

## **THE MEASURE OF MAN**

**An Epic by Gil Gamesh**

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

### **Chapter Thirty-One**

#### **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; Stuart Andersen, 28; Joanne Andersen, 25; Paul Andersen, 3**

**Luke Bridges, 25, Rachael Bridges, 26, Adrianna Bridges, 3**

#### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Arial Stuart, Stuart Andersen**

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**(ARIAL)**

**The upstairs bedroom was the nicest I had ever seen it. Someone had made the bed with new linens. They had cleaned the room and made it smell good. They even had burning candles scattered around the room.**

Luke slid open the door to the little deck at the peak of the A-frame and we went out. The moon was about three-quarters full and I could see the dark silhouette of pine trees on the horizon. Luke pulled me in front of him, my back against his front. I leaned back against him and he curled his arms around me with his hands on my stomach. I could feel something hot and soft pressed against my fanny

“There’s a circle around the moon,” I said. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“It’s the moisture in the air, Ariel,” he said. “It’s probably going to rain tonight or tomorrow.”

“You’re so romantic, Luke.”

“Shut up, Ariel.”

“What?”

“I said ‘Shut up, Ariel.’ You don’t need to be sarcastic. I am romantic. Just give me a chance, will you?”

I gave him a chance but he had to get business out of the way first. I didn't say anything else because I didn't want him to know how scared and nervous I was.

“Ariel, if your Mom and Lauren and Rachael arranged this, I guess they’ve made sure you’re not going to get pregnant. Is that right or do I need to use a condom?”

“It’s safe, Luke. Mom’s helped me. I’ve got a little spermicidal thing in me. Mom helped me to choose and I don’t even know it’s in there. I hope you can’t tell. Anyway, she says it’s the wrong time of the month.”

He held me and I waited.

**“Arial, do you remember the first time you kissed me, I mean, really kissed me?”**

**“When?” I remembered. I just didn’t want to tell him I remembered. Or maybe I didn’t want him to know I remembered.**

**“It was the Christmas Rachael and I we spent with your family, when Adrianna was about six months old.”**

**“That was the only white Christmas I’ve ever had. It was nice, wasn’t it? Did I kiss you then?”**

**“Come on, Arial, you know you did. It was the first time you ever really kissed me, on the mouth, like a woman. You know what I’m talking about. I think you were twelve.”**

**“I remember the snow starting about dark on Christmas Eve. I remember all of us talking and eating and having fun together. I think we all had on sweat-suits, didn’t we?”**

**“Yeah, we stayed up until well after midnight watching it snow outside and eating and having fun inside. Your hair was short then. It was more like a halo around your head. When we turned on the spotlights out in the backyard and went out and played in the snow, I remember your halo.”**

**Kavan was the one who’d come up with the idea of everybody getting naked and going out and playing in the snow in the backyard. Mom and Dad said OK and he turned up the heat in the house. We played and acted crazy in the snow and had a lot of fun. When we were almost frozen, we went in through the basement and warmed up in the shower. All seven of us tried to get under two shower heads at the same time.**

**Afterwards all of us, still naked, went upstairs to the living room where the Christmas tree was set up. Dad had put mistletoe in the middle of the French doors to the living room. He pulled Mom under it and gave her a real kiss, while**

everybody cheered them on. He kissed Rachael next and Luke pushed them aside and pulled Siobhan under the mistletoe. Then Dad grabbed me and gave me a real kiss too. I think it was my first open-mouthed kiss. Then everybody else started using the mistletoe as an excuse to kiss the same way. Kavan and Kerry certainly didn't kiss me like a sister. I had given Luke a real kiss too. I guess I'd surprised him because I'd never kissed him on the lips before. I'd never opened my mouth and given him a little tongue before either. I remembered. That was when I decided to let my hair grow as long as I was a virgin. I remembered it well.

"I remember it, Ariel," Luke whispered. "That was the first time you ever kissed me like that, on the mouth. When I felt your tongue, it surprised the hell out of me. I guess that was when I stopped thinking of you as a little girl and started thinking of you as a young woman."

"We were just playing, Luke. I saw Mom and Rachael kiss you the same way."

"They were playing, Ariel. You weren't. I could tell the difference. I kept thinking about it for weeks afterward, how beautiful you were naked, just little breasts and almost no pubic hair, and how you acted like a real woman, not a little girl. I could never forget that."

I couldn't say anything. Maybe he did get it. I didn't care whether he thought the moon was romantic or not, especially when he remembered me like that. I put my hands over his and pressed them against my stomach. The hair on his forearms was stiff and almost bristly, like that on his head. His hands were big and his knuckles were hard. I wanted him to move his hand to my breast and feel my heart pounding.

"I love you, Ariel," he whispered in my ear.

I still couldn't say anything.

**“I love you like the sister I never had. You know that. I love Kavan and Kerry like brothers. Being part of your family is the best thing that ever happened to me.”**

**I just kept on rubbing his arms, feeling the bristly hair under my fingertips. I didn’t want to be loved like a sister.**

**“I love you like some sort of woodland sprite or nymph too, Ariel. This afternoon, you were the most beautiful creature I’ve ever seen. I couldn’t believe you were real. I knew you were something magical.”**

**“I’m real, Luke,” I whispered. I thought nymph was more like it, maybe nymphomaniac.**

**“But I can’t ever love you like a wife, Ariel. Rachael and I’ve made that commitment to each other. I don’t ever want to break it.”**

**“I love Rachael too, Luke. I know you belong to her.” I didn’t want him to love me like a wife. I just wanted him to treat me like a woman.**

**“It’s not so much belonging, Ariel. Rachael and I were both deeply wounded before we found each other. Your Mom and Dad helped rescue both of us. Your Dad even paid for counseling for me and Rachael when we were in college. We both know how love can heal and we still work at it.”**

**I didn’t know Dad had done that. “They love you like you’re their son, Luke.”**

**“I know. Every time we come for a visit, we almost talk their ears off telling them everything. They always help us straighten out any problems we have.”**

**I giggled. “I think you four help each other straighten out more than problems, don’t you?”**

**“Yeah, we do. You know we still sleep together once in a while then? We’ve done it once this year, maybe a couple of times last year.”**

**“Yes, Luke. I know you do more than just sleep. It’s OK with me.”**

**Luke moved one hand up to my right breast. I knew he could feel my heart beating out of my chest.**

**“The first weekend I spent with all of you I saw you and then I saw your Mom. You were the first girl I’d ever seen naked and you were the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. You were just a little thing, didn’t have any breasts, and didn’t have any hair down there like you do now, just a crease in a fat little mound between your legs.”**

**He moved the other hand down and started playing with my pubic hair with his fingertips.**

**“When I saw your Mom, she was almost too much. She was beautiful too but she was a woman. I couldn’t take my eyes off that fiery red patch of hers. I couldn’t take my eyes off her breasts either. Guess I’d have gone blind if I had kept looking.”**

**He was gently tweaking the nipple on my breast now, just a couple of fingers and my nipple, just an electric shock.**

**“I jacked off three times that night, Ariel. First time I was thinking of you. Remembering how you’d smiled at me when I dried you off in the shower. Second time I was thinking of your Mom. Wondering what it’d be like to be able to part that red thatch and find out what was hidden. Third time I jacked off just because your parents had told me it was perfectly normal to do it. I jacked off thinking about you lots after that. I’ve never stopped thinking about you since, never stopped dreaming about you, never stopped loving you.”**

His fingers were magic in two places now, molding my nipple to a hard little peak, parting my pubic hair and probing between my vaginal lips and finding out how slick and hot I was.

When he put his hands on my shoulders and indicated I should turn around, I didn't resist. He turned at the same time so that I turned full circle. He ended up leaning back against the balcony railing and I was leaning up against him facing him. This time I felt his dick, hot and heavy but still soft, pressed against my legs. He held my shoulders a little away from his chest and I looked up. His face was a dark silhouette against the moonlit sky. The moon was shining over his shoulder in my face. He didn't say anything, just looked at me.

He started stroking my hair and talking about how beautiful it was. He ran his fingers through it and then sort of lifted it and let it fall. I could feel something gradually hardening between my legs. He leaned over and buried his face in my hair and held me. After a minute or so he pulled away, lifted my face to his, and kissed me. Gently, oh so gently, just his lips brushing against mine, just his breath mingling with mine. I could feel his cock grow harder still, and I spread my legs slightly to let it rise. I moved back and forth a little, almost like riding it. He backed up for a moment to allow it to rise even more and, when he pressed against me again, it was hot and hard against my tummy. This time when he kissed me, he opened his lips to mine. He teased me with his tongue and, when I stuck mine into his mouth, he caught it and tried to suck it into his. I was aching inside for him to fill me.

I don't know when we moved back into the bedroom. I don't know when we moved onto the bed. We were kissing with open mouths and with tongues now, while he pressed against me, pinning me down, his dick burning against my belly. I wanted it inside me.

I pushed against him, pushed him on his back, and swung one leg over him. I wanted him inside now! I reached down and held his dick in one hand. It was so big and hard but I wanted it. I rubbed the head against my opening and pressed down against it. I knew I was wet and ready and I knew I wanted it. I pushed again and the head slid in just inside my vaginal lips. It felt so damn wonderful. It wasn't so big after all. I wasn't afraid anymore, I wanted it and I knew I was going to have it. I pushed again and it didn't go in. I pushed harder and almost screamed when it started hurting. Sharp pain, real pain. Too much pain. My body wouldn't let him in. I heard Luke talking to me.

**“Stop, Ariel! Stop! You're not ready. You're trying to go too fast.”**

I started crying. I wanted so much to feel him inside me. I was so hot and frustrated and wanted it so much. But it wasn't supposed to hurt this bad, was it? I was so damn frustrated and frightened.

Luke rolled me off him, over on my back, and rolled part way over me, talking to me, stroking my shoulders and breasts and stomach and hips. He kept talking to me in a low voice, pleading.

**“Let me lead you, Ariel. I want it to be good for you. I don't want to hurt you. Just let me show you how. I won't hurt you, I promise, Please Ariel.”**

I tried to stop crying long enough to agree. Luke kept talking to me and kissing me. He touched me ever so lightly, over my shoulders, my breasts, my stomach, my thighs, and, finally, where I wanted him to touch me, my center. He kept his mouth on mine while he pulled my legs apart, kept kissing me while he teased my vaginal lips apart, kept kissing me while he slid one finger into me, still kissed me while he used that finger to stir up my juices, and still kissed me while he used two fingers to open me up. It didn't hurt. But I wasn't stretched so tight like I'd been before.

**“Arial, I want to do something I’ve dreamed of for years. For the last couple of years, I’ve looked at the silky blond hair between your legs. I’ve wanted to get my mouth down there. I want to taste you. Maybe it’s crazy but it’s what I want. Will you let me?”**

**I couldn’t say anything. Mom said Dad never complained about the spermicide when he went down on her. But that was when I was a baby. I hoped the stuff was the same now. I nodded and he slowly kissed his way down over my breasts, down to my naval, down, down, to my pubic hair. I didn’t know how to help him, how to help him get access to where I wanted his mouth. He didn’t need any help. He moved one knee between my legs, spread my legs, moved the other knee, spread my legs wider, slid his big hands under my fanny, lifted me up, raised my hips to his level, and I watched as he looked at where I wanted his mouth.**

**He took one deep breath, then another. Was he smelling me? I’d been thinking of him all afternoon. I knew how damp I’d gotten. I didn’t care. He started kissing me between my legs. Just little kisses on my thighs, on my pubic mound, in the crease between my mound and my thighs, everywhere but where I wanted his mouth. Just when I thought I’d have to beg, he took mercy on me. He kissed me right at the top of my slit, just where my clitoris is. I wanted more and I guess he did too. He started licking me, all around on my thighs and on the sides of my slit, everywhere but where I wanted his tongue. He knew how to tease.**

**Finally he did it, started at the bottom of my slit and brought his tongue up, up, up, to where it ended under my clitoral hood. I think that’s when the world went away. He kept at me for what could have been minutes or hours with no hurry, just his gentle tongue licking, licking, licking. Everything I knew was centered between my legs and the feel of his tongue there. My eyes were closed and I thought I saw something red and hot and realized it was my own blood under my eyelids. My breasts and chest felt the same heat.**

**And everything between my thighs was heat, just red heat. I knew I was coming and I was ready. Maybe he knew it too. He fastened his mouth on the area where my clitoris was still hiding and tried to suck it out. That triggered it. I crashed in one convulsion after another until they began to fade.**

**He wasn't through. He started sucking again, started licking again. Everything built up again and he wouldn't stop. Kept at me, slow, gentle, his tongue over each side of my pussy, teasing the lips apart, licking inside me as far as his tongue would reach, up every time to my clit and I knew it was exposed now to his tongue. He kept at me until I exploded again and crashed and crashed. I couldn't stand it. He had to stop. I reached down and grabbed his hair and pulled his head away from me. I didn't have any sense left. I couldn't think. He held me. When did he move up beside me? Just held me. Not trying to do anything. I finally started thinking halfway coherently again.**

**“Can I do you, Luke?” I asked.**

**“No.”**

**That wasn't what I'd expected him to say. “No?”**

**“No, Ariel! Maybe some time later. Not now. Just relax.”**

**I wanted to suck him. He could keep his oysters. I wanted something else. I realized that I did want it. I wanted to suck him off. I wanted him to come in my mouth, wanted to swallow his come and know that it was in my stomach when I went to sleep. I had to do something.**

**I wiggled out of his arms and pushed him over on his back. I started to get on top of him and he stopped me. He pushed me back down beside him.**

**“No, Ariel. Not now. Wait.”**

He leaned over me and found my breast with his mouth. He started teasing my nipple and then sucking, just gently sucking, nothing urgent, nothing in a hurry. One hand found my pussy. It was drenched but I didn't care. One finger found its way into me. It started stirring up even more juice. He was driving me crazy. I was too sensitive to be touched but he wouldn't stop. I was going to scream if he didn't stop.

He stopped. He pulled me on top of him. I tried to sit up so I could sit on his cock. I wanted it inside me. He wouldn't let me sit up. He wrapped his arms around me and held me against his chest. He knew what I wanted. Why wouldn't he let me?

He reached down on both sides and put his hands on the back of my thighs and pulled. I guessed he wanted me to bend my legs and I tried to do what he wanted. His hands guided me. I ended up with my legs bent so that my knees were at his waist. He wrapped his arms around me again and held me down.

I could feel his cock sandwiched between his stomach and mine. It was hot and hard but it was outside when I wanted it inside. He held me still so I couldn't do anything. He just kept holding me while I just kept wanting. Finally, he reached down between us with one hand, pulled me up higher on his chest with the other, and I realized the head of his dick was just touching the lips of my pussy.

I tried to move down so it would slide in. He held me and wouldn't let me. I felt him move just slightly, just one little movement of his hips and the head eased inside me. He stopped. Damn, his teasing was driving me crazy. I wanted his cock in me. Now! He moved again, just enough for me to feel it. I pushed down as much as I could. I felt it open me up and slide in a little more. It didn't hurt. Damn, it didn't hurt. Not yet. But it wasn't all the way in.

He started kissing me again and playing with me. His fingers were curled around on both sides of my behind, playing with

the lips of my pussy, stretched open by his dick. I loved that, to be so stretched around his cock while he played with my pussy.

He moved again and I moved a split-second later. I felt his dick go deeper but there was no pain, just a feeling of fullness. I wondered how much of his cock was in me. I couldn't tell. All I could tell was that the sensitive inner lips were stretched tight around his hot flesh.

He moved again. No pain. Just fullness. Again. He stopped. He pushed my face away from his. I opened my eyes. He was smiling at me.

“Sit up.”

I did. I could feel his balls pressing against my ass. His cock was entirely inside me. It didn't hurt. It was just a wonderful sensation of being filled. I knew it was OK. I moved a couple of times, up just a little and then back down. It didn't hurt.

He was still smiling at me. He knew he'd done it. He said he'd never hurt me and he hadn't. I'd almost hurt myself by being in a hurry. But he hadn't hurt me.

“Don't ever take it out, Luke. Just stay inside me. Don't even move.”

“I won't, Ariel. I'm too close to coming. If you're not still yourself, I'm going to come.”

I wanted him to come. I wanted to feel him come inside me. I moved up and down a couple of times.

He lost control. He pulled me back down on his chest, wrapped his arms around me, and rolled over on top of me before I could say anything. He pulled back just a little and shoved his dick in me. Pulled back and shoved it in again. One more time, so hard it made me grunt. He froze and I

could feel him buried entirely inside me and could feel his cock throbbing as he came inside me.

I felt him start to roll off me and I wrapped my arms and legs tighter around him and held him.

“Don’t take it out, Luke. Please! Don’t take it out. I want to feel you.”

He stayed still on top of me, still inside me, with his face buried in my hair and the pillow beside my head. I could feel his cock lose some of its stiffness and then later some of its hardness. It still felt wonderful inside me and I didn’t want him to ever take it out. I tightened the grip of my legs on his thighs and put my hands on his buttocks and tried to pull him closer. He lifted his head above mine and looked in my eyes, smiling at me. He started kissing me again and I opened my mouth to him.

A few minutes later, I realized he was hard again. His dick was still entirely inside me and I could feel his balls pressed against my ass cheeks. I didn’t want him to ever take it out. He bent down, trying to find my breasts with his mouth. He was too tall. He tried again and I helped him. I cupped my hands under my breasts and lifted them. He found my nipple with his lips and started sucking. I felt an instantaneous response in my pussy, almost a contraction around his dick. He kept sucking. I knew there had to be a direct connection.

He kept sucking and then started slowly moving his hips. I felt his dick slide out until just the head was in me and then all the way back in me. Slowly, oh, so slowly, he slid it in and out. It didn’t hurt now; it felt wonderful. I don’t know whether he was savoring the sensation but I was. He moved his mouth to the other breast. He moved his hips so that his dick was at a different angle. I could feel my vaginal lips being pulled in each time he pushed into me and then a tug against my clitoral hood each time he hit bottom. It was unbelievable.

I lost all consciousness of time and place. The only thing I was aware of was what my body was feeling as he slid his dick in and out of my pussy. He began to pick up the tempo, increasing the speed of his thrusts, and as he did he began to push harder. I couldn't take it. I had to take it. I didn't have any choice. I was going to come if he didn't stop. He didn't stop. I helped him with my hands on his ass. Each time he pushed into me, I pulled on his ass cheeks. I knew I was going to come but when I did I wasn't prepared for what I felt. Luke must have felt my contractions around his cock. His mouth sucked on my nipple at exactly the same split-second interval. I felt like I was dying as my contractions began to fade away.

Then Luke started coming too. I couldn't feel his semen spurting out into me. I could feel the contractions in his dick after he shoved it in to the hilt and held still. I could feel his mouth on my nipple. He was hurting me a little, in my pussy, on my nipple, but it was a good hurt. I wished he'd never stop.

But he did. He stopped and lay almost dead weight on top of me. I didn't mind. I hoped he'd never move off me, never take his dick out of me. But finally he did.

He pulled out, gave me a quick smack on the lips, and went to the bathroom. He was back in a second with a couple of towels. He pushed my legs apart, and put one of the towels between them.

“Maybe this part isn't romantic, Arial. It's just the way it is after a man and woman make love. Get used to it. And remember, if the man gets up and brings you a towel, it's because he really does love you.”

He stood there in front of me with the other towel in his hand. His dick was shiny and wet all the way down to his pubic hair. I could see white streaks of what I guessed were semen along the length and on the head. One fat drop was hanging precariously from the slit at the end. He started

cleaning everything off, looking down at his dick and then at my face. I knew he wanted me to see this side of sex, the mess that we'd made. Maybe he thought I'd never seen it. I didn't think it was anything repugnant. His dick was still beautiful to me, swollen, all reddish purple on the head and then red part way down the shaft. His balls were completely relaxed now and hanging even lower than the head of his dick. I thought it was cute after they were so snuggled up against his body when he'd had it in me.

"Why wouldn't you let me suck you, Luke?" I asked.

"Damn, Ariel. That's a helluva fuckin' question to ask? Don't you understand what I was trying to do? I was trying to think of how I could make your first time good for you."

I gave him a big smile and, from the expression on my face, I think he realized I was playing with him.

"It was good, Luke. It was everything I've dreamed about. I'm just giving you something to dream about for the next few nights."

He gave me an angry look and then went around and pinched out the candles one by one. He slid in the bed and pulled me against him. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for me to turn on my side away from him and bend my right leg, while he wiggled up against me with his right leg over my left. He found my breast with his right hand and put his face in my hair. He took one deep breath and exhaled. I wondered if he was ready for sleep.

He wasn't. We talked quietly while he held me. I was content.

I awakened once during the night with Luke's hard-on pressed against my vulva. I reached down, pulled the little towel out of the way and pressed his dick against me, wondering if he was awake. He was. He grunted once. I pressed under the head of his dick, arched my back a little, and his dick slid part way into me again. Nothing was said.

Nothing needed to be said. I enjoyed a sleepy fuck until Luke shot off in me again and then relaxed and faded away into sleep with his dick still in me from behind.

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On Sunday morning, I woke up early. I listened to see if I could hear anybody else. It was quiet except for the rain. It had begun some time during the night and was falling slowly and softly. I was sore. I didn't hurt but I was sore enough to be uncomfortable. Luke was still spooned up to my fanny and had his arm around my waist. I could feel his dick pressed against me. It was soft and warm. I tried to take the towel from between my legs and it seemed like it was stuck to me. I had to pee. I rolled away from Luke as quietly as I could and went in the bathroom. I peed and it burned a little. I wiped and it hurt a little. I found a washcloth, wet it in warm water, and wiped everything around my pussy as gently as possible. That felt better. I used a couple of fingers to part the lips. It was a mess. It looked like everything Luke had put in me as well as the spermicide had run out and halfway dried. I kept at it until it felt clean to my fingers. It didn't hurt anymore but it was sore. I didn't know what Luke would want to do this morning but I knew one thing he wasn't going to do.

I got another cloth, washed my face, and then brushed my hair. When I went back out, Luke was lying on his side, his eyes half open. He was smiling at me.

“Thank you, Arial.”

“For what, Luke?”

“For making my dream come true.”

I didn't say it but he had my thanks too. And after a day or two to recover, he was going to have my thanks again.

Luke got up and went in the bathroom. I heard him peeing in the bowl and then running the water in the sink. Men! They don't know how easy they've got it, I thought. All they've got to do is wash their dick off in the sink a little and it's ready to use again. I heard a soft knock on the door and when I opened it Kerry was standing there with a big grin, naked, with his dick swollen, looking like it had been used like Luke's had. He said Rachael wanted me and Luke to join them in the shower in a few minutes.

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Sunday morning at breakfast everybody was nice to me. They all treated me the same as always and didn't ask me anything about what had happened with me and Luke last night. That was fine with me. Mom and Dad had always said a gentleman never talked about what he did in bed with a lady. I guess it worked the other way around too. If anybody hinted at anything, I just gave them a smile and changed the subject.

I was hungry for breakfast. Mom and Dad had brought sausage and eggs with toast for breakfast and I ate two eggs with some sausage. I think Mom almost fainted when I asked for the second egg. I had a big glass of orange juice and then some coffee afterward. Usually when I drank coffee, I made it half milk and half coffee and lots of sugar. But I wanted something different this time and I made it with just a little milk and sugar.

It was drizzling rain all Sunday morning and kind of warm and humid. Since the cabin didn't have air conditioning, most of us didn't put on any clothes. We all played with the two little kids a lot and I think we wore them out too much. They got a little fussy with lunch and their moms put them to bed for a nap.

I talked with most everybody because they seemed to want to talk to me. Everybody else was talking in little clusters around the main hall of the cabin. I heard Stuart and his

Mom talking about what we'd done on Friday night. Stuart teased Lauren about spending the night with Mom and Dad and said he didn't believe Dad could have been any good in bed after his performance with Kathryn. She said she'd never tell but I'll bet she will. She teased him and Joanne about spending the night with Kavan and Kathryn after Friday's fun and games. She asked him if Kathryn still wanted more after having had sex with Dad and Kerry on Friday night. He said he'd never tell either but I'll bet he will. From the way they talked, it seemed that Kavan and Kathryn had slept by themselves last night. They'd said they were going to so they could save up for the tableaux presentation.

When we were eating sandwiches for lunch, Luke and Rachael came over and sat with me and Kerry. None of us talked about what we'd done last night but Kerry kept smiling at Rachael and she'd smile back. I guessed they'd had a good time together. I was about to leave the table when she asked me to wait a minute. She said she and Luke wanted to ask me and Kerry to spend a night with them again. I said not tonight but maybe later, that I wanted a night to myself. She asked if Monday night would be OK and I nodded. I asked whether she meant separate or together. She said together. I looked at Kerry and he was nodding his head off. Men! I nodded too. Luke gave me a big smile.

The rain stopped a little after lunch. Kavan and Kathryn wanted to go for a walk and they asked me and Kerry if we wanted to go too. He said we could walk on the road going back to the gate as far as the beaver pond on the little branch. Kerry said he was tired of beaver 'cause he'd been wrestling with one all night. Men! I don't know where they get some of their names for things.

We told Mom where we wanted to go and she said we either had to put on clothes or spray for mosquitoes. It was still warm and humid so we just got our rubber mud sandals and sprayed each other.

I was glad we could get away together because I wanted to talk about the show we were going to put on for the crowd. I was nervous about having to handle the lights. Kerry said he couldn't do the commentary and handle the lights too. Kavan told me he was sure I could because I'd done the lights perfectly when we rehearsed in the basement at home. He said anyway I was the only one who could read music and I was the one who'd cued the lights to the scores so I had to do it. I said just because I can read music a little and play a wind instrument didn't mean I could conduct a production like this. Kerry had to wisecrack about me playing a wind instrument. He said I was great on the flute. I knew he meant something dirty so I pretended to be hurt and gave him my crying routine. He apologized and hugged me and told me he loved me.

Kavan wanted to try one of the hardest positions he and Kathryn were going to do – where Kathryn was bent back in a bow and Kavan was between her legs with his face on her pussy. They tried to do it but they were too wet from the water dripping off the leaves and he couldn't hold her in the position. The water on Kavan did make his muscles from weightlifting stand out. They'd been talking about putting oil on their bodies to make them sexier but they decided not to do it since they hadn't rehearsed it that way and they were afraid it would be worse than water on them.

We stopped by the old farmhouse to check on its condition. The old metal roof was still good and everything inside was dry. Dad and Kavan had put plywood over a couple of bad windows a few years ago but everything else was OK. There was nothing inside and it felt so lonely and sad. I ended up hugging Kerry and holding him because I didn't know what else to do for the old house.

We found the beaver pond and saw lots of tracks in the mud and some new stumps where they'd cut down little trees. We didn't see any beaver and I asked Kavan why they were so hard to see. Kerry said it was because most of them were hidden – under panties. I tried to hit him but he ran.

**On the walk back, Kavan held Kathryn's hand. Kerry finally caught up with us and held my hand. I was still mad and wouldn't look at him. Finally he stopped and made me look. His eyes looked red and full of tears. I thought he was ready to cry because I was mad at him. He wrapped his long arms around me and hugged me and told me he really does love me. He said it wasn't because I'm always sweet to him and he can always talk to me about everything. He said it was because he doesn't really have any choice but to love me. He kissed me on the cheek and I couldn't stay mad at him anymore.**

**We were almost back to the cabin when he stopped me again.**

**"I'm a pretty good actor, Ariel," he said. "Don't you think so? If I rub my eyes with my knuckle and then squint a little, it looks like I'm crying, doesn't it? Just like you."**

**<><><>**

**Sunday afternoon, the skies were clearing and the air started getting warmer and dryer. Everybody wanted to play outdoors but the water in the creek was stained from the rain so nobody wanted to play in it. We ended up just being silly and chasing each other around in the flat area near the creek. Dad caught me and gave me a frowzel. That's what he always calls it when he hasn't shaved and he rubs his whiskers on my stomach and makes it red. Stuart and Luke did me too and I had red patches all over my breasts and shoulders and stomach. I was glad Kavan and Kerry didn't really have whiskers yet. I wasn't the only one who got frowzeled though. The guys with whiskers did it to all the women. I guess they got a kick out of it because they all ended up with swollen dicks. Kerry pretended he had whiskers and he frowzeled all the women too. His dick was standing straight up as usual.**

Everybody was all muddy and covered with little leaves and stuff so we all ended up in the shower together. There were so many of us in there at once that we hardly had room to soap up and wash off. Nobody complained though. Kerry still had a hard-on and we all gave him a good yank or two.

Sunday night dinner was just cold stuff. Mom had brought a half ham, already cooked, and Stuart sliced it for us. We had potato salad and pickles and stuff like that. We used plastic plates and cups so we didn't have to wash dishes. Dad said it made just as much sense to wash real dishes because we'd just have to carry the plastic ones out with the trash when we left.

Sunday evening was really nice. The last of the rain-system clouds were moving out and the sunset on them was beautiful. The wind had almost stopped. Every few minutes, another breeze would sweep along and the pine trees would sound like they were singing. I hated to go in off the deck but I knew we wanted to start the tableaux when it got dark.

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(STUART)

I didn't know what to expect. For three days, Joanne and I had found it hard to believe what we saw and did. Mom had told us about the Stuart family when she called and then finally told us what she'd done with them. I had told her repeatedly that I wanted her to start living again after Dad died but I hadn't expected her to get herself into a situation like this. Or maybe I should say, the situation got into her – three of them in one night! I knew she and Dad had enjoyed a good sex life and I suspected they enjoyed a lot I didn't know about. But still, three of them? Kieran and his two sons? Damn, I'd have loved to be there to see that. Joanne thought it was pretty hot too. She almost broke my dick off fucking me the night we learned about it.

When I met the Stuarts they turned out to be a damned nice family. Kieran was still a hunk and I could see why Mom had thought he was one at sixteen. It's hard to believe he's really my biological father. I still can't think of anybody but Paul as my real father. Siobhan was almost unbelievable. When I saw her naked the first time, I wanted to get face down on her and get a mouthful of red hair. And those tits! I could suck on them for a week and die happy.

Their kids are great. I felt like they were my brothers and sister after just one night. Beautiful, healthy, bright – everything parents could want in kids. I hope Paul grows up like them. I know how Kerry's going to feel – growing up so damned intelligent. He's going to find out what I did: it's a mixed blessing. Teased to death by the other kids and still damn glad not to be as stupid as they are.

That Arial's a little knockout. I don't feel brotherly toward her. I can't believe she was a virgin until last night. And Luke got her cherry. Damn, he is one lucky guy. I wish to hell I could get my dick in her too. Who knows? We've got a week to fuck around and it looks like anything can happen. Hell, she's my half-sister. I'm not supposed to think about her like that. Am I?

Kavan and Kerry are great guys. I could tell Kerry was a troublemaker right away. I fixed him when he tried to get Joanne in the pool. Kavan seems like the sort of rock-solid guy I'd like to have for a brother. He looks like he's been lifting weights to get shoulders and biceps like that. And Kathryn! Shacking up down there in the basement with Kavan! Kieran and Siobhan think they're a great pair. Unbelievable! She knows what she's doing when she gives me that smile with her eyes sort of lowered. That's another place I'd like to park my pecker for a while.

Luke and I helped arrange two couches for the presentation the kids were going to put on. Kerry wanted them exactly four feet from a rectangle he'd marked out on the floor. Kieran and Siobhan went around at the window end of the

hall pulling the blackout drapes. I didn't know where Kavan was and Kathryn seemed to be missing too. Arial was fooling with a bank of switches for lights they'd hung up and looking at what seemed to be musical scores. Kerry was talking to her and then reading over what looked like notes about something.

Rachael and Joanne took little Paul and Adrianna to one of the bedrooms to read to them. It was Paul's bedtime and I knew he'd probably sleep through the night after he'd played so much during the day. They're both beautiful little kids. Almost like brother and sister. Same hair color, same fat little belly and butt. They were almost like identical twins except for Paul's outty and Adrianna's inney.

Luke and I were sitting on one of the couches when Rachael and Joanne came back out. We all squeezed together on one couch. It was hard for me to believe that I'd be sitting on a couch with my wife and two other people – all of us naked – and that we'd be so comfortable with it. Not just comfortable – I was enjoying it.

Kieran and Siobhan were standing near the door to the deck talking and when they saw us sit down, they came over and sat on the other couch. Mom joined them and she and Siobhan started talking together. From the way Siobhan was nodding and looking at me I guessed they were plotting something. I wouldn't be surprised at anything anymore.

Arial and Kerry were watching all of us. When they saw us on the couches, Arial did something to the light switches and all the lights in the big room went out. When we all got quiet, one little light came on and there was Kerry, standing there naked with a microphone in one hand.

“Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight...” He started and then his voice cracked. He just grinned, that Kerry grin as Joanne called it, and started again.

**“Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, Stuart Family Productions will bring you a special presentation in two parts. The first will feature a musical excerpt from Romeo and Juliet. Not Tchaikovsky’s Romeo and Juliet. You’ll hear a beautiful orchestral intermezzo from an opera called A Village Romeo and Juliet by an English guy named Frederick Delius. The second will be a famous work you’re all familiar with: Ravel’s Bolero.”**

**“The excerpt from Delius’ opera is called The Walk to the Paradise Gardens. The walk will last ten minutes and the first few minutes will be played in the dark. The lights will then come on briefly and you’ll see two young lovers frozen like statues. The light will go out and, when they come back on, you’ll see the lovers in a different pose. This will happen again and again as the lovers get closer to paradise.”**

**“Ravel’s Bolero will last fifteen minutes and again the first few minutes will be played in the dark. When the lights come on this time, the lovers will be moving, doing what lovers always do in Paradise. Again the lights will go off and back on a number of times until, at the climax of Bolero, the lovers will finally enter into Paradise.”**

**Damn, the kid was good. He stood there so self-assured, naked as a jaybird, microphone he didn’t really need in one hand, notes he never looked at in the other; he was damn good. Intermezzo, Tchaikovsky, excerpt, tableaux vivant: how many kids his age have even heard the words? He’s one smart little devil. Then the one little light on him disappeared and we were in total darkness.**

**I guess opera’s OK but I’m no great fan. I’ll have to admit the music from The Walk to Paradise Gardens was beautiful. I guess I’d call it slow and maybe sensuous. I was beginning to wonder whether something had gone wrong when the spotlights came on.**

**Kathryn and Kavan were standing about five feet apart between the two couches. They were both wearing Greek-**

style togas, a single piece of fabric, tossed over one shoulder, open at the sides, and held in place by a rope belt. They had nothing on their feet and, from the opened side, I could see they had nothing on under the togas. The left side of Kavan's chest was exposed showing hard muscle. Kathryn's left breast was exposed. Damn, she had perfect tits.

Kavan was looking at Kathryn's face. He had a calm, sort of pleading look on his face. Kathryn was looking slightly away from him, and it seemed to me there was a look of uncertainty in her upraised eyebrows. He had one arm extended toward her with the palm up, asking, the fingers curled slightly, waiting to grasp. Her arm was extended toward him, her hand and fingers raised as though in defense.

Pretty damn sexy so far, I thought. I wondered how far they were going to go with this.

When the lights went out, you could have heard a pin drop. I didn't even hear Kavan and Kathryn moving. Maybe half a minute later the lights came back on. They were standing in front of each other now, their faces maybe a foot apart. His hand was on her breast and hers was on his chest. The lights went out.

I sat up a little straighter and leaned forward. Maybe Joanne thought I was getting a little too interested. She grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me back. When she put her hand on the inside of my thigh, I relaxed and leaned back.

When the lights came back on, Kavan and Kathryn were still in the same pose except that this time they were kissing. No movement, just frozen, lips locked together.

Joanne moved her hand up a little and wrapped her fingers around my dick. It was just on the verge of standing up. I glanced across to Mom and Kieran and Siobhan. The lucky son of a bitch was sitting in the middle, one arm around Mom and one around Siobhan. His long legs were sprawled

out and his dick looked like it was in about the same shape as mine. The lights went out again.

When they came back on the next time, I thought at first that the pose hadn't changed. They were still kissing. But when I looked closer, I saw that each had one hand under the other's toga.

While I could, I glanced down to see what Luke and Rachael were doing. His dick was standing straight up and Rachael was stroking him. He had a smile on his face and I knew he was one happy man.

The next time the lights came on, Kavan and Kathryn were naked, standing perhaps a foot apart, and the togas were at their feet on the floor. He had one hand curled around cupping the mound between her legs. She had one hand wrapped around his hard-on.

I glanced over at Mom and Kieran and Siobhan again. This time his dick was standing straight up too and Mom had her hand wrapped around it. It looked like Siobhan was playing with his balls. Damn, another lucky guy.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw movement. I glanced over that way quickly and saw Arial and Kerry standing beside one of the support columns. They had their arms wrapped around each other's waists and big grins on their faces.

I could hardly wait for the next pose. This time, Kavan was standing, one hand on his hip, the other on top of Kathryn's head. Kathryn was down on one knee. She had her mouth on his dick.

I wondered how she could get it in her mouth. Kieran's dick was big and thick and it looked like Kavan's was about the same. I looked down at my own. Shit. It was about the same too. Joanne never had any trouble with it in her mouth or pussy. The lights went out.

When they came back on, I saw it was Kathryn's turn. She was standing with her legs spread apart. Kavan was kneeling with his face almost hidden between her legs. Damn, her pubic hair was cut so short it didn't hide anything. I could see the lips of her pussy, wide open, and Kavan had his tongue right in them. How the hell could he hold it still and resist licking her?

On the other side of Kavan and Kathryn, movement distracted me. When I looked, Mom was leaning over Kieran's lap and had her lips around his dick. While I watched, she drew back and Siobhan leaned over and wrapped her lips around it. And that's when the lights went out again.

I couldn't believe the next pose. I couldn't believe they could have moved so silently. I couldn't believe that Kavan could hold her like that. Kavan was standing, holding Kathryn. She was upside down, her tits against his stomach, her belly against his chest. His arms were around her waist. Her face was at his dick. Her legs were spread wide; his face was at her pussy.

I looked over at Luke and Rachael. She had her hand on his dick and was slowly stoking him while they watched. Joanne was stroking me. My dick started drooling and she rubbed around the head with her thumb while she held it. The lights went out again and this time I heard Kavan and Kathryn grunting as they got into the next pose.

I hoped it wasn't the last pose but I didn't see how they could do anything sexier and more beautiful. Kathryn's feet were on the floor, her legs slightly spread. She was bent backwards, her body in a bow, her hands supporting the other end of the bow. Her head was dangling from one end of the bow, her face calm, eyes closed. Her breasts were elongated by her stretched body and flattened against her chest and her nipples stood up in clear dark points on the peak of the small mounds. Her stomach was a perfect bowl.

Between her thighs, I could barely see the neatly-trimmed pubic hair on her pussy.

But Kavan's face was blocking the view. He was on his knees, sitting back slightly on his calves and feet. His head was between Kathryn's thighs, his face hidden in her darkness, perfectly positioned for his mouth to find her pussy. His arms and hands were stretched out to each side, slightly raised, in a classical dancer's pose. I assumed he had just been holding Kathryn's thighs while she leaned back until her hands found the floor. I couldn't see them trembling but I was. I knew I had never seen anything more beautiful in my life. And the lights went out again and the music stopped.

