendy had let my cock tilt a little. Then Karen wrapped her lips around me again, and the rest of my semen bounced off of her tonsils; when my penis began to relax again, Karen carefully milked the last few drops out of me with her lips and swallowed before releasing me from her mouth. With a pleased smile on her face, Karen told Wendy "If you want to know what his stuff tastes like, you can get just a little bit of it on your finger.", gesturing toward one of the couple of puddles decorating my lower abdomen. Wendy removed her hand from my balls, and carefully collected one of the bigger wads on one finger, then stuck it in her mouth. It took just a second for her to get a happy expression on her face, then a few more for her to suck her finger clean. Pulling it out, she said to her sister "I... I like it. Kinda salty, like you said, but good!"

After that, the two of them talked about what had happened when I'd climaxed; Wendy was amazed at how hard I'd squirted before Karen explained that that had been less forceful than usual. Then Karen had to explain that the cum she'd let escape had been just a fraction of the total — something that Wendy found fascinating and impressive.

When I'd (mostly) recovered, I got myself seated and leaning back against the headboard again; Wendy occupied my lap while Donna and Karen nestled themselves into my sides while the three of us talked about what all had happened that afternoon — and what it meant for them, and the different relationships between all of us. By the time we got all of that worked it out, it was close to time for supper; Karen and Donna were both insistent that I shower with Wendy, who was more than pleased at the idea. Our cleanup was brief, but affectionate and playful, none the less.

In the weeks that followed, I *know* that the girls all got together in any and all combinations to pleasure themselves and each other. There weren't any repeats of me joining them, despite the fact that I would find them in various permutations every so often.

They also continued to come down to visit fairly often, and I was just as willing to invite one (or even two, after that afternoon) to spend the evening or night. If Teresa didn't know what was going on with all of us (and between the girls, in particular), it was by willful ignorance; she had no discernible reaction to the sight of me and one or two of them turning up for breakfast after having spent the night together. All of their grades in school remained good, and none of them became any kind of discipline problem; if anything, their grades and attitudes actually improved after that afternoon.

It was a Saturday evening, and Donna was downstairs with me; both of us were naked, with her on my lap, and were tenderly molesting each other every so often as we watched television. When they broke for commercials, Donna asked me "Uncle Ted, would you do something for me?"

Thinking she just needed something to do with school, I answered "If I can, honey. What is it?"

"It's about sex, and I think I need to talk to you about it, first."

Thinking I knew what she wanted, I told her "Okay, go ahead."

She must have heard something in my tone, because she quickly told me "I'm not thinking about not being a virgin any more, or anything like that."

Confused, I asked "What is it, then?"

"I've heard about something, and I'm confused about it. When I hear people talk about it, they usually make it sound like it's bad; but other times, it sounds more like they think it's special, and good. When I heard about it, I thought it sounded like maybe it could be nice, and fun — but the bad things I hear make me not sure *what* to think about it. So I wanted to ask you if maybe you could help me with it. I mean, I remember you telling me that it was up to me to think about what I want, and to be sure of something before I do it, and all that. And you've told me and Wendy and Karen that if two people are doing something because BOTH of them want to, and they aren't hurting anyone, then there isn't anything for anyone else to say about it. So I was hoping that maybe you would be willing to help me find out if this thing that I heard about is maybe as good as I think it is."

I had **no** idea where she was going with all that when I asked her "How do you want me to help you? And what with?"

"I want to find out what it's like to have sex... in my butt."

Stunned, it took several seconds before I was able to turn the TV off, then get Donna turned around so that she was facing me so I could ask "I'm not mad, or upset, or anything, but... **why?**"

The expression on her face told me that she was relieved I hadn't gone off the deep end, but that she was still more than a little nervous as she told me "Like I said, when I heard about it, I thought it sounded... kind of sexy. I know it's not something most people do, and most of the time, when I hear people talk about it, they say stuff like someone got fucked in the ass — and that makes it sound like it's bad. But other times, I've heard someone say something else that makes it sound a LOT nicer; and that's what has me confused. I think it's something I'd like to try, but not if it's going to be bad. So I need you to explain to me why it can sound both bad and good; and if I decide that I really want to do it, if you would be the one to do that with me."

Still trying to deal with the idea of my oldest niece asking me to sodomize her, I dealt with her first request by telling her "It can sound good and bad because it CAN be both. Which one it's like depends on what the person is *trying* to make it like. When you hear someone say that another person got fucked in the ass, they mean that that one person was badly mistreated or cheated by someone else. Anal sex is still kind of a big taboo for a lot of people, which is why you don't hear about many people actually doing it; that's part of the reason that just the idea of receiving anal sex is considered a bad thing. Have you ever heard someone talk about something happening to someone else, and hear them say something about Vaseline?"

She nodded, and I told her "Anal sex *can* be very painful if the two people aren't **very** careful, and take their time about making it happen — a person's butt doesn't make any kind of

lubrication like you do in your vagina, so they almost always have to use something else. People say Vaseline because almost everyone knows that it could be used for something like anal sex; the whole thing together means that a person figuratively had anal sex, but that whoever was doing it to them was nice enough to make it easier and less painful than it COULD have been. Other times, you might hear say something that would make it even worse, like doing that with a sandpaper condom. You understand?"

She considered it for several seconds before answering "Yeah, I think so. So most people talk about it like it's bad because of that taboo thing, and I can understand that it wouldn't be fun if someone did that when you didn't want them to. But it *can* be good if the two people wanting to do it are extra nice about it... kind of like when you had sex with Karen the first time, only more."

"Yeah, that's pretty much it.", I agreed.

"Then if I wanted to, would you do that with me? I know you'd be extra-special nice about it, and I know you wouldn't hurt me that way, and I *really* want to find out if it's as sexy as it sounds. So would you help me with it, Uncle Ted?"

It was the damndest thing I'd ever been asked, and left me with mixed feelings — as loathe as I was to do *anything* that would hurt her, the idea of her giving me her anal virginity had its own distinct appeal...

Donna must have known that I needed a little time to consider what she'd asked, since she sat quietly on my lap without saying a word as I tried to decide how to respond to her request.

When I'd finally gotten things straight in my mind, I looked into her eyes as I told her "You sound like you really do want to try it" — "I do!", she emphasized — "and you also sound like you only want to do it if it's going to feel good" — she nodded her head that that was the case — "so I guess we can *try* it. But if it starts to hurt you, or anything bad happens, we stop... right then. Right?"

"You bet, Uncle Ted! I really do think it sounds sexy, and I really do want to try it — but not if it's going to hurt. I know *you'll* be nice about it, so if anything goes wrong, then I know that it's something I shouldn't do, and we'll stop."

With that reassurance from her, I was considerably more at ease about the two of us finding out if her anus could accept my man-sized erect penis. Still looking into her eyes, I asked "You remember what I said about your butt not making any kind of lubrication?" She nodded that she did, and I asked her "Then you know we're going to need something to make this as easy as we can for you. Do you have anything that you think you'd like to use?"

Blushing faintly, she answered "When I started thinking about asking you to do this with me, I, um, I remembered what I heard people say about using Vaseline, and realized what they meant. I don't have anything like that, but I thought that maybe the baby oil I use on my skin would work — wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, I think that would be fine. Was there anything else that you thought of?", I asked. Even though I liked the idea of getting my cock between her cute little ass cheeks, I wanted to know if she'd thought things through, too.

