

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

As for you, Gilgamesh, fill your belly with good things; day and night, night and day, dance and be merry, feast and rejoice. Let your clothes be fresh, bathe yourself in water, cherish the little child that holds your hand, and make your wife happy in your embrace; for this too is the measure of man.

Chapter Eleven

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 34; Siobhan Stuart, 33 in story, 16 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 7; Arial Stuart, 6; Kerry Stuart, 2

Grandpa Stuart, 64; Grandma Stuart, 62

Nicholas Stamapoulas, 15 in flashback; Sebastian Stamapoulas, 17 in flashback

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(KIERAN)

Siobhan and I went to bed as soon as the kids were settled for the night. Kerry had skipped his mid-day nap and he zonked out while I was reading to him. Kavan and Arial weren't quite ready for bed and I told them to do whatever they wanted to as long as they did it quietly.

Siobhan and I were close together in bed. She was propped up on pillows with the blanket and quilt pulled up to her waist. I was lying against her with the side of my face between her breasts. Even with her flannel nightgown between us, I loved to feel the softness and warmth of her.

We were doing my second-best most favorite thing in bed with each other – talking quietly and being close to each other.

“Did you enjoy the weekend with my parents?” I asked.

“I always do, Kieran,” Siobhan answered. “They’re wonderful people. I do wish they wouldn’t spoil our three kids so much, though. They let them get away with everything.”

“Aw, come on, Siobhan, that’s the way grandparents are supposed to be, isn’t it? We have all the responsibilities of raising them. All they have to do is love them and enjoy them.”

“I suppose so. I know they love Kavan and Arial but Kerry’s got your mother wrapped around his little finger. Did you see the look on her face when he was in her lap and he put his little face between her breasts and sort of sniffed a couple of times and then closed his eyes and hugged up against her?”

“What’s wrong with that? He loves your breasts too. I’ve seen you lots of times holding him against your breasts and then sitting there quiet and dreamy-eyed. Matter of fact, I like it when you hold me like that.”

“I like it too, Kieran, but I wonder what your mother would think if she saw me holding Kerry like that when I don’t have any clothes on. He loves to put his hand on my breast and play with my nipple when we’re quiet like that. Sometimes he still likes to suck on it a little. She’d probably think that’s something horrible.”

“I like to do the same thing with you. There’s nothing horrible about it. Can I do it now?”

“If you want to.”

I leaned away from her and managed to unbutton, rather awkwardly, enough of her nightgown to expose her breasts. I played Kerry and put my face between them, sniffed a couple of times, and then closed my eyes and hugged up against her. She put her hand on my cheek and let her fingers slide softly up and down.

“Did I ever tell you I love you?” I asked.

“I think so. You can tell me again.”

“I do love you, Siobhan. When you hold me against you like this and I know you want me to be here, my heart feels like it’s overflowing. That’s love, isn’t it?”

“I suppose so. It is nice, isn’t it?”

“Uh, huh.”

“What were you and your father laughing about when you came back from your walk?”

“What? I don’t remember.”

“You know, when you and Grandpa and the boys came back from your walk along the creek, when you came upstairs into the kitchen. Your Mother and Arial and I were fixing dinner.”

“Oh, that. It’s nothing. It’s a guy thing.”

“You can’t tell me?”

“Uh, uh.”

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to turn over and go to sleep. Are you finished?”

“Wait! What do I get if I tell you?”

“I don’t know. What do you want?”

“You know what I want.”

“Well, you might get that.”

“It was just something Dad always did with me and Alan when he took us fishing.”

“Tell me and I’ll open my nightgown again.

“Alan and I always loved to go fishing with Dad. It’s probably because he didn’t act like a father and didn’t treat us like kids. It was just like we were all three equals, kidding each other, cussing, swimming when the water was warm enough, most of the time skinny dipping, getting into water fights, and stuff like that. Sometimes Dad would get us to stand in front of him in the water. He’d duck his head under water, feel down our legs, and come up with his hands under our feet. We’d go flying and come down in a cannon-ball splash. Sometimes, he’d help us climb up on his shoulders and we’d dive off.”

“But you didn’t go swimming with Kavan and Kerry at the creek, did you?”

“No, but we did something Alan and I used to do with Dad. Even Kerry did it. It’s just a little ritual we went through every time we went fishing with Dad. We usually drove about a half hour or so from home

to the spot where Dad liked to fish. Once we got there, we'd park and walk down to the rocks on the riverbank. We'd line up with Dad in the middle and Alan on one side, me on the other. Dad would always say the same thing: 'I've got to PEE,' with an emphasis on the last word. We'd all unzip, pull out our dicks, and let fly. Some times we'd try to see who could piss the farthest. Then when we finished and were zipping our pants, Dad would always say something about how great it was to be a man and to take a good hot piss on such a fine day."

"That's why you didn't want to take Arial, isn't it?"

"I guess so. When Dad suggested we go for a walk, he leaned over and whispered 'I've got to pee,' in my ear. I guess he was remembering the way it was when he took us fishing. Maybe he wanted me to remember it so I'd do it with Kavan and Kerry."

"Why? Was it some sort of father-son thing? Do guys do stuff like that when they go fishing?"

"I don't know about other guys. When we were going down the hill, Dad asked me if I remembered the time I'd tried to show him and Alan up when we did it."

"What did you do?"

"On one trip, I decided I'd show off when we went through the ritual. I was about fourteen then and always doing something dumb. I drank a quart of water before we left. On the trip, I started getting those urges that say GO PEE and I was determined I was going to hold it until we stopped. I was squirming enough to cause Alan to notice but, when he asked what was wrong, I just smiled and replied nothing. When we got lined up and Dad said the magic words, I whipped out my dick and let fly. Dad and Alan started too and then finished about the same time. I kept pissing and they both turned to look at me. I started whistling and kept pissing. It seemed like another minute before I finished. When I did, I calmly milked my dick down and shook it to get the last drops off."

"That's it?"

"Not quite. You've got to say the right words. I looked at the two of them and said in a loud voice, 'It's great to be a man and take a good hot piss on a beautiful spring day like this.'"

"What did your father have to say about your performance?"

“He just smiled, ruffled my hair, and called me a little squirt. I couldn’t resist piping up again. I said ‘No, me no little squirt! Dad biggest squirt. Alan next biggest squirt, me big squirt too!’ When we got ready to leave, Dad called both of us to him. He wrapped one arm around me and one around Alan, pulled both of us close to him, and kissed us on our cheeks. I could tell he was choked up when he said ‘I’ll remember this day as long as I live. I’ve never tried to hide how much I love your mother, but sometimes I may not remember to show how much I love my boys. Don’t you ever forget that I do.’”

“So that’s what you and your father did with Kavan and Kerry when you went for a walk?”

“Yeah, you remember when I told you about Allison and what we did in the Indian cave?”

“Yes, little tomboy Allison.”

“Well, we walked up the creek to that area where the rock outcropping is, where the cave is. You’ve been there. Remember the huge rock shelf I showed you, the one that overhangs the creek, where I told you I liked to fish?”

“I remember.”

“We lined up on the shelf, with Kavan and Kerry between us. When Dad said ‘I’ve got to pee,’ Kavan piped up, ‘me too,’ just like he knew what was going on. I pulled Kerry’s pants down so he could get to his dick and held his hand while we lined up beside Dad and Kavan. When Dad let lose, Kavan did too. Kerry was watching me so I let fly too, and then damned if he didn’t start peeing too. He’s a real pisser. I think he was trying for distance. When he started giggling, Dad did too and he infected Kavan and that got to me.”

“Do you think that’s something you ought to be teaching your boys, Kieran?”

“You’re damned right, I do. I told you, it’s a guy thing. There’s nothing better than pissing in the creek with your father and your sons.”

“You don’t think it’s silly?”

“Hell, no. When we got through, Dad said the same words he always said with Alan and me. ‘It’s great to be a man and to take a good hot piss on a beautiful spring day like this.’ Then when we started back, he asked Kavan to repeat what he’d said. Kavan did and Dad told him that he had to remember that so he could teach his sons.”

“Tell me some more about your parents, what it was like when you were growing up. Were they as loving with each other when you were a kid as they are now?”

“Well, they weren’t as open about things as we are with our kids. They’d never talk about the specifics of their love life but they sure as hell didn’t go out of their way to hide anything. Mom would sit in Dad’s lap sometimes when he was reading and start kissing him. I mean, open mouth, like teenagers, and they let us kids see them do it. Dad would grab Mom in the kitchen and pull her up against him. He’d lean on the counter, put his hands on her ass, and she’d go sort of dreamy eyed while he whispered something to her. And I’d be sittin’ there eatin’ breakfast before school - with a hard-on.”

“You say they were open in showing their love for each other - around you kids? Tell me something you remember, an example.”

“I remember a good one. Once while the three of us kids were still at home, we went for a walk down below the house while the creek was in flood. We took off our sneakers when we saw we were going to get muddy. When we went back to the house, we used the hose behind the house to wash off our feet.”

“When we went to the kitchen door, the door was open, and, on the other side of the screen door, our parents were so wrapped up in each other, they didn’t see us. Mom was leaning back against a kitchen counter with her legs spread. Dad was standing close to her, between her legs. His white robe was open in front and Mom’s hands were doing something down between them. Her dress was pulled up part way and unbuttoned down part of the front.”

“Kara motioned for us to go back down the steps and around the corner of the house. When we were all out of sight, she said in a loud voice, ‘Don’t get that mud on me.’ Alan and I caught on and started talking too. When we went back to the kitchen door this time, Mom and Dad were still close but Dad’s robe and Mom’s dress were closed. When we were all in the kitchen, Dad looked at us and said, ‘You could’ve come on in the first time. We were just getting warmed up.’ Kara said, ‘You looked pretty hot to me. You two need to get a room.’”
“Mom took Dad’s hand and said, ‘That’s a great idea. The ham comes out of the oven at five-thirty. You can set the table but if we’re not down by six, you can eat without us.’ And we watched as she led him up the stairs, with a big bulge in the front of his robe.”

“Were they open and honest in teaching you about sex?” Siobhan asked. “Were they like we’re trying to be?”

“I suppose so. They would never answer specific questions about their sex life, what they did with each other. They made us keep our questions generalized but they answered them with the best they could. There were times when all five of us were together and one of us kids would bring up a sexual topic. Mom might answer with her viewpoint. Or maybe Dad would. Sometimes, they’d disagree and then argue it out in front of us. But mostly, Alan and I took our questions to Dad, especially when we went somewhere together, like on our fishing trips.”

“When we buy a house, are you going to want a place to work on cars like your Dad does? I’ve known him about, what, eight years now, and he’s always got an old car or truck he’s working on.”

“I’d love to be able to do that. One of these days, I’d like to take your little Beamer and fix it up. I’d love to save it and give it to one of our kids.”

“That’s my car, Kieran,” she said. “You gave it to me when we married and we traded in my old wreck on a new one for you. I love that car.”

“Me too, but it’s showing a lot of wear and tear. I’d like to try to make it like new again.”

“Well, just don’t ask me to give it up right now.”

“Some day, I hope I can buy you a new one, another BMW. I’d love for you to have a brand-new car that nobody else has ever driven.”

“Silly, I don’t need a new car.”

“I don’t care. I love you and I want to give you one.”

“When you told me about Alison - What were you, thirteen then? – you told me he and another man worked on that Studebaker Advantage. Did you and Alan work on cars with him when you were little or just when you started thinking about driving?”

“Studebaker Avanti!”

“What?”

“The car – it was a Studebaker Avanti, not Advantage.”

“That’s not a word.”

“Yeah, it is. It’s Italian. I think it is.”

“How do you guys know all those car names, anyway?”

“I don’t but Dad did teach me and Alan how to do lots of stuff on cars. They bought the house about a year after I was born, I think. Originally it had just a one-car garage in the basement. They added the two-car garage on the side a few years later. That’s when Dad started using the basement one to fool around with cars. He was a civil engineer for years but he moved into management positions by the time I was six. His job was white collar then. I think he loved to work on cars just so he could get his hands dirty.”

“And his little boys just loved to get dirty too.”

“Yeah, Alan and I both learned to love working on cars well before we could even drive legally - Dad let me drive for the first time when I was thirteen. We’ve spent more hours than I could count working with him. It wasn’t unusual for someone to come to the basement and find all three of us in filthy overalls and covered with grease and dirt.”

“I’ll bet your mother didn’t care much for that.”

“No, no, she really approved of it. She knew where Dad was and where we were. She encouraged us to work together. She’d bring us something cold to drink when the weather was hot. Besides, we knew the rules. We never wore good clothes and we had those overalls that got washed about once a month. Dad installed that big basement shower so we could bathe before going upstairs. We kept terry-cloth robes down there so we could go upstairs clean.”

“You three showered together?”

“We did that from the time I was a child too small to remember until I left home for college. Even after that, I’d go home and help Dad and we’d still shower together. Alan and I both loved to do it. I still do.”

“So you three were OK being naked around each other,” she said.

“Oh, yes. I think I can remember when I was about four or five and my father used to bathe me. The thing that makes me remember is that he always used to pull back the foreskin on my penis and wash it carefully. He had a standard joke he said every time he did it. ‘Remember to wash behind your ears.’ Even later when I was older and washing myself, he’d say that to me or my brother. All three of use would laugh and pull back our foreskins and wash.”

“I noticed your father wasn’t circumcised. So many women I know, they and their husbands, they just seem to think all little babies should be circumcised. Why weren’t you?”

“I don’t know. Dad was left natural and he stood the doctors down that nobody would do it to his sons.”

“Did you ever talk to your father about it?”

“Yeah, after I noticed that some kids had a dick that looked like it had been mutilated. I asked Dad why it was done. He told me that some were done for stupid religious reasons and some were done because the doctors mistakenly believed it was better for males. He said if I always remembered to wash behind my ears, I’d have no problems and wouldn’t cause any for anyone else. I still remember how he told me someday I’d come to him and say ‘Thanks, Dad.’ And then he added that when I started having sex with women, they’d probably feel the same way.”

“So that’s why you’ve always told Kavan and Kerry to remember to wash behind their ears, when you mean to wash under their foreskin? And he’s right; I do feel the same way. You can tell him thanks, Dad.”

“I already have. One night, when we all three came up from the basement in our robes, Mom was in the kitchen and she asked if we had a good shower. I piped up, ‘Sure did, Mom. I even remembered to wash behind my ears.’”

“Did she know what you meant?”

“She never looked up from what she was doing. Just said, ‘That’s good, Son, I’m sure all your lady loves will appreciate that.’ I remember blushing and looking at Dad. He was pretending to look at something on the ceiling but I saw the smile on his face.”

“When are we going to start looking for a new house?” Siobhan asked.

“I check the paper every week. When you’re ready, we’ll try to decide what we want and we’ll talk to a realtor.”

“Well, I’d like one with a basement like your parents’ house but I don’t want one with two floors. I don’t see how your mother stood it, running up and down those stairs, with three kids to take care of. I’d like to have the bedrooms on the same floor as all the living areas.”

“And I’d like one a little farther out of town, where we’ve got some room and some trees like my parent’s house. It would be great if we

could find one on the top of a hill with a creek behind it so nobody could build there. Alan and I loved the creek behind our parents' house. We did lots of skinny dipping there."

"If we get one with a basement, do you want a big basement shower like the one at your parents' house?" Siobhan asked me, with a big smile.

"Yeah, that would be nice."

I knew what she was getting at. When my father and I had come back up the hill with from our walk with Kavan and Kerry, he'd asked me if I'd like to shower before we ate. We were all a little muddy and dirty but it wasn't anything that wouldn't have brushed off. I knew he wanted to and I did too. We stripped the boys and then ourselves and then played in the shower a little too noisily. Arial came down the stairs to see if she could shower with us.

"I think Arial felt sort of abandoned, when you left her and took the boys to the creek. When she heard all of you in the shower, she almost cried to join you."

"You shouldn't have sent her to ask my permission. You know she can use those blue eyes on me and wrinkle up her nose and I'll do anything she asks. I never expected Mom to do what she did, though."

"I tried to talk Arial out of asking you. I was afraid your Mom wouldn't like it but she was there in the kitchen. She asked Arial if she did that at home and when she said she did, Grandma said to just let her go ahead."

"But what caused my mother to do what she did?" I asked.

"I don't know. She heard Kavan and Arial and Kerry squealing and giggling. That's when she took me by the hand and asked if we could go sit on the steps and watch."

"It's been a long time since she's done anything like that. Alan and I never tried to hide from Kara and Mom but we weren't really nude around each other much. They might come down in the basement while we were showering but they gradually stopped when Alan started developing."

"You and you father had your backs turned to the stairs. Arial saw us. I'm surprised she didn't tell you we were behind you."

"I had no idea you two were there. I don't guess Dad did either."

“Well, we sat and watched the five of you for a few minutes and then your mother got up, began to strip off, and said to me, ‘Come on, I’ve wanted to do things like this all my life and I’m not getting any younger.’ I don’t know who was more surprised - you or your father.”

“Did you notice when my father turned around with his back to you? He had a semi-woody.”

“It looked more like a real boner to me. I saw it. Yours is just like his.”

“I guess that’s why he turned one shower to cold and then got under it. He probably didn’t want Mom to see how he reacted to you.”

“She saw it too. She told me later. She didn’t mind, just told me to think of it as a compliment.”

“Can you feel me complimenting you?”

“Is that what it is? It’s hardly a compliment.”

“You’re going to get it if you wise off again.”

“Why don’t they ever come to the cabin, not with the whole group, but just with our family and Alan’s and Kara’s? They know about it, don’t they?”

“Sure, they know a big bunch of us get together once in a while. I didn’t think they knew about us going skinny dipping and running around naked. It surprised the hell out of me when Mom said something about it.”

“Arial started talking about it when you were down at the creek with your father and the boys. Your Mom wasn’t surprised. She said Kara had told her years ago. When she started asking me questions about it, I couldn’t help but tell her all about it.”

“You just told her what goes on and it’s nothing to be ashamed about. I’m happy with the group and all the kids. I guess that’s why I spoke up too quickly and invited them to join us one weekend. I don’t think they would’ve even considered it if Kavan and Arial hadn’t started begging them too. I’m going to talk to Alan and Kara and get them to discuss it with their families. I think everybody will be for it, especially the five other grandkids. I told Grandma and Grandpa they could keep their clothes on at the cabin or not. But you know they’ll give in when eight grandkids start working on them. I think if we do

it, we'd better just let it be a family thing, nobody else except direct family."

"I hope so. It would be great to have all of your family there, just one big family, seeing everybody playing at the creek, naked, acting silly. It's a lot of fun."

"Yeah, it is. Just think, someday, we can do it with our kids and grandkids. Wonder how many grandkids we'll have."

We were both quiet then. I was remembering all the wonderful times I had enjoyed with my family and how lucky I was to have been raised the way I was. At the same time, I was wondering what it would be like in twenty years when we were grandparents.

Siobhan finally said, "I've got to PEE too."

When she came back, I gave her a couple of minutes to get warm again and then I slid my hand up under her nightgown. She parted her legs slightly without me asking.

"I'm not ready to go to sleep yet. How about telling me a story? I asked."

"I'm not as good at that as you are," she answered. "My imagination is just not like yours."

"Oh, come on, Siobhan, just use something you really did and fuck around with it a little. Like that summer you spent with your parents in Greece. I bet you got fucked then. Did you get it Greek style? Did your gyros come in your pita with tzatziki sauce?"

She had to stop and think about that for a while.

"Are you trying to say my pussy is a pita?"

"No. Don't you know what P-I-T-A stands for? There's a manager at work who's always called that behind his back."

"OK, smarty, what does it stand for?"

"Pain In The Ass."

"Kieran, sometimes I can't make these connections the way you do. Pain in the ass. Greek style. And then you talk about food."

"Well, I was just thinking something else good to eat, except for you."

“Do you want a story or not?”

“Yeah, but just get right to the dirty parts. Condense the parts where there’s no fucking.”

“If it weren’t for fucking and eating, you’d have no reason to exist.”

“I know. But tell me the story. And I want just the fucks, M’am, just the fucks.”

“Yes, Sergeant Friday, are you sure you don’t want to hear about the Greek food we ate and the wine we drank?”

“Sure, I’m always a sucker for something good to eat.”

(SIOBHAN)

“You know my father is a college professor with a reputation in Roman and Greek art, especially frescos and those images made with little tiles. He was one of a team that went to Greece to try to preserve a mosaic found in an old building, one that had been used as a goat barn for centuries. It was originally a temple. I was sixteen that summer. My mom and I and my younger brother, Brian, went with him for the summer. I think Brian was 14 then.”

“Did Brian get a little pussy that summer?”

“No, Kieran, he got a lot of pussy. Be good. Do you want me to tell this or not?”

“OK, OK, I’ll be good. It’s hard to be good.”

I knew the Mae West response, “It’s got to be hard to be good.”

“It’s almost hard now, Siobhan.”

“I can feel that, Kieran. Now, for the last time, do you want a story?”

“Yeah, I guess so. A little tale first, then a little tail later.”

“What? Oh, you’re naughty.”

“Yeah, I try. Tell the story.”

“We stayed with a Greek teacher and his wife who had a villa close to the research site. They had three children, Nicholas was fifteen,

Sebastian, seventeen, and their sister, Ekaterina, was twenty-one. She'd been married but she left her husband and came back home because he abused her. Brian and I played with their three kids all summer."

"OK," Kieran said, "tell me about the eating first and then the fucking."

"One of their grandmothers lived with them and prepared dinner every night. You'd have loved eating her cooking. Everything she fixed was traditional Greek food. Most nights we had something that came out of the Mediterranean. Every night the entrée was fish, chicken, or lamb. I didn't taste beef all summer and never missed it. Ekaterina helped her most nights and I tried to help too."

"Is that where you learned to make such good moussaka and dolmades? What was so good about theirs?"

"Yiayia raised her own herbs and she'd get me or Ekaterina to pick what she wanted for the night meal. They had a couple of lemon trees and she used them in cooking most everything. Same thing with the dolmades; she'd ask one of us to pick her some fresh grape leaves when she fixed it. Everything was like that – made with fresh stuff. She almost never opened a can."

"Who's yiayia?" Kieran asked.

"It's Greek for grandmother. That's what everybody called her so we did too."

"Did they have good wine too?"

"They bottled their own. We had it at least twice a day. We usually had milk and coffee with breakfast and then wine with lunch and dinner."

"Got a little buzz on twice a day, did you?"

"No, Kieran. The wine was just part of a meal. Sometimes yiayia would mix it with water. Sometimes she'd fix it like sangria with lemon and oranges. We never drank ice water. It was always just cool, maybe with lemon or mint in it. I loved all the fresh mint."

"Was Ekaterina dark and stacked and sexy? I don't know what Greek women are like except what I've seen in movies."

"Some Greeks do have dark skin and hair, maybe most of them. Some are fair and blond. I don't think I saw another redhead all summer."

“What were the boys like? I’ll bet they were sexy little satyrs, weren’t they?”

“Yes, they were. Nicholas and Sebastian were both tall and thin and still looked like boys. They were browned from the sun and so cute my panties got drenched the first time I saw them.”

“I love drenched panties, especially with tzatziki sauce,” Kieran said without opening his eyes. “Now tell me about all the fucking you did.”

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Nicholas got to me first. He took me to a secluded beach that the local kids used. We had to climb down an almost-vertical cliff side to a little beach that couldn’t be seen from above. He said the boys who came there swam in the nude. He couldn’t talk me into trying that but I did agree to go topless. When I got in the water, I scratched my leg on some sort of seashell on the side of a rock. I got out of the water and the scratch was burning and painful. Nicholas volunteered to clean it the way the boys did when they got scratched – with his mouth. He put his mouth on my thigh and licked the scratch clean. I got so hot I didn’t resist when he moved up to my crotch, pulled my bikini bottom to one side and started using his tongue on my cunt. I think he could have shucked an oyster with his tongue. After I had one orgasm that way, he pulled his briefs and mine off and lowered himself between my legs. His cock was long and slim and he knew how to use it.

“I love raw oysters, with hot sauce,” Kieran said.

Sebastian got to me next. He took me dancing at one of the local clubs where his friends congregated. After a few hours of Greek dancing, ouzo and some other stuff to drink, and the warm summer night, I was ready for almost anything. On the walk back to the villa, Sebastian pulled me into an alcove in a stone wall and kissed me. Within a few minutes, he had my breasts and his cock out. Then my panties came off and his pants dropped down. He took me standing up, slipping another long slim cock into my cunt, and pounding away. We were both panting and sweaty. When he shoved his dick in to the hilt and I felt him come, I came so hard I almost broke his dick off.

After that, I tried to keep anyone from knowing when I was fucking them, one after the other. Since I roomed with their sister and Brian roomed with Nicholas and Sebastian, it wasn’t long before the secret got out. One afternoon, the five of us were down in an old wine cellar sampling some of the family’s own. The cellar was really ancient, walled with logs that had washed up over two hundred years ago. The

boys were showing me some of the original names and dates carved on the logs. Everyone else was gone and would be gone until late that night. Ekatarina asked what Nicholas and Sebastian and I would think if she and Brian went to her room and the two boys and I stayed in the cellar. I was surprised since I was pretty sure my brother was a virgin. When I asked him, he admitted it and then said Ekatarina had agreed to help him get over that.

“Anyway, it’s not fair for the three of you to be getting all you want,” Brian said, “and Ekatarina isn’t getting any and I’ve never had any.”

I looked at Nicholas and Sebastian and asked which one had talked about what we’d been doing. Ekaterina answered that they both had, as they always did. So she told my brother and suggested that the two of them could both benefit from some private time together.

We all agreed and Ekatarina and my brother went to her room. The boys and I stayed in the wine cellar. It had a bed constructed in an alcove in one corner, with rough blankets thrown over it.

The three of us stood in the center of the wine cellar. I was warm and woozy with the wine in spite of the coolness in the cellar. I was uncertain what I was getting into or maybe what was getting into me. Nicholas looked from me to his brother and whispered a few words in Greek. Sebastian immediately took charge. He pointed to Nicholas and spoke to me: “Undress him.”

I went to Nicholas, unbuttoned his shirt, and stripped it off his shoulders. When I unbuttoned his shorts, I could see the bulge of his cock pressing against the fabric, already half hard. When I pulled them down, his long slim cock sprang out at me, lifting its head, foreskin retracting, all so quickly that I was afraid for a moment of what we were about to do. Nicholas also seemed a little hesitant. I kneeled in front of him, held his cock straight toward me, and took the head in my mouth. I sucked on it, pulling down on the skin around the base and using my tongue on the area just under the head. When I stood up and took his cock in my hand, it was completely hard and engorged, blue veins standing out along the shaft.

Sebastian put his hands on my shoulders and turned me around: “Now me.”

I quickly stripped him too, watching a repeat performance as his cock sprang to erection. I looked from one to the other, comparing their cocks. When I said something about them being the same size, Nicholas said no they weren’t and pulled his foreskin out about an inch over the head of his penis.

I thought they'd at least help me get undressed but they just waited, Sebastian leaning against the wall, Nicholas sitting on the side of the bed. I had to take my own clothes off. When I took my wet panties off, I threw them at Nicholas. They stuck to his face.

"I love wet panties, especially with tzatziki sauce," Kieran said, his eyes still closed.

"I know, love, that's why I stuck that little lie in, just for you."

Sebastian stood up beside the bed and said a few words to Nicholas in Greek. In English, he told me to get on the bed. Nicholas immediately moved to the center of the bed, on his back. His cock extended back up toward his navel, lifted an inch or so over his stomach.

"Fuck him," Sebastian said from behind me.

I moved over Nicholas, one knee on each side of his stomach, my hands on his chest. I looked down at him, into his eyes, while I reached under for his cock. He gasped a little when I took it into me. I stopped well before all of his cock was in my cunt, closed my eyes, and contracted my muscles around it. I heard Nicholas breathing in again through his mouth. He put his hands on my hips and I felt him thrust gently upwards.

Slowly, I began to move up and down, concentrating on the movement of our bodies. For a few minutes, I floated in the unconscious flow of our fucking, my eyes closed, feeling his cock filling my cunt to its depth each time I pressed down against his stomach. When I pressed downward harder, trying to take in all of his cock, I could feel the head pressing against my cervix.

I remembered that Sebastian was also present and wondered where he was. I opened my eyes and saw him standing beside the bed, looking at where Nicholas' cock was hidden. He held his own cock in his right hand, slowly stroking it. He caught my eyes and smiled wickedly at me.

I closed my eyes again, thinking "Let him watch, then," and returned to Nicholas. He held me still over him, hands on my hips, while he thrust upward into me, long slow ins until the base of the shaft disappeared in my pubic hair, and outs until just the head was barely within the inner lips of my cunt.

Then I felt other hands on my hips, not just Nicholas' hands, four hands now. Sebastian was on the bed behind me; he moved closer

until the front of his thighs were against the back of mine and his hard cock was against my buttocks. His hands slid down and under to my breasts, cupping then, fingers and thumbs playing with my nipples. I realized that there was another opening just where his cock was pressing and I felt a touch of fear that he might attempt to use it. I almost dismissed the idea as ridiculous but then I remembered a romance novel I had read in which a man made love to a woman and 'used her in the Greek way.' I had wondered then what that meant. Now I knew and I wanted it but was afraid of it at the same time.

Then Nicholas stopped his thrusts and pushed me upwards until his cock came out. Immediately, Sebastian guided his cock into me, again filling me, and pressed me downward until I lay flat on Nicholas' stomach. His cock was a hot rigid pressure against my clitoris and pubic bone. Sebastian's cock was hot and hard in my cunt.

Sebastian was still for a few seconds, holding me sandwiched between his body and that of his brother. Then he rose up on his knees behind me, hands still on my hips pulling me up, and began to move, giving me the same slow in and out, gradually growing harder and faster, until he was slapping against my thighs and I could feel the impact of his testicles as they swung against me.

I heard him whisper one Greek word and then he pulled out. Nicholas' hands took charge, lifting me slightly, while he probed blindly with the head of his cock for my cunt. I was about to help when he found the right spot and then he was in to the hilt, slowly thrusting.

A minute or so later, I was handed off again and Sebastian was slamming his cock into me.

Then Nicholas again.

And Sebastian.

And Nicholas.

I was completely lost in the red heat of their shared fucking, knowing that they could do whatever they wanted with me and I would accept it. I lost track of whose cock was in me.

Finally my own body took charge. I began to come and instinctively pressed downward against Nicholas, realizing that it was his cock in me. I moaned out loud as a strong series of contractions gripped me, my cunt squeezing around the base of Nicholas' cock. Nicholas held me tight against his chest, his mouth whispering something in my ear, until it was all over.

He said something to his brother and again pushed me up and back. I felt Sebastian's hands back on my hips and his cock probing for my cunt.

Nicholas moved up to the top of the bed. I felt his wet cock sliding upward on my stomach, between my breasts, beneath my chin. I felt his thighs framing my head and his hands under my chin, gently lifting it until his cock was at my mouth. I opened my mouth and started sucking on it.

Sebastian waited until Nicholas was settled to resume his movement. Again, he started slowly, with long easy thrusts, probing, pushing, and burying his cock totally within me. Gradually, he increased his speed, slamming against me until the slapping noise was clearly audible. My cunt felt like it was on fire.

Nicholas was also clearly enjoying what I was doing to the head of his cock with my mouth. He moaned each time I circled the rim with my tongue and then sucked on it as hard as I could. I wondered which one of them would come first and, if Nicholas, what I would do if he came in my mouth.

Just then, Sebastian came, in jerky violent thrusts. I could feel the muscular contractions in his cock that sent his semen flying against my cervix. I even seemed to feel the hot wet discharge filling me but I knew it was impossible to distinguish his wetness from my own.

Sebastian scared me when he grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled my head back sharply, forcing my mouth to abandon Nicholas' cock. "Fuck her, Nick," he commanded, and immediately began to rearrange our bodies.

Sebastian was sitting on the side of the bed. Nicholas was on top of me, inside me, his eyes locked on mine. His cock made squishing noises, moving in and out of the combined wetness of Sebastian's semen and my lubrication. I couldn't distinguish his cock from Sebastian's. Finally I could feel my body trembling and I locked my arms around Nicholas' chest. A minute more and I lifted my legs and locked them around his waist, my ankles crossed, and my heels pressing down on his ass. With one last thrust, he buried all of his cock in my cunt. I felt an orgasm begin and I wasn't sure whose orgasm it was.

"Hot tzatziki sauce," Kieran interrupted. "A double cream pie! Did one of the boys eat it?"

“Don’t be nasty, Kieran. Not everybody likes it like you do.”

Nicholas collapsed off me, his back against the wall beside the bed. Sebastian stretched out beside me, on the other side. The three of us lay in a confused tangle, all still breathing harder than normal, six legs, six arms wound together with no self-consciousness about who was touching whom. I felt one hand moving over my breasts and another cupped over my cunt, one finger lazily probing the wet lips. I could feel their combined semen oozing out of my cunt and down the crack of my ass. I searched with both hands and found their cocks, wet and slippery with our juices, both softer now but still engorged.

I looked at the brothers in turn. Both had their eyes closed. I knew that if I closed mine, I might sleep. I let myself float again, this time in the darkness behind my eyelids.

I was awakened by Nicholas, his arm reaching across my stomach, his hand gently pulling on my hip. When I turned sleepily to face him, I felt his cock, hot and hard again, pressed against my belly. He brought one finger up to my lips, signaling me to be quiet. I wondered if Sebastian was still asleep.

Nicholas reached down behind my thigh and slowly, furtively pulled my leg upward and over his body. At the same time, he slid downward on the bed, trailing the head of his cock through my pubic hair and between my legs. I felt the smooth head pushing, probing, and trying blindly to find the opening between the lips of my cunt. I reached down with one hand and held his cock while he pushed upward. I rubbed the head back and forth, feeling my inner lips separating, and the hot fluids of our previous fucking coating my fingers and the head of his cock. He pressed upward again and half the length of his cock slid easily into me.

He pushed downward on my leg, straightening it, while at the same time pulling me tighter against him. We were face to face, my breasts pressed against his chest, my stomach against his, and my legs against his. One of his arms was under my neck, curved around, hand against my back. The other held me by the hip. In this position, I knew his cock couldn’t penetrate deeply into me. His back was against the wall behind him. With me in front and so little room for movement, I wondered what he wanted. Then slowly, oh so slowly, he began to move his hips, no more than an inch or so. I closed my eyes again, already carried away just by feeling the head of his cock sliding just between the lips of my cunt.

Then Sebastian spooned up against my back. He slid one hand down between my stomach and his brothers’, searching for my cunt or

Nicholas' cock. He curved his hand around his brother's cock and moved it slowly back and forth. Then he traced down the shaft until he felt the lips of my cunt around it. He dipped one finger down into the juices flowing out of me and then sought out my clitoris. At the same time that he started gently stroking my clitoris, Nicholas resumed his lazy thrusts into me. Within a minute or so, I was lost again, aware only of hard cock and cunt and finger.

I could feel my orgasm gathering strength, getting ready to explode, and I involuntarily tightened the muscles in my legs and buttocks. Perhaps Sebastian understood my body's language because he suddenly guided his cock between my thighs. I started to say something but Nicholas pulled me even tighter against him, his mouth open against mine, his tongue probing between my lips above, just as his cock probed between my lips below. I relaxed against Nicholas, surrendering to whatever he wanted.

I could still feel Sebastian moving around behind me, the head of his cock rubbing against me and against Nicholas' cock.

Nicholas held me tightly against him still, his mouth on mine. I felt Sebastian stretch out behind me again, moving, positioning himself. I wondered what he was doing.

Nicholas put his hand under my knee and lifted my leg into the air. Between us, I could feel Sebastian's hand doing something. I was puzzled until I felt what seemed to be the head of a much larger cock pressing against me. And then I realized what they were trying to do. Sebastian now held his cock against his brother's, so that the two cock heads were both pressing against the lips of my vagina, trying to find entrance.

"Relax," Sebastian said. "We won't hurt you. I promise. If we hurt you, you can bite Nicholas' tongue off."

They both began to press upward into me. Sebastian was holding their cocks together and Nicholas had his hands on my shoulders pressing me down. I had never dreamed that anything like this was possible but it was. My cunt was already opened and relaxed with their separate fucking. It was dripping with the combination of their semen and my lubrication. Gradually, little by little, I could feel myself open until both were just inside my cunt lips

They both struggled to get deeper into me but it seemed to be physically impossible due to the position we were in. As long as they acted together, they could both withdraw until their cocks were just barely outside me and then push back in until the heads of their cocks

were just inside me. I was in a red-hot state of lust, wanting them deeper in me. Finally, I took charge.

“Wait,” I said, “let’s try a different position and see if it works.”

I got off the bed and made Nicholas lay down, propped up against the pillows at the top, legs spread. Next, I got Sebastian to sit astride Nicholas’ legs, with his butt down between on the bed. They understood what I was trying to do. Sebastian moved closer to Nicholas, until his cock and balls were pressing against his brother’s. I put some extra pillows behind him and he leaned back on them. They squirmed around a little more until they were satisfied with the result. Their cocks were both pressed together, sticking straight up, almost like one super cock.

I crawled back on the bed, straddled their bodies and gradually lowered myself onto them. Sebastian held their cocks together and Nicholas helped guide me into the right position. I could feel their combined girth pressing against me. Slowly, I pressed down until both heads were just inside me. Sebastian removed his hand and I slowly began to press down on the combined penis of the two. It, or they, slowly slid in, expanding the walls of my cunt in a combination of pain and pleasure. I don’t know what Sebastian could see. Nicholas and I watched in awed silence, as I was able to engulf their cocks until our pubic hairs co-mingled and blocked the view.

I closed my eyes, lost in a red fog of lust and sensation. I began to lift myself and then lower myself again, finding each downward movement easier. I could feel myself just on that threshold of orgasm, that moment when I usually went from wanting it to the inevitability of having it.

Nicholas and Sebastian were restricted in their ability to move but I could feel them both trying to thrust upward. They soon coordinated their movements, both pushing upward at the same time.

I felt a hot throbbing begin where we were joined. At first I couldn’t tell who was coming and then I realized that all three of us were orgasming at the same time. My vaginal muscles contracted and released in the same rhythm as their ejaculations. I knew we had accomplished something that I would never have dreamed possible, a simultaneous triple orgasm.

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“Hot tzatziki sauce,” Kieran said. “That is one unbelievable fuck story, Siobhan.”

“Unbelievable, hell, Kieran, that’s exactly the way it happened.”

“OK, OK, you can stop now. I’ll never be able to top that fantasy. You’ve the champ at story telling now. I don’t think I could ever tell one better than that.”

“It was no fantasy, Kieran. You know I did spend that summer in Greece. The story is the truth. But not all of the truth. Maybe someday, I’ll tell you about what the five of us did a few days later. We saw a Greek vase in a museum. It showed boys chasing some girls around the outside of the vase. They all had on togas and the boys all had hard-ons sticking out. We sneaked off to the excavation site one night and drank wine and tried to imitate the vase. But you don’t want to hear about that because it’s a fantasy. You know I’d never really fuck my little brother, don’t you?”

“I guess that’s the best part of these stories, isn’t it? Nobody will ever know if they were real or just a pack of lies.”

“What? You don’t think I could have a triple orgasm with two other men?”

“Well, would you settle for one with just one guy tonight?”

“If that’s the best you can do, I guess I’ll have to.”

“I’ll go down on you first, see if I can open your oyster with my tongue.”

“It’s already open; your finger’s a pretty good oyster shucker.”

“I’ll bet I can find a pearl with my tongue.”

“You’re welcome to try.”

“I’m going to tongue your pearl until you come.”

“Then what?”

“I’m going to slide my long slim Greek cock in you and give you some tzatziki sauce.”

“Promises, promises.”

“Then I’m going to go down on you and go slurp, slurp, slurp.”

“OK.”

“You don’t believe I will, do you?”

“I hope you will.”

Chapter Twelve

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Grandpa Stuart, 64; Grandma Stuart, 62

Alan Stuart, 39; Marissa Stuart, 37; Geoffrey (Jeff) Stuart, 14; Gillian Stuart, 13; Glynnis Stuart, 10; Jan, 14, Jeff’s girlfriend

Kara (Stuart) Russo, 37; Matteo Russo, 37; Alisa Russo, 15; Gianni (Johnnie) Russo, 13

Kieran Stuart, 34, 27 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 33, 26 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 7; Arial Stuart, 6; Kerry Stuart, 2

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart

(KIERAN)

Siobhan was standing at the kitchen sink looking out the window when I came in from work on Friday afternoon. The kitchen door to the back yard was open and I could hear the kids playing. She turned and looked at me and gave me a welcoming smile. I walked up behind her, wrapped my arms around her, and buried my face in her hair. I took a couple of deep breaths and pulled her against me. I was home.

“Did you call your brother and sister?” she asked.

“Uh huh,” I grunted.

“What did they say?”

I pulled my face back, still holding her, and we both watched the kids. Kerry was digging a hole in the dirt with a spoon and Kavan and Arial were squatted down watching him. They were all three barefooted and dressed in knit shirts and shorts.

“It’s all arranged,” I said. “In about two weeks, the twenty-seventh of May, we’re all going to the cabin. Alan’s already invited Mom and Dad and they’re coming too. We can celebrate Ariel’s birthday with them even if it’s a week late.”

“I hope the weather’s good. Kavan and Ariel are already asking me when they’re going to be able to go skinny-dipping. Do you think it’ll be warm enough then?”

“Sure. The creek water may be a little cold but I’ll bet the temperature will be in the eighties during the afternoon. We may freeze our butts off if we get in the creek but it’ll be nice to lie around in the sun.”

“Do you think your mother and father are going to go skinny-dipping too? Did Alan make sure they know all the grandkids will do it and I guess we will too? Are they going to be OK with it?”

“I’m pretty sure Dad will. He may even get in the creek with the rest of us. I don’t know about Mom. I’m betting she’ll go naked when the grandkids start begging her. I don’t think she’ll get in the creek through.”

“If we’re all there, that’ll be – how many – sixteen? I’ll call Marissa and Kara and we’ll get the groceries. Think about what you might like and let me know.”

“Anything will be OK with me. We should do a cookout on the deck on Saturday night and then cook Sunday lunch – or dinner, as my Mom always calls it – indoors. Just get the usual stuff. And it’s going to be seventeen there.’

“Oh, who else?”

“Jeff’s got a girlfriend. Her name’s Jan. She’s fourteen too. He wants to bring her with him.”

“Has she been to the cabin with Alan and Marissa and their kids before?”

“No. Marissa said she’s talked to them about it. She knows we all may go skinny-dipping or get naked and play. She says she’ll be OK with it.”

“I don’t know about that. If Jeff’s not used to seeing her naked, he may run around with a hard-on even more than he does now.”

“Damn, last fall it looked like it was hard all the time. I wish I was fourteen again.”

“Kieran, yours is hard often enough. Just don’t go getting a hard-on when you see Jan.”

“I can’t promise. Marissa said she’s a little sexpot. She’s got poor Jeff in heat already. Nah, that’s wrong. She’s the one who’s in heat; Jeff’s just sniffing at her pheromones.”

“Puppy love’s a good name for it, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I suppose so.”

“Would you like to put on some shorts and go play with the kids? I’ll finish supper, as your mother calls it.”

“OK. Did you get me any beer when you went shopping?”

“Yes. The kind you like. I’ll get you one while you change.”

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After supper, we played with the kids in the back yard. Spring’s warmth was already turning into summer’s heat and we were all hot and sweaty when we went in the house.

I asked Kavan and Arial if they wanted to bathe in the tub with Kerry and got two no’s. When I asked what they wanted, Kavan wanted to bathe with Siobhan and Arial wanted to bathe with me. Kerry didn’t answer but I knew he didn’t care whether he bathed or not.

We ended up with me in the shower with Arial and Siobhan in the tub with Kavan and Kerry. I squatted and shampooed and rinsed Arial’s hair first. I had to stand for a minute while my legs recovered so we played under the warm shower water. She kept looking at my dick but she didn’t try to grab it the way she usually does. I squatted and scrubbed her all over and decided showers weren’t made for squatting. I asked her if she could dry herself but she wanted me to do it. I let her stay while I washed myself. She watched intently as usual when I pulled back my foreskin and washed the head of my dick. She always seemed fascinated by the way boys were made.

When I turned off the shower and we got out, Siobhan and the boys were still in the tub and they were clean. I picked up Kerry and stood him on a towel. Kavan crawled out and Siobhan followed him. We

dried three kids and sent them on their way and then stood smiling at each other while we towed off.

We found them on the couch in the living room. Kavan already had a book and was reading to the other two. Kerry wasn't standing on his head for a change; he was actually sitting beside Kavan listening to the story. Siobhan went in the kitchen and I sat and listened while Kavan read to the other two. I was amazed as always by his vocabulary. When Arial took her turn at reading, I was amazed at hers. I knew they expected one of us to read to them too and I wondered what book they'd picked tonight. It turned out to be an easy one so I read it to them.

Later, when they were finally in bed and quiet, I decided it was time to tell Siobhan the news from work – the good and the bad.

“I've got some good news and some bad news about work,” I said. “Which do you want first?”

She looked at me and raised her eyebrows. I knew she could read me like a book and she knew the bad news wasn't that bad.

“The good news,” she said.

“Bridges may be getting a promotion. If he does, he'll have to relocate.”

“Is that good news,” she asked. “I know he's a little hard to work for but I thought you liked him.”

“I do. I like him and I respect him. He knows it. The company's opening a division in the mid-West. He's been asked if he wants to head it. It'll be about a year or so if he accepts the job. He'll still live here but he'll have to spend a lot of time there until they get all the construction done.”

She looked at me intently. I knew she knew there was more to it.

“If he takes the job, I may get his position here.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, he wants me to have it. He says he can't guarantee it but he says he'll recommend it and the company will probably give it to me. When he's away temporarily, he and I will have to work together but I'll be in charge of the division.”

“Do you want it?”

“Yeah, I can handle it. It means a very nice increase in salary.”

“What’s the bad news?”

“He’s screwing me again. In the ass and it’s a royal screwing. He’s given me another god damn project that’s under deadline and it’ll cost millions if it’s not done in time.”

She looked at me intently. “Kieran, do you remember the first time you said Mr. Bridges was screwing you?”

It didn’t take much thinking. I remembered.

“Yeah, I remember. That was a deadline job too and we were too damn short of help.”

“And the second? The third?”

I remembered. I knew there was a pattern over the years I’d been working with Bridges – periods of relative calm when I’d been able to do good work and enjoy it and then episodes of insanity when he gave me something that had to be done under deadline. I’d always delivered and he’d always recognized and rewarded my efforts.

“Do you remember what you did to me after the first one,” she asked. “I think there was somebody else who got screwed in the ass.”

I looked at her and she was smiling at me. I couldn’t help but smile too. I remembered it only too well. It was in our first year of marriage while she was still working too and we were just beginning to think of having kids.

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The week at work had been hard and frustrating. When we met at the car, to come home, I’d asked her to drive each time. I had been tired each night, with little inclination to do anything but watch television. She understood my mood and left me alone, waiting for me to get over it. On Friday, she called me in the early afternoon and suggested that we go out to dinner. I almost refused but, then, ashamed of my mood and understanding what she was trying to do, I agreed. We had both been wanting to try a new Italian restaurant we had found, a small Mom-and-Pop-type place which had a reputation for good food.

I was late meeting her after work but she only smiled when I finally got to the car. She talked and laughed about her day. I hardly said a word.

The meal was unbelievably good and we both ate until we were too stuffed to touch another bite. With dinner we had a bottle of wine and I drank too much of it. I began to feel the dark edges of my mood disappear. When we left the restaurant to go home, she suggested that she should drive. I was glad to give her the keys.

As she took off her clothes, she carefully hung her dress on a hanger. I watched as she took off her bra and panties and dropped them near the bathroom door. She ran her hands over her breasts and hips and then stretched, on tiptoe, her long legs apart, arms held high and spread wide. I wondered whether this was a calculated effort at seducing me or maybe of just getting me out of what she called my mean bastard mood.

When she bent over to pick up her underclothes, her ass was turned toward me, and her legs were parted just enough to give me a teasing view. She wasn't bashful when she was naked with me but this was an unexpected treat. As always I was struck by the beauty of her ass. Her buttocks were perfectly shaped, soft, and without any trace of excess fat. The skin was wonderfully smooth and unblemished. I had looked more than once for some imperfection, some mole, or scar, but there was nothing to mar the beauty of her ass. The perfect crease between her buttocks widened out into a darker shadowed area below. Through her legs, I could see the red hairs that covered her Mound of Venus. The crease of her cunt was hidden in shadows.

She lingered, bent over, longer than necessary to pick up her underclothes. I wondered again if it was deliberate temptation on her part. In the depths of my mood an idea came to me of something I might do to her. It was something I'd never tried before. I smiled to myself. What would she say if I asked?

I stripped off too, tossed my clothes aside, and slouched down in the one soft chair in the bedroom. I stretched my legs out in front of me and scratched a non-existent itch on my scrotum. I suppose it was a deliberate move to draw her attention toward me. My cock was distended but soft, resting on my balls. I stroked it gently with my fingertips, pulling my foreskin back, while I watched her. I wondered again how she would react if I asked her to do what was in my mind.

She was still moving around completely naked, brushing her hair, taking off her makeup, and pretending not to notice me. I sat

watching her every move. Finally, she glanced toward me and asked what I was thinking about.

"You don't want to know," I answered.

"Are you beginning to keep secrets from me?" she asked.

"Sometimes I think about things you wouldn't like."

"How do you know I wouldn't like it? Haven't I always been open minded? You're talking about sex, aren't you?"

"I wonder how open minded you really are. I guess we've done almost everything to each other. But there's one thing I've never tried."

"Almost? One thing?" She posed the question and then waited for me to say what was on my mind.

I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see her response.

"I want to tie you to the bed and fuck you in the ass," I said.

I waited, my eyes still closed, for her response. I could hear her moving around but she didn't say anything. When I opened my eyes, she had left the room. The door to the bathroom was closed.

I remembered an erotic movie I'd bought before we were married. It was one I'd used to get a few of my clients for Clair DeLand in the mood. It had always worked with them. Siobhan and I'd watched it once or twice together and she thought it was hilarious – sexy as hell but still hilarious. I got it out of the closet and put it in the VCR.

Siobhan had never been averse to watching erotic movies with me. We didn't do it often but we both enjoyed the ones which were erotic, not pornographic. She seemed genuinely turned on by the ones that portrayed sex in a loving, caring situation. This one was the story of three teen-agers, twin brothers and a girl, all virgins, marooned by an improbable shipwreck – a sailing ship - on the tropical paradise of an uninhabited island. The plot was ridiculous and the kids couldn't act but they quite evidently enjoyed the fucking they did.

I turned out all the lights in the bedroom and returned to the chair. I sat with my legs outstretched and spread and played with my cock while I waited for Siobhan to return. I could hear her doing something in the bathroom and then, a little later, splashing in the shower.

After a few minutes, she came back into the bedroom, still nude, warm and damp and rosy looking from the shower. She stood watching me while she dried off. She was smiling at me and I knew she was trying to love me into a good mood.

"You're been back on your mean-bastard streak lately, did you know that? It's not so bad I can't love you but you ought to try to get off it."

"I'll admit it," I said. "Shit. It's natural to be this way sometimes. Bridges still seems intent on screwing me and I have to deal with a couple of incompetent idiots."

"What's Mr. Bridges done now?"

"He's piled another project on me. It's a god damn plant design thing with a deadline and he hasn't given me enough help to work on it."

"Kieran, the last time he piled something on you, you did it and got a bonus and a raise out of it. He appreciates what you do."

"Well, why do I feel like I'm being screwed then?"

"Don't whine. From my viewpoint, you're pretty damned good at screwing others too."

She noticed the empty box for the movie lying on the bed and picked it up.

"Is this the shipwreck movie? I love that title – Virgins in Paradise."

"Yeah, I wanted to see somebody else get screwed."

"Well, go ahead and start it. I think it's cute."

Cute? I started it and looked up at her again. She was still smiling and I saw something in her eyes that looked promising. She'd evidently worn a shower cap because her hair was dry and she was brushing it. With her arms raised like that, her breasts were the most perfect I'd ever seen. Her strawberry nipples were already standing up a little. Maybe they were promising too. She stuck her tongue out at me and then gave her crimson pubic hair a few quick teasing strokes with the brush. She sat down on the foot of the bed and I started the videocassette.

The movie began with the shipwreck and before the credits were over, the brothers and the girl, the only survivors, were swimming ashore onto the island. The simple plot, what little there was, was soon

revealed: which of the twin boys was going to get the girl. Their clothing gradually disappeared in each step of the introduction, until all three wore little more than scraps of cloth. The conflict was soon resolved by the girl, who decided that either the brothers would share her or neither would have her.

Siobhan sat on the end of the bed, still brushing her hair, and we both watched in silence. Occasionally I caught her looking at what I was doing with my dick. I'd brought it to full erection by slowly stoking it and thinking of what I might do with her.

After a few minutes, I asked again, "How about it?"

She turned and looked at me, not smiling this time. "You do want to hurt me, don't you? Giving me a little mental and physical pain - does that turn you on?"

"Sure, it does. I'll bet it turns you on too. Don't all women like the idea of a man fucking them against their will - you know, making them do things they pretend not to like."

"You want to make me out to be the bitch, don't you?" she responded angrily. "Can't you understand I'm scared of letting you do that? Why do you want to put that big dick of yours where one's never been anyway? I don't think I'd enjoy that kind of sex."