Bolero began in complete darkness. It started with slow rhythmical repetitive movements and seemed to last forever, nothing but music.

This time when the lights come back on, Kavan was fucking Kathryn. He was on top of her with his mouth locked to hers. Her arms were around him, hands on his butt. Her legs were wrapped around his. It was just slow fucking this time, not frozen.

Luke and Rachael and Joanne and I were the lucky ones this time. We had the best view, directly between their legs. I realized somebody had put this production together carefully. One of the spotlights was shining directly on the spot where the action was. Kavan's red hair was shining like it was on fire. His dick was glistening as it slid in and out of her. Damn, I'd never seen anything like it. This time, it was Joanne who sat up straighter and leaned forward.

The lights went out again and Joanne moved. I wondered where she was going when I felt her spread my legs and kneel between them. She clamped down on my dick with her mouth and I thought she was going to suck the head off. She had it timed perfectly. She moved again and was back beside me when the lights came on again. Rachael didn't have it

timed as well. I glanced over and she was still on her knees sucking Luke's cock.

This time we didn't have the best view. I knew Kieran was getting a good look at Kathryn's pussy wrapped around Kavan's dick. She was on top, riding Kavan. She had her head thrown back and I could see the expression on her face. I'd seen that same look on Joanne's face over me often enough. She was damn close to coming.

The lights went out and I listened to see if I could hear anything. There was no mistaking it. Kavan was still shoving it in her even in the dark. Damn, how long can the kid last?

When the lights came back on, Kavan was behind Kathryn, pumping away. They were parallel to the two couches so all of us had about the same view. He was shoving it in hard enough to make her grunt every time he hit bottom.

The lights went out again and I knew Bolero well enough to know it was building to its crescendo. I knew I was going to build to one tonight too. Somebody was going to get fucked. Maybe more than one someone from the looks of the others.

The lights came on again and Kavan was back on top of Kathryn, pumping away, shoving his dick into her hard enough to push her a little each time. I couldn't see where it was going but I could hear it. Kathryn's face was contorted like she was dying. I couldn't see Kavan's. The climax of the music finally came, where it breaks down into irregular jerky sounds and I watched as Kavan seemed to break down too. If he wasn't coming, he was faking it the best I'd ever seen. With the last sound from the music, I saw the two of them relax. And the lights went out.

There was nothing but silence. I didn't know whether I ought to cheer. Do you cheer at something so beautiful? If I ever went to church, would I clap at a beautiful hymn? I didn't care. I let out a big whoop and started clapping and cheering. I guess it was appropriate because Kieran joined me and

then the ladies did the same. Mom even stuck two fingers in her mouth and whistled. That's the way she always called me when I was little and she wanted me home. I knew it was her.

When we finally stopped yelling, the lights came on again. Kieran was at the light switches, standing there with his dick pointing at the ceiling. I looked around. Kavan and Kathryn, Arial and Kerry were all gone. I noticed one of the bedroom doors behind us was closed and a light was on under it.

Mom and Siobhan came over to us and gave hugs and kisses to Luke and Rachael and then to Joanne and me. Hugging with a hard-on is a little difficult. I'd never poked Mom with one before. Kieran walked over and put his arms around Mom and Siobhan. I didn't know what was next on the agenda but I knew Joanne was going to find out. Mom gave me and Joanne a big smile and said "We'll see you in the morning. Don't worry about the kids. If they wake up, we'll take care of them."

I stood there watching while Kieran and Siobhan and my Mom went into one of the bedrooms on the side of the big room. I shook my head. I couldn't believe it. The lucky bastard. I wondered how it'd be to have two women to fuck around with at once.

Luke and Rachael were still standing there. Luke's dick was hard too, just as hard as mine. I guessed Rachael was going to get it too.

Luke said, "Stuart, the upstairs bedroom's reserved for us tonight."

*Yeah, you get it again tonight, I thought. You're screwing a virgin one night and your pregnant wife the next. Damn, you've got it good, Luke. Cool hand, Luke.*

"That's OK, Luke," I said. "Joanne and I'll sleep in one of the ones down here."

Rachael looked at Luke and then looked at me and Joanne.

“You don’t understand, Stuart. The king-size bed’s reserved for the four of us, me and Luke, you and Joanne.”

“I can’t do that,” I started to protest.

Rachael put her fingertips to my mouth. “Yes, you can. It’s already been settled. Your Mom and Siobhan arranged it. If you don’t agree, I’ll go tell your Mom. Now bring your wife and let’s go upstairs to bed. I think you and Luke are both ready.”

## Chapter 32

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16; Ariel Stuart, 14 (and ½); Kerry Stuart, 11 (almost 12)

Kathryn Jensen, 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, Kieran Stuart

(KERRY)

“Kerry Lee Stuart, what’s so funny?”

I was trying not to laugh. Maybe I was trying not to giggle. It was bad enough my voice had been cracking lately. I never knew whether it would sound like a man’s voice or a kid’s.

Anyway, I didn't want to start giggling like a little kid or like a girl. I didn't know whether I would giggle or laugh if I let it out so I choked it off.

I was glad Arial and Luke got to use the upstairs bedroom for the night. It was the only one in the cabin that was really nice. The stairs going up connected to a walkway that went all the way across, like a balcony, over the big room downstairs. When you went in the door, the bedroom was against the inside wall and there was even room enough to walk around the bed on three sides. The bed was a king-size bed, a real one, with box springs and mattress. I had never slept in it but I had played in it for years. You could look out the sliding glass doors on the opposite wall to a little outside balcony.

The six downstairs bedrooms were all the same size, maybe eight by ten, or eight by twelve if you counted the cupboard space on one end. No matter which one you went in, the cupboards were always on the left of the door as you went in. The bed was always on the right. The bed was always just a queen-size mattress down on the floor. The downstairs bedrooms were all under the legs of the A-frame and the ceiling sloped down so you couldn't stand up on one side. The inside wall was about twelve feet high and the outside wall only about four. I had bumped my head too many times on the ceiling and even had to have four stitches once from hitting it on a beam.

The bedroom Rachael had picked out must have been fixed up by somebody. The bed looked like it had new bed linens on it and there were about a dozen pillows scattered around. The ceiling fan above the bed on the tall side of the room was turning around real slowly. I had loved to play with the fan switch when I was a kid. The man who built the cabin, Paul Andersen, Lauren's husband, had installed a rheostatically-controlled switch on the wall where you could reach it while lying on the mattress. I would lie there and play like I was flying an airplane. There were a couple of candles burning

on shelves and the fan made the flames flicker and the shadows were dancing all around the room.

Rachael lay down on the bed while I was looking around.

“I just think it’s funny the way everybody still wants to treat me like a little kid,” I said.

“Kerry, nobody’s treating you like a little kid. Inviting you in here’s not treating you that way. Little kids don’t get to do what we’re going to do tonight.”

I walked over to the center of the room and reached up to the roof trusses. I had always thought it was funny that the roof trusses were also the wall beams. I liked to stretch and see how far I could get toward the center of the room while holding onto the trusses. I was almost in the center now. I stood on tiptoes and stretched all the muscles on my legs and then on my body and arms. Sometimes if I stretched hard enough I could make my joints pop. It felt good.

“I thought Dad was the one who assigned me to fill in for Luke. And he didn’t have to say ‘if I was up to it.’ Are you the one who invited me?”

She patted the bed beside her. “Kerry, don’t be mad at me. I invited you because I wanted to... I wanted you to be with me when Luke was with Arial.”

I walked over on the bed and piled some pillows up in the corner where the room was highest. I sat down, leaned back, and spread my legs as far apart as I could. I stretched some more. I leaned over and touched my fingers to the toes on the opposite foot and then the other. I curled my toes up and flexed the muscles in my feet and legs.

“Yeah, well, first it was Lauren. I told Arial and Kavan we should all show her lots of love to help her feel better. First thing I know, I’m the leadoff act in a threesome. Then next, Kathryn decides she wants me to perform with her while

she's busy with Dad. Now you invited me because Luke's with Ariel. Maybe I'd just like to try to get somewhere by myself. Once in a while!"

"I'm sorry, Kerry. I didn't think you'd feel that way. I guess I was just thinking of what I wanted."

She wasn't smiling anymore. Maybe I hurt her feelings and I didn't want to do that. But I did feel like I wanted to decide what I wanted to do. I stretched some more in my pelvis and stomach and my dick started its wake-up routine. When I sat down it was hanging down over my balls. Now it decided to wake up like it does sometimes. It would sort of go surge, lift, rest, surge, lift, rest. Every time, it would get just a little harder. It didn't take long until it was standing up. I always thought, when I was watching it, that it looked like it was lifting up its head and looking around for something to get into. Rachael watched it go through its routine.

"Sure, I want the same thing, I guess, but I want it because I want it," I said, when it was finished. "Does that make sense?"

"Yes, Kerry, it makes sense. I've known you so long I guess I thought I'd know what you wanted."

I'd been a little mad when Dad made his announcement. I had tried not to let it show. I had even bowed to Rachael and tried to be a gentleman when we left the room. Sure, I wanted to do it with Rachael. I'd been wanting to for a long time, especially since I started turning into a man. I didn't really want to be mad at her. She had always loved me and been nice to me.

"I don't want to be mean to you, Rachael. I just wish everybody would treat me half-way like a grownup, not like a kid."

"I wish I could sit like that, Kerry. I guess women aren't supposed to be able to do it. It shows too much."

**I looked down. It showed my dick and balls but I was always showing them when I was naked. I had a hard-on but I had lots of those and nobody said anything much except to kid me a little. Rachael had seen me with hard-ons most of my life, maybe not so much since I'd started developing.**

**I crawled out of the corner and pushed her until she got in it. I got on the opposite corner of the bed and stretched out on my back supported on my elbows so I could look at her. She had her legs together and I used my feet to nudge them apart as far as possible.**

**She was right. It did show a lot. Even with candles for light, I could see her pussy sort of gaping a little. I'd seen it lots of times, maybe not quite like this, but I still liked to look at it. I thought, if I didn't already have a hard-on, I would have got one from looking at her. Maybe my dick liked to look too because it felt like it got harder.**

**"I can't tell you're pregnant," I said.**

**She looked down. "I'm just beginning to show. My pants and skirts are just beginning to get tight. The baby's just a little peanut right now. That's what Luke calls him - peanut."**

**I heard her say him. "Do you already know he's a boy? I didn't think you could tell this early."**

**"You're right. We can't tell. Luke wants a boy and I want one for him. We'll have to wait at least three more months or so to find out, if we decide to find out."**

**"Rachael, that's another reason I'm not sure I should be in here with you. When I read all those books about sex, I mainly read the parts I wanted to know about. I just skimmed through most of the stuff about having babies. I don't want to do anything with you that'd hurt you or the baby."**

**“Kerry, you can’t do anything to hurt my baby.”**

**“Yeah, but what if my sperm gets mixed up with Luke’s and you have a baby that’s part mine and part his?”**

**I watched her when I said it. I wondered if she’d think I really believed what I said. She looked at me like I was the dumbest person she’d ever known.**

**“Kerry Lee Stuart, how can you be so super intelligent about some things and so absolutely stupid about others. Did you even read the chapters in the sex books about what happens when the baby is conceived and when it grows.”**

**“I skimmed over them,” I admitted. “I guess I should’ve read them better, huh? I don’t ever want to do anything to hurt you.”**

**I thought she would know I was pretending to be stupid about how babies were conceived and how they developed. When I first read about it, I thought it was so fascinating I had practically memorized the whole book.**

**“You’re just teasing me, aren’t you?” she asked.**

**I looked her in the eyes and I couldn’t help but smile. She knew I was just playing around with her.**

**“Yeah, everybody expects a kid my age to be stupid about sex. I just kind of go along with them and act that way some times.”**

**She looked at me kind of funny and I didn’t know why. Then she crawled over to me and kissed me. She held my face in both hands and kissed me on the lips. I guess she was kissing me like she’d kiss a brother.**

**“Kerry, you’re still sweet to me, aren’t you? I’ve known you since you were three and you’ve always been the same way**

with me. It's no wonder I love you. You don't have to pretend to be stupid with me. I know how smart you really are."

I smiled and didn't say anything. I couldn't remember how long I had known her. It seemed like I had known her and Luke all my life. I knew they weren't really Mom and Dad's children but we treated them like they were family. Except I knew they had done it with Mom and Dad and us kids never had. When she sat back, I leaned over and held her face this time and kissed her.

Maybe I shouldn't have done that. She stuck her tongue in my mouth and it went straight down to my dick. Well, at least that's what it felt like. My dick started thinking for me.

She sat back down in the corner and put her legs in the same position as before. She looked at me and I looked at her. She knew I wanted to do it and I knew she did too. She put one hand down between her legs and used two fingers to spread the lips to her pussy. She might have dark hair all around it but it was just as pink and red inside as Arial's had been last night. I wondered if Rachael would like me to lick her and finger-fuck her like I did Arial.

"What do you want to do tonight, Rachael?" I asked.

"No, Kerry, you just said you wanted to be treated more like a grownup. You tell me what you want to do with me."

"Everything!"

"Everything?"

"Yeah, everything and I mean everything."

"OK, but tell me specifically what you want. In the order you want to do them."

**“I want to lick your pussy and use my fingers to make you come. I think I know how to do that pretty good but I would like to practice with you.”**

**“And after that?”**

**“Gimme a blow-job?”**

**I gave her my grin. If I could order from a Chinese menu I was going to include my favorite.**

**“OK, and next?”**

**“I want my dick where you just showed me. I want to fuck you. Dad says I shouldn’t use fuck for a verb to describe what a man and a woman do together. Right now, my dick thinks it’s a pretty good word.”**

**“OK. Is that all?”**

**I was a little puzzled and I guess it showed. I tried to think of something else a guy could do with a woman.**

**“I guess so. Unless we do some of it more than once.”**

**“That’s not quite all a man can do with a woman. There’s something else Luke and I have done a few times. I’ll let you figure out what it is. I’m not going to tell you.”**

**I started to say something.**

**“And don’t ask me. If you can’t figure it out, forget I ever said anything.”**

**“Well, if you’re talking about kissing you and then me sucking on your tits, I guess I was just thinking of that as sort of getting warmed up.”**

**“I’m pretty warm already, Kerry. From the looks of your dick, I think you are too. You’re not a little boy anymore, are you?”**

**I looked at my dick. It was a nice size already. I guessed it was between five and a half and six inches because, believe it or not, I hadn’t measured it lately. I knew it wasn’t as big as Dad’s yet but he kept telling me to be patient and it probably would be, maybe even bigger.**

**She patted the pillow beside her so I crawled over and lay down with her. She was propped up a little higher than I was and she just looked at my face and kept looking. I don’t know what she saw but she finally lowered her face to mine and kissed me. This wasn’t the same sort of kiss she’d always given me, a little smack on the cheek and sometimes on the lips. This was the real thing. I had my lips closed but I felt hers open and her tongue started probing between mine. I opened my lips and let her tongue in and started sucking on it. My dick liked that. After a little, I stuck my tongue in her mouth and she sucked on mine. My dick liked that even more. It felt so hard it was like it could break. I don’t know why but I pressed up against her and started pushing it sort of against her stomach and legs. She reached down and held it in her hand and we kept kissing.**

**I kept getting hotter and hotter and I wondered what I was supposed to do next. I knew I wanted to suck on her breasts so I slid down a little and then started doing that. She didn’t let go of my dick. She started sliding her hand up and down on it real slow, like I do when I’m jacking off, except that I do it faster. I started wishing she’d stop because I didn’t want to come, not yet, and I could feel it getting ready. I pushed her hand off and kept on sucking her breasts one after the other. I loved the way her nipples got so hard in my mouth. I didn’t stop her when she put her hand back on my dick but I guess I should have. I felt like I was about to come. I stopped sucking on her breasts.**

**“Stop, Rachael, I’m about to come! Stop!”**

**“Stand up!”**

**“Huh?”**

**“I said stand up, damn it. Stand up!”**

**I stood up. Shit! I hit my head on the ceiling or the wall, whichever it was. I knew it wasn't bad because I hit it on the planks between the beams and not on a beam itself. It distracted me though and the next thing I knew Rachael had the head of my dick in her mouth. She held me around the shaft with one hand and didn't try to move it, just held it. The other couple of inches she had in her mouth. She had the other hand under my balls holding them up. She didn't try to slide her mouth up and down on my dick. She just sucked on it. I mean really sucked. It was like I was a thick milkshake and she was trying to suck me up through a straw. I held onto the ceiling trusses and let her suck me. I shut my eyes and saw red and I didn't know whether it was because I'd hit my head or because I was coming. Every time I spurted, I felt her suck and then swallow. It seemed like my balls were empty when I finally stopped coming. I guess Rachael wanted to make sure they were because she milked my dick down to get the last drop out and then licked it off.**

**I was a little dizzy from bumping my head so I dropped down on my knees. I grabbed Rachel's shoulders and held on until I felt better. When I opened my eyes, Rachael was looking at my face and smiling at me. She backed up into the corner with the pillows and pulled me with her. She leaned back and pulled me against her, with my head on her breasts. She rubbed the back of my head where I bumped it and then kissed it a couple of times. It really did make it feel better.**

**“Your hair's longer than I've ever seen it, Kerry. It looks like you haven't had a haircut all summer.”**

**“I haven't. Gonna get it cut in a couple of weeks. Before I go back to school.”**

**“You’ve got beautiful hair. I’ve always thought it looked like spun gold. When I saw you yesterday, it was brushed and looked so good. It looked like somebody’d been helping you with it.”**

**“Yeah, Kathryn was sitting behind me in the van. She likes to fool with it.”**

**“Yours is just like Arial’s. Hers is so long. It’s beautiful but I don’t see why she wants it so long. It’s got to be a lot of trouble.”**

**“She’s gonna get hers cut short before school too. She decided a couple of years ago she wasn’t going to cut it until...” I wasn’t sure I should tell her.**

**“Until what?”**

**I didn’t think it would matter if I told her. She was one of the ones who had arranged for Luke and Arial to spend the night together. And she was the one who arranged for me to sleep with her.**

**“Until something happened to her. You know, it’s what’s happening upstairs in the bedroom right now. With Luke.”**

**“Oh.”**

**“Yeah.”**

**She didn’t say anything for a while and when she did she changed the subject.**

**“I can’t believe how much you’ve grown in the last few months. I think you’re taller than me now. Your feet and hands already look like they’re twice as big as mine.”**

**“Dad says it’s a growth spurt. He say’s I’ll probably grow like he did, that he would have a growing spell and then slow down and then have a growth spurt again.”**

**“There’s one part of you that’s sure had a growth spurt. I can’t get used to seeing you with pubic hair and everything so big. Are boys supposed to start developing so early? I thought it usually started when you’re about thirteen or fourteen.”**

**“When it started, Arial and I did some research on it. I started about six months ago and I’ll be twelve in a couple of months. The average age for boys is now about twelve. I guess I’m a few months early but Dad says I’m in the normal range.”**

**“Do you jack off a lot, Kerry?”**

**“I guess. Maybe two or three times a day. Is that a lot?”**

**All the time we were talking, she was playing with my dick. It had gone soft for a few minutes after I came but it got hard again while she was playing with it. I wanted to find out what it’d be like to get it in her but I wanted to do something else first.**

**I slipped down a little lower and started kissing her just where her pubic hair started on her mound. She spread her legs a little so I got on my knees and got between them.**

**I pulled her legs so she slid down off the pillows and was on her back in front of me. I went back to kissing all around her pussy. I couldn’t really get to it bent over on my knees while she was flat on her back. I grabbed a pillow and tried to stuff it under her butt. She lifted her hips up off the bed and helped me. I still couldn’t get to it while I was on my knees so I stretched out on my stomach. That made it just right.**

**I lay there and looked at her first. She was sure different from Arial. Arial’s pussy was just a little slit between her**

legs. I couldn't even see the lips until I had teased it open and got her stirred up a little. Her pubic hair was real soft and light brown or blond like mine and she didn't have hardly any back between her legs. I knew Dad didn't either so I guessed I would be the same when I got more hair. Rachael's pussy wasn't a pussy; it was a cunt. Hers looked bigger and I guessed that was from having Adrianna. Her lips stuck out some so that they showed even before I started doing anything. Then she had that dark hair all over everything and I do mean everything.

Dad and Kavan had told me how to do it and I'd watched Dad a few times and Kavan lots of times. Being told how to do it and knowing how to do it are two different things. I didn't want a mouthful of hair so I used my thumbs to brush it back out of the way. After that, I just shut my eyes and started doing whatever I wanted to. She liked it when I sucked on the lips of her cunt and wiggled my finger around inside her. I knew where her clit was and I was going to get around to it but Rachael got in a hurry. She grabbed me by the ears – like I was a beagle puppy – and led me right to it. I guess that was what she wanted. She started grunting and whining and bumping her pussy up against my face. When she went limp and turned loose of my ears, I guessed she'd had an orgasm.

Dad had told me women weren't like men when it came to orgasms. It always took me a while after I'd had one before I could have another. He said when women have one, they can keep on going. So I moved up over Rachael and just slid my dick right in her. I was ready for another one whether she was or not so I started humping her. She didn't try to slow me down. She just put her hands on my butt and tried to pull me deeper in her every time I pushed my dick in. That was OK with me but I was already giving her everything I had.

I started feeling real hot like I do sometimes when I've been jacking off for a long time. I hoped Rachael wouldn't worry if she saw me get sort of red like I've got a rash on my chest and face. I knew Mom got that way and so did Dad but not as bad as Mom. I hadn't seen Ariel get a rash but I hadn't seen

her get fucked yet. I tried to slow down but it didn't work. I felt it coming so I just shoved it in and let it shoot. I felt it give a few squirts and it was so good I wanted to keep on doing it. I pulled back and shoved it in again a couple of times and it was too good and I knew I couldn't do it anymore.

I guess I almost went to sleep on top of Rachael because she shook me and pushed me off her. I knew Dad had told me not to just roll over and go to sleep after I came in a woman. He said women liked to be held afterwards and liked to talk. I don't know why. I didn't mind holding her. I liked the way it felt to have her butt back against me with my hand on her breast. I just didn't see why we had to talk. I kept trying but sometimes I couldn't think of anything to say so I just said "Uh, huh."

Then she said something that made me wake up a little. I think she asked me if I was ready to go to sleep now that we'd done almost everything. Almost? What else was there? I couldn't think of anything else so I asked her. She told me. Damn, I couldn't believe she and Luke did that! I'd heard about it but I thought it was something queer guys did to each other. When I told her that, she started giggling.

"Well, I don't see what's so funny. I don't see why a man would do that to a woman. You're the third woman I've done it with and you're all different but I don't see how any woman's asshole can be better than her pussy."

"I didn't say it's better, Kerry. It's just different. Luke and I have done it a few times. I guess I've learned to like it OK but it would never be my favorite. Do you want to see if you like it?"

I had to think a while. I don't guess my dick had to think because it was already hard and it got harder thinking about it. But I didn't want to hurt Rachael and I didn't see how my dick would fit in her back there. So I asked her. She told me I had to make up my mind if I was through with her pussy for

a while because I couldn't put it in there again after it was in her asshole. She said I had to wash my dick real good before I did anything else with it. I didn't want to go out in the big hall of the cabin to use the bathroom to wash so I knew I had to make up my mind. Maybe my dick had already made up its mind.

She got up and got the baby oil out of her suitcase and handed it to me. She held out her hands and I flipped the top and squirted some oil on them. She rubbed it all over my dick and then held out just one hand. I squirted oil on it and she reached about behind her back. I knew where she was putting it.

I didn't know how I was supposed to do it so I waited for her to tell me. She didn't tell me. She showed me. She got down on her hands and knees and stuck her butt at me. The candles were on the other side of her and I couldn't see where I was supposed to put it.

“Just rub your dick up and down in my crack and I'll tell you when to push.”

I got behind her on my knees and did what she told me. I held my dick and rubbed the head up and down between her butt cheeks. It felt the same everywhere to me. I didn't feel a hole for it to go in.

“Hold it right there, Kerry.”

I stopped and held it still.

“Just push real slow.”

I pushed but nothing happened. I pushed a little more but nothing happened. She reached around with one hand and held my dick. I didn't know what to do with my hands so I just put them on her hips where I could hold on to her. She rubbed the head up and down a little and then stopped.

**“Push again. Just push and then back off and then push again.”**

**I did what she told me. She knew where it was supposed to go. It worked. I held her hips and pushed and then pushed again. I could feel her opening up a little bit. I kept pushing and then she started pushing back. I felt it open a little more and then the head of my dick popped inside her.**

**It was tight. It wasn't like a cunt. A cunt just stretched all around so it felt better than anything but it wasn't tight. At least the ones I'd had my dick in hadn't been tight. This was so tight I wondered how she could take it without hurting.**

**I guess it didn't hurt her though because she started moving back and forth and every time she did, my dick ended up a little deeper in her. I watched it disappear and finally all I could see was my pubic hair up against her backside. It was tight and hot at the same time. I could see why Luke liked it. I knew I was going to like it too.**

**“Kerry, can you just hold still for a little? Get your dick all the way in and then hold still. I want to show you something.”**

**I did what she asked me. I didn't know what else she could show me but I wasn't in a hurry anymore. She reached back under her stomach with one arm and I felt her fingers on my balls. She played with them a little and then started doing something else with her hand. I couldn't tell what she was doing but I could just barely feel her doing something maybe with her pussy.**

**“Now fuck me, Kerry, real slow and easy.”**

**I did what she asked, just sliding my dick out until nothing was left in her except the head and then sliding it back in. Damn, she was hot and it was so tight. It might be dirty but I still liked it. I could see why Luke liked it too.**

**“Now, hard, Kerry. Give it to me hard.”**

**I did what she asked again. I pulled out and shoved it in as hard as I could. Every time I did it, she grunted. I started grunting too. I wondered if anybody in the cabin could hear us but I decided I didn't give a shit if they could.**

**“Stop, Kerry.”**

**I stopped. What the hell was going on? It didn't take but a second to figure it out. I could feel her coming. That had to be what it was. Even if my dick wasn't in her pussy, I could still feel something in her clenching and unclenching. Damn, if that was what she wanted to show me, I liked it.**

**I was ready so I held her by the hips and took over. I tried not to be rough with her but I just did what I wanted to do. I shut my eyes and let everything else go away. I'd already come twice so I guess it took me a little longer. I didn't know if I was supposed to come inside her but I wasn't about to take it out. I just shot my load inside her. She must have felt it because she flopped down flat on her stomach and I fell with her, my dick still in her asshole.**

**After a while she pushed back so we both rolled over on our sides. My dick was soft so it came out. She reached over beside the mattress and grabbed a towel somebody had put there. She wiped me off first and then stuck the towel between her legs. I sprawled out on my back and Rachael curled up against me with her head on my chest. We lay there, both of us real quiet, until my breathing and my heart slowed down to normal.**

**“Kerry, we need to talk,” she said.**

**“About what?”**

**“About what's happening this week at the cabin. And about what's not going to happen any more after this week.”**

**“What do you mean?”**

**“Think about what’s happened tonight with you and Arial. Your Mom and Lauren and I set it up because Arial wanted Luke to be her first. I’d thought lots of times I’d like to be your first. Since I was too late, I wanted you with me while Arial was with Luke.”**

**I didn’t know what to say so I just grunted and she kept talking.**

**“One night while we’re here, I’m going to invite you to spend the night with me again and Luke’s going to invite Arial. The four of us can share the upstairs bedroom. Would you like that?”**

**“Yeah, I think that would be neat.”**

**“Even if that’s your last time with me and it’s Arial’s last time with Luke?”**

**I had to think about that for a while. “Why? Is it because you’re pregnant? Or is it because I’m just a kid and you don’t want to do it with me.”**

**“It’s not because you’re a kid, Kerry. It is partly because I’m pregnant. I’ve got to be very careful to take care of little Peanut. When he’s born, I’m going to have my hands full being wife and mother. I’m going to have to put everything into my marriage with Luke. I just don’t think it would be wise for us to keep on playing around with you and Arial.”**

**She reached down and pulled my dick from between my legs and laid it on my stomach. She put her hand over it with her fingertips on my balls. I’ve always liked that. I go to sleep with my hand on my dick and balls a lot of nights like that, been doing it for as long as I can remember. It felt better when it was her hand though.**

**“But we can do it one more time, can’t we?” I asked.**

**“Yes, one more. There’s something else too. You know Luke and I have sex with your Mom and Dad sometimes when we come to visit.”**

**“Yeah, I know. We all know it. It’s OK with us.”**

**“Well, unless we do something with them this week, Luke and I won’t do that anymore. We’re going to stop that too.”**

**“Why?”**

**“Because your Dad told your Mom that he thought it would be best if we didn’t do it with them anymore. He said the only woman he wants is your Mom.”**

**“How about Lauren? She slept with them last night. I’ll bet they had sex if Dad could get it up after what we did.” I started to say what we did with Kathryn but I thought maybe Rachael didn’t know about it and I didn’t want to be the one who told her.**

**“After what you did with who?”**

**“With whom.”**

**“Come on, Kerry; don’t show off your grammar skills. Just tell me.”**

**“Nope, Dad says a gentleman never talks about what he does in bed with a lady. You don’t want me to tell everybody about what we just did, do you?”**

**“No, I guess not. And Lauren’s not going to have sex with them after this week either. There’s a man she’s invited to come for a visit when we all go back home. She thinks she wants to get married again.”**

Her fingertips kept sort of pulling on my scrotum so my balls got lifted up a little and then dropped. I guess my dick liked that. It started to get pumped up again.

“So Lauren’s not going to do it with me anymore either?”

“I didn’t say that. She might, this week, here at the cabin. But after this week, I don’t think she will. You’re going to have to start being a regular kid again, Kerry. Can you do that?”

“No, I can’t. Not many boys my age have done what I’ve done. If I have to I’ll just warm up my right hand some more. I’ve still got calluses on it and I don’t have much hair in my palm. Maybe I can even start looking for my own girl friend.”

She gave a big yawn. “I think that’s what everybody wants you to do, Kerry.”

“Yeah, like I’m going to find a girl my age who’ll let me fuck her.”

We were both quiet for a while and then she asked me, “What was that about having hair in your palm?”

I giggled. Damn, I meant for it to be a laugh. “If a kid jacks off too much it’ll make him grow hair in the palm of his hand.”

She laughed. I guess she knew I wasn’t stupid enough to believe that and she wasn’t either.

“What do girls get on the palm of their hand if they jill off too much?” she asked.

“Warts,” I said. She laughed.

I don’t guess she needed to talk anymore and I didn’t either. I had a lot to think about though. She backed up against me like a crawfish, grabbed my hand and put it on her breast, took a couple of deep breaths, and seemed to relax. I don’t

know when I went to sleep but I woke up once during the night. I had a hard-on and it was sticking between Rachael's legs. I started to play around with her and I guess I woke her up. She knew what I wanted but she said I couldn't do anything else with her. She said I had to wash myself first. I tried to decide whether I wanted to go to the bathroom and wash or go back to sleep. I didn't want anybody to see me going to the bathroom with a hard-on. I decided I'd better go back to sleep. I decided I'd better remember not to fuck somebody in the ass until I'd had almost enough of everything else.

<><><>

(KIERAN)

Siobhan and Lauren led me to the bedroom next to the one Rachael and Kerry had chosen. When we went in, Siobhan held one finger up to her lips. I knew she wanted us to be quiet so I stood for a minute just inside the door, next to the storage cupboards. I knew the bed in the other room was next to the wall behind the cupboard. I opened one of the cupboard doors and listened. Siobhan and Lauren were both smiling, shaking their heads. I could hear a faint murmur of voices but I couldn't tell what they were saying. I shut the cupboard door. I had two ladies waiting. I hoped I was up to it. I knew Kerry would be.

The kid never failed to amaze me. I wished I could have seen what was going on when Kathryn gave him a blowjob last night. All I could see was that cute little butt of his standing astraddle me. Why did Ariel take over for a minute? It seemed like she was doing a demonstration or something. When I looked down, I saw Kathryn's cunt stretched wide around my dick. She knew what she was doing. I loved that movement she had: up and down and then that little pelvic thrust when she hit bottom. When I looked up, I saw her hand on Kerry's balls and I could tell when he came. Then she kissed him first and me next and her mouth still tasted like semen. I sure as hell wasn't squirting like that at his age.

Then when I had all I could take and fucked her from the rear, he wanted to finish her off with one final fuck for the night, at least as far as I knew. He had his dick in her within a few seconds after mine came out. From the way she whined and carried on, she must have been coming the entire time he was fucking her.

Then what he did for Arial was really something. Just to think he loved her enough to give her a little relief with his tongue and finger. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd fucked her too and I probably wouldn't have stopped him. I just wish I'd done it for her instead of him. Damn, he's quite a kid. He makes his old man proud.

And then Siobhan and Lauren decided to gang up on me when we got in the Jacuzzi. At least they gave me about ten minutes to soak and relax. I didn't know what they wanted but I wasn't worried about it. Kavan had fucked Lauren pretty good. I knew Siobhan had come when I went down on her. I guess I didn't really care whether anybody got off again for the night.

They had other ideas. Siobhan made Lauren get on the end of the tub with me and she started kissing me. It was nice to lay back and let a woman do the kissing for a change. Then Siobhan got on her knees and grabbed my dick with one hand and my balls with the other. I'd never have thought my dick would stick its head up so soon. Then they made me sit on the side of the tub and they took turns sucking me. No hurry. Just slow teasing, sucking, and licking from both of them.

When we went to bed, Lauren didn't want me to go down on her, said she knew she still had Kavan's load in her. I didn't care. It wouldn't be the first time I'd tasted semen. The Jacuzzi had taken care of it where I was licking anyway. She was as fresh and clean as she'd been the first time I'd gone down on her almost three decades ago. It's funny how memory can pull up things like that. Siobhan was all warm

and wet and clean too. It surprised me when Lauren pushed me to one side and started licking Siobhan's pussy. But it surprised the hell out of me when Siobhan pushed Lauren down on her back and returned the favor. At least they let me have equal time. How could a man want for more?

I knew what I wanted – a slow old-fashioned fuck. Lauren had already had a good one from Kavan. Siobhan hadn't had one. I wanted her. But then they started talking about who I should do it with. I should have known to keep my mouth shut. I knew I was a damn fool as soon as I said I'd be glad to service both of them. It took me a couple of hours but I did it. Three times, three women, in one evening – I'd never done that before. Variety sure as hell is a good aphrodisiac.

And now back with the two of them again tonight. I decided I wasn't going to worry about who did what with what to whom. Siobhan and Lauren seemed pretty good at making up their mind what they wanted me to do with them or what they wanted to do to me. Both of them were sprawled out on the mattress waiting for me. I was in no hurry. I just stood on one side of the mattress with my arms up, holding onto the beams slanting downward behind me. My dick was still hard, about the same as it had been for the last hour. Maybe I didn't have blue balls but I sure wanted some relief.

Siobhan and Lauren had their heads close together. They were whispering to each other like they were arguing, looking at me, and then giggling like schoolgirls.

“What are you two girls arguing about?”

“We're going to give you a blow-job, little boy,” Siobhan said. “We're trying to decide who gets to swallow your load. Do you have any preference?”

“I'd rather drop it in somebody's cunt. Do you two have a preference?”

**“You don’t have a choice, Kieran,” Lauren said. “After we leave the cabin, I’m cutting you off. I told Siobhan I’d like to see if you taste as good as you did when you were a kid.”**

**“After all those raw oysters he ate, I’ll bet we could both get a load in our tummies,” Siobhan teased, “and he probably could still drop a couple of loads in our cunts. Do you think it’ll taste like oysters?”**

**“Shit, if somebody doesn’t get busy, my dick’s going to lose interest.”**

**They crawled over in front of me and then, both on their knees, got busy. Siobhan started. She wrapped her hand around the shaft of my dick and started stroking me. My dick started drooling when she milked it down and she held it for Lauren. Lauren licked the clear drops off the end and then took it in her mouth. Blowjob, hell, it ought to be called a suck job; that’s what she started doing. I just closed my eyes, held on to the beams, and let them have their way with me.**

**I could hardly tell when they swapped. I looked down to confirm what I thought I felt and saw Siobhan’s red hair. They both knew what they were doing, just the right combination of stroking and licking and sucking. I shut my eyes again and let her have a turn.**

**Suddenly there was a loud thump from the room next door. It sounded like somebody had bumped into the wall next to our bedroom. I opened my eyes and looked in that direction. Siobhan and Lauren were both looking too. It was just one bump and then quiet. I shook my head and looked at them.**

**“What the hell is that kid doing now?” I asked.**

**“Maybe he bumped his head again,” Siobhan answered, with a big smile. “Remember? Last year. Four stitches.”**

**She and Lauren got back to what they had been doing and that was the last coherent thought I had for a while. With**

two mouths, four hands, I knew I wouldn't last much longer. I guess they knew it too because they started swapping more frequently. I opened my eyes and looked down to watch. Siobhan had her hand wrapped around my shaft and was stroking it. Lauren had her mouth on the head and was sucking. Somebody had a hand on my balls and they were drawn up tight at the base of my cock.

My dick chose, not me. Lauren got my load and I guess it was what she wanted. She held the head of my dick in her mouth through all of it, sucking and then swallowing, sucking and swallowing again. When the last spasm died away, she took her mouth off, Siobhan milked my dick down, one more glob came out, and Lauren licked it off. I was glad I was holding on to the beams with both hands.

Afterwards, I lay in the corner where the bed was against both walls, propped up on pillows, with Siobhan on one side and Lauren on the other. They were both still teasing me, and I was kissing them in turn. I think they were trying to see which one could suck my tongue out of my mouth.

“Does anybody know what Stuart and Joanne did last night?” Lauren asked.

“I heard Kavan ask Stuart and Joanne to do something downstairs with them,” I said. “I didn't understand whether he was inviting them down to sleep with him and Kathryn or just to shower together. I know I heard the word shower. And I saw Kavan and Stuart go down the stairs to the basement together.”

“I got up a little after midnight to pee and decided to check on little Paul,” Siobhan said. “He was sleeping on his stomach with his little butt up in the air. Kerry and Arial were both on one mat. He was behind her, spooned up to her, with his face in her hair and his hand on her breast, just like me and Kieran. The door to Arial's bedroom, where Stuart and Joann were supposed to sleep, was open and I could see the bed was empty. I don't know where they were.”