Her blush darkened before she answered "Um... I, uh... I'm... I'm empty — you know, inside, so there won't be any, um, mess. And... and I figured that if we could do that, then it would probably stretch me... you know, there, kind of like what happened with Karen when she was with you the first time. Except that because my butt isn't where I'd usually have sex, it might, uh, bother me more... you know, afterwards. That's why I wanted to try it on a weekend like this; I figured I'd be okay by the time I had to go to school again on Monday, if that happened. And... and I know that if we can do that, and you climax, then... then your stuff will be inside me — except that after we do that, I might not be able to um, close myself all the way, and that your semen might... might leak out of me. If that happens, I think I'll be embarrassed — not about you leaking out of me, but because I couldn't stop it from happening, is all."

She'd pretty well deal with everything that I thought could or would happen, so there really wasn't anything else for me to do but ask her "I'm guessing you wanted us to do that tonight? Now?"

A trifle embarrassed, she answered "Well, yeah, if we can..." as I watched her nipples erect slightly in anticipation.

"Did you bring the baby oil with you?", I asked.

"No. I wasn't sure that you'd actually say yes, and I didn't want to seem like I was just *assuming* you'd do anything I want by bringing it down. It's up in my room."

"Well, I did say yes, so I think you'll want to go get it, don't you?"

She nodded her head, but sat there for a couple of seconds before realizing that nothing else was going to happen until we had some kind of lube readily available. Blushing again, she quickly scooted herself off my lap and headed for the stairs; as she hurried away, I couldn't help looking at her tight little butt and thinking about what we would be doing. So that I wouldn't frighten her or make her nervous by having a raging hard-on when she got back, I managed to limit myself to only getting semi-erect; when she got back downstairs with the bottle, I saw her looking at me when she saw what state I was already in.

Before she could sit in my lap again, I got out of the recliner and went to stand in front of her. Gently taking her by the upper arms, I told her "Donna, sweetheart, this is something **really** special — not just for you, but for me, too. You're offering to give me a very special part of yourself, and I want you to know that I know how special this is. You know I'm not going to hurry you, or do anything to hurt you; but I want you to know that I'm not going to be angry or upset or anything if you want us to stop... any time, for any reason, or for NO reason. Even if you decide you don't want this to happen, it'll be okay with me, because that **last** thing I'd ever want you to do is something that would make you unhappy. So don't worry about ME, at *all*. Just do what you think is right for YOU, and everything will turn out all right... okay?"

Smiling, she nodded before telling me "I will, Uncle Ted. Thanks for telling me all that, even though you didn't have to — I already knew that stuff."

With that, I tilted my head forward so that I could kiss her; as it progressed, I slowly moved my hands from her upper arms to her back, then gently pulled her close so that I could gently hug her. She hugged me back, and when our lips finally separated, she looked up at me and said "I love you, Uncle Ted, and I know I can trust you. That's why I wanted to try this with YOU."

Smiling, I simply asked "How about if we have some fun with each other before we try to find out if my penis will fit in your butt?"

Her nipples erected again a little bit as she told me "I'd like that..."; a second later, she pulled back from me before taking my hand and leading the way to my bed.

As we were walking, it finally sank in for me that things would probably actually be *easier* for Donna than they had been for Karen, for a couple of reasons. First, Donna was physically larger than her sister, so there was less of a mismatch between my erect organ and the opening involved. Second, and more importantly, there wasn't going to be any additional obstruction in Donna's nether opening — we'd still have to deal with the *fit*, but there wouldn't be anything like a hymen blocking the way once we got past that point. That put my mind considerably at ease, leaving me free to enjoy the sight of Donna's cute, tight little ass moving in front of me.

With both of us already nude, there wasn't any reason for Donna not to guide both of us right onto the bed when we got to it. Once we were laying on our sides and facing each other, my first considered action was to kiss Donna — softly, on the lips, trying to say without words how very much she meant to me. The kiss I got back told me that I'd gotten the message across, and that she felt the same way about me.

We continued to exchange kisses, and although they stayed loving and affectionate, the physical desire we began to feel began to make its presence known. Our first touches were gentle and non-sexual; but that, too, slowly evolved as the level of our arousal and passion increased. Several minutes had gone by before my hand finally settled over my niece's breast, and a few more passed with my fingertips again delighting in the feel of her warm, firm mammaries before she moved to lay on her back so that I could reach the other, as well. In response, I propped myself up on my elbow so I could reach all of her.

Even as I was reacquainting myself with the most obvious symbols of her femininity, Donna was touching me in return — her hand was in almost constant slow motion as she felt my chest and shoulders, caressing my face and sides, and running her fingertips through my chest hair.

After a while, both of us were breathing heavily enough that kissing became too difficult, and we silently agreed that the time was right to move on to other things. After I'd slowly kissed and licked my way down from her face and lips, I was able to start tending to the smooth orbs of her breasts with my lips and tongue. I softly nibbled every square inch of both mounds before finally taking the peak of one breast between my lips. I found her areola and nipple were already standing out from the rest of her bosom, but my careful and gentle attention soon had them tight

and hard with her arousal; then it was time to do the same for their twin. Before I was finished, both of her areolas were puckered, and her nipples standing tall and proud — and faintly glistening with my saliva. When I pulled my head back to admire my handiwork (and the delightful targets of my attentions), Donna told me "I want to do you, now."

I smiled down at her as I answered "Only if I can do you, too."

Visibly delighted, she nodded her head, and I moved so that she could sit up, then continue on until she was on her knees. I lay down, and she let me help guide her so until she had a knee on each side of my head. Looking down at me, she told me "It always makes me feel so excited when I'm over you like this, knowing you can see between my legs. I know what you're going to do and how you're going to make me feel... it makes me so happy, knowing that you love me that much."

What she said touched me deep inside, and I replied "And I feel the same way — excited at seeing you, and knowing that you love ME enough that you're willing to share yourself with me this way."

I'll always treasure the smile she gave me before she leaned forward, and got herself positioned over me. When we were situated so that we could tend to each others desires, I once again looked at the view of herself that she was giving me — the light-colored delta of her pubic hair, divided at the bottom by the cleft of her sex, with the edges of her thin and soft inner lips barely visible. With the source that close, the scent of her arousal was easy to discern, and just as appealing and arousing to me as ever.

Whether by coincidence or design, Donna took me into her mouth as I first slipped my tongue between the delicate folds bracketing her opening; as I began doing what I could to increase her arousal, she did the same for me.

It was my thinking that it would be best if I could bring her to an orgasm before trying to do what she wanted me to, so that she would be at least as *physically* relaxed as possible so that it would be as easy as possible for her as we found out if my erection could reasonably fit through the portal of her anus; I figured that by taking things as slow and easy as I could would address any other issues.

Though I didn't tell Donna what I figured to do, she seemed to have at least a similar idea in mind — while I was steadily moving her closer and closer to a climax, she gave every indication of being content to simply get (and keep) me erect. Free of any "distractions", I was able to focus my attention on her, increasing her pleasure and arousal even more when I got the idea to move one of my hands from one of her firm buns so that I could use one finger to begin teasing the rosette of her anus. After I'd transferred some of my saliva (and her oils) to it, I was even able to work the first digit of my finger into her — something that earned me a deep moan around my cock as she pressed herself back in response. That little experiment convinced me that she really did think that anal sex was sexy, and that she really did want to try it.

