

**The Measure of Man**  
**An Epic Adventure by Gil Gamesh**  
**Chapter Twenty-One**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 40; Siobhan Stuart, 39, 18 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 13; Arial Stuart, 11 (almost 12); Kerry Stuart, 7 (and 1/2)**

**Angelina Brusoni, 18 in flashback; Mikaeli Brusoni, 20 in flashback**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart**

**(KIERAN)**

**It was almost bedtime. I was sitting on the deck with Siobhan. We both had on our sweat suits and we were wrapped in a blanket against the February cold. Her hand kept sneaking between my legs. She said it was because her hands were cold. When she put her hand down my pants and grabbed my penis, it didn't feel cold to me.**

**"Kieran, guess what your kids were doing this afternoon."**

**"Climbing Mount Fuji in Japan?"**

**"Don't be silly."**

**"Bugging the Bishop in the belfry?"**

**"Don't be silly. What's a belfry?"**

**"Oh shit, Siobhan, what have they done now?"**

**"Kavan was showing them how he jacks off."**

**"He's already showed me. He's got a nice dick already. He's got a good crop of red hair around his dick and on his balls. When he shoots off, it's mostly clear. There's some white sperm in it."**

**"Well he was lying on his bed, jacking off. Arial was on one side of him and Kerry was on the other. He was giving his dick a good workout when I walked in. He'd left the door open so I didn't knock. He said, 'Oh, shit,' and kept on doing it. I watched him and he kept his eyes on**

my face. When he came, it spurted out on his chest and on his stomach and he milked the rest out. He made a nice little mess.”

“What’d the other kids do?”

“They just watched. Arial said, ‘That was a good one, Kavan.’ Kerry said, ‘Yeah, that’s the best one you’ve done yet.’”

“Well, I’m glad we raised our kids to be like that. I’m proud of my three little angels.”

“I thought you would be.”

“Come on, let’s go to bed. Now that you’ve got it hard, I don’t want to waste it.”

<><><>

(SIOBHAN)

The quiet hour. The half hour between the time the children are told to go to bed and the time the parents decide to follow. No television. No noise. Only the sound of a page turning in a book.

I was brushing my hair. Kieran was reading a paperback and occasionally looking up at me and smiling. “The mail’s on the table beside you,” I said, curious about the handwritten letter addressed to him that I hadn’t opened. It was written in child-like cursive

“Thanks, Siobhan,” he muttered. He scanned through all the mail, stopping on the last one. He opened it and read it quietly. When he looked up at me, he could see the curiosity in my face.

“What’s the letter about?”

“It’s just some girl,” he said, and then smiled at me. Teasingly? Devilishly? “So you did have sex with someone in your freshman year in college, didn’t you?”

I was totally surprised. What the hell was he talking about? I’d never said anything to him about my freshman year. I hadn’t told him I did. I hadn’t told him I didn’t.

“Yes, I did,” I finally managed to say. “But I’ve never said one word about that to you. Who’s that damn letter from?”

**“It’s from Kerry’s girlfriend. She calls him Kerr. Must have looked up our address in the phone book and then written down my name instead of his. Pretty hot stuff.”**

**“Let me see that?” It was from a girl. To Kerry. Asking him to sit with her when they went on the field trip. I’d been suckered into that one.**

**“Kieran, sometimes you’re a real...”**

**“Shithead?”**

**“A real...”**

**“Dickhead?”**

**“Oh, shut up.”**

**“When’re you gonna tell me about it?”**

**“We don’t have time tonight.”**

**“Saturday night? I’ll tongue your clit ‘til you come.” He stuck his tongue out at me.**

**“I can’t remember stuff like that the way you can.”**

**“Saturday night? I’ll tongue your clit and finger fuck you until you come twice.” He stuck his index finger out and curled it upward as though it were in me.**

**To hell with the subjunctive mood. I was in the imperative mood. “I’ll give you thirty minutes of story tonight for one orgasm. That’s all!”**

**<><><>**

**Angel was my roommate for all of my freshman year. Her name was Angelina Brusoni. Everybody called her Angel. Little did they know. We had a lesbian affair from October through the next May. I was also part of an incestuous ménage a trois for a good part of the year.**

**Angel looked like an Italian renaissance statue of a woman come to life, except no sculptor ever carved one like her. She had the face of an angel with big dark eyes, a pert little nose, and a perfect mouth. She was still almost little-girl like, just over five feet tall, with small perfect breasts and hips that had barely widened into a woman’s.**

She was a joy to have as a roommate. She was always happy, smiling, or singing. She was also studying, making A's and B's in every course, and acting in plays in the drama department. She held down a part-time job and studied during almost all her free time. She never seemed to have an extra penny to spend. We spent a couple of Saturday afternoons at thrift stores, adding to her college wardrobe.

She was also – what's the opposite of modest? – relaxed, casual, open about her body when we were in our room. When the room was warm, she'd lounge around in nothing but a pair of panties. She thought nothing of doing her toenails in the nude, even when she knew I could see the area between her legs. She certainly looked virginal, whether she was or not.

About a month after we started rooming together, we had a bad thunderstorm in the middle of the night. The lightening cracks awakened me and I got out of bed and pulled the drapes tighter over the window. When I got back in bed, she followed me.

“Can I sleep with you?” she asked.

I got back in bed and then held the cover up for her. She lay down on her side and scooted back until her butt bumped against me. I put my arm over her. She pulled my hand to her lips, kissed it, and then pressed it against her breasts.

“I don't like lightening and thunder,” she said, sounding just like a little girl. “It scares me.”

I pulled her closer to me and we fell asleep spooned up together. When I woke up the next morning, she was back in her own bed.

It all started one Saturday afternoon in the fall of that year. I had my small TV on the football game between our college and another regional school. I was half listening to it while I was in the bathroom that we shared with the two girls in the adjoining room. I had the area between my legs and around my pussy lathered up and I was trying to see to shave myself. Angel walked in on me. She sat down on the toilet and peed and then just sat there watching me. I couldn't hide what I was doing from her. With one foot in the sink and one on the floor, I felt like an exhibit in a contortionist's show.

“I need to shave too. But I can't ever see what I'm doing down there. How do you do it?”

“Very, very carefully,” I answered

**“No, seriously, I always end up with stubble that itches or little cuts that burn for days. I wish I could just get it nice and smooth for a few days. I’d shave it all off if I could.”**

**I bent over trying to see where I was using the razor. Angel leaned over to get a better look. “You’re no better at it than I am. Damn, why do we have to have hair around it when the guys like it bald?”**

**“Angel! How do you know they like it bald? Are you an expert on guys’ likes and dislikes?”**

**“I know one guy who likes it better when it’s like a Mexican hairless Chihuahua. I think I’m going to shave it all off. I can’t decide whether to trim it like a heart or like an arrow pointing down. Shit, he knows where it is, anyway. How do you think it would look bald?”**

**“Well, cold weather is here, why don’t we just let it grow out into a fur sporran?”**

**“What the hell is a sporran?” she asked.**

**“It’s what a Scot wears in front of his kilt.”**

**“Sorta keeping the family jewels warm, huh?”**

**“I suppose. I’d like to get a guy in a kilt,” I said. “Imagine how much fun he’d be on a date when I sneaked my hand up under his skirt. I wonder what they really wear under a kilt.”**

**“I’ve heard it gets damn cold in Scotland. Maybe they wear one wool sock and ear-muffs,” she giggled.**

**I tried to picture a well-dressed Scotsman. I succeeded enough to bust out in giggles too.**

**Angel reached under the sink for a plastic pan and filled it with warm water. She grabbed a couple of towels. “Come on.”**

**I put both feet on the floor. “What do you want?”**

**“I’m going to spread a couple of towels down on your bed. You’re going to put your ass down on them. I’m going to shave your pussy.”**

**“Angel, you can’t do that!”**

**“Why not? I’ve seen a pussy before. I’ve got one. I’ll be very careful. Besides, when I get through, you’re going to shave me.”**

The idea intrigued me. What would it be like? Nobody had ever made me an offer like this. Couldn't hurt, could it, if she was careful? Hell, I might as well try it at least once.

I positioned myself on the towels. Angel turned her head from side to side, looking, trying to decide which way to approach the job.

“Put your knees up and spread out as wide as possible. I'll try to get the hair down in the crease between your legs and pussy first.”

I quit trying to watch, dropped my head on my pillow, and closed my eyes. I could feel the razor gliding over the crease while she pulled the outer lips on one side toward the center. She changed to the other side and repeated the procedure.

“Grab your knees with your hands and pull your butt up a little. I'm going to try to shave a little further back.”

I felt the strokes, very slow and careful, on my perineum. She wiped me clean with a warm cloth and inspected her work.

“I'm not going to try to shave the hairs around your asshole. If some guy gets back there, he can just damn well put up with a little hair.”

“Are you through?” I asked.

“Depends. I'd like to shave off this brillo pad on your mound. I think I'd like it better if it was smooth too.”

“Angel, we can't do that. What if somebody saw it?”

“What if they did? You got anybody you're showing it to?”

“No, not right now. If I let you do it, will you let me shave yours too? We could both be smooth as ten-year olds.”

“Yeah, you stay right there. The lather's dried out. I need some more warm water and lather.”

I kept my eyes shut until she came back. I heard water dripping in the plastic pan and then I felt a warm washcloth being placed over my mound and between my legs.

“We'll let that soak into the hairs so they'll be easier to cut.”

She waited a minute or so, humming to herself, then pulled the cloth off and I heard the squirt of cream out of the can. She spread it all over the remaining hair, waited a little bit, and then started stroking again. She had to wash off the razor frequently. When she was finally finished, she said, "There, take a look. I think I rather like that."

I sat up and looked down. My pussy looked like a little girl's, smooth and hairless. She pushed me back down, leaned closer, looked, dipped her fingers in the pan of water and wet an area or two. A couple of more swipes with the razor and she straightened up again.

"That's not a split beaver anymore. That's a bald eagle, a noble bird if I've ever seen one."

I rubbed all around and between my legs. It did feel smoooooth and silky. I smiled up at her. "Good job, Angel."

"One more thing," she said. "I've got some moisturizing cream I like. Let me get it."

She dug out the cream and gently began to smooth it over the shaved areas.

"You'll like this cream. It makes everything feel smooth and moist. Doesn't have anything in it that'll burn if you get it in your pussy. It has a little spicy smell, like cinnamon. I've been told it even tastes good. Let me check how you feel."

She lowered her head down toward my stomach, rubbed her chin over my mound, then turned her face side to side and rubbed it with both cheeks. She moved lower and I opened my legs to let her to get her chin and face between my legs. Instead of chin, I felt tongue. I felt an instant flash of heat as she licked up first one side, then the other, and then just a little touch in the middle.

"It's as smooth as silk. Somebody's gonna love this. Ready to shave me?"

I'll have to admit it was easier shaving around somebody else's pussy than around my own. I had expected Angel's Italian heritage to give her a real wiry bush but her pubic hair was soft as silk and she had less between her legs than I did. Everything down there looked small and virginal. I thought she'd never been fucked. Boy, was I wrong!

When I was through shaving her, I used my fingertips to see if I could feel any stubble. Maybe I rubbed her a little too long because she

opened her legs wider apart and the small inner lips of her cunt opened just a little. I could see a gleam of moisture in the slit.

I could say she was the one who started the whole affair. The truth is, I'm the one who gave the first real lick. I stretched out on the end of the bed, stuck my face down there, and very gently ran my tongue up the almost-straight line of her opening.

“Oh, oh, oh fuck, Siobhan, do it,” she moaned. “Lick me. I need it. I wanna come so bad.”

I didn't know what to do. I'd sucked cock before but that didn't tell me what to do with a woman. I remembered when I'd had a guy go down on me. I had to tell him what to do. He couldn't find my clitoris until I pulled back the hood and showed him where to lick. So I just did to Angel what I'd wanted the guy to do to me. It wasn't that long until her inner lips were standing open and wet with my saliva and her juices. Her dark reddish-brown clit crept out from under its hood and got a good licking until she came, moaning and thrashing around against my face.

I crawled up on the bed and cuddled against her while she came down and her breathing slowed. A little later, she turned to me and brought her lips up to mine.

“I love the taste of my cunt on somebody else's lips,” she whispered. I wondered just who that somebody else had been.

She made love to me. She entwined her arms and legs with mine and kissed me with open mouth and tongue until I felt my own cunt getting wet and hot. She moved down to my breasts and sucked my nipples slowly and gently. I thought I could almost come just from her sucking. When she moved further down and got her face between my legs, I thought I'd found nirvana. She was so slow, so gentle, so insistent on licking me, never pausing as I began to moan and squirm. I knew I was close and when she stuck one finger in me and pressed the right spot and then sucked my clit as hard as she could, I had one screaming big orgasm.

We discovered it was a wonderful way to spend a fall afternoon. Our football team lost. We didn't care. We soon found that it was also a good way to wake up in the morning, to relax after studying, and especially to help go to sleep at night.

<><><>

(KIERAN)

We were taking a shower together late on Sunday night. My excuse was that I wanted to get nice and warm before we went to bed. My real reason was that I wanted some wet pussy before I went to bed. With the warm water pouring down on us, I squatted down, pulled her against my face, and tongued her clit until she came.

She leaned over and held the downspout while I slid my cock into her from behind. I was just getting started when she said:

“Kieran, do you know what Arial and Kerry were doing this afternoon?”

“Uh, Siobhan, I don’t give a fuck, uh, what they were doing, uh.”

“They were in Arial’s room, oh, naked on the bed together, oh.”

“Un, well, we go naked, un, all the time, un, what’s wrong with that? Un.”

“They had, oh, that sex book you bought, oh, them. They were looking at a guy, oh, with a hard-on, oh, and Arial was playing, oh, with Kerry’s dick.”

“Uh, was it hard? Uh?”

“Oh, yeah, it was hard, oh, oh, oh, I love it hard. God, it’s good.”

“Uh, is that all, uh?”

“No, oh, they looked at a picture of fallatio, oh, oh, oh, and Arial sucked Kerry’s dick.”

“Did, uh, she get anything, uh, out of it, uh?”

“I don’t think so, oh, oh, oh. He’s only seven, oh, oh, oh, oh, shit, I’m coming.”

“Oh shit, me too.”

<><><>

(SIOBHAN)

Angel and I had our first argument when she told me her older brother, Mike, wanted to come to see her. She wanted to smuggle him into our room for the weekend. When I protested and asked where

he'd sleep, she volunteered to sleep on the couch and let him have her bed.

**“Mike was going to college here last year,” she said. “He dropped out to work for a while. Our parents can’t give us much help. Dad’s in construction and makes decent money but a lot goes for Mom’s health care. Mike and I are trying to figure out how we can get through college on our own.”**

**“Why don’t you try to get student loans?” I asked.**

**“We’re like our parents when it comes to going into debt, Siobhan. We don’t want to put a mortgage on our future. Mom and Dad wouldn’t even buy appliances or furniture unless they could pay cash. It’s just the way my family is.”**

**“You’re both going to try to get through college by yourself?”**

**“It’s not impossible, Siobhan. My thrift-store jeans have labels on them just like yours do. I just paid about one-tenth what you did. We get Mike’s in the same sort of places. We don’t waste money on drinking or drugs or stuff like that. Right now, our plans are that we’ll both be in school together next year. We’re going to get a cheap apartment and live together and both get part-time jobs. If money’s too tight, we’ll both drop out for a while and work and then come back.”**

**“He sounds like a good guy, Angel, but you know we’re not supposed to have men in our room overnight.”**

**“Mike really is a very good guy, Siobhan. He’s one of the most honest guys you’ll ever meet, very sweet and loving, and most of all he knows when to keep his mouth shut and when to open it.”**

I thought for a minute about her last remark. **“What do you mean about keeping his mouth shut?”**

**“We’ve been fucking each other for the last five years. You’re the third person who knows about it.”**

**“Who are the other two?”**

**“Me and Mike, silly.”**

**“Oh shit, you’ve got to tell me all about this!”**

<><><>

Mike knocked on the door about five on Friday afternoon. When Angel let him in, he was carrying two big paper bags that were emanating wonderful aromas of Italian food. I don't know whether it was the Italian-stallion maleness of him or the smell of good Italian food, but I fell in lust with one or the other or both immediately. The three of us stuffed ourselves and still had more to stuff in our little under-the-counter refrigerator.

"Mom's a great cook, Siobhan," he said. "She and I cooked this so Angel wouldn't forget what good cooking's like."

"You helped cook this?" I asked. "Are you married? If not, I want to stake a claim on you. I clean; you cook."

We sat and talked for an hour or so and I could easily see why Angel loved her brother. He did seem like a genuinely nice guy. I finally got up the courage to bring up the subject of him sleeping in our room and whether they wanted to have sex with each other. He seemed completely calm about my questions.

"Angel said she'd told you about us," he said. "If you're uncomfortable with us doing anything here, we won't."

"But you've been doing it for years now," I said. "Don't you want to find somebody else and get married and have kids? I thought Italians loved to have families, maybe big ones."

"Oh, we'll both get married sooner or later," Angel said. "And we'll both have kids someday. We just can't afford to start dating much yet. It ain't cheap, you know."

"Nobody else knows about you two fucking each other?" I asked. "If you do it at home, don't your parents suspect anything?"

"No, because we're very careful about it. We both love our parents. I mean that; they're great parents. They've sacrificed and done so much for us. I couldn't want more loving parents."

"So you love'em but you lie to'em."

"Yes and no, they're both good Catholics. They probably couldn't imagine in their wildest dreams what Mike and I do. I just make sure I don't tell them what they don't need to know."

"Are you good Catholics?"

**“No,” Mike said, “neither of us are Catholics any more. When we’re home, we go to mass with our parents. If they ask, we tell them we go when we’re not at home. We lie to them because we don’t want to hurt them.”**

**“I thought Catholics tended to keep the faith,” I said. “When did you lose it?”**

**“I lost it when I was about ten years old,” Mike said. “Our folks kept after me to be an alter boy. Dad called and set me up to go talk to the priest. When the priest got me alone with him in his office, I knew to be on guard when he shut the door. He sat down in front of me and talked to me a while. Then he leaned forward, put his hand on my knee, and asked me if I was really sure I wanted to be an alter boy.”**

**“This is the good part, Siobhan,” Angel said. “Wait’ll you hear what Mike told him.”**

**“I said my father wanted me to be an alter boy. I didn’t. And if he ever put his hand on me again, I’d cut his cock off and stuff it down his throat.”**

**“You didn’t? At ten years old?”**

**“Yeah, I did. I’d heard enough from the other kids to watch out for the pervert.”**

**“What happened?”**

**“Nothing. He called my father and said he didn’t think I had a real calling to be an alter boy. I never heard anything about it after that. When my parents made me go to confession at least once a year, I’d tell the priest, ‘Fuck you, Father, for you have sinned.’”**

**“Well, we’ve got two twin beds and one small couch. Now that you’ve snuck him in here, where is he going to sleep?” I asked.**

**“Oh, come on, Siobhan,” Angel begged. “He didn’t come this far to sleep. He came because he hasn’t had a good fuck in two months. And no blow jobs either. And I haven’t been eaten since you did it on Wednesday. I want him to fuck me and eat me.”**

**“Oh, ho, so you two are muff diving each other now?” Mike asked.**

**“No, Mike,” Angel said. “We’ve both shaved off all our pubic hair. We’re bald eagles now. We just go lickity-split.”**

**In spite of myself, I giggled at Angel's description.**

**"Come on, Angel, lemme see it. I haven't seen your pussy without hair in so long I've forgotten what it looks like."**

**"Yeah, well, that's because you got so close when I was eleven, you couldn't see it without getting cross-eyed."**

**"He started with you when you were eleven?" I asked. "And he's two years older so that means he was thirteen then."**

**"You're good at math, Siobhan," Angel said. "At least he didn't fuck me for two more years after that. I used to hate it...well, not exactly hate it...when he had to do it with a rubber. I wanted to feel him come in me, not in a damned Trojan."**

**"Are you on birth control now?" I asked.**

**"Have been since I was fifteen. I found out Mom was on birth control when she left a prescription on the dresser in her room. Good Catholic, ha! I stole it and took it to a different drug store and told them to fill it for my Mom. After that, I found out how to get'em from a girl at school."**

**"I didn't get fucked until I was sixteen," I said. "I told Mom and she took me to the gynecologist and she gave me a prescription."**

**Mike displayed his annoyance at our reminiscing about birth control pills. He stood up and started taking off his jeans. "If you girls are gonna talk, I'm going to bed. I'll take the couch if somebody's got an extra pillow and blanket." He pulled his sweatshirt over his head and stood there in his white jockey shorts showing a big bulge in front. I think I heard two heads snap when they turned in his direction.**

**He was quite a hunk, I'll have to admit. Tall, dark, and handsome. Lean body. Soulful eyes. And a salami in front of his briefs that was most impressive, along with two extra-large eggs. I could even see his dark pubic hair, spilling out around his briefs, down his legs, the same color his sister had before I shaved it off.**

**"Siobhan, we're both on the pill. He eats pussy better than any other man I know. He's got a fabulous dick that'll just drive you up the wall. He can keep a hard-on, like, for hours. I'm horny as hell and I'm going to get eaten and fucked tonight. You can get it on with us or you can go to bed and pull the blanket over your head. Which'll it be?"**

I motioned for Mike to walk over to my bed. When he did, I pulled down the front of his briefs to see what he had. When I saw his Italian-stallion horse cock straining to be released from his jockeys, I knew what I wanted to do.

“I hope you won’t think three’s company,” I said. “I hope you’ll treat me just like family.” And I stood up and started taking off my clothes.

“Don’t take your panties off, Siobhan,” Angel said. “Mike wants to take them off. He wants to chew them off you.”

Mike looked around at the room. “There’s not enough room here to turn around in. We sure as hell can’t all three get on a twin size bed.”

“We can push’em together,” Angel said.

“Yeah, and somebody’ll break their neck falling through the crack when they come apart,” he said. “We need some way to keep them together.”

“I’ll get some nylon cord,” I said. “Somebody left a whole roll near the trash bin on the hall.”

In nothing but panties, I ran down the hall and back. Mike crawled under the bed and tied the legs of the frames together. The backs of his legs were covered with dark curly hair. I could even see it in the crack of his ass through the thin fabric of his briefs. I wondered how it’d feel if I ran my hands over it. When he rolled over, there was that huge bulge in the front of his shorts, curving around down between his legs and over his balls. I wondered how it would feel if I ran my tongue over all that.

Mike pulled his briefs off and threw them with his other clothes, then sat down on the couch and stroked his cock a couple of times. I knew he was deliberately displaying what he had to offer. When it stood up, he wrapped his hand around the base and pulled the skin down tight. I knew I was going to find out how it would feel.

“Mike and I both know what we like to do with each other, Siobhan,” Angel said. “We’ve both screwed around with somebody else. We’ve just never done it with anybody together at the same time.”

“Jeez, Angel,” Mike said. “It’s like Italian food. Just let me serve her the same thing I serve you. If she doesn’t like rigatoni, I’ll see if she likes cannoli. I might even slip her a little tartufo if she’s real hungry.”

**“Damn, I know what rigatoni and cannoli are,” I said, “but I’ve never heard of tartufo. What is it?”**

**“Its a rich chocolate mousse surrounding a vanilla cream center rolled in crushed hazelnuts then covered with a layer of dark chocolate,” he said, as though he were a waiter describing it to diners. “I can still quote you a long list of desserts from my job in an Italian restaurant last year.”**

**“Could I have an order of tongue first and then you can serve me some of that cannoli\* you’ve got in your hand?” I asked.**

**Mike smiled at me with a roguish smile and asked, “Would madam permit my sou-chef to assist in serving you?”**

**“Sou-chef, hell,” Angel said. “Get on the bed, Mike.”**

**“Angel, you said you wouldn’t...”**

**“GET ON THE BED, MIKE!”**

**“Angel, I don’t want...”**

**“GET ON THE BED, MIKE, NOW!!”**

**He sat on the side of the bed, waiting, as I was, to see what Angel wanted him to do.**

**“LAY BACK AND SHOW US YOUR DICK, MIKE!”**

**He lay back on the bed, spread his legs, and showed us his dick again. It was standing up proud, propped up with one finger and his big balls were hanging down low between his legs. I whistled in appreciation and he smiled at me.**

**“NOW GET IN THE CENTER, MIKE, SPREAD OUT!”**

**He crawled onto the now king-sized bed and stretched out, his arms and legs extended out to the sides. He closed his eyes. I wondered what the hell was going on.**

**Angel got the ball of nylon cord and rolled it under the bed to me. She quickly and expertly tied her end around Mike’s wrist. She came around to my side of the bed, cut the cord, and tied the end around Mike’s other wrist. She rolled the ball of cord under the bed at the foot and soon we had Mike’s legs tied so he couldn’t lift them or bring them together.**

**“What are we doing, Angel?” I asked.**

**“We’re tying him down. We’re gonna get our bald eagles licked and he’s gonna get a good blow job.”**

**“Angel, I don’t...**

**“Shut up, Siobhan!”**

**“Don’t. Angel...**

**“SHUT UP, SIOBHAN. GET ON THE BED.”**

**”Fuck you, Angel!”**

**“GET YOUR GODDAMN ASS ON THE BED, SIOBHAN!”**

**I looked at the devilish gleam in her angelic eyes and saw the smile flickering on her red lips. I got on the bed beside Mike.**

**“What do you want me to do?” I started to take my panties off.**

**“Just keep your panties on, Siobhan. When Mike begs, you can cut them off with these.”**

**She handed me a pair of scissors.**

**“Get up over him. Knees over his shoulders. Hands on the wall over him. Squat down ‘til your cunt’s close to his face. Let him beg for it. When you’re ready, stuff a pillow under his head.”**

**“Like this?”**

**“That’s right. Let him sniff it. Let him lick your panties. Then cut your panties to shreds. Let him get his tongue in. Just don’t let him see it until he begs. Then cut your panties off and show him what your bare pussy looks like. If he’s bad, feed him the pieces of your panties.”**

**“What are you going to be doing while I’m on his face?”**

**“I’m going to be sucking his dick until he shoots his load in my mouth. Just wait ‘til he says come kiss me. You’ll see.”**

**I moved up a little on the bed until the crotch of my panties was just inches from Mike’s chin. He bent his neck, lifted his head up, and**

tried to bring his mouth in contact with my crotch. He was still an inch or so away.

I looked back at Angel. She was between Mike's outstretched legs, one hand wrapped around the shaft of his cock, her head just above it. "Are you ready?" she whispered. I nodded. She said, "Go," and lowered her head over his cock. Her long black hair fell around her face, shutting out my view. I could hear her slurping and sucking.

I looked back at Mike. His eyes were looking up at me, a pleading look in them. I grabbed a pillow and stuck it under his head so he was in a perfect position. I moved closer to him so that the crotch of my panties was against his mouth. Through the thin fabric I could feel his hot breath and his wet tongue licking.

I gave him a minute or two of frustration trying to lick through the fabric. When I looked back at Angel, she was alternating between her hand and then her mouth on Mike's cock. She looked at me and winked.

I decided to take pity on poor Mike. I picked up the scissors, moved away from his face, and, with two fingers, pulled the wet fabric away from my cunt. I cut just one small amount away from the crotch, leaving a hole about the diameter of Mike's dick. I started to drop it off the bed but Angel was watching and stopped me.

"Ask him if he wants to eat a piece of your panties before he gets to eat your pussy," she said.

I held the small piece of fabric in front of his face. He looked up at me, his eyes smoldering, licking his lips. When I touched his lips with the fabric, he opened his mouth. He chewed and then swallowed. I moved close to him so that the hole in my panties was above his mouth and then settled down, like a brood hen settles on her eggs.

I closed my eyes and let Mike's magical tongue play tricks on my cunt. I could feel Angel's hand shaking the bed and hear her mouth making hungry noises. I was in bliss.

Mike's tongue never lagged but gradually I realized that there were two parties being frustrated by my panties. His access to me was limited to a circle a couple of inches in diameter. I wanted him to lick me all over down there. I grabbed the scissors, backed away from him, and cut two lines, one down to the left leg, the other to the right. Mike was leering up at me. When I pulled the remains of the wet panties away from my crotch, he looked at my bald eagle and gave one

**big sigh – relief, appreciation, anticipation? And then he went at it, lickety split.**

**After a few minutes of licking and sucking, the seizures in my cunt felt like an earthquake: a series of very strong initial jolts, followed by milder aftershocks, and finally the peace of complete satisfaction.**

**I thought of posting a big sign over the bed whenever he was finished: Caution – Unrestricted Access to a Bald Pussy Can Lead to Convulsive Orgasms.**

**I looked back at Angel and she was giving Mike’s cock her best efforts. She was stroking his cock up and down rapidly, sort of twisting her hand at the top of each stroke, and moving her mouth up and down on the head, sucking and slurping loudly. My ass was resting comfortably on Mike’s chest and I could feel his hard muscles underneath me. He started trying to thrust upward, into Angel’s mouth, even though he was almost totally pinned down. He started pounding his head up and down on the pillow and I knew Angel was getting a mouthful.**

**He gradually relaxed and I heard him whisper, “Angel, come kiss me.”**

**I wondered what was going on. Angel pushed me to one side and moved up over his body. She straddled Mike’s stomach, leaned over his face, and brought her lips down to his. I watched in disbelief as she gave him a kiss and shared his own semen with him. I finally realized what they meant. When she kissed me, she tasted of garlic and semen.**

**Angel and I curled up on each side of Mike, our heads resting on the biceps of his arms. Angel was twirling her fingers in the hair on her chest.**

**“Should we untie him now?” I asked.**

**“No, Siobhan!”**

**“But why not? He’s got to be tired of being in that position.”**

**“SHUT UP, SIOBHAN. THERE’S SOMETHING ELSE HE HAS TO BEG FOR.”**

**I did as I was told and waited to see what would happen next. After a minute or so I heard Mike whisper, “Please, Angel, let me eat your pussy.”**

**“What did you say, Mike? Do you want something?”**

**“Yes, mistress, I mean Angel, I want to lick your pussy.”**

**“ASK SIOBHAN TO GIVE YOU PERMISSION!!!”**

**“Siobhan, may I please lick Angel’s pussy?”**

**“I suppose it might be permitted,” I said. “But what’ll I do while you two are busy. You can’t expect me to do nothing, can you?”**

**“Please, Siobhan, would you suck my cock while I’m licking Angel’s pussy?”**

**“WAIT, SIOBHAN,” Angel interrupted. “How many more times can you come tonight, Mike, sweet little brother?”**

**“At least one more, Angel,” he whimpered.**

**“That’s not good enough, Mike; we need at least two more out of you.”**

**He waited for a moment, thinking. “I promise, Angel, at least two more times tonight.”**

**“And where do you want to make these little semen deposits, Mike, my little boy?”**

**“One for you and one for Siobhan. Anywhere you want them.”**

**“You realize that if you can’t deliver Siobhan and I are going to have to punish you severely.”**

**“Yes, Angel.”**

**“Come on, Siobhan, I’ve got to pee. We need to talk.”**

**Angel pushed me in the bathroom and pulled the door closed behind us. She stood with her back to the door, giggling while I sat down on the toilet and emptied my bladder with loud squirts into the water below. I rolled TP around my hand and patted dry.**

**“What will we do to punish him if he can’t come twice more?” I asked.**

**“I don’t know. I’ve never had to do it. I’d like to though. Think of something.”**

**She let loose with her stream louder than mine, incongruous for an angelic waif of a girl. She stood up, still smiling.**

**“You didn’t wipe,” I said.**

**“I know. He’ll like it.”**

**Back on the bed, Angel moved into position over Mike’s face. I didn’t know if he liked a piss-wet pussy but I could hear his slurping noises.**

**I knelt between his legs and looked at his penis. It was in that state halfway between flaccid and erect, resting on his stomach in his patch of pubic hair, pointing toward his navel. I could see one last gob of semen that had oozed out and was clinging to the slit at the head of his dick. I carefully picked up his cock and took it in my mouth. I decided that Italian semen wasn’t really all that bad; I couldn’t even taste the garlic.**

**“Don’t make him come, Siobhan. If he’s got two more loads in his pistola, I want one shot in my cunt. You can have the other in yours. I think you’ll like it.”**

**“Yes, mistress, I mean Angel.”**

**I gave his cock my full attention then, hand and mouth both working together. I tried to watch his balls, to see how much they had drawn up, as a way to judge how close he was to coming again. I was slow and gentle and his balls hung low while I sucked him.**

**Angel came loudly, first moaning and then almost screaming. I worried that somebody in the dorm might hear her. If a would-be rescuer had busted in the door at that moment, he or she would have seen quite a sight – one Italian stallion tied down on the bed while a little brunette straddled his face and a bigger redhead sucked his cock.**

**After she recovered, Angel asked, “Mike, would you like to be untied now?”**

**“Yes, Angel, if it pleases you.”**

**“You pleased me, brother dear. Siobhan, would you untie our poor little boy?”**

**I untied him and crawled back on the bed beside him. He wrapped his long arms around both of us and gave us a big hug. Angel and I both reached for his still-erect cock at the same time.**

**“After you, Angel,” I said.**

**“No, no, Siobhan. I insist. The next orgasm’s yours. He’s yours to do whatever you want.”**

**“Is that right, Mike? You’ll do whatever I want you to?”**

**“Yes, Siobhan. Anything you want.”**

**I leaned over and kissed him on his mouth, redolent with the odor of garlic, two different pussies, and his own come.**

**“I want to get on my back and I want you on top of me. I want you to ease that big cock of yours into my cunt. I want to tie you down with my arms and legs this time. You can even kiss me if I don’t gag at your garlic and cunt and cum breath. I want you to fuck me until you blast a load down deep in me. I don’t even care whether I have another orgasm as long as you do.”**

**He did as he was told, pistioning, pistola-ing, away in my cunt until he had his second orgasm. I had one or two. I’m not sure how many because they sort of ran together there at the end.**

**I looked at the clock and saw that it was close to midnight. I didn’t know where the hours had gone. I’d eaten Italian, been eaten by an Italian, and been fucked by an Italian. I knew I was finished for the night. She could have the third orgasm out of him if we could get it up again.**

**“Lemme up,” Mike said. “I’ve got to go pee.”**

**We all untangled and he swaggered into the bathroom, his hairy ass beautiful in rear view. I couldn’t even remember being aware of the hair on his butt when I had dug my fingernails into him and jerked him forward against me.**

**When he came out, he went over to the little refrigerator and bent over. “Angel, do you have a beer? I want something to drink and a bite of something to eat.” He pulled out a hunk of sandwich big enough to choke a horse and stood looking at us.**

**“Look on the bottom shelf, Mike. Siobhan, would you like something to eat?”**

**He could get it up again. With two mouths sucking on his balls and his cock, he could get it up, big and hard as it was at first. Angel got on her back and Mike crawled on top of her. He held his cock in one hand and slid it into her. He stretched out on top of her, fastened his mouth**

to hers, and started slowly pumping away. I watched as her arms encircled his chest, then her legs came up, splayed out, calves over his ass, ankles interlocked. Her hands found his ass-cheeks and her fingernails begin to dig in. They stayed like that for what seemed like an eternity. Locked together. Moving together. Breathing and grunting together. My cunt was already drooling from being fucked and I had a towel between my legs. When he came, and maybe she did too, they both were loud enough to wake up the dead. I could feel the heat and hunger in my cunt from watching them. I wondered if there was any way he could get it up again. It turned out that he was finished for the night.

The next day we shaved him, ass cheeks to thighs, belly button to balls. He got it up four times, two for each of us. I went to sleep on Saturday night hoping that I'd never forget the taste of garlic and cunt and semen.

Mike came back at least once a month for the rest of the year. Angel and I kept each other relatively content with regular tongue- and finger-induced orgasms. But Mike's Italian stallion cock or cocked pistola kept both of us even more satisfied. I learned to like being treated like part of an Italian family.

The next year Mike came back to school and he and Angel rented a small apartment. I was welcomed, well-comed, on my regular visits but things just weren't the same. My next roommate was a born-again something or other and I never saw her cunt. I didn't care though because Mike taught me how to say "Baci il mio culo" in Italian. I used it so much Angel said I sounded like a part of her family.

<><><>

(KIERAN)

It took three nights for Siobhan to complete her story. I had an orgasm each night. I know she had four, maybe five, orgasms in return. Just like Scheherazade, I thought, except that I didn't think I could keep up with stories every night. I was about to fall asleep when she had to tell me about our sweet little angelic kids again.

"Kieran, guess what your ten year-old, almost eleven, daughter was doing this afternoon," my wife said.

"I don't want to guess. I don't want to know. I guess it's something I don't want to know."

"She was in our bathroom naked. Guess who was in there with her?"

**“Oh, shit. Kerry? What were they doing?”**

**“She was shaving her legs –with your razor.”**

**“Damn, you know that’s sacred. Nobody touches my razor. Why’d you let her do that?”**

**“I didn’t let her. I told her you’d be mad at her. She offered to buy you a new one with her own money if I wouldn’t tell you.”**

**“Why’d you tell me, then?”**

**“I went out and bought you a new one, just like your old one. I got her one that’s made for women.”**

**I had to think a minute about that. “Why did you buy me a new one? Why didn’t you just put a new blade in the old one?”**

**“Because you have a new one now. It doesn’t need a new blade.”**

**I knew something didn’t make sense but I couldn’t figure out what it was. “Why was Kerry in there with her?”**

**“He was watching her shave her legs. She was showing him how much hair she had on her pussy already.”**

**“I’m totally confused now. What happened to my old razor?”**

**“I gave it to Kerry. He said he liked her pussy better when it didn’t have hair on it. He wanted to shave her pussy with your old razor. He promised to be careful and not cut her so I gave it to him.”**

**There are days like this when you’re married with three kids. Why does a pussy with a few dozen hairs need shaving?**

**<><><>**

**Siobhan backed her butt up to me and I spooned up against her. My defeated dick fit snugly in the wet warm area between her thighs.**

**I was still thinking about her story about Angel and Mike. I couldn’t wait until I could get Siobhan to tie me down and put her panty-covered pussy up to my mouth. I thought about eating through the fabric before she cut her panties off.**

**Garlic and semen and cunt juices. Damn, what a combination.**

**“Well, which did you like best? Sex with him or sex with her? Did Angel ring your chimes better than Mike donged your bell?”**

**“You can’t compare them!”**

**“What do you mean? Sure you can.”**

**“No, you can’t. Which do you like better, night or day?”**

**“That’s not the same thing.”**

**“Well, I think they are and I like both of them, night and day. Night and day, you are the one,” and she started singing, “there’s a hungry, yearning, burning inside of me.”**

**(Cannoli - A crisp pastry shell stuffed with a sweetened mixture of Ricotta cheese, liqueur, and chocolate chips.)**

**Baci il mio culo. = Kiss my ass.**

**Pistola = Pistol**

## **Chapter Twenty-Two**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 40 in story; Siobhan Stuart, 39 in story, 20 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 13; Arial Stuart, 11 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 7 (almost 8)**

**Andel Alesandro Tomaro, 21 in flashback**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart**

**<><><>**

**(KIERAN)**

**I called Siobhan about mid-afternoon on Friday to tell her I was coming home from work early. She listened patiently while I**

complained of being hot and sweaty, angry and depressed, having a pounding headache, and generally feeling miserable.

“Don’t bring any work home for the weekend, Kieran,” she advised. “If you can do that, your family can take care of anything else. Hurry home.”

A few minutes later I was out the door, briefcase and laptop computer still in my office. Twenty minutes later I drove into our garage and, surprise, found that there were no bicycles left in the way where I parked.

When I climbed the stairs to the kitchen, the blinds were all closed against the afternoon heat and light. The overhead fans were turning quietly and all the lights were soft and low. I could hear some of my favorite music playing softly in the background, an orchestral rendition of some of Puccini’s opera music. I hung my coat on a hook behind the door.

Siobhan and the kids were all sitting on barstools around the kitchen counter, naked as usual in the summer, drinking what looked like lemonade. I looked at the empty stool and saw a big glass in front of it with two pills.

“No beer? I said, wondering why my favorite hot weather drink had been replaced.

“No, Dad,” Arial said, “You’ve got two extra-strength acetaminophen for your headache. You can’t have alcohol with headache medication.”

“Give us all a kiss, Kieran,” Siobhan said. “We’ve got everything ready in our bedroom to take care of your problems.”

That made me raise my eyebrows and I looked at her questioningly. She only smiled at me.

I hugged Siobhan and gave her a brief kiss on the mouth. She pulled my head against hers and I stood for a moment breathing in her smell and luxuriating in the feel of her hair against my face.

I hugged Kerry and reached around and patted him on the butt. “How’s your beautiful little butt, Kerry?”

His butt was a standing joke between us. “Just fine, Dad, wanna kiss it?”

I was used to his quick retorts but this was a new one. “Sure.” I grabbed him in my arms, manhandled him until his rear was in front of my face, and planted fart-sounding kisses on each cheek.

“Damn, Kerry,” Kavan said, “Dad doesn’t want your farts in his face.”

That started all of them to giggling and I found myself smiling in spite of the way I felt.

I grabbed Kavan, still on the bar stool, hugged him, and reached down and gave his penis a quick pull. “Been exercising it today, Kavan?” I asked.

“Just a couple of times so far, Dad,” he answered with a big grin.

And last I pulled my beautiful angel, my princess, Arial into my arms. I could feel her budding breasts against my chest and her long legs against mine. I stood still, holding her for a minute, wondering why girls always smelled so much better than boys.

I sat down, threw the two pills in my mouth, and took a long drink of the lemonade. It was perfect, just the way I liked, with its blend of lemony tartness and sugary sweetness. I drained the glass and looked around at my family.

Siobhan and Arial held out their hands to me. Kavan took my coat off the hook and folded it neatly over his arm. My wife and daughter led me down the hall to the bedroom. Again the blinds were drawn, the room was dim, and the bed was freshly made with clean sheets.

Siobhan stopped me at the foot of the bed and removed my tie and then started unbuttoning my shirt. Arial loosened my belt and unzipped my pants. Kavan and Kerry knelt and untied my shoes. I put a hand on Kavan’s head for balance and they pulled off my shoes and socks. Siobhan pulled my shirt off while Arial pulled my pants down and off, then did the same with my boxer shorts.

“Kavan’s going to shine your shoes so they’ll be ready Monday,” Siobhan said. “Arial’s going to check your suit for spots. As sweaty as you smell, I think it’ll need cleaning. Kerry’s going to hang up your tie and belt and put your dirty clothes in the laundry. But right now, we’ve got something else for you. Kerry, would you get them out of the freezer?”

Kerry ran from the room with his usual run-skip-hop and gave us one more exhibition of his beautiful little butt. He was back in seconds with a plastic pan. I looked in it and saw it was full of washcloths.

Siobhan handed one to each of the kids, unfolded hers, and then covered my face with it. It was a cold washcloth. She started gently wiping my face and I felt two kids raise my arms and start wiping my armpits with two more. I felt still another on my back. I thought that if this wasn't heaven, it was close to it.

When Siobhan moved down and started wiping my neck and shoulders, I stood with my eyes closed, close to tears that my family loved me enough to welcome me home like this. Evidently they had more than a single cloth each because I felt some newly-fresh and cold ones on my skin as they moved lower.

I opened my eyes and looked around. Siobhan in front. Arial and Kerry on the sides. Kavan behind. Kavan wiped up between my ass cheeks with a cold cloth and I shivered involuntarily.

“Thanks, Kavan, haven't had my ass wiped by anybody else in almost forty years.”

“You're welcome, Dad. I love you. I don't mind.”

Siobhan enveloped my cock and balls in another cold cloth and held them for a few seconds. I shivered again. I looked at Arial and Kerry and noticed that they were watching what their mother was doing.

“Careful, Mom,” Kerry said, “you'll masturbate Dad's headache.”

I puzzled over that one. “Kerry, I think the word you wanted to use was exacerbate, not masturbate. Exasturbate, I mean exacerbate, means to make something worse.”

“That's a good word, Dad, but doesn't masturbate make it better,” he replied, and then gave me a big Kerry grin, tickled at his own quick wit. I couldn't disagree with him.

When they finally got down to my feet, I was pushed down in a chair and my legs put up on a hassock. Siobhan got a bottle of alcohol out of the plastic pan and poured a little on each of the kid's cloths. Don't ever think an alcohol bath on hot tired feet is not a memorable experience.

Siobhan pulled me to my feet and led me to the bed. She lay down first and held out her arms to me. When I crawled on the bed to her, she moved my pillow downward so that it was near her breasts. When I put my head down, she pulled me to her, guided one of her breasts to my mouth, and wrapped her hands around my head. I wondered if the kids

were still watching when I opened my mouth and started sucking gently on her nipple. I didn't really care if they were.

I felt someone crawling on the bed behind me and, from the hair rubbing against me, I knew it was Arial. She spooned up against my butt and wrapped one arm around me. I felt the buds of her breasts press against my back and she threw one leg over mine.

"Arial," I mumbled, "do you know that there's one thing that will always turn a man's stomach?"

"No, Dad, what's that?"

"A pair of stiff titties poking him in the back."

"Oh, Dad, I don't have titties yet. Mine are just bee stings. I wish they were titties."

"Yeah, well it doesn't work anyway if he's got another pair in front of him. And one of those is in his mouth."

"Mom, sometimes when we have time, will you tell me why men like our titties – our breasts – the way they do?"

In an inspired flash of humor, I said, "It just proves that a teat in the mouth is worth two in the back."

"Oh, you men!" Arial giggled and left the room, I knew, to tell her brothers what I had said.

Kerry came in next and snuggled up against my butt. "Dad, I like it when you spoon up to me and I can play with Mom's breasts. I feel like you both love me. Do you feel the same way when you're in the middle?"

"I do, Kerry, but quit poking me with your dick."

"Dad, I'm not poking you. First it was Arial's tits and now it's my dick. You got poking on the brain today?"

He remained still about as long as he was capable, about two minutes, and then bounded out of the room. I wondered what the three would plot next. After a few minutes, I heard the microwave oven signal that time was up. I couldn't imagine.

Kavan came in next and walked around beside the bed, behind me. “Dad, can I have a turn? It’s been a long time since I got to spoon up against you or Mom.

I grunted in the affirmative, to keep from talking with a mouth full.

He crawled on the bed and stretched out behind me. “Arial and Kerry said you’ve got poking on the brain. Are you going to poke Mom? If you are, I’ll leave and close the door for you.”

“No, Kavan, I haven’t made any plans to poke your mother. Tomorrow night I’ll see if I can get my weekly poke.”

“Bullshit, Dad, I know it’s more than that because I see your door shut and I hear you when you both start coming. You’re a little noisy, sometimes.”

“You listen to us, Kavan?” his mother asked.

“Mom, I can’t help but hear you sometimes. I like to hear you because it helps me understand what it’s like to love somebody like you two do. Sometimes it gives me a hard-on and I jack off. But there’s nothing wrong with that, is there?”

“No, Kavan, there’s nothing wrong with that. There’s a lot right about you.”

“Even my sense of humor, Dad?”

“I love your sense of humor, Kavan. You got that from me, I think.”

“That’s good, Dad, ‘cause Arial and Kerry wanted me to poke you.”

“WHAT THE HELL?” I yelled out as I felt something smooth and rounded and long and warm and slippery slide between my thighs just behind my balls. I turned toward Kavan but he was already off the bed. Whatever it was, it was still there.

“Relax, Dad, it’s just a cucumber. I warmed it the microwave and buttered it and used it to give you a poke. What did you think it was?”

Later that evening, the kids served us a dinner of sandwiches and a mixed-fruit salad and iced tea on the deck. We sat around and talked until the light was all gone. As we were getting ready for bed, Siobhan said to me, “Describe Kavan.” I had to think for a minute or so until I realized that my heart knew the words. “A rock to stand on, a chain to hold. Solid, substantial, dependable, trustworthy. Broad shoulders to

carry. The child I trust with my soul. My man for all seasons.” She smiled at me and nodded agreement.

I went to bed with my wife, sated with love, satisfied without sex, delirious with happiness, and slept the sleep of a contented man.

<><><>

(SIOBHAN)

After his morning coffee, Kieran was in the best of moods all day on Saturday. Our Friday night cure for his problems had turned a grouch into a loving husband and father. I even forgave him for getting into a watermelon seed-spitting contest with the kids in the backyard.

We curled up in bed together early that night, giving the kids permission to do whatever they wished until they wanted to go to bed. I guessed they’d try to stay up until midnight and Kieran would then have to carry them to their own beds.

Kieran started begging me for a story. Another college-caper, as he called it. Back in the days when I was burning up the campus like Sherman did to Atlanta. I’m sure he didn’t get such a hot story when I told him about Ales.

His name was Andel Alesandro Tomaro. His friends called him Ales, not ales, as in beers, but A-les, two syllables. He was every young girl’s dream of a Prince Charming. He was a mixture of American and European, born American while his ambassador-father was serving in the United States, European from his childhood and education in elite schools in different countries. He spoke a mixture of British and American English, was fluent in French and Italian and conversationally adept in Spanish. And he told me when I first met him that he hoped we would be friends.

He was slightly over six-feet tall, slender, beautifully proportioned, and, as I found out, quite muscular under his always-elegant clothes. He was handsome, as all Prince Charmings are. His face was chiseled in its angles but smooth in his high forehead and cheeks. His eyes were dream-like, always changing in different lights; his eyelashes long and thick, fitting for the sensuous looks he bestowed on his admirers. His mouth was a perfect bow with full red lips, provoking dreams of long lingering kisses.

I was sophomore in summer school that year, to be a junior that fall, taking a course in European culture and history. The professor dropped a bombshell at the beginning of class one Monday. Ales’ father

was coordinating an exhibit of religious cultural artifacts from central European countries. The exhibit was to be hosted by the museum in the city where I attended college. Our professor had been asked to find students who could be hired as exhibit guides. Were we interested? Every hand in the class went up. Of course, none of us knew then that the ambassador's son would be involved.

The ambassador, his wife, and son were visiting the city in July to finalize plans for the exhibit. There was to be a black-tie dinner and dance in their honor in recognition of their generosity. Anyone in our class interested in being a guide was invited but they had to provide their own tuxedo or evening gown and transportation. We would also be invited to an informal party, hosted by the ambassador's son the following week. The ambassador's son would stay with the exhibit until the end of the year. He would make the final decision on hiring of guides. Any students in the class could study the preparatory material for the exhibit for extra class credit. That was certain to garner an A since the professor was notoriously easy on grading. Any student not initially chosen might later be called to be an occasional backup guide or even replacement. In the student union later, the entire class decided to become experts on European cultural artifacts.

I threw caution to the winds and sought out the best for the formal reception dinner. In a shop specializing in old but elegant clothing, I found a regal but simple long gown, an antique ivory dream trimmed with old lace. When the woman who ran the shop heard my description of the occasion, she found an antique shawl in her own private collection. Its color was so close to the gown that we could see no difference. The jewel of the shawl was an image of a red rose, worked into the shawl in the 1800's, so perfect that the image was the same on both sides of the material. The color of the rose was an almost perfect match for my hair. The shop owner became so engrossed in the project that she even called her hairdresser and they spent hours together, planning how to cut my hair and how to complete my presentation.

My college friends volunteered to be coachmen/women and to provide an appropriate pumpkin to get me to the ball. One of my best friends coaxed her boyfriend to act as chauffeur and to borrow his dad's Mercedes. I was a princess when we drove up at the entrance to the hotel – a nervous and slightly scared princess. But I supposed that would be normal even for royalty.

I didn't trip going in. When I gave my name at the ballroom, I was announced to the waiting reception line: the ambassador, his wife, and Ales. I thought the ambassador would never release my hand; his gaze lingered too long on the tops of my breasts and his wife politely coughed. She gave me a welcoming smile, leaned forward, and

suggested that I spend an equal amount of time with Ales. For a cultured and sophisticated European, I was surprised when he too had difficulty looking at my face. As had been suggested to me, I let the shawl slide off my shoulders. Ales easily beat his father in retrieving it.

The dinner seating was pre-arranged but I noted the looks I received from Ales at his table, as well as those from most of the males present. When dancing started, he was the first one to request a dance with me. While we were dancing, he held me close enough so that my cheek was against his – and my breasts pressed against him too. He asked my name again and then my telephone number. And he said that he hoped I'd understand that he had to dance with most of the women present, even his mother. I didn't lack for dance partners for the rest of the night.

The informal affair was a picnic under the trees on campus. I decided to display different assets this time so I went in shorts and sandals, knit shirt, an ivory-colored ribbon in my hair. Ales led me through the serving line and then ate with me.

“I thought American girls were supposed to be shallow, all ‘kinda like’ and ‘you know’ with blank minds and bad manners, big butts and bad hair. No one warned me of someone like you.”

“And I thought central European men all wore black leather, had pierced noses and spiked hair, and smoked vile-smelling cigarettes.”

“That's my brother,” he joked. “Would you please come to dinner at my apartment with my parents the night before they leave?”

And that's how it all began.

<><><>

It turned out that Ales was staying for a year and would be attending classes at the University to help him learn more about our country. He was unburdened by the need to earn a particular degree and was free to take any courses he chose – with the consent of his father and mother.

Between my classes, studying, and working as an exhibit guide, I was hard pressed for free time. Ales always seemed to occupy that time. It might be breakfast one day, lunch another, and then dinner on occasion. I introduced him to beer and barbeque; he helped me with French cuisine and wine. I tried to explain football; he tried to explain soccer. I loved every minute of it. The one exception was that Ales seemed reluctant to demonstrate any real affection for me. I always got

**an air kiss on each cheek whenever we met. He held my hand when we walked. He gave me a hug and more cheek kisses when he took me back to my dorm room.**

**He seemed to genuinely welcome me to his apartment. My dorm room was tiny, lived in by two girls, and looked like it. His apartment was spacious, beautifully decorated in elegant simplicity, and always clean. I later found out he had a cleaning lady two mornings every week.**

**Still he kept his distance. I loved his company, his sophistication, his knowledge of different cultures and music and wine. He was surprised that I'd traveled in Europe with my family. When he learned I'd spent a summer in Greece, he told me about his summer there. We agreed we both loved the people and culture but hated ouzo.**

**That all changed one late-Fall Saturday afternoon. I went to his apartment dressed in jeans and sweatshirt and, surprise, found he was wearing the jeans and college sweatshirt I had bought for him. He started to give me his usual perfunctory kiss and misjudged by a fraction of an inch. When he started for the other cheek, his nose bumped mine and his lips brushed mine. He never made it to the other cheek. He stared – gazed deeply, I suppose – into my eyes then brought his lips back to mine.**

**When I felt his lips and then just the tip of his tongue, I opened to him. In seconds, he had one hand on each side of my face and I was drowning in a sea of red lust. For all his reserve and culture, he revealed an ardent mastery of kissing. I think my nipples were erect and my panties wet before anything else happened.**

**I don't remember who undressed whom, whether we did it individually or for each other or where we did it. I do know I picked up my clothes in a trail from the front door to the bedroom. But that was hours later.**

**At some point he picked me up and then laid me down on the bed. He walked the few steps to the window and closed the blinds against the afternoon sun. I loved the way his rear looked on the way going and the way his cock bounced up and down on the way back. He stood at the foot of the bed, looking at me, a look of near worship on his face. When I held up my arms to him, he said, "Wait, please," and continued looking at me.**

**I had no way of knowing what sort of lover he would be. He lay down on the bed, half over me, and started kissing me again. Kissing was one art form he had perfected. I was beginning to think I would never tire of it but I wanted more than just kisses. When he sought out my breast with one hand, I was ready – eager – for more than kisses. Too shortly,**

his lips left mine and his hand moved down between my legs. He was equally adept at bestowing his kisses, lips and tongue on my nipple and breast. His finger slowly insinuated itself between my vaginal lips and very, very gently explored me. I opened my legs wider, hungry for his touch.

Miscommunication. Either I sent a signal too soon or he misinterpreted it. He quickly moved over me, between my outstretched legs, held his cock in one hand and probed with the head between my vaginal lips. I was already slick with my lubrication but I wanted to protest that I wasn't ready, that I wasn't as receptive as I wanted to be. But he was blind, literally and figuratively, his face buried in my hair, his consciousness already lost to his hunger. He pushed into me, with no pain on my part, but with a sense that said his cock wasn't quite welcome. As with every woman, I wanted him on my terms; he took me on his.

But credit should be given where credit is due. He was as good at fucking as he was at kissing. His cock was gloriously filling and he knew how to use it. Use it, he did. We stayed in the basic missionary position but he knew every variation of that and, I think, he even invented a few new ones. If he'd been cutting wood, I suppose he used his crosscut saw, his keyhole, his jigsaw, and his rip saw. Finally, I realized I seemed no closer to coming than I had been thirty minutes or more ago. The only bad part was that he also seemed no closer either and I was feeling a little irritation deep inside.

I realized I had to take matters into my own hands so I pulled his mouth back to mine, began to tongue-fuck him, and sunk my fingernails into his ass cheeks. Very quickly after that, he gave one last uncoordinated series of thrusts and collapsed on top of me. I was sore, unsatisfied, and tired.

We lay side by side, breathing heavily, hardly touching for minutes. Finally, he stood up, smiled at me, went in the bathroom, and shut the door. I closed my eyes, very close to tears, and listened to the water running in the bathroom. A couple of minutes later, he came out, wiping his hands on a towel. I looked at his crotch and could easily tell from his wet pubic hair and clean cock that he had cleaned off any signs of our coupling.

He stood at the foot of the bed again, his cock still engorged but limp now, looking down at me. I could feel something drooling out of my cunt and downward toward my ass cheeks. I could almost see a frown in his lowered eyebrows.