This time I smiled at her, feeling, for the first time this night, that I might be successful.

"Let's drop it," I said, "unless you decide you want to do it too."

On the television screen, the young girl was about to resolve the problem of which of the twin brothers would fuck her first. She made them walk around her in a circle while she stood still in the center with eyes shut. When she reached out, the one she touched would have her first. Siobhan stopped brushing her hair, engrossed in the story.

The choice was quickly made and all three stood naked, looking at each other. The brothers were identical twins in all respects. Even though they were slim and youthful-looking enough to be in their mid teens, they had the larger-than-normal cocks typical in erotic movies. Each had a long tapering dick with a pronounced upward curve. The young girl had small budding breasts and only a few curls of pubic hair. Within minutes she was no longer a virgin.

We both watched as she took care of two cocks at once, one in her cunt and the other in her mouth. When the brothers traded places, Siobhan stood up.

"Stop the tape for a minute, please."

She walked over to me, standing above me, and watched as I stroked my cock. After a minute or so, she knelt, moved my hand away, and started to play with my cock and balls. When she leaned over and took the head of my cock in her mouth, I stretched out more and closed my eyes.

Abruptly, she bit down with her teeth, just behind the head of my cock, hard enough to make me sit up and pull away from her. Damn, it hurt. Before I could say anything, she was gone. I held my cock and looked for signs of injury. It still ached but I decided the only thing hurt was my passion. I heard her opening drawers in the bathroom and wondered what she was looking for.

Early in our relationship, I learned a little about how to deal with her. We had occasional problems when I tried to force my way and to do what I wanted in spite of how she felt. I knew if I pushed too hard she would withdraw, would stop talking to me, and would usually refuse to cooperate. If I outwardly let her have her way, she would more often than not end up letting me do what I wanted.

I had occasionally tried to get her to let me tie her to the bed and explore a little of the kinky side of sex. I had even made two ties out of scraps out of some red velvet material she had used. She always refused. Whenever I brought it up, she was usually cool to me for a day or two after.

She came back from the bathroom with a jar of petroleum jelly.

"I'm going to let you do it, damn you. You can tie me down on my back and then play the rest of the movie for me. You can use your fingers and hands and mouth and tongue on me. Get me as hot as you can. When you think I'm ready, use your finger to lubricate my ass with this stuff. Then you can grease your big cock with it and see if you can shove it up my ass. I'm going to watch the movie while you do it."

I turned down the blanket and sheet on the bed and tied the red velvet straps around the two head-posts, leaving two loose loops in the straps. As I restarted the video she looked at the bed and I guessed she was puzzled about what I wanted her to do.

"It's a game." I said. "You put the loops of the straps around your wrists and then hold the loops closed with your hands. As long as you hold tight, you can't get your hands free. As long as you hold the loops, I can do whatever I want to you. If you turn loose of the loops and touch me with your hands, I'll stop."

On the bed, fresh from the bath, she was a feast to behold, all red and rose: red hair on the pillow, red straps around her wrists, rose-colored nipples on her breasts and red patch of hair on the mound between her thighs. I straddled her with my erect cock pressed against her belly and started kissing her. I knew she loved this and would join me with open-mouthed kisses for as long as I wanted to play. After a few minutes I moved to her breasts, sucking, licking, and trying to see how much I could get in my mouth. A few minutes more and I moved down to her navel, drilling it with my tongue. Finally, when I moved down between her legs, she opened them to let my mouth explore her and I licked the little lips open. When I felt her squirm I stopped abruptly.

Before she could protest, I moved upward, still straddling her body, until I was astride her breasts. My balls were only inches from her chin and my cock was stretched out over her face. I wrapped my left hand in her hair and held her head still. With my right hand, I began to stroke my cock. She watched silently, still holding the straps. I pulled back on my foreskin and then squeezed downward, bringing out one oozing drop. I caught the drop on my finger and rubbed it slowly over her lips. Still holding her, I resumed slowly stroking my cock, letting her watch. I wanted her to wonder if I was going to come there, in her face, making her be submissive. Would she turn loose of the straps before I could do it? I grinned at the inner turmoil I hoped she felt.

Finally, I decided that she was going to let me reach orgasm that way and that she'd accept whatever game I wanted to play. So I changed the game.

I moved back downward on the bed, pulled her legs upward, and spread them. When I guided the head of my cock into her, I found nothing but hot, wet acceptance. I pulled her legs over my back and then rested my weight on her with my face buried in her shoulder. I reached back to curl both hands around her buttocks and spread her ass and cunt wide with my fingertips. At last, I began to give her the kind of long hard strokes I always loved, burying my cock so deep I felt like my flesh was joined with hers.

I skirted dangerously close to coming more than once but I managed to hold back. I wanted her to come first. I shoved my cock into her to

the hilt again and again, making her moan each time it reached her depths. With my fingertips on both hands, I played with the lips to her cunt, holding her wide open, attacking almost viciously.

Finally I reached out to the table beside the bed and stuck my index finger into the Vaseline. I curled one hand around her ass and felt for the puckered opening of her asshole. With my fingertip, I began to stroke her there. I could feel her tighten on my cock as she tensed her muscles against my intrusion into her rear. I was determined. I stopped thrusting with my cock, left it buried in her, and began pressing the attack with my fingertip into her asshole. I stroked and pressed, again and again, teasing her to yield. Finally she gave in, relaxed, and my fingertip slid into the tight opening. Almost immediately, the contractions of her orgasm began to squeeze and relax around the shaft of my cock. I pushed my cock into her even harder, to press on her clitoris, while I fucked her with my finger in the rear. I could feel her orgasm cresting like a series of high waves rolling over her, sweeping back, and then fading away lower and lower.

I knew I could keep her in a high-level state of arousal, even after she had an orgasm, if I kept at her. I started again with her mouth, pushed my tongue against her lips until she opened them, and fucked her with my tongue. She responded by biting at me and trying to suck my tongue into her mouth. I slowly withdrew my still erect cock from her and moved downward to her breasts. The nipples were soft now and her breasts were flushed and red from rubbing against my chest. I sucked both nipples back to erection, giving them the long, slow, gentle attention she loved at this stage.

Then, to keep her guessing about what I might do next, I moved upward on her again, until I was straddling her just below her breasts. I held them from both sides and pushed them together while I slid the head of my cock, still slippery from her cunt, into the tight softness. She bent her neck downward to watch but still held onto the straps. I stroked slowly in and out, just enough so that the head of my cock slid out of her cleavage, almost under her chin. I deliberately accelerated my strokes just fast enough to make her wonder if I was going to come between her breasts.

Then I changed the game again. This time, I slid quickly downward and pulled her legs wide apart with my hands. She protested but still held onto the straps. I sought out the tender flesh just where her vaginal lips began to part, and began to circle around her clitoris with my tongue. I tried to keep my touch as light as possible, teasing and licking and tasting the musk of her secretions. I knew she'd let me lick her like this for an almost indefinite period.

Finally I had all I could take and I knew I was going to come either in her or out of her. I knelt between her outstretched legs and lifted her hips to put a pillow under her. Next I lifted her legs high, put her ankles on my shoulders, and bent her almost in half. I looked down at her cunt, wet and open, and her asshole, a closed rosy pucker. I decided to tease her for one more minute. My cock was already slippery with my own lubrication and hers but I dipped a finger in the Vaseline again and wiped a big glob between her ass cheeks. I held her legs with my left hand and pushed one finger on my right hand into the tight pucker and slid it in and out and around and around. I slid in my first two fingers and she groaned.

I watched her face. Her eyes were closed and I couldn't tell what she was feeling but it certainly didn't look like I was hurting her. I pulled my fingers out of her asshole, moved closer to her exposed rear, and positioned the head of my cock an inch away from her rear opening. I stopped and waited. I didn't know what I wanted to do. Siobhan opened her eyes and looked at me. The question was evident from the expression on her face – what are you waiting for?

At the last moment I wondered whether I had a real desire to fuck her in the ass or simply to taunt her with the possibility. Damn, I loved her. I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted to fuck her in every way I could. She still held the straps and I wondered whether she wanted it. I leaned forward with the head of my cock pointed at her pink pucker. At the last instant, I decided it was her cunt I wanted and so I moved the head of my cock upward only an inch or two and slid it into her cunt in one long stroke. It took only two or three strokes before I began to come, pouring my semen into her in one strong contraction after another. I collapsed on top of her and her legs fell from my shoulders and wrapped around mine.

When it was all finished, I realized that her arms were wrapped around me, her hands were on my back, her legs were locked around my ass, and she was holding me tight against her.

"Why didn't you do it?" she asked, a few minutes later.

We were curled up together, quiet, relaxing in the after-glow.

"I don't know. A number of reasons, I guess. The main one's simple. I love you. I don't want to do anything to hurt you."

"I believe you. Why did you want to do it in the first place?"

"Who knows? It's the only way I've never possessed you. When we're making love every cell in me wants to penetrate you and release my life inside you. I guess, if were possible, I'd open your cunt with my tongue and then slide my head in, then my shoulders, until I was in waist-deep, and then I'd give a few kicks and be completely inside you. I'd pry open your cervix and swim up into your womb and stay there until you gave birth to me as your son."

"And I could nurse you until you were a man again," she whispered and pulled my head toward her breasts.

A few minutes later, I tried again to explain why I had wanted it.

"It's also taboo, something unnatural. It's a sterile act, something condemned by religions. We're all tempted to do something proscribed simply because it's forbidden."

"Give me the remote control," she said. "There's one scene I want to show you in the movie. You missed it while your face was buried in my shoulder."

She rewound the cassette part way, stopped it for a brief scene, and then fast-forwarded it until she found the part she was looking for.

The three teen-agers were nude, sprawled on the beach of a sheltered cove. Between enormous boulders, I could see the emerald-green seawater surging in and then retreating. The sun was shining brightly but the area where they lay was partly shaded by palm fronds.

One of the boys lay on his back with his erect cock curving up almost to his navel. The girl straddled him and quickly guided his cock into her cunt. The camera moved from a side view to one directly between their legs, showing his cock stretching the lips of her cunt wide, with a little dark pucker just above. Then the camera moved back to the side again. The other boy knelt between the outspread legs of the other two, held his cock downward, and began to probe between the ass-cheeks of the girl.

The camera moved again and this time, I could see between the thighs of the boy on the bottom, his balls hanging down between his legs, part of the shaft of his cock, the rest hidden between the lips of the girl's cunt, the thighs and plump ass-cheeks of the girl, and finally, the thighs of the other boy, the head of his cock pressed against the girl's asshole. As we watched, the boy on top pushed and the head of his cock disappeared in her ass. He pulled out and renewed the attack, pushing deeper this time.

Then both boys began to move at the same time, the one on bottom pushing in, and the other withdrawing. Quickly, they synchronized their movements, one in, one out, each leaving only the head of his cock inside, quick flashes of two white shafts alternately revealed. The camera held its steady view for a minute or two. The double fucking was almost mesmerizing.

Gradually, I could see the balls of the bottom boy draw up to the base of his cock and he pushed in as deeply as possible and stopped. Just as quickly, the boy on top did the same, pushing in until only his balls, also tight up against the shaft of his cock, were seen. The image was so powerful I could almost feel their simultaneous orgasm and I wondered if the girl had climaxed too. As the closing credits appeared, Siobhan stopped the movie.

"I want you to understand something," Siobhan said. "I have feelings just like yours, except that mine are to be penetrated and to feel you come inside of me. I get so hungry for your cock inside me sometimes that it's almost a physical pain. And I want to feel your semen squirting into me too. I don't even need to have an orgasm every time to be satisfied when I know you've filled my cunt with your semen. I want to be possessed, just as you want to possess me. I want to be penetrated and filled, just as you want to pour it into me. Just when you chose my cunt instead of my ass, the scene at the end of the movie began."

"How did you like it?"

"After we rest a little longer, I'm going to get a warm wash cloth and wash your cock for you. Then I'm going to tease it back into a really hard erection. I'm going to suck it until you warn me to stop. I'm going to suck the sperm out of your balls and up into your prostate until you've got another big load. Then I'm going to coat your cock with Vaseline. I'm going to get back in the bed on my hands and knees with my ass up in the air. You're going to use your fingers to grease up my asshole. This time, you're going to choose it, not because you want it, but because I want it. I want to feel it as deep inside me as possible. I want you to do it so slowly and gently that it won't hurt in the least and I'll enjoy in as much as you do. I want you to leave as big a load in my ass as you did in my cunt."

If we'd rested much longer I might have fallen asleep. I wanted it but at the same time I didn't care whether I got it or not. I still couldn't make up my mind whether I'd do it or not.

Siobhan went to the bathroom and I listened to the water running and splashing in the sink. I rose up and looked and I could see her

reflection in the bathroom mirror. She seemed to be washing between her legs. She saw me looking and stuck out her tongue at me.

When she came back, she had a washcloth and a couple of towels and she lovingly wiped off my cock and balls. Then she proceeded to do what she'd said she would – she sucked the sperm out of my balls. At least that's what it felt like. I shut my eyes and gave in to what she was doing. She knew I loved it when I could completely relax and let her do all the work, as she called it. I don't know whether I had another big load but I certainly had another rigid hard-on.

She straightened up, looked at my cock, squeezed it a couple of times, and was evidently satisfied with what she'd aroused. She stuck her fingers in the Vaseline and greased my cock from the head down to my balls. She looked up at me.

“OK, are you ready?”

I nodded.

She got back on the bed, on her hands and knees, and put her head down on the pillow.

“Then grease me up and do it,” she said.

I scooped up a big glob of Vaseline on two fingers and then looked at where I was going to put it. She looked clean and fresh and I knew she'd washed herself back there too. I was slow and careful in getting her ready. I smeared the stuff all around the pink opening and then began to stroke and press with one finger. It didn't take long for me to get it inside her. She was hot and tight and I wondered again what sort of insanity was making me want to do it. She groaned when I pushed two fingers in her but she didn't complain when I worked them in and out.

I got behind her on my knees and moved into position. I held her hip with my left hand and my cock in my right. I took a couple of deep breaths, leaned forward slightly, and pushed the head against her sphincter. Nothing happened. I pushed again. Again nothing. I pushed again, steady pressure this time, and her asshole opened to me and the head of my cock slid in her.

“Damn, Kieran,” she groaned, “that hurts.”

I pulled back and the head of my dick slid out of her.

“I didn't say take it out.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Just put it back in and let me get used to it.”

I pushed it back into her and waited. She didn’t say anything. I pushed just a little more and my cock slid in a little more. She still didn’t say anything.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“Yeah, it’s OK. Just hold still for a minute.”

It took a few minutes but I eventually got my cock inside her. She kept groaning but it wasn’t the kind of groan she makes when she’s hurting. I stopped when my thighs were against her hips.

“Are you still OK?” I asked.

“Yeah, but you’re about to split me wide open. I’ll swear it’s twice as big in my ass as it is in my cunt.”

I didn’t say anything. I pulled back slightly and eased forward again. She didn’t complain so I kept doing it. After a minute or so, she seemed to relax and I kept sliding my dick in and out. She stopped groaning and I kept fucking her.

“Kieran, can you stop a minute.”

I stopped and waited.

“I want to turn over. Do you think you can do it that way?”

Yeah, I thought I could. I pulled out of her. She rolled over, caught her legs behind her knees, and pulled upward until her cunt and asshole were both ready for me. I knew I couldn’t choose cunt this time. I leaned forward and positioned my cock against her asshole and pushed until the head of my cock slid in. I looked up at her. Her face was contorted but it didn’t look like she was in pain. She opened her eyes and looked up at me. She smiled and winked at me. I watched her face while I slowly pushed, retreated, pushed deeper, retreated, until my dick was inside her and my balls were against her buttocks.

Finally, I lowered myself on top of her and her arms and legs wrapped around me and I began to give it to her in slow gentle strokes. When she tried to push her hand between my stomach and hers, I pulled back to let her have access. I knew she was going to help herself to

come. I didn't mind. I was going to help myself too. She came first and I could feel her contractions even if my dick wasn't in its usual place. Maybe that's what triggered my orgasm. I came just a little later and gave her the big load she'd sucked out of my balls.

Afterward, we lay together in bed in our favorite position. I was spooned up against her back with my right leg over her left one and my right hand on her left breast. Her hair was tickling my face as usual.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"Yes, Love."

"Did I hurt you?"

"No, I'm fine."

"You sure? You're not trying to fool me."

"I said I'm OK, Kieran. I may be sore tomorrow but you didn't really hurt me."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. It's different."

I pressed my still-swollen cock along the crack of her ass.

"Want to do it again?"

"Sure."

"Aaawww, come on. You don't mean it."

"Sure I do, if you'll do something for me first."

"What?"

"Get us a dildo at least as big as your cock."

"What for? I didn't think you ever wanted something like that."

"I don't, silly. It's not for me. It's for you."

"Huh? I don't want it."

“We’ll see.”

“What do you mean?”

“When you get one, I’m going to grease your asshole and shove it up you. When you tell me you like it, I’ll let you shove your dick up my asshole again.”

“Oh, fuck, Siobhan. If you didn’t like me fucking you in the ass, just say so.”

“I liked it, my love. You can do it again in a few years. Now shut up and go to sleep.”

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We were close together in bed after watching the old video again. It had been years since I’d seen it. It was still just as ridiculous as I remembered it but the kids fucking were still just as enthusiastic as ever. I don’t know whether it was the movie that gave me an aching hard-on or it was Siobhan’s soft hand. I loved it when she put her head on my shoulder with that wild hair in my face and played with my dick as we watched. I think she loved it when we changed positions and I put my head on her breasts and one finger in her pussy. It was hard to watch when I had her nipple in my mouth. Either my finger or the movie gave her a wet and drooling cunt. I didn’t care which it was.

“Did Arial play with your dick when you were in the shower with her?” Siobhan asked out of the blue. I’d been thinking of something else.

“Huh?”

“I asked if Arial played with your dick in the shower. You seem awfully horny tonight. I can’t imagine what’s causing it.”

“Well, did you play with Kavan’s dick? Your pussy’s awfully hot and wet tonight.”

“No but he did ask me if I’d let him see my hole.”

“Your hole?”

“Yes, I told you I caught him and Arial fooling around once. Well, they were at it again the other afternoon. They were looking at the sex

book with the cut-away drawing. He still can't believe a woman's got a hole down there big enough for a man to put his dick in it."

"Did you show him?"

"No, I don't think I'm quite ready for that."

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."

I had to stop and think about whether I'd said it right. I guess she did too.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Well, when we spent the weekend at that place last fall, you know, in the tobacco barn, you made me turn over and show them what my dick is like when it's hard. I think it's time you showed them the hole I've been putting in all these years. It's big enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, Kieran, it's big enough. After three kids, it's more than big enough."

"Aaawww, come on, Siobhan, it's just as good a fit now as it was the first time I tried it out."

"I'm glad you think so. Do you really think I should let Kavan look at me, you know, see what my cunt's like when it's open and exposed?"

"You don't mind me looking, do you? It's beautiful. I love it."

"I'm glad. You've certainly had your face down there enough."

"Yeah, well, most of the time my eyes are closed."

"Do you think that little girl in the movie really loved having that boy's dick up her ass? One minute she's supposed to be a virgin and the next she's got one big dick in her ass and another in her cunt."

"Well, did you enjoy it the time you let me do it to you?" I asked.

"I told you. It was OK. Why haven't you ever asked me to let you do it again?"

"Because you told me I had to get a big dildo and let you shove it up my ass first. Then you'd let me do you again."

“Well, you’ve always been the one who believed women should be able to enjoy everything as much as men. If I can enjoy a big dick up my ass, maybe you’d enjoy a big dildo up yours.”

“Well, maybe in a few more years, I’ll let you do it. Is it OK if I just do it the plain old-fashioned way tonight – you know, tab A in slot B, repeat until orgasm.”

“I think that would be very nice. I think I always enjoy that.”

“That Italian restaurant’s still open. If I take you back there for some good Italian food, do you think I could do it to you without you giving me the dildo?”

“Maybe. I’ll have to think about it.”

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The weekend at the cabin with all of the Stuart family was wonderful. When we got back home on Sunday night, we were all worn out. We didn’t bother with a bath for the kids when we got home since they’d played in the creek with their grandfather after lunch. They were in their beds and asleep before it turned dark outside. Siobhan and I had a quick shower and then flopped on the bed, still naked, no lights on, too tired to do anything else.

“Well, what do you think about the weekend?” I asked.

“It was great, Kieran. About as perfect a weekend as I’ve ever had. I love big family crowds. Your mother and father were just beaming at each other when they left. I wonder what they did in the loft bedroom Saturday night.”

“I loved the look on their faces when we told them the bedroom up there was for the newest lovers at the cabin. Who fixed it up?”

“I talked to Marissa and Kara. We decided we’d make it special for them. Kara brought the nice sheets and pillow covers. I bought the pajamas and nightgown. Marissa did the flowers.”

“Who put the old framed print over the bed? I’ve never seen that before. What was it, anyway? The young kids running holding something over their heads, who are they supposed to be?”

“It’s an old Victorian print I saw at an antique store. I think it’s called The Storm. The boy and girl are supposed to be running to go

somewhere before the storm. If you look at their faces, it looks like he knows he's going to make love to her and she looks like she's not sure she wants it."

"Well, they seemed to enjoy being treated like young lovers even if we did have to chase my mother back to bed so we could serve them breakfast in bed."

"I think they were almost crying when we all went up there Sunday morning, seeing their kids and spouses and grandkids standing around the big bed, and then getting a present from each family."

"Well, Dad told me he didn't make Mom cry Saturday night. He said she was as hot as a little teenage girl and he was up to the challenge."

"That's what he said, that he was up to it?"

"Yeah, that's the way he said it."

"Well, you were certainly up to it. I think you delight in making me grunt and groan and scream when I'm trying to be quiet."

"Well, you knew I was going to make love to you. Alan and Marissa did it too. The Italian stallion did it with Kara. We all knew we were going to be doing it downstairs while Mom and Dad did it upstairs."

"Kieran, you know Matt doesn't like to be called the Italian stallion. His dick's no bigger than yours and Alan's. What does that make you and Alan?"

"I don't know but did you see Jeff's when he got a hard-on. I think he's going to have another Stuart dick when he grows up. Johnny's just thirteen and his is about like mine was then."

"Well, your mother saw Jeff's hard-on. Jan did too. I don't see why you guys had to throw him in the creek to get rid of it."

"That was nice Saturday afternoon, wasn't it? Everybody down there at the creek, lounging around naked, playing in the creek, grandkids naked and screaming and running wild. I knew Mom wouldn't be able to resist getting naked when all her grandkids started begging her."

"I saw your father standing there once looking at her and then around at everybody and he looked like the proudest man in the world."

"Yeah, well, I hope we can be just like that someday with our big family."

“You think we’re going to go back to the cabin someday with our kids and grandkids and do what we did this weekend?”

“With Alan’s family and Kara’s family too? All the grandkids we’re all going to have? Maybe we’d better build a big bunk house next to the A-frame so we’ll have a place to sleep all these grandkids somebody’s going to have.”

“It would be nice, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah!”

“When can we do it again?”

“Tonight!”

“Kieran, don’t be silly. I meant, when can we all go back to the cabin again?”

“Oh, I thought you wanted me to do the same thing I did last night.”

“Well, you could do that, if you’re up to the challenge.”

“I’ll try. It may be hard.

“It’ll have to be hard to try.”

Chapter Thirteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 35 in story, 20 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 34 in story; Kavan Stuart, 8; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Reverend and Mrs. Steve Willingham, about 45 in flashback; Susan Willingham, 20 in flashback; Steve Willingham, Jr., 18 in flashback

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(KIERAN)

We moved into our new house in August, just in time for Kavan and Ariel to start to school. We had been looking for about a year for a house similar to my parent's home but newer and a little larger.

The house we found was in a new area of growth, north of the city, on the ridgeline of an elongated hill that was an extension of the mountains farther north. The road ran along the top of the hill and the slopes on each side limited development. The houses were all on unique lots, each suited to the hilltop, and were usually some distance apart.

The house was an almost-new sprawling ranch, with three bedrooms and two and one-half baths. From the front, it appeared to be a single story and to have a one-car garage. Huge old hardwood trees were scattered across the front and the lot was lovingly landscaped. From the back of the house, it looked like a two-story house with a deck extending out from the top floor.

Two features convinced us to buy the house: it had a full basement with a two-car garage accessible from the rear and it had a good-sized pool in the back yard. I could see only two changes I wanted to have made. I wanted to enclose part of the basement area someday for another bedroom, for Kavan and Kerry, like the one my father had made for Alan and me. And I wanted to have the deck outside the family room covered and screened. With those changes, the place would be perfect for us.

We had almost perfect weather for months after we moved, first a long dry Indian-summer period, a couple of cold fronts, and then gradually cooling days and nights. Our first frost was late and at the end of October, the hardwood trees on the hill still had not dropped all of their leaves. The surprise came on a Friday, November 2. The year's first bad storm system came up from the south, collided with a cold front from the northwest, and we woke up to a heavy snowfall, the earliest on record.

Everything was covered in about six inches of snow. I turned on the television and learned that the local schools were closed. The forecast was for continued snow for the rest of the day, with accumulations of almost a foot. I knew there was no way I could go to work. I called in anyway and learned that the company would be closed until Monday. I was glad to have the unexpected day off. The previous owners of the house had left something in the basement. I knew what we were going to do.

We watched as the snow continued to fall heavily all morning. Just before noon it began to taper off and then, shortly after lunch,

occasional patches of blue sky peeked through the broken clouds. Siobhan and I bundled ourselves and the kids up and went for a walk in the snow. Neighbors and their kids all along the street were out too and we had a couple of brief snowball fights before we moved on. We went up the street to the crest of the hill, where huge boulders had so far prohibited construction. We could see for miles and it was a real winter wonderland.

The driveway beside our house sloped down gently and curved around to the basement garage. I knew it would be perfect. We went back home, warmed up a little, and then I took Siobhan and the kids down in the basement and showed them the sleds. There were four sleds hanging on the wall. They were simple round concave dishes about three feet across with two handles. Kavan and Arial started begging to go sledding; Kerry begged too even though he probably didn't know what his brother and sister were excited about.

The kids loved sledding down the driveway but all too quickly they decided it was too easy. When some of the neighborhood kids started sledding down the street from the crest to the flat area in front of our house, we all joined them.

A couple of hours later, I reluctantly decided to call it a day. I carried Kerry and helped drag Arial and Kavan, on sleds, to the house. We were all cold, wet, and exhausted but wonderfully alive and happy. I decided it was time to see if all five of us could fit in our Jacuzzi. This was the first place we had lived that had a Jacuzzi. Siobhan and I used it at least once a week. We frequently put all three kids in it to play and to bathe. We had never shared it with them before.

We went in the house through the basement and up the stairs to the kitchen. Siobhan told us all to strip and throw our wet clothes in a hamper in the laundry room. I stripped Kerry and let Kavan and Arial take their clothes off. Siobhan and I raced to see who could get naked first. She won and led the parade to our bathroom. I turned on the water and felt an urge to pee when the tub started filling.

I had learned never to start on a trip without telling the kids to go pee. I wasn't about to get in the tub with them without telling them the same thing. Arial didn't need a second invitation. She sat on the throne and tinkled. I looked at Kerry but he was trying to crawl in the tub.

“Kerry, it's your turn. You've got to pee before you get in the tub.”

“Don't have to.”

Kavan lifted the seat, held his little sprout with both hands, pulled his foreskin back, and proceeded to noisily foam up the water in the bowl.

“Kerry, are you sure. Kavan and Arial had to pee.”

“Don’t have to.”

Siobhan took her turn and sat there watching me trying to coax Kerry. I didn’t believe him but I wasn’t going to argue with a tired little boy.

I took my turn and Kerry watched while I foamed up the water in the bowl again. I waited to see if it triggered any response in him but he just watched with no indication of having to go.

Siobhan tested the water and decided it was OK. She stepped in, sat down, and held out her arms for Kerry. I picked him up and handed him over to her. Kavan and Arial were in the tub in a flash. I stepped in and sat down in the end of the tub opposite Siobhan.

“I gotta pee,” Kerry said.

I shook my head, more than a little irritated by Kerry’s behavior. I got out of the tub, picked him up, a little rougher than I should, and sat him down on the pot. He knew I was mad at him. He started crying.

I was a little angry but I didn’t want to hurt him. I squatted down in front of him and did what I usually do when he cries: I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him to me. That was a mistake. I felt a hot stream against my stomach. Oh, shit. I just held him until he was through peeing. I handed him back to Siobhan, threw a towel over the puddle, and got in the shower. A few minutes later I was back in the tub.

We were all warm and relaxed and wrinkled-fingered when we got out. I dried Kerry while Kavan and Arial dried most of themselves. When the kids left the bathroom, Siobhan helped me get dry. From the way she lingered with my dick and balls, I felt she was inviting me to share something with her later tonight.

When we left the bathroom, Kerry was in the middle of our king-size bed. He had pushed the comforter down and was covered up to his chest. Kavan and Arial were sitting on the side of the bed. From the expression on their faces, I knew what they wanted.

I pulled the comforter and blanket down and Arial crawled in next to Kerry. I knew it was my turn next. After I stretched out in the bed, Kavan crawled in on the outside. Siobhan stood watching - she’d seen

this before – and got in next to Kerry. I lifted my arms and Arial snuggled up to me on one side. Kavan did the same on the other side. I pulled them close to me, Arial’s head on my left shoulder, her leg over mine, Kavan’s head on my right shoulder, his leg over mine. I had two hands on two smooth little butts. I took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed. I looked over at Siobhan and she was holding Kerry exactly where he wanted to be, his head up against her breasts.

They were all asleep within a few minutes. I was sleepy too but I didn’t want to sleep and miss out on holding them. I gave Siobhan a smile and we whispered back forth for almost an hour. Kavan woke up first and rolled out of the bed. Arial sat up and that awakened Kerry. I knew it was time to feed some hungry kids.

The house was a little cool so I grabbed some sweats and socks and sent the kids for theirs. Siobhan and I had a moment to ourselves.

“Thank you for being sweet to Kerry,” she said.

“I almost let my temper show. I don’t feel like I was sweet to him.”

“You were. Kavan peed on your head when he was about eight months. Arial got you when she was about a year old. I guess you thought you were going to escape baptism by Kerry.”

I couldn’t help but smile at the memories. Kavan had peed up and over and down on my head. Siobhan had had a hard day with him and I had got up to change his diaper when he cried in the middle of the night. I had taken the wet one off and then reached for a dry one. When I turned back, I thought it was raining on my head. Arial had got me when I was sitting on the edge of the bathtub and picked her up under the arms, about to put her in the tub. I couldn’t resist hugging her first. Maybe I squeezed too hard.

“He’s such a wonderful little boy,” I said. “Maybe he really is our miracle. I feel bad whenever I get peeved at him but he’s a pain sometimes.”

“I’ll give you a reward tonight.”

I brightened at that. I didn’t even ask what it was. I just smiled and we finished putting on our socks.

I checked the weather report after we ate and got the bad news – or maybe it was good – that the forecast was for another bout of rain or snow and that it probably would be freezing rain. I didn’t mind so much. A day home with the kids in a nice warm house would be a

treat. I was thankful we had underground utilities. We'd never lost power yet.

We got in a wrestling match in the family room. The kids tried to pin me and I think I let them. I got my revenge. I hadn't shaved since I didn't have to go to work. I used my whiskers and gave Arial a frowzel on her stomach. Kavan got it in his ribs on both sides. I even pulled Kerry's sweats down and frowzeled his butt. I finally decided I'd try to quiet them down when it was close to nine o'clock.

"How about we stop and read a while? Have you read all the new books we gave you?"

"Arial and I are reading the new book about sex," Kavan said. "Most of it's about the same as the others but the drawings and pictures help us figure it out. There's one drawing we can't understand."

I asked him to bring it to me and I would explain it. It turned out to be a cut-away drawing of a man and woman having intercourse, showing their bodies from waist to mid-thigh, with the man's penis in the woman's vagina. They'd read about it before but never seen a depiction. I tried to explain it and I guess they understood.

Kavan surprised me. "Sometime when you and Mom do it, maybe you could show us, Dad."

I had to think on that one. I'd been teaching them never to be ashamed of anything about sex. But they were both still a few years from puberty. I didn't know whether we could or not. I looked at Siobhan.

She had a big smile on her face. "You're the one who wanted to teach them about sex when they started asking questions. Didn't think you'd be asked to demonstrate, did you?"

"Maybe we'll do that someday, Kavan. I don't think you're quite old enough yet. Now let's read a while before you go to bed."

I read a Dr. Seuss book to Kerry. I had been playing a game with him for months with the book. I would read some of the story and then stop with my finger on a certain word. Most of the time now, Kerry would say the word. I didn't really know whether he was reading it or whether he had the story memorized.

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Siobhan gave me my reward as soon as we went to bed. It was a new variation of something old. The thermostat was set to drop down ten degrees at ten o'clock and she wanted to do it under the covers so she'd stay warm. Warm? Damn, she was hot.

She made me get up on my hands and knees, legs spread, making a nice warm tent out of the blanket and comforter. I tried to get her to get on top but she'd decided what she wanted to do. She moved down almost to the foot of the bed and then made me straddle her head. I heard her say something I couldn't understand.

"What?"

"I said, don't you dare try to shove it down my throat. I'll rip your balls off if you do."

That was all she said. She had a mouthful. I shut my eyes and surrendered. I wondered if this was the way a cow felt when it was hooked up to a milking machine. I was glad she wasn't set for a gallon or more.

I spread her legs and let my tongue do the licking.

Afterwards we spooned up together in our favorite sleeping positions and talked about the kids and what we were going to do with them on Saturday. I was actually looking forward to being imprisoned with them for a day or two. I was tired but about ready for sleep. Siobhan wasn't.

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(SIOBHAN)

"Tell me about your first real love affair," I coaxed. "What was she like; what did you feel for her?"

"I'm not sure whether my first real affair was love or lust. To this day, I don't really know what she felt for me or what I felt for her."

"What do you mean?"

"It started the fall of my junior year in college. Susan was in two of my classes. She was probably the most intelligent student in either class. She seemed driven to make perfect grades. When my grades were almost as good as hers, she sought me out and suggested we work together."

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(KIERAN)

I didn't know what to say when she first spoke to me.

I had noticed her more than once, even watched her in class. She was tall and thin, always better dressed than the typical student, always in a dress or blouse and skirt. Her clothes seemed to hide her and I couldn't tell what her breasts were like. From what little I had seen, her legs were perfectly shaped. Her hair was long and straight, usually pulled back with a clasp or held in a ponytail. Her neck was long. Her skin was as flawless and clear as porcelain. In profile, her face was sculptured perfection.

I suppose I was puzzled at my own reaction to her. When I sat quietly and looked at other girls, I could usually find some feature to turn me on. One girl I saw frequently had a marvelous ass: heart-shaped, if you turned the heart upside down. She had a small waist and full firm hips. I could get an erection just from watching her walk past me.

But Susan was a puzzle. In spite of her beauty, she projected an apparent coldness, a seeming lack of sexuality. I tried to find something about her to evoke the usual response in my crotch. Perhaps it was the challenge that kept me looking at her.

We found we had the same mid-morning hours free three days of the week and we began to meet in the student center. We soon established a routine. The first one to arrive got coffee for both of us and found an empty table. We usually worked on our assignments until our class, in the hour just before noon.

I soon learned that she was a local girl, still living at home. I tried to learn about her family but she was reluctant to talk about her parents. I did learn that her father was a minister in a fundamentalist Protestant church and that they were rather strict in their expectations of her. I also learned that she had a brother, Steve, a couple of years younger than her, in his last year of high school. When I finally met him, I was surprised to find that he looked enough like her to be her twin.

Our first date was an early movie, a wild adventure film. At one point, when the hero was again about to lose his life, she grabbed my arm and I put my hand in hers. It was the first time we had touched in any environment that wasn't academic. Her fingers laced through mine and held on. When I moved my leg against hers and lowered my hand so that her hand, still in mine, rested on my leg, she leaned closer to

me. Just the touch of her hand on my leg, only inches from my crotch, brought my cock to a swift erection. I tried to will her to take her hand out of mine, to move it a few inches, but instead, I must have pulled her hand toward my goal. She looked first toward my face, a questioning look on hers, and then toward my crotch. I saw a brief flicker of a smile on her face and then she pulled her hand away. Even in the half-dark theater, I felt sure she could see my face shining red with embarrassment.

Since she had an eight o'clock class the next day, I took her home early, just barely after dark. She walked me through the house, just long enough to introduce me to her mother and father, and out the back door. A huge oak tree covered one corner of the yard and a swing, large enough for two, hung from one of the branches.

We sat quietly, swinging, and finally I took her hand in mine again. I tried to guess what she expected of me. With her parents in the house, I was about to conclude that I would have to settle for a chaste goodnight kiss.

As if she had read my thoughts, she stood up and led me behind the tree, so that it sheltered us from the house.

"If you don't kiss me, I'll kill you," she whispered.

I pulled her against me, my arms around her waist, for a quick touch of my lips against hers. Instead she put her hands behind my head and held me, refusing to let me go. Her lips opened and then mine opened to hers, and I felt her tongue teasing mine. The sensation sent an instant message to my groin and I pulled her against me. She seemed to melt against me and her hands slid down, cupping my buttocks, pulling me even harder against her.

I pulled away for a moment and looked at her. Her eyes were wide open, looking into mine, sending an unmistakable signal.

I kissed her again, holding her until we were both out of breath. I was beginning to get an erection and I knew she could feel it. Her hands were still cupped around me and she was almost grinding her pelvis against mine. I decided to see how far she would go.

I undid the top button on her blouse and put my mouth on the soft flesh where her neck joined her shoulder. At the same time, I reached for one of her hands and pulled it around, between us, rubbing it against my cock. I had worn loose pants, with boxer shorts underneath, and my cock had room to grow. It was a full as it could

get while still being held at a downward angle. She pulled away when I turned her hand loose.

I decided to press the attack a little more, knowing full well that I was courting disaster, letting my desire take control when we were so close to her house and her parents. I pulled her blouse out of her skirt and reached up behind her back to unhook her bra. She made no protest and, when I slid both hands up in front, to her breasts, she stood frozen, eyes closed. Her breasts were small and firm, barely filling my palms. The nipples were hard and erect. I held her breasts and began kissing her again. She was breathing deeply now.

When I stooped down, she pulled my face against her. I pulled up her blouse and sought out one breast with my mouth and sucked on the nipple. I was amazed at the size and firmness of her nipple. With her small breasts, I would have expected her to have small virginal nipples. But hers were large enough to give any baby, or any lover, something to suck on.

When I straightened up again, to kiss her again, I brought one hand up between her legs, pulling her skirt up. She spread her legs slightly to let me cup my hand over her mound, with my fingers spread back between her legs.

With my other hand, I pulled down my zipper and pulled out my cock, intending to see if I could get her to hold it. She needed no cajoling. She sought it out and wrapped her hand around it. I could feel it growing to full size while she held it. She seemed to be gasping against my mouth. She slid her hand down to the head of my cock and then slowly, squeezing it each time, moved it by stages back down toward the base. She even slid her hand inside my fly and sought out my balls, holding them in her hand for a moment.

I could feel the heat and moisture seeping out through the thin fabric of her panties. She was moving against my hand, asking me to touch her.

I pushed the fabric to one side and slid one finger between the moist lips. When I found the opening to her, I wondered if she was still a virgin. She was slick, soaked with her own secretions, but still tight, so tight that I could feel her recoil slightly when my finger tried to gain entrance into her. I knew that desire could open her when nothing else could, so I began to stroke her, sliding a finger into the tight opening and then transferring the lubrication upward around her clitoris. When I touched it, she pushed against me. She was holding on to my cock for dear life now, almost causing me pain.

I took my hand away momentarily and then slid it down, palm against the smooth skin of her stomach, into her panties. With my middle finger, I stroked her again and again, wanting to give her as much pleasure as possible, knowing full well that my own satisfaction, when and if it came, would be even greater with her complete acquiescence. I pressed my hand against her, my finger sliding against her clitoris, the tip just inside her vagina, stroking, pressing, willing her to come. And she did. I felt a series of contractions on my fingertip and felt her body stiffen against mine. When I stuck my tongue in her mouth, she sucked on it with a passion I would never have believed an hour earlier. Her hand had such a grip on my cock that it was almost painful.

And at that instant, a light at the back of the house came on. When her mother came out a minute or so later, looking for us, we were sitting in the swing, our clothes back in place, trying to look as innocent as possible. She invited us to come in, asking if we wanted some apple pie she had baked that afternoon. I had to wait a few more minutes, desperately trying to will an erection away, until we could get up from the swing.

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A few days later we were studying together when she brought up the subject.

"I've never done anything like that before," Susan whispered. I knew instantly what she was talking about.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked.

"I never thought I could get so hot and want something so much. I don't know what to think."

"What you felt is the same thing I felt. It's perfectly normal for both of us to feel that way."

"Have you ever," she hesitated, "made love with a woman?"

"Yes, I had a wonderful woman to teach me how to make love - before I was sixteen."

"I've never done it before."

"You still haven't done that much. You've had my cock in your hand. I've had the tip of one finger in you. And you had an orgasm."

"I wanted more than your finger in me." I could see that she was blushing. "I've never talked about anything like this with a man before."

"I'm not going to force you into anything you don't want, you know. I'm not going to push you or seduce you. I'm willing to wait to see what develops. If you make up your mind you're ready, I'm sure you'll find ways to let me know."

She looked down at the table. "I'm still a virgin, you know."

"Are you afraid of me? Of what you must do to lose your virginity?"

She didn't answer.

"Don't be. I promise you, if I'm the first man to make love to you, you'll be ready. You'll want it more than you've ever wanted anything in your life. When it's done, you'll know how right it is - as I did one afternoon. It's as if you'd wondered all your life about something and suddenly you know exactly what the answer is and it's miraculous."

"I've been thinking about going to a doctor, to get a prescription for the pill."

"There're other means of birth control. If we make love, I'll make sure one of us is doing something to keep you from getting pregnant."

"When I held your penis in my hand the other night, it was so hot and so hard. I wanted it in me so bad my stomach ached. I wanted to feel it in me, your flesh inside mine, with nothing between us. I'd hate to have to make love with those rubber things on you."

"I've used them a few times. It's not as good for me. I don't know how it is for a woman."

"How many different women have you made love with?"

"Very few. There was the older woman, just before I was sixteen. She taught me a lifetime of learning in one afternoon. There've been a few others since then, a few times with each."

"If I go on the pill, would you teach me gradually, without going all the way until I'm sure it's safe?"

"What do you want me to teach you? Let your feeling be your guide. You already know everything you need to learn."

"When you made me come the other night, I wanted to do the same thing to you. I wanted to see you. I've heard enough shower-room gossip from the girls. I want to use my hand on you to make you come. I know boys do that to themselves. Can you show me how?"

"Sure. That would be my pleasure."

"We can do that to each other, can't we? There's no danger in that. And I've heard of other things men and women do to each other without any danger of getting pregnant."

I smiled. "Are you hinting at oral sex?"

"Have you ever done it?"

"Yes, I've done it to a woman. And I've had a woman do it to me. It's one of the best things in sex, next to..." I waited until she was looking at me. "...Fucking."

She quickly picked up her books. "Come on. We'll be late for class."

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A few days later, we went for a walk in the neighborhood near her house, just as the last of the twilight was fading. Her father's church, when we came near, was dark, with huge hardwood trees looming over the old building.

We had been walking apart, hardly touching, not even holding hands, to try to give anyone who might be watching the impression that we were nothing more than friends. Just as we turned the corner near the side of the church, she caught my hand and pulled me behind the shrubs, into a dark area with steps leading down into a basement door.

"Be quiet. There shouldn't be anybody in the church or there would be lights on. This door is kept locked but I borrowed the key."

She led me carefully down the steps toward the door, and then fumbled with the key, trying to find the lock. After a moment, she succeeded, and the door swung open into darkness.

"Hold my hand and be careful. I know my way in the dark and if you walk behind me, you shouldn't bump anything."

She led me through one basement room, into a hallway, and then into another room. I stood still, unable to see anything, and she shut the

door. I could hear her sliding a bolt home and I guessed that we were in some room that could be secured from the inside.

I waited, wondering what she had in mind. A few feet away from me I could hear her moving, the rustle of cloth, the shuffle of feet.

When she found me with her outstretched hand, I reached out to hold her. She was nude. I ran one hand over her shoulder, down her side, to her hip. I held my breath and brought my other hand forward, toward her stomach, and felt the soft down of her pubic hair. I slid it upward and found her bare breasts, the nipples already erect against my palm.

She began to unbutton my shirt and I let her strip it off me. As usual, I wore jeans without a belt. Almost as one motion, she unzipped them, pulled the fly apart, and pushed them down over my hips. I kicked my sneakers off and she bent over to pull my jeans off each leg. I still had on my briefs.

Her hands sought out my crotch, cupping my testicles, feeling for my cock. I could feel it swell even larger at her touch, straining against the fabric, wanting to be released to come to full erection.

"I see my brother, Steve, like this sometimes," she whispered in the darkness. "My parents would probably think we're committing a horrible sin but we tease each other. Sometimes he wears briefs that are as skimpy as any of mine. When there's nobody else home, he'll take a bath and come out of the bathroom with nothing else on, down the hall and even into my room. I've been tempted more than once to pull them down, to see what he has in there that makes such a bulge. Does that shock you?"

Her hands continued to stroke me through the fabric of my briefs.

"Why do you think he acts like that?"

"I think he's as confused as I am. Our father is always preaching in the church about the sins of the flesh. He's said more than once we'd be damned to hell if we do it before we're married. Steve's named after him. He may carry the same name as our father but he doesn't feel the same way about religion. We've talked about sex a little and neither of us feels it's a sin to want to have sex."

"Tell me what you do to tease him."

"I went in his bedroom once, after a bath, with only a towel on. I pretended I had an eyelash in my eye and asked him to get it out.

When he was only inches away, trying to see if there was something in my eye, I dropped the towel. I picked it up immediately but not before he got a very good look at me. I leave my door slightly open when I'm dressing, knowing me can see in from his room."

"I think you're both playing a dangerous game," I whispered.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"I have one of each. Alan is five years older than I am. Kara is three years older than me."

"Does Alan have one, you know, like yours?"

"Sure, he does. All guys do." I knew what she was getting at but I pretended to be dumb.

"I mean, does he have one as big as yours?"

"It looks about the same to me. When we were growing up, we shared the same bedroom; I saw it almost every day. I've seen him with a hard-on too and I don't think we're that different. He's more like our father than I am, with more hair on his chest and stomach and it's darker than mine is. I'm more like our mother, more fair and blond."

"Have you ever seen your sister, when she was naked?" she asked.

"Not really, at least not since she was a little kid. Our parents have always been very casual about nudity. Kara became more bashful when she turned into a woman."

"There's a shelf near the door with candles and matches on it," she said. "See if you can find one and light it."

I inched my way toward the door, hands outstretched, feeling for the shelf. I found the door, the shelf beside it, and the candles. Finally I found the box of matches and used one to light a candle. When the room filled with the soft light, I turned toward her.

She was tall and thin, rounded in the hips but still slim and boyish. Her breasts were only slight mounds, as though she was still developing. Only the large nipples gave away her maturity. Her small thatch of pubic hair was light brown.

The room we were in contained a large couch and a few folding chairs, with little else.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"It's a basement room with no windows. It's used mainly for weddings. This is where the bride usually prepares for the wedding ceremony."

I walked back to her. I knelt in front of the couch, dripped a small amount of wax onto the floor, and stuck the candle in it. When I stood up, she held out her arms for me.

She met me with an open-mouthed, hungry kiss that seemed to go on and on. I let my hands roam all over her back and then cupped them around her bare buttocks, pulling her against me. I had not taken off my briefs, waiting to see what she would do. After I had seen her eagerness in taking off my shirt and pants, the way she looked at me almost nude, I wanted her to have the pleasure of taking off the one last thing that hid from her what I knew she wanted.

At length, she pushed me away from her and turned me so that the candle lighted the front of my body. She looked down at my crotch and I waited, my heart pounding, my mouth open, to see what she would do.

She turned her hands, palms toward my stomach, fingers extended downward, and began to slide them into the elastic of my briefs. When her fingertips touched the base of my cock, I thought I would come within seconds. When she reached farther, holding my cock in her hands, her fingers curled around under my balls, I held my breath, waiting.

She knelt on one knee and slowly pulled my shorts down, her eyes eagerly fastened on my cock, watching it appear. When the head was free, it sprang out toward her face. By the time I stepped out of my briefs, my cock was almost fully distended. She stood and watched as it grew and lifted, first horizontally toward her, and then at a slight upward angle.

"I had never touched a man," she whispered, "before the other night."

"Be honest," I said. "What you mean is that you'd never touched a man's cock before, isn't it?"

"Yes. Can I do what I want to you? I want to play with you, to make you come, while I watch. Can I do that?"

"Will you let me to the same thing to you later? To show you that you can enjoy the same things a man enjoys. There isn't much difference in the way we feel about sex, you know."

She led me by the hand to the couch and then pushed me down until I was flat on my back. I moved back, with my head on the arm of the couch, so that I could watch her.

She swung one leg over me and straddled my legs, sitting on my thighs. The candlelight was just enough to let me see through her fine thatch of pubic hair to the open lips within. I could see the small opening there, pink and glistening.

The sight made my cock grow even harder, standing at a stiff angle, moving spasmodically as though it had a will of its own.

She reached forward with one hand, curling it around my cock and sliding it down to retract the foreskin completely, exposing the head to her. She slid her hand down farther to my balls, lifting them and feeling the movement of my testicles in my scrotum. The look on her face told me how fascinated she was with the way a man was made.

"Show me how to do it," she said.

I wrapped my hand around my cock and stroked it slowly upward, bringing my foreskin forward to cover the head, and then downward, exposing the head again. She watched my slow-motion demonstration and then pushed my hand away, replacing it with hers. At first her movements were as slow as mine had been. I let her have her way, watching first her hand and then her face, as she delighted in watching what she was doing to me.

As always, a drop or two of clear lubrication appeared at the tip of my cock. I had learned long ago that I was a little unusual in that respect. Most men evidently have so little pre-coital lubrication that it never shows. Mine flows constantly when I'm aroused; the head of my cock is almost always wet when I play with it.

She stopped, looking first at the moisture and then at my face, questioning without saying a word.

I took her hand in mine, holding her index finger, and rubbed it first in the mucoid fluid and then over the head of my cock, letting her feel how slick it made the skin, knowing she would realize its purpose. She was fascinated.

She began to stroke me again, squeezing on the upstroke, almost milking me. In a moment, a few more drops appeared. She touched her finger to them and then rubbed two of her fingers together, just a few inches from her face. And then she did something I could hardly believe. She put one finger in her mouth, sucking on it, evidently curious as to how it would taste. Just watching her with her eyes closed, one finger in her mouth, my cock swelled even harder and I knew I was going to come within seconds when she put her hand on me.

"You taste good; it's sweet," she whispered.

"When I come, it's not going to be just drops like that," I whispered. "And it's not going to just ooze out. You're going to make a mess on either you or me or both of us, depending on where you've got it pointed."

She smiled and put both hands back on me, one cupping and playing with my balls, the other sliding up and down my cock. In a moment, my breathing became faster. I'm sure she could feel the muscles in my legs and stomach tightening. I closed my eyes, feeling my orgasm building, giving in to it. Her strokes became faster and faster.

At that moment when I reached the point of no return, when I felt the first contraction start the first ejaculatory squirt of semen out of my body, I opened my eyes to watch her. She was holding my cock leaned slightly toward her and the first and second spurts flew the short distance to her chest, both landing almost cleanly in the cleft between her breasts. As she continued to stroke, she moved my cock so that it tilted more toward me. The next couple of spurts lofted upward almost a foot and fell on her hand, the last few sprinkled my stomach from just above my navel down into my pubic hair.

When I could catch my breath, I said, "I warned you." She was still slowly stroking my cock. I reached down and held her hand still.

She looked curiously at the opalescent semen on her hand and, as before, rubbed it with one finger, curious to see what it was like. I caught her hand and rubbed it in the come on my stomach and then used my fingers to smear the deposit on her chest over her breasts.

"It won't hurt you. If we're not careful, you can get pregnant from it, but outside your body it can't do anybody any harm."

I pulled her down on top of me, feeling her breasts and stomach against mine, my cock imprisoned between our stomachs, our skin almost sticking together with my semen. We must have stayed like

that for four or five minutes, drowning in open-mouthed kisses, my cock still half-hard between us, rubbing against each other. I knew she wanted it and I wanted more than anything to bury my cock in her, to leave a deposit so deep inside her she could taste it.

At length, she pulled away to catch her breath. "I've got to get off of you. If I stay here any longer, I'm going to have your cock in me. I want it so bad it hurts."

She held it again in her hand and milked it upward toward the head, bringing out the last few oozing drops of come. And then she did something that I would have never expected her to do without coaxing. She leaned forward, took the head of my cock in her mouth, and sucked on it briefly, exploring it with her lips and tongue.

When she straightened up, she smiled. "You do taste good, you know."

"I don't know. But I do know you amaze me. For someone who knows almost nothing about sex, you're certainly a quick learner."

"Do you mean you don't know what it tastes like? Aren't you curious about things like that?"