It also proved to be a great help in moving her even closer to an orgasm; as I slowly and gently

worked my finger back and forth through her back opening, I could easily tell that she was getting dramatically more aroused, and even closer to finding her release. It didn't take but a very few minutes of that before I felt her begin to tense over me; a couple more seconds, and she let me fall from between her lips so that she could tilt her head back in reaction to the start of her climax. Under my tongue, I found a sudden increase in the availability of her essence, even as I could feel her rectum clenching tightly around the first digit of my finger. Since I wanted her relaxed and not comatose, I refrained from doing anything to intensify or prolong her orgasm — at least, other than simply lapping up the supply of female juices that she presented to me.

After several spasms had run through her, Donna drew a deep, shuddering breath before telling me "Thanks, Uncle Ted. That was *really* nice. If you'll give me a couple minutes, I think it'll be okay for us to try the other part."

I gave her labia one last pass with my tongue before answering "Whenever you're ready, honey.", then took the opportunity to rescue the end of my finger from her rectum — which resulted in a soft gasp from her. Letting my head fall back to the bed, I could still see the shiny entrance to her vagina, bracketed by her inner lips. Her clitoris had disappeared back under its cloak, but I still had the orbs of her firm tush to look at, too; I spent the next little while trying to memorize the sight before me, in the hope that it would be the last thing I remembered before I died.

I knew that Donna was about ready for us to go on when I felt her take my slightly-diminished erection in her hand and lever it up before taking the head into her mouth again. It didn't take her long to restore my manhood to its previous glory, and after she pulled her mouth off of me, I heard her say "I think **both** of us are ready, now...". A moment later, she carefully moved off of me so that she was kneeling on the bed. I sat up, then reached over to where I'd left the baby oil. After tucking it into the pit of my arm to warm it up a little bit, I got to my knees, too. As Donna and I looked at each other, I told her "Sweetheart, I am *not* going to do anything to **MAKE** this happen. I know you want to try, but **all** I'm going to do is push myself against you so that it can happen — it's going to be entirely up to YOU whether or not it actually *does*. I'll stop any time you tell me to, and even back off if that's what you want, and start again when **you** tell me to. You said you wanted me to help, so that's what I'm going to do — **help**. It's YOUR choice about how and when, or even if, it happens. Okay?"

"I understand, Uncle Ted. I'm nervous about this, but I'm not afraid, or anything."

I leaned forward enough to give her a soft kiss; when our lips separated, she didn't have anything else to say — she just calmly leaned forward until she was on her hands and knees. I moved behind her, and immediately ran into a problem... I couldn't hold the bottle of oil, apply it, and separate her cute butt cheeks all at the same time due to a shortage of hands. I told her what the problem was, and heard her laugh before she said "THIS problem is something I didn't think about...", causing me to laugh with her. After she lowered her shoulders to the bed, she was able to reach back and spread her cute fanny for me; it took only a few moments for me to get the oil (up to body temperature by then) opened up. After pouring some into my palm, I moved my hand to the top of her ass, then carefully poured the oil so that it ran down and across the pucker of her

anus. Using just a single finger, I spread the oil around ... not just covering her rectum, but a good distance out from it, as well. Another ration of oil was similarly applied, and I began patiently and gently working it farther and farther into her. After dispensing another puddle of oil and adding it to what was already there, I was able to carefully work my entire finger into her bowels. When I'd gotten one last batch of baby oil worked through her pucker, I used what was left on my hand to coat the outside of my erection.

That was when I realized I'd forgotten something else — a towel or something to wipe my hand off with. Once again, I pressed a corner of one of my sheets into service; after I'd wiped the surplus off, I told Donna "Okay, honey, I've got oil on me, and you're oiled up, too."

"I guess! It feels like you used the whole bottle!"

Teasing her, I asked "I figured too much was better than too little. You want me to clean some off?"

"Not if YOU want to do this, too!", she responded, teasing me back.

Taking my erect cock between a couple of fingers, I levered it down and moved closer to Donna; it took only a few seconds for me to get the head softly wedged against her most intimate orifice. Pressing against her just enough to keep my cock in place, I told her "When you tell me you're ready, I'll start pushing against you. If something happens and it doesn't work, don't worry about it — we'll just try again, unless you say not to. As long as I can feel you trying to LET me in, I'll keep pushing against you... but not too hard."

A few seconds passed before I heard her say "Okay, Uncle Ted, I'm ready. You can start whenever you want."

I slowly increased the pressure I was applying to her sphincter until I could feel it starting to open up to me, then held the force I was applying steady until I either felt Donna open herself to me more, or she told me to stop.

When I'd kept that steady pressure against her for several seconds, I could feel as Donna tried to relax herself to me; initially, it was a lot of back-and-forth between feeling her open herself to me, and having her lose whatever progress she'd made. But as the seconds ticked by, she gradually changed over so that she was relaxing herself to allow me entry more than she was preventing it. Slowly, barely a millimeter at a time, I could see the head of my cock slipping through the tight portal of her rectum. With each advance, I applied a trifle more pressure to protect our gains; but I was always careful not to say or do anything that might make her think I wanted her to go any faster than she was comfortable with.

I think both of us were surprised when we felt the glans of my manhood was all the way inside her, so that her anus was clamped around me right behind it. When that happened, I immediately stopped what I was doing so that I could hold myself still in her until I found out what she wanted to do.

A few moments later, I heard her tell me "That it, Uncle Ted — just hold still like that. I thought

your penis was big before, but now it feels absolutely *huge*."

"Are you okay, dear?"

"Oh, I'm **fine**, Uncle Ted. I'm not hurt or anything, it just feels weird having you inside me like this. Sexy, but weird."

I could feel her gradually relaxing (at least, as much as she could) around me; with the realization that the hardest part was over, she was starting to learn to accept being opened up that much, and that way. She released her hold on her ass cheeks, and got herself back on her hands and knees before telling me "You still feel *real* big, but I'm getting used to it, now. If you want to keep going, I'll let you know I need you to stop or anything."

Getting my hands on her hips to help hold her steady, I slowly began to try and press myself farther into her; when it started to happen, Donna moaned — causing me to immediately stop what I was doing. A couple of seconds later, I heard her plaintively ask "What did you stop for?"

"You made a noise, and I thought maybe I was hurting you.", I explained.

"No, you weren't hurting me. It felt *good*, so if I made any sound, it was because I liked what you were doing. You can keep going, honest."

I took that as my cue to try again; as I started to slide farther inside her, I heard another moan. After what she'd told me, I was able to recognize it as a sound of passion, and not pain; I just continued to ease myself farther and farther into her bowels. I only had to stop when my pubic hair was wedged into the crack of her ass, and my balls were grazing her mons.

It seemed to take a few seconds for Donna to realize that I was in her as far as I could go; when she did, I could hear the raw, unadulterated *lust* in her voice as she softly said "Holy **Christ**, that feels good!"