**“I think you need to use the bathroom now, don’t you?” he said, frowning slightly at me.**

**I rolled off the bed without a word, went in the bathroom, and shut the door – loudly. I peed and was still pissed off. I found a cloth and washed myself and was still pissed off. I still didn’t feel clean and fresh so I got in the shower. When I got out and dried off, I was still pissed off. I brushed my hair angrily, determined to leave some red hair in his hairbrush. I took one or two deep breaths and put my hand on the doorknob. I tried to leave my pissed-off attitude behind.**

**When I opened the door, he was asleep on the bed.**

**I stood watching him, angry, puzzled, pissed, dumbfounded, and a host of other emotions. I looked for my clothes and started to round them up but I finally decided that he might simply be inexperienced or lacking in knowledge to satisfy a new lover. I decided to be considerate and give him one more chance. I stretched out on the bed beside him, untouched, and went to sleep.**

**<><><>**

**When I woke up later, the sun was still shining. The bedroom was dim but the adjoining room, his living room, was bright with sun streaming in. I went looking for him and found him wrapped in a beautiful burgundy robe and sitting on the sofa. He had glasses on his face and he was quietly reading a book.**

**He put the book down and looked up at me smiling.**

**“You are so beautiful,” he said.**

**I felt a small decrease in my anger and waited for him to continue.**

**“I’ve been so afraid of you,” he said. “I couldn’t imagine that a woman as beautiful as you would want me to love her. That first night, when I saw you in that gown, with the rose on that shawl, I felt something grab me inside. I don’t know what it is. It’s something I’ve never felt before.”**

**“I thought you’d have been experienced with all sorts of beautiful women in Europe. Most women would consider you a very rare catch.”**

**“There’ve been a few girls. We played. But you’re different; you’re a woman. I don’t know what to do.”**

**If it was a line, it was a damn good one. I felt my heart melting again. Inexperience? Perhaps. Could he learn to be a good lover? Perhaps.**

**Did I want to teach him? I honestly didn't know. I had thought he'd be teaching me.**

**He continued to watch me and I saw his hand slip inside his robe. I watched the furtive moments, wondering why he was reluctant to open his robe.**

**"Open your robe," I whispered.**

**"No, please, I don't want you to see me. I'm not beautiful like you are."**

**I was dumbfounded again. "Where'd you ever get that idea? You're every woman's dream of a handsome prince. Why do you think a woman wouldn't want to look at you?"**

**He was silent for a minute or two, evidently thinking. "I've always felt that way. My earliest nanny used to bathe me and then scold me when I got an erection. An American girl put her hand on me when I was about fifteen. I came in her hand and she said, "Gross," and tried to shake it off her fingers. The only other girls have wanted to do it in the dark so they didn't have to look at me."**

**"Ales, you shouldn't be that way. Could we start over? And please listen to me, not to other girls or women."**

**He looked at me, evidently still unsure of what he should do and whether he should let me lead him.**

**"Ales, open your robe. Put your hand on your cock and hold it for me. Show it to me. If you want to love me, you've got to be proud of your own body. It's beautiful to me."**

**He did as I asked. I watched, hoping that we could make everything better. His penis was beautiful, larger than average, straight, ivory skin with blue veins, smooth crimson head, in other words, just perfect.**

**I looked at him, trying my best to reassure him by my smile that he was beautiful and that I wanted to see him.**

**I led him back in the bedroom and, this time, pushed him down on his back. I crawled on the bed, partially over him and sought his lips with mine. Again, he was an ardent, skilled, loving kisser; no woman could have wanted more. I reached down and tried to take his cock in my hand. He seemed to pull away from me and I gently insisted that I wanted to touch him, to feel his cock and balls. When I won the battle, I found that it had lost some of his stiffness, if not some of its size. I stroked it slowly, feeling the skin move easily up and down his shaft.**

He was uncircumcised, like most European men. His cock seemed to gradually resume its hard upright stance. I held it, kissing him, and pulled his hand against my breast.

We lay quietly, kissing, holding, caressing. He seemed slow to take the initiative so I did. I left his mouth and moved downward to his cock. He gasped and tried to pull away when I took the head in my mouth. The next second, his body betrayed his mind and he tried to shove it down my throat.

“Please, Ales,” I said, “try to relax. Let me love you. I want to, to please me, and then to please you.”

“But you’re not supposed to do that. Nobody’s ever done that with me before.”

“Did you like it, Ales?” He nodded. “I like doing it to you.”

I crawled between his legs and held his cock upright with one hand, supporting my weight with the other. I took the head of his cock in my mouth and started sucking, looking up into his eyes and watching his reaction.

He kept his eyes focused on mine and on my mouth on his cock. I waited for some sign of pleasure, some indication that he was enjoying what I was doing. His face remained almost impassive. Finally, he began thrusting upward, gently, just slightly rocking his hips. His hand reached downward toward my face. I placed my hand in his and he held it as I continued to suck his cock.

“Please stop,” he whispered, “or I’ll come. I don’t want to come in your mouth.”

I made no sign that I had heard him.

“Please, Siobhan, you must stop.”

His tone of voice made me stop. I looked up at him again, trying to understand.

“I don’t want to come in your mouth,” Ales said. “I want to come inside you, where it’s proper.”

I forced a smile onto my face and moved up over him until I was straddling his hips. I lowered myself onto him so that his cock was pressed against his stomach. I rocked my pelvis back and forth, feeling my moisture transferring from my vagina to the under-shaft of his

penis. I rode him, slowly, sensuously. He watched intently, his red lips rounded into an O.

I knew we were both wet enough. I reached down, held his cock up right, and found the head of it with my vaginal lips. I slid down just slightly, up, then down more, up, and then down until he was enclosed entirely inside me. As he reached my depths I threw my head back in closed-eyes ecstasy and ground my pelvic bone against his, my pubic hair against his.

He sat up suddenly, wrapped his arms around me, and twisted around, throwing me down on the bed. Without ever losing our connection, he spread-eagled my thighs and started pounding into me. I put my arms around his chest, thought “Oh, shit,” and wrapped my legs around his ass. Quicker this time, much too quick, he rammed into me as hard as he could. I felt his shuddering contractions and knew he’d come inside me where it was proper. I hadn’t even been close. Seconds later, he rolled off me onto his back. He put one hand, palm upward over his face, hiding his eyes.

“Would you like to bathe first this time, Siobhan?”

Siobhan bathed first. She also picked up her clothes while he was in the bathroom and was dressed when he came out. She gave him a couple of quick air kisses on each cheek, drove herself home, and spent the afternoon crying.

Late that night, I realized he had said nothing to me about birth control. I knew it was a good thing I was on the pill.

<><><>

(KIERAN)

“Enough, Siobhan, please, that’s enough for tonight. You don’t need to finish your story.”

“I want to finish it, Kieran. I want you to understand why I was reluctant to get involved with you. You were my second Prince Charming. You were everything he was and more. Outwardly my first was every Cinderella’s dream; inwardly, he was a psychiatrist’s nightmare. I wanted to love him. I wanted him to love me. I should have known that first afternoon together that it was impossible.”

“It’s not impossible for me to love you. I wish I could take my heart in my hand and give it to you. So you’d know how much I love you.”

**“Keep your heart inside, Kieran. I already know it’s mine. But could I borrow your cock for tonight?”**

**I smiled at her and lowered my face to hers. Her hand held me behind my neck and pulled me against her until I thought I’d bruise her lips. She opened her mouth to me and teased me with her tongue. When I teased back, she sucked my tongue into her mouth with strength and hunger. I wondered if she was remembering her need to be loved by Ales, a need he never satisfied.**

**I settled into our same-old, always-new, never-boring routine. When she relinquished my mouth, I moved down to her breasts. I tried to remember the old Beatles’ song about strawberry fields forever but the lyrics escaped me. I wanted my mouth between her legs as much or more than I ever had. But I tried to be slow and patient, paying attention to all of the temptations on the way down between her legs.**

**When I finally arrived there, I found the lips to her vagina wet, almost dripping. It was no surprise since the fingers on my left hand were the culprits in stirring up the broth. When I pulled the lips apart slightly and ran my tongue up her, from as close to her puckered rear opening as I could reach, over her perineum, up between the open vaginal lips, finally to the hood over the hard bump of her clitoris, I heard a slow exhalation from her. Aaaaahhhh! I was home again.**

**I reached up with both arms and found her breasts with my hands and her nipples with my thumbs and fingers. She reached down and held her fingertips just on the sides of my face. In her own time, she came again, her fingers in my hair, trying to pull my face into her cunt.**

**I curled up beside her, my right leg over hers, my hand cupping her breast. My cock was still erect, pressed against her hip, but I was content and ready for sleep. She wasn’t.**

**“I want to suck you off, Kieran.”**

**“You don’t have to do that, Siobhan.”**

**“I know. But you didn’t come last night. Your balls must be full of sperm. I want to suck you off. I want you to come in my mouth. I want you to give me a big mouthful of your hot semen. I want to swallow it. I want to wake up tomorrow morning with the taste still in my mouth. Will you kiss me then?”**

**“I always do, don’t I?”**

**She had me straddle her, my knees on each side of her chest. She had me hold onto the headboard of the bed with both hands. I was leaning over her, my balls dangling below her chin, my cock above her face, chin to forehead. She shifted her position slightly, bent my cock down, and took it in her mouth. She held it with one hand and played with my balls with the other. I surrendered to her.**

**A minute or so later, I gave her a big mouthful of my hot semen. She held it, still sucking, until I felt emptied. She swallowed. I collapsed beside her.**

**We wrapped ourselves up in each other and rested in the cool and the quiet. I held her left breast in my right hand with her nipple trying to protrude between my two middle fingers.**

**“You asked me to describe Kavan. I’ve been thinking about Arial off and on today. Would you like to hear my description of her?”**

**She nodded.**

**“Soft fingers around my heart. Blue eyes and blonde hair and a cute little nose. A sweetness and caring that permits no further definition of love. A mischievous little sprite. If angels exist, she’s God’s model.**

**“She’s just a girl, Kieran.”**

**“She’s you, Siobhan. She’s me. And she’s so much just her own self.”**

**I went to sleep spooned up against her naked ass with my hand on her breast. I knew I was blessed to be a man in a world with women like Siobhan, my wife.**

**<><><>**

**On Sunday morning, I was awakened when Siobhan started moving to get out of bed. I grabbed her, gave her the kiss I had promised her the night before, and turned over and pulled the pillow over my head.**

**Sunday was a quiet and peaceful family day.**

**Siobhan had coffee made when I wandered into the kitchen, still smelling of sex. She was already clean and smelling of herself and herbs and spices and flowers as usual. She let me have one cup of coffee before sending me to take a shower. When I returned, she put an onion bagel with cream cheese in front of me and another cup of coffee. She scrubbed a fresh peach for me and then cut it into eights, the way I liked it, and put that in front of me.**

The kids came in next and she fixed them breakfast to order and then gave them their first fresh fruit for the day. For the rest of the morning, Siobhan and I read the paper, did the crossword puzzle, and let the kids do whatever they wanted to do. After lunch of leftovers, we all put on clothes and went for a walk down the hill to the creek bottom.

A couple of hours later, we climbed back up the hill, took off our clothes poolside, and played for an hour or so. I finally called the kids out and we went in through the basement for our usual shower. Afterwards we made sandwiches for supper. I went back to our bedroom, chose clothes for work on Monday, and then turned on the overhead fan and lay down on the bed. Siobhan came in a few minutes later, asked what I was doing, got “Nothing” in reply, and crawled in beside me. She put her head on my shoulder and I curled my arm around her. We didn’t need to talk; life was perfect.

After a little while, Kerry came in, crawled up in the bed, and wiggled himself between us. He put his hand on one of Siobhan’s breasts and his mouth on the other. I spooned up to his butt and watched what he was doing. He gave a big sigh of happiness or contentment; life was perfect.

Arial was next. She stood at the foot of the bed, watching us; her face was that of a beautiful angel, her body a forest nymph or sprite. I watched as her eyes misted up as they often did when she was emotionally happy. She curled up behind me and wrapped her arm around me. I waited, knowing that Kavan would soon show up. When he did, he grinned, said, “Ah, hah, fooling around again, aren’t you?”

When nobody said anything, he stretched out behind his mother, put one arm over her, pushed Kerry’s hand off her breast, and replaced it with his own. Life was perfect.

We all lay quietly, lost in our own thoughts, or without any need to think. Arial broke the lengthy silence.

“Dad, could we have another good talk tonight, you know, about love and sex and stuff like that?”

“Yes, Arial, what do you want to know?”

“Kavan and I’ve been talking. Kerry too, but I don’t think he understands that much yet. We’ve been reading that book you and Mom gave us, the good one with all the pictures of people doing stuff with each other.”

**“Are you having trouble understanding some of it? I’ve told you I’d give you honest answers. You’ve got to get used to asking me honest questions.”**

**“Yeah, Dad,” Kavan came in, “we’ve been reading the chapters on cunnilingus and fellatio. Am I pronouncing them right?”**

**“Yes, Kavan, but it’s not important that you learn to pronounce them right. What is important is that you learn to do them right.”**

**“We read about how people do it. We looked at the pictures of them doing it. But we don’t understand why people want to do it. Arial tried it with Kerry and they didn’t understand why it’s such a big deal. She says she doesn’t want to do it with me because I come now. I tried to talk her into doing it with me. If I do want to do it, is it OK with you and Mom if Kerry and I do it with her?”**

**“You must ask Arial if it’s OK with her,” I said. “Don’t ever force yourself on her. There’s only one thing we don’t want you to do with your sister. You know what that is.”**

**“Yeah, I know,” Kavan responded. “I’m not supposed to try to get my dick in her pussy. We don’t want another little Squirt.”**

**“Kavan, maybe there are some things you’re too young to understand,” Siobhan said. “The simple answer is that we love each other very much. I do it to Kieran because it gives him a lot of pleasure. He does it for me for the same reason.”**

**“But Mom,” Arial said, “Kavan comes now. I see the stuff that comes out of his dick and I don’t want that in my mouth. Does Dad do that in your mouth?”**

**“Yes, Arial,” she answered truthfully. “He comes in my mouth occasionally. Sometimes we do oral sex to get warmed up, what’s called foreplay. Most of the time, he comes in my vagina.”**

**“Well, if he comes in your mouth, whaddaya do with it?” Kerry wanted to know. He rolled over on his back and I looked down at his rigid hard-on.**

**“Your Dad ejaculates more than Kavan does, Kerry,” she answered. “Kavan’s body is just changing into a man’s. But most of the time, a man’s come – ejaculate, if you want the big term – the volume of it is only about a teaspoon. What did you do with that teaspoon of cough medicine I gave you last winter?”**

**“I swallowed it, ‘cause you told me to.”**

**Kavan gave me a big smile at that, Arial said “yuk,” and Kerry said “yeah, gross.”**

**“There’s nothing gross about it,” Siobhan insisted. “If you really love someone, there’s nothing gross about that person’s vaginal or seminal fluids. Your dad puts his mouth on my vagina and uses his tongue and lips to help me have orgasms. I take his penis in my mouth and help him. It’s not gross. You’ve seen me and your father kissing. You kids might call it French kissing or deep kissing. Is that gross?”**

**“No, Mom,” Arial said. “I like to watch you two do that. It makes me know you love each other. Kinda makes me get all hot down there.”**

**“We kiss each other the same way after we’ve had oral sex with each other,” Siobhan said. “There’s nothing gross about it. Kinda makes me get hot down there too.”**

**“Yeah, same goes for me,” the other of us two said.**

**“When was the last time you did it with each other? Arial asked.**

**Siobhan looked at me, questioningly, and I said, “Last night.”**

**“Really,” squealed Kavan, his voice cracking in the middle of the word. He rose up and I saw another rigid hard-on, at least twice as big as Kerry’s, sprouting from a sparse patch of red pubic hair.**

**“Neat,” said Kerry, “I wish we could have seen you two doing it. That’d be better than those dumb pictures any day.”**

**“Mom, Dad, could you do it again tonight?” Arial begged. “And let us watch?”**

**“Yeah, Mom and Dad, please, that’d be neat,” said Kerry.**

**“Yeah, Mom and Dad, please, do it again, please,” Kavan begged. “We won’t bother you. We just want to watch. We’ll go to bed when you’re done and you two can sleep together.”**

**I smiled at the idea of our children giving us permission to sleep together. I looked at Siobhan and raised my eyebrows, asking if she wanted to let our three kids watch us.**

**The previous night was a dress rehearsal. On Sunday night, we put on the full performance, for an appreciative audience. I gave her a good**

licking and then sucked her little red pearl until she squealed. She showed them how she uses her hand and mouth in combination. She even swallowed when I came. I lay there with my eyes closed, waiting for my heart and breathing to slow down.

When they left, I heard Kavan telling Arial something that sounded like “See, Arial, Mom looked like she enjoyed doing it with Dad. You could learn to like it.”

I rose up and looked at three beautiful butts going out the door. I think Arial said something about him learning to make her squeal like Mom did. I know I heard Kerry say he’d like to practice whenever she wanted to.”

I looked over at Siobhan. She had her head on her pillow with a wild tangle of red hair. She had her eyes closed and was smiling like Mona Lisa.

**(SIOBHAN)**

On Monday night, Kieran asked me if I wanted to complete my story about Ales. I hesitated, unsure.

“You don’t have to, you know. If it’s hurting you, you can stop. If it ends painfully, just say so and we’ll forget all about it.”

“It hurt then, Kieran, but it didn’t end painfully. It just ended. I never understood why but it did.”

“You left off where you went back to your apartment and cried. I can understand why. Did Ales begin to understand and try to...what...love you, fuck you... whatever..., so that you were happy with him?”

“I don’t know. I’ll let you be the judge of that. Anyway, he called me on Monday and we talked. But not about what we had done. He called on Tuesday and we talked some more. He invited me to have lunch with him at the museum on Wednesday. I was surprised at that because he’d seemed reluctant to let others see our growing closeness.”

<><><>

We were eating lunch in the Museum cafeteria. Ales was talkative, bubbling over with fascinating glimpses of what his life in Europe had been like. At one point, he put his hand on the table, palm up, making some point. I put my hand on top of his. His fingers closed around my hand.

Suddenly he looked at me and then looked around at all the people in the cafeteria. I started to remove my hand but he held on to me. When I looked at him, I thought I could see a sudden reflection off tears in his eyes.

“Don’t pull away from me, Siobhan. Please understand. I’m not free to do whatever I want. If I were, I’d make you stand up on this table with me and I’d kiss you for the whole world to see. My father’s and mother’s grips aren’t easily loosened.”

Of course a mushy line like that was enough to warm a poor girl’s heart. I smiled and slowly eased my hand away.

On Saturday, I had guide duty at the Museum in the morning from nine to one. He called on Friday, asked me to have lunch with him, not at the Museum, but at an Italian restaurant he’d found. I couldn’t refuse. But I wondered what he had in store for Saturday afternoon.

The lunch was a special occasion – at least for me, perhaps ordinary for Ales. He surprised the restaurant staff with his easy use of Italian and soon we were receiving the very best of service. The restaurant owner even came out, carrying a bottle of something, with three glasses. He sat with us while he and Ales decided what we should have for lunch. We had to wait almost another hour before we were served and the restaurant was almost empty of other customers. I tried to hold back on the fresh bread and the herbed olive oil dip. The wait was well worth the time.

In Ales’ car afterward, neither of us spoke. He darted smiling glances at me while he drove me wherever he wanted – back to his apartment.

Once inside, I took off my blue guide blazer. I loosened the top button on my cotton shirt and threw my hair back loosely over my shoulders. Ales watched when I reached down to the button on my skirt. I unbuttoned, slid the zipper part way down and stopped.

“I’m stuffed,” I said. “Do you mind if I get comfortable?”

He smiled at me, said excuse me, and went to the bathroom, shutting the door very quietly. But I could still hear him, drilling down into the toilet bowl like a fire hose. He lingered long enough afterward that I knew he had washed his hands.

“My turn,” I said, when he came out.

The seat on the commode was down. It was dry. The ultimate test. I thought perhaps Ales had some potential yet.

When I came out, Ales was in the bedroom, sitting on the foot of the bed. He was taking his shoes off. I watched as he pulled his socks off, stood up and pulled his pants off, carefully folded them and put them in the closet on a hanger. He was cute standing there in his white shirt and white briefs. When he took off the shirt, I decided it was my turn. I removed my shirt and skirt and tossed them on a chair. Ales watched fascinated as I reached behind to release my brassiere. He shook his head in mock puzzlement, wondering why the clasp was in the back. When my breasts spilled out, he opened his mouth and gasped.

I started to peel my panties down but he said, "Wait." I watched as he removed his briefs and his cock quickly stood up in welcome to me. "Would you get on the bed, please? Let me look at you?"

I stretched out on the bed, stretched, as in cat, and let him watch. I kept my legs apart and his eyes locked on my white panties. He stood still for minutes, breathing deeply, looking at me. I could see his hard cock jerking involuntarily every few seconds.

Finally he crawled on the bed, up between my legs. He put his head on my stomach, face down, inhaled deeply, and then turned to one side. His hands began to move over me, sliding softly up to my shoulders, over my breasts, down along my sides, to my hips, and down my legs. Again and again. I began to think that, yes, there might be hope for Ales yet.

Eventually he moved lower, caught my legs one at a time, and lifted them on his back. He put his face down between my legs, his nose and mouth directly over my vagina. He breathed deeply, slowly, and then slid his hands up under my ass. He lifted me slightly and I turned my pelvis slightly to make myself more accessible to him. I felt his wet tongue licking upward on my wet panties. I wanted desperately for him to take my panties off.

Finally he did. When he had them off both legs, he put his head back on my stomach. His breath was uneven, as though he might be crying. I felt warm tears on my stomach and wondered what the hell was going on.

When he slowly, hesitantly, moved lower, I looked down and saw that his eyes were closed. "Look at me, please. Ales, please look at me." He looked upward at my face first and then downward between my legs. I knew my lips there were open and wet. He finally put his mouth there and I put my head back on the pillow and shut my eyes. He was so tentative, so slow, so gentle, when I wanted him to lick me hard, to suck on me, to make me come.

He moved back up on my stomach and I felt his ragged breathing and sniffing. He stayed there for just a minute this time and then moved back down. This time, he seemed to lose all reluctance. He completely changed and started licking everything his mouth could find. He caught my vaginal lips between his teeth and mouth and pulled and then sucked. He probed as deeply into me as his tongue would reach. He almost rooted in me, as a pig might root for truffles. Eventually he found one. I held his head unmoving in my hands while he tongued and sucked my clit until I burst into a skyrocketing orgasm.

When I opened my eyes, Ales was on his hands and knees between my legs. If his tongue had been hanging out, I'd have patted him on the head and said good boy. His tail was wagging but it was pointing the wrong way, toward me. It wasn't his tail, just joking.

He smiled and then left the bed and went to the bathroom. When he came back, his face was freshly washed and his hair was freshly combed. He gave me a quick kiss when I rolled off the bed and I could tell he'd also brushed his teeth. I took my bathroom turn, still trying to understand him.

When I came back, he was stretched out on the bed, cock still hard and pointing upward on his stomach. I curled up beside him, gave him a quick kiss, and put my hand on his cock.

“Ales, I'm going to give you a choice. It's your turn now but I want you to do what I say. I'd like to give you a blow job,” he frowned at that, “I'd like to make love to you with my mouth the same way you just did. If you won't let me do that, I want to get on top of you and make you come that way.”

He thought for a minute and I could see his brows tighten. “But why, Siobhan? I didn't want to do that to you. But I did want to, I couldn't stop myself. I wanted to but I didn't; does that make any sense?”

I couldn't think of a good answer.

“And why do you want to have sex with me with you on top? Why can't we do it the proper way, with me on top?”

“Ales, I'll give you a third choice. I'll get on my hands and knees and you can fuck me from behind.”

He looked at me with quick surprise and I wondered if he thought I'd meant in the Greek way.

**“In my cunt, Ales, in my pussy, my vagina, not my anus.” I wondered why I hadn’t said asshole.**

**He finally made his choice. He wanted me to suck him off. I did. He came. I swallowed. He wouldn’t kiss me again until I got up and washed my face and brushed my teeth. Poor Ales. I knew he was hopeless.**

**After that I suppose he sensed my reluctance to meet with him. We had lunch two more times but I begged off on going to his apartment. I saw him a few times around the museum but he didn’t seem to see me. I resigned from my guide job the next week, begging off with the excuse that, with all my college study load, I didn’t have time. Poor Ales.**

**(KIERAN)**

**“You describe Ales so well in some ways. But it’s like there’s some part of him missing, some big emptiness, maybe something like a knot that can’t be untied. I guess that’s what I can’t understand.”**

**“I couldn’t understand it either, Kieran,” Siobhan said, “and perhaps emptiness is a good way to say it. Or maybe an empty enigma. I cried myself to sleep too many nights trying to understand. I had to tell him goodbye to keep myself whole. I knew I couldn’t be like him; I didn’t think he could be like me.”**

**“May I change the subject,” I asked. “I’ve tried to use words to describe two of our children. I dare you to try to do it with Kerry.”**

**She was silent for a few minutes. Kerry was an enigma too, not an empty one but one bursting with life and love.**

**“Joy, laughter. A beautiful body, an enigmatic mind, a rapier wit, a never-ending delight, a bouncing hop-skip-jump, an eternal boy. Something about love, about how he gives it so freely.”**

**“Not bad. I’d add something else like – the miracle our love created.”**

**Poor Ales. Why did he end up as Poor Ales? How did I get to be rich, very rich, Kieran? Siobhan, Kavan, Arial, Kerry. No man could be richer.**

**It was getting late. We both had to be up at our regular time for work and school tomorrow. But I knew I couldn’t let my wife go to sleep without showing her how much I loved her.**

**She had pulled the sheet over us when she started the second part of her story about Ales. I kicked it down to the foot of the bed and moved up on top of her, my thighs between her widespread legs. My cock was hard, drooling again, pinned between our stomachs. I wanted to travel the old, always-new, journey I'd traversed so many times before. I started with gentle kisses, nips and smacks, licks and brushes, evolving slowly into open mouth tongue sucking and fucking.**

**In time, I moved down to her breasts, wishing that the lights were on so that I could see with my eyes what I was feeling with my mouth.**

**In time again, I moved downward on her, pausing at her navel, still a taut upright oval of an indentation, before finally heading, toward my goal. She held me gently by my ears while I licked her to gentle ripples of coming, like pebbles dropped in a pond, and finally to a splash of orgasm, like a boulder dropped from a cliff.**

**I moved back up to her mouth again, my mouth redolent of her vagina, and kissed her slowly and gently.**

**Poor Ales.**

**When she started moving her body against mine, I pulled her over on top of me. She ground her pelvis against mine until I reached down, held my cock upright, and she slowly slid down its length. She moved onto her knees, leaning back impaled on my cock, and began to move up and down. Her hands were on my chest. I knew this was as proper as any way we could join together. I reached for her breasts and felt the tangle of her hair on my arms. She came again, a wrenching orgasm that made me wonder if she could possibly snap my cock off at the root.**

**Poor Ales.**

**I waited again, knowing she would signal me when she was ready. Without a word, she started rolling over on her back. I held her and we completed the move, still connected. I started slowly as always, savoring her flesh on mine, and quickly lost consciousness of anything except our coupling. When I felt the first twinges of urgency, I simply let my body do what it wanted to do – pour out my semen at the entrance to her womb.**

**Poor, poor Ales. Rich, wonderfully-rich Kieran.**

### **Chapter Twenty-Three**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 42; Siobhan Stuart, 41; Kavan Stuart, 15; Arial Stuart, 13 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 9 (almost 10)**

**Kathryn Jensen, 16**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

<><><>

**(KIERAN)**

**Kavan talked us into letting him have an end-of-school-year party. He invited about thirty of his friends, an equal number of girls and boys, and we had a pool party in our enclosed back yard.**

**He was very proud when he introduced me to one of the girls, Kathryn. I recognized her as a girl from a house a short distance away. She had been around our house more than once but I had never been introduced before. From the way he was holding her hand, I guessed that they would call themselves girlfriend and boyfriend. She was a beautiful brunette, well developed with full breasts and hips already wide with womanhood. I wondered how old she was. She seemed older than Kavan.**

**I cooked hamburgers and hotdogs for the crowd, while Siobhan played hostess or maybe it was damage control. Even Arial and Kerry helped their brother and his friends have a good time. They tried to splash the pool dry and ate enough to feed an army and made enough noise to wake the dead – but I enjoyed it. Still, I was relieved when the last ones finally left.**

**I looked around to make sure all the other kids were gone and, when I saw that only my kids were left, I shucked off my swimming briefs. Kavan had said he was going to wear the big boxers most of the other boys were going to wear but at the last minute he changed his mind. He and Kerry wanted to do the same thing I did and show off for the girls. I suppose I wanted to show off too. Arial said I still looked good enough to eat, as usual. A couple of guys who were on the school swim team wore Speedos but most of the guys wore long baggy boxers.**

**I saw the young girls checking out the guys wearing briefs, including me, and I wondered why the others wanted to wear boxers. Arial wore a bikini that was close to a thong, to the envy of the other girls, and got**

her share of wide-eyed stares from the boys. Siobhan wore her two-piece suit and kept a towel wrapped around her hips most of the time. She still got checked out thoroughly by the horny young boys and one horny old man.

Our three kids were naked as soon as I was and we all jumped or dived into the pool. Siobhan slowly removed her bra and bottom and gracefully walked down the steps at the end of the pool. We all horsed around for a while until I noticed that Kerry seemed tired and reluctant to play. When he swam to me and wrapped his long arms and legs around me, I carried him out of the pool and Siobhan followed.

She laid down on one of the outdoor loungers, picked up a towel, and covered herself from her breasts on down. She held up her arms to Kerry, saying, “Come here, baby,” and I lowered Kerry down on to her. He snuggled up to her on his stomach, face turned sideways between her breasts, his favorite position, and closed his eyes.

I began to pick up the mess from the party and Kavan and Arial pitched in to help. We were filling the second garbage bag when I heard the side gate open. Kathryn walked back in and was almost to the pool area before she realized we were all naked. She took one frantic look at me first, then Kavan and Arial, and last at Siobhan holding Kerry, his butt sticking up in the air.

“Kerry has a beautiful little butt, doesn’t he?” I said.

Kathryn’s eyes went around the same circle as before. I could tell this time that she was getting a good look at me and at Kavan. I could hear her gulping for something to say.

“Kavan hasn’t told you that we’re a nudist family, has he?” I asked.

“No,” she finally choked out. “Wow, that’s, that’s cool. You all go naked with each other, huh?”

Kavan walked up to her and – I admired his grace – took both of her hands in his. “We’ve been doing this as long as I can remember, Kathryn. We’re used to it. But I guess it’s a shock to you, isn’t it?”

She looked him up and down, mostly down, and finally said, “Yeah, it’s a real shock. I’ve never seen anything like it. I just wish I could do it too.”

Kavan looked at me, as if asking advice or permission. “You can if you want to, Kathryn,” I said. “Kavan and Arial would be glad to play in the pool with you. Kerry is kind of zonked out.”

**“You think it would be alright?” she asked. “I can’t stay but a little bit more. I just walked back to get my hairbrush.”**

**“It’s your decision,” I said. “Do it if you want to, but please don’t say anything about it to anyone. The next time you’re over here, we’ll sit down and discuss it with you. I don’t think Kavan will object, will you, Kavan?”**

**“No, Dad, I think it would be great if Kathryn joined us,” he said.**

**She looked around at all of us, clearly undecided, and then Arial piped up. “Yeah, Kathryn, do it. We love to swim naked. It’s a lot of fun and nothing bad ever happens.”**

**Maybe that relieved her fear. She pulled off the men’s shirt she was wearing and then her shorts, leaving her again in her bikini. She hesitated for a moment and then went through some sort of gymnastic maneuver with her arms that left her bra hanging in her hand. She hesitated again and then pulled down her bottom and stepped out.**

**“You’re beautiful, Kathryn,” I said, because she really was. She had the perfect body that only a young girl just into womanhood can have.**

**Kavan looked her up and down and finally choked out a full sentence, “Yeah, you’re really beautiful, Kathryn!”**

**“If you’ll all excuse me, I’ll finish cleaning up,” I said. “Kavan, why don’t you and Arial play with Kathryn in the pool for about fifteen minutes? I’ll let you know when time’s up so you can walk her home.”**

**When I looked up a few minutes later, I could hardly see the kids for all the water splashing in the pool. I looked at Siobhan and shrugged my shoulders.**

**I finally finished cleaning up and putting away. When I called the kids out to get dressed, Kavan said to Arial, “I’ll walk her home by myself, Arial. You don’t need to come too.”**

**When Kavan finally came back, he seemed lost in a fog and I thought I could detect signs of a teen-age illness: puppy love. I was about to kid him about it when I remembered what I had done at fifteen and how grown-up I had felt about it.**

**Arial was lying in wait for him. “Wow, Kavan, is that lipstick on the fly of your shorts?”**

Poor Kavan. He looked down immediately and then looked up at me. I could almost see him trying to remember something.

“Arial asshole Stuart,” he growled. “Kathryn wasn’t wearing any lipstick.”

“Oh, yeah, dipstick,” she sneered, “then what’s that red stuff on your lips?”

Poor Kavan. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth before he realized.

“Gotcha again!” Arial squealed

Kavan pulled off his shirt and shorts and started for Arial.

“Did Kathryn give you that hard-on, Kavan?” I asked.

He looked down and realized that his dick was almost hard. I’d noticed it as soon as he pulled down his shorts

“Gotcha, Kavan,” I smiled.

“Yeah, Dad,” he said in exasperation. “She did. I kissed her. In fact we were deep kissing. She’s pretty hot at that. It made me get a hard-on. I had to wait for it to go down a little before I could walk back. I couldn’t walk home with a tent in the front of my pants, could I? Everybody would have thought I was selling something.”

With that, he proceeded to grab Arial, throw her in the pool, and then cannon-ball right next to her. When they were through wrestling, I called them out. “Get your butts out of the water. We all need to get a shower,” I said.

Kerry was awake again so I grabbed his hand and dragged him off his mother. I couldn’t fuss at him about enjoying the closeness with her since I enjoyed the same thing.

“Come on, Squirt,” I said. “You and Kavan and I need to get a shower to wash off the pool chemicals. We’ll let Mom and Arial shower in the bathroom and we can go to the basement shower. That is, if they promise not to use up all the hot water washing their hair.”

When the three of us were showering together in the big basement shower we had built, Kerry popped a boner again. As usual he pushed his hips forward, showing off as always, proud of his four inches of erect dick. He reached down, pushed it downward, and we all watched

as it sprang back up and slapped against his stomach. When it stopped bobbing up and down, he started to do it again.

“Don’t do it again, Squirt,” I said. “You need to exercise that muscle; you don’t need to break it off.”

He looked down and giggled. “How do you exercise it? Do you mean jacking off like Kavan does?”

“He exercises with his weights once every day,” I said. “Does he exercise his dick once every day?”

Before Kerry could say anything, Kavan answered. “No, Dad, I don’t exercise it once a day. It’s usually more like three or four times a day.” He looked at Kerry. “And you can just shut up, Squirt. Dad’s always told us that jacking off is the most normal thing a teenage boy can do. You’re just jealous. And besides you do it too.”

“Yeah,” Kerry said, “I do it too because sometimes I can make it feel real good. I guess that’s an orgasm like Dad said. But I don’t squirt anything out of my dick like you do.”

“Kerry, his testicles are making millions of sperm and lots of testosterone every day,” I said. “Kavan does it to let off a little pressure from that. You’ll do it too in a few years.”

“But nobody has told me yet how to exercise it,” Kerry complained.

Kavan sighed loudly. “Pull your foreskin back and I’ll show you,” he said. I stood watching, wondering where this was going.

Kerry pulled his foreskin back as far as possible on his hard pride and joy and stood waiting.

Kavan reached over and, with one finger, pushed Kerry’s dick down to a horizontal position. He put the finger just on the groove behind the head.

“See this groove, Squirt,” he said, “that’s where you tie the cord.”

Kerry looked up at me and said, “What cord?”

I shrugged and Kavan told him, “The cord you tie to the ten-pound weight on the floor. Then you keep trying until you can lift the weight like Dad and me.”

Kerry looked me in the face and then down at my dick, half-hard from all the fun. He looked at Kavan and so did I. Kavan was more than half hard as usual.

“I’ve got ten dollars that says neither of you can lift it either,” Kerry smiled.

I thought it was time for me to end the fun. “You win, Kerry,” I said. “We’re not going to try to prove it because I don’t want to hurt my dick and I’m sure your brother isn’t ready to ruin his when it’s not even broken in yet.”

Before eight o’clock, Siobhan and I were stretched out on the king-size bed in our bedroom, half-heartedly watching the usual garbage on television. The kids were watching some garbage on the television in the family room. We were all still naked, as we often were in warm weather, and the big doors from the family room to the screened back deck were open.

Siobhan curled up next to me and put her hand on my stomach. I pushed it further down and she started playing with my dick, slowly sliding the skin up and down on the shaft. I was more than half hard again and wondering whether to get up and shut the door. All of us understood that a shut door meant that we wanted privacy.

Just at that moment, Kavan walked in on us, took one look, and turned around on a dime. He went back to the family room yelling, “Whoop, whoop, erection alert, erection alert, whoop, whoop, get the fire extinguisher, whoop, whoop, erection alert.”

Kerry came running, yelling, “Where? Where? Let me see.” He took a flying leap and landed on the bed on Siobhan’s side. The two older ones had stopped doing this but Kerry still loved to do it. He crawled over her and pushed us apart, then stretched out between us. “Don’t worry, my lady, I’ll protect you from the evil knight and his fearsome lance,” he said, trying to lower his voice but not succeeding.

Kavan and Arial come in together and stood looking at the three of us for a minute. I saw both of them checking out the erection alert. It was still needed.

“Can we get in bed with you too?” Arial asked.

“Yeah,” Kavan said, “I’d like to do it too.”

I looked at Siobhan and she just shrugged.

**“Sure,” I said, “come on.”**

**Siobhan, Kerry, and I moved to the center of the bed and propped up on the big pillows. Kavan crawled in on the side next to Siobhan and Arial crawled in beside me. We were accustomed to being naked together and we even curled up in bed together occasionally, especially when the weather was cold or stormy. But I sensed that this was different and wondered where this was going. I felt sure that our kids had been plotting some kind of mischief and we were going to be involved. It wouldn't be the first time.**

**Kerry was snuggled up close to his mother, as usual, and had a hand on one breast. Kavan moved closer to her on the other side and placed one hand first on his mother's stomach and then slowly moved it up until it was on her other breast. I knew he could feel the nipple against the palm of his hand.**

**Kavan moved back from his mother slightly and I wondered why. His dick sprang out from between them and I assumed he was uncomfortable having his hard-on pressed downward against his mother's hip. Kerry turned his face to his mother's breast and took the nipple in his mouth. Kavan and Arial and I watched as he began to suck gently on the little strawberry. When Kavan lowered his mouth to the other nipple and began sucking too, Siobhan looked over at me with a questioning expression on her face.**

**“Are you kids sure you want to be here with us tonight?” I asked.**

**Kavan and Kerry just grunted their “Uh huh,” and Arial said, “Sure, Dad, let us stay. This is cool. We won't talk to anyone about it and we know you two would never let us get hurt with you.”**

**I looked at Siobhan and she just shrugged, as though indicating agreement. I wasn't sure how far she was willing to go until she reached down with both hands and took Kavan's hard-on in her left hand and Kerry's in her right. Arial and I watched while she gently moved her hand up and down on their dicks while they continued to suck on her nipples. My dick quickly grew into a full-blown hard-on.**

**“If you want to stay, one of you has got to get up and turn off the television. I don't know where the remote is,” I said. Kerry sprang up, turned it off, and was back between me and his mother in about two seconds.**

**When Arial leaned over me and put her hand on my dick, I looked at her, about to ask her if she should be doing this. She looked me in the**

eyes, smiled, and said, "Relax, Dad, I'm thirteen and a half. Don't you think it's about time I found out what a hard dick feels like?"

"You can feel what it's like in your hand, young lady, but don't expect to feel one in you anywhere else any time soon," I admonished. "I don't think you're ready for that!"

She wrapped her little hand almost around my cock and then slowly slid my foreskin back and eased it forward, never taking her eyes off it.

"I know that, Dad. I don't want to feel that for a few years yet. Nobody's going to get one in me until I'm ready for it."

"Have you kids been making up some nefarious plot that involves your parents?" I asked.

"It's not a nefarious plot, Dad," Arial said. "We just thought you and Mom might let us play with you. We promise we won't hurt you."

"OK. I don't know what you three are up to but would you let me and your mother turn your plan into a learning opportunity?" I asked.

"Sure, Dad," Kerry said, taking his mouth off Siobhan's breast for a moment. "You've told us lots of good stuff about sex. We just thought we might do some of it tonight, if that's OK with you and Mom."

Kavan propped up on one elbow, put his hand back on Siobhan's left breast, and watched his sister playing with my cock. "You know what's really different about our family, Dad?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, "most parents won't let their kids get in their bed at all. Most fathers won't let their daughters play with their dicks and most mothers won't play with their son's dicks."

"No, Dad, that's not really it. We're different in the way we talk and the way we touch each other."

"Uh huh," Arial added, never missing a slow stroke. "You've always talked to us about sex like we were smart enough to understand it. You've told us about what it's like when you and Mom do it. The part I like is that you never say you fucked her; it's always that the two of you made love. The kids at school talk about fucking and it sounds like something disgusting. The way you and Mom talk about sex and making love with each other, you make it sound like something beautiful. You make it like something sacred, sort of spiritual sometimes."

**“Yeah,” Kerry took his mouth off Siobhan’s right nipple again and piped in. “I especially like it when we can get in bed with you. Last winter when we didn’t have any heat for a couple of days, we all put on our sweat suits and got in bed together to stay warm. That was neat.”**

**“Dad,” Arial said, “when that happened, we were all warm and it was so nice to be together. When Kavan and Kerry got up to go pee, I saw you and Mom curled up together and you had your hand under Mom’s sweatshirt. I could see it on her breast. When they came back, Kavan curled up against my backside. I took his hand and put it under my sweatshirt. He put it on my breast and that’s all he did. When Kerry turned over facing me, I took his hand and put in under there too. He put his hand on my other breast and then just held it there. I don’t think I’ll ever forget how warm and loved I felt being there with them.”**

**She moved her hand from my cock, leaving my foreskin retracted and the head shining, to my balls and started playing with them.**

**“I hope I never forget that either,” Siobhan said, “but Kieran’s right. Most parents don’t let their children touch them like you’re touching your father. And they don’t touch their sons like I’m doing. I know this is a first for us and I’m not sure we should be doing this.”**

**I noticed that, in spite of what Siobhan said, she showed no intention of taking her hands off Kavan’s and Kerry’s dicks. Both were clearly enjoying her hands on their hard dicks.**

**“I don’t see why not, Mom,” Kavan said. “You sometimes let us sleep with you without clothes. When you do, I touch you and Arial with my dick. I spoon up against you and I get an erection or sometimes I wake up with one pressed against Arial’s butt. I don’t try to do any more than that.”**

**“Yeah, Dad,” Arial said, “I’ve felt your dick before and I’ve felt Kavan’s. When you let us sleep naked together, I like it when you hold me and spoon up against me. I’ve been woke up more than once by your hard-on poking me. Same with Kavan. It doesn’t bother me to feel it back there; why should it bother you when I have it in my hand? Anyway, neither of you ever tried to stick it in me.”**

**I looked at Siobhan and she evidently saw my plea for help. “Don’t look at me, big boy, you got yourself into this. Now you can decide where it goes.”**

**During all the talk, I noticed Arial watching her mother’s hands as she played with Kavan and Kerry. Her own hand mimicked her mother’s strokes, keeping my dick at full erection.**

**“Mom,” Arial said, “which one do you think is bigger: Dad’s or Kavan’s? Can we find out?”**

**“Kerry, do you think you could find that small measuring tape in my sewing box?” Siobhan asked. “We’ll let you hold the tape and your sister and I’ll read the numbers. And get a pencil and paper.”**

**Kerry was giggling as he ran out of the room, sort of half-skipping so that his beautiful little butt switched from side to side.**

**Siobhan looked at Arial and said, “Keep it up, Arial. It’s got to be hard to be good – and to get a good measurement.” Both Kavan and Arial groaned at the old Mae West joke; they’d heard it before from me. Arial made sure my dick stayed up and Siobhan kept Kavan’s standing proudly.**

**When Kerry returned and stretched out in the bed again, he was grinning even wider than usual. “How do we measure them?” he asked.**

**Siobhan took the tape measure and unrolled a foot or so. “You hold this end up against their pubic bone. Just press down through their pubic hair and you’ll feel it.”**

**“Where?” Kerry asked.**

**Siobhan turned loose of Kavan’s cock and took hold of Kerry’s with one hand. With the other hand, she pressed the tape against his hairless pubic bone. She held his dick straight up, stretched the tape along its length, and curved it around the head. I craned my neck over and checked. It looked like it was a little over four inches, maybe four and a half.**

**“Like this.” she said. “Kieran, you and Kavan stand up at the foot of the bed.”**

**“How long was mine?” Kerry asked, indignant that his had not been properly measured. He lifted his hips so his pride and joy was prominently displayed.**

**Siobhan held Kerry’s dick up and applied the tape measure again. “Four and a half inches.”**

**“Hot damn, it’s grown another quarter inch,” he exclaimed.**

**“Dad’s next,” Kavan said. “Hold his dick down, Arial. Kerry, you’re the measurer.”**

**Arial held my dick down while Kerry held the tape. Her soft little hand probably made it grow longer. Siobhan and Arial both looked at the measurement. Siobhan tore the paper in half and handed half to Arial. "We'll each write down our number separately," she said.**

**"Do we just measure length," Arial asked, "or do we also measure circumference? That's a good word, isn't it, Dad: cir-CUM-fer-ence?" Siobhan and I both groaned. Kerry giggled.**

**Kerry wrapped the tape around my cock about half way down the shaft and then Siobhan and Arial wrote down the numbers.**

**When they turned to Kavan, he complained, "No fair, nobody's been keeping mine up. I need a hand."**

**"Mom, can I help him?" Arial asked. "I know how to get it up."**

**Siobhan looked at me and said, "You kids have amazed me enough already. I don't know what you've got in mind. You go ahead if it's what you want to do."**

**Arial leaned over Kavan and held his dick near the base. She lowered her head, stuck out her tongue, and licked it on the glans. I saw Kavan look unbelievably at me and at his mother but he didn't stop Arial. When she opened her mouth, took the head of his cock in, and sucked on it, he closed his eyes and grinned.**

**"No fair, Arial," Siobhan said. "You're giving him a head start over your father."**

**Arial just groaned and continued sucking for a few seconds more. When she straightened up, Kavan's dick was all wet and shiny on the head and pointing almost at the ceiling.**

**Kerry held the tape for Kavan while Arial held his dick down. She and Siobhan again wrote down their separate numbers.**

**"Now, let's add the length and cir-CUM-fer-ence together," Siobhan said. "Is that the best way to see whose dick is bigger?"**

**Kavan and I nodded agreement and when Kerry nodded too, I said, "It's official then. Add them together."**

**Siobhan and Arial conferred over the numbers and then Siobhan announced the results. "Sorry, Kavan, it's official. Your father's dick is a tiny bit bigger than yours."**

**“Shit, I don’t care,” Kavan said. “Mine’s not through growing anyway.”**

**Kerry looked at me and at his mother. “Thanks, Mom and Dad, this is lots of fun.”**

**“Yeah, Mom and Dad,” Arial agreed, “it is lots of fun. We’re not hurting you and you’re not hurting us. I don’t care if some people would say we shouldn’t be playing with each other like this.”**

**“I agree,” Kavan said. “We’re the ones who want to play with you. You’ve told us lots of good stuff about sex. We just want to do some of it.”**

**We all got back on the bed and Kerry again crawled to his mother. He leaned over her and started sucking on her strawberry nipple again. Kavan took the other strawberry in his mouth. Arial and I watched for a few minutes. Finally, I decided to reassert my fatherly prerogative. I crawled over and told my two sons that one of them had to move. Kavan obediently moved aside and I took his place. Arial came around the bed and pushed him down toward the foot of the bed. Siobhan cupped her breasts underneath and held them up to Kerry and me. Arial watched us, pushed Kavan further down on the bed, and then leaned over and whispered in his ear.**

**Kavan knelt between his mother’s outstretched legs and I watched as he leaned over her and began kissing and licking on her stomach. After a minute or so, he moved lower, trying to get his face between her legs. Siobhan pulled my ear and motioned with her head toward Kavan.**

**“Where’ya going, Kavan?” I drawled, in my best John Wayne imitation.**

**“Just looking, Duke,” he mumbled.**

**“You should have looked when you came out of there,” I said. “What you see down there is mine.”**

**Siobhan pulled my ear again and said, “No, it’s NOT yours; it’s mine. I just let you use it occasionally.”**

**“OK, OK, just don’t let him get his head stuck this time,” I said.**

**Kavan looked up at us. “Did I really get it stuck, Mom?”**

**“No, Kavan, you didn’t get stuck,” she said. “The first time a woman has a baby is usually the longest labor. But you didn’t get stuck. None of you did.”**

Kavan stretched out on the bed on his stomach, face between his mother's legs. I couldn't see what he was doing but I heard her hissed intake of breath and guessed that he was doing what I liked to do. When he raised his head again and held up one finger, I could see that his lips and finger were wet.

"Do you need any help down there, Son?" I asked.

"No, Dad," he answered, "if I can find her clit with my tongue and I can get a finger in her like this," – and he crooked his first finger – "I'd like to try to make her come like you do. You've told me how to do it. Is it OK if I do it to Mom?"

"Is that OK with you, Siobhan?" I asked. "Should I make him stop now?"

"These kids have got me so hot that somebody's going to have to do something tonight," she answered. "Do you care if he does it?"

"Mom says you can do it, Kavan," I said to him. "I hope you know what you're doing."

"Dad, my dick is so hard it feels like it's going to bust," he said. "It's just like you said it would be when I got my head between a woman's legs. I want to do it, if it's OK with you."

I looked at Siobhan and wasn't sure what I saw in her eyes so I made up my own mind. "It's OK with both of us, Kavan. Go ahead."

At that, Kerry and Arial moved down on the bed so that one was on each side of their mother's legs. I don't know what they could see but they seemed fascinated by what Kavan was doing. After a few minutes, Kavan raised his head and looked at me. He crooked two fingers at me and raised his eyebrows questioningly. I nodded approval. I watched Siobhan's response when he inserted two fingers into her. She gasped and I guess he must have curled them around to press on her so-called G-spot.

Arial and Kerry and I watched Kavan's efforts with Siobhan for a few minutes. Kavan evidently liked what he was doing as much as I did. I could see his tongue licking her and his fingers working in and out. I looked at Siobhan and saw the red flush on her chest and breasts that appeared when she was close to coming. I started to say something when she suddenly reached down, grabbed Kavan's head, and pulled it against her. I knew he had brought Siobhan to orgasm. I wondered if he'd been practicing with Kathryn or Arial. He looked up at me for

approval, smiled wildly, and, when I nodded, he put his face back down again.

Kerry wanted a turn. He pushed against Kavan and said, "Let me do it too. I want to learn how to do it too."

Kavan tried to push him aside. "You're too little, Squirt; you can't do a man's job."

"I can too! Can too!" Kerry pleaded. "Dad, make him let me do it too! I want to learn too! OK, OK?"

"Let him try, Kavan. Show him what to do."

Kerry got into position between his mother's legs and Kavan started whispering in his ear and pointing. Kerry lowered his head until I couldn't see his face for Siobhan's red thatch. He must have had his tongue directly on her clitoris. Siobhan groaned and said, "Kerry, baby, that's so good."

After a minute or so, I pulled Kerry back and said, "Let me try too, OK, OK?"

While we were changing position, Arial said, "Mom, I'm so wet down there from watching. Do you get that way too?"

"Yes, Princess," she said, "girls get wet; men get hard. That's what makes it all so damn good."

I got between Siobhan's legs on my stomach and lowered my lips to her pussy. I licked all around on the vaginal lips and on her clitoris before finally sucking her clit out from its hood. She started bucking against my face and I rose up for a moment.

Kavan was on his knees between Arial's legs, looking down intently at her pussy. Kerry was between his sister and mother, watching everything, a look of absolute glee on his face. As I lowered my face back to Siobhan, I noticed Kavan lifting his sister's legs and splaying them wide. I started again, very quietly and very gently, listening to what Kavan and Arial were doing. When I looked up again, he had his face buried between her legs and her hands were on his shoulders, fingers dug in. Kerry's head looked like he was watching a Ping-Pong game. Siobhan looked over at her oldest son and daughter, watching intently. I lowered my face back down again.

"Kavan, don't try to get more than one finger in your sister," Siobhan said. "You don't want to hurt her and she's still a virgin."

I looked up at that and saw Kavan with his face still between Arial's thighs. He held up one long finger and I could see it glistening wetly.

"He's doing it fine, Mom," Arial said. "He hasn't hurt me and it feels so good I want to cry."

"I know how you feel, Princess," Siobhan said.

Both Kavan and I brought our hands and faces back in place. I eased two fingers into Siobhan's cunt and sought out her clitoris with my tongue again. I tried to be quiet and listen for what the kids were doing.

When I looked up again, briefly, Kerry was face down between his sister's thighs and Kavan was evidently instructing him. When Kavan lowered his mouth and hand to his sister's breasts, I sought out Siobhan's eyes and mouthed the word, "Look." She turned and watched them, as fascinated as I was. Then Kavan and Kerry changed places and I resumed what I had been doing with Siobhan.

I heard Arial squeal with orgasmic pleasure and Kavan said, "Damn, Arial, quit pulling my hair." Siobhan started giggling at them. I pushed my fingers in as deep as they would go and curled them around to press against her vaginal wall. At the same time, I alternated between sucking on her clitoris as strongly as I could and licking it with my tongue. A few seconds later, I heard her giggles turn into gasps and I felt her contractions on my fingers. Two orgasms within a few minutes of each other: Damn, I envied women.

I rose up on my hands and knees and looked at Kavan. He was in the same position over Arial looking at me. We grinned at each other, both with nose and lips and chin wet and shining.

I crawled up on my usual side of the bed, Kerry stretched out close to me, and Kavan got on the other side of him. We lay back against the big pillows and I looked down to see three hard-ons in a row. Siobhan and Arial were on the other side of Kavan, still gasping and breathing heavily, coming down from the peak of pleasure.

I think ten minutes or more passed without a word and without anyone moving, that is, if you don't count three right hands. Finally Siobhan turned over and crawled up between my legs. She bent over, held my cock upright, and lowered her mouth to it. I watched to see what Arial would do. The kids all watched their mother sucking on the head of my cock and sliding the skin up and down on the shaft. Arial looked at me and I nodded and whispered, "It's OK with us if you want to do it."

**Arial followed her mother's example. She opened her mouth around Kavan's cock and began to bob her head up and down. Kavan and I were both watching with open mouths. Kerry was looking back and forth between Arial and his mother with open mouth and goggle-eyes.**

**Siobhan and Arial both began slowly but somehow I think it turned into a race to see which could make their man come first. Siobhan had got me close when I heard Arial say, "Mom, can we swap?"**

**Siobhan looked up at me for approval. I nodded and she and Arial switched places. When Arial tried to fit my cock in her mouth, I found it hard to look away. After a minute or so I did and saw Siobhan almost deep-throating Kavan's cock while he watched in absolute awe. Arial looked up and saw what we were watching.**

**"I can't do that," she said, pouting. "I can hardly get Dad's big dick in my mouth."**

**"You don't need to, Princess," I told her. "Most of the feeling is in the last couple of inches. Just suck on the head and use your hand on the shaft, OK?"**

**She nodded and went back to my cock, sucking on the head and moving her hand up and down rapidly on the shaft. I could feel the beginning urges of an orgasm and I didn't know what to say to Arial. Siobhan said it for me.**

**"Kieran, don't you dare come in her mouth. I don't think she's ready for that yet. You push her off and come on your stomach. I don't think she's ever seen that and she needs to see how much you come before she gets it in the mouth."**

**"Mom, let him come in my mouth," Arial said. "I can spit it out on his stomach. I'm not going to try to swallow it yet but I need to learn how to give a good blow-job for when I have boyfriends."**

**"How about you, Mom?" Kavan grunted. "What do you want me to do when I feel myself coming?"**

**"Don't you worry about a thing, baby," Siobhan said. "I'm used to getting a mouthful occasionally. I can handle it. Just let it go whenever you want to."**

**I smiled at Kavan and sort of raised my eyebrows. When he still looked at me quizzically, I mouthed the words "It's OK."**

Kavan and I – and Kerry – watched two bobbing heads for a few minutes more. I knew I was going to come at any second and I wasn't sure Arial could take it without gagging.

In a few seconds I knew everything was boiling up inside me and about to blow. I closed my eyes and it hit. Arial groaned but she kept her mouth on the head of my dick until the last spurt. She looked at me with her cheeks puffed out and eyes wide open and then spit the whole load out on my stomach right in my navel. She started gasping for breath.

I saw Kavan throw his head back and close his eyes and I knew he was about to give his mother a mouthful. I didn't bother to tell Siobhan because I knew that she could easily recognize the signs of an oncoming orgasm. Kavan's hips began to buck, thrusting his dick into his mother's mouth and I knew all too well what he was experiencing. Siobhan kept her mouth on his cock all the way before she straightened up and swallowed. Then she used her thumb and a finger to milk a little more semen out, licked that up, swallowed again, and smiled at Kavan.

"I hope you appreciate what your mother just did for you, Kavan," I said.

He stared down at his still-erect dick and whispered, "Oh, I do, Mom. I do, Dad."

I shifted into pedagogical mode and said. "If a man comes in a woman's mouth, she can swallow it or spit it out and it doesn't hurt anything either way. But you can see what Arial spit out on my stomach. Think about what a man ejaculates into a woman's vagina. When he lays down a puddle of semen like that against her cervix, what do you think happens?"

Kerry raised his hand and I nodded to him. "Dad, what's in that stuff?" he asked, pointing at the semen on my stomach. "Did Kavan come in Mom's mouth like you just did? Dis she swallow all of it? Do girls like to suck a guy's dick?"

"It's mainly water with a little protein and other stuff in it, Squirt," I said. "It won't hurt a woman if it's on her stomach but she can sure get pregnant from it if it's in her vagina and the sperm swim through her cervix into her womb."

"A woman likes to do things for the man she loves, Kerry," Siobhan said. "He does things for her too, the same thing you and Kavan were doing for Arial. You and Kavan are going to be great lovers."

That just provoked more questions. Siobhan and I tried to answer Kerry's questions with patience but soon realized that each answer given brought forth two more questions. We finally gave up and sent him for wet washcloths and towels.

When he came back, he handed a wet cloth and towel to me. I handed them to Siobhan as usual and she looked at Arial and handed the washcloth to her. Arial only said "Yuk" once as she wiped the semen off my stomach. Siobhan dried my stomach with the towel, squeezed the last drops out of my pipeline, looked at Arial, and pointed at the blob of white semen at the tip of my red dick. Arial looked at Siobhan as if asking if she really had to lick it up. Siobhan nodded. Arial hesitated but she licked it up, hesitated longer with her lips clenched, and then finally swallowed.

I looked around at the others. "Well, is everybody OK with what we've done?" When Kerry held his hand up again, I groaned.

"Nobody's done anything with me," he complained. "My dick's still hard."

I looked down at his penis, still hard and had been for the last hour or so. He had a nice dick for a nine-year old, officially a good four and a half inches of hard cock still sticking up over his stomach.

"You're right, Squirt," I said. "We haven't done anything with you. You're part of this family and we love you. Tell me what you want us to do."

"I want you all to suck my dick like Mom and Arial did Kavan's and Dad's," he said, with a big grin.

The rest of looked all around at each other at his request. I didn't know what to say and evidently the others didn't either. Siobhan finally came to my rescue.

"Kerry, boys and men don't usually do that with other boys and men," she said. "Usually girls do it to boys and women do it to men. Men don't usually do the same things to men."

"Why?" he asked. I was afraid another endless round of questions was about to start. "The kids at school say guys do suck other guy's dicks. They call them queers when they do it. Is that bad? If it's bad, why is it OK if Mom and Arial do it?"