"I guess I just never thought about it."

She moved back over me, bringing her breasts above my face. "It's on my breasts," she whispered. "I want you to lick them clean."

How could any man refuse a request like that?

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Siobhan interrupted my story. She turned over and kissed me and then pulled back and looked at me strangely.

"Kieran, I smell something on your breath. What have you been eating?"

"Pussy."

"I thought it was garlic and anchovies."

"You don't taste anything like garlic, maybe a little like anchovies."

"Take that back or you're not going to get anything else tonight."

“Damn, I take it back. Where are you going?”

“I’ve got to pee. Keep my place warm.”

Chapter Fourteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 35 in story, 20 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 34 in story; Kavan Stuart, 8; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Reverend and Mrs. Steve Willingham, about 45 in flashback; Susan Willingham, 20 in flashback; Steve Willingham, Jr., 18 in flashback

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(SIOBHAN)

As soon as I was back in bed, Kieran flipped the covers over me and then rolled out of bed and ran for the bathroom. I waited but I didn’t hear him peeing. After a minute or so, he ran back in the bedroom and slid in behind me. I waited while he got his leg in place over mine, his groin up against my fanny, and his arm curled around with his hand on my breast.

“What did you do?” I asked.

“What do you mean? I peed. What did you think I was doing?”

“I didn’t hear you.”

“I sat down and did it. You left the seat down and I knew it would be nice and warm from your butt.”

“Well, it was cold when I sat on it.”

“Your butt’s a good warmer.”

“I’m glad you think so. Would you do that with me, what you were just telling me about doing with Susan?”

“What?”

“You know, come on my breasts and rub it all over and then lick it off.”

“Yeah, if you’ll let me put some Hershey’s chocolate syrup on your strawberries. I love strawberries with chocolate and cream.”

“Damn, just thinking about it’s another log on my fire, Kieran. Here, put your finger in my pussy. Feel how hot I am.”

I turned over on my back, grabbed his hand, and stuck it between my legs. He got his finger in place and checked out my internal temperature. I decided I’d let him play while he finished his story.

“That’s nice,” I said. “Just keep it there and tell me what you did with Susan.”

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(KIERAN)

For the next half-hour or so, Susan and I lay crowded side by side on the couch, kissing until we were breathless, then talking quietly about what we had been doing and what we wanted to do. I learned she was surprisingly naive about sex, eager to learn but uninformed about what men and women did to each other.

"You said you had never touched a man's dick before. Was that the truth?" I asked.

"Yes. I've touched a boy, but never a man."

"Who was the boy?"

"My brother."

"Tell me about it."

"Steve and I slept in the same room until I was eight years old and he was seven. Sometimes one of us would sneak into the other's bed. We'd fool around and play with each other and it wasn't long before we started stripping naked so we could compare the way we were made. I can still remember how his penis would grow from the size of my finger to twice or more that size. It would be so hard, almost rigid, and it always sprang back into the same position every time I moved it.

"Did you ever try to do more than just play around?"

"I don't think it ever really entered our minds. I didn't know how it was done and I don't think he did either. Maybe because we were preacher's kids, we didn't learn about sex as early as the other kids. They were reluctant to talk to us about it, as though we were different."

"Did someone catch you and make you move to separate rooms?"

"No. We moved into a larger house about that time. I still remember being confused because we weren't allowed to sleep in the same room."

"Did you ever see your brother's dick after that, after he was past puberty?"

"Once or twice, when he was taking a bath and I walked in by accident. His is not as big as yours is. It's sort of long and slim like he is and he's been circumcised."

"Did you ever see him with a hard-on?"

"Yes, once when he was sleeping."

"How did that happen?"

"About a year ago, he overslept when he was supposed to be up to go to high-school. My mother told me to go up and wake him. When I went in his bedroom, he was still asleep, with his cover kicked off. He was sleeping in short pajamas, on his back. His penis was sticking out the fly and so hard it was standing at an angle over his stomach. I stood and looked at it for a minute and then went back out, closed his door, and banged on it. When I opened the door this time he had the covers pulled up. I saw my father's once, too, when I was little."

"And how did that happen?"

"Our bedrooms were upstairs. When I was about nine, I think it was in January, I came downstairs to get a glass of milk. I must have been well after midnight and I didn't expect anybody to be up. There was a fire in the living room fireplace and just enough light from that for me to see. As I came down the stairs, I heard some sounds from the living room that I couldn't identify. When I was part way down the stairs, I peeked in and saw my mother and father. She was bending over a chair with her nightgown thrown over her back. My father was behind her with his pajamas down around his ankles. He was moving against her fanny and I couldn't imagine what they were doing. When he

pulled away from her, I saw his penis silhouetted against the fire. It was huge and red and shiny. He held her by the hip with one hand and with the other he held his dick and guided it back into her. I heard her say three words: 'Oh God, Steve.' When I heard that I was so terrified that I ran back up the stairs. I couldn't imagine where he was putting it into her."

"What did you think about him afterward?"

"I felt he was nothing but a hypocrite, doing something like that to my mother on Saturday night, and then preaching about the sins of lust on the next Sunday morning."

"You said you wanted me to teach you about sex. Do you mean that?" I asked. "There are all sorts of things we can do before we get around to the best part of all."

"Yeah, I want you to teach me," she whispered. "I want to do everything. You promised to go slow with me. I've got an appointment with the doctor next week. After that, I want you to fuck me so completely that there'll be nothing virginal left about me."

I sat up on the couch and pulled her upright. When I knelt on the floor between her legs, she guessed what I wanted to do to her.

"Blow out the candle. I don't want you looking at me"

"Why not?"

"It's not beautiful like yours. I don't want you to see it."

"What's it? Do you mean your pussy?"

"Yes."

"You said you were going to let me teach you. I want you to begin by saying 'pussy'."

"Pussy."

"Say, I want you to look at my pussy."

"I want you to look at my pussy."

"Did you enjoy looking at my dick and balls? Were they ugly to you?"

"No, I told you they were beautiful. I've seen pictures of men before, sometimes with erections. Yours is so smooth and the skin is so white except for the head. I'm glad you're not as hairy as the men in the pictures."

"Looking at you, at your pussy, can be just as beautiful to me. Don't ever be ashamed of it."

I pulled her forward until her hips rested just on the edge of the couch and then slowly pulled her legs apart. She leaned back, eyes closed, opening up to me, waiting for whatever I wanted to do.

The hair on her mound was light brown and relatively sparse. Most of it was tangled in one small area above her pussy with very little extending down between her thighs. The impression was of a girl years younger than I knew she was, almost pre-pubescent.

I began to stroke her legs with both hands, gradually working my way upward, moving down to the inside of her thighs toward her pussy. My heart was racing away and I had a throbbing hard-on again.

I coaxed her legs apart more and more, pulling her gradually forward. When my thumb touched the shaft of her clitoris she gasped. I leaned closer, my face only inches away from her pussy. With both thumbs, I began to open her, to pull the few hairs out of the way, to pull apart the soft mounds on each side of the opening. The soft pink lips inside were as delicate as flower petals, looking virginal and untouched. I wet one finger with my saliva and began to rub them, stroking, teasing them to part and reveal the opening into her. In the candlelight, she unfolded like a flower in slow-motion photography, gradually revealing the deeper pink and red just inside the lips, glistening with her own moisture. I alternated between thumb of right hand and finger of left, thumb stroking upward from wet vagina up to the hard bump of her clitoris, finger sliding gradually deeper and deeper into her. In a few minutes, I had one finger buried deep inside her. I let it remain still for a while and then began to move it gently in and out, finger-fucking her as a poor substitute for what I wanted to do. Her eyes were still closed.

With one finger still in her, I leaned forward and kissed her softly on the inside of first one thigh and then the other. I gradually moved my face upward, toward the center of her and as I did, I opened my mouth, using my tongue to tease and my lips to suck on the silky-smooth skin. At the juncture of leg and body, I fastened my mouth on her, just an inch or so away from her pussy, first biting gently and then sucking strong enough to leave my mark on her. I wanted her to see it for the next few days and to think about me.

When I moved my lips the last inch or two and brought my tongue in contact with her, she seemed to flow forward against my face and to open even more to me. I traced down the hard little shaft and sought out the hard bump at the bottom. I moved my hands away and put my mouth totally open against her pussy, my tongue first teasing open the soft slippery lips into her and then licking upward at her clitoris. Perhaps it was only a few minutes but it seemed like hours to me. I used my tongue and lips and teeth and mouth on her in every way I could. My face was wet with the mixture of my saliva and her lubrication. She was squirming now, moving against me, her hands in my hair, holding my head against her.

I brought my hands back into play. I wet my left thumb with her juices and began to stroke her on that smooth bridge between pussy and asshole, teasing, touching. With my right hand, I inserted first just one finger into her and worked it in and out, feeling all tightness disappear. In a minute or so, I gently inserted another finger and continued to push in and out, again feeling her pussy open to me even more. At last, I leaned forward and brought my tongue back against her clitoris, licking it hard again and again. She pulled back a little as though I had hurt her but in the next instant she pushed forward. Again and again, she thrust against my hand and mouth. I could hear her moaning and breathing raggedly.

Suddenly, she caught her breath and I felt the contractions of her orgasm on my fingers. I tried to time my tongue to the rhythm of her vaginal muscles, holding my fingers still inside her. When the contractions died away, I began to move my fingers slowly in and out of her again. Her hand came down from my head and held my wrist, asking me to stop. When I refused, she pulled my hair with the other hand. When I still refused to stop, she gave in to me. In a few minutes, I knew that, virgin or not, her pussy was big enough to hold my cock. I silently resolved she would soon have it, in pussy, in mouth, in asshole, and if she had other orifices large enough I would fuck her there too. I plunged my fingers in and out repeatedly and licked and sucked on her clitoris, willing her to come again. Very shortly thereafter, she did, moaning and whining loudly.

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(SIOBHAN)

“Can we put your story on pause again, Kieran? I’m getting sleepy and there’s something I want to do before I fall asleep. You can finish with it tomorrow.”

I'd started playing with his dick when he resumed his story after our bathroom break. He'd been hard so long it was drooling and I'd been smearing it on the head of his dick with my thumb. Damn, it was slippery stuff. He wouldn't need it to grease the way into me.

I got what I wanted: an old-fashioned fuck with him on top, my arms around him with my hands on his ass, my legs wrapped around his, his mouth fastened to mine, his dick working away like a piston. I think I was coming continuously for a few minutes before he finally unloaded in me.

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(KIERAN)

The rain, snow, sleet, ice storm passed quickly during the night. It dumped a layer of ice on top of the previous snow layer and then put a few more inches of snow on top of that. The sun was back out and the reflection off the snow and ice was blinding. I went out once to see if there had been any damage. There wasn't. I knew we couldn't let the kids out; it just wasn't safe.

We let them watch cartoons in the early morning and then got them to help cook with us for lunch. We made double-chocolate brownies for dessert and then an Italian stew. I browned a pound of Italian sausage while Siobhan and the kids got everything else ready. I held Kerry in my lap and let him hold onto the knife while we cut the sausage into slices. The stew was ready as soon as the potatoes cooked.

The Italian stew was something we all liked. I thought it was perfect on a cold winter day. Kavan ate like he'd never had a full meal. Arial even followed my example and wiped up the last of the tomato sauce with pieces of bread. I mashed up Kerry's potatoes in the tomato sauce and cut his sausage up smaller so he could feed himself. He made his usual mess but nobody cared. The kitchen was almost kid-proof.

The kids wanted to go out but I knew it wasn't safe. I let them put on their boots and coats and took them out on the deck. They discovered that they could stomp down and break through the thin ice layer into the snow below. After they'd made a mess on the deck, I let them look all around through my binoculars. It was below freezing. When I told them to go back inside, they didn't protest.

I unwrapped them back down to sweats and socks and took them into our bedroom. I propped them up at the head of the bed, pulled the

comforter over their legs, and gave them the remote control for the television. They were content.

Siobhan and I went in the living room or, as I sometimes called it, the music room. I had a reasonably-expensive sound system there and I wanted to listen to the Metropolitan Opera. Gounod's Faust was being broadcast and I never tired of hearing it. At the first intermission, Siobhan asked if I was ready to resume my story.

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For the next few weeks, Susan and I were at each other constantly, both in a state of never-quite-satisfied sexual desire. We found secluded spots where we were never certain that we would not be discovered and the danger of being caught in the act only added to our hunger for each other.

In the weeks I had known her, I had asked her more than once to go running with me. As slim as she was, I knew she would like that form of exercise as much as I did. I finally convinced her to let me help her buy running shoes and a lightweight running outfit.

We met one afternoon at the gym on campus and went to the locker rooms to change. When she came out in her running shorts, with her long legs and with her hair in a ponytail, I could feel an immediate response in my cock.

After stretching exercises to warm up, I set a slow pace, along the running trail near the river. When we stopped for a few minutes, she was silent, not her usual self. I asked her what was wrong and she insisted there was nothing. I ran on with her for another section of the trail and then led her up the hill, to a secluded spot where I usually rested. Some one had made a bench out of a single large timber between two trees. I straddled the bench and leaned against one tree. She leaned against the other facing me.

"Why are you so quiet today?" I asked.

"I did something last night that I shouldn't have done," she answered.

"Tell me about it."

"I'm ashamed of it but, at the same time, I'll admit it made me so hot for you that I don't want us to wait much longer."

"What happened?" I prompted.

"I was sitting in the back yard in the swing after dark when I saw the light in Steve's room come on. He came to the window and closed the blinds. I suppose that aroused my curiosity. I waited a few minutes and then sneaked up to his window. From the side I could see into the room. He was stretched out on the bed, naked, with a magazine. I could see naked women in it. He was playing with his penis and testicles, looking at the pictures. He gradually got an erection, a hard-on, as you call it. I must have watched him for almost ten minutes. He looked at the picture and used his hand on himself. His cock is almost as long as yours but not as big. I got so hot my stomach actually hurt. When he came, he let it fall on his chest and stomach. I wanted so much for him to be able to do that inside a girl where it belonged."

"You talk about your brother a lot. Do your feelings about him cause you problems?"

"I know I shouldn't even think of him in any sort of sexual way but we've always been close. I've been in such a state of confusion the last couple of months I don't know what I feel."

"Pretend I'm your brother, here and now. Let me play the role. Tell me what to do."

"Take it out. Take your cock and balls out and let me see you."

"I can't with this supporter I've got on under my shorts."

"Take it off and then put your shorts back on."

I did as she asked, quickly pulling my running shorts down and then the supporter. In only a few seconds, I was back in my shorts. I sat down again on the bench, straddling it and facing her. With one hand I slowly pulled the loose shorts to one side exposing myself to her.

"Show me yours," I said.

She pulled her shorts to one side, exposing the white cotton briefs underneath. Then she slowly pulled the briefs to one side, exposing herself to me.

"Do it to yourself," she whispered.

"I will if you will."

With her left hand, she held her shorts and briefs aside. With her right, she began a tentative stroking on the soft mounds on each side of her pussy, using just her two index fingers. Her eyes were fastened

on my cock and so I responded with the same sort of slow stroking motion, to let her know that I would respond in like kind to whatever she did.

Gradually she moved her fingers into the cleft between her thighs, lightly touching the area where I knew her clitoris could be found. She rubbed in a circular motion for a minute or so and then began to insert her fingers into her vagina, spreading her moisture over the lips of her pussy and over the clitoral shaft.

With my left hand, I did the same, holding my shorts to one side, while I stroked my cock with my right.

For the next few minutes, we both watched each other. I could feel my orgasm waiting just seconds away but I wanted to hold back, to see if I could tell when she came. Finally, she stiffened, closing her eyes and holding her breath, while she held two fingers buried in her pussy and I knew she had. When I came, there was no doubt on her part. I laid down a trail of white puddles on the bench between us, stretching most of the three feet or so to her pussy. When we got up a minute or so later, I would have sworn there was a wet spot where she had been sitting.

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For the next week, we were both too busy with class work to have much time for each other. When I tried to get her alone she resisted, teasing me but holding firm in saying no. When I stopped by her house late on Friday afternoon, I found her in the back yard reading in the swing under the oak tree.

"Why have you been avoiding me all week?" I asked.

"Because I wanted to," she responded, and then continued, with a smile, "and I intend to avoid you totally for one more week."

I thought I understood what she was implying but I wanted to be sure. "What do you mean?"

"Because in eight more days, one week from tomorrow, we're going to be busy all day. You're going to take me on a picnic with a group from the college. Except we're going to be the only ones in the group."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "I may have another date on that day. I'll have to check my calendar."

"Well, I can always find someone else to take me. I'm sure there are lots of young men who would enjoy a picnic alone all day with me. I'm sure there will be lots of interesting things to do. There might even be something good to eat...or something good for other purposes."

I knew when to be serious and when to tease.

"What time do you want me to pick you up?"

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She was ready at nine o'clock, in sneakers, jeans, and knit shirt, when I came for her. I had packed a cooler with the wine and beer she had asked me to get. She had packed another cooler with food for the two of us. She also carried an old quilt. I didn't ask what it was for.

"Where are we going?" I asked, as we drove away from her house.

"Out in the country, less than an hour's drive, to some property my grandfather still owns. It was his father's and mother's farm. Most of it isn't used now. Their old house is still standing, about a mile off the main road. The road back to there is closed and we may not be able to drive in all the way. There's a creek just before we get to the house and the bridge has been out for years."

While we rode, she told me about her great grandparents on her father's side who had lived on the farm for almost sixty years, raising eight children, five girls and three boys. The quilt had been made by her great grandmother.

When she pointed out the almost overgrown dirt road, I pulled off slowly in front of an iron gate blocking the way. She jumped out, opened a huge lock, and then swung open the gate. I pulled in and waited while she closed it behind us and got back in the car.

I made my way slowly along the old road, trying to avoid rocks and roots and brush. It took us another ten minutes to cover the short distance to the creek. I could see the old house standing on a knoll on the other side.

We found one huge timber, from one side of the bridge, still standing solidly above the creek and we crossed on that.

The old house was still dry and reasonably well preserved, its tin roof still protecting it. Inside it was dark and cool, the rooms all empty.

"When we were small, my parents used to bring us here for picnics. I never knew my great grandparents but my father did. He's told me some unbelievable stories about them. They both lived to be almost ninety years old and both died in this house. Do you think they might be here watching us?"

"I doubt it. If they had eight children here, their ghosts might still be in one of the bedrooms making love."

"Can you imagine that? Having eight children. I wonder how it was to make love when there was almost no way to protect yourself against having a baby."

She led me back outside into the sunlight again. When I asked where we were going, she held my hand and led me along a path that was almost overgrown, back down to the creek and then along the bank.

"There's a spot just up the creek where the water runs over some rocks. Just below that, there was always a pool deep enough for us to play when we were kids, with a sandy area just down from the pool. We always had our picnics there or in the cleared area beside the creek."

We found the pool, still clear and deep, with a large area of clean brown sand just below it. The area beside the creek, once a field cleared and farmed, was now overgrown with grass and filled with wild flowers.

"Let's play in the pool later," Susan said. "I want to clear an area in the middle of all these flowers for us. Do you think we can do that?"

We pushed our way through until we were surrounded, up to our waist in grass and flowers. I used my feet to mark off a square, bending the flowers always in the same direction. She watched for a moment and then began to help me. By the time we had pushed down a large square, we were both sweating.

I spread the quilt over the crushed flowers and grass and put our two coolers on separate corners. I sat down for a moment to pull off my sneakers and socks and then stood up to pull off my shirt. She followed my example. She had not worn a bra under her knit shirt and we stood for a moment looking at each other, both bare-chested. She moved closer to me and ran her hands over my shoulders and chest.

"I'd love to have a cold beer," she said. "My father won't allow it in the house. Maybe that's why I like it, especially when I'm hot."

I opened bottles for both of us. She drank hers in thirsty swallows, like a man, and I did the same, both of us watching the other.

She handed me her empty bottle and I returned both to the cooler. When I turned around again, she pulled me to the middle of the quilt. Before I could move, she reached for the button and then the zipper on my jeans. She bent to pull them down and when she saw what I had on underneath, a pair of cobalt-blue briefs, she smiled up at me. I stood on first one leg and then the other, my hand on her shoulder, while she pulled my jeans off my legs. When she stood up, I did the same for her, and I was just as pleased when I found she had worn a pair of lacy pink panties.

"Could we wait just a few more minutes?" she asked. "I want to rest here on my great grandmother's quilt and watch the clouds and let the sun soak into me. Could we do that?"

Spread out on the old quilt, she was a feast for the senses. Her hair sparkled gold in the sun. Her skin was like cream, touched with pink, glistening with a faint sheen of sweat in places. Her breasts were whitest of all, tipped with pinkish-brown aureoles and darker nipples. Her long legs were spread apart, welcoming the sun, and the pink panties were even more enticing when I realized that I would soon have them off her and would have my cock deep in what was hidden for now.

I joined her for a few minutes, lying first on my back, watching the clouds slowly pass overhead, and then on my stomach, my eyes closed, enjoying the warmth of the Indian summer weather. When I stood up at last, she propped on her elbows, watching me.

I waded into the sea of flowers, picking as wide a variety as I could find. When I came back to the quilt and to her, she watched still as I began to pull the petals off the flowers, dropping them over her body. She waited quietly, letting me spread the pink and yellow and white petals over her. I threw the stripped stems away.

"Now, would you like me to deflower you?" I asked.

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Siobhan interrupted the story again.

"Oh, come on, Kieran. You didn't really say that; did you? Deflower?"

She had my sweat pants down below my hips and was playing with my dick as I tried to concentrate on what had happened that afternoon with Susan.

“OK, maybe I didn’t. But I really did put the wildflowers all over her. Every time I think about it, I wish I had said it. Getting her cherry with all those flowers on her. I wish you could have seen her.

I heard footsteps and Kavan and Kerry walked into the room. Kavan looked at what Siobhan was doing with my dick.

“Are you going to let us watch?” he asked.

“Watch what?” I answered, not making the connection,

“You know, Dad, watch you and Mom. If you’re going to do it, can we watch? I’ll go get Ariel.”

I was tempted. Siobhan was trying to keep from laughing.

“No, Kavan, we did it last night. We’re not going to do it again. We’re just playing.”

“Oh, well, can we have some brownies for dessert? We’re hungry.”

Siobhan went to the kitchen with them. She yelled at me from the kitchen.

“I put some ice CREAM on their CHOCOLATE brownies. Would you like some?”

I had to settle for real brownies and real ice cream. When I finished, Siobhan made me start my story again.

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I stood over Susan waiting for her reply. She hesitated for just a moment, her gaze moving downward from my face toward my crotch and then back to my eyes.

She said just one word, "Yes."

I pointed to my briefs.

"Take these off."

She knelt in front of me, her hands moving up my legs, cupping my ass, stroking me until I was sure she had memorized the feel of me. I waited, hardly able to breathe, for her to touch the front of my briefs. When she did, she held me with both hands and leaned forward, burying her face in the blue fabric. Her mouth opened and then closed as she tried to catch the thin fabric in her teeth. Again and again she tried as I watched. Once she caught fabric and skin and I pulled away. She grabbed me behind my legs and pulled me back. With both hands, she reached up to the waistband, pulled down, and slowly, oh so slowly, my briefs gave way, turning inside out. When she had pulled them down a few inches, my cock sprang out in her face. She held on and pulled until they were around my knees. Only then did I offer any assistance and stepped out with first one leg and then the other.

By the time she looked back my penis was almost fully erect and pointing at her face. My testicles were hanging low as they always did when I was warm but not aroused. I knew that my scrotum would soon draw them snugly up to the base of my cock.

"I never knew a man's cock could be so beautiful. It's so straight and white and the head is so smooth. You're bigger than most men; aren't you?"

"How many men have you seen?" I asked.

"I've told you. I've seen my father once and my brother a few times since he grew up. Yours is bigger than theirs."

"Are you afraid of me because of that?" I asked.

"A little," she whispered.

"Don't be. I promise I won't hurt you. Whatever we do here today, it'll be because you want it."

As I lay down beside her, I resolved to be slow and patient with her and to build her desire into such a fever pitch that she would never forget this day. I also resolved to fuck her thoroughly and to take her virginity in every way I could to repay her for having to wait for the last two months.

At first we lay side by side, trying to be close but unable to find a comfortable arrangement for our arms. I pushed her onto her back and kissed her, lingering in an open-mouthed interplay of lips and teeth and tongue. When I moved downward, I buried my face in the curve of her neck and shoulder and tasted her sweaty skin with my open mouth. When I moved to her breasts her nipples were standing

hard and erect. I fastened my mouth on one and played with the other with my fingers.

"I love that," she whispered.

I alternated from one breast to the other, using my tongue to gently lick them all over and my mouth to suck on the hard nipples. At one point, when I tried to pull as much as possible of her breast into my mouth, her hands came up and held my head firmly against her.

When I moved downward, I stopped at her navel and used my tongue to tease and lick and to give her a sample of what would happen when I moved lower still.

Finally, I moved down once more, spread her legs, and knelt between them. With the sunlight on her, still strewn with flower petals, with the lacy pink panties still hiding her pussy from me, she was the most desirable woman any man could imagine. I could feel the blood throbbing in my cock and balls and I ached with hunger for her.

I pulled her legs up into a knees-bent position and leaned forward and kissed her on the pink fabric covering her pussy. I heard a swift intake of breath and she whispered, "I love that, too."

I played with her and tried to use my tongue to push the lacy fabric to one side to get at her, first one side and then the other. In a few minutes, the crotch of her panties was wet, either from my saliva or from her secretions. I could smell the musky scent of her and it only added to my determination to do everything I could think of to her.

When she lifted her hips up from the quilt, I knew she wanted me to take off her panties. I pulled them off her hips and immediately off her legs. She returned to the same position, but this time totally exposed to my eyes and to my hands and mouth. I took one long breath, pushed her legs apart as far as possible, and brought my tongue upward from the soft mounds of her buttocks through the petal-like inner lips of her vulva to her clitoris. I started licking and sucking and a few minutes later she had her first orgasm of the day.

When I moved on top of her I held myself supported on both elbows with my cock sandwiched between us and pressed against her stomach. For a few minutes, I did nothing more than kiss her, pushing my tongue into her mouth, teasing her to do the same to me and, when she did, sucking her tongue into my mouth. At the same time, I pressed my cock against her, sliding it back and forth, wanting her to feel it hot and hard against her stomach, waiting for her to give me a signal when she was ready.

When I felt her hands seek out the cheeks of my ass, I moved away from her to find room. With one hand, I guided the head of my cock downward until I felt the warmth and moisture between the soft lips of her pussy. I pushed gently and then retreated, pushed again and waited. I tried to will myself to be patient until she opened to me as much as possible. I was a little unsure whether I would hurt her. I knew that a virgin sometimes had a hymen that was an obstacle to a man's cock and that sometimes there was some pain and even blood. Regardless of pain or blood or anything else, I was determined to fuck her.

Just as I pushed gently one more time, I felt her hands on my buttocks, pulling my dick into her. I heard her gasp in my ear as the head slid into her. Her pussy was tight, tighter than any I had ever experienced. Somewhere in the deepest recesses of my mind, I wondered what had happened to her hymen. I waited patiently for her to relax and to give me a signal to put it in deeper.

Her arms wrapped around my back and I felt her spread her legs further apart. She wrapped them around me with her knees on each side of my waist, her heels locked just behind my ass, pressing against me. I pushed against her again and felt my cock slide a little deeper into hot moist flesh. I withdrew until just the head was in her and then pressed forward again and again, each time feeling her pussy open to me, letting my cock in deeper. It seemed like an eternity but it was probably just a few minutes later that I was buried to the hilt in her, my belly pressed tightly against hers, my pubic bone against hers, and my balls snuggled up tight against the cheeks of her ass.

I had been without sex of any kind for two weeks and I knew I wouldn't be able to last long when I began to fuck her. I held still inside her, letting her become accustomed to the feel of my cock in her.

Shortly she whispered, "Do it. I want to feel you come in me."

I began to slide it in and out of her, marveling at the tight hot silkiness of her vagina. In spite of my resolve to hold back, I was quickly lost and unconscious of everything except my cock buried in her pussy. Within a minute or so, I felt my orgasm begin, swelling somewhere behind my balls, building in urgency, and then pouring out my semen in what felt like a dozen or so separate contractions. I buried my dick as deep in her as I could and let it all squirt out.

When I became aware again, I realized that I was resting all of my weight on her. I pushed up on my elbows and looked at her face.

"Don't move, please," she said. "Don't take it out. I don't want you to ever take it out."

I could tell that my cock had lost some of its hardness and I didn't know how soon I would be ready to continue. I wrapped my arms around her, rolled over, and pulled her on top of me. She held on, spreading her legs over me, her knees on each side of my waist, finding a comfortable position, but never letting my cock slip out of her pussy.

I resolved to be passive this time, to wait for her to take the initiative. I wanted her to find out for herself what gave her pleasure when she had a man's cock in her pussy, how to find that combination of movement and pressure which could bring about her own orgasm.

She rested on top of me for a minute or so before she began to move. My cock was at first only half erect inside her. Her pussy was still slick from her lubrication and my semen. She tried a variety of movements, some up and down, pistoning my cock in and out faster and faster, some circular, with my cock buried as deeply in her as our bodies would permit.

My cock was soon erect again and she seemed to grow more excited as it grew inside her. I curled my hands around her ass checks with my fingertips reaching just inside to the lips of her pussy until I could feel my cock disappearing inside her. That seemed to bother her even more. She rocked back and forth for a few minutes, eyes closed, lost in her own sensations. When I knew I had had almost as much as I could endure, I brought one hand between our bodies and tried to turn my hand to bring one finger into contact with her clitoris. With the other hand, I teased the soft area between her pussy and asshole. When she felt my finger, she began to press against it on each down stroke.

When I felt the first contraction of her orgasm, I used both hands to lift her slightly above me to give me room to move. I plunged in and out of her pussy as rapidly as I could and after only a few strokes I came again inside her.

"With that," I said to her, "you can say good-bye to the virginity of your pussy."

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(SIOBHAN)

Kieran kept telling his story during the opera. I knew he was operating on two levels, one part of his concentration centered on the opera, the other part centered on telling me the story. I'd often wondered how he could do it. He stopped with the story only when there was a particular passage he wanted to hear. I checked on the kids a couple of times. They had found The Wizard of Oz on one channel and were watching it.

"Could we put you on pause again?" I asked. "I need to think of something for dinner. If the temperature's going to be down in the teens tonight, do you need to check on anything outside?"

"I think everything outside's OK," he answered. "I'll go down in the basement and make sure everything's closed up tight. I'll put some of the foam mats at the bottom of the garage door. That ought to keep out a big source of cold air."

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(KIERAN)

Susan relaxed completely on top of me, letting her full weight rest on me. I held her with both arms with my cock still buried inside her but slowly becoming soft. After a minute or so we both began to doze. When I awakened, perhaps fifteen minutes later, I felt an urgency to get rid of the two beers I had drunk earlier. I eased her to one side and got up to find a private spot to relieve myself.

For the next half-hour or so, we played naked in the creek, cooling off in the deep pool below the rocks. Once she turned while playing in the pool and looked at me with a smile that seemed to speak volumes about the secret we now shared. Her long hair draped over one shoulder and her eyes and mouth signaled some kind of invitation. Between the rounded curves of her buttocks, I could see the beginnings of the darker skin around her asshole with the rest hidden just under the surface of the water. It was an image that would tempt any man. Finally, both starved, we went back to the quilt in the middle of the flowers, to our lunch. I had brought two bottles of champagne in addition to the beer. Before we were through eating, we were both more than a little tipsy with the champagne.

"I want to suck you off," Susan whispered.

I was more than surprised. I couldn't believe what she had said. "I can't believe you can talk like that," I responded.

"You've been trying to teach me to be honest. Do you want me to be candid with you or not?"

"Yeah," I answered.

"Good. You may think I'm perverted or something. I don't know what's supposed to be normal and what's not. I know what I want to do. Do you want me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"I want to suck your cock. I want to do it to you until you come. And when you come, I want you to come in my mouth and I want to swallow it. I want to suck you until you can't stand it, until nothing else comes out of you, and you lose your hard-on."

I was lying on my side, my head propped in my hand, as we were talking. She was facing me with her legs laced through mine.

"Be my guest," I said.

She slid down just a little and brought her lips against my chest and her tongue tracing wet trails around my nipples. With her hand, she sought out my still-soft cock and held it. After a minute or so she put her mouth on my nipple and began to suck on it, just as I had been doing to her. I had never felt anything like it and I wondered if I was supposed to like it as much as a woman did. She alternated between my nipples, first one and then the other, sucking, teasing. I began to feel a response in my cock as it began to swell in her hand.

"I just wanted to see if it would affect you the same way it does me," she said. "When you do it to me, I feel warm and squirmy inside and my pussy gets hot and juicy, like there's a direct connection between nipples and my pussy. Maybe there's one between nipples on a man and his cock."

She took another drink of champagne straight from the bottle, then kissed her way down over my stomach, and finally reached my cock. When she took the head in her mouth, it felt cool and tingly from the champagne. She held the base of my cock in one hand and my balls in the other and began to explore with her tongue, running it around the rim, over the head, down the shaft. Finally she began to move her mouth up and down on the head, sucking with each up-stroke. I tried to remain motionless, watching her head moving back and forth, her mouth spread wide around the head of my cock, the shaft exposed to the warm sun. Out of nowhere, some cruel, perverse idea seized me. I cupped my hand behind her head and pulled her toward me, at the

same time thrusting forward with my hips. I felt the head of my cock against the back of her throat and I wondered just how much of it she could hold. For a moment, I relaxed my grip, to let her breathe, and then quickly pulled her forward again, harder, pushing with my hips. This time, I felt her throat open and the head of my cock slid into warm velvet smoothness. She put her hands against my stomach and pushed away, struggling. I let her go and she looked at me, tears in her eyes, fighting to hold back the gag reflex.

Finally she managed to speak. "I didn't know that was possible. Where did you learn that dirty little trick?"

"I watched a circus sword swallower once," I joked.

"Do you think it's really possible, I mean for a woman to take a cock like yours down her throat?"

"I don't know. I've heard of it but I've never had it done to me. You're the one who wanted to suck my cock."

She pushed me down on my back and straddled my legs, holding my cock upright with one hand. She took it in her mouth and started again with just the head inside, her tongue teasing around the rim and against the frenulum. I lay back and covered my eyes with my hand against the sun. I determined to try to relax, to delay coming again as long as I could, but I failed to reckon with her insistence on having what she wanted. All too soon, I found myself drawn over the edge of orgasm and unable to hold back if I had wanted to. I poured out one more offering of semen into her mouth. She held on to my cock through it all, gulping, swallowing, almost gagging, determined to have it all, until there was nothing else in me.

When she looked up at me, smiling, I said, "With that, you can say good-bye to the virginity of your mouth."

Afterward, we rested in the sun, still playing with each other. I made her turn face down while I kissed her, covering her neck and back and buttocks and legs with open-mouthed kisses. Then I made her turn over and I did the same to the other side. She insisted on having her turn but starting on my front side. When I turned over, she teased me into spreading my legs and then bit me just at the joining of ass and thigh. Finally we curled up together and talked while our hands continued to play with each other. I wondered if I would be able to get another erection, if I could complete what I had determined to do.

"Do you still feel like a virgin?" I asked, almost an hour later. "There's one more way we can do it, if you tell me you want it."

"I want it," she said. "I'm so tired of god and goodness and virginity and innocence. I want to be fucked, really fucked, until there's nothing left but a woman who loves to have a man's cock in her."

"Then get on your hands and knees."

She complied immediately, spread her knees apart, and pushed her ass backward a little as if to offer me ready access to her. It made me wonder how much of a novice she really was at this game.

I held her hip with one hand and with the other guided the head of my cock between the pouting lips of her pussy. She pushed back against me, eager to have it in her. I held her by both hips and began to give it to her in long slow strokes, in as deep as I could, until I felt sure it was hitting bottom, then out until I could see the head just parting the lips of her pussy. She was moaning with each stroke, whether from pleasure or pain, I didn't know. As I watched my cock slide in and out of her, I couldn't help but notice the small puckered opening between her buttocks. I began to wonder if I could really convince her to let me have that last virginal orifice.

I pulled my cock out, leaning back on my heels momentarily, trying to decide whether I dared. With her head buried in the quilt, I heard her mutter something about god and a name and how she loved my big cock in her. I was unsure what I had heard but it took only a moment for it to sink in and I determined to do it.

I held her again, this time pressing the slippery head of my cock to the little brown opening.

"Do it, damn it! Do it," she said. "Fuck me in the ass with your big cock."

I held her firmly with both hands and pushed but nothing yielded. I backed off for a minute, reached down between her legs with a finger and inserted it in her pussy, then brought the moisture back to her asshole. I stroked it with one finger, pressing, waiting for her to relax. In a few seconds, I felt her yield and my finger slipped into the tight sphincter. I pushed it in and out a few times and, when I heard her moan again, I spit on my fingers, coated the head and shaft of my cock with saliva, and then substituted my cock for my finger.

This time she was ready. She pushed back against me and the head of my cock slid into her. Her asshole was even tighter on the head of my cock and just as hot as her pussy. She moaned again. I pushed on, curious to see if she could take it all. She kept up the moaning,

rocking with me, as I opened her up more and more. I couldn't believe what I was doing but I knew I couldn't stop.

Finally she stopped me. "No more, please. You're splitting me wide open."

I began to slide it in and out, at first slowly, but gradually faster and faster. I could feel the muscles gripping my cock relax gradually and, without her knowing it, I saw the last inch of so gradually disappear into her. When I had it all the way in, I reached around her hips and sought out her pussy, feeling for her clitoris. I began to stroke it, curious to see if I could make her come this way. Within less than a minute, I could feel the contractions in her vagina, even though my cock was buried in the passageway next to it.

As last, I went at her without regard for her feelings, holding her by both hips, slamming into her, uncaring whether I hurt her or not, determined to come one more time, to sound the death knell of the last of her virginity. After a minute or so, I was covered with sweat but my orgasm still eluded me. She reached back between her legs and caught my balls, moaning with each inward stroke. Finally, I poured out one last load into her, almost grateful to be done with what I had determined earlier to do.

I watched as I slowly withdrew my cock, still hard, out of her ass. There was a trace of blood down the shaft. I stopped with just the head inside her, torn between the desire to ram it in again, to hurt her, and the relief of being done with her. Suddenly, I felt the muscles of her anal sphincter push the head of my cock out of her, followed by a mixture of white semen and a little red blood.

"You're not a virgin now," I whispered. "If you were virgin in mouth or pussy or ass, you're not that way now and never will be again."

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(SIOBHAN)

I was puzzled. It didn't make sense. I started to ask him a question.

"Wait a minute," he said. "This last part of the opera's great. Faust and Mephistopheles are in Marguerite's prison cell. She's got to sing before she dies. The heavenly choir will put goose-bumps on you."

After it was over, I asked him my question.

"You can't just stop and leave me here wondering what else happened between the two of you. I know it didn't work out between you or she'd be here now and I wouldn't. What happened to make the two of you break up?"

"We had a few other hot and furious sessions after that," he said. "But I guess she began to sense a change in the way I felt about her. After a while, we began to argue. She wanted me to go to church with her. She said her parents were after her to bring me. I refused and we argued. After one fuss, we went for two weeks without seeing each other. When I ran into her on campus, I asked if she would go out with me on the weekend. She refused. When I pressed her for a reason, she told me she had a date with another guy. He was someone I knew and didn't like. I kissed her on the cheek and told her thanks. And it was over like that."

"What caused you to change the way you felt about her? I don't understand that."

"That Saturday afternoon, when I was trying to decide whether to fuck her in the ass, I told you she said something I didn't understand at first, about god and a name and how she loved my big cock in her. At first I wasn't sure what I had heard but when I understood the name, that's when I determined to ream her ass out. I'll never know whether she was thinking of her brother or her father but she had called me Steve."

TO BE CONTINUED:

Chapter Fifteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 36; Siobhan Stuart, 35; Kavan Stuart, 9; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Luke Bridges, 18; Rachael Monteverde, 19

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(SIOBHAN)

I became angry when Kieran made the suggestion.

“Great, that’s all I need, Kieran, another mouth to feed and another kid to clean up behind.”

“I won’t let that happen, Siobhan. I hope we can arrange something with Luke and his father that’ll be good for both our families.”

“Yeah, well, just tell me what’s in it for me.”

“I think he could be a lot of help for you. He could give you more freedom too. The kids are running you ragged. With two in school, you always have to help them. Kerry’s a lovable boy but he’s a damn handful, as we both know. Luke will be going to school during the day and his high school is right next to their grammar school. He could drive them instead of you and he’ll have his own car covered under his father’s insurance. He can help them with their schoolwork. When you want to go shopping in the afternoon, he can baby sit with them instead of you dragging them along. He can baby sit at night and we might even be able to go out once in a while. When it’s warm enough for them to swim, he can watch them in the pool.”

“When’s he going to study? He’ll be in his last year of high school and he might have to crack a book.”

“His father says he’s a smart kid and he makes good grades. He’s always worked hard in school without his parents pushing him. He’s a good kid who’s never caused any trouble at home. He can make his own time to study. The kids go to bed a couple of hours before he does. He can study then.”

“And who’ll do his laundry?” I asked. “Who’ll do the cooking for him?”

“Damn it, Siobhan, I think he could be a lot of help around here in return for his board. He can get his own breakfast. I do it because I like to fix my own. He’ll be at school for lunch. Some nights we order in something and sometimes I bring something home. You cook three or four times during the week. I’m happy with that arrangement. Would it be that much trouble to cook a little more for him?”

“You’ll make it clear he has to keep his own room clean and do all of his own laundry?”

“Yes.”

“And he has to help with stuff just like a family member. Cleaning up the kitchen. Taking out the garbage. Maybe I should do his laundry.”

He'll probably be as bad about that as you are. Maybe he could vacuum instead. But if he can't be just like family, I don't want him."

"I thought taking out the garbage was always my job."

"We might have to change something about the way we live. And I don't want to."

"What's that?"

"What's Luke going to say when he comes in with you for the first time and finds me and the kids naked, that's n-a-k-e-d, like bare-ass, tit's bouncing nude? How's an eighteen year old boy going to react?"

"He'll probably get an erection. Looking at you is enough to give a eunuch a hard-on. So what? The kids have seen me with a big boner. I don't think it will hurt them to see Luke with one."

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(KIERAN)

My old boss, Larry Bridges, was offered a promotion that required him to relocate. He wanted the job but his son, Luke, was about to start his last year of high school and didn't want to move. He told me about it when we were having lunch and I started thinking of letting Luke live with us during his last year in high school.

When Larry told me about his son, I was almost convinced that it would be a good arrangement for my family and for Luke. When Larry told me about his straight-laced religious-fanatic wife and how she got mad if he tried to talk to his son about sex, drugs, alcohol, music, and most things teen-age boys are interested in, I almost changed my mind.

"You mean he's never even had a beer?" I asked.

"Not under his mother's roof," Larry answered.

"And your wife chews him out for saying damn?"

"Yeah, imagine what he gets from her when he says shit."

"What if he saw a girl and referred to her as a 'sweet piece of ass?'"

"He sure as hell doesn't talk that way around his mother. He can relax around me but he never lets down his guard all the way."

“Sheeiit, Larry, pardon the language, I’d like to invite him to live with us for a year but my wife and I are totally different. My two older kids can already talk to us about sex and we give them honest answers. We even swim in the nude with our kids. He’d have a hard time making the adjustment to living with us.”

Larry grinned at me. “I know how your family is, Kieran. And that’s exactly what I’d like him to do – make an adjustment. You might even encourage him to get a girl friend and get himself a sweet piece of ass.”

“I’ll talk to Siobhan. If she agrees, you can tell him we’ll invite him to visit with us for a trial weekend. We’ll throw everything at him. We’ll make sure he knows how we live and he can make up his own mind. But, damn, let me know if your wife wants to check us out. We’ll have to clean up our act before she comes to meet us.”

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(SIOBHAN)

Luke rang the bell after lunch on Friday. Kavan and Arial were still at school and Kerry was following me around the house.

He was certainly a nice looking young man. His khaki shorts, blue knit shirt, and sneakers all looked clean and new. His hair was cut short and neat and he was wearing glasses. His teeth were perfect and he had a cute smile. He was tall and slim and muscular and even sexy. I had been expecting a chubby mother’s boy. When he shook my hand, his long fingers wrapped around my hand and his palm was warm and dry. My panties were not so dry afterwards.

I showed him where his room was and he threw his bag in and took a quick look around. I told him I had to go pick up our two oldest at school and he offered to drive his car. I explained that we already had Kerry’s child seat in my car so we had to use that. I picked up Kerry, handed him to Luke, and we went out through the garage. I handed him the keys after I strapped Kerry in the back seat and told him he could drive.

Kavan and Arial were bubbling over with excitement at the prospect of having a young man to play with in the house. When they were strapped in and we started back, Luke was very kind in smiling and answering their questions.

I told the kids to show him around the house, then the basement, and then the yard. When I told him to carry Kerry down the stairs and to keep an eye on him outdoors, he even seemed pleased at the prospect.

When they all came back up the stairs, the kids took off their sneakers and socks. I yelled at Luke that we liked to go barefooted in the house. He looked surprised but he took his off too. I watched the kids to make sure they didn't take anything else off. They'd been told not to undress unless I said it was OK but I knew how much they liked to run around the house and play in the nude when it was warm.

Kieran came in from work early as he had promised. He'd already met Luke so they talked for a few minutes and then Kieran went to change into shorts and shirt. When he came back in the family room, he seemed to have forgotten the shirt. He invited Luke to sit with him on the deck and the kids followed them out. I got two bottles of the dark beer Kieran liked and took them out on the deck. Luke was just pulling his shirt over his head. When he saw me holding two bottles of beer, he grinned from ear to ear. Without his shirt, he looked even sexier: smooth and hard with flawless skin and a little trail of dark hair that started just under his navel. My panties got a little damper.

"Thanks, sweetie, that's just what I need, something cold and wet." Kieran said. He looked at Luke. "Would you like a beer, Luke? This is one of my favorites."

"Mom won't allow beer in the house," he said.

"Damn, kid, your mother's not here, is she?" Kieran said. "I asked you if you wanted a fucking beer."

Luke appeared shocked and looked up at me, standing there with the beer in my hand. Kavan and Arial were grinning. Kerry was looking at something down in his shorts.

"Luke, he did that on purpose," I said. "He doesn't usually use profanity in front of the kids but there's not much they haven't heard. Anyway, this is our house and we don't live like your parents. If you stay with us, you'll have to follow our rules, not your mother's. We don't care if you use an occasional profanity. Now, Kieran, ask him again."

Kieran smiled at Luke, looking something like a child who has been chastised by his mother and told to mind his manners.

"Luke, would you like a beer? This is one of my favorites."

He beamed and took the other beer from my hand.

"You're damn right," he said grinning again. "I'd love a fucking cold beer."

Dinner was spaghetti with Italian sausage, salad, and garlic bread. I'd bought a larger size jar of sauce, cooked more pasta, and added two extra pieces of sausage to the pan. I'll have to admit it wasn't really any more work for me. Luke ate like he hadn't had a meal in days. After dinner, Kieran told Luke that everybody except Kerry had to help clean the kitchen and nobody left until we were finished.

"At home, my mother always insists on cleaning up by herself," Luke said. "Then she has to say something about how much work we make her do. I like your way better."

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(KIERAN)

After dinner, I led the kids and Luke out in the back yard again. Siobhan begged off, knowing what was likely to happen. The kids began to run wild and soon had Luke chasing them. When he caught Kerry, Kavan and Arial piled on him and brought him down in the grass. When I sat down nearby, they attacked me. Before it was over, we were all hot and sweaty and covered with grass clippings. Luke and I ended up on our backs with Kavan on my stomach, Arial on Luke's, and Kerry running around jumping on both of us. Kavan stretched out on me and kissed me on the cheek and I wrapped my arms around him. Luke watched us and when Arial lay down on him and kissed him, he wrapped his arms around her and looked at me with a very happy smile on his face.

"Luke, we'll let them play a little more and then we're going to take them into the basement for a shower. Sometimes I help them bathe and sometimes Siobhan does it. Most of the time we both do it. You'll be expected to help bathe them."

"But Arial's a girl, Mr. Stuart. I'm not supposed to bathe her, am I? Am I supposed to get in there with them naked? And me naked too?"

"Yeah, Arial's a girl. She was the last time I looked. But she's used to seeing her brothers and me naked. Is your equipment any different from mine? And I think you usually get naked when you shower, don't you?"

“But I’m not supposed to touch little kids, especially when they’re naked,” he argued.

“Luke, Siobhan and I have bathed the kids all their lives. We’ve always washed their genitals and their butts as well as everything else. Kavan can pretty much wash himself now. Arial can too except that we usually end up shampooing her hair and making sure it’s rinsed. Kerry has to have the full treatment from somebody.”

“Mr. Stuart, I’m not used to bathing with anybody else. My mother won’t even let me do it at school because she thinks stuff goes on in the showers there.”

“Luke, you can call me Kieran or even old man but don’t call me Mr. Stuart. You and I’ll wash them tonight together and we’ll both wash ourselves. I think you’ll see there’s nothing going on except we’re all getting clean.”

In the basement, Kavan and Arial struggled out of their clothes and I stripped Kerry. I unbuttoned my shorts and kicked them off and caught Luke checking me out. He turned his back while he took his off. I could almost see him struggle with having to turn around and face us. When he did, his equipment turned out to be nothing remarkable, just a normal eighteen-year old male's with normal-sized uncircumcised penis and testicles. I noticed that his balls were hanging low and relaxed and his dick didn't seem to be shrunken by any anxiety at getting naked with us. I also noticed that the kids paid no more attention to those parts of his body than all the rest.

I sent Kavan for the bench to sit on while I adjusted the water. The kids and I got in and got wet. Arial took Luke’s hand and led him under the shower. When we were all rinsed off, I told Luke to sit down on the bench. I handed him the kid’s shampoo and Arial immediately walked in front of him and tried to back up. When she bumped into his knees, she turned around, pushed his legs apart, and backed up. Luke looked up at me, smiled, and started shampooing her hair. I was glad she hadn't threatened to grab his dick like she sometimes does with me. I caught Kerry and started scrubbing him.

As I expected, Kavan took his soapy washcloth, pulled his foreskin back, and proceeded to rub his dick to erection. When I saw it, I touched Luke’s shoulder and told him to look, that Kavan wanted us to admire his hard work. I think Luke blushed even in the warm shower.

When we were finished, Kavan got towels for everybody. He kept one and started drying off by himself. I handed one to Luke and kept one

for Kerry. Luke seemed reluctant to touch Arial around her hips. I encouraged him. "Luke, just press the towel up against her vulva in front and then between her butt cheeks in back. I always do and she'll expect it from you. It's OK."

The three kids went up the stairs to the kitchen, Kavan and Arial holding Kerry's hands as he struggled up the steps. I watched the three beautiful little butts until they disappeared.

Luke was under the warm shower, watching the parade too. He moved over when I got under the water. He handed me the soap and I grabbed a cloth and lathered up. When I pulled back my foreskin and washed the head of my dick, I noticed Luke watching me. He slid his foreskin back and soaped up his dick but then he started to get a hard-on and turned his back to me.

"I'm sorry," she said, over his shoulder.

"Luke, you haven't done anything to be sorry for," I said. "When I was your age, my dick wouldn't behave either. Now, turn around and just don't worry about it."

He turned around, rather reluctantly I thought, and I saw he had a nice-sized erect dick, straight, the foreskin staying retracted, a little larger than normal but not quite as big as mine, certainly one any young girl would probably love to play with. I decided to tell him that, maybe to give his ego a boost.

"You've got a nice dick, Luke," I said. "I'll bet some young woman would love to have you use it with her."

"Shit, Kieran, I've never even had a date with a girl. I wouldn't know what to do if I got the chance."

"I'll bet you'll think of something. Siobhan and I want to see if we can help you have a chance. If you find a girl you like, you can invite her home. That's what this is going to be, you know, your home."

He looked at me, with a big grin on his face and shook his head.

"My family is totally different from yours, Luke," I said. "I hope someday, you'll know what it's like to have a family like mine. There're still some things you and I and my wife have got to talk about after the kids are in bed. But what do you say so far? Do you think you want to be part of this family for a year?"

He looked at me, still smiling widely, and answered, "Yeah!"

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(SIOBHAN)

When Kieran and Luke came upstairs, the kids were all sitting on the couch in the family room, waiting for someone to read to them. I'd wondered how far Kieran would get in indoctrinating Luke. They both had put their shorts back on and I saw grass stains all over the khaki fabric on both of them.

"Luke," I said, "I know you agreed that you'd do your own laundry. But your shorts and Kieran's are covered with grass stains. You'd both better take them off and let me treat them tonight so the stains'll come out. If you're as incompetent at doing laundry as Kieran, maybe I'd better do yours too."

Luke looked at Kieran in bewilderment, not knowing what to do.

"Luke," Kieran said, "we're hitting you with everything right up front. You need to know what your life is going to be for the next year if you move in with us. Siobhan and I like to go nude around the house. We swim in the nude. There's even a place out in the country where a whole bunch of families go nude together. We can't change the way we are. Can you change the way you are?"