**“The door was shut when I got up this morning,” I said. “Maybe they just showered and talked for a while. They didn’t come out until almost nine this morning.”**

**“Did you see the look on Stuart’s face when Siobhan and I came to get you tonight?” Lauren asked. “I guess he couldn’t believe his mother could still enjoy sex so much. And last night, when Kavan got into me in front of him – he kept peeking to see what Kavan was doing. I loved it when he did the same thing to Joanne.”**

**“Kavan’s like that,” Siobhan said. “We’ve always told him he shouldn’t be ashamed of anything he does about sex. The first time I walked in on him masturbating, all he said was ‘Hi, Mom’.”**

**“Well, we gave them another chance tonight,” I said. “If they can’t make up their own fun and games, we can’t do it for them.”**

**“I don’t know whether Stuart’s going to change up or not,” Lauren said. “Joanne and I’ve done a lot of talking over the last couple of years. I know she feels a little lonely, like Stuart’s got his nose in his books and research and computers too much instead of in her. She tells me he’s OK in bed but he’s not very imaginative.”**

**“Well, being around this bunch might help with that – if he’ll let it,” Siobhan said. “Is it still on for Rachael to invite them to share the king-size bed tomorrow night, after the kids’ presentation?”**

**“I talked with her today,” Lauren answered. “I wanted to be sure since I’d never talked to her before except on the phone. She says she and Luke are OK with it. She’s a beautiful, sweet girl. Luke’s lucky to have her.”**

**“What did you think of Luke?” Siobhan asked.**

**“He seems like a wonderful young man,” Lauren answered. “He’s got one of those perfect young bodies. I know Kieran runs and Kavan lifts weights and runs too. What does Luke do?”**

**“He’s a tennis player. And baseball. He loves anything where he has to run around a lot,” I answered. “He and Kerry practice pitching every time they come for a visit. He thinks Kerry might be a good pitcher with his long arms and legs, if he keeps on growing at the same rate.”**

**“Stuart and Joanne seem to have a lot in common with Luke and Rachael,” Siobhan said. “I wish Luke and Rachael could move back here. They’re happy over on the coast but they’ve said more than once they wish they could be closer to us and our kids. I think they could become good friends with Stuart and Joanne too.”**

**“I thought the same thing today, watching them and their kids,” Lauren said. “Did you see the way Adrianna led little Paul around the cabin showing him everything?”**

**“Kieran loves her just like his own grandchild,” Siobhan said. “I’m glad he got a chance to know Stuart and Joanne and little Paul. Do you think there’s a chance Andersen Security might be able to find a job for a bachelor of science in computer engineering, summa cum laude? And he has most of the courses on his masters.”**

**“It occurred to me,” Lauren added, and looked at me. “I’ll ask my CEO to see what he can do the next time I talk to him.”**

**She saw my big grim and knew what my answer would be. “Mrs. Anderson, if you want to start off with a little nepotism in Andersen Security, it’s OK with me.”**

**“Mr. Stuart, is Luke your son?”**

**“No, not really, Mrs. Andersen.”**

**“Then it’s not really nepotism, is it? If there’s a real job where he fits our needs, hire him. If not, don’t. It’s that simple, isn’t it?”**

**I guess I shouldn’t have kissed the Chairman, that is Chairwoman, of the Board but it seemed like the thing to do. That led to a kiss for my wife. That led to other things and I ended up with my face down between the legs of the Chairwoman of the board and then between the legs of my wife.**

**“Kieran, do you remember eating stuffed pussy? You and Paul?” Lauren asked.**

**I remembered. Paul was damned inventive when it came to sex. First and only time I’d licked a pussy with a dick in it. She sure as hell enjoyed it. So did I. My tongue was busy but I managed to say “Uh, huh.”**

**“I showed Kavan and Kathryn how to do it the other night.”**

**I was puzzled. I was trying to image two guys, one with his dick in her and the other licking where they were joined. I looked up and Siobhan must have seen my expression of bewilderment.**

**“Kieran, don’t be a dummy,” Siobhan said. “Two women can do it too if they’ve got one man.”**

**“You did Kathryn while she had Kavan’s cock in her?” I asked Lauren.**

**“Yes,” Lauren answered, “and then she did me. Women can give each other great orgasms by themselves. It’s just lots better when we’ve got a big hard dick in our cunt.”**

**“And you two want to do each other, while I’m plugged in?” I guess I couldn’t conceal what I was thinking. I had a big smile on my face.**

They both smiled and then pushed me down on my back, a pillow under my head, my legs spread wide. Siobhan went first. She straddled me, her beautiful ass turned toward me, held my dick up straight, and lowered herself down on it. She leaned forward with her hands on my knees, and moved her ass around on my dick in a circular motion. I knew she had every inch of it in her. I couldn't see anything separating us; I couldn't even see my own pubic hair. Round and round. I could feel the head pressed up against something inside her. I hoped I could keep it up long enough for both of them.

When she leaned back, she tried to find a place to rest her hands behind her. She knew I was ticklish in my ribs. She had one hand on each side of my chest with her fingers curved around my ribs. She gave me just a little goosie-goosie on each side. I couldn't help it. I almost bucked her off. Maybe that's what she wanted.

When I finally settled down, I saw Lauren move into position. Siobhan spread her legs out wide, wider than mine. I knew I'd never understand women. My legs were spread-eagled as far as I was comfortable and hers were spread just outside mine. I'll never know how they do it.

I felt Lauren's hand on my balls and her tongue sliding up the underside of my dick and I knew she was using it on Siobhan's vaginal lips and my dick at the same time. Up one side, then the other. I knew Siobhan's clitoris stayed hidden until she was thoroughly aroused. Then it was a little red bump at the top of her lips. I loved to suck it out whenever I got the chance. Lauren must have been teasing it to come out because she just kept licking. I shut my eyes and relaxed, enjoying Siobhan's cunt over most of my dick, Lauren's tongue licking up from my balls on the exposed part. Siobhan leaned back farther, her hands pinning my arms down to the mattress, and I guessed she was opening herself up more to Lauren's tongue.

I knew when Siobhan came. There was no mistaking it. I felt every contraction, a series of strong squeezes all around the buried part of my dick. Maybe Lauren knew too. She hung onto my balls and kept licking for a minute or so more before stopping.

Siobhan moved off me, over to Lauren, and held her face in both hands. She gave her a kiss on the lips and then a big hug. I heard whispering again but I couldn't hear what they were saying. Siobhan sprawled on the bed and gave out with a couple of big sighs.

I hadn't been conscious of anything outside of our room while Siobhan and Lauren were busy with me. But now, I heard somebody grunting. I lifted my head off the pillow and looked toward the source of the sound, the bedroom where Rachael and Kerry were. I could distinctly hear two different voices. Rachael's woman's voice and Kerry's man's voice – it wasn't a boy's voice. It didn't break like it had been doing lately. It was just a deep male grunt. Siobhan and Lauren heard it too; they both had big smiles on their faces.

“Kieran, before Lauren gets her turn, I think you ought to noodle her a little, just to warm her up,” Siobhan said.

Lauren gave her a puzzled look. “What's noodling?”

Siobhan didn't tell her and neither did I. I showed her.

I got her down flat on her back on the mattress and then got over her. I lifted her left leg and then her right, bent them back, spread them wide, and locked them in place with my arms. I raised my body so that I was supported by my knees and arms, suspended above her. Except for my arms touching her legs, I was only touching her in one other place. I gave her a smile and a wink.

“Put it in,” I said.

**She held it in place and I slid my dick in her just a couple of inches. I tried to flex it and it was hard enough so I felt it twitch. I drew it out until the head was just barely holding open the lips to her cunt. I slid it in again, just a couple of inches, and gave it another twitch.**

**“This is one of Siobhan’s favorite ways to play,” I said. “She loves it when the ridge around the head of my dick pulls the lips of her cunt in and out. She says it’s probably one of the most erotic things she’s ever felt. When I flex the muscles and jerk my dick, that’s my little addition to noodling. Like it?”**

**I could tell she was having a hard time keeping from laughing.**

**“You can laugh if you want to but just remember, before the night’s over you’re going to get a real fuck. If this turns out to be one of my last times with you, I’m going to enjoy it. I hope you do too.”**

**I noodled her for a few more minutes until Siobhan stopped me. She pushed me down on my back and told Lauren that it was her turn to be the stuffed pussy. I spread my legs again, Lauren climbed aboard, and Siobhan started going lickety-split. She didn’t stop until well after the contractions from Lauren’s orgasm faded.**

**I’d had enough playing around. I knew I didn’t dare to offer to do both of them tonight so I chose Lauren. I pushed her down, crawled on board, held my dick with one hand, and slid it all the way in one continuous motion. She grunted when I hit bottom. I reached back and tugged on her legs and she raised them and locked them around mine. I shut my eyes and found her mouth with mine. I felt her arms reach back and grab my ass. I was ready. I started giving her every inch I had as fast and as hard as I could. I might have lasted a couple of minutes before I started coming. I shoved it in one last time, maybe the last time, and gave her another load.**

Afterwards, I propped up on the pillows in the corner of the bed again with Siobhan on one side and Lauren on the other. They had their heads on my shoulders and I had an arm around each. For a few minutes, none of us seemed to have much to say. I was thinking about both Siobhan and Lauren.

“We all agree then – after this week, we don’t do this any more?” I asked.

“Yes,” Lauren answered. “Being with you and Siobhan’s been wonderful but, if I’m going to see what sort of relationship I can find with Jack, I think we’d better stop.”

“I don’t think it would be wise for me to keep doing this if I’m going to be the CEO of your company,” I said. “We’ve got to put some distance between us.”

“Distance: that sounds like a cold word,” Lauren said. “At least we can be good friends, can’t we?”

“Of course, Lauren,” Siobhan said. “That’s why I told you I’d be your financial advisor for only six months. Once you get everything settled here, you can let somebody else do my job and I’ll be just what I want to be – your friend.”

“It’s not just that I want some distance between us, Lauren,” I added. “I’ve been thinking about Siobhan and how I feel about her. She’s the only woman I really want to love. I can be happy with just her for the rest of my life.”

“Oh, come on, Kieran, are you going to deprive all the other women of the pleasure of that big dick of yours?” Lauren asked. “Do you really think that’s fair?”

“I guess not. I really feel bad about making them suffer but Siobhan’s the only one I want to love. Maybe she’ll let me lend my dick to one of the poor creatures on occasion.”

### Chapter Thirty-Three

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:****Kavan Stuart, 16; Kathryn Jensen, 17****Stuart Andersen, 28; Joanne Andersen, 25****TELLING THE STORY:****Kavan Stuart; Kathryn Jensen**

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**(KAVAN)**

**Friday night, I didn't understand Stuart clearly when he asked me if he and Joanne could go downstairs with us. I wasn't sure whether he had said to shower with us or to sleep with us. I thought for about five seconds and figured either would be OK with me. I told Kathryn that he had said either sleep with us or shower with us and I didn't understand which. She just raised her eyebrows and smiled at me.**

**She told me and Stuart to go ahead and get the shower ready, that she wanted to go to the bathroom before she went downstairs. She asked Joanne if she wanted to go too and they went down the hall hand in hand. I'll never understand why a woman will ask another one to go to the bathroom with her. Guys don't do that. I had to take a piss too but I knew I didn't need to take somebody with me or even use a bathroom for that.**

**Stuart and I went down the stairs to the basement. I didn't go to the shower right away. I went to the back door, opened it, and went out in the back yard. Stuart followed me and I guess he wondered where I was going. I showed him my emergency pissoir. I lifted my dick up, skinned it back, and started pissing on the flowerbed. He followed my example. I could see just a little from the light somebody had left**

burning on the deck. He looked just like Dad: same size dick, same color pubic hair, same size balls. If I hadn't known better, I'd have thought I was looking at Dad. But my dick and balls were just like Dad's too, except that I had red pubic hair and more of it.

The garden hose was lying on the ground and hadn't been wound up on the reel. I figured Kerry had been using it because he was bad about not putting things away. I turned it on low, bent over, and squirted it on my head. When I straightened up, I wet down my front to wash off the sweat and then squirted my dick and balls while I wiped them off with one hand. Stuart looked at me like I was nuts but, when I handed him the hose, he held the hose over his head and then washed off his dick and balls too.

“Why'd you want to come downstairs with me and Kathryn?” I asked him. “I thought you and Joanne were OK with sleeping in Ariel's bed.”

“I don't know. I just need to talk to somebody.”

“About what?”

“Well, for one thing, if you weren't my brother, I'd kick your ass for fucking my mother.”

“She's not my mom, Stuart. To me, she's just a beautiful woman. Don't you think she enjoys sex just like the rest of us?”

“Yeah, maybe so, but did she have to enjoy it with all three of you in one night?”

“Stuart, you know she was Dad's first. You wouldn't be here if she and Paul hadn't asked Dad to do it. Well, she was Kerry's first and my second. I mean that was the first time for Kerry and, yeah, he was the first one with your mother that night. I did it second and she was the second one I've

ever done it with. She did it with Dad third and I've got no idea whether she was his thirtieth or three-hundredth."

We went back in the basement and didn't see Joanne and Kathryn. Stuart started for the shower but I told him we'd better wait for the ladies. I could hear water running in both baths upstairs and I was afraid we'd cut off their hot water if we ran it too long, especially with two showerheads in the basement shower. We sat down on the old bench and Stuart started to say something. Nothing came out.

"What?" I prompted.

"Shit, Kavan, don't you understand? I'm just not used to going naked with a bunch of people like all of you are. And I'm damn sure not used to having sex while everybody's watching, especially my Mom."

"Didn't you ever see your parents naked when you were growing up?"

"Yeah, in the sauna lots of times. I think I was about ten when we all started getting in the sauna naked. And sometimes when we went camping and we'd bathe in little streams. But not just all the time like your family does."

"Aw, come on, Stuart, we don't do it all the time. When it's cold, we wear clothes around the house like everybody else. I even sleep in pajamas in the winter."

"Well, when did all of you start doing it? Going naked around each other, I mean."

"I can't remember when we didn't do it. Some of my earliest memories are about being naked and getting in bed with Mom and Dad. I remember once when me and Arial walked in on them making love. I guess maybe they were finished because Dad just let us get in bed with them. He even went and got Kerry. He was just a baby then and still had a diaper

on. I think I was about six when that happened because I was in first grade.”

“I never saw Mom and Dad doing it,” Stuart said. “We camped a lot in the same tent when I was growing up and they did it in their sleeping bag. I think we all sort of agreed to ignore each other. My sister and I’d be in a sleeping bag together and we’d fool around. She’d jack me off and I’d give her a hand too but that’s as far as we went with each other.”

“I saw Luke and Rachael doing it at the cabin once. I remember that one pretty well. I was nine and Ariel was seven or eight. Mom and Dad said it was OK if they showed us how to do it. Mom and Dad even did it with Luke and Rachael that same weekend.”

“Jeez, that’s the sort of thing I’m not used to. Did you see your parents too, you know, doing it when you were growing up?”

“Not until a few years ago. I was thirteen. Me and Ariel and Kerry talked them into showing us. We saw them do pretty much everything, oral sex, the works. It’s not something they usually shared with us but I sure learned a lot watching them.”

“Damn, do you let them see you?”

“Yeah, they’ve both seen me jacking off lots of times. Dad even showed me a couple of times. I was supposed to shut the door when I wanted privacy but I kept forgetting to. I think I must’ve wanted somebody to walk in on me.”

“I’m talking about fucking; I mean you and Kathryn fucking, not just jacking off.”

“They never saw me and Kathryn fucking until the night we had the party with your Mom on the deck. Your Mom got my first load and Kathryn made me give her my second.”

**“Yeah, well, I don’t know whether I can do that sort of stuff.”**

**I saw the light on the stairs come on automatically again. I had been wondering where Joanne and Kathryn were, thinking maybe they were showering upstairs. When they came down the stairs, I asked Kathryn.**

**“Where were you? I was beginning to think I’d have to go looking for you? Did you shower upstairs?”**

**“Arial and Kerry beat us to it. Your Mom and Dad and Lauren are in the Jacuzzi together. We had to use the guest bathroom.”**

**“You were gone so long I thought you’d forgotten me and Stuart.”**

**She stuck her tongue out at me, just like Arial. “You guys are all the same. Stick your dick under running water and call it clean. You know it doesn’t work like that for me. I thought I’d take care of it.”**

**I wondered how she knew. I looked over at Stuart and saw his pubic hair all wet and hanging down. I looked down at mine and it was the same. I didn’t wonder about what she meant about taking care of it. Taking care of it meant she’d used a wet washcloth to clean everything around her vagina. Sometimes I’d take care of it when she didn’t have an orgasm so I could go down on her and help her have one. Sometimes she’d do it and then her cunt was just as fresh and clean as new and I didn’t even taste my semen unless I tried to tongue-fuck her. I knew she’d just told me she wanted me to go down on her. I didn’t care if it was Dad’s and Kerry’s loads in her this time. If I stirred them up they wouldn’t taste any different from mine.**

**Then Joanne surprised me. She looked straight at me and said, “I took care of it too.” I looked at Kathryn and she gave me a smile. I knew they’d planned something but I didn’t**

know if we could get Stuart to relax and play with us. I figured a nice hot shower would be a good icebreaker.

I listened again to what was going on upstairs. The shower in the bathroom Ariel and Kerry had been using had stopped. The Jacuzzi was still running; I could hear a faint hum from the motor. I knew we could use the shower in the basement until the hot water ran out.

Kathryn found a couple of shower caps and handed one to Joanne. I knew she didn't want to bother with having to dry and brush her hair so I wondered what she had in mind. Joanne put one on too. Maybe she had something in mind too.

I turned on both showers and tried to pull Kathryn under the one with me. She just pushed me back and pulled Joanne under the showerhead with her. I didn't know what was going on but I didn't care. I got under the shower long enough to wet down and then moved over for Stuart. I got the back brush, squirted some shower gel on it, and handed it to Stuart. When I bent over and put my hands on my knees, he got the idea. He gave my back a good scrubbing and then I returned the favor to him.

Joanne and Kathryn were helping each other bathe. They both had soapy cloths and were washing each other in front. Damn, two sets of soapy tits looked nice. I felt just a little surge in my dick and I knew it would be good for something else tonight. I looked at Stuart's dick and it looked like it was thinking of the same thing.

Maybe Joanne and Kathryn were thinking of the same thing too. They decided to use the soapy washcloths on us. I knew my dick was already clean but I didn't mind if it got washed again. It was a lot more fun when Kathryn did it for me. Stuart seemed to enjoy Joanne doing it for him just as much as me. Then they hung up the washcloths and just used their hands. Under the warm shower water, that worked just fine

too. In a minute or so, Kathryn had my dick standing up and looking around. Joanne had Stuart's standing up too.

Kathryn tried to push me closer to Stuart but he put his hands on my chest and held me off. Joanne pulled his hands down and pushed him closer to me. We were about a foot apart with our dicks almost touching. Stuart put his hands up and started to push away again.

“Damn it, Stuart, stop,” Kathryn said. “I told Joanne I didn't think we'd be able to tell the difference if we swapped dicks tonight. She said she could. We just want to see.”

He finally allowed himself to be pushed up close to me but he was still careful not to let his dick touch mine. Joanne got on one side and Kathryn got on the other. They kept looking and, I guess, comparing. I looked up at Stuart and he had a big grin on his face. It disappeared and at the same time I felt fingers bending my dick down and bringing our dicks up against each other. I looked down and Joanne and Kathryn were each holding one. Stuart was a little taller than me so his was almost on top of mine.

“See,” Kathryn said, “I told you they were exactly alike. If Kavan didn't have red hair, you wouldn't be able to tell his from Stuart's.”

“I guess you're right,” Joanne responded. “Kavan's just looks bigger because his pubic hair's trimmed so short. I've been trying to get Stuart to let me trim his.”

I guessed what they had in mind when Kathryn went over and sat down on the old bench. I'd stood in front of her more than once and she'd warmed me up – and sometimes finished me off. Joanne joined her so I just moved over in position. I looked at Stuart and he looked puzzled. Joanne held out her hand to him and he figured it out.

Kathryn started it. She wrapped her hand around my dick, leaned forward, and opened her mouth. When Joanne did

the same thing, I think Stuart tried to pull back. Joanne gave his dick a yank and he gave in. I kept switching back and forth, watching first Kathryn and then Joanne. It looked like they both knew what they were doing and were enjoying it. I knew I liked it. Maybe Stuart did too. I didn't know whether or not he got it as often as I did.

Then Kathryn leaned over toward Stuart's dick and Joanne bent it to the side in her direction. Stuart really pulled away then. Joanne lost her grip on it.

"Damn it, Stuart," she said. "Just once, relax and enjoy yourself. You sure got hot and horny watching Kathryn suck Kieran's dick and then follow up with Kerry. You might just enjoy it yourself if you'd quit being so uptight about it."

Everybody waited for Stuart to make up his mind. He finally did. When he stepped back, Joanne pushed him over in front of Kathryn and pulled me over in front of her. It was OK with me. After a minute or so I decided she was probably as good at cock sucking as Kathryn. Stuart must have felt the same way. He was standing there with his eyes shut, his hands on Kathryn's shoulders, while she tried to suck the knob off his dick.

I began to feel like I wanted to come and I knew I didn't want it in Joanne's mouth. I wanted it in somebody's pussy. I held her head, pulled back, and, when she looked up, held out my hand to her. She took it and stood up. I pulled a towel down off the shelf and handed it to her. Stuart was still standing there with his eyes closed and Kathryn was still sucking his dick. I threw a towel at them and they stopped too.

"Let's go in the bedroom," I said. "I think these ladies need a turn, don't you, Stuart?"

Kathryn knew what to do, she got in position where she always did – down at the foot of the bed, legs spread, pillow under her head. Joanne gave Stuart one look, like she was

daring him to argue about it, and then got in the same position.

Stuart started to get in front of Joanne. I stopped him and pushed him over in front of Kathryn. He didn't want to swap. He tried to get back in front of Joanne.

“Shit, Stuart, don't be such a wuzz. If you have to, just close your eyes and imagine Kathryn is Joanne. I'll bet you can't tell the difference. They've both shaved most of the hair off and pruned the rest. They look the same. They'll probably taste the same.”

He kept looking at Joanne. I guess he was trying to figure out what to do or maybe he needed her permission. I just hoped we didn't have to keep pushing him for the rest of the week. She gave him a smile and nodded and he finally got down on his knees in front of Kathryn. I gave a sigh of relief, loud enough for him to hear, and got down in front of Joanne.

Up close, it was hard to tell the difference. Maybe Joanne's inner lips stuck out a little more than Kathryn's. Once I got my mouth in place I couldn't tell any difference. Joanne smelled just as fresh and clean as Kathryn always did after a shower. It took me a minute or so to get enough of her juices stirred up to taste anything else. It was pretty much the same. I knew Stuart had already dropped a load in her but I didn't taste it. I pulled her legs up and around over my shoulders and kept on doing something I loved.

I looked up once, long enough to catch my breath, and Kathryn had her legs over Stuart's shoulders too. She caught me looking and gave me a smile. I gave her one too and then went back to Joanne. I eased one finger in her and just used it as gently as possible. I didn't want to make her come. I just wanted to get her good and warmed up for a dick. I hoped Stuart was doing the same. The only question left now was whose dick was going where. I took a few more minutes to make sure Joanne was ready for one. When I pulled my

finger out, I smelled something that didn't come from Joanne.

When I stood up, Joanne spread her legs wide and held out her arms to me. I guess Stuart must have been keeping an eye on us because he stood up too. We looked at each other and he tried to pull me over in front of Kathryn. I stood still and wouldn't let him move me.

“Oh, shit, Stuart,” I said. “Not again. If you don't want my dick in Joanne, just say so. Then just tell me you don't want yours in Kathryn.”

I waited. He looked like he was trying to decide what to do. I hoped nobody told him this time.

“Tomorrow night. At the cabin. Can we wait 'til then? I'm just not ready yet. I need to talk to Joanne.”

“Stuart,” Kathryn said, “Maybe Joanne's ready. I'm ready. Kavan's ready. Are you ever going to get ready?”

“Yeah, tomorrow night. I promise. If it's OK with Joanne, it's OK with me.”

I guess it was OK with Joanne. She gave Stuart a big smile and I moved aside so he could get where he felt like he was supposed to be.

I moved over to Kathryn and she scooted back toward the head of the bed. I crawled up and over her, held my dick with one hand, hit the spot first time, slid it in to my balls, and felt her legs wrap around my ass and lock in place, all within less than a minute. She was ready. She was hot and juicy inside and I guessed she still had most of Dad's and Kerry's come in her. That just made it better. And Stuart had warmed her up pretty good. Within a minute or so, she started coming and didn't stop when I blasted another load in her.

When my breathing slowed down, I looked over at Stuart and Joanne. He had her in the same position we'd been in and was giving it to her like a piston. Maybe it took them a little longer. From the whining and groaning they did, I figured they'd both come at about the same time.

Afterward, we talked for a while until I heard Joanne yawning. Stuart got off the bed and held out his hand to her. She took it and stood up.

"If I can haul my tired ass up the stairs, I'm going to curl up with Stuart in Arial's bed," Joanne said, "See you tomorrow."

"No, you won't," Kathryn said. "It's after midnight. Tomorrow's already here and now it's today. We'll see both of you tonight at the cabin."

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(KATHRYN)

Saturday night, poor Stuart looked like he was trapped after everybody else went off and left him and Joanne with me and Kavan. I saw his mouth hanging open when Kieran said it was OK with him if Luke took Arial up to the loft bedroom and popped her cherry. He just didn't know she'd been dreaming about Luke for years and wanted him to do her the favor. Then when Kieran said he was assigning Kerry to keep Rachael company and "fill in for Luke if he was up to it," I saw his jaw drop even more. I knew Kerry was up to it. I'd seen him with almost constant hard-ons ever since I'd moved in with the Stuarts.

After they were gone, when Lauren and Siobhan came after Kieran again, Stuart got that same look of disbelief on his face. I don't know why he couldn't believe his mother could enjoy a good fuck. She'd sure enjoyed the one she got the night she spent with me and Kavan. I loved that look she

**gave Stuart when she went in the bedroom with Kieran and Siobhan.**

**Kavan went to the bank of light switches for the great-room and turned all of them off except for the one nearest the bathrooms. It gave just enough light so the main part of the room was dark but people wouldn't fall over anything going to the bathroom at night.**

**Luke and Arial were in the bedroom upstairs. Rachael and Kerry were in the one nearest the deck on one side of the main floor. Lauren and Kieran and Siobhan were in the next. Little Paul and Adrianna were in the next one on the same side. That left three empty bedrooms on the other side of the building. I sort of hoped that, if Stuart wouldn't agree to share one with me and Kavan, Joanne would make him stay in one by himself and she'd stay in another.**

**Kavan took my hand and started leading me to the middle bedroom on the other side of the building. His dick was almost hard and I knew he was ready again. He didn't really need to lead me because I knew which bedroom we were going to use. It was the same one we'd used last time we were here. I knew I was ready too. I just hoped Stuart wouldn't put up too much of a fuss when we did it.**

**Kavan saw Stuart wasn't following so he turned and crooked his finger at him. "Come on, Stuart, you promised."**

**At the bedroom, Kavan opened the door and then stood aside to let Stuart and Joanne go in first. He let me go in next and, in the dark, I bumped into Stuart's back. I knew how the room was laid out so I just stepped to one side. I guess Kavan bumped into him too because I heard somebody grunt. The lights came on and Kavan was directly behind Stuart with his hand on the light switch. Stuart was half turned around and it looked like he had his fists clenched and slightly raised. Kavan took one look and shook his head.**

**“Aw, shit, Stuart,” he said, “I’m sorry I poked you with my dick.”**

**I was afraid we were about to get off to a bad start so I just walked over to the bed, threw some pillows in the corner against the walls, and sat down. All six of the little bedrooms were the same – just a queen-size mattress on the floor with a bunch of pillows. They weren’t used for anything but sex and sleeping.**

**I checked to see if the rings were still in the walls where we’d screwed them. They were just little one-inch rings in the walls about six inches above the mattress. Kavan had put them there, one on each wall, about five feet from the corner. If you lay down with your head toward the corner and stretched out your arms, you could almost reach the rings.**

**Kavan looked in one of the cupboards and found the night-light that was always kept there. He plugged it in a wall outlet and then turned out the overhead lights. He sat down on the bed beside me and waited on Stuart and Joanne.**

**“Come on, Stuart, sit,” he said. “We’ve got to talk.”**

**Joanne threw some pillows against the other wall, at a right angle to the one Kavan was leaning against, and sat down. Stuart finally sat down too.**

**“I’m sorry, Kavan. I told you I just wasn’t used to this sort of stuff,” he said.**

**“Man, you gotta loosen up a little. I’m not trying to get my dick in you.”**

**“Well, it felt like it.”**

**“Look, Stuart, touching other people, even guys, just isn’t that big a deal for us. We do all sorts of stuff here at the cabin and nobody thinks it’s wrong.”**

**“Like what?”**

**“Well, this afternoon, at the creek, when you had Rachael on your shoulders, with her pussy behind your neck, you didn’t mind that, did you?”**

**“No, of course not.”**

**“Would it have been OK if I’d been on your shoulders?”**

**Stuart didn’t answer.**

**“See,” Kavan said, “you gotta quit being that way. Every summer we have battles in the creek. It’s mostly the men and boys but sometimes the gals want to play too. My Uncle Alan and Aunt Kara and some other couples come here with their family too. I’ve had Kerry and Arial and other kids on my shoulders when we have battles. I’ve been on Dad’s shoulders more times than I can remember.”**

**“All of you naked?” Stuart asked.**

**“Yeah.”**

**“What if you get a hard-on?”**

**“So what? We horse around in the mowed area near the creek. We have some good wrestling matches there. I’ve seen just about all the guys with hard-ons.”**

**Stuart raised his eyebrows and shook his head.**

**“Damn, Stuart,” I said, “when you pulled Kerry’s dick in the pool Thursday, I’ll bet that’s the first time you’ve ever touched another guy’s dick.”**

**“Well, Mom warned me about him before we came. And she told me what he’d done with her. I guess I didn’t really believe he was grown up enough to do that.”**

**“And when Dad hugged you yesterday morning,” Kavan said, “both of you naked, you had to pinch his butt and give him a bear hug. Weren’t you OK with being hugged?”**

**“Well, my Dad, I mean Paul, hugged me when I was a kid but not when we were naked.”**

**“Well, my Dad, and I mean Kieran, he’s a hugger. Always has been and always will be, I guess. Better get used to it if you’re going to live around us. He’ll hug you whether you’ve got clothes on or not.”**

**Kavan got to his feet and held out his hand to Stuart. I wondered what he was going to do. Stuart took his hand and stood up.**

**“Look, Stuart, you’re my brother. Well, maybe half brother. But you’re still my brother. I’m gonna learn to love you just like I love Kerry. And I hope you’re gonna learn to love me. Now give me a hug.”**

**Stuart hesitated for a few seconds and then stepped up close to Kavan, wrapped his arms around him, and pulled his close in a hug. Kavan’s arms wrapped around Stuart and they held each other for a minute or so. Stuart finally kissed Kavan on the cheek and pushed away. He had a big smile on his face.**

**“See, my dick was against yours and I wasn’t even thinking about it,” Kavan said. “I was just thinking about how nice it is to have another brother to love.”**

**“I guess you’re right,” Stuart said. “That’s what I was thinking too, except I’ve got two brothers.”**

**“Well, you two damn well ought to like being part of the same family,” I said. “It’s hell being an only child with parents who can’t get along.”**

Kavan sat down beside me again and Stuart flopped down beside Joanne.

“Kerry’s gonna be hard to learn to love,” Kavan said. “I’m easy to get along with.”

“Why’s that?” asked Joanne.

“Kerry’s a real genius like Stuart,” Kavan answered. “Arial and I are dummies; our IQs are about one-thirty. Kerry’s is almost off the bell curve. He’s been tested three times and his scores average almost one-sixty.”

“Damn,” Stuart said, “that’s higher than mine. I guess he’s a handful to raise and it’s gonna get worse. I wish I could help him.”

“You can. We can use all the help we can get with him.”

“You don’t think Kieran would mind?”

“Shit no, Dad’s not like that. If you can help Kerry use that brain, nobody’s gonna mind.”

“I had a hard time growing up, being a brain,” Stuart said. “I drove Mom and Dad crazy sometimes. I was always into something. Not bad stuff, just stuff I was curious about.”

“Kerry’s got more curiosity than any five kids,” I said. “He’ll get a book by some paleontologist or archaeologist and read it in a couple of evenings. And that’s after he’s done his home work.”

“I guess he doesn’t have time to get into mischief then,” Stuart said.

“You’d guess wrong,” I said. “He never does anything bad but he’s always up to something. And then he’s so damn full of love and knows how to use that big smile of his. You never know what to expect from him.”

**We all sat for a while and I guess Stuart was thinking about what it would be like for him to be part of Kavan's family. I decided to see if he was ready for something else.**

**"If nobody objects, I'm ready for a little sex and then some sleep."**

**Stuart gave me a look that told me he was ready too. I looked at Joanne and she was looking at Kavan. Maybe they'd decided after we left them last night that it would be OK for him to put his dick in somebody besides Joanne. It was OK with me, more than OK.**

**"You can't have sex with either of these two," Joanne teased. "Neither's got a hard-on."**

**"I'll see if I can give Stuart one," I said. "You see if you can help Kavan get it up."**

**I didn't have any trouble getting Stuart's dick up. His was a mouthful just like Kavan's and I was used to that. When he put his hand on the back of my head, I slapped it away. Kavan knew better than that. There's no way I'm going to try any of that deep-throat shit with either one of them. I could hardly do Kerry. I looked over at Kavan and saw Joanne had his dick standing up too. He had his hands on her shoulders like I'd taught him to do. Good boy!**

**"OK, I told you I'd be ready," Stuart said. "Kavan looks ready too. What do we do now?"**

**I knew what I wanted. I wanted a repeat of what we'd done with Lauren last Tuesday night. I didn't know how Stuart and Joanne would react if I told them. Maybe if Kavan showed him how to do it, they'd be willing to try it. I leaned over to Kavan and whispered it in his ear.**

**Kavan gave me a big smile and I knew he was ready to do it too. He described it to Stuart and Joanne but he didn't tell**

them who had done it. He just said it was something he'd heard about and wanted to try – eating stuffed pussy.

“Oh, come on, Kavan,” Stuart said. “Nobody does stuff like that. That’s ridiculous.”

I guess Kavan didn't know what to say. “Go on, Kavan, tell him who did it,” I said.

“Do you think it'd be OK? What if they get mad at us? You know Dad always tells me not to talk about stuff we do with other people.”

“Well, she told us,” I said. “Then she told your mom and dad she'd told us. And she even told them we'd done the same thing with her. Nobody got mad.”

I could see Stuart trying to figure out who we were talking about. I guess I'd given him enough clues.

“You mean Mom did that with somebody? And she told you and then you did it with her?”

Kavan had enough of beating around the bush with it.

“Yeah, Stuart, she did it with Paul and my dad before you were born, when my dad was just sixteen. Your dad was the one who came up with it and he and my dad took turns doing it to her.”

I could almost see Stuart trying to picture in his mind what it would be like – his Mom sitting on his dad's dick while Kieran licked around her pussy and, at the same time, his dad's dick. Or maybe he was thinking of it the other way around, with his Mom on Kieran's dick and his dad doing the licking.

“You say Dad and Kieran did it to Mom. That's two guys on one woman. How could she do it with the two of you if it's one guy and two women?”

**I didn't see how he could be so dense. "Shit, Stuart," I said, "If you've got a hard dick in your cunt, you don't care whether it's a man's tongue on your clit or a woman's. Don't you get it?"**

**He got it. He shook his head like he couldn't believe it. But he got it. He could try to act like he didn't want to do it but his dick didn't lie. It was so rigid it was standing up over his stomach. He was ready. I was too. I knew my cunt was already dripping.**

**I got up and went over to the cupboard where we'd left the nylon strips. When I opened it, the strips were still just where we'd left them. I decided I'd better just get the blindfold out first.**

**When I turned around, Stuart was looking at me with his mouth open again. When I started toward him with it, he held his hand out, palm toward me, but I didn't stop. I walked over in front of him, spread my legs a little, and just stood there waiting. His eyes weren't on the blindfold.**

**"What's that for?" he asked.**

**"It's for you, Stuart," I said, unsure whether he meant the blindfold or what he was looking at between my legs. "I'm going to tie it around your head so you can't see what we're doing to you."**

**"Like hell you are!" he whispered.**

**"Stretch out on the bed with your head in the corner," I said. I spread my legs a little wider and pressed the blindfold between them for a few seconds. I held it out toward Stuart and waited. He looked at Joanne. Maybe he needed her permission but his dick didn't.**

**"Do it, Stuart!" Joanne said.**

**“Yeah, do it, Stuart!” Kavan echoed.**

**“Do it!” I whispered.**

**He did it. I tied the nylon strip over his eyes and nodded for Kavan to get the ties out of the cupboard. I put a pillow under Stuart’s head and waited for him to relax a little. He had his hands together resting on his stomach. I looked at Joanne and she was smiling so I knew it was still OK with her. She’d told me anything would be if we could just get Stuart to do it.**

**I made a loop in the middle of one of the ties while Kavan did the other one. Stuart didn’t resist when we picked up his hands. When we slipped the loops over his wrists, he pulled back for a second and then gave in. We tied the strips through the rings in the wall.**

**“OK, I’ll play your little game,” he said.**

**I started to straddle Stuart but Kavan stopped me. He cupped his hands around his mouth and whispered something in my ear.**

**“You will?” I said. “No shit?”**

**“Yeah, I will,” he said. He had a big grin on his face.**

**“OK.”**

**“What’s going on?” Stuart asked.**

**“Nothing, Stuart,” I answered. “We’re just deciding what we want to do with you. Just wait a minute, will you?”**

**I whispered in Joanne’s ear and told her what to do. She looked at me like I was crazy. I got down on my knees and pushed Stuart’s legs wide apart. When I straddled one of Stuart’s legs, she straddled the other.**

**I held his dick straight up and leaned over it. It was already drooling. He might pretend he was reluctant to fool around with us but his dick didn't lie. I pulled his foreskin down tight, licked the clear ooze off, and took the head of his dick in my mouth. I gave him my best effort for a minute or two and then straightened up and turned it over to Joanne.**

**She wrapped one hand around his dick and started playing with his balls with the other. When she wrapped her lips around the head, I could tell she knew what she was doing. It looked like she enjoyed doing it as much as I did.**

**Kavan put his hand on her shoulder and pulled her back up. She turned and gave him a curious look. He just held one finger up in front of his lips.**

**He got down between Stuart's legs and leaned over. I wrapped my hand around Stuart's dick and started slowly stroking it. I kept my eyes on Joanne's face when Kavan leaned over further and started sucking on Stuart's dick. She gave me a big smile and mouthed some words. I think she was saying, "He's going to kill us." She decided to help out though; she put her hand under Stuart's balls, like she was trying to stick one finger in his crack.**

**I gave Kavan a minute or so and pulled him back and took a turn. When I straightened up, I pointed to Joanne again and she went back down again. When she straightened up, she pointed to me. We did a couple of more turns until I saw Stuart's balls draw up so tight I thought they'd disappear. I stopped it.**

**"Who's been sucking your dick, Stuart?" I asked.**

**"You and Joanne," he said. I wasn't sure whether I caught a little questioning inflection at the end.**

**"Who's in the room with you, Stuart?" Joanne asked.**

**"You and Kathryn and Kavan."**

**Nobody said anything this time. I waited to see if he was going to catch on. He did.**

**He tried to pull his arms free and couldn't. He tried to sit up and couldn't. He tried to move his legs and couldn't; I was sitting on one and Joanne was on the other.**

**"God damn it! Was Kavan doing it too?"**

**"You couldn't really tell, could you?" I asked. "Who do you think did it first? Who did it last? You don't know whether it was me or Joanne or Kavan, do you?"**

**"Kavan, did you do it too?" he asked.**

**I thought I detected a little smile on his face. Maybe he was going to loosen up a little and enjoy playing around with us after all.**

**"Stuart, no matter what I say, you'll never really know; will you?" Kavan answered.**

**"OK, I guess I won't," he said. "Unless you take this fucking thing off my eyes and do it some more."**

**"No!" Joanne said.**

**"No!" I repeated.**

**"No!" Kavan echoed.**

**"I'm not going to believe it until I see it, Kavan."**

**"Couldn't tell, could you?" Kavan said. "Have you ever had your dick sucked by a guy before?"**

**"Yeah, when I was in high school, Larry and Kyle and I did it all the time when we went camping."**

I looked at Joanne. She just shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

“I don’t believe you, Stuart,” Kavan said.