**“Kerry, I think you’re going to have to grow up a little more and we’re going to have to talk some more before you understand this,” I said. “For now, let me just say I don’t think it’s bad at all if two people want to show love for each other, even if they’re both men or they’re both women.”**

**He lay there, looking puzzled, holding his proud four and one-half inch dick straight up.**

**“Kerry, did you like what you did to me and Arial?” Siobhan asked. “I liked it very much.”**

**“Yeah, I really liked it. I think I’m going to like doing it like Dad, to girls, I mean.”**

**“Well, Arial and I would like to do something for you,” Siobhan said.**

**She knelt beside Kerry, used a thumb and two-finger grip to stroke his penis, took the head in her mouth, and began to move her lips up and down. She gave him a couple of minutes of attention while Kerry lay there with eyes closed and a happy smile on his face. Arial knelt on the other side and, when Siobhan stopped, she took her turn. He squirmed more and more and then began thrusting up into her mouth. When he started saying aaahhh, aaahhh and grimacing, I wondered if he was having an orgasm. When Arial took her mouth off his dick, he looked satisfied.**

**“Thanks, Arial,” he said, smiling up at her. “You made it feel real good. I came in your mouth. Did you swallow it?”**

**Arial opened her mouth wide to show him that nothing remained and then stuck her tongue out at him.**

**Siobhan left the room, telling the rest of us to stay put. She came back a few minutes later with a tray with two bottles of beer, a partial bottle of white wine, and a glass of milk. She had five glasses, a sliced baguette of bread, and a warmed wedge of Brie cheese.**

**“I thought we might have a celebration here in the middle of the bed,” she said. “Just don’t spill anything. I don’t want to sleep in a wet spot tonight,” she said, looking at me to make sure I caught her meaning.**

**Kavan was the first one to pipe up. “You mean that’s for us too, Mom?”**

**“You may have a half-glass of beer, a fourth-glass of wine, or a full glass of milk. And we can all share the bread and cheese until it’s gone.”**

Kavan and Arial had tasted both wine and beer and I thought I knew which they would choose – beer for Kavan and wine for Arial. I didn't know about Kerry because we had never offered either to him. I was right about Kavan and Arial. Kerry asked for a sip of both. He rolled each round in his mouth like a connoisseur and then chose the milk. When we finished, Kavan and Arial volunteered to clean up the tray and glasses and bottles. When they came back, giggling and holding hands, I knew they weren't ready to stop playing and I wondered what they'd want next.

Kerry was snuggled up behind Siobhan, one hand on her breast, one leg thrown over her thighs. Kavan and Arial crawled in on each side of me. They each put their heads on my shoulders and I couldn't see their faces. I could feel their hands when they reached down to my groin. One hand was playing with my balls and the other was gently stroking my cock. Since they were both on their sides with one arm underneath them, I knew they both had a hand on me and wondered again what they had been up to.

“Have you kids been practicing on each other?” I asked. “It seemed like you were just trying to show us how much you know about oral sex.”

“Yeah, Dad, we've been practicing. It's OK, isn't it?” Kavan asked. “You and Mom have told us how it's done and we've seen you do it. We watched Luke and Rachael do it too but Kerry doesn't remember that.”

“We've never tried to put any restrictions on your play, Son,” I said. “The only thing I've told you and Kerry that you couldn't do was to try to get your dick in Arial's pussy. And you know why you're not supposed to do that.”

“Yeah, you might make her have another Kerry,” Kerry said, with a big grin on his face.

“I've been learning how to do it with both of them, Dad,” Arial said. “Kavan loves it. I just didn't want him to come in my mouth like he did in Mom's. He hasn't done that yet. I let you because I thought it was time I learned what it was like.”

“Yeah, she said she'd never do it again if I did,” Kavan said. “Now she can do it and spit it on my stomach.”

“Well, I can't come like that yet so you can suck mine all you want to, Arial,” Kerry said. “I like it.”

“You three have surprised me,” I said. “Have you had a good time playing with us?”

**“Dad,” Kavan started, “This has been almost the most perfect day of my life. I’m really glad you and Mom let us get in bed with you two tonight and play with you.”**

**“How about you, Arial? And you, Kerry?”**

**“Yeah,” Arial followed up, “you and Mom could make this the absolutely best day of our lives.”**

**I looked over at Kerry. He was watching what Kavan and Arial were doing to me. Somebody’s hand was now stroking an almost erect cock and somebody else’s hand was cradling my balls. I wondered if they’d hatched up another plot when they were in the kitchen.**

**“What are you two little provocateurs going to suggest that will make it absolutely the most perfect day?” I asked.**

**“We want to watch you and Mom make love!” Kavan said.**

**“Yeah, you tell us we saw you once when we were little but neither of us remembers it. We want to see you do it so we can watch and remember it,” Arial added.**

**From the other side of the bed, another voice gave his vote. “Yeah, Mom and Dad, it’d be neat to watch. Can we, please, huh?”**

**I looked at Siobhan. “How did we get ourselves into this mess?” I asked.**

**“Well,” she answered, “I think it started one day when you said you wanted to have grandchildren with me.”**

**“We’ll make you a grandmother, Mom,” Kavan giggled. “You and Dad have just got to show us how it’s done.”**

**“I think we’ve already gone further than we should have,” I pleaded. “Don’t you kids think we should stop for the night?”**

**“Dad, are you ashamed to let us see you?” Arial asked.**

**“No, Arial, I’m not ashamed of making love with your mother,” I answered.**

**“And I’m not ashamed of it either,” Siobhan added. “It’s just that kind of sex is usually something we want to do in private.”**

**“Why, Dad?” Kavan asked. “You’ve told us we should never be ashamed of masturbating. When I started growing and getting hair down here” – and he pulled my pubic hair – “I asked you to show me how you did it. We went down in the basement and you showed me and I did it in front of you. We’ve done it in the shower a few times after that. You even let Kerry watch now. Does Mom know?”**

**“Yes, I know,” Siobhan, answered. “He usually tells me about things like that and asks if I think it’s OK.”**

**“And you and Mom have walked in on me lots of times when I’m jerking off and I forget to shut the door. You’ve seen me doing it and both of you just smile now and tell me to have fun. I don’t even bother to stop now when you walk in,” Kavan said.**

**“Do you really think it’s OK, Mom?” Arial asked. “You’ve never shown me how you masturbate and I do it sometimes now. Will you show me so I do it right? Sometimes I want to have an orgasm and I can’t so maybe I don’t do it right.”**

**“Yes, Arial, it’s OK,” Siobhan answered. “And yes, I’ll show you how I do it if you think it will help you.”**

**“Can I watch too, Mom?” Kerry begged. “Please, please, please?”**

**I thought I might be able to put a stop to their entreaties if I explained why we preferred to make love in private.**

**“Kids,” I started, “have any of you ever heard of an altered state of consciousness? Do you know what it is?”**

**Kavan and Arial admitted they didn’t and Kerry looked at me like I was speaking Latin.**

**“It’s an extreme state of concentration, in which you focus all of your attention on one thing. The thing can be something like a book you’re reading, a television program you’re watching, or a game you’re playing. You become so immersed in that one thing that you’re not aware of anything else around you and time becomes meaningless. You aren’t aware of the passage of time and when you return to normal consciousness you’re usually surprised to find that it seemed like fifteen minutes when it was actually three hours.”**

**“Is that what Kerry does when he’s watching television and Mom says something to him and he never hears her?” Arial asked.**

**“Yes, and it’s also what happens when you’re on the telephone with one of your friends,” I said.**

**“But what’s it got to do with you making love with Mom?” Kavan asked.**

**“It’s got everything to do with it,” I answered. “When two people really love each other like your mother and I do, we both share that altered state of consciousness when we’re sharing our bodies. I’m not aware of anything else except what I’m feeling with my penis and with my skin and with my mouth. That’s why we usually make love with eyes closed, so we can sink deeper into that altered state. I think it’s as close as we can come to the desire to become one flesh. I feel like your mother and I become one single entity sometimes.”**

**“Your father’s right,” Siobhan added. “It’s not that we’re ashamed of anything. It’s just best when we’re not distracted.”**

**All three kids looked at us with open mouths. Kavan and Ariel were totally serious; Kerry looked a little befuddled.**

**“So it’s sort of like a religious experience, isn’t it, Dad?” Kavan asked.**

**“Yes, Kavan, it is,” I answered. “Have you felt that sort of way when you’re kissing Kathryn?”**

**“Yeah, we press up against each other and I get a hard-on and it seems like we can’t kiss each other deep enough. I think you could shoot a gun next to my ear and I might not hear you.”**

**“Exactly,” I said, and gave him a thumbs-up, “but just imagine how much deeper you’d go if you were naked against her and your dick was in her pussy.”**

**“Aw, come on, Dad,” he laughed. “My limit’s about eight inches.”**

**“You are not eight inches yet, twerp,” his sister snorted. “Dad’s bigger than you are and he’s not eight inches.”**

**“I’m not talking about physical depth, Kavan; I’m talking about emotional depth. The emotional depth can be just as deep even if your dick is only four or five inches.”**

**“So you’re saying you don’t want us watching because you don’t want us to distract you from what you feel with Mom,” Ariel concluded.**

**“But Mom,” Kerry wheedled, “if we promise just to sit quietly and not bother you, we could watch, couldn’t we? Please?”**

Siobhan looked at me again. I didn't know what to do. On one hand, I wanted them to see what sort of very real love Siobhan and I shared. On the other hand, I didn't want to let our intimacy with our children go any further than it already had.

"They've seen almost everything else tonight," Siobhan said. "I'm not sure I want to be watched but I would like them to see what it's like when we make love. It's the bond that holds our lives together and they know they're a result of that love."

"Mom," Kavan said, "I know it's all about love. When you let us all get in bed with you, I feel like I'm a part of you and Dad and Arial and Kerry too. I feel so loved by my family and it makes me as happy as I've ever been."

"I don't know how this will work but I guess we can try it," I said. "You've got to promise to be absolutely still so get comfortable where you don't have to move around. Absolutely no talking either. That'll spoil it for us. We'll have to turn the lights down as low as they can be and still let you see."

"I'll turn the lights down," Kerry said, and he bounded off the bed. Kavan and Arial sat up Indian-fashion on each side of the bed and Kerry crawled back in and put his butt inside Arial's crossed legs and leaned back against her breasts. She wrapped her arms around him and let her hands fall down between his legs. He grinned and grabbed her hands and put them on his dick and balls.

Siobhan positioned herself on her back in the center of the bed. I stretched out beside her on my side. I looked around at the kids and nodded to them each in turn. Finally I lowered my lips to Siobhan's and put my hand on her stomach at her naval.

I began softly kissing her with closed lips, on the tip of her nose and chin, on each corner of her mouth, and all over her face. After a couple of minutes, she reached up behind my head and pulled my face down to hers and opened her mouth to me. I opened to her and we began to sink slowly into each other.

I brought my free hand up to her breast and played with one nipple until it grew hard. I lowered my mouth to the other and sucked it into the same hardness. My hand made the familiar journey down to her Mound of Venus and I played with her pubic hair for a moment before cupping my fingers around her vulva. I slowly teased the wet lips apart and inserted one finger into her hot interior. I brought the finger back to her clitoris and used its lubricated tip to stroke her clitoral hood

from side to side and up and down. I heard the expected intake of breath as I touched her nerve center.

I moved up on my hands and knees and trailed kisses from her breasts down to her naval. I stopped, licking at the tiny vertical indentation there, a small foretaste of the larger vertical opening that was my goal. I pulled her legs apart, and moved between them. On my knees, I put my hands under her buttocks and lifted her well off the bed. With my eyes shut, I lowered my face and brought my mouth against the spread lips of her pussy. I used my tongue to lick the hot slippery flesh there and my mouth to suck on her clitoris. When I heard her gasping intake of breath again, I lowered her back down on the bed and moved over her.

Siobhan reached down and guided my cock to her center. She held it in place while I gently moved the head in and out, getting it well coated with her fluids. When she removed her hand, I gradually lengthened my strokes, each time getting more and more of the shaft wet. When I felt my cock reach the depths of her, I stopped all movement for a moment. I knew she loved this first sensation of being totally joined as much as I did.

She moved her hands down to my buttocks and brought her legs up, folding herself almost in half. We both loved this position because it gave us the ultimate in penetration and only the combined mat of our pubic hair seemed to separate us. Again I held still for a minute or so. She wrapped her legs around my waist and locked her ankles together over my butt. I knew that was her signal that she was ready for me to give her every inch of my cock as fast and hard as I could.

I began slowly but soon was pumping my cock into her cunt faster and faster. As always the world faded away and time stood still. My mind held no thoughts except the deep need for the surrender to orgasm. Gradually the sensations of the impending release built up in me. Siobhan dug her fingernails into my ass and I suppose that might have triggered my coming.

When the first spurt left my body, I heard Siobhan groan. I knew that she could usually feel my contractions in the flesh of my cock but not necessarily the ejaculations deep inside her. I pressed down as hard as I could against her pubic bone, hoping that the shaft of my cock would press against her clitoris and trigger her orgasm. When I felt the clenching and unclenching of her vaginal muscles around my shaft, I knew I had succeeded. I collapsed limply on top of her and joined my mouth to hers in another open-mouthed kiss.

When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw Arial on her knees, sitting back on her heels, with Kerry gone. I looked at her face and saw her eyes glistening and tears running down both cheeks. She looked like an innocent angel and I realized that she still was in spite of the night's activities. When I looked at Kavan, he was in the same position on the other side of the bed, another angel with maybe a little devil thrown in.

When I asked where Kerry was, Kavan pointed toward the foot of the bed. I twisted around to look and he was kneeling on the floor, his elbows on the bed and hands under his chin. He would have been an angel too except for the wide grin on his face. I knew he had been looking at his mother and me from between my outspread legs and that he'd had the best view of all. I hadn't even known when he had moved down there.

I looked back at Kavan. "Son, would you get us a couple of warm wash cloths and small towels?" He moved immediately and was back in a minute or so.

"It's sometimes messy when we separate," I said. "It's just part of what's perfectly normal. But we do try not to make a mess on the bed."

I took a towel from Kavan's hand and reached down and held it against Siobhan while she lowered her legs. From long practice, the towel ended up just under her buttocks and legs, ready to catch the typical outflow.

I rolled over away from Siobhan and flopped on my back. My slowly-softening cock also flopped, wetly, back on my stomach. I looked down and saw semen still oozing out the slit on the end of my penis. Kavan threw one of the washcloths to Arial and I reached for it.

"May I clean you up, Dad?" she asked. "And let Kavan clean up Mom? I've never seen anything more beautiful in my life. Just let us do this for you, please?"

Siobhan looked at her and said, "Maybe your brother doesn't want to do it, Arial. And maybe he doesn't know how. It's not quite the same as wiping off your father's cock."

"I want to do it, Mom," Kavan said. "I may not know how to do it but I want to learn. You can tell me if I don't do it right."

Just then Kerry bounded energetically back in between me and Siobhan. I nodded at Arial and then at Kavan. We all watched as Arial wrapped the warm washcloth around my soft penis and gently wiped it

clean. When the shaft was clean, she held it up and pulled my foreskin back and wiped the head clean. A last ooze of semen appeared on the upright tip. Arial slid her hand down to the base of my cock and squeezed gently upward, bringing out the last of the semen.

When she was finished, we all turned to look at Kavan and his mother. He held the washcloth in one hand and moved it between Siobhan's legs. Siobhan spread them apart for him. He looked down, uncertain of what to do.

I said, "Spread the lips of her pussy apart, Kavan, like this."

I showed him how to slowly spread his thumb and forefinger apart. He did as I had told him and then stopped when a mixture of clear and white fluids came out of his mother. I knew she was contracting the muscles around her vagina to squeeze it out. She had done it many times for me. Kavan was undaunted; he wiped her clean as gently and completely as any mother had ever done for her baby. Siobhan reached down for the towel and pulled it up between her legs as she closed them. Arial handed her cloth to Kerry and Kavan followed her lead.

"Put these in the clothes hamper in the bathroom, Squirt," Arial instructed. He was out of bed in one bound and back in two seconds.

"Dad, I have one last request," Kavan said. "I promise no more, and we can all have a perfect end to a perfect day. Would you and Mom let us sleep with you tonight?"

I looked at Siobhan and she nodded to me. When I gave my approval, Arial leaned over me and kissed me on the lips. I felt her lips open and her tongue seeking entry to my mouth. I opened my lips to her and sucked her tongue in. She pulled away with a loud "WOW" and stretched out on the outside of the bed near me.

I watched as Kavan leaned over his mother and I guessed that he was going to follow his sister's example. I saw their mouths open to each other. When Kavan straightened up, he agreed with his sister. "Yeah, WOW!"

Kerry had been watching all of this. He turned to his mother and kissed her with closed lips. She grabbed him behind the head and held him down. I could tell that she had opened her mouth and stuck her tongue in his mouth. He finally pulled away and agreed with his brother and sister. "Yeah, Wowee, WOWEE!"

With Kerry between us, I turned over on my side, facing Siobhan, and she turned to face me. Kavan spooned up behind his mother and Arial snuggled up closer to my butt. Kerry moved lower between us and turned his face so that it was against Siobhan's breasts. I looked directly in Siobhan's eyes, wondering whether we had done the right thing with our kids but glad we had.

"You're right, Kavan," I said sleepily. "This is the perfect end to a perfect day. It's almost midnight. Let's all sleep as late as we want to tomorrow. Just remember that what you've done and seen tonight would be just a fantasy to most kids. Just don't talk about it. Let this be a memory for the five of us."

It wasn't long before I closed my eyes to warm peaceful sleep, wrapped in the love of my wife and my children.

## **Chapter Twenty-Four**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 42; Siobhan Stuart, 41; Kavan Stuart, 15, Arial Stuart, 13 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 9 (almost 10)**

**Kathryn Janssen, 16.**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Kavan Stuart, Kerry Stuart**

<><><>

**(KIERAN)**

I woke on Sunday morning to the sound of rain falling. I looked around and found that Kavan and Arial had disappeared sometime since midnight. Kerry was still sleeping between his mother and me. Siobhan was on her back, hands together at her waist, legs slightly parted. Kerry was turned toward her, one leg thrown over his mother's and his hand just touching her breast. My right leg was thrown over Kerry's left leg. I had half a hard-on nestled against Kerry's smooth little butt and a bladder demanding to be emptied.

I rolled off the bed and opened the drapes to see what the weather was like. The rain was still falling lightly but the moving clouds had patches of blue between them. I tried to be quiet as I went into the bathroom and closed the door. When I finished pissing, I ran a washcloth over my face and then over my dick and balls. I gave my

hair a quick brush and opened the door to the bedroom. Kerry was just sitting up. He gave me that big winning smile of his and then rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

Kavan had his mother's gene for red hair but Arial and Kerry had mine. Kerry's hair was a light brown or blond depending upon how the light struck it. It was tousled now, sticking up in cowlicks all over. He turned his eyes toward me and gave me another smile. His eyes were almost the same as mine but not quite as hazel, more blue-green like Arial's. His eyelashes were dark and long, the kind any girl would kill for. Even at nine, almost ten, he had a beautiful body, narrow hips and a small cute butt, skinny waist, wide shoulders and long arms and legs.

I held out my arms to him and he stood up on the bed and walked over to me. His penis was erect and pointing upwards as usual. When I picked him up, he held me around the neck and wrapped his long legs around me.

"Gotta pee," he said, sleepily. I carried him into the bathroom and asked if he wanted to sit or stand. He said sit so I lowered him down on the commode. He grinned up at me again, still groggy with sleep, and then pointed his dick down between his legs. I waited and waited and waited and listened to the sound of him peeing. When he finished, he gave a sigh of relief and stood up.

I used another washcloth to wipe his face clean and then gave his soft dick a quick wipe. I gave his hair a few strokes with the hairbrush too.

"Thanks, Dad," he said, and flashed me that beautiful smile of his again.

We went back in the bedroom and stood side by side with Kerry's arm around my waist and mine over his shoulders, looking down at our wife and mother. Siobhan's eyes were open and she was on her side looking at us. Her hair was towseled as it always is in the morning but it was still beautiful. Her breasts looked soft and relaxed and were drooping off to one side a little.

"Where's Kavan and Arial?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I'll go find them and wake them up."

"OK," she said, "let me get a shower and I'll help fix breakfast. Are you two hungry?"

"Yep," Kerry responded as usual.

I walked down to Arial's room, Kerry tagging along. When I got there, I was a little surprised to find both Arial and Kavan there together. They were still asleep, with Arial spooned up against Kavan's butt, her arm around his chest. Kavan was sporting his usual morning hard-on.

"Wanna wake them up, Squirt?" I asked.

"Sure, Dad, what'cha wanme to do?" he muttered.

"Whatever," I said, "just be slow and easy. No hitting or tickling or jumping on them."

He went around to the other side of the bed and crawled in behind Arial. He spooned up to her and began calling her name softly and asking her to wake up and wake up Kavan. After a couple of minutes, I had three grinning kids looking up at me, all spooned up together.

"Thanks, Dad, that was the best night I've ever had," Arial said sleepily.

"Yeah, Dad, it was neat, I'm glad we can be like that with each other," Kavan said, just a sleepily.

"Yeah, Dad, when can we do it again?" Kerry followed up, all bright and cheerful now.

I grinned down at the three of them in bed. "Get up and shower if you want to. Your mother and I will be fixing something to eat in just a few minutes. How does pancakes with sausage sound? With orange juice and coffee if you're big enough to drink it."

I started preparing our brunch, banging things around as usual. Siobhan came in next, still nude except for a towel wrapped around her head. A few minutes later, all three kids came in, naked as jaybirds as usual on weekends when the weather was warm, and sat on the stools beside the breakfast bar.

"Sausage is almost done and pancakes are ready to pour as soon as I get orders. Anybody want anything else?" I asked.

"Yeah, Dad," Kavan said, "I'm hungry. May I have a couple of eggs too?"

"I'll fix his eggs," Siobhan volunteered. "Anybody else want one?"

Kerry and I both asked for one each. Arial just said, "Yuk."

**"Gimme a cup of coffee," Kavan growled. "I need a shot of caffeine."**

**"You may have half a cup of coffee and half a cup of milk, young man," Siobhan decreed.**

**"May I have some too?" Kerry begged. Siobhan looked at me and I nodded yes.**

**Arial just said, "Yuk," again.**

**"We need to talk about last night," I said, when we were all through eating.**

**Three bright faces immediately turned toward me.**

**"What happened last night was very unusual, even for us," I started.**

**"Yeah, but it was all so beautiful."**

**"It was fun, wasn't it?"**

**"When can we do it again?"**

**I looked at them in turn, trying to put a serious look on my face. "You all understand that our family is unusual in being naked around each other in the house and in the pool and at the cabin. I've asked you not to talk about it with your friends and I guess you haven't because I've never heard any comments about it." I paused for a moment.**

**"We're also unusual in our openness about sex. Most parents don't talk about sex with their children the way we do. I may not discuss the specifics of what your mother and I do but I've always been truthful about the sorts of things we do with each other. I've tried to help you understand that you should never be ashamed of anything you do sexually. There are only two prohibitions: don't hurt anyone else and don't do it without their consent. Does that make sense to you?"**

**Kerry held his hand up. "But Dad, I've never done anything with anybody else."**

**I looked at him with a smile. "Didn't you do something with all of us last night?"**

**"Oh," he said, "I thought you meant somebody outside the family."**

**"I started talking to you about masturbation about five years ago. I think you all understand it's a normal and healthy way to enjoy your sexuality. You boys have seen me do it a few times and we all see Kavan do it when he forgets to shut the door. I haven't seen Arial but she said last night she did it. Even Squirt is learning to do it but he'll have to wait a few years before he really learns to like it."**

**Kerry held his hand up again, "I like it now, Dad. It feels real good. I just can't shoot off like Kavan."**

**"I think it's natural to want privacy when we do it, but there's no reason to get upset when someone in the family sees you. If you kids want do demonstrate how you do it for the others, I think that'd be a good learning experience."**

**"Kavan could demonstrate about five times a day," Kerry piped up again.**

**"We're also an unusual family in that we let you kids get in bed with us sometimes and even sleep with us occasionally. On top of that, sometimes we're not wearing pajamas or gowns when we're in bed together. We generally don't start groping each other but nobody really cares where the others touch us. We've had wrestling matches with all five of us naked and I've almost got my dick knocked off more than once. I love to feel you all in a pile with me but I do hope I can hang on to my dick a while longer."**

**Kerry again. "Well, just don't give it to Mom so often." He looked at his brother and sister for their approval.**

**"Don't tell him that, Kerry," my wife finally jumped in. "He may give it to me hard and I give it back soft but it seems to recover quickly."**

**On sudden impulse, I walked over to Siobhan and wrapped my arms around her. She looked up at me and I lowered my lips to hers. Her hands dropped down to my butt and mine to hers. We opened our mouths to each other. When I pulled away, my cock was distended and just short of standing up.**

**"How many parents do you know who would let their children see them do something like that?" I asked.**

**"They should, Dad," Arial said, looking at her mother. "It makes me feel all good inside when I see you two loving each other. It makes me know we're all three part of you. I want a man someday who'll treat me like you treat Mom. We'll have our own babies and they'll be part of us."**

**"Yeah, Dad," Kavan added. "The best thing about you two is the way you love each other and let us see it. I don't just mean the sex. I mean the love. That's what I really like."**

**"I like the love and the sex both," Kerry said. "When can we do it again?"**

**"I did that to make something clear to all of you. I love your mother with all my heart and mind and everything that makes me what I am. I love her for joining her body with mine so that we seem like one flesh. I love her for being the mother of you three kids. After her, you three are the most precious things in my life. I refuse to be ashamed in any way of the love I have for her. I can't separate that love from my sexual desire for her. I can't believe there's any harm in letting you kids see that love. I think it will make you better people."**

**Arial looked at me and then at her mother. I noticed that her eyes were glistening with tears. I looked over at her mother and saw the same response.**

**"Women will often cry when they're very happy. You boys remember that and make your wives cry often," Siobhan said.**

**"This's the last point in today's lecture," I said. "We had a lot of fun playing with each other last night. Most parents wouldn't do what we did last night. Some do it but force their children into it when they don't want it. I don't want to hurt you in any way by letting you join with us in sexual fun. I know two of you are already sexually mature or close to it. Kerry will be in a few years. I think your mother and I need to talk with you about this. We need to decide whether this is right for you kids or not. We may decide not to do it again."**

**"Will you listen to what we say and take our opinions into consideration?" Arial asked. "We're the ones who wanted to play with you last night."**

**Kavan looked at her as though he were seeing an adult. "She's right, Dad, just listen to the three of us. Kerry's not started puberty yet but he knows how special last night was. You two are the grownups and we'll agree to whatever you decide."**

**"Alright, your Dad and I'll talk about it," Siobhan said. "Just don't any of you talk about it with anyone else. You'll cause all of us problems if you do. Most people never try to develop the sort of relationship with their children that we're trying to build with you. I love all of you"**

more than I can ever tell you. I don't want anything to cause us unhappiness."

<><><>

I was reading the Sunday paper shortly after noon when Kavan sought me out. When I saw he wanted to talk, I folded up the papers and put them to one side. He pulled up a chair, sat down on the edge of the seat, and leaned toward me. I knew he had a serious subject to discuss with me.

"May I talk to you, Dad?" he asked.

"Yes, if you'll turn off the television."

He grabbed the remote and shut it up.

"I want to talk to you about Kathryn," he said, as though I didn't know it.

"Is this private? Do you want to go somewhere else?"

Arial and Kerry were playing on the deck, occasionally wandering in and out. Siobhan was in the kitchen doing something.

"No, not that private. I don't care if anybody else hears us but I'd really rather just talk to you."

"OK, what's first on your agenda?"

"It looks like the weather is clearing. I think you said something about waiting until about four to go in the pool. Could I invite Kathryn over?"

"Have you two had a chance to talk to her mother about our nude swimming yet?" I asked.

"Yes, I figured you'd know best. I talked it over with Kathryn and she said her mother is usually pretty cool about stuff like nudity. They're used to seeing each other that way. She doesn't have anything against me and Kathryn fooling around. She usually says we should keep the door open when we're in Kathryn's bedroom. She sorta indirectly tries to find out what we're up to and says that we shouldn't go too far unless we're 'responsible' about it."

"She's exactly right about that," I said. "She means you should use a condom or Kathryn should use something."

"Yeah, I know that too," he said. "So I thought I'd just be direct about it. I just took Kathryn's hand and walked up to her Mom and told her we swim in the nude and asked her if it was alright if Kathryn came over and swam with us."

"And?"

"Her Mom had to think a minute. When she did she only asked me if you and Mom would be here and swimming too. I told her that you would be. And she just smiled, looked at Kathryn, and said she thought Kathryn would love to come over and swim with us and it was fine with her."

"Then that's fine with us, too. You can invite her over for roughly four o'clock. She can stay for sandwiches for supper if she wants. Is there anything else you want to talk about?"

"Yeah, I told Kathryn about the cabin. I didn't tell her about us being nude there with all the other families but I sorta hinted at it. Now I want to invite her to go with us. Are we still going sometime next month, just us without the other families?"

"Yes, we're still going. And, yes, you may invite her. But only on the same condition as before. You and Kathryn are going to have to talk to her mother about it. If you tell her mother the truth and she approves, Kathryn will be welcome to go with us."

"OK, I don't think I'll be so scared this time," he said. "Now I need to talk about something a little more personal."

"About sex with Kathryn?" I asked.

"Yeah," he answered. "We really haven't done much yet. Her Mom doesn't really watch us when I'm over there with her. She just asks us to leave the door open for any room we're in except the bathroom and she told us not to go in there together. Kathryn and I love to kiss each other. I think she's a great kisser and we've learned a lot from each other. She'll let me play with her tits anytime I want to..."

"Breasts, Kavan, not tits," I said, "Kathryn is a very well-developed young woman. She has breasts that are as beautiful as any I've ever seen - except your Mom's, of course - and they shouldn't be demeaned by a term like tits."

He looked at me for a moment, thinking. "You're right, Dad. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen - except Mom, of course - and I

don't want to demean her. Anyway, we've gone a little further than that. A couple of times, we were laying on the bed and she let me get my hand in her panties. Boy, that was something. I even made her come the last time."

"I don't want to keep interrupting you, Kavan," I said, "but you can't really make a woman come. If she trusts you and feels comfortable about being intimate with you and really wants to let you in her panties, you can help her come. If she hadn't wanted your hand there, do you think you could have made her come?"

"You're right, Dad," he said. "This is why I come to talk to you. It's like you can understand and keep me on course."

He looked at me strangely for a moment and then moved over to my chair and knelt in front of me. When he leaned forward against me, I put my arms around him and held him and kissed him on the top of his head.

"Dad, I hope you know how much I love you. I can talk to you about anything and you help me to feel right about it. I know us kids pushed you a little far last night but it was just because we love you and Mom and we want to share in your love too."

I choked for a moment and then asked, "Kavan, did I ever tell you what my father did once when we were fishing and I told him how much I loved him? He took his knuckles to my head and gave me a noogie."

He pulled back and looked at me. "A noogie, huh, Dad? Gee, I want one."

Still on his knees, he started again. "Anyway, she let me get my hand in her panties and let me get my finger in her pussy. It was this finger, Dad; wanna smell?"

He held his middle finger in front of my nose and I leaned forward before I realized.

"Gotcha, Dad," he laughed, and moved back to his chair.

When he was seated again on the edge of his chair, leaning forward toward me, he started again. "She's taken my dick out of my pants a few times. I don't have to ask her; she just does it. The last couple of times, she's jerked me off. The first time I came on her bedspread and that scared me. She just went and got a washcloth and wiped me off first and then the bedspread. The last time, she got a towel before we

did it and I came on the towel. She got it on her hand that time and then sat up and looked at it. I guess she didn't know what it looks like and that means she's never done stuff before."

"It sounds to me like you're two normal healthy teenagers. Is there a problem with any of this?" I asked.

"No, no problem, Dad, it's just that I want to go down on her. You told me that if I did it first, a girl would be more likely to do it to me. You've talked about oral sex with us kids and I know you and Mom like to do it. I've seen you do it and I wanted to do it with Mom last night. But I don't know exactly what to do. I just want you to tell me a little more specifically how to do it right."

"You're getting into a dangerous stage in your relationship with her, Son. Not dangerous to the two of you, but dangerous in how her mother may feel about you two getting sexually involved. Have you and Kathryn had a talk with her mother about this?"

"Sorta. I've made it clear to her we're fooling around some. She just says she won't worry as long as we're responsible. I guess what she means is that she doesn't want me to get Kathryn pregnant. I sure as hell don't want that either. And I know oral sex can't get anybody pregnant," he said with a big grin.

"No, it can't. And it sure as hell is a lot of fun," I said. "What's the question about this?"

"I wanna do it with her, Dad, oral sex, I mean. I don't really wanna do it at her house 'cause her mother might come in, even if she does usually leave us alone. Would it be OK if I took her in my room downstairs and we did it? I want to do it to her and I hope she'll do it to me."

"I'm not home all the time when you are," I said. "Would you be OK with letting your mother in on this so she can keep Kerry out of the room? I assume you don't want Squirt watching this time. If I'm home when she comes over, I'll take care of Kerry."

"Do you think it'd be OK with Mom? If I have to ask her, I don't want her to say something like 'Sure baby, its fine with me if you want to lick Kathryn's pussy.'"

"She won't," I said. "She won't call you baby if you ask her. But we've still got to talk about you being responsible for what you're doing with Kathryn. Do you still have any of those rubbers I bought you to practice with? Was a dozen enough?"

**"Yeah, Dad, I've got some left. I'll talk to you about that before I try to use one. But Kathryn says she's not ready for that yet. I'm sorta scared of doing it too.**

**"Don't be scared of it, Son. I've told you that having sex with your hand and having sex with a woman is like seeing a firefly and seeing a sunset."**

**"Yeah, Dad, that's why I'm scared. Now can you tell me what you do to Mom when you go down on her and she comes two or three times?"**

**<><><>**

**Kavan left for Kathryn's house about mid-afternoon. When he returned with her about an hour later, I noticed that both had lips which looked a little bruised and swollen and that Kathryn had no lipstick on.**

**I stood up, asked if everybody was ready for a swim, and calmly started taking off my shorts in the family room. Kathryn looked at Kavan for a second and he nodded to her. Arial and Kerry were throwing their clothes in a pile by the door. I wondered why Kavan had even asked us to put on clothes before he brought her back. I'd given in and pulled on just a pair of lounging shorts. Siobhan came in with her shirt and shorts on and told Kathryn to throw her clothes anywhere, that the rest of the family did.**

**Kathryn pulled her knit shirt over those magnificent breasts and dropped her shorts and panties from around her smooth hips. Her pubic hair looked like small whorls of dark silk.**

**Siobhan caught me looking and coughed. I watched Siobhan as she pulled her knit shirt over those lovely breasts and dropped her shorts from around her hips, still beautiful to me even with a few stretch marks. Her pubic hair looked like a swirl of red fire against her ivory skin. I was glad I'd made my choice.**

**We all played for a while in the pool and then Siobhan and I got out and lay in the loungers by the pool. Kathryn seemed to become a convert to nudism rather quickly. She kept pulling up out of the pool and then diving back in. My wife gave me permission to look and I enjoyed a few minutes of ogling someone else's youthful daughter's breasts and butt. When she did a back flip off the edge of the pool, legs splayed out, I think there were three cocks twitching. Kerry was standing on the side of the pool and I watched his rise in salute. Kavan**

wouldn't get out of the pool for the next few minutes. I kept the newspaper on my lap for a while.

The kids dragged Siobhan and me out of our chairs and tried to push us in the pool. We ganged up on them and pushed Kavan in first. Kerry was easier. When I went after Arial, she jumped in. When I turned to Kathryn, she dropped to her knees gave me a look that said I Dare You. I didn't dare.

About six, I suggested that we all rinse off in the basement shower and then go up and make some sandwiches.

"All together?" Kathryn asked.

"Sure," Kerry answered, "we do it together all the time."

In the shower, I suggested that the boys should help wash the boys and the girls help with the girls. I didn't think it would be wise to tempt three cocks into erection at once. My wife wisely agreed with the suggestion.

I leaned against the wall in my usual spot while Kerry scrubbed my back, and then I scrubbed Kavan's. Kerry was busy looking at Kathryn and didn't ask to have his scrubbed. Arial scrubbed Kathryn's back and then the two of them washed Siobhan's. Arial's back was so flawlessly smooth that she didn't ask them to do her.

Upstairs in the kitchen, Siobhan pulled the sandwich makings out of the refrigerator. We let their kids fix their plates first and asked what they wanted to drink. When all four left for the deck, Siobhan and I fixed our plates.

"She's quite a sex pot, isn't she?" my wife asked.

"Yes, she is. She's given me a few fantasies this afternoon. Could I tell you about them tonight?"

"Only if I get to pretend I'm Kathryn," she said.

"I was hoping you'd say that. Did you see that I Dare You look she gave me? When she dropped down on her knees? I'll bet she has a natural ability to suck a man's cock dry."

After we cleaned up the mess from supper, Kavan asked if he could show Kathryn his room. I'd told his mother about my talk with him and she'd agreed to the plan. She'd warned me that I was going to have to show her what I'd told Kavan he should do with Kathryn.

I looked at Kathryn and said that it was OK with both of us if they wanted to have a little time *alone*. Kerry didn't catch my emphasis on *alone* and asked if he could show Kathryn too because half was his room. I told him I wanted him to get dressed and go with me to get a few groceries for Mom. Ice cream was on sale and I needed him to help pick out six half gallons for the freezer. He ran for his clothes.

When we came back over an hour later, Kavan and Kathryn were still down in his room. I told Kerry to pick out a movie he wanted to see and we'd play it before he went to bed. Ariel was smiling at me. I walked over behind her and leaned my head down next to hers. "Do you know where Kavan and Kathryn are?" I asked. "I know, Dad," she answered smiling. "Mom told me. I'm so happy for Kavan, aren't you?"

A few minutes later, the still-naked young lovers rejoined us. They both looked like their faces were freshly washed, hair still damp around the edges. Siobhan smiled at them and asked Kavan if they'd had a good time. He and Kathryn both nodded. Kathryn walked over to Siobhan, leaned down, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered "Thanks." When she did the same thing to me, I asked them to sit down for a while but she said she thought it was time for her to go home and asked Kavan to walk with her. They sorted through the clothes pile for their shirts and shorts and sandals and left hand in hand.

When Kavan returned in about ten minutes, he kicked his sandals off and pulled off his shirt and shorts. He walked over to his mother and pulled her upright and then did the same to me. He put one arm around his mother and the other around me. I heard sniffing and realized that young men could also cry because they were so happy.

Siobhan said, "Are you glad Kathryn came over, Kavan?"

"Yeah, Mom," he said, "three times."

"Did she return the favor, Kavan?" I asked.

"Yeah, Dad. A couple of times. She even tried to swallow when I came. Wow."

<><><>

Kathryn became a steady visitor to our house over the next couple of weeks. We had six for dinner lots of nights. She and Kavan came up

with all sorts of reasons for having time alone and I almost ran out of excuses for things to do with Kerry.

In the middle of the third week, Kavan advanced the idea of inviting Kathryn to spend the weekend with us. Her mother wanted to go to visit her husband to see if they could get back together. He said her Mom had told her she had to go and couldn't stay home alone. Kathryn had asked her mother if she could stay with us and Kavan was ecstatic when he heard she had given her consent. When he brought up the idea to Siobhan and me, I knew he was eager for her to spend the weekend with us but I was unsure whether it was wise.

"Kavan," I said to him, "you've spent a lot of time alone with her lately. Would you like to tell us how far you've gone with her?"

"I've already told you, Dad. We do a lot of kissing and we make each other come with our hands and mouths. You know we've been learning about oral sex with each other. I'm sure glad you helped me with that because Kathryn loves it and I do too. I haven't used the rubbers yet because we're both sort of scared to go the rest of the way. I said I'd talk to you before I do and I promise I will."

"We've also talked to you about understanding how you feel about a girl," Siobhan said. "I've told you that you should never use a girl just for the sex. I hope there's some love between the two of you."

"That's the hardest thing for us to get sorted out," he said. "I think I love her and I tell her that. She says the same thing. But we don't know how to separate the love from the sex. I could use some help in understanding that."

"OK," I said, "we'll discuss that with you but we may not know the answer. You may just have to decide this one on your own."

"There's one more thing I've been thinking about, Mom," he said. "I wish we could play around on Saturday night like we did a few weeks ago."

I could see Siobhan about to cut him off and I held up my hand and asked her to wait until we heard him out.

"I don't want to invite her into your bedroom, Mom. That's your private place for making love with Dad. When you included us kids, I knew it was because we're a part of you and you love us so much. Besides with us, we were just all playing and having fun. We didn't get serious about it like you and Dad do."

Siobhan relaxed a little and I motioned for Kavan to continue.

"The weather's so warm I thought it'd be nice if we could do something on the deck. Since Dad had it covered and screened, we sit out there a lot at night. I'd like to clean it off and bring those foam mats that are going to the cabin up from the basement. I'll spread them out on the floor of the deck and then put quilts and blankets all over them. I'll get all the pillows I can find and spread them around. I'll put candles in some glasses and put them around on the deck railing. On this hillside with all the trees, nobody can see us. I'll even give Dad some money to buy us some good champagne if it's OK with you two."

"That sounds like a very romantic plan, Kavan," his mother said, "for two. Counting Kathryn, I think there are six of us. Are the rest of us supposed to go somewhere else while you two are enjoying yourselves?"

"No, no, no, Mom," he said, hurt that she hadn't understood. "I want all of us to be there together. I don't know what we'll do except that I do want all of to be together. I haven't said anything to Kathryn about our Saturday night together. I didn't because you asked me not to. I don't know for sure what we'll do but I didn't know what we'd do when we got in bed with you. I guess we'll have to just wait and see."

"Kavan," I said, "let me get right down to the nitty-gritty. I know you and Kathryn are having fun with each other, including some very good oral sex from what you tell me. Would you let Kathryn suck your dick in front of us? What if your mother wanted to suck mine? What if your sister wanted to suck mine or yours or Kerry's? What if I went down on your mother or on your sister? What would she say if she saw Kerry between your mother's legs or between your sister's legs? I think Kerry's found something he likes to do at a rather early age. What would Kathryn say to all that? Before you answer, you'd better think too about how you'd feel if Kathryn wanted to suck my dick as well as Kerry's. What if I wanted to go down on Kathryn? I already know Kerry would like to."

Kavan took one deep breath and stood up taller and looked me in the eyes, smiling.

"I hope she'd say just one word, Dad, and that word is YES."

I looked at Siobhan and then at him. "Your mother and I'll talk this over tonight and let you know our decision first thing in the morning."

He beamed as though he already knew what our answer would be.

<><><>

On Saturday morning, Kavan asked his Mom to take him to the grocery store. He'd planned a menu for that night of things we could all eat while sitting on the floor on the deck around a small table. When they came home, he very carefully and artistically arranged several small platters of finger food. He dug out the nicest plastic picnic ware we had and stacked that with plastic glasses next to the refrigerator. I looked at Siobhan while all this was going on and we both smiled.

Kavan couldn't wait and went to get Kathryn shortly after lunch. When they came back, Kathryn spoke to all of us and even hugged Siobhan. They stripped off their clothes in the family room and Kavan started to throw his in a corner. Kathryn folded hers neatly and then folded Kavan's and stacked them in a neat pile in the corner.

"Kathryn," my wife said, "we don't usually swim this early in the day because we're so fair-skinned. Why don't you and Kavan find something to do until about four? We can all play for an hour or so then."

Kavan whispered something in her ear and she shook her head to indicate her approval. I'd expected them to head downstairs so I was surprised when she asked if they could play Monopoly. Since Kerry loved the game, I assumed Kavan had suggested that instead of a couple of hours of sex. That was quite a surprise.

When Kavan showed her what he had done to the deck and told her that we were having supper there, Kathryn held him by both cheeks and gave him a quick kiss on the mouth. I wondered if he had given her any hint of what might happen when the light began to fade.

The four kids played a couple of games of Monopoly and Kerry won both. They came in the family room with Siobhan and me and threw themselves across the furniture like teenagers do. Kavan and Kathryn nonchalantly wrapped themselves up together on one end of the big couch. Kerry sprawled out on the floor and I saw him immediately start peeking toward Kathryn's exposed vulva. She caught him and just smiled and moved her legs a little further apart.

Arial saw Kerry's act too and warned Kathryn not to lead him on or she'd have him on top of her before the night was over. Kathryn smiled at Kavan and told Kerry he'd have to wait until Kavan had his

turn first. I watched in amazement at how open they were about it already.

Even before four o'clock, the four of them became restless and I told them to go on down to the pool, that Siobhan and I would be down in a few minutes.

"What do you think, Honey?" I asked. Should we try to keep a lid on things tonight or just let them do what they want to?"

"Kathryn seems to be pretty accepting of the way we look at our kid's sexual activities," she said. "I think I should talk to her in private and give her some idea of what Kavan wants us all to do. If she feels OK with it, I think we can all relax and enjoy playing together. If not, I can tell Kavan and the others to cool it."

"I think we'd better limit it to nothing more than oral sex," I said. "I didn't mind too much letting our kids see us have intercourse. But I don't want to include them in doing that yet and I'm not ready to perform for Kathryn."

<><><>

This time it was Kavan who suggested we'd all had enough swimming. I don't know whether it was because he was hungry as usual or because he'd had enough of Kerry wrapping his arms and legs around Kathryn and holding on for dear life when anyone threatened to duck him.

Before I turned the water on in the shower, I called for everybody's attention.

"I want to show you a couple of things that are extremely erotic. I want to do something down here in the shower and then something else upstairs. These two things are guaranteed to win you the heart of any woman."

Siobhan looked at me disapprovingly and I said, "Trust me; this is something all three of you will love, including Kathryn. Once you three ladies find out what it is, you'll all want us to do it. I want you all to turn on the water and rinse off. Make sure to get your hair wet."

I turned to Kavan and whispered for him to get the old wooden bench I kept in the garage and put it in the middle of the shower. I left for the upstairs area.

When I came back everybody was wet and the bench was sitting ready for them. I had a big stack of our fluffiest towels in one arm and a bottle of shampoo in the other.

"OK, you ladies sit on the bench, all in a row. Kerry, get behind your sister. Kavan, you're behind Kathryn. And I'm behind your Mom."

I poured shampoo on three heads and Kerry and Kavan grinned and started washing hair. I started with Siobhan.

"When you're doing something with your lady, always remember to be very slow and gentle. Never get in a hurry. If they don't enjoy it, you won't either."

After a few minutes, I looked at Kerry and Kavan. They were already showing two erect cocks. I knew mine was just as hard. When we finished shampooing, I turned the water back on and we took turns rinsing them off. Ariel put her hand on Kerry's cock and curtsyed her thanks. Kathryn and Siobhan followed her example with Kavan and me. I told Kavan and Kerry to reseal their ladies and we'd dry their hair. When we were finished, I told the boys to wrap a towel around their lady and escort her upstairs. I don't know who was grinning wider, the ladies or the gentlemen.

Upstairs I asked the ladies to sit on the bar stools in the kitchen and I sent Kavan and Kerry to round up three hair dryers and hairbrushes. When they returned, I managed to find enough plugs so we could all work at once.

"Don't get it too hot," I said, "just use warm air and lift their hair and separate it with the other hand." I watched as three sets of eyes closed in sensual contentment.

"Now use the hair brushes," I instructed. "Again, be slow and easy. Don't try to force any knots or tangles out. Tease them apart with your fingers and use your brush like a gentle caress." Kavan looked at me, fully understanding my not-so-hidden meaning. Even Kerry seemed to get the point. His point was still sticking up.

When their hair was dry, I asked the ladies to help us finish. "Hold your hair back and gather it at the back of your head. I've got ribbons for prizes for each of you." I pulled out three long strips of red ribbon to the smiling approval of three ladies.

<><><>

We all waited on the deck while Kavan and Kerry brought out the food for our supper and spread it around on the low table. On their last trip to the kitchen, Kavan brought back the bottle of champagne I'd got for him and Kerry brought six plastic glasses. Kavan unfolded the white cloth around the bottle and showed the label to all for their approval. He opened it flawlessly and even sniffed the cork. I should have told him that it wasn't necessary on champagne. He poured out three small glasses first and Kerry delivered them to the three ladies. Last he poured three more for the gentlemen. I was surprised when Kerry tasted it said, "Ahhh, a very good year."

We spent a couple of hours eating and talking. I could tell that Kathryn was enjoying every minute of her time with Kavan and with us. As the light began to fade, I wondered what the kids would get us into tonight. All four of them decided to clean up the remains of our food, our glasses and the champagne bottle, and the soft drink cans.

Siobhan and I grabbed the opportunity for a quick pit stop. I let her go first and she sat on the toilet looking up at me with questions in her eyes. I took my turn while she leaned against the sink counter. "What now, maestro?" she asked when I turned around.

"Whatever they're comfortable with," I said. "I told you that nobody was going to play hide the salami tonight and I'll set that as the limit."

When we came out, we walked into the kitchen where the kids were cleaning up.

"See," Kavan said, "I told you they weren't going to bed yet even if it is about eight o'clock."

"Yes, Kavan," Siobhan said. "Your Dad had to go pee and I had to go hold it for him."

I knew what Kavan would say next and I was right.

"Gee, Mom," he said, "I like that idea. Kathryn's mom won't let us go in the bathroom together. Can we go pee together here?"

"That's up to Kathryn," I said. "Just don't let her give you an erection until after you pee. You know peeing doesn't work very well with a hard-on."

Kerry and Arial howled at the idea. Kathryn held out her hand to Kavan and they walked down the hall to the bathroom hand in hand.

<><><>

The light was almost gone when we went back out on the deck. Kavan turned off all the lights in the house and brought out the lighted candles two by two. When he was finished, I had to admit that he had created a very romantic atmosphere.

I stretched out on the soft mats and leaned back on a couple of cushions. Siobhan walked over, pushed my legs apart, and sat down between them. She leaned back against my chest and pulled my arms around her waist. I raised my hands up to her breasts and held them.

I wasn't surprised when Kavan and Kathryn followed our example. When Kerry leaned back and spread his legs, he looked up at Arial and said, "Would you join me, m'lady?" Arial curtsied and answered "With delight, sire."

We talked for a while and the kids got to telling dirty jokes. Siobhan and I didn't try to top them but just listened and laughed at the good ones. I noticed that Kathryn wasn't joining in the jokes and wondered what was wrong.

"Kavan, I don't think Kathryn is enjoying your jokes so maybe you kids need to change the subject," I said.

"Oh, no, Mr. Stuart," she said, "I've really enjoyed everything we've done today. It's just that I wish my Mom and Dad could love each other like you two do. They're separated because Mom got tired of Dad working so much he never had time for her. Mom's talked to me about sex and she's pretty cool about Kavan and me. But she and Dad are nowhere as relaxed about it as all of you. That's all that's bothering me."

Siobhan said, "Kathryn, you're sitting here naked with Kavan's hands on your breasts and his dick up against your back and I'll bet it's hard. I'm doing the same thing with Kieran and I know his is hard. Arial and Kerry are too and we all know his is hard. Nobody's going to do anything to you if you don't want them to. We're just going to relax and play; that's all."

I thought I might change the subject and see what the kids would want to do tonight. "Would you like to play twister, kids?" I asked.

My three began clamoring to play and Kerry ran to get the oversized blanket we used. It had a pattern exactly like the one that came with our first twister we bought, except that the circles were further apart.

Kathryn looked at Kavan and said, "I've played twister before but we don't have any clothes on. Is it OK to play like that?"

Arial answered for him. "Sure, Kathryn, we like to play it, especially naked. It's a lot more fun that way. Come on, please; play with us."

Kerry returned with the game and we started playing. After a while it got interesting when Kathryn had both hands and feet spread around on the blanket. Looking at her spread rear was enough to get another rise out of my kids' father's dick. When I bumped up against her beautiful butt with my hard-on, she looked around to see who it was. She just gave me a quick smile and then looked at Kavan. I looked at Kavan and saw him frowning. Kerry was all over Kathryn and Siobhan pinched his butt and threatened to make him quit playing. I was just glad she didn't make me quit.

We were all sweating after thirty minutes or so. I sent Arial to get us all wet washcloths and dry towels to clean up. We sat around trying to cool off while the ladies got their eyes full of three hard-ons. Kathryn looked at mine and Kerry's as much as at Kavan's.

Arial seemed quiet and lost in thought for a few minutes. When I asked what was up, she just looked at my cock, then Kavan's and then Kerry's. She didn't say a word about our condition.

"I've made up a game I'd like to play," she said. "It's not slip the salami to Susie but it would be lots of fun. I'm naming it Susie Says and I'm Susie."

"OK, Susie, how do we play it?" Siobhan asked.

"OK, first take all the candles and put them on the table in the middle of the deck. Then we all get down on our knees in a circle around the candles, boy, girl, boy, girl. It's going to be a little like Twister. You have to put your hands where I tell you and keep them there until you are told to put them somewhere else. I'll tell you the rest when we're ready to play."

We moved the candles and then got in position. Siobhan was directly across from me, with Arial on my left and Kathryn on my right. Kerry and Kavan were to the right and left of their mother.

"Now remember," Arial started, "this is just like Simon Says. If I say Susie Says, you're supposed to do what I say. If I don't say Susie Says, you're not supposed to do anything. Got it?"

We all waited with smiles on our faces.

**Arial looked all around and then said, "Susie Says everybody put your right hand on the butt of the person to your right."**

**Everybody did as she said. I thought to myself that I could learn to like this. My hand was on Kathryn's ass, hers was on Kavan's, his on Siobhan's, hers on Kerry's, Kerry's on Arial's, and Arial's on mine. Arial cheated; she pinched me.**

**Arial said, "Susie Says, girls, wrap your left hand around the dick to your left."**

**I knew I could learn to like this, especially when Kathryn cheated and moved her hand back and forth a few times.**

**Arial said, "Susie Says, boys, put your left hand on the left breast of the girl to your right and keep it there."**

**That one caused a little confusion but we all shuffled closer and got it right. When I looked at Siobhan, with my right hand on Kathryn's butt, my left hand on her left breast, and her left hand around my dick, she just shook her head and mouthed the words, I think, "You dirty old man."**

**Arial said, in a parody of someone's voice, "Oh, Kerry, I love your little hand on my itty bitty titty. Now I say squeeze."**

**All three of the girls yelled like they had been hurt. I knew I hadn't squeezed anybody's breast and I didn't see Kavan or Kerry do it.**

**"You've got to play fair, now." Kerry said. "If you don't, us boys are going to take our toys and go home."**

**"OK, Squirt," Arial said, "Susie Says, girls, put your right hand on the toy of the boy to your right and stroke it slowly ten times. Hold your left hand still."**

**That one pleased Kavan and he yelled "Yeah" with each stroke Kathryn gave him. Arial did a very passable job on my cock. Kerry beamed at his mother while she stroked him.**

**"Susie Says, boys, lean over to your right and then to your left and kiss the girl on the cheek five times. Girls call out the count."**

**It took a little while for us to complete that task. Kathryn kept pulling away from me and sticking her tongue out at me; Arial took mercy on me and let me catch up with Kavan and Kerry.**

**"Susie says, girls, put your left hand on the butt of the guy to your left."**

**Kathryn let go of my dick with her left hand and put it on my butt. She pinched me too, hard enough to make me yelp.**

**"And now I say put your hands on top of your head." Nobody moved.**

**"Susie Says, boys, put your right hand on the pussy of the girl to your right and wiggle your middle finger around until you feel something hot and wet around it. Don't move after that."**

**Kathryn spread her legs and grinned at me while my middle finger was searching for her hot and wet vagina. I had no idea whether she was still a virgin and had a maidenhead so I barely penetrated her with my finger.**

**"Susie says when I call somebody's name and say go they'll do what I say. If I say go to a guy he moves his finger in a pussy five times. If I say go to a girl, she gives the guy's dick five strokes. The round's over if anybody comes. "**

**Kerry asked her to repeat that one and he thought a minute and then said, "OK, I've got it."**

**Arial said, "Susie Says, Go, Kerry," and began laughing when Kerry gave her the moving finger.**

**Arial went clockwise around the circle and I enjoyed her little hand stroking my dick. When she said "Go, Kieran," I stroked upward between Kathryn's little lips, trying to tease her clitoris. When she said, "Go Kathryn," Kavan pushed his pelvis forward while she stroked him ten times. Siobhan squirmed when Kavan gave her the moving finger. And last, Kerry mimicked Kavan and stuck his pelvis out while his mother stroked his rampant little dick.**

**Arial said, "Now Susie is going to call out just names, in random order, and I'm going to do it fast so listen up."**

**The laughter gradually subsided and turned into some heavy breathing and thrusting of hips and grinding of pelvises. I noticed that the dick stroking was turning into continuous stroking and the finger wiggling was continuous rubbing as far as I knew.**

**Kavan suddenly put one hand on Kathryn's shoulder, the other on his mother's, and pushed his hips forward to the edge of the table.**

Kathryn's hand was almost a blur stroking his dick. Suddenly, he shot several spurts of semen out into the candles and Kathryn yanked her hand away like she'd been shocked.

Arial was a little late with her next command. "Susie says: Kavan put out the candles!" He only got two out of eight. He stayed like that for a moment, breathing heavily, while we all watched his dick go from full staff to half-mast. Finally he collapsed against Kathryn, flopped backwards, threw his arms out to the side, and made a face like he was dead. It took a couple of minutes for the laughter to subside.

Kerry got so tickled he started hiccupping. It didn't stop him from saying something. "Good shooting...hic, Duke, you...hic...killed two with...hic...one shot."

"Let's rest for a minute," I said. "I don't care what Susie says, I'm not going to try to top that."

Everybody toppled over against somebody else and we all lay there just looking around, smiling, trying not to start laughing or giggling again. Kerry tried to stop hiccupping but every time a hic escaped, Arial started giggling again.

I watched the faces of the ladies as they watched Kavan's dick gradually lose its stiffness. Kathryn kept sneaking glances at my dick, still hard and resting on my stomach, and at Kerry's, still hard and pointing up at the overhead fan. I saw her shake her head and raise her eyebrows in what was clearly an expression of amazement.

"What's the matter, Kathryn?" Siobhan asked. "I thought you'd seen Kavan do that lots of times."

"Yeah, but not with everybody watching," she said. "It's just hard to believe the way you all are about stuff like this."

"Well, I'm going to stay hard until somebody gives me a hand," Kerry said.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Squirt," Arial said. "We're just getting warmed up. We'll even let Kavan play some more if he can get it up again."

I saw Kathryn looking at Kavan's dick again. It was flopped over on his thigh, still engorged but not stiff. There was one little drip of semen on his thigh just under the head. He was still pretending to be dead but his heavy breathing betrayed him. She shook her head again, like she couldn't believe what she saw.