He looked at the three kids, all clean, hair combed, faces shining, holding books, waiting for someone to read to them, and still naked. He looked at me and finally at Kieran. He unzipped his shorts, took them off, and handed them to me. Kieran did the same. I gave them both one quick glance and saw that Luke's dick looked as full and relaxed as Kieran's always does. Kieran's was bigger but Luke's was certainly enough to please any woman.

"Would one of you read to the kids, please?" I said.

When I came back to the family room, Luke was sitting on the couch, naked except for Kerry in his lap. Arial was on one side and Kavan was on the other. I listened and noted that Arial or Kavan corrected him if he missed a word. Kavan was an excellent reader and Arial was making fast progress. Besides, they'd memorized the book from the many times we'd read it to them. They'd picked an easy book from Dr. Seuss tonight, not one of the ones on dinosaurs or paleontology or astronomy they usually liked to read or have read to them. I wondered what Luke would've done if they'd picked one of their books on sex.

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(KIERAN)

Luke carried the sleeping Kerry to bed. I tucked Kavan in and kissed him. Luke started to leave the room but saw Kavan had his arms outstretched. “You’ve got to kiss him good night,” I said. He sat down on the bed beside Kavan, got hugged around the neck, kissed Kavan on the cheek, and ruffled his hair.

In Ariel’s room, I sat down on the side of her bed and pulled the sheet up over her naked little body. I leaned over for my nightly hug and kiss. When I stood up, she held out her arms for Luke. When he sat down on the bed and leaned over her, she gave him the same hug and kiss. She even ran her hand through his hair. “I hope you come stay with us, Luke,” she whispered.

When we were walking down the hall toward the family room, Luke put his hand on my shoulder and stopped me. “Is it like this every night?”

“Yes, but you’re not expected to put them to bed every night. That’s a job for their father and mother but you should do it once in a while. They’ll want you to.”

“Kieran, old man, whatever, I can’t go back in there with your wife. I’ve kept my penis under control for the last couple of hours. If she gets naked, I don’t think it’s gonna listen to me.”

I listened for a minute to see if I could hear it, I mean her. “I think she’s back in our bedroom. Go out on the deck and turn out the lights in the kitchen and family room. I’ll tell her where we are. The three of us need to talk and maybe you’ll feel better in the dark.”

He started to walk away and I called after him, “Luke, you can say penis, your dick, your cock, whatever. We all do, it’s OK.”

A few minutes later, I found him sitting in one of the chairs on the deck. There was enough light to see him but I guessed he could hide something if the need arose.

“This is important for you, Luke. I told your father about the way we are in our family. He knows we go nude at home and at a place in the country. He knows I’m already talking to my two oldest about sex and Kerry hears it all too. He said he hoped you’d be able to make an adjustment. He even told me to encourage you to get a girl friend and get yourself, in his words, ‘a sweet piece of ass’.”

“Dad said that?” he asked. The emotion in his voice was clear.

“Yes.”

“Kieran, I feel sorry for him. He tries to keep peace with Mom. I guess I do too. She’s awfully hard to live with.”

“You don’t have to live with her anymore, Luke. You can live with us for the next year. After that, your father’s planning to send you to college. You should still treat them as your mother and father and give them your love and respect. You’re about to be an adult and you can choose whether you want to live your life by their rules or by your own.”

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(SIOBHAN)

Kieran had told me I could get undressed before I came out on the deck, just not to turn any lights on. When I walked out, Kieran was saying something to Luke about living by rules. I think Luke almost stood up before he realized I was as naked as they were.

“Kieran,” I said, “Luke’s passed the most important test of all with flying colors.”

“What test?” Luke asked, surprised.

“The kid test, Luke,” Kieran said. “We’ve been giving you that test since you came in this afternoon. I agree with my wife. You made an A+ on the kid test.”

“He’s having a hard time with the other test though,” I punned. “I think he reacts normally to naked women, don’t you, Luke?”

I leaned forward, elbows on my knees, to talk to Luke. “Luke, don’t worry if you react to me that way. Kieran does and I’m very glad of it. It’s the most normal reaction of a man to a woman. You’ll get used to being naked around us. You can handle it.”

“Siobhan and I have the kind of marriage every man should want, Luke,” Kieran said. “I said I loved her before we were married but I love her even more now. With our three kids, I don’t think I could ever ask for more love from her or from the kids.”

“Yes, Luke, he’s right about that,” I said. “And the sex is pretty damn good too. We didn’t invite you here to get involved in that part of our marriage but you’ve got to be involved in the love part if you’re going to live with us, especially with the kids.”

“Yeah, but I was just eighteen last month,” he said. “I’ve never had a girl friend. I don’t know what I’d do with one if I had one. I stay horny night and day. I can’t control my feelings.”

“Luke, you don’t have to worry about your sexual feelings,” I said. “You’re a normal young man. Be glad you are. If you get aroused, you can go in your room and do something about it. Masturbate! You’re going to be taking care of your own room. I’ll give you a bottle of baby oil. I’ll give you a stack of old towels; we have plenty of those. Just don’t let them pile up too long. Your room might smell a little strong if you do.”

I could tell that he was looking back and forth from Kieran to me. “You mean you don’t care if I jack off? Mom found semen on my sheets at home once and chewed me out about it.”

Kieran said, “Luke, we’ll worry about you if you don’t jack off. It’s perfectly normal for a young man like you. I did my share of it before I got married.”

“He’s not quite honest with you when he says that, Luke,” I said. “He still jacks off for me once in a while because I like to watch him. I let him watch me too. Wouldn’t you like to have a marriage where you can be that way with your wife?”

Luke seemed struck speechless by my revelation. Kieran hit him with another. “Luke, I want you to start thinking about your lack of a girlfriend. This will be your home for the next year if you decide to stay with us. We’re going to do a lot of talking. I think you need some man-to-man advice. How’d you like to invite a girl here to watch a movie on TV? You can even turn the lights out and make popcorn, hell, make out with each other. You two can do whatever you both agree on. You can take her in your room and find out what a sweet piece of ass means. We can stay in our bedroom and you can take her home at any hour her parents permit.”

He looked back and forth at the two of us again. “I’m ready to move in now if you’ll have me.”

“Don’t be in a hurry to decide. You’ve got until Sunday night to make up your mind,” Kieran advised. “Just remember, you’re going to be

treated like family, no more, no less. We want you to be a big brother to three kids. It won't be easy."

"Luke," I said, "I told you we're very open about sex. That doesn't mean we have an open marriage. Do you know what that is?"

"No, what is it?"

"An open marriage is one in which both the husband and the wife are free to have other sexual partners. We've never done that. We aren't going to hide our sexual life in our own home from you. You'll just have to deal with it. Maybe we can help you find a love of your own."

Kieran stood up and held out his hand to me. "Speaking of sex, are you ready to go to bed yet? Luke can watch TV if he wants to."

"I've got a better idea. You two come on in the kitchen with me," I said.

When we were in the kitchen, I asked Kieran to turn on the light. When he did, Luke couldn't take his eyes off my breasts and the thatch of red hair between my legs.

I walked up to him until my breasts were pressed against his chest. "Put your cheek next to mine." He did and I put my arms around his waist. "Put your hands on my behind." He hesitated, looking at Kieran, but he did what I said. "Now hold me tight against you until you've got a hard-on." In less than a minute, I had a big hard-on pressed upward between my legs. I put my hands on his ass and rubbed against him until he began to squirm.

I reached one hand down between us and cupped my fingers under his balls. I lifted them a few times, pretending to weigh them.

"Kieran, his balls feel kind of heavy, like they're full of semen. Do you think Luke needs to do something to get rid of a load?"

"Yeah, he probably does," Kieran said, grinning at me and Luke, both of us looking at him. "I think he should go in his room and jack off a time or two."

I put my other hand between us, wrapped it around his dick, and stroked it a few times. Luke and I both watched as I uncovered and recovered the big shiny red head.

"You heard him, Luke. I hope you've got the beginning of a good fantasy. Now take this," I gave his dick a gentle pull, "to bed with you."

Get the baby oil out of the bathroom and a wet cloth and a towel. Enjoy yourself and be proud you can. Kieran and I are going to enjoy ourselves too."

"And get a good night's sleep," Kieran said. "The kids are going to wear you out tomorrow and Siobhan and I still need to talk to you some more."

"And don't bother to get dressed tomorrow morning, Luke," I said. "We'll all be eating breakfast in the nude, like we do lots of Saturday mornings. You've got to get used to our way of living if you're going to stay with us."

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(KIERAN)

The next morning, Siobhan and I were in the kitchen when Luke came in, naked. Kavan was on one of the stools eating breakfast and Siobhan was on another, both naked. Arial and Kerry were parked in front of the TV in the family room, both naked and sprawled out on their stomachs. I was playing cook, naked except for an apron to protect the family jewels. Luke checked us all out, grinning, and then sat down beside Kavan. Siobhan poured him a large glass of orange juice and sat it in front of him. She pushed a mug in front of him and, when he nodded yes, she poured him a cup of coffee.

"I'm cooking omelets this morning, Luke," I said. "You can have yours made to order as long as it's what I've got on the counter. Siobhan cooks breakfast on weekends sometimes too. You can try your hand at fixing for all of us whenever you want to. Sometimes we all just fend for ourselves."

Siobhan went to the refrigerator and opened it to get something out. I saw where Luke's eyes were fastened. When I looked at Siobhan, she was bent over to one of the lower shelves, her lovely rear turned toward us. I could see the soft mounds between her legs, covered with shining red hair and I wondered if she had done it deliberately to give Luke a look.

"Siobhan's a beautiful woman, isn't she Luke?" I asked. He nodded yes and looked at me guiltily. "I don't care if you look at her. It's hard not to look – and it's hard when you do look, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's hard – already, damn it. I told you two I couldn't keep it under control," he said, hanging his head but grinning.

“Luke, believe me, you can stay here with us and learn to deal with our nudity. My kids have seen me with my dick hard before. Kavan has to show me his every time he showers. Siobhan’s already seen you. It’s just not a problem as far as we’re concerned.”

“Yeah, Dad,” Kavan said, “Luke’s got a hard-on. It’s not as big as yours but it’s a nice one, isn’t it, Luke?”

I thought Luke was going to blush as red as my wife’s hair.

“How many eggs, Luke?” I asked.

“Three, with some of everything. And three pieces of toast. And could I have another glass of orange juice, please.”

“You’re going to be family, Luke,” Siobhan said. “Get it yourself. There’s another carton in the fridge.”

He walked over to the refrigerator, his penis pointing straight out, weaving from side to side, poured himself another big glass of juice, and walked back, penis still pointing from side to side. Siobhan watched and gave him a smile and said, “Good for you, Luke.”

After breakfast I asked Luke to get dressed in some old clothes. When he said he hadn’t brought any old ones, I went to our bedroom and rummaged in the closet until I found an old shirt and shorts and some rubber sandals for him. I got clothes for me that were just as worn out.

When I tossed the sandals and clothes to him, he looked puzzled.

“Let’s get dressed,” I said. “We’re going to do the car test next.”

“I’m a good driver,” he said. “Dad gave me the car and said it was mine until I had an accident or got a ticket. I’ve got enough sense not to mess up.”

“I just want you to move it off the street and drive it down behind the house. I’ll open the gate. I want to go over the important things on the car to see how you take care of it.”

When he parked under the tree behind the house, he got out smiling. “This is one thing you can’t catch me on. I do all my own maintenance. It’s in great shape. I intend to keep this little Toyota for a lot of years.”

I checked the tires and found they were almost new with no signs of uneven wear. When I checked the brakes, they were in excellent

condition, still showing signs of recent work. The exhaust system was also like new. When I lifted the hood, everything again was spotless and showed signs of recent cleaning. I checked the fluids even though I knew by now that they'd be full.

"Blue Bird has almost eighty thousand miles on her. I think she should be good for two or three hundred thousand; don't you?" he asked me, with evident pride.

"I wasn't really checking out the car, Luke. I was checking out you."

"Oh," he said quietly, "do I pass?"

"Yep, you pass," I said, and slapped him gently on the shoulder.

We stayed in the house most of the day and Luke gradually became more comfortable around us. The kids couldn't stay away from him or off him. About mid-afternoon, I decided he needed a little private time.

"Kids, I want you to go lie down for an hour and be quiet. If you're good, we'll all go swimming when you get up. Luke needs a little rest."

Luke and I led the kids to their bedrooms and he smiled at me as he went in his room and shut the door. He saw Siobhan waiting for me at the door to our bedroom.

About four, we all went swimming, naked, for over an hour. Luke played with the kids in what seemed like genuine pleasure. He and Kavan got in a wrestling match. He held Arial while she wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his middle. He even worked with Kerry for a while teaching him to swim. When we got out, we rinsed off in the shower and I started the grill for steaks. Siobhan and Arial went to the kitchen to do the rest of the fixings. I sent Kavan for two beers. I drank part of mine in a hurry and then let a big belch escape. Kavan got a big laugh out of it as usual. Luke drank and let out an even louder one. Kavan picked up my beer and looked at me questioningly. I nodded and he drank a little and then let out a little forced belch. We all ended up laughing. We ate at the picnic table under the tree and sat until the light faded.

We were sitting around in the family room talking when I saw Kerry was close to falling asleep. I asked Luke if he'd put him to bed.

He stood up and picked up Kerry. Kerry wrapped himself around Luke and put his head on his shoulder. Luke hesitated before leaving the room.

“Kieran, I’m ready to come live with you and your family if you and Siobhan are sure you’ll have me.”

I stood up too and pulled Siobhan and the other two kids to their feet. I wrapped my arms around Luke and Kerry. The others knew what was expected. They gathered around and joined in a big welcoming hug.

“Luke,” I said, “if you stay with us, you’re going to be a part of this family, just like our three kids are.”

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Luke was in school during the week and at home every night and weekends. Our routine settled down to a peaceful happy family again. Luke seemed to come out of his shell more and more each day. I knew we had all made the right decision. Siobhan and I joked with Luke about his perpetually horny condition. He seemed to be able to relax even when his penis reared its head in our presence. The kids came to accept his frequent arousals as something normal for Luke. Siobhan didn’t try to hide herself from him. She and Luke seemed to reach a friendly joking attitude toward it. She’d even tell him occasionally that it, his dick, was misbehaving and he needed to go to his room and stay there until it could be good. He even stopped blushing at being sent to his room.

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We had a wonderful Indian summer starting in September. The nights were a little cool and I knew we’d soon have to reduce our nude activities indoors and stop them outdoors.

On a Saturday night, Luke read to the kids and then put them all to bed. He came back in the kitchen still naked after our early afternoon swim. Siobhan was standing at the kitchen sink. I was standing behind her, my penis pressed up against her ass, my hands holding her breasts, nuzzling her neck, when Luke came back in. He silently sat down in a chair and watched. I kept playing with Siobhan and she had her head back, eyes closed in pleasure. I dropped one hand down and cupped my fingers over her mound. I watched Luke, watching us, and saw his penis begin to swell. He casually dropped one hand down to it and began to stroke it slowly with his thumb and two fingers.

I whispered in Siobhan’s ear that Luke was behind us. She turned and noted his condition. “Hello, Luke,” she said, and kept watching him as I probed between her legs with my penis.

“Siobhan, would you like to give Luke a lesson?” I whispered, but loud enough for Luke to hear.

“I’m not sure,” she said, her eyes still on Luke’s hard cock. “Looks like he doesn’t need any lessons on how to jerk off.”

“He knows how to do himself,” I said, “Let’s go in the family room and you can show him how you do it.”

“Kieran, we can’t do that,” she protested and reached back and pulled on something that had grown to full size.

“Why not? He’s eighteen. Wouldn’t you like to watch both of us do it?” I walked over and sat down beside Luke, put my thumb and two fingers on my cock, mimicking Luke’s grip, and began to stroke my dick up and down.

“Luke, would you like to watch me?” Siobhan asked. “Kieran’s a typical male voyeur but I’ll admit I get hot watching him do it.”

Luke looked at me, as though asking my permission.

“I’m the one who suggested it, Luke,” I said. “I think you can learn something about men and women by watching. I want to give you a little lecture first. Can you hold onto what you’ve got for a few minutes? I’ll try to make it short and sweet.”

He nodded and wrapped both hands, one above the other, around his dick.

“Luke, you’re not circumcised and I’m not either. You should be as thankful to your dad for that as I am to mine. Circumcising boys grew out of crazy religious beliefs many years ago that masturbation was a sin. Our foreskins are important in making sex and masturbation feel good. They figured if they removed the skin, their boys wouldn’t sin. Would you say that was a stupid attitude to take?”

“Yeah, I sure do. Dad told me that was one of the few battles with Mom that he fought hard to win.”

“Good for your father. I think my kids have a right to experience the sexual pleasure of their body whenever they want to. Even Kerry likes to play with his peter. I think it’s perfectly normal. It shouldn’t be something to hide. When my kids ask you to let them watch you jack off, I hope you’ll show them.”

“Damn, I can’t do that, Kieran; I don’t want to hurt your kids. I don’t want to do anything to make you kick me out.”

“Luke, if you do let them watch, just don’t close the door to your bedroom. You won’t hurt the kids by letting them watch you jack off. You can even let Siobhan or me watch along with the kids. Just let me ask you one question.”

He looked at me, waiting for the question.

“We’ll trust you not to hurt our kids. Will you trust yourself?”

He looked at me and then at Siobhan. “I’d never hurt your kids. The more I’m around them, the more I love them. I’ve always hated being a single kid. I used to daydream about having sisters or brothers. I wish you could know how much I like being a part of your family, even if it is just temporary.”

“Luke,” Siobhan said, “living with us is a temporary arrangement. Being part of our family can last as long as you wish, maybe for the rest of your life.”

“I’ve got one more point, Luke,” I said. “Would you believe that women in some societies are mutilated so that they don’t get much pleasure out of fucking or masturbation? I don’t know where that stupid idea came from but would you want to deny a woman the sort of feelings you enjoy.”

“No, but I don’t know whether they feel the same thing. I don’t know that much about women, except what I’ve read in books. And books just tell you how things work; they don’t tell you how anything feels.”

“Luke, I’d like to show you,” Siobhan said. “I could pretend it’s just to teach you something but I’ll admit it makes me horny to think of you watching me.”

Luke looked at me and I guessed that he wanted my approval.

“Luke, Siobhan and I are real partners in this marriage,” I said. “I’ve never made her do anything she doesn’t want to do. If she wants to give you lessons, it’s because we both agree on it.”

We went into the family room and Luke and I moved two chairs to face the couch, forming a triangle about four feet from the center of the couch to each chair and from each chair to the other. I motioned for Luke to take the couch and Siobhan and I took the chairs.

“Luke, just hold your dick straight up, like mine. Don’t do anything with it,” I said. “Siobhan’s going to give you a good look at what you’ve been sneaking peeks.”

Siobhan used both hands to pull her vaginal lips apart, showing Luke the pink and coral flesh between the lips. Luke’s eyes fastened on her, wide open, and I wondered if he was ever going to blink.

“Now use your hand, Luke.”

He started moving his hand up and down, sliding the skin up until his hand just touched his glans and then back down. He was much too fast. I knew he’d come in no time if kept up his frantic pace.

“Stop, Luke, just hold it for a minute. I’m going to get something,” I said.

I went into the bathroom and found the bottle of baby oil. When I came out with it, Siobhan sent me back for towels and a warning that we’d better not get it on the couch. Luke was still holding his penis at the base. I held his wrist and pulled his hand up until his thumb and first finger formed a ring around the tip of the glans. I squeezed out a small amount of oil just on the top of his glans. When I sat down again, I did the same to mine. Luke quickly coated his dick with the oil and I coated mine.

“Watch me, Luke. When my hand stops moving, look at Siobhan and follow my example. When you’ve done what I did, look back over at me.”

I very slowly moved my hand up and down on my penis, pulling the shaft skin down tightly on each down-stroke. After a minute or so, I held the skin down tightly with the one hand and, with my thumb and one finger, I rubbed up and down on the red head. When I stopped, his eyes flew back to Siobhan’s open thighs and he did the same as I had done. When he stroked the glans of his cock, I could hear a sharp intake of breath.

“Luke, the head of your penis is one of the most sensitive organs on your body. A woman has an organ, her clitoris, which has twice as many nerve endings. Women can have orgasms that are just as good as yours and more of them.”

“Shit, I know they have a clit but I’ve never...I don’t know where it is exactly,” Luke admitted.

“OK, Luke, you’re about to get an important lesson,” I said. “In sex, be a gentleman – let the lady come first.”

I looked over at Siobhan. “Honey, would you like to demonstrate how a woman pleasures herself? Show him what you do with your clitoris.”

Luke watched in enraptured awe while Siobhan used her fingers. She started the same way she always does, with two fingers, one on each side of her hooded clitoris, sliding her fingers down into her vagina, and smearing her lubrication over her clitoris. After a couple of minutes, she used just one finger, stroking upward on her clit. Then, she used her fingers to pull apart and up and her clitoris came out from hiding. She grinned and started gently and slowly rubbing it. When she threw her head back and her body stiffened and then fell slack, I knew he understood what had happened.

I started moving my hand up and down on my cock, slowly at first. Luke watched me. When I increased my speed, he did the same. When he erupted in a fountain of white spurts, I did the same - a few seconds later. We all sat quietly for a few minutes, waiting for our breathing to slow down.

“You two just sit where you are,” Siobhan commanded. “I’m going get some warm wash cloths to clean you up.” She disappeared down the hallway. Luke looked down at his chest and stomach, at the white strings of semen beginning to run downward. He looked over at me and saw the same thing.

When Siobhan came back, she took a cloth and wiped Luke’s chest and stomach clean. When she held his still-hard penis upright, skinned back the head and wiped that clean, Luke looked over at me in alarm. “Watch, Luke, she’s going to get the last little bit out.” She squeezed from the base and milked his penis upward. One more bit of white semen oozed out the end. When Siobhan leaned over, took the head of his penis in her mouth, and sucked up the last little bit, I thought he was going to fall off the couch. She smiled and leaned over to Luke as though to kiss him. At the last minute she moved to me, and kissed me on the mouth. I knew she was going to stick her come-flavored tongue in my mouth. When she did, I sucked her tongue clean. When she cleaned my chest and stomach and dick, she ended up squeezing the last bit out of my plumbing. She took the head in her mouth and sucked me clean. I knew what Luke was about to get. When she kissed him, for the first time, with my semen on her tongue, he didn’t push her away. Instead, he opened his mouth to hers. When she pulled away, he turned to me with a smile on his face.

Siobhan evidently decided she wasn't finished with him.

“Kieran, would you mind getting us all a glass of wine. I think we might cleanse our palates before the second course.”

When I came back, Siobhan gave me my instructions.

“Kieran, would you and Luke move the chairs back where they were. Then get that tape that I like – you know the one – and put it in the VCR. We're all going to sit on the couch and watch. I'll sit in the middle.”

I knew it was Siobhan's favorite because it was an erotic movie, not a pornographic one, and it showed slow tender sex between a man and a woman, and then another couple, and then a third pair. All three of us came with our right hand before it was over.

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(SIOBHAN)

By mid-October, our relationship with Luke had grown even more relaxed and open. On one clear cool Saturday, we took the kids out in the woods for a long walk. The weather was perfect for jeans and sweatshirts. We packed sandwiches and drinks in two backpacks so Kieran and Luke could carry them. We hiked into the woods on an old logging road until we found an old house, abandoned and falling down. The kids wanted to see what they could find. We left the backpacks in a sunny spot on the side of the house and went exploring.

The house was empty except for some old books and magazines. When I found that some of the magazines dated back to the 1920's, I asked for help in collecting the best. When we went out the back door onto the porch, Luke looked on an old shelf next to the door, found a handful of arrowheads, and showed them to the kids. They dug around in the leaves on the rotting porch and found even more. We looked into the old barn that was falling down. Kieran found some old blue glass-topped canning jars and asked me if I wanted them. Before we stopped digging we had found a couple of dozen in various sizes. Luke found an old crocus sack and we carefully filled it full of jars, cushioned by newly-fallen leaves.

We ate our lunch sitting in the sun, sheltered from the wind. We had a brief wrestling match in the leaves, Luke and Kieran against the rest of us and they let me and the kids win. Afterwards the boys went to the other side of the house to pee and Ariel and I sprinkled the leaves

on our side. When we started trudging back, I realized that we'd found too many treasures. We put the magazines and arrowheads in one knapsack and Luke volunteered to carry it. Kavan got the backpack with the remaining water and fruit. Kieran carried the sack of jars and I carried Kerry. We swapped around three or four times and finally made it back to the car.

Kerry fell asleep on the ride home. Halfway, Kieran stopped the car and let Luke drive and said he'd ride with the kids and I could sit up front. When we got home we were all tired, dirty, and starved. Kieran turned the heat up and I made everybody go straight to the basement to strip off. It was the first time we'd all been in the shower together. Kavan went for the old bench and Arial and I sat down on it. I was surprised when Kieran made Luke swap; Kieran shampooed Arial's hair and Luke did mine. Kieran and Luke both got erections while shampooing. Kavan saw them and played with his until he had a little four-inch boner. Kerry didn't seem to care. He crawled in my lap while Luke was combing my hair and started playing with my breasts. After we dried off, we went upstairs and raided the refrigerator for leftovers.

The kids went off to the TV and Kieran and Luke and I sat at the kitchen table talking. Luke kept looking back and forth between Kieran and me. Suddenly, he reached over and took my hand in his and held out the other to Kieran. When Kieran took it, he looked at us and said, "I want to thank you for one of the best days of my life. I wish you could reach into my heart and know what I feel – like I'm part of a real family."

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After the kids were put to bed, Kieran went in the Living-Music room and turned on his favorite classical station. He didn't turn on any lights and the room was lit only by the light coming in from the family room. I went in and joined him and curled up next to him, my feet on the couch, Kieran's arm around me, his hand on my breast.

A few minutes later, Luke came to the door and stood looking at us. Kieran waved him in and I moved my feet and patted the couch next to me. When he sat down, I put my legs back up and across his lap. I pulled him over against me and we lay there like three partially-fallen dominos. He listened for a minute and then said, "That's Aaron Copeland's Appalachian Suite. It's a beautiful way to end a wonderful day." We listened together until the piece was over.

Kieran stood up and pulled me to my feet. When Luke stood up too, Kieran wrapped his arms around both of us and pulled us together in a three-way hug. We stood there quietly enjoying the closeness.

When Kieran pulled away and took my hand, I stood still. “Kieran, would it be alright with you if we took Luke to bed with us. I think he needs another lesson, don’t you?”

I saw the surprise on Luke’s face. I knew Kieran wasn’t surprised. He and I had talked about helping Luke to learn about sex and love. He had even encouraged me to give Luke another lesson or two and reassured me that it was OK with him.

Even though our bedroom was a short distance from his, I couldn’t remember Luke ever being in our bedroom. He hesitated at the door until Kieran and I both took his hands and pulled him in.

Kieran folded up the comforter on the bed, leaving just a blanket over the sheets. We all crawled on the bed and ended up sitting cross-legged a few feet from each other.

“Luke,” Kieran began, “you can learn all about the mechanics of sex and still be a very poor lover. It’s the attitude toward your beloved and what you do together that can make you a great lover.”

“He’s exactly right, Luke,” I continued. “I want you to learn about something this time that Kieran and I both enjoy doing with each other. He taught me how wonderful oral sex can be as part of lovemaking. I’m going to do to you tonight what Kieran did about nudity your first weekend with us. I’m going to give you the full treatment tonight, no gradually easing into it, just everything at once. Do you think you can handle it?”

He smiled at both of us. “How do I know if I can handle it? I’ve never done it. I’ve heard guys talk about it but I don’t know how to do it. They like to brag when a girl does it to them.”

“Luke,” Kieran said, “the first thing you’ve got to learn is that oral sex is a two-way street, just like everything else in sex. You’ve got to be willing to give as much as you get. In fact, you should be willing to give more than you get if you really love someone.”

“He’s right, Luke,” I said. “Sometimes it’s wonderful even if it’s one way. Sometimes Kieran wants a quickie. He’ll grab me and carry me in the bedroom. If I’m dressed, he’ll almost rip everything off. He’ll shove his dick in me with a minimum of foreplay and pound away until he comes. I love it when he does that. I know he likes it when I

turn the tables on him and shove him down, suck him long enough to get him hard, and then ride him until I come. That's good sex in either direction."

"But in the long run," Kieran continued, "you can't make a good marriage with selfish sex. You've got to be as much concerned with your beloved's pleasure as your own, maybe more so. Let me ask you a question. If Siobhan gives you a blow job, will you go down on her?"

"Kieran, I'm willing to learn and to try anything," he answered. "You two've already taught me that. If she gives me a blowjob, I don't have to worry about what to do; she'll do it. If I go down on her, I won't know what to do. I've never seen a woman's vagina up close."

"Say cunt, Luke," I said.

"OK. Cunt."

"Say pussy, Luke," Kieran said.

"Pussy."

"Say I want you to suck my cock," I said.

"I want you to suck my cock, Siobhan."

"Say I want to lick your pussy," Kieran said.

"I want to lick your pussy, Siobhan."

"Which one do you want first, Luke?" Kieran asked.

He thought for a moment and I knew from his face when he realized that Kieran had posed another test for him.

"I want to lick Siobhan's pussy," he said.

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(KIERAN)

At my instruction, he helped Siobhan into position on the bed, one pillow under her head and another under her hips. He spread her legs apart and knelt between them. I stretched out beside them, my head near Siobhan's pussy.

“Look at her, Luke. At her vulva, her pussy, her cunt. You’re on your knees looking down at something beautiful. Some people would call what you’re seeing obscene but all the human life on this earth entered through a woman’s cunt. And all the life comes out of it. If that’s not something holy, I don’t know what is.”

“It is beautiful, isn’t it? I love her red hair down there, do you?” Luke asked.

“Yeah, Luke, I’ve always loved it. Now stretch out with your face just a foot or so away from it. I’m going to give you an anatomy lesson. When we’re through with that lesson, I’m going to tell you how to make love to a woman with your mouth. I want you to do what I tell you until Siobhan’s had an orgasm or two or three. Can you do that?”

“Can she really have orgasms like that, you know, one right after another, like the books say?”

“Yes, Luke, she can. She’s got her head propped up so she can watch you. Try to look at her eyes occasionally as you do it. If she closes her eyes, watch her face. Then do what ever her eyes and face tell you.”

It took only a few minutes for him to give her one. The second took longer. Siobhan almost suffocated him on the second when she grabbed his head and held his mouth against her clitoris while she came.

Luke rose up on his knees and smiled at me, his mouth and nose and chin glistening with Siobhan’s juices. He licked his lips and I knew he had learned well.

“Now go up and kiss her, Luke. She likes to be kissed and held after she’s had an orgasm. Be very gentle with her.”

When Luke rose up from kissing Siobhan, I moved up beside her and took his place. I pushed his face down to her breast. I loved the taste of her cunt on her mouth, even though I wasn’t the one who had put it there. When I lifted my face from Siobhan, Luke started kissing her again. I moved my mouth to her breast and sucked on one hard little nipple.

After a minute or so, I moved up with my mouth next to Siobhan’s ear and asked her what she wanted us to do next. She pulled my head down and whispered in my ear. I rose up and looked down at her. “Are you sure?” I asked, and she nodded.

“Luke, Siobhan’s going to suck your cock. She wants you to come in her mouth. When you do, she may swallow it. She might spit it on your stomach. She may even give you a big kiss with your come still in her mouth. Which do you want her to do?”

Luke looked at me, probably realizing it was another test for him to pass or fail.

“I want her to kiss me.”

“Good for you, Luke,” I said. “You pass again. Never refuse to kiss a woman who’s just given you a blowjob. If she’s willing to get it in her mouth, why can’t you?”

At Siobhan’s instructions, Luke moved up to the head of the bed, propped up, legs outspread. Siobhan got on hands and knees, face above Luke’s cock. I got behind Siobhan and moved closer until my cock was inches from her.

Luke looked up at me. I suppose he was asking what was going on and what part he was supposed to play.

“I’m going to fuck her while she sucks you, Luke,” I said. “Have you ever seen a man fucking a woman from behind like this?”

“No, I’ve never seen it, not even in videos, until I saw that one here. Some of the guys in high school have some but they never invite me when they’re watching. They usually do it when they’re getting drunk and they know I won’t drink that much.”

“Would you like to watch Kieran do it, Luke,” Siobhan asked, “before you get your blow job?”

When Luke was in position beside me, I held the head of my penis down in position close to Siobhan’s cunt. The lips were already open and still glistening from Luke’s first lesson. I slowly began to ease my dick in, an inch at a time, getting my shaft well lubricated from her, going deeper and deeper until Luke could see nothing except my pubic hair against her ass. I held still while he got back in his place.

I knew that the speed of my thrusts into Siobhan’s cunt would set the pace of her mouth moving on Luke’s dick. I tried to be as slow and gentle as possible, easing into her wet silken cunt as slowly as possible and withdrawing just as slowly. I hardly caused any movement in her body. I watched the back of her head, moving up and down while her mouth moved on Luke’s penis. She held herself up with one hand and held the base of his penis with the other. I knew from long experience

that she was stretching the skin on the shaft downward as tightly as possible. Luke's eyes closed and his head dropped back on the pillow.

I decided to speed up my hip movements, to pump into Siobhan faster, but to hold back so that I didn't bang against her ass with my thighs. Again I watched as her head's up and down movements matched my in and out movements. She still held Luke's cock with one hand but now she was moving her hand up and down in pace with my thrusts.

I watched Luke's face to see if I could see any signs of what he was experiencing. Gradually I saw the relaxed look of pleasure give way to the frowning rictus of impending orgasm. In spite of my own advice never to get in a race to orgasm, I didn't want to leave the hot depths of my wife until I came. I started thrusting and slamming into her faster and harder. Perhaps she was trying to make Luke come before I did. She was moving her hand and her mouth up and down on Luke's cock harder and faster too.

Luke's face gave away his feelings. He placed his hands on each side of Siobhan's head and started thrusting upward with his hips. I could hear him groan as he started spurting in her mouth. Perhaps that was the trigger I needed because I started spurting in her cunt at almost the same instant. I shoved my dick in to the root and held her tightly by her hips. Luke was rigid, almost lifting himself up off the bed.

When we both released her, she looked back at me with smoldering desire in her eyes. I hadn't felt her come while I was inside her and I decided to do something about that. She moved up over Luke, her lips closed tightly and yanked him down off the pillow so that he was laying flat on the bed. She fastened her mouth on his and held him down by his shoulders while she gave him a semen-laden open-mouthed kiss. When she finally released him, Luke was red in the face and gasping for breath and trying to swallow.

I was still hard, something that had become increasingly rare in recent years. I hoped I could keep it up long enough to get it in Siobhan's cunt again. I flipped her over and almost threw myself on top of her. I reached down for my dick and shoved it into her in one push. Her arms quickly encircled me and I reached down and pulled her legs up and back until she was almost bent in half, her legs locked over my back. I fastened my mouth to hers and started pounding into her cunt. Within a minute I felt her cunt contracting and squeezing around my dick. Within another minute or so, I poured out another offering of semen into her sacred cunt.

Luke was watching us with utter disbelief on his face. His penis was hard again or still; I didn't know which and he was jerking off with one hand while holding his balls down with the other. When Siobhan saw him, she crawled on top of him again and enveloped the head of his dick with her mouth. I watched and listened as she sucked and slurped. I saw Luke's balls draw up tight against the base of his cock and then almost out of sight in his groin. Siobhan started moaning when he shot another load into her mouth.

She shoved me down on the bed next to Luke and then started to taunt or test both of us, her lips still closed and pursed. She quickly moved over to me and I met her half way. She stuck her semen-coated tongue in my mouth and I sucked it clean. She quickly moved over to Luke and gave him the rest of his load. When she finished, she dropped down on the bed between us, her face buried in the pillow, her beautiful ass in the air. She started making muffled noises and at first I thought she was crying. I soon realized she was laughing like mad.

The next morning, Kavan and Arial found the three of us still asleep, all tangled up together in our bed. They pulled arms and legs until we got up and helped them with breakfast. All they wanted was milk and cereal and I wondered why the hell they couldn't have fixed it themselves.

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The three of us had a lot to talk about over the next few days. I asked Luke not to try to do anything with Siobhan when I wasn't home. I explained that we had always been open and honest with each other and I didn't want there be any secrets between us. He thought for a few minutes and said he understood.

“Perhaps you and Siobhan could schedule a refresher lesson for me some time soon. I might forget some of the points of my first lesson.”

He got more than one refresher lesson and Siobhan and I even introduced him to a few new points on the same subjects. He was a joy to have in the house until Thanksgiving.

Chapter Sixteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 36; Siobhan Stuart, 35; Kavan Stuart, 9; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Luke Bridges, 18; Rachael Monteverde, 19

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Rachael Monteverde, Luke Bridges, Kavan Stuart, Arial Stuart

(KIERAN)

Luke's mother and father wanted him to come visit them at their new home for Thanksgiving. They sent tickets for his flight. The kids wanted him to stay with us. I could tell he wanted to stay but Siobhan and I reluctantly told him he should go. I dropped him off at the airport on Wednesday afternoon.

When I picked him up at the airport on Sunday night, he was very quiet and didn't want to talk about his visit. When we got home, Siobhan had already put the kids to bed. Luke went in his own room and shut the door.

Siobhan asked me what was wrong, easily picking up the same signals that I had that Luke was unhappy. When I told her I didn't know, she took my hand and led me to Luke's room. "I'm going to find out," she said. "If he's hurting, I want to help him."

She knocked on Luke's door and we waited a minute until he finally opened it. His eyes were red and wet with tears and he was sniffing. Without a word, Siobhan pulled his head down on her shoulder and wrapped her arms around him. His arms slowly moved to encircle her. Over the top of his head, Siobhan looked at me and motioned for me to come closer. I moved behind Luke from the other side and rubbed his neck and shoulders. He broke out into uncontrolled sobbing and we both held him until his crying had run its course.

"Kieran, would you get us all a glass of wine?" Siobhan asked. "We're going in the family room."

In the kitchen, I opened a bottle and poured three glasses. When I went in the family room, Luke was sitting in a chair, still wearing his khakis and sweater. Siobhan was in his lap, her legs drawn up, still in the sweats and socks she'd had on all day. She had one arm around his neck and had drawn his head down against her. He had his hand under Siobhan's sweatshirt and I could tell it was on her breast. His eyes were closed and she was slowly stroking his temples and hair and whispering to him. After a few minutes, he took a quick breath, shuddered slightly, and then opened his eyes and looked around.

Siobhan leaned closer to him and kissed him on his cheek. “I think Luke’s ready to tell us what’s wrong,” she said.

As Luke explained it, Thanksgiving with his parents had been a complete disaster. His parents had insisted on going out for Thanksgiving dinner. He quickly saw that relations between his mother and father were more strained than ever. On Saturday afternoon, he confronted his father about it. His father told him that he and his mother were going to divorce. He went to his mother and she started alternately crying and screaming at his father. He went to his room – except it really wasn’t his room anymore, just his old furniture – and stayed there until his father took him to the airport on Sunday.

As he was leaving, his mother said something to him about staying with his father until he grew up to keep from hurting him. He told her that they hadn’t done him any favors and they would have hurt him less if they’d divorced years ago. His father had little to say on the way to the airport until he dropped Luke off. His only words then were “Forgive me, son, please?” Luke almost lost control then and had been holding it in until he came back to us.

Siobhan sat in Luke’s lap while he slowly sipped the wine. I tried to bring him back on course to rejoin our family.

“Luke, I want you to go to bed and get a good night’s sleep,” I said. “Forget everything else for a day or two. We’ll talk with you this week and you can talk to us about your parents if you want to. You need to be back in school tomorrow morning, ready to be a good student again. I want you to be sure you keep up with your studies during the week. I’ve got something special planned for next weekend. I think you’ll have a smile on your face when you find out what it is.”

Later, when Siobhan and I were curled up in bed together, she asked me what my plans were.

“Do you really have something planned for next weekend? Were you just trying to get Luke to think of something else?”

“At the moment I said it, I didn’t have a clear idea of what we might do to help him,” I told her. “I’ve been thinking about it for the last hour or so. I know what would really help him but I’m afraid to mention it to you.”

“I know what you’ve got in mind,” Siobhan said. “You’re thinking of giving him another lesson. I guess it’s the final one since there’s not

much more to teach him. Are you sure you want me to do that with him?”

We talked about it for over an hour before we finally made a decision. We’d bring Luke to our bed next Saturday night and Siobhan would make love with him – and with me. But we’d then begin to push him to find his own woman with whom to share his love.

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(SIOBHAN)

Luke’s happiness seemed to return during the week. The kids engulfed him in their love. He spent most afternoons after school playing with them. I’d bought all of them blue sweat suits at after-Thanksgiving sales. I had them all laid out in the family room when Luke brought the kids home from school on Monday. The kids wanted to put them on immediately and they stripped down to skin in the family room. Luke did the same and helped them put theirs on. When they all had on the same navy blue outfits, I got the camera and made them sit on the couch together while I took pictures.

During the week, Luke wanted to bathe the kids and put them to bed even more than usual. One night Kieran and I helped Luke in giving them an extra special bath. We all tried to fit in the Jacuzzi in our bathroom. Three adults and three kids could fit. Kieran and I sat side by side at the big end and Luke sat at the narrow end. It made for an interesting arrangement of long legs. We each had one kid on our lap. Ariel insisted on sitting on Luke’s legs. Kavan was on my lap and Kerry was on Kieran’s. Luke even laughed when Ariel announced that he had a hard-on and then spread her legs so his dick could stand up between her legs, with the head just out of the water. Kavan had to show off too. He raised up out of the water so we could see his stiffie. I looked at Kerry but he was just snuggled up against Kieran’s chest, almost ready to go to sleep.

On Saturday afternoon, Kieran and Luke took the kids roller-skating, promising to be back by five o’clock. I stayed home and started preparing dinner, something I knew Kieran and the kids enjoyed. I started with the yeast rolls as soon as they’d left and then later made a big meat loaf with mashed potatoes and green beans. For desert I even made a German-chocolate cake that they all enjoyed. Comfort food. When Luke came back with Kieran and the kids, he had a broad smile on his face. When he found out what was for dinner, his smile got even broader.

After dessert, Luke pushed me out of the kitchen and said he'd clean up. Kieran said "Not by yourself," and volunteered the kids and himself.

When they were finished and came in the family room, I suggested that we let the kids skip their bath for the night and just read to them for an hour or so, taking turns. Each time, Kerry had to sit in the lap of the reader and the other two sat on each side. Luke got to read a chapter on plate tectonics from a geology book for kids. They were worn out and ready for bed when we finished. They each got three hugs and kisses as they were tucked in. For the first time, I think Luke was eager to get the kids into their beds.

When we went down the hallway to our bedroom, Luke seemed to hesitate at the door again. Kieran put a hand on his shoulder and I held his hand. His hand seemed to be trembling in mine.

The three of us showered in the Jacuzzi in our bathroom. Kieran and Luke were efficient in washing me and then themselves. I think they were in a hurry to go to bed. We turned down the comforter and blanket and then sprawled out on the bed, with me in the middle.

"Kieran, I'm a little cold," I said. "Could we get under the blanket and you two cuddle me until I'm warm?"

Once under cover, I was on my back with Kieran on one side and Luke on the other. I had two hands free and they each had one. Our hands all found the best places to be. Kieran and Luke were each holding one of my breasts and I held two dicks which soon warmed my hands. At Kieran's suggestion, Luke started kissing me and I opened my mouth to him and we played tongue tag. Kieran nudged him out of the way and continued the game. After a minute or so, Luke nudged Kieran out of the way for another turn.

I felt Kieran reach across to Luke's hand and then felt him guide it between my thighs. Kieran's hand returned to my breast and Luke's hand began to explore. He soon found out how hot I was on the inside. He got his long middle finger into me and started stirring up my juices. He stopped kissing me for a minute, brought the finger up to his nose, and smelled it. He held it over to Kieran to smell and then to me. "I think she's getting warmer, Kieran; do you?"

Kieran opened his mouth for Luke's finger but Luke shook his head and stuck his finger in his own mouth. Kieran pretended to have hurt feelings. He pushed Luke's finger out of my stew pot, inserted his own, stuck it in his mouth for a taste, and then stuck out his tongue at Luke.

We played quietly until Kieran and Luke both had bone-hard erections and I had a warm and wet pussy. Luke cuddled up close to me, his head just beside mine, his face half hidden in my hair, and started talking, almost inaudibly.

“Siobhan, Kieran says you’re going to let me make love with you. Is it really OK? I’ve never done it before and I don’t know what to do.”

“Luke, I’m not just letting you. I want you to. Kieran and I’ve talked about it. He knows I want you and it’s OK with him. I told him he could do the same thing when we find a young girl that needs lessons.”

“Luke,” Kieran said, “I’m about to let you two do this without me. I think everything will come naturally. Just remember two things. Don’t get in a hurry. Be slow and gentle at first. A woman has ways of letting a man know when she wants it hard and fast.”

Kieran threw back the blanket on his side and stood up. He turned out all the lights except for the one on his side of the bed and quietly walked out of the room. “I’m going to check on the kids,” he said. “Be back in a few minutes.”

I whispered to Luke, “I’m ready.” He moved awkwardly on top of me and reached down to hold his cock. I pushed his hand out of the way and held it between my two hands. He slid it in slowly, oh, so slowly, so deliciously slowly. When I felt his pubic bone pressed against mine, I wrapped my arms around his back and locked my ankles around his ass.

“You’re not a virgin now, Luke,” I whispered in his ear. “How does it feel?”

I suppose his moans were as good an answer as any. I began to clench and relax the muscles inside me, as slowly as possible, doing my best to make sure he felt my cunt squeezing on his cock. He lifted his face out of my hair and looked directly in my eyes.

“Did you come?” he asked.

“No, Luke, not yet. I’m just teasing you. Do you like it?”

“Yeah, but I’m close and I don’t want to come yet. I don’t want it to be over.”

“Luke, it’s not going to be over the first time you come,” I whispered. “Just let it happen. You can do it as long as you can keep a hard-on.”

After a minute or so, he finally began to move within me, slowly withdrawing until only the head of his cock was in me and then sliding it back in until he was totally buried. I knew from years of experience that his movements would only get harder and faster. I moved my hands down to his ass cheeks and held them. When he started thrusting faster, I let him feel my fingernails in his buttocks. Within another minute, he shoved his cock in hard enough to make me grunt and I felt him throbbing inside me. When he collapsed on top of me, I pulled his head down beside mine, closed my eyes, and was lost in the feeling of his body against mine and his still-hard dick deep within me.

When I regained awareness, I saw Kieran in the bed beside us, propped up on one arm, watching us. He smiled at me. Luke was motionless, his cock still inside me, his face buried in my hair.

“I think Luke must have come,” he said. “Did you?”

Luke lifted his head and grinned at Kieran.

“No, not yet,” I said.

“Luke,” Kieran said, “sometimes a woman doesn’t come with just straight fucking. Sometimes she does. If she doesn’t, then you can help her have an orgasm if she wants one.”

I knew what Kieran had in mind because he had done it to me so many times. I didn’t know whether he wanted Luke to do it or whether he would do it as another lesson for Luke.

“I want to come, too,” I said.

Luke looked at me in puzzlement and I could almost hear him thinking, “What do I do now?”

“Luke, would you get us some warm wash cloths and towels out of the bathroom?” I asked.

When he came back, washcloths in one hand and towels in the other, still hard penis leading the way, oh blessed youth, he stood beside the bed, waiting for one of us to tell him what to do. Kieran and I held out our hands for washcloths, used them to wipe off our faces first, and then used them on our genitals. I watched Luke as he pulled his foreskin back and wiped the bright red head clean. When he was

through, he nonchalantly hung a towel over his hard-on and held out his hand for our washcloths.

Kieran moved between my legs, on his knees, and told Luke, “When I lift her up, Luke, put the towel under her.” He slid his palms under me and lifted my ass a foot or so off the bed. Luke spread the towel under me and then waited. “Luke, Siobhan said she wanted to come too. I’m going to see if she really meant that.”

He bent over and brought his face down to my cunt. I watched Luke’s face register bewilderment, amazement, and then maybe envy. Kieran’s tongue moved up and down on each side of my vulva a few times and then straight up the middle until I was squirming in his hands. He fastened his lips on my clitoris, sucked on it, and stroked it with the tip of his tongue. Within a couple of minutes, I had my first orgasm of the night.

Kieran moved over beside me and gestured for Luke to take his place between my legs. Luke looked at me and then at Kieran and I could tell he was uncertain about what he was expected to do.

“Luke, it’s something you ought to learn to do,” Kieran said. “You shouldn’t come in a woman’s pussy and then roll over and go to sleep and leave her unsatisfied. Learn to give her an orgasm too. She’ll think you’re the greatest lover she could ever have.”

Luke looked at me and then at Kieran, still bewildered. “Yeah but.... How could you do that when I just left a load inside her? What does it taste like?”

“Luke, it just tastes like her,” Kieran answered. “I think you deposited that load in her vagina and, from the way you looked, I think you put it pretty deep. I just had my mouth and tongue on the area around her clit. I didn’t taste your semen but what difference would it make if I did? I’ve had semen in my mouth before and it didn’t kill me.”

Luke stretched out on the bed, lifted my legs, bent them back, and squirmed around until his face was between my thighs. He was hesitant at first, just touching me with the tip of his tongue. I whispered encouragement to him until Kieran started kissing me and then using his mouth on my nipples. I let the world fade away and let the two of them give me my second orgasm, just a little one that rolled on and on. I put my hands behind Luke’s head and pulled and made sure he knew I was coming. When I turned him loose and opened my eyes, Kieran was watching Luke and snickering. Luke was trying to get a pubic hair or two out of his mouth.

Luke finally settled down on one side of me again, Kieran propped up on one elbow on the other side, just looking at me and Luke. He was slowly stroking his cock with the right hand and smiling.

“Luke, do you understand why we brought you to bed with us,” he asked.

Luke propped up in a mirror image of Kieran and started stoking his cock with his left hand. “I’m not sure. Maybe it was to teach me a something.”

“You’re right,” Kieran said. “You’ve just had your first taste of what love and sex can be like between a man and a woman. What you just experienced was a tiny sample of what Siobhan and I do a few times every week, almost every Saturday night. It’s what holds our marriage together. It’s what has given us three of the most wonderful children anyone could want. It’s what you can have for the rest of your life if you want it.”

“With Siobhan?” Luke asked, grinning mischievously at Kieran.

“No, Luke, we want you to think about finding a young woman of your own to love,” I answered. “Kieran and I will try to help you. You can bring her here. This is your home now and you’re welcome to bring any one here. You can take her in your room and do with her what you just did with me.”

“You don’t care if we do it before we get married?” Luke asked.

“No, Luke,” Kieran said. “Siobhan and I both had sex with others before we married. We’ve been faithful to each other for over ten years now. You’re the first man she’s had sex with since we married. Let that tell you how much we both love you. We both agreed that, after your parents, you needed to see another side of marriage. Your life can be like ours if you want it.”

“I want it,” Luke whispered, unsmiling, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes. “But who would want me? I’m about as fucked up as a guy can get.”

“Luke, you’re a very nice looking young man with a beautiful body,” I said. “You’re kind and sweet and loving with our three kids and they love you to pieces. Kieran and I are learning to love you. I’ve heard him say he wishes you were his son so you could always be part of our family. I feel the same way except I guess I shouldn’t let you have sex with me if you were really my son.”

“Yeah, but I don’t know anything about women. Could you two teach me? I don’t mean like having sex with me. I just mean talk to me and let me ask you all sorts of stupid questions.”

“Isn’t that what parents are for?” Kieran asked.

We lay there for a while longer and then I reached for Kieran’s cock. I found it hot and hard, tugged on it, and he moved on top of me. With my own juices and Luke’s semen mostly still inside me, he slid in to the bottom with no resistance. I used my fingernails on his ass too. He pounded me into the bed and then erupted inside me.

Kieran moved off me and we both lay there gasping. When Luke moved down between my legs, I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was on his knees, his hard cock in his hand, waiting for my permission. I nudged Kieran to look too and then nodded for Luke to come aboard. He was slower this time but I didn’t mind. I just relaxed and enjoyed being fucked into oblivion again. When he finally groaned and started throbbing in me, it was so good I didn’t care whether I came again or not.

Luke curled up against me on one side, breathing heavily. Kieran reached over, turned out the light, and snuggled up to the other side. I tucked the towel tighter between my legs and lay there quietly, wondering whether they were as ready for sleep as I was.

“If you two studs are finished for the night, I’m going to sleep,” I whispered.

“Could you wait for just a few minutes?” Luke asked.

“Yes, Luke, but if you come again, I want to come too,” I answered.

“I’ll make sure of that,” he promised.

I almost felt sorry for him. Kieran had gone down on me more than once after fucking me. He’d even done it after he’d come twice. But tonight it was after sloppy seconds and thirds. Fourths? I wondered if Luke had the stomach – or mouth – for it.

He had the hard-on for it. He came a third time – blessed youth again – and rolled off panting. After resting a minute, he moved down between my legs and started going where no man had gone before, at least after four loads were left in my cunt. Kieran must have taken pity on him because he decided to help. They alternated, licking and sucking on my clitoris in turn. I relaxed, in no great hurry to come again. Kieran whispered something I couldn’t understand to Luke.

Luke slid two fingers in my overflowing cunt, fastened his mouth on my clitoris, and sucked one last orgasm out of me.