A moment later, she told me "Once we got past the big part, the rest of you was pretty easy, Uncle Ted. If you wanted to start, you know, moving in me, I think it'd be okay."

With her obviously being comfortable about having my cock buried in her ass, there wasn't anything else for me to do except start moving in her. I slid myself about a quarter of the way out of her, paused for a moment, then reversed direction. She didn't voice any complaints, so I did it again, a little farther and a little faster — which she also found acceptable. No more than a couple of minutes later, I was steadily sliding nearly the entire length of my erection back and forth through the tight ring of her anus — accompanied by Donna's nearly constant sounds of pleasure and arousal.

When I looked down to where Donna and I were joined, I was transfixed by the sight of her pucker being pulled out when my manhood slid out of her, only to be pushed in when I pressed myself back in. I don't know how many times I cycled in and out of her while watching that uncommonly erotic vision.

My reverie was interrupted by the feeling of Donna's hand; it took me a second to realize that she

had reached back between her legs and was busily masturbating herself as I continued to steadily piston myself in and out of her nethers. The smell of her arousal was thick in the air, telling me that she wasn't just *comfortable* about having my cock in her ass, but actually **enjoying** it. That realization got the idea into my head that there was a distinct possibility that she'd want me to fuck her that way again — and more than once. And the chance of that happening had the effect of throwing gasoline on the coals of my desire; while still being careful not to hurt her, and always alert to having her let me know if she needed or wanted me to stop, I gradually increased the tempo and "enthusiasm" of my thrusts into her. Much to my amazement, my efforts only seemed to arouse her even more.

I began to feel something happening along the underside of my penis, and it took me a few seconds to understand that I was getting an "outside view" of the clenching of Donna's virginal pussy as she got closer and closer to her release; knowing that she was going to orgasm with my cock in her bowels was the last straw. As I felt myself pass the point where I knew I was going to cum, I slowed my movements so that I could make my last few strokes into her as long and slow as I could so that my climax would be as strong as I could make it. The last time I pressed myself into her was just ahead of the first spray of my semen jetting out the end of my manhood.

Donna started to squeal when she felt me begin to empty myself into her, but it was cut off when her body froze with a sudden and powerful seizure that signalled the start of her own release.

Her anus became almost painfully tight around me, and the spasms of her vagina got strong enough to create some singularly pleasurable sensations along the bottom of my erection — and made my next eruption of cum nearly as strong as the first. For the next several seconds, the only things either of us could do were gasp and groan with the intensity of our climaxes.

My release tapered off just ahead of Donna's so I was *barely* able to keep her from falling on her face onto the bed; even then, it was a lot closer than I would have liked. Keeping myself pressed against the globes of her ass, I managed to get both of us down onto the bed, where I supported my weight with my knees and elbows so that I didn't squash her. My cock was still buried in her tight ass, and remained almost completely erect — due, I think, to the fact that her anus was still clenched so tightly around me that the blood that make me erect simply didn't have anyplace to go. That left me holding myself over her, with Donna's smooth buns pressed against my lower belly and my manhood still in the confines of her bowels while I panted to replenish the oxygen my body needed so desperately.

I'd pretty much gotten myself back together when I heard Donna softly tell me "That was way, way better than I ever even **thought** it could be."

"Are you okay, honey?", I asked.

She managed a small laugh before answering "No, not until tomorrow, maybe. But I don't hurt or anything."

Knowing that she wouldn't be trying to joke like that if she was in any distress, I lowered my head and softly nibbled her earlobe with my lips for a few seconds before telling her "I'm glad

you're okay, sweetheart, and that it worked out the way you wanted. It felt pretty good for me, too."

"I *know*! I felt it when you started squirting in me, and the next thing I knew, I was having an **incredible** orgasm. It wasn't as strong as some I've had with you, but it felt like it was deeper, somehow. And you were an absolute dear about not hurting me, or trying to rush me while we were getting your penis in my butt — that made it SO much easier for me, knowing that we were only going to go as fast as *I* wanted. Now you're covering me with your body, so I don't get cold or anything, and that is **so** sweet. I can still feel your penis in my butt, too, and I even like that."

A second later, she asked "Why is your penis still so big? Usually after you climax, it gets small again before now."

"I'm not sure, really. You want me to pull it out?"

She quickly exclaimed "NO!", then realizing that I'd been teasing, she was calmer when she asked "I suppose you're going to want it back sometime, though, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I think so... I've kinda grown attached to it, and it's nice being able to use it with my pretty, sexy nieces."

"Well, THIS niece likes it when you use it with *her*, so I **suppose** it'll be okay if you want to keep it. But you don't have to take it out until you have to, okay?"

I nibbled her earlobe again before answering "Yes, dear.", making her laugh.

I was happy to stay with her like that for the several minutes it took before my penis had shrunk to the point that I was just barely inside her. Knowing that I was going to unplug from her any time, I asked "Do you want to clean up with me, or would you like a little time by yourself first?"

"I'd like to clean up with you, Uncle Ted. After we've done *this*, you don't have to worry about me being embarrassed, or anything."

A bit later, I felt myself pull free of her; after I'd gotten off of her and then stood up next to the bed, I had her roll over onto her back. She did, and I quickly got my arms under her butt and back, then picked her up and carried her into the bathroom as she snuggled into my chest. After standing her in the corner of the shower, I got the water started just as I'd done when I had showered with Karen. Once the water was warm enough, I quickly joined her under the spray; as we helped wash each other, I feigned not to notice when some of my cum dripped out of her as she was cleaning the oil from between the cheeks of her ass. Once both of us were done, I dried her off, then myself.

Once we were back in bed, Donna happily spooned against my front as I cupped her breast in my hand. As we lay there, she told me "Thanks, Uncle Ted. I wanted to find out what it was like to have sex like that, and you were so nice about helping me, and made it so easy, that I actually had an orgasm from it. I just want you to know that I really appreciate it — not just tonight, but *all* the times and ways you help me... and Karen and Wendy, and even Mom. We used to have

kind of a hard time after Daddy left, but it's been a **lot** nicer and easier since you got here. I loved you more than anything, even before you came to stay with us, but but now it's even more, and better with you here with us."

I gave her a gentle hug before answering "Thank you, sweetheart. I'm glad to BE here; I love all of you more than I could ever say, and I'm glad you like having me here."

She released a soft sigh of contentment, and gave my hand on her breast a tender squeeze, in response. Happy at having her in my arms, it didn't take long for me to fall asleep.

I woke up the next morning to discover that I was flat on my back, with Donna's arm and leg draped across me, and her head on my shoulder. As I lay there looking at her loveliness, I saw her eyes open. When she looked up at me and smiled, I was glad that she was happy enough about our relationship that finding herself in bed with me was enough to make her smile that way.

She started to move her leg, but quickly gave up the effort with a small noise. Knowing pretty much what the problem was, I still asked her "A little sore, this morning?"

I felt her blush slightly before she answered "Yeah — more than a little, right now. It felt good having you in me last night, but I didn't realize just how BIG you were, then. I guess you stretched me there more than I thought."

"Well, you can take some aspirin, and that'll help. I think it'll get easier if you can move around a little bit, too. It shouldn't be anywhere near as bad tomorrow morning."

"Good! I don't think I could sit on my butt all day at school if it was going to feel like *this*!"