**“What’s the matter, Kathryn?” Kerry asked. “Haven’t you...hic...ever seen a soft dick before?”**

**She swatted at him and then giggled. “It’s just so big, even when it’s soft. Mr. Stuart’s is awfully big too.”**

**“How about...hic...mine?”**

**“Well, you’ve got a nice one too, Kerry,” she said. “I wouldn’t be afraid of yours.”**

**“Good,” he said. “Spread...hic...your legs.”**

**He tried to crawl on top of her but Siobhan pinched his butt and I pushed him away. He lay down again, next to his mother, and she pinched his nostrils shut. It was something she did to the kids when they had hiccups. It always seemed to work if they held their breath.**

**“Kathryn, don’t be afraid of Kavan,” I said. “His may be bigger than average but we’ve tried to teach him what to do when he makes love with a woman. If he’s slow and careful, he won’t hurt you.”**

**“I know. He keeps telling me that. It’s just I’ve never done it before and I don’t see how it can all fit inside me.”**

**“Kathryn, a woman’s vagina is called a birth canal when she’s giving birth,” Siobhan said. “It’ll stretch enough to let a baby out and then return to its normal size in a month or so. If she’s really aroused, a mature woman can take two dicks inside her and it won’t hurt her.”**

**"You mean like a sandwich?" Kavan asked.**

**"What kind of sandwich?" Kerry asked.**

**"It's not one you eat, Kerry," Kavan said. "It means one guy has his dick in her pussy. Another guy's got his dick in her asshole."**

**"No, Kavan," I corrected, "she means both guys can get their dicks in her pussy."**

**I got some unbelieving stares at this and Arial said, "I don't believe it, Dad. You're too big. I don't know how I'm gonna take one and I sure don't want to try two. Maybe if they're like Kerry's." She reached over and pulled Kerry's dick and he yelped.**

"Arial, you three all came out of your mother," I said. "When her vagina is a birth canal, it can stretch an awful lot and then return to normal size. I'll vouch for the fact that it's not stretched out."

"But how could they do it?" Kathryn asked. "Kavan and I haven't done it yet but I like it when he's on top of me and rubbing the bottom of his penis against my vagina. He calls it a dry fuck but it sure makes me wet. How could anybody get two in there at once?"

I stood up, grabbed Kavan's hand, and pulled him in front of Kathryn. "See if you can work miracles on poor Kavan's deflated dead dick," I said. She looked at me like she didn't know what to do.

Arial grabbed one of the washcloths, wiped Kavan's dick clean, and then dried it with a towel. She got on her knees, leaned over, held Kavan's semi-tumescent dick up, and took the head in her mouth. She slid her lips up and down on the head while she moved her hand up and down on the shaft. She straightened up and looked at Kathryn.

"Just like that, Kathryn," she said. "Haven't you done that with Kavan yet?"

Kathryn smiled and that was answer enough. She leaned forward and wrapped her hand around the shaft of Kavan's dick and her mouth around the glans. Within a minute or so, she'd done miracles and raised it from the dead.

I pulled Kavan's legs out straight in a vee, sat down between them, and spread my legs over his. I pulled his left leg on top of my right, my left leg over his right, and scooted closer to Kavan until we were only a couple of feet apart. I asked for pillows to go behind our back and the other four piled them up. I told Kavan to move closer and to turn to one side at the same time. He understood what I was trying to do and we were soon pressed against each other, his balls against mine. I reached down with one hand, held his hard cock against mine, and asked, "Who wants to sit on this?"

Kerry said, "Not me, boy. I'm glad I'm not a girl."

The other four were on their knees now, clustered around us, looking at our interlocking puzzle.

"Can you get just a little closer?" Arial asked.

When we got as close as was possible, Arial reached up to her hair, pulled out the red ribbon, and tied it around the base of our two cocks. Siobhan and Kathryn smiled at each other and did the same.

**"Let's all go to bed, children, and leave them here," Siobhan giggled.**

**Kavan and I were leaning back, supporting our selves on straight arms slightly behind our back.**

**"That's not fair," Kavan said, pretending to cry. "We can't get loose as long as we've got hard-ons."**

**The two girls and Kerry were giggling and looking at our plight.**

**"Couldn't you ladies at least help us get rid of these hard-ons so we can get up?" I asked. "I'm going to get a cramp in my old legs."**

**"Yeah, I've got a cramp, too," Kavan agreed. "But it's not in my legs unless you count the middle one and it's a foot."**

**"That's not a foot," Arial said. "You're both about five inches short of a foot."**

**"Well, together we've got more than fourteen inches," I said. "And we need somebody to help us out."**

**"I'll do it, Dad," Arial said, "but it's only because I feel sorry for you poor babies." And with that she leaned over and took the head of my cock in her mouth and sucked it for a minute or so before moving to Kavan's dick and giving him the same treatment. I watched Kathryn's eyes almost bug out, seeing what Arial was doing to her brother and father.**

**"It's OK, Kathryn," I said. "We're just playing with each other and nobody does anything unless they want to. We don't do anything that will hurt anybody."**

**"It is OK, Kathryn," Siobhan said. "We can all do what we want to except for one thing: nobody's going to play slip the salami to Susie."**

**That brought forth giggles and smiles from everybody except Arial. Her mouth was busy. She straightened up and said, "It's your turn next, Kathryn, and then Mom."**

**When Kathryn took her turn, she demonstrated very well that she knew what she was doing. She took Kavan's first and made him throw his head back, eyes closed. When she wrapped her lips round mine, I had the same reaction.**

It was Siobhan's idea to remove some of the pillows so that Kavan and I were leaning back further, our shoulders and heads a foot or so off the floor. She whispered something to Arial and Kerry and they kneeled down on each side of Kavan and me. Kerry took one cock in each hand and started stroking up and down. Arial bent over and started sucking on the head of my cock and then on Kavan's.

Siobhan straddled my body and told Kathryn she could have Kavan. I don't know whether she understood until Siobhan got down on her knees, legs spread wide, and leaned back, her hands on my stomach supporting herself. I bent my head up and found it was perfectly positioned at her vulva. Siobhan turned around to Kathryn and told her that Kavan was waiting. She took one last look at us and then got into position over Kavan. I closed my eyes and stuck my tongue out until I made contact with a wet pussy.

A minute or so later, Arial and Kerry started complaining that they wanted to play too. "My jaw's cramping," Arial said. "I can't keep sucking you guys forever. When do I get a turn?" "And my arms are getting tired. Dad," Kerry griped. "Aren't you and Kavan every going to come? I want to play too."

Siobhan came to their rescue. "Girls, let's start swapping around. And pay attention to Kerry. He's old enough to know what he wants."

She moved over to Kavan, pulled Kathryn up, pushed her toward me - for which I'll be eternally grateful - and then positioned herself over Kavan's face. Kerry stood up and Arial kneeled in front of him, bent his dick down, and slid her lips all the way down his four inches. Kathryn rather reluctantly got on her knees straddling my face. I held her by the hips and let my tongue go where my dick wanted to be.

After what seemed like too short a time, Arial complained that she wanted somebody to lick her pussy too. She was tired of sucking everybody and nobody did anything for her.

Kavan came up with a good game this time. The girls would lie down side by side and the boys would move from one girl to another using their fingers and mouths. When a girl had an orgasm, she would move to one side and all three guys would keep doing it until the last one came. Then the girls would do the same for the boys. I was surprised when Kerry wanted the same thing. I knew he couldn't ejaculate yet; I didn't know whether he was really having orgasms.

When the girls had all had an orgasm, Kavan and Kerry stretched out beside me. The girls got into position with Kathryn in front of me, Siobhan before Kerry, and Arial before Kavan.

Kathryn seemed a little reluctant to start. "What do I do if Mr. Stuart comes?"

Siobhan decided to instruct them. "It's really very simple, girls. If you don't want him to come in your mouth, tell him that. If you don't mind a little semen in your saliva, just keep sucking. He'll like that. Then you can spit it out on his stomach. Or you can swallow it. Or you could hold it in your mouth and then go give him a big juicy kiss. That's what I did the first time I sucked off your father."

"Mom, did you really?" Arial squealed. "I think that's cool."

"I'd like to do that with Kavan," Kathryn said. "Kavan, would you let me kiss you with a mouthful of your come?"

Kavan looked at his mother and then at me. "Did you really do that, Dad?"

"Yes, Kavan," I said, "that's exactly what I did the first time your mother gave me an orgasm with her mouth. It won't hurt you. And besides that, you should never refuse to kiss a lady just because she has some of your come in her mouth."

And shortly after that, I shot a big load into Siobhan's mouth. She tilted her head back and swallowed while the kids watched. Kathryn sucked Kavan until he came, then pushed him down and kissed him. When she rose up, they both had come and smiles on their lips. Arial brought Kerry off. At least he said he gave her a big load and asked her if she swallowed it.

We lay around resting and talking for a while and then I asked Arial and Kerry to go get more warm washcloths and towels for everybody to clean up. I sent Kavan and Kathryn to get the pitcher of lemonade he had made that morning and also plastic glasses.

When they all came back, Kerry asked if we could all sleep out on the deck. I took an informal vote and everybody seemed agreeable. Siobhan and I went to make a pit stop and to round up blankets for everybody.

When I blew out the candles, Kavan and Kathryn were entwined under a blanket and somebody's hands were moving. Arial and Kerry were totally under their blanket, doing something I knew not what, but doing a lot of giggling with it. I shrugged my shoulders, stretched out beside Siobhan, and pulled a blanket over us. A few minutes later,

we cheated. I slipped the salami to Susie, very quietly. Susie Siobhan cooperated just as stealthily.

<><><>

A few weeks later, Kavan asked to talk to his mother and me. He informed us that Kathryn would be spending five days and nights with us, beginning on Saturday. He told us that Kathryn's mother wanted to visit her husband again because they wanted to discuss reconciling. She had told Kathryn she had to go with her.

When Kathryn told Kavan, he had walked her back home and they had gone to her mother hand in hand. He had told her that, if she gave her permission, Kathryn would be spending the five days with him and with his family. He told her that Siobhan and I had already given our permission. And by the way, they'd be making love while she was gone and they'd be responsible.

Siobhan and I looked at each other in astonishment.

"And I gather that Kathryn's mother gave her approval," Siobhan said.

"Yes, Mom," Kavan said, "She just hugged both of us and I think she was crying. She said she hoped she'd enjoy the five days as much as we did. And I went to the drugstore and bought us a dozen condoms."

Siobhan and I smiled at his assumption of adult responsibility and I said, "That's good, Kavan, let me know if you need any more and I'll buy them for you."

<><><>

On Saturday, we all spent the afternoon playing in the pool and the early evening eating barbecued ribs with all the fixing. Afterwards, we discussed sleeping arrangements and Kavan and Kathryn again didn't want the guest room. They wanted the basement bedroom. Kerry didn't want to sleep by himself and so Arial invited him to share her bed. Siobhan and I looked at each other, astonished at how agreeable our kids could be when they wanted to.

<><><>

**(KERRY)**

Kavan and Kathryn wanted to sleep in our bedroom, at least the one Kavan and I usually shared. I didn't want to sleep in the guest room by

myself. I wanted to sleep with Mom and Dad but they said no. Arial said I could sleep with her if I wanted to.

I got sleepy so I went in her room and got in the bed naked like I always do. I couldn't sleep because her bed felt different and it smelled different.

Arial came in and crawled in bed with me. She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. When she lay down, I crawled over and kissed her on the mouth. I tried to stick my tongue in her mouth but she wouldn't let me. So I put my mouth on her breast and my finger in her pussy. I sucked her nipple until it got hard and fingered her pussy until it got juicy. After a few minutes, she let me put my tongue in her mouth then and she sucked on it.

Arial asked me to kiss her down there so I crawled down between her legs and licked her pussy like Kavan told me. The taste and the smell made me feel all funny inside. Arial said she liked it a lot so I kept doing it. She showed me where to suck so I did. After a while she started bucking her pussy against my face. When she grabbed my head and tried to pull me in her pussy, I didn't like that.

After that, Arial put her hand on my dick and pulled the foreskin down. She spit on the head and then rubbed her hand up and down. I liked that a lot. She put her mouth on my dick and sucked it and sucked it. She kept swapping her mouth and her hand. After a while, it felt really good, like I had to pee but couldn't, but really a lot better. I liked that a lot. I asked Arial if she tasted anything when I came in her mouth but she said she didn't.

Arial hugged up to my butt and put her arm over me. I asked her when we could do it again. She didn't say anything. I'm going to ask her again tomorrow.

<><><>

(KIERAN))

Siobhan and I sat looking at each other after the kids had all gone to bed. I don't suppose either of us knew quite what to say. After a while, I went over to her and pushed her legs apart and knelt down between them. I leaned forward with my face against her breasts and shut my eyes. She held me close and leaned over and kissed the top of my head.

"Are we getting old?" I asked. "I had all these grand ideas about how I wanted us to raise our kids and now I don't know whether I've done the right things."

"No, my love," she said, "you're not getting old. And you'll only know whether we've done the right things when they make us grandparents and they have to decide how to raise their kids. Then I'll tell you you're old and you won't care because you'll have grandchildren to love. Isn't that what you said you wanted?"

We went to bed together as we had done countless times before. As before I began the familiar journey from her mouth, with long sweet kisses, down to her breasts where her erect nipples awaited my mouth, down for a pit stop in her naval, and then down, down, to her fiery mound and on into her cunt. She started squirming as I kept tonguing her and wouldn't stop. She got up on her knees on the bed and pushed me down on my back. She straddled my head, took my cock in one hand, and lowered her mouth to it. I stuck a pillow under my head and pulled her down to me until I was drowning in her cunt. After a few minutes more, my educated tongue brought her to another of hundreds upon hundreds of orgasms. I had to hold my breath until she lifted up off me.

With a strength that surprised me, she threw herself back down on the bed and pulled me on top of her. In seconds my cock was buried to the balls in her cunt. She wrapped her arms and legs around me and I knew from long experience that I wouldn't be released until I came. After a few minutes more she dropped her arms and legs back to the bed.

<><><>

(KAVAN)

Kathryn was nervous when we went in my bedroom together. I told her what Dad told me to tell her, that I wouldn't hurt her and I wouldn't do anything to her unless she wanted me too. If she didn't want to do it, I'd stop.

She looked at me and said, "Kavan, I want to do it with you but your dick is kinda big, ya'know. I'm afraid it'll hurt, especially with one of those rubbers on it."

"Kathryn, I'll be real slow with you. There are lots of things I want to do with you before we take the last step. Your pussy is going to be real wet and you may even have an orgasm or two first. That's supposed to

make everything down there relax and not be all clenched up. I've got to use a rubber; we both know that, even if we don't want to."

"I know," she said, "but I want to feel *you* inside me. The head of your dick is so smooth and hard and soft at the same time. I want to feel it when you put your dick in me, not a piece of rubber."

"I've been practicing with the rubbers, like Dad told me to do. I've been putting them on and jerking off so I can see how they feel and so I can learn how to tell when I'm about to come with one on me."

"Sometimes I can tell when I'm about to come," she said. "Sometimes it surprises me when you're doing something to me."

"I can usually tell when I'm about to come," I said, "but by then it's usually too late to stop. I just have to keep banging it until it spurts."

"I wish..." she said, leaving the thought unfinished.

"Maybe if I was real slow in putting it in and then we both were real still when it was in, maybe I could tell when I feel like I'm about to come and pull it out. I could put the rubber on then and we could do it the rest of the way."

"Could you?" she asked.

<><><>

(KIERAN)

I woke up early on Sunday morning, well rested after a good night's sleep. The hour or so of making love with Siobhan had again been the only sleeping pill I needed.

I tried to sneak out quietly for my Sunday morning run. I grabbed my running shorts and shirt and sneakers and tiptoed into the family room to get dressed. I opened the door to the deck quietly and then did my usual stretching exercises before going downstairs and out to the street. I started slowly as usual and built up to my most comfortable running speed. As usual my body easily slipped into automatic for running and my mind was left to think without consciously being aware of running.

I wondered how Kavan and Kathryn's night together had been. I felt a little proud and honored that they were comfortable enough with our family to choose to join together in our own home. I was glad that they were making a gift of their virginity to each other and were

mature enough to discuss their intentions with Siobhan and me and ask our approval.

I had wanted so much for our first child to become a man simply as part of our loving family, not as a furtive thief stealing a girl's innocence in some strange place. Siobhan and I had tried to counsel them on the pitfalls to beware of when they first made love with each other. I had especially advised Kavan to be totally responsible for contraception, since I knew Kathryn was not taking the birth control pill. He'd used his dozen practice condoms, masturbating with them to learn to put one on properly and to sense the signs of his orgasm while wearing one. I hoped he had been successful.

When I returned home almost an hour later and walked into the kitchen, Siobhan was already up and had made coffee. I stripped off my sweat-drenched shorts and shirt, poured myself a big glass of orange juice, and sat down on a stool. When I looked closer at my wife, she had a smile on her face that I recognized as her "I've got something to tell you" smile. I said, "OK, tell me."

"We've got to install a bathroom in the basement. When the boys started sleeping down there, we assumed they'd come up here to use the bathroom at night. Now that we've got a girl sleeping down there, I think we need a bathroom."

"What brought this on?" I asked.

"Kathryn came upstairs a few minutes ago to go pee," Siobhan said.

"Where is she now? Did she say anything about how she and Kavan enjoyed the night together?"

"She's gone back downstairs to bed with Kavan. I asked her how she felt and she said she was a little sore."

"That's not unusual for a girl who was a virgin hours before, is it?"

"I told her that the first time sometimes left a girl sore. But that it'd quickly get better if they were patient and loving with each other."

"What'd she say?"

"She said it wasn't the first time that made her sore. It was the second and third and fourth."

I almost spit out a mouthful of orange juice trying to contain my laughter.

**"That's not all she told me," Siobhan said. "She said that Kavan didn't want to use a rubber the first time he entered her. He said he wanted to feel her flesh around his, with nothing separating them when they were first joined together."**

**"And did he convince her?"**

**"She said she tried to talk him out of it. She told him that she was exactly halfway between her periods. She was informed enough to know that's exactly her most fertile time."**

**"But did he convince her to do it like that?" I asked, my alarm clearly showing in my voice.**

**"Yes, he told her that he just wanted to put it in and then he wouldn't move. He wanted just to be still inside her for a while. He said he'd pull out and come on stomach if he couldn't stop. And he said he'd take his dick out and put on a rubber before he did anything else.**

**"Damn," I said. "You heard me talking with them about what a man and woman who used the withdrawal method were called."**

**"Yes," she said, "they're called parents."**

**I had a sudden surge of mixed emotions. Dread that my fifteen-year old son might be a father when he was sixteen and happiness that I might be a grandfather and Siobhan a grandmother.**

**"But did he come inside her?" I asked, in a louder voice. "Is there a possibility she's going to be pregnant already?"**

**"There's always a possibility, isn't there?" Siobhan smiled. "We both know Kerry is proof that there's no perfect birth control."**

**"Siobhan, don't do me like this, damn it! Tell me what happened!"**

**"He pulled out with just a fraction of a second to spare. He didn't even get it up toward her stomach. He came in her pubic hair."**

**We heard the basement shower start and lowered our voices. I glared at my wife for almost giving me a heart attack. She mercifully stopped teasing me.**

**We heard the shower stop and a few minutes later the basement door opened and Kavan came in. He was still naked and was drying his hair with a towel.**

"Good morning, Mom, Dad. When Kathryn comes up, would you please tell her I'm on the deck? She wanted a few minutes to herself. And Mom, could you fix us some breakfast?"

We both looked at him, standing there with his dick perhaps swollen or half erect, certainly red and irritated looking on about half of the shaft skin. He poured himself a cup of coffee, added cream and sugar, slowly stirred, said he needed a good cup of coffee because he didn't sleep much last night, walked out to the deck, sat down, and started reading the newspaper. And he was whistling all the time except when he was slurping at his coffee. Siobhan and I were both speechless.

A few minutes, Arial and Kerry walked in, chattering away as usual. Siobhan poured each a big glass of orange juice and they climbed up on a barstool.

A few minutes later Kathryn opened the door from the basement and came in. She was all rosy and glowing from the shower and the only thing she had on was a red ribbon holding back her still-wet hair. She walked over to the bar, picked up my glass of orange juice and drank it down. She poured some more and sat it in front of me and then sat down, rather gingerly I thought, on the stool next to me.

"Good morning, Grandma and Grandpa," she said.

"Not quite yet, I hope," Siobhan said.

"Nope," Kathryn said, "not yet, but we talked about it last night and we figured we didn't want to wait until we were as old as you were before we had our first one. We'd like to start one when I graduate from high school. I could take a year off from school to take care of it and then we could both start college together. If I moved in here, we thought maybe you all would help baby-sit for us. Oh, and we'd like to get married before we have one."

"Great," Arial squealed, "I'll help."

"Me, too," Kerry yelped. "That would be cool."

Kathryn looked at me and then at Siobhan. "Do you two think you could make room in your family for me?"

## **Chapter Twenty-Five**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17, Lauren Andersen, 51**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

<><><>

**(KIERAN)**

**I was in the basement working on the truck Kavan and I were restoring for him when Siobhan called down for me to take a telephone call on the extension.**

**“Who is it?” I asked.**

**“I don’t know,” she answered. “It’s a woman but I don’t recognize her voice.”**

**When I said hello into the phone, a woman responded, “This is Lauren. Do you remember me?”**

**I was struck dumb for a moment, hearing her voice after so many years. Memories a quarter-century old came rushing back to me.**

**“I’ve never forgotten you. I never will,” I responded. “How are you and Paul and Marie....and Stuart?”**

<><><>

**About an hour later, I climbed the stairs. Siobhan immediately picked up my somber mood. I didn’t know what to say but I knew I had to tell her about Paul and Lauren and their kids.**

**“You were on the phone for a long time,” she said. “Who was it?”**

**I took a deep breath. “It was Lauren.”**

**“Lauren who?”**

**“Lauren Andersen, who was married to Paul Andersen. I told you about them years ago.”**

She searched her memory for a moment and I could tell when she realized who Lauren and Paul Andersen were.

“Sit down,” she said, gesturing at the kitchen table. “I think you want to talk to me; don’t you? I’ll fix us a cup of tea.”

After she poured two cups of tea, she pulled out a chair and sat down across from me. She looked at me, waiting.

“I don’t know where to begin,” I said. “I think my life, and yours, is about to change in a way I’d never anticipated.”

“You said Lauren, who *was* married to Paul. Start there and tell me about them.”

“Paul’s dead. He died of cancer about a year ago. He and Lauren were still married when he died. Their kids, Marie and Stuart, are both married. Marie’s in Alaska with her husband and children. Stuart and his wife and son Paul are in the same town in Oregon as Lauren.”

“Who’s Stuart? And I thought you said Paul died,” she said, confused with my answer.

“Yes, the Paul I knew is dead. Lauren’s a grandmother. Stuart is their son, the one I helped her conceive. I told you years ago that they named him after me. I just didn’t tell you that they took my last name and gave it to their son as his first name. And Stuart - Stuart Andersen - and his wife Joanne have a son they named Paul, after his grandfather. Paul and Lauren also had an older daughter named Marie. I met them when I helped Lauren with Marie while Paul was away working.”

“How did she find you after all these years?” she asked.

“Lauren took a chance that my parents were still living in the same place. They gave her my address and telephone number.”

My wife looked at me for a minute or so. When I saw her smiling at me, I knew it was going to be OK.

“You’ve got to tell me, you know,” she said.

“When Stuart was eighteen, Paul and Lauren told him that Paul wasn’t his biological father. They told him about Paul’s fertility problems and that both he and Marie were conceived with sperm donors.”

“How did Stuart react?”

**“She said he had some difficulty with it but, about a week later, he went to Paul, hugged him and said, ‘You’re my real Dad.’ After that there were no problems. When Stuart and his wife had a child, a boy, they named him Paul, after his grandfather. She said having a grandson probably added a year to his life.”**

**“But there are problems now, aren’t there?” my wife asked.**

**“Not really, I guess. A couple of years ago, when Paul found out he wasn’t going to beat the cancer, he and Stuart got to be even closer than before. They talked a lot. Finally, Paul decided to tell him about me.”**

**“Why didn’t Stuart call you? Why did Lauren make the call?”**

**“She didn’t tell Stuart she was going to call me. She wanted to talk to me first. Stuart wants to meet me. She said he’s unsure whether I’ll accept him or reject him. He doesn’t want to cause any problems for anyone.”**

**My wife reached across the table and put her hand on mine.**

**“We’ve got to talk, to decide what’s the right thing to do,” she said. “But my first thought to you is that you should call Stuart. When you do, you should invite him and his family – and Lauren – to come for a visit. You could take a week’s vacation and we could all spend it at the cabin.”**

**“There’s more,” I said. “Stuart is a brilliant young man. He graduated from college at twenty with a degree in chemistry. He had a Ph.D. by age twenty-four. He’s finishing up a research project at the college now and he’s looking for work as a research chemist. Lauren wants to move back close to here. She was from a small town about an hour away. Stuart knows the college here has a good chemistry reputation and the research park has some great companies. He thinks this would be a good place for him to start his career.”**

**“They might relocate here? Permanently?” she asked.**

**“I don’t know about permanently but at least for the foreseeable future.”**

**Siobhan looked at me carefully, considering the ramifications of that.**

**“If you acknowledge him as your son, you’ll have to tell our kids. You’ll have to explain why you fathered a child at, what was it, sixteen? I don’t**

**think they'll stop with questions until you give them all the truth. Can you handle it? Can our kids? Can Lauren and Stuart?"**

**It was my turn to think carefully. At length I gave her an answer.**

**"Paul and Lauren were my friends. I gave them a gift out of love for both of them. I can't be ashamed of that since they evidently had a wonderful son. If I tell our kids the honest truth, I think they'll accept it and probably be happy to have an older half-brother. But the question is: can you handle it?"**

**"That was ten years before you ever met me, Kieran," she said, smiling at me. "It's not a problem."**

**"There's one more thing," I said. "Lauren is thinking of flying here alone first. She wants to talk with us face to face, without anyone else knowing the facts about Stuart and me. She also wants to think about where she might live if she relocates. She's asked me to find her a real estate agent to help her. She gave me the impression that she'd buy a house big enough for her and for Stuart and his family if they relocate. She'd like me to recommend a hotel for her where she could stay about a week."**

**"How well off is she financially? Can she afford to buy a big house that easily?"**

**"It seems so. Paul formed a company with three other guys about twenty years ago. They had an insurance policy that provided for partnership buyout in the event of the death of any one. They were evidently relatively well off. With the insurance proceeds, it sounded like money wasn't that much of a concern."**

**"I still think we should consider inviting them. But there're so many unanswered questions on both sides that we need to think about. Can you learn more about Lauren's family and what they're like?"**

**"Lauren and I have already thought of that. She's putting together information about the last twenty-five years for all of them. She's going to send it by e-mail along with pictures of her and Paul a few years ago and Stuart and his wife and son. I've agreed to do the same thing to send to her. Will you help me write it and find some pictures to send?"**

**"Scan the one of Kerry on the refrigerator for her, the one you took at the zoo a few weeks ago. Let her see our little miracle boy. I'll find some good pictures of the rest of us. You start writing and I'll add my ideas to yours. We've got to talk some more but I want to give you one**

suggestion right now. I think you should call her back and tell her she's not going to stay in a hotel. She's going to stay with us."

"I don't know if that's wise. With Kavan and Kathryn in the basement, fucking like sex-crazed teenagers all the time, with Ariel and Kerry talking about sex, no, with all of us talking about it all the time, with our casualness about nudity at home, I wonder what she'd think of us. And, boy, if she found out about the way we play around with the kids occasionally now, she might think we're a family of perverts."

"Think about this," she said. "You call her back and tell her about us only as far as you'd tell anybody you'd just met. Invite her to stay with us. I'll call her a day or so after you do and I'll feel her out on the way we live and the way we are with each other and with the kids."

"And what if Stuart and his wife want to come for a visit after that?"

"He's your son. Don't ever deny him. Give him your love too. You've got enough to go around. Accept that he'll never call you Dad. In fact, he can just call you Grandpa, because that's what you are now, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose I am and that'll take some getting used to. I feel bad about it in one way. I told you years ago I wanted to have grandkids with you. Does this hurt you, to know I'm already a grandfather?"

"Do you really want to know how I feel about it?"

"Yes."

"Kieran, Luke lived with us for a while and he and Rachael are still part of our family. Their little girl already calls you Pop and that's the same as Grandpop. When they come for a visit, I feel just like they're my kids and grandkid. Now it looks like Kathryn might join our family. I already love her like a daughter. I hope she and Kavan can stick with each other. I love having a big family. It would make me happy to have Stuart and his wife and their son around. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have all of them here in the house together once in a while?"

"Yeah, but I don't know what I'm going to tell our kids."

"You won't tell them anything until after we have a long talk with Lauren. If it's OK, with her, we'll tell them together – the truth – but not in as much detail as you once told me."

<><><>

Siobhan and I waited for Lauren's plane on Friday night. She wanted to stay ten days and then fly back and discuss everything with Stuart and his wife. Siobhan and I thought it might be best to leave the kids at home and not overwhelm her with their curiosity.

"I'm glad she agreed to stay with us," Siobhan said. "She sounds like a real lady. I can't wait to meet her and see what she looks like."

"How far did you go in telling her about what goes on at home?" I asked. "I know she and Paul liked to be nudists twenty-five years ago but I don't guess they had much chance to keep doing that when they moved to damp and cold Oregon."

"She was very clear that she'd have no problem with that. And neither would Stuart and his wife. She said they were nudists at home too. When I said something about Oregon's climate, she said that was a misconception. They live in eastern Oregon and their area's much drier and sunny and it's very nice outdoors in summer. And she said something about you and Kavan and Kerry and Stuart when she learned we were nudists."

"Uh, oh," I said, "lemme have it."

"She just said she was looking forward to seeing you again. She said that Stuart was very much like you and she said she hoped Kavan and Kerry were too."

"Are you reading something into that?"

"I'm just telling you what she said," Siobhan smiled knowingly.

"What did you tell her about our attitudes toward sex and the way we were with our family?"

"I told her the truth, Kieran, what else. I don't think any of it surprised her. The only thing that worried me was the way she talked about Paul, her husband. She would suddenly get very quiet and unresponsive when I tried to talk about him. I think she's still in a lot of pain from losing him."

"Thanks for telling me that," I said. "Help me to avoid hurting her by bringing it up. If she wants to talk about him, I'll listen. I sure as hell don't want to hurt her in any way."

"They're coming out of the plane now. Watch for her. She said she'd be wearing a navy blue pant suit and flying first class. She should be one of the first ones off."

**“There she is!”**

<><><>

**Lauren walked slowly out of the plane, looking for us. She was wearing the navy blue pantsuit she had described and even my male eyes could see the designer-label look of her clothes. Her blouse was a high-collared silken red and a single string of pearls encircled her neck. She carried only a briefcase that looked very much like the one in which I carried my laptop computer.**

**The years had been kind to her. She seemed to be the same size as she had been a quarter of a century earlier. Her face had aged but was still as heartbreakingly beautiful as I had last seen it. The only noticeable sign of the years was the color of her hair. Instead of the dark, almost black color of years ago, it was now dark mixed with gray. I thought she could easily have colored it to hide the gray and I realized she must be showing her age with pride.**

**Even though I recognized her, I didn’t think to wave to her. I saw her face sweep over the crowd and then light up with a smile when she recognized me.**

<><><>

**At home the kids were on their best behavior when they were introduced to her. They all had on casual clothes and sandals or shoes and their faces were scrubbed clean and their hair combed neatly, even Kerry’s. I asked Arial to show her to her bedroom and see if there was anything she needed. I asked Kavan and Kerry to bring her bags in from the car. The bedroom door was closed when they returned with the bags so the boys knocked. When Arial opened the door, Lauren was sitting on the side of the bed. Arial quickly sat back down near her; they had evidently been talking together. Arial came out shortly and said that Lauren was going to rest for a few minutes and asked her to knock in a half hour if she fell asleep. Later Lauren came out without being called, dressed in shorts, knit shirt, and barefooted.**

**Siobhan and I had already changed into shorts and shirts. When the kids saw Lauren, they burst into big grins and kicked off their sandals or shoes. I looked at Siobhan and we got barefooted too.**

**The kids had set up a table on the deck for all of us and had prepared a light supper for everybody except Kavan and Kerry. They got their heavier rations, as usual. I knew the evening meal might be early for Lauren since she had left Oregon’s time zone. When she saw the table,**

she said, "Good. I'm hungry. I missed lunch and I don't like airline food."

She stood on the deck looking down at the pool and then turned to all of us. "Do you think we might go for a swim tonight?" she asked.

<><><>

Dinner was a non-stop talkfest, with the kids telling Lauren almost, thankfully almost, everything. All four of the kids tried to use their good manners and more or less succeeded. The sun was just above the horizon when Kerry asked if we could all go for a swim. The other three immediately joined in.

I looked at Lauren. "Are you up to this? We all play in the pool together, nude. Siobhan said she told you we're nudists whenever we can be. Someone taught me years ago how good it was to go without clothes in the outdoors."

"It was good, wasn't it? You were just, what, sixteen, and I was twenty-three. You were a very quick learner."

She looked at Siobhan. "He was a very good learner, Siobhan. Will it bother you if we talk about that summer?"

"No, it won't bother me. I want you to tell me what he was like at sixteen. Will you?" Lauren nodded yes.

"The kids get a little rough sometimes," I said. "They love to wrestle with me. Even Siobhan gets into it once in a while. If they bother you too much, just push them off."

"Do you ever push them off?" she asked.

"Hardly ever," Siobhan laughed. "Usually he's the ringleader of the mischief."

Lauren looked around at the kids. "Where do we undress?"

"In the family room," Siobhan answered. "Kathryn's finally trained Kavan to fold up his clothes neatly and put them with his sandals. The girls are always neat with theirs. We're all trying to train Kerry."

When I told the kids we were going down to the pool, they ran into the family room and all four were naked as jaybirds in a few minutes. Lauren, Siobhan, and I stood watching them and then followed their example.

When Lauren was naked in front of us, memories of a younger woman came flooding back to me. She was changed very little. Her breasts were almost as I remembered them with a little surrender to the years. Her hips were wider, just as my wife's were. She was still a beautiful desirable woman, even if past the half-century mark. Siobhan told her so and asked me if she was still like I remembered her. I answered with just a nod, a lump in my throat, remembering that summer when she and Paul had introduced me to love.

The kids watched, smiling, as Lauren undressed. Kerry gave her a low wolf whistle and Arial said, "You're beautiful, Ms. Lauren."

As we were going down the stairs toward the pool, Lauren spoke to Siobhan. "Stuart inherited something from your husband. I see Kavan got the same gene. He may have your red hair but he's got his father's ...body."

"Kerry wants to have one like his Dad, too," Siobhan laughed.

"Well, he's certainly got a good start. I didn't know boys started puberty at eleven. I think Stuart started when he was twelve."

"Kerry started about six months ago," I said. "He thinks he's already a man and I suppose he is."

"Arial's more like you, Kieran. Her hair's even blonder than yours. It's like Kerry's. Kavan must take after your wife's side of the family."

"Kieran says his was that light when he was young," Siobhan answered. "He says it got darker during his teens and has stayed that way since. Kavan takes after my father, his grandfather Kelly."

"And Kerry's one of the most beautiful boys I've ever seen," Lauren continued. "He certainly got that beautiful face from you, Siobhan, no offense, Kieran. I love those freckles across his cheeks and nose. With those eyes and that smile, he'll be able to make any girl's heart melt."

"He already does that," Siobhan said, "mine and Arial's and Kathryn's. Are you going to be another of his admirers?"

"I already am."

In the pool, the kids, as always, got a little rough in playing. When they started ducking each other, Kavan looked at me and then at Lauren and raised his eyebrows. I shook my head disapprovingly. She watched them play with a smile on her face. When Kerry swam to her for

refuge, she held out her arms to him. He wrapped his arms around her neck and his long legs around her body, just as he did to Siobhan and to me. She held him against her and Kerry brought his lips against her cheek and kissed her. I watched as he moved to the other cheek and kissed her again. I knew what was coming next. When he kissed her on the lips, I saw her eyes dart toward me. I just smiled and winked at her.

When we left the pool, we included Lauren in the group as though she had long been part of us. She accepted with no hesitation. In the basement shower, Arial whispered something in Kavan's ear and he left and returned a few minutes later with the old bench. Arial got Lauren under the shower to rinse off and then asked her to sit down on the bench. Lauren looked at me and I nodded. When she was seated, Arial and Kathryn proceeded to shampoo her hair. When they were finished, they both helped dry her off and then combed out her wet hair.

We all went back upstairs and Kerry led the way to the deck. Arial and Kathryn went for hairbrushes and blow-dryers and turned out all the lights on their way back. Kavan and I soon had two mature ladies and, next, two young ladies purring in contentment.

We talked for an hour or so. All of us couldn't help but watch Kathryn while she played with Kavan until he had a hard-on. Arial grew quiet curled up next to her mother. Kerry was leaning on me and yawning every few minutes.

Kerry surprised me again. "Can I sleep with Lauren, Dad? My bed's too little and Arial wakes me up rolling over and hitting and kicking me."

"Can I?" I said

"No you can't," Kerry answered, grinning. "There's not room for three of us."

He knew the difference between can I and may I. He sometimes forgot.

"You must ask her, Son," I said. "A gentleman must always have a lady's permission before he sleeps with her."

"You let them sleep together?" Lauren asked. "What if they do something...?"

"They already do something," Siobhan answered. "They play with each other and they give each other orgasms with their hands and mouths. Arial won't let him do anything more than that and he understands and doesn't try."

**“You told me you were all very open and casual about loving each other but I guess I’m not used to something like that,” she said.**

**“Kerry’s been a sexual person for a long time, Lauren,” I said. “He’s always liked to be touched when he’s naked with us. He’ll get between me and Siobhan and we’ll both have our hands on him. He loves to have his genitals played with. He’ll get a hard-on but he usually doesn’t try to do anything with it. After a while, he’ll jump up and find something else he wants to do. Now that he’s started into puberty, I think he usually goes somewhere to jack off.”**

**“Kieran and I let him sleep with us once in a while,” Siobhan added. “He likes to snuggle up to my breasts with his hand on one and his mouth on the other. It always seems to relax him and he falls asleep. He likes it when Kieran is spooned up against his butt, holding him, and I’m facing him, holding him too. Sometimes he’s there all night but most of the time I find him in his own bed in the morning. He always thanks us in the morning for loving him.**

**Lauren looked at him for a minute or so and I could see her eyes glistening with tears. Finally she said, “Kerry, I think I’ve been lonely in bed long enough. If you don’t snore, you may sleep with me.”**

**“Thanks, Lauren and you too, Mom and Dad,” Kerry said. He took her hand and led her down the hall to the bedroom which Arial usually claimed as hers.**

**<><><>**

**The next morning I smelled coffee when I woke up. I peed, washed my face, and brushed my hair. When I walked into the kitchen, Lauren was sitting on a bar stool at the breakfast bar, sipping a cup. She had on her shorts and shirt. I looked down at my nakedness, then sat down beside her and poured my own cup.**

**“You weren’t bashful years ago or last night,” she said, smiling at me.**

**“How did you sleep, with Kerry with you?”**

**“I had a good night’s rest,” she said. “I guess I’ll need a day or so for my internal clock to reset. Kerry was a love. He got in bed and moved back until his butt was up against me. I put my arm over him and he seemed content with that for a few minutes. After a while, he turned over and treated me like Siobhan. He put a hand on one breast and his mouth on the other. He sucked on it for not even a minute and then stopped, with my nipple still in his mouth. I listened to his breathing and I guess he**

went to sleep. Every few minutes, he'd suck a few more times and then relax again. It's been a long time since I enjoyed anything like that."

"Do you think that caused any harm to you or to Kerry? Did you feel loved like he feels loved, by being close to you like that?"

Before she could answer, Kerry walked into the kitchen, eyes half closed, scratching his testicles. He walked up behind Lauren, wrapped his arms around her, and rested his head on her back. She looked at me and I drew a circle in the air with my finger. She turned around and Kerry wrapped his arms around her again, this time resting his face against hers. "Thanks, Lauren, for letting me sleep with you." And with that he wandered over to the refrigerator, opened it, and bent over. He reached back with one hand and scratched on one buttock. Lauren and I looked at his beautiful little butt for a moment and then I said, "Kerry, here's your orange juice." He said, "Oh," walked over, took the proffered glass, and drained it. He walked back into the family room and I looked at Lauren and said, "TV."

Kavan came up the stairs from the basement next. He said good morning, or rather, morning, and walked over to the refrigerator. When he pulled out the milk jug, I watched to see what he would do. He poured himself a large glass and wandered into the family room with it.

"You're still company to him," I said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"If he had felt like you were family, he probably would have drunk out of the milk jug."

Siobhan walked in at that moment, barefooted and naked. Her face was devoid of any makeup and the freckles stood out across her nose and cheeks. Lauren told her what Kerry had done with her in bed.

"We call him our love baby, Lauren. Kavan and Arial know that they were planned. But Kerry was conceived with I was taking birth control pills. I've since found out it was because an antibiotic I was taking sort of nullified the pills. Sometimes the miracles you don't ask for turn out to be the best miracles of all."

I saw tears well up in Lauren's eyes suddenly.

"Is something wrong, Lauren?" I asked.

**“No, nothing’s wrong,” she said. “Something’s right. Paul and I had a wonderful marriage full of love and two fine children. Since they’re both married and I’m alone, I miss being loved. I miss the sex but I suppose I can live without that. It’s being loved and held and touched that I miss so much. Paul and I almost always went to sleep the same way. He’d spoon up against me and put his arm over me with one hand on my breast. I guess that’s what I miss more than anything.”**

**“That’s our favorite way to go to sleep, too,” Siobhan said.**

**“If you want to talk about him and your life together, we’re here to listen,” I said.**

**She put the palm of her hand on my cheek. “Thank you, Kieran. I don’t think I’m ready to talk about Paul much yet. It still hurts too much. It’s been a year now and I’m gradually letting go of the pain.”**

**Siobhan wrapped her arms around Lauren and held her close. I stood up and wrapped my arms around both of them.**

**<><><>**

**We had made no plans for Saturday, deciding to wait and see what Lauren wanted to do. She seemed content to sit and talk. When the kids wandered in and had breakfast, they started asking her questions again.**

**We were all curled up in the family room about midmorning chattering away. Lauren looked around at all of us and, I suppose, realized that she was the only one wearing anything but a smile. She excused herself, for a pit stop, she said, and when she came back she was wearing nothing but a smile.**

**Just before noon, Siobhan stood up, said she needed to think of lunch, and started to list some of the things she could fix. Lauren stood up too.**

**“Let me help,” she said. “I love to cook. Maybe we could talk Ariel and Kathryn into helping us.”**

**The four of them left for the kitchen, leaving three males looking at each other and smiling even wider. There was a constant low hum of talking. From an occasional word I understood, it seemed that they were making plans of some kinds. I wondered what the three males were missing out on. Knowing the three females who lived with me, I wouldn’t be surprised if they were plotting against us.**

<><><>

After lunch, Kerry wandered in and sat down next to me. He pulled my head down so he could whisper in my ear.

“Dad, Lauren was crying last night. She let me put my mouth and hands on her breasts like Mom does sometimes and I was almost asleep. When I heard her crying, I pretended I was asleep. After a while, she gave sort of a shudder and stopped. She put her hand on my butt and held me up against her. That’s all I remember. I woke up once and she was spooned up against my butt the way I like it. Then when I woke up this morning, she was gone.”

“Don’t tell anyone else, Kerry,” I said. “She misses her husband Paul terribly since he died. She’s lonely. You’re probably the first man she’s slept with since Paul died.”

He beamed when I called him a man. “I won’t tell, Dad. She’s real beautiful and nice. I like her a lot.” And with that he went looking for something else to get into.

<><><>

Later Lauren, Siobhan, and I moved into our living-music room for some quiet conversation.

“There’s nothing on the agenda for today, Lauren,” I said. “Lately, some Saturday afternoons, we put on clothes and then practice dancing with the kids. We’re trying to teach them a little of the sort of dancing where boy and girl actually hold each other. They got interested in it once they realized how ridiculous the usual teen jerking and twitching is. We put clothes on and even shoes so we can dance the way we might at a wedding or a party. We can do that if you wish.”

Siobhan offered another idea. “Sometimes we all go for a long walk down the hill along the creek. The bottomland floods sometimes so it hasn’t developed. It’s really very pretty down there. There are some remains of an old mill and a very old church building. Most of the stones for the building were carried away long ago but some remain. We like to picnic there sometimes.”

“We can go swimming again if you like,” I added. We usually wait ‘til about four for that since we’re all fair skinned. An hour or so is usually enough to whet everybody’s appetite.”

“Anything’s fine with me,” she said. “What do the kids like to do?”

**“I’ll warn you,” I said, “They’ve already put together an agenda for tonight. They’ve got food prepared for us to eat on the deck. They’ll take the deck furniture off and cover the deck with foam mats and then put blankets on top of the mats. They throw pillows all over so we can lie around and eat and talk like the old Greeks.”**

**“That sounds like a lot of fun,” she said.**

**“It is,” Siobhan said, “but I told you our Saturday evenings lately aren’t the sort most families have. The kids want to play games – and I mean sexual ones.”**

**“Give me some examples, Siobhan,” Lauren said.**

**“There’s one we like to play for openers. It’s twister – except that we play naked twister. It’s a lot more fun that way. Kieran gets to look at Kathryn all he wants to and rub all over her.”**

**“But there’s a lot more sex involved in some of the games,” I said. “Once they made up a game where all the girls got in a row and the boys went down on them. As the girls had orgasms they dropped out until there was just one girl left and she got the attention of all the men. Then we reversed the sexes and started again.”**

**Lauren looked at both of in disbelief. “You mean your kids did oral sex on you and you ....?” She trailed off with her question.**

**“I told you we’re very open with sex with the kids,” I said. “We’ve always talked about anything they brought up and we don’t try to use names like penis or vagina when we do. We’ve been nudists since before they were born and so they’ve always seen us nude. Siobhan and I are very open in letting them see us holding each other and kissing. They sleep with us maybe a half dozen times a year, Kerry a lot more often. They’ve even seen us making love. Actually they see us demonstrating our love all the time. I mean they’ve seen me on top of Siobhan with my dick in her pussy. It’s only within the last year or so that we’ve gotten involved in sex play with each other. That’s the best way to describe it: play. We have a lot of fun and do a lot of giggling and tickling and wrestling. We occasionally have an orgasm or two.”**

**“Even Kerry?” she asked.**

**“Lauren, I was having orgasms regularly before I reached puberty,” I answered. “They weren’t as good as the ones after I started ejaculating but they were real orgasms. We should stop believing that our kids are not sexual beings until after puberty. I don’t know when it all starts but even little kids love to be stroked all over, including their genitals.”**

Just then Kerry walked in and sat on the couch next to Lauren. “Yeah, I like it when somebody touches me. I like to go to sleep when Mom is rubbing my back.”

“He likes it when I rub his front too,” Siobhan said.

“We were talking about what we might do this afternoon, Squirt,” I said. “We told her about some of the things we do. What would you like to do?”

“I don’t know. What do you want to do, Lauren?” he asked. He moved closer to her and leaned against her side.

“Your Dad mentioned going for a walk down to the creek but I think you and I could do that next week when he’s working. They mentioned swimming but we can all do that any time since you’ve got such a nice pool. I think I’d like to try the other one – dancing – if you’ll dance with me.”

“Aaaww,” he protested, “we have to put on clothes to do that.” He moved again, this time so close that Lauren put one arm around his shoulders.

Lauren looked at Siobhan and me. “I’d like to do more than just put on clothes, Kerry. I brought a long dress in case I went dancing with some young man. It’s got bare shoulders and it’s cut low in the front. I’ll put it on for you if you promise not to look down my dress.”

She said this with a straight face, sitting there with her breasts completely bare in front of him.

“Kerry,” I said, “you could wear your nicest dress pants and a white shirt and I’ll tie your tie for you. If they still fit, you can wear your dress slippers. They would be great for dancing.”

He brightened at the idea. “It would be sorta dress-up dancing, wouldn’t it? Do you think Arial and Kavan and Kathryn will do it too?”

He stretched out on the couch and put his head in Lauren’s lap. She dropped her hand down and started stroking his hair, exactly what he wanted.

“Arial always likes to dance, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “Don’t ask Kavan if he wants to; ask Kathryn and let her convince Kavan.”

Kerry stood up in front of Lauren, put one arm in front of him, the other behind, and bowed to her. “M’lady, would you do me the honor of dancing with me this afternoon?”

Lauren looked at him with delight in her eyes, even if it did seem strange for a naked boy to be asking a naked woman to dance.

“I’d love to dance with you, Kerry,” she said.

“And, m’lady, would you play games with me tonight?” he asked.

“I’d be delighted to play with you, Kerry,” she said.

I’d been trying to signal her the minute the words popped out of his mouth but she ignored me. When Kerry went running off to find the others, his skip-hop-run left his beautiful butt in wild motion again. Lauren watched his departure and then turned toward Siobhan and asked, “Will Kieran be permitted to play with us tonight?”

<><><>

I had bought two bottles of champagne for our Saturday play night. Kerry and Arial had been content last time with just a few swallows but Kavan and Kathryn had wanted a glass as full as Siobhan’s and mine. I thought we might need two bottles for five adults and two children. Arial and I served this time. Kerry lit the candles and placed them all around the deck.

We all stretched out comfortably on the mats and pillows. Kerry was lying beside Lauren with one leg thrown over hers and one hand on her stomach. Kathryn and Kavan were entwined but not quite interlocked yet. Arial and Siobhan were both next to me. I saw Lauren watching closely as they in turn or in combination played with my penis and testicles. I started to explain the usual rules of our games for our new player.

“Lauren, there are a few ground rules we usually follow. We can’t do anything to anybody else without permission. We can’t do anything that would hurt anybody. And we draw a line at playing slip the salami to Susie.”

“That means we can do anything with our hands and mouths,” Siobhan said. “But we can’t hide the bologna in the baby carriage.”

The kids howled at the new description. I was half afraid I’d have two teen-aged girls peeing on the blankets. When the laughter subsided, Kathryn raised her hand.

**“What if the baby carriage would like to have some bologna under the baby blanket?”**

**Arial pretended to attack Kavan’s erect dick with a karate chop. “Keep that bologna away from me. I don’t wanna carry no baby no time soon.”**

**“Don’t hurt’im, Arial,” Kathryn giggled, “I happen to like riding the bologna pony.”**

**More howls.**

**“Yeah,” Kerry said loudly, “what if somebody wants to put some pepperoni in the pussycat?”**

**Everybody was suddenly quiet. I think everybody was looking at Kerry.**

**Kavan said, “You’re too little, Squirt. You’ve got to wait a few years before you can shoot off.”**

**“I’m not too little,” he cried, “I have orgasms even if I don’t ejaculate much yet. And I may not have a dick as big as you and Dad but I’ve got a good handful.” With that, he moved his hands out of his lap. He had an erect penis that was more than a handful with an uncovered purple-red head showing.**

**“And where would you like to put the pepperoni, Kerry?” Kathryn asked.**

**He hugged up against Lauren. “Lauren said if I danced with her this afternoon she’d play games with me tonight.”**

**Lauren looked around at all of us, eyes wide open and a look of amusement on her face.**

**There was a sudden outbreak of talking from everybody. With opinions and questions flying all around, I wondered where we had let ourselves get led tonight. After a few minutes of total confusion, I tried to bring order out of chaos.**

**“Listen to me, everybody,” I said loudly, “we need to discuss this like ladies and gentlemen. I’m going to invoke Robert’s Rules of Order for this discussion. We’ve done this enough so you know the rules and I’ll kick out anybody who doesn’t follow them. Is that clear?”**

**The deck was suddenly silent and I heard, I think, six “Yes, Dads.”**

**“I want to clarify the rules for the purpose of this meeting tonight. Usually a motion passes if a majority votes for it. For tonight’s motions, I would like to amend the rules so that a single no vote defeats any motion. Any objections?”**

**There was total silence. “Hearing no objection, the rules are thus amended solely for tonight’s meeting. Now, does anyone have a motion they wish to bring before the floor, I mean the deck?”**

**Kerry raised his hand. “I move that, for tonight’s meeting only, we suspend the rule which prohibits playing slip the salami to Susie.” He smiled at everybody, proud of his motion.**

**“We have a motion on the deck,” I said. “Is there any discussion before I call for the vote?”**

**Arial asked that it be clarified whether it was still a rule that everybody had to ask permission before doing something to somebody else. I quickly ruled that it was.**

**There was a lot of whispering back and forth between the kids. Lauren whispered something in Siobhan’s ear and got a positive nod. Kerry whispered in Lauren’s ear and got only a kiss on the cheek for an answer. I honestly didn’t know how Lauren and Siobhan and I would or should vote on the motion.**

**When I called for the vote, the four kids raised an arm. Kerry raised two. I waited for a vote from Siobhan and Lauren. Siobhan looked at me and I shrugged my shoulders. When she raised her hand, all eyes turned to Lauren. She smiled at all of us and raised her hand. I looked around at the kids, stuck my hand straight out, paused for a few seconds, and then slowly raised it.**

**There was a sudden rush to whisper to each other. Arial and Kathryn both whispered together, then to Kavan, and finally Arial to Kerry. Siobhan crawled across me to Arial and Kathryn and whispered to them. Kathryn looked over at me and then nodded to something Siobhan said. When Siobhan moved over to Kavan and talked to him, he too looked at me and then said OK to his mother. I didn’t have to be a lip-reader to see what he had said. Lauren was trying to follow all the whispering. Siobhan moved over to her and cupped her hand around her mouth while she whispered in Lauren’s ear. I watched Lauren’s face and she was smiling and nodding at whatever Siobhan was saying to her. When Siobhan finished, Lauren looked around at all of us, then back at Siobhan, and smiled and nodded once more. I understood their excitement: this was a first for our family.**

When Siobhan finally came back to me, I grabbed her by the arm and asked her what the hell was going on.

**“I want you and Kavan to help Kerry. If you need to, tell him what to do with Lauren. Make sure Lauren enjoys it. After Kerry does it, get Kavan to make love with her. And after Kavan, I want you to do it. I want to watch.”**

**“Is that what you’re arranging with Lauren and the kids? Everybody’s already agreed except me and I didn’t even know what was going on.” I think she detected a slight touch of anger in my voice.**

She got up, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the kitchen.

**“Damn it, Kieran,” she started in on me once we were alone. “I thought you learned to let go of control with Luke and Rachael years ago. Kathryn and Arial and I have been talking to Lauren about this all afternoon. She understands what we’re trying to do. She’s OK with it.”**

**“Well, shit, pardon me, but what are we trying to do. We’ve never fucked around with the kids like this before.”**

**“It’s called total immersion, Kieran. It’s like learning a foreign language. I think Lauren’s going to be part of our lives for years to come. We’re going to throw everything at her at once, just like we did with Luke. It worked great with him, didn’t it?”**

I had to admit that it had. Luke and Rachael were married now with a kid. Every time they came for a visit, they seemed wonderfully happy. And every time they slept with me and Siobhan, Rachael made me wonderfully happy. Siobhan didn’t complain about Luke, either.

**“So,” I asked, “you want me to let our little boy Kerry lose his virginity with Lauren first, then let Kavan work her over like a teen-ager, then let old-man Kieran finish her off? Is that it?”**

**“Exactly! Kieran, why are you so dense sometimes? And don’t worry about Lauren getting pregnant. She’s past menopause.”**

**“And just what are you and Arial and Kathryn going to do while Kerry and Kavan and I are busy with Lauren?” I asked.**

**“We’re going to watch, Kieran,” she said. “You guys don’t mind putting on a show for us, do you?”**

I looked at her in disbelief. “What do we do for an encore after that? Do all three of us screw Kathryn?”

She kissed me on the mouth. “Yeah, if you want to. Kathryn and Kavan said it’s OK with them if you do. Kathryn said Kavan could do it with Lauren if she could do it with you. But you’ve got to make love with Lauren first. Then Lauren and Arial and I get to watch you with Kathryn if you can get it up again.”

“What’s got into you,” I asked. “You’ve never been this wild before? You’ve just said it’s OK with you if I fuck two other women. With Rachael, it was just one. I sure as hell would like to but I don’t want to fuck up my marriage with you. You’d better think again before you get me into this.”

“Nothing’s gotten into me yet,” she answered. “I don’t want Kerry and Kavan getting into me but I hope you will. Kathryn says you can have a rain check on her until later, if you want it.”

“Sheeett,” I groaned, “I’d like to stick my dick where Kavan’s been putting his, but I think I’d better keep sticking it in you – at least for now.”

“Kathryn jumped at the chance to fuck you,” Siobhan whispered.

“Yeah, but what if Kavan wants to fuck my wife while I’m fucking his girlfriend? What are you going to say then?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe I’ll just let him and Kerry both.”

When we went back out on the deck, Kerry was stretched out beside Lauren, one long leg thrown over hers, whispering something to her. As we watched, he put one hand on her breast and leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and then on the mouth. She evidently approved because she opened her lips to his and put one hand on his dick. I could hardly believe what I saw: my almost twelve-year old son kissing a woman four times his age while she played with his boner.

Siobhan pushed me toward Lauren and Kerry while Kathryn pushed Kavan in the same direction. I crawled over to Lauren, stretched out beside her, and lowered my lips to her ear.

“The other ladies want us guys to make love with you and they want to watch. They want Kerry to be first because you’re his first. I’m supposed to make sure he knows what to do but if I remember correctly you’re a damn good teacher yourself.”

**She turned her head away from Kerry to look at me. I kissed her on the lips and she smiled at me.**

**“Yes, Kieran, I want to let Kerry. He’s such a little love. I want to feel what it’s like to have a man make love to me again but I’m a little scared of letting all three of you do it. It’s been a long time since I had a man’s dick in me. Then Siobhan and the girls want me to let Kavan do it too and then you. Do you want to make love to me again, after all these years?”**

**“We won’t do anything unless you want us to, Lauren. You taught me years ago how good making love is. Now you can let Kerry learn the same thing. Just think of Kavan as me all those years ago. If you want an old man after the kids, you can let me know. What do you want me to tell Kavan?”**

**“You can tell him yes but you’d better make sure he’s slow and gentle. I’m not twenty-three like I was with you.”**

**“Siobhan says we don’t need to worry about getting you pregnant this time.”**

**“That’s right, but you guys need to make sure I’m good and wet. I haven’t had a period since before.... I think I’m past having any more babies. I may not get as wet as I did with you.”**

**“Don’t worry. We’ll make sure you do,” I said.**

**I whispered instructions to Kerry and Kavan and then I moved down between Lauren’s legs. Kerry stretched out on his stomach at an angle to Lauren, lying half on her with his face close to hers. I watched him kiss her until I saw her lips open to him. Kavan moved up close to Lauren, took the nipple of one breast in his mouth, and caught the nipple of the other between his finger and thumb. When I saw them doing their part, I bent over between Lauren’s legs, my ass up in the air, and moved up until I was inches away from her pussy.**

**Perhaps a woman’s pussy ages little except for the stress of delivering children. I knew that I had signs of age over some parts of my body but my dick and balls were the same as they had been since I became a man. I wondered if a woman’s vagina had that same ageless nature. I looked at Lauren’s and she seemed the same, even if my memories were dimmed by time.**

**I lifted and splayed and bent her legs to make my access easier and then I used my fingertips and tongue to tease the little lips apart, trying to be as slow and gentle as possible. I started by licking up one side,**

then the other, and each time I did my best to tease her clitoris out from under its protective hood. Lauren started squirming and I knew she was responding.