“That’s not all we did. Larry and Kyle were both tops. I used to bottom for both of them.”

“Did he just say what I think he said?” I asked.

“I don’t believe that either, Stuart,” Kavan said.

“It’s true. I loved it. Turn me loose and I’ll turn over and bottom for you.”

“Damn, Stuart, you’re lying,” I said. “You think if you tell a big enough one, we’ll believe you, don’t you?”

“You’ll never know; will you?” he said. He had a big grin on his face.

I whispered in Joanne’s ear again. Now she had a big grin too. I told Kavan what we were going to do and what to ask Stuart.

I straddled Stuart, with my back to his face and got down on my knees. I reached under and straightened his cock up the rest of the way. It was still drooling and my cunt was too. I rubbed the glans up and down between my lips until everything was well lubricated. Damn, I was ready for it. I started easing down, down a couple of inches, up one, repeat as necessary until it was all inside. His dick and Kavan’s were so close to the same size it was hard to tell the difference unless I looked down and saw the blond hair on his balls and legs instead of red.

I nodded to Joanne. She put her hand on my shoulder and straddled Stuart facing in the opposite direction. I couldn’t see what she was doing and I knew Stuart couldn’t either. I don’t know how she did it but she must have managed. She

reached back and tapped me on the shoulder and I knew she was in place.

**“Whose cunt is your dick in, Stuart?” Kavan asked.**

All I could hear was muffled sounds. Stuart couldn't talk while he was muff diving. I choked back a giggle.

**“Whose cunt is on your mouth, Stuart?” Kavan asked.**

I couldn't understand his second answer either. I held up one finger and then two. Kavan understood.

**“Stuart, if you think Joanne's on your dick, hold up one finger,” he said. “If you think it's Kathryn, hold up two.”**

We waited. I looked left and right at Stuart's hands but I didn't see any fingers. All I saw were two fists.

I leaned over with my hands on Stuart's knees and started sliding my butt up and down. He was just as big as Kavan and Kieran and I felt stretched to the limit around his dick. When my ass bounced on his stomach, my cunt was so full it almost hurt. I closed my eyes and started losing consciousness of everything but his dick in my cunt. If Kavan hadn't put his hand on my back to stop me, I'd have kept at it forever.

He must have touched Joanne too because she moved around so that she was in front of me. She looked down where Stuart's dick was buried in my cunt. I leaned back to give her a better view. She studied our juncture, leaning her head to first one side and then the other. I leaned back a little more and used both hands to open my labia wider. Joanne smiled. I knew she saw how it could be done.

**“Who's sitting on your dick now, Stuart?” Kavan asked. “You can talk now, can't you?”**

**“Yeah, god damn it, I can talk. It's Kathryn.”**

**I didn't say anything. He had a fifty-fifty chance of getting it right.**

**"No, it's not," Kavan said. "It's me."**

**I couldn't help it. I giggled. So did Joanne.**

**"Don't give me that shit, Kavan. It's Kathryn. It was Joanne on my mouth. I know how she tastes."**

**"Well, it's me sitting on your dick, Stuart," Joanne said. "Maybe we all taste the same."**

**She was directly in front of me and I guess he couldn't tell whether her words were coming from the one sitting on him or not. He was quiet for a minute.**

**"It was Joanne on my face," he finally said. "You didn't taste the same last night."**

**Joanne had a big smile on her face. I guess she was proud of him.**

**"OK, Stuart," I said. "You're right about that. No lies now. I'm sitting on your dick. Somebody's about to eat some stuffed pussy. See if you can tell who's doing it."**

**Joanne moved over to one side and Kavan lay down on his stomach between Stuart's outstretched legs. I leaned back as far as I could, my arms straight and supporting me, my hands on Stuart's ribs. Kavan looked at my face, gave me a wink and a smile, and lowered his mouth down between my legs.**

**I don't know what he did first but it must have been to Stuart, not to me. Stuart was either trying to shove his dick deeper into me or trying to get away from what Kavan was doing. From what I could feel of Kavan's head between my legs, I guessed he must have done something to Stuart's balls**

with his mouth or tongue. When he moved his head up a little higher, Stuart settled down.

Damn, it was good. Cunt full of hard dick and stretched to the limit around it. Tongue licking up one side and then the other around the dick. Licking up the shaft of the dick until it reached the top and then up against my clitoris. I closed my eyes and let Kavan do it. I didn't want him ever to stop.

But he did. I opened my eyes and looked down. Kavan moved out of the way and Joanne got into position. I closed my eyes again and let her take a turn. What I'd told Stuart was right. I didn't give a shit whose tongue was licking my clit. I didn't think he cared whose tongue was licking on the shaft of his cock either.

I wanted to come but at the same time I didn't. I wanted to wait until I had Kavan's dick in me again with it moving like a piston. I didn't have much choice. Kavan took another turn and got me hotter and hornier. When he fastened his mouth on my clit and started sucking, I knew I was coming. I gave in to it and let the waves crash over me.

It took me a minute or so before I was able to breath normally again and then relax enough to roll off Stuart. Joanne started to take my place and I stopped her.

"No, wait," I said, "it's Kavan's turn. He's the one who brought the blindfold and ties. He tied me up the last time we were here. I think we ought to show him how it feels.

I untied one of Stuart's wrists while Joanne untied the other. He pulled the blindfold up and over his head, stood up, and moved out of the corner. He pointed to Kavan.

"Get your ass in the corner," he said. "You need to be taught a lesson."

"You think you can teach me something, huh?" Kavan responded.

**“Yeah, I can. And Kathryn and Joanne are going to help me.”**

**“OK, brother, teach me something.”**

**Kavan moved over in the corner and sat down. I picked up the blindfold and started to put it on Kavan.**

**“No,” Stuart said. “Just leave it off. Let him see what’s happening.”**

**Joanne picked up one of the wrist ties and I got the other. We slipped the loop around Kavan’s wrists and tied them through the rings on the wall. Stuart watched what we were doing and I guess he wasn’t satisfied. He untied the one I’d done, pulled it tighter, and then retied it. Kavan’s arms were straight out and he couldn’t move them more than an inch or so.**

**“OK, now sit on his legs.”**

**Joanne and I straddled Kavan’s legs with our butts about on his knees. Stuart waited until we were in place.**

**“Hold him now. I’m going to sit on his face,” Stuart said.**

**“Like hell you are!” Kavan whispered. Joanne and I both giggled. It was the same thing Stuart had said.**

**“Yeah, I am,” Stuart said, leaning over Kavan and looking directly in his eyes. “If I’m going to bottom for you, you’re going to rim me.”**

**I thought Kavan was going to pull the rings out of the wall. His biceps and chest muscles bulged with the strain but the nylon ties held.**

**Stuart straddled Kavan’s head and started to lower his butt down toward Kavan’s face.**

**“Stuart, don’t you dare,” he said. “I’ll bite anything that gets close to my mouth.”**

**Stuart stopped and straightened up. He stepped to one side and looked Kavan in the eyes again.**

**“OK. I won’t. I’d love to see what your big dick feels like but I can’t make you fuck me. If you want to be selfish and just give it to Joanne and Rachael, I guess I’ll have to do without. I really wanted a good fuck.”**

**I was watching Stuart’s face while he was talking to Kavan and I thought I saw just the beginning of a smile on his mouth and, what, a little something in his eyes. I guess Kavan saw it too.**

**“You’re just trying to fool us, aren’t you? You’re just making up this top and bottom shit.”**

**Stuart waited a little before answering. “Yeah, it’s not true. Larry and Kyle were high-school friends but I never did anything like that with them. We camped together but we never even jacked off around each other.”**

**Kavan’s relief was easy to see.**

**“And you’re almost right about something else, Kathryn,” Stuart continued. “Except for helping with Dad when he was sick, Kerry’s dick was the first one on another guy I’ve ever touched.”**

**“OK, I’m sorry, Stuart. Turn me loose we’ll stop this mess.”**

**“No, we’re not going to turn you loose. I’m going to do something and I want you to watch me. I want you to know I did it.”**

**Stuart moved between me and Joanne, between Kavan’s outstretched legs. He dropped to his knees, bent over, held Kavan’s dick straight up and lowered his face to it. As soon**

as I saw him open his mouth and wrap his lips around the head, I looked at Kavan's face. He was looking at what Stuart was doing with total disbelief. Stuart started bobbing his head up and down and sliding his hand up and down on the shaft of Kavan's dick. He kept at it for a couple of minutes before he finally stopped and straightened up on his knees. He looked at Kavan.

"Alright now, the truth," he said. "That's the first time in my life I've sucked dick. You saw me do it and so did they so I can never deny it. Now are we going to cut out the shit and be honest with each other?"

Kavan was ready. "Yeah, well, I did suck your dick too. We were all taking turns. Except for one time when we were playing with Kerry, that's the first time I've done it too."

Stuart turned and looked first at me and then at Joanne. "You ladies want to take a turn? I'll help but just don't let him come. He wouldn't let me get no satisfaction. Just don't give him any."

We didn't. Joanne started, I went second, and damned if Stuart didn't take another turn. Kavan watched all of it as we went around a couple of more turns. When he dropped his head and closed his eyes, I knew it was time to call a halt.

"Joanne, would you like to see if Stuart likes to eat stuffed pussy?"

Her smile was all the answer I needed. She moved over Kavan's hips and started lowering herself. I held Kavan's dick straight up. She put one hand on my shoulder and another on Stuart's and lowered herself on it with no trouble. She must have been as wet as I was. She slid down in one continuous motion until her ass was on Kavan's belly and his dick was buried to the balls in her cunt. She leaned back and there was a stuffed pussy.

Stuart got down on his knees and tried to bend over to get to her. It didn't work. His forehead bumped her belly before his mouth got to her cunt. He turned to one side and it still didn't work.

"Lay down on your stomach," I said. "It works just fine that way."

He held his dick up against his stomach with one hand and then lay down on the mattress. The only place he could put his arms was under his chest, between Kavan's legs. From the way Kavan jumped, I think Stuart must have tried to slip him a finger.

Stuart started at the bottom and worked his way to the top. Kavan's balls were already drawn up close to the base of his cock. Stuart gave each one a lick, slid his tongue up one side of the shaft, followed Joanne's labia, and finally flipped up against her clitoris. After that, he left Kavan's balls alone and just licked up where Joanne's lips were stretched around Kavan's cock.

I wanted a turn. I pulled Stuart's ear and he turned and looked at me. I used my thumb to tell him he was out. I took his place and did something I knew Kavan liked. I sucked one of his balls in my mouth and held it, did the same with the other. After that I took my turn licking up around his cock until I found Joanne's clit. Hers was more prominent than mine and was standing out from under its hood. Every time I touched it with my tongue, I could feel her shudder.

Stuart pulled my ear and I moved away and let him get in place again. He started again and I wondered how long it would be before Joanne came. From the way her labia were so red and her clit was so swollen, I didn't think it'd be long. Stuart must have known the signs too. He kept his mouth in the same place and I knew he was doing the same thing Kavan had done to me - sucking on the little button and flicking it with his tongue. There was no mistaking the

result. Joanne started groaning and whining and her face looked like she was in pain.

She rolled off Kavan, flopped face down on the mattress, and lay there like she was dead - except for some heavy breathing. Stuart straightened up on his knees, still between Kavan's outstretched legs, and his dick looked red and rigid. Kavan's was sticking up at a forty-five degree angle above his stomach and it looked just as red and rigid and it was shining with Joanne's juices.

I thought it was about time somebody got fucked. I untied the strips to Kavan's arms and slipped the loops off his wrists. He got up on his knees facing Stuart and they looked at each other. I guess they were both thinking the same thing I did. The only question was - who was going to do it with whom?

Stuart answered the question. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me down on the mattress. He pushed me back on a pillow and sprawled out beside me.

"Excuse me, Kavan," he said, "but I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do since the first time I saw her. You and Joanne can decide what you want to do."

I was surprised - a most pleasant surprise. What he wanted to do was to kiss me. His lips just brushed against mine at first, then his tongue teased the corner of my mouth and finally his lips opened over mine until mine opened to him and his tongue found mine. Never hurried, simply slow and tender, his hand on my breast, my nipple between a thumb and finger.

Eventually my hand found his cock where it was pressed against my thigh. I ran my fingers around the rim on the head and then slid them up over the satiny smoothness. Then down the shaft to his balls, soft, swollen to my touch. Back to the shaft. Pulled him toward my center.

He moved over me and I spread my legs wide to receive him. I held his cock between my thumb and fingers and he pushed once. It was in. Then in deeper. Then deeper still. Then in until I was filled. Balls pressed against my ass. I wrapped my legs around his hips, took one deep breath, and waited for him to begin.

He started just as he had started kissing me, slow and tender. I could hear his breath in my ear, feel his face in my hair, his heart beating against my breast. Somewhere it all became faster and more urgent. Somewhere I felt little twitches inside me turning into pulses of pleasure then into waves of ecstasy near to pain. Just when I knew I couldn't take it anymore, I felt him release inside me, waves and spurts, and he finally came to a stop. I didn't want him to take it out, wanted to feel it go soft inside me. I put my hands on his ass cheeks and held him close until he finally softened, moved, stretched, and it slipped out. He rolled over beside me and lay there like he was asleep, one hand still on my breast.

When I became conscious of my surroundings again, I looked over to the other side of the bed. Joanne was stretched out on her side watching us. Kavan was behind her, watching too. She smiled at me and held out her hand. I took it and squeezed.

“I thought you two were going to go on forever,” she said.

I thought it had been only a minute or two. “Did you and Kavan do it too?” I asked.

“Yes,” she answered, “he lasted for a couple of minutes before he came. It was long enough. I think I was coming all the time he was in me. I think we'd both had too much teasing.”

“You've been watching us then? How long?”

“Just a couple of minutes. It was quite a show.”

**We all lay there for a while, quieting down, holding, being held. Joanne broke the spell.**

**“I’ve got to pee. Do you think we could sneak to the bathroom without disturbing anybody?”**

**“Me too,” I said.**

**“Me three,” Kavan said.**

**I waited but Stuart didn’t say anything. “Go ahead, Stuart, say it.”**

**“Me four,” he said. His grin made me think of Kerry.**

**We came back with wet washcloths and towels to wipe up and dry off. Kavan wanted something cold to drink and asked if we wanted some of the left over iced tea. I told him I’d kill him if he used the ice dispenser. He came back with part of a carton of orange juice and half a bottle of apple juice. We shared and it was enough.**

**We talked for an hour or so. I was afraid I’d fall asleep any minute but I wasn’t sure where we were going to sleep. The queen-size mattress wasn’t really big enough for two couples. I asked Kavan and he said we’d use one of the bedrooms beside the one we were in.**

**Kavan asked Stuart and Joanne not to talk about what we’d done. I knew he wasn’t ashamed of anything but he didn’t want Arial and Kerry to know we’d broken a promise to them. He’d told his brother and sister that we weren’t going to have sex on Saturday night before our performance. The four of us had agreed Kavan and I should do without one night so we’d be hornier and our performance would be better. Maybe Stuart didn’t understand why but he nodded OK.**

Kavan and I were standing at the foot of the mattress when Stuart asked us what we were going to do on Sunday night.

“We’ve got a little entertainment planned for everybody,” Kavan said. “It’s a surprise. I think you’ll enjoy it.”

“I mean about sleeping arrangements,” Stuart said.

“Oh, that’s been taken care of,” I said. “You’ll find out about it tomorrow night after our presentation.”

I knew I shouldn’t have let it slip but Stuart and Joanne didn’t seem too concerned. I just hoped it’d turn out as well with them as it had with us.

We were about to go out the door when Stuart stood up and said wait. I turned around, wondering what he wanted. He held out his hand to Kavan. Kavan took it and Stuart slapped him on the shoulder like men do when they’re afraid to show their emotions.

“Thanks, little brother,” Stuart said.

“You’re welcome, big brother,” Kavan said, and they wrapped each other up in a big hug.

## Chapter Thirty-Four

### 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:****Luke Bridges**

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**(LUKE)**

**It was a week I'll never forget. I can't tell the other's stories; I can tell only mine.**

**Saturday night with Arial was a dream come true. I knew she loved me, maybe like an older brother, but I had no idea she loved me like a woman loves a man. I knew Rachael loved Kerry too, the beautiful child and then boy we'd both come to know. I had heard her more than once wish for one of her own like him. When Kieran said Kerry was going to keep Rachael company, I knew part of her dream would come true too. When Rachael looked at me and smiled and then got a bigger smile from me in return, she knew I approved.**

**That's the story I want to tell - the story of the rest of our week with Arial and Kerry.**

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**Sunday evening was a living erotic fantasy, thanks to Kavan and Kathryn. I wasn't sure what was going to happen afterward but I did what Rachael requested. I told Stuart the upstairs bedroom was reserved for us. He thought I meant me and Rachael; he couldn't believe it was reserved for four of us, including him and Joanne. That was the beginning of another story, one that will be told only briefly here.**

**While we were driving to the cabin, Rachael told me about the sleeping arrangements she and Lauren and Siobhan had made for us on Sunday night. I couldn't believe her. I asked her what the hell we were going to do. She did the same thing she always does when she wants me to agree to something she's planned. She lowered her eyes and gave me a smile and**

said, "There's no script, Luke, we're just going to get to know them." Yeah, just how well would we get to know them?

I still had a hard-on when we went upstairs and so did Stuart. I didn't know where I was going to put it but I knew I wasn't going to wait to do something with it. After watching Kavan and Kathryn posing and then fucking, I was as horny as I've ever been. Watching Joanne suck Stuart's dick while Rachael sucked mine just made me even hotter. So I just did what I wanted to do.

I backed Rachael up to the bed, pushed her down on her back, and crawled on board. A few seconds later, I became aware that Stuart had done the same thing with Joanne. I looked over at him and Joanne.

"Stuart," I said, "I don't know what you and Joanne are going to do but I'm going to be busy with the one person I love most in the world. I'll talk to you later."

"That's what I had in mind too, Luke," he answered. "Don't be in any hurry."

Afterwards we did talk and we did get to know them. Joanne asked if we could get together another night and Rachael nodded yes before I could. It was well past midnight when the four of us stopped talking and finally decided to go to sleep.

During the week, Rachael and I talked with Stuart and Joanne again and again. I began to understand why Siobhan and Lauren wanted us to get to know each other. We really did have a lot in common and they were both interesting and intelligent people. Seeing our little Adrianna playing with their little Paul kept all four of us in smiles. It just made me wish even more that we could move back closer to the Stuarts and to them.

We shared more than just talk however. I don't know who started it but we got into fooling around one afternoon when

our children were napping and I ended up switching with Stuart while we tried to satisfy two women with our tongues and fingers. We finally succeeded with both and then later they swapped and gave us both a blowjob to remember.

Another night, Rachael and I knocked on their bedroom door to pass on some good news. I told them Kieran had asked me if I'd consider relocating if he offered me a job at Anderson Security. I'd jumped at the offer and he said he'd call me with specifics during the week after our vacation. I think Stuart and Joanne were almost as happy with the prospect as we were. We ended up in a Stuart-style group hug.

We sat around for hours, with lots of talking, acting silly, and playing around with each other. Joanne and Rachael wanted to see which of us was the better kisser, Stuart or me. After that, they wanted to see which of us could give them the best massage. When they said they wanted to see which was better at making love, I protested. I said I wanted quality, not quantity, so they'd have to settle for only one effort from me. I filled in for Stuart while he did the same for me and our wives finally decided to call our efforts a draw. I ended up curled up to Joanne's butt for half the night until I got up to go pee. Stuart was behind her when I came back from the bathroom so I spooned up to my own wife for the rest of the night.

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My story of our week with Arial and Kerry began on Monday morning, after our Sunday night with Stuart and Joanne. We were all awakened when the wind blew the door to the balcony closed. I knew it was time for us to start being parents again. Stuart and I prepared breakfast for the four of us while Rachael and Joanne fed Adrianna and Paul. When we were through eating, Lauren and Siobhan volunteered to take the little ones for a walk. Rachael and Joanne said they'd clean up our breakfast dishes. Stuart volunteered to straighten up the bedroom we'd used. I had

nothing to do so I decided to go for a walk down the hill toward the creek.

I found Arial and Kerry sitting at the picnic table under the big sycamore tree part way down the hill. Arial gave me a warm smile when she saw me coming and Kerry turned and gave me another. I saw a camera on the table between them, the same one I'd seen her and Kieran using yesterday.

“Kavan and Kathryn’s show was really beautiful,” I said. “Whose idea was that?”

“Kathryn thought it up,” Arial answered. “We all worked on it so we could put it on for everybody.

“You did a great job with the introduction, Kerry. And I saw you working the lights, Arial. I think I saw you looking at musical scores. Can you read music?”

“Yeah,” Kerry answered for her, “she’s the only one of us who can do that well enough to put the lighting cues on the score. She and I helped Kavan and Kathryn rehearse.”

“How many times did they rehearse it?”

“Just once actually doing it,” Kerry answered. “We did two with them just faking it and then one like they did it last night.”

“I’ll bet that got you hot and bothered; didn’t it, Kerry?”

Kerry may have been answering for Arial but she and I were communicating with each other with her eyes. She had an enigmatic smile on her face but it was easy to see she wasn’t angry with me for spending Sunday night with someone else.

“Yeah, I jacked off while they were doing it. Arial couldn’t do anything ‘cause she had to work the lights.”

I finally got around to bringing up the topic foremost on my mind. “Arial, I didn’t know your Mom and Lauren and Rachael had arranged for us to share the loft bedroom with Stuart and Joanne after the show, did you?”

“No,” she answered, “but Kerry and I were in the bedroom near the stairs with Kavan and Kathryn. We were watching to see who ended up where.”

“Are you and Kerry still going to share the loft bedroom with me and Rachael tonight,” I asked, and then I asked the real question I’d been wanting to ask her. “Did I hurt you Saturday night?”

Arial gave me a bigger smile and, from the warm look in her eyes, I knew everything would be OK. “You didn’t hurt me, Luke. You said you never would and you didn’t. I was sore enough so I was glad to let it rest yesterday. But I’m fine this morning. Kerry and I’ll see you and Rachael tonight.”

I hoped my feelings of relief and anticipation didn’t show too much.

“Whose camera is that?” I asked.

“It’s mine,” Arial said. “Dad bought it for me because I wanted to learn about photography.”

I picked it up and looked at it. It was a top of the line digital camera with great image quality and huge picture capacity. It was one I’d looked at and wanted but decided I couldn’t afford.

“This thing costs a mint, Arial. Kieran bought it for you to learn?”

“It’s not just mine. Dad wants to use it too. He said anybody else in the family can use it if they want to. He told me to do the learning and become the expert so I could help him. That’s why he bought one of the best.”

**“Have you learned to use it yet?” I asked. “Could you take some of Adrianna so I could put them on my computer at work? Maybe make a screensaver with them?”**

**“Yeah, that’s easy. But you’re family; why don’t you borrow it and take them yourself? I’ll show you how.”**

**“I’d love to have pictures of some of the scenes around here too. Like the cabin and the play area down at the creek. Have you learned to take good pictures of people?”**

**“I’ve taken a few of Mom and Dad and lots of Kavan and Kathryn and Kerry. And Kerry’s taken some of me. They’re on the computer at home. Some are close-ups and Mom says I’d better not let anybody else see them.”**

**“Why not?”**

**“Some are of Kerry with a hard-on. Mom says somebody else would say they’re child pornography. I think they’re beautiful.”**

**“Lots of people aren’t as comfortable with nudity and sex as your family is, Arial,” I said.**

**“That’s their problem, Luke. I’ve seen Kerry’s dick as long as I can remember. I’ve seen it hard more times than I could ever count. He’s beautiful to me and so’s his dick. I don’t care what anybody else thinks.”**

**“What are you two doing today?” I asked.**

**“We wanted to take a walk to the old house again,” Kerry answered. “Arial wants to take some pictures of it. But Dad says we shouldn’t go by ourselves. He says people sometimes come up the road even if it’s posted and got a locked gate.”**

**“He’s probably right. I’ll bet it’d be OK if some of the rest of us go with you. I’d like to go and I think Rachael would too. Have you asked Stuart or Kavan?”**

**“Kavan and Kathryn are going to the grocery store in that little town we passed through,” Arial said. “Mom wants a few things and they volunteered to go. They asked us to go but we told them we’re trying to set a new record for how long we go naked.”**

**“If you want me to, I’ll ask Kieran if it’s OK for you to go to the old house if Rachael and I go with you. I’ll ask Stuart and Joanne if they want to go with us too.”**

**I got two big smiles and two nods and that was answer enough. Kieran said it was OK and that he’d help with Adrianna and Paul when they got back from the walk. Joanne said she and Stuart wanted to ride into town with Kavan and Kathryn. Rachael said she’d love to go for a walk with us. We changed from sandals into sneakers and were off within a few minutes.**

**Kerry and Arial were walking ahead of us, holding hands while Kerry carried the camera. I hoped Rachael was enjoying the view as much as I was. We came to a small clearing where Brown-Eyed Susans grew along side the road. Kerry picked some and put them in Arial’s hair. Rachael and I watched while she did the same to him. When they brought flowers to us, we didn’t protest. Arial had a hard time getting any to stay in my short hair.**

**The dirt road was overhung with big trees like hickory and oak in some places. The cicadas in the oak trees were already singing their hearts out. Even early in the day, I could feel sweat trickling down my back. When the sun penetrated through the leaves, Arial’s long hair looked like gold. Kerry’s hair was longer than I’d ever seen it and it looked like it hadn’t been combed in days. It was beautiful too. Kerry’s beautiful butt had always been sort of a family joke but it really was beautiful. Arial’s was too, more than beautiful**

maybe, if that's possible. I wondered if they'd let me take a picture of them so they could see the way they looked from behind. And of course, I'd like to have a copy of it.

How could the slightly-pudgy seven-year-old girl grow up to be a woman of such rare beauty? I'd loved her since the first night when I'd help put her to bed and she'd kissed me and run her fingers through my hair. "I hope you come stay with us, Luke." I don't think I could ever forget the words she'd said. I'd stayed in the house for a year and she'd stayed in my heart ever since.

Still I knew that Rachael was the one woman I needed and wanted. Arial was a girl, just beginning to learn what love and sex were about. She'd given me a precious gift Saturday night. But Rachael was a woman with a woman's mind and body and experience. She was the mother of my daughter and would be the mother of my next child. My life was joined to hers and I knew I didn't want it any other way.

I stopped for a second, looking at them. I guess Rachael knew what I was admiring. She took my hand too and gave it a squeeze. We were almost to the old house when she stopped me and whispered in my ear.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes, I know you want to. And so do I."

We caught up to Kerry and Arial. Rachael took Kerry's hand and I took Arial's. We walked on a little further, four of us hand in hand. Suddenly I felt Arial almost stop; I looked and Rachael had done what she'd told me. She'd stopped but kept hold of Kerry's hand. He'd turned loose of Arial's hand and they were a few feet behind us.

While Arial and I watched, Rachael did what she told me she wanted to do; she kissed Kerry. It wasn't the kind of kiss one friend gives to another. It was the kind of kiss a woman gives to her lover. Arial turned and looked up at me. I pulled her

against me and gave her the same sort of kiss. The salt-sweat taste of her lips and the feel of her nipples against my chest brought about a quick response in my groin.

When we finally broke for air, I gave her a smile and we started walking again, Ariel and I hand in hand. I'd stopped kissing her just in time. Any longer and I've been carrying a hard-on down the road. I looked back and saw Rachael and Kerry walking hand in hand behind us. He was as close to hard as I was. The flower he'd put in Rachael's pubic hair was a nice touch.

Rachael and I had never seen the old house. It was an old farmhouse with weathered board and batten sides and a metal roof. The roof looked almost new. I asked Kerry about it and he said his dad and uncle and aunt had replaced the old roof before he was born with one that was supposed to be good for fifty years. Most of the windows were still good except for a couple that had been covered with plywood. The front porch looked unsafe but that was the only bad part of the house.

Ariel took lots of pictures of the house and the barn, without any of us being in the pictures. She said she wanted to remember the place without people in it because it was so beautiful by itself. We explored the old barn and what looked inside like a workshop. Kerry found a bent pitchfork hanging on the wall. When he showed it to us, Ariel decided she wanted to take a picture of us.

“Luke, would you let me take a picture of you and Rachael?” she asked.

“You know you can. Why do you think you need to ask?”

“Because I want a picture of both of you naked. I won't let anybody outside the family see it, I promise.”

“Would you let me take a picture of you and Kerry the same way?”

**She nodded. I looked at Rachael and she nodded. When she asked Kerry to bring the pitchfork, I thought I knew what she had in mind.**

**Arial positioned us in front of the old house, standing side by side. I had the pitchfork in my left hand, holding it upward between us. I wondered if the models for American Gothic had felt the same way when Grant Wood painted them. The big difference was that he had his pants on - make that overalls - and she had on a dress with an apron. And I don't suppose the farmer had sweat running down his chest and stomach in the painting - and a warm and distended dick right out in front of him. Arial took maybe a dozen different shots from different angles.**

**When it came my turn, I handed Kerry the pitchfork and got them in the same pose Rachael and I had held. I tried to frame them carefully in each shot I took. I knew I wanted one more picture.**

**“Would you let me pose you for one more?” I asked. “I want one taken from behind, the way you looked walking along the road.”**

**Arial said OK but Kerry protested.**

**“I don't want anybody to see a picture of me like that,” he said. “I haven't had a hair-cut all summer and it's as long as a girl's. I don't want anybody thinking I'm a girl.”**

**“Kerry,” Rachael said, “there's no way anybody would think that. Your shoulders are broader than Arial's and her waist is narrower. Her butt's definitely like a woman's and yours is like a boy's. You two could pass for twins but nobody would think you're the same sex. If you don't like it when you see it, we'll erase it.”**

**He agreed and I looked around for a place to position them. Rachael found a spot with trees as a background and more**

late-summer flowers as a foreground. I positioned them with their backs to me, holding hands, each looking over their shoulder at the other, their faces in profile. The sun was shining on their hair, turning it into gold. I could see a sheen of sweat on Kerry's back but Ariel's was still smooth and cool looking. Anyone seeing the picture would probably see the same thing I did, one beautiful boy's butt and one exquisite girl's fanny. It was a perfect picture. I got a half-dozen or more from various positions.

"OK, what next?" I asked.

"Let's go in the house," Ariel said. "There's one more thing I want to do before we go back."

On the back porch, Kerry pulled on a nail sticking out of a short board. The nail came out in his hand and the board dropped down on one end. Inside the wall there was a red tobacco tin. He took it out, opened it, and shook the key out in his hand.

"We keep the doors padlocked but it doesn't really matter," he said. "If anybody wanted to, they could get in the windows with no trouble. But if they looked in the windows, they'd see there's nothing inside. So far, nobody's busted in."

The interior of the house was still cool. I knew the August sun would probably raise the temperature in the closed house to a very uncomfortable range before the day was done. I imagined that if we'd lived in the house, we'd be in a swing on the front porch in late afternoon.

We wandered through the rooms looking at the way the house was built. Somebody had put some loving work into the place. With a little furniture, the place would still be livable except that Kerry said the well was no good. In one room there was a large wooden box against one wall. I lifted the lid on it and wondered what it was.

**“It’s where they stored meat,” Kerry said. “Dad says they salted down some of the meat from pigs they raised and then stored it in there.”**

**I looked up and saw Arial and Rachael whispering to each other. From the look they gave me, I knew they were up to something. They walked over to the box and sat down.**

**Arial crooked her finger and beckoned to me. Rachael did the same to Kerry. I wasn’t sure what they wanted but their faces told me I’d like it. Kerry and I stood in front of Rachael and Arial. Arial looked up at me, gave me an impish smile, and put her hand on my dick. I guessed what she had in mind.**

**“Arial, you don’t have to do that here. I asked your Dad if we could have the big bedroom at the cabin tonight. He said nobody else had asked for it and we were welcome to use it.”**

**She looked up at me and smiled again. Maybe Kerry could manipulate people with his grin but Arial could melt any male’s heart with her smile - just a little upturn at each corner of her mouth.**

**“Did you tell him you’d invited Kerry and me to spend the night with you and Rachael?”**

**“Yes, he just told me to be good to his princess.”**

**“I’ll make sure you’re good to me tonight, Luke. But I want to do something here because it’s for the house. The old place is just so lonely and I want it to have happy memories of us.”**

**She returned her attention to my dick. She slid my foreskin back and just sat there looking at it, holding it. I did that every time I pissed and never caused a reaction. She did it and just knowing it was her hand and her eyes looking at it was enough. Within a minute or so, it was fully erect.**

**“Luke,” Kerry said.**

I looked over at him and Joanne. They were watching me and Ariel. I don't know what Rachael had done, if anything, but he had a hard-on too. He was no little kid anymore; he already had a dick some men would envy.

"What?" I said.

"Can you two wait on us for a few minutes? I want Rachael to do something else with me first."

"What?" I couldn't think of anything else to say. I couldn't think of anything else he could want.

"I want her to kiss me again, like she did back on the road. I think she curled my toes up. Every time I think I've learned most everything about sex, somebody shows me something new."

I didn't mind waiting. Rachael stood up, put her hands on each of Kerry's cheeks, and brought their mouths together. Kerry's hands found her waist, evidently decided they liked something else better, and moved down to her rear. I watched as their eyes closed and they seemed to melt into each other.

I turned to Ariel and she was waiting. I did to Ariel the same thing Rachael was doing to Kerry - cupped her cheeks with my hands, lowered my mouth to hers, and closed my eyes. Then I put one hand behind her back and the other on one of her breasts. It was just a small handful with a hard button of a nipple in the middle of my palm. Her hands curled around my butt and pulled me against her. Always something new, I realized, no matter how much I'd kissed her Saturday night. I let everything else fade away as our tongues played with each other.

I felt her hand reaching between our bodies. My dick had been pressed upward at an angle against her belly. She bent it down and wrapped her hand around it. She started

stroking it, slowly and gently, in no hurry at all to get anywhere. I was in no hurry either. Kissing her, my hand on her breast, hers on my dick - it was almost all I could have ever wanted.

“Boy, you sure know how to kiss!” I heard it but didn’t understand. Boy? I looked over at Kerry and Rachael. He’d said it and I realized he was talking to Rachael. She sat down on the box, took his dick in her hand, and leaned forward. Ariel was watching. She saw what Rachael was about to do. She sat down too.

“Luke, put your hands on my shoulders and keep them there. Close your eyes and don’t say anything.”

“You too, Kerry,” I heard Rachael say.

What could she know about sucking a man’s cock, I wondered? Kieran and Siobhan might have been totally honest with their kids about sex. She’d seen Rachael sucking me but that had been years ago. And she’d been a virgin last Saturday night and she didn’t know how to enjoy her first time. How could she know how to give a man a blowjob?

I did as she said and let her have her way with me. She was surprisingly slow and gentle, just sliding her hand up and down on the shaft of my dick. I wondered when she was going to use her mouth but she kept me waiting.

Perhaps she’d learned something from her experience Saturday night. She waited until I wanted it so bad I was about to ask her to do it. Before I could open my mouth to speak, she opened hers and took the head of my cock in. The feeling was unbelievably erotic: her lips sliding up and down over the rim, her tongue teasing underneath. I surrendered to it.

She built up everything slowly and patiently. Her hand gradually increased its speed. She started sucking as she slid

her lips up and off the head. I felt the first faint twinges inside telling me I was going to come.

She kept at me until my fingers were biting into her shoulders. Her hand was still then, just holding the skin on my dick pulled back as far as possible. Her other hand was holding my balls, pulling them down so tightly it was almost painful. Her mouth was all that was moving, sucking, moving, sucking, until it was finally more than I could stand. She surprised me again. When I erupted, she kept her mouth on my dick and swallowed each spurt until I was finished.

Now I had to keep my hands on her shoulders. My knees felt like rubber. She looked up at me and gave me another of those little smiles, not a big toothy grin like Kerry, just a little upturn at each corner of her mouth.

She held my dick in one hand and my balls in the other, waiting for me to calm down. When I finally gave a big sigh, she looked back down at my dick and milked it down a couple of times. She squeezed the last little bit out, licked it off, and stood up with her eyes closed and her mouth waiting to be kissed. I couldn't refuse the offer. I bent down, licked the sweat from between her breasts, and then found her lips with mine.

When we finally broke for air, I looked over at Kerry and Rachael. He was standing at the end of the box beside her and they were both watching us. Kerry's dick was swollen but pendant and I guessed he'd been quicker on the trigger than I was.

"Boy, you two put on quite a show," Kerry said. "Did Ariel do it OK?"

"More than OK, Kerry," I said.

"We've been trying to learn," he said. "Mom told Ariel how to give a man a good blowjob and Dad told me how to go down on a woman. We've been practicing on each other."

I knew how Kieran and Siobhan were with the kids about sex but I guess I'd always be amazed that they were all so open and honest about it. Damn, just thinking of Arial practicing on Kerry, his dick in her mouth, was enough to make my dick think of waking up again.

“Tonight, would you like to show Rachael what you’ve learned?” I asked. “Maybe Arial would let me show her what I learned when I came to stay with her family.”

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We were back from the old house just long enough to eat a sandwich for lunch when Kavan and the others came back. They'd found a roadside stand near the country town and had bought lots of vegetables. Kerry and I helped carry them to the kitchen.

They had two big bags of fresh corn, two baskets of tomatoes, a basket of black-eyed peas, one of yellow squash, another of cucumbers, one of green beans, and one I wouldn't have cared if they hadn't bought, a basket of okra. I cut the seedless watermelon in half and put the parts in the refrigerator to chill for supper. Siobhan and Lauren were delighted to see the cornucopia and promised us a supper we'd remember.

We had squash casserole, black-eyed peas and green beans both cooked with a ham-bone, corn on the cob, cucumber and tomato salad, sliced tomatoes, fried okra, cornbread and, of course, iced tea. Siobhan and Lauren were right. It was a meal to remember. I even tried the fried okra and decided it wasn't so bad after all. We had to wait a while to find stomach room for the watermelon. Seedless was great but I missed the fun of having a seed-spitting contest.