The next morning, our three kids went looking for Luke. When they didn't find him in his bedroom, they looked all over the house and finally looked in our bedroom. They found the three of us still in bed together. Kavan and Arial didn't seem surprised. Kerry wasn't bothered by it. He crawled up on the bed and woke us up.

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(KIERAN)

A week or so later, Luke decided to participate in an open house for high-school seniors and transfer students at the state college on the North side of town. He was gone all day and Siobhan, like a typical mother, worried when he didn't come back until almost six o'clock. I was just helping set the table when he came in, sporting a huge smile on his face.

"Where've you been, young man?" Siobhan said, jokingly.

"With a girl, Mom. I think I'm in love."

Both Siobhan and I broke out in big smiles too. "Well, come on, tell us all about her."

"I met this beautiful girl at one of the sessions. Her nametag said she's Rachael Monteverde so I guess she's Italian. Boy, she is something! I tried to think of an original pick up line and I guess I got a good one. I asked her to go somewhere with me and she looked at me like I was nuts. But she said she'd have lunch with me in the cafeteria. We hung out together until the orientation was over at three and then walked around on campus talking. We've got a date for this Saturday night."

"Where are you taking her?" I asked.

"I'm not taking her anywhere. I'm bringing her here. I asked her if she'd come home with me and meet the two of you and your three kids. I told her she could help me bathe the kids and put them to bed."

"That's very original for a pick up line, Luke," Siobhan said. "But I don't think it's very romantic, is it?"

"It worked, didn't it? I hope I can get romantic with her later. There's just one little problem – I promised to cook dinner for her. I need help."

“How old is she, Luke?” I asked.

“She’s nineteen. She’s worked since she’s been out of high school to save up money for college. She’s got no family, lives with an aunt. And if she’s nineteen, she’s legal, isn’t she?” He gave us both a big grin at that idea.

“You’ve got another problem that’s bigger,” I said. “Did you forget that when you bathe the kids, you’re naked?”

“Hey, old man, I told her we were nudists around the house. If I can get her naked on our first date, just think how far I might be able to get with her on the second.”

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On Saturday, Siobhan and I wore jeans and a shirt all day and kept them on when Luke went to pick up Rachael. The kids were in sweat suits to keep warm. Luke wore jeans and a sweatshirt and, when he brought Rachael, she was dressed the same way. Within minutes after introducing her to us, the two of them were on the floor playing with the kids.

Rachael was a beautiful young woman – not a girl – with a woman’s breasts and hips. She had long wavy dark hair that framed a face with dark eyes and full lips. It was easy to see why Luke had so quickly declared himself in love.

That night, Luke grilled steaks to perfection outdoors, following my instructions. Rachael and Siobhan baked potatoes and fixed salad. I found a special bottle of red wine to go with dinner. The kids were on their best behavior, except for Kavan constantly staring at Rachael.

After dinner, we let the kids watch TV in the family room. The four of us went into the Living-Music room to talk in peace and quiet. Rachael wanted to talk about us going naked with each other and I explained that it was something we’d done all of our married life. She seemed fascinated with the idea. When she asked about Luke being naked too, we acknowledged that he did but tried to avoid going into detail, leaving that to Luke to tell her.

It was almost nine when Siobhan reminded us that it was bedtime for the kids and asked who wanted to bathe them. Luke immediately volunteered. Rachael looked at us almost begging for us to tell her what to do.

“Rachael,” Siobhan said, “Luke’s going to take them downstairs to the big shower in our basement. Nothing goes on when the kids get bathed. Well, I guess that’s not quite true. They have a lot of fun and you’ll hear a lot of laughing and squealing and giggling. Kavan washes himself, Ariel does too except she wants somebody to wash her hair, and Kerry has to be held down and washed thoroughly. Luke is naked when he does it. If Kieran or I do it, we’re naked too. It’s so big deal to any of us. Luke’s loved doing it from the first time he bathed them. You can stay up here with us if you want to. You can keep your clothes on and watch Luke bathe them. If you want to, take your clothes off downstairs and help Luke. It’s totally up to you.”

Rachael went downstairs with Luke. Siobhan and I looked at each other wondering which decision she’d make. After a while, we heard squealing and giggling in the voices of our kids and then laughing in the voices of a young man and a young woman. We knew what she’d chosen.

Luke brought the kids up, all clean and smiling, with towels around their shoulders. He was naked. “Are you indecent? Rachael says she’s not coming up if you’ve got clothes on.”

We quickly made sure she could come up. The kids had four adults helping them with hair combing and teeth brushing and reading that night. Siobhan helped me tuck my tongue back in my mouth after seeing Rachael. Kavan stared at Rachael as intently as I did and had a hard-on, a nice four or five inch stiffie, which he took to bed with him. I didn’t tell Rachael that she was probably going to be Kavan’s jack-off fantasy.

Luke began seeing Rachael regularly. Some afternoons or evenings, he was with her. Most Saturday nights they spent with us, sometimes clothed, sometimes nude. When the kids weren’t around, they gradually became more intimate with each other in front of us. One Saturday night after the little ones were in bed, they began kissing and touching each other while we watched. Luke was sporting a rigid hard-on and I was too, just watching them. I took Siobhan to our bedroom, leaving them to “watch TV.” The next morning, Luke apologized for the stains on the couch and said he’d clean them off if Siobhan would tell him how. She showed him what to use and how to do the cleaning.

The next time Luke brought her to the house, he asked us if it was OK if he took Rachael to his bedroom before taking her home. By February, he was asking if she could stay in his room overnight. By March, she was a regular visitor for the entire weekend. We seldom had to bathe the kids when Rachael was visiting. On a couple of

occasions, we had four adults and three kids bathing in the basement shower at the same time.

One weekend in March, we were supposedly watching a movie in the family room, lights off, with Luke and Rachael. We were on the love seat and Siobhan was leaning against me. Luke and Rachael were on the couch, hands all over each other, like two contortionists. Rachael had her hand on Luke's cock while he had his hand on her vulva, fingers hidden between her legs. I could smell the scent of sex in the air. Luke kneeled down between Rachael's legs, pulled her hips forward to the edge of the couch, and then looked over at us.

"Siobhan, would you like to sit next to Rachael. I'm going to be on my knees for a while. Maybe Kieran would join me on the floor."

I joined him on the floor and we gave two gasping females a good licking. Afterward, they made us stand at attention in front of them, hands on their shoulders, and they gave us a good sucking. I can still remember Siobhan's advice to Rachael, "Remember Rachael, men think they ejaculate a gallon; women know it's only a teaspoon."

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A few days after that, Luke and Kavan and I were working on an old car down in the basement. It was my one expensive hobby, making an inexpensive piece of junk into an expensive piece of junk.

"Kieran, do you talk to my Dad about me?" Luke asked.

"We talk every few weeks. He calls me at work. He was my boss for a long time. There are some job things we need to talk about."

"That's not what I asked you, Kieran."

I looked at him, thinking about the wise way to handle this.

"Yes, we talk about you."

"What do you tell him, I mean, about me and you and Siobhan and about Rachael?"

I decided truth was the best answer. "I've been telling him everything that goes on all the time you've been here. He knows you've got a pretty good course in sex education. I don't get into details but he understands."

"Do you tell him about Rachael?"

“I tell him about her but I don’t get into details there either. He knows you’ve found a wonderful girl to love.”

“How does he feel about it?”

“He’s as happy for you as a father could be. He said for me to tell you he’s always loved you and always will. He said he was glad Siobhan and I helped you learn how to love. He said he just wished he could have done it himself.”

Luke choked up a little and appeared on the verge of crying. He wiped his hands off on a rag and went outdoors.

“Did his Dad really say all that?” Kavan asked.

I looked at him, wondering how much he understood about our relationship with Luke.

“I had to prompt him a little but, yes, he did say all that.”

“You and Mom have done something good in helping Luke learn how to love. I’m proud of you.”

I was more than a little surprised. My own nine year-old son seemed to understand what we had done with Luke and even to approve.

“Do you know what we’ve been doing with Luke when you kids are asleep?”

“Sure, Dad, you just think we’re asleep. You guys get noisy sometimes when you’re doing it. When we found you in bed together, you should have smelled the sex in the bedroom. I thought about bottling it and selling it.”

“And you’re not ashamed of us for doing it with Luke?”

“Shit, nah, Dad, I told you, I’m proud of you.”

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In early May, we learned that the kids would have a school holiday on a Friday in mid-month. Luke and Rachael asked if we could go to the cabin in the woods. Since Luke was moving into an apartment and starting college in June, we grabbed at what might be our last opportunity to be together.

Rachael stayed the night with Luke on Thursday night. She and Luke bathed the kids and put them to bed. Afterwards the four of us sat around in the family room talking. Rachael had long since become comfortable being nude around us but it seemed she was deliberately being more teasing and provocative. She gave me some gaping flashes of pink more than once. Luke saw what she was doing and got aroused. When Siobhan and Rachael saw two erect dicks standing up, we were both hauled off to bed by our dicks. I know, in my case, mine was soft and docile when I went to sleep.

We were at the cabin before noon on Friday. The weather was warm so all of us wanted to try the creek. I think we had a contest to see who could get naked the quickest. Kavan won and then watched as Rachael provocatively pulled her white panties down.

When we waded into the creek, we decided it was a little cold yet for playing. The kids started running wild as usual while Luke and Rachael stayed to talk to us. We stood or sat in the shade since we had little tan remaining from last season.

“Old man,” Luke began, “I’m moving out of your house but I hope I never move out of your hearts. You’ll never be out of mine. I hope you’ll still let me visit on weekends, with Rachael of course. We’ll even bathe the kids for you until we have one of our own.”

“You’ve been thinking of making a permanent commitment to each other then?” Siobhan asked.

“Yeah,” Luke answered. “Rachael and I are going to be living together while we go to college. Mom’s outraged but that just means she won’t come for a visit. Dad’s OK with it; in fact he’s happy with it. He’s renting an apartment for us and giving me an allowance. Rachael’s got a needs-based scholarship. We’re both going to look for a part-time job. We think we can manage the finances OK. When we think we’re ready, we’ll get married, if she’ll still have me after living with me.”

“Will you let us help you outfit your apartment,” Kieran asked. “I think you could use a good king-size bed for your wrestling matches.”

“And when the time comes, will you let us help you with your wedding plans?” Siobhan asked.

“You know we will,” Rachael said. “We’re going to need all the help we can get. You’ll be the only Mom here to help us.”

“There’s a special reason we wanted you two to take us to the camp this weekend,” Luke said. We wanted to give you a gift in appreciation for everything you’ve taught me. Rachael’s especially thankful since I’ve been teaching her and she’s another beneficiary of all your good lessons.”

“We’ve been talking about this for weeks,” Rachael interrupted excitedly. “We tried to think of something we could afford and something we hope you’ll enjoy. We decided we couldn’t afford much but we did come up with something we hope you’ll both enjoy.”

“You don’t need to give us anything,” I said. “Gifts given out of love don’t require anything in return.”

“We know that,” Luke said. “It’s the gift of love that’s changed me so much. When you and Siobhan shared your love with me and let me be part of your family, it gave a meaning to my life. I want a family like yours.”

“Yeah, old man,” Rachael said, “you let Siobhan give Luke lessons on how to make love with a woman. You helped turn him into the man I fell in love with. He’s told me all about those lessons. He’s shown me how well he learned them.”

“That’s how we came up with the idea of showing both of you how well we’ve learned our lessons,” Luke said.

I looked at Siobhan with a questioning lift of my eyebrows.

“Kieran,” Luke said, “it’s been months since my last lesson with Siobhan. If you two will let me, I’d like to show her how much I’ve learned.”

Siobhan looked at Luke. “I’m not sure we should do that, Luke. I don’t think Rachael and Kieran will want to watch us.”

“You don’t understand, Siobhan,” Rachael said. “While you and Luke are reviewing the lessons, I’m going to be busy showing Kieran how well I’ve learned them second hand.”

She gave both of us a soft smile and leaned back against a tree, waiting for our answer.

I understood what they were proposing. I understood completely but I was speechless. For once in my life, I couldn’t think of what I should say. Siobhan guessed my uncertainty and stood looking at me, trying not to laugh out loud. I was saved by Arial.

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(ARIAL)

I stood in the creek, water up to my knees, watching Mom and Dad talking with Luke and Rachael. I wondered if they were planning to do sex again. Kavan had been telling me what he'd seen sneaking around the house when they thought he was sleeping. I wanted to go sneak with him so I could see too. He'd promised me he'd let me if they did it again at the cabin.

Kavan was in the creek digging in some mud where the creek bank had washed out. His arms and most of his front were covered with some white stuff. He looked funny. I looked around for Kerry and couldn't find him. When I saw him, he was on a sandbar in the creek, picking up red berries and playing with them and eating them. His hands were covered with bright red juice and his mouth and chin were all red. I was scared. What if the berries were poison?

I screamed his name. Kavan looked up and ran over to Kerry. Mom and Dad came running down the hill. Luke and Rachael were just behind them. I didn't know what to say. I just pointed to Kerry.

Dad jumped off the creek bank and landed on the sandbar near Kerry. When he saw what he had done, he looked up at the tree, then down at the berries on the sand, and then at me. When he smiled, I knew it was OK.

"It's OK, Arial; it's just wild cherries. They're not poisonous. He's just fine - caught red handed - but he's fine."

Dad picked up one of the cherries, mashed it in his hand, and stuck one finger in the juice. He touched each of his cheeks with the finger. I saw bright-red spots on each cheek.

"Don't be scared, Arial," he said. "They're not poisonous. Birds love'em but they're bitter and don't taste good. I don't think Kerry put but a few in his mouth."

Kavan was standing looking at Kerry. Kavan's feet were colored sort of gray-white and he even had the stuff on his dick and his chest. He looked funny.

"Dad, I found this neat stuff," Kavan said. "It's like real nice clay. Sort of like play-dough. There's lots of it."

Mom and Luke and Rachael climbed down the creek bank and looked at Kavan. They started laughing.

“Can you show us where you found this stuff, Kavan?” Dad asked.

Kavan led us down the creek to where he’d been playing. Part of the creek bank had been washed away. About two feet below the top there was a big stretch of the gray-white stuff.

Dad looked at it for a minute, bent over and picked up a clump. He played with it in hand and then walked over to Mom, Luke, and Rachael.

“It’s a clay deposit. I think its called kaolin. The old fashioned name for it was white wash. Country people used it to white wash the area around their fireplace. It’s got lots of industrial and commercial uses. There’s not enough here for anybody to mine. But it’s a lot of fun to play with.”

Luke looked at Kavan. His legs were muddy up to his knees and in some places above his knees. “Looks like Kavan is trying to use it as body paint.”

I could almost see the idea pop out above Kavan’s head. He looked over at me and raised his eyebrows. I knew my brother. He wanted me to help talk Dad and Mom into something.

I walked over to Dad and held his hand. I looked up at him and used my big blues on him. “Can we, Dad, can we use it for body paint? Can we please?”

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(KAVAN)

Dad knew how to do it. He helped us get the old galvanized washtub from under the cabin. We got a shovel and a hoe and two buckets. I dug the clay out and put it in a small bucket. Ariel carried it up to the bank where Luke and Dad were waiting beside the old tub. Dad broke the chunks up into smaller pieces with his hands. Luke used the flat end of a hoe to mash the pieces. They kept adding water as much as they needed. Finally Dad told me he had enough clay.

Dad got in the tub and started mixing up the mud and water with his feet. He held out his hand to Mom and she got in with him. He had his hands on her shoulders; she had hers on his waist. They went around

and around, stomping the clay until it turned into something like thick white paint.

When they got out, Dad looked at Arial. “Arial, you wanted body paint. Here it is. How do you want to be painted?” She looked at the mess and said, “Yuk!”

Mom asked Dad if he was sure it was harmless. He didn’t answer; just walked over to the tub, sat his butt down in it, with his legs hanging over the side. “Nothing above the neck,” he ordered. We all helped coat him. Even Kerry got a big kick out of slopping the mud on Dad. When he was covered, Arial wanted me to go next. I sat down and got it up to the neck.

Rachael made Luke go next ‘cept she wouldn’t let him sit down. He had to stand up in the tub while Mom, Rachael and Arial coated him all over with their hands. I noticed all three of them had to coat Luke’s dick and balls. I thought he was covered there after Mom and Rachael had done it. I guess Arial had to put on more mud as his dick got harder.

Luke made Rachael have a turn next. Luke and Dad and I had a lot of fun rubbing it all over Rachael. Dad’s dick got hard when he smeared it on her breasts. Mine did too. I got this funny feeling from touching Rachael’s breasts. Luke and Dad let me rub it on her longer than they did. I didn’t want to stop. I’d never touched anybody’s breasts except Mom’s. Arial doesn’t count ‘cause she doesn’t have any.

That left Mom and Arial and Kerry for last. Mom was polite to Arial and went next and even took Kerry with her. When they got out, everybody stood around letting the white wash dry and looking at Arial. She started to run but she didn’t get far. She got double and triple coated.

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(RACHAEL)

The more the clay dried, the more the color went from gray to white. I thought everybody looked strange but it was just too much of one color. I looked at Siobhan’s flaming red hair and had an idea.

“Kieran, are you sure those berries are wild cherries – that they’re not poisonous?”

“Sure,” he said. He walked over to the berries on the ground, picked up a few and stuffed them in his mouth. He made a nasty face. When he spit them out, his lips were reddish-purple.

I got one of the small buckets, rinsed it out, and started picking up the cherries and putting them in the bucket. I don’t know whether anyone else knew what I had in mind but they helped. When I had about one-fourth of the bucket full, I stopped them. I used the flat-end of the hoe to mash them into a puree. It was a reddish-purple mess. When I was finished, I carefully lowered my hands into the bucket, palms down, until my palms were just pressing into the mess. When I took them out, my palms were bright red.

I walked up to Luke, holding my hands out to the side. He looked at me like I was crazy but stood still. When my stomach was pressed up against his, I reached around with my hands and placed them carefully on his ass. He smiled down at me as we stood there. I could feel his cock throbbing against me. When I took my hand off, he turned around to show everybody. Two beautiful red handprints on a stark white butt. Luke did it next and put his handprints on me – on my ass and on my breasts.

After that it was all fun and laughing and giggles as we tried to figure out what to put on each other. Handprints were easy and every body got a lot because everybody seemed to enjoy putting them on. Kieran had a barber-pole cock, pointing up at an angle. Kavan got a solid red one, on white balls. His was pointing up too. Even Kerry’s little dick was pointing up; he had his painted and repainted by everybody. I tried to do Luke like a red zebra but he kept moving and messing it up. He looked funny with red testicles.

My white wash was redone by Luke and Kavan. They covered the hands on my breasts with a fresh coat of white. When that dried, my breasts became eyes, red eyes with a red iris. My naval became a nose. Below that was a mouth sporting a cute little Van Dyke beard. I loved it.

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(KIERAN)

The temperature was getting warmer and the breeze was hardly stirring the air. I was getting hungry but nobody seemed to want to go up to the cabin for lunch yet. I decided to see if we could bring lunch down to the creek.

“Siobhan, do you think we could have lunch down here? We don’t have to fix anything. We could just bring some stuff like pork and beans, sardines, crackers and cheese, some fruit. We could just stay here and eat out of cans and use our fingers. It’s too nice outdoors. I don’t want to go in yet.”

I knew before asking what the answer would be. We carried the bare minimum down the hill. Two cans of pork and beans, two spoons for everybody to share. Three cans of sardines with three forks. Lots of crackers. Cheddar cheese. Apples and pears and one knife. Just a big jug of water to drink, no cups or glasses so we had to share everything, even germs.

The kids amazed me. No “Yuk, I don’t like that.” They ate beans and fed each other beans. They ate sardines. They held the water jug for each other while they drank. I was wondering where my kids had gone and where these angels had come from.

Luke was stretched out on his back, his head in Rachael’s lap. She was playing with the hair around his face, smoothing it back. His cock was about half hard again. I crawled over to Siobhan, stretched out on my back, and put my head in her lap. The kids were down in the creek, playing at something. The sun was warm on naked skin. The breeze was just enough to keep the sweat from starting. I knew it was paradise.

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(SIOBHAN)

Kieran had his head in my lap, a contented smile on his face, while I played with his hair. I watched his cock to see if it was going to begin to swell under the warmth of the sun. It did. It crawled up from between his legs and flopped on his thigh.

“Siobhan,” Rachael said, “would it be OK if Luke and I went on up to the cabin. Maybe we could get a quick shower and then have a few minutes to ourselves before you and Kieran and the kids come up.”

“Rachael,” Kieran answered, “if you and Luke want to go have a quickie, just say so. Just leave us some warm water to shower. Go up to the bedroom in the loft. It’s your turn to sleep up there. It always goes to the newest lovers.”

Luke and Rachael went up the hill to the cabin, hand in hand, like the lovers they were, whispering to each other.

“Kieran,” I said, “let’s go wash the kids off in the creek. Then maybe we’ll have enough hot water to shower. If we could find something for the kids to do, we could have a quickie too.

We joined the kids in the creek and scrubbed the clay off each other by hand. The cherry juice didn’t want to come off right away. I wondered how long I’d have red handprints on my tits and ass. When we got to the basement shower, we bathed the kids first. We asked them to go up to the big common room and relax for a while.

As soon as we saw their little butts disappear up the stairs, Kieran had me on my back on the bench, his cock buried to the hilt in my cunt, and we were racing for orgasm. We both won. He was like dead weight on me, his head buried in my shoulder. And then we heard the outbreak of noise upstairs.

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(KIERAN)

Siobhan and I were almost side-by-side in our race upstairs. When we got to the main floor of the cabin, there was no one in sight. The noises resumed. We looked up toward the loft bedroom door and all three of our kids were there, looking into the bedroom.

I could hear Luke’s deeper voice, alternating between groaning and laughing. Rachael was giggling and laughing and almost hysterical. The kids were all talking at once. None of them made any sense.

We climbed up the circular stairway to the loft bedroom. When we looked in the door, Luke was on his back on the bed. His hard cock was flopping from side to side as he rolled, laughing and groaning, out of control. Rachael was standing at the foot of the bed, trying to cover with her hands the area of her body she had just been unconcerned about displaying at the creek. Tears were running down her cheeks but she was laughing like mad. The kids were all talking at once.

“SHUT UP,” I said in a loud voice. When the kids looked at me, I pointed a finger at Kavan. “What happened, Kavan?”

“I didn’t know they were fucking, Dad; honest, I didn’t. They left the door open. I thought it was OK to come up here. Rachael was on top of Luke bouncing up and down on his dick. Ariel wanted to see too. She shoved me and I fell and knocked the door against the wall and made a loud bang. I scared them so bad they haven’t stopped acting like this since I got up off the floor.”

That provoked louder howls and laughing from Luke and Rachael. Rachael kept apologizing because they'd let the kids see them making love. Shut up? It worked once; it might work again.

"SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU," I said, in my most fatherly manner.

Luke and Rachael gradually quieted, looking at me as though I had the fatherly wisdom to handle the situation.

"I think we have a little problem here. I believe we can fix it if you'll just listen to me. You kids sit down on the bed."

Kavan and Arial crawled up and sat Indian fashion. Rachael helped Kerry up and held him. Siobhan and I stood at the foot of the bed.

"Kavan, would you like me to give you the keys to my car?" I asked.

He looked at me, puzzled. I think he realized that there was something wrong with my offer.

"Dad, you know I can't drive your car," he finally said. **"You and Mom wouldn't let me drive even if you gave me the keys."**

"Why can't you drive the car, Kavan? You're almost as tall as your Mother," I asked, letting a little edge of harshness into my voice.

"Cause that's a grown up thing, Dad. I'm just a kid. I'm not old enough to drive yet."

"I've been teaching you a little, Kavan. You want to learn. Why can't you drive yet?" Kavan knew I was mad at him. Arial knew they were in trouble. The tears were beginning to slide down her cheeks and her eyes were already red.

"I don't know, Dad. Why are you mad at me?"

"I'm mad because you've been doing something wrong. This time, Arial did something wrong too."

I suppose they were both unsure of what it was they'd done wrong.

"Are you going to sneak around behind my back and drive my car, Kavan? I never hide the keys. I even ask you to help find them when I misplace them."

"No, Dad, I hope when I'm old enough you'll teach me to drive."

“Not just old enough, Kavan, responsible enough too. Luke knows he can drive my car with you kids in it. He doesn’t have to sneak around to drive my car.”

“No, Dad, he doesn’t. But I don’t either. I haven’t been sneaking around driving your car.”

“What have you been sneaking around and doing, Kavan?” I asked, and I could see that he knew what I was getting at. He was on the verge of crying now. He choked, trying to find the words to admit it. When he finally did, I was proud of my son.

“I’ve been sneaking around watching Luke and Rachael have sex, Dad. And watching you and Mom when you do it, especially when you do it with them.” The tears were rolling down his cheeks now.

“Your mother and I don’t let you watch us because we don’t think you’re old enough yet, son. You’re not able to be responsible with sex, just like you’re not old enough to be responsible with driving. We’ve always tried to be open and honest with you kids. We tell you what we do. We answer all your questions. As you get older and can handle more responsibility, we’ll help you learn more about sex. I’m not sure how but we will.”

Kavan and Arial were both crying openly now. Siobhan’s motherly instincts made her start toward them. I said “wait” to her and she stopped.

“Kavan, you haven’t done anything wrong by wanting to learn about sex. You’ve done something wrong by not being honest with us. If you wanted to watch Luke and Rachael have sex, did you ever think of just asking them if you could watch?”

“No, Dad, they wouldn’t - they wouldn’t let - they just wouldn’t.” He was almost sobbing, trying to get the words out.

“If you ask your mother and me for something, we may tell you no. Maybe we don’t think you’re grown up enough to be responsible. You can’t be responsible for driving a car. Can you ask a man and a woman to let you watch them have sex? If they say no, because they don’t think you’re old enough, can you accept their decision?”

Kavan was looking at me now with real pain on his face. It was all I could do to keep from wrapping my arms around my son.

“Kavan, your Mom and I and Kerry are going back downstairs now. I want you and Arial to stay up here with Luke and Rachael. Some day I hope they’re parents of children like you three. They’ll have to decide how to deal with their children’s interest in sex. After we’re gone, I want you and Arial to talk with Luke and Rachael. Ask them if you can watch the next time they make love. If they say no, come downstairs. They came up here to have a quickie. Ask them what that is. Your Mom and I had one downstairs in the basement just after you came upstairs. If they want to finish what they started and let you stay, it’ll be fine with us.”

“I’m sorry, Dad,” he sobbed. “I don’t understand all this. I wish I’d stayed home this weekend.”

“No, Kavan, you’re part of us, part of this family, we want you here with us. We want you to be honest with us. No sneaking around. If you want something, ask. If we say no, that’s the end of it for a while. I think you’ll find we’ll say yes more often than you think.”

Siobhan took one of Kerry’s hands and I took the other. We went downstairs, leaving Kavan and Arial with Luke and Rachael.

Chapter Seventeen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 36; Siobhan Stuart, 35; Kavan Stuart, 9; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Luke Bridges, 18; Rachael Monteverde, 19

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Rachael Monteverde, Luke Bridges, Kavan Stuart, Arial Stuart

(LUKE)

Kieran and Siobhan each held one finger down to Kerry and he took their fingers as they went out of the room. The image – both parents looking down at their child with love – the child holding on to their fingers – just deepened my resolve to make my own family with Rachael. I had to agree with his parents that Kerry’s beautiful little butt was a jewel of perfection. I hoped my kids could be like him.

Rachael was still standing near the foot of the bed. I patted the bed and she lay down beside me, resting on one elbow, as I was. We both looked at Kavan and Arial.

“Rachael, if we’re going to give these kids their first up-close lesson, I don’t want it to be a quickie. I want us to be slow and thoughtful about what we show them. These kids think they want to learn what sex is all about. Let’s show them what love is all about. And while we’re at it, let’s let them have a close-up of sex.”

She looked from me to each of the kids and back. “Luke, I’m too new to making love to be OK with this. So are you. Are you sure we’re the ones to be teaching Kieran’s and Siobhan’s kids?”

“I’m sure. Kavan and Arial and Kerry are the brothers and sister I never had. They’re the family you never had. We’ve done a lot of talking about what we want and it always comes back to the same thing: a family like the Stuart family. It’s a damned unusual one but it’s a wonderful one. I hope we can stay part of their family for the rest of our lives. I’ll never stop loving my father; I never loved my mother. You never had a father to love and your mother was into drugs more than into you before she died. We’ve got a chance to shape our own lives into the same kind of marriage that Kieran and Siobhan have. Let’s do it. If they trust us to show their kids how we make love, let’s do it.”

Kavan and Arial were still sitting on the bed, Indian-fashion, holding still longer than any Indian ever could in that position. They were watching us with big eyes and open mouths. Rachael and I were both looking at them. Could we make kids their age understand?

“Kavan, you and Arial didn’t do anything wrong by being curious about sex,” I said. “But I don’t think you two can understand everything yet. I’m going to tell you some stuff you don’t know. Maybe Rachael will too. If we talk to you like grown-ups, will you promise to listen real carefully and think about it? Like I’m your big brother and Rachael’s your big sister.”

Both of them nodded vigorously.

“Well, first of all, you need to think about what love means. Your Mom and Dad love you so much and show it so much. I’ll bet you don’t ever think what it’d be like not to have that love. Can you imagine your parents not loving you?”

They both shook their heads. "They show us all the time, Luke," Kavan said. "Dad's a hugger. He's always hugging me. He does it sometimes when I'm around my friends. It sorta embarrasses me but I'm glad he does it. I think they're jealous. I like it when he does it."

"Mom does it too," Arial said. "Almost every night she hugs all of us when we go to bed. She always tells me how much she loves me. I used to think she thought we'd forget it quick if she didn't say it every night. Now I'm older and I just think she likes to tell us. It's nice 'cause it helps me go to sleep at night."

"Well, you kids have got to understand that not all families are like that," I said. "I can't remember my Mom or Dad ever hugging me. They never hugged me or loved me when I went to bed. Just told me to go, like I was a pest. Mom never said she loved me. Dad tried to sometimes. It was like he choked on it."

They looked at me in disbelief, clearly not able to comprehend.

"I was like a Jack in the Box most of the time," I said. "Like I'd been cooped up there for years and nobody'd even let the lid up. Try to imagine that."

I saw tears in Arial's eyes. Maybe they could understand the pain I had suffered.

"Arial, they never talked to me about sex. I never learned anything about it from them. When I heard about it from other kids, I couldn't believe my parents ever did that. I figured I must have been adopted 'cause they couldn't have sex."

"But why, Luke? Mom and Dad tell us anything we want to know. They give us books that show us all kinds of stuff. Arial and I read'em and look at the pictures and then ask questions. Sometimes they make us stop if we ask too many. Sex is OK for kids to know about, isn't it?"

Rachael had been sitting quietly, listening. Now she wanted to say something too.

"Kavan, you and Arial take your family for granted. Luke had a family even if they were bad parents. I never even had a family. My Dad left my Mom so long ago I can't remember what he looked like. My Mom loved booze and pills more than she loved me. I had to go live with my aunt by the time I was fourteen. My Mom died when I was sixteen. My aunt tried to help me. She did the best she knew how. She got me to be a good student in school. I love her for all she did. But I felt like Luke

did too. I can understand when he says it was like being a Jack in the Box.”

“But, Luke, why did Mom and Dad let you come live with us?” Kavan asked. “I’m real glad they did, ‘cause you’re like a brother now. And why did they let you do sex stuff with them? I thought that was just supposed to be between a married man and woman.”

“I don’t know why they let me come live with you, Kavan. You’ll have to ask them. The first time I came, your parents let me know what I was getting into and said I had to choose.”

“Choose what?” Arial asked.

“I had to choose whether to come live with you and finish my last year of high school or go with my parents to another city and live there.”

“What made you choose us, Luke?” Kavan asked.

“I choose your family the first night, when I had to decide whether or not to take my clothes off and help bathe the three of you. Then when I got to touch all three of you. When I got to wash Arial’s hair. When you leaned up against me while I read to you. When Kerry crawled up in my lap for me to hold him and we were both naked. That’s when I knew what love and trust could be like. That’s when I began to believe I could find someone to love me and I could love someone too. I cried when I went to bed that night, Kavan. I never cried in bed at home.”

Arial crawled over the bed to me and wrapped her little arms around my neck. Kavan followed. When I looked over at Rachael, she had tears in her eyes. When the kids sat back down, she had something to say.

“When Luke told me about bathing you kids, I couldn’t believe it, Arial. I wanted so much to be able to do the same thing. That’s why I agreed to start going with him. But there’s something I want to tell you about me that’s different from Luke. I’ve already told him about it. I thought I knew all about sex before I met Luke. I’d let a few guys do things with me but I didn’t know anything. I never had an orgasm ‘til Luke and I started making love with each other. He learned from your parents what sex can be like when people love each other. He taught me that. He got lessons from your folks; he gave lessons to me. I couldn’t believe it when I started having orgasms with him. Do you know what an orgasm is?”

“Yeah, it’s when a man comes and squirts out his stuff,” Kavan said. “Dad says it feels real good.”

“Women can have orgasms too, Kavan,” Arial said. “Mom says she almost always has an orgasm with Dad.”

“You’re right. Both of you,” Rachael said. “But maybe women are different from men. Maybe they need to feel like they’re loved and can trust a man before they have orgasms. That’s the way I was.”

“Your parents gave me lessons in sex,” I said. “But they taught me how to love first. That’s what I tried to do with Rachael.”

Kavan was evidently deep in thought about something. “And you and Rachael love us; that’s why you’ll give us a lesson?”

“Not the same kind of lesson, Kavan. You’ve got to promise you’ll just watch. You’re too young to have sex with us. Your parents are letting us decide what sort of lesson you’re going to get. Well, you can watch and that’s all. No talking. No touching us. No asking questions while we’re doing it. Just be so quiet we don’t even know you’re here. Can you both do that?”

They looked at each other and then nodded affirmatively.

Kavan held up his hand, as though he were about to receive a school lesson. I nodded permission for him to speak.

“Luke, I wanna see you shoot your stuff. The books Mom and Dad gave us tell all about how it works. The pictures in the books help me understand what the writing says. But they don’t ever show a man shooting.”

I smiled in spite of myself. “Kavan, I guess they don’t have pictures of that because most of the time a man ejaculates when his penis is in a woman’s vagina and you can’t see it happen.”

Kavan looked at Arial. She looked back at him. She leaned over to him and whispered in his ear.

He looked at us. “Arial’s too little to understand it when you talk like that. We just call a man’s thing a dick. And he shoots off it.”

“Yeah,” Arial piped up, “Mom and Dad don’t mind if I call my ‘gina a pussy either. They say it’s the same no matter which name we call it. They say it’s where a man puts his come when they wanna make a baby.”

“Yeah, Ariel, I know all about that,” Kavan said, impatient with his little sister. “They let us say fucking too but just not around people.”

Kavan’s tone of voice with his sister surprised me. They were usually considerate of each other.

“Kavan,” I said, “Don’t be such a brat with your sister. You just think you know all about it. You don’t know anything!”

“Yeah, well, she’s such a little pain in the ass sometimes. She’s just a girl. What’d a girls know about sex? Why do they wanna do it if they can’t shoot off?”

I looked at Rachael. She looked at me. Maybe these kids had read and talked about sex but it was evident they had no real understanding of it.”

Kavan continued when he should have shut up. “Besides, I want to play with you too, Rachael. I’m old enough to do sex stuff even if Ariel isn’t.”

“Kavan,” Rachael answered, “in about six or seven years, you’ll be sixteen. You’ll be so full of testosterone you’ll think your balls will bust. Luke and I could invite you to share our love and sex then. But I don’t think we will. You’re going to have to find your own girl to love. Someday, when you have, maybe Luke and I’ll invite you and your girl to have fun with us. Maybe we can teach you a thing or two, or maybe you can teach us. But let me get something straight with you, Buster, all you can do right now is watch. That’s all. Nothing else. Get it?”

I put my hand out toward them. I took Rachel’s hand and put it on top of mine. “If you kids agree, put your hands on mine and Rachael’s.” Kavan put his on Rachael’s; Ariel put hers on her brother’s. “You’ll never talk about this with the other kids. You’ll never ask us to do this again. Until maybe you’re much older. If your parents ask, you can tell them but nobody else. Do you agree?” They looked at each other and then nodded.

“Kavan,” Rachael asked, “you wanted to watch us. What do you want us to do? What do you want to see?”

Kavan looked from Rachael to me in amazement or maybe in disbelief. Now that he could have what he wanted, he seemed afraid to ask.

“You’ve got to tell us something, Kavan,” I insisted. “You want to be treated like an intelligent young man. I want to teach you. I love you

like the brother I never had. Just pretend I'm your big brother. Ask me to help you. I will."

"I wanna know what a quickie is. I wanna know why you put your face on Rachael's pussy. I've looked at Ariel's and we've tried to figure it out. We know what the books say. We look at the drawings in the books and then I look at Ariel's pussy. What's the big deal? There's not much down there to do anything with."

I couldn't help but smile. "Kavan, Rachael and I are going to show you that. We're going to show you everything we do. I hope you two enjoy your lesson. I'm even going to show you what it's like when a man comes. I'm going to try to take my dick out of Rachael's pussy and let my come shoot out on her stomach. OK, Rachael?"

"It's OK with me. And Kavan," Rachael added, "a quickie is just a very quick fuck. That's all. We were going to have one. Now we're going make it longer. Do either of you need to go pee before we start?"

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(RACHAEL)

They both had to pee. So did I. Maybe Luke thought he might as well too. We all lined up for the little half-bath in the loft. We peed: little girl, big girl, little boy, big boy. Ariel didn't shut the door and so nobody else did either. Luke showed off. I could tell he was pressing down on his bladder with his stomach muscles. He stirred up foam in the bowl of the commode. Ariel seemed to like his performance. I know I did. I wondered if Kavan was envious.

Luke closed the door to the stairs. He ignored the kids. I ignored the kids. I went up to him, wrapped my arms around him, and held up my face for a kiss. When his lips touched mine, I opened to him. We both ignored the kids. Our tongues played tag with each other while our hands went searching for places to hold on. Mine found his ass at the same time that his hands found mine. Luke's mouth was all over me, from shoulder to neck, to mouth, back to shoulder, back to mouth. He was pushing against me or I was pulling him against me. I was pushing or he was pulling. We both forgot the kids.

His cock began to engorge and lift. He was a head taller so our bodies weren't a perfect fit while standing. He bent his knees and lowered himself a little until I could feel his pubic bone pressed against mine. Now we were closer to fitting. His cock swelled and lifted more. I moved my legs apart slightly, allowing it room to lift. It lifted until it was hot and hard, pressed upward between my legs and against my

vulva. I reached around and behind and found the smooth head of his cock poking out from between my thighs. I stroked the satiny glans with one fingertip. Luke shuddered.

Without releasing me or taking his mouth off mine, Luke began moving me back toward the bed. We shuffled the few feet together. When I felt the bed against the back of my legs, I let myself fall backward, holding Luke, bringing him down with me.

I landed flat on my back. Luke landed flat on me. The sudden impact of his weight almost drove the breath from me. Luke rolled onto one side and his mouth came back to mine. His hand searched for and found one of my breasts. A few minutes later, I searched for and found his cock. It was distended, with little softness and almost no flexibility, just a big hot hard handful.

Luke moved his mouth down to my breast. His hand down to my cunt. His mouth sucking on my nipple. His hand cupping around between my thighs. Mouth sucking so good, finger spreading cunt lips, mouth lips teasing nipple, finger dipping down into honey. Damn, he's so good, feels so good, where'd he ever learn, so good. Oh, shit, mouth sucking and teeth nipping nipple, love that. Finger spreading honey, finger pushing into cunt, moving around, pressing against wall of cunt, heel of hand pressing on clit, Oh, damn, that's good. Can't hold still.

Luke came up for air, looked into my eyes, and gave me a big smile and got one in return from me. He looked at my face for a minute or so while his finger was busy stirring up more honey in my cunt. I knew I was going to come if I didn't stop him.

I pushed him down, making him lay on his back. I moved down. Pushed his legs apart. Kneeled between them. His cock was suspended above his stomach. I used one hand to milk it up, from balls, up shaft, toward glistening head. A drop of clear syrup oozed out the slit on the end. I leaned over, held his cock straight up, and licked the drop away. Sweet.

I slid my hand up and watched Luke's foreskin cover the shiny head, slid it down and watched as the inner angry-red side of his foreskin was exposed. I lowered my head and took just the end of his cock in my mouth. I gave him just what he had taught me, what he had learned from Siobhan, slow strokes downward toward his balls, mouth sucks up and off the head of his cock. He groaned.

I knew the drill, knew the signs, knew the routine. Suck, stroke. Suck, stroke. Check balls, hanging low. Suck, stroke, suck stroke, suck

stroke. Balls drawing up. Suck stroke, suck stroke, suck suck suck. Balls tight, two little rounded eggs on each side at the base of his cock. Suckstroke suckstroke. Stop for breath. “Do you want to come?”

“Yeah, no, shit, I don’t know. Wanna come in you. Let me?”

“No.”

“No?”

“No! Eat me first.”

He flipped me over on my back. Spread my legs. Lifted. Spread. Splayed me. Cunt spread, wet, drooling, wanting. Cunt open. Black hair all around, hadn’t shaved it since he asked me not to, loves it hairy, loves it, loves it. Thumbs on each side of lips, spreading me open like ripe fruit. Shit, where did he learn this? Combing cunt hair out to sides, laughs when he gets it in his mouth, spits it on my stomach, damn, Luke, do it. Lick me.

Luke lowered his mouth to my vulva. He knew what I liked, knew what he’d taught me to like. Tongue down to asshole. Hope it’s clean. He doesn’t care. He’s too hot to care. Licking up toward cunt, both sides. Drilling in cunt, trying to strike oil. Tongue fucking in cunt. I’m gonna come. Licking up again, licking over and over again, licking all those screaming nerves between vagina and clitoris. I’m gonna come. Licking up and down and around clitoral shaft now. Teasing, trying to find out if clit is out from under hood. It is. Fastens his mouth on it. Sucks but can’t suck it into his mouth. Clit won’t come off. Stuck to me. Sucks harder, flicks it with his tongue. I’m gonna come. Sucks gently. I want harder. Finger finds way into my cunt. Long finger, short ones on each side against cunt lips. Long finger curving around, pressing, tongue flicking, lips sucking. I’m gonna come. Mouth like leech. Finger frigging, frigging, good word. Oh, shit, I’m coming!

I heard unintelligible noises. I wondered who was making them. Heard shit and god in same breath. Ashamed I was saying it. Cunt and womb and everything else down there in convulsions. Can’t breathe. Can’t think. Can’t take any it any more....

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(LUKE)

Rachael finally let go of my hair. I rose up, suspended over her on hands and knees, watching her face. She was beautiful. I loved her like this. I loved to watch her like this. I loved her when she let herself

go when I was loving her. She opened her eyes. She smiled at me. I smiled back. I loved her.

She reached up and plucked one curly black hair off my lower lip. I tried to find the other one with my tongue and get it to the front of my mouth. When I stuck out my tongue, she wiped it clean with two fingers. She got the hair.

She looked down between our bodies. I looked down too. My cock was ready, poised, angled, needed to be in her.

“Fuck me?”

“Yes.”

I lowered myself down while she used two hands to guide. She rubbed the head up and down her cunt, spreading honey. No spreading needed, she was drenched. I pushed slowly, continuously, no backing off, just pushing, felt my cock swallowed in hot wet cunt. She spread legs wider, grabbed ass with hands, pulled me inside her. All of me? Just cock? Wish it could be all of me. She tied me down with arms and legs. Bondage. She had strong legs, strong arms. Couldn't move, didn't want to. Couldn't not move. Had to move. Had to feel cock moving in cunt. Cock in cunt. Encunted. Cockheaded, wood pecker, shut up, laugh later. No friction, smooth as glass, no smooth as wet flesh. Just flesh in flesh, flesh on flesh. Gonna come. Shove it in, gonna come. Shove it in harder, gonna come! Shove it in! Slapping noise. Belly against belly? Balls against ass? Gonna come! Oh shit, fingernails in ass! Oh shit. I'm coming, coming! Ah shit, I...

(RACHAEL)

Luke was completely relaxed on me. His chest was heaving, his breath rasping beside my ear. I could feel his cock still hard inside me. Every other muscle in his body seemed to have gone soft. My eyes were closed but I could still see the red heat.

His breathing slowed and became regular again. He regained enough strength to take some of his weight off me. His cock was still in me and still hard. He rose up over me and looked down at me. He smiled. I smiled back.

“Luke, you came inside me.”

“Huh?” he responded, not remembering what he'd said earlier.

“You came inside me. You told Kavan and Arial you were going to come on my stomach so they could see you shoot off. They wanted to see what it looked like.”

He looked around. Kavan was one side of us, Arial on the other. Luke seemed puzzled, as though wondering what they doing here in the bed with us.

“We were giving them a lesson. Letting them see what it’s like to make love. You promised to pull out and come on my stomach. They wanted to see what it looks like when semen is squirted out of your dick. It was part of our lesson plan.”

He shook his head, trying to find his brain again. He looked at Kavan and Arial. They smiled at him. He smiled back. He shook his head again. I felt his cock beginning to soften.

“Well, shit, Rachael, maybe they got a good lesson. They might as well learn it now. Can you believe a guy who says he just wants to put it in, he won’t come? He’s lying whether he knows it or not.”

I looked over at Arial. She eyes were wet and red. Was she scared? Had she been crying?

“Arial, what’s wrong, honey? Did we scare you?”

“It’s so...it’s so beautiful. I didn’t know it was ‘sposed to be like that. I wish Luke could do me too.”

“Luke can’t do you, Arial,” Kavan said. “Your cunt’s not big enough. Luke couldn’t get his big dick in your little hole.”

“Yeah, well, you wanna get your little dick in Rachael’s hole. It’s not big enough either.”

“Do not.”

“Do too.”

“Do not!”

“Yeah, well, why’d you tell me you wished you were old enough to fuck her?”

Brother and sister? I loved them anyway. I wished they were my brother and sister.

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(KIERAN)

It was well over an hour before the door from the loft opened. Luke came down the stairs to where Siobhan and I were sitting. He smelled of sex and sweat. His hair was tousled, and his dick looked swollen but soft and well used.

“I assume you know what we decided, Kieran, Siobhan. I just want to tell you why.”

We both nodded, waiting.

“Before you took me into your family, I went for years waking up every morning, hoping that day would be the day I died. Now, I wake up every morning and hope I never die. You taught me how healing love can be. The sex helped too. I figured if your lessons could change my life, a lesson for Kavan and Arial couldn’t hurt them.”

Siobhan stood up and hugged Luke against her. I remembered an occasion in our home the first time she did that. I stood up too and we had a quiet group hug.

“There’s something else you two need to decide on together,” Luke said. “Rachael and I have been talking about it for weeks now. We really would like to share our love with you. We can’t separate it from sex. Rachael wants me to ask you again to join us tonight in the loft room, after the kids are asleep.”

“We’ll talk about it, Luke,” I said. “You’ll know our decision before we put the kids to bed.”

“Please, Kieran, Siobhan. You’ve saved two lives. We want to share the love we’ve learned with you.” He paused for a moment and looked at both of us. “Rachael is still talking to Kavan and Arial. I guess they’ll be down when the kids run out of questions. I had to go pee and Rachael told me to go ahead and shower. When I get through, I’d like to take Kerry for a walk. You two can have some time alone before the other kids come down.”

He went downstairs to the basement shower, leaving us to think.

“Well, Siobhan, is this what they call a quandary? I don’t know what to do. I don’t even know what I want to do. Damn, I don’t know anything. I’m stupid for getting myself in a situation like this.”

“Don’t say that, Kieran! You’re not stupid. You’re the man I love, the man who loves me. You’re not stupid for wanting to have sex with Rachael. Am I stupid for giving Luke the first love he ever got?”

I looked at her for a minute or two, trying to sort out how I felt about Luke and Rachael’s invitation. I didn’t need to sort out my feelings for her; I’d loved her for over a decade with all my heart.

“I can’t ask your permission, Siobhan, I mean about accepting Luke and Rachael’s invitation. I can’t ask you to make it easy for me. I know you love me. If you think it’s what I want, you’ll try to talk me into it, whether you want me to do it or not. This is something I’ve got to decide for myself.”

“I’m involved too, Honey. I’ve already shown Luke what love can be like. I even did it in our own marriage bed. You didn’t make me do it. Was that the right thing to do? It was the right thing for Luke. Was it the right thing for us? Has it changed anything between us?”

“It hasn’t hurt us in the slightest. That’s the part I’m worried about. You know I love you. I don’t think I could live if I didn’t have you. If I do something stupid, if it hurts our marriage, I don’t know what I’d do. Without you and the kids, I’ve got no reason to live.”

“I feel the same way, Kieran. But think about this. We both know Luke’s made our family stronger. I had sex with him and it just made him stronger. Rachael loves Luke. If they want to give you something, even if it’s sex with Rachael, it can’t hurt our marriage.”

“I’ll admit I’m like Kavan about Rachael. I love looking at her breasts. I fantasize about getting my mouth on them. I love that little fur cap of hers. I’d love to get my mouth down there and see what she tastes like. I’m not ashamed of any of that. If I say that, does it make you jealous?”

“No! She’s Luke’s love. I’d only be jealous if I thought she could take you away from me. I don’t think that.”

“It would be fun.”

“Yes.”

“Would it? I mean - would it be fun for you – to have Luke to make love with again? It wouldn’t hurt our marriage?”

“Yes, it would be fun. And no, it wouldn’t hurt our marriage. If I thought it could, I wouldn’t let it happen.”

“I still don’t know what do. I’m going to think some more. I’ll let you know later tonight. Whatever I decide is OK with you?”

“Yes, Kieran, it’s OK with me.”

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Later I started the assembly line for our evening meal – a fish fry. Siobhan had found some beautiful grouper fillets at the market near home. I knew I had to prepare them the first night while they were fresh. I set up the deep fryer on the deck and filled it with peanut oil to get hot. I asked Siobhan to fix coleslaw. I asked Rachael and Arial to peel potatoes and slice them and onions and to start them cooking on the stove in the old cast-iron covered frying pan. I showed Luke and Kavan how to prepare the beer-batter for the fish. I carefully patted the fillets dry for battering. I asked Siobhan to have the hush-puppy mix ready by the time I finished frying the fish. Finally I looked around, saw that everything was ready, and started the production line.

I put on my heavy canvas apron, to protect the family jewels, and sent Luke for our first cold beer. I quickly battered the fish and dropped them in the hot oil. I guessed at half the fillets for the first frying. A few minutes later I dipped those out and spread them on paper towels to drain. The other fillets were in and cooking within a minute. A few minutes and they were out and draining. I sent Kavan for my second beer. When he handed it to me, I offered him a taste. He smiled at me and took a big swallow.

I poured the hush-puppy mix on my board, a paddle with a bowl-like depression down most of its length. This was where the art came in. I tilted the board downwards slightly and let the mix begin to slide off the end. As it slid off, I cut sections with my knife and they dropped into the hot oil. They all swelled into perfect thumb-sized hush puppies, already delicious smelling with onions. A minute later, I dipped them out and put them on another paper-towel-covered platter to drain.

I turned around to the big picnic table on the deck. It was already covered and set for our meal. The onion-potato skillet was one serving dish. An old stoneware bowl held the coleslaw. Cold drinks were already on the table. I handed the hush-puppy platter to Kavan, one fish platter to Luke, took the other for myself, and called out the official words, “Let’s eat!”

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We were all stuffed and hardly able to move. Finally, Siobhan stood up and started to clean off the table. I was sitting beside her. I put my hand on her shoulder, made her sit back down, and stood up myself.

“Could I say something before we leave the table?”

I waited for the talking to stop before I continued.

“This might be the last time we’re at a table together, like family. So I want to say something to Luke and Rachael.”

I looked at the two of them and saw the others in my family looking too.

“I’m glad you two are part of our family. You’re about to move out of our home. You’re going to start making a home of your own. I hope you can tough it out and make yourselves into a family. But we never know what will happen. This may be the last time we’re together like this. Just remember a couple of things: we’ll always be here for you and you’re welcome back anytime you want to come back.”

I looked around at my three children. Kavan and Arial were sitting up paying attention for once. Kerry had crawled in his mothers lap and was playing with her breasts as usual.

I waited for a few seconds for my next announcement.

“I want us all to help clean up the deck and kitchen now. When we’re through, I’d like to play a game until it’s bedtime for you kids. I’ve got a new one. It’s kind of quiet but maybe we can all enjoy it. I’ll tell you the rules before we play. It’s called reverse strip poker.”

I paused for a few more seconds before continuing.

“When you kids go to bed tonight, your mother and I are going to go upstairs to the loft bedroom with Luke and Rachael. We’re going to sleep with them tonight. Before we go to sleep, we’re going to make love with them, me with Rachael, your mom with Luke. We’ll shut the door. If you’re not asleep you may hear us. They gave you a good lesson today and you’ll know what we’re doing. Just remember one thing: you’re always included in our love. I don’t know whether we can ever include you in our sex. But we’ll always love you.”

When the kitchen was cleaned, we dragged the foam mats into the center of the big room and made a square big enough for all of us to sprawl on. I made the kids go on a pillow run so we’d have something

to lean on. I found a deck of cards for us to play with. I looked around and everybody was waiting.