I felt someone move close to me and a hand reaching underneath me. It was Kathryn. She wrapped her hand around my dick and started stroking it, or maybe milking it. I looked upward and saw Kavan and Kerry still playing with Lauren. Kavan was kissing her while Kerry was on his knees to one side with a hand on one breast and his mouth on the other. I went back to using my mouth on Lauren's pussy while Kathryn milked down on my dick.

I felt someone move close to me on the other side and looked up at Arial, on her knees. With one hand, she took over the milking chore and with the other, she played with my testicles. I looked back under my belly for a moment and watched what she was doing. Then Kathryn started helping again, four hands playing with my dick and balls. I finally remembered that I was supposed to be helping my sons get Lauren ready for Kerry. I used my thumbs to pull her vaginal lips to each side and my tongue to stroke her little nubbin. When I felt like I was about to come from somebody's hands, I straightened up, still on my knees.

"Lauren, are you ready for Kerry?" I asked.

"Yes, Kieran, the three of you have teased me enough. I'm ready for him," she said and looked at Kerry.

"Would you like to make love to me, Kerry?" she asked.

"I'm supposed to ask your permission before I do it," he said. "Would you like me to make love with you, Lauren?"

The pleading look on his beautiful face would have been impossible for any woman to resist. The stiff almost-man-size dick in her hand probably made him even more irresistible.

"Yes, Kerry, I'd like it very much."

He smiled with that beautiful smile of his, his face filled with the same boyish glee I had seen so many times. He tucked a pillow under Lauren's head and then moved down to where I was still kneeling between her legs. He motioned me out of the way and I moved over to one side of them, next to Siobhan. I wanted to watch my son make love to the first woman I ever loved.

Arial and Kathryn moved to the opposite side, one on each side of Kavan, and I could see they wanted to watch too. They both put one hand on Kavan's testicles and penis but it was easy to see that he didn't need any help in being ready for anything. His balls, cupped in Kathryn's hand, were hanging loose between his legs and his dick, encircled by Arial's hand, with its uncapped red head, was pointing straight up.

Kerry stretched out on his belly between Lauren's spread legs. I watched as he lifted her legs, splayed them with her feet on his back, and lowered his face to her pussy, exactly as I had told him. He used his thumbs to pull her labia to each side and then pushed upward so that her clitoris popped out from under its protective shield. He pressed his open mouth against her and I knew he was sucking and licking on the little pearl. I watched as Lauren began to squirm and as her hands pressed Kerry's head against her. He didn't need to be reminded that Lauren's groans were her way of telling him she was ready for him to make love to her.

After a minute or so, he lifted his head and asked her. "Lauren, do you want me to make love to you now?"

She answered the way all women do. "Yes, Kerry, I want you. I want to feel you in me."

Kerry knelt between her outstretched legs, looked down at her pussy, wet and glistening and open for him, and then leaned over her, supporting himself with one hand on the floor. He held his dick with the other and moved forward and downward until the head touched Lauren's waiting wetness. He closed his eyes, slid his dick into her with a hissed intake of breath, and then stretched out on top of her. Lauren lifted her legs and locked her ankles together over his thighs, then put her hands on the cheeks of his beautiful little butt. I looked around and everybody else's eyes were fixed on the same scene and nobody was moving.

Across from us, Kavan was entwined with both Arial and Kathryn. He had a hand cupped between the legs of each and it looked like his middle fingers on each hand were partially missing. They both had one hand somewhere on his dick and balls.

Siobhan threw a leg over one of mine and started slowly stroking my dick. I followed Kavan's example with Kathryn and Arial, cupped one hand over her pussy, and wiggled my middle finger until I felt something hot and wet.

Lauren and Kerry were both motionless for a minute or so. When he lifted his head and looked at her, she caught his head in her hands and bent hers up to give him another open-mouthed kiss. He dropped his head down beside hers and started thrusting, slowly at first, and we all watched in fascination as he began to hump into her. Each time he pulled out, his beautiful butt resumed its soft rounded look. Each time he pushed in, the underlying muscles bunched up and pulled in the sides of each buttock.

“Kerry, can you stop for a minute?” I heard Lauren whisper in his ear.

He rose up over her. “Why? Am I hurting you?”

“No, little love, you’re not hurting me,” she answered. “It’s just too good to hurry. I don’t want you to come yet.”

“My dick’s not too little; is it?” he asked, motionless.

“No, Kerry. It’s just right for me. I love having it in me. I just haven’t had a man make love to me in over a year. Give me time to get used to it.”

“OK, but I’m having a hard time staying still, Lauren. It’s like my dick’s making me pull it out and push it back in.”

Lauren wrapped her arms around his chest, lifted her legs a little more, and locked her ankles together again at his waist. I knew she was trying to make Kerry’s access to her more direct so he could get his dick deeper in her.

She whispered to him again. “Kerry, can you move your hands down over my rear and let your fingers feel where your dick is in me. A woman likes to have a man play with her pussy lips while he’s got his dick in her.”

I watched as he stretched his long arms around behind her. I knew what he was feeling, her inner labia stretched tight around his dick. I liked to feel Siobhan’s pussy grasping my dick like that too.

He lay there on top of her, hands around her ass cheeks, for less than a minute and then started gently moving in her again.

“I’m sorry, Lauren,” he whispered. “I can’t be still. I’ve got to...”

“Ssshhh,” she whispered. “It’s OK, Kerry. Just let yourself go.”

Kerry slid his hands under Lauren and cupped his fingers around her shoulders from behind, just the way I had told him to do, so she couldn't get away when he really started pounding her. He looked down at her and started kissing her all over her face, just gentle sweet kisses. I had never told him to do that. Then he really started thrusting into her. I knew he didn't need to be told to do that. His body would know what it had to do to give him the release he sought.

Lauren started moaning and reached down with her hands to get a good grip on Kerry's squirming ass cheeks. He kept thrusting until she started a whining, keening noise and dug into his ass with her fingernails. He kept humping when her head fell back on the pillow and her arms wrapped around his chest. Finally he gave one last series of jerky thrusts, his head fell down on her shoulder, and he was still.

There was absolute quiet while we all watched Kerry and Lauren for signs of life. Finally he lifted his head and looked down at her, for once no smile on his face, all seriousness. He looked into her eyes for at least a full minute without saying a word. She looked back at him with a little smile on her lips that slowly grew wider.

"I never knew...it was..." he struggled for words, "I never dreamed it would be so good, Lauren. The first time I've ever done it and it was.....it was...unbelievably good."

"Welcome to the adult world, Kerry," Lauren said, and then pulled Kerry's head down so she could whisper in his ear.

Kerry raised his head and gave all of us another of his beautiful smiles. He rolled off Lauren with his dick still stiff and shining with wetness and spread out like he was making a snow angel. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them, looked around, and smiled even wider.

"Guess what, everybody, I made Lauren come. The first time I ever did it and I made her come all by myself."

He rolled over again beside Lauren and whispered something I couldn't understand in her ear. He gave her a quick kiss on her lips and then a big smile that said he was proud of what he had done. He turned and knee-walked over to where the other three kids were waiting, motioned for Kavan to get out of his way, and then flopped down between Arial and Kathryn. I watched as he turned to each in turn and offered them his lips for a kiss. Arial and Kathryn both giggled and obliged.

"Did you come, Kerry?" Kathryn asked.

**“Yeah, about a gallon,” he sighed. “Damn, that was good! I never dreamed it could be so good! Never in a million years! Not in a zillion years! It was just so good! I’m never going to forget Lauren. I’m glad my first time was with her. It was just so good!”**

**Kavan and I moved so we were on our knees on opposite sides of Lauren. He looked at me and I motioned for him to come closer.**

**“Go down on Lauren before you put your dick in her,” I said. “When you get it in, kiss her so she can taste herself and Kerry. When you finish, go tell Kerry that you enjoyed his cream pie.”**

**“Dad, I don’t think he can make a cream pie yet. When he comes, it’s mostly clear with just a little sperm in it. He probably won’t know what one is, anyway. Are you sure?”**

**“Maybe he can’t, Kavan. And maybe he won’t know what you’re talking about. But think how proud he’s going to be when he finds out what a cream pie is.”**

**I stretched out on my stomach, up on my elbows, to talk to Lauren. She looked up at me and smiled contentedly.**

**“Thanks for telling Kerry he made you come,” I said. “You’ve given another young man memories he’ll never forget.”**

**“I told him the truth, Kieran,” she said. “I haven’t felt sexy for the last year and I haven’t had an orgasm since I can’t remember when. It made me hot to know a young kid could get so horny for an old lady like me. I didn’t fake it.”**

**Her face lost its smile suddenly and she hissed with a deep intake of breath. I assumed Kavan had got his tongue working in her pussy. I looked down and saw just the top of his head between her legs. He had her legs lifted and splayed to each side, just as I had.**

**“Kavan’s is going to be down there until you’re ready for a bigger dick. When he’s finished, he’s going to tell Kerry that he liked the cream pie he ate.”**

**“Kieran, you’re still a nasty little kid. How do you make up stuff like that?”**

**“I had a good teacher years ago.”**

**“Then kiss me and I’ll see if Kavan’s as good as his father was.”**

When I rose up from kissing her, Kavan was looking at us.

“How old was Dad when you made love with him?” he asked, grinning.

“He was the same age you are, Kavan,” she answered. “He was sixteen.”

“Would you like me to make love with you now, Lauren?” Kavan asked.

I stayed beside Lauren while Kavan was on top of her. He kept his face just inches from hers and occasionally kissed her on her lips. For a while he was very slow and gentle with her, hardly moving, but gradually his thrusts became faster and faster. I knew he was losing control of his movements and was becoming lost in what he was feeling. When he lowered his face to hers and fastened his lips to hers in an open-mouthed kiss, he began to really shove his dick into her pussy. I could hear the steady stream of grunts from both of them, and the sloppy wet sounds each time Kavan thrust into her.

Lauren had one hand behind his head and the other on his butt. I saw her fingernails marking his butt, something I'd had from Siobhan often enough. Kavan didn't last long. When he began shoving his dick in so hard I could hear his flesh slapping against hers and she started squirming uncontrollably under him, I guessed that one of them was coming, maybe even both. When Kavan slowed down with his thrusts and then stopped, I knew he had. He lifted his head and smiled down at her and then leaned down and kissed her on the lips again, just a gentle little smack this time.

“Thank you, Lauren,” he said. “I tried to hold back so you'd come too but I couldn't. It was just too good.”

“Kavan, I came,” she whispered. “It was like riding a rollercoaster. You were just too busy to notice. Your big Stuart dick is enough to make any woman come, almost too much.”

“Do I have to take my big Stuart dick out now?” he whispered. “I don't want to.”

“Let's give Kieran a turn, Kavan,” she said.

He pulled in a couple of deep breaths, exhaled, and rolled off her. I saw another big hard Stuart dick that I would have sworn was mine except for the red hair around the base.

I was ready, more than ready, until I looked at Kerry leaned back between Arial and Kathryn with his big Kerry-grin on his beautiful face

and with another or maybe the same hard red dick standing up with Arial's hand around it. I wanted to do something that nobody had planned.

I leaned over close to Lauren and whispered with my mouth inches from her ear.

“Lauren, I want so much to make love to you again but I want Kerry to have another turn with you. Would you let him take my turn?”

Then I lifted up until my head was over hers, waiting to see what would say. She frowned at first but then her face slowly relaxed and she smiled up at me. She nodded and then turned toward Kerry.

“Kerry, your father loves you. I know he does because he just offered to let you take his turn with me. Would you like to make love to me again?”

Kerry looked at me, then at Siobhan, then at Lauren, and finally back at me.

“Yeah, but I want Dad to have his turn too,” he said. “I know he loves me and I love him. I just want him to make love to you, Lauren. You don't have to let me have another time.”

“Maybe I'll let him have a turn if you don't make me come again,” she said. “It's been a long time since I've been loved so much and I'm still horny.”

I moved back beside Siobhan while Kavan moved back between Arial and Kathryn and we all watched Kerry make love to Lauren again. He lasted longer this time but the result was the same. From the looks on their faces, they both had another orgasm. Kerry lay there on top of her, his face buried in her hair, breathing deeply, until Lauren pushed him up above her.

“Did you feel me coming, Kerry?” she asked. “When you blasted another load inside me, you triggered my orgasm too.”

He grinned down at her. “Yeah, I felt it. It was like we were both coming at the same time and your pussy wanted to milk the come out of my dick. Is it always like that?”

“No, Kerry, only when making love is good, so good you think you're going crazy from being loved.”

**“Dad doesn’t like me to say fucking,” Kerry said. “That’s what the kids at school call what we just did - fucking. He likes to say making love because it’s just too good when he does it with Mom to call it fucking. I think I understand why now, Lauren. What we did was just too good to be called fucking. It was making love, wasn’t it?”**

**“Yes, Kerry, it was making love. I had almost forgotten how good it is to make love. You and Kavan have made me remember. Now it’s your father’s turn.”**

**I took his place between Lauren’s splayed-out legs and asked Kerry and Kavan to stay on each side of her in case I needed any help. They both grinned at that and settled down on their sides propped up on their elbows and facing Lauren.**

**“Did you and Kerry leave me a good cream pie, Kavan?” I asked.**

**“Dad, you’d better have a good appetite if you’re going to eat the pie we gave Lauren. I added another gallon to Kerry’s and he whipped it up until it’s a really nice creamy pie.**

**“What’s a cream pie?” Kerry asked.**

**I pointed down at Lauren’s pussy. The lips were still splayed wide and the inner flesh was red and glistening and wet. Around Lauren’s vagina was a froth of white semen plus pussy juices and a little trail of white semen drooled down from her vagina into the crack of her ass.**

**Kerry looked at Lauren. She was smiling at him. He looked back down at her pussy.**

**“Can I help?” he asked, smiling gleefully.**

**“I want you boys to learn something,” I said. “We joke about eating a cream pie but that’s not really what I want to do,” I said. “I want to show Lauren I still remember something she taught me when I was sixteen years old.”**

**“What?” Kavan asked.**

**“Ask Lauren,” I said. “She knows what I’m talking about.”**

**He looked down at Lauren. “Come on. Tell us.”**

**“I think he’d talking about what he does with his tongue after he’s made love to me,” she answered. “I like for a man to use his tongue on my clit, just lazy and slow and easy. I don’t care whether I come again.**

**Sometimes I don't but I still like it. Sometimes I'll start coming and it seems like it goes on for hours."**

**"You can't do it if you're going to worry about getting a little semen or pussy juice in your mouth, boys," I said. "If you learn to do it right, a woman will love you forever."**

**"I thought when you ate a cream pie you licked it up, all the come and pussy juice and stuff," Kavan said.**

**"Some guys like to do that but that's not what I like," I said. "When I do it, I just lick her clit and I get a hard-on I could drive a railroad spike with."**

**"She's all yours, Dad," Kerry said.**

**"This is probably the most important thing I learned from Lauren," I said, keeping my eyes on hers. "It's not a technique. It's an attitude. Making love to a woman's not just about sticking your dick in her pussy and pounding away 'til you come and then rolling over and going to sleep afterwards. It's about how you treat her afterwards. Don't ever hesitate about getting your mouth on her pussy when it's full of come. If she's laying there like Lauren, the come will be drooling out of her vagina. If you're licking her clit, you're not likely to get a mouth full of semen. You may get it on your chin but you probably won't even taste it."**

**Kerry interrupted, "How does it taste?"**

**"Taste your own sometime, Squirt," Kavan said. "I have. It's not that bad."**

**"Remember it's about attitude," I continued. "When you lick her, do it with a sense of awe and reverence, like it's something sacred. Be slow and gentle and don't try to make her come. Just love her and keep on doing it and she'll let you know when she wants something else."**

**While I was talking, I noticed that Siobhan and the two girls had moved closer to watch. Siobhan and Kerry were on one side; Kathryn and Ariel were on the other behind Kavan. I usually didn't want an audience but this time I welcomed it. Siobhan knew what I was trying to teach the kids. I'd always loved to go down on her after I'd made love to her. I wanted the kids to learn how important it was to love a woman after, not just before. I lay down on my stomach, brought my mouth to Lauren's pussy and began.**

Lauren's clitoris was unchanged, still like it was years ago, just a little finger tip of a nubbin where her inner lips met. I licked it again and again until I felt her hands in my hair, licked it when her finger tips held my head in place, licked it slowly and gently when her fingers pulled my hair, never getting in the least bit of a hurry, always just slow and gentle. I looked up once and saw Kavan and Kerry both face down on Lauren's breasts, licking and sucking. Finally, I licked her lower down where her vagina opened and I tasted my sons' semen, probably Kavan's, maybe Kerry's too, but I didn't care. The taste was almost like an aphrodisiac to me that I didn't really need. I did it a few more times until Lauren yanked on my hair and pulled my head up.

"Kieran, please..."she moaned.

"Would you like me to make love to you now, Lauren?" I asked.

She smiled at me and I suppose that was answer enough.

I was ready, more than ready. I moved over her and her hands grabbed my dick and guided it to her pussy. I pushed once and glided into her seething cauldron. I slid my arms under her back and curled my hands around on her shoulders so she couldn't get away from the pounding I intended to give her. I pulled back a little, pushed again, and felt my pubic bone against hers and my balls on her ass. I stopped briefly so she could wrap her legs around me and get her hands on my ass. Then I fastened my mouth on hers, started loving her, slowly at first but gradually getting faster and faster, until I erupted and added another gallon of semen to that of my two sons.

When my heart and breathing slowed down, I lifted my face out of her hair and looked around at our audience. Siobhan was holding Kerry close and his dick was hard again or still, with a little trail of white semen down it. Kavan had his arms around Arial and Kathryn and his dick was still hard or again, like Kerry's, with a clear bead right at the slit on the head. Boys may get hard but girls get wet. I knew there had to be three drooling pussies needing attention.

"Kavan, you and Kerry go to the bathroom and get a bunch of wet wash cloths and some little towels," I said. "When you come back I want to talk to both of you."

I let the girls take care of Lauren while Kavan, Kerry, and I huddled together in a corner of the deck. They listened attentively while I explained what I wanted the three of us to do. I didn't ask if they wanted to help me. Their grins were answer enough.

This time, we let Lauren be the audience, propped up on cushions with a towel between her legs. We arranged the other girls side by side, Ariel, Siobhan, and Kathryn. I asked Kerry to give us assignments and he pointed to Ariel for me, Siobhan for Kavan, and Kathryn for himself. At the same time, we lifted and splayed their thighs, lay down between their legs on our bellies, and lowered our faces to their pussies. We started and rotated to the right so that I got Siobhan next and Kathryn last. We didn't stop until all three of them squealed and squirmed and cussed from a good orgasm. I thought Kathryn was going to pull me bald-headed.

Ariel's little pussy was fitting for my virginal little princess. She smelled and tasted sweet and delicate, perhaps appropriate for a young girl who had never had a dick in her pussy. When I pulled her big lips to each side with my thumbs, she looked so damned enticing with her little swirls of golden silky hair, her ivory skin, and her red and coral flesh where I licked her. I wasn't in a hurry to bring her to an orgasm. I wanted Kavan and Kerry to have their turn with her, especially since I knew they had already learned to go down on her.

Siobhan's pussy was wonderfully familiar to me but had the same cock-hardening effect on me. She tasted and smelled like something from the earth, an earth-mother, and as always I loved to lick up the creamy drool from her vagina. With her short tangle of red hair, her milky skin, and the red and coral flesh in her pussy, it was a delight to my eyes when I got my mouth and tongue between her lips. I even tongue-fucked her while I licked, something I knew she liked but I had not dared to do with Ariel.

Kathryn's pussy was dark and mysterious to me, probably not to Kavan. She tasted and smelled strange, like nothing I'd experienced before, but at the same time, familiar and erotic. She had evidently trimmed her pussy hair and maybe shaved around it. I tongue-fucked her too and then pulled her inner labia apart and upward until her clitoris, like the tip of my little finger, was revealed. I fastened my mouth on it and sucked and licked her to a squirming squealing orgasm.

Afterwards, we let Kathryn and Kavan perform the next act. We all watched while Kathryn rode Kavan until she ground to a halt with another moaning orgasm. Then Kavan flipped her over and pounded into her until he came, grunting like a horse mounting a mare in heat.

With my arm around Siobhan on one side and Lauren on the other, I lay there and watched Kavan and Kathryn. My dick had faded briefly after making love to Lauren but watching the kids show us how it's done resurrected it again. Lauren and Siobhan playing with it helped it

to stand up too. When I had another spike ready to be driven, Lauren pushed me toward Siobhan.

I got on top of her with my arms under her shoulders, just as I'd done with Lauren, and she wrapped her legs around my waist and put her hands on my butt. With her fingernails digging into my ass, I pistoned my dick into her until I felt her coming and her squeezing cunt milked another orgasm out of me. I rested on top of her until my heart stopped pounding and my breathing returned to near normal. Then I went down on her again and licked her until she begged me stop.

Arial and Kerry were curled up with each other with their long legs interlaced and with Arial's hand slowly stroking Kerry's hard dick. Hard again. All I could do was shake my head in wonder.

Lauren lay there watching all of us. I suppose she never expected to be greeted by the Stuart family with such a loving experience. I never expected it either. I hoped I wouldn't be expected to repeat my performance any time soon.

Somewhere close to midnight, I suggested we all take a shower together down in the basement. It was the first time I had four women wash my dick one after the other. I suppose it was the first time for Kavan and Kerry too. They both got another hard-on. I didn't.

When we dried off, Arial asked if she could stay downstairs and sleep with Kavan and Kathryn. Siobhan gave her permission.

Kerry asked Lauren if he could sleep with her again. She answered him with a hug and a kiss and a grinning, "Yes, little love."

Siobhan hugged me and whispered in my ear, "Just wait until I get you in bed. You're not through for the night."

## **Chapter Twenty-Six**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jensen, 17, Lauren Andersen, 51**

### **TELLING THE STORY**

**Kieran Stuart**

**Siobhan Stuart**

**Kerry Stuart**

<><><>

**(SIOBHAN)**

**On Sunday morning, we all slept late. Kieran was the first one to get up. He tried to be quiet while getting his running gear but he woke me as usual. I tried to decide whether I wanted to go pee and go back to sleep or go pee and make a pot of coffee. Pee and coffee won.**

**I was sitting on a stool in the kitchen, in a white robe and socks, when Lauren came in, also in a white robe and socks. Our matching outfits got a smile from both of us. I poured her a cup of coffee.**

**“How do you feel this morning?” I asked.**

**“I’m tired and a little sore. Good sore. I’d forgotten how good it is to feel this way from making love. Whose bed am I sleeping in? Ariel’s?” she asked.**

**“Yes, the kids were very agreeable in reshuffling when they found out you’d be staying with us.” I answered. “Ariel wanted you to have her queen-size bed and said she’d sleep on the living room couch. Kerry offered Ariel his twin-size bed and said he’d sleep on the couch. I wonder now if he was hoping he’d get to sleep with you. Did he bother you in bed last night?”**

**She smiled. “No, he didn’t bother me. I got out a nightgown and started to put it on. He told me I wouldn’t need it. When I got in bed, he snuggled up behind me. He reached around and put one hand on my breast and that’s the way we went to sleep.”**

**“Is he still sleeping?”**

**“He woke up when I was getting my robe out of the closet. We had the blanket over us last night and he kicked it off when I got up. I wish you could have seen him stretch. Long arms and legs all over the place and it looked like he grew an inch while doing it. I guess he had to show me his morning hard-on. Quite a show. He mumbled something about sleeping with him again tonight, about wanting me to himself or wanting to do something by himself. I pulled the blanket up to his shoulders, kissed him on the cheek, and told him ‘Yes, Kerry.’ He pulled the blanket over his head. I think he wants to sleep some more.”**

**“Seems like you’ve already got a date for tonight then.”**

**“Already? Did you have something else in mind?”**

**“Yes, if we can talk Kerry into sharing you. I’d like you to sleep with me and Kieran Monday night.”**

**She hesitated in answering.**

**“I’m not sure that’s wise, Siobhan. I didn’t come here to cause problems for you two. Your marriage bed doesn’t need anyone else in it.”**

**“You won’t cause any problems, Lauren. I know how strong our marriage is. When Kieran told the kids you were lonely, Kerry came up with the idea of making you part of our family. They talked it over and then talked me and Kieran into it. They think being loved can make anybody feel better. I agreed about the love part but I wasn’t sure how you’d be with the sex part.”**

**“Then they’re very smart children. When we talked on the phone, I’m just glad you told me what might happen. I told you I hadn’t had sex with another man, except for Kieran, since Paul and I married. I thought I was ready for whatever might happen but, quite frankly, all of you sort of overwhelmed me last night.”**

**“I warned you we played at sex with the kids. But last night was a surprise to me too. We’ve never done anything like that before.”**

**She put her hand on mine. “It was fun, Siobhan. I needed something to make me feel alive again.”**

**“If you sleep with us Monday night, I’d like to do something for you and for Kieran both.”**

**“What?”**

**“Somebody taught him about oral sex. He loves it. Me too. After all these years of marriage, he still loves to get his mouth down there. I just thought we’d give him a two-for-one. You know, both of us, at the same time, and him. All the pussy he can eat. As far as I know, that’s one he’s never done before.”**

**“And what do we do for him?”**

**“After that, I hope you’ll let him give you a good old-fashioned fuck. You know, missionary position, legs up around his ass, him pounding away until you can’t take it any more. I love it when he gets me that way. Maybe you might enjoy it too.”**

**“And what are you going to do when he’s pounding on me.”**

**“Recuperating. You make sure Kerry has a good time tonight; I’ll make sure Kieran has one too.”**

**“Siobhan,” she said, “I’ve never done anything quite like last night either. I wasn’t expecting it and I guess I’d been denying myself too long. Let me enjoy being loved by all of you for a few days. I made a decision last night that I should have made months ago. There’s a man I’ve been thinking about, a widower, whose wife died not long after Paul. There’s so much I’ve got to do in the next month or so but I want to give him a call. If it works out, I think I’d like to get married again.”**

**I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. “I’m glad you’re thinking like that. You should open yourself to love again. Don’t you think Paul would want you to?”**

**She nodded and smiled at me.**

**“Now help me with Kieran,” I said. “He’s going to have a hard time today. He’s scared of calling Stuart. He knows he’s got to tell the kids the truth about how he helped you have Stuart. They’re not going to be satisfied until he tells them the whole truth. Will you be OK with that?”**

**“Do you know about us? The whole truth?”**

**“Yes, he told me maybe ten years ago. I suppose he thought he’d never see you again.”**

**I heard Kieran coming up the stairs from the basement. I held my finger up to my lips. She nodded her understanding.**

**<><><>**

**(KIERAN)**

**On Sunday morning, I slipped out of bed early as usual. Weekday habits were hard to break on weekends. I got my running shoes, shirt and shorts, and tiptoed into the family room. I listened but I didn’t hear any one else. I went out the back door and then down the hill for a run near the creek bank.**

**When I came back, dripping sweat and exhausted, Siobhan and Lauren were sitting on the counter stools in the kitchen. They both had on a robe but neither seemed to care if it was open or closed. Why would flashes of a woman’s body, when she was clothed, be more erotic than**

the same peeks when she was nude? I stripped off my wet clothes and saw two women looking at my naked body. My balls were hanging down low from the heat and my dick was swollen against them.

Siobhan had already poured me a big glass of orange juice. I drained it without putting it down. She handed me a small towel and I wiped off some of the sweat. She poured me a cup of coffee and I sat down on a stool with them. I looked at Lauren. "How are you this morning?"

"I'm fine, Kieran. A little sore but fine."

"Are you OK with what we did? It's the first time we've done anything like that, the boys and me, I mean. The kids hatched the plot. I'll admit I didn't need much convincing. Do you understand what we were trying to do? It wasn't just sex."

"Siobhan and I've been talking about it. She said Kerry came up with the idea of reminding me how good life can be. He got the other kids to help and they convinced you and Siobhan."

"That's Kerry. He's our love child. We hadn't planned on having him. Siobhan's birth control pills didn't work because of an antibiotic. We both think he's the closest thing to an angel we've ever seen."

Lauren laughed. "Even when the little angel is making love to an old woman?"

Kieran asked, "How many kids his age could understand like he does? That when you're lonely, making love can remind you how good life can be? He was having fun. But what he did was for you as well as for himself."

"I can't keep sleeping with him, you know. I'm old enough to be his grandmother."

"We know. Siobhan and I talked about that. Puberty hit him about six months ago. He keeps bugging us to learn. We thought you'd be a good teacher. You taught me very well."

I could see her eyes becoming moist and she sat sipping her cup of coffee for a minute or so. Finally she looked at both of us and asked, "Is there a nice place where we could go to brunch this morning? I'd like all of us to dress up a little and go someplace real nice. And it's my treat; don't argue with me."

Siobhan stood up. "Let's wake up the kids and tell them to shower and get dressed." She put her hand on Lauren's arm. "And would you

shower with me and old stinky here? It might take two of us to get the sweat off him.”

Siobhan led her into our bedroom and on into our bath. I remembered my first shower with a woman – Lauren – so many years ago. They both helped in scrubbing me clean. They giggled like schoolgirls together in washing my cock. It rose in appreciation to a tired but willing state. I was glad when they let it be.

Afterwards, Siobhan sat down on the stool in the bathroom so I could blow-dry her hair and comb it out. Lauren sat down on the commode and watched. “Do me next?” she asked. I nodded. They swapped places and I dried and combed Lauren’s shorter straight hair. Siobhan pushed me down on the stool so she could try to comb my hair. She never got it right. I always had to do it again when she wasn’t looking.

I caught Lauren’s hand and looked up at her and Siobhan. “There’re a couple of things I’ve got to do today. I’ve got to tell the kids about us. I want them to know you and Paul asked me to be the sperm donor for Stuart. I’m not going to lie about how I donated that sperm. After that, I want to call Stuart and invite him and his family to come for a visit with us.”

“Are you going to try to put them up here, in your house?” Lauren asked.

“Yes, we can put Stuart and Joanne in the basement in Kavan and Kathryn’s room. We keep some foam mats here that we use at the cabin and we can put the kids on those. They can sleep on foam mats. I think they could sleep anywhere.”

“Could I make a suggestion?” she asked.

“Sure.”

“Let Stuart and Joanne have Arial’s bedroom where I’ve been sleeping with Kerry. Let me move into Kerry’s bedroom. We can put Arial and Kerry and little Paul on mats in the living room. Tell them we need them to help take care of the baby.”

Lauren and I looked at each other. A perfect solution – it solved more than one problem. We nodded in agreement.

<><><>

Lauren insisted so we went to the best place in town for brunch. The prices were certainly high enough. I still wondered how they could

make a profit after watching the kids eat. Even Arial went back for more a couple of times.

<><><>

After brunch, we went back home, got undressed, and all started doing whatever we wanted to do. I took the Sunday paper to the deck and started reading. Kavan and Kathryn disappeared downstairs to their bedroom. They didn't tell anybody what they were going to do but their laughter on the way downstairs told us. Arial and Kerry got books to read. In the summer, they always had something to finish before their Monday morning trip to the library. They curled up together on the couch on the deck.

Lauren complained of a little headache and some residual jet lag. She asked for something for the headache and wanted to lie down and rest for an hour or so. Siobhan wanted to rest too so she invited Lauren to join her in our bedroom.

After a while, I wandered into the bedroom. They both appeared to be sleeping. Lauren was curled up against Siobhan. I stood watching for a minute. Then I slipped quietly into bed with them and curled up behind Lauren.

I must have had a good nap because I felt fine when I woke up. I looked up and Arial and Kerry were at the foot of the bed, looking at the three of us. When I moved, Lauren and Siobhan did too and I wondered how long they had been awake. Lauren held out her arms to the kids and they crawled in bed with us. Lauren was included in all the hugs and kisses, just as though she had always been part of our family.

I knew it was time. I asked Kerry to tell Kavan and Kathryn to come up to the family room. I knew I had to tell them about my relationship with Lauren and Paul. They had to know I had a son with Lauren and that I was already a grandfather.

Siobhan made us a big pitcher of lemonade. I needed it. My mouth was dry and my hands were sweating. She must have felt my anxiety.

"I want you kids to sit and listen to what your father has to say. He's got something important to tell you. Don't you dare interrupt until he's finished! You can ask questions then."

She looked at me, smiled, and nodded. I looked at Lauren. She gave me another smile and nod. I looked at the kids and started.

**“I told you kids that Lauren was a very good friend when I was a teenager. There’s a lot more I didn’t tell you. Lauren was married to Paul when I met them. Paul had fertility problems. They had one little girl who was conceived by artificial insemination – from an anonymous sperm donor. They wanted to have another child. The second time, they chose the sperm donor. They chose me because I was so much like Paul. Lauren and I have a son together. His first name is Stuart, the same as our last name. I’ve only seen him once, when he was two. He’s twenty-eight now. He’s married to Joanne. They have a son who’s named after his grandfather, Paul. And Stuart wants to come visit us.”**

**Telling them took only a few minutes. Answering all the questions took almost an hour. Arial was tickled to learn she had another brother. Kavan understood that I was a grandfather and called me Grandpa during the questions. Kerry asked the most direct question of all. He looked at Lauren and then at me, evidently thinking, and then asked how I had donated the sperm. I knew there was no use in trying to hide anything from our kids.**

**“I donated the sperm the old-fashioned way. Lauren was my first teacher about love and sex, when I was sixteen. I made love with her over a period of about three months. Paul knew about it and was there when most of it occurred.”**

**That provoked a torrent of questions. I started stumbling in answering. With Lauren sitting next to me, I didn’t know how much she wanted me to tell. She settled that. She started helping me tell the story. The kids got the honest unvarnished truth about every bit of it. When Lauren told them about me smoking pot and some of the things I’d done with Paul, I wondered what they thought of me.**

**Kavan gave me an answer to that. He stated laughing, said I’d been bad, and he was going to give me a noogie when we finished our story. His knuckles on my head didn’t hurt. His arm around my neck felt just fine. While I was getting the treatment from Kavan, I watched Arial hugging and kissing Lauren. Arial was crying and so was Lauren. Kerry hugged Lauren next. He was almost as tall as she was. He whispered something in her ear and she smiled and nodded at him.**

**Late that afternoon, I called Stuart. When he answered, I told him who was calling. I told him I had him on a speakerphone and Lauren and my family were listening. He was silent for a few seconds.**

**“Lauren said you wanted to talk to me. She said it would be OK if I called you.”**

**“I do,” he answered, in a voice full of barely-contained emotions. “I’ve been trying to decide what to do. When Mom told me she’d called you, I wanted to call you then. She told me she was going to go see you herself and she’d let me know what to do. So I assume she’s OK with us talking and seeing each other whenever we can.”**

**“Yes, I’m taking her advice, s...” I caught myself before I called him son. I was quiet for a moment.**

**“You were about to call me son, weren’t you?” he asked.**

**“Yes.”**

**“It’s OK. I am your son. But Paul was my father. I always called him Dad. I can’t call you that.”**

**“I don’t want you to. Your father was a friend to a teen-aged kid. I’ve had a lot of years to think about what I did at his request. It took a real man to let me help him and your mother have a family. I don’t want you to think of him in any other way but as your Dad.”**

**“You can call me Stuart but I won’t mind being called son by you. Paul loved you a great deal. I think he saw you as the sort of son he wanted. I know he was happy with the one he got.”**

**“You can call me Kieran if you wish. I’ll even answer to Grandpa. I think it’s going to take some time for me to get used to that.”**

**“OK, Grandpa it is then. Just wait until you see your grandson, Paul.”**

**I watched my family as I talked to Stuart. Arial was sitting next to Lauren on the couch holding her hand. Kerry was stretched out on the couch, his head in Lauren’s lap and his long legs over the end of the couch. Kavan and Kathryn were sprawled on the floor. Siobhan was sitting near me. Gradually over the next hour or so, they began to speak to Stuart. Stuart changed to speakerphone too so his wife Joanne could listen and talk. Even their three-year-old Paul got in on the conversation. Before it was over, we had arranged for them to fly in on Thursday night, six days after Lauren’s arrival.**

**When I hung up the phone, it occurred to me that buying airline tickets that quickly would be expensive. And that Stuart might not be earning enough yet to afford them.**

**“Could I pay for the tickets for Paul and his family, Lauren? I imagine I can afford them easier than he can.”**

She smiled at me. “You don’t need to worry about that, Kieran. I can afford to buy them too. I bought all our tickets weeks ago, just after I talked to your parents.”

The kids had more questions for me but I had one for Lauren. “You bought the tickets after you talked to my parents? How did you know things would work out this well?”

“I talked to your parents. They remembered me. I think your mother even had an idea of what we did when you were sixteen. She told me enough about you so I knew you hadn’t changed. I knew you pretty well too. I didn’t think we’d have any problems in getting our families together.”

The kids offered to fix Sunday night pizza for us. We kept the crusts in the freezer and they each had their own favorite version. We’d eaten all of their experiments except for the one when Arial put two cans of anchovies on one pizza. I asked Kerry to check the beer supply. I always wanted beer with my pizza and Siobhan had even decided she liked it with pizza too. I let Kavan and Kathryn have what they wanted to drink and I’d never seen Kavan have more than two. When Kavan reported back that the old refrigerator in the basement was well stocked, I asked Lauren if beer was OK with her. She nodded yes and I sent the kids off to create.

Siobhan brought up something I’d been thinking about.

“Lauren, would it be OK if we invited another young couple to come for a visit? If we’re going to Cabin in the Woods on Saturday, they could meet us there. It’s Luke and Rachael Bridges and their daughter Adrianna. She’s three, just like Paul, and Luke and Rachael are about the same ages as Stuart and Joanne. If Luke can get off work they might be able to stay the whole week.”

Lauren looked from Siobhan to me and then back. She must have guessed there was a story behind Luke and Rachael.

“Tell me about them,” she said.

I told her the short cleaned-up version, that Luke had lived with us for his senior year in high school when he’d met Rachael, and we’d been friends ever since, that they came for a visit every few months, and that their little girl Adrianna even called me Pop, for Grandpa.

Lauren saw Siobhan smiling and evidently guessed there was more to the story.

We gave her the full story. She laughed when she heard about my battle with Rachael.

“Please invite them, Kieran. It sounds like they’re part of your family already. I don’t think the week would be complete without them.”

<><><>

(KERRY)

I found Dad sitting on the deck after dinner. He was just sitting there staring at nothing. I guess he was thinking about all that stuff he did when he was a kid. And then getting Lauren pregnant. Boy, that’s something. I’ve got a brother, half-brother, who’s old enough to be my dad. That’s scary. Hope I like him. I sure like his mom. Hope I don’t get her pregnant.

“Hello, Squirt. You sleeping with Lauren again tonight?”

“Yeah, Dad, that’s what I wanna talk to you about - sleeping with Lauren - and having sex with her.”

“Are you OK about her having sex with you last night? And then Kavan and me?”

“Yeah, Dad, I think I understand what me and Kavan and you were doing. We weren’t just having sex with Lauren, were we? We were doing what I wanted to do for her. We were showing her how good it feels to be loved; weren’t we.”

He looked at me like I was somebody he didn’t know.

“No Kerry, it’s not just about sex. Lauren’s been very lonely and unhappy since her husband Paul died. When we played together with her last night, she had a lot of fun and we made her happy again. Can you understand that?”

“Sure, it’s just like when I’m being a mean little shit and you and Mom love me into being good. When Mom pulls me up against her with my head on her shoulder and then you hold me from behind, it’s like you’re ganging up on me to make me straighten up. It makes me want to be good to you in return. If you can love me out of being bad, I guess you can love her out of unhappiness.”

Dad looked at me as though I’d just discovered electricity or something.

**“What, Dad? I’m not a dummy, you know.”**

**“No, Kerry, you’re certainly not. But if you want to have sex with Lauren tonight, that’s between the two of you. You know what I’ve told you about that.”**

**“Yeah, Dad, your usual lecture. Like if a girl gives me a blowjob and the guys at school ask me if she sucks cock, I’m supposed to say I tried to kiss her and she wouldn’t even let me do that. I understand why a real man doesn’t talk about what he does with a woman. Cause it’s nobody else’s business.”**

**“That’s just about it, Kerry. You may want to brag but that just means you’re hurting her first and yourself second. Don’t do it.”**

**“OK Dad, skip the lecture. Lauren and I didn’t have sex when we slept together Friday night. We didn’t even do it any more after we went to bed last night. I think we’re going to tonight but I need to talk to you first.”**

**“Let me get this straight, Son. You’ve slept with her a couple of times. You didn’t have sex either night? Except for what we did together last night?”**

**“No Dad, I don’t think either of us needed to. She let me put my hand on her breasts, like Mom does sometimes. She even let me suck on them. When I put my hand between her legs, she didn’t slap my hand away like Mom does. I even got my finger in her pussy. Boy, was she wet!”**

**“And that’s all you did, both nights?”**

**“Yeah, that’s pretty much it. Last night, I was lying on my back and she put her hand over my dick. She pushed my foreskin back and played with the head with her fingers. When it got hard, she put her hand over it and held it down against my stomach. She played with my balls with her fingertips and it tickled but I liked it.”**

**“And how did Lauren seem to be about all that. Did she seem happy? Did you know if she had any trouble sleeping?”**

**“I don’t think so. I spooned up behind her, just like you do with Mom. She put my hand on her breast and held it there. We just went to sleep like that. I hope she liked it. I liked it a lot.”**

**“If you woke up during the night, was she still in bed with you? You didn’t wake up and find her crying, did you?”**

**“No, I woke up the first night ‘cause her head was on my shoulder and my arm had gone to sleep. Her eyes were open and she was looking at me. I just moved over and kissed her on the lips and then we went back to sleep. I didn’t even wake up last night”**

**“But you want to sleep with her again tonight? And this time you want to have sex; is that right?”**

**“Yeah, Dad, I wanna sleep with her. And I want to do some other stuff too. I don’t understand what I want to do. I wanna put my face on her pussy like you do with Mom. I want to make love to her too but I guess she’d say my dick’s too little.”**

**“Kerry, your dick’s not too little. It’s lots bigger now than it was a year ago. You’re probably going to have one like Kavan and me. Yours is already big enough now to make a woman come, isn’t it?”**

**“Did I really make her come, Dad? I sorta figured she was just saying that to be nice ‘cause I’m a little kid.”**

**“She told you she had an orgasm with you last night. Your Mom asked her about it and she said you really did make her come.”**

**“I know I came too ‘cause it got to where I couldn’t stand to do it any more. I felt like something was squeezing me and it felt real good. Is that like a real orgasm?”**

**“Sounds like it, Kerry. Are you ejaculating yet when you jack off?”**

**“Yeah. Some. I don’t squirt out as much as Kavan does. And it’s not all white like his. More like water, a little white in it. The white stuff’s the sperm, isn’t it?”**

**“Yeah, that’s right. And it feels real good when it comes out, like you can’t stand to rub your dick anymore?”**

**“Yeah, first I don’t wanna stop and then, when that happens, I can’t stand to do it any more for a few minutes.”**

**“Well, keep practicing. Seems like you’re having real orgasms. They’ll get better. I think you’re growing up right on schedule, Son.”**

**“Can I sleep with her tonight, Dad?”**

**“May I?”**

**“No, Dad, not you, me!”**

**“Kerry, you know the difference. Don’t play dumb. You’ve always got to ask Lauren, not me.”**

**“May I, Dad? I’ve already asked her. She says it’s OK. But I want *you* to tell me it’s OK. I want to have sex with her again. I want *you* to tell me it’s OK for me to do that with her. I’m just a kid and she’s a grown woman.”**

**“Son, you’re going to make some woman a fine husband one of these days. You know that woman can’t be Lauren. Just don’t get too possessive over her. She’s a lot older than you are. You know you can’t keep sleeping with her, don’t you?”**

**“I know that, Dad. But she’s still a beautiful woman. And If I talk with Lauren and we agree on doing something, it’s OK with you and Mom?”**

**“Yes, Kerry, it’s fine with us. You’re fine with both of us.**

**<><><>**

**After I talked to Dad, I took a bath by myself in the basement shower. I put on some underarm deodorant. Mom says I smell sometimes now and she got me my own deodorant. I never smell myself but I can smell Kavan and Dad.**

**I looked close under my arms but I couldn’t see but a few hairs yet. I checked around my dick and didn’t see any more than last time I looked, just some around the base of my dick. My dick *was* a lot bigger than last year but I couldn’t tell if it had grown any lately. My dick decided by itself to get hard, like it does sometimes. I rubbed it to help it. When it was hard, I got the ruler off the shelf where I keep it and checked. It was a little over five inches, maybe more. About the same as it was when I checked it a couple of weeks ago. I checked again. It was definitely a little over five. My balls were lots bigger than they were last summer. It was kind of funny the way my scrotum was now. It was looser and thinner and my balls hung down lower. I wondered how low they’d get before I was grown. I checked my mustache in the mirror. Dad calls it a mustache even if you can’t see it unless you look close. He told me I didn’t need to worry about shaving yet. I hope I don’t get zits.**

**I put on my pajama shorts and a white terry robe. When I went upstairs, I checked the clock. It was a few minutes before eight. I went in the family room and found Lauren. She was talking to Mom and Dad. Ariel was reading. Kavan and Kathryn were groping each other.**

I walked up to Lauren and held out my hand to her. She looked at me and smiled. Mom and Dad were looking at me. I looked around and Arial and Kavan and Kathryn were looking at me.

“What? Lauren says she wants to go to bed early. She says we’ve got a busy day tomorrow.”

Lauren took my hand and we went down the hallway to Arial’s bedroom. I don’t know why they all had to watch. I shut the door behind us. I didn’t want anybody bothering us.

Lauren gave me another big smile. She was beautiful when she smiled.

“I want to take a quick shower, Kerry. I won’t be but just a few minutes.

One of her suitcases was open and I stood looking at it. On the top on one side I saw a white nightgown. On the opposite side I saw her underwear, bras in one stack and panties in another. The nightgown looked fresh and smooth. I guessed she hadn’t worn it since she was at our house. I picked up the nightgown and smelled it. It smelled nice but it didn’t smell like her. I picked up a pair of panties and smelled them too. They didn’t smell like anything. I thought of something Dad and I had talked about once. I took the nightgown and panties in the bathroom and laid them on the commode. I don’t even think she heard me come in.

I went back to her bedroom and took my robe off. I sat down on the bed Indian fashion. Dad kids me when I sit like that. He says it looks like I’m meditating. I made sure she couldn’t see anything down the legs of my pajamas.

When she came out, she had on the nightgown. I guessed she had on the panties but I couldn’t see them. She looked in her suitcase and found a hairbrush and started brushing her hair.

“Don’t you want to sleep with me without anything on tonight?” she asked.

I nodded that I did.

“Then why did you bring me the nightgown and panties?”

“Your nightgown was on top of the stuff in your suitcase. It made me think of something Dad and I talked about once.”

“Are you going to tell me?”

**“I asked Dad why Mom wore a nightgown and panties sometimes and he wore pajamas. He said it was because the gift is more precious when you have a beautiful package to unwrap. I thought that made sense.”**

**“Kerry, you are an amazing boy. You’ve got more sense than a lot of men.”**

**“Then it’s OK if I unwrap your package? And it’s OK if I want to do some other stuff before we go to sleep? Dad says it’s OK with him if I just ask you.”**

**“What do you want to do, Kerry?”**

**“You taught Dad about making love. I think that’s why he doesn’t want us to call it fucking, why he says he makes love with Mom. That’s what I want to do - make love with you. Saturday night was fun but too many of us were playing at the same time. I want to play with just you this time. I want to make love with you.”**

**“I’d like that too, Kerry.”**

**“Can I ask one more question before we do anything?”**

**“May I?”**

**“Yeah, you may. Come on, Lauren. I know the difference. I just don’t think of it every time.”**

**“Yes, you may.”**

**“Is my dick too little? Ariel says it is. She says grown women want somebody with a big dick like Dad’s. Maybe like Kavan’s. His is big now.”**

**She looked at me kind of funny like. Mom and Dad do it all the time. I never know if it’s because I’ve asked a stupid question or a smart one.**

**“Kerry, when you open your package tonight, I want you to put one finger in my vagina as deep as you can and just think about what it feels like around your finger. Do you think you can do that?”**

**“Sure.”**

**“When you do, think about how my vagina touches all around your finger. When you put your dick in me, it’ll expand to hold you the same way. If your father puts his in me, it expands the same way.”**

**“But mine’s not long like Dad’s. His is at about two inches longer than mine when we’re both hard.”**

**“Yours will be longer, Kerry. It will be bigger. But you need to understand something. Most of the nerves that make sex feel so good for a woman are in the part of our vagina you can touch with your finger. Most of the nerves that make it feel so good for you are in the head of your dick, aren’t they?”**

**I thought about that for a while. She was right about my dick.**

**“So I can make you come even if my dick isn’t big and long like Kavan’s and Dad’s.”**

**“You did that last night, Kerry. I’ll bet you can do it again tonight.”**

**That was what I wanted to know.**

**Lauren lay down on the bed and I turned over on my side so I could look at her. I didn’t know what to do first. Was I supposed to kiss her first and then feel her? When was I supposed to unwrap her package? I thought maybe I’d better ask her.**

**“What do you want to do first?”**

**“I thought you men decided that, Kerry. Will you really let me do what I want to first?”**

**“Sure, I’ll let you do anything you want to.”**

**“It’s sort of a secret fantasy of mine, Kerry. It’s something I’ve wanted to do since the first time I saw you. I’d really like to do it if you’ll let me.”**

**I knew she was teasing me. I’m no dummy. “I’ll let you, Lauren. I might even help you. What is it?”**

**“I want to unwrap *your* package. I want you to lie down and let me play with it while it’s wrapped up. Then I want to unwrap it and play with it some more. Then I want to put my mouth on it and see if I can make you come.”**

**My dick was already hard. It got harder when she said that. When she put her hand on my shorts and felt it, I think it got harder again. When she pulled it out through the fly, I was afraid she was going to break it off. She played with it some more. I guess she liked sliding the skin up**

and down on it as much as I did. She started to pull my shorts down and I lifted my hips up and helped her.

When she leaned over and took half of it in her mouth and sucked on it, it felt like it was going to burst. Then she did something I couldn't believe. She pushed her mouth down until her lips were around the base of my cock, in my pubic hair. I don't know where the head went. She let most of it slip out, took a deep breath, and did it again. I was about to rip the sheets off the bed. She kept doing it. Then she started sucking hard on the head and then going down on it.

I knew I was going to bust wide open. I tried to tell her something was going to happen if she didn't stop. But I couldn't say anything. I could feel it starting somewhere back behind my balls. It was like a big hand squeezing somewhere in there and it felt the best of anything I'd ever felt. I thought I couldn't stand it anymore. Then it started pumping and squeezing something out through my dick. That felt the best of all. When it stopped, Lauren took another deep breath and swallowed. She gave me a big smile and said, "Kerry, you taste good."

I was glad my dick stayed hard because I wanted to do something to her. I was glad she gave me a couple of minutes to rest up, though.

After that, she made me be real slow about everything else. She showed me now she liked to be kissed. She let me play with her through her nightgown and let me put my hand under it and on her panties. I pushed them to one side and teased my finger into her pussy. I tried to feel it all around my finger like she said. I decided it was time for me to unwrap her package. She pulled her nightgown up and I pulled it over her head. All she had on was the panties. She lay back down and gave me a big grin. I rolled over on her with my mouth at her breasts and sucked on her nipples. She put her hands underneath her breasts and gave me first one and then the other to suck on. I really liked doing that. I decided it was time to go down on her like Dad had told me.

When I got down there, I wasn't sure what to do. I got my nose between her legs next to her panties and smelled them again. They sure smelled different now. I pulled them to one side and tried to find out where to put my mouth. I'd seen pussies before, Mom's and Arial's and Kathryn's. I knew they sometimes sort of closed up and then sometimes they were wide open. Lauren's was kind of closed up. I guessed I'd better take her panties off. She lifted her hips up to help me. I got back down and tried kissing her pussy and then licking but all I got was hair in my mouth.

Then I remembered what Dad had told me about finding a woman's clitoris so I put my thumbs on her big lips just where her little lips

come together and pulled outward and pushed upward. It worked. Her clitoris just popped out. It was like a little dick, about the size of the tip of my little finger, right up at the top of her pussy. I'd have never found it without help. I licked it and sucked it like Dad told me to do. She must have liked it because she started squirming. I was hoping I could make her come like I was supposed to but she decided she wanted me to stick my big dick in her.

She started saying stuff like, "Come on, Kerry; make love to me. Come on, baby; do it. I want to feel your big dick."

I crawled up on her and she held my big dick while I pushed and it went in her pussy like it was greased. I didn't ever want to take it out. I tried to push it in as deep as I could. She raised her legs up and wrapped them around my ass. I could feel my dick in her up to my balls. She squeezed me with her legs like she wanted me to stay in her. I tried to stay still but I couldn't. My dick wanted to slide in and out so it did. I liked that even better.

I guess Lauren liked it too because after a while she started making noises. I was really getting to like it when something happened. She started cussing, saying stuff like, "Oh, damn." Over and over. I felt something squeezing on my dick. I liked that too. I kept pushing in her and pulling it out and I felt the squeezing start in my insides too. When it started this time, I went somewhere. I don't know where. When I came back, I was laying on top of Lauren. My face was buried in her hair, beside her neck. She was breathing real hard. So was I.

I looked at the clock. It was only nine fifteen. Good! I had time to do some more stuff with her before my bedtime.

<><><>

(SIOBHAN)

Monday morning, I woke up without an alarm clock at six as usual. I was nestled up against Kieran. I slipped out quietly and went to the bathroom. I peed, washed my face and hands and brushed my hair. The morning was a little cool so I slipped on a robe and found some white socks for my feet. When I opened the bedroom door, Lauren was just coming out of Arial's bedroom that she was sharing with Kerry, in white socks and robe again.

In the kitchen, I asked Lauren to make a pot of coffee while I began assembling breakfast. I'd taken a banana-nut bread out of the freezer the night before and it was on the counter ready for slicing and toasting. Lauren made a big bowl of fresh mixed fruit. I made a big

ham and cheddar frittata for the ones who wanted it. I sat the orange juice cartons on the kitchen counter and decided that was enough. I sat down on a stool and poured two cups of coffee.

While we were sipping our coffee, we heard metal clanging against metal down in the basement.

“Kavan’s lifting weights,” I told Lauren. “He and Kathryn have part time jobs working for a landscaping company this summer. They need to be there by eight and they’ll quit about noon. They should be back by about twelve thirty.”

The clanging noise got louder.

“Kavan’ll be up in a few minutes with shorts and shirt on. He likes to wear sweatshirts with the sleeves cut off so he can show off his biceps. Make sure you admire his muscles.”

“He lifts weights like that every morning? You don’t need an alarm clock, do you?”

“Not exactly like that. Let me tell you what happened a couple of weeks ago.” I leaned closer to Lauren and she leaned across the counter top.

“I heard the weights clanging and Kathryn and Kavan laughing. I opened the basement doors and yelled at them, asking what they were doing. Kathryn invited me down. When I got downstairs, Kavan was on the exercise bench lifting weights. He was naked and so was Kathryn. She was sitting on top of him, straddling his body.”

“You mean they were having sex while he was lifting weights?”

“Yes,” I giggled, “sex like you wouldn’t believe. She was sitting on his dick, facing toward his feet. He was lifting his usual one hundred pounds of weight. When he let the weight down, he lifted his butt up off the bench and Kathryn’s feet came off the floor. She had to hold on to his legs to keep from falling off. He’d lift the weights and then Kathryn. Did it maybe a half dozen times. Then he really had to show off. He took some deep breaths, lifted the weights up until his arms were straight, then lifted Kathryn up with his stomach and hip and legs muscles – at the same time.”

“You’re kidding. He’s that strong?”

“Yes, but that’s not the best part. He was looking at me while I was watching him do it. He held the weights and Kathryn at the same time

and still managed to grunt out something to me. He said, "Tell Dad having orgasms like this is great. You two ought to try it."

"Did you tell Kieran?"

"No, I don't know whether to or not."

That was our last quiet moment together for a while. It was laundry day. Kavan brought his and Kathryn's stuff from the basement in two baskets. Arial brought hers in her arms. Kieran brought in a basketful from our bedroom. Kerry brought in one too. I could see he'd brought Lauren's dirty clothes with his own. I went over and started sorting everything out in piles on the kitchen floor. Lauren started helping me without saying a word, just smiling. I carried a basket into the laundry room and started the first load.

Arial came back carrying a book. She poured herself orange juice and then started reading. Kerry came back with his arms full of sheets and pillowcases from the bed where he and Lauren were sleeping. He piled them with the other sheets, went over to Lauren and kissed her on the cheek. Arial was watching. When Kerry looked at her, she stuck her tongue out at him. He sat down beside her and started reading her book while he ate. He liked the frittata. Arial put the book where they both could read and nibbled on the banana-nut bread.

Kieran came in again dressed for work, suit, no coat on yet. He asked me to call Luke and Rachael and invite them to come for a visit. Lauren and I talked while he ate. He kissed every one of us, as usual, and left.

Kavan and Kathryn ate their customary big breakfasts and left for work. They both kissed me and Lauren goodbye. Kathryn whispered something to Lauren and Lauren said something I couldn't hear back to her. They kept whispering until Kathryn seemed satisfied and left with Kavan. Arial and Kerry wandered off somewhere.

Lauren and I were suddenly alone. I poured us another cup of coffee. Since I'd started using half and half decaffeinated and regular, I allowed myself a second cup. We cleaned up the remnants of the bread and frittata and fresh fruit.

"What did Kathryn want?" I asked.

"She said she and Kavan want me to sleep with them. I told her I couldn't because I was sleeping with you and Kieran tonight. She asked me for Tuesday night and I said OK."