Stuart was the one who really loved the dinner. He said he was ready to become a Southerner after the fried chicken dinner he had on Friday night but the dinner tonight just

confirmed it. I couldn't believe he'd never had cornbread before. Adrianna and Paul loved the fresh corn on the cob. They both had butter and little nibs of corn all over their stomachs before they got through. Then when they got watermelon slices to eat, they ended up with red juice running down their bellies and legs.

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After dinner, Rachael and I joined with Stuart and Joanne in playing with our kids. We spread some foam mats in the center of the big room so we could all get down on the floor with them. Adrianna loved wrestling and rolling around with me and Paul seemed to like doing it just as much as she did. When Adrianna asked for horsey, I got on my hands and knees and Rachael put her on my back. Stuart joined me and Joanne put Paul on his back. We had a good race around on our small racetrack and both kids fell off laughing. I knew I probably looked ridiculous crawling around naked but, when I looked at Stuart, I decided I couldn't look any worse than he did. We kept at it until Stuart and I were covered with sweat.

We took the kids down in the basement for a shower before putting them to bed. Ariel and Kerry asked if they could join us; they wanted to bathe Adrianna and Paul. I certainly had no objection. It brought back memories of the many times I'd helped bathe Ariel and Kerry during the year I'd lived with them. I guess nothing would have given me more pleasure than to bathe her again but she was having too much fun with the kids.

When we went back upstairs, Stuart told me and Rachael to go ahead and take Ariel and Kerry up to the loft bedroom. He said he and Joanne would read to Adrianna and Paul and stay with them until they fell asleep. I wondered who had told him of our plans to be together. Maybe they figured it out from the way Rachael and I had been with Ariel and Kerry after coming back from our walk to the old house.

In the loft bedroom, Rachael and Arial crawled in from the foot and lay down on each side of the king-size bed. I turned off the overhead light and then switched on one of the bedside lamps. There was just enough light to see by. I started to get in with Rachael but she pushed me off and made me go around to the other side with Arial. Kerry didn't need an invitation; he got in the bed beside Rachael. I curled up against Arial, buried my face in her hair, and reached around to her breast. I didn't know what we were going to do but I was in no hurry.

"Rachael, can I ask you a question?" Kerry's voice was muffled and I guessed his face was buried in Rachael's hair, as mine was in Arial's.

"Sure, Squirt," she answered, "what is it?"

"Well, I've been thinking about the way you treat me and trying to understand something. Why do you do stuff like you did at the old house this morning? What do you get out of it?"

"Oh, come on, Kerry," Arial piped up, "when she sucks you off, she gets a few squirts from a Squirt."

"Shut up, Arial," Kerry said. "That's not what I'm talking about. I want to know what sort of fun Rachael gets out of it. I sure as hell enjoy it but I don't see why she does."

"I enjoy it, Kerry," Rachael said. "I do it with Luke because I love him and I want to make sex with me as much fun as possible. I guess I did it for you for the same reason. Besides, you're just learning about sex and I like helping to teach you."

"Well, I guess that's OK," Kerry said, "but I want you to enjoy it too. The way Mom and Dad taught me, I think it's supposed to be just as much fun for a woman as it is for a man. And, anyway, I like it when I get my mouth on a pussy."

**I don't think my dick could ever get any harder than it is then."**

**"Kerry," I said, "you may just be learning about sex but you've already learned the most important lesson of all. If you just keep that in mind, you're going to make some high-school girls happy these next few years."**

**"Damn, I hope so. I'm going to do my best."**

**"It's hot up here tonight," Rachael said. "I'm starting to sweat and I haven't even done anything yet."**

**"It's Luke's fault," Kerry teased. "He's been up here for the last two nights. He probably got Ariel too hot Saturday night and then overheated Joanne last night."**

**"Kerry," I said, "you may not believe this but the only woman I made love with last night was Rachael. Stuart was the one who warmed up Joanne. We did more talking than anything else last night."**

**"Well, Rachael's right about it being hot," Kerry said. "I'm already sticking to her butt."**

**I'd had enough. It was a little warm and uncomfortable in the loft bedroom. I got up and opened the glass door leading out to the little balcony and then slid the screen in place. I went over to the light switches and turned on the overhead fan. I went into the little bath and got a couple of washcloths and wet them in cold water. I went back in the bedroom and handed one to Kerry.**

**"What do I do with this?" he asked.**

**"Same thing I'm going to do." I said. I started by gently wiping Ariel's face with the cloth. I knew the fan would quickly dry up the moisture and cool her off. Kerry watched and did the same thing to Rachael. I moved down to Ariel's breasts and wiped over them and watched as her little**

nipples stood up. After that, I moved my hand down to her stomach and next down between her legs. Finally I moved down her legs in turn and took care of her feet. She had beautiful little toes with bright red nails.

It was a crazy thing to do but I was what I wanted to do. I leaned over, lifted up one of her feet, and took her big toe in my mouth. I looked over at Kerry and saw the usual big grin on his face. Maybe he didn't think it was so crazy. He did the same thing to Rachael. I didn't hear any objection when I sucked on each toe on that foot in turn. I watched Kerry still following my example. When I did the same thing to Arial's other foot, he did it to Rachael. When I stopped Kerry did too but he had to do me one better. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and said, "Ahhh, that was good."

I decided Kerry was on his own for a while and I was going to do what I wanted to with Arial. I crawled back up the bed, half on top of her, found her mouth with mine, and shut my eyes. After that, my hand found her breast, her arms wrapped around me, and I began to forget all about Kerry and Rachael. When I moved my hand down to her mound, she parted her legs and let my finger tease open her lips. She was still hot inside, steaming hot.

My mouth left hers and moved down to her breasts for a few minutes, then down further to where I wanted so much for it to be. She brought her legs up and spread them wide to give me access. I put my hands behind her knees and lifted her higher to my mouth. I ended up on my knees, bent over, holding Arial up so I could get my mouth to her pussy.

I heard giggling and looked over to my side. Kerry was trying to do the same thing to Rachael. She was squirming and he kept dropping her.

"Shit, be still, Rachael," he said. He gave up trying to lift her and stretched out flat on his stomach with her face between her thighs. I thought that was a good way to go at it so I followed his example this time.

I started with just my tongue at first and, when I had everything wet and juicy, I slipped one finger in her little pussy. A minute or so later, I had two fingers in her. I tried to be as gentle and slow as possible. Her pussy was still tight on my fingers and it tasted fresh and musky to my tongue. When she put her hands on my head, I guessed she might be close. I stopped licking and started sucking on the juncture of her labia. Wherever her clit was, I knew I was going to do my best to suck it out or off. When I felt her spasms on my fingers I knew I'd succeeded.

I pushed up above her with my arms and watched her face while the contractions in her pussy gradually subsided. Her usual smile was gone, replaced by the grimace or frown of orgasm, but she was still beautiful. I watched while her features gradually relaxed, her eyes opened, and her smile returned. She puckered her lips and blew me a little kiss.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw movement and looked over at Rachael and Kerry. He was on top of her and she had her arms around his chest and her ankles locked around his ass. He had his cheek next to hers and I heard them whispering back and forth. He was still, unmoving, and I didn't know whether he was just beginning or had just finished. I wanted to be with Ariel the same way but I was in no hurry.

I slid forward a little, kissed her just briefly on the lips, and then trailed kisses back down over her breasts, down her stomach, and back down to her pussy. Her little lips there were spread and were wet and glistening. The silken hair on her mound was trimmed neat and everything below was shaved clean. Even though I'd just feasted on her, I wanted her the same way again.

I lifted her legs onto my back and then sought out her pussy with my lips and tongue. I was as gentle and slow as I could be, just licking the little lips from the bottom to the top again and again, savoring the musky sweetness of her. Finally I opened my mouth as wide as I could and fastened it on her,

with my tongue stabbing into her as deeply as I could. She was hot, so damn hot, and so was I. I wanted her.

I moved up and over her and she held her arms wide to receive me. I lay on top of her, my dick pressed against her stomach, my face directly over hers, and my eyes locked on hers.

“Please, Luke,” she whispered, “do it. I want you inside me.”

“Arial,” I started but then stopped. What could I say? Could I say I love you? I loved my wife but I knew I loved Arial too. My mind was a tangled web of emotions and I couldn’t sort out what I felt and turn it into the right words. “Arial,” I tried again, “I do love you but...” I didn’t know how to finish without saying something that might hurt her.

“Sssh, Luke,” she whispered. “I know. We can love each other but we can’t keep making love with each other. I love Rachael too and I want her to have you.”

I could only nod my head. It was what I was struggling to say to her.

“After this week, we...” I still couldn’t find the words.

“Yes, I know,” she said. “But for now lift up.”

I felt her hand reach down between us and take hold of my cock. I moved back a little, she positioned the head between her thighs, and I felt the hot wetness of her. I pushed gently, slid into her a little, pushed again, slid in more, and again and again until my cock was inside her and I felt my balls resting on her soft ass cheeks. I didn’t ever want to move or take it out. At the same time, I wanted to feel my flesh sliding in and out of hers and to empty myself into her. I held myself still above, absorbed in her face, trying to decide what to do.

“I’m glad you were first, Luke,” she said. “I’ll always have good memories now.”

**I slid my dick out of her until just the head was barely in her; I slid it back in slowly, oh, so slowly.**

**“I’d like to give you one more memory tonight,” I said. “Maybe make one for me too.”**

**She pulled my head down so my lips were against hers. She whispered into my mouth, “Just do it slowly, Luke, just like that.”**

**I did as she asked. Everything gradually faded away except for the feeling of my cock sliding in and of her, her hands on my ass cheeks, then later her fingernails digging in, and then later, when I felt her pussy begin to squeeze around my cock, her teeth biting on my shoulder. I lost all sense of control and began to shove it in as hard as I could. I heard her whimper when my balls emptied into her depths.**

**We lay with each other, quiet, joined, waiting for our breathing to slow and our hearts to return to normal. Arial had her arms around my chest, her hands still on my ass, her legs still locked around me. I couldn’t move and didn’t want to.**

**“They can put on quite a show, can’t they?” I heard someone way and realized it was Rachael.**

**“Yeah, Luke fucks pretty good for an old man, doesn’t he?” Kerry responded.**

**“Well, just keep practicing, Squirt,” I said, and rolled off Arial. “Maybe you can learn too.”**

**“Yeah, Squirt, practice makes perfect, doesn’t it?” Arial said**

**That started the banter and we kept it up for the next half hour or so while we relaxed. Kerry got fresh washcloths and towels for all of us and we wiped the sweat and other stuff off each other. The fan overhead felt good blowing down on**

me; when a stray breeze swept through the room that felt even better. When I felt cool and refreshed, I cuddled up behind Arial.

Rachael started giggling. I wondered what Kerry was up to now. I looked over at them and saw she'd rolled over on her stomach and was looking at me. Arial was watching them too.

"Kerry was tickling me," Rachael said.

"Shit, I didn't know she was that ticklish," he said. "I was just sliding my finger tips up and down on her ribs."

"Kerry, you'll never get your dick in her if you tickle her," I said. "I know 'cause I've tried. It's about like trying to ride a Brahma bull."

"I don't want to get my dick in a bull anyway," Kerry said. "I was just hoping to be a cow poke one more time tonight."

He wrapped his hand around his dick - it was hard again - and waved it at me and Arial. Arial was giggling almost as much as Rachael. Rachael was still on her stomach, legs together, arms bent at her sides.

"Well, you'll never get it in Rachael again in that position," Arial said. "What are you going to do to make her turn over?"

Kerry tried to flip Rachael over, off her stomach. She just kept her arms to her side and, each time he'd tip her up, she'd roll back into the same position. After a few frustrating tries, he decided he had to do something else.

"Well, fuck," he said, "what do I do now?"

"Just leave her like she is now," I said, "and stick your dick in her."

**“I can’t. She’s got her legs closed.”**

**“Sure you can. Want me to show you how?”**

**“Sure, super-stud,” Kerry said, “show me how you do it.”**

**“OK, you just watch, kid; learn from a master.”**

**I was lying on my left side with Arial in front of me. I pushed her over on her stomach, put my hand on her ass, and curled my fingers around and down between her legs. Kerry was lying on his right side with Rachael in front of him, next to Arial. He had to use his left hand to follow my example.**

**“No fair,” he said. “I’m right handed. I can’t do it with my left hand.”**

**“Aaahh, poor Kerry,” I teased. “Just try to make do for a minute. It won’t be long until you can use your dick instead.”**

**Arial and Rachael were both giggling at each other.**

**“Laugh while you can,” Kerry threatened. “I’m gonna make you change your tune.”**

**“Just curl your fingertips down between her legs until you feel something wet, Kerry,” I said, and I did it to Arial. “Just stroke that little wet slit with your fingers until you feel it open up.” And I did that to Arial too.**

**I kept at it until everything down between her legs was wet and slippery and my dick was hard again. I brought my fingertips out, smeared the wetness from my fingers over my dick, and watched Kerry do the same thing.**

**I straddled Arial’s thighs, leaned forward with my left hand resting on the bed near her chest, and bent my dick downward. I waited until Kerry was in the same position and then held my dick with my right hand and slid it between Arial’s thighs. I started sliding my dick in and out between**

her legs and watched Kerry do the same thing with Rachael. He looked over at me with bewilderment on his face.

“Shit, Luke,” he said, “I don’t want to fuck her between the legs.”

“Just wait, Kerry,” I said. “Be patient.”

I knew what Rachael was going to do. She’d done it often enough for me when we played around this way. I saw her lift her hips up off the bed a little and then slide her hand underneath and around between her legs. It was her left hand and I knew she’d used it so Arial could see what she was doing. I knew too she was going to use her fingertips to guide the head of Kerry’s dick into her pussy. I could see it on his face when she did it, a look of delight and wonder. I couldn’t help but grin, remembering how I’d felt when I’d first done it. I wondered if I should tell Arial and Kerry that Siobhan and Kieran had taught me and Rachael how to do it.

Arial followed Rachael’s example this time, lifting her butt up in the air a little, reaching down with her hand underneath between her thighs. I felt her fingertips catch the head of my cock and I waited. Could she do it? She could. I pushed gently while she guided it and the head of my cock slid into her hot wetness.

“I’m in, Kerry,” I said. “Are you?”

“Yeah,” he answered, breathlessly, “I’m in. Damn, man, I would’ve never thought of this.”

I started stroking gently in and out of Arial. I knew I had to be careful not to withdraw too far or I’d lose the connection. I could penetrate into her only a few inches, maybe a couple, but it was the most important couple of inches anyway. And it was tight. She wasn’t far from being a virgin and this position just made it even tighter. I knew I couldn’t last long if I kept it up.

I stopped and watched Kerry as he discovered what I already knew. When Rachael reached down and under with her hand, I knew Kerry had let his dick slip out of her. I couldn't help but grin. I'd had the same problem the first time I'd tried it with Siobhan and even later when I did it with Rachael. It was damn good when it was in but it slipped out too easily. He looked over at me, gave me his usual big Kerry grin, and resumed poking, maybe cow-poking, into Rachael.

"Don't come yet, Kerry," I told him. "We've got to flip them over and do them from the other side first."

"Huh? You mean with their legs closed?"

"Yeah, just watch."

I pulled out of Arial and moved off her. She turned over and smiled up at me. I wondered if she was having as much fun as I was.

I pulled her legs apart and knelt between them. Arial looked up at me questioningly, clearly puzzled. I lifted her legs so that her knees were bent and slightly raised and then used my hand to guide my dick into her. I pushed in and out a few times and then looked to see what Kerry was doing. He'd followed my example again and I watched while he slid his cock into Rachael's pussy.

"This is where you've got to be real careful, Kerry," I said.

I lifted my right leg and pulled Arial's left one underneath it. Then lifted my left one and pulled Arial's right underneath it. It worked the first time. She had her legs together, I was astraddle her thighs, supported above her on my arms, and my cock, at least a few inches of it, was still in Arial's pussy. I looked over at Kerry and Rachael again. I knew she'd help him. She did and he ended up with Rachael the same way I was with Arial.

I looked down to watch Arial's face as I started stroking into her. Again, I could penetrate her only a few inches but it was the crucial inches for both of us. Rachael had learned to love this little trick. She'd tried to tell me more than once how it felt, to have the head of my cock just inside her and in such a way that every stroke rubbed against her clitoris.

I watched Arial to see if it would work the same way for her. From the look of her eyes and mouth, I knew it did. I kept stroking, slowly, gently, not for myself but for her, willing her to come. She had her hands on my biceps and when I felt her fingernails digging in, I knew she was close. I smiled at her and gave her a wink. She gave me a wink in return but she couldn't smile. Her mouth was open in a big O and I felt it around the head of my cock.

I decided it was my turn. I rose up and let my cock slip out of her. I brought one knee down between her legs and she parted them. I brought the other down and she parted them further. I guided my cock back in with one hand and slid in her to the depths. A minute or so later, I buried it to my balls and gave her shrine another offering.

When I finally looked up to see what Kerry and Rachael were doing, he was lying flat on his back beside her, next to me and Arial, with his arm bent back over his eyes. His dick was soft but swollen and resting on his thigh. Rachael was propped on her side, one hand cupped under Kerry's balls, watching me and Arial.

"I think Kerry liked that," she said.

"Yeah, jeeze, I liked it alright. What's not to like?" he said.

"I liked it too, Luke," Arial said. "Where'd you ever learn stuff like that?"

"Your Mom taught me," I answered.

"And your Dad taught me," Rachael added.

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Thursday night turned out to be something I had never dreamed we would do when we decided to spend the week at the cabin with the Stuarts and the Andersens. We spent the night in a haunted house listening for ghosts.

Kieran said the old house was haunted. He said the man who built it had contracted blood poisoning from stepping on a rusty nail and had died in the house. His widow had died from old age and loneliness only a couple of weeks later. He said their spirits caused all sorts of sounds in the house at night. I told him it was probably the metal roof cooling and contracting but he said I wouldn't believe that if I spent the night there.

It was Kerry, always the trouble maker, who came up with the idea of spending the night there. He dared Kavan and Arial and they said they would if someone else joined them. I asked Rachael and she said she was game. Kerry asked Stuart and he asked Joanne. We ended up with eight of us willing to spend the night with ghosts.

Kieran said we couldn't have any candles or other fires for lights. Kavan said the battery-powered lantern and a couple of flashlights would be enough. Kieran said we couldn't sleep on the hard floors. Arial said we'd take some of the foam mats from the cabin. Kieran said we couldn't go outside at night because of the possibility of snakes and there was no inside bathroom. Kerry said we could take a couple of five-gallon plastic containers and they'd hold enough. Kieran said he wasn't going to keep Adrianna and Paul; Lauren and Siobhan said they would. No matter what he said, somebody found a way around it. He was grinning all time he was trying to talk us out of it.

We tied the foam mats on top of one of the vans, put on jeans and shirts and sneakers, loaded buckets and water bottles and anything else in the van, and were off about dusk. The

**eight mats were each three by seven feet and about three inches thick. When we spread them out in one of big rooms, we had almost wall-to-wall sleeping mats. We put the lantern on the mantel over the huge fireplace, put the buckets just inside another room, and sprawled out on the mats. It was Stuart who told the first ghost story, a damned good one even if it did get a little gory when the man's body was being dismembered as he was dying.**

**I suppose I was partially right. The old house did start sounding off not long after dark. Some of the sounds were clearly from the attic and had a distinctly metallic sound. But when the first ones came from one of the other rooms, almost like a thumping noise, I got goose bumps all over and I think everybody else did too. When nothing else happened for a while, Kerry had to play trouble maker again.**

**"I don't know about the rest of you guys," he said, "but there are four women here tonight and I, for one, am going to take advantage of them." And with that, he started stripping.**

**"Oh, please, Kerry," Kathryn said, "don't ravish me. I'm just a poor innocent maiden. I'm not ready to have your baby yet." And she got up, held out her hand to Kavan, and they started undressing too.**

**"You can't ravish me, Kerry," Arial said. "I'm your sister and I can't have your baby either." But she got up and took everything off too.**

**"Me, either, Kerry," Joanne said. "I'm already carrying another man's baby. You can't ravish me." She stood up and started undressing and Stuart was only seconds behind her.**

**"Well, I guess that leaves me, Kerry," Rachael said. "But please don't ravish me more than once. I'm carrying my husbands little child." She and I almost fell all over each other giggling and laughing while trying to undress.**

**“I don’t care what you wenches say,” Kerry said, “I intend to have all four of you tonight, one way or another. Don’t any of you other guys get between me and these beauties or I’ll ravish you too.”**

**He was standing there with his dick already hard and pointing up at the ceiling. I just shook my head. Somehow I almost believed he really could do it too.**

**“Listen, all of you,” I said, and waited until I had their attention. “I want us all to stay awake until after midnight. If there’s a ghost, it’s bound to let us know then. If we start fucking around and having orgasms, we’ll all be asleep in no time. How about nobody comes until after the ghost comes at midnight?”**

**“Aw, come on, Luke,” Kavan said, “everybody’s ready to fuck around now. We don’t want to wait.”**

**“I didn’t say we couldn’t fuck around,” I said. “You’ve got four pussys to eat and four women who can suck your dick if you can talk them into it. Just no orgasms. Can’t come. Can’t shoot off. Get it?”**

**“Anything goes except we can’t come?” Stuart asked, with a big grin on his face. “That’s it?”**

**“Yeah, that’s it,” I said. “If everybody agrees, that’s it.”**

**I looked around the room at the others and saw them all nod their heads.**

**“OK, Kerry,” I said, “you can start ravishing the women if you want to. They already look ravishing to me.”**

**Kerry started making the rounds of the women, getting a kiss from each one and feeling their breasts at the same time. I decided I’d see if I could enlist some help from others in making his night one he’d never forget. I pulled Kavan and**

Stuart to one side and told them what we should do. They agreed without any arguments.

Kavan made the rounds of the women too, except he was telling them what we wanted them to do. Stuart and I grabbed Kerry and manhandled him to the floor. He was as strong and wiry as a young puppy but we had a lot more weight and muscle. We stretched him out on the floor, stuffed a pillow behind his head, and then the ladies took charge. That's when he quit resisting and started smiling.

Arial and Kathryn spread his legs apart and each knelt down on one, with their butts about on his knees. Joanne and Rachael pulled his arms out to the side and knelt down so that his arms were between their legs, their knees close to his elbows, and their pussies over his hands. His grin got even bigger when he realized where they were.

Arial and Kathryn took charge of his dick and balls. At first they just used their hands, playing with his balls and stroking his dick. I hadn't told Kavan specifically what to get the women to do. They didn't need any specifics. They started giving him a blowjob, with first one holding and sucking and then the other. Damn, I immediately wished I'd suggested myself as the victim instead of Kerry.

Rachael and Joanne were alternating too. One would kiss Kerry and then the other would offer him a breast to suck on and then they'd swap. Kerry's right hand would be feeling for one pussy and his left for another. I wished again I could be in his place.

I decided I wanted in on the fun. I stood up and straddled Kerry at his waist, facing his feet. Arial and Kathryn knew what I wanted. They alternated; Kathryn went down on Kerry's dick while Arial sucked on mine. Then Arial went down on Kerry and Kathryn came up on me. I saw Kavan and Stuart watching and decided somebody else needed a turn. When I moved aside, Kavan pushed Stuart into my place.

Joanne and Rachael were both on their hands and knees, bent over Kerry's face, their butts in the air. I couldn't resist. I moved behind Joanne, knelt down, and cupped my hand around between her thighs. My index finger told me what I wanted to know. She was wet and ready but I waited.

I looked at Kavan and nodded with my head toward Rachael. He knew what I meant. He pushed Stuart away from Arial and Kathryn toward Rachael. Stuart saw what I was doing and quickly got in the same position. We were facing each other, me looking over his wife's back, him looking over my wife's back. I nodded at him and he nodded back. I took my dick in my right hand, notched it in place, and slid it into Joanne's pussy. I looked up and saw Stuart had his in Rachael. Kavan had taken his place over Kerry and Arial and Kathryn were alternating between his dick and Kerry's.

Damn, why didn't I keep my stupid mouth shut? Already I wanted nothing more than to shove my dick in to the balls and dump a load in Joanne's pussy. I stopped moving and just enjoyed the feeling of being inside her until the urge died away. I decided I had better do something else so I pulled out and stood up.

Maybe I shouldn't have done it but I decided to change the game for Kerry. I pulled Stuart up and told him what to do. He looked at me, frowned, and shook his head no. I told him a little more of what I had in mind. He changed his mind, smiled, and went looking for his belt. I found my jeans and pulled the belt out of the loops.

I pulled Arial and Kathryn to one side. I forced Kerry's feet together, wrapped my belt around his ankles, looped it back through the buckle, and pulled it tight. I handed the end to Kavan and helped Stuart with Kerry's hands. Stuart pulled his hands straight back from his head and I wrapped the belt around his wrists, through the buckle, and handed the end to Stuart.

I stood up over Kerry, took my dick in my hand, stroked it a couple of times to draw his attention to it and said, “Now we’re going to show you what it’s like to be ravished, you little smart ass.”

Kerry’s face was a mixture of confusion and fear. For one second, I think he actually believed it was the three of us guys who were going to do it. I couldn’t keep a straight face. As much as I tried to resist, a big grin forced its way onto my lips. I could almost see Kerry relax when he saw it.

“Relax, Kerry,” Stuart said. “You’re too damn much fun to tease and it’s not us guys who’re going to do it.”

“Which one of you ladies wants to be first to sit on his dick?” I asked.

We had four laughing, smiling women standing around Kerry, looking around at each other.

“Well, Arial can’t have it and Rachael and I’ve already had it,” Kathryn said. “I guess it’s Joanne turn.”

“That’s fine with me,” Joanne said. “Arial can sit on his face.

“And you other guys can just start eating pussy too,” Rachael said. “I’m not going to seriously suck dick until midnight.”

From then on, I couldn’t keep it straight about who was doing what with whom. The rest of us guys let the ladies ravish Kerry as long as they wished and then we joined in the fun. I know I had my mouth on four different pussies and four different women had their mouth on my dick. I saw Arial sitting on Stuart’s face while Kathryn sucked his dick. I watched Kavan fucking Rachael from behind while she sucked on mine. Kerry was all over the place with his dick in somebody’s mouth or pussy every time I looked. It was one hell of a confused tangle of bodies and, if the ghost knocked while we were at it, I didn’t hear it.

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Finally, it was almost midnight and no one had come - or at least no one had admitted to it. I knew I hadn't because, for the first time in years, I felt a dull ache in my groin - those infamous "blue balls" - from prolonged sexual arousal with no relief. I walked over to the fireplace, in front of the lantern, and found the small flashlight I'd left there. I turned the lantern off, turned the small flashlight on, and held it just under my chin. I knew my hair was a mess and sweat was dripping off my face. When I turned around, I saw all eyes looking at me. I'd made a scary face for Adrianna with a flashlight more than once. Now I just hoped I didn't look like a complete idiot.

"Listen, all of you, we've got to quit playing and get a little sleep," I said. "It's almost midnight. If there are any ghosts here, they should let us know at exactly midnight."

"Oooooohhhh," came from more than one place in the room.

"Let's all get in the center of the room and sit on the floor," I continued. "I'll turn off the flashlight. My watch dial glows so I'll countdown to midnight. If we don't hear something from the ghosts, we'll all leave. If they give us a signal, we'll all find a partner and stay for the rest of the night. Is that OK?"

"Yeeeeeeessshhhh," one ghost said, in the cracking voice of a young boy.

"How do we find partners?" Rachael asked.

I knew who I wanted but I didn't know how to answer her.

"Let me pair everybody up," Kerry said. "I can do it."

There was a lot of whispering but no other suggestions. Finally, Kavan said something.

"OK, Squirt, you tell us what you think we ought to do."

**I turned the flashlight on Kerry and waited. His dick was still hard and I knew he was ready for somebody to be his partner. Mine was bone hard and aching too but at least the flashlight wasn't on it.**

**“Arial’s got to pair with Luke. She can’t be with Kavan or me ‘cause we’re her brothers and we can’t fuck her. I guess Stuart can’t either ‘cause he’s her half-brother.”**

**“I agree,” Stuart said. “Go on, Kerry.”**

**“I want to be with Joanne. I’ve already done it with Rachael and Kathryn. I want to ravish Joanne.”**

**“That’s OK, Kerry,” Stuart said. “How about the others?”**

**“That’s easy. Rachael goes with Kavan and Kathryn goes with you.”**

**“Is that OK with everybody?” I asked. “Let me know if you’ve got any other ideas.”**

**There were no other suggestions. I walked over to the center of the room, pointed the flashlight toward the ceiling, and sat down. The others grouped around me and sat down. I turned out the flashlight and stuffed it down in the crack between two of the mats.**

**“My watch says it’s a couple of minutes ‘til midnight,” I said. “Does any body know any good ghost jokes?”**

**“I do,” said Kerry. “Let me tell one.”**

**“OK, Squirt, let’s hear it,” Stuart said.**

**“If a ghost is fucking, what sort of sound does it make when it comes?”**

We got “Oooooohhhh, Aaaaahhhh, Uuuuummmmm” and some other strange moans from more than one person. Then we got giggles and laughs from everybody.

“Ten,” I said and I counted down. “Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.”

I reached down between the mats, found the flashlight again, pushed the small end down to the floor, and tapped it three times. This time I got more than a few gasps and screams.

“Luke, you shit,” Kavan said. “That was you.”

“It wasn’t me. It came from the ceiling,” I said.

I pulled the flashlight out, turned it on, and pointed it toward the ceiling. I think they almost believed me. Kavan stood up, snatched the flashlight out of my hand, and turned it off.

“OK, Mr. Ghost, let’s hear you tap again. You’re gonna have to use your hard-on this time ‘cause you ain’t gonna use this flashlight.”

We waited for a few seconds and then it happened again. Three muffled taps. It sounded to me like knuckles on a wood floor but it was good for a few more gasps and moans.

“Was that your dick knocking on the floor, Kerry?” Joanne asked.

“Shit no, that was my knees,” he whispered.

“Is everybody satisfied that we got a signal from the ghost?” I asked.

I heard a mixture of yeses and moans from around the room.

**“I guess we’ve got to stay,” Stuart said, “but how do we find our partners. I can’t see a damn thing.”**

**“You guys stand up,” Kathryn said. “We’ll find you.”**

**I was groped by six women - crotch, chest, face, even butt. The butt groper gave me a little finger and made me jump. Either it was four women with a couple of repeats or a couple of guys got in on the groping too. I didn’t mind. It was ok with me if they wanted to hold my balls in one hand and pull my dick with the other. I wasn’t sure how Ariel was going to recognize me in the dark but I wasn’t worried. When the sixth groper reached up and felt my hair, I knew she had found me. My hair wasn’t fine and soft like the guys with Stuart genes in them. I felt for her ear lobes and found the small diamond earrings I knew she wore.**

**“I’ve got a partner,” I announced. “Have the rest of you found yours?”**

**I heard yes from three women.**

**“How’d you find them?” I asked.**

**“I’ve got Kerry. He’s got the longest hair of any of you guys,” Joanne said.**

**“And the biggest dick, too,” Kerry said.**

**“Not yet, Squirt,” Kavan said. “Maybe in a few more years.”**

**“I’ve got Stuart,” Kathryn said. “He parts his hair in the middle. Plus he’s got the biggest dick.”**

**“Are you sure you’ve got Stuart, Kathryn?” Rachael asked. “I think Kavan’s got the biggest dick and I’ve got it in my hand.”**

**When the giggling and joking and groaning finally came to and end, I held Ariel’s hand and led her toward what I hoped was one corner of the room. We stood waiting, while the**

others were moving around looking for a place of their own. Somehow it all worked out and they settled down. I dropped to my knees and pulled Ariel down with me.

I'd put it off as long as I could and I guess Ariel had too. As soon as we were side by side on the floor, we were all over each other. I kissed her eyes, her neck, her ears, and then her mouth. She opened to me and her tongue teased mine into battle. My hands were on her ass trying to pull her against or on to me. Her hands were on my balls and my cock and I was afraid I'd come if she didn't stop pulling it.

I wanted her on top of me and she wanted me on top of her. She finally yielded. She threw one leg over me, reached down with her hand, held my cock in place, and slid down on it in a series of uncoordinated jerky movements. I don't think my cock was fully inside her before I felt her coming, strong contractions in her internal muscles that clenched and relaxed around my dick. I was only seconds behind her. I grabbed her by her hips, pulled her down so hard I made her grunt, shoved my dick in all the way, and erupted with an intensity and pleasure I could hardly endure.

She lay on top of me without moving, almost as though she were unconscious. Every time her chest expanded as she gasped for breath, I felt those soft little breasts of hers against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her so she couldn't get away and held on to her with all my strength.

My cock was still inside her and had lost its stiffness but not its tumescence. I didn't know what I was going to do but I knew I wasn't finished. Perhaps she wasn't finished either.

After a while she started kissing me again, just soft, gentle, playful kisses. She held her hands on each side of my face, holding me a willing captive. I let my hands slid down to her ass, to curve around, to find her wet flesh stretched around my shaft. I traced around and around her lips with my fingers and she shuddered. I felt a resurgence of blood into my cock and kept at her until I was hard in her again.

**“I want you on top, Luke,” she whispered. “Please.”**

**I wrapped my arms around her and rolled over without disengaging from her. When she was flat on her back under me, she brought her legs up, bending almost in half, and locked her ankles behind my back. Her hands sought out my ass cheeks and pulled me deeper into her.**

**“Fuck me,” she said.**

**I did. But then, “fuck” is not the word to describe what we did together; “love” is the only word for what I did with her. What I felt for her and what I did with her can only be described in terms of love, as sacred a love as any I’ve ever experienced.**

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**I was awakened from a sound sleep by the sound of knocking. For a second, the idea of a ghost knocking flashed through my befuddled mind. But then I realized it was daylight outside and the knocking was coming from the door. Ariel was lying half on me, her long hair tickling my chest. I gently disengaged, stood up, and looked for a path through the scattered sleepers. Kerry was sleeping with his face buried in Rachael’s breasts. I wasn’t sure how the other four were paired off. I staggered over to the window, peeked out, and saw the other van.**

**I opened the door and Kieran and Siobhan and Lauren were standing there with the little kids. Adrianna and Paul were each holding one of Lauren’s fingers. Kieran was holding a big jug of orange juice and Siobhan had a stack of plastic cups.**

**“It’s eight o’clock, sleepy-heads,” Kieran said. “We brought you some juice. Come on back to the cabin and we’ll have breakfast ready as soon as you all get a shower.”**

**“Have you got a pole cat in there,” Lauren asked, smiling, “or is that just sex and sweat I smell?”**

**“I think our kids have been fucking around,” Siobhan said, with a smile just as big. “Just can’t trust these juveniles out of our sight, can we?”**

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**Friday night, Adrianna was fussy and didn’t want us to leave her when it was her bedtime. I was more than ready for a good night’s sleep myself. Rachael and I spent a quiet night with our daughter sleeping peacefully between us. I realized it was the first time since we’d come to the cabin that Adrianna had not slept with little Paul.**

**Saturday night, everybody was a little subdued and sad. I knew it was because it was our last night together. Kieran suggested we play twister and I found out that meant naked twister. He and Siobhan had found a duvet cover for a king-size bed that had the twister dots on it. It wasn’t just one twister game but actually four in one - the basic twister design repeated four times. The package even had the spinner in it.**

**The rules in the package didn’t tell how to play on four parts so we made up our own. We decided on four two-person teams, each playing on their own section, except that a player could move to another pair’s section. If anyone fell or touched the mat with a knee or elbow, they could call for a replacement from the ones not playing. We spread it out over mats on the floor of the big room and soon got hot and sweaty. Guys are always at a disadvantage in naked twister. Hard-ons get in the way.**

**I don’t know who ended up sleeping with whom but, at their request, Rachael and I spent the night with Kieran and Siobhan in the loft bedroom. It was their way of saying goodbye to us. I gave Siobhan two goodbyes and I think Kieran did the same with Rachael.**

**Sunday, we started back for home just after lunch. We had about a four-hour drive and the others had only an hour. We left them standing in front of the cabin, all waving to us.**

**I knew it was a week I would never forget.**

### **Chapter Thirty-Five**

#### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12**

**Kathryn Jensen, 17**

**Brad Weaver, 17**

#### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Arial Stuart**

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**(ARIAL)**

**After the wild week in the woods with everybody in the Stuart and Andersen families, I was ready to relax and think back on what I had done. I was more than satisfied with Luke and my introduction to real sex. I knew what I wanted from any man in the future and thanks to him I knew how to get it.**

**Before school started, I had my hair cut short. It had not been cut in years and it was almost down to my hips. Mom helped me find a woman who would do it so I could donate it to make wigs for women with cancer. I got it cut so short it wasn't even down to my neck.**

**Mom said Kerry and I looked alike, since he hadn't had his hair cut all summer. Then the next day he got his trimmed and restyled so it looked like Stuart's. He said he thought**

**Stuart's hair was sexy and he wanted to look different when he started back to school**

**The next week school started and Kavan and Kathryn and I went back to our usual routine. Everything was pretty much the same as last year except that our classes were a little different.**

**It was very different for Kerry, however. He started high school. He was the first eleven-year old ever to register as a regular student. Believe me; he got lots of attention because of that. He got a little article in the local newspaper and a big one in the school newspaper. He had scored so high on all evaluation tests that he'd started first grade when he was five. Then his elementary and middle schools had allowed him to do self-study on some classes and he did most of them in a few months. He had more than enough credits so they let him start high school when he was a month shy of his twelfth birthday. Even if he took four years to finish, he would be fifteen when he graduated. He was kind of funny about the whole thing. He acted more mature than most of the freshmen a couple of years older, like it was no big deal.**

**I had to ride the bus home with Kerry now. Last year, when it was just me and Kavan and Kathryn, we had ridden most of the time in Kavan's old pickup truck. With four of us, we couldn't all squeeze in. Dad didn't want Kerry riding the bus by himself with the high-school kids so I said I'd ride with him. Kavan and Kathryn ended up working a couple of hours on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at the landscaping company so I'd have ridden the bus most of the time anyway.**

**In late September we had an Indian-summer heat wave. The school bus wasn't air-conditioned so Kerry and I got home hot and sweaty every day. The first few days, he told me he was going to take a shower to cool off but he knew I knew what he was doing. On Friday, we came in and the house was hot so we both stripped and then made a big pitcher of lemonade. We were sitting out on the deck drinking it and he started telling me about how the high-school girls were**

treating him, like they were all eager to claim his virginity. He got a hard-on as usual. I kidded him about it and he said it was all the testosterone pressure. He started jacking off and I watched him and started doing it too. Not jacking off, I guess. That's a boy thing. He kept his eyes on me doing it and I watched him doing it. We both came about the same time but I didn't squirt like he did. We took a shower together afterwards to clean up and cool off.

On Tuesday of the next week, Kerry was naked as soon as he got in the house. He showed me his hard-on again and said he was taking it to the shower to cool off. I went to my room to get out of my school clothes. I wanted to get some flowers from the front yard to put in the house. I just wiped off with a wet cloth and then put on fresh panties and a loose sundress. The dress covered just enough so I could go outside. I went out through the front garage and the driveway was too hot for my bare feet. The grass next to the flowerbed was just warm and felt good.