“Ok, here are the rules. Nobody’s a poker expert but we all know a little, except Kerry. Everybody’s got to get four pieces of clothes: shirt, shorts, and socks. We’ll keep it simple so we’ll play draw poker and forget about betting. I’ll deal five cards and you can draw as many replacements as you want. The winner of the hand doesn’t have to put on anything. Everybody else is a loser and has to put on one piece of clothes. When you’ve got all four pieces of clothes on, you have to drop out and everybody else keeps playing. The last one still naked is the winner. If we can’t remember which hand’s the winning one, we’ll let Kavan look it up in the rule book.”

Arial held up her hand. I nodded to her.

“Kerry can’t play, Dad. He doesn’t know how to play like me and Kavan.”

“We’ll let Mom and Rachael hang onto Kerry if they can. If he can sit still, Luke and I’ll play Kerry’s hand for him.”

It turned out to be quiet fun. Everybody started out with a sock when they lost and put on a second sock when they lost again. I had to drop out after four hands. Didn’t win a damned one. But I think Siobhan guessed I’d done it deliberately. Rachael won. They accused me of crooked dealing so I could keep looking at her naked. I told them I really didn’t know how to deal crooked cards.

While everybody except Rachael was getting naked again, Kavan asked me if he could say something. I was puzzled; I told him he could say anything he wanted to. I told the group Kavan had something he wanted to say. He pulled his socks off and sat down Indian fashion on the mat.

He looked at Luke and then at Rachael. “I just wanna apologize to you for sneaking around and watching you. Mom and Dad talk with us about sex stuff but I’m still curious. Guess I was just tryin’ to understand what it’s all about. Well, you showed me and Arial this afternoon. I sure have a hell of a lot to learn.”

I started to take off my shorts.

“Wait, Dad,” he said, “I’m not finished.” He shifted his gaze to me and to Siobhan. “I want to apologize to you for sneaking around too. For watching when you were doing stuff with Luke and Rachael. You

always tell me if I wanna know something, all I have to do is ask. Well, I guess I shoulda asked.”

I pulled my shorts off and sat back down.

“Damnit, Dad, I’m still not finished,” Kavan said. “You could keep your pants on for just a minute, couldn’t you?”

When everybody got tired of laughing at me and teasing me, Kavan continued.

“I just wanted to ask you to please keep teaching me and Arial and Kerry about sex. We may be kids but we’re not stupid. We’ll listen and do our best to grow up right. And I won’t sneak around any more.”

Arial butted in for a moment. “Yeah, Mom and Dad, I apologize too. We didn’t mean to do anything bad. Please don’t stop teaching us.”

Kerry didn’t have anything to say. He was sitting in Rachael’s lap again and playing with her breasts. I wanted to play with them too.

We started playing reverse strip poker again and I won the first hand. I noticed that Rachael didn’t really seem to be enjoying the game this time. She seemed to be thinking about something else. Siobhan noticed it too.

“Rachael,” she said, “a penny for your thoughts.”

It took a moment for her to respond.

“I was just thinking about family. How it makes me feel to be playing with all of you. About how nice it was when we all helped out and cooked dinner together tonight.”

“If you and Luke hold together, you can make your own family,” I said, “You won’t regret it.”

“I guess so. But your kids just take you for granted. They don’t really understand what its like not to have a family.”

“Then let’s tell them,” Siobhan suggested. “You and Luke tell them what it was like when you were growing up.”

She looked at me and at Siobhan. Kavan and Arial were listening to our conversation. They waited. She focused her attention on the two of them.

“Kavan, you and Arial don’t know how good you’ve got it. I never had a family. I never knew my father and I don’t even know where he is. My mother’s dead because she liked drinking and doing drugs. She never liked me. Her sister did her best to help me but I don’t think she knew how.”

“Luke had a family but they weren’t a good one. Luke’s mother never showed him any love. The only thing she ever loved was her religion. His father wasn’t much better. They never taught him about sex, not like your parents do. They wouldn’t let him grow up to be normal; just wanted him to be good, whatever that is.”

“Your Mom and Dad sort of rescued Luke. They taught him about love and sex. They let him be part of your family. Then Luke found me and they let me be part of your family too. Luke never had any brothers or sisters. Neither did I. Now we do. We have two brothers and a sister. Please don’t forget that.”

I looked at Luke and there were tears in his eyes. I looked at Rachael and tears were running down her cheeks. I looked at Siobhan and Arial and their eyes were wet too. Kerry was half-asleep on the floor.

We played another round, without Kerry. I won this time and made Rachael put on her shirt. Damn, I had really wanted to lose. I wondered if she was rigging the game.

Everybody but me got undressed for another round. Kavan sat down Indian fashion on the mat. I tried to follow his example but I couldn’t get my knees to bend right. Kavan looked at me like he had something else to say.

“What is it, Kavan?”

“Dad, I apologized for sneaking and peeking. I guess that was wrong. But I want to do something and I don’t want to apologize for it. I don’t understand it.”

“What? You’ve got to be more specific than that.”

“Well, I saw Rachael and Luke doing stuff. I saw you and Mom doing some of the same stuff. This afternoon, I saw Luke and Rachael doing it up close. Is it OK if I want to do some of the same stuff, like if I’d like to do it with Rachael?”

“I don’t think there’s anything wrong with that, Kavan. What is it you’d like to do?”

“I love Rachael’s breasts. Mom still lets me touch hers once in a while. I don’t understand why I like tits so much but I do. I’ve seen Luke with his mouth on Rachael’s pussy. I saw that again this afternoon. I’ve seen you with your mouth on Mom’s pussy. I wanna do stuff to Rachael’s breasts and her pussy. I don’t understand why I wanna do stuff like that. But I’m not going to apologize for wanting to do something with Rachael. I just don’t feel that’s something I ought to apologize for.”

“Kavan,” I said, “if you have to apologize for wanting to do stuff with Rachael, then I’ll have to apologize too. And I’ll be damned if I’m going to do it.”

Luke helped me out. “Yeah, Kavan, I wanna do stuff with Rachael for the rest of my life. I’ll be damned if I’ll apologize for it either. You’re just a man like the rest of us.”

I held out my hand to Luke. He took it and I shook his hand. I held out my hand to Kavan. He took it and I shook his hand, man to man. Siobhan and Rachael and Arial all had smiles on their faces.

Arial won the third round. Her pair of Kings beat my pair of Jacks. I don’t think anybody saw me deal her Kings off the bottom of the deck.

I took off my socks and started to pull my shirt over my head. While I couldn’t see, Kavan piled on my back. Arial piled on too. While I was trying to pin both of them down, Rachael and Siobhan jumped on me too. Luke got in the pile too. We woke Kerry up with our laughing and he got in the game too. We fought until the game got a little more serious. I had a hard-on. Luke and Kavan did too. I knew where mine was going tonight. I was one happy man.

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(RACHAEL)

Kavan, Arial, and Kerry were in their sleeping bags in one corner of the main room of the cabin. Kavan was reading a book out loud while Arial and Kerry looked on. Kerry’s eyelids were already drooping. Kieran and Luke were in another corner, their heads close together, talking. Siobhan was in the bedroom she had chosen for herself and Kieran. She came out, held out her hand to me, and I took it. We walked over to where Kieran and Luke were sitting.

“Listen, you two,” she said, “Rachael and I are going to take a shower by ourselves. After that we’re going to go upstairs to the big bedroom

and shut the door. When we do, you two get a shower. Come to the door and knock quietly. We'll let you in when we're ready."

In the shower, Siobhan held out both her hands to me and I put my hands in hers. We looked at each other. I wondered if she was as nervous as I was.

"Rachael, everything's going to be fine. Kieran's scared to death of you. He hasn't been with another woman in over ten years. He's afraid of what this might do to our marriage. Luke's the only other man I've been with in well over ten years. But I know this won't hurt our marriage."

"I'm scared to death too, Siobhan. Is it really OK with you? And are you sure it's OK with Kieran? We'd like to have a family like yours. We don't want to do anything to hurt you or Kieran or the kids."

She just nodded and then she did something that surprised me. She pulled me up against her, her breasts against mine, her head to one side of mine. She squeezed me with her arms, brought her face around in front of mine, and gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"I'm very sure. Now, let's shower. I want your help. I want us to take control. Give Kieran his fantasy. I'll give Luke one. He doesn't know it yet but he's going to get The Blowjob from Hell either tonight or tomorrow night. We'll make these two nights something they'll both remember. I want you to have fun with Kieran. I'm going to teach Luke some things he may not know yet."

We showered quickly, using shower caps to keep our hair dry. Siobhan reminded me that the hot water supply sometimes ran out. We didn't want our men to take a cold shower. We both laughed at that idea. We helped each other dry off.

When we went upstairs, the kids were through reading. Kavan was the only one with eyes still open. Kieran and Luke were sitting in chairs facing each other, talking. Luke was gesturing and saying something to Kieran. He was almost in Kieran's face. Kieran shook his head and looked up. When he saw us, he put his hand on Luke's arm. Luke stopped talking and looked at us. Siobhan and I went up the stairs to the loft and I saw Kieran and Luke standing now, watching. As we went in the bedroom, I saw them going downstairs to the shower. Luke was saying something and Kieran was still shaking his head. I was worried but all I could do was to let Luke talk to Kieran.

“Rachael, this room is always reserved for new lovers,” Siobhan said. “I keep some stuff here to help make it special for them. I’ll explain in just a minute. But first I want to do something just because I want to do it, no other reason. I want to do something to you. I want you to do the same thing to me. Let’s say it’s just a way of us getting really acquainted. Will you trust me?”

I was confused. I wanted to do something with Kieran. And with Luke. I hadn’t thought of doing anything with Siobhan. She saw my confusion. She smiled at me and waited. I nodded yes.

She moved against me and put her arms around my waist. She brought her mouth to mine and kissed me, not a chaste lips to lips kiss, instead a tongue between lips kiss, while her hands moved down to my ass. I surrendered my tongue and wrapped my arms around her, hands on her ass. We stood locked together for a minute or so.

Siobhan pushed me back on the bed. She crawled over me and brought her mouth to my breasts, sucking on the nipples and licking. When she moved her face downward I clamped my legs together. She gently and insistently pushed them apart. She moved lower and I felt her tongue probing between my vaginal lips. Just when I started enjoying it, she was gone.

She rose up on her knees and smiled at me. I think I understood – we were joining together in a sisterhood that Kieran and Luke would probably never know or understand. I pushed her back on the bed and kissed her – mouth, breast, breast, and vagina.

Still smiling, Siobhan left me on the bed. She started humming the tune to some old song. She went to the closet came back with a small bottle of perfume.

“This is almost used up. Remind me to get some more. I like to keep it here for anybody who uses this room.”

She touched her finger to the perfume bottle and then to me. Once behind each ear. A touch on each shoulder. A touch between my breasts, another underneath each. And then one down each side of my vulva, in the creases where legs join body. Last a drop in my pubic hair.

She handed me the bottle and lay down on the bed. I anointed her neck and breasts. When she spread her legs, I was fascinated with how red she was, red hair, red flesh peeking out of her lips. It seemed so strange in comparison with my dark hair. I anointed her burning bush too.

Siobhan opened a package from the closet. It was a sheer nightgown, lacy, a very light pink color, of no use in hiding anything, useful only in revealing something. She opened another, just as lacy and diaphanous, ivory colored. We both put them on.

“Are you ready?” she asked, smiling at me. I nodded and returned her smile. I knew we were part of a sisterhood. I’d never had a sister, never understood. Now I did.

We heard a soft knock on the door. Siobhan called, “Come in.”

Kieran was standing in the doorway. Luke was slightly behind and to one side of him. Luke’s hand was on Kieran’s shoulder. They both looked warm and glowing from their shower. Luke looked at me and gave me a big smile. He looked at Siobhan and gave her one. Kieran was standing there, unmoving, frozen. Frozen was the right word for him, frozen like a deer caught in the headlights, scared to run, scared not to run.

Kieran’s hands were in front of him, his right hand holding his left. He seemed to be playing with something. It was his wedding ring. I looked at his cock and saw it in its everyday state. It was hanging down limply in front of his balls. I looked at Siobhan and then at Luke. Luke’s smile was gone.

“Kieran, please come in,” Siobhan asked. “You too, Luke. Shut the door behind you.”

Kieran didn’t move.

“It’s OK, Kieran, please, let go just once.”

He stood there, uncertainty and fear clear on his face.

“I’m sorry, Rachael. I can’t do it. I just can’t. Downstairs I wanted to. Up here, I just can’t do it.”

Siobhan walked over to the door and wrapped her arms around him. He stood unmoving, his arms at his side.

Siobhan lifted her face to his, put her hand behind his head, and brought his face down to hers. She kissed him on the lips and still he stood, lips closed, unyielding. Finally Siobhan stepped aside, pulled Luke into the room, and pulled the door closed. Luke and I were inside, door closed. Kieran and Siobhan were on the other side. I could hear two voices, talking low.

Luke put his arm around my shoulders and we both stood waiting, looking at the door. We listened to the two voices, still low, still indistinguishable. The door opened and Siobhan led Kieran into the room by the hand. Kieran's eyes looked red and wet. There was the beginning of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"I hope you'll forgive us. Kieran usually has the good manners to accept a gift graciously. He's just having a hard time letting go of his control. I made him a promise. He's agreed for the first time since we've been married to let somebody else worry about him. He doesn't need to worry about me and the kids all the time."

"What did you promise him?" Luke asked.

Siobhan smiled at him. "Luke, when you and Rachael are married, when you've had your first child, ask me again. I'll tell you then."

Luke put his hand on Kieran's shoulder again and nudged him over to me. "Kiss her, Kieran, she won't bite. Not much anyway."

Kieran took one deep breath, released it and wrapped his arms around my waist. He looked down into my face and I tried to give him a welcoming smile. He lowered his lips to mine. And that's when he finally lost control.

What does a lifeguard feel like when a drowning man clutches at his rescuer? Kieran opened his mouth to me and his tongue forced mine open. He wasn't the slow and patient man I had seen before when he was making love to Siobhan. He was hungry and desperate with wanting me. His mouth and lips and tongue were all over my face, even eyes and nose and ears. He was licking me on my cheeks and throat. I felt as though I were being inhaled or consumed.

His hands moved over my body with the same urgency. He raked the peignoir upward until his hands found my naked ass and then his fingertips traced down the crack there and then down further until he was feeling between my legs. He stooped lower, to enable his fingers to explore deeper, and I felt the tips brushing against the lips of my cunt.

I felt something hard pressing against my leg, just briefly, and then it was gone. He moved slightly to one side of me, not holding me now, just relying on our bodies to remain together, and moved one hand to my breast. The other one pulled the nightgown up around my thighs and his fingers tried to find their way between my legs. With his body, he began to push me backward toward the bed.

With what little reason I had left, I knew I had to stop him. Siobhan and I had giggled our way through our scenario for tonight. I couldn't let him get back in control. I pushed him back. He looked at me in surprise.

“STOP, KIERAN! You're being a bad boy. We're going to have to punish you if you can't be good.”

He looked at me, confusion on his face. Siobhan came up behind him.

“Kieran, you're a bad boy. Get down on your knees.”

He looked at her, wondering, I suppose, what the hell was going on.

Luke took a couple of steps forward and got down on his knees at the foot of the bed. Kieran looked at him, smiled, and joined him.

I knew it was going to work. I improvised on the plan that Siobhan and I had talked about.

“You boys are being bad tonight. We're going to have to punish you. Are you going to be brave and take your punishment now?”

Luke looked at Kieran. Kieran looked at me, at Siobhan, and at Luke. He nodded. So did Luke.

Siobhan took the lead. **“I'm going to turn the lights down low. Rachael and I are going to get on the bed. We're going to spread our legs. You two boys are going to put your head under our nightgowns. You've got to keep them there until we let you out. If you don't obey us, we'll have to whip you.”**

I think I heard Kieran chuckle. I knew it was going to work out.

Kieran put his head under my peignoir and I could feel his warm breath between my thighs. I wondered why Siobhan and I had them on. I assumed she knew something about Kieran's fantasies. I looked over at Siobhan. Luke was already down between her legs. I knew what he was doing. He loved it when he was doing to me what he was doing to her. Siobhan took my hand and we let Kieran and Luke do their magic with their tongues.

Kieran seemed to start cautiously. I wondered if he was lost in my jungle of a bush. Since Luke had asked me to stop shaving, I had quite a thatch. My sporran, I called it. Luke loved it. I wondered if Kieran would since Siobhan kept hers neatly trimmed.

His fingers cleared the hair out of the way for his tongue. He started slowly with long licks up on each side and then directly up the middle. I squeezed Siobhan's hand and she squeezed back. I let the world go away and gave in to Kieran's fingers and tongue.

He pulled back just a little and I could tell his nose was just an inch or so away from my cunt. I waited. He was smelling me. Not touching at all. Just smelling me. Damn, that was hot. I didn't remember Luke ever doing that, just that.

When his face returned, there was nothing patient and slow about him. He was almost ferocious. Pulling on labia with lips, with teeth. Tongue fucking me. Licking me, asshole upwards. Damn, he was good. He licked my clitoris out in the open and I squeezed with my hips and thighs and internal muscles and let one little orgasm roll over me. I don't even think he knew of it.

He was relentless. Siobhan was squeezing my hand, almost painfully now. Someone was gasping and moaning. I looked over at Siobhan and saw just the top of Luke's head moving up and down under her nightgown. Her legs were lifted and thighs splayed open. I lifted mine and spread them for Kieran. Her eyes were closed. I closed mine.

Kieran was at me like a madman now. Nothing slow and patient, nothing teasing and gentle. Just roughness, biting, licking, pulling, finger in my cunt, tongue deep in middle. I didn't hear Siobhan and Luke anymore. All I heard was the sound of my own blood rushing through my body. All I felt was Kieran's face and tongue and fingers eating me alive. I was building up to it. I knew it. Where was it? Kieran found it. He did that one finger up her cunt, curled around, while sucking on her clit trick. I lost it. I came again, no little one this time, just wave upon wave of contractions. I couldn't stand to be licked any more. I pushed his head away.

When I opened my eyes, Kieran was still on his knees at the foot of the bed, looking at me and smiling. Luke was already in bed with Siobhan, both of them on their sides, watching me. I gave them a weak smile. "Wow." I closed my eyes again, to let my breathing return to normal.

When I opened them again a minute or so later, I looked around again. Luke and Siobhan were still on their sides, Luke close up against Siobhan's back, the red head of his cock sticking out between her thighs. I leaned over and gave it one little squeeze with my thumb and forefinger.

I looked at Kieran. He was standing now, at the foot of the bed, standing in more ways than one. His cock was pointed up more toward the ceiling than out toward me. I patted the bed behind me and he moved back behind me. I lifted one leg and let his cock find the space between my open thighs. I closed them. Damn, it was hot and hard and big. I pulled his hand around to my breast.

“We’re going to take a rest break,” Siobhan said. “If you guys can keep it up, we’ve got a treat for you.” They could.

I stuck to the plan. After a few minutes of rest, I took charge.

“You two boys were good but not good enough. Now we’re going to have to punish you. We want you to stand at the foot of the bed. Siobhan and I are going to see how much control you two have. If you come before we say you can, we quit for the day. You’re not allowed to come anywhere except in a cunt. Do you understand that?”

Luke and Kieran smiled at each other and got into position. They were standing side by side, hands behind them. Siobhan and I turned around on the bed, on our stomachs, holding our heads up on our elbows, our faces directly in front of their cocks. Siobhan reached over to Luke’s and pressed it down with one finger and then let it go. We all watched as it bounced up and down a couple of times. I did the same thing to Kieran. When his bounced up and down, Luke’s did the same thing without help. Siobhan and I both giggled. How the hell did he do that? I pushed Kieran’s downward again. It bounced. So did Luke’s. Siobhan looked up at Kieran. He nodded. She pushed Luke’s cock down and let it go. Luke’s cock sprang up and bounced. Kieran’s cock bounced. One hell of a reflex action. Both of them were laughing now.

Siobhan nudged me. When I looked over, she held Luke’s cock near the base and slowly milked it toward the head. She did it again and a clear drop oozed out. I did the same thing to Kieran. Once, twice. Damn, I thought, he came on my fingers. I looked. It was all clear. No sperm. Siobhan giggled. “Kieran’s always like that. He makes a hell of a mess on the sheets sometimes. Pecker tracks, he calls ’em.”

I thought it was time to go to the next step in our plan. I moved down to the foot of the bed and sat up directly in front of Kieran. Siobhan followed my example.

“You’ve got to keep your hands behind your back. No matter what we do. The one who comes first loses. The one who comes last loses. Remember, if your first load doesn’t go in a cunt, that’s all either of you get for the day.”

Siobhan said that. I couldn't talk. My mouth was full. Was it ever full? Damn, Kieran's cock was big. How did she ever do it? I tried to do it just the way Luke had taught me to do it. Stretch the skin down. Try to suck the head off. Fuck the deep-throat shit. All the action was in the last couple of inches of cock. It didn't take that long to have both of them squirming in their tracks. When Luke pushed Siobhan's head away, I stopped with Kieran.

"You've been bad boys again. You've got to be punished. Get your butt on the bed, belly down. Put your face in a pillow so the kids can't hear you screaming."

They obeyed. I looked at Siobhan. This was going to be fun. I gave Kieran a stinging smack on one cheek. Siobhan gave Luke one. We kept at it until we had two stinging hands and two red butts. Luke and Kieran kept their faces in their pillows and let us do it. I stopped only because my hand was hurting. It was fun.

"OK, you've earned it," I said. "Now you can do it. It's fucking time, plain old missionary position or variations on it. You're allowed to come this time."

Siobhan pulled off her peignoir and threw it to the side of the bed. I pulled mine off and threw it in Kieran's face. We moved around so that Siobhan and I were side-by-side, pillows under our head, legs spread, ready. Kieran got on top of me. Luke got on top of Siobhan. I looked at Kieran's big cock. I wasn't ready. It was just so damn big.

At first I thought Kieran couldn't find where his cock should go but then I realized that was ridiculous. He knew where a cunt was; he'd been in enough of them. Then why was it outside, just pressed up against my labia, just sliding up and down against my clitoris? A dry fuck, except it wasn't dry. He pressed the underside of his shaft against my labia, sliding up and down. My juices were being spread all over the area between my legs. When he slid it up, I felt the ridge under the shaft riding up over my clitoris, pulling the hood off of it. It felt so damn good it almost made me come. He was looking down into my eyes. I could almost hear him laughing inside. Taking control again. Showing me he could make me come with his big dick without ever putting it in me. No tongue, no fingers, just dick in slot. He couldn't make me come this way. No way. He smiled and kept on doing it. I squirmed. I wanted his big cock inside me, not outside me. He slid it up and down some more, dragging those big balls up against my spread-out cunt lips. God, that was sexy. He couldn't make me come that way. He quit smiling. He pressed harder, looking at me, daring me not to come. Oh, shit, I gave in. I couldn't help it. My cunt

started convulsing and it rolled over my entire body. I shut my eyes and lost it.

I found it when Kieran reached down and notched that big head of his cock in my cunt. No way, it couldn't be that easy. He pushed, pulled it back, pushed again, it started sliding, sliding in some more, pushed, slid in deeper, pushed, slid in until it couldn't go any farther. His balls were resting on my ass cheeks. He had that big cock in me and it hadn't hurt. It was in. It was so damn good. So damn big and so damn good. Damn, it was good. I finished the second wave of contractions with that cock rammed halfway up to my throat. So damn good.

He let it rest for a minute or so, just letting me come down again. When I opened my eyes, he was looking down into them. He was smiling, almost smirking, He was showing me who was in control. He was the fucker; I was the fuckee. I resolved to myself to fuck him to exhaustion this weekend. Damned if I wouldn't.

He lowered his face to mine and began to suck-face. I finally knew what it meant. He was sucking my mouth and tongue and everything inside into his mouth.

He reached down on one side and pulled my leg up. Did the same on the other side. I was bent almost in half. He pushed me further back, pulled my ankles up around his neck. I was bent in half. He finally started with that big cock, after I had been wanting it so long. In and out. In until his balls bounced. Out until just the tip of the head held my cunt lips apart. In slowly, that big head pulling my cunt lips down with them. Fuck, it was good. He knew he was good. This was what he wanted. Siobhan had told me how he wanted me like this, nothing but hot juicy cunt wrapped around his big cock. He had me. Shit, I didn't care. I had what I wanted too. He got faster, more coordinated, like a piston driving in and out. Where was he? Was he close yet? It was driving me crazy. I was going to come again. I couldn't. Not after such a good one already. Damn, he had to come. I couldn't wait. I started up again. My cunt was swallowing. I knew my cervix had to be sucking on the tip of his cock, trying to pull his load of come into my womb. Shit, where was he? He's going to hurt his balls. I'm glad they're not mine. Oh fuck, oh shit, he's doing it. I can feel it. Hold on, just ride it out. Just hold on. He's almost finished. Aaahhhh. He's done.

I felt the sweat drip off his nose and plink down on my cheek. I could feel it running down between my breasts, down my belly, down between my thighs. I didn't know it was so damn hot. I was gulping for air, trying to slow down, to come back down from wherever I had been. He was patient, waiting for me. He nipped at me gently with his lips, little kisses all over my face. I waited for him to get off. He let my

legs slide back down on the bed, let me stretch out underneath him. Kept his cock firmly in place. I couldn't tell if it was getting soft yet. It was still so big. Nice big.

He stretched out on top of me. Relaxing. Looking at my face. Still had that little smile on his lips. I'd get him before the weekend was over. He flexed that dick of his. Just like he and Luke had been doing when we were playing with them. He couldn't still be hard. He flexed it again. Oh, shit, he was.

I heard noises from the other side of the bed. Who was it? Luke? Siobhan? He had her in the same position I had been in just a minute or so ago. Her ankles were locked around his neck. He was above her, arms straight, little contact except where his cock was in her cunt. God, it looked as big as Kieran's. He was giving it to her the same way I had been getting it. I could see her cunt lips molded around the shaft of his dick. His dick was so wet it slid in and out with no resistance. Her cunt lips just held on while his cock slid between them. He started grunting on each in-stroke and his balls slapped audibly against her ass cheeks. Grunt, slap, grunt, slap. Damn, it was sexy. Kieran started flexing his cock in rhythm with each slap. Shit! How could he do that? It was supposed to be soft now.

It wasn't soft. He started slowly. Just easing it in and out, just sliding the head barely in and out of my cunt lips. Just playing. Quickly got serious again. Started shoving it into me again. Pulled my legs up again. This time, around his ass. I locked my ankles around his ass and held on for the ride. My cunt was sloppy. I could feel juices running down over my asshole. Kieran kept pounding. I shut my eyes, turned loose of everything except that big hot hard cock, and waited. He came again. Grunts and groans and then he shoved it in to the hilt and left it there. I couldn't believe it.

This time, he rolled off me, dropped down to the side. He spread out, almost falling off the bed. He threw one arm up blocking the light from his eyes. He was gasping and heaving for breath. He finally slowed down.

"Shit," he said, "I haven't done anything like that in years."

I thought he did it all the time. I was glad we were through for the night. I was exhausted.

I looked over at Siobhan and Luke. They were curled up together. They had been watching us. They both gave me a big smile. Kieran was still flat on his back, his tumescent cock draped over one thigh, his arm still over his eyes.

“Have you had enough, Kieran?” I asked. “Are you through for the night?”

He was quiet for a minute or two. I saw another smile begin to play around the corners of his mouth.

“No, there’s something else I want to do.”

I couldn’t believe it. What else could a man do to a woman? He sure as hell wasn’t going to put that big dick of his back there in me. That wasn’t what he wanted. He rolled over to the side of the bed and stood up. He grabbed me by both ankles and pulled me down toward the bottom of the bed. He let my calves flop down toward the floor and then spread my thighs apart. He pulled Siobhan down and put her in the same position. Luke was looking on in absolute disbelief. Kieran took a couple of deep breaths and got down on his knees with his face between Siobhan’s legs. He started on her for a minute and then moved over to me.

“Luke, I could use some help down here,” he said.

I couldn’t believe Luke would do it. I couldn’t believe Kieran was doing it. Kieran got Luke’s help. They gave us a damned good licking, swapping back and forth, snorting and laughing and slapping each other on the butt. I lost track of whose mouth was down there, whose tongue was in there. It didn’t matter. I knew I couldn’t come again. I couldn’t. It didn’t matter. But I decided I’d try if I got poked by a hard dick during the night.

Kieran finally had enough. He crawled up on the bed and pulled me up in the middle. I saw Luke do the same with Siobhan. Kieran pulled me around and gave me a good cunt - cum - sweat kiss. I loved it. He pushed me over on my side and spooned up against my ass.

“I’m through now,” he said. “Would somebody please turn out the light? I’m going to sleep.”

Chapter Eighteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 36; Siobhan Stuart, 35; Kavan Stuart, 9; Arial Stuart, 7; Kerry Stuart, 3

Luke Bridges, 18; Rachael Monteverde, 19

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Rachael Monteverde, Kavan Stuart

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(KAVAN)

I tried to stay awake. They were so quiet. The cabin wasn't good about hiding the sounds of what was going on. The little bedrooms on each side sort of pushed the sound out toward the middle of the room. I couldn't count the number of nights I had laid on my matt in the middle of the big room, listening to people fuck in the bedrooms. I loved to play with my dick when it got hard from listening to them. I wondered why I couldn't hear anything from upstairs. I was tempted to sneak up there and see what was going on. I knew I didn't dare but I wanted to.

I heard something. It sounded just like somebody getting a whipping. I didn't know what that sounded like because I'd never had one. But I knew what it sounded like when somebody hit somebody else with the palm of their hand. A slapping noise. It kept on. I figured somebody was getting their butt beat. Why? Why would they want to do that? Was it Dad and Luke doing it to Mom and Rachael? It had to be. Couldn't be the other way around. Maybe Mom and Dad doing it to Rachael and Luke? That didn't make any sense either. But somebody was getting a good ass whacking. I pulled my pillow over my head. I sure as hell wasn't going to sneak up there and find out what they were doing this time.

Shit, I'll never understand grown-ups!

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On Saturday morning, Dad got me and Arial and Kerry to pick up sticks and pine cones on the flat area down near the creek. We piled them in the fire circle so we could burn them sometime. Dad and Luke got the old lawnmower out from under the cabin and mowed the grass so we had a flat play area near the creek. Dad looked funny with nothing on but work boots and a sun hat, pushing the lawn mower. He looked like he still had cherry-juice handprints on his butt. When Luke mowed, he borrowed the boots and sun hat. He looked like he had handprints on his butt too. They both looked funny. Guess I'll never understand grown-ups.

Mom and Ariel and Rachael brought blankets down and spread them out so we could all just lie around and play. Kerry wouldn't be good. He kept running and jumping on everybody. He was being silly.

Luke and Rachael were laying on their back on one of the blankets. They both had their legs raised, knees in the air. I sort of accidentally laid down where I could look. Luke's dick was lying sideways across one leg. It looked swollen but it wasn't hard. His balls were hanging down between his legs. He had lots of dark hair down there. It looked funny. Dad didn't have hardly any. Rachael had lots of dark hair down there too. She had it all over the place. I couldn't see much for all the hair. Mom didn't have much hair down there but I knew why. I asked her why once and she told me Dad liked it when it was trimmed and shaved around. She said he liked to see what he was getting into.

I was looking at Rachael and getting warm in the sun. My dick started getting hard. I let it stand up and I wrapped my hand around it. Dad saw me and gave me a smile and a wink. I knew it was OK for me to play with my dick.

Dicks are funny. Kerry's is just about like my finger. His foreskin wouldn't even come back for a couple of years after he was born. Mom said that was normal and mine was like that too for a while.

I like my dick. It's about four inches when it's hard. It feels big when I wrap my hand around it like now. The last time Mom saw it hard, she said it was nice and it looked like it was about half-grown. I wonder if she meant it would be eight inches when it's grown. Like Dad's? I hope so.

Mom says I've got Dad's dick. She said when I get hair down there, it will be red like the hair on my head. I asked her how I got Dad's dick and her hair. She said it was genes. I looked that up but I don't understand it.

Dad knows I masturbate some times. He says "jacking off" but the books use the word "masturbate". I like to do it at night before I go to sleep. I play with my dick and it gets hard. Sometimes I sit up and spit on it. I pull my foreskin out to the sides. That makes a cup over the head of my dick. I spit in it. It's slippery and makes it feel better when I jack off. Sometimes I can make it feel real good. Sometimes it just gets irritated and I quit and go to sleep.

Dad talks to me about masturbating. He says I can jack off all I want to and it won't hurt anything. He says I'll be making sperm soon and I'll never run out even if I'm jacking off when I'm a hundred years old. Dad showed me how to jack off once in the shower. Kerry was in there

too but he wasn't interested. Dad got his dick real hard and than rubbed him hand up and down on it. He shot white stuff a couple of feet out when he came. He told me that's what makes babies. If I put my sperm in a woman's pussy, I could make a baby. I don't want any babies for a long time.

I told Ariel what Dad had showed me. I thought shooting off was neat but Ariel didn't. She just said "Yuk". That's her favorite word.

"Wake up, Kavan," Dad said. He nudged me in the ribs with his toe. I opened my eyes. I hadn't been asleep; just thinking. My dick was still hard but I didn't care who saw it.

We had to go back to the cabin for lunch. Mom and Rachael fixed some good stuff and they didn't want to carry it down the hill. Mom got Rachael to get the dirty sheets from the bed in the loft so they could be washed. Dad went up there after Rachael did. It didn't take them long to strip the bed. Rachael came out and threw the sheets down to the first floor. She came down the stairs and I thought she looked like some famous painting, I think it's called something like nude descending a staircase. She looked good enough to eat. I hope I get to eat her some day.

We ate lunch outdoors on the deck. Dad didn't say much. His mouth looked bruised like somebody had slapped him a little. Mom and Rachael and Ariel were blabber-mouths as usual.

We went back down to the creek after lunch. We didn't do anything. Just played for a while. Dad was lying on his back once, with his sun hat over his face. He started getting a hard on. Rachael and Mom were sitting up talking. They were looking at Dad's dick. Rachael said something else to Mom and Mom nodded. Mom looked at me and Ariel and saw we were watching. Rachael went over to Dad and started sucking his dick. He got real hard then. Mom just smiled at me and Ariel. Luke's dick got hard too so Mom pushed him down and started sucking his dick. I got a hard-on too. Boy, did I ever. I wish somebody would suck my dick, like Rachael.

Kerry went over and tried to crawl up on Rachael's back. She stopped sucking Dad. Dad grabbed Kerry and carried him down to the creek. Dad looked funny with his big dick sticking out while he walked. Mom and Ariel and Rachael and Luke followed them. Luke's dick was sticking out too. It was big, not as big as Dad's but almost. I went with them. My dick was sticking out too. I hope it's as big as Dad's when I grow up. Cold creek water makes a big dick into a small one real quick.

When we all went back up to the cabin, Mom asked me to watch Kerry. Ariel grabbed a book and sprawled out on a sofa. I knew I was stuck. Rachael grabbed Dad's hand and led him in one bedroom. Mom grabbed Luke's hand and pulled him into another. They both shut the doors. But I knew they were both just inside the door. Somebody kept bumping up against the doors.

A few minutes later, Mom came back out. She was humming. She wouldn't answer me when I asked what she had been doing. Just kept her mouth shut and kept humming. A couple of minutes later Rachael came out. She started humming too. Mom went over to Rachael and kissed her. Damn, open mouths too. Looked like they were swapping spit.

We had barbequed ribs for supper, fixed just like I like them. Mom even let me have half her beer. When we were eating, Mom said something like toe-job. I thought at first she'd said blowjob and I knew what that was. But when Rachael said it too I knew they'd both said toe-job. I sure as hell didn't know that that was. How the fuck do you do a toe-job?

Shit, I'll never understand grown-ups.

(RACHAEL)

I heard the door creak on Saturday morning so I half opened one eye and looked. The early sun was coming straight in the window. It was Luke. He had his running shorts and shoes in his hand. I guessed he was going for a run up to the gate. I went to the bathroom for a quiet pee and eased back in the bed beside Kieran.

Siobhan heard me coming back or Luke leaving or both. She raised up her head and looked. She saw me, awake, and Kieran, still asleep. He was on his back, one leg half drawn up. His cock looked peaceful and rested.

Siobhan went to the bathroom and I heard her peeing and heard water running at the same time. She came back with a wet cloth and leaned over Kieran's cock. She must have smelled last night's leftovers because she held her nose and pulled back. She gave me a big smile and leaned over again, held his cock upright, and wiped it clean with the cloth. She leaned over, smelled it again, and then swallowed it. It disappeared completely in her mouth. Her lips were down to his pubic hair. She sucked on it and it gradually began to reappear out of her mouth. When it came out, it was half hard. By the time she had only the head in her mouth, it looked hard enough to bust concrete with.

I looked at Kieran's face. I could tell by the way he was smiling that he was awake but his eyes were still closed. Siobhan moved back and pointed down at Kieran's cock. I moved over and started sucking on it. I did my best to suck the head off it. Didn't work; just made Kieran squirm. I wanted it somewhere else. I made sure it was totally covered with saliva and totally hard.

I straddled him and held his cock upright. I looked at Siobhan while I lowered myself down on him. She was giving me a big smile and I gave it back. Sisterhood. He was going to be fucked out before the day was over. He might not know it yet but there was going to come a time before midnight when he couldn't get it up anymore.

I was enjoying his big dick shoved halfway up me. I thought that if my belly button had been a window, I'd have been able to look in and see the head. Damn, it was good. Big but didn't hurt. Just right. I started bouncing up and down hard enough to shake the bed. Kieran reached down and tried to hold me by my hips. I didn't let him stop me. He was trying to hold me down with his cock in place. I kept lifting up and then slamming back down on him. I was almost afraid I was going to hurt one of us but damn it was good.

Siobhan wiped her cunt clean with the wet cloth. She crawled over Kieran's head with her knees on each side. I couldn't see what she was doing but I could see one arm reaching down toward the area of her cunt. I could tell she must have it on Kieran's face. She started twisting her hips forward and back. I wished I could see what she was doing and where Kieran's mouth was. From the back, it looked like she was fucking him in the mouth.

I kept pounding on Kieran. I was dripping some of last night's juices now. Kieran's pubic hair was all wet and messy. Each time I came down on him, I could hear a squish from down there.

Kieran put his hands on my hips, raised his butt up off the bed slightly and started thrusting upward into me. I met him halfway coming down. He got faster and faster and I guessed he was losing it. Sure enough. He grabbed me so hard it hurt. Slammed me down on his cock. Shoved it back up in my throat again. I could feel the contractions when he came. Damn, it was so good. I wished I could suck the whole goddamn thing up inside me. Shit, I was coming too.

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When Kieran finished mowing his half of the play area, he was dripping sweat. He gave the boots and hat to Luke and started off up

the hill. As soon as Luke started the mower again, Siobhan nudged me and pointed up the hill at Kieran going up the stairs to the deck.

I slipped away without saying anything to the kids. When I got up the stairs to the deck, I could see Kieran in the kitchen. He had a carton of orange juice up to his mouth and was drinking.

I pulled back the sliding screen and went in. I went straight to Kieran and got down on my knees. I held his cock up and tried to swallow it like Siobhan. It didn't work. It got hard and pushed me up to just the last couple of inches.

I stood up, put my hands on the kitchen sink, and stuck my ass up in the air. I said just two words, "Fuck me!"

He did. He shoved it in from the rear with no sign of mercy. Just notched it in the slot and pushed it home. I'd wiped off as much as I could from the first fuck but there was still a lot of semen left over deep in my cunt. He dipped that up and smeared it all over both of us. In a few seconds, he had a well-oiled piston moving in and out. I had my head almost down in the sink, my forehead touching the countertop. He was giving my cunt hell, just like I wanted it. He was such a good fucker. I could feel my cunt warming up, getting ready to start squeezing his cock off. He was a little bit ahead of me. He came first. Silently. Just slammed it in and let it squirt. I loved every bit of it. When he wrapped his arm around and fingered my clit while that big cock was still rammed up me, I got mine too.

When he pulled out, I stood up and grabbed a kitchen towel. I wiped up as much as I could of my cunt, making sure I pulled my cunt lips far enough apart to show him some pink. When I felt half dry, I threw the towel at Kieran. I went back down the hill to report to Siobhan.

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Siobhan was pulling stuff for lunch out of the refrigerator. She asked me to strip the bed in the upstairs bedroom and carry the sheets down to the basement washing machine. I had a pile of sheets, pillowcases, and towels on the floor when the door opened. It was Kieran.

He didn't say a word to me, didn't smile, and didn't hesitate. He pushed me back on the bare-mattress bed and fell on top of me. He fastened his mouth on mine and started tongue-fucking me. His hand was all over my breasts, squeezing and pulling on my nipples. Then it was down between my legs, two fingers, not one to begin with, but two, in my cunt and shoving in and out.

He moved his head down to my breasts and started sucking. He did his best to get the whole left one in at once. I knew I was going to be sore tomorrow. Did the same to the right one. Got three fingers in my cunt. I was already sloppy.

Then he was on down to my cunt. He flipped me like I weighed ten pounds instead of one hundred and ten. Pushed my legs back against my shoulders, pulled my knees apart, and buried his face in my cunt. Started tongue-fucking my cunt. Started trying to suck all the loose flesh down there into his mouth. Put his leech mouth on my clitoris. Two fingers back in my cunt. Had me coming within a couple of minutes. I bit down on one hand to keep from screaming. I used the other hand to try to stuff his head in my cunt.

Kieran let me flop on the bed and raised up on his knees, looking at me, cunt first, tits next, face last. He didn't say anything, didn't even smile, just looked in my eyes. He backed off the bed, picked up a dirty towel, wiped his mouth off, and sat down in a chair beside the bed. His cock was hard sticking up against his stomach. He was gasping for breath. He shut his eyes.

I lay there for a few more seconds and finally smiled. If he wanted to play that game, I made up my mind I was going to win and he was going to lose. I picked up the towel Kieran had used, wiped myself dry between my legs. I threw it in Kieran's lap, got the rest of the dirty linen, and left the room. Kieran was still sitting in the chair, eyes closed, cock hard and covered by the towel.

I dropped all the dirty linen down the stairwell to the first floor. I had to hold on to the railings with both hands going down the steps. Siobhan saw me coming down. She asked Luke to carry the bedclothes down to the basement. Luke gave me a big smile and flashed me a V for Victory sign with his fingers. Kavan was looking at me like he wanted to eat me. I thought to myself he'd have to wait his turn. Thought I'd make sure he had a turn someday.

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When we went back up to the cabin after getting in the creek, I grabbed Kieran's hand and pulled him in one of the bedrooms. I got a pillow off the bed, threw it down on the floor at his feet, and kneeled on it. I'd learned with Luke. Use a pillow. First time when I didn't, my knees were sore for a week.

I grabbed his dick with one hand and started stroking while I started sucking. He was hard again in a minute. I kept sucking and stroking, choking on that goddamn big head if I got it too far back into my

throat. I decided to try it. I felt back behind his balls with the other hand. I found the hard ridge that's the base for his cock, about a couple of inches from his asshole. I pushed my fingers up against it as hard as I could. I started twisting my hand every time I stroked up and down on his dick. I tried my best to suck the knob off the end of his dick. He grabbed my head and tried to give me a mouthful. Siobhan was right; it wasn't so much. And I knew I didn't have to swallow anything yet. I shoved Kieran to one side and went out in the big room to meet Siobhan.

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(SIOBHAN)

Kavan fired up the grill on the deck for our supper. I'd planned barbequed ribs before we came and had cooked them part way in the sweet vinegar and soy sauce mixture we all liked. I knew Kieran would give them the extra thirty of so minutes they needed before he put the sauce on them. I chunked up the raw vegetables and let Arial put them on skewers. I put Kavan to slicing the Italian bread I'd brought and putting garlic butter on it. Rachael wrapped it in aluminum foil so we could put the loaves on top of the grill to warm.

Kieran gave Luke the canvas apron this time. He got three beers out of the refrigerator inside, gave me one, gave one to Luke, and started with the other one himself. I didn't care that much for beer but I'd drink it occasionally. I noticed that every time I sat my bottle down, Kavan picked it up and took a big gulp. I made sure that I got my half. When the bottle was empty, he asked me if I wanted another. I told him he'd had his limit.

We ate at the big table on the deck again. When we sat down, I got Rachael to sit beside me. Kerry was on the other side of me so I could help him with his meal. Kavan was beside Rachael and Arial was beside Luke. My mouth was full of rib meat when I leaned my leg over to one side and bumped Rachael. I straightened my leg out and stuck my toes in Luke's crotch. Kieran's face came up from his plate at the same time that Luke's did. I knew where Rachael's toes were. I kept probing around, feeling Luke's cock and balls and trying to grab hold of something with my toes. Rachael turned toward me and said, "Toe-job?" I nodded to her and said, "Toe-job!" I kept my foot in Luke's crotch during the meal and he kept a hard on for the entire time. I suppose Kieran had one too. He couldn't sit still.

While they were eating, Kieran and Luke tried to discuss how they could put a cover over the deck and then screen it all around. They kept stopping in the middle of sentences. Luke promised to help do

the work sometime in the Fall when Kieran got all the materials. I was happy to know that he planned on coming back to be with us, even if he and Rachael were moving into their apartment at the college. I sort of figured they'd both have some trouble with their courses and Kieran and I could give them lessons.

After supper, the kids wanted to play. They wanted to go back down to the creek-side play area but I was leery of mosquitoes with dusk approaching. I asked if they'd settle for playing Naked Twister again in the big room of the cabin. They would.

Maybe everybody was aware that this might be the last time Luke and Rachael would be quite this close to us. The kids were all over both of them. Ariel managed to get herself into positions I wouldn't have believed possible, usually tangled up with Luke. He had a hard-on as usual when we played. Ariel seemed ready to fight Rachael for it. Rachael was as good a gymnast as Ariel. She rubbed everything she had over Kieran. His cock was stiff too, flopping all over the place. I didn't try to fight Rachael over it. We both did our best to make it harder and harder. Kavan almost got kicked out of the game when he got behind Rachael and tried to put his hard-on in her. He denied it. Said it was just an accident. Yeah!

We quit when we were all hot and sweaty. Everybody got a drink and went to the bathroom. When Kieran went, I sent Rachael after him. She slipped in behind him. She was back out in a minute or so. Wiped the back of her hand across her mouth and smiled at me. Kieran didn't come out for a couple of minutes. He was still hard so I knew Rachael had followed my advice and just given him a little teaser.

We went down to the basement showers as a group. I wanted my back scrubbed and when I asked for it, the others decided that was what they wanted too. We played musical chairs or maybe musical benches combined with back scrubbing. I set up the shampoo pairs. Kieran got Rachael, of course. I let Ariel get it from Luke. Kavan and Kerry did mine.

When we went back upstairs, I almost lost it. I got emotional and went to Luke and Rachael and started kissing them and crying over them. When I asked Rachael if I could be Grandma to her kids, she started crying too. We ended up with a big naked hug. I was happy.

We started making arrangements for bed again. Kieran told Kavan and Ariel that we'd be sleeping upstairs with Luke and Rachael again. Kavan was his usual self.

"Sleeping?" he asked with a leer.

“Yeah, sometime tonight I hope.” Kieran responded with a big grin.

This time, all the kids were awake when we went upstairs. They were in the center of the room. Kavan had one arm over Arial’s shoulders. Kerry was backed up against Kavan, playing with his penis. His own penis, not Kavan’s. They looked like three innocent angels, as always.

I made Luke and Kieran sit on the stairs outside while Rachael and I got ready. I sat down on the bed and started brushing my hair. Rachael looked at me with a questioning face. I knew what she was thinking.

“They’ll wait,” I said. “They’re gonna get something in here they can’t get anywhere else. They know it. They’ll wait.”

I kept brushing my hair and Rachael got up and took the brush. When she finished with mine, I returned the favor. I got my ribbon box out of the closet. I had a black ribbon for my hair and another with a single pearl on it for my neck. I had red ribbons for Rachael. I tied her hair back with one and tied the other around her neck. She did the same for me. I liked the way she looked with her dark hair tied back with one red ribbon and her neck encircled with the other, with the pearl just at the hollow of her throat. I knew I was right. We were two pearls.

She surprised me. She wrapped her arms around me and held me as close as possible. When she released me, she moved back slightly and looked me in the eyes. Nothing needed to be said. I didn’t know whether we were sisters or mother and daughter. I just knew we had a bond of some kind.

She pushed me back gently on the bed. She crawled up over me and kissed me full on the lips. Our mouths opened to each other and I felt her tongue playing with mine. Kissing her was different. It was soft and gentle. Nothing hard, nothing hurried. She moved down to my breasts and brought both nipples up to erection. She pinched each one ever so gently between finger and thumb and gave them one last kiss. I was hoping she’s go down further. She did. She eased my legs apart and used her tongue on me long enough to get me ready for whatever else might come tonight. I tried to roll over so I could do her. She refused.

“No, Siobhan, just let me do you.”

“It’s not fair, Rachael. I want to taste you again. I want your cunt on my lips when I kiss Luke. He’ll like that.

She thought about that for a few seconds and then smiled agreement at me. I helped her get on top of me. We both had cunt-breath when we stopped.

“Are you ready to open the door now?” I asked.

When I opened the door, they were both still sitting on the steps. From the expressions on their faces, I guessed we’d kept them waiting too long. I didn’t say anything. They kept sitting there.

Rachael came up behind me.

“Luke, would you please come in?” she said. “You too, Kieran?”

They stood up. Neither had a hard-on. Just normal everyday cocks hanging peacefully down there with their balls.

“We’re in no hurry,” Kieran said. “We probably need to wait a while LONGER so we can get it up again for you.”

“What?” “What?”

“Yeah,” Luke said, “Kieran and I were horny and got tired of waiting. We just gave each other a blowjob, I mean toe-job a few minutes ago. It’ll be a while before I can get it hard again for you.”

I’m not sure whether they were saying it as a way of griping about their wait or saying it to make us laugh. They should have never said it. I turned and looked at Rachael. She looked at me and nodded. We both looked at Kieran and Luke and smiled. They looked at us.

“Shit, no,” Luke said. “I’m not sucking Kieran’s dick.”

I wondered what his mother would have said if she’d heard that.

Rachael went to him, put her arms around him, and kissed him as sweetly and innocently as possible. He looked at her strangely. Cunt breath?

“Luke, nobody said anything about you sucking Kieran’s dick. Where’d you get that idea?”

“Forget it, Siobhan,” Kieran said. “That’s not on the agenda for this weekend. We’re not sucking dick.”

I kissed him as innocently as I could. He wasn't fooled. He knew. Cunt breath!

Of course they did. Kieran sat on the foot of the bed with me on one side and Rachael on the other. Luke stood at the foot of the bed in front of Kieran. And even if it wasn't on the agenda, Kieran sucked dick, Luke's to be specific. He wasn't an expert but we both tried to give him advice on how to do it right. He had it up and hard within a minute. Another minute or so and Luke shut his eyes and started moving his hips back and forth, making fucking motions.

Then we made him swap places with Kieran. Luke protested that he'd never done it. Didn't know how. Couldn't do it. Wasn't a queer. Rachael and I told him he could do it, could learn, and we knew he wasn't queer. He finally took a couple of deep breaths, like a swimmer going under, and took the end of Kieran's cock in his mouth. We wouldn't let him get away with just that. We made him suck on it, made him use his tongue on it. When Kieran's cock was as hard as Luke's, we let him stop.

"You guys don't need to be ashamed of that," I said. "I had my tongue in Rachael's cunt just a minute or so before we opened the door. She had hers in mine at the same time. We're not lesbians. We know you two aren't queer. A little sixty-nine never hurt anybody."

Luke looked at Kieran. Kieran looked at Luke. I saw Kieran look at Luke and raise his eyebrows. Luke guessed.

"No way, Kieran, I'm not sucking dick anymore tonight. I came up here to get fucked."

"Rachael," Kieran said, "Luke and I'll do a sixty-nine for the two of you if you'll do one for us."

"Fuck that, Kieran," Luke protested. "I told you. You've had all the cock-sucking you're ever going to get from me."

Rachael wrapped herself around him and started whispering in his ear. He gave in to whatever she said. They did a performance for us. Didn't really seem to have their hearts in it. Had their hard-ons in it though. Rachael and I put on a performance for them. They pulled us apart after we kept at it too long. We ended up wrestling all over the bed, laughing loud enough to wake the kids.

"Why are you guys all like that about sex with each other?" Rachael asked. "It won't kill you, you know."

“Yeah?” Luke asked. “It almost choked me to death when he shoved that big thing to the back of my mouth.”

“Well, all you guys have fantasies about us deep-throating you. And even if we don’t do that, you think we’re supposed to swallow all that sticky glop when you shoot off.”

“Glop?” Kieran asked.

“Shit, Kieran,” Rachael answered, “it’s glop and you know it. It sticks to everything in my mouth just like it sticks to everything in my cunt. That’s glop.”

“OK, Rachael,” he answered. “I’ve had glop in my mouth before. I’ve had my own and I’ve had some other guy’s. It’s like raw oysters. Once you develop a taste, it goes down real easy.”

She wasn’t through arguing yet.

“It really pisses me off sometimes, the way you guys want it one way for you and another for women. You like to see us sixty-nining each other and you don’t want to do it for us. Hell, I got hot from watching you and Luke do it. I don’t think I’m a lesbian for doing it with Siobhan. I’ve never done it before with a woman but I hope it’s not my last time. She’s better at it than any of you guys.”