**“Did you enjoy sex with Kerry last night?” I asked. “Was he a good lover?”**

**She told me, in detail. I was very proud of my son.**

**We took Arial and Kerry to the library by nine so they could get their bi-weekly collection of books. Arial had discovered William Butler Yeats and 18<sup>th</sup> century English women writers. Kerry was reading books about geology and paleontology. I couldn’t follow him when he skipped from Lucy to plate tectonics. They said they’d meet me out front at eleven.**

**We dropped off the dry cleaning and then ran back by the house to start another load of laundry and to fold the ones in the dryer. We went to the grocery store. Lauren wanted to pay for the groceries but I insisted she was our guest. We went back home and I put away the groceries while she made telephone calls. I started another load in the washer and folded a load out of the dryer. When I went looking for Lauren, she was in the family room. She had a laptop computer open on the coffee table and was typing on it while she talked. I looked for the phone she was using to talk and didn’t see one. Then I saw she had on a small headset.**

**We went to pick up Arial and Kerry at the library at eleven. They both had their arms full. Lauren asked if they really read so many books. I told her it was their bi-weekly checkout and sometimes they had to renew some of the books. We were folding the last load of laundry when she asked me about getting a real estate agent.**

**“Could you or Kieran recommend a good real-estate agent for me, Siobhan? I want to look for a house – one big enough for me and Stuart and Joanne and Paul. And I’ll probably be buying some more property when I find it. There’ll be a good bit of money involved and I want somebody I can trust to look out for my interests.”**

**“I know a young man I think you’d like,” I said. “Kieran’s company uses him and he’s worked with him on a number of transactions. Let’s talk to Kieran and see what he thinks.”**

**“I may move rather fast. I need the house before the fall semester starts at the university. That’s about four weeks.”**

**“You’ve already decided to move here then? And Stuart and his family?”**

**“We decided on that weeks ago. We just had to check out one last thing – the Stuart family. I just called Stuart – That’s going to get confusing,**

isn't it, having a son called Stuart and being involved with a family of Stuarts? – and he's calling the university right now to accept a job. And he's calling the research center too, to accept a job with them.

Names weren't the only thing confusing. I let it show.

“Siobhan, Stuart's a brilliant young man, high-genius IQ. He's been offered a research position at the university and another with a company in the research park. They both want him and they've agreed to share him. The jobs overlap anyway. I don't understand what he does but he can handle it. He's always handled everything. He and Joanne and little Paul moved in with me when big Paul got bad sick. We like living together. We're going to stay together when we move here.”

“And you had all this worked out before you ever called us?”

“Well, I didn't do all of it. Stuart and I made most of the plans. He found the jobs and liked them so that sort of clinched it. The only thing I didn't have worked out was you and Kieran and your family. That's why I decided to come see you.”

At noon, we fixed lunch for the crew, sandwiches and fruit and iced tea. Kavan and Kathryn came in hot and tired and thirsty. They stripped off dirty clothes and took them in the laundry room. They wanted to eat first and shower later. We all fixed our plates and went out on the deck to eat. Kavan whispered something to Lauren and she nodded. He smiled back at her. After lunch, they wanted to shower and rest for a while. I knew that meant sex for a while. They invited the rest of us to shower with them. Kavan and Kathryn were already naked. Arial stood up and kept reading while she took off her shirt and shorts. She was ready. Kerry had his nose buried in a new book. I leaned over and turned it upside down. He looked around at the other kids and took off his shorts and shirt. I looked at Lauren for her response.

“Could we just watch? I can't keep up with you kids. I'm not a teenager any more, you know.”

Sweet Kerry, dear Kerry. Somehow, he knew just the words to say.

“Well, you were last night.”

I made a mental note to kiss him for that. Maybe Lauren did too.

Lauren and I sat on the steps while they showered. The four of them started two showerheads and Arial and Kerry helped the two workers scrub clean. They'd done it quite often this summer. They started their

horseplay – grab-ass, Kerry called it – and soon he and Kavan were sporting hard-ons. I think Lauren was surprised again when first Kathryn and then Arial kneeled down and sucked on their dicks for a minute or so.

Kavan finally had enough. He grabbed Kathryn, both still dripping wet, and dragged her into the basement bedroom. Kerry and Arial turned off the shower, got towels, and dried off. They followed us back up the stairs to the kitchen, both got a book to read, and went out on the deck. Kerry still had an erection. It was all an everyday scene to me. I wondered how it looked to Lauren.

I sorted the clean folded laundry and started putting them in the baskets. Lauren asked me how I knew what went to each. I told her that the boys all had different waist sizes so their underwear was easy. Same with shorts. Kieran and Kavan wore the same size knit shirt and they didn't care who got what. Arial and I wore different sizes in everything. Towels didn't matter. Sheets did but there were two king-size beds, Arial's queen-size, and Kerry's twin. The baskets were color-coded. We all made the system work without even thinking about it.

By mid-afternoon, I had everything done. I made a pot of hot tea and found some lemon cookies I liked. I invited Lauren to sit with me on the deck while we had tea and cookies. I knew what I was going to fix for supper – Beef bourguignon with bread and salad. It wouldn't take long. I had never read all of the Sunday paper so I got that. We didn't subscribe to the daily paper because nobody ever had time to read it. I was in the Arts and Entertainment section while Lauren looked at the Real Estate.

She started reading me a description of a property that was for sale: 300 + acres in horse-shoe bend of river, old house on promontory of ridge, heavily wooded with hardwood trees, cliff, cave, some remaining bottom land for crops.

Kerry didn't even lift his eyes from the book he was reading. "That's the Freeloft property. Mrs. Freeloft says she's got to sell it. Her husband is in the early stages of Alzheimer's disease. She says they're land rich and money poor."

Lauren looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders. I didn't know how he knew about it. He looked up and saw we were waiting.

"We found it when we were exploring down the river, me and Larry and Kirk. If you go down the creek to where it runs into the river and then down the river a little, that's the Freeloft property. It's about thirty minutes walking."

**“You know Mrs. Freeloft?” I asked.**

**“Yeah, Mom, we met her last year. We were trying to figure out the geology on the cliffs down there. We cut over the hill on the way back and saw the house. They were out in the yard. They invited us in for something to drink and we stayed for a while. We see them every time we go down there. They always ask us to come back soon.”**

**“Would you tell me about them?” Lauren asked. “You say Mr. Freeloft has Alzheimer’s. What else do you know about them?”**

**“They’re real nice to us. Seems like they’re always glad to see us. They’re close to eighty years old. Don’t have any kids. They seem like they’re in good health except Mr. Freeloft’s getting confused and forgetful.”**

**“She said they were land rich and money poor? Those are her words?”**

**“Yeah, she said she wants to move into town so she can have somebody to take care of them. She’s already having problems with Mr. Freeloft going off and forgetting how to get home. She says she doesn’t have much money but the land is worth a lot. She wants to sell it so she can take care of Mr. Freeloft and herself.”**

**“Can you tell me about the property?”**

**“She says it’s about three hundred acres. Sort of in a horseshoe bend in the river. On the north side, there’re limestone cliffs. The south side slopes down to bottomland that they used to farm. If you turn off Highway 20, there’s a dirt road about a half-mile long that goes to two houses. The old house’s a stone house that nobody lives in. They live in a brick house close to it. She told us Mr. Freeloft’s great grandfather built the stone house. Nobody’s lived in it for years and years. She says keeping a good roof on it and paying property taxes are just too much.”**

**“Could you take me to the property tomorrow afternoon? I’d rather drive than walk. Could you show me around the property? And introduce me to the Freelofts?”**

**“Sure, Kavan knows them too. We could show you all over the property. We’ve explored almost all of it. About the only place we’ve never gone is the cave. They asked us to stay out of it.”**

**I could tell that Lauren was interested in the property. I had no idea how interested. She turned to me.**

**“Siobhan, I’m impulsive. But I know what I want and I usually get it. Will you help me get something started without asking too many questions?”**

**“I will if Kieran helps too.”**

**“Fine. Now first I want a good lawyer, one that knows property and trusts and corporations. One that I can keep for years. He’ll be glad he has me for a client. I want him to contact the FreeLofts. I want to see the property tomorrow. I want the lawyer to be ready to offer them \$100,000 for an option on the property. I want the property off the market immediately. If it turns out to be what I want, I want to buy the property from them. I’ll offer them a good price on the property that’ll include a trust to care for both of them as long as necessary. Can you call Kieran and you two help me get a lawyer to do the work for me? We can get that young real estate agent working on it too, if Kieran agrees.”**

**This was a Lauren I hadn’t seen before. “You want me to call him now? He’ll be home in a few hours.”**

**“Now! I want to have a lawyer representing me tomorrow morning. I want him to start planning tomorrow morning. If I give him the go-ahead tomorrow after I see the property, I want him and the agent to start working on it this week. I want the property off the market by Wednesday afternoon, earlier if possible.”**

**She turned back to Kerry.**

**“Kerry, would you like to have a job working for me?”**

**Kerry looked at me. I knew he didn’t know what to say.**

**“Lauren, do you mean you want to hire him as an employee or do you just want him to help you with something?”**

**“I want to hire him as an employee. Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing. I’m going to be starting a company, a corporation, here. Kerry’s going to be my first employee. Kavan’s going to be my second. And you’re my third. As soon as you help me get that lawyer, I’ll have him set up the corporation and start hiring. Kerry and Kavan need to start keeping time sheets of how much they work for me. Kerry can have an hour for this afternoon. When they take me to the FreeLoft property tomorrow afternoon, they need to put it on their timesheets. I’ll set up their pay rates and pay schedule when I have time. You’re salaried so don’t worry about timesheets.”**

She looked back at Kerry. He was watching us in bewilderment. He wasn't the only one who was bewildered. This was a Lauren I hadn't expected. I went in the house to call Kieran. He was certainly right when he said our lives were going to change when Lauren came. I wondered how much more they were going to change.

## **Chapter Twenty-Seven**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and 1/2)**

**Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Lauren Andersen, 51**

### **TELLING THE STORY**

**Kieran Stuart, Arial Stuart, Lauren Andersen**

<><><>

**(KIERAN)**

Monday afternoon when I came in from work, Lauren was on the telephone. I asked Siobhan what was going on and she said Lauren had been on the phone with different people since mid-afternoon. She'd already talked to the lawyer and the real estate agent I'd recommended and they'd agreed to start work for her immediately. She said she didn't know what Lauren had told them but she was very insistent and persuasive. She'd called Stuart and talked to him for a while. Now she was back talking with the real estate agent again.

Siobhan and Arial were in the kitchen preparing dinner. I asked if I had time for a quick shower and was told to be back in ten minutes. I washed off the day's sweat and worries and was back in less than ten. Lauren was still on the phone. I made an eating motion with my hand toward my mouth and she held up a finger and mouthed the words, "One minute."

The table was set in the dining room, not the kitchen, and they'd put out our good china so I knew this was some sort of special occasion. The kids knew that the rule for dinner was quiet conversation - no school problems, no work problems, and especially no real world problems. Just family things like what they'd read that day, what they'd

done, or whom they'd seen. They showed they could use good manners when they wanted to. The rule came off as soon as we started cleaning up after dinner. Siobhan had a German chocolate cake for dessert. I begged off and asked for mine later with a cup of decaf coffee.

The torrent of questions began when we started taking the dishes to the kitchen. I had as many as the kids did. Lauren just kept smiling and telling us what her plans were. I was more than a little amazed. I remembered that Siobhan was supposed to call Luke and Rachael. When I asked, she said she had.

“Luke called me back this afternoon and said he could be off all of next week. They're going to leave early on Saturday morning and, if the traffic's no problem, they should be at the cabin about noon. Luke's offered to bring something you'll like.”

“What's that?”

“Fifty pounds of shrimp. He knows a shrimp-boat captain who usually comes in about six in the morning. He wants to do a big Carolina shrimp boil on Saturday night for everybody. Only problem is, the shrimp will be so fresh they'll still be heads-on. We'll have to de-head them before we boil them.”

The kids had enjoyed the previous time he'd brought shrimp when they came for a visit. But those had already been de-headed. I looked around and saw that they were all listening.

“You hear that, kids, all the fresh shrimp you can eat. But you've got to help de-head them. Any volunteers?”

Kavan's and Kerry's arms were in the air before I finished speaking. Kathryn reluctantly raised hers. Arial raised her hand slowly and said, “Yuk.”

I looked at Siobhan and then at Lauren. I ended up with six volunteers and one conscript.

Later we went out on the deck for dessert and coffee. Since it was decaf, I let the kids have it if they wanted it. Arial and Kerry wanted milk instead. The kids were still asking Lauren and me questions and we were both giving answers that provoked more questions. About eight, Siobhan came over and whispered in my ear. She and Lauren went down the hallway to our bedroom. I waited a few minutes as if I'd been instructed and then told the kids that Lauren was sleeping with us tonight. I got the responses I expected.

**“Just don’t let ’em keep you up all night, Dad.” “Get a good night’s sleep, Dad, so you can don’t have to work hard tomorrow.” “Don’t let ’em give you a hard time, Dad.” “Remember Dad, if you can’t beat ’em, eat ’em.”** The last one was from Kathryn; it was the first time she’d called me Dad.

**Siobhan and Lauren had the Jacuzzi ready. The bathroom was warm and lit by candles. I knew it was a romantic cliché but I always enjoyed it. They made me get in at the narrow end and they sat side-by-side on the wide end. It felt strange to have four feet on me, one on each side and two in the middle. The two in the middle made me hard as usual. I tried to find a place for each of my big toes and kept getting pushed away. It was nice to soak in the tub with one woman, even better with two.**

**Lauren and Siobhan leaned back at their end of the tub with their eyes closed. I leaned back at my end and looked at the head of my dick sticking up and four breasts floating just under the surface of the water.**

**“Siobhan, did Kieran tell you I jerked him off while I was nursing our first baby?” Lauren asked. “He had on white tennis shorts and white briefs. That was the first time he came that afternoon. He was the sexiest, most-innocent young man I’d ever seen.”**

**“No, did you really? The first time? How many times did he come?”**

**She was lying. I had told her.**

**“Four. The second time he screwed me on the couch. He took that big uncircumcised cock of his and filled up my pussy.”**

**“No! Filled you up? To overflowing?”**

**I smiled and decided to let them tease all they wanted to.**

**“Yeah, but it was only half full the first time.”**

**“Did he do it again?”**

**“Twice more. The fourth time, he screwed me on the bed. He filled my cunt the rest of the way up with his semen. I had a full tank when I sent him home.”**

**“You skipped the third time.”**

**“The third time, I sucked him off in the bathroom. I wish you could have seen the look on his face when I made him come in my mouth and swallowed it. Third time, I didn’t think he’d have much come. I was wrong. He almost gagged me. I was so damn hot I could have swallowed his balls.”**

**I remembered. It had felt like she was going to swallow my balls.**

**“Just don’t try to suck his balls dry, Lauren. It won’t work. I know. I’ve tried it.”**

**“Could I suck him off again tonight, Siobhan? It’s been a long time since I’ve had his big dick in my mouth.”**

**“You can if you’ll let me help.”**

**“How will we know when he’s going to come? I want to be the one who gets his load.”**

**“We’ll watch his balls. When they draw up tight, you’ll know he’s close. When he starts trying to shove it down your throat, you’d better get ready.”**

**Who was I to argue?**

**They made me stand up in the Jacuzzi. I had to be careful where I put my feet in the hot sudsy water to keep from stepping on them. I finally ended up with one foot between Siobhan’s legs and the other between Lauren’s. If they’d sucked half as much as they giggled, I’d have come sooner. I shut my eyes and stood there with one hand on each head as they had their way with me. Two mouths, four hands - I couldn’t tell which one was doing what. I didn’t care. I tried to hold out, to enjoy it as long as I could.**

**Somebody’s hand was stroking my cock up and down just the way I liked it, pulling down until the underside of the foreskin was tight and the tension made any contact almost unbearable. Somebody’s mouth was trying to suck the head of my cock off my body. Somebody’s hand had a couple of fingers pressing up against me, just behind my balls. I could withstand it all. I was determined. Somebody’s soapy finger pressed against my asshole. It was all too much. I shot. Once, twice, and somebody took their mouth off. Another mouth replaced it in time to get three, four, and a few dribbles. I looked down and they were both giggling between swallows. I was still as hot as a sixteen-year-old kid.**

**We finally drained the Jacuzzi and rinsed off under the shower. Tits against my chest; tits against my back; it was heaven. I played grab-ass;**

they played grab-dick. Is that what the kids call it? My cock was hot and heavy but it wasn't quite ready to raise its head. When I turned off the hot water, the screams were loud enough to wake up the kids. I wondered if they were awake. They probably were since their summer bedtime was around ten and I guessed it was about nine. Oh, well, I could tell them what we were doing tomorrow.

They put me in the middle of our king-size bed. I didn't object. We pulled up the light blanket and they curled up on each side of me. I didn't care whether I could get it up again tonight. Two in one bed and I didn't care whether I got a fuck from either of them. Who would have ever thought it? I knew I wasn't through with them. I thought of a little undercover work I wanted to do.

"Lauren," I asked, "are you going to finish telling us what's going on with the lawyers? Are you looking at the property tomorrow and thinking of starting a company here?"

"I'm not just thinking, Kieran. I'm doing it. I just hadn't expected to do it this quickly."

"But what kind of company is it? And why here? Now?"

"It's a security company. I told you Paul and some other men had a company flying helicopters for all sorts of jobs. Paul and I were both partners. He was one of the pilots and I was the general manager. Some of those jobs required a high level of security. They formed another company to take care of all security aspects. They made me the CEO of that one. I made it take off by expanding it to security in other areas."

Siobhan was still as confused as I was. "If it was successful, why'd you leave it? Why're you thinking of moving here?"

"I didn't leave it." Lauren answered. "The partners' insurance was outdated. It paid to a partner's spouse only if the spouse signed a 'no-compete' agreement. They didn't anticipate that a spouse might be one of the officers. If I stayed, I got paid but I couldn't compete. If I moved over 500 miles away, I got paid and I could compete. Since I wanted to run my own company, I had to move. I decided if I had to move that far from Oregon, I'd just move back here where I was raised. Makes sense, doesn't it?"

"So you're going to start a company providing security? Who has security problems around here?" I asked.

**“You’d be amazed. I did my research. This is an under-served area. When I do what I want, there’ll be no serious competition for me within a hundred miles. I can do what I damn well want to with the company. If I’d provided security for that concert at the University last year, they probably wouldn’t be in a lawsuit now.”**

**“Is that where the property comes in? You’re going to use that in the company?”**

**“In part. If it turns out as Kerry describes it, I’ll build the office complex and training buildings down on some of the flat bottomland. I’ll let the Freelofts stay in their house and provide care for them as part of the purchase. I want to see the old house. Kerry says it’s on top of a hill. It sounds too old to live in. I might gut it and convert it into nothing but bedrooms. I may build a modern addition on the side overlooking the river. Our house in Oregon was mainly glass and redwood. I’d like to get the architect who designed it to come look at the stone house and see what he could add on to it.”**

**Siobhan and I were staring at Lauren with disbelief and amazement on our faces.**

**“How are you doing all this?” I asked. “It sounds like you’re going to be spending a lot of money. Can you afford all this?”**

**She looked at us with a smile on her face and waited for a while.**

**“I’ve got lots of money, Kieran. Somewhere close to twenty million. You must have known that. Didn’t you do any research on me before you invited me here?”**

**I shook my head and lied. “It never occurred to me.”**

**“I’ve got a lawyer handling everything for me in Oregon. And a real estate agent. The agent’s selling all of the property Paul and I had, including our house. I’ve had offers on the house already. I’m asking one point two million and they’re close. Our other property will sell for between ten and fifteen million. With the partnership settlement, I’ll probably move something around twenty million here. That’s why I need a financial advisor, a CFP. That’s what I want Siobhan to do for me.”**

**“How’d you know what she does?” I asked. “Most people don’t even know what a Certified Financial Planner is.”**

**She gave me a condescending smile. “I told you, Kieran. I did my research before I decided to move here. I’ve got a strong**

recommendation from her agency. They wouldn't disclose her clients but they passed on my request for information about her. I got nothing but positive evaluations from a bunch of her clients. I know her qualifications. She can do what I have in mind for her."

I gave her a big grin. "I guess we should have investigated you. We invite you for a visit and you come in and turn our lives upside down."

Siobhan said, "Well, I guess we could let him do a little undercover work now, couldn't we?"

Great minds think alike. I pulled the blanket up and they held it while I crawled underneath. I tried to figure out how to do it. I finally ended up with them side by side, touching. Siobhan's left leg was extended and straight, as was Lauren's right. The other leg for each was bent upright and splayed to one side. I straddled the adjacent legs in the middle and made a test run. I could do it. With their help, I could do it, if I just didn't break my neck trying. I got a middle finger in each of them and finger-fucked them for a minute or two. Lauren had said she was in menopause but she was still lubricating well enough. Siobhan was more than wet enough as usual.

After I'd stirred up their honey, I decided to try to gather it. That's when I ran into the first trouble. With both hands in use, I couldn't pull the pubic hair out of the way. Siobhan's was trimmed as usual but Lauren's was a little bushy. Oh, hell, I decided, if cats can eat hair, so can I. I didn't eat enough to get a hairball. At first, their taste was different. I think Siobhan's was sweeter but maybe that was just because I was used to it. After a while, the tastes blended. I tried to keep my finger working while my tongue was at play but it was difficult to concentrate. My neck and back were aching and I wanted to straighten up. I had a hard-on again and it was throbbing. My dick wanted some attention too. I tried my usual trick – curled finger while sucking on clit – and it worked. I didn't know which one because I'd forgotten which one was where by then. I gave the one that was coming a good licking until she quieted down. I kept a finger in and gave the other one a good licking until she came too.

I straightened up, still on my knees, and flipped the blanket off and down behind me. I was dripping wet with sweat. It was running down my forehead and down my chest. My cock was dripping too. I knew I'd left pecker tracks down on the sheet. They were both looking at me, staring at my cock.

"Who's that one for?" Siobhan asked. I didn't say anything.

**“I think it’s yours,” Lauren whispered. “I think a wife should always come first, don’t you?”**

**They started to get the giggles again. Just like teen-age girls. I shut my eyes and waited.**

**“I just came,” Siobhan giggled. “You can have it for now.”**

**“I just came too,” Lauren giggled back. “I don’t want it.”**

**“Are you sure?”**

**“Well, maybe just a little quickie wouldn’t hurt.”**

**“It’s not so little and it just might hurt. I don’t want it.”**

**I’d had enough. “Well, if neither of you wants it, I’m going to go in the bathroom and jerk off in the commode.” I started to get out of the bed. “Shit, what does a man have to do to get a good fuck around here?” I crawled out, went in the bathroom, and shut the door.**

**I did *not* intend to jerk off. I looked down at my dick. It was still standing up and drooling. I used one finger to smear the drool around on the head. Damn, that felt good. I wrapped my hand around it and stroked it a couple of times. Maybe jacking off wouldn’t be such a bad thing after all. I moved over the commode and stood with my legs on each side. I started slowly stroking my dick.**

**I heard the door open. Siobhan and Lauren came in and sat down on the side of the Jacuzzi, watching me. I knew it was a stalemate. I decided to give in and beg.**

**“Would one of you two ladies please take pity on a horny old man? I’d like to give one of you a good fuck. Maybe both of you but I can’t promise that.”**

**Siobhan took pity on me.**

**“Come back to bed, Kieran. We’d made a decision before you even came in the bedroom. In fact, we made it yesterday. I knew you’d be horny thinking of Kerry with Lauren last night and Kavan getting his with Kathryn. That’s why I made you give me such a good old-fashioned fuck last night. You know what I mean. That’s what you’re going to give Lauren. It’s her turn tonight.”**

**I knew what she meant. We used the term for one of our favorites. Me on top, buried to the balls, her legs around my ass or my waist or**

sometimes around my neck. Just a slow deliberate fuck trying to make it last as long as possible until I came, hopefully after she came. I smiled at the two of them. I could do that tonight. I'd be only too happy to give Lauren an old-fashioned fuck.

I let them lead me back into the bedroom. They straightened the blanket and the sheets and put the pillows back at the head of the bed. Siobhan got on one side and Lauren on the other. I stood watching. Siobhan saw that I was hesitating.

“Siobhan, what are you going to do while I'm with Lauren?”

“I'm going to watch, Kieran. I'm going to get down there where I can see what it really looks like. I've never seen that big cock of yours in action close up. I'm going to watch and use a couple of fingers on my clit. I may not be able to jerk off but I can sure as hell rub off.”

She wanted a show, huh? Damn, who would have ever thought it? I looked at Lauren and raised my eyebrows in question. She smiled and held out her arms to me.

“Come on, Kieran, play with us. Don't be such a, what's that teen word, a wuss, whatever that is.”

I knew when I'd been beaten. I crawled up on the bed and on top of Lauren. She wrapped her arms around me and opened her mouth to mine. I couldn't believe it had been so long, so many years, since I'd kissed her like that. Almost sixteen and I didn't know how to kiss, except for what I'd learned with Allison. I sure as hell learned a lot from Lauren then. My dick felt as hard as it had that afternoon. I wished I could use it four times and give them both a couple. I knew I couldn't.

Lauren lifted her legs up and wrapped them around my thighs. I pulled back away from her a little and she dropped one hand down and found my dick. It was still drooling and she was still, whatever it is women do, dripping, exuding, honeying, that's it, honeying. She rubbed the head of my dick up and down in her honey-cunt. I could feel her inner lips opening and separating for me. She held it still in just that spot. How do they always know where that spot is, where it goes in? I've been married almost twenty years and sometimes I still have to hunt to find it.

I pushed just enough for the head to slide in. Damn, it was good. As good this time as it was the first time. Never gets old. Couldn't get any better. I don't think I'd ever get tired of this part, when my dick's first sliding into a cunt. The rest of the fuck's always great but this was the

best, except maybe for the last. My stomach was against hers and I could feel the soft mounds of her breasts against my chest.

Lauren pulled her legs up higher and locked them around my waist. My mouth was still fastened on hers. I began to give it to her in slow measured strokes. Just easing in until our pubic hair met and my balls were against her ass cheeks. Out until just the tip was still inside her. No hurry. No slamming it in and jerking it out. Just long, slow strokes. I rose up over her a little, leaving a little room between our bodies, supporting myself on my elbows.

Lauren wasn't finished. She brought her legs up higher, bending herself almost in half. I rose up higher, supporting myself on straight arms now. I moved my arms, first one, then the other, so her legs were inside, her ankles wrapped around my neck. I looked down at where my cock was just halfway in her. I saw Siobhan there beside us watching where my cock was going. She had two fingers in her cunt. I looked down at Lauren's face and saw she had her eyes open, looking up into mine.

I wanted to be slow, to give her a chance to come first, knew she'd know by now what she had to do to get hers while I was getting mine. I quit worrying about her. I shut my eyes. Held myself straight from knees to head, started doing what I wanted to do, just shove it in and out, in and out, keep on until I was slamming it in so hard my balls bounced off her buns. I could feel her hands on my ass cheeks, fingernails digging in to hold on. Damn, why always fingernails? I could feel everything inside me drawing up tight, getting ready to let go. I didn't care. I didn't try to stop it. When it happened, I let it. The best part. Every thing in me poured out of my balls through my dick and into her cunt up against the entrance to her womb.

Like Samson after Delilah cut his hair, I had no strength in my arms. I dropped down on Lauren and buried my face in her hair. We were both gasping for breath.

When I finally looked up, Siobhan was stretched out on the other side of the bed, propped up on the pillows. Her legs were straight, crossed at the ankles. Her hands were resting on her stomach. I raised my eyebrows at her in what she knew was a question. She nodded and I knew she'd got hers.

I looked down at Lauren. "Do I have to ask whether it was good for you? Did you come? I didn't feel you."

She laughed. "You're going to have to hide your butt from the kids tomorrow, Kieran. That is, if you don't want them to see the fingernail

marks on your ass cheeks. I think I started when you started slamming into me. I didn't quit until after you did."

"Damn," I said, "why do you women always want to dig in with your fingernails?"

"For the same reason we like to give you hickeys on your throat and shoulders. Just putting our mark on you."

I stayed on top of her, not wanting to take it out. It was so damn good, even going soft, just to be in her, in her hot wet cunt.

Siobhan got out of bed and went to the bathroom. She brought back warm wet washcloths for all of us and a couple of small towels. I rolled over on my back and held out my hand for her to give me one. I was pleasantly surprised when she used the cloth to wipe me off and then milked out the last drools of come that always oozed out and wiped that away. Lauren watched her while she did it and then held her hand out for a cloth too. Siobhan surprised her too. She wiped her clean too and then pressed a towel between her legs.

The three of us were quiet. I suppose we were all in that stage just before going to sleep. I had to ask Lauren another question.

"Lauren, are you really OK with what we're doing? Maybe the boys and I shouldn't have got at you the way we did Saturday night. The kids have just recently decided they like to play that way. You seemed OK with it, as if you were having a good time playing with us. Then last night, Kerry wanted to have sex with you. Tonight it's me. Is it Kavan tomorrow night? Now you know what my family is like, what're you going to tell Stuart?"

"The same thing you do, Kieran. If he asks, he gets told the truth. Stuart can handle it. I think he got in the panties of half the girls in his high school and then came home and told me about it. He'd even ask my advice and tell me in detail what he did. He's a rather unconventional man too, Kieran. He has a lot of the same attitudes about love and sex that you do. You knew Paul; you can probably guess how he and I were in raising our kids. They learned about sex like your kids did except that we never really played with them the way you two do with your kids."

"Siobhan and I've been trying to decide what the right thing to do is. I still don't know. Help us decide how to handle this. Should we drop the family nudity habit and maybe clean up the way we are about sex while they're here, at least until they get to know us?"

**"Kieran, the right thing to do is really very simple," Lauren answered. "Call Stuart and talk to him again. Just him this time, without agonizing over it. He's easy to talk to. I do it all the time, about everything, with him and his wife. Tell him how your family is about nudity and sex. And don't say clean up anything; there's nothing dirty that needs cleaning up. Tell them what we did Saturday night. And last night, and tonight and tomorrow night. I'm going to."**

**"I just don't want to mess up his life. I don't want him to be ashamed of me, that I'm his father."**

**Siobhan had evidently listened to me long enough.**

**"Kieran, for gosh sakes, they had a sauna. Paul used to play grab-ass with Lauren and their kids in the sauna when they were growing up. They even did it with Stuart and Joanne after they got married. Now, will you shut up and go to sleep?"**

**How did she know that? What else did they tell each other in all those long telephone conversations?**

**(ARIAL)**

**Tuesday morning, I got up when I heard Mom in the kitchen. She and Lauren were getting breakfast ready so Dad and Kavan and Kathryn could go to work. They were laughing and talking and giggling like teenage girls. I guessed they were talking about what happened with Dad last night. I decided to help too so they'd talk to me about it. Lauren said something to Mom about the Jacuzzi and I wondered what happened so I asked. Mom looked at Lauren and then gave me this weird look, like she had a question mark on her face.**

**"Honey, we were talking about what we did with your father last night. I know you're almost a woman but are you sure you want to know?"**

**"Mom, you and Dad always said you'd be honest with us if we asked questions. You said we should never be ashamed of anything we did if it was just sex. Are you ashamed of something? Are you going to give me honest answers?"**

**Mom looked at Lauren again. "You tell her about the Jacuzzi. I'll tell her about the undercover work."**

**Lauren told me – a Jacuzzi blowjob. Mom told me - Dad had all he could eat. Then they both told me – an old-fashioned fuck for Lauren. I laughed and giggled on the outside; I felt like crying on the inside. I**

wanted Luke so I could give him a blowjob and let him have all he could eat and we could have an old-fashioned fuck too. I couldn't let them see how I really felt but I couldn't fool Mom. She heard me sniff. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me up against her. I shut my eyes and buried my face in her hair.

**“Honey, your turn will come. You're already a woman. You've just got to find the man you want to be your first. You talk to me and I'll help you get ready. Just be patient a little while longer.”**

I couldn't tell her – I already knew the man I wanted but I couldn't have him. Rachael already had him. I went out on the deck by myself to think. Maybe I could tell her. Maybe Lauren would talk to me. But they were so busy with each other they didn't have time for me. I didn't know what to do but I knew I couldn't just do nothing. I knew I couldn't have Luke forever. He and Rachael had made a marriage for themselves. They even had little Adrianna now. She seemed like a niece to me. Dad treated her like a grandchild. I knew I couldn't have him forever but why couldn't I have him for my first? Mom was his first and he didn't hurt their marriage. Why couldn't he be my first without hurting his marriage to Rachael? I went back in the kitchen.

I blurted it all out without stopping for breath. **“Mom, Lauren, I want Luke to be my first. I want you two to help me if it can be done without hurting their marriage. And I want you to help me decide what sort of contraception we'll use.”**

Mom looked at me like she wanted to cry. All she said was, **“We'll talk about it as soon as the others have had breakfast and left.”**

Dad and Kavan and Kathryn came in and had breakfast and left in a hurry as usual. Kerry ate and then asked Mom if he could go fishing down at the creek with a friend. She let him. I was ready to eat so I got me half a bagel with cream cheese and a banana. I fixed me a cup of half coffee and half milk. Mom and Lauren fixed themselves another cup of coffee and sat down to eat with me.

We talked for a while about whether I was really ready to start having sex and whether I knew what it was going to be like when I started doing it. They listened to me and treated me like a woman. I tried to act like one. They both finally agreed to help.

Then we had to talk about whether it would hurt Luke's and Rachael's marriage. All I had to do was ask one question: **“Mom, you and Dad have a good marriage; did Luke hurt it?”**

That left just the problem of contraception. I knew Mom and Rachael were on the pill and they both said it didn't cause them any real problems. But there wasn't time for me to get started on it if I was going to try to get Luke to do it at the cabin. Mom and Lauren started talking about other ways and asking me questions. I'd done my homework on contraception because I knew I'd have to worry about it some day. I was ready. We finally decided it had to be either condoms or a spermicidal sponge or suppository.

"Arial, you've read enough about using contraception but you need some real experience. When Lauren and I go out today, I'm going to go by the drugstore and get some condoms and sponges. Your father's used condoms and I've used sponges when I couldn't be on the pill. I want you to practice putting a sponge in and taking it out. I want to watch while you do it. Maybe Lauren might help us so you do it right. Would you be OK letting us watch while you do it?"

I couldn't think of any reason why I wouldn't be OK. After living naked with my family all my life, it wouldn't embarrass me. I told her I'd be OK.

"You need some experience putting a condom on a man too," Mom said. "I know they can do it. But they like it when a woman does it. Do you think Kavan would let you practice on him?"

I turned so I could make sure she was looking directly at my face. I sniffed a couple of times, pretended I was crying, and blinked my eyes real fast like I do when I want to squeeze out a few tears. I knew I'd be red around the eyes like I was really crying.

"Mom, I think I can convince him. I'll bet Kerry would let me practice on him too." I sniffed some more. "If I put on this face for Dad, do you think he'll let me practice on him?"

After they stopped laughing, I went in the family room to think. I got my new digital camera and downloaded some pictures to the computer so I could work on them. I had a series of five of Kavan and I wanted him exactly centered in each one. I wanted a rectangle of 800 x 600 pixels with him centered at 400 pixels. The first was a head shot, showing his red hair all tangled up like he'd been sleeping and that crooked grin of his. I got his nose right in the middle with a little cropping on one side. The second was a chest shot showing his chest down to his belly button. That one was easy. Next was a shot from belly button part way down his thighs. He was wearing low-cut jeans and you could see his dick and balls bulging on one side. The next one was the same area but with his jeans off. His red pubic hair filled that shot with color and his dick was swollen but still hanging down. The last

was from mid-thigh down to mid-calf. As far as I could tell, I'd managed to keep his body proportions the same in all five, relative to the others.

I wasn't aware that Lauren had come in until she put her hands on my shoulders.

"Those are beautiful, Ariel. Do you have some more you could show me?"

I showed her a series of Kathryn. The first was a head shot and you could almost see her head in motion, flipping her dark hair around. She had that mischievous sweet smile that had got her Kavan. The second was a straight-on shot of nothing but her breasts. The next one I had her sitting on the edge of the bed, her legs together, her hands on the bed on each side of her, a serious look on her face. The fourth was a shot of her stretched out on the bed, supporting her head with her elbow on the bed and her leg curled forward so all you could see was the beginning of her pubic hair. I thought that was the best one. The last was a side shot showing her sitting on the bed, knees bent and up in the air. She had both arms raised and was brushing her hair.

"Did anyone take some pictures of you?" Lauren asked.

Kerry did. I showed her the series he took. The first one was of me from the waist up, with my long hair covering my breasts. The next one was like Kerry had insisted: my hair pulled into one bunch between my breasts and with each breast showing. Then there was one with me bent over showing my fanny and my legs and everything between my legs. I didn't know he had taken that one until I straightened up. The last one was of me with full frontal nudity, my fists threatening him, and my tongue sticking out. He said that was the best one.

"Do you have any of Kerry?"

"Yeah, but I don't think I want to show them yet. Maybe I should just erase them."

"Let me see them. If I don't think they're good, I'll tell you and then you can erase them.

I showed her Kerry. The first was his face. His blond hair looked like gold from being in the sun. His freckles stood out across his nose and cheeks. He had that smile, the one Mom calls his infectious smile. The next one was Kerry's cute little butt. I'd gotten a close-up so nothing else showed, just like with Kathryn's breasts. The last three I didn't want her to see but I showed them anyway. They showed Kerry's dick

with a hard on. I'd done a left view, center shot, and then a right view. She didn't say anything about the last three.

"You've got a lot of talent in photography, Arial. Have you taken any classes?"

"No, I just got this a couple of months ago. Mom and Dad gave me a good book on digital photography when they bought me the camera. I've worked my way through it."

"Why don't you see if you could find a course to take to teach you more? I'll pay for it. Maybe I could use you as a photographer for my company. I've got to pay somebody to do it. It might as well be you. Would you like that?"

"Sure." I sort of figured she was just doing it because she knew I was unhappy about not having somebody to love me yet. I didn't care. I really did like learning about photography. I wanted to take a course. It would be fun to have a job doing it for her.

"Do you like landscapes?" I asked. "I've got about sixty in the computer. Some are from the Free loft property. Kerry took me down there the last time he went with the other boys."

She looked. She liked them. She studied the Free loft ones for a long time.

"Arial, can you bring your camera and take pictures like this for me this afternoon. I think you've already got yourself a part-time job."

<><><>

Kerry came in just before noon with a small-mouth bass. Mom said she'd cook it if he'd clean it. He went out in the back yard and came back with two nice fillets. He asked if any one else wanted some because it was too much for him. Lauren wanted some.

Kavan and Kathryn came in starving and dirty as usual. They went in the laundry room and stripped off. Mom and Lauren fed them. Kerry and Lauren ate the fish. He offered me a bite and I took it so I wouldn't hurt his feelings. I felt sorry for the poor little fish but it did taste good.

<><><>

(LAUREN ANDERSEN)

Kavan and Kathryn came in from work about twelve-thirty - dirty, sweaty, and hungry again. Siobhan and I fed them sandwiches. Kerry and I ate the fish. I was amazed at the way Kavan put away the food. Kathryn didn't compete but she was no slacker. Arial picked at a little bit of everything. She and Kerry cleaned up while Kathryn and Kavan rested. I asked if they all were ready to take me on a tour of the Freeloft property. Or were they too tired?

"We're not tired," Kavan answered. "We'll leave off the shower since we're all going to be dirty and sweaty before we get back. We need to be there by two. I've already called Mrs. Freeloft. They're expecting us. I figure we can take an hour with them, then an hour around the top of the hill and the old stone house. Thirty minutes should be enough for the bottomland; its all flat and the same. We can walk some of the trail around the riverbank last. It's easy except around the cliffs and the cave. We can be back to the car by five thirty and home in time to shower before dinner. Is Mom coming with us?"

I looked at Siobhan.

"I've got some work to do. I'll have dinner ready when you get back. I'm ordering Chinese, so mark your menu choices before you leave. Don't mark the Szechwan Chicken and Eggplant because that's what I'm ordering. If you're going to walk the riverbank trail, you've all got to spray for chiggers and ticks and then wear jeans. And shower as soon as you get back. Kieran should be in by then."

Siobhan made us assemble on the deck so she could spray us before we got dressed. We lined up, five naked butts all in a row, and got sprayed from mid-thigh down to toes. She insisted I wear a pair of her jeans. They were a very close fit, just a little loose in the hips. When she saw my sneakers, she insisted I try on her hiking boots. With thick socks, they were perfect. By the time I was dressed the kids had on their jeans and sneakers and were ready.

We were back shortly before six. Kavan drove around to the rear of the house. We all undressed in the basement and Arial piled all our clothes in one basket. Kavan carried it up to the top of the basement stairs and Siobhan took it.

Kerry explained. "We have to be careful about ticks and chiggers if we go through the woods along the riverbank. Mom'll throw everything in the washer and run it on hot. That'll take care of the little devils if they're on our clothes."

"Ticks are that much of a problem on the property?" I asked.

**“No more a problem there than anywhere in the woods around here,” Kavan said. “You just don’t want to let one stay on you. If he gets bored in, he’ll get full of your blood and his head’s hard to get out of your skin. That’s why we’ve got to shower now and check each other carefully.”**

**I enjoyed the shower with the four kids, especially when Kerry insisted on giving me a shampoo. Kavan scrubbed my back. The girls washed my front. I felt more alive than I had in years.**

**When we were dried off, we helped each other inspect to make sure we’d gotten rid of any ticks we might have picked up. Kathryn and Arial gave Kavan and Kerry a thorough inspection and insisted I double-check them. It was easy except that both dicks were almost standing at attention and that was a little distracting. Kerry didn’t have enough hair for anything to hide in. Kavan did but I didn’t think black ticks could hide in red hair. I felt like a naughty kid again.**

**When we trouped upstairs, Kieran was home and already nude. The kitchen table was already set. Siobhan had two big pitchers of tea - sweetened and unsweetened. I loved Chinese food and I was starved. Two weeks ago, I would never have believed I would be sitting at a table with six other people, nude, eating Chinese food, and at ease with it. Siobhan and Kieran and the kids chased me out while they cleaned the kitchen.**

**I set my laptop up on the coffee table in the family room and connected it. I started checking my e-mail and reading the progress reports from my real estate agent and my lawyer in Oregon and from Stuart and Joanne. Everything was going well and it appeared my house was going to sell for almost the listed price. I asked Arial if she could put the old pictures of the Free loft property on my laptop, as well as the new ones she took today. In ten minutes she had the software installed, the pictures loaded, and I was looking at them.**

**As I looked at the pictures, I could hear Siobhan talking with Kieran. They were talking about Luke, Rachael and Adrianna and how they were about the same age as Stuart, Joanne, and little Paul. It seemed like there was a lot of happiness in their conversation, as though they were both talking about people who were already members of their family. Kieran asked Siobhan about Adrianna as if she were his own grandchild.**

**Arial came in with headphones on and I tried to figure out where she was carrying whatever was playing the music. Her slim naked body didn’t leave any room to hide any music player. She started moving, slowly at first, frowning a little, and perhaps trying to synchronize**

herself to the rhythm she was hearing. When she got in sync, she smiled and started dancing on her toes. Her hands and hips were moving to music that, I guessed, had to be from some Latin origin. She saw I had with a puzzled look on her face. I reached up to my ear and she understood. “They’re wireless. I play the music in my room and use these and I can hear it anywhere I go in the house.” I thought she was going to be one to break more than a few boys’ hearts.

Kerry came in too. He walked up behind me, slid his hands down to my breasts, and put his chin on top of my head while he looked at what I had on my laptop screen. I guess he decided it didn’t concern him because he moved on to a chair and turned on the TV. He’d turned on my nipples too. I pitied the poor girls in his school when he turned his attentions on them. But then, on second thought, I envied them.

Kavan and Kathryn came in and sprawled out on the carpet in front of the TV. They stayed so close to each other they were almost like conjoined twins. Kathryn seemed determined to keep Kavan’s dick half hard most of the time.

Kieran and Siobhan came in last. Siobhan was carrying a stack of folders.

I had an audience I didn’t really want but I had to find out what Siobhan had been able to accomplish while we were gone. She had four folders of different thicknesses waiting for me, one at least a half-inch thick.

“Do I need to make a formal announcement or do you already know my decision. I want to buy the Freeloft property. It’s perfect. I want to build the company complex down on the bottomland. I want to build me a new home on the hill where the old stone house is.”

Kavan misunderstood what I was saying.

“Aaww, Lauren, I was hoping you wouldn’t have to tear it down. It’s beautiful.”

“I agree and I’m glad you see its beauty. I’m not tearing it down, Kavan. I’m going to bring it back to life. The old stone walls look sound. Most of the woodwork inside is like a work of art. It’s going to become mostly bedrooms. The new part, my addition, is going to be modern, stone and old wood and lots of glass. I’d like to use stone that looks like the old house. Do you have any idea where they got it?”

**“Sure,” Kavan said, “you saw it today. They quarried it on the property. That’s where Kerry showed you about the different rock layers. It’s just so overgrown now you can’t tell it was ever a quarry.”**

**I looked around at the Stuart family. “You all amaze me. I came for a visit with nothing but questions. In just a few days, you give me all the answers.”**

**Kavan tried imitating John Wayne, I think. “Aw, shucks, Ma’am, it weren’t nothin’.”**

**I turned to Siobhan. It was time to get down to business. “Did you manage to get started on anything on such short notice?” I asked. It looked like she had done more than start.**

**“Is it OK if the kids stay and listen or should we talk in private?”**

**I looked around at four beautiful young kids. Kerry turned off the TV. Arial took off her headphones. They knew something important was going to be discussed. My business head told me to ask them to leave; my woman’s heart told me to let them stay. My heart won.**

**“You kids can stay,” I said, “but remember you can’t reveal anything I discuss with her. I’ll fire her if she does. I could probably get her CFP and CFA certificates revoked. I could ruin her career. You’ve got to keep your mouths shut about everything we talk about today and for as long as she’s my employee.”**

**“Mom’s your employee?” Kavan asked. “I didn’t know you’d hired her. I thought she was an agent for that big bank downtown.”**

**“You’re an employee, too, dummy. Arial and I are too. Mom’s salaried and we’re hourly employees.” Kerry looked a little smug.**

**“Since when?” Arial asked. “Mom already has a part-time job.”**

**I thought I’d better explain. “I hired your Mom yesterday afternoon. Kerry too. I hired Arial this morning to take pictures for me. As of this afternoon, Kavan’s hired too. And after the way Kathryn helped me with the Freeflfts and with climbing over those rocks near the river, she’s an hourly employee too. Keep up with your time. As soon as we can, we’ll work out your pay rate and payday.”**

**I didn’t know what I’d do with all four of them but their smiles let me know I’d find something. I knew they’d be a lot of help and great company in learning about the big Freeflft property.**

I explained everything to the kids, in even more detail than I'd told Kieran and Siobhan last night. When I started talking about money, I saw four faces full of astonishment. Finally, I turned to Siobhan. She was ready.

**“The legal-sized folder’s full of information about the property. Your agent and your lawyer worked on it this morning and sent it over just after you left. First time they’ve ever worked for a client they’ve never met. I’ve been through it. The only parts you need to read now are the top ten pages. The rest you can read next month.”**

**“One folder’s an outline of your plan to acquire the property and to set up a trust for the FreeLofts. Mrs. FreeLoft called me this afternoon just after you left her house. I went over the general plan for the trust and she’s overwhelmed. The big folder has an appraisal of the property value. I told her they could expect about ninety percent of that in addition to the trust. I gave her the name of a lawyer to call to represent her. She’s removing the property from the market and will sell it to you as soon as her lawyer reviews everything. He’ll know, with the trust, it’s the most generous offer she could possibly get. You’ll have no problem acquiring the property.”**

**“The next folder contains a plan to handle your estate and real estate proceeds as you receive them. I’ve been talking to the bank and I’ve got all the documents ready for your signature. You need to read them carefully to make sure it’s what you want. As soon as you sign, I’ll fax them to the bank and get everything started. I’ll take the originals the next time I go downtown. I need your permission to make temporary investments for you until we develop a long-range plan.”**

I picked up a pen, opened the folder, and started signing beside all the little yellow arrows. When I looked up at Siobhan, she gave me a smile. I looked at Kieran and he was smiling too; he was enjoying this.

**“You do like to move fast, don’t you?” Siobhan said. “I did something you didn’t ask for but it’s something you need. I’ve been talking to an accounting firm and to a tax accountant. You may not think you need both but I do. You need the accounting firm to double-check everything I recommend to you, to keep your books, handle your payroll, and stuff like that. When you get your company formed, they know you may keep them or get your own accounting staff. That’ll keep them watching out for you. The tax accountant’s a friend but she’s also the best tax person I know. You’re going to have to structure everything carefully if you want to keep your money and not give it to the IRS. Your tax person needs to be separate from your accountant. It’ll cost a little more to pay both but you’ll save a lot more this way. You’ve got the information you need about them in the next folder. There’re also some documents**

**giving me authority to act on your behalf in dealing with them. When you've read and signed them, I can start working for you."**

**I picked up the pen and signed beside the little red arrows.**

**I looked up at her and waited for her to tell me what was next.**

**"I've got four appointments for you and me tomorrow, starting with the real estate agent at one o'clock. I've allowed forty-five minutes for each and fifteen for us to go pee or to go to the next one."**

**"What's the last folder?" I asked.**

**"It's my employment contract and also contracts for the boys. They're for three-month terms. I filled in a salary for me and an hourly rate for the boys. You can change the amounts; if you do, initial the changes and then sign at the bottom. As soon as we sign, we're all hired. I'll do ones for the girls tomorrow. I didn't anticipate you going on a hiring spree. I've made up timesheets for Kavan and Kerry. I'll keep up with them and give them to your payroll accountant as soon as you get one."**

**I checked the amounts on the contracts. I don't think she really understood what I was going to expect out of them. I raised the amounts, signed them at the bottom, and handed them to her, Kavan, and Kerry. The boys looked at her in bewilderment and then looked at Kieran. "Just sign above where your name is printed," he said."**

**I leaned back in the chair and tucked my feet up under me. It suddenly struck me how much my life had changed in less than a month. I'd been a lonely widow wondering what to do with the rest of my life. Now I was back at something I loved to do. I was also naked with six other naked people, in a position that probably showed more of me than anybody had seen in years. I'd had sex for three nights in a row and I knew I was going to have more tonight. I could read all the documents tomorrow morning.**

**I looked around at all of them. "Kieran, do you think you could get us a bottle or two of wine. I think we need to have a little toast. After that Kavan and Kathryn and I want to go to bed early. I've got a busy day tomorrow."**

**"I've got a couple of bottles of champagne in the fridge in the basement," he answered. "I'll get them if somebody'll get us some glasses. Get the nice ones, no plastic this time."**

**He came back and was opening the champagne when Kerry asked him a question.**

**“Dad, are you mad ‘cause Lauren didn’t hire you too? She’s hired the rest of us.”**

**He emptied one bottle into seven glasses and then offered a simple toast: “To Lauren’s Company.” He kept smiling at me and I wondered how much he knew.**

**“Kieran, don’t you think you should tell them why you’ve been keeping a secret from them?” I asked.**

**“What secret?”**

**“That you knew most of my plans before I ever came here for a visit. You couldn’t know about the Freeloft property. That only happened when I read the newspaper ad aloud and Kerry recognized what it meant. But you knew pretty much everything about my estate and my plans, didn’t you?”**

**“Most of it,” he admitted. “I knew how well off you were. I knew about the partnership agreement and that you had wanted to keep running the company but couldn’t. I knew you were going to relocate here. I checked on the potential for a business like yours here and I saw we were an underserved area. From all that, I thought I knew some of your plan and I guessed the rest.”**

**“How could you know that?” Siobhan asked. “She just told us yesterday?”**

**“He checked me out too, Siobhan,” I said. “And very well, I might add. I knew that making a quiet little investigation of people was one of the things he did. And he usually does it very well. He only missed one thing with me. And I’m not going to tell him what it was. He can figure it out if he’s good enough to run a security company.”**

**That brought stunned silence. I looked at Siobhan and then at the kids. “You didn’t think I was going to run it, did you? I’m just going to be the principal shareholder. I’m going to be Chairman of the Board. Make that Chairwoman. Kieran’s going to be the Chief Executive Officer if he wants the job.” I looked directly at him. “Do you want the job?”**

**“I’ll have to think about it,” he answered. He opened the other bottle of champagne, refilled our glasses, and offered a toast. The same one – or was it? “To Lauren’s company.”**

**As soon as the seven of us had emptied our glasses, he turned his attention back to me. “We’ve got a lot of talking to do. I’m going to take**

a day off on Thursday. We can sit on the deck if everybody will just leave us alone. You'll have your answer before Stuart and Joanne get here on Thursday night."

## **Chapter Twenty-Eight**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Lauren Andersen, 51**

### **TELLING THE STORY**

**Siobhan Stuart, Kavan Stuart, Arial Stuart**

<><><>

**(KAVAN)**

I was sitting on the deck trying to think. I didn't know what to do. I had been thinking of her as an old friend of Dad's whose husband had died. It made sense to me that all of us could help her feel alive again. I knew what Mom and Dad had done for Luke by teaching him how to love. I suppose I thought we could remind Lauren how good sex can be and how great it is to be loved.

But now I didn't know. Mom was already working for her. Dad might take a job as some sort of big boss with her. She even wanted me to be a part time employee, like I am at the landscape company. Dad always told me never to screw around on the job. When I'd told him that the landscape company wanted to hire me and Kathryn for the summer, I asked if we had to stop having sex. He laughed and just told me he didn't think they'd worry unless one of us supervised the other.

But Miss Lauren was different. I didn't even feel right calling her just Lauren anymore. I wondered if Miss Lauren was OK. That didn't sound right either but I knew if I started calling her Mrs. Andersen now that wouldn't feel right.

I sure didn't know whether I ought to let her sleep with me and Kathryn now, even after what I'd done with her Saturday night. I knew Kerry had done it with her on Sunday night and then she'd slept with Mom and Dad last night. I really did want to fuck around with her and Kathryn at the same time. Boy, that'd be neat. I don't know what I'd do

with two at once but I guessed I'd think of something. Dad did, I know. Ariel had told me what they'd done. I wonder how she got them to talk about it. A blowjob from two women and then going down on both of them! Dad's really something.

Maybe she was old enough to be my Mom. But she wasn't and she sure was one sexy woman. That face with those beautiful eyes was enough to make me stare at her when she didn't know I was looking. Her tits weren't as firm as Kathryn's but they didn't sag much. Her ass was smaller than Mom's and Mom has a beautiful butt. After Kerry told me about going down on her, I wanted to do it just that much more. My dick started to get hard every time I thought of getting it in her pussy again.

Shit! What the hell should I do? I can't take back the invitation since she's already said she was going to sleep with us. If I take her downstairs and try to do it, what if I can't get it up? I've never had that problem with Kathryn but I've heard it happens to men sometimes when they're scared to do it.

Mom came looking for me. "What's the matter, Kavan? I think Lauren's ready to go to bed. Kathryn's in the kitchen and I think she's waiting on you too. You should be a gentleman and go in and escort Lauren downstairs."

"Mom, I can't. I mean I want to but I don't know whether I should. I'm all mixed up about it."

"Kavan, just tell me. I'll help you with whatever's your problem."

I told her, all of it. She listened patiently. When I finished, she leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"You go get Kathryn. I'll get Lauren. Let's talk out here on the deck. I think it'll all be OK."

When I found Kathryn, I told her as quickly as I could how I felt. She just smiled and took my hand and we went back out on the deck. Mom and Lauren were already there.

Mom took charge and, boy, was I glad. Lauren didn't laugh at me. She smiled at me like she liked me. Kathryn smiled at me too. So did Mom. I felt like a fool. But Lauren didn't treat me like one.

"Kavan, it's smart of you to worry about sleeping with me," she said. "Too many men mess up their lives and hurt their girl friends or wives by screwing around without thinking. Your Mom and Dad understand

what I'm doing by having sex with all of you. You and Kathryn need to understand it too. If you two are going to stay together you need to make sure you understand the consequences of what you're doing."

"Well, I don't understand why I'm mixed up," I said. "I want to have sex with you and Kathryn at the same time. If Dad can do it, I guess I can too. I'm just scared as hell because you don't seem like the woman I invited yesterday morning."

Mom helped me out. "Kavan, Lauren's the same woman. You just didn't know her well enough to see her as an intelligent woman who can take charge and run a company. What she's doing now with us is sort of like a holiday. She's been tied down with lots of responsibilities running her Oregon company and then taking care of Paul when he got sick. Right now she has relatively few responsibilities. She's enjoying herself playing with us. She told me she feels like a teenager again. You and Kathryn just need to relax and play with her and have fun. Make sure she has fun too. Be silly and laugh with each other. You can all figure out something to do. You can be damned inventive, like getting a weight-lifting orgasm. Just have fun and quit worrying."

Lauren helped me out more. "Kavan, I do want you to work for me part time whenever you can. Your education's got to come first and the same's true for Kathryn. But I can use your help sometimes and I want to pay you for it. You're the one who showed me the knoll where I ought to put the office complex, you and Kerry. You knew it was high enough that it never flooded. Kerry knew it had solid rock under about six feet of earth. You told me to stay away from the real flat area because it had clay underneath and Mr. Freeloft said it didn't drain right and he never farmed it."

She was right about that. Kerry and I did know stuff about the Freeloft property that could be valuable to her. We'd been over every bit of it since the Freelofts let us know we were welcome to play there if we'd just come for a visit sometimes.

"Your Mom and Dad understand something else, Kavan. She told me about Luke and Rachael, how she had sex with Luke and Kieran had sex with Rachael. But when they moved out on their own, your Mom and Dad have only done that with them again on a few visits. It's going to be like that with me. I'm going to stay with you here and at the cabin about another week. I'm going to have sex as much as I want with you and Kerry and your Dad. I might even have sex with Luke because he sure sounds like somebody that's learned to be a good lover. But after I go back home – just long enough to arrange for movers – I'm going to come back and rent an apartment for me and Stuart and his family. I may not have sex with any of you again. Your Dad may be running the

**company and we're going to have a business relationship. I want to stay close to your family because I feel like we're all one family now. I'm even thinking of getting married again."**

**I guess I understood now. I felt a lot better. There was a lot I need to think about but I knew it wouldn't hurt to have fun with Lauren and Kathryn. I stood up, held out both hands to them, and we went downstairs.**

**"Good night, Mom," I remembered to say. "And thanks a lot. I'm glad I can always count on you and Dad."**

<><><>

**When we got downstairs to our bedroom, I saw somebody had put on fresh sheets and pillowcases. That same somebody had picked up all the books and magazines on the floor and put away all the clothes I'd left lying on the chair. Everything was neat and clean and it even smelled nice, not like sweat and sex. The only light on in the room was from a small lamp on the dresser and I knew it belonged in Arial's room. I knew who had done it.**

**Lauren looked around and must have liked it. It was the biggest room in the house even if it wasn't finished the best. Since Mom and Dad had let Kathryn move in with us, they'd bought us a king-size mattress top and we'd shoved the twin beds together for the bottom. Kathryn and I enjoyed having a big bed to play in.**

**Lauren crawled in bed right in the middle and leaned back against the pillows. When Kathryn and I didn't follow immediately, she patted the bed on each side of her and we knew what she meant. When we were all three side by side, she wanted to talk first. That was OK with me.**

**"Kavan, how did you meet Kathryn?" she asked.**

**"When they moved into the house down the street, she started riding the same school bus I rode." She looked at me, sort of asking for more. "When we got off the bus in the afternoon, I'd walk up the hill with her until we got to her house and then I'd come on home. We talked a lot and I started liking her."**

**"I think he more than liked me, Lauren," Kathryn added. "Lots of times he'd stop off at my house before he went home. My Mom was always there and it was OK with her. After she got to know Kavan, she liked him too. He always had to phone home and let somebody know where he was but he'd stay for another hour or so with me. At first we didn't**

really do anything with each other, just talked and listened to music and studied some. I really liked for him to stay with me.”