I heard somebody coming up the hill and I recognized the sound of Kavan's truck. I walked over to the shade of the hickory tree and waited for him and Kathryn. When they pulled in the driveway, there were three people in the truck. Kavan was driving, Kathryn was in the middle, and some guy I had seen at school was on the side of the truck next to me. He had his arm hanging out the window and, when he saw me, I think he had his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

They got out of the truck and Kathryn introduced him. She said he was Brad Weaver and then he said something when he should have kept his mouth closed.

"I know you. You're the girl the jocks call the ice princess. I've seen you at school but I didn't know you were Kavan's sister. You've cut your hair short."

That was a bad way to start off a relationship. It pissed me off every time one of those stupid jocks called me that. I gave

him my best “if looks could kill” look and went in through the garage and to my room.

I found the book about Percy and Mary Shelley I’d been reading and lay down on my bed on my stomach. I tried to get over being mad but I had endured too much of the “ice princess” crap at school last year and I really did not want anymore this year.

A few minutes later someone knocked on my door. It was Kathryn so I invited her in.

“What’s the matter, Arial? Why were you so mean to Brad when I introduced him? He’s a nice guy.”

“Kathryn, I’m tired of jocks and their ‘ice princess’ shit. I had too much of it last year and I don’t want to hear it this year.”

“Brad’s no jock, Arial. He’s a brain. He’s about as far from a jock as he can get.”

“He looks like one, Kathryn. Are you sure? He’s tall and a little skinny but with those shoulders, he must be some sort of jock.”

“I’m sure, Arial. Kavan and I both had classes with him last year and we know him. He’s a great guy. Kavan wants you to meet him. Now come on in the family room and let’s start over.”

I apologized to Brad and he apologized to me and we started over. He asked me why I got mad when he said “ice princess” and told me he didn’t know what it meant.

“It’s what the jocks on the football team called me after I didn’t fall into their trap last year,” I told him. “The players on the football team had a drawing to pick a guy to be put up for Homecoming King. They knew they could get him elected. Then they wanted to pick a girl to be Homecoming Queen and were going to take bets on whether he could

screw her. They even had it set up so they could take bets on how long it'd take after Homecoming was over. They asked me if they could put me up for Queen. I guess I was flattered but I was suspicious. I was just a freshman and usually the Queen is a junior or senior. Before I could decide, an ex-girlfriend of the team captain told me why they had done it. When they came back to ask me again, I told them that the Homecoming King could just fuck the football team but he'd never fuck me."

"You told them that, in those words?" Brad asked.

"Yeah, they're a pack of cretins. I thought they might understand the four-letter words."

"That's why they gave her the ice princess treatment, Brad," Kavan said. "They think they can get away with anything. I thought you'd have heard the story. The rumor mill had it all over school a few days after she told them what they could do."

"I'm really sorry, Arial," Brad said. "I heard you called ice princess a few times but I didn't hear anything about why. You'd walk down the hall and all the guys would look at you. You're probably the prettiest girl in school. I saw how you just held your head up and had that little smile on your face, like you were sort of tickled about something and were trying to hold it in. I had no idea what the jocks had done. I don't run with the jock crowd."

"I'm sorry too, Brad. Now let's forget it. What do you do for fun?"

"My main sport's hiking. I've got some buddies I go with and we drive back up in the mountains and do lots of hard day-hikes. Lots of climbing. Not like rock climbing. Just up some steep climbs. I carry twenty-five pounds of water if it's a steep climb, up to fifty pounds if it's just level walking."

**I couldn't understand why anybody would need twenty-five pounds of water to drink. "How do you carry water when you're walking?"**

**"Easy. I buy some special plastic bags made for hikers. They're each one-gallon size. Every gallon of water weighs a little over eight pounds. If I carry three bags in my backpack, I've got twenty-five pounds of extra weight. If I need to drink, I get it from a bag. If I don't want to carry the weight back, I just empty them."**

**"But why carry so much?" I still didn't understand.**

**"Arial, have you ever carried twenty-five pounds for a six-mile hike? It's my main way of staying in shape."**

**I understood, finally. "You're not one of those competitive sports jocks, then?"**

**"Well, the only person I compete with is me. I love to fish and I do that for relaxation. I'm learning to be a spelunker and that's pretty damned good exercise."**

**"What's spelunking?" I asked.**

**"Cave exploring. My brother's a student at the university and he belongs to a caving club. Their sponsor's a professor who's trying to map all the caves around here and then do sample digs to see if there's anything worth excavating. Like Indian artifacts or maybe prehistoric animals. My brother invited me to go a couple of years ago and I liked it so much I asked if I could join the club. Professor Johnson let me join because I'm good at visualizing and drawing."**

**"That's why I brought Brad home, Arial," Kavan said. "Brad told me about spelunking and I told him about the caves on the Freeloft property. I told him you had lots of photos on your computer of the rock layers and the cave opening. He wants to borrow them and show them to the cave-club sponsor."**

I felt a little ashamed of myself. Brad did seem like a nice guy. If Kavan and Kathryn liked him, he probably was OK. I decided to check him out a little more.

“Kathryn, let’s make a pitcher of lemonade and then we can go out on the back deck and talk.”

We’d just started for the kitchen when it happened. Kerry walked into the family room - naked. He didn’t know Kavan and Kathryn had brought someone else home. He turned and ran back down the hall but the damage was done. Brad didn’t know what to do or say. Kavan and Kathryn were doubled over laughing. They rescued the situation. Kavan grabbed Brad’s arm and led him out on the deck. Kathryn took my hand and led me into the kitchen.

When we carried the pitcher and glasses out on the deck, Kavan was sitting on the edge of his chair leaning toward Brad. Brad had a look on his face that was hard to fathom. He gave me a look that was easy to understand though.

We told him we were nudists around the house when the temperature was warm enough, that we swam in the pool almost every day in the nude, and that we were part of a family and friends group of nudists at a cabin in the woods. We didn’t tell him anything about how Mom and Dad had raised us about sex. I thought we’d better just give him one barrel at a time, not both. Then I wondered why I even thought about giving him the other barrel. Was I looking forward to seeing him again?

Kavan and Kathryn excused themselves and went in the house. I don’t know if I noticed they were gone and I don’t think Brad did either.

I looked him over while he was talking. He had a close-cropped mop of dark-brown hair that might have been combed sometime earlier today. He had gray eyes and he looked directly at me like he was really interested in what I

was saying. His face was almost a boy's face, with no sign of whiskers except for faint stubble on his strong chin and upper lip. He kept smiling at me and I saw perfect white teeth. He had a slightly crooked smile that raised one side of his upper lip higher than the other. I liked it.

He had cheeks which were a dead give-away about how he felt. I suppose he was embarrassed about his ice-princess remark and he had blushed so bad they were almost red. Now, sitting talking to him, they had faded to a faint pink. I liked that too.

He was cute, even if I couldn't put my finger on exactly why. He was tall, probably taller than Kavan or Dad, with wide muscular shoulders and well-developed biceps. His hands were big with long fingers and were smooth and almost hairless on the backs.

Brad told me he had his own car, a Jeep Cherokee with four-wheel drive and he loved to drive it off road when he was camping and fishing.

I learned that his father was a doctor at the university hospital and that his mother was also a doctor with her own practice. He said his parents were divorced, that he had lived with his mother until she married again, that he had felt like he didn't belong with her new husband, and that he had gone to live with his father. His father was good to him but, with his work, he didn't have much time for him. He knew all the good take-out places around where he lived and he was planning on barbeque tonight.

He told me about a summer dig, his first, at a cave in the mountains about an hour away. I could tell he liked being a spelunker. He described the pit on the mountainside where the roof of one part of the cave had fallen in and how prehistoric animals had fallen in the pit over the centuries. Their bones were washed back into other areas of the cave and it was like a puzzle to dig them out when they were all mixed up. He told me how he'd been able to go down the

chimney, a small opening next to the pit, where he could put his back on one wall and his feet on the other. He seemed proud when he told me how he'd learned to go up the rope in the chimney so quickly.

I guess I relaxed too much around him and got a little careless about how I was sitting. When he asked to use the bathroom, I told him where it was. When he stood up to leave, I think I detected a trouser snake in his khakis. I assumed he had the same sort of testosterone pressure Kavan and Kerry had. He was gone long enough to get some relief. I looked for the snake again anyway.

I told him about the caves on the Freeloft property. I'd never been in them but Kavan and Kerry had been in just as far as they could see without lights. I told him Mrs. Freeloft had asked the boys not to go in them and then Lauren had said the same thing when she bought the property. He asked me if I thought she'd let them explore the caves if they had a professional spelunker, a geologist, with them. He was mapping the local caves and this one sounded like one the Indians might have used. I told him I'd ask Lauren about letting us explore the cave with Professor Johnson. Kavan and Kerry had been helping her contractors map all of the horseshoe-bend property and I guessed she'd like to have the caves mapped out too.

Kavan came back after a while and saw we were still talking. He asked me if we were going to fix homemade pizzas for supper and I said yes. I could see Brad wanted to stay so I invited him for supper. He jumped at the chance. I was glad. He was cute. And he did talk like a brain, not like some dumb jock. Boy, I was glad I went back and we got over the ice princess remark.

Mom and Dad came in and I introduced Brad. They were real nice to him and Brad was very respectful to them. Dad had on his Italian navy-blue suit with a white shirt and the stained-glass-looking tie I'd got him at the museum. He looked good all dressed up and I was proud of him. He'd

asked me to pick his clothes because he was going to be meeting with Lauren's bankers today. Mom was beautiful as always. She had on a skirt and a silk blouse because she'd just been working at the bank in the office she used part time with other agents. With her high-heels on and with her figure, I think Brad got a good impression of her. His eyes almost bugged out.

I guess they got a good impression of Brad too because Dad gave me a wink when they excused themselves to go get comfortable. I hoped they meant comfortable clothes. I didn't think Brad would be ready for them to come out naked yet. Dad came back barefooted, in shorts and a shirt, and sat down on the deck with us. Mom came back in a loose dress something like mine and went in the kitchen with Kathryn and Kerry. Kerry just had on loose shorts, no shirt, and his underwear was showing as usual.

Kavan got up and I knew he was going to get himself and Dad a beer. I didn't say anything but I was glad when he came back with three.

"Brad, would you like a beer?" Dad asked. "Kavan's allowed one during the week and a max of two on weekends."

Brad smiled and took one. "I wish my Dad would put beer in the house. He leaves the bar with the hard stuff unlocked and leaves wine in the fridge. I'd rather have a beer any day."

I told Brad he might as well get comfortable and take off his shoes. Kavan put his feet up on the little table next to Dad's and wiggled his toes. Brad took a long swallow from the beer, pulled off his sneakers and socks, and put them up on the table too. His feet looked like he could water ski with them.

"Mr. Stuart, Kavan and Kathryn set me and Ariel up," he said.

I thought Kavan would spit his beer out. He started to protest or something and Brad held his hand up. Dad just sat there smiling.

“I’ve known Kavan and Kathryn for a while and I thought we were friends. He’d told me he had a beautiful sister and I’d seen Ariel around school but I never made the connection. When he and Kathryn invited me home this afternoon, I suspected an ulterior motive.”

Dad knew he was teasing Kavan. “And what was that motive, Brad?”

“I thought you might have a **daughter named Rapunzel** hidden away in a tower and maybe you needed a prince to rescue her.”

“No, Brad, no daughter like that. We have a mischievous forest sprite that came in out of the woods and decided to stay.”

“Well, I think I could do a pretty good job rescuing sprites too. Let me know if there’s a need for a prince, will you? I think Kavan thought there was.”

I don’t know where the conversation would have gone but Kerry came out and announced that the first pizza was ready. When Brad answered, “Thanks, Squirt,” I knew Kavan and Kathryn had told him a lot about our family.

We all went to the kitchen and helped ourselves to pizza. I think Brad was surprised at our low-cheese, heavy vegetable pizza. It was my favorite and I was glad Kathryn had cooked it first. The Italian-sausage one the guys liked was in the oven for seconds.

I asked Brad what he wanted to drink and told him he could have his choice of tea or a soft drink. He surprised me when he asked for a diet soft drink. I showed him the one I liked and he nodded. I guess he saw the puzzled look on my face.

**“I don’t like sweets that much,” he said, “especially soft drinks with sugar and caffeine.”**

**Brad didn’t know where to sit so I led him back out on the deck. Everybody else followed and I was glad they didn’t start picking on him with questions. They just treated him like he’d been around forever. When the timer sounded for the second pizza, Kathryn got up and brought it out for us to share.**

**We sat around talking for a while and Brad excused himself. I knew he knew where it was. He came back a few minutes later, looked at Dad, and said, “Thanks for the loan of the beer.” I knew he’d fit right in.**

**I was wondering about swimming. We hadn’t done it since Saturday afternoon but I didn’t want to bring it up with Brad here. Kerry solved the problem. He stood up and stretched. He was all long arms and legs as usual – and big grin. His shorts were too big and I guessed they were Kavan’s old ones. They were about to fall off his butt.**

**“Is it OK if I go swimming, Dad?” he asked.**

**“Sure, Squirt, go ahead.” I think Dad knew what Kerry was up to.**

**“Would you like to go swimming, Brad?” Dad asked.**

**Maybe Brad felt like he was in a situation he didn’t know how to handle. He sort of gulped a couple of times and finally said, “I don’t think I should. Maybe it’s time for me to go.” He stood up.**

**Nothing stopped Kerry. He slid his shorts off, full frontal nudity, turned and went out the screen door to the steps leading down to the pool. I watched his beautiful little butt as always. I think Brad was about to bolt.**

**“Sit down, Brad.” Kavan said. Brad looked at Dad. “Sit down, Brad,” Dad said. Brad sat.**

**“Did the kids tell you we run around the house in the nude? And that’s the way we swim when there’s no one else around,” Dad asked.**

**“Yeah, they did. This afternoon. I think that’s cool.”**

**“Would you like to join us?”**

**“I don’t think I can. Maybe I’d better go.”**

**Dad and Kavan knew what his problem was. It was a hard problem. I’d seen it when he stood up. I was afraid they’d tease Brad about it. They didn’t.**

**“Arial, when’s the last time you saw a guy with a hard-on?” Dad asked.**

**“This afternoon. I saw Kerry. When we came in from school and he went to take a shower.”**

**“And before that?”**

**“It was last night, when Kavan and Kathryn started fooling around before bedtime.”**

**I didn’t think I needed to be more specific than that. Kerry and I had gone down to the basement to Kavan and Kathryn’s bedroom. We’d watched a movie on TV and Kathryn had fooled around with Kavan and got him hard. I’d fooled around with Kerry and got him hard too but that’s all we did. We had to get to bed after the movie was over because it was a school night. We’d all come back upstairs to the bathroom between my room and Kerry’s to pee and brush our teeth. Kavan and Kathryn always used that one with us because Mom asked them not to use the half-bath near the family room.**

We'd all had to pee and Kavan had asked if he could go first because he had to go real bad. Kerry let me and Kathryn go next. Then he didn't lift the seat when he peed and he sprayed the seat. Kathryn said she was going to make him sit in it. She tried to make him sit down on the commode and we ended up with a four-way wrestling match. Kavan got hard again and picked up Kathryn and carried her down the hall, through the family room and into the kitchen. Kerry and I followed them and Kerry opened the door to the basement for Kavan. I was afraid Kavan would drop Kathryn going down the stairs but he didn't.

**"And before that?"**

**"Sunday night, when you and Mom were cutting up and you picked her up and carried her off to bed."**

**I didn't think I'd better tell Brad any more about that either. All six of us had been in the family room listening to music and talking. Mom and Dad were sprawled out on the couch and Mom kept teasing Dad and tickling him around his dick and balls. He kept trying to make her stop and she wouldn't. So he'd picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. The last thing I heard from him was "Alright, you've been asking for it. Now you're going to get it."**

**Dad didn't say anything else. Brad sat there sort of open-mouthed and bug-eyed. Kavan decided to help him out.**

**"Brad, that's the way we've been raised," he said. "We're pretty open about stuff like sex. Mom and Dad have always taught us to be proud of what we are even when it comes to sex. But all Dad did was invite you to go swimming with us. We do the same stuff everybody else does in a pool, just having fun. We just do it without anything on."**

**"Maybe you're used to it," Brad said. "I'm not."**

**Kathryn finally had something to say. "Well, get used to it, Brad. If you want to get to know Ariel, you're going to have to**

get used to her family.” And she stood up, pulled off her shirt, dropped her shorts and panties together, and went down the steps. Full frontal nudity number two and Brad was open-mouthed again. Brad finally looked at me.

I stood up and held out my hand. “It’s been nice meeting you, Brad,” I said. Poor guy. “Kavan, would you drive him home?”

Yeah, poor guy. He looked like I’d hit him with a sledgehammer. He stood up and then just stood there. Finally he managed to give me a weak smile and pulled his shirt over his head. I pulled the sundress over my head and dropped it on the floor. All I had on was white panties. Brad’s eyes snapped right to them, then locked on my breasts, and finally found my face. I gave him a big grin and got one in return. He unbelted his pants and slid them off. He had on white briefs. Very nice, very sexy. I pulled off my panties and dropped them on my dress. Brad pulled his briefs off and dropped them on his pants. Yes, very nice. Maybe not quite as big as Dad and Kavan but very nice. And maybe it wasn’t really hard but it looked swollen. He just stood there for a moment looking at me while I looked at him.

I liked what I saw. He had big feet, almost too big. He had narrow hips with almost no butt, long legs with dark hair down the outside of his thighs and on his calves. He was very nice all over - flawless skin except for the faint marks his jockeys had made around his thighs and waist. And of course, he had a quite-respectable dick, nestled against a pair of balls that were almost as hairless as Kerry’s, right there in front for all of us to see. Like Dad and Kavan and Kerry, he wasn’t circumcised and I liked that too. I wondered how big it would be when it was hard.

Mom and Dad and Kavan had been watching our strip tease and I guess we met with their approval. Mom stood up and put one hand on my shoulder and the other on Brad’s.

**“You kids go on down and swim. Your Dad and I’ll be down in a few minutes.”**

**I held out my hand to Brad, he took it, and we went down the steps toward the pool. A naked Kavan passed us and did a depth charge in the pool close to Kerry. Kathryn gave Brad a big smile, a very appreciative smile, and waved up the hill to my parents. “Come on in. The water’s fine.”**

**It was fine. Brad lost his bashfulness and acted just as crazy as the rest of us. He got bug-eyes again when Mom and Dad came down the hill. Mom’s quite a woman. Voluptuous - I think that’s Dad’s word for her. We all played until almost eight o’clock. Mom reminded us it was a school night and we had to get to bed by ten. We all had a quick shower in the basement and Brad couldn’t quit looking around at all my naked family.**

**I went upstairs with Brad while he got dressed. He couldn’t take his eyes off me and I wanted him to look at me. Finally, I picked up his briefs and khakis and handed his briefs to him. He shook his head and grinned his crooked grin at me.**

**“What’s the matter?” I asked.**

**“I can’t believe it. I’m naked and getting dressed while you’re standing there naked. I feel sort of like I ought to go to the bathroom and get dressed and then come back out.”**

**“I’m glad you decided to go swimming with us,” I said. “I was afraid you’d be too bashful and would leave.”**

**He stepped into his briefs and pulled them up. I watched while he adjusted everything. I handed him his pants and then his shirt. He sat down and put on his socks and sneakers.**

**Kavan came upstairs and dressed to drive him home. As Brad was going out the door, I put my hand on his arm and gave him a quick kiss just on the side of his mouth. “I’ll see**

you tomorrow,” I said. He just smiled at me. I knew he’d be back. And I knew I wanted him to come back.

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I wasn’t surprised on Wednesday when Brad found me for lunch at school. I usually ate with Kavan and Kathryn. They came through the serving line a few minutes later. I wasn’t surprised on Thursday either.

On Friday, we were eating lunch together again when a pack of jocks came through the cafeteria. One of them walked behind me and said, “Looks like the ice princess found herself a big fag to play with.” I thought Brad would explode but I just put my hand on his and smiled at him.

“They’re just stupid and jealous,” I said. “If you let them hurt you with their words, they’ll just laugh. Ignore them.”

He finally got his breathing under control and then smiled at me. I opened my notebook to the section with all the jock comments, wrote down this new one and the guy’s name, and passed the notebook to Kavan. He signed and dated it and passed it over to Brad. Brad looked back through the half-dozen or so pages at the notes and witness signatures. When he finished skimming through them, he signed the latest one and passed the notebook back to me.

“Just in case,” I said.

Since it was Friday I expected to ride the bus home with Kerry since Kavan and Kathryn would work for a couple of hours. When I got to our bus pick up area, Brad was there waiting.

“May I offer you and Kerry a ride home?” he asked.

“Yes, but could we go by the grocery store on the way? Kathryn and I are in charge of dinner tonight. I was going to

wait for them and get some kind of take out. If you and Kerry help me shop, I'll have time to fix something."

At the grocery store, I found some beautiful green beans and some real, honest-to-gosh vine-ripe tomatoes so I thought I'd do something I liked. I asked Brad if he liked *salade nicoise* and then had to explain what it was. I'd have been satisfied with the salad but I thought I'd do *steak au poivre* for the guys. I had to explain to Brad that it was just French for peppered steak. I couldn't find the strip steaks I wanted so I got a guy in the meat department to cut me two steaks about an inch and a half thick. I knew Dad and the boys loved it and I thought Brad would too. I got two baguettes of bread and then went back and got two more for the guys to snack on until we had dinner.

We were going back to the car with the groceries when Brad popped the question. "Ariel, will you marry me?"

I couldn't believe he was serious. "Are you kidding, Brad? You don't even know me yet."

"Yeah, but, if you know how to cook like this, I don't care. Will you marry me someday?"

"Silly. Wait until after you eat. Then ask me again."

Kerry disappeared as soon as we got in the house and I wondered if he'd gone to relieve the pressure again. I got Brad to help me get out the other things I needed for dinner. Kerry was back in a few minutes. He'd taken off his jeans and sneakers and was barefooted and in shorts, with his underwear showing as usual. I went to change too. I put on another sundress and didn't bother with panties this time. I stopped by Dad's closet and got a pair of old shorts for Brad. I guessed they might be the same size.

I walked in the kitchen and handed them to him. He kicked off his sneakers just the way Kerry did – hold the heel with

the toe on the other foot and pull. Mom always fussed at Kerry when he did it. He asked me where he could change.

“Brad, remember where you are. Relax and get comfortable with us.”

He put his hands on his belt buckle and then stopped. He looked at me and then at Kerry and then at me.

“Sure, Brad,” Kerry said. “Get comfortable with us. Sit down. Get a load off – your feet.”

From the way he was smiling, I knew what he meant. I decided that was what Brad needed. I took his hand and led him down the hall to the bathroom. I pushed him back against the counter and that brought him part way down to my height. I nudged his feet apart and then leaned against him. He knew what I wanted. He kissed me. I don’t think he knew much about kissing but I was no expert either. It was good enough for me. For him too. After a couple of minutes, I could feel something hard between us that wasn’t there when we started.

I didn’t know what to do next but I guessed he’d think of something. I was right. He pushed me away from him and reached down between my legs. I lifted my sundress and let him find what he was looking for. He teased my little lips apart and got one finger in me. I shut my eyes and let him play and then I remembered I’d brought him in the bathroom to help him get a load off.

I reached down and undid his belt buckle and I think that was when he started holding his breath. I pulled his khakis down and looked down to see what was underneath. He had on white jockeys again. I knew I could develop a liking for briefs like his, especially when they were filled out like his. I pulled his briefs down too. His dick had been bent down and it hadn’t gotten hard all the way. I put my hand around it and stroked it until it was hard. It wasn’t as big around as Dad’s or Kavan’s but it looked like it was just about as long. His

worked just like theirs did; it poked its red head out of its foreskin when it got hard. I pushed his pants and briefs down further and he stepped out of them. He was cute in just his knit shirt and socks with his dick pointing up at my face.

“Breathe, Brad,” I teased. He smiled and started breathing again.

“What are you doing, Arial?” he asked.

“I’m helping you relax, like Kerry said. I thought I’d help you get a load off, like Kerry did when we came in from school.”

I picked up the bottle of baby oil where Kerry had left it. He always did. I put it up constantly and he left it out constantly. I knew he did it so I’d know he’d been jacking off. I held Brad’s dick with one hand and squeezed some oil all over the head.

I turned him around so he was over the sink facing the mirror. I put both arms around him and leaned over to one side so I could see what I was doing. He held his arm on that side up so I was looking under his armpit.

He had a crooked little smile on his face and it just got bigger when I started jacking him off. It took maybe a minute before he quit smiling. I don’t know what the expression was but it looked the same as Kavan and Kerry when they come. He squirted a couple of white strings all the way to the back of the sink on the mirror and then the rest into the sink. He stopped breathing again but I let him figure out when to start again on his own. I held his dick while he quieted down and then milked it down a couple of times. When another glob oozed out, I used my finger and thumb to wipe it off. I was glad I had learned how to jack a guy off with Kavan and Kerry.

I pushed him to one side and handed him the wet washcloth Kerry had left. I turned on the water and started washing the little swimmers down the drain.

**“You don’t have to do that, Arial,” Brad said. “I’ll clean it up.”**

**“Put these old shorts on, Brad. Leave your briefs off. I’m used to cleaning up. Kerry leaves the sink in a mess once in a while. I think he does it deliberately.”**

**He put on the pair of Dad’s shorts I’d found for him. They were a close fit, good enough. His dick was still hard enough so he had trouble bending it down to stuff it in the shorts. I could still see it bulging out down one leg of the shorts when he zipped them up.**

**“Jeez, Arial, your family’s going to take some getting used to.”**

**“Well, get used to us, Brad. We’re not like most families. Mom and Dad are honest with us about sex and we’re the same way with them. When Kavan and Kathryn started having sex, Mom and Dad let them do it here in our house. They lost their virginity with each other downstairs in the bedroom where they sleep.”**

**“Kathryn lives here now?”**

**“Yes. Her mother wanted to move to New York and Kathryn didn’t want to go. My parents offered to let her stay with us. Now come on, let’s go start dinner.”**

**Dinner at our kitchen table with all of my family plus Kathryn and Brad, all seven of us, was a big hit with him. For a while, I wasn’t sure I’d bought enough steak and bread but Kavan and Kerry were nice to Brad and made sure he got his share. I also wondered how long it had been since Brad had enjoyed a home-cooked meal. I knew I was going to make sure he had lots more.**

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In October, Brad planned a day hike for us, up a river valley in a state park back in the mountains. He said he'd done it lots of times and it would be a good day trip. Dad rented a van that would carry all seven of us. We left home a little after six and ate breakfast on the road. All of us were dressed alike: hiking boots, shorts, shirt, floppy hat, and backpack. Brad said everybody had to carry a backpack with everything we wanted to eat or use in it, except water. He carried three bags of water and Kavan carried two. Kerry wanted to try so he carried one.

The park ranger remembered Brad from the other times he'd hiked in the park. Brad talked with him while he filled out the form with our names and our hiking trail. The rest of us looked around the old log cabin that had been fixed up to welcome visitors. We used the restrooms at the park and were walking up the trail a little after eight.

Brad had planned the hike so we'd walk for an hour or so up a trail in a riverbed, stop and play for an hour, and walk about another hour and stop. We'd have lunch and play until one, start back and, with another break, be back to the park entrance by five.

At our first break, we came to a narrow spot in the riverbed with cliffs on each side and huge boulders scattered around in the riverbed. Two house-size boulders had fallen off the cliff somehow. One was in the center of the narrow spot and the river had carved out a channel around it. The other boulder was tilted with one end resting on the first. The path led through an opening underneath and there was a sign indicating a primitive camping area on the other side of the opening. Brad said there was a pit stop on the other side and started to go through the opening. Kavan stopped him and whispered something in his ear.

"You ladies go ahead," Brad said. "You'll find the facilities on the left."

Mom and Kathryn and I went through the rock opening and left the guys standing. There was a small building made out of stones from the creek nestled up against the cliff to our left. It had signs for men and women on either end. I wondered why Kavan had wanted the guys to wait. When we got inside, we found out what the primitive part of camping meant.

We went back through the opening to rejoin the guys for our rest stop. They were already lying around waiting for us. Brad and I walked around a little, looking at the rocks and the twisted trees that had managed to survive. He had a grin on his face and I asked him what was funny and he told me.

He said Kavan and Kerry picked out a place for them to pee. He couldn't understand why they couldn't just use the restroom but they'd said he had to do it outdoors with them. They decided a big log lodged up against the cliff was the spot. They had all gotten up on it in a row: Kavan, Kerry, Brad, and Dad. Kerry had said, "Now," and Dad and the boys had pulled out and started peeing so he'd done the same thing. When they were all finished, they all had made a show of shaking it off and putting it away. Then Kerry had made a speech. He'd said, "It's great to be a man and take a good hot piss on a beautiful fall day like this."

"That's a male-bonding thing," I explained. "Grandpa Stuart used to do that with Dad and Uncle Alan. Now Dad always does it with Kavan and Kerry when they go fishing. Do you understand what that little ceremony means? That they included you?"

He looked at me for a minute or so. If he hadn't understood at first, I could see that he understood now. "I like your family, Ariel. I wish my brother and I had been raised like this."

When we rejoined the others, we saw Kerry had a pile of fossils he'd found. He said he thought they were all sea plants and he tried to remember the names from a

paleontology book he'd read. Brad showed Kerry the rock layer they were coming from – about ten feet thick and twenty feet up the cliff wall. They found a spot where they could climb up and look. Kerry was all excited about finding real stuff he'd read about in books.

We stopped for lunch and the end of our upstream hike where two small creeks joined together to form the river. The temperature at mid-day was lots hotter than when we started and there was almost no breeze along the river. There was a deep pool just where the creeks met. Kerry asked if we could go swimming.

“I think we'd better not, Squirt,” Dad said. “Brad didn't tell us to bring anything to swim in and I don't think we should swim nude. This is a state park and somebody else could walk up at any minute.”

Brad gave me a big smile. “Nobody else's on the trail we're on. I left my cell phone number with the ranger. He said he'd call us when the next party set out coming this way. My cell-phone's in my backpack and it hasn't rung.”

Getting our hiking boots and socks off probably took longer than getting everything else off. Brad kept looking at me and then at something behind me. I looked, saw Mom and Dad watching us, and I decided I wanted to do something.

I grabbed Brad around the waist and pulled him up against me. He wrapped his long arms around me with his big hands on my butt. I reached up with one hand and pulled his face down to mine. In front of my parents, he gave me the same sort of open-mouthed kiss I'd been getting from him lately. We'd been doing lots of kissing for the last month or so but we'd always had clothes on before. I felt something getting firm against my tummy like it always does. When I turned him loose, he kept his back to the others. I saw him looking over his shoulder to see how my parents reacted. I looked too and saw smiles on their faces, as well on Kavan's, Kathryn's, and Kerry's.

**Some guys might have had close to hard-ons before we went swimming but the cold creek water took care of them. Everything was so shrunken they all looked like little boys. After a while, Dad waded over to the creek bank, checked his watch, and said we needed to eat because it was almost time to go.**

**We all got out and found a spot where the sun would dry us off. While we were eating, Dad started talking to Brad. I guessed we were about to get a lecture and I hoped it was a new one. It was.**

**Dad told Brad how he felt the first time he ever saw Mom nude – how his hands were shaking when he brushed her hair. He told us how Mom’s breasts looked when she was twenty-five – before she nursed us three kids – and I thought he was describing my breasts or maybe Kathryn’s. Mom’s were still beautiful now but she did need to wear a bra when she wanted to dress up. He talked about the first time he got a good look at Mom’s pussy. He told us how he got a hard-on almost every time he saw her before they got married and he tried to hide it when he was at work. But the good part was when he told us he still feels the same way about Mom now, after being married to her for almost twenty years.**

**I wondered where he was going with all this and he finally got around to it the point. He’d seen Brad looking at them and trying to hide his hard-on. He wanted Brad to know he didn’t have to do that when he was with our family. He said a man shouldn’t have to be ashamed of reacting that way to the most beautiful creature he’ll ever see – a woman he loves.**

**When he got through, Kavan and Kerry gave him a round of applause and told him it was a good speech. Dad grabbed his floppy hat and tried to hit both of them with it. They ended up in a hat fight and Brad just sat there looking puzzled.**

When we got through eating, Dad said it was time to get dressed and hit the trail again. Kerry called for a group hug. I knew that was something new to Brad so I thought I'd lead off. I hugged up against Brad, front-to-front and held out my hand to Kerry. He hugged up to me and held out his hand. By the time we got through, we were all in a group with our arms around as many as we could hug. Brad didn't seem to mind. He was grinning almost as big as Kerry.

I hated to get dressed. For the second time, I watched Brad put on his white jockey shorts and arrange his package. I wanted to do it for him. Maybe he felt the same about me because he kept his eyes on me while I put on my panties. We kept our eyes on each other while we finished getting dressed. I didn't realize the others noticed us until Kerry told Dad to throw a bucket of cold water on us. I'm glad Dad didn't. I think I'd have sizzled. Brad emptied all of the water bags except one and I thought it'd take more than that to cool me off.

On the way back, we had another pit stop at the same place and this time we all used the indoor facilities. When we started walking again, Brad held my hand and lagged behind until we were the last ones on the trail. He wrapped his arms around me and gave me another big open-mouthed kiss with his hands on my butt again. When we looked up, everybody else was watching us. Nobody said a word and we started walking again.

When we started loading up in the van, Mom hugged Brad and thanked him for a very nice day. Kathryn hugged him too. I think he was surprised when Dad hugged him too. I told him to get used to it.

On the drive back, everybody was tired and hungry. Mom and Kathryn and I didn't want to cook and nobody else did either. Brad came to the rescue. He asked if we liked Chinese take-out. He got six enthusiastic yeses. He didn't even ask what we wanted. He called a place he knew and put in our order when we were about twenty miles from home. He told

them when he wanted to pick it up and to be sure it was ready. It was and he put it on his credit card when he picked it up. He told me his Dad had given him the credit card as his meal ticket.

Kerry wanted to eat before he showered. Kavan wanted to shower before he ate. They started arguing and Dad told them to settle it peacefully. Dad sort of insisted because he wanted all of us to sit down at the table at the same time as a family. Kerry got a quarter and called heads. Kavan flipped it. Kerry won. We all ate at the kitchen table even though it wasn't quite big enough for seven. Nobody minded that we were all squeezed together. It seemed like nobody could shut up talking long enough to eat. I wondered how Brad felt about it but he seemed to be enjoying it. By the time we got through there was only a half carton of rice and some little bits of other dishes left. Kerry just put it all in one carton, wrote his name on it, and put it in the refrigerator.

We all helped in cleaning up the kitchen as usual. Dad said shower time and Mom went in the laundry room, got a basket, and told us to undress in the kitchen. I told Brad we had to be careful about ticks. He said he'd never had one in all the hiking he'd done. I told him I'd had one this summer on my ankle and Kerry had two. I even told him Kerry'd had one between his legs. When he heard that, he was ready to shower too. We didn't fool around or play in the shower this time. I guess everybody was too tired. We just scrubbed down and then checked for ticks. I checked Brad and I thought I'd found one about an inch above his dick, just inside his pubic hair. He got a big kick out of that and showed me it was just a dark mole. He said he was checking me but I don't really think he was looking for ticks.

When we got back upstairs, Mom started the washing machine. Brad didn't seem to mind that he didn't have any clothes to put on and I certainly didn't. We all ended up in the family room talking. Mom asked Brad about his family and he told them the same thing he'd told me. She asked him what time his Dad expected him home. Brad told her he

wasn't expected because his Dad wasn't going to be home. He'd gone on a golf outing with his latest girlfriend. Mom invited him to stay with us. She said he could sleep on the couch in the living room unless I had other plans. I told her I didn't have other plans – not yet anyway – and I'd make up the couch for Brad.

Kavan and Kathryn excused themselves a little after eight o'clock and said they were tired and ready for bed. They got a few good snorts and giggles out of that because we all knew what they were ready for. Kerry disappeared and I heard the computer in Dad's office start up. I knew he'd probably play at something for a couple of hours. Dad seemed like he wanted to sit and talk to Brad and me. Mom probably guessed how I felt. She gave the same excuse Kavan had and led Dad off to bed. I turned out the lights and curled up next to Brad. He put his arm around my shoulders and we just sat there in the dark for a while talking about the hiking trip and about my family.

I was wondering what he was waiting for. Maybe he finally decided nobody was going to bother us. He lifted his right arm off my shoulders and pushed me a little so I was lying across him with his left arm holding me up. We'd done the same thing in his car but this was lots better with no steering wheel to get in the way. I pulled his head down so he could kiss me and his right hand slid down my stomach and started playing with the hair between my legs. I wanted him to touch me. I'd been wanting it all day. When I'd taken my panties off to shower, the crotch had been sopping wet. I knew Mom would see them when she put them in the washing machine. I guess it was one way of telling her how I felt about Brad. He still wasn't any better at kissing than I was but I didn't have any cause to complain. He kept playing with my breasts and then teasing me between my legs and finally I'd had enough. I grabbed his hand, opened my legs as much as I could, and put his hand down there and held it. He got the message.

He had long fingers. He was slow about getting one into me but when he did it felt like he was trying to plumb the depths. I knew how hot and wet I was. I hoped he liked it. Last time, when we'd done it in the car, I'd whispered in his ear how I wanted him to do it. He remembered. He kept his finger either in me or rubbing around on my pussy lips until I started squirming. When I told him "Do me!" he knew what I wanted. He moved his finger up a little to my clitoris. It was too hot and sensitive for him to touch it directly at first and he just rubbed the hood over it. After a minute or so, he stuck the finger back in me, pulled it out all wet and drew it up and up until he pulled the hood back off my clit. I exploded. He knew what he'd done. I almost sucked his lips off his face and his tongue out of his mouth.

After I quieted down, I got up and sat down beside him so I could reach his dick with my right hand. It was hot and hard and, when I rubbed my thumb around the head, all wet and slippery there. I knew he was ready too. I'd just started jacking him when he stopped me.

"Arial, we can't do it here. I'll make a mess and it might get on the couch."

"Sshhh. It'll be OK. I'll go get a towel." Just as I started to get up, Kerry walked out of the hallway into the family room. He was still naked and, for once, didn't have a hard-on. He didn't even slow down but I saw him glance at where my hand was. He said hi to both of us and then went in the kitchen and turned on the light.

Brad and I watched as he bent over looking in the refrigerator. He scratched on one side of his butt and kept looking. Finally he found the leftover Chinese food. He nuked it in the microwave while he poured himself a glass of milk. He scratched again, this time somewhere back behind his testicles. He walked back through the family room with both hands full, said goodnight to both of us, and went down the hallway to his room. He left the light on in the kitchen.