Luke looked at Kieran and raised an eyebrow. Maybe they were learning something.

“Come on, Rachael, I do the best I can,” Luke said. “I’ve tried to get you to tell me what you want me to do. What am I doing wrong?”

“OK, well, for starters, I don’t like it when you haven’t shaved. You’re too rough sometimes. I like to feel your whiskers a little bit. If you rub’em on my nipples, it feels good for a while. After that, it starts hurting and my nipples are sore the next day. Same thing for my cunt. I don’t like feeling whiskers when you’re eating me. You rest your chin on my, my, what is it, my perineum and its fine when you’re licking my clit. But sometimes I’m so sore the next day, it makes me walk straddle-legged.”

“So you’d rather be eaten by somebody with smooth cheeks, is that it?” Kieran asked. “Want us to get Kavan up here?”

“I didn’t say that. At least I won’t walk that way after Siobhan does me.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to get Kavan to do you,” Kieran persisted. “He’s seen Luke eating you. He’s seen me at Siobhan. He oughta be an expert by now.”

“Fuck you, Kieran.” She was mad now. “If you’ll let’im, I’ll spread’em for him.”

Maybe he thought he’d provoked her far enough. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her. She tried to keep her mouth closed but he kept insisting and she finally let his tongue in. He kept at her until she began to respond. When her hands grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him against her, he stopped and looked at her. That’s when I let him have it – both barrels.

“Just like a man,” I said. “Think you can kiss us and tongue fuck us and tongue rape us and we’ll let you do anything you want. I’ll bet Rachael would rather have me kiss her. I didn’t have to force her mouth open when I was kissing her.”

Luke tried to make peace. “Come on, cut out the arguing. What’s wrong with you, Rachael? You and Kieran’ve been at each other like this all day. Can’t you both just give it up? I thought we were supposed to enjoy this weekend together.”

Rachael gave Luke and Kieran a smoldering look. I couldn’t tell if she was really angry or just hot as hell.

“OK, I’ll give it up, Luke,” she said. “Just do me one little favor and I’ll give it up.”

“OK,” he agreed. Too quickly. Much too quickly.

“I want you to kiss Kieran. You pin him down to the bed like he just did me. I want him to see what it’s like to be kissed by a man. Maybe then he can do it a little more like a woman.”

Kieran tried to scoot backwards on the bed. I grabbed one hand and held him. Rachael grabbed the other. He wasn’t putting up that much of a struggle. Luke crawled on top of him and pinned him down. Kieran tried to turn his head from side to side to avoid Luke. It didn’t work. Luke caught his head in both hands and held him.

Luke actually seemed to try to be gentle and slow when he started. He kissed Kieran all over his face, brow to chin, cheek to cheek, even nose. At first they were like two grammar school kids, closed mouths, open eyes. I don’t know who gave in first. I think Kieran did when he opened his mouth. Luke was into it, in more than one way. He started

tonguing Kieran and he seemed to like it. I turned loose of Kieran's hand. So did Rachael.

They both got into it. Were they doing it because they wanted to show off for us? Were they doing it because they were hot for it? Were they faking it? Was it for real? I couldn't tell.

Luke raised his body up off Kieran's but kept his mouth in place. Between them I could see their cocks, both hard and sticking up toward their navels. Luke reached between them with one hand and held their two cocks together and started stroking both with one hand. Kieran started trying to thrust upward with his hips. Luke started hunching against Kieran. His hand still held their cocks and it seemed to be moving faster. I thought I'd better stop it.

I piled on top of them and started trying to tickle them. Rachael piled on too. Turned out they were both ticklish. I knew Kieran was but I didn't know about Luke.

We finally collapsed on the bed. It took us a few minutes to cool off and get our breath under control.

Kieran leaned over and kissed Rachael again. This time, he was as gentle as I've ever seen him. No force, no roughness, nothing but gentle slow kisses all over her face. He kissed her just on the side of her mouth, the same place he liked to kiss me, and licked her there with his tongue. This time, she opened her mouth to him willingly. Luke and I just watched.

When Kieran moved down to Rachael's breasts in the same slow gentle way, I pulled Luke's head down to mine. Rachael and I looked at each other while the two of them tried to show they could be gentle with our breasts. I finally put my hand on Luke's shoulders and pushed him down. Rachael did the same. We both kept looking at each other and smiling. They could be gentle down there too.

Luke knew how to eat pussy. I'd given him good lessons. He'd practiced with Rachael. He came back to me as an expert. I knew I couldn't last long now. I didn't really care. I closed my eyes and gave it up. All I could see was the red heat behind my eyelids. All I could feel was Luke's tongue lapping my clitoris on each up-lick. I knew it was coming and so I gave in and let it roll over me. I'd wanted this all day and now I had it. Luke knew I had it. His fingers in me got a good squeezing. He rolled off to my side. I opened my eyes and we watched Kieran still down there with Rachael.

She took longer. I guess that was to be expected. I didn't have the slightest idea how many she'd had during the day. I'd had one before if you didn't count the one little one I gave myself. Those don't really count.

I hardly had time to catch my breath before Luke had my legs in the air and his dick all the way up my cunt. Kieran up-ended Rachael and shoved his in too. They were like un-synchronized swimmers. The bed was bucking around like a ship in rough seas. Damn, couldn't they get it together? I reached out and grabbed Rachael's hand again and let the guys pound away. I guess we'd teased them too much. Luke didn't last two minutes. He died on top of me. I managed to bend my neck up to watch Kieran on Rachael. He saw me looking and locked his eyes on mine. He gave me a big grin and kept shoving it to her. I could almost see his eyes glaze over when he started coming. Whatever rhythm he had broke down and he collapsed on top of her. Rachael squeezed my hand.

After that it was go pee and wipe up for four, sneak down for the orange juice carton for all of us, get towels and wipe the sweat off each other, start playing with soft dick and damp cunt, realize it was too soon, finally lay down and hold each other for a while.

Luke was spooned up against my ass with a hand on my breast. I thought I detected a little returning warmth in his cock. I opened my legs, reached down, and straightened it up between my legs. I curled one finger down and around and teased the big smooth head. It got bigger and smoother. I could see Kieran and Rachael watching what my hand was doing with Luke's cock. The red head stuck out through my red pubic hair. Rachael watched my fingers playing with it. She squirmed down on the bed and put her face right at his cock. I couldn't see what she was doing but I could feel it. Luke was sliding his cock in and out between my legs. If her tongue caught it, she licked him. If her tongue missed it, she licked up between my legs. I spread my legs a little wider. The next time she missed his cock, she hit the spot on me. I'd never dreamed of this one. I liked it. I got about half her licks.

Luke decided what he wanted. He reached around with one hand and tucked his cock up between my cunt lips. I rotated around a little and helped it find the spot. He shoved it in as far as it would go. Not deep enough. Rachael was looking to see where it went. Luke wrapped his arms around me and rolled over on his back. I rolled over on top of him, my back on his stomach, my legs spread out over his. I tried to sit up so I could get it in deeper. Rachael pushed me back down on Luke. She got on her knees, between my legs, straddling Luke's legs, her ass up in the air, her face down where Luke's cock was going in me. I felt

her tongue going up and down on my cunt lips just where they were wrapped around Luke's dick. I thought I'd died.

Kieran looked on with an open mouth, eyes flicking from my eyes to my cunt. I thought I remembered him describing something like this with the Andersens when he was a kid. Only this time someone else was the lick and he was the looker. I liked that. Maybe Kieran did too. He moved around behind Rachael. I could almost tell when he got his dick in her. She started lapping on my cunt and the shaft of Luke's cock faster. Luke started to try to hunch upward into me. He was lifting part of one hundred twenty pounds with his hips. He was strong enough. Rachael couldn't keep up. She never knew where my clit was going to be. She must have been getting pounded good by Kieran. Her face was bumping against my legs and cunt. She didn't give up. She kept trying to find my clit with her tongue. Luke kept trying to shove his dick upward into my cunt. Kieran kept trying to shove Rachael up toward the head of the bed. She kept trying to butt me and Luke with her face. I finally had enough. I exploded. And then I know I died.

I don't know who came next. The next thing I knew I was laying on the bed next to Luke. I could feel his hot come oozing back out already. I managed to rise up and look. His dick was lying on his stomach, only half hard now, drooling the last come out. Rachael's head was all the way down on the bed between Luke's legs. Kieran still had a death grip on her hips but he was still now. He had a grimace on his face that told me he had just recently died. I couldn't see Rachael's face. It was a couple of more minutes until she raised it up. From the big grim she gave me, I knew she'd died too.

After that, it was two down to the kitchen, trying to be quiet and not wake the kids, getting anything cold to drink that was left. It was two to look for clean towels and warm wash clothes. We all helped to wipe each other up and off. Drank the other carton of orange juice straight from the pour spout. I let Luke wipe up my cunt while Kieran did Rachael's. Kieran showed him how to do it and how to be gentle. He was a quick learner. He did it just right. I felt clean on the outside parts. I also felt sore as hell. I knew I'd be uncomfortable for a day or two but I knew it was OK. If three babies hadn't done any real damage, what harm could a couple of hard cocks do? Rachael and I took our turns too. Luke's cock looked red and irritated but it was still soft and smooth. Kieran's looked OK too; I'd seen it looking worse. I was ready for sleep.

We all got up and straightened up the bed and tried to decide who was going to spoon up with whom. Rachael wanted Kieran so I was happy to be left with Luke. I decided that if I felt it hard during the night, I

was going to get one more good fuck before we had to leave the cabin. I was ready for sleep.

Kieran wasn't. He started with Rachael again. He was nuzzling around on her neck and then moved around to her mouth. All very slow and sensuous. Nothing demanding. He kissed her without even opening his mouth, just little smacks around her face. He had one hand on her breast again, just holding it. He moved down over her and started kissing and licking her breasts. No sucking. Just kissing and licking. He kissed his way down her stomach. She opened her legs to him. He moved around on the bed. He got his face between her legs again and started licking her pussy. Just slow and gentle licks.

Luke and I were spooned up together with his hand on my breast again. I felt something warm pressing up against me from behind. I couldn't believe it. I knew he was at the peak of his performance ability at eighteen but this was too much. He decided to join Kieran down at the bottom of the bed. He spread my legs and the two of them sort of grazed gently on our cunts. I'll have to admit it was something I could have enjoyed for the rest of the night. But I was sleepy. I yawned. I shouldn't have done it. Luke straightened up and looked at me. He gave me a big smile and lay back down behind me. Kieran straightened up too. He smiled at all of us. He lay down behind Rachael. After a couple of minutes, he turned out the lamp on his side of the bed. Luke reached over and turned out the one on his side.

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I don't know whether Luke got it up again during the night. I slept through for eight hours. I could hear the kids talking downstairs when I woke up. I crawled out of bed, went to pee and wash up, and went downstairs to fix them some breakfast. Rachael came down a few minutes later and made us a pot of coffee.

When Kieran came down later, I poured him his usual big orange juice and a cup of coffee. He pulled me out on the deck so we could talk in private.

"I hope you two are satisfied now. You've played me like a violin all weekend."

"What do you mean? Nobody's been playing you. I thought you were the one who decided to accept Rachael's invitation."

"I thought I was too. But you two had it all arranged. Did you even have it arranged with Luke? So he'd cooperate? So I'd suck his dick and then let him kiss me that way?"

“I thought he was very sweet the way he kissed you. Didn’t you like it?”

“Yeah, that’s what scared the shit out of me. If you hadn’t stopped it, I’d have ended up with my feet up around his neck and his dick up my ass. And what if I’d let him do that and I’d liked it? I think I even wanted him to do it. What would you have said then?”

“I love you, Kieran. That’s all. Just that I love you.”

“Yeah, sure you do. I know it. I love you too. But tonight I had Rachael like that, bent almost in half with her ankles around my neck. I was slapping my balls against her ass every time I shoved it in. I loved it and she did too. Luke had you he same way and he was shoving it to you. Either he was dying or he loved it too. I know how your face looks when I do you so I know you loved what Luke was doing to you.”

“So? What’s wrong with that? Sure I loved it. When you do that, fucking doesn’t get any better.”

“That’s what scared the shit out of me when Luke got at me. What if he had shoved his dick up my ass and I’d loved it? Goddamn it, Siobhan, I can’t let shit like that happen. Don’t let me get in a mess like that again.”

“Well, you got yours up my asshole once, in exactly that position. Damn, you guys’ve got to hang on to your masculine machismo self-image, haven’t you?”

He looked at me. I wished I could have known what was going on inside his head. He went back inside and I went back in the kitchen to finish the breakfast for the kids.

Nobody felt like doing much on Sunday morning. The day was still warm and cloudy. It felt humid, like we were going to have rain soon. After mid-morning we all ended up down at the creek, laying around on blankets sort of in the shade. Kavan still couldn’t keep his eyes off Rachael. She didn’t usually hide anything from him but now she made sure he got to see everything.

She had one leg raised and was leaning over looking at her toenails. She straightened that one out and pulled the other one up. She must not have liked what she saw because she said she was going to the cabin for a minute and asked if anybody wanted anything. Kavan said he did and wanted to go with her. She came back in a few minutes

with a pedicure set. Kavan was walking along beside her and he had a pretty good hard-on.

She sat down next to me and started to do her toenails. I asked in a low voice what had happened with Kavan. She said he wanted to kiss her before Luke moved out. She kissed him and he tried to show her how much he knew about kissing. Turned out he knew quite a bit. She said she told him he was going to be a great kisser for some girl in a few years. She said she didn't stop him when he moved down to her breasts and he was quite good at sucking on her nipples. When he moved down further, she spread her legs for him and let him look. Then she was surprised when he started licking her clitoris and seemed to know just what he was doing. She knew she had to make him stop but she wanted to do something for him first. She pushed him down, held his four-inch stiffie straight up, took the whole thing in her mouth, and sucked it for a minute or so. When she stopped, she looked at his face and saw him grinning just like Kieran.

She tried to do her toenails but she felt a little sore and couldn't hold her legs up close enough. I understood; I was sore too. I told her to put her legs in my lap and I did her nails for her. We talked girl talk, about men and sex naturally. Arial was listening to us and reading a book she'd brought from home, something about Elizabethan poetry. The boys were all walking around the rock pile where rocks had collected from being washed down the creek. Kavan was finding some to take home to add to his collection. Kieran and Luke were trying to help him. Kerry was looking under rocks in the creek for bugs.

When I finished Rachael's pedicure I sent Arial for nail polish. She came back with two full bottles so we both did Rachael's toenails. Arial gave me a pedicure too while Rachael gave her one. We swapped out on the nail polish. We ended up with three very nice sets of toenails. Rachael and I didn't try to censor our discussion of the weekend's events so I suppose Arial got another good lesson. She seemed to be happy to be just one of the girls and listen to the girl talk.

Lunch was leftovers and anything we could dig out of the refrigerator or closet. Afterwards I put everything edible remaining in a bucket and asked Kavan to take it down the creek to some rocks where we left stuff for the animals. He came back with a small turtle. He wanted to take it home. Kieran let him when he promised to turn it loose in the back yard. I checked over the kitchen and bedrooms. Everything seemed put away until our next visit. We ran the washing machine and left the beds stripped as usual, sheets and pillow covers folded in a closet.

I noticed Luke and Rachael whispering and smiling together. He seemed to be doing most of the talking; she was doing most of the smiling. Finally she nodded her head at him. Luke asked out loud if he could have our attention.

“Rachael and I want to ask something of all of you. You know we love you. We love your company. But we’d like to have an hour alone. We want to go back up to the loft room. We want to make love with each other. We want you kids to know it as well as you parents. We want to add one more memory for this weekend. It may have to hold us for the rest of our lives. This may be the last time for us to be with the Stuart family like this. We’re going to be busy working on our college courses. We’re going to be learning to love each other even more. Sometime before we graduate, we’re going to get married and start making our own family. Like yours.”

I went to the closet and got them a fresh set of bed linen. An hour or so later, they came back down and carried the sheet and pillowcases down to be run with the last laundry load.

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(KIERAN)

On the drive home, most everybody went to sleep. I insisted on driving the big rented van because I wasn’t sure how well Luke could handle it. I knew Siobhan and Rachael had never driven anything like it. I just couldn’t let anything happen to spoil the perfect weekend.

I kept wondering if I’d done the right things. I thought I’d fooled them when I let them take control. I tried to do what they wanted me to do. It really wasn’t that difficult. I hadn’t expected to have to suck Luke’s dick but it wasn’t the first one I’d had in my mouth. I guess I’d have sucked him off if they hadn’t stopped us. I liked fooling around with him; I just didn’t want his big dick up my ass. I knew it had been hard for him to do. I made a mental note to tell him about the two times I’d done it before, when I was sixteen and when I was in college. I hadn’t grown up to be gay. I wasn’t worried about him being queer. Me either. I was thinking about how proud I was of him. I remembered he wasn’t my son. I didn’t care; I loved him like one.

It had been damn hard to decide I wasn’t going to fuck up my marriage by fucking Rachael. Sheez, she was one sweet fuck. Coming two times without losing my hard-on. Been years since I’d done that. I knew I wasn’t going to try to get in her again any time soon. She was Luke’s or he was hers. Whichever. If they wanted to get together with us again some day, I knew I’d go along next time.

I thought about how much I loved Siobhan. Never been wrong on getting married to her. Didn't turn out to be exactly what I'd thought it would be but I knew it was even better. I really did want to live with her long enough to see grandkids. I wouldn't mind sticking around with her and seeing some great grandkids. Damn, that'd be something.

I hoped we hadn't done the wrong things with the kids. I've talked with them about fucking since they started asking intelligent questions about it. Letting them see it's something else. Best damn lessons of all. Seeing how it's done. What the hell will we do if they want to start doing stuff with us? They get in the bed with us naked now. What if they want to start getting involved? With us? With each other? Oh, shit, I don't know. Kids don't come with instructions stamped on their butts.

Chapter Nineteen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 36 in story, 23-24 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 35 in story; Kavan Stuart, 10; Arial Stuart, 8; Kerry Stuart, 4

Claire DeLand, 40+ in flashback; Beth _____, 39 in flashback .

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart

(KIERAN)

“Arial was talking to me this afternoon about Luke and Rachael,” Siobhan said. “Since she saw them making love at the cabin, she's full of questions about sex.”

We were together in our bedroom, getting ready for bed. I had taken my turn in making the rounds to give the kids their nightly hugs and kisses before they went to sleep. I left Kavan reading a book about wizards that he'd checked out from the library. Kerry shared the room with Kavan and some nights he crawled in bed with him so Kavan could read to him. Tonight he seemed tired and subdued and shut his eyes as soon as I pulled his blanket over him. Arial grabbed a book as I left and I reminded her of lights-out time. She sometimes

forgot and we'd find the light on in her room and she'd be asleep with a book on her bed.

"You're giving her honest answers, aren't you?" I asked. "We agreed we'd always try to be that way, you know. I'm doing my best with Kavan."

"I'm doing my best too. I guess she knows the basics of how it's done. I just don't know how to answer when she asks me how it feels to have your dick in my pussy."

"Sheesh, I couldn't answer that. I don't think there's any way we can tell them how it feels. That's one they'll just have to find out for themselves; isn't it?"

"She asked me again if we'd let her and Kavan watch us do it."

I looked at her and she had a big grin on her face.

"That's the way she said it – do it?"

"Yes, I've asked her not to call it fucking," she answered. "I told her you didn't like to use that word because people used it to mean bad things sometimes. I tried to explain why you call it making love."

"Oh, did she understand that?"

"I don't know. I can't tell her what physical sensations are like when we're doing it. I don't know how to tell her about the emotions we feel either."

"Yeah, I guess that is hard to get across to kids. Are we going to let them watch us?"

"I don't know, Kieran. I don't think it's a spectator sport, especially not with our own kids. Maybe someday, when they're closer to puberty and can understand it better."

"Shit, I don't understand it now. I just do it."

"You do it very well too. Rachael called this morning. She said they'll take the old recliner in the basement if we still want to get rid of it."

It always took me a minute to reorient when she took the conversation off at a ninety-degree angle like that.

“They’re welcome to it,” I finally said. “Is there anything else they really need for their apartment?”

“She says they’re happy with what they’ve got even if most of it’s used stuff. She thanked me again for the bed we bought them. She says she likes having a king-size playground to wrestle with Luke.”

“How are they doing in college?”

“She’s struggling. Luke’s helping her. He’s OK in his classes. They’re just going through the same adjustments we all had to make as freshmen.”

“Well, let me know if they need anything.”

“Luke’s Dad’s giving him a monthly allowance that covers the basics. They’re still trying to get financial assistance for Rachael. They’d like to get married but they know it’ll be harder to get help for her if she’s married.”

“Yeah, I talked to his father about a month ago. He’s proud of Luke. He spent the night with them when he was driving through a few weeks ago. He said he could see why Luke loves Rachael.”

“Does he still call you regularly?”

“Every week, regular as clockwork, mid-morning on Friday. I think sometimes he’s just checking up on me since I got his old job on his recommendation. We have some good talks. I’ve learned lots of good stuff about people at work, stuff that’s not in their personnel files. I get lots of good advice too. I’ve even taken some of it.”

“Does he ever say anything about Luke’s mother?”

“Not much,” I answered. “They’re divorced. She’s sunk deeper into her religious fanaticism. He says she won’t even go see Luke as long as he’s – as she puts it - living in sin with Rachael.”

“Well, let’s just make sure we give both of them all the love we can,” Siobhan said. “He’s a good kid. I’d be proud of him if he was my own son. I am anyway.”

“I’m damn proud of him too. Sometimes I feel like he’s my son.”

“She called Luke once. Kept telling him he was going to hell for his sins. She’s never met Rachael and still calls her a harlot. Rachael was sitting there and she heard it all on the speaker phone.”

“Yeah, I heard about that call. What did Luke say?”

“He said he’d already been through hell trying to live with her and now he was in heaven living with Rachael. He said not being loved was hell and now he was loved and it was the closest to heaven he’d ever get.”

“Good for him. Do you remember when he came back to us after Thanksgiving last year? He was hurting so damn bad because of his parents and you took him in the living room and sat in his lap. I went in there and he had his hand under your sweatshirt.”

“I was the one who put his hand there, Kieran. He didn’t do it. I just let him hold me and I tried to show him a little love to help him not hurt so bad.”

“I’m not criticizing what you did, Siobhan. When we both hugged him and he started crying, it was like a dam burst. I think he was trying to turn loose of the pain. That’s why I wanted to replace it with love. When you made love with him, it seemed like he could completely open up and love us and the kids in return. Do you think he’d have been so understanding of Rachael’s need for love if we hadn’t helped him learn what it’s like?”

“Well, I guess it worked, didn’t it?”

“Yeah, it did. Are they going with us to my parent’s place for Thanksgiving? I talked to Mom and she said they’d love to have them too. We can rent a big van and all go together.”

“They said they’d love to go. Are we just going for the day or do you want to spend a few nights with your folks?”

“Just one day. I’ve got to work on Friday. We can go up early Thursday morning and then come back late that night. The kids will be out of school on Friday and they can sleep late.”

“Well, Luke and Rachael won’t have any classes on Friday. Would it be OK if they stayed with us for a few days? I miss having him around here. It feels like part of my family’s gone.”

“Sure. They’re always welcome. You know that. We might even give them a few more lessons. Would you like that?”

“I don’t know, Kieran. Do you really think we should have sex with them anymore? Maybe they’d rather just do it with each other.”

“You’re probably right. I know we did the right thing with Luke in using lots of love and some sex to help him be a normal person. I still don’t know if we did the right thing the weekend we spent with them at the cabin.”

“I thought you enjoyed that.”

“I did. It was about as much fun as I’ve ever had. It was really something having a nineteen year-old girl try to screw me to death. I seem to remember you having a good time with Luke.”

“I did. What do you think the kids would say if they knew we were still playing around with them?”

“I don’t think it would be a problem for them. I think Kavan understands what you did for Luke. He told me once he was proud of us for teaching Luke to love.”

She did another ninety-degree turn.

“I took my car in to the BMW place for service today like you told me. They gave me a loaner and Kerry and I shopped for a while. I told them I had to have it back in time to pick up Kavan and Arial at school. It was ready. The bill’s on your desk.”

“Did they give it a thorough inspection? Check the brakes and tires and everything?”

“Yes. They didn’t have to do anything except the routine stuff. It’s been a great little car. I’m glad you gave it to me when we got married. I’ve never had a problem with it.”

“Well, the Germans are great with automobiles. I want me a Mercedes some day. Those things last forever.”

“Kieran, I’ve wondered for years how you could afford a little red BMW. You’d been out of college for three years and I know it was paid for when we married. And you’d saved quite a bit more. Where’d you get all the money?”

“Well, let’s just say I earned it. I had a part-time job working for Mrs. DeLand and it was hard work. Damn hard work.”

She caught my emphasis on hard. I’d never told her I’d worked for Claire DeLand. She knew me only too well. She knew there was a reason I said it that way.

“You got the car doing something for Mrs. DeLand?” she asked, looking at me with her eyes wide and no smile on her face.

“Yeah, hard work!”

“Kieran, do you mean what I think you mean?”

“I don’t know. What do you think I mean?”

“I think you’re saying you did something with your dick for the car. Did you?”

I couldn’t help but grin. “Yeah.”

“Are you going to tell me?”

“Shit, I don’t know. I shouldn’t have started teasing you with it. I try to be truthful with you about everything, even stuff I did before we got married, but I don’t know about this.”

“Did you do anything that hurt people? You know, like buggering little boys.”

“Hell, no, I wouldn’t do stuff like that. I’ve never done anything with anybody unless they wanted me to. I told you about buggering Susan Willingham; that’s as close as I’ve come.”

“So whatever you did for Claire was with women who wanted you to do it?”

“Damn right, it was always their choice. One or two chose not to do anything but the others jumped at the chance.”

“Then don’t be ashamed of it. I’m not going to criticize you. Tell me about it.”

“If you weren’t married to me and getting it for free, what would you pay me for my services?”

“I don’t know, Kieran. I don’t know the going rate for whatever you did. Damn it, what did you do anyway?”

“If I’d come to you from a male escort service and given you a few hours of damn good sex, how much would it be worth to you?”

She looked at me and shook her head.

I grinned at her. "Come on, how much?"

"I don't know, Kieran," she said. "With your looks, your personality, your love for the finer things in life, well, I think you would be a rather expensive toy for a woman."

I could hear the slightly mocking tone in her voice.

"No," I replied, "I was never a toy. I decided at the beginning I'd never do anything I didn't want to do. When I began to question what I was doing, I decided it was time to quit."

Siobhan looked at me with surprise. I think she finally believed I'd done what I'd been teasing her with.

"Do you mean you've actually been in a situation like that, that you've been paid for your services?"

"Yep, it started in the year before I met you, in my second year out of college."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, tell me."

"You remember the corporation I worked for my first couple of years out of college, don't you? Well, it started when the president of the corporation and his wife had a summer barbecue at their home for the younger corporate employees. They had a large pool next to the house and a volleyball net set up on the lawn. We were invited to come dressed very casually. The invitation said come dressed for volleyball and swimming and bring appetites for beer and barbecue."

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When I rang the doorbell, a young woman who turned out to be the one of the president's secretaries opened the door. She checked my name against a guest list and then escorted me to the back of the house, through open French doors, to the pool area where everyone was gathered. She led me to the president, Mr. DeLand, and started to introduce me but he interrupted her, calling me by my first name. I was surprised since I'd had relatively little contact with him. He was a tall, graying man, distinguished looking even in white shorts and a colorful Hawaiian shirt.

We talked for a minute or two and then he put his hand on my shoulder. "Come; let me introduce you to my wife, Claire."

He introduced us, using just my first name. His wife was a tall, elegant woman, with long straight hair and classical features. I guessed that she was probably in her early forties. She was wearing a bathing suit, separate top and bottom, with a towel loosely tied around her waist. I tried to avoid looking directly at her body. I was more than a little intimidated by such a bounty of bare flesh. Her figure could only be described as Reubenesque, with wide bare shoulders, full breasts that seemed to need no support, a narrow waist, and generous hips.

Her husband quickly surrendered me to her while he went to greet the next arrivals. She smiled at me, a warm, sincere smile, and then proceeded to do quite deliberately what I had been too shy to do to her: she slowly looked me up and down.

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I was dripping wet with sweat after only one game of volleyball. I stripped off my knit shirt and wiped my face with it. The pool looked inviting but I knew I had to find someplace to get rid of the two beers I had drunk. There was an outdoor shower to the side of the pool and we had been asked to use it before getting in the pool to keep the grass out. As I looked at it spraying down, the urge to pee became stronger.

I went into the house, wondering where the bathrooms were. Somebody with foresight had posted signs on the wall, pointing one direction for men and down a hallway for women.

I went in my direction and found myself in a large library or office, with jade-green walls, a huge red-leather couch and matching chair, and an antique desk against one wall. The bathroom door on one side was conveniently left ajar.

I shut the door behind me and never thought to lock it. I quickly raised the toilet lid, pulled my shorts down, and let them fall part way down my legs. Underneath, I had worn running briefs, since I always found them to be more comfortable than a jock-strap. I pulled the briefs down just under my balls, letting it all hang out. My dick was heavy and hot in my hand and swollen with the need to find relief from my distended bladder. I leaned forward with my left hand on the wall in front of me, my right hand holding my cock. As I started to drill a heavy stream in the center of the bowl, I shut my eyes and enjoyed the moment. When I finished, I stood a moment longer and then pulled downward on my cock, milking out the last drop or two. I

even shook it gently a couple of times before I straightened up and opened my eyes. When I did, I found I wasn't alone in the bathroom.

The wife of the president of the corporation was standing just inside the closed door, leaning back against the wall.

"That was quite a performance," she said.

I was speechless. I looked down at my genitals and then back directly at her. I swallowed a couple of times and decided I could be just as nonchalant about it as she was. I brought my fingers down my cock one more time, slid the foreskin back over the head, and shook it gently once or twice. I slowly and carefully pulled my briefs back up, deliberately taking more time than necessary to make sure my cock and balls were comfortably arranged. Just as slowly, I pulled my shorts back on and buttoned them. Last, I leaned forward and flushed the toilet. Then I replied.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," I said, doing my best to smile without showing how embarrassed I was.

"Oh, I did," she responded, looking me over carefully from head to toe. "Now I know what the term cock-sure means. I think you'll do very nicely."

I was confused; I had no idea what she meant by her remark.

She opened the door and motioned for me to follow her. In the office, she went to the desk, opened a drawer, and took out a card. When she handed it to me, I saw it had just a telephone number on it.

"Call that number at two tomorrow afternoon," she said. "I didn't just walk in on you by accident. I need a young man like you to do something for me. I want somebody who is very intelligent and can be very, very discreet. Do you think you can manage that?"

I smiled and looked her directly in the eyes before I gave her an answer.

"Yes."

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When I called, she answered after the second ring with a deep-voiced hello.

"You asked me to call," I said. She recognized my voice immediately.

"Yes. I told you I needed a young man like you for, how should I put it, a business arrangement that requires certain talents. I've already looked into your personnel file and you certainly seem to have the intelligence this calls for. But I want to emphasize again, this calls for someone with certain social skills and a great deal of discretion. If we reach an agreement, you'll be well rewarded. If you let anybody know about it, you'll do serious damage to a number of people, most of all yourself. Are you interested?"

"I'm intrigued," I answered. "Whatever you have in mind, I want you to understand up front – I won't do anything criminal. I don't need money or anything else that bad."

"It's nothing like that," she said. "I can find plenty of idiots who would commit any criminal act for money. This is essentially a business arrangement. Your work for my husband's corporation shouldn't be affected. You may not know it but I'm also the owner of a relatively-large corporation. I occasionally have visitors from out-of-town, here to negotiate contracts with me. I need someone to act as their escort, to make sure they have no problems in a strange city."

"I don't understand why you think I'd be good for that sort of work."

"Some of these visitors are women, here by themselves. I think they would appreciate having an escort who looks like you, to drive them around, to take them to dinner, and," she paused for a few seconds, "to make sure they have whatever they want."

"That sounds like hard work," I said.

"Yes, it might be hard on you at times," she laughed, "but I believe you'd be up to it."

"Let me make one thing clear. I won't let myself be used by anybody. I don't intend to do anything that hurts my self-respect. If I see that happening, I'll walk out of the deal."

"Agreed," she said. "I don't think that what I have in mind will succeed unless you can take pride in your work. At any point, you can take a walk if you don't like what I ask you to do."

"Do you have something specific in mind in the near future?" I asked.

"First, you'll have to take a very thorough physical. Call your company's medical office and set up an appointment with Dr. Atkins."

"I assure you I'm in perfect health."

"If the doctor's report confirms that, you're going to serve as my escort next month. You might consider this the job interview, so that I can see if you have all the qualities needed. My husband will be out of town and I want you to take me to a charity affair, a dinner and dance, in support of one of our arts organizations. It's black tie. Do you have a tuxedo?"

"No."

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The next night, I followed her instructions and went to the men's department in a large store. When I asked for the sales person whose name she had given me, Mr. Broussard, I found that she had given him specific instructions. The tuxedo had to be very simple and very masculine, he said. After I made my choice, the pants were altered while I waited and I walked out an hour or so later with the tuxedo, an assortment of ties and accessories chosen by Mr. Broussard, six shirts, a box of underwear and another of socks, and two pairs of shoes. I felt strange when I was told that the charges had been made to her account and I did not even have to sign my name.

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A few weeks later, I dressed and drove to her house precisely on time. When I rang the doorbell, she opened it within seconds. She was wearing a long rose-colored evening gown that exposed just enough of her shoulders and breasts to be provocative. She held out her hand to me.

"Come in," she said, "and let me look at you."

She led me into the office again, cluttered now with papers on the desk. I realized that this was her office, not her husband's. She had evidently been working while waiting for me.

I stood quietly while she walked around me, looking me up and down.

"Do you approve?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered and smiled at me. "You look very good, even in clothes. You might like to know the doctor's report confirmed what you told me."

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It was well after midnight when I drove her back home. The evening had been thoroughly enjoyable. The food was excellent, the entertainment from the arts group superb, and the dancing afterward pleasant. When she introduced me to her friends as her nephew, I wondered if they really believed her.

Her Mercedes was a quiet pleasure to drive and I started humming the music from one of the opera arias.

"Do you like opera?" she asked.

"Some of them. The Italian ones, especially Verdi and Puccini and Rossini. Some French ones, too. Most of the German stuff is too heavy for me."

"Where did you learn about them?"

"My mother's the music lover in the family. She always encouraged us to learn to play and enjoy music. My father had other interests but he supported her in trying to instill a love of good music in us. I think she succeeded with me more than with my brother or sister."

"And how did you learn to dance so well?"

"My mother and father love ball-room dancing. They've taken courses in lots of different kinds of dancing. My mother used to practice with me and with my brother. When my sister developed an interest in the same area, she practiced with both of us. I didn't like it when I was just thirteen but as I grew up I began to enjoy it more.

"I believe they both succeeded with you in more ways than you know. I told you this evening was in some ways a job interview. I wanted to see if you had the social graces to handle yourself with people like these."

"And your conclusion is?" I prompted.

"You certainly have the manners of a cultured young man. You can carry on an interesting conversation. If I'm not mistaken, you also appreciated the dinner we had tonight. And, whether you believe it or not, I've never danced with anyone else that made me enjoy it as much as you did. But you're not quite through with the interview yet."

When I looked at her, I could see a faint smile on her face, as though she were toying with me.

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At her instruction, I parked the car in the garage. As she unlocked the door into the house, she pushed a button and the garage door quietly closed.

"We won't turn on any lights," she said, holding out her hand to mine.

She led me through the house into the large living room. The moonlight through the windows was just enough to see by. She kicked off her shoes and reached up under her gown. She fumbled with something and then pulled downward, first one leg and then the other. She sat down on the couch and put her feet up on the coffee table in front of her.

"Take your coat off. Your shoes too. You might as well be comfortable. I believe we're about to agree on a business deal."

I took off the tuxedo coat and tie and unloosened the top two buttons on the shirt. I sat beside her on the couch, pulled off my shoes, and put my feet up on the coffee table. I wiggled my toes with a genuine sigh of relief.

"Never go dancing in new shoes," I said.

"I agree," she said. "Now, to business. I want you to serve as an escort for people I do business with. Sometimes it will be husband and wife and you'll pick them up at the airport, get them comfortably settled in the hotel, take them to business meetings, things like that. You'll have a business credit card to take care of all costs. Your job will be to make their life as pleasant as possible while they're here. It's much easier to do business with people who haven't had to deal with the frustrations of a strange city."

"That's going to cause some conflicts with my job for your husband's corporation, isn't it?"

"My husband will take care of that. You'll still have to do a good job for him; your work schedule will just be more flexible."

"I don't think that's all you have in mind, is it?"

"No, it isn't. I told you I frequently had women to deal with, women who are in town by themselves. You'll do the same sort of services for them, except that I expect you to take them to dinner and make sure they're protected from any problems. Then there's one additional

service where you should excel. Quite frankly, I want you to fuck their brains out."

She looked directly at me as she said this. I thought for a minute or two before I answered.

"They'll be much easier to deal with if they've been well-satisfied sexually. Is that it?"

"Let's just say that part of the job is left to your discretion. I think it would always be best if you were not aggressive. If it happens, it should always be because she gives you reason to believe that's what she wants. I don't want any of them to think that we arranged this. If you don't think you can honestly enjoy having sex with any of them, you can pretend to be gay. You still might not be safe because some of the women I know would love the challenge of straightening you out."

"I'm not sure how I'm going to feel about this. If I can't deal with it, in the way I feel about myself, I'm going to quit. I don't want that to get me fired from my job with your husband's corporation."

"I agree. You're doing a fine job for him. Now, I want to be very clear about your compensation for this. You'll have a salary that'll cover most of your work for me. For your special services, there'll be no paycheck, no records of any kind kept, either by me or by you. You'll receive payment in cash or in other ways, none of which will leave an audit trail. Is that agreeable?"

"Sure. Sounds shady but I'm fine with it."

"Good, now for the last of your job interview. I like to take a swim at night, before I go to bed. I want you to join me. Unzip this."

She stood up and turned her back to me. In the faint light, I couldn't see the seam down the back of her gown. With my fingertips, I searched out the zipper and pulled it down. She let the gown fall to the floor, turned around, and reached out to the buttons on my shirt. I let her undo them and strip the shirt off me. I had to help her with the cummerbund but she managed to open my pants by herself. I pushed them down and stood before her, wearing only my white briefs and black socks. She quickly stripped off her slip and stood there in nothing but panties and brassiere.

I hesitated, waiting for her, to see how far to go. When she released the catch on the bra between her breasts, I knew she intended to swim in the nude. When she peeled her panties down off her hips, I did the same with my briefs and socks. In the dim light, I could see little more

than the outline of her body. She led the way outside, through the French doors, to the pool.

She found a cap in a poolside chair and tucked her long hair underneath. In the moonlight, I could see her more clearly. Her waist was surprisingly narrow, her breasts full and heavy, with large aureoles, and her hips a perfect complement to her breasts. She looked at me, appraising my body in the same way.

Finally she eased into the pool quietly, without diving, and I did the same. She started swimming immediately, easily, almost effortless, and I followed. We swam side by side, from one end of the pool to the other and back a couple of times. The water was a little too cool for comfort. When she swam to the side of the pool, I was glad to follow.

She held on to the side, still hidden by the water except for her shoulders. I pulled myself up and out of the water and sat on the side on the pool, my legs together, feet still in the water, just a few feet from her. She looked at me for a minute or two, not saying a word, and then moved closer, holding onto my legs. She tugged on my knees, indicating that she wanted me to move them apart. I did as she wished, exposing myself to her. My cock was drawn up from the cold water, with the foreskin completely covering the head, and my balls were pulled up tight against my body.

"Is this the same proud warrior I saw a few weeks ago?" she teased.

"He's cold," I answered. "He'd like to find a warm place. Would you like to help him?"

She took my cock in one hand and leaned forward. She stuck her tongue out and licked softly against the wrinkled circle of foreskin at the end. The effect was like an electric shock. I felt an instantaneous response as the warm blood inside me began to surge into my cock. She kept teasing me with her tongue, watching as my cock gradually swelled and elongated toward her. As usual, my foreskin slowly retracted and, within a minute or so, my cock was fully erect in her hand. I opened my legs wider, inviting her to continue.

She slid her hand up and down, covering and uncovering the head of my cock. Finally she opened her mouth wide and took in the head of my cock. I leaned back, my head tilted toward the moon, shut my eyes, and let her have her way. Within a minute or so, I was aware only of my throbbing cock and her hot mouth around the head of it.

Suddenly a strong breeze swept across the pool and I shivered, involuntarily, either from the cold and wet on my skin or the pleasure in the last couple of inches of my cock.

“Are you cold?” she asked. When I nodded yes, she pulled herself easily up out of the pool.

“Come, let’s go in and find some place warm,” she said, holding out her hand to me.

As we went back into the house, she carefully locked the French doors behind us and closed the drapes over them. She held out her hand to me again and led me through the darkness to her office. As we entered, she again locked the door behind us.

“Stand here for a minute until I turn on the light,” she said.

I could hear her closing the shutters on the only window in the room and then drawing the drapes over the window. She moved around easily in her familiar surroundings and seconds later a lamp on her desk was turned on.

She went first to a thermostat on the wall and then into the bathroom. When she returned a moment later, she had two large towels and two large white robes. She tossed one towel to me and both robes on the couch.

“Perhaps we’ll both be more comfortable if we’re warmer,” she teased. She began to dry off, her eyes moving from my face to my cock and back. I did the same, enjoying the soft warmth of the towel and the lush fullness of her body. After a minute she pulled on one of the robes, leaving it untied, still revealing her breasts, stomach, and the light brown patch between her thighs. I could already feel warm air blowing out of some hidden duct so I didn’t bother with the other robe.

She sat down in a large leather chair beside her desk, motioning for me to come closer. “Now let me see what your proud warrior is like.”

I stood directly in front of her with my cock still hard and pointing up at her face. I turned so that she could see it slightly from the side and then reached down with one hand to hold it horizontally level toward her. I suppose it was male vanity but I wanted to present her with the best image of what she proposed to rent.

She reached out and let my cock rest in the palm of her hand, her thumb holding the shaft while her fingertips touched my scrotum.

The head of my cock first rested just on her wrist and, when she released it, it began to lift into the air at an angle.

“You should be proud of this,” she said, as she sat back in her chair. “It’s big enough and nice enough to please any woman. I think it’ll serve you very well in the jobs I’ll have for you.”

“I appreciate the compliment,” I said, “but at the moment I’m not interested in any other woman. I think it’s time you stopped playing with me and got serious. I’ve been thinking about what you said earlier tonight about some of the women I’ll escort. You told me you wanted me, in your words, to fuck their brains out. I think you should understand how I feel about women. I think you should understand clearly what I’m agreeing to.”

“Is there some problem?” she asked.

“I’m not sure. I’m not a woman hater. In fact, I’m the opposite. I love women. I have a very loving relationship with my mother and sister. I believe I’ve loved every woman I’ve ever had sex with. I love most of the ones I haven’t had sex with. If our agreement is for me to make love with a woman, I can do that. I won’t deliberately hurt them. I won’t try to leave them brainless. If an hour or a night of good sex serves your purpose, I’ll be glad to provide that service.”

“I understand,” she said. “Maybe my choice of words was inappropriate. Your approach will probably be the wiser one. Now, do we have an agreement?”

She held out her hand to me. I shook it once to indicate my acceptance.

“Now, it’s time for you to make up your mind what’s going to happen tonight,” I said. “Unless you tell me no, now, emphatically, no, I want to make love to you. No, that’s not the right way to put it. I want to make love with you.”

She smiled up at me, with no audible response, while her hand sought out my cock again. She found it still hard and standing at an angle. She cupped my testicles in her hand and then her fingernails traced a path from behind my testicles, down and around them, and along the underside of my cock.

I gave one big sigh of relief and took her silence and actions for acquiescence.

“Maybe I shouldn’t ask,” I said, “but I try to be responsible in situations like this. Do you want me to use a condom?”

She smiled at me again before answering.

“It’s not necessary,” she said. “I’m not going to have any more children. I’m glad to know you’re careful. Just remember to be very careful with all of your clients.”

“I will.”

“How many did you bring?”

“Just three. They’re in my coat pocket.”

“You really are cocksure, aren’t you? Could you have used three tonight?”

“Yeah, with a little help from you.”

I kneeled down in front of her and, as she had done earlier to me, tugged on her knees to get her to part her legs. The lamp on the desk spilled light down on her and I could see clearly. Her inner thighs were creamy white with a slight tan. The soft mounds at their juncture were slightly darker and, between them, I saw a tightly-closed slit that showed nothing of the inner flesh. I realized that she was not as aroused as I was and maybe not as confident in her role as she pretended.

I leaned closer, nestling my head just below her breasts against the softness of her stomach.

“Hold me,” I whispered.

She put her hands behind my head and pulled me against her. I slid my hands under her robe, around behind her, and pulled her hips closer to me. For a few minutes, I was quiet, unmoving against her, my eyes closed, and listening to the sound of her breathing, the sound of her heart beating, and the ticking of a clock on the wall. At length, I let my hands begin to explore, stroking her back, her sides, and at last moving to her breasts. I felt the nipples harden under my hands.

I turned my face upward, my eyes still closed and searched for the nipple on one breast with my lips. I began to suck on it, forcefully at first, almost like a hungry baby. I heard her gasp as though I had hurt her and so I changed to a gentle sucking, pulling just the long nipple into my mouth. When I felt her hand begin to stroke my hair, I began

those endless variations of loving a woman's breast – teasing with my tongue, opening my mouth as wide as possible and sucking on it, gently biting the nipple.

After a few minutes, I changed to her other breast and covered the previous one with my hand and fingers. The nipple was a hard bump in the palm of my hand.

Her hands left my head and found their way to my shoulders. At first her touch was soft and gentle but then I felt her strength when she pulled me tighter against her breasts and her fingernails dug into my back.

I brought both my hands around behind her one more time and pulled her hips forward until she was sitting just on the edge of the chair. I slowly moved my face downward, feeling for the soft fleece of her pubic hair. At the same time, I caught her legs behind the knees and lifted them off the floor, curving them over my shoulders and down my back.

With my tongue I sought out the lips, closed and cold, that I had seen earlier. When I came up for air minutes later, I saw a different picture. She was open to me now, those soft lips spread, exposing the inner flesh, pink and coral and even red. Her vagina glistened wetly in the light and I knew from the taste in my mouth that it was not just from my saliva.

I stood up and offered her my hand. When she accepted, I pulled her up out of the chair and asked one question: "Where?"

She led me to the large leather couch and I stood waiting for her cue. She put both hands on my chest and pushed me back and down to the couch. The light from the desk lamp was directly behind my head and I knew she could clearly see my engorged cock. I wondered how long I would be able to last when I got it in her.

She straddled my thighs and put both hands on me. She held my testicles with one hand while she began to stroke slowly up and down the shaft of my cock with the other. As usual, a drop of two of clear fluid oozed out of the slit at the end.

With her finger, she rubbed the lubricant over the head of my cock and then moved over it. She held it in the right position and guided the head into her cunt. She leaned forward then, both hands on my chest, and slowly began to move up and down, taking more of my cock into her with each movement.

I kept my eyes open and watched and felt her hot, silky, living flesh gradually swallowing every inch of my cock. As more and more of the shaft disappeared into her, she slowed. When a small distance separated my blond and her brown pubic hair, she stopped.

“You’ve hit bottom,” she whispered. “Can you feel it pressing against my cervix?”

I didn’t answer, waiting for her to do whatever she wanted. Her head hung over me and her eyes were shut.

“I want it all,” she grunted, and began a slow rotary grinding movement, moving her hips around in a circular pattern, pressing down against my cock. I watched as the last of my cock disappeared and her pubic hair merged with mine and her soft ass cheeks pressed down on my balls.

She reached for my hand and I wondered what she wanted me to do. She placed my fingers against her cheek and then took my thumb in her mouth. She sucked on it and continued the rotary movement with her hips.

Finally she leaned back and I could again see my cock stretching open the lips to her cunt. Just where her clitoral shaft separated into two lips, I could see the engorged button of her clitoris, with two tiny tendons extending down. She took my hand away from her face, brought it downward, and guided my thumb to her clitoris.

I stroked it gently with the soft pad of my thumb. After a minute, I stuck my thumb in my own mouth, lubricating it generously with saliva. I returned to her clitoris, stroking this time in a larger circle, over the shaft, down around the soft lips before they began to encircle my cock, around again, gently, ever so gently, touching her blood-red engorged button. Her breathing became faster and she pressed down harder against my cock.

Suddenly I felt her reach orgasm with a series of strong contractions around the base of my cock. I continued my stroking, even gentler now to her flesh, waiting for her to finish. At length she reached down for my hand and held it still against my stomach. For a minute or so, she sat quietly, eyes closed, breathing heavily. Finally, she opened her eyes.

“It’s your turn now,” she said. “I’m glad you can be a gentleman. Remember, always let the lady come first.”

“I will, but I might want more than one turn,” I responded. “It’s been too long since I’ve made love to a woman.”

“We have the rest of the night. It might be good if you left before dawn. Now, what would you like me to do? Tell it to me and I’ll do it.”

I thought for a minute; what did I want. I knew but could I say it without being ridiculous? I decided to try.

“Claire, what I want is as old as mankind and womankind,” I whispered. “I want to change places with you, to be on top of you, to feel your stomach against mine, your breasts against my chest; I don’t want my cock in you then; I want it just there, between us, so you can feel it on your belly; then I want to feel your arms wrapped around me, your hands holding my ass, your legs wrapped around mine; I want you to kiss me, or I should say I want to kiss you; I’ve wanted to kiss you since the first minute I saw you; I want you to hold me until you can’t stand it any longer; and when you begin to move your hips, I’m going to see if my cock can find your cunt, with no help from either of our hands; and then I’m going to slowly slide my cock into your cunt until it’s buried down to my balls, to stay like that until I can’t stand it any longer; and when I forget everything else, I’m going to begin to fuck you, slowly at first, short strokes first, gradually getting faster and faster, with longer strokes, until I’m giving you every inch of my cock as deep and hard as I can, losing control more and more, slamming my stomach against yours, bouncing my balls off your ass-cheeks, all the time keeping my mouth on yours, until finally I come, my cock buried to the hilt in you, pouring out a load of semen with about a billion sperm directly on the entrance to your womb.”

She raised up over me, my cock sliding out of her, and then stood up beside the couch. She offered me her hand, pulled me up until I was standing beside her. Quickly she took my place.

She smiled up at me. “That was quite eloquent, Kieran. If you do it as well as you describe it, you’re going to be hired for the job.”

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Siobhan interrupted my story. “I don’t want to hear about all of the women you fucked, excuse me, made love with. Let’s save some of those stories for another night. Just tell me about the first one. Tell me how she usually paid you for your special services.”

“Except for the salary, there’s no written record of any payment I received. It’s in my memory. Sometimes the payments were in cash, delivered to me at work in the office mail in an envelope with no

return address. Other times I was told to go back to Mr. Broussard and my wardrobe increased with some very expensive clothes. On one occasion, there was a Rolex watch. The one that amazed me the most was the time I received a call from the BMW dealer that my car was ready for delivery."

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My first client was Claire's best friend, widowed less than a year earlier. Claire said that her friend had been deeply depressed since the death of her husband and, even though she was only 39, seemed to have given up on life and refused to consider thinking of another man. Again, Claire made all the plans. I was to be her friend's fortieth birthday present.

She sent me to Mr. Broussard again. This time he outfitted me in a Navy blazer, three pair of pants, and three mock turtlenecks, all light and soft feeling on my body. I was sitting in the dressing room in my white briefs when he returned with a box of underwear, silky-looking boxer underwear in varying colors. "Here, try these on and let me see how they look."

I hesitated a moment. He recognized my reluctance.

He smiled knowingly at me. "Kieran, I've been a complete heterosexual all my life, in case you want to know. I've been married to the same woman for over forty years and we have three children and eight grandkids. Mrs. Deland has been very candid with me in all the years I've served her. I know what sort of services you're providing for her. I'm told you have a certain asset that will serve her purposes very well. I'm supposed to enhance the way it's presented. I will admit I envy you but let me assure you I'm simply doing my job."

I stripped off my white briefs and put on burgundy-colored silk boxer shorts. It was easy to see the shape of my cock and balls through the thin material.

"That should tempt any woman," Mr. Broussard said. "Now put on the gray pants."

I did what he told me.

"Close your eyes and rub your penis a few times. Imagine you're dancing, pressed against a woman."

I did as he suggested. When I looked down, I could clearly see the beginning of a hard-on, the rim around the head of my cock clearly visible through the gray slacks.

“Perfect,” Mr. Broussard said. “They’ll love that.”

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On Saturday, when the taxi delivered me to the front entrance of what I knew was the most expensive hotel in the city, a uniformed young man held the door for me and carried my one suitcase. As instructed, I arrived at the front desk a few minutes before noon.

An attractive young woman was behind the desk. I’m sure I was blushing as I told her, “Mrs. Claire Deland said I should ask for Kathy.”

“I’m Kathy,” she replied, with a smile. “Mrs. Deland has made all the arrangements. Steve will show you to her room,” she said, handing him a key-card. “If you need anything before six, please call down and ask for me. After six, ask for Roberta. Please enjoy you stay with us, sir.”