Lauren prompted us for more. “Why did you kiss her that day, Kavan?”

It was like she’d seen us but I knew she hadn’t. Maybe there’s always a first touch or kiss or something like that and you both end up knowing something.

“I stopped off at her house one afternoon and she wanted to go for a walk. Their house is on the same ridge as ours and a lot of the neighbors got together and cut a nature trail part way down the ridge before you get to the bottomland. All of us kids use it to play and to go to each other’s houses. We were walking along talking and she did that thing with her head. You know, where she sort of throws her head to one side to get her hair out of her eyes. At the same time, she looked at me with a smile that, I don’t know, I just knew what I had to do. I grabbed her by both arms, pulled her up against me, and kissed her. She kissed back and I kept on kissing her. I felt like I was drowning just kissing her. I thought my heart would beat out of my chest.”

I looked and Lauren and Kathryn were both smiling.

“That’s the way it was with me and Paul,” Lauren said. “He was my first, you know, my first for everything. The first time he put his hand on my breast when he was kissing me, my heart acted the same way, like it wanted to beat out of my chest.”

“You were a virgin with Paul?” Kathryn asked. “Was he a virgin too?”

“Oh, yes, neither of us knew how to do what we wanted. But we managed to do it. We managed to do it so many times that first weekend that neither of us could walk straight when we left the motel on Monday morning.

“And you were Dad’s first?” I asked.

“Yes, I asked if he was a virgin and he told me he was. He might have been inexperienced but he made up for it with lots of enthusiasm.”

“Dad said you and Paul were the ones who taught him a lot. I asked him what and he said the main things were attitude, that you taught him to like being a nudist and never to be ashamed of anything he did when it came to sex. Would you tell us about something all three of you did together? That’s part of what I was scared of – trying to figure out what to do with two women at the same time.”

Lauren gave me a big smile. "I remember one thing we did. I don't know how Paul thought it up but I remember how much I liked it. They got together and made me have one orgasm after another. I mean I couldn't have kept from coming if I'd wanted to. That's one I'll never forget."

"Tell us, please," Kathryn pleaded. "Kavan and I like to play. We play with Ariel and Kerry a lot. It's just oral stuff and hand stuff with them. Kavan and I have fucked and let them watch. But we don't let them really do it with us. We'd like to know so maybe we could try it."

Lauren told us how Paul had been flat on his back at the cabin and she had been sitting on his dick, facing his feet and leaning back, while Dad licked her pussy and the shaft of Paul's dick. Eating stuffed pussy, they called it. And at the cabin where we go. Damn, I was going to make Dad tell me all about it or else I was going to kill him. Not really - but I was going to make him tell me.

"I wish we could do that," Kathryn said. "I'd like to have some guy lick me while I'm sitting on Kavan's dick. He's so big it feels like he's going to split me sometimes. If I had somebody licking my clit, I'd probably come a dozen times."

She got up on her knees, crawled over me to me, and grabbed my dick with both hands. It was already almost hard but when she started sucking on it, it was standing up and ready in a minute or so. She looked up at Lauren and gave her a big grin. Lauren leaned over and took her turn sucking and licking it. When Lauren straightened up, she gave both of us a big smile.

"We can do it like that, Kathryn. If you're sitting on Kavan's dick, you won't be able to tell whether it's a guy or a girl licking your clit. I'll do it for you if you'll do it for me."

Kathryn let out a big squeal and a smile. "You mean, oh gosh, yeah, we could do each other, couldn't we?" Lauren nodded in agreement.

"Who's first?" I asked.

Lauren decided. "Kathryn's first."

She showed us how to do it. I stretched out on the bed with my head on a pillow. Lauren told me I didn't have to do anything except keep it up and I knew I could do that. Kathryn straddled me with her back to my face. I could see when she rose up above me and got her pussy right over my dick. Lauren held it straight up and Kathryn slid down on it.

**That felt so damn good I wanted her to keep doing it. She did but she stopped moving when Lauren got in position.**

**I couldn't see a damn thing then. Kathryn leaned back so far she put her arms down and held onto her heels near my chest. That's when I felt Lauren's tongue on the shaft of my dick. I knew probably half of it was in Kathryn's cunt but I could feel Lauren's breath on the wet part that was outside. I could feel her tongue moving up on the sides of my shaft and I knew it was also moving up on Kathryn's cunt lips. So that's how Dad had done it. Damn, it was one I'd have never have thought of myself. Lauren kept doing it and I knew she was getting Kathryn's clit because I knew it usually got exposed when she was stretched open by my dick. I could help her come when I touched it real gently while my dick was in her. It must have worked because Kathryn started squirming around on me and I was afraid she was going to break my dick off at the root. I guess Lauren was still able to get at her with her tongue because I could feel her licking on the shaft of my cock. There was no mistaking when Kathryn came. I could feel her cunt going into strong spasms. Damn, that was fun. I was still rock hard when Kathryn rolled off to one side.**

**"Do you want to come now, Kavan," Lauren asked, "or can you wait a while longer?"**

**"I can wait. I think we'd better let Kathryn rest a minute." She was stretched out with her eyes closed and trying to get her breathing under control.**

**Lauren got between my legs and held my cock straight up again. It was all drenched with Kathryn's cunt juices and I didn't know what Lauren was going to do with it. I couldn't believe it when she leaned over and started sucking on it. Kathryn poked her head up about then and watched Lauren sucking me. Maybe she'd just come but she still looked like she was hot for it.**

**After a little, Lauren moved up over me and started to kiss me. At first I thought I didn't want to but then I just thought what the fuck and pulled her down and tried to suck her tongue out of her mouth. The next thing I knew she reached down and held my cock in place and let it slide in her cunt. She sat up then, put her hands on my chest for balance, and started moving up and down and around and around on my dick. I could feel my come start to move and I knew I'd better stop her if she wanted Kathryn to eat her.**

**I grabbed her by the hips and told her to stop. She opened her eyes and I guess she knew what I meant. She turned around and sat down on my cock again, getting it all in until I could feel her pressing my balls**

against my legs. She started ups and downs again. Kathryn watched a while and then moved down between my legs. I guess she watched some more. When I felt Lauren lean back and hold onto her heels, like Kathryn had done, I knew what was about to happen. I was right. I felt Kathryn's tongue getting at the shaft of my cock and, I guessed, at Lauren's cunt lips. She responded the same way Kathryn had. She started getting carried away with it all and then tried to get as much of my dick in her as she could while Kathryn tried to keep on licking. Her pussy worked just like Kathryn's too; it started squeezing all around my dick. She flopped off to one side and I looked at my dick, still hot, red and juicy all over, and ready to come. I knew it was my turn.

Kathryn was lying on her stomach and Lauren was lying on her back. I knew I had my choice. I didn't care which I had first because I was going to have the other second. I got between Kathryn's legs, pulled her ass up in the air, and slid my dick into her from behind. She still had her head in a pillow, just her ass up in the air, while I shoved it in and pulled it out. I was right. I knew I was ready. I shoved it in a few more times and then squirted out my first load in Kathryn's cunt. I opened my eyes and looked around and saw Lauren watching.

I was shot, in more ways than one. After working, walking, and fucking, I was worn out. One minute I'd known I could do it to both of them. A few minutes later, I didn't know if I could get it up again. I didn't care right then though. I just tried to get slowed down again and quit gasping for breath. I could see my cock, still half hard, shiny with cunt juices, oozing out its last drops of come like some dying creature.

Lauren amazed me again. She got back down there and started licking my cock clean, just like it was an ice cream or Popsicle. This time she didn't come up to kiss me. She went over to Kathryn. Now I really couldn't believe it. I'd never seen two women kiss like that. They kept at it while Lauren reached over to my dick and started jacking it. It took a while but it got hard again.

This time, I didn't have to make anybody get into position. Lauren did it by herself. She stuck her butt up in the air and spread her legs. She turned around and looked at me.

“Well Kavan, what're you waiting for?”

Nothing. I got behind her and stuck it in. She was so slick it was like her cunt was greased inside. It was still nice and tight around my dick though. I relaxed and settled into the rhythm and just enjoyed it, letting it build at its own pace, nice and slow. I felt it start somewhere inside as usual and I just let it go. When I felt the first spurt start

traveling down through my dick, I stuck it as far in Lauren as I could and held her by the hips. She got my second load for the day.

I remembered something Dad said about never rolling over and going to sleep when the woman I had just made love with hadn't come. I rolled Lauren over, spread her legs wide, and stuck my face right between her thighs. Dad was right. I could see my come drooling out of her pussy and down her asshole but I could also see her clit a few inches higher sticking out of its little cover and it looked clean and wet and juicy. I used my tongue on her clit for a minute or so and then Kathryn pushed on my shoulder.

When I looked up, she gave me the thumb to get out of the way. I did and she took my place and started licking Lauren's clit just like I had done. Damn, that was hot, watching her with Lauren. My dick started aching like it wanted to come again so I stroked it some. When Kathryn rose up and took a breather, I pushed her out of the way and got at Lauren again, two fingers in her pussy and my tongue on her clit. It didn't take long before I felt her pussy squeezing my fingers.

Then I just had to do it. I crawled on top of Lauren, held my dick with one hand, and found her opening with no trouble. Then I started giving her hell, I mean fucking her with no mercy. She did the same thing Kathryn does. She locked her legs around my ass and her arms around my chest and just held on until I finally shoved my dick in to the root and squirted out another load deep in her pussy.

Nobody wanted to get up and get washcloths and towels to wipe up so we all three just curled up and went to sleep. Fuck it; I'll change the sheets tomorrow. That was the last thought I had for the night.

<><><>

Wednesday morning, Mom had to come down and wake us up. She made me and Kathryn get in the shower downstairs. She sent Lauren up to take a shower in their bath. Kathryn and I were still in the shower, trying to wake up, when Mom came back out of our bedroom. She had all the sheets in her arms, to take them up to the washer. All she said was, "Hurry up and get dressed. Your breakfast is ready. You've got fifteen minutes to eat before you've got to leave for work."

When we came in from work at twelve-thirty, Mom and Lauren were already dressed in nice business outfits. They had all sort of folders and papers spread out on the kitchen table. They were picking them up and putting them in their briefcases.

Mom said, "Your lunches are in the refrigerator. You've got tuna salad with tomato and some raw veggies. You can have the rest of the pie for dessert. I've left some money for dinner on top of the family room TV. You kids take care of it. Do whatever you want to but have it ready by five-thirty or six. Your Dad'll be in by then and we should be back too. If we aren't back by six, start without us. Bye, we gotta go." And they were out the door in such a hurry nobody kissed anybody goodbye.

Arial and Kerry came in the kitchen about then and started taking the lunch out of the refrigerator. Kathryn and I took off our dirty clothes and threw them in the laundry room. I walked up to Arial and started to hug her. She pushed me off and said, "Phew, you smell." I hugged her anyway and said, "Thanks for fixing up the bedroom for us last night, Sis. I love you."

We were too hungry and thirsty to bathe before we ate. The four of us sat around eating without talking except once when Arial said, "Whew, is that you Kathryn or is it the tuna fish?"

Kathryn and I showered together and I wanted to go to bed with her to rest but I remembered I'd told Kerry I'd study with him that afternoon.

Kerry and I sat at the kitchen table working on our homework together. Mom had got the school to let us do one course as home study in the summer. All we had to do to get credit was go to school and take the tests.

Kerry was studying Sex and Family and I was studying Geometry. We both thought we already knew as much about sex as the textbook writers did. But it was a required course. We were both learning Geometry at the same time so he could help me and I could help him when he had to take it.

Arial came in the kitchen, all excited as usual.

"Come on, you two, Kathryn and I want to talk to you in the bedroom downstairs."

"Arial, you and Kerry watched us do it last Wednesday night," I said, faking a groan. "You know you two can watch us again tonight. You don't have to ask us every time."

"I know that, dear brother. But this is something you're going to want to do. Wait'll you find out what it is."

Kerry and I looked at each other. I think we both knew we'd never understand women but it sure as hell was fun trying. We let Ariel lead us downstairs.

Kathryn was sitting on the bed, legs spread, using a pair of small scissors to trim the hair around her pussy. Kerry sprawled out on the end of the bed, his chin in his hands, to get a good view of Kathryn's pruning job.

"You're going to love this, Kavan. You're just going to love it," Kathryn said.

"I already do, Kathryn. Looks like Kerry does too, huh, Kerry?"

Kerry looked up from Kathryn's pussy and nodded at me.

"Not my pussy, silly. I've got an idea of something we can do to entertain everybody at Camp in the Woods."

"OK, what is it? And Kerry, if you get any closer, Kathryn'll be able to trim her pussy hair and your nose hair at the same time."

Kerry didn't even look up. "I don't have nose hair," he grunted.

"Shut up you two," Ariel said. "Let Kathryn explain."

Kerry and I shut up, both now close to Kathryn's work area as she continued her pruning job.

"Kavan, you said you wished we could do something nice to entertain everybody next week at Camp in the Woods. I got this idea from something Mr. Groanandhold was discussing in Music and Drama class."

"Who?" Kerry said.

"Groanandhold. His real name's Graunhold but he's always holding or fixing his balls when he's teaching class. Tina and I counted 27 in one fifty-minute class last spring. We hold the record for verified count now."

"Wow!"

"Yeah, anyway, he was talking about something that was done in some artsy European groups about a zillion years ago. It's called tableaux vivant. The audience would gather around a stage in a room and the lights would go out. When they came back on, there would be a bunch

of naked men and women holding a pose on the stage. After about a minute, the lights would go out. When they came back on, they'd be in a different pose."

"Were they fucking?" Kerry asked.

"Mr. Groanandhold didn't say. He did use the work erotic so that must mean somebody was getting horny from looking at it. Anyway, I went to the Research Center and looked it up on the computer. I learned that it was sorta simulated sex and it was done to music and considered very risqué."

"What's risky about it?" Kerry asked. "Nobody's gonna get hurt when they're just holding still. Now if they start moving, Lady Jane might get her cunt filled by somebody's John Thomas."

"Lady Jane? John Thomas?" squealed Arial. "Kerry, what the fuck have you been reading?"

"Oh, just stuff. Wanna read it when I get through with it?"

"Yeah."

"Lemme finish, you two," said Kathryn. "After that I went to Miss Purifoy, who teaches music classes. I asked her if she knew of some music that would be good in a Romeo and Juliet movie, not that Russian guy but somebody else, somebody that wrote beautiful sensuous music. Stuff that'd be good background music when Romeo and Juliet were doing it. She said she knew just the sort of music I meant. Said if I'd come back the next day, she'd bring in a CD with the music on it and we'd play it and she'd explain it. I found her after school the next day. She had this CD of something by a guy named Delius. It was an opera called "A Village Romeo and Juliet."

"Opera," I groaned, "No way, Kathryn, I'm not going to try to sing that shit. Fuck that."

"Exactly, Kavan. You and I are going to fuck that."

"Huh?"

"There's an intermezzo in the opera called 'The Walk to the Paradise Garden.' This young couple just walks together and they don't exactly do it but you know that's what they're gonna do. Miss Purifoy pointed to a quote about the intermezzo that said 'Audiences cannot help but be moved by the sheer emotion of this music.'"

**“Yeah,” I said, “I can just picture Miss Purifoy now with Music To Masturbate By playing away while she diddles herself.”**

**“Anyway, the whole intermezzo is just under ten minutes long. We could do ten tableaux vivant, hold each for 20 seconds, and have 40 seconds of dark to get to the next pose. We could record the music and Kerry could play it for us. We'd have to choreograph this part very carefully.”**

**“Just posing, huh?” I asked. “No fucking.”**

**“That's just the first half, Kavan. That's the foreplay. After that we'll give them the real thing. And we won't have to rehearse that part. We'll show them a good fuck while they're listening to Ravel's Bolero.”**

**“Is that the music from the old movie with Bo Diddley?” Kerry asked.**

**“Bo Derek, Kerry, you dork,” Ariel squealed again. She was always squealing something. She stuck her tongue out at him. She was always sticking her tongue out at somebody.**

**“And we show them about ten minutes of foreplay and then about ten minutes of real fucking?” I asked.**

**Kathryn and Ariel nodded up and down, both excited with shining eyes and open mouths.**

**“Damn, I like it. I really do. I'll let Dad know we want to do something. No specifics, so it'll be a surprise to everybody. Shit, this is gonna be fun.”**

**“Good,” Kathryn said, “Now somebody check me out to see whether I've got my hair short enough so they can see. And then I need somebody to shave me, just sort of neaten up my briar patch.”**

**“Me! Me!” Kerry flipped down to the end of the bed and got on his knees. He grabbed Kathryn's legs and pulled her into position, her feet just on the bed with her knees in the air and her thighs spread. He leaned forward until his mouth was just at Kathryn's pussy. He stuck out his tongue and licked her while saying “Cab you see er cut?”**

**Her cunt hair was short enough. I could see everything. “You can stop now, Kerry.”**

**He kept at Kathryn. I watched as he pulled her pussy lips apart and licked all the pink. I watched some more while he slid his index finger in her.**

**“You can stop now, Kerry. You can finish after you shave her.”**

**That got his attention. He rose up and looked around. “Where’s the shaving cream and razor?”**

**Arial had them ready but she was pouting.**

**“It’s not fair. Why does she get to have all the fun?”**

**I thought she meant the tableaux vivant. “Huh? I thought you didn’t want to let anybody fuck you yet, Arial. I thought you were saving it for Luke.”**

**I knew that was the wrong thing to say as soon as it slipped out of my mouth. Her eyes started tearing, her face got red, and her lips started quivering. “I didn’t mean *that*,” she whimpered.**

**I tried to hug her but my hard-on bumped against her and she slapped it to knock it away.**

**“I’m sorry, Sis, that was a shitty thing to say. What did you mean? We all want you to have fun too. We love you. You know we do.”**

**“Just ‘cause I’m not going to show off for the crowd doesn’t mean I wanna stay bushy. I want to trim mine and shave down there too. I think you need to do it too, Kavan. We don’t need to be as smooth as Kerry but we all could use a little trim and shave before we go to the cabin.”**

**I looked down. It was a nice red bush. Never been trimmed. I pulled my dick and balls to first one side and then the other. Lots of red sprawl there too. I felt back further. Yeah, lots of red hair all the way back to my asshole.**

**“We don’t have to shave back there, Kavan,” Kathryn said. “They’re gonna be looking at your dick, not your asshole.”**

**I looked around and grinned. “OK, let’s do it.”**

**A half hour later, Kathryn was sporting a short dark patch of curly hair on the mound just above her cunt and she was so clean below you could see her pussy lips with no trouble. Arial’s little patch of blonde silk didn’t hide anything. I hadn’t had to shave much down there because there wasn’t that much to begin with. Kerry said I should be proud of my tonsorial talents. When he explained what it meant, I was.**

I liked my red bush in full bloom but I had to admit it looked better trimmed down. It made my dick look longer and I liked that. I liked the feel of my smooth balls too. That's the part I was afraid to let them shave. Kathryn and Ariel were slow and careful. The warm wet towel they put on my balls to make them relax probably helped.

Kerry hadn't really needed any trimming or shaving but I figured he'd enjoy it if Kathryn shaved his balls. I whispered to her to do it and she just smiled at me and did it.

"Kerry, stick your finger out," I said. I held out my hand with my index finger extended and slightly curled. He held out his the same way and I locked my finger with his. I stuck out my tongue and wiggled it. He knew what I meant. He stuck out his and wiggled it too.

"Would you mind doing Kathryn for me, Squirt? I'm going to be busy making sure Ariel has some fun. I could use your help."

They both had lots of fun. Kathryn made Kerry yell when she pulled his hair. I made Ariel squeal when I used Dad's favorite trick on her, one finger in her cunt and curled up while sucking on her clit. I was really glad Dad had taught me to do that one.

We let them rest for a while. We all sprawled out on the king-size bed and talked about the trip to the cabin and what it'd be like with everybody there at once.

My dick was still hard but I wasn't worried about it. I knew Kathryn would do something about it now or later tonight. Kerry's was still hard too and he wanted somebody to do something about it. He lay back on the pillow with his hands behind his head and a big smile on his face.

"Sure would be nice if somebody jerked me off or gave me a blow-job," he hinted.

Ariel gave her usual sigh of exasperation. "I'll jerk you off, Squirt. Just don't ask me for a blowjob. I still don't believe you can come yet but I'm not taking any chances."

"Ariel, you might as well learn to do it," Kathryn said. "If Luke wanted a blow-job, would you let *him* come in your mouth?"

I was afraid Kathryn would make her start crying by mentioning Luke again. We all knew she wanted him to get her cherry.

**“I don’t know, Kathryn,” she answered. “I’ve never let anybody come in my mouth. It’s just so gross. I don’t see how you can swallow that stuff.”**

**“Yeah, well our pussies are gross too and you didn’t mind when Kavan had his tongue in it. He and Kerry are just like your Dad. They all like licking pussy and I’m glad they do. Looks like you could learn to give somebody a good blowjob.”**

**“Yeah, Arial, you could start with me,” Kerry said. “Sometimes I squirt a little now but sometimes I don’t. ‘Specially after I’ve done it a few times. I’ve jacked off twice so far today. I probably don’t have much left.”**

**“Yeah, Arial, start with Kerry,” I said. “Even if he does come a little, you don’t have to swallow it. Do like Dad says. You can spit it out. You can swallow it. Or you can give a guy a kiss with it. I’ll let you kiss me with it. Kerry will too.”**

**We all waited to see what she was going to decide. She crawled over to Kerry and started playing with his hard-on. It was still just as stiff as it had been since we started playing barbershop. She slid the skin up and down on his dick and kept looking at it. Kathryn and I moved back and watched. Kathryn grabbed my dick and started stroking it. I grabbed her hand and held it. I wanted pussy, not hand.**

**She finally leaned over Kerry. Her long blonde hair fell down and we couldn’t see anything. Kathryn leaned over and flipped Arial’s hair so it was on the other side of her head. Arial had her mouth on Kerry’s dick.**

**I knew she knew how to do it ‘cause she’d watched Kathryn sucking me. She started doing it just like Kathryn does, moving her hand up and down on the shaft while she sucked on the head.**

**Kathryn leaned over and whispered in my ear. “Look how much bigger Kerry’s dick is now. Last Christmas when she wrapped her hand around it, there wasn’t enough sticking out to suck on.”**

**She was right. Squirt’s dick was bigger, a lot bigger. I guessed he was going to take after Dad too. I just hoped it wasn’t going to get bigger than mine.**

**Arial’s head was bobbing up and down on Kerry’s dick and he was hanging onto the bed sheet to keep from taking off. I could see his balls draw up just like mine and I figured Arial was about to get something in her mouth. Maybe, if Squirt hadn’t already shot his wad for the day.**

He started grunting “Gonna come, gonna come,” and then went stiff. I mean all over, not just his dick. Arial just kept her mouth over his dick.

When he finally relaxed, Arial straightened up. She had her mouth closed and she was smiling. I wondered if she had a mouthful. She did. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue at Squirt. I could see some stuff on her tongue and it sure didn't look like saliva. Now I wondered what she'd do with it. I wasn't sure I wanted my sister to kiss me with my brother's come in her mouth. I didn't have to worry. She closed her mouth and swallowed. She gave us all a big smile and then stuck out her tongue again and let us all look. It looked clean this time.

“Thanks, Luke,” she said, “you taste good.” I wondered if she'd really been pretending it was Luke while she was sucking Kerry.

We took another break while Kathryn and Arial talked about how come tasted and whether they liked it or not and some other shit I didn't care about. I still had a hard-on and it was aching. I was thinking about what I'd done to Kathryn and Lauren last night here in our bedroom.

I started playing with my dick like I was jacking off and Kathryn finally noticed. She reached over and made me stop.

“Arial, have you and Kerry ever seen somebody get it from the rear? Would you like to watch me and Kavan do it that way?”

I knew they would. She didn't ask me but she knew I would too. She got on her hands and knees and I got behind her. Her pussy lips were open and I knew she was ready. I was too. My dick was drooling again. Leaving pecker-tracks. When I'd asked Dad about it dripping like that, he told me what it was. Said he did it all the time. I guess I'm just like him.

Arial got on one side of us and Kerry got on the other. I was ready to show them.

I rubbed the drool around the head, put it in position, grabbed Kathryn by both hips, and slid it in to the bottom without stopping. She grunted. I pulled it out and shoved it back in. She grunted again. I decided that was the way to do it so I kept on doing it. Arial got down so she could see us from below. She reached up with one hand and tried to keep my balls from swinging, so she could see, I guess. Kerry got up so he could watch from above. I tried to be careful so he could see my dick sliding in and out of Kathryn's pussy as well as I could.

I had built up a full load since last night, about twenty hours worth, and I was ready to give it to Kathryn. I shut my eyes and let my dick

take over. It didn't take much longer. I felt it start back behind my balls so I shoved my dick in all the way and let it all squirt out somewhere inside Kathryn's cunt. I held on to her hips so she couldn't get away and waited until all the squeezing stopped. I couldn't tell whether it was me squeezing or her.

I flopped down on the bed on my back and Kathryn fell down on her stomach. I looked at Arial and then at Kerry.

"Good show, Kavan, you and Kathryn are going to wow the crowd," Arial said.

"Yeah, good job, Bro, keep rehearsing," Kerry said.

<><><>

(SIOBHAN)

Wednesday night, the kids all looked nice and clean when Lauren and I came in about five-thirty. They looked like they'd just come from the shower. Maybe they'd had a swim. I hoped they'd been good while we were gone.

I had told the kids they could fix whatever they wanted to for dinner. They had it set up buffet style in the kitchen and had the deck fixed so we could eat out there. They'd evidently been to the store because they had bratwurst and I knew I didn't have any in the house. Bratwurst with German potato salad and sauerkraut and dark bread. I knew Kieran would be pleased. He loved a meal like that. It gave him an excuse to have one of the dark beers he loved. I hoped it made him horny. After watching him give Lauren an old-fashioned night before last, I was more than horny. I thought maybe it would be good if he gave it to me from behind. I hadn't had his piston working away at me like that lately.

Kieran came in a few minutes after we did. I told him dinner was ready and he asked if he could shower first. I grabbed Lauren's hand and the three of us went down to the basement shower together. I think Lauren and I were both too tired to fool around with him much but we gave him a hard-on and left him with it.

After dinner, Lauren went in the dining room, started up her laptop computer again, and got on the phone to Stuart. I helped the kids straighten the kitchen and then went in the living/music room, turned the lights down low, and put on some Tony Bennett songs. Kieran heard me and came in and sat next to me on the couch. I curled up against him and played with his dick until it was hard.

The kids were all in the family room. From the way they were gesturing and talking, I guessed they were trying to make some plans about next week at the cabin.

About eight, Lauren came in the room with me and Kieran. She sat and watched us a while. I didn't mind. I was glad she could see how Kieran and I were together.

She asked if she could change the sleeping arrangements, so she could sleep by herself. She said she was a little tired after four hard nights – that's the way she put it – hard – and she needed to think about what we'd done with the agent and lawyer this afternoon.

I took her hand and led her into the family room. The kids looked up at us and I asked their help in changing sleeping arrangements so Lauren could have a bedroom by herself. Arial surprised me. She volunteered to let Kerry sleep with her and Kerry offered his twin bed to Lauren. It didn't bother me about Arial and Kerry sleeping together, since she'd said she was going to stay a virgin until she found the right guy. I didn't figure Kerry could do anything to hurt her if she wouldn't let him get his dick in her.

A little bit after that, Kavan and Kathryn disappeared to their basement bedroom. Arial got a book and went to her bedroom. Kerry followed her a few minutes later with his book. Lauren looked around and saw that she and Kieran and I were the only ones left. She got her briefcase-full of papers and went down the hall to the guest bedroom. I looked at Kieran. I thought he'd rested enough and I needed him for something before we had to go to sleep at ten. He didn't have a hard-on but I knew I could give him one.

<><><>

(ARIAL)

On Thursday morning, Kavan and Kathryn were the only ones who had to go to work so they came to breakfast in their sneakers, shorts, and shirts. Dad was staying home so he came in naked like the rest of us. I sneaked a peek at his dick and saw it looked a little red and irritated. Mom seemed to be sitting on her stool on one hip. I wondered if they'd been at it again last night. Seems like they'd get used to doing it after a while and wouldn't get sore from it.

After breakfast, Lauren and Dad went out on the deck to talk. Lauren had a big stack of papers and she was showing some of them to Dad. They were both sitting on the edge of their chairs leaning toward each

other. Every time I got close to the door, they quit talking until I left and so I figured they didn't want me listening.

By the middle of the morning, Mom was on the deck with Dad and Lauren. They were still talking and reading stuff. I didn't want to read and I didn't want to watch TV so I dragged Kerry away from it. We went down in the basement and went in Kavan and Kathryn's bedroom. I pulled Kerry in the bed with me. He wrinkled up his nose and said it smelled like somebody had been fucking. I took a deep breath and agreed.

I looked on the shelf above the bed where Kavan kept his rubbers. I didn't know whether he used any now that Kathryn was on the pill. I found two so I talked Kerry into letting me practice putting one on him. He said his dick wasn't big enough to fill up a rubber but it was close. We couldn't figure out how to make it work so that his foreskin would slide up and down with the rubber on it. I decided I'd better ask Kavan to let me practice on him when he and Kathryn came in from work. Kerry wanted me to jack him off. I told him I'd suck him off again if he'd eat me. He did and I did and we didn't make the bed smell any worse.

Just before noon, Kerry and I figured it was time for lunch and went back up to the kitchen to see what we were having. Mom and Dad and Lauren were still talking. I guessed it was up to us – like when we had to eat leftovers and Mom told us to fight for them. She didn't really mean fight; she meant first one in the refrigerator got first pick. I looked but there weren't any good leftovers. I looked in the freezer and I found a casserole of moussaka Mom had made and frozen. I checked and found we had stuff for a Greek salad so I knew I could have something ready by the time Kavan and Kathryn came in and showered. I went back to the freezer and found some pita bread so that settled it.

I knew it'd take the casserole about thirty minutes on the go-round in the microwave so I put it in to warm. I sent Kerry down the hill to the mint bed so I could make mint tea. When he came back, he helped me make the Greek salad. I put in lots of feta cheese because we all liked it. I didn't put in any anchovies. I spread the pita bread out on a baking sheet and put it in the oven to warm. Kerry got plates and forks and glasses and put them on the kitchen counter.

Kavan and Kathryn came in from work hot and sweaty and dirty as usual. I made them go shower and told them no fucking and be back in five minutes. The microwave timer went off and I checked the moussaka. It was hot.

I sent Kerry to tell Mom and Dad and Lauren to come in and wash up for lunch. Mom came in and looked at the clock and I could tell she'd forgotten what time it was. When she saw the stuff on the kitchen counter, she looked at me and Kerry.

She said, "I must be in the wrong house." Kerry threw a hot pad at her. I went at her like I was going to hit her. She grabbed me and gave me a big hug and kiss.

After lunch, Mom and Dad and Lauren went back out on the deck. Kavan and Kathryn went down to their bedroom to rest. I guessed they'd have sex too so I told Kerry we needed to get Kavan and Kathryn to show us how to use the other rubber. They were glad to show us. Kavan showed me how to put some lubricant inside the rubber and then roll it down so it worked right. Kathryn carefully rolled it back up and off his dick so I could do it by myself. I did it a couple of times to make sure I could do it right on Luke. The second time, Kathryn made Kavan fuck her while he still had the rubber on his dick. They didn't mind if Kerry and I watched. Kavan didn't last long.

Afterwards, Kerry and I went back up to the family room to read. Mom and Lauren saw us but they didn't stop talking this time. I couldn't really hear what they were saying anyway.

About three o'clock, they all came in the family room from the deck. They asked Kerry to go get Kavan and Kathryn. I figured it would be OK because they were probably through by now. They might be sleeping but he could wake them up. He was back in a minute and they came up a couple of minutes later. Mom and Dad and Lauren were waiting. I knew they had made a decision.

Lauren made the announcement. Dad had accepted the position as Chief Executive Officer of Andersen Security. I didn't know exactly what it all meant but I figured they did.

Dad wanted to get some champagne and have a toast but Mom wouldn't let him. She said he and Lauren needed to shower and get dressed so they could go get Stuart and Joanne and little Paul at the airport. She said she'd have dinner ready when they got back and we could all have a quick swim and then get to know each other. That sounded like a good plan to me. I was tired of having to cook for the crowd.

## **Chapter Twenty-Nine**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and 1/2); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17**

**Lauren Andersen, 51; Stuart Andersen, 28; Joanne Andersen, 25; Paul Andersen, 3**

**Luke Bridges, 25, Rachael Bridges, 26, Adrianna Bridges, 3**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Arial Stuart**

<><><>

**(ARIAL)**

**Kerry wanted to go to the airport with Lauren and Dad to pick up Stuart, Joanne, and little Paul. Dad had to tell him he couldn't go. Dad's Mercedes was our biggest and nicest car, especially compared to the two old ones he had fixed up, but it didn't really carry more than five people. With four grown-ups, Paul in a child's seat, and lots of luggage, there wouldn't be room. They had finally finished renovating Kavan's old pick-up and he and Kathryn loved to go everywhere in it. Dad had taken the little red Beamer out of storage for me and he and Kavan and Kerry were working on it. It was older than me and had over two hundred thousand miles on it but it was still beautiful. Dad said I could have it when I got my license. It wasn't drivable right now anyway.**

**Miss Lauren got dressed in the same blue pantsuit she had worn when she first came to visit with us. I told her how nice it was and she just said it was her favorite travel suit because it was almost wrinkle proof. I got a chance to look at it and I'll bet it cost a mint. Dad was in a hurry to get dressed to go and he asked me to lay out some clothes for him. I put some light-gray worsted-wool slacks and a burgundy knit shirt with his burgundy loafers. I put him out some jockey shorts first but then I went back and changed them to the silk boxers I'd given him for Christmas. I liked the way he looked in them. I got a glimpse when he was going out the door and I could tell he was hanging loose.**

**Mom told us she needed our help to get ready for our company. She had already made up a long list of stuff to get at the Warehouse Store on Friday before we went to the cabin. She needed to get just enough groceries to feed us for the next couple of days until we left. Kerry**

asked if she would go by Ippolito's Deli and bring home some stuff for dinner. They had every kind of home-style Italian stuff you could think of and Kerry loved anything with red sauce and lots of garlic.

Mom gave us instructions on how we were going to rearrange for sleeping so we four kids started cleaning up and changing the beds. Kavan and Kathryn were going to stay in their basement bedroom since they were used to coming upstairs to use the bathroom. Stuart and Joanne would be sleeping in my queen-size bed and Lauren would be sleeping in Kerry's bed. She wanted me and Kerry to sleep on foam mats with little Paul in the living room. I didn't mind and Kerry said it was OK with him.

She said we had to have clothes on when she got back so the four of us kids took a quick bath in the basement shower. Kavan and Kerry tried to get me and Kathryn to give them blowjobs. Kathryn said no and I said no too. They said they'd jack off if we didn't and we dared them. They both did. Kavan squirted out a lot; I think Kerry did a little. When we dried off, we went to our rooms to get dressed. Kerry grumbled something about hoping we didn't have to wear clothes all the time they were here.

Mom came back with a carload of groceries so we all helped carry them in. I knew she'd bring back some extra loaves of Italian bread so I'd made some olive oil with garlic and herbs to dip it in. She had to fuss at Kavan and Kerry to make them stop eating and wait for dinner with the family.

Mom called us all in the kitchen like she wanted to do an inspection. She had put on the new shorts and sandals Lauren and Kathryn had picked out for her. She had her toenails and fingernails painted red and they matched her red hair and the red silk blouse she had on. She was a knockout.

Kavan and Kathryn looked good too. They had put on matching khaki shorts and blue knit shirts and sandals. I could tell Kathryn had fixed Kavan's hair because it was neat all over.

Kerry was really cool. He had put on his good sandals with khaki shorts and a shirt that was partially unbuttoned down the front. His shorts were hanging low so everybody could see the label on his underwear. He had too much stuff on his hair but I could tell he had tried. I knew I could fix it for him.

I had on khaki shorts too with one of Kerry's dress shirts instead of a knit one. I rolled up the sleeves a little and then rolled up the bottom of the shirt and tied the ends together just under my breasts. I didn't need

to wear a brassiere and I left the shirt unbuttoned down to where it was tied. It looked nice and still let my naval show. Dad has told me more than once I have a jewel of a naval and I guess I wanted Stuart to see it. I put on my good sandals too.

It seemed like we all ran down at once. We couldn't think of anything else that needed doing and Dad and Lauren weren't back yet. Mom got tired of us cutting up and laughing and stuff so she made us go to our rooms and start packing to go the cabin. I couldn't understand why she wanted us to take more than one set of clothes since we usually didn't wear any. I went looking for Mom; she was in her bedroom packing.

I didn't know what to say and I was too mixed up to know what to ask.

"Mom, I'm scared."

She looked at me real hard. I guess she could see I wanted to talk to her about sex and Luke and what might happen at the cabin.

"Honey, you don't need to be scared. Let me help you think about what you want to do. You don't need to push yourself into something just because Luke's going to be with us at the cabin for a week. I know you love Luke but that doesn't mean you've got to have sex with him. It won't hurt you to wait a few more years. Even if Luke has sex with you, I don't believe he'd hurt you."

"Mom, I'm not scared of being hurt that way. I remember seeing Luke and Rachael do it when I was little. I've seen you and Dad do it. I've seen Kavan and Kathryn more than once. They showed me and Kerry how to do it with a rubber this afternoon. Dad and Luke and Kavan have all got big dicks, I guess. But you and Rachael and Kathryn all looked like you loved what they were doing. It didn't look like you were being hurt."

"Then why are you scared?"

"I'm scared of growing up, I guess. I've been having periods for a couple of years so I know my body's already grown up. I just don't know if I can do what you do to keep Dad happy, like how it'd be to have a man who wants to fuck me all the time. That's a lot of responsibility and I don't see how I could handle that. And then when I think about having a man's baby, that scares me even more."

"Arial, it isn't just a man who wants to have sex. A woman wants it the same way a man does. She wants to feel him inside her. If that's what you're feeling, you're just normal, that's all."

**“I don’t really know what I want, Mom. When Luke and Rachael were here a few months ago, I’d look at him and think about what it would be like. I was looking his dick once and it started getting hard. I looked up at his face and he was looking at me watching him. I wanted him so bad I felt like I was sick. I dreamed about him that night and used my fingers to get back to sleep.”**

**“There’s nothing wrong with that, honey. I’ve done the same thing. You know I was the first woman Luke ever made love with. Maybe he and Rachael will think it’s OK for him to be your first. I don’t see why not.”**

**“You wouldn’t be ashamed of me, Mom?”**

**“No Ariel. I’ll never be ashamed of you for being a woman. If you’re sure that it’s what you want, I’ll help you any way I can.”**

**“You’ll help me talk with Rachael?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“And you’ll help me with contraception? I practiced putting condoms on Kavan and Kerry yesterday. Those spermicidal sponges you got for me – I put one in like you told me last night. I messed up the first one but I got the second one in OK. It’s still in me and it doesn’t bother me except I feel funny knowing it’s in me.”**

**“They’re messy, Ariel, but they work. I used them when I was nursing you or else your Dad used a condom. We did that for over a year after you were born. Then I went back on the pill and I thought our family was complete. Turned out an antibiotic kept the pill from working and I got pregnant with Kerry. You need to remember there’s no such thing as fool-proof contraception.”**

**“I will, Mom. But I want you to tell me about something else. Kathryn tells me stuff when I ask her about her and Kavan.”**

**“What’s that?”**

**“I want to know how to give a man a good blow-job, how to do it right. And why guys like it if you swallow their stuff. I want to know what it’s really like when Dad has his dick in you. What does it feel like to you? And what is it you do to make sure you come if you want to? Kathryn doesn’t like it when Kavan comes in her and then wants to go to sleep.”**

**She told me. Stuff I’d never read in books. Stuff Kathryn didn’t know. She saw me smiling more and more as she told me. I wasn’t scared anymore. She kept telling me more good stuff as we fixed dinner. She**

told me how to give a man a good blowjob and how to tell when he was about to come. She told me how she liked to sit on top of Dad, with his dick in her pussy, so she could press her clitoris against his pubic bone. Or he could rub it with his thumb or she could do it with her fingers. I was teasing her about how she could get Dad's big cock that deep inside here when I realized that I was just teasing her about what I wanted from Luke. I went looking for Kerry.

I found him in the family room stretched out on the couch watching old cartoons. It was an old one about Elmer and Fudd with music from Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Dad loved that one too.

I grabbed his hand and pulled him down the hall to the bathroom. I made him sit on the pot while I fixed his hair. When he stood up, he grabbed me by the shoulders and gave me a little smack on the lips. He was already taller than I was. I wanted to do something else for him.

I got a fluffy towel and folded it over to four thicknesses. I put it on the floor in front of him and got down on my knees. He looked down at me with the biggest grin and I knew he knew what I wanted to do. I took my time undoing his belt and then unbuttoning his shorts. I slid them down on his thighs real slow. He had on white designer briefs underneath with a big label in the front and he really looked sexy. His dick was pretty big now and it was already half hard. It stayed that way most of the time lately.

I put my hands on his bulge and squeezed it just a little. I wanted to put my mouth there too but I didn't want to get lipstick on his shorts. I didn't think it would matter if I got it on his dick because he could wipe it off. He might not have time to change before Dad got back though.

When I pulled his briefs down his dick got stiff so quick I knew he was good for another one. I'd felt bad for him when I gave him the first one earlier today. It wasn't really a good blowjob. It was more like he was really jacking off while I had my mouth over the head of his dick. He was the one who had made himself come. I hadn't. And when he shot that sticky stuff up on the roof of my mouth, I'd rounded it up with my tongue and spit it out on his stomach. He didn't complain though. When he jacked off with Kavan in the shower, I couldn't tell how much he came then but it looked like some more came out.

This time, I made him put his hands behind his back and then held his dick down so I could reach it. I tried to do what Mom had told me. It seemed like I ought to do it down with my hand and down with my lips. Then up with both. But Mom said do it down with my hand and then up with my lips. So I was sucking up on the head while his skin was stretched down real tight. I could tell Kerry felt the difference right

away. He took a deep breath and sort of held it and I couldn't tell if he ever let it out. Mom was right. It didn't take that long. When I'd started, Kerry's balls were hanging down real loose. A couple of minutes later, I had them so tight at the base of his cock they weren't even swinging anymore. It made me feel good that I could do that to him. I wanted to do Luke the same way.

He started rocking his hips back and forth a little so I decided to try what Mom had said. I took a deep breath and squeezed it down and then let his dick slide in until the head hit the back of my throat. She was right; it didn't gag me. The second time, it made me almost puke but I stopped and started deep breathing again. It worked. If I timed it just right, I could sort of take deep breaths and let his dick slide in until I could feel his pubic hair on my nose. It wasn't that bad. I curved one hand up under his balls and pressed my fingers back where Mom said his prostate was. That worked too.

“Arial, I'm gonna come.”

I didn't say anything and I guess he was satisfied he had warned me once. He put his hands on my shoulders and I just held still but kept sucking like I was trying to pull it out of him. He could come again after all and something definitely came out. It felt like a warm puddle on the back of my tongue. I eased off a little and swallowed. With my head tilted up a little, it went right down. It didn't stick and gag me after all. I waited like Mom told me and then milked him down a couple of times to get the rest. I took my mouth off and milked him down again and one more little white glob oozed out. It was like Mom said. The last little bit stayed in the pipes and would ooze out and get all over the bed unless it was cleaned up right away. I licked it off the end of his dick and then sort of swirled in around in my mouth to see how it really tasted. It wouldn't win any prizes at Betty Crocker but it wasn't that bad. Not too nasty. But I sort of liked it. This time, I didn't even try to imagine it was Luke's.

I heard tires scrunch on the driveway and knew Dad was back. I looked down at Kerry's dick and it did have lipstick all around it. He just stood there grinning like I was supposed to do something. I grabbed a cloth and wet it and put some liquid soap on it. I tried to be careful but I think I got his briefs a little wet. I got the lipstick off though. He pulled his briefs back up and rearranged everything inside and then pulled his shorts back up and fixed his belt. He looked down and then up at me.

“S'OK?”

“Yeah! Me?”

He took the wet cloth and wiped my mouth off. I knew all my lipstick was gone but I didn't think it'd matter if I didn't have any on. Unless Mom saw. But I didn't think she'd fuss at me. She'd told me I just needed to practice.

<><><>

**(KIERAN)**

Almost as soon as we left the house to drive to the airport, Lauren had her laptop computer up and running and started reading something on it. She would look up every once in a while and I would ask her a question.

“Do you really think Stuart and Joanne are going to be OK with us? It may sound strange to you but I want him to think of me as his father too. I don't want to take Paul's place. But you know how I am about family. I want Stuart to be part of my family and my life from now on.”

“Kieran, relax and watch your driving. Don't worry so. I told you everything's going to be just fine.”

“Well, I don't know what he's going to think about our nudity. You seem to have accepted it OK. Did you and Paul raise Stuart and his sister anything like we're raising our kids?”

“We didn't have a pool and we didn't have the warm weather you have here. We did have a sauna. We moved into the house I'm selling when Stuart was seven or eight and we had the sauna installed. We started off using it in towels. Paul got tired of trying to keep one in place and just quit. I did too and the kids were tickled pink. They thought it was the coolest thing to sit in the sauna with us with nothing on. We still use it together. I was in there naked with Stuart and Joanne and little Paul the week before I left.”

“Yeah, but how about the sex part? How open were you and Paul with your kids about sex?”

“Maybe not as open as you and Siobhan but we did talk about everything. I still remember how embarrassed Stuart was when we talked to him about oral sex. I think he was about twelve then and just starting into puberty. He couldn't believe we did it, not just did it but loved doing it. That big truck wants to change lanes.”

“Yeah, but our kids have actually seen us having sex. They've seen us having oral sex. Damn, that was a good way of teaching them

something. They still talk about it. Did you see that little shit in that Corvette? He's gonna kill himself."

"Just hope he's the only one. Did you ever go backpack camping with your kids?"

"No, we've never got into camping since we've got the cabin."

"That was our favorite family thing. We did it about eight months out of the year. The warmer the weather the higher up in the mountains we'd hike. There are trails there that are mapped for the number of days it usually takes to cover them. We'd do three-day, two-night hikes most of the time."

"You and Paul and the kids?"

"Yes, we'd carry one tent, four sleeping bags, all our food and gear. We had no trouble finding water we could purify and drink."

"You all slept in one tent, huh?"

"About eight square feet of hard ground. When you've been walking all day, you don't have much trouble sleeping."

"Didn't have much privacy, did you?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. If it was warm enough we'd bath naked in little streams or lakes. The water was usually so cold Paul said he wanted to tie a string to his dick so he could find it when he got out. Marie and Stuart thought that was funny and kept joking about it. The next time we went camping, we found a snow lake – snow melt – with huge flat boulders all along the shore. The rocks were warm from the sun so we decided to sleep on one in our sleeping bags – big mistake – too hard. Stuart and Paul decided to try to swim. When Stuart took his clothes off, he turned his back, something he didn't usually do. When he turned around, he had a big red piece of string tied around his dick. I hope I never forget stuff like that."

"Did you and Paul ever make love while you were camping? When the kids were around?"

"Yeah, in the same tent. Sometimes we'd sleep on top of our sleeping bags. Sometimes in them. Sometimes we'd zip them together. I think at first we'd try to wait for the kids to go to sleep but it didn't work. Almost every time, they'd let us know later that they were awake and knew what we were doing. How much farther to the airport?"

**“About ten minutes. So they got used to you and Paul doing it in the tent with them, huh?”**

**“Yes. If the weather was cold – and we camped lots of time in near freezing weather - we’d take just two larger insulated sleeping bags. Paul and I’d be in one snuggling up in our thermal underwear and the kids’d be in the other the same way. I don’t know what they did but Paul was always good at finding a nice warm space to put his dick.”**

**“With no help from you, I’m sure.”**

**“A little, just a little nudge once or twice to get it started right. Marie and Stuart would start giggling and whispering and I’d wonder what they were up to. Before she moved to Alaska with her husband, she and I had a long talk about things we’d done as a family. She told me she and Stuart used to give each other some good orgasms but she’d never let him get his in a warm spot. The sign says your turn’s three miles.”**

**“This guy, Jack, what’s his name, the one you told me about, the one whose wife died from cancer. Are you still thinking of inviting him to come for a visit?”**

**“Jack Coleman. He’s already invited. The architectural firm that’s building my house is going to fly my architect here on their jet. Jack’s coming with him. They’ll be here two weeks from today and they’ll stay a week. I’ve made reservations for them to stay at the same hotel.”**

**“What’s he like?”**

**“He’s taller than you. He looks a little like Howard Keel, the movie star. He’s got long dark hair and a beard. It’s all starting to get lots of gray in it. He’s still slim and sexy though. You’ll have something in common with him. He likes opera too. He’s got a deep baritone voice. He’d look great playing Mephistopheles in Faust but his voice isn’t quite opera quality. He’s a great guy to be around, always full of life and fun. I hope Siobhan likes him.”**

**“Siobhan? Don’t you want me to like him too?”**

**“I know you’ll like him. Your personalities are so much alike. But if he and I hit it off, he’ll be a permanent part of my life. I was sort of thinking you and Siobhan and Jack and I might have a lot in common.”**

**“Oh, does that mean what I think it does.”**

**“For god’s sake, Kieran. It doesn’t mean anything in particular. Get your mind out of the gutter. I want to try him out in bed before I let anybody else get hold of him. I’d just like us to be close friends.”**

**“Well, ‘scuze me, Ma’am. I’m gonna change the subject. Is Marie happy in Alaska? What’s her husband do?”**

**“Loves it. He’s a ship pilot. Guides the big ships in and out of the harbor. He owns a couple of fishing boats too and complains because he has to send them out too often without him. He loves fishing. He sends us an air-express cooler of something the first of every month. I never know what it’ll be until I get it. He thinks we can’t get good seafood because we live a few hundred miles inland. There’s the sign for short-term parking.”**

**“I see it. You’re almost as good a co-pilot as Siobhan. Can you call Marie and get him to ship the next load down to us?”**

**“I don’t know what they’re catching this season. Will you all eat whatever it is?”**

**“If it doesn’t eat us first. I love grouper or snapper fixed Greek style. Luke and Rachael are over on the coast. They’re bringing shrimp to the cabin. They’re about the same age as Stuart and Joanne. Did Siobhan tell you what we did with Luke and then with Rachael when he first came to live with us?”**

**“Yes, she told me. I guess Siobhan and I are alike. We both like teenage boys.”**

**“They come see us about every few months. We’ve slept four in a bed with them more than once, even since they married. That’s the sort of thing I worry about Stuart and Joanne knowing.”**

**“I don’t see why. I’m sure you were doing whatever with Siobhan and Luke was doing the same with Rachael. You were, weren’t you?”**

**“Well sure, but sometimes we got mixed up with who we were doing it with. Just by accident.”**

**“You said there was a king-size bed in the upstairs bedroom at the cabin, didn’t you?”**

**“Yes. What’d you have in mind? Who’re you going to invite? Kerry?”**

**“No, Kieran. I’m not going to invite anybody. You and I are going to arrange for two couples to sleep up there. We’ll take care of their little kids while they do.”**

**“You mean Stuart and Joanne with Luke and Rachael?”**

**“Yes, I think that’d be a great way for them to get to know each other, don’t you?”**

**“Lauren, you’re just as conniving now as you were twenty-something years ago.”**

**“I know, but I do think they’d make a great foursome. Don’t you?”**

**“Yeah, I think they would. We’re early. Let’s get some coffee and then go wait for them.”**

**I turned into the multi-level parking garage and started looking for a parking space. When I went around the first curve, Lauren put one hand on my leg. When I went around the next, she moved her hand up a little higher. By the time I finally found a space on the third level, she had her hand on my crotch. I was glad I’d worn those sexy boxer shorts Ariel had given me for Christmas. I needed the room. Every time she squeezed it was like she was pumping me up. I parked and got out of the car.**

**“Come around to my side.”**

**“Huh?”**

**“You heard me. I said come around to my side.”**

**When I opened the door, she handed me her laptop computer.**

**“Put it on the roof of the car and open it up.”**

**I did what she told me.**

**“Now pretend you’re reading something on it.”**

**She turned halfway out of the car. I looked down and saw one long leg, covered in that beautiful blue pantsuit. She stuck her knee between mine and sort of pushed my legs apart. I wondered what the hell she was up to.**

I found out soon enough. She slid my zipper down as neatly as it's ever been done and pulled my dick out before I could say anything. I finally said something.

“What’re you doing? We can’t do anything here. Cars’ll be going past every few minutes.”

“With your tinted windows, they can’t see me. All they’ll see is a man looking at something on a computer. That’s all they’ll notice.”

She grabbed my belt with one hand and pulled my pants lower and at the same time fished around in my crotch with the other. She pulled my balls out too.

“There. That looks nice.”

“For god’s sake, Lauren. We can’t do anything here.”

“You’ve said that, Kieran, and you’re wrong. I can do what I want to. Now shut up and enjoy.”

I glanced down and watched her as she leaned forward and took the head of my dick in her mouth. She’d worn lipstick and the first time she slid her lips back off the shaft, she left red smears. I almost panicked. What if Siobhan saw that? Or the kids? Oh, shit. I’d better remember to clean it off before anybody sees it. Damn, I wanted her to suck me off but at the same time I didn’t.

“Lauren,” I said, and that’s as far as I got. Her mouth clamped down on me again and I knew I had lost this battle. My mind flashed back to the first time, over a quarter century ago, she had done this and the sense of wonder I had felt. Maybe it was the open location we were in or maybe it was just Lauren but I did feel almost like I was a kid again. I let my eyes close and I surrendered to what she was doing with her mouth on my dick. Every time a car went up the ramp, I’d open them and try not to look like a damn fool. She was probably at me no more than three or four minutes – five cars passed – before I felt something boiling up down at the base of my cock.

“Lauren, I’m gonna come.”

She didn’t say anything and I knew I’d warned her once. I put both hands on the top of the car door opening and held still while she kept sucking like she was trying to pull it out of me. I guess she got what she wanted. I hope nobody passed and saw my face when I came. It felt like it was coming out the bottom of my spine, through my balls, and out

my dick. Lauren kept sucking and swallowing, sucking and swallowing. I could feel her tongue working around and under the head of my cock.

When I finally started breathing again, I looked down. She still had my cock in her mouth and was just gently sucking on it. I couldn't stand any more and I couldn't stand to tell her to stop. She finally did. She looked up at me and smiled. I smiled back. She looked down again and started milking my dick. It started softening and she milked it a couple of times until she saw one more white glob ooze out. She licked it off the end and worked her mouth like she was savoring it. Damn, it was too much.

When she was finished, she gently tucked my balls back in my shorts, slid my foreskin back down, and then put my dick away. She zipped up my fly and then patted me on the crotch.

“OK, you can close my computer now. And don't forget to wash your dick before you go swimming tonight. You've got lipstick on it.”

She turned back in the car and I stooped down and watched as she lowered the sun visor, turned on the light, and checked her makeup in the mirror. She flashed those eyes at me and smiled and reapplied her lipstick.

We were walking into the terminal when Lauren said, “Thank you.”

I didn't know what I was being thanked for. “Huh? For what?”

“For you and Kavan and Kerry. I've had three teen-age boys for lovers and they're father and sons. Not many women are that lucky. I wish you could know what it's like to see the expression on a boy's face, the wonder in his eyes, when he comes in a woman for the first time.”

“You're a damn good teacher, Lauren. You probably changed my life. I know you did. And all for the better.”

“Is it OK if I sneak Kerry off one afternoon while we're at the cabin? I've got to tell him that he's on his own now. Him and Kavan and maybe you. I'd like to give him a little present to remember me by.”

“Are you going to give Kavan one too?”

“I don't know. Seems like he's getting plenty from Kathryn.”

“Yeah, they are a couple of horny kids. I guess you're right. We'd better knock it off with each other so you can have a better chance at Jack.”

&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;

**(SIOBHAN)**

I was surprised when Kieran and Lauren came in with Stuart, Joanne, and Paul. They had on jeans and sweatshirts, even little Paul. I don't know what I had expected but, after learning how well off Lauren was, I guess I had expected them to be dressed as expensively as she was when she arrived. She had worn her blue pantsuit to go pick up Stuart and Joanne and it still looked fresh and beautiful on her. I expected Stuart to look like Kieran. Lauren had told me he was tall and lean and blond like Kieran – and like Paul too. Even so, the resemblance was startling.

In height and build, Stuart was exactly like Kieran at the same age. His hair was the same blond to light brown as Kieran's, Arial's and Kerry's. Kieran had worn his fairly short for as long as I had known him. Stuart's was longer. He parted it in the center and it draped down over each ear and, when he bent over to put Paul down, it fell over his eyes. His eyes were a little different from Kieran's but, at first glance, exactly the same as Kerry's. Around his mouth and on his chin, his whiskers were barely visible. He was a handsome young man with a serious look on his face until he smiled and then his face came alive in warmth. Kieran could never deny him as his son even if he had wanted to.

Joanne was a slim young woman. Her hair was so dark it was almost black and long, down onto her shoulders. Her eyes were blue, fading to gray in the center. Her face was beautiful by anyone's standards. She was almost as tall as Stuart, even taller than me. She gave us the same sort of smile and her face lit up.

Little Paul had evidently been sleeping. He clung to his father's legs and seemed reluctant to let go until Arial got down on her knees and held out her hand to him. He looked up at his mother, she nodded, and he walked over to Arial. He looked like a perfect little three-year old boy.

I don't think introductions were needed since we'd already talked on the phone but I went through the ritual anyway.

Stuart asked, "Paul, do you need to use the bathroom?"

Paul didn't answer.

"Will he let me take him?" Arial asked.

"Paul, if Arial shows you where the bathroom is, do you need to pee?"

He nodded.

Arial held out her hand and Paul took it. She led him down the hall to the small half-bath. She was back with him in a couple of minutes and they were both smiling at each other.