**Brad shook his head. “Your family’s going to take some getting used to.”**

**I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Don’t go away. I’ll get that towel.”**

**“I think your Mom put our clothes she washed in the dryer. Would you bring me my shorts?”**

**“What shorts?”**

**“You know. My jockey shorts and my hiking shorts.”**

**“What do you want them for tonight? Are you going somewhere?”**

**“Arial, I can’t sleep on that nice couch in your living room without something on. What if I have a wet dream and mess it up?”**

**“Damn, Brad, I was about to do something to prevent that.”**

**“Yeah, last time you did something for me, I went home and had a wet dream in the middle of the night anyway. I had to get up and change the sheets.”**

**I came back with a towel and his shorts. I sat down again beside him and found his dick with my hand. He was still hard, rigid hard, the kind of hard-on with which Kavan said he could break a plate. I never did understand why a guy would want to break a plate with his dick. It was hot and swollen and he acted like it hurt when I touched him. I knew I had to do something. I threw a pillow down on the floor, pushed it between his legs and knelt down on it. I held his dick upright and started stroking it. Brad opened his legs wider and scooted his butt closer to the edge of the couch. I knew what he wanted and I decided to give it to him.**

**I leaned over and took the head of his dick in my mouth. I knew how to do it and I was glad I’d learned with Kavan and**

Kerry. I pulled down on the skin on his shaft and started sucking on the head. Down on the skin. Up on the head. Repeat as necessary. I didn't feel like swallowing a load so I decided he'd have to be satisfied with a hand-job. That's what I gave him. From the light in the kitchen, I could see his balls and they were drawn up so tight his scrotum looked about like half a tennis ball. I couldn't make up my mind. Maybe a mouthful wouldn't be so bad. I started sucking again. Brad put his hand on the back of my head and pushed a little and that made me decide. I took my mouth off, kept stroking him, and said, "Don't do that if I'm sucking your dick, Brad. I don't like it."

He apologized. "I'm sorry, Ariel; I've never had anybody do that before. I don't know what I'm supposed to do with my hands while you're doing that."

I changed my mind again. It's a woman's prerogative, isn't it?

"Hang on to the edge of the couch. Just let me do it my way, OK?"

"OK."

It didn't take that long this time. I didn't give him any breaks. I just jacked him with my hand and tried to suck the head off his dick. When he started coming, I didn't try to swallow. I just held my mouth on him and kept jacking until I thought he was through. I straightened up and looked up at him with my mouth closed. I knew he was wondering what I was going to do. His come was like sticky globs mixed in with my saliva. I didn't know what I was going to do.

He leaned over, put his finger under my chin, and lifted my face up to his. I guess that was what made up my mind for me. If he could kiss me, I'd swallow it. I tried and some of it went down but I could still feel it on my tongue. Oh, fuck, if he wanted a kiss, I'd give him one. I opened my mouth and sucked his tongue in. He let me and then sucked mine into

his mouth in return. When we quit kissing, the rest of his semen was gone and I don't know who swallowed it.

We were putting a sheet on the sofa in the living room when he asked me again.

“Arial, will you marry me?”

“Brad, one blow-job's no reason for a marriage.”

“I know that. That's not why I asked you.”

“Well, why did you?”

“I wish you could know how I feel after this day with your family. Growing up, I had parents and a brother but we never had a real family.”

“Oh? You want to marry my family?”

“No, damn it. I want to marry you. I guess I'm sort of joking because I know we can't do it now. We're both a long way from being ready to marry anybody. But that doesn't mean I can't *want* to marry you. I guess I'm just trying to tell you how I feel.”

“You sure you'd want Kavan and Kerry for brothers-in-law?”

“Sure. Even if they did threaten me.”

“When? What did they threaten you with?”

“Not long after we started seeing each other. They said if I hurt you, they'd have my balls for souvenirs, one for each. I think Kerry gets the right one and Kavan the left. I don't know whether they were kidding or not and I don't intend to find out.”

I left him standing beside the couch with his jockeys in one hand and his hiking shorts in the other. I was tired enough

to fall asleep standing up. The minute I went in my room, I wished I'd brought him with me but I knew I hadn't been taking my birth control pills long enough yet.

The nights were beginning to get a little cool and so I pulled out a nightgown and put it on. I left the blanket on my bed and pulled it up to my waist. I think I was asleep within minutes.

I don't know what made me wake up. I listened but I didn't hear anything. I felt like there was something I wanted to do but I didn't know what it was.

I tried to be as quiet as possible. My room was the one closest to the family room so I held on to the walls and felt my way into the family room. I could barely see but I could tell no one was in the room. I went in the living room. Brad was stretched out on the couch sound asleep. His hands were both about where his belly button is. He had the blanket pulled up so it just covered his crotch. I could see a strip of white across his stomach and I knew he'd put on his jockeys. He had one leg out from under the blanket. Long leg with a knobby knee and a big foot – it was beautiful. I stood watching him. Marry him? Maybe someday but I wasn't ready for that anytime soon. I didn't know what I felt. I wondered if this was what love was really like.

I decided to see if there was room for both of us on the couch. I eased one leg over him and put my knee down on the other side. It didn't fit; there wasn't enough room between his hip and the back of the sofa. It woke him up.

He didn't say anything, just reached up with those big hands of his and pulled me down on top of him, then plunked one hand on my butt and the other on my head. He pulled my head down so it was beside his. "Marry me," he whispered. I didn't say anything. I was satisfied just to have him hold me.

I might have been satisfied but he wasn't. The hand on my butt started moving around. He finally decided the thin

**fabric was a nightgown and pulled it up. When he put his hand back, it was in the middle of my rear and his fingers were curved around between my legs. I could feel his middle finger searching. It was close. He stretched his arm and felt deeper. He found what he was feeling for – something hot and juicy. I guess I'd have been content to go to sleep like that but he wasn't. He stretched around me again and I felt his finger go deeper inside me. He was stirring up trouble. Maybe he decided he'd gone about as far as he could go in this position. He moved over close to the edge of the couch and rolled me off him at the same time.**

**I ended up on my back, sandwiched between him and the back of the couch. This time he pushed my nightgown all the way up around my neck in front and put his big hand on my breast. He started kissing me again. Then he moved his hand down between my legs. I couldn't open them enough for him to get his hand where he wanted it. He scooted back some more and I was afraid he'd fall off the couch. He didn't. I spread my legs and he got his hand where I wanted it. He wiggled some more and got his mouth on one of my breasts. A couple of minutes later I found out what it was I wanted. My pussy seemed to be having convulsions and his finger was making them even better.**

**After I quieted down, I decided to help him get back to sleep. I pulled off his jockey shorts while he lifted his butt off the couch. I tried to pull them down and off his legs but it seemed like his legs went on forever. I threw his jockeys down beside the couch. His dick was bone hard again. I just used my hand this time and it was enough. A couple of minutes more and his dick started jerking and spurting. I didn't worry about the couch. I just let it fly.**

**After he quieted down, I reached down and got his jockeys and wiped his stomach and dick clean. I milked it down a couple of times and wiped it again. I threw the jockeys back on the floor, curled up against him with one leg over his and my head on his chest. The room was a little cool but we were both still hot and sweaty. I think he asked me to marry him**

again before I went to sleep. I didn't answer but it made me start thinking about being married some day and what it might be like with Brad.

I woke up the next morning to the sound of Mom in the kitchen. We were both covered by a blanket and I was warm and comfortable next to Brad. I had one hand on his dick and it was warm and soft. It felt good against my palm with my fingertips on his balls. I lay there and listened to Mom starting something for breakfast. I smelled coffee and decided I'd like a cup this morning for a change.

Mom came to the door a few minutes later. I lifted up my head and looked at her. Brad did too. He was awake. Mom walked over to us, bent over and kissed me on the cheek.

"Good morning, Princess." She moved her face over a little and kissed Brad on his cheek. "Good morning, Prince."

I yawned. "Thanks for the blanket, Mom. It felt good."

"I didn't do that," she said. "Your father did it when he got up about an hour ago to go for a run."

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Brad spent all day Sunday with us. A cold front had come through during the night and so we all just put on sweat suits to lounge around. I borrowed some from Kavan for Brad and they were a close enough fit. I tried to tell him all of us kids had to study and we wouldn't be able to play but he wanted to stay anyway. We all got in the family room after breakfast and got busy on our homework. Kerry tried to start cutting up once and I made him stop.

Brad was trying to work some calculus problems and was having trouble with one. Kerry asked if he could help and Brad just looked at him like he was crazy. He asked Kerry if he'd taken the course already and he said no but he'd been working his way through it with Kavan. I'd seen Kavan and

Kerry working on it more than once but I didn't know how well Kerry really understood it. He understood it very well. He went back through Brad's calculations by himself. He was able to find out where Brad was going wrong. There wasn't anything wrong with the way Brad was working the problem. He'd just punched one number into his calculator wrong.

When we took a break, Brad and I walked around outside in the yard. He asked me about how smart Kerry was. I told him about the three intelligence tests he'd had so far in his life and how they all said he had a high genius IQ.

He asked me about my IQ and Kavan's and I told him we were the family dummies. We'd just scored in the low genius range. When I asked him about his IQ, he didn't want to tell me. He didn't have to. With parents who were both medical doctors, I knew he had to have brains. Besides, I knew what his grades were like and they were about the same as Kavan's and mine.

Then I told him about our half-brother, Stuart, who had a high genius IQ too and how he'd already got his Ph.D. He couldn't believe I had another brother old enough to do that and I told him about Dad and Lauren. That really floored him. He said it again, that my family would take some getting used to.

Mom made a big pot of soup for lunch. It was one we all liked. Ham with bean and barley, great soup on a cold day. We had hot tea with it and then apples with cheddar cheese for dessert. Mom liked to cook that way because it was healthy food for us and we didn't think it was anything unusual. Brad acted like he'd never had anything better than homemade soup and I guess maybe he wasn't acting since he'd never had any before.

We studied some more after lunch and then took another break. I wanted some private time with Brad so I asked Kavan and Kerry to let me go for a walk with Brad without them. We went down the hill to the trail that leads along the

hillside. The leaves were falling and the sun was breaking through the clouds occasionally and the air was cool and dry. The day couldn't have been nicer. We found a sheltered spot beside a big rock where a lot of pine straw had accumulated and stopped there for a while. We just did a little kissing and groping and lots of talking. Brad was the one who wanted to do the talking.

**“Arial, I’m not a virgin.”**

**“I didn’t ask you whether you were or not, Brad.”**

**“I know but I want to tell you.”**

**“Dad always tells Kavan and Kerry that a gentleman doesn’t talk about what he does in bed with a lady.”**

He sort of laughed. **“Well, I guess that makes it OK because she wasn’t a lady. I think she got me to do it just so she could laugh at me.”**

**“She thought it was funny?”**

**“Yeah, she did later. It was when I was at the cave dig with the college bunch about a year ago. We camped there during the week. I was the little kid because all the others were college students. I didn’t know what she was up to until it was too late.”**

**“But you didn’t fight her off, did you?”**

**“No. We had little two man tents but she was the only one in hers. She talked me into sleeping in it with her one night and I guess I wanted to do it. The first time, I came too quickly and she said, ‘Shit, kid, can’t you last any longer than that?’”**

**“Did you do it with her again?”**

**“Yeah, I was ready again in just a couple of minutes. I didn’t know it was supposed to take a guy a while to get ready**

again. The second time she got on top of me and I guess she got what she wanted. She rolled over after a while and let me do her. All she said was, "That's a little better, kid."

"Well, that doesn't sound like she was laughing at you."

"She didn't that time. About a half hour later, I wanted to do it again. She laughed and acted like she thought I was kidding. I guess I did it better that time because we were at it for quite a while. That time, she said, 'Damn, kid, I hope you sleep good tonight.' She let me curl up naked against her butt and we went to sleep."

"Did you sleep good?"

"Yeah, I woke up once during the night and I had a hard-on again. She was so sloppy juicy that I think I got it in her while she was asleep. That time she said, 'Jeez, kid, don't you ever get enough?'"

"Brad, that still doesn't sound like she was laughing at you."

"Well, maybe not, but the next day all the other college kids kept saying the same thing to me, 'Jeez, kid, don't you ever get enough?'"

I had his hard-on in my hand while he was talking and I wondered if he wanted me to get him off again but he didn't seem to mind when I didn't. We were walking back along the trail toward the house when he stopped me and just wrapped his arms around me and hugged me. He seemed like he was all choked up and I didn't know why. When I asked, he said he was just happy. We walked on a little further and he stopped me.

"I didn't tell you the whole story about what happened with Holly," he said.

"Holly who?"

**“The girl I did it with at the dig.”**

**“Well, what’s the rest?”**

**“I thought I’d caught something from her.”**

**That scared me. “Maybe you’d better tell me.”**

**“I started getting uncomfortable during the day on Sunday, you know, on my dick, especially on the head and foreskin. We didn’t have any way to wash until we got back home. When I showered Sunday night, my dick was all red and sore and irritated. Dad was home and I told him. He made me show it to him. I felt like a little kid caught doing something bad.”**

**“What did he say?” I asked.**

**“He said I’d rubbed it raw, that maybe I’d got a little speck of dirt or something in Holly and it was just scratched. He gave me some cream to put on it and that made it stop burning.”**

**“But you hadn’t caught anything?”**

**“No, about a month later, Dad made me come by his office at the hospital. He checked me again and ran a bunch of tests on me. I was scared stiff until the test results came back and everything was negative.”**

**“I guess that taught you a lesson, didn’t it?”**

**“Yeah, the night Dad brought home the test results, he brought me some reading material too - stuff about STDs and contraception. The part I liked was when he gave me a big pack of condoms and some lubricant. We talked for hours and I guess that was the first really good talk about sex we’d had. He told me I was a damn fool for having unprotected sex with somebody I didn’t know. He made me get tested again about six months later.”**

**“You could have just told me, Brad, you know, that I couldn’t catch anything from you.”**

**“I guess so. But I wanted to tell you the truth about it.”**

**I pulled his head down and gave him a quick kiss. He took my hand and we started walking again.**

**“There’s one more thing, Ariel,” he said. “I haven’t used any of the condoms.”**

**“Don’t worry about it, Brad,” I said. “Mom took me to her gynecologist a couple of weeks ago. I had a prescription filled. If you can wait a while longer, you won’t need any condoms.”**

**He wrapped his long arms around me and held me tight up against him. He said my name and then stopped. I waited.**

**“Ariel, I’m scared.”**

**“Of what?”**

**“The way I feel about you. Is this the way you feel when you start loving someone?”**

**“I guess so. It makes me scared too.”**

**When we got back to the house, I asked if he’d like to stay for dinner and help us cook it. He jumped at the chance. Mom had some crabmeat that Lauren had given us in the refrigerator. She’d got another cooler from Alaska from her daughter’s husband. We had some shrimp Luke and Rachael had brought us in the freezer. It was frozen in the shell in water and I knew it’d be like fresh when we thawed it. I put it under running water to melt the ice. Mom had suggested jambalaya and I found the recipe in Dad’s old Playboy cookbook. Dad wasn’t much of a Playboy fan but the cookbook did have some good recipes. Brad and Kerry chopped the onion and celery and red pepper. It turned out**

great but I still didn't have enough cayenne pepper in it for Kavan. He had to add some Tabasco to his as usual. Brad must have liked it because he ate two bowls.

I walked him to the car when he had to leave. I really hated for him to go because it'd been a wonderful weekend for me. I kissed him goodnight and I think he knew how I felt. I went back in the house and I decided next time he came he was going to stay the night with me. And I was going to make sure my prince came again. I might even make sure he came more times than he came with Holly.

### Chapter Thirty-Six

#### CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12

Kathryn Jensen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13

#### TELLING THE STORY:

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

The last Saturday in October, Brad came to spend another weekend with us. The weather was rainy and cold and the temperature was just about freezing. Kerry had invited Leigh to spend the day with us too so Brad and I took him to pick her up. She lived a couple of miles away on another hill so Brad used the four-wheel drive on his Jeep and drove slowly.

Leigh was Kerry's first real girlfriend. He'd been riding his bicycle over to her house every few days and he'd brought

her to our house a few times. She was a cute thirteen-year old with dark hair that was naturally curly. She kept it cut short and it looked like little ringlets all over her head. She still had little-girl hips but she already had nice little breasts. They weren't bashful about cuddling with each other around us and I saw them doing some heavy kissing once. I asked him about what was going on with her and he just said a gentleman never tells what he does with a lady.

When we got back home, I thought we'd all be more comfortable in sweat suits. Kavan and Kathryn already had them on. Brad had come dressed in khakis, a multicolored sweater over a dress shirt, and a heavy parka. He was neat as always but I didn't think his clothes would be good for lounging around all day. I told Kavan to take him downstairs and lend him sweats. Then I took Leigh to my bedroom so we could change out of jeans and sweater. When we got undressed, she was surprised when she saw I wasn't wearing a bra. She had on a training bra but she didn't need it anymore than I did. I unhooked it and pulled it off her shoulders. She had nice breasts and I wondered if Kerry was already getting at them. She looked real cute with nothing on but white cotton panties. I wondered if Kerry was getting into those too.

When we all got back in the family room, we all got a good laugh. Kavan's sweatpants were a little short on Brad. Mine were a little long on Leigh. They didn't seem to mind. Kerry answered one of my questions. He walked up behind Leigh and slid his hands up under her sweatshirt. He stood there with a big grin on his face and held her for a minute. Leigh squirmed away from him but, from the grin on her face, it was easy to tell it wasn't the first time he'd had his hands on her. I knew he was probably just showing off for the rest of us. Men! Just let them get their hands on you and they think they own you.

Mom and Dad said they needed to go get groceries and asked if we'd fix something for lunch. I knew something Kavan and Kerry liked so I said I'd make a pot of chili. As soon as Mom

and Dad left, I asked Kathryn and Leigh if they wanted to help. I didn't really need any help because I knew it would be easy. Mom usually kept some ground beef in the freezer. The rest was mainly opening cans. Brad followed us so I asked him to chop some garlic and a couple of onions. It wasn't long before I had everything in the big pot and sat down to wait for it to come to a boil. I liked it better when it simmered for a couple of hours.

After lunch, Dad said he wanted to listen to the opera. Mom asked what was being broadcast and, when he said it was Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*, she decided to join him. Kavan and Kerry wanted to watch a football game that started at two o'clock. Brad said he'd watch too so we all went in the family room. We were all sitting around talking when Dad turned on the opera in the adjoining room. I guess the guys decided they couldn't watch the football game and listen to the opera in the next room. Kavan asked me if we could all go downstairs and watch it on his TV.

We tried to decide how we could all get on the king-size bed together and comfortably watch the game. The television set was mounted high up on the opposite wall and couldn't be moved. I solved the problem. I made Brad get in the center of the bed and lean back against the headboard with his legs spread. I backed up between his legs, sat down, and leaned against him. There was plenty of room on each side for the other two pairs. Kavan and Kathryn got on our right side and Kerry and Leigh got on our left.

I took Brad's hands and stuck them up under my sweatshirt. His hands were cold but they felt good on my breasts. I wanted him to put one hand down my sweatpants too but I didn't want to embarrass Leigh. I didn't know if Kerry had got that far with her. She didn't object when he put his hands on her breasts this time. I looked over at Kavan and Kathryn and they'd done the same thing.

We had a few minutes before the game and the pre-game activities were on. Nobody was interested that much,

especially me, in who had what record for doing something, especially since I didn't even know what it was he'd done.

**“OK, what are we going to do now?” I asked. “I’ll watch the game but I don’t want to watch this stuff.”**

**Leave it up to Kerry. “Let’s play strip poker!”**

**“Shit, Kerry, if you want to get naked, just say so,” Kavan said.**

**“Oh, no,” Kathryn said, “it’s too cold in here for that. When the weather’s this cold it never gets above sixty-eight degrees in here. That’s why we have a heavy blanket and a comforter both on the bed.”**

**“Oh, come on, Kavan,” Brad said, “I thought you and Kathryn generated enough heat down here to warm up the whole house.”**

**“Yeah, well, it warms us up under the cover at night but the room’s still cold,” he answered.**

**Kerry wasn’t about to give up so easily. “We could all get under the cover and get naked. Just pull the cover up around our chins.”**

**I decided it might be fun but I didn’t want my shoulders uncovered and cold. I made everybody get up off the bed while I turned down the covers. I put Brad back in the middle and told the others to wait until we got settled. I crawled back on the bed, on my hands and knees, straddling Brad’s legs. I told Kavan and Kerry to pull the blanket and comforter back up over me. Brad had a grin as big as Kerry’s on his face. I think he knew what I had in mind. He pulled the blanket and comforter up until I was completely covered.**

**I grabbed Brad’s sweatpants at the waist and started pulling them down. He lifted his butt off the bed and I finally figured out how to get them down his long legs and off his big feet. I**

handed them to him and he stuck his arms out of the cover and did something with them. When his hands came back, they were empty. He still had on his jockeys and I thought “What the hell!” and pulled them off too. When I handed them to him, I guess he must have waved them around like a flag. He got two cheers from Kavan and Kerry.

I decided I could wave a flag too. I pulled my pants down and off and handed them to him and he got rid of them. Then I pulled my panties off, crawled up against Brad’s chest, stuck one arm out, and waved my panties around.

Maybe I shouldn’t have but I couldn’t resist giving Brad a little teaser. I went back down feeling for his dick with my face and found it. It was warm and soft when I started and I could get all of it in my mouth. In no time at all, it was so big I couldn’t hold much more than the last couple of inches. I turned around, stuck my head out from under the cover, and leaned back against him again. I almost sat on his dick and he pulled it straight up so it was pressed against my back. It felt good back there.

It didn’t take Kavan and Kathryn long to follow our example, except that she let him wave her panties. From the length of time Kathryn had her head under the cover, I guessed she’d given Kavan a little teaser too.

Leigh was still standing on the other side of the bed with Kerry behind her, his arms wrapped around her waist. He was trying to coax her into getting in the bed with him – and with the rest of us.

“Come on, Leigh,” he pled, “I’ll be good. I won’t do anything except hold you.”

I could tell Leigh was still reluctant. “Leigh, Brad and I’ll make him be good. If he isn’t, we’ll make him go listen to the opera.”

**“I don’t really want him to be good, Ariel. It’s just that I know Kavan and Kathryn do stuff I can’t do yet and I guess you and Brad do it too.”**

**“It’s OK, Leigh,” Kavan said. “Kathryn and I can wait ‘til tonight if we want to do that. If Ariel’s not too horny, maybe she and Brad can wait too.”**

**I stuck my tongue out at him and Brad hit him before I could. It’s nice to have a man to take up for you.**

**“Leigh, this is Kavan and Kathryn’s bedroom,” I said, “so you know what they do in this bed. I don’t care what Kavan thinks. Brad and I haven’t gone that far yet. And we aren’t going to do it here this afternoon anyway.”**

**She finally decided to join us. She pushed Kerry on the bed first. He settled down beside me and Brad and then held the blanket up for her. She crawled in on her hands and knees and gave us all a big smile. Kerry pulled the blanket and comforter over her head and up around his shoulders.**

**Leigh showed she was just as full of mischief as Kerry. The first thing he brought out from under the cover was his sweat pants. After that, it was little white briefs and that confused me until I realized they were the low-rise briefs I had bought for Kerry. I could see Leigh squirming around under the blanket and I couldn’t figure out what she was doing but then Kerry brought out one sock and then another sock. Finally, he brought out another pair of sweatpants and, at last, little white cotton panties. A few seconds later, Leigh came out, red-faced. I don’t think Kerry got a teaser.**

**The first half of the game was OK, I guess. It was kind of funny watching grown men act like they were doing something important. Kavan and Brad and Kerry acted kind of funny too. I don’t know why guys have to pump their fist up and down when one guy jumps over a bunch of other guys and gets into the dead zone. I liked it better when Brad had his hands on me, one on my breasts and the other between**

my legs. From the way Kathryn and Leigh were squirming sometimes, I guess Kavan and Kerry knew where to put their hands too.

Mom came down to the basement just before half time. She took a good look at all of us in the bed and then a good look at the sweatpants and underwear scattered around on the floor. She just smiled, shook her head, and went back out the door. She must have told Dad because he came downstairs and peeked in at us. He just smiled, shook his head, and went back upstairs.

Leigh seemed embarrassed. She turned to me and asked, "They don't mind? They know we're all half naked and they don't mind?"

"They don't mind, Leigh," Kerry said. "I told you we're nudists when the weather's warm. Wait 'til spring and you can go swimming with us. You'll like being naked all the way then."

"And she doesn't mind that we're in the bed together, Leigh," I added. "She and Dad have always trusted us about sex. Kerry knows what he can and can't do with you."

I thought half time at a football game meant the college bands would perform but it was nothing but a bunch of commercials and just a little bit about the colleges. At least Brad could settle down and put his hands back where I wanted them. The only bad thing was that I began to feel something wet on my back. I knew Brad's dick was drooling again. Men! First they drool at the mouth and then they start drooling from their dick.

Kerry was whispering in Leigh's ear. I guess he was trying to talk her into something because she kept shaking her head no. I don't know what he whispered but she finally asked, "You promise?" He shook his head yes.

**They swapped places. Leigh moved up against the headboard and leaned back on the pillows. Kerry squirmed around to get in front of her and flashed me. I saw his dick and it looked as hard and red as I'd ever seen it. Leigh saw it too but I knew she'd been feeling it against her back, just like I'd been feeling Brad's. He finally settled down between her outspread legs and leaned back against her.**

**I decided to lend him a hand. I reached over and gave Kerry's dick a quick squeeze. Leigh turned and looked at me and I found her hand and put it where mine had been. Kerry turned and looked at me with his usual big grin. "Thanks, Arial." He pretended to be watching the game again.**

**After a few minutes, he started squirming. I reached over again to see what he and Leigh were doing. She had two hands on him, one holding his dick and the other holding his balls. I put my hand on hers, the one holding his dick, and moved it up and down a couple of times. She looked at me and I could see she was asking me if it was OK. I nodded yes.**

**I could see the movement under the comforter until Kerry raised his knees up a little to make a tent. I turned and looked and saw that both he and Leigh had their eyes closed. I reached over again and felt between his legs. He had his hand wrapped around Leigh's and hers was wrapped around his dick. I decided they didn't need any help so I decided to help Brad. I pushed his hand down a little more so his finger curled around a little deeper in me. I didn't really want him to make me come though; I wanted to save that for tonight.**

**Kerry didn't want to save anything. He started grunting and breathing real heavy and I knew he was coming. When he finally opened his eyes, he caught me looking at him. He just gave me another big smile. "Hey, Kavan," he said, "would you throw me a towel? Leigh made me make a mess." Leigh pushed him away far enough to hit him behind the head. Kavan threw the towel in Kerry's face.**

I didn't make it all the way through the game. I had to pee so I got out of the bed and pulled on my sweat pants again. Leigh followed me. She found the sweat pants I'd loaned her but she couldn't find her panties. I looked too but they weren't on the floor with everything else. I looked at Kerry and I knew where they were.

I pulled the comforter down to the foot of the bed and then pulled the blanket down. Kerry was sitting up against the headboard and had another erection or maybe it was the same one he'd had all afternoon. Brad's was sticking up just like Kerry's except it was bigger. Then Kathryn got out of the bed and there was Kavan's boner sticking up too. I guess Leigh liked looking at three hard dicks in one bed - big, bigger, and biggest. I had to tell her to close her mouth.

After we looked at the three musketeers for a minute or so, Kerry pulled Leigh's panties out from behind his back and waved them around. Leigh just stuck her nose up in the air, picked up Kerry's briefs, pulled them on, and then put on her sweat pants. I'd bought Kerry a package of three low-rise briefs so I could enjoy looking at him. I didn't mind if he let Leigh have one of them; it seemed like a good swap.

Kathryn and Leigh and I went upstairs to the bathroom. We all had a good pee and then Kathryn and I tried to answer all of Leigh's questions.

Leigh stayed for dinner and we cooked hamburgers for everybody. Dad kept asking us about the football game. When he asked me who scored first, I told him Kerry did. Then I told him maybe it was Leigh. I said I didn't know how you kept score they way they were playing. I told him Kerry got her panties but she had on his briefs. Dad and Mom just shook their heads again. Leigh was embarrassed but Kerry wasn't. I don't think anything would embarrass him.

Brad and I and Kerry took Leigh home after dinner. Kerry said he wanted to go in and talk with Leigh's parents for a few minutes so they'd get to know him and trust Leigh

around him. I thought that was wise so I didn't argue. Brad and I steamed up the windows to the Jeep while he was gone. Brad got me more than a little wet in my panties. I gave him a hard-on and then teased him about whether he could drive with it in the way. Kerry was quiet on the way back and I wondered what he was thinking about.

We all sat around in the family room talking for a while. Dad asked Kerry if he was wearing Leigh's panties or just wanted them for a souvenir. Kerry pulled them out of his jeans pocket, put them over his head, and said, "Nobody loves me. I'm going to bed," and left the room. Brad fell off the couch laughing. Dad laughed so much he said his stomach hurt. When we all stopped laughing, nobody had much to say. I guess nobody could think of anything to top Kerry's comment.

Mom and Dad went to bed early like they do on most Saturday nights. Kavan and Kathryn took that as their cue and disappeared through the basement door. I made up the couch in the living room for Brad and then we went in the family room. The light over the sink in the kitchen was on and I knew that would leave us just enough light in the family room to see. I turned out the lights in the family room and we curled up on the couch together.

The house was a little cool so I didn't want to take off my sweats. Brad didn't seem to care. He got his hands up under my shirt and down into my pants. I pulled his pants down just enough to get my hands where I wanted them. I decided I liked kissing him while we played with each other.

"I'll swap my jockeys for your panties," Brad whispered.

I thought that sounded like a good idea so I got up off him, pulled my sweatpants down, pulled my panties off, and handed them to him. He took his time looking before he stripped off and handed me his jockeys. I took my time looking too. I didn't want either of us to put our pants back

on so I went down the hall and got a quilt out of the closet. I grabbed a towel out of the bathroom before I went back.

Brad was stretched out on the couch waiting. I spread the quilt over him and then he held it up while I got underneath it with him. I tried to lie down beside him on one side and immediately fell off the couch on my butt. When we stopped giggling, I lay down on the other side, against the back of the couch, half on top of him.

I liked being able to take charge and do what I wanted to with him. With my face above his, I could kiss and tease him. With my right hand free while his was pinned, I could play with his dick. It was bone hard and hot in my hand. I liked watching his face when I slid the skin up and down on it.

I squeezed near the base of his dick and milked it down a couple of times. It was already drooling and the drool was probably the slipperiest stuff I'd ever felt. I smeared it around on the head and then pinched his foreskin over the end. I liked playing with his foreskin and from the look on his face he liked it too. I held his dick between my thumb and fingers, then gently slid my forefinger inside his foreskin, and began to slide it around and around the head. It was so hot and smooth and my finger slid around under his foreskin so easy. Around and around. I stopped for a minute and listened to his heavy breathing. Then I started doing it some more. Around and around. I wondered if I could make him come with one finger.

It took more than one finger on my hand but my prince came twice before I let him go to bed. I hoped this was the last time he slept on the couch in the living room. It took just one finger on Brad's hand, that long index finger, to make me come. I don't know how many times I came and after a while they all ran together anyway. I put his jockeys under my pillow before I went to bed. I started to put the towel full of Brad's semen in the clothes hamper but, after I smelled it, I put it under the pillow too.

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**Our trip to the Freeloft cave was planned for a Saturday in November. I'd invited Brad to stay for dinner Saturday evening and to spend the night. Kerry had invited Leigh to go with us and to stay for dinner too. He said he was going to invite her to spend the night but I told him he shouldn't and that he needed to slow down with her.**

**I was in the bathroom on Thursday night before our trip, about to shave my legs and thinking about what I wanted to do with Brad Saturday night, when I heard a knock on the door. Mom and Dad had already gone to bed and Kavan and Kathryn had gone downstairs so I knew it had to be Kerry. I told him to come in.**

**He stuck his head in. "Is it OK if I come in? I need to pee and brush my teeth before I go to bed."**

**"Sure, Squirt, come on in, I'm just about to shave my legs and shower and then I'm going to bed too."**

**"Can I shower with you? Please?"**

**"OK, but don't get my hair wet. I just washed it last night and I don't want to have to dry it tonight."**

**He pulled off his sneakers the way he always does, toe on the heel and pull, and then repeat, at the same time he was taking off his shirt. He started taking off his jeans, lost his balance, and put one hand on my shoulder to keep from falling. He kept his hand on me and then kicked his jeans the rest of the way off, one leg at a time. He was wearing another pair of the little white briefs I'd bought him. I looked up at him and gave him a smile.**

**"How do you like them?" he asked. "Do they look OK?"**

**“They’re very nice, Kerry. Very sexy. You fill out the front very well. Turn around and let me see how your butt looks in them.”**

**He turned all the way around, very slowly, so I could see. He knew how he looked; he just wanted me to tell him. I put one finger on the bulge in front and stroked it.**

**“Does Leigh like the ones she’s got?” I asked.**

**“Yeah, she likes them. I’ve called her a few times before I go to sleep. She knows I’m jacking off and she says she puts my briefs on and does it too. I tried it with her panties on but it doesn’t work the same way for guys.”**

**“Don’t you think you’d better pee before you get a hard-on?” I teased.**

**“Oh! Yeah, I guess I should.”**

**He pulled his briefs off and dropped them in the pile with the rest of his clothes. I watched while he leaned over with his left hand on the wall behind the commode and took his dick in his right hand. I caught him just in time.**

**“Ahem!”**

**He looked at me and then down at the toilet. He lifted the seat and then got back in position. He gave me a big smile and then started peeing. As always, this was the one thing that made me wish I’d been born a boy - to be able to stand up and pee.**

**When he finished, he slid the foreskin up and down a couple of times, shook it, and then held it for me to admire.**

**“You’ve got a beautiful dick, Kerry.”**

**“Thanks. I love you too, Arial.”**

**“Do you know why you always pull your foreskin back when you pee?” I asked.**

**“Sure, it’s so my dick can see where to aim.”**

**“Do you know who taught you that?”**

**“Who?”**

**“Me.”**

**“Aw, come on, Ariel, I’ve always known it.”**

**“No, you haven’t. Mom used to let me help with you when you were a baby. I’ve changed your diapers lots of times. We started potty training you before you were two. When we started, your foreskin wouldn’t retract and you’d spray all over everything. Mom said little boys were like that sometimes and we shouldn’t force it back. It gradually started coming back by itself and that’s when I taught you.”**

**“I don’t remember that.”**

**“Well, you were only two and I was six. I remember.”**

**“I remember Dad teaching me to pull it back and wash when we’d take a bath together. He always told me to remember to wash behind my ears and I knew what he really meant.”**

**“I hope I have a little boy like you someday,” I said.**

**“Yeah, me too. But little girls are kinda nice too,” he said. “I do love you, Ariel.”**

**I looked up at his face. He wasn’t smiling and I knew he meant it. “I love you too, Kerry.”**

**I went back to shaving my legs. I’d already put about six inches of water in the tub so I eased down in the tub and stretched out my legs to let the hair get wet. I watched Kerry**

as he set the two-minute timer and then brushed his teeth. When he got through spitting, he rinsed and gave me a big toothy smile. I held up my pursed lips and he leaned over and gave me a kiss with just a touch of tongue. He tasted mint-fresh.

He stood watching as I lathered up one leg. When he picked up the razor, I guessed what he wanted to do.

“Can I do it?” he asked.

“Can you do it right?” I asked. “I don’t want any cuts.”

“I’ll be careful,” he said. He used that big grin on me. He knew I had a hard time resisting it.

I nodded and he got in the tub at the other end. When he finally got settled, I had one leg between his legs and he had my other leg holding it up in the air. My foot was against his dick and balls. His dick was soft but swollen. I wiggled my toes against it a little.

“Do I do it up or down?” he asked. He motioned with the razor, up the leg and then down.

“Do it up, very slowly. And rinse the razor every time.”

He did a very good job on my calf where most of the hair was. There wasn’t much on my thigh and it was fine and soft. He kept getting distracted when he shaved that part. I had to tell him to watch where he was shaving. When he finished one leg, he ran his hand up and down and nodded. “Smooth.”

I swapped legs with him and put my other foot against his dick and balls. It wasn’t soft anymore. It was sticking up out of the water with its head uncovered. Nice. He lathered up my other leg and then gave it a careful shaving too.

He stood up and held out his hands to me. I took them and let him pull me up. He turned, opened the drain to let the water out, and closed the shower curtain. I wanted to thank him so I gave him a hug. His hard-on was in the way so I just held it up against his stomach while we hugged.

After we showered, he wanted to dry me off. I let him and then returned the favor. I found the lotion for my legs and handed it to him. His smile got bigger and he squatted down and squirted lotion on one hand, rubbed his hands together, and rubbed my legs up and down.

“You didn’t shave that high, Kerry,” I told him when his hand rubbed the inside of my thigh.

“I know but you’re so soft and smooth there. I just like touching you.”

I liked it too so I didn’t stop him. When he stood up, he picked up one of the damp towels and folded it a couple of times. I watched when he put it on the counter top beside the sink. Then he surprised me. He put his hands on my waist, lifted me, and sat me down on the towel. I didn’t know he was that strong.

“Kerry, we don’t have time to do this,” I said. “We’re supposed to be in bed by now. You know we’ve got school tomorrow.”

“Please. I want to. I love you and I want to do something to make you feel good. We’ll both go to sleep quicker.”

He wasn’t even smiling when he said that. He was just looking directly in my eyes. It was enough to convince me.

I leaned back against the mirror with my hands on the edge of the counter top. He looked down to see how I was positioned, put his hands on my hips, and pulled me forward until I was where he wanted me. Then he folded another towel and put it on the floor in front of me. He gave me one

of his big grins and knelt down on it. That's when I closed my eyes.

He put my feet on his shoulders and then spread my knees apart. He had learned what Kathryn and I had been trying to teach him. He was very slow and very gentle. Sometimes I could hardly tell when his tongue was touching me. He licked up again and again and I could tell that my labia were separating and opening.

After a while, he put his hands sort of under my butt so that his thumbs were both pointed in. He used them to pull my pussy lips apart so I was really open to him. He knew that was the way I liked it, when he could get to the sensitive part between my vagina and my clitoris. I waited to see if he would do it right. He did.

He stuck his tongue out, hard, as far as he could, and used it to tongue-fuck me for a minute or so, trying to see how deep he could get his tongue in my vagina. After that, he just licked slowly and gently from there up to my clitoris until I thought I couldn't stand it anymore. I put my hands on his head and grabbed his hair. He knew what that meant. He concentrated on my clit then. He always said he had trouble finding it because it was so little but he always did.

Then he did something he'd never done before. He stuck one thumb in my pussy and worked it around until he got it slippery. I loved that while he was sucking my clit. But then he moved that thumb down a few inches and found my pink pucker. That's what he'd called it one time when he'd seen it when he went down on me. He started stroking it and sucking my clitoris at the same time. I couldn't help it. I started coming and trying to pull him bald headed at the same time.

He stood up and let my feet fall to the floor. I tried to stand but my legs didn't want to work right. He held me until my heart stopped pounding and my breathing slowed down and I could stand up by myself. That's when I realized his dick

was between my legs and pressing up against my pussy. It scared me and I pushed him back.

“Don’t, Kerry,” I said, “you can’t put it in me.”

He looked at me with a big frown on his face this time.

“I know that, Ariel,” he said. “I’m not that stupid. I wasn’t trying to.”

“We agreed we wouldn’t do that, didn’t we?”