I had to laugh before I told her "Come on, and take a shower with me. The hot water will make it feel better long enough for some aspirin to go to work."

She tilted her head to look at me, and smiled as she answered "I sure hope so!"

When both of us were standing next to the bed, I took her hand and she gingerly walked with me as we headed for the bathroom. As I'd promised, the hot water from the shower did relieve some of the pain she felt — particularly after she spread her ass cheeks, and we contrived to get the water running more across the affected area. She also took a couple of aspirin before we left the bathroom; once we were dressed, it was upstairs for some much-needed coffee for me, and breakfast for both of us. Teresa saw how Donna was walking, but after seeing the expression on her daughter's face, didn't have anything to say other than her usual morning greetings.

As I'd predicted, Donna felt a lot better when she left for school the next morning, and better still by the time she got home. When it was just the two of us later, she told me that it was going to be a while, but that she most certainly DID want to do it again.

As the next few weeks progressed, Karen and I tried to hump each others brains out a few times, and Donna wanted me to fuck her ass a couple more times; even Wendy and I got into it twice by

getting each other off orally — she quickly learned how to not only get me hard, but tease me into some of the hardest climaxes I'd ever had, and greedily swallowing every drop of cum that got past her lips. I was perfectly happy to help her have even stronger orgasms than she'd had before.

It wasn't like I was getting off every night, or anything like that, however. During the week, when the girls had school the next day, things were relatively tame; there was usually some discreet groping and fondling, and one or two of them might spend the night with me, but the sex was usually limited to Friday evenings, or on Saturdays. Several times, Teresa would see me or one of the girls molesting each other, but she would only smile and turn her attention back to wherever it had been. I also learned that Karen had been taken to the gynecologist by her mother, and had an IUD for birth control — something that relieved me considerably.

It was a Tuesday evening, and I was downstairs catching up on some of my technical journals when I heard what sounded like a little bit of an argument upstairs. I didn't think anything of it until I heard something large hit the floor, followed a few seconds later by what sounded like someone scuffling, accompanied by some loud voices.

Wondering what was going on, I went upstairs; as I got close to the living room, I heard a voice that I couldn't quite place — until I heard Teresa's emphatic "Damn you, Doug!", followed by her ex-husband saying "If you don't have any money now, then I'll just take one of the kids until you can find some!"

When I got a couple of steps into the living room, it wasn't hard to figure out what was going on — Doug had apparently come back, and had knocked Teresa down in the process of the two of them arguing. Donna and Karen were standing in the hallway, but Doug had one hand clamped tightly around Wendy's upper arm — I could see that his grip was tight enough that he was actually hurting her. As I tried to figure out what I could do, Doug turned his head to look at me, and said "So *you're* why shit's so nice here, huh? I should have known that goodie-goodie Terrific Ted was in the picture someplace! You always were too damn nice for your own good, Ted, and I never **did** like you."

"That's okay, Doug", I told him, "I always figured you were pretty much an asshole, and you're just proving me right... *again*. Stealing from the folks you worked for wasn't enough, you had to abandon your family, too — and now it sounds like you want to add kidnapping to your resumé. Good move, shithead."

His clothes looked like something you'd see on a Skid Row derelict, and I could smell him even from where I was standing; on top of that, he had a not-quite-right look in his eyes, and one of those large folding knives in the hand that wasn't wrapped around Wendy's arm. The look he gave me was one of pure hatred, and I could see him start to turn my direction. I actually hoped that he'd make a move my direction — I'd made varsity wrestling in high school, and figured I could take him easily enough if he tried to hang on to Wendy; if he didn't, then I'd gotten her free of him, and I thought that I still had a better-than-even chance of taking him without getting hurt. I'd deliberately provoked him, hoping to get his attention on me; as he started to move, I eased

myself to the end of the couch, where I'd have a little more room to move.

My "plan" was ruined when Teresa told him "Doug, you stupid bastard! Don't you understand there's no way you're going to get away with any of this?"

Doug turned his attention back to her, leaving me wondering what I could or should do. My mind was racing as I saw him getting more and more upset; he was starting to look like he was going to attack Teresa when I got another idea.

After using my foot to unplug the lamp on the table next to me, I scooped it up and tossed it — deliberately aiming it so that it would pass in front of him. As I hoped, his attention immediately shifted to it; better still was when he released Wendy so he could use his hand to knock it farther away. Before he could turn his head back my direction, I moved in and hit him with a classic wrestling take-down... one that forced him to drop the knife he held. With his arm locked in mine, I pivoted and almost literally threw him to the floor. That stunned him long enough for me to fall on top of him and get him wrapped up in my arms so that he couldn't move; even though he tried his best, I had him tied up solid. When he realized he wasn't going anywhere, he stopped his struggles — giving me the opportunity to tell Teresa "Call 9-1-1 and get the cops here **NOW!**". She shooed the girls ahead of her, and I heard her tell them to go to the neighbor's house and wait there until she told them it was okay to come back. A few seconds later, I listened as she made the phone call. Doug tried to struggle free again when he heard it, but it simply wasn't going to happen; I had a good, solid hold on him.

A couple of minutes later, I heard a siren approach; shortly after that, I saw Teresa lead a cop into the living room. In the few minutes after that, three more cops showed up; with enough of them there to deal with Doug, one told me "Okay, sir, you can let go of him. We'll take care of it if he starts anything else."

I turned loose of Doug, and as I stood up, I saw that one of the cops had a stun gun ready to use if Doug acted up. Apparently, Doug saw it, too, and meekly followed their directions as the cops got him standing, then cuffed.

After a couple of cops got Doug out of the house, the other two started taking statements from Teresa and me — and the girls, once Teresa called and let them know they could come home. It took a while, but the cops finally got everything they needed, and after making sure all of us were okay, they told us they hoped the rest of our night went better than it had so far, and left.

Teresa went in to make mixed drinks for all of us — including the girls, though theirs were appreciably weaker; when she got back, I was sitting on the couch with Wendy on my lap and my arms around her, while Donna and Karen were grafted to my sides and hanging onto my arms. After getting the drinks distributed, Teresa sat in "her" chair and looked over at me to ask "What in **God's name** made you think you could go after him when he had a knife?"

After taking a healthy pull off my drink (and gasping — Teresa had made it pretty strong), I told her "I was varsity wrestling in high school, and even did pretty good in State finals a couple times. I never heard Doug say anything about being involved in any kind of sports, so I figured I

had *that* going for me, right off. When he looked at me, I could see he was drunk or on something, so that was going to screw up his reactions, too. The last thing was that I could see that he wasn't in good shape, and I figured that gave me a strength advantage. Sorry about the lamp" — it lay broken into roughly a thousand pieces in the corner — "but that's what was handy to distract him with so I could surprise him."

Teresa waved off my comment about the lamp before answering "I remember now that Judy told us a couple of times that you had a couple of wrestling trophies. He still could have hurt you pretty bad, though!"

I gave her a wan smile as I explained "I don't think so. Like I said, his reactions were pretty screwed up, and he was out of shape. I was stone-cold sober and straight, and still reasonably fit; I know my reaction time is still good, so I was pretty sure I could handle him. I wanted him to let go of Wendy more than anything else, but if he'd dropped the knife, that would have been good enough."