I explained about the sleeping arrangements, that we wanted them to sleep in Arial's room with a queen-size bed, Lauren would be in Kerry's room, and there was a bathroom between them. I told them Arial and Kerry had volunteered to sleep with little Paul on foam mats in the living room. I asked if they needed to use the bathroom before we showed them the house.

"I'm fine," Joanne said. "I went during our layover in Atlanta. I would like to get out of these jeans and sweatshirt. It's warmer here and the humidity is higher. I can see why you're wearing shorts and a light shirt."

I asked Kavan and Kerry to help them take their luggage to their room. I asked Kathryn and Arial to finish getting dinner ready. I took Kieran's hand and led him down the hall to our bedroom. I knew he was wondering what I was up to. When I led him into the bathroom, I think he was beginning to be worried a little.

"Take your pants down," I said.

"Huh? What for? We don't have time to fool around now."

"I know, Kieran. Just take your pants down."

He looked me in the eye and I think he knew I knew. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and let them fall. He was standing there in his burgundy silk boxers and I could see the rim around the head of his cock as clearly as if he'd been naked.

"Now your boxers."

He looked at me again and I suppose he figured he'd been set up. He slid his boxers down and I looked at his cock. Lipstick. All over the skin on the shaft. I lost.

"Arial talked to me and Lauren about what to get for you to wear to the airport. She said she wanted you to wear the silk boxers she gave you for Christmas. She said you looked good enough to eat in them. She dared Lauren to give you a blowjob before you two got back. I bet Lauren she wouldn't. Looks like I lost."

I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and then got a cloth, waited for the water to run warm and wet it, put liquid soap on it, and then gently washed his dick clean. He was still standing there looking like he couldn't figure it all out when I left to make sure dinner was ready. Poor Kieran. I dearly loved him even if he didn't have a clue sometimes.

Kathryn and Arial had finished preparing our Italian buffet. They had put the food on the kitchen bar and set up a large folding table on the deck. Stuart and Joanne and Paul came in the kitchen wearing the same thing the rest of us were, bare-footed and just shorts and a shirt. Little Paul had on a one-piece boy's jumper.

We set the hot dishes out of the warming oven and everything was ready. Ippolito's special of the day was brachiolo, stuffed steak roll in red sauce. I tasted it at the deli and got it for our dinner entrée because I knew Kerry would love it. I asked him to slice it and arrange it on a platter. He did it like a professional chef, except that he ate all the little pieces. I had made sweetened and unsweetened tea. Kieran opened a bottle of wine.

The Italian dinner was a hit with everyone, even little Paul. Arial got him to try the steak roll and then he wanted to taste everything else. Stuart ate like one of my sons or maybe both of them. Dinner was non-stop talking. I thought about asking the kids to slow down with their questions so Stuart and Joanne could eat. Kerry never seemed to run out of things to ask as usual. He asked Stuart if he'd already graduated from college.

"Yes, Kerry. Three times."

"Three times?"

"Yeah, I have a BS, an MS, and a Ph.D. Do you know what those college degrees stand for?"

Kerry shook his head no.

"Well, BS stands for bull stuff, MS stands for more stuff, and Ph.D. stands for piled higher and deeper."

It took Kerry about one second to substitute the four-letter word for the five letter one. He started laughing and infected the rest of us.

When the questions finally slowed down, Stuart held up his hand and looked at Lauren.

She looked at him, clearly puzzled. “What is it?”

“Joanne has something to say.”

All eyes shifted to Joanne. She was looking at Lauren.

“You’re going to be a grandmother again in about seven months.”

For the next few minutes, Joanne was busy answering Lauren’s questions. I watched Kieran while they were talking. I was glad that nothing was said about him being a grandfather again. I wondered how he felt and if he was wondering how I felt about the news. I really didn’t mind; I was happy for him. I knew my own three kids would make us grandparents often enough someday, just not yet.

The kids and I cleared the table and put the food away. I was about to invite everybody to go for a swim but Stuart beat me to it. He was standing on the edge of the deck looking down the hill at the pool.

“Mom told me she went for a swim the first day she was here. Little Paul’s never been in an outdoor pool. Do you think we could go for a swim and let him play?”

I thought I’d better warn him about how wild the kids got sometimes. “If you and Joanne are ready, we are. We usually just undress here on the deck or in the family room and then go down the deck stairs. I’ll warn you; these four kids get a little rough in playing sometimes. If they’ll promise to hold it down a little and be easy with Paul, we’ll let them go with us.”

We all stripped off on the deck. Lauren’s assurance that Stuart and Joanne would be OK with nudity was right. They didn’t hesitate to take off everything along with the rest of us. Kathryn and Arial watched Stuart and, I’ll admit, so did I. If he saw he was being watched, he paid it no attention.

Stuart was slim and hard-muscled, very much like Kieran at that age. Kieran was finally beginning to get love handles on his waist. Stuart’s waist was just two smooth curves. He looked like he had almost no body fat. He was tanned except for the white outline of briefs around his middle. Above the waist he had little body hair except for a smear of blond hair in the middle of his chest. Below the waist, he was just like his father. He had a blond thatch of pubic hair and his thighs and calves were lightly covered with the same light hair. He wasn’t circumcised and I wondered why. I thought I remembered that Kieran had said Lauren’s husband was circumcised.

Stuart got his eyes full while we were undressing. Three strange women. One redhead, one blonde, one brunette. He was almost drooling.

Paul was a beautiful little cupid. He wasn't circumcised either.

Joanne was tanned like Stuart. She had small beautiful breasts that showed no signs of wear from raising a child. She'd shaved her pubic hair so that only a small patch was left.

When Kieran stripped, I saw Lauren and Arial checking him out. The skin on the shaft of his dick was the same color as always. No lipstick. I wondered if Arial knew whether I'd won or lost the bet. She looked at Lauren and they both smiled. She knew.

When I looked around at my kids, I saw that someone else had been doing a little shaving too. Kavan's red bush was trimmed short and neat. Kathryn's dark pubic hair was so short that nothing was hidden anymore. I couldn't tell if Arial's little silken blond patch was shorter or not. Kerry saw me looking at them and gave me a big grin. He came over and whispered in my ear, "I gave Kathryn a haircut."

Lauren and I took little Paul to the shallow end of the pool and slowly coaxed him into the water. Kieran sat on the steps going down into the pool and watched. The four kids started their usual wild play in the deep end of the pool and soon drew Stuart and Joanne into the melee. I kept half an eye on them, ready to call them off if they got too wild with Joanne. Just as I thought, Kerry tried to use her to escape from his brother. She was standing just on the edge of the deep part, in water up to her breasts, when he swam over to her and wrapped his long arms and legs around her. I expected her to be surprised but it was Kerry who got the surprise. She wrapped her arms around him, pulled him up close and kissed him on the lips. He pulled back for just a second and then returned the kiss.

Just beyond them I saw Stuart disappear under the water. A couple of seconds later, Kerry was dragged under like the shark attack victim in Jaws. He came up yelling and splashing. Stuart came up next to him with a big smile on his face. I guessed that Lauren had warned them of Kerry's tactics. Kerry was yelling something about no fair and being grabbed there but I saw he was laughing. Stuart attacked again I suppose. I couldn't see his hands under the water but evidently Kerry could feel them. He tried to fight Stuart off by splashing water in his face. When Stuart pressed the attack, Kerry swam to the shallow end of the pool.

**“Dad, Stuart tried to pull my dick off!”**

**“Didn’t either,” Stuart yelled. “He’s making it up, Grandpa.”**

**Lauren and Kieran and I refused to get involved. Lauren held little Paul and we sat and watched as the six of them played and laughed. Paul was snuggled up to his grandmother’s breasts and his eyes were half-closed. Lauren saw me looking at him.**

**“I think he’s ready for bed,” she said. “Do you think we could give him a quick shower? I usually help him brush his teeth and then I read to him before he goes to sleep.”**

**Neither of us had got our hair wet so we showered quickly with little Paul and took him upstairs. I spread the foam mats on the floor in the living room for Paul and Kerry and Arial and covered them with sheets. I tossed pillows and blankets on the mats.**

**“Unless it gets really hot, we like to sleep with the air conditioning off and the windows open. Kerry usually sleeps naked. Sometimes if he gets cool, he uses the blanket. Do you think Paul will be OK like that?”**

**“He’s a heavy sleeper,” Lauren answered. “Just like his father and grandfather.” She realized what she’d said. “I guess I’ll always call Paul his grandfather. I hope it doesn’t hurt Kieran’s feelings if I say it around him.”**

**“It won’t. Kieran and I’ve talked about it. He wants Stuart to know Paul was his real father. He doesn’t want Paul remembered any other way. He just wants to give his love to Stuart too, now that he has a chance.”**

**I found some children’s books left over from my own kids, some of the Seuss classics I couldn’t bear to part with, and gave them to Lauren.**

**“I need to take some extra towels downstairs for them to shower with,” I said. “I’ll probably wait and bring the wet ones back up and run a load of laundry.”**

**The others were just coming in the basement door when I got downstairs. Kavan and Kerry were still at it with Stuart – horseplay, grab-ass, whatever. I sat on the steps and watched while they all got in the shower together. Kavan went looking for the old bench and found it near his weight-lifting bench. I wondered if someone had been using it to watch him do his exercise routine, maybe with Kathryn on board.**

**They sat Stuart and Joanne down on the bench side by side and started with a shampoo for both. When they finished, they made the two of**

them stand and proceeded to scrub them down from head to toes. Lauren came down then with little Paul and sat down with me to watch. Little Paul showed me his clean white teeth and then curled up in Lauren's lap again.

When Arial started washing Stuart's dick and balls, he got a hard on and I think he was almost embarrassed. As usual, Kerry had one almost from the moment they got in the shower. I guess Arial and Kathryn didn't want Kieran and Kavan to feel left out so they gave them a good soapy washing too. Joanne decided to help out too and helped Kieran firm up even more.

When they got through, the four males were standing in a row, all four sporting erections. Kerry decided to show off. He put his hands together behind his butt, poked his hips out, and flexed his muscles so that his dick started jumping up and down. The others watched and then Kavan joined in. Kerry got in front of Kavan, facing him and they continued with their display. Finally Kerry grabbed Stuart's hand and pulled him up closer, inviting him without a word to join in. He tried but he seemed to have lost some of his hardness. Arial saw him drooping a little and decided to help out. Her long slim fingers had him pointing upward in only a minute or so. He tried again and found he could flip his dick almost as well as Kerry. I'd seen Kerry demonstrate it many times so I knew he was the master of the technique.

Kieran was standing to one side watching until Arial decided to give him a little encouragement. She used those little fingers again on his cock and balls and got him into the display. He might have been the biggest but he wasn't the best. All he could manage was a few weak waggles before he burst out into laughter. Stuart just shook his head like he couldn't believe what they'd all just done.

Upstairs, Kavan and Kathryn carried some extra chairs out on the deck and then did a pillow run so everybody could be comfortable. Arial wanted to read to little Paul too so she and Kerry took him to the living room where the mats were side by side in one corner. Everybody else started out on the deck and I stopped them and asked them to go through the kitchen and get something to drink.

I pulled out orange juice, cranberry juice, beer, and the rest of a bottle of wine. I knew Kieran and Kavan would pick beer and they did and then Stuart did too. Lauren got two glasses of crushed ice, poured cranberry juice on one, and handed it to Joanne. She reached under the bar and found the vodka, poured herself some over ice, and then topped it off with cranberry juice. She saw me looking at her drink and held it out to me to taste. I tried it, liked it, and fixed myself the same thing. Kerry came in and said little Paul was asleep and Arial wanted to

stay with him a few minutes. I saw him get a glass of crushed ice and, when he looked at the vodka, I shook my head no. He settled for orange juice.

We sat for a couple of hours, getting to know each other. I was afraid the kids would wear Stuart and Joanne out with questions but both were patient in answering. Somewhere about ten, Joanne leaned over and curled up against Stuart. I could see her eyes were almost closed and guessed it was time for all of us to go to bed.

<><><>

We all slept until about eight on Friday morning. I was half awake, trying to decide between peeing and sleeping, when I felt Kieran roll out of bed. When he came out of the bathroom and then left our bedroom, I knew he was going for a run as he usually did when he didn't have to work.

I rolled out too, peed, and brushed my hair. The house was warm so I decided to do without a robe. When I got in the kitchen, Kieran was about to go back down the hallway to Arial's room where Stuart and Joanne were sleeping.

"I told Stuart I run for exercise and usually do it early on days when I don't work. He wants to go with me and said he'd probably be awake - told me to knock a couple of times. I know he's going to show me up because he's a marathon runner. Damn, twenty miles at once. Kavan's going with us."

"I got extra orange juice. I wonder if he'd like a big glass like you do when you come back from running. And what does he usually like for breakfast?"

I hadn't heard Lauren coming in the kitchen. She hadn't put on a robe either. I wondered if they were thinking the same thing I was: that we might as well be nude as much as possible until Stuart and Joanne got used to it.

"He'll love the orange juice," she said. "And he usually eats a good breakfast. We could scramble some eggs to go with the leftover Italian sausage. He loves good bread so we could toast some of the bread we had last night."

"Does he drink coffee?" I asked.

"Everybody in Washington and Oregon does, the fancier the better. I saw some in your pantry he likes. If you've got cinnamon and nutmeg

and cream, I'll make a big pot. It won't be Starbucks – I won't pay the extra bucks to get that stuff – but it'll be just as good.”

Kieran was listening to us, waiting to go get Stuart. He turned back to Lauren and wrapped her in a big hug. He kissed her on the cheek and then pulled back and looked her in the eyes.

“Thank you for bringing Stuart back, for sharing him with us.”

<><><>

Joanne came in the kitchen a few minutes after Kieran left. She had on a light robe. When she saw Lauren and me, still nude, she shrugged off the robe. “Is Paul still sleeping,” she asked.

“Yes,” Lauren answered. “I peeked in at him and Arial and Kerry. They're all still sound asleep. Kerry's showing off again. Either he's about to have a wet dream or he needs to pee real bad.”

“He's proud of what he's got now,” I said. “He wants us all to admire it, to know he's becoming a man.”

“Do you think he and I could have an afternoon together when we go to the cabin? I've got to tell him goodbye,” Lauren asked. “I don't want to hurt him so I've got to make him understand.”

“You're still thinking of making contact with your friend?” I asked. “You still want to see what develops with him and maybe get married again?”

“Yes, if anything develops, we'll get married. In spite of what I've done here, I'm just too old fashioned to do anything else. I'm actually looking forward to having Jack around on cold winter nights.”

We talked while I got out the stuff for breakfast. When Lauren's coffee finished dripping, she fixed three cups. It was good but too rich and sweet for my tastes. We sat and talked, waiting for the others to wake up.

When Kieran and Kavan and Stuart came back, they came up the basement stairs making enough noise to wake up anyone. They'd all evidently run without shirts and the sweat was pouring off them. Kieran and Kavan led Stuart into the laundry room and they left the door open while they stripped. Kieran and Kavan threw their shorts, running briefs, and socks in a basket and I watched while Stuart threw his in too. I smiled, knowing we were well on our way to being like family when we washed our dirty clothes together. Kieran opened up

his running shoes, stuffed them with the desiccant packs he used, and put them on the wire shelf above the dryer. He did the same with Stuart's shoes. When they came back in the kitchen, Kieran had one arm on Stuart's shoulders and the other on Kavan's. I poured three big glasses of orange juice for them.

We were all sitting on stools around the kitchen bar when Kerry came shuffling in. I knew he was up. He hadn't shut the bathroom door as usual and I'd heard him peeing. He was usually slow to awaken. I knew his routine when his father was home. I wondered if he'd follow it. He did.

He walked up to Kieran, eyes still half closed, the beginning of a smile on his lips. Kieran slid of the stool and opened his arms to him. Kerry closed his eyes and surrendered to his father's hug. I could see the top of his head over Kieran's shoulder but I knew what his face would be like - happy tranquility. Kieran brushed his tousled hair back away from his forehead and kissed him there. As usual, Kerry stood still, breathing in the communion between father and son until he was content.

When he pulled up the last stool, I poured him a glass of orange juice. I was about to turn away and start preparing breakfast when I saw Kieran looking at Stuart. I don't know what message their eyes communicated but Stuart slid off his stool and walked over to Kieran. Kieran wrapped him in the same sort of hug. I could see Stuart's face since he was just as tall as Kieran. Kieran did the same thing he always did to Kavan and Kerry. He brushed Stuart's hair back and then kissed him on the cheek.

I saw Stuart's right arm curl around behind Kieran and his hand drop down to Kieran's butt. Lauren had told me about Stuart's playful nature but I was surprised when he pinched Kieran. Kieran was surprised even more. He let out a loud yelp and tried to push Stuart away. Stuart wrapped his arms around Kieran's chest and pulled him closer in a bear hug, lifting him entirely off the floor. I couldn't tell from the sounds Stuart was making whether he was laughing or crying. After a moment, he released Kieran.

"Dad used to hug me like that. 'Cept we had clothes on. He'd pinch me on the butt," he said. He had a big smile on his face and tears in his eyes.

I didn't care if anyone saw my eyes misting with tears. When I looked at Lauren and Joanne, I think they felt the same way I did.

<><><>

After breakfast, I talked to Lauren about what to have for lunch and dinner. I didn't know what Stuart and Joanne liked to eat so I asked. We decided sandwiches with fresh fruit would be for lunch. For dinner I was surprised but Lauren insisted she wanted them to learn what good Southern cooking could be like. We talked and I decided on a menu. I asked the kids if they'd go to the farmer's market immediately to get the fresh stuff and then stop by the supermarket on their way back. They were glad to go and wanted to take little Paul with them. Lauren told Joanne the kids would be careful and he'd be OK. She let him go. I guess she was already realizing that she'd better take advantage of good baby care whenever it was offered.

When they were gone, Lauren pulled out her laptop and connected to the internet. She got her new cell phone and her briefcase and started to work. After a while she called Stuart and Joanne and me and Kieran and we worked together until almost noon. When the kids came back, I asked Kavan if he and the other kids could fix sandwiches for all of us. They could and damned if they didn't almost over do it. I don't know sometimes where they get their creativity but they were proud to use it. My turkey breast club was very good. The guys all had grilled Rueben's.

After lunch, we took two cars and went to the Freeloft property. Lauren showed Stuart where she was going to build the addition to the old stone house. I even learned that she had already contacted the architect who built her other house and he'd promised to fly from Oregon in a few days and take charge of getting the house done. When I asked how she was able to get him to do it so quickly, she just smiled and said one word, "Money." We walked around the top of the hill where Lauren's house would be. Stuart asked about the small brick house and Lauren told him of the arrangement she'd made with the Freelofts, giving them the right to live there as long as they wished. We drove around the bottomland area where Lauren wanted to put the company buildings. Stuart asked Kavan and Kerry if they'd bring him back later and show him the whole property. They jumped at the chance.

For dinner, I had to look up a recipe for biscuits since I didn't fix them very often. Kerry took over watching little Paul and Joanne came in the kitchen to help. I got the men to set up the big folding table on the deck again so we could eat outdoors.

We had fried chicken with mashed potatoes and gravy, fried yellow squash, butterbeans, and vine-ripe tomatoes, iced tea and, the hit of the dinner, biscuits. They turned out so well Kieran insisted on having a second one, with butter and jelly, for dessert. I was glad the others followed his example since I'd completely overlooked that part of the

meal. We all sat around afterwards, too stuffed to move or reluctant to have the dinner over.

“Are we going to play games tonight?” Stuart asked.

I looked at Lauren. How much had she told him about what happened last Friday night? It seemed like months ago since so much had happened in just one week. She had a big smile on her face.

“I told them all about last Saturday night’s fun and games,” she said. “After he and Joanne got over the initial shock, all they asked was whether I’d let them play too. And they made me tell them about the games we played.”

I looked at Stuart and Joanne and got two more big smiles. The four kids were all trying to talk at once, pleading for another night of fun and games. I was glad when Kieran took over and helped us decide on the limits for our fun. If we decided to play slip the salami to Susie, I was off limits to Stuart and Kavan and Kerry, Lauren was off limits to Stuart, and Arial was off limits to all the guys.

Nobody questioned Arial but she volunteered the information. “I’m hoping Rachael will let Luke be my first next week.”

### **Chapter Thirty**

#### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Arial Stuart, 14 (and ½); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17**

**Lauren Andersen, 51; Stuart Andersen, 28; Joanne Andersen, 25; Paul Andersen, 3**

**Luke Bridges, 25, Rachael Bridges, 26, Adrianna Bridges, 3**

#### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kerry Stuart, Luke Bridges, Rachael Bridges, Arial Stuart, Kieran Stuart**

<><><>

**(ARIAL)**

I didn't really believe Kathryn when she told me what she wanted to do when we played games on Friday night. Last night, after we had all showered, she had asked me and Kerry to stay downstairs and talk with her and Kavan for a while.

Kathryn wanted Dad to do it her and she wanted Kerry to do it too. She and Kavan had been talking about what might happen Friday night or maybe what might not happen. They were sort of afraid that everybody would be too bashful or something to do much with Stuart and Joanne. They figured if we could get Dad into it then we could all pretty much do whatever we wanted while we were at the cabin.

Last week, she had told Kavan it was OK with her if he did it with Lauren. But she said she wanted Dad to do it with her and Kavan ought to be OK with that. He had argued with her but he had finally agreed. After seeing first Kerry and then Kavan and then Dad with Lauren, she wanted Kerry and Dad to do it with her too – at the same time.

So Kathryn and Kavan wanted me and Kerry to help them – to make sure Dad would go along with it. I'd seen Kavan doing it with Kathryn. I'd even seen Dad doing it with Lauren and then with Mom the same night. I liked watching them do it but I didn't want anybody watching me the first time I did it with Luke.

Kerry was all ready to do anything Kathryn wanted. Men! He'd just lost his cherry last week and here he was hot to do it with another woman. I guess they really do think with their dicks most of the time.

Kavan and Kerry spread out the mats on the deck just like before. This time we didn't use candles. We tacked up some lacey drapery I'd had around my bed when it had a canopy and then strung some Christmas lights back and forth under the deck cover. We rounded up all the pillows we could find and scattered them all around. I thought it looked nice.

We played naked Twister first, using the large blanket with the four sets of twister circles on it. That way we could all nine play at once. Stuart and Joanne said they had played Twister when they were kids but they had never played it naked. I don't know if Stuart knew we had been plotting against him. Kathryn and I had agreed we'd do our best to get him hard as quickly as possible. With both of us rubbing our tits all over him and accidentally bumping up against his dick, he didn't have a chance. Mom and Lauren saw what we were doing and even helped us. Joanne just kept laughing and giggling because she knew what was going on. Poor guy! He didn't last but a few minutes. He finally gave in, stood up, and showed off.

He had another damn nice one, about like Dad's and Kavan's. They were just as hard. I wondered how men could stand to have something like that flopping all over the place. When I looked at Kerry, his was sticking up at the ceiling but I'd seen it do that lots.

After that, Kerry wanted to play Susie Says again. I explained the rules but said I was going to make up some new things to do. I told them it was going to get naughty and if they didn't want to play, they could go to bed now. Nobody left. We played two or three different games I made up. I made sure Stuart and his Mom were next to each other for one game. I thought he'd run when Susie said all the women had to grab hold of the nearest dick.

I knew Kathryn was going to take over at some point so I kept watching her. We made eye contact and I mouthed the word "Ready?" She understood and nodded. I announced that Susie said it was free playtime. Everybody watch somebody else or do something on their own.

Kathryn walked over to Dad, put one hand on his dick and the other behind his head, and pulled his face down to hers. He gave one quick look over at Mom and I don't know what he saw but he shut his eyes and started kissing Kathryn. He wrapped his arms around her, with his hands on her ass and she did the same to him. While we all watched, she rubbed up against him. I could see his dick sticking up between them, pressed against the middle of her stomach. They kept at it until we started cheering them on and telling them what to do next.

I'd already dared Kathryn to suck Dad's dick and I knew she'd do it. She said she wasn't going to try to deep-throat him because she couldn't do it with Kavan. I didn't blame her. I'd done it with Kerry but I knew it wasn't anything I wanted to do except maybe with Luke.

She got down on her knees in front of Dad and held his dick straight out toward her mouth. She didn't use hands to do anything else so I knew she was just warming him up, not trying to make him come yet. She was sucking on him through because I could hear the slurp when she pulled her mouth off the head. Dad's big dick was already impressive when she started. I'd always liked the way that big artery came right down the middle of the shaft and then branched off all around near the head. She had the head all shiny and red and slick with her saliva. I guess she liked what she had done because she smiled at it and stood up.

She put her hands on Dad's shoulders and pushed him down. He dropped down to his knees and Kathryn pressed up against him until he had to lean back and her pussy was pressed up against his face. Now

I could understand why she had wanted to shave off most of her hair. When Dad stuck his tongue out and started licking between her legs, I could easily see when he got it between her labia just where her clit was. She held him there with both hands behind his head while he kept licking her until we started cheering again and telling them to do something else.

This time, Kathryn pushed Dad down on the mats and made him stretch out. She even got a pillow and put it under his head. Then she straddled Dad and squatted down over him. She held his dick straight up and rubbed the head back and forth between her pussy lips. Finally she started sliding down on it. She had her eyes shut and her head thrown back.

I wanted so much to feel what she was feeling. I made up my mind that Luke was going to do it to me and if he didn't then I was going to do it with somebody else. Maybe I'd do it with Dad and his big dick if Mom didn't kill me.

When she had all of Dad's dick inside her, she started rocking back and forth and moving around and around. I didn't see how she could take all his dick up inside her but I could see his balls pressed up against her ass and there was nothing separating them.

I looked around to see what the others were doing. Kavan had his legs spread out in a vee-shape and Lauren was backed up between them. Kavan had one hand on her breast and the other down between her legs. It looked like his fingers were busy with something.

Stuart and Joanne were sort of wrapped up too. I saw Stuart glance at his Mom and she gave him a big smile. Joanne had one hand on Stuart's dick and was stroking him, just slow stroking like she wasn't trying to make him come yet.

Kerry was all by himself but he was watching what Dad and Kathryn were doing and stroking his dick kind of slow. His dick wasn't as big as the other three guys' but it was big enough. It was hard to believe how it had gone from about four inches hard to over five inches in a just a few months.

I wondered if Kathryn had really meant it when she'd said she wanted to do it with Dad and Kerry at the same time. She had. She looked at Kerry and motioned for him to come to her. She made him straddle Dad, facing her, with his dick just about in her face. When he got in place, she grabbed his dick and pulled him close enough so she could take it in her mouth. Kerry put his hands on her head and she put her

hands on his cute little ass. I guess he knew what she wanted. He started fucking her mouth, moving in and out while she sucked him.

Kerry's dick wasn't as big as Kavan's and I'd seen Kathryn try to deep throat Kavan's. She almost did it once but she said it was just too big and stopped. I wondered if she would do Kerry's like she said she was going to. Sure enough. She let him fuck her mouth for a while and then she took charge. She put her hands on the sides of his hips and held him still. She started bobbing her head back and forth and taking most of his dick in. Finally she took a couple of deep breaths, held them, and pushed her head down until her lips were around the base of Kerry's dick. She looked funny with his little pubic hair almost like a moustache above her mouth.

I couldn't understand why men had this crazy idea about deep-throating. No way I could deep-throat Dad. Or Kavan. Or Stuart. I didn't think I could get more than the head in my mouth. It had been fun to try it once with Kerry and maybe I'd try with Luke. I didn't want it in my throat though; I wanted it somewhere else first.

She must have decided to make him come because she put her left hand under his balls and her right hand on his dick and started stroking it. She'd stroke down with her hand and push her mouth down on the head of his dick. Then she'd pull her hand up the shaft and pull her mouth over the head of his dick.

Oh, pooh, she was doing it wrong. That wasn't the way Mom told me she did Dad when she wanted to make him come. I wanted to tell her but I decided it would be quicker to show her. I pulled Kerry to one side and got down on my knees. I knew everybody was watching but I didn't care. I opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around the head of his dick. I used my right hand on the shaft and my left on his balls just like Kathryn did. But when I pushed the skin down on the shaft of his dick, I pulled my lips in the opposite direction and sucked on the head as hard as I could. I did it a couple of times and I could hear Kerry gasping each time.

I pulled my mouth off long enough to tell Kathryn to watch how to do it. I kept my eyes on Kerry's dick while I was talking. I loved to see it that way, all hard and red and swollen almost to busting, with the head of it covered by my spit. I couldn't wait until I could get Luke that way. I did it a couple of more times before I was ready to let Kathryn have him again. When I pushed Kerry back over Dad, she started doing Kerry the way Mom had told me to do it. It worked. I could see Kerry's balls draw up and the muscles around his stomach get all hard. Kerry's balls looked cute like that, all drawn up on each side of the shaft of his dick.

**It didn't take long when it was done right, just like Mom said.**

**Kathryn got back in rhythm again, like somebody trying to pat their head and rub their stomach at the same time. She started moving her hips up and down on Dad's dick and sort of grinding around when she had it all the way in her. At the same time, she stretched the skin on Kerry's dick back as far as possible and tried to suck the head off. It was easy to tell when he came. He threw his head back, grabbed Kathryn by the side of her face, and pushed his dick as far down her throat as possible. She kept sucking him and fucking Dad without a break until Kerry finally pulled out.**

**I looked around again to check on everybody. Mom was up on her knees like I was, just watching. Kavan and Lauren were both on their sides, close together like a couple of spoons. She had one leg thrown back over his and he had his dick inside her. Kavan was moving really slowly, just holding Lauren by one hip and easing his big dick in and out.**

**Stuart and Joanne were in almost a mirror position. He was sliding his dick in and out of her real slowly and his head was almost spinning around trying to look. He looked at me and I gave him a smile. He looked at his Mom and Kavan and they both gave him smiles. Dad was in no position to give anybody a smile and neither was Kathryn. They were really into what they were doing. Kathryn had a nice rhythm going. Up and down on Dad with a little pelvic twist forward when she hit bottom. Stuart and Joanne both looked like they were seeing something they couldn't believe.**

**When Kerry pulled out, Kathryn grabbed his hands and pulled him down so he was facing her, sitting on Dad's stomach. She held his face with both hands and pulled his mouth to hers. I couldn't see what she was doing but, if Kerry came in her mouth like it looked, she was giving him a taste of his own come.**

**Dad had evidently been patient long enough. He pushed Kerry to one side, grabbed Kathryn, and pulled her down. He dropped his hands to her hips, lifted them up in the air about six or eight inches, and started shoving his dick upward into her cunt. He was really pounding at her and I could hear her grunting each time he shoved it in. He kept it up and I thought he was going to come that way.**

**But that wasn't what he wanted. He pushed her off, made her get on her hands and knees, and got behind her. He held his dick with one hand and slid it into her down to his big balls without stopping. It looked like they were attached to each other.**

Then he started really giving it to her. He'd pull out until you could see the ridge around the head of his cock just inside her pussy lips. Then he'd shove it back in as hard as he could. Kathryn was really grunting now. I looked at Dad's face and he was dripping sweat. He had his eyes closed and his mouth looked like he was in pain. His face and chest were all red. Mom had told me how he looked when he was about to come and I knew he was ready. He shoved it in one last time, so hard Kathryn screamed, and then held her by the hips like a vise. I couldn't see what was happening but Mom had told me what it felt like when he was squirting a load in her. I knew Kathryn was getting her pussy full of come. She collapsed under his weight and he fell with her, his dick still in her. They lay there for a minute or so like they were dead and Dad finally rose up, looked around, and rolled off her.

They had an audience. Everybody was looking at them. I almost expected everybody to break out in applause. It had been quite a performance. But I got a surprise. Kerry wasn't finished.

He stepped over Dad and pulled Kathryn's hand until she turned over. When she did, he shoved her legs apart and got down between them. I watched as he held his dick with one hand and pushed it into Kathryn's pussy. He was like an expert already, knew exactly where to set the head so it slid right in. He fastened his mouth on Kathryn's, like he was trying to suck her smile off her face, and started shoving his dick in just like Dad had. Kathryn raised her legs up and wrapped them around Kerry's beautiful little ass.

He wasn't satisfied with her like that. He pulled her legs up higher, one at a time, until she was bent in half and her ankles were around his neck. Then he really began to give her hell. I had a good view. I could see Kathryn's cunt, all white and lathered up with Dad's come, while Kerry's little dick flew in and out so fast it was almost a blur. Little dick, hell, it was big enough so she was enjoying it. They still had a lip lock on each other's mouth. Kerry had one hand behind her head and the other on one of her breasts. Kathryn's grunting turned into a sort of whining, like it did when I'd heard her come with Kavan.

When she started coming, it sounded like she'd gone crazy and I guess maybe she had. Kerry must have been coming too because his hips slowed down and he finally shoved it in so deep I could see his balls right up against the crack of Kathryn's ass. He stayed like that for a minute or so, just like Dad, and then he rolled off. And everybody started clapping. Maybe he deserved a round of applause. I gave him a big cheer.

I guess Kavan decided it was time to quit watching and start doing. He moved out from behind Lauren and knelt down between her legs. He

looked over at Stuart and sort of nodded. He said something but I couldn't hear it. Stuart moved around so that he was between Joanne's legs. Kavan waited until they were both in the same position and then reached down with one hand and slid his dick into Lauren. A split second later, Stuart did the same thing to Joanne. I don't know who was choreographing the moves but Lauren's legs and Joanne's came up and wrapped around them at almost the same time.

I could tell Kavan and Lauren were really getting into it. Kavan had managed somehow to bend so he could get his mouth on one of her breasts. She had one hand under it sort of holding it up. I guess I hadn't thought of doing that, that he could keep his dick in her and keep it going while he sucked on her breasts one after another.

Stuart was really giving it to Joanne. His face was buried in her hair beside her neck and I could hear both of them grunting each time he shoved his dick in. From my viewpoint, I could see his big balls slapping against her ass every time his dick disappeared in her. When he pulled out, I could see the lips of Joanne's pussy stretched around his big dick. It was really hot to watch them.

I don't know who came first but either Lauren or Joanne must have because I knew it was a woman's voice saying things. I just couldn't tell which one it was. With the guys, I guess you never know. One minute Kavan was working away like clockwork and the next thing I see is that he's sort of jerking and his rhythm is breaking down and then he stopped. Stuart was the same way a minute or so later. He grunted every time he shoved it in Joanne's pussy and then suddenly stopped moving and just lay there on top of her.

Kathryn crawled over near me, grabbed a towel and stuck it between her legs, and then turned so she could watch. Kerry was lying on his stomach, his hands under his chin, just where he could get the best view. Mom and Dad were both sitting, leaned back against cushions, side by side, watching. Dad's dick was hanging down but it still looked good enough to eat even if it was red and swollen. There was a small blue towel between them and I knew Mom had cleaned off his dick again.

I decided to do something just because I wanted to. I grabbed Kerry's hand and pulled him over to Mom and then I knelt between Dad's legs. I pointed toward Mom's pussy for Kerry and then toward Dad's dick for me and Kerry got the idea. We both pushed then down on their backs and then I started sucking Dad's dick and Kerry started licking Mom's pussy. I just wanted to get them all primed and then I wanted Dad to be the one who was doing it to Mom. After a couple of minutes I stopped and pointed first to Dad and then to Mom's pussy and he got

the idea. He pushed Kerry out of the way and got down on his knees, ass in the air, big balls swinging, with his mouth right at her pussy.

After a minute or so, Mom pulled him up and on top of her and guided his dick into her pussy. He really went wild then and pistoned his big dick in and out so fast it was almost a blur. Mom started a continuous moaning and groaning and fastened her mouth on his shoulder and wrapped her legs and arms around his butt and chest. Dad didn't last much longer. He rammed his dick in Mom so hard I wondered how she could take it and then gave a series of jerks and stopped with his dick completely buried in her pussy and his big balls resting against her ass cheeks. Watching them fucking was the hottest thing I had ever seen.

I wanted to be fucked too, really fucked hard and more than once, but Luke wasn't around and I was still all mixed up with wanting to be fucked now and wanting Luke to be the one who did it. I guess I got too emotional and I felt like I was going to cry. I crawled over to Kerry, wrapped my arms around him, and buried my head in his shoulder. I couldn't help it. I let the boo-hoos out.

I don't know what Kerry thought was wrong but he got behind me and hugged me and started asking what was wrong. I couldn't tell him because I didn't know what was wrong myself. Maybe Kerry understood more than I thought. He wrapped his long arms around me from behind. He put one hand on my breast and curled the other down between my legs. When I felt his finger touch me it was like an electric shock. My pussy was already drenched and it felt like it was swollen and his finger knew right where to go. I don't know if I started coming then but I don't think I stopped for the next few minutes. He twisted me around like I was a rag doll and pushed me back on the cushions and I felt so limp I couldn't move.

He got right down between my legs, lifted them one at a time, wrapped them around his shoulders, and stuck his face right down at my pussy. He started with his tongue licking up on each side at first, without touching my clit and I thought I'd burn up. When he finally found my clit and started sucking on it, I think I started coming again. When he started sliding his finger in me and then two fingers while he sucked, I knew I was dying. I wasn't. I wondered who was making all those noises, almost like screaming, and I realized it was me.

When I opened my eyes, Kerry was on his knees looking down at me with a big smile on his face. He jerked his head over to one side and I looked. Dad was doing to Mom the same thing Kerry had done to me. She was stretched out on her back with her knees up in the air. Her fingers were interlaced with Dad's on each side and her knuckles looked almost white. Dad's face was hidden and I couldn't see what he

was doing but I knew. I guess Mom was pretty hot from watching too because it didn't take them much longer. She was pretty vocal when she came and I made a mental note to tell her not to use the same profanity over and over.

<><><>

All our plans about who would sleep where went out the window. Kavan and Kathryn invited Stuart and Joanne to sleep down in the basement with them. They said they'd shower downstairs. I wondered if Stuart would do it with Kathryn. And Kavan with Joanne. I guess I didn't really care. They could do whatever they wanted to.

Mom and Dad invited Lauren to have a quick soak in the Jacuzzi with them and then spend the night in their bed. I wondered if Dad could get it up for Lauren. He'd only done it once twice today with Kathryn and Mom and I guessed he could. I didn't care; I'd done enough for him lately.

I decided I wasn't going to worry anymore about who did what with what to whom. I'd done enough orchestrating for a while. They could just figure it out for themselves for a while.

Kerry and I were left by ourselves. I didn't care. Kerry's sweet. I took his hand and led him down the hallway to the bathroom between our bedrooms. He let me pee first and I adjusted the shower while he peed. We had a nice warm shower together and I made sure his dick was nice and clean.

We went in the living room where we were going to sleep. Little Paul was sleeping like a log in spite of everything. Kerry and I stood looking at him for a minute or so. He was sprawled out on one of the foam rubber mats, naked as the rest of us, as beautiful a little boy as I'd ever seen.

I pushed the other two mats together and lay down. Kerry lay down on the other, and then moved over so he was behind me. When he spooned up to me, I took his hand and put it on my breast. I went to sleep thinking about what might happen tomorrow night with Luke.

<><><>

**(KERRY)**

On Saturday morning, I went with Dad and Kavan and Stuart to pick up the two vans Dad had rented to go to The Cabin in the Woods. There were ten people going from our house and Luke and Rachael and

Adrianna would make thirteen there for the week. We had so much stuff to take and so much food for the crowd that we needed all the room we could get.

I rode back to the house with Stuart so I could talk to him about what we'd done last night. I wanted to find out how he felt about stuff like seeing Kavan doing it with his Mom. It turned out he asked me so many questions I ended up doing most of the talking. He said he couldn't believe I'd just lost my cherry to his Mom a week earlier. He said I looked like I'd been fucking for years. He asked me all sorts of questions about my family and I told him the truth. He asked me why we'd wanted to get his Mom to do stuff with us. I told him it was because we wanted her to be happy and to remember how good life can be. He seemed satisfied. When I told him what Lauren had said after I'm made her come, he slugged me on the shoulder and said, "You're a good kid, Kerry."

When we got to the cabin, Luke and Rachael and Adrianna were already there. They still had their clothes on and I guessed it was because they didn't know how Stuart and Joanne were going to be about being naked with us. Luke knew the hiding place for one of the keys and he'd already opened all the doors and windows to let the place air out. I could tell Aunt Kara and her family were the last ones to use it because everything was so clean. Uncle Alan didn't always leave it that way.

Dad did the introductions. He didn't need to introduce Adrianna to little Paul. She took his hand and led him around the cabin like she'd known him all her life. Stuart and Joanne seemed to like Luke and Rachael a lot. I guess it was because they had so much in common, like both having a three-year old.

Dad was his usual bossy self and wouldn't let anybody do anything much until we had emptied both vans. Mom just stayed in the cabin with Joanne and Rachael and they told us where to put everything. Everybody else helped carry stuff in but it still took a while. Mom had planned meals for eight days and there was a lot of stuff to bring in. When we got through, we had both refrigerators full, a lot more stuff in the big chest freezer, and boxes full of other stuff. She and Dad had planned for one grocery store run about midweek but the only close store was in a little country town and it didn't carry much. She'd brought six gallons of milk and said she could get six more later.

I was glad when we got through and Dad said, "OK, naked time." I hadn't heard that since I was a little kid. That was what he always said when he decided it was OK for us to get naked. Since I was already barefooted, it didn't take me but a couple of seconds to strip off my

shirt and shorts. I watched the others get naked too, to see how Stuart and Joanne would act getting naked with Luke and Rachael for the first time.

I always checked out somebody else when I saw them for the first time. Rachael didn't seem to be looking at Stuart like I expected her too. She seemed to be looking at me. It was like she was looking to see what my dick was like instead of Stuart's. I guess she hadn't seen it since I started into puberty and it started growing so fast.

Dad told me not to go to the creek until we'd all had lunch. I hung around and Mom pulled out all the stuff for us to make sandwiches. That was what we usually had for our first meal every time we came. I had told Mom to be sure and get some peanut butter and bananas because that was what I liked on my favorite sandwich, well, one of my favorites. After everybody had eaten, Dad told me to see if I could help Luke with the shrimp. I didn't want to but I sure liked fresh shrimp so I asked Luke what I could do to help.

(LUKE)

After lunch, I asked Stuart to help me carry the cooler full of shrimp down the hill to the shady flat area near the creek. I asked Kavan and Kerry to see who would volunteer to help de-head the shrimp and to bring folding chairs. Rachael asked how she could help and I asked her to get small knives and a roll of paper towels. I knew she could help but I didn't want her to. I didn't want her throwing up and giving away the news.

I showed Stuart how to use the edge of the knife to pull away the head of the shrimp and at the same time, if he was lucky, to pull out the dark sand vein. He watched me do it a few times and then followed my example. Kavan and Kerry knew how and they started helping. Kieran came down the hill with Adrianna and gave her to Arial so he could help. Siobhan and Lauren came down the hill with Paul and Arial took charge of him too. Siobhan showed Lauren how to de-head and we had all the help we needed.

Arial was walking around under the trees with Paul and Adrianna and it was difficult to take my eyes off her. She was unbelievably beautiful. Her face was almost too perfect, skin flawless, lips red and full, eyes always twinkling. Her hair was almost down to her hips now and it was a very light brown or blond, streaked with strands of almost pure gold. Her breasts were small virginal mounds with strawberry-colored aureoles that formed a smaller mound and nipples smaller than the tip of my little finger. Her belly button was a little oval indentation in the middle of soft skin. Her pubic hair was the same light color as that on

her head but so sparse that it hid little of the cleft between her legs. I shook my head and tried to get back to cleaning shrimp. Down boy.

Rachael and Joanne spread a blanket in the shade under some pine trees, lay down, and started talking. I wondered if Rachael had told Joanne that she was pregnant too or if she was going to keep the surprise until we had dinner like we'd planned.

Arial took Paul and Adrianna by the hand and led them to the smooth play area near the creek. She started chasing them and they turned the game around and started chasing her. She ran in circles around them, staying just out of their reach. Her long blond hair was flying behind her. Her breasts hardly bounced. Her long legs and small hips were mesmerizing to watch. The little ones were laughing and giggling, running into each other, and rolling in the grass.

Kerry kept watching Arial playing with Adrianna and Paul and so I chased him away to play with them too. They started chasing him around in circles and he kept running just out of their reach. He reminded me of a gazelle, running so effortlessly. He started leaping into the air, landing stiff-legged, and bouncing up again. I remembered a nature program where I'd seen gazelles do it – something called pronging. I suddenly realized I'd stopped work and I looked around at the others. They were watching Arial and Kerry and the kids too.

The little ones alone would have been beautiful to watch. Or Arial. Or Kerry. Combined, they were captivating. Laughing and squealing. Running in circles. Falling down and rolling in the grass. Beautiful naked innocence.

Innocence? If she was so damned innocent why did she keep showing off so close to me? It was like she was trying to show me everything she had. Every time she bent over with one of the kids, her rear was toward me and her legs were parted. Down boy. No way. It couldn't be an accident. She wanted me to see her little pussy. I hadn't heard anything about her losing her virginity. Kavan had called to tell me the first time he'd done it with Kathryn and I would have thought she would have too, if she had done it.

Damn, she couldn't be trying to get me interested in her, could she? My dick knew it was interested. I tried to keep my legs together with it pressed between my thighs so it wouldn't stick its head up. Down boy. I figured I'd better concentrate on shrimp and not on her. I deliberately quit watching her and started back de-heading shrimp.

It still took about ten minutes for my dick to forget what I had seen so I could spread my legs apart again. Shit! I'd love to get her cherry but I

can't do that. I swore I'd never hurt Kieran's and Siobhan's kids. But she's big enough. If she wants it, I wouldn't hurt her. I'd make damn sure she'd enjoy it. I'd love to lick that little pussy until it was all juicy and open and ready for my dick. Shrimp, think of shrimp, not pussy.

First time I saw that little pussy she was just seven years old and it was just a little slit between those fat little mounds on each side. Still, I had thought about it when I went to bed that night. I thought about Siobhan too – her rubbing herself all over me and getting me hard. Then sending me to my room to jack off. I had done it three times, once thinking about Siobhan, again thinking about Ariel, and again just because for the first time I felt it was OK to jack off.

Damn, what would Rachael say? Maybe the same thing she said when she heard Kavan's message – that she just wished she could have been his first. Down boy. Shrimp, shrimp. I wonder if Ariel wants me to do it and how we could arrange it. Down dick, think of shrimp.

The others started again too. It didn't take long for all of us to de-head the fifty pounds of shrimp. Stuart and I carried the cooler back up to the cabin deck. I asked Rachael and Joanne to come back with us and to get soap and towels so we could all wash off in the creek. Rachael remembered to get a brush so we could scrub around our fingernails. Kieran and Kavan walked back up the hill and carried a cooler of beer and soft drinks back down. They even thought to bring juice for the kids.

Ariel and Kerry still wanted to run around and chase after the little kids. Kavan and Kathryn got into it too. I watched as Ariel whispered something to Adrianna. Adrianna giggled and ran over to me. "Daddy play! Daddy play!" I struggled up, acting like I was too tired to play and she kept coaxing me. "Daddy play!" I couldn't resist. I pulled Rachael to her feet, and then went over to Stuart.

He got up by himself and pulled Joanne up. Kieran and Siobhan and Lauren decided they'd better get up too. We ended up playing tag, trying to get Paul and Adrianna to understand the rules. Ariel said we should play chain tag. I'd never heard of it. It was simple. The one who was it had to tag one other person and they had to hold hands while chasing down a third who then had to hold the hand of one of the original two. We decided the boundary was the flat mowed area near the creek. Kerry was the last one to be cornered.

After that we all ended up in the creek. Kavan ducked under the water behind Kathryn and came up with her on his shoulders, her legs around his neck. Ariel swam around behind me and, before I realized what she was doing, had crawled up my back and had her legs around

my neck. Kerry surprised me by pulling Lauren into the water and coaxing her onto his shoulders. He was growing up so fast and he was already strong enough to lift Lauren. Siobhan yelled that she was going to watch the little kids. Stuart surprised me by choosing Rachael as his partner. That left Kieran and Joanne. Five pairs to do battle. Kerry charged me and I held onto Ariel's legs until we won and Lauren slid off Kerry's shoulders into the creek. It was general bedlam, with screaming, water splashing, yelling, laughing, and wrestling until we were all exhausted.

We all went back up the hill to the house and I went out on the deck to fire up the grill. I had asked everybody to save the biggest shrimp so I could grill them. I had also brought a small sack of oysters. I knew they wouldn't be as tasty as they are in cold weather but I wanted to have some raw ones. I spread unopened oysters around on half of the grill. On the other half I spread the big shrimp. I knew they'd both cook together if I just watched them.

Kieran got out a six-pack of cold beer and passed it around. I wasn't surprised when he let Kavan have one. I was surprised when he let Kerry have one. From Kerry's reaction, I suppose it was the first time he had ever been offered one. He tried to act grown-up about it.

I started shucking oysters. Kavan watched how I held the oyster in a leather glove on my left hand and inserted the knife with my right. After I'd done a dozen or so, he asked if he could try. He picked up the trick easily and I was glad to let him do some shucking. After he did some, Kieran took a turn.

I got a cold beer and took my first oyster au natural. I liked them with any kind of sauce if it was used sparingly and didn't overpower the oyster taste. Stuart and Kavan and even Kerry started downing them as fast as Kieran shucked them.

I knew Rachael would stay inside the cabin and wouldn't have any oysters. When I learned Joanne was pregnant too, I guessed she wouldn't have any. I didn't know whether Ariel would or not. When she came out on the deck, I offered her one. I told her just to imagine it was something she got from her boyfriend and she could swallow it with no trouble. She stuck out her tongue at me and went back in the cabin. I started thinking how nice it would be to suck her tongue out of her mouth or maybe slip a raw oyster out of my mouth into hers but then I decided I'd better drop that if I wanted to keep my dick under control.

Siobhan and Lauren both wanted a couple of raw ones. They pretended they were arguing about which one of us guys they tasted like. I watched the grill and when some of the baked oysters opened, I gave

them a platter of oysters and shrimp to take inside for the ladies. The rest of us finished up the baked and raw oysters and the grilled shrimp and the beer. The ladies rejoined us on the deck and we sat around talking for an hour or so.

I was in charge of the shrimp boil so I found the heavy canvas apron first thing. I decided to boil all the shrimp at once since they'd be good for any meal during the next few days. I'd found fresh corn at a roadside stand as I'd turned off the interstate so I'd put the frozen corn in the freezer for later. I asked for volunteers to clean the fresh corn while I started everything else boiling.

I put half the little red potatoes and the hot sausage in one pot and the rest of the potatoes and the mild sausage in another. I put a bag of spices, some Tabasco, and a sliced lemon in one, just spices and lemon in the other. When the two pots came to a boil, I gave them ten minutes and put in the corn. After ten minutes I put about one fourth of the shrimp in each pot for just few minutes. I put the rest of the shrimp in a third pot, without water, and put that one on the floor. When I decided the shrimp in the other two pots were ready, I used the straining lid to hold back everything but the liquid and I poured that into the pot with the remaining shrimp. I had one big pot of spicy shrimp, sausage, corn and potatoes. The other was mild. The third pot with the rest of the shrimp would be great over the next few days, spicy and a little picante, just from sitting in the hot water for an hour or so while we ate.

I carried one pot to the tables on the deck while Stuart carried the other one. The tables had been covered with newspaper and plastic plates were ready. Kieran had brought a cooler of beer and soft drinks. I looked around and everybody was ready to eat. Kerry took out another beer but Kieran made him put it back and get a soft drink.

"Before we eat," I said, "Rachael and I have something we want to share with you." I looked at Rachael.

"I'm pregnant too," she said. "Adrianna will have a brother or sister in about seven months."

<><><>

(RACHAEL)

I kept one eye on Luke while Arial was running around with Kerry and the kids. Perhaps he thought he was hiding something but there was no way he could conceal what he was feeling. From the way he was sitting, I knew what he was trying to hold down. He could hide his hard-on but

he couldn't hide the emotions that were so clear on his face. I knew it would work out. He and Arial were going to be surprised tonight. And so was Kerry.

When Siobhan and I had talked on the telephone, I could tell she was trying to feel me out about something. I finally understood. Arial wanted Luke to make love to her. She wanted him to be her first. I started crying and Siobhan thought she had hurt me. We talked and I told her I wasn't crying because I was hurt; I was crying because I was happy.

I loved Arial. I loved Kavan and Kerry. I loved the whole Stuart family. They were the family I had never had. I knew what Siobhan had done for Luke. She'd showed him how to love. She'd taught him how beautiful sex can be when combined with love. She'd turned him from a cripple into the loving man I married. It was so damned nice when Luke and I could spend the night with Kieran and Siobhan. Kieran and I didn't have to battle to see who was in control anymore. It was nice to be in a state of truce with him – screwing me half to death with that big dick of his – but still a state of truce.

Siobhan trusted Luke and me. Trusted us to give back the gift of love she had given Luke. I wasn't hurt; I wasn't jealous. Kieran had shared her with Luke. I wanted to share Luke with Arial. I knew he was mine. I told Siobhan I'd help arrange it – so we could surprise Arial and Luke.

We talked and talked and made plans and arrangements for the week at the cabin. I was about to hang up when another idea struck me. Kerry. If Luke was busy with Arial, I'd be sleeping by myself.

I'd found it hard to believe when Siobhan had told me what Kieran and Kavan and Kerry had done with Lauren. Little Kerry. It seemed like yesterday that he was just a little kid. Little penis, even if it was almost always hard every time I saw it. Then we came for a weekend and I saw something else: a tall skinny boy with a dick almost too big for him and a scrotum full of testicles hanging down between his legs. Next time after that, I saw a taller kid with twirls of blond pubic hair all around the base of his dick. Seemed like he had changed overnight. And now he had a dick big enough to use it like a man. To do it to Lauren and to do it well enough so she had an orgasm. What a kid!

When I told Siobhan I wanted Kerry to sleep with me, all I got was a minute or so of silence. I think she was almost crying too. But she agreed – it was between me and Luke. I told her I couldn't ask him without letting him know what was being planned for him and Arial. She agreed. We finally figured it out. Once we'd surprised Luke and

**Arial, we'd surprise Kerry. I hung up the phone feeling like I was part of some sort of conspiracy.**

**I didn't tell Siobhan about the baby. We'd planned to surprise everybody after dinner on our first night at the camp. I didn't see any reason why the fact that I was pregnant should change anything. I'd had no problems so far, except a touch of morning sickness, and my stomach was just beginning to show a little curve down below my navel. Luke accused me of being horny all the time and I guess it was true. I suppose it was just knowing I was pregnant and didn't have to worry anymore about getting that way that made me want him. Just thinking about Kerry doing it with me made me even hornier.**

**<><><>**

**(ARIAL)**

**"Oh, shit. Oh, shit. That's all I could think. Rachael's pregnant again. All my dreaming and wanting and thinking Luke would want to be my first just died. I knew he'd never want me now. Adrianna tied him to Rachael. Another baby would tie him even closer. I knew she'd never agree to let him make love to me. It felt like my heart had turned into a heavy lump and had settled in my stomach.**

**This afternoon, when Luke told me to imagine the oyster was something my boyfriend gave me, I couldn't believe it. Men are so dumb sometimes. I didn't have a boyfriend. Even if I did, I don't know whether I'd swallow if he gave me a mouthful. Maybe if Luke gave it to me, I might swallow. I got mad and went in the cabin with Rachael and Joanne.**

**I tried to keep on a happy face while everybody ate dinner. The shrimp were delicious. The corn was out of this world. Maybe it was because it was out of the field this morning like Luke said. The potatoes were OK but I didn't like the smoked sausage.**

**After dinner, I saw Mom go in the cabin. When she went to the bathroom, she saw me following her and waited for me. She held the door until I got inside. When she shut the door, I couldn't help it. I started crying. She wrapped her arms around me and held me until I'd let out enough to stop. She asked me why and I told her. I'd been happy because I thought it would work out with Luke. Now it couldn't since Rachael was pregnant. Mom just held me closer and kissed me on the cheek and told me everything would work out OK. I guess I wanted to believe her but I really didn't.**

**<><><>**

**(KIERAN)**

**After dinner was over, Lauren and Siobhan took the two little kids to one of the bedrooms to sleep. We always kept some kid's books so somebody could read to them. When they came back out later, they were both smiling. I asked them why and they told me little Paul and Adrianna were already asleep and still holding hands.**

**I thought it was about time for the big announcement Siobhan had asked me to make. I didn't know what the hell she and Lauren and Rachael were up to but I guessed she probably did. Some of the others were in the big hall of the cabin and others were out on the deck. I stuck my head out the door and called them in. When everybody had assembled, I told them about the sleeping arrangements.**

**"Siobhan has asked me to make an announcement or two for tonight. Except for the Andersens, you all know the downstairs rooms are pretty primitive. They're small and the queen-size mattress on the floor takes up half the room. You have to use the two common bathrooms at the end of the big room here in the center. The upstairs room's the only one with a king-size bed and its own bathroom. Even the bathroom there's not much. I hear too many complaints that two people can't get in there at the same time. The bed's very nice though and we try to give that to somebody for a special occasion, like first-time visitors to the cabin."**

**"Tonight, the upstairs bedroom is reserved for somebody's first time. I understand Arial is ready to become a woman and she wants Luke to help her." I looked over at Arial. "Arial, Princess, the room is yours for the night. Luke's going to keep you company."**

**I kept looking at her and I couldn't figure out what I was seeing on her face. I had expected her to be happy but she seemed to be on the verge of crying. Siobhan had cried more than once because I had made her so happy. I hoped that was what Arial was experiencing.**

**I looked at Luke and all I saw was a big smile. I knew he was happy. I envied him, damn it.**

**"The only problem with this arrangement is that Rachael will be sleeping alone unless we ask somebody to keep her company. The second announcement is that I'm asking Kerry to be with Rachel tonight. Would you please fill in for Luke, Son? Do you think you're up to the job?"**

That got a few howls and dirty responses out of some of the others. When I looked at Kerry, I saw that big grin of his. He had a look on his face that said, "I can't believe this is happening to me." He loved any sort of double entendre with a sexual connotation. Shit, I envied him too.

Rachael pushed Luke toward the stairs and Siobhan pushed Arial. Luke held out his hand to Arial. I could tell by the way he was smiling that he was ready to help Arial. Who wouldn't be happy to? The crowd was quiet while they went up the stairs. When Luke closed the door, everybody erupted into cheers and more than a little bit of advice for them.

Kerry was ready too. He walked up to Rachael, gave her a bow with one hand in front and the other behind. She was smiling almost as big as Luke. They picked one of the downstairs bedrooms and got a round of cheers when they closed the door.

I hadn't really tried to figure out any sleeping arrangements for anyone else. But somebody had been making some arrangements for me. Siobhan took Lauren's hand and they both came after me. I didn't fight it. I just hoped I was up to it, whatever they had in mind. I let them lead me to one of the other bedrooms. We really got some dirty suggestions from the four remaining: two young couples - Stuart and Joanne, Kavan and Kathryn. They had their pick of the remaining three bedrooms. I wondered whether they would use just one.

**TO BE CONTINUED:**