The room was really a suite of rooms, with a large living area, already set up with a table for lunch for two. The drapes were pulled back and the window provided a beautiful view of the city. The bedroom was huge but the drapes were closed with only one lamp providing a soft light. The bathroom had a tub easily large enough for two and the separate shower could have held three or four.

I had just finished exploring the suite when I heard a soft knock, a key card being inserted, and the turning of the door handle. I hurried to the center of the large window as I had been instructed and waited.

Mrs. Deland entered first, followed by a tall, attractive woman, a slim brunette. The other woman hesitated when she saw me, until Mrs. Deland caught her hand and pulled her into the room. She led her friend over to me and introduced us, first names only. Her name was Elizabeth but, Mrs. Deland said, she was always called Beth.

Beth looked back and forth between the two of us, evidently confused about my reason for being here.

“I know I invited you for lunch for two,” Mrs. Deland said. “But I wasn’t quite truthful. The lunch is for the two of you. He is the best dancer I’ve ever known. I hope you think so too. And now I’m going to

leave. Just remember that it's your birthday so unwrap the birthday present I've left for you. It'll only have one candle."

With that, she turned and left the room. Beth's mouth was open but she seemed speechless, trying to figure out what this was all about.

I took her hand and led her to the couch, making sure that I sat at the opposite end. Mrs. Deland had told me of some of Beth's interests so it was easy to start a conversation with her.

At 12:30, there was a soft knock on the door. When I answered it, a young woman wheeled in a tray with a bottle of champagne in a silver cooler and a tray of appetizers. I opened the bottle and poured two glasses.

At 1:15, there was another soft knock. This time, the same woman wheeled in another tray with our lunch. I took Beth's hand, led her to the table, and held her chair. After the woman served us, she left. At 2:00, I called the front desk and asked Kathy to have the remains of our lunch cleared away.

We talked for while longer, until I could see that Beth was finally relaxing with me. I walked across the room and turned on a CD player on a table. The music had a soft sensuous Latin rhythm.

"Claire told me you enjoy dancing. Would you do me the honor?" I walked back across the room to her and held out my hand.

When I first took her in my arms, she held herself distant from me. Gradually, as she began to enjoy herself, she began to relax. Within a half hour, she offered no resistance when I pulled her against me with my pelvis against hers. I had worried needlessly whether I would respond to her. I could feel my cock begin to fill and grow, reaching a state of arousal limited only by the clothing I wore. As I pressed against her, I was sure she could feel it too.

The temperature in the room had been deliberately set a little on the warm side. I felt a drop of sweat on my forehead and wiped it off with my hand.

"It's warm," I said. "Would you help me take my coat off?"

She seemed confused but she did as I asked and I tossed the coat on the couch. As we began to dance again, I held her close pressing against her with more urgency. Her hand slid over the silk turtleneck, over my arm and shoulder and chest. At last she seemed to yield to

me, burying her face in the area just below my jaw. We slowed in our dancing, hardly moving, pressing against each other.

“Would you like to unwrap your birthday present now?” I whispered in her ear.

She looked up at me, indecision in her eyes. “I can’t,” she said.

“You can choose,” I said. “Claire said you were her closest friend. She wanted to give you a birthday present, to remind you how much joy and pleasure there is in life. I’m the present. You know what she meant when she said that there was only one candle. That candle’s burning now and can burn as often as you wish this weekend. The room’s reserved until Monday morning.”

I could see the conflict in her eyes as she stood still in my arms. Finally she reached a decision and caught the sides of the turtleneck and pulled it up and out of my pants. I ducked my head while she pulled it off me. She looked at my bare chest, put out one hand and ran it slowly over me. I caught it and moved it down to my belt.

She unbuckled it, released the catch on the top of my pants, and began to pull down the zipper. I quickly kicked off my shoes and, when she dropped my pants, I stepped out of them.

She looked down at the white silk boxer shorts I wore, at the bulge that my penis made with the rim of the head clearly visible against the thin fabric. I guided her hand down against it and she gasped when she felt it, still held downward but just on the edge of erection.

I waited for her to take the final step in unwrapping her present, trying to give her the choice in what she did. She chose. She bent over, caught the bottom of the shorts, and pulled them down slowly, watching as the elastic waist slid down until my pubic hair was exposed, then the base of my cock, then the shaft, and, at last, all of her birthday candle. I stepped out of the shorts.

She put both hands on me then, one cupping my balls, the other wrapping around my cock. It quickly came into full erection, swelling to full size and lifting until it was pointed up at almost a forty-five degree angle to my stomach.

I knew it was my turn then. I began to undress her and in a few minutes she stood naked before me. She was still a beautiful and desirable woman, with small breasts that hardly sagged, a flat firm stomach, and a soft tangle of pubic hair that hid the area between her thighs.

I bent down quickly, one arm behind her legs, the other behind her back and picked her up. Her eyes locked with mine as I carried her into the bedroom to the king-size bed with the covers already turned down. I eased her down on the bed and then walked back to the foot of the bed, looking down at her. Her legs were closed and I saw only the beginning of the cleft between them. Her eyes were locked on my erect cock and she had the beginning of a smile on her face.

I crawled from the foot of the bed toward her on my knees and gently pulled her legs apart with my hands. I looked down at the soft mounds of her outer lips, covered with scant pubic hair and at the pale closed inner lips.

I stroked her gently with my hands, over her flat over almost concave stomach, her Mound of Venus, her soft thighs, and gradually moved closer and closer to the center of her. When I finally began to stroke her between her thighs, she gasped and I looked up to see her eyes closed.

I stretched out on the bed, between her legs, slowly slid my hands under her legs, then under her buttocks, and lifted her up from the bed toward my mouth. When she felt me kiss her vulva, she moaned and I heard her whisper, "Nobody's ever done that before."

"Then it's time," I said. "I wish you could know how much I like to make love to women this way."

I started with my tongue, teasing the inner lips apart, licking her on the little butterfly-like wings as they separated, and bringing my tongue each time upwards toward where I knew I would find her clitoris. After a few minutes I could feel her clitoral hood retract, as the little pea-size organ grew engorged. I used my tongue, pointed, as a substitute for my penis, and licked up the juices her cunt was beginning to secrete.

I lowered her back down on the bed and then lifted her legs and placed them on my shoulders. I brought my face back down between her thighs and inhaled the scent of her. Slowly and gently I continued to love her with my tongue, occasionally opening my eyes to see what changes were occurring. Her vulva was completely open now. Her vagina was still little more than a potential opening but it glistened wetly with her secretions and my saliva. Her vaginal lips were engorged, pinker, and her clitoris stood out, uncovered and red.

Again I lowered my mouth to her, seeking her clitoris, encircling it with my lips, gently sucking on it. I could hear her breathing become

more rapid and she began to moan softly. At the same time that I sucked on her tiny clitoris, I began to flick it with my tongue. Her hands suddenly grabbed my head and pulled my face against her. I could distinctly feel the contractions of her orgasm.

I stopped then and rose up on my knees looking down at her. She smiled up at me and then her gaze moved lower to my cock. I moved closer between her legs and lowered myself down on her. I let my cock rest on her stomach and made no attempt to get it into her. I slid my arms underneath her shoulders, held her head in my hands, and lowered my lips to hers. She met me with an open mouth.

I kissed her like that for a few minutes, quiet and gentle loving, moving from her breasts to her mouth and back, again and again. When she began to press upward against me, against the hardness of my cock, I decided she was ready for the next step. For a moment, I started to reach down and hold my dick until it found the opening into her. Then I remembered Clair's admonition to let the woman make the choices, that I should not take charge of the situation unless I was certain that was what she wanted.

Holding her, I rolled over so that I was flat on my back with her on top of me, her legs still spread, my cock imprisoned between our bellies.

"Sit up," I whispered.

She did as I asked and reached down and wrapped her hand around my cock. I guessed that she intended to hold it upright while she slid down on it.

"No," I said. "Not yet, just sit on it. I want you to do something for me, something I like. I want to feel you on my cock while it's still outside. I want to feel your lips open up and get wet and I want you to slide back and forth on it. Slide forward and see if you can feel your clit touch the head of my cock. Then slide back until you can feel my balls under your ass."

I had to use my hands on her hips to show her what I wanted. She smiled when she understood and began to move back and forth, watching, rubbing her vulva, open and exposed, against the underside of my dick. She looked up at me and I could see this was a new discovery for her.

She enjoyed the game for a few minutes while I played with her breasts. I could hear her breathing quickening again. Suddenly she raised herself and I quickly reached down between us and held my cock upright. She slowly lowered herself back down until I could feel

my cock head reach the depths of her and our combined pubic hair blocked my view.

I put my hands behind my head and watched her. She had her eyes shut, lost in her own world of sensation, as she sat impaled upon every inch of my cock. Finally she leaned forward slightly and put her hands on my chest and lifted her hips slightly. I watched as she began a slow movement up and down.

After a few minutes, I knew I was slowly building toward an orgasm. I wanted to wait, to see if she could bring herself off this way, but I knew I was about to lose control of the situation. I closed my eyes and tried to think of anything but what I was feeling in my cock. I thought of an unpleasant assignment I had been given at work, one that I dreaded, that filled me with anxiety because it was going to result in hurting at least one or two other people. I must have smiled when I felt the urge subside because I heard Beth whisper.

“You’re smiling like a Cheshire cat while I do all the work.”

I knew I couldn’t hold back any more so I opened my eyes, grabbed her waist with both hands, and roughly pulled her down on my cock. I could feel her pubic bone hit against mine and then I felt her coming, her vagina contracting again and again around the base of my cock. I pressed her down on me until I felt the ripples die away and her head fell forward and her hair hid her face.

When her breathing slowed and her body relaxed, I put my hands on her waist and lifted her just enough to give my hips room to move. I deliberately tried to be as slow as possible at first, savoring the feeling of my cock sliding into her wet warmth. My deliberate consciousness began to fade away and I became aware of nothing but my hard cock moving in and out of her. At some point, I finally lost all control and began to thrust upward into her as hard and as deep as I could, desperate to come in her. I could hear her grunting or moaning, her face beside mine, her mouth on my shoulder, and her teeth fastened on my skin in what would have any other time been a painful bite. As I felt the first spurt begin to travel from deep inside me out of my cock, I pushed her down on it as hard as I could and held her frozen there. I could feel each distinct spurt trying to find room to exit my body, dashing against the entrance to her womb.

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"That's quite a description," Siobhan said. "I know how Beth must have felt. You've done me that way more times than I can count."

"I can't really describe what I feel when I do it with you, Siobhan. You know that. Words can't convey sensations and emotions, no matter well they're used."

"Well, just tell me one more thing," she said. "Did Beth succeed in blowing out her candle?"

"We didn't leave the hotel until almost noon on Monday. I don't know how many times I came or how many she did. I know I went straight home after we parted and went to bed after I had lunch. Except for a trip to the bathroom sometime during the night, I slept for almost eighteen hours."

"What did you do with the Rolex watch Claire gave you?" Siobhan asked. "When we married, you had the BMW and it's mine now. I think you had most of the clothes you described. I've never seen the Rolex."

"I wore it a few times. It had a ring of diamonds around the, what is it, the bezel. I didn't like the looks I got when people saw it. I sold it about a year before I met you and then got me one with a stainless steel case."

"Is that the one you gave to Kavan about a year ago?"

"Yeah, he chewed on it so much when he was teething, I quit wearing it and saved it for him."

"That Rolex was worth a lot if it had diamonds on it. What did you do with the money?"

"Used it to start investing in stocks. That's where all of the money I got from Claire went, that plus part of my other salary."

"Well, you did have quite a portfolio when you asked me to take charge of it. Craziest damn mess I'd ever seen. I still don't see how every one of them could have increased in value the way they did."

"Aaawww, come on, Siobhan, I may be a dumb engineer and you're a smart financial analyst but I figured out how to make good investments."

"Sure you did. I looked at your stuff a lot when we first got married and I couldn't see any rhyme or reason to it. Except that every damn one had been a good investment. How did you do it?"

“I told you a lot of the people who came to do business with Claire were men, sometimes it was husband and wife, sometimes just a woman. I just sort of learned how to let them know I was playing in the market a little. It’s amazing how much good investment advice they’d give a young man who’d just given them a good dinner with wine and maybe a drink or two. If they made a recommendation about their company, I’d run it past Claire and she’d give me her advice. It got to be a game with her after a while.”

“Well, you must have done something special for her to give you a new car. You didn’t have to service her again, did you?”

“Nope, after the job interview, it was strictly business. I guess she got a kick out of our arrangement. She gave me the car when I helped her acquire a company with a line of clothing she wanted. She said she was prepared to pay a million or so more than she finally had to pay. You’d know the woman if I told you what the line of clothing is. I’ve seen you wear some of the stuff. You look good in it.”

She looked at me for a minute or so. I could almost see the wheels turning as he tried to figure out who it was. Finally she shook her head and a smile crept on her face.

“I don’t believe you screwed her,” she said.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

“She’s tall, really long legs, speaks with a fake Russian accent. Is that the one?”

“Nah, she was short, fat legs, and spoke with a fake Southern accent.”

“I’d like to interview you for a job, Kieran. All you have to do is tell me who it was.”

“Interview me first. If you hire me, I’ll tell you.”

“It’ll require some hard work on your part. Are you up to it?”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Oh, I don’t know. How about just doing whatever it was you did with Claire? Maybe that would satisfy me.”

“I’ll do my best.”

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After she interviewed me, she hired me. I told her who it was that got me the little red BMW she was driving now. The woman did speak with a fake Russian accent. Siobhan loved the whole idea. She had just one more question for me.

“Why did you stop working, if I can call it that, for Claire?” she finally asked, just as we were curling up for sleep. “I know you were getting your sexual appetite satisfied regularly and being well compensated for it. If I’d done with men the same thing you did I’d have been called an expensive call girl. I might’ve done it anyway if I’d had the right men for clients. I won’t pass judgment on you. But tell me one more thing, why did you quit?”

“Do you remember when you were hired by the company and when you were introduced to me a few days later?”

“Yes, I remember. You had on that tan suit with a blue shirt and a red tie. I would never have thought that color combination would look good on a man but, I’ll admit, you carried it off quite well.”

“I called Claire the same afternoon. I told her I wanted to quit and I told her why.”

“And what was your reason?”

“I told her I’d just met the woman I wanted to marry.”

Chapter Twenty

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 38 in story, 19 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 37 in story; Kavan Stuart, 11; Arial Stuart, 10; Kerry Stuart, 6

David _____, 22 in flashback

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart

(KIERAN)

On Saturday, the dog days of August were bearing down with high temperatures and cloying humidity. The kids protested when I closed

up the house and turned on the air conditioning. The humidity was just too oppressive to do anything.

We were all lounging around in the house in the nude as usual, doing nothing in particular, when the kids ganged up on me. They decided they wanted to do something outdoors. They begged me to take them to the creek down the hill behind the house and let them play in the water and dig in the sand.

I tried to convince them to settle for an afternoon swim in our pool. They knew they could swim in the nude in our sheltered pool and I suppose they thought they could do the same thing in the creek. When I told them they'd have to wear bathing suits because other people might be down there that didn't deter them.

Siobhan had finally agreed that Kavan and Arial could watch out for Kerry at the creek occasionally but she didn't want them getting in the water without supervision. The creek was shallow and not dangerous except in a few deeper pools. Kavan was good about watching out for snakes and poison ivy but Kerry in the water was just too much responsibility for him.

I finally agreed, partly to make them stop begging and partly because I wanted to play in the creek with them. Siobhan said she wanted to finish sewing some new kitchen curtains. She suggested we should all wear denim shorts and our oldest sneakers instead of bathing suits if we were going to dig. The kids ran for their rooms to change. I watched Kerry's butt as he went through a new routine of skip, hop, and bounce, and then went to our bedroom for my shorts and sneakers.

When I came back in the family room, Kavan and Kerry were already there in their shorts and Kerry was sitting on the floor, struggling to get his sneakers on without untying them. I took them away, picked the knots apart for about the millionth time, and helped him put them on. A few minutes later, Arial came back in shorts and sneakers – and little budding breasts.

I'd been aware for some time that she was beginning to show a few signs of development. She didn't have any noticeable pubic hair yet but her breasts had begun to swell just a little and the nipples were a little larger. She almost killed Kavan when he called them bee-stings but then she started calling them the same thing.

I guess I'd have taken the three of them as they were but Siobhan didn't approve. She told Arial she had to wear something on top.

“Mom, that’s not fair!” Arial protested.

“I know,” Siobhan said. “Life’s not fair to women.”

“But Kavan and Kerry don’t have to wear tops. Why do I have to?”

“Because you’re starting to develop breasts and some people think women shouldn’t show their breasts in public.”

“Aw, come on, Siobhan,” I intervened. “There’s nothing wrong with letting her go like the boys.”

“Yeah, Mom,” Kerry said, “let her go like us.”

I looked at Kavan and he was nodding enthusiastically.

She took a deep sigh of resignation. It was four to one.

“Well, would you at least take a shirt for her? If you see anybody down there, make her put it on.”

I looked at Arial and she smiled. It was a satisfactory compromise.

We spent an enjoyable hour or so playing in the shallow water, digging in the sand bars, and even smearing mud all over each other. Finally, I sat down in the creek while they tried to get the mud and sand off my back and out of my hair. Then I helped them get most of it off themselves too. It was fun trying to turn dirty savages back into clean little angels.

When we got back to the house, I led the troupe into the basement shower area and we all stripped. I collected sneakers and tried to beat most of the sand and mud off. Arial collected shorts and put them in a basket. Kavan got the bench so we could all shampoo.

Kerry went over to the shower drain and proceeded to pee down it. As usual, Arial pronounced it “Gross,” so, of course, Kavan had to do it too. She watched him and then shook her head.

“Boys! You’re all alike! You might as well do it to, Dad.”

“Have you got to go, Princess?” I asked.

“Yes, and I’m going to do it too,” she announced with her most regal bearing.

I'd seen her sit and pee for years but this was a new one. She straddled the drain, squatted, and proceeded to pee. She still looked like a little angel when she did it.

"OK, Dad, your turn," Kavan said. He was standing there still with his hand cupped under his testicles, looking for hair. Since he'd found the first fine red hairs down there, he was always looking for more.

"Yeah, Dad, you do it too," Kerry said. He was standing there flipping his little dick up and down and grinning at me.

I did it too. They'd seen me pee lots of times but I hadn't peed down the drain before. They were a good audience as usual. Arial paid particular attention and didn't even call me gross. I flipped my dick up and down a few times like Kerry and she giggled at that.

We all rinsed off under the shower and I rubbed their hair to try to get most of the sand out of it. Kavan and Arial could finally do a decent job of shampooing but I decided to give them a treat. I lined all three of them up on the bench and then washed their hair. Kavan and Kerry had their usual summer buzz-cut so theirs was no problem. Arial's was cropped shorter than usual but hers was so fine it took a little longer. They insisted on returning the favor for me. After a minute of so I knew why some fathers get bald.

Kavan and Arial bathed themselves but I still had to do Kerry if I wanted him really clean. I sat on the bench with my knees apart with Kerry between them and scrubbed him until he was pink and glowing. He got his usual boner when I pulled his foreskin back and washed his dick. When I tried to wash the crack of his ass, he started giggling and dancing. I finally grabbed him, pulled him against my chest, reached around with the cloth, and scrubbed his butt until it was pink too. He giggled even after I stopped.

Siobhan came down the stairs from the kitchen with towels for us. She sat on the steps and watched while I washed myself and the kids played. I scrubbed underneath my foreskin too, deliberately doing it while she watched. I raised my eyebrows to ask her. She nodded once as an answer.

Siobhan helped Arial get dry while I helped Kerry. Kavan was his usual independent I-can-do-it-myself boy and didn't want any help. When I bathed with them, Siobhan usually took them upstairs to inspect them and comb their hair while I cleaned up the mess. Arial and Kerry ran up the steps this time but Kavan held back.

"Dad, can I talk to you?" he asked.

I sat down on the bench and he sat down beside me. I looked at him without saying anything.

“Yeah, I know, may I talk to you?”

“Sure, Son, what did you want to talk about? Something you didn’t want Ariel to hear?”

“Yeah, I guess so. It’s something I don’t understand and I don’t guess girls would either.”

“What?”

“It’s about guys doing stuff with guys, you know, queers. Some of the guys at school are always calling other guys fags. That’s guys who like other guys instead of girls, isn’t it? They fuck each other in the ass.”

“Yeah, that’s one of the things they do. They perform oral sex on each other too.”

“That’s why they’re called cock-suckers, isn’t it? ‘Cause they suck each other’s dicks.”

“I suppose so. I hope you don’t call anybody that. I’ve tried to teach you never to call people names that hurt them.”

“I don’t, Dad. I don’t use bad words about people from different races and religions. I understand that. It’s just the bad names when it comes to sex that I don’t understand.”

“Give me an example, Son.”

“Well, if a girl sucks a guy’s dick, that’s OK, and he’ll call her a sweetheart and talk like he loves her. If a guy sucks his dick, he’ll call him a cocksucker and treat him like shit and act like he hates him. Why do some guys hate queers so much?”

I suppose I didn’t really know the answer to that. I didn’t want to get into another discussion of religion and how ridiculous some of its teachings were. The last time I’d talked with him about masturbation, he’d asked me then why most guys were ashamed of jacking off. He was getting more and more interested in it and, from what he said, was doing it regularly. I always gave him the same advice – to enjoy it as something perfectly natural. I knew he couldn’t really understand how natural since he hadn’t yet been subjected to the surge of

testosterone he was going to have very soon. I thought of something we'd seen on television a few days earlier.

"Do you remember the TV program we saw on the nature channel a few days ago, the one about the bighorn sheep?" I asked.

"You mean the one where they butted heads to see who got to mate with the females?"

"Yeah, that's the one. Maybe some guys do that to hurt other guys, to make females think they're queers and not worth mating with."

"You mean it might be inst... instinc..."

"Instinctual," I butted in.

"Yeah, instinctual for guys to act that way, like rams?"

"Maybe," I said. "In a lot of animals males try to exert dominance over other males. The dominant male gets to mate with lots of females, maybe all the mature ones in his pack. What do you think?"

"Well, do human beings have instincts like that? Am I going to have to be a dominant male if I want to get any pussy when I get older?"

"No, Son. I don't think so. We don't have a harem of females to mate with. You might think you want to sometimes but, believe me, one female is enough."

"Yeah, I guess so. One Mom's enough too."

"I'm not saying that's the only reason why some people hate homosexuals, Kavan," I said. "Hatred's pretty complex behavior and I suppose nobody completely understands it. I do know one thing though: you shouldn't hate somebody just because they're different. Your mother and I have always tried to make sure you kids know how much we love you. How would you feel if I said I hated you?"

He looked at me with a face as serious as any I'd ever seen.

"You wouldn't do that, would you, Dad?" he asked.

"No, Son, I wouldn't. You know I love you, don't you?"

"Yeah, you and Mom are always telling us how much you love us, but I know it anyway."

“But just try to think how much better you feel knowing I love you and how it would hurt if I said I hated you. Don’t ever try to hurt people by doing hateful things to them, Kavan. You’ll be a better man if you can avoid that sort of behavior.”

“Aw, shit, Dad, I just want to be like you,” he said.

“Why are you concerned about homosexuality, Son?” I asked. “Have you been doing something with some of your friends?”

“Naah, Dad, nothing like that. I guess I just couldn’t understand why some guys call other people fags and queers so much. One guy calls me a fag and I don’t see why. I already know I’d rather fuck around with girls instead of guys.”

“Have you already started having hard-ons a lot? When you look at a cute girl and think about doing something with her, do you get a woody?”

“Yeah, sometimes. Course, I get a woody lots of times when I’m not thinking about anything. My dick just gets stiff by itself, like now, see.”

He moved his arms away from his legs and uncovered a very nice hard-on. It looked like a good four or five inch stiffie already.

“That’s normal, Son. It’s going to get worse. Just don’t worry about it. When you get a chance, just jack off. It’ll give you a little relief.”

“I don’t understand why it’s that way, Dad. I can’t even come yet.”

“What do you mean? Do you mean you can’t ejaculate or you can’t have an orgasm? I thought you said you were having pretty good orgasms the last time we talked.”

He held his dick with his thumb and one finger and slid the skin up and down a couple of times while we both watched.

“I am. I just do what you told me, get some baby oil and do it nice and slow. I can have a good orgasm but nothing comes out.”

“Don’t worry about it, Son. It won’t be long. If you’re like me, you’ll start out squirting a little clear stuff and then it’ll gradually get whiter as more sperm are produced by your balls.”

“Sometimes, when I jack off, I think about watching Luke and Rachael doing it when we were at the cabin. I imagine I’m Luke and think about having my dick in Rachael. Is that OK?”

“Sure, Son, it’s OK to fantasize about that sort of thing. We all do it, boys and girls. Sometimes I think about doing it with her when I jack off too.”

He giggled. “Yeah, but you know what it’s really like. I don’t.”

“I didn’t know what it was like to do it with a woman when I was your age, Kavan.”

“Did you jack off a lot when you were a kid, Dad?”

“Yep. My Dad told me and your uncle Alan that it was a normal thing to do, just like I’m telling you. When Alan started jacking off, I didn’t understand why he did it so much. A few years later, I was jacking off more than he did.”

“And you still do it sometimes? Does Mom know?”

“Yeah, I still do it. Sometimes when your Mom’s got her period or when she doesn’t feel well, I’ll do it. Sometimes I do it just because I want to. She knows I do. Sometimes she watches me do it. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“I think I’ll go to my room and do it,” he said.

I suppose I’d answered his questions even though I wasn’t completely sure what he was concerned about. He stood up and started toward the stairs. I looked him over, from tousled red hair, skinny hard body, proud woody pointing upward, and sturdy long legs. He was a beautiful perfect boy and I was glad he was my son.

“Kavan,” I called.

He turned and looked at me.

“I’ll never hate you, Son. I’ll always love you. No matter what.”

He gave me a big grin and his face lit up. “Thanks, Dad,” he said.

“Would you take the towels up to the laundry room, please?” I asked. “I’ll get all the dirty clothes.”

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After the kids were in bed and the house had been rescued from chaos again, I went in the living room, turned on my favorite station, and switched the speakers to send the music to our bedroom. When I went in there, Siobhan was just inside the bathroom door, fresh out of the shower, drying her hair.

I closed the drapes, turned on the overhead fan, and lay down on the bed where I could watch her. Even after fourteen years of marriage, it was a scene I never tired of seeing. She held the blow dryer in one hand, her hairbrush in the other, and kept lifting that glorious red hair. With her arms up like that, her breasts were lifted too and even the slight sag the kids and years had given them was gone. Her strawberry nipples in the mirror looked soft and a darker red than the aureole. She was turned slightly away from me and I could see her beautiful woman's butt, maybe wider now, but still tight and flawless. I felt like a little boy - looking at something secret and getting a stiffie. I was lying on my side with my head propped on one hand. My dick wasn't quite hard yet but it was swollen to the stage just before it stood up.

"Kavan and I had a good talk downstairs after we showered," I called out to her.

She turned and looked at me. "Is that for me?"

"Yes, if you'd like to have it."

"Kavan had a nice one when he came up the stairs," she said, walking into the bedroom. "What were you two talking about?"

"He wanted to know why some boys accuse others of being fags. He used the term queers too. I don't use those words in talking with him. I wish he wouldn't pick them up at school."

"Did you give him honest answers?"

"Yes. I always try to. He was more concerned about why some guys hate queers than about the sex activities of gays. He knows what they do with each other. I told him about the sex acts the first time he asked me. I guess I never thought to try to teach him anything about society's hatred for gays. I don't know if my answer was any good but I tried to make sure he didn't start hating them."

She sat down on the side of the bed and started brushing her hair again.

“That’s good. What gave him the hard-on? He was cute when he came in the kitchen with the arm-load of towels and that boner pointing at the ceiling?”

“Who knows? He’s got about a dozen red hairs around his dick now. He’s already starting to become a man. We talked about masturbation again and I told him the same thing I always do. He says he’s having good orgasms when he jacks off but he doesn’t shoot off yet.”

I reached over and, with one finger, traced the curve under her breast up to her nipple. She smiled at me.

“Were you like that,” she asked, “jacking off and having orgasms before your testosterone really kicked in?”

She reached over and ran one finger over the side of my scrotum and down the length of my dick. I felt an instant surge into it.

“Yeah, I’ve told you how I was. Boys love to play with their dicks as soon as they realize they’ve got one. I used to watch Alan jack off and squirt out on his stomach. I’d try to do it and get so damn frustrated because I couldn’t do it too. I could have pretty good orgasms but I was about twelve before I ever got a drop out when I came.”

“What does he think about guys having sex with other guys? Is he curious about it?”

“I don’t think so. He said he fantasizes about having sex with Rachael sometimes when he jacks off.”

“I guess it’s a good thing he didn’t see what you and Luke did with each other. Do you think he’d fantasize about having sex with Luke?”

“Shit, Siobhan, don’t kid me about that. You and Rachael are the ones who made us do it. Luke and I weren’t the ones who started that.”

“No, but you enjoyed it, didn’t you?”

She put her hairbrush down on the nightstand and pulled back the sheet on her side of the bed. I got up, pulled down the sheet on my side, and we both got in bed. I lay down on my back and she moved over close to me, on her side, and threw one leg over mine.

“I told you I did. I think Luke did too. That doesn’t mean we want to do it with each other anymore.”

"Did you ever have sex with a man before Luke? I don't mean just playing around with other boys when you were little. I want to know if you've ever really done it with another man after you were grown, after you'd already had sex with a woman."

"Are you sure you want to hear about it?" I asked. "I'll probably lie about it. You'll never know if it really happened. If I tell you, you may learn things about me that you'll wish you didn't know."

"I want to hear it, Kieran. I want you to tell it down to the last little juicy detail, just like you did when you told me about having sex for the first time with a woman."

She slid her hand over my chest, down over my stomach, and let it come to rest just short of my dick.

"What do I get if I tell you?" I asked.

"Whatever you want, as long as it's what I want."

She tugged gently at the hair just below my navel.

"His name was David," I began...

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I met David during my freshman year in college. I usually went to the track and ran two or three times a week, for exercise and to get rid of stress. On one occasion, he was there for the same reasons and we ran together. We got to know each other and became friends. At first we just ran together but gradually we started doing other things together, like movies and college events. He had a girl friend and sometimes she went out with us. She wouldn't go running with us however.

He was a senior, in a different major, so we never had classes together. We were alike in build, both slim and tall, like most runners. Our personalities were a lot alike and we seemed to like a great many of the same things.

We had been running on a Saturday afternoon, an unusually warm spring day. I suppose we were both enjoying the warmth and sun and just being alive after a cold winter. We probably ran for close to six or seven miles before we quit, twice around the running path behind the gym.

We were sitting on a bench cooling down when David suggested we get a six-pack of beer and a pizza and take them back to his

apartment. I was living in a college dorm and had never been to his apartment. He had told me where he lived, in a small apartment over a store that backed up to the river, and he had invited me to stop by more than once. We drove to his apartment in his little wreck of a foreign car and stopped on the way for the pizza and beer.

We both pulled off our shoes and socks as soon as we were inside his apartment and put our feet up while we opened the first of the beer. He wiggled his toes and feet around and relaxed.

“One of us stinks,” he said.

“It’s you,” I lied. “I haven’t been sweating.” Everything I had on was wet.

“Would it be OK with you if I took my shirt and shorts off?” he asked. “I think I’m a closet nudist. I like to go without any clothes when I’m here in my apartment.”

“Yeah, I would too, but I’ve got to wear these back to the dorm,” I said.

“Shit, don’t let that stop you. I’ll lend you some shorts and a shirt. You can get a shower here if you want to.”

He stood and pulled his shirt over his head and, almost in the same motion, stripped off his shorts. I followed his example and we stood, looking at each other.

We were very similar in some ways. We were both tall and slim but I was fair and blond with relatively little body hair and he was the opposite. His hair was dark, almost black, short and neatly trimmed. On his chest, black hair started near his throat and spread outward over his chest toward his nipples. It stopped before it reached his navel and reappeared in a black explosion where it spread out over the base of his stomach and between his thighs. His dick was long and slim, no larger than normal, but it looked strange, so white in the midst of all the black hair. It was also half-hard, hanging down and distended like mine from the heat and our exercise. I knew my testicles were hanging low, as they always did when I was warm and sweaty from running. His balls were drawn up so that half his cock dangled below them. His cock was like mine, uncircumcised.

“Would you like to stay here, tonight, with me?”

I had just taken a swallow of beer when he said that. I almost choked but I managed to swallow. I waited for a minute, wondering whether I had understood what he was saying.

"Are you asking me to sleep here? Are you suggesting more than that?"

"I thought we might get around to sleeping sometime tonight. There are some other things I'd like to do first."

"Look, David," I answered, "we're good friends and I want to be honest with you. I'm not a virgin. I've had sex with one woman, older than me, and with a few girls about my own age. With one exception, I've never done anything with guys."

"Have you ever thought about it? Ever wondered what it would be like?" he asked.

"Sure, I'll admit to that. But I've spent my life around a man and woman who love each other and never try to hide it. My mother and father have a very loving marriage. Someday, I'll find me a woman and try to have that same sort of relationship."

"What was it like when you were a kid?" he asked. "Tell me a little about it."

"Well, when I was very little, I remember crawling in with them once when they were in bed and naked together. They laughed when I took my pajamas off and begged them to let me sleep with them. I remember walking in on them lots of times when they were hugging each other with their hands on each other's butt. As I got older, my father talked to me honestly and I learned what they did together in bed. My mother's attitude was that it was the most natural thing in the world for a man and a woman to love each other and nothing to be ashamed about."

"What was it like the first time you ever did it?"

"Just before I was sixteen an older woman taught me what sex could be like between a man and woman. That afternoon we did just about everything I'd been fantasizing about. I came four times and still wanted more. She wasn't ashamed to do it with me and she made sure I wasn't either."

"I envy you that," he said. "My parents tried to teach me that sex of any kind was something to be ashamed of. I don't know how they managed to bring me and my brother into the world."

"I sometimes think I could fuck every woman on earth and never get enough of them. Since I came to college, I haven't managed to do more than just get a quick feel or two from any of them. I get a hard-on or two every day from looking at tits and ass on campus."

"I can understand that," David said. "I've been trying to talk Sarah into giving in for months. We've talked about getting married when I graduate. She still can't make up her mind. I guess I'm about as hard up for pussy right now as you are."

"Well, do what I do. Ask your right hand for a date. It won't turn you down."

"Yeah, I know but right now I'm asking you. Do you want to take a shower with me?"

I sat and looked at him for a minute or so. I'd had two beers and I was loose and relaxed. A good shower was just what I needed. I didn't know what else I was getting into but I decided to find out.

"Oh, fuck, let's do it," I said.

He adjusted the water in the shower to a soft warm spray and then motioned for me to get in. When I did, he turned the bathroom light out before he got in and pulled the shower curtain closed. The room was almost dark, dimly lit by the light coming in from the street.

He put his hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me under the shower spray. I leaned forward with my forearms against the wall, hanging onto the shower pipe above, letting the water run over my face, wondering what he was doing behind me. When I felt the soapy cloth on my back, I closed my eyes and let him rub my shoulders. He stopped at my waist and turned me around. He scrubbed my arms and then my chest, again stopping at my waist. When he brought the cloth to my face, I closed my eyes again. The way he washed my face, slowly and gently, was probably the one thing that caused me to make up my mind. I still kept my eyes closed when he poured shampoo on my head, washed my hair, and then pushed me under the shower to wash all the soap away.

I wiped the water out of my face and looked at him. He was smiling like he knew what I had decided.

"Turn around again now and let me wash the lower half," he said.

This time, he knelt behind me and started with my feet, pulling to get me to lift first one and then the other. Gradually he moved upward, scrubbing my legs, finally reaching my ass. I let him wash me and tried to relax even when I felt the soapy cloth on one buttock and his hand on the other. When he turned me around, I watched while he washed the front of my legs, gradually moving upwards. He held my cock with one hand, pulled the foreskin back, and scrubbed the head with the soapy cloth. I felt an immediate reaction. He dropped the cloth, stood up, and held me with both hands, my balls with one hand and my cock with the other. We both watched while it came to full erection in his hand.

I pushed him away and stooped to pick up the washcloth. I followed his example and took my time in scrubbing him all over. When I took his cock in my hand it was semi-tumescent but as I stroked it with the soapy cloth it quickly became erect. The head of his cock was just an inch or so from mine.

We both stood looking down. I was comparing our cocks and I suppose he was too. He stepped closer to me and brought his against mine.

"That's some cock you've got," he said.

I reached down and held them together with both hands. I slid my soapy hands back and forth, slowly masturbating both of us at once.

"I think we'd better get out of the shower," he said.

When we came out of the bathroom, the moon was just coming up over the river, almost full, filling the large living room with soft light.

"Come, help me," David said. "I want to move the mattress off my bed and bring it in here."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it'll be cooler in here on the floor. The bedroom doesn't have good cross ventilation. I sleep in here on the couch lots of times when it's hot."

He led the way into the small bedroom. Together we moved the mattress off the bed, carried it into the living room, and laid it on the floor next to the couch. He went to the bathroom and returned with our damp towels. He dropped them beside the bed and then lay down on his stomach, his hard cock pressed against the mattress.

"Lie down here, on your stomach like this," he said, smiling at me. "I'm going to show you something that I learned from an English prof here. It's just one of the things I learned from him."

I didn't know what he meant and I certainly didn't know that I wanted him or anyone else to get at me from behind. I was curious about what it would be like and whether I would like it if he did. Maybe he sensed my apprehension.

"Relax," he said. "I'm going to give you a rub-down, a massage, using nothing but my hands and a little baby oil. You can tell me to stop any time and I won't try to get you to do anything you really can't handle."

I stretched out on the mattress with my head toward the window, the moonlight pouring in directly on me. David knelt beside me and started on my shoulders. He alternated between deep pressing on the underlying muscles and soft stroking on the skin. In a few minutes, I surrendered to the touch of his hands.

Then he moved, straddling my body, and I felt his balls against my ass and the hard length of his cock hot against me. I started to pull away but he put his hands on my waist and gently pushed me back down. When I relaxed again, he resumed his massage, pressing hard, sliding his hands from my waist to my shoulders again and again. After a few minutes, he reversed his position, straddling my hips again and facing my feet. He covered his hands with oil again and rubbed the muscles of my legs. I could feel the tension draining away and, damn, it did feel good.

He slid back toward my shoulders, straddling the middle of my chest this time, rubbing my buttocks. He stopped for a few seconds to put more oil on his hands and then resumed. His fingers were moving ever closer and closer to where I wasn't sure I wanted them, brushing lightly into the crack. Finally, he reached down between my legs with one hand and pressed with the fingertips against the area just behind my testicles. I spread my legs apart to give him easier access. He slid his hand up, probed deeper into my crack, and teased my asshole with one finger. At first I tensed again but then I realized that his touch felt good and that I was enjoying what he was doing. I suppose he realized that I was giving in to him. He slid just the tip of his index finger into my asshole and held it there.

"Tell me, honestly, does that feel good?" he whispered.

"Do you mean the massage or what you're doing now?" I grunted.

"I mean both," he said. "Your ass is just as capable of feeling pleasure as the skin on your back."

"The massage felt great. I'm not sure about what you're doing with your finger."

He removed his hand and reached out beside the mattress for something.

"Trust me, Kieran," he said. "I'm not going to turn you in to a raging queer. Just try to enjoy what we can do with each other. I think it'll be something you won't soon forget."

With my head turned to one side, I watched as he squeezed something from a tube onto his finger. I waited while he reached back to my ass. He rubbed the lubricant around my asshole and gradually began to stick his finger in me again. I knew what he was doing. Even though I had decided to have sex with him, I wasn't sure whether I could let him stick his dick in me. As his finger slid in and out, I felt my sphincter muscles relax and I gave in more and more to how good it felt.

"Turn over," he said, and stood up. I rolled over on my back and my dick stood up at an angle over my stomach. He didn't seem to notice. He straddled me again, sat back down, and my dick was pressed between my stomach and his ass, with the head poking out just under his balls. His dick was pointed straight at my face.

He wiped his hands on a towel and then coated them with oil again. He started on my shoulders, moved on to my chest, and then down to my stomach. He stopped and looked at me for a minute. I nodded. He moved backwards on my legs and uncovered my cock and balls. He squirted oil on the head of my cock, stroked up and down on the shaft a few times, and finally rubbed oil all over my balls. I closed my eyes and surrendered. I would have let him do anything he wanted to me. I think he knew it. He rolled off me and lay down beside me.

All he wanted was his turn at being massaged. I did my best to return the favor, giving him the same sort of slow massage he had given me. I doubt if I did it half as well as he did.

When I stopped, he stood up, spread one of the damp towels on the couch, and looked at me.

"Sit on the couch," he said. "Lean back and close your eyes and be comfortable."

I did as he said. He moved in front of me, pushed my knees apart, and knelt between my legs. He took my cock in one hand, wiped the oil off with a towel, and I knew what he was going to do. When I felt his mouth on the head of my cock, I froze, scarcely able to breathe.

A man gradually comes to know, no pun intended, his own cock like no woman ever can. He knows what to do with it and how to stroke it, when to go slow and when to go fast. David certainly knew what to do with my cock and he did it very well.

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I stopped with my story for a minute, wondering whether to go on with the next part. Siobhan stopped playing with my cock and looked up at me.

"Well, are you going to finish?" she asked. "You can't stop yet. This is fascinating."

"I'm not sure whether I should tell you the rest. It might change the way you feel about me."

"How do you mean?"

"You know how most men feel about sex between men, especially oral sex. One of the worst names one man can call another is a cocksucker. Most men like to have it done to them. They feel its O.K. for a woman to do it, but if another man does it, especially if he likes to do it, they have nothing but scorn for the cocksucker."

"But we both like oral sex, Kieran," she said. "I love old-fashioned missionary-position fucking, when you've got your cock working in my cunt like a piston. But oral sex is great too. I love to feel your mouth on me. Your tongue on my clit can give me great orgasms."

"Yeah, but how do you feel about my mouth and tongue being on another man's cock?"

"I've had my mouth on yours more times that I can count. You love it and you know you do. I like it too. It gets me all hot and wet to feel the head of your cock in my mouth and my hands on the shaft and on your balls. I'm not ashamed of it in the least. You never hesitate to kiss me even after I've been sucking your cock."

"OK, then, I'll tell you the rest of it, down to the last little detail, just like you asked me.

She put her hand back on my dick and rubbed one finger around on the head, smearing the drool all over it.

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What David did with his mouth and hands was just too much. After a minute or so, I knew I was on the edge of coming, at that point where my mind whispered for me to slow down, to prolong the pleasure, and my body yelled for release. At the last split-second, I pushed him away.

"Damn, David, you've got to stop," I said. "You're going to make me come if you keep that up."

He stood up and looked down at me with a knowing smile on his face. He was standing just back from the edge of the couch, between my spread legs. His cock was rigid standing up at an angle.

He stepped forward, just to the edge of the couch, still between my legs. He wiped his cock off with a towel and then held it down, stoking it slowly, pointing it directly at my face. He didn't say a word. I knew what he wanted.

I moved forward, still sitting on the couch, until my mouth was only inches away from the head of his cock. He put both his hands on my shoulders and waited.

I put one hand on the shaft of his cock, pulled it back downward into a horizontal position, and slid the other hand up his leg to his balls. As I looked at the head of his cock, I saw that he was reacting the same way I always did with prolonged sexual arousal. At the opening on the end that was a clear drop hanging.

I leaned forward and licked the single drop away. I felt him shudder, just like I sometimes did after a long-delayed piss, and then I leaned forward again and took the head of his cock in my mouth.

I held the shaft of his cock with one hand, his balls with the other, and slid my lips up and down on just the last inch or so of his cock. I remembered the first time my cock had been sucked, one summer afternoon, and how she seemed to enjoy what she did. She had taken me hungrily, using her tongue and teeth and lips, almost sucking the marrow out of my bones. I tried to do the same things to David. Within a couple of minutes he was moaning with pleasure. He stopped me, as I had stopped him, just short of the point of no return.

"Do you want me to fuck you," he asked, "or do you want to fuck me?"

“No, yeah, shit, I don’t know. What do you want me to do?” I said. I really didn’t know what I wanted but I was too damn hot to tell him to stop.

“Get down on your knees and lean over the couch,” he whispered. “I want to fuck you first. Then you can fuck me.”

I knelt facing the couch, leaned over with my arms on the cushions, and cradled my head on my forearms. When I spread my knees apart, he moved behind me and put one hand palm-down on my back. With the other hand, he probed into the crack of my ass and slowly pushed his finger in and out. I waited, almost holding my breath.

When he moved closer, I had one moment of hesitation, one last bit of fear about what was about to happen. I felt just the head of his cock push against me gently for a moment and then the pressure was removed. He rubbed it up and down and then pushed again. I tried to relax, to let the muscles go slack, to accept his cock, and as I did I felt the head slide into me easily, without any pain.

He began to slide it in and out, slowly, hardly moving, holding me by both hips. My eyes were closed and I was conscious of almost nothing except the feel of his hard cock sliding in and out of my ass. Gradually, I felt him penetrate deeper and deeper, with the head of his cock pressing against something inside me that made my cock respond with each push. He continued his slow, gentle movements for a few minutes until his legs were pressed against the back of my thighs and his cock was buried to the hilt inside me.

There have been occasions in my life when I've wondered how anybody allowed them self to get into such a situation. How many times had I heard sneering remarks about guys who let someone fuck them like this?

But the simple fact was - it felt good. I had a hard-on that was filled to bursting. I felt a red heat inside my head and sweat trickled down my face and body. I was as hot for fucking, even being fucked, as I’ve ever been.

He surprised me when he withdrew; he hadn’t come yet.

He quickly changed his position, stretched out on the mattress in a semi-reclining position, and leaned back against the couch.

"Get on top of me," he said. "I want to show you a trick my mentor, my English professor, showed me when he introduced me to this sort of fun."

I straddled his stomach, facing him with my knees on each side of him and my legs bent back alongside him. I slid my hands over his stomach and chest. He was as slippery with oil and sweat and as hot as I was.

"Lock your hands together behind my neck," he whispered and I did.

He reached under me with one hand and held his cock upright. With the other he pushed me back until I felt the head of his cock pushing against my asshole again.

I pressed down, moving from side to side a little, and his cock slid easily into my ass again. I continued with slow up and down movements, taking in more and more of it. I felt like I was stretched to the limit and I knew most of it was inside me. Within a minute or so, I was dripping sweat, as hot outside as inside.

He bent forward and curved his hands around behind my back. I wondered what he was trying to do. When he took the head of my cock in his mouth, I was amazed. In my wildest fantasy, I had never imagined anything like this. I understood why he wanted my hands behind his neck, to help him to bend so far forward and to hold the position. I began to move up and down on him again, feeling his hard cock moving in and out of my ass and my own hard cock sliding in and out of his mouth.

I suppose I got carried away and began to use him solely for my own pleasure, pulling down on his head, forcing my cock into his mouth, and at the same time, forcing his cock deeper into my ass. I knew I was damn close to coming and I knew I wasn't going to tell him.

Suddenly I felt him tense beneath me. He tried as best he could to thrust his cock upward into me. I pushed down, taking it as deep into me as I could, and then I felt it throbbing as he came inside me.

Knowing that he was coming in me, the feeling of his cock pressing against something inside me - both triggered my own orgasm. I didn't know what I was doing except that I had to come. I pulled his head forward, shoved my cock as deep in his mouth as I could, and gave him a half dozen or so spurts of semen.

Either the head of my cock against the back of his throat or the semen I squirted there caused him to gag. He pulled away from me with all

his strength, gagging, retching, spitting my come out over my cock and balls and his stomach. Again and again, he hocked it up and spit it out until we were both wet with his saliva and my semen. When he looked up at me, his face was flushed and his eyes were red and wet with tears.

"You bastard," he said, and at the same time slapped me across the face with his open hand. I caught my breath, felt a sudden surge of anger, but I knew I probably deserved what he had done. Along with the stinging sensation I felt in my cheek and nose, I felt something warm and wet begin to drip out of one nostril. When the drops began to fall on my cock and on his stomach, I looked down and realized my nose was bleeding. I pressed one finger against the nostril, trying to stop the flow.

When I looked back at David, he was smiling, looking at my face and then down at the mess we had made. We were both drenched with sweat and slippery with oil. My stomach and his, along with my cock and balls, were covered with the white of his spit and my semen and the red of my blood. He began to laugh, small spastic movements at first with low chuckles, growing into uncontrollable and stronger movements and laughter.

I couldn't help but respond the same way. When he pushed me off, I fell back on the mattress, and he rolled forward on top of me. We rubbed against each other, both of us laughing uncontrollably. He pinned me against the mattress and kissed me. His mouth was open and his tongue pushed into my mouth. It was the first time I had ever been kissed like that by a man. I could taste sweat and blood and semen.

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"It won't work, Kieran," Siobhan said. She took her hand off my cock and slapped me gently on the stomach.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean it won't work. I know what you're doing. You're trying to make me disgusted at what you're describing. If you really understood what a woman lives with all the time, you'd realize your story isn't going to do it."

"I don't understand," I said, pretending innocence. "I'm not trying to disgust you. I'm just doing what you asked. You wanted every last little detail of what it was like to have sex with another man. You're getting it."

"Come on, Kieran, you should know I'm not turned off by sweat. I couldn't count the times you've been on top of me, fucking me, and I could feel the sweat running off you and all over my breasts and stomach. I'll even admit I like your salty taste you when you're sweating like that. Why do you think you end up with all those love marks on your shoulders?"

"Well, at least I don't spit on you," I said.

"No, but I remember a few times when you were in a hurry to screw me and you spit on the head of your cock, rather than take the time to get my juices flowing."

I looked at her, pretending amazement, to think that she would accuse me of something like that.

"Don't try to look innocent. I'm no more repelled by your saliva than I am by my own. You know I love for you to kiss me. Sometimes you have your mouth on mine for minutes a time, with your tongue in my mouth or mine in yours. Neither of us cares whose spit we're swallowing."

"Doesn't blood make you feel a little squeamish?" I asked.

"Shit, Kieran, you should certainly know better than that. If you had to live your life as a woman, with a body that prepares a place for one little fertilized egg to settle every month... And then every month, if you had to contend with the mess that flows out... You wouldn't worry about a little red blood on occasion."

"Semen?"

"Not even that. I've had it on my hands, my belly, on my breasts, even in my mouth. When I'm hot for you, I like to see your come spurt out on me, to feel it hot and slippery on me. When you come inside me, what do you think happens to it? It may be viscous when you put it in, but it breaks down in a few minutes. Those little sperm go swimming merrily upstream while everything else just slowly runs downstream."

"You mean you're not disgusted by anything David and I did?" I asked, really wondering whether she was or not.

"I haven't heard of much that you haven't done to me or I to you," she said, looking me straight in the eyes, "and I know I'm not disgusted by anything we do together."

"Are you sure you're not repulsed by anything I've told you so far?" I asked. "I'm not through with the story."

"Well, get on with it. I hope you know you've got me hot and juicy hearing all this. I'm going to fuck your brains out when you get through with your story. It's probably mostly lies anyway."

"I'm not lying to you," I protested. "Everything I've told you really happened. A lot more happened after we had another shower and finished off the rest of the beer and a bottle of wine. We finally quit with each other just before dawn."

"What else did you do?" she asked.

"We tried a sixty-nine and we were both a little drunk and couldn't do it right. We decided we'd just swap blowjobs. I almost puked when he came in my mouth. I grabbed a towel and spit it out. He laughed at me and then later he swallowed mine."

"Did you fuck him in the ass with that big dick of yours?"

"Yeah, he said the English prof had a dick smaller than mine and he wasn't sure he wanted me to do it. Then he decided he did and he groaned like I was killing him when I fucked him. He didn't want me to stop until I came again and it took a while the third time."

"I've got one more question, Kieran, and then I'm going to fuck you good before we go to sleep."

"What?"

"Would you tell Kavan about what you did with David? Someday, if he asks you if you've ever fucked around with another man, what will you tell him?"

"Shit, Siobhan, I don't know."

"I thought you said you were always going to be honest with them when they asked about sex."

"I did but this is different."

"Why? You've always said you weren't ashamed of anything you've done sexually. Are you ashamed of fucking with David? What if Kavan or Kerry is really curious about homosexuality? What if they want to know what you've done and what you think about it? You're the one

who's got to answer their questions most of the time. We agreed I'd talk to Arial and you'd talk to the boys."

"Well, I'll think about it. I guess I never thought it would be so hard to know the right thing to do when it comes to kids."

"I know what you should say to them."

"What?"

"Tell them the truth. They'll probably fool around with boys too. Tell them you'll always love them, no matter what they do."

"Yeah, you're probably right. I'll think about it."

"Think about it tomorrow. I've got something else in mind for tonight."

"What?"

"I bet I can give you a better blow-job than David."

"No, I don't want you to do that."

"No? Why not? What do you want?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, make up your mind or I'm going to sleep."

"Oh, alright, I want my tongue in your cunt until you come a time or two. After that, I want you to stick your ass up in the air while I fuck you from behind. You can diddle your clit with your finger if you want to get off again. Is that good enough?"

"That sounds like a good plan. Are you sure you're up to it?"

"Yeah, feel this."

TO BE CONTINUED:

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