Hearing that I'd been trying to get her free of Doug first made Wendy hug my arms to herself before she quietly told me "I'm glad you were there to save me, Uncle Ted."

Teresa heard Wendy, too, and told me "I'm damn glad you were here, too, Ted.", the tone of her voice letting me know that her words didn't even begin to convey what she really thought and felt. She went on to tell me "I was sitting in here with Wendy, watching TV, when I heard someone at the door. You can imagine how shocked I was when I opened it and saw Doug there! The son of a bitch pushed me back, and came inside before I could do or say anything, then practically *dragged* me in here. He started out asking me for money, but when I told him I didn't have any, he started getting pissed off. When I tried to tell him to leave, he knocked on the floor. After I got up, we had a little bit of a shoving match while we argued. He kept saying I **had** to have some money because the place looked too nice. He grabbed Wendy and said he was going to take her with him, when you showed up."

"I heard it when you were arguing with him; not the words, just loud voices. It wasn't until I heard you hit the floor, and you and him fighting that I figured I'd better come up and find out what was going on. I thought his voice was familiar, but I couldn't place it until you said his name right before I came in here. Sorry it took me so long to come and find out what was happening.", I said, the last part apologetically.

Teresa waved it off again, saying "No, there's nothing for you to apologize about — you **DID** come up, and you were here when we needed you, and you *damn* sure took care of the problem!"

"Well, the cops have him now, so he's going to have to face up to the crap he pulled before, AND what happened here tonight. I don't think anybody is going to have to worry about him for quite some time; seems a pretty safe bet that he really **is** out of your life for good, now."

After that, things were quiet while all of us were occupied with our own thoughts. I finally heard Teresa say "Okay, it's *way* past bed time for you three, so finish whatever is left in your glasses and get going."

When I looked over at the clock, I was surprised at how late it was — it was well past even Donna's bedtime, which was the latest of the three of them. None of the girls made any protest, and Wendy and Karen both got up to take their empty glasses into the kitchen; after draining the last little bit out of hers, Donna followed them. When they got back into the living room, all three of them kissed me on the lips before thanking me for being there, and wishing me a good night. I gave each of them a gentle pat on the butt before wishing them the same.

Once it became clear that none of the girls was going to come out for anything, Teresa quietly got up, then came over to sit next to me on the couch — where she promptly tucked herself into my side before pulling my arm around her. She sat there in silence for several seconds before telling me "After the cops got here, I realized that you were *trying* to get Doug to come after you... and that I maybe messed things up when I talked to him after you did. If I did, I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it. It all worked out anyway, and the cops have him now."

"Still, I'm never going to forget that you were there; and you tried to get between him and me, or the girls."

I didn't have anything to say to that, so I just gave her a soft hug.

A couple of minutes had gone by when I heard Teresa tell me "After everything that's happened tonight, there's something I think I **have** to tell you. I'm not real proud of it, because I feel like I've been practically *lying* to you, and I just can't do that anymore — not after what you did. I've got a confession of my own to make, too."

After taking a deep breath, she told me "When you first called, and agreed to stay here with us, I had a talk with the girls. All three of them were as happy as they could be that you were coming, but it was Wendy that wanted to know if you staying here meant that you and I might get married. I think you know how surprised I was to hear her ask *that*, and I told all of them that it wasn't just up to me — that **you** had to want to be married again, too. They wanted to know what I meant, and I explained to them that even though you and I really like each other, being married was a whole lot more than just that. I also told them that if you and I were going to get married, then it was a lot bigger thing for you than it was for us... that we would be adding just ONE person to OUR family, but that you would be adding FOUR; that you had to want to be married not just to me, but to them, too. I didn't think anything about how I explained it at the time."

She tilted her head to look up at me, and I just nodded for her to go on. She did by saying "After you got here, and you saw Donna that first time, I really was serious about what I said about trusting you, and knowing that you wouldn't do anything to them. When they started running around naked, I wasn't *happy* about it, but I wasn't worried, either. I couldn't figure out what the deal was when they started wanting you to touch them — you know, their breasts and all that — but I still knew you weren't the one trying to make it happen, and that I could trust you. I meant what I said to you about them coming to you, too; about it being stuff that they'd probably want to know, anyway, and that I was okay with them learning it from you, and why. But I was still curious about why they were doing it, too..."

Another breath, and Teresa continued "It wasn't until Karen came to me about birth control that I even *started* to think that they were actually escalating what they were doing with you. It was after Karen gave her virginity to you that I finally understood what was going on — that they were taking what I'd said before about you marrying ALL of us, including them, **literally**; they know that married people have sex, so they were simply including that as part of trying to get you to want to marry US. They all loved you so much that I don't doubt for a moment that you could have done anything that you wanted to with them if you'd asked, even before you got here; once you WERE here, it gave them the chance to show you how much they loved you — and what I'd said about you marrying ALL of us was all the reason they needed to actually *do* it. And I need to tell you that I'm really not upset about everything that's happened between you and them. When I saw how happy you'd made Karen after that first time, I realized that you were treating them the way they *should* be while they're learning about sex and all that — that you were being so much more patient and gentle and understanding and everything than they could expect from anyone else that they might have wanted to learn from, or experience that stuff with. You damn sure left Karen a lot happier when you were done with her than *I* felt after it happened with me! Anyway, that's why you've had three teenage girls all so willing to get so intimate with you."

As both of us sat there in silence, I thought about what she'd just said to me — and what it meant.

My reverie was interrupted when Teresa told me "That's the part that I had to tell you about. I'm not real happy about it, and feel like I've been lying to you because what I have to admit is that ever since you got here, I've been wishing to hell that it was **me** you were with. When I showed you the downstairs, I was trying to let you know that I'd be agreeable if you wanted to get more... friendly with me than we were before, but you didn't act like you were interested."

I spoke up then, telling her "Oh, I was interested, all right. But after what happened with Doug, I didn't want to try to rush you, or anything. I figured you'd want some time to figure out what you wanted — and to tell the truth, I wasn't all that sure that you weren't just trying to make up for him leaving you."

She considered that for a few seconds before answering "Okay, I can understand that. Those really *weren't* problems for me, but I can see how you might be worried about them. Anyway, I tried to let you know how I felt again when you took me out for dinner — and afterwards, too. I knew you felt something for me, but whatever spark there was between us still didn't catch. For a while, I actually thought that it might be because of what you were doing with the girls, before I realized you were being too careful with them for it to be that."

After a wry laugh, I told her "I sure felt the spark, too, that night. But by then I *was* already doing things with the girls — with your permission, no less. I knew that you weren't pushing them toward me, but there were still a couple of things that kept me from following up on that kiss outside."

"What were they?"

"Part of it was that you knew that the girls WERE being with me; I figured you knew how clear and obvious they'd have to be before I'd do anything with them, so I expected — wrongly — that you'd make it real clear to me if you wanted US to be together. The other part was not knowing how you and me together would affect things with all of us. Not that I wanted to keep going with them while it was you and me, but HOW to change from me-and-them to me-and-you; I figured you had to realize that you knew them — their personalities, I mean — better than I did, so if you wanted US to be together, then you'd know that it had to be up to you to make the change. Since you never said or did anything to indicate you wanted them to stop, I didn't think that you wanted US to get involved with each other that much."