“Yeah, we agreed. You don’t have to worry. I wouldn’t do that even if you were on the pill. I’d be crazy to try to do it when you’re not. I know Mom got pregnant with me when she was on the pill. When you have a baby, it won’t be mine.”

I remembered something nobody else knew except Mom and, of course, Dad, since I knew she told him everything.

“I am on the pill, Kerry. I’ve been taking it for over a month now. Mom took me to her doctor.”

He looked at me and another of his smiles crept over his face.

“You and Brad are going to do it, huh?”

“Maybe. About Thanksgiving Brad may have something to be thankful for.”

He gave me a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“I’m glad, Ariel. Brad’s a nice guy. I know he makes you happy and that’s what matters to me. Just let me know if I can help you with him.”

“OK, but right now I think I need to help you with something.”

**“Yeah, that would be nice.”**

**I positioned him in front of the bathroom sink. When I reached for the bottle of baby oil, he knew what I was going to do.**

**“I did Brad like this. He squirted over the sink and on the mirror.”**

**“Did you make him clean it up?”**

**“No, I did it. And I’ll clean it up for you this time if you shoot that far. But I want you to promise you’ll clean up every time you jack off in the sink from now on.”**

**“Sometimes I forget.”**

**“Yeah, sure you do.”**

**“OK, I promise.”**

**I coated his dick with the baby oil and stood behind him while I jacked him off. He was just like Brad. He kept grinning at me while I looked around his side and watched in the mirror. He shot just about as far as Brad but his wasn’t as white and heavy.**

**When he finally quieted down again, I pushed him to one side and ran the water to wash his little swimmers down the same way Brad’s had gone. Then I thought of one more little clean up detail I needed to take care of.**

**I squatted down and milked his dick a couple of times. One big drop came out and I licked it off. I looked up at him, swirled the last little bit around in my mouth, and then swallowed. He rewarded me with another big smile. I stood up and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.**

**“You taste good but the baby oil doesn’t. Maybe we should keep some olive oil in here.”**

**“Do you think that would work the same way?”**

**“I don’t see why not. Now, would you like to sleep with me?”  
I asked.**

**“Yeah, that’d be nice.”**

**“I said sleep, Kerry. That’s all.”**

**“OK.”**

**In bed, I made him turn over away from me. I spooned up behind him with my right leg over his, put my hand on his butt, and relaxed, ready to go to sleep. It was nice to be in warm and in bed with him with the comforter over us.**

**“Arial, have you and Brad done it yet? I mean oral sex,” he asked.**

**“Half yes, half no. I’ve given him a blowjob. He hasn’t gone down on me yet.”**

**“Why hasn’t he done it? Don’t you want him to?”**

**“Sure I want him to do it but I can’t ask him. If he does it, he’s the one who has to come up with the idea. He doesn’t know it but he’s not going to get another blow-job until he does.”**

**“I want Leigh to do it too but she’s not sure what she wants to. How can I get her to do it with me?”**

**“What do you mean? Do you want her to give you a blow-job or do you want to go down on her?”**

**“I mean both. You know I love to do it either way.”**

**“Why don’t you do what I’m doing? Just go down on her first and don’t ask for anything in return. Let her decide when she wants to do you.”**

**“Do you think that’d work?”**

**“I hope it works with Brad. I’m going to give him a good chance this Saturday night.”**

**He rolled over and pushed me over with my back to him. He wiggled up close to me, wrapped his arm around me, and put his hand on my breast. I knew he liked to go to sleep that way.**

**“Arial, sometime you put on some white panties and I’ll put on some white briefs and then let’s fool around. OK?”**

**“OK. I like you in those white briefs. That’d be nice.”**

**“I wish I could get you and Leigh in white panties and fool around with both of you.”**

**“Well, I’d like to get you and Brad in white briefs and play with both of you. Would you do that?”**

**“Sure.”**

**“Really? You mean it?”**

**“Yeah, I mean it.”**

**“Maybe after Thanksgiving. I’ll see if I can to figure out how to get him to do it.”**

**“OK.”**

**“Mom asked me to go to the outlet mall with her tomorrow night. Those all cotton briefs he wears don’t stretch and they look uncomfortable. Do you think he’d like some briefs like I bought you?”**

**“They’re the next best thing to nothing.”**

**“I’ll get you and him some of the same kind.”**

**“Arial, shut up and go to sleep.”**

**“OK.”**

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**By Saturday, Brad and Kavan had made all the arrangements for us to take Professor Johnson to the cave on the Freeloft property.**

**Kavan cleared it with Lauren since she’d bought the property and then went and talked to Mrs. Freeloft about the cave. She’d been in it a few times with her husband and she remembered lots about it, even if her husband couldn’t.**

**Brad told Professor Johnson how to find the road leading to the Freeloft property. He agreed to meet us at nine o’clock on the top of the hill where Lauren’s new house was being constructed. Brad said he’d bring carbide lamps and flashlights and hard-hats for everybody. He said we had to wear jeans with a sweatshirt and our sturdiest boots.**

**Kathryn and I agreed to bring lunch and we just got bread and salami and cheese at Ippolito’s Deli and then got fruit at the supermarket. Kavan said he’d get water from the well that served the Freeloft house and Lauren’s construction site.**

**Kerry invited Leigh and Brad said he’d be glad to pick her up on the way to the Freeloft property.**

**Kavan and Kathryn left about eight o’clock in his truck so they could visit with the Freelofts for a while until the rest of us arrived. Mom sent them a loaf of banana-nut bread and a pound of the coffee she likes.**

Brad arrived a few minutes after they left in his Jeep. I had all the food packed in two back-backs so it would be easy to carry and Kerry and I were ready to go. I offered to sit in the back so Kerry could sit up front but he wanted to get in the back. I wondered why because I knew he liked to sit up front. Then I remembered we were going to pick up Leigh. She was really cute when we picked her up. She had on boots with her jeans, a big sweatshirt, and a baseball cap. She almost looked like a boy.

We drove up to the Freeloft's house a few minutes before nine and Professor Johnson wasn't there. Mrs. Freeloft invited us all in to visit with her and her husband. She said he was having a good day and could tell us about the cave. Kavan and Kathryn were sitting around the kitchen table talking with him. Brad and Leigh had never met them and I'd already explained that Mr. Freeloft had memory problems.

Professor Johnson arrived and Brad introduced him as Doctor Johnson since he had a Ph.D. He looked like an older college student and was dressed the same way we were. We were all headed down the hill toward the cave a few minutes later.

Professor Johnson got real excited when he saw the area in front of the cave. It didn't look like anything special to me but he said it was an Indian midden, the garbage dump for people who once lived in the cave. He scratched around in the dirt and found mussel shells and pottery and lots of tiny broken pieces of flint. He said he guessed somebody made a lot of arrowheads while sitting near the opening to the cave.

When we went inside the cave, he said the cave was cut by the river when it was at a higher level, dissolving its way through limestone rock layers. That was hard for me to believe since the cave was now well above the river level. Inside the cave, he found flint nodules and he said they were raw materials for arrowheads. He even told us where the flint probably came from. We explored for maybe an hour

before the passageways become too narrow. Professor Johnson said experienced spelunkers might be able to go lots farther but it was too risky for inexperienced cavers. We turned around and were almost back to the entrance when I slipped and fell.

At first I thought the only thing hurt was my dignity. But when Brad held out his hand and helped me up, pain shot through my ankle and I almost fell again. Brad caught me and held me up. I stood there until the pain quieted down. I didn't think it was bad but I knew I'd injured it a little.

Brad and Kavan made a carry-seat with their arms and then carried me out of the cave. They let me try to stand again and my ankle was still painful but not really bad enough to make me cry. They sat me down on the Indian midden and Brad told me to let Dr. Johnson take a look at it. He said he'd had first-aid training and he treated a lot of the spelunkers. Brad took my boot off and Dr. Johnson examined my ankle. He said he didn't think it was anything to worry about but he'd be able to tell better after an hour or so.

While we ate lunch, Dr. Johnson said the cave would be a great place to excavate to see when Indians had lived in it and what their life had been like. He didn't really give us a lecture but he answered all our questions about Indians and caves and archaeology. When Kerry said something about Neanderthal man living in central European caves about thirty thousand years ago, he explained how the shells could tell how long ago the Indians had used the cave. I could see why Brad found it all so fascinating.

After about an hour, Dr. Johnson checked my ankle again. He said he didn't see any swelling or any discoloration and he thought it would be OK in a day or so. Brad put my boot back on me and I tried to stand again. I could stand OK but when I tried to walk, it hurt just a little. Brad was worried about me and kept saying he was responsible but he really wasn't.

I told him I could climb up the hill and walk to the Freeloft's house but he wanted to carry me. I told him he couldn't carry me that far but he insisted he could. I finally gave in because I guess I wanted him to do it. I got on his back and he carried me up the hill with only a couple of rest stops. At the top of the hill, I tried to walk but my ankle still caused too much pain. Brad convinced Professor Johnson that he didn't have to stay and he left. The rest of us lay around under a huge sweet gum tree for a while and then Brad carried me to the car.

When we got home, I told Brad to drive around behind the house so we could go in through the basement and get rid of our muddy clothes and boots. Mom came down when she heard us come in. When she saw me hobbling, I told her what had happened. Brad took my boots off and she looked at it. There was still no swelling or discoloration so she agreed with Dr. Johnson that it was just a minor sprain.

We all had mud from the cave on our jeans and sweatshirts so Mom told us to take them off downstairs. She said we could bathe and stay in sweat suits until she washed and dried our jeans. Everybody's boots were muddy and Brad said it was best just to let them air dry for a few days and then brush the dried dirt off.

We all started taking off our clothes except for Leigh. Mom could see that she wasn't comfortable getting naked like the rest of us and offered to take her upstairs and let her undress and bathe by herself. Kerry started pleading with her. Brad told her how difficult it had been for him the first time he got naked with us and how much he enjoyed it after that. She decided she could do it, turned her back, I don't know why, and took off her clothes.

I'd always thought Kerry's little-boy butt was beautiful but Leigh's little-girl butt was just as beautiful. She was still slim like a boy and hadn't started getting a woman's rear yet. She had little girl breasts too, hardly more than a handful. She had more pubic hair than Kerry did though.

Kavan went over to the shower and started the water. Kathryn said she wished she could soak in a tub because she was aching in muscles she didn't know she had. Kerry asked Mom if we could use the Jacuzzi in her bathroom. Mom looked around at the six of us and told Kerry what he should have known - that we wouldn't all fit. He said he didn't care, that it would be fun to try.

We tried and I guess Mom was right. Kavan and Kathryn got on the wider end side by side. Brad and I got on the narrow end and I had to sit on his legs. I guess I was sitting on his dick too but for once it didn't get hard. Kerry tried to get in the middle without breaking somebody's legs and then Leigh tried to get in the middle facing him. We got most of all twelve legs and butts under water. It was kind of nice with the hot water swirling all around.

Kerry started calling Mom and Dad, telling them to come and see. Leigh tried to shush him but he wouldn't stop. Mom and Dad came and just stood looking at us. Dad just shook his head like he couldn't believe it and then left. Mom put a big stack of towels on the counter and then left too.

We had a lot of fun drying each other off. Kerry did it again and, as he always says, popped a boner. He had to show it off and got a smile from all of us, including Leigh. I think she was getting a little more comfortable being around us. Kavan and Brad managed to keep their dicks under control at least part way.

We all got dressed in sweat suits again. Kavan and I got some of the heavy white socks we like to wear around the house for Brad and Leigh so none of us had to put on sneakers. I was putting on my socks when I realized my ankle had almost quit hurting.

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17;  
Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12**

**Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Arial Stuart**

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**(ARIAL)**

**After the trip to the cave and then playing in the Jacuzzi, I was starved. I didn't know what we were going to feed three hungry guys if they ate like they usually do. Dad was already accusing Kerry of having a hollow leg, the same thing he's said about Kavan for years. Maybe Brad had one too.**

**When we went in the family room, Mom said we were having garbage spaghetti for dinner and asked who wanted to help fix it. Brad and Leigh looked at her like she was crazy so I explained what it was.**

**It was Kerry who had named it garbage spaghetti. Once we'd included a can of garbanzo beans in the ingredients and so he'd deliberately called it garbage spaghetti. It was really just spaghetti with a lot of different things each person could add to their serving. We usually had Italian sausage, pepperoni, red sauce, sautéed mushrooms and onions and peppers, olives, grated cheese, artichoke hearts, and, of course, garbanzo beans. Everybody just helped themselves to the cooked spaghetti and then put their choice of other stuff on top of that.**

**It would have been crowded with all eight of us eating around the kitchen table but Dad made Mom sit with us and he ate standing up. Kavan and Brad and Kerry all had a big**

plate with so much on it I didn't believe they could eat it all. Brad cleaned up his and then, when I didn't want all of mine, he gave me his empty plate and finished off the rest of my serving.

After dinner, Kavan and Kathryn volunteered to go with Kerry to take Leigh home. Brad and I helped Mom and Dad clean the kitchen and then we went in the family room. Brad sat down in the big red Queen Anne chair. When I pushed his feet apart and sat down on the floor between his legs, he put his hands on my shoulders. Mom and Dad took the couch.

We talked about the cave and Brad and I told them what we'd seen and what Professor Johnson had told us about it. Mom asked about the Freelofts and we told them Mr. Freeloft was having a good day with his memory and had even told us stuff about the cave. I'd been trying to make up my mind about something else and finally I decided what I wanted to do.

"Mom and Dad," I said, "Brad's not sleeping on the living room couch tonight. He's sleeping with me."

I couldn't see Brad's face but I guess he wasn't expecting me to tell my parents before telling him. He squeezed my shoulders.

"Arial, maybe they don't want me to sleep with you," he said.

"Brad, on Sunday morning after our hiking trip, I found you two asleep together on the living room couch," Mom said. "I didn't kill you for that, did I?"

"Well, I was afraid you would when I went in the kitchen for breakfast."

"Brad, Siobhan and I both started being sexually active when we were about your age," Dad said. "We're not ashamed of it and you shouldn't be either. We know what you and Arial are

going through. We trust Arial to be careful and she says we can trust you. We just think both of you are safer here in our own home than you are parked out somewhere in the woods. Kavan and Kathryn lost their virginity to each other in the bedroom in the basement. I'm glad they trusted us enough to do that."

"Arial, honey," Mom said, "I thought you were going to wait to have intercourse until after you'd been on contraception for a couple of months. It's only been a little over a month."

"Oh, we are going to wait a couple of months for that, Mom," I said. "We're just doing everything else but that right now. We can still have lots of fun doing other stuff."

I guess that was pretty well opened the door to talking honestly about sex. We sat for a while with Mom and Dad and talked about how they felt about sex and how they always wanted to be honest with us about it. I guess Brad finally began to believe it was OK for him to make love with me and that they wanted us to enjoy the same things they did.

Kavan and Kathryn and Kerry finally came back. Kerry had asked if he could stay with Leigh and her parents for a few minutes. Kavan wanted to go pick up something for his truck so he'd given Kerry a half-hour to visit. Now Kerry wanted to do something on the computer as usual and he disappeared.

Kavan and Kathryn sat down on the love seat and joined in the discussion. I could still see that Brad found it hard to believe the way my family was about sex. Kavan told Brad that he and Kathryn had fooled around and eventually made love in the basement bedroom. Kathryn told him how she and Kavan had started out by using their hands and had then tried oral sex. I think Brad almost choked when he heard Kavan talk about how much he liked doing it to her. Dad had to tell how upset he'd been when he learned that Kavan had tried pulling out the first time he'd made love with Kathryn.

He said he hoped Brad and I wouldn't try that unless we wanted to be parents.

When Mom and Dad decided to go to bed, they told Brad what they'd be probably be doing and it wasn't just missionary-position intercourse. Kavan and Kathryn said they were going to follow their example and went downstairs. I stood up and held out my hand to Brad. He just sat looking at me, shaking his head.

"I know," I said, "my family's going to take some getting used to."

I took him by the hand and led him to my bedroom. I turned down the old quilt I liked so much and then the blanket and started to get undressed. Brad just stood watching me.

"Don't you want to sleep with me," I asked. I took off my sweatshirt while I waited for an answer. As usual when I was home, I didn't have on a brassiere. His eyes locked on my breasts and he stood silent for a minute or so, still looking at me. I guess he was trying to decide what to say.

"Arial, I love you," he finally said, and pulled his sweatshirt over his head.

"You don't have to say that, Brad. You can sleep with me without telling me that." I took off my jeans. His eyes locked on my white panties, the ones I'd chosen just for him.

"Don't you want me to say it? I want to say it whether I sleep with you or not." He hopped around on one foot and then the other, getting his jeans off. He had on his usual white jockeys.

"Yes, Brad," I smiled at him. "I want you to say it. But I'm not going to automatically say the same thing back to you every time. I'm going to wait and say it when I want to. And when I do, don't say 'I love you' back."

**“Sheez, Ariel, you’re hard to figure out sometimes.”**

**“Get used to it, Brad. It’s gonna be like that the rest of your life.”**

**I could tell he was surprised when I said that.**

**“Do you think we could, you know, really be together the rest of our lives?”**

**“Maybe. I’ve been thinking about us. I think it’d be kind of nice to have you around for the rest of my life.”**

**I heard a noise in the adjoining bathroom and I knew it was Kerry, doing his usual pee and brush routine. I took Brad’s hand, opened the bathroom door, and we walked in on Kerry.**

**Kerry had on long navy-blue thermal underwear and was leaning over the commode, one hand on the wall, the other holding his dick. As usual, he had just pulled the waistband down and tucked it under his balls. He had lifted the seat so maybe there was hope for him. He turned and looked at us when we walked in but he kept peeing.**

**“Oh, hi, Ariel. Hi, Brad,” he said. He finally finished, shook his dick then milked it down a couple of times as usual, and tucked it back in his underwear.**

**“You go ahead and pee and I’ll find you a toothbrush,” I told Brad. “I think there’re some extras in the cabinet.”**

**He looked at me with that disbelieving look again. “Damn, Ariel, I can’t pee with you in here.”**

**“Brad, I’ve got a father and two brothers. I’ve seen them naked all my life. I’ve seen them pee lots of times. Do you do it any differently?”**

He shook his head, grinned at me, and did it. He didn't fish his dick out through the fly of his jockeys; he just pushed them down in front, pulled it up and out, and peed. He didn't do it differently. Kerry had pulled his underwear down in front too instead of pulling his dick out through the fly. Brad even shook his a few times and milked it down more than really necessary. Men! I guess they're all the same.

I handed Brad a toothbrush, sat down on the commode, and peed. I noticed both of them watching me. I rolled TP around my hand, patted dry, and stuck my tongue out at both of them when I stood up. I started to leave my panties off, decided it would be more fun to let Brad take them off later, and pulled them back up.

I set the two-minute timer and we all three brushed, spit, and rinsed. Kerry started to leave and I grabbed his arm. I found the mouthwash, took a swig, handed it to Brad, and he passed it on to Kerry. We stood looking at each other, trying not to grin, while we swished it around and then spit again.

"Get used to it, yeah," Brad said. "Your family's given me a hell of a lot to get used to."

Kerry puckered up his lips for a kiss so I gave it to him, including a touch of clean fresh tongue. Brad's mouth was hanging open so I used my fingers to close it into a pucker and then gave him a kiss and a little tongue too.

"Brad, do you mind if Kerry comes in my bedroom for a minute?" I asked. "I want him to give me report on Leigh. And I bought you both something at the outlet mall last night."

"Arial, it's your bedroom," he said. "I guess you can do what you want in it, can't you?"

I looked at him, trying to decide whether he meant I could do what I wanted in general or what I wanted to do with him. I decided to find out.

**“Can I really do whatever I want - with you, Brad?”**

**He understood how open-ended his question had been. “I wasn’t thinking about that, Ariel. I don’t know enough about women in general and you in particular to know what to do. You’re hard to figure out sometimes.”**

**“Brad, just do what you want to do with Ariel,” Kerry said. “If you kiss her all over, it’ll be what she wants before you’re through. I’ll bet she’d love to have you kiss the inside of her thighs; I hear girls like that.”**

**I made a mental note to show Kerry my appreciation for making that suggestion to Brad. Maybe if Brad picked up on it, I’d do Kerry a real favor. He knew I liked it when he did it.**

**“I bought you both something at the outlet mall last night,” I said. “Would you try them on?”**

**“What?” they both asked.**

**“Some underwear. I got you both some new underwear. They’re a cotton and lycra rib knit,” I said. “The fabric will stretch and be a lot more comfortable than those all-cotton briefs you wear, Brad. They’ve got a nice comfortable waistband.”**

**Brad looked down at his jockeys. “What’s wrong with these?”**

**“This,” I said, and pulled his briefs down at the waist. His skin was red all around his stomach and hips where the waistband had rubbed.**

**“And this.” I pulled his briefs up at one leg. There was a red stripe all around his leg where the leg opening was too tight.**

**“Take those things off,” I said. “And you too, Kerry. Take those long-handle things off. They’re ugly.” They really weren’t; he was beautiful in them as usual.**

**“Aw, come on, Arial,” he said. “I like to sleep in them. When I kick the cover off, they keep me warm.”**

**“You can put them back on before you go to bed.”**

**Brad looked at Kerry. Kerry pulled his top over his head and off, slid the bottoms down his legs, and kicked them loose. His dick wasn’t hard but it looked warm and full.**

**We both looked at Brad. He finally pulled his briefs down and threw them on the bed. His dick was about like Kerry’s except bigger. Without the briefs, his balls were hanging down so low his dick was kind of nestled between them. I liked his equipment when it was like that: his penis swollen but soft, his balls hanging down low, and the whole package looking so warm and nice.**

**I picked up the bag on my desk and shook the small packages out onto the bed. I’d gotten all white for them: two skimpy low-rise briefs that didn’t even have a fly and two long boxer-briefs that went half way down the thigh and had a pouch type opening.**

**I tried to tear open one of the low-rise packages but couldn’t. I handed it to Brad.**

**“Anything new with Leigh, Kerry?” I asked.**

**Brad tore the plastic with his teeth and then ripped it open with his fingers. He handed it to me. I looked and saw it was the smaller size I’d gotten for Kerry. I handed it to him and gave the other one to Brad.**

**“Nah, nothing much new,” Kerry said. “She likes it when I get my mouth on her breasts. I like it when she jacks me off. I think she’s about ready to let me get my tongue in her**

**pussy. I'm trying to convince her to let me go down on her. Maybe she'll return the favor."**

**Brad tore the other package open and handed it to me. I checked it. It was his size. I handed it back to him and sat down in the chair at my desk.**

**"She seems like a sweet girl," I said. "I hope you don't do anything to hurt her."**

**"I won't, Arial," he said. "I told you she's a virgin and I'm not going to try to fuck her. We're just having fun fooling around with each other."**

**"Well, just don't fool around too much. You're old enough to get her pregnant now and nobody wants that."**

**Brad was just standing there with his briefs in his hands listening to me and Kerry while we talked.**

**"Well, come on," I said. "Put them on. I want to see how you look."**

**Kerry slid his up and on in no time. They were about the same as the three-pack I'd bought him before. Brad held his up in front of his face and stretched them out a little as though he couldn't believe he could get in those little things.**

**"Well, come on, put them on," I said.**

**"Arial, I can't wear these things. I'm too big. They look good on Kerry but my butt's too big."**

**"Brad, you've got a cute little butt and you need to let me decide whether they look good on you. You just decide if they're comfortable."**

**He gave a deep sign, then put his feet in, and pulled them up. They weren't tight. They stretched and looked like they'd be**

very comfortable. They didn't hide much either. Both of them had quite a nice package in front.

"How do they feel?" I asked.

"About the closest to naked I've ever felt," he answered.

"They look good on you too," I said.

I looked back and forth from Brad to Kerry. They both looked sexy in the low-rise briefs. Some of Brad's pubic hair was sticking up between his briefs and his navel and the rest made a dark shadow under the briefs.

I looked back and forth again and wondered why they had done something different. Brad's dick was pointed straight down in front and curved around with his balls and I couldn't even see the head of it. Kerry's dick was pointed up at an angle off to one side and I could clearly see the head of his. Looking at it from underneath, it looked like an arrow at the head.

"Come here," I said, "both of you."

They both walked over a few steps and stood in front of me. I put one finger under the leg opening of Brad's briefs and pulled a little. They really did stretch easily and I figured they'd move with him and wouldn't cause those ugly red marks.

I put a finger under the waistband of Kerry's and pulled a little. They seemed like a good fit on him. I checked the fit around the leg and that seemed good too. I turned back to Brad.

"Turn around," I told him.

He turned and I inspected his butt. He really didn't have much of a butt. It wasn't rounded and soft like Kathryn's or Mom's. It looked hard and muscular and sort of square-like.

I patted his behind and pulled his hand to make him turn around again. When he did I used my fingertips to trace down the shaft of his dick and then cupped his whole package in the palm of my hand. His dick felt so firm I wondered how he could bend it down and back like that.

“Why do you and Kerry do it differently?” I asked.

Brad looked at Kerry. “Huh, do what differently? What do you mean?”

“Well, your dick’s pointed straight down; Kerry’s is pointed up and off to one side.”

Brad looked at Kerry’s dick and then looked down at his own, as though he didn’t know where his was. I knew Kerry had kept his pointed down for as long as I could remember while he was growing up. I didn’t know why it was different now.

“I don’t know,” Brad said. “I guess I’ve always done it like this.”

“I like it like this,” Kerry said. “I saw some guys do theirs like this when they were getting dressed in the shower at school. I know one of the guys, Jerry Scott, and he’s one I can talk to. I asked him why he did it and he said it was because the girls liked it. I decided I’d try it too.”

“Well, do they like it?” I asked.

“Jerry’s girlfriend does. And some of the girls she runs with. I was standing in the hall after lunch the other day, looking at girls, and I got a hard-on. They came by and looked at me and started giggling. I saw where they were looking. I’ll bet Jerry told her.”

I reached over and stroked Kerry’s dick through his briefs. It wasn’t far from being hard.

**“Well, you’ve got a very nice one, Kerry. Let them look all they want to.”**

**“If you’re talking about Susan Rogers,” Brad said, “just don’t let her get her hands on it. I hear she’s had more than her fingers on quite a few.”**

**“I don’t know her name,” Kerry said. “I don’t like the way she dresses anyway. She looks kind of cheap. Arial dresses classy. I like her style better.”**

**“Well, I guess it doesn’t matter which way you put it,” I said. “Both of you look good enough to eat anyway.”**

**“Arial,” Brad moaned, “you aren’t supposed to talk like that.”**

**I was surprised. “And why not Brad? Guys say it about girls all the time. I’ve heard more than one guy say it about me. And that’s one of the nicer things I’ve heard.”**

**“Well, I don’t talk like that about the girls at school,” he said.**

**I believed him because I never had heard him talk about anybody except in nice ways. I thought maybe it was about time he said it.**

**“Brad, look at me.”**

**He looked at my face first and held my eyes. I nodded down and he shifted his gaze to my breasts. I could tell when he looked lower down at my white panties.**

**“Say it,” I said.**

**He looked at my face again. He knew what I meant.**

**“You look good enough to eat, Arial.”**

**“Thank you, Brad,” I said. “That’s a nice compliment. I just hope you mean it.”**

**“If you two love birds are going to coo at each other, I’m going to bed,” Kerry said.**

**“Wait a minute,” I said and tore my eyes away from Brad’s. “I want you both to try on the other briefs I got you.”**

**Since the first ones were called low-rise, I guess the second ones were regular or high-rise briefs. On Kerry, the waistband was almost to his navel. On Brad, they were a little lower. But the part I liked was the mid-thigh length. I knew they’d be more comfortable on Brad and wouldn’t bind around the hips.**

**“Now, both of you, take your dicks out,” I said.**

**“Huh,” was all Brad said.**

**“Come here,” was all I said.**

**He walked over to me. I reached down through the horizontal fly, grasped his dick near the base, and pulled it up and out. He backed away from me and flinched but his dick was out.**

**“Damn, Arial, you’ll break it off like that.” It was almost distended and, as I watched, it slowly lifted its head and looked at me.**

**“I’m sorry. I don’t usually do that, Brad. And I did ask you to do it for me.”**

**“Well, you aren’t going to break mine off,” Kerry said, and pulled his out. It was about like Brad’s, almost engorged and ready to stand up, and it too slowly lifted up.**

**“Now, put them back in,” I said.**

**“Shit, Arial, make up your mind,” Kerry said. He bent over a little, poked his butt back, and pulled on the fabric of his briefs so they slid up the shaft of his dick and over the head. His dick was pointed straight up and the briefs barely covered the head. He really did look good enough to eat.**

**“Shit, yeah, that’s the word. Arial, do you want it in or out?” Brad said. He followed Kerry’s example. One difference. His dick was pointed straight up and the tip of the head was poking out of the waistband. He looked just as good to eat, just a little bigger meal.**

**I stood up from the chair and motioned to Brad. “Sit down here.” He sat. The entire head of his dick was sticking out just at his navel.**

**“Now, you see, these have got to be more comfortable than those old style ones you’ve been wearing,” I said. “They don’t bind around your hips when you’re sitting. They can’t leave marks on you.”**

**Brad sat in the chair and stared at me.**

**“Arial, if I married you, would you take care of me like this?” he said.**

**“Like what?” I asked. I hadn’t done anything special. I’d helped Mom pick out underwear for Dad and Kavan and Kerry as long as I could remember. I knew what Dad and Kavan wore and they looked good enough to eat too.**

**“Picking out my clothes and my underwear, pulling my dick out for me, stuff like that.”**

**“She’s always been like that, Brad,” Kerry said. “I like for her to help me shop. She knows stuff about clothes I’ll never know. I don’t want her pulling my dick out though. I don’t want some girl breaking it off before I get a chance to break it in.”**

**“Well, I like having somebody buy something for me,” Brad said. “My Mom and Dad never worry about what I wear. They just throw money at me and tell me to go buy something. They’re always too busy to shop with me.”**

**I went over to Brad, hugged his head up against my breasts, and kissed him on the top of the head. He put his arms around my hips and held me close.**

**“I guess I’m a normal woman, Brad,” I said. “I like to take care of my men.”**

**“Well, I’m just a normal horny kid,” Kerry said. “I’m going jack off in the bathroom and then go to bed.”**

**He hesitated for a second or two. He was cute with his dick pointed straight up above his little pouch of testicles. White briefs looked good on him again, even mid-thigh style. He picked up his thermal underwear from the floor.**

**“That is, unless you two want me to stay and help you.”**

**Brad stood up and put his arm around my shoulders. “Not tonight, Kerry. Maybe I can figure out what to do with Arial by myself. Maybe some other night.”**

**Kerry looked at me and then at Brad. “Well, OK, then. Just make sure you’re good to my sister, Brad.” He turned, went in the bathroom, and shut the door.**

**Brad started to take off the new briefs but I caught his arm and stopped him.**

**“Keep them on,” I said.**

**“Why? I don’t want to sleep in them.”**

**“You won’t,” I said. “I just think it’d be more fun if you let me take them off. And you can take off my panties after we get in bed.”**

**I don't think his grin could have possibly gotten any bigger. Maybe mine couldn't have either.**

**With no warning, he scooped me up in those long arms of his and swept my feet off the floor. I held on the only way I could - with my arms around his neck. He held me for a minute or so, just standing still, breathing heavily, looking at me, then carried me over to the bed and put me gently down. I scooted over to the other side and patted the side I'd just left. He lay down beside me.**

**"Oh, poo," I said. "We forgot to turn out the lights."**

**He looked up at the ceiling light and then back at me.**

**"Can't we just leave it on? I'd like to see you."**

**"Just turn out the top light and turn on the one beside the bed," I said. "Is that OK?"**

**He rolled over, turned on the bedside light, jumped up, turned out the overhead light at the wall switch, and was back in bed with me - in probably less than five seconds. I guess it was OK with him. He lay down on the bed beside me on his back, looked around the room, bounced his butt on the bed a couple of times, - I guess he was checking to see how noisy it was - and turned on his side toward me.**

**"Come here," he said.**

**He stretched out his arm toward me and I moved closer until my head was on the shoulder of one arm. He turned slightly to face me and pulled me closer. I nudged his legs apart with my knee and he let me put my leg over one of his and then put his other leg over mine. He put his big hands on my back and pulled me closer and I felt my breasts press up against his chest. He pulled again and I felt something hard pressing against my stomach. He gave a deep sigh and kissed me on my forehead.**

**“What do you want, little boy?” I whispered.**

**“This, just to hold you,” he whispered back**

**“It is nice.”**

**“It’s more than nice; it’s what I’ve been wanting to do all day.”**

**“Really?”**

**“Yeah, I wanted to be close to you like this, to feel you against me, just to be quiet and to hold you. When we were lying around under the sycamore tree, I thought about holding you like this.”**

**“I love you, Brad.”**

**He didn’t automatically answer and I was glad. I wanted to say it and I didn’t want him to say it until he felt it the same way I did. He just kissed me on the forehead again and that was enough of a response. His fingers started sliding gently up and down my spine.**

**“Is it really OK for me to do what I want with you?” he asked.**

**I thought about it before I answered. “Yes, Brad, what ever you want to do. If you can wait ten more days, until Thanksgiving, you can do it without a condom. If you want to do it tonight, it’s probably safe, but maybe you ought to use one.”**

**“That’s not what I meant,” he said. “I want to wait ‘til Thanksgiving for that. I guess I like the idea of not being in a hurry, of waiting ‘til we can do it without using a rubber. I was thinking of something else I want to do first.”**

**“What?”**

**“You do look good enough to eat.”**

**“Silly. If you really want to do that, then do it.”**

**“OK.”**

**He pushed me back away from him, on my back, leaned over, and found my mouth with his. I opened to him. His big hand covered my right breast for a moment and then his thumb and finger teased my nipple. I put my hand behind his head and held him.**

**When he was ready, his hand moved from my breast down between my thighs. He cupped his fingers over my mound and just held me there. His mouth moved from mine down to my breast, my breasts, as he moved from one to the other, alternately sucking both nipples into hardness.**

**When he was ready again, he moved over me and nudged my legs apart with his knee. He trailed kisses down over my stomach and I held my breath as he moved further down with his face between my thighs. I suppose he remembered Kerry’s suggestion. He started kissing the inside of my thighs, first one side and then the other, moving close to the juncture but never quite kissing there. I felt the warm wetness of his tongue on my thighs. I wondered when he was going to take my panties off.**

**He was in no hurry to do that. He finally kissed me there, on the thin strip of my panties that covered my pussy. I wondered if there was a wet spot there; I knew I’d been aroused enough for the last half hour or so. I heard him take some deep breaths and then felt his tongue on the fabric of my panties. I wanted so much for him to take them off but I waited for him to do it. Finally, he caught the fabric on both sides with his fingers.**

**“Lift your butt up,” he whispered.**

I did as he said and he slid my panties down my legs, moved to one side while I brought my legs together, pulled them off, moved back between my legs, and got back in the same position. I waited for him to start again but nothing happened. I looked down and his face was about a foot away from my pussy. He was looking at me.

“You’re beautiful here too, Ariel. I’ve never seen a girl like this before. It does look good enough to eat.”

I didn’t say anything. I just waited for him to decide what he wanted to do.

“I’ve never done this before. Will you tell me if I’m doing it right?”

“I don’t think there’s a wrong way, Brad. Just do what you want to.”

I guess he did. At first, all I could feel was the tip of his tongue ever so softly moving up and down on my labia. I shut my eyes and surrendered to it. I could tell when the lips on my pussy began to separate and he licked me on the more sensitive flesh just inside. I could tell when they spread apart like little butterfly wings, as Kerry described them, when I was really aroused. He brought his tongue up to the joining of my labia and licked me there.

“Where is it?” he said.

“It’s there, Brad, just keep doing that.”

I reached down with both hands and used my fingers to pull apart and up slightly. I knew that would usually let my clitoris creep out from under its hood. It did. His tongue on it was almost too much. He slowly and gently slid one finger into me while he kept licking at my clit.

“Put your finger in deeper,” I whispered. “Curl it up and rub me there.”

**He did. It was perfect. I knew I was going to come but I was in no hurry. I didn't tense my hip and stomach muscles like I usually do when I'm doing myself. I just relaxed and let him do it while it gradually built and built. When it happened it was almost strange, starting out in little ripples that fluttered around and around and then suddenly grabbed everything in one strong contraction after another.**

**When I finally became conscious of who I was and where I was again, I opened my eyes and looked at Brad. He was on his knees still between my legs, looking down at me. His lips and chin were wet and glistening in the light from the bedside lamp. I held my arms wide to him.**

**“Come kiss me.”**

**Being held and touched and kissed before was nice. Being held and touched and kissed after was even nicer. I could feel his cock against my hip, hot and hard. He seemed content to wait his turn while he played with my breasts and nuzzled against my neck and ear.**

**“Did I do it OK?”**

**“You did it more than OK, love. Are you sure you haven't been doing it for years?”**

**“Just been thinking about it since I met you.”**

**I reached down between our bodies and felt his hard-on where he was pressing against me. When I touched it with my thumb, on the wrinkled circle of his foreskin at the tip, it was wet and slippery all over.**

**“Did you come already?”**

**“No, it's just drooling, thinking about it.”**

**I cupped my fingers around the soft mound where his balls were held together by his briefs. I pushed one of them around and then felt it slowly creep back to the same place.**

**“Are you ready for me to do you?”**

**“No.”**

**“No?”**

**“Do you mean suck me off?”**

**“Yes. Don’t you want me to?”**

**“No, not now. It’s like saying I love you.”**

**“What? I don’t understand.”**

**“You don’t want me to say I love you back when you tell me you love me. Well, I don’t want you to give me a blowjob just because I went down on you. I don’t want to swap like that.**

**“Well, what do you want me to do?”**

**“Nothing unless you want to and then whatever you want to do.”**

**“Whatever I want to do?”**

**“Yes.”**

**I pulled down on the fabric on the sides of his briefs and waited for him to lift his butt off the bed. When he did, I pulled his new briefs down his legs. His feet were hanging off the bottom of the bed. I finally got them off him and dropped them on the floor.**

**“You’re sure? Anything I want?”**

**“Yeah, just no blow-job.”**

I fluffed up both pillows and put them up against the headboard of the bed. He watched me and, when I nodded, he moved up and put his head on the pillows. I picked up one hand, put it on his stomach just below his rib cage, picked up the other, and put it on top of the first.

“Shut your eyes and keep your hands just like that, OK?”

He nodded OK so I moved down on the bed so that my head was close to his dick. I propped up on one elbow and reached over with my other hand to his dick and balls. What could I do? I let my fingernails trail around on his balls while I thought. There wasn't much hair on them but what was there was crinkly and stiff. It was funny. His scrotum or something would almost draw his balls away from my fingertips. Every time I touched them his dick would lift up and away from his stomach. It was like it was doing pushups. I couldn't help but grin.

Brad's foreskin was long. At least I guess it was but I'm no expert on men's dicks even if I have seen all the guys in my family and a bunch of relatives and others at the cabin. Even when his dick was hard, the foreskin covered the head unless somebody pulled it back, like I was doing. If I slid it forward, it covered the head and then there was a wrinkled circle of skin at the end. The head and the circle were all wet with his