She looked at me in silence for a few seconds before asking me "Didn't it ever occur to you that it might be okay with me if you were with ALL of us? Not like a big orgy, or anything; but that you could share a bed with me, and still be with them like you have?"

I'd always simply assumed (yeah, yeah!) that it was one or the other. Now, to hear that something I'd never even *considered* was possible — well... it took a while before I could get my mind around the idea that I could have cake AND ice cream.

In answer to the expression I must have had on my face, Teresa told me "Ted, if I was okay with them being with you like that at *all*, what would make you think that my attitude would change if you wanted **me**, too?"

Nothing, I thought to myself. She hadn't said or done *anything* to make me think that I couldn't be with her AND the girls, both. All that had kept me from letting her be as much a part of my life as I'd have liked had been nothing but my own either-or mindset.

"Ahhhh, *hell*", I said — then calmly tilted my head down so that I could kiss her. And keep kissing her as I put my hand on her waist, then slowly moved it up until I could cup her breast through the blouse she had on — and discovering that she didn't have a bra on under it.

As I slowly ran my thumb across her nipple, Teresa let me know through her lips that she not only welcomed my touch, but inviting me to do even more with her.

When I indicated that I wanted her to move, she readily did so; it wasn't but a few moments before she was on my lap, facing me, with her legs outside of mine. As our kiss picked up where it had left off, I got both of my hands on her breasts, and found them to be large enough to slightly over-fill my hands — and firmer than I would have thought they'd be after she'd borne three kids. It didn't take long for me to decide that the cloth of her blouse was getting in the way of *really* enjoying her tits; as I started unbuttoning it, her lips parted and her tongue brushed across my lips. I opened my mouth in return, and our tongues began to make love.

After I got the last button undone on her blouse, she was the one to pull it aside so that I could fill my hands with her warm mammaries — revealing that they had small, dark areolas and nipples, much like Karen's. As I began gently squeezing and caressing her breasts, Teresa moved her hands to my body — feeling my chest for several seconds before going to work to get it out of HER way. It wasn't long before I could feel her cool hands wandering my chest and sides and

shoulders.

When I was satisfied that my fingers had mapped her bust, I moved my hands lower on her body, caressing her soft skin as I traced a path down her sides and around to her back — and then onto her ass.

I hadn't been massaging her tight ass for long when she told me "Dammit! Let's just get naked, and get it over with!"

I certainly didn't have any problem with that, and pulled my hands off her ass so she could get up. She did, then moved to the side a bit so that I could get up, too. As we shed various articles of clothing, we continued to exchange a number of fiery kisses. When all we were wearing was our birthday suits, Teresa gently pushed me back down on the couch before resuming her previous position on my lap. I quickly got my hands back on her ass, shortly followed by leaning forward so I could start kissing and sucking on her breasts. She put her hands in my hair, and released a soft moan when I began sucking on one of her nipples. Beneath my hands, I could feel the muscles in her ass clenching as she began to rock on my lap with slow, short movements.

When we'd undressed, I'd noticed (!) that Teresa's bush was dark and luxurious, forming a strip that was only as wide as her mons and extended only a couple of inches past its top. Her rocking on my lap had it brushing lightly against my semi-erect penis; that, coupled with the aroma of her increasing desire soon had my cock growing longer and harder. When I'd gotten hard enough, I could feel myself making contact with her; she felt it, too, and I heard her moan before she started rubbing herself against it.

The additional stimulation soon had me completely hard, which had Teresa rubbing herself along the top of my erection. I could feel her labia had spread enough that she was able to use her growing wetness to lubricate me before she shifted her movements so that she was running her entire cleft along my length; her clitoris would be pressed against me just behind the head of my manhood when she started, and I'd have the warmth radiating from her opening at the base of my cock when she finished arching herself against me.

It didn't take many iterations of that before I wanted us to actually start *fucking*; I moved my hands to her hips, and when I gently indicated that I wanted her to raise up, she opened her eyes to look at me before telling me "Oh, god, yes... I want you in me so bad!"

As she lifted herself off of me, the head of my penis slid across the entrance to her vagina before brushing across her erect clit — something that actually caused her to gasp. Reaching down between us, she guided my erection upwards, then got herself positioned so that the end was securely wedged against her opening. Holding me steady, she began to slowly lower herself onto me.

It didn't take me long to understand why she was going slow — she was nearly as tight as Karen had been when I'd deflowered her, and she needed to take it slow so that she could get used to having me inside her. But it wasn't as much of an adjustment for Teresa as it had been for Karen, and she was able to get herself impaled on my manhood relatively quickly. She stopped when her

warm, smooth ass rested against the tops of my legs; as she held herself still, she told me "You aren't any longer than Doug was, but you're bigger around than him. I had to get used to you, even though it feels *wonderful* to be filled up like this!"

Cupping her breasts in my hands again, and running my thumbs across her erect nipples, I told her "It feels pretty damn good to BE filling you up like this, too!", making her laugh for a moment.

I leaned forward again and got my lips fastened around one of her nipples; I didn't get to enjoy it for as long, though, because she decided she'd adjusted to my girth long enough, and started moving herself on me. Her movements were small and slow at first; but as her abundant oils got better distributed, she was able to slide herself up and down on me farther and farther, moaning between exclamations of how she felt about having my cock moving in her.

Unable to keep my lips fastened to the moving targets of her nipples, I settled for moving my hands around on her body; I doubt there was a square inch on her within my arms reach that didn't have my fingerprints on it. I made sure to pay *special* attention to some parts of her more than I did others — her ass and breasts were my favorite targets, but I didn't neglect caressing such areas as the insides of her thighs or the back of her neck, either. When she leaned toward me for a while, I gladly went about using my lips and tongue on whatever bits of her I could apply them to; I felt her get even warmer and wetter around my cock when I managed to nibble and suck on her earlobe for a little bit.

She'd told me that she had an office job, so I wasn't surprised when I saw her begin to slow down a little bit. taking her in my arms and holding her still, I told her "Here... let me..."

She nodded her head in agreement, and lifted herself up a little bit so that I'd have room to move under — and in — her. My first considered action was to ease myself out of her until only the head of my erection was past the tightness of her opening, then slowly press myself into her, filling her in a single continuous thrust as she moaned her pleasure. After that, I quickly increased the tempo of my thrusts, so that I was moving in her more quickly than she'd been able to raise and lower herself. Her declaration of "Oh, god, yes, like that!" let me know that I was giving her the kind of pleasure she wanted from me.

It was an awkward position to be in, though, and it didn't take very long before I began to get tired, too. Rather than let her tire herself out again, I simply put my arms around her, and scooted forward — then got her firm ass moved to the coffee table in front of the couch. When she felt it under her, she released her hold on me, and I carefully helped her lay back on it. She wrapped her legs around my waist before telling me "Now FUCK me, dammit!"

Ever the gentleman, I did as she commanded; I was soon pistoning my hard cock in and out of her tightness in a steady rhythm. With both of us more-or-less still, I reached out and got my hands on her tits again; as I gently squeezed them, and teased her nipples, Teresa's arousal increased dramatically.

We continued like that for a little longer, but it seemed like her desire had hit some kind of limit

that she couldn't get past. Trying to see if I could do anything to help, I began trying different ways of moving my manhood in her; it turned out to be pretty quick and easy to find something that really worked for her — having me all but pound myself into her as I took the longest strokes I could was what she needed/wanted. It felt pretty damn good to me, too, so I just kept at it; sliding myself almost all the way out of her, then slamming myself back in with a fast, hard thrust soon had her breathless and rapidly closing in on an orgasm.

My cock had started to get the feeling that told me I wasn't far from my own release when Teresa suddenly started to cry out — only to have it choked off when her body practically convulsed with the start of her climax. Her vagina got extremely tight around me, and began a rapid clenching around my penis as I tried to keep fucking her; the feeling of her delightfully warm and wet sheath grabbing at my cock proved to be more than I could stand — barely managing to keep my own noise of pleasure down to a deep groan, I slammed myself into her one last time before my cock erupted. I could only hold myself still in her as the sensations generated by her clasp vagina prodded me into dumping what felt like *pints* of cum into her.

Our respective climaxes ended pretty close to the same time; spent, I leaned forward over her, supporting my weight with my elbows. I could feel the hard pebbles of Teresa's nipples shifting slightly against me as her chest heaved with the effort of getting her breath back — it was a pleasant sensation, but not one that I was in any condition to really **enjoy**, just then. Lowering my head, I did manage to give her a couple of soft kisses on one shoulder before I had to go back to trying to re-oxygenate my body. I'd nearly gotten myself back together again when I heard her mutter "**Damn**, that was good!" before she put her arms around me. When I was again breathing more-or-less normally, I raised my head far enough that I could put my lips to hers for a gentle, affectionate kiss before telling her "You know, I'm thinking now that maybe we missed out on something by not getting together like this sooner."

She released a soft laugh, and hugged me, before answering "I think you're right. But look at it this way — we probably wouldn't have enjoyed it quite this much back then, either."

Smiling, I replied "Well, there is *that*, I suppose."

For the next couple of minutes, we stayed where we were and exchanged several tender kisses. When my cock finally shrank enough to slip out of her, she didn't say or do anything to indicate she wanted me to move — so I didn't. A few minutes passed before she finally told me "I'd stay here with you like this, oh, forever, if I could; but I'm starting to feel a little cold and sticky someplace I wasn't sure I'd ever get to use again. After we clean up a little — together, I hope! — I'd like it if we spent the night together; either your bed or mine is fine with me."

I gave her another kiss before responding "*Definitely* together for cleaning up, and I think I'd like to maybe stress-test your bed before we go to sleep."

Grinning, she asked "Again? Feeling a little feisty, are you?"

I nuzzled her ear as I answered "Well, I **do** have plenty to motivate me to *try*, anyway...", causing her to scrunch her shoulder and laugh before she told me "Okay, Romeo, my bed it is."

Now, if you'll get off of me, we can go in and freshen up for next time."

I got to my feet, then watched as Teresa calmly cupped her hand at her crotch to keep my cum from running out and moved to stand next to me. Using her free hand to take mine, she led the way to her bedroom, where we shared a shower that was playful and intimate despite its brevity. Once in her bed, we held each other and chatted until both of us were ready to have another go. Taking out time to really *enjoy* each other, we had a languorous session of "69" before making love long enough for her to have a pair of orgasms before I emptied myself in her again. Afterwards, we snuggled under the covers long enough that when we finally got around to cleaning up again, I was able to make love to her in the shower with her bent over in front of me. After she'd had another climax, she pulled herself off of me, and dropped to her knees to finish me off, playfully declaring "After how long it took you to cum from just fucking me last time, we'll *never* get any sleep if I don't take care of you this way!"

I was **very** pleased when I learned that she knew a few things that she hadn't done to me before; it took less time than I'd have thought for her to have me emptying my balls in her warm (and talented!) mouth. She happily swallowed every drop of my cum before rising to her feet again so we could rinse each other off.

Back in her bed, she spooned in front of me as I held her breast in my hand, while she had her hand on my arm. At almost the same time, both of us released sighs of contentment — then laughed at the synchronicity. I don't think that either of us had any trouble falling asleep.

The next morning, all three of the girls were surprised and delighted when they saw me with Teresa as we left her bedroom. I teamed up with her in the kitchen, where we got breakfast ready despite almost constantly molesting each other along the way. After the girls had left for school, I called in sick for both of us, and we spent the rest of the day in her bedroom. We made love again a couple of times, but what we did most was just cuddle with each other, and talk, and nap a little. We were still there when the girls got home; when Teresa told them that they could join us if they wanted, all three quickly shed their school clothes so that they were as naked as we were. When we got hungry, I offered to spring for pizza; Donna volunteered to get "dressed" (a skirt and blouse, sans bra or panties or anything else) when it was delivered.

When I told Teresa that I wanted to spend a couple nights a week downstairs so that the girls would have a chance to spend the night with me, Teresa calmly reminded me of the need to maintain the communications we'd started by letting me know that I didn't have to do that — that she didn't have any problem with me staying with them in *their* rooms. Amusingly, it was the girls that had more trouble adjusting to the idea than I did; but it didn't take them long to accept that it was okay for one (or even two) of them to let me know to come to her room. Those nights weren't always (or even usually) about sex, any more than they nights they'd spent downstairs with me were. Sure, Karen would still want me to make love with her a few times a month, and Donna continued to ask me to have sex with her, too. Even Wendy was willing for the two of us to engage in mutually pleasuring each other orally a couple times a month. In between nights

with one of the girls, I shared Teresa's bed; at her suggestion, I eventually agreed to move my clothes upstairs rather than have to go through the bother of traipsing downstairs to get dressed for work.

Not once did Teresa or any of the girls say anything to me about getting married again — but it didn't take long for me to realize that that was what I wanted. I casually and obliquely queried each of them about it, and soon learned that even though they'd all like it to happen, none of them thought it was anything that should or had to be done.

So when I took all of them out for dinner and a little bit of a night on the town, all four were surprised and delighted when I formally got to one knee, presented Teresa with an engagement ring, and asked her if she'd do me the honor of becoming my wife; she somehow managed to tell me "Yes!" through her tears of happiness. Then I surprised all three of the girls by giving each of *them* a ring, too, and telling them how much I loved them.

The wedding was a quiet, closed event for just me, Teresa, the girls, and Teresa's parents — who were nearly as delighted by the marriage as she was.

Up until the time that each of the girls left home to go to college, I continued to share their beds. Donna elected to remain a virgin (or, at least, half a virgin) up until she got married, and I made sure she knew that I respected her and the choice she'd made. After she turned fifteen, Wendy decided that she was ready, and I was the one to deflower her at her request — made in front of her sisters and mother. For that special event, the night was spent in the privacy of my former apartment. Wendy didn't have any of the nervousness that Karen had had, and was as agreeable and eager as she could be. It was marginally more trouble dealing with her maidenhead, but we got it taken care of without causing her any pain; after that, she was easily as willing and enthusiastic as Karen.

Even after all of them had gone out on their own, so that it was just me and Teresa, I was happy — not just from the incredible sex, but with the company I had. Teresa's personality and temperament were virtually a mirror image of what Judy's had been, and I was **always** happy with the decision to have her as my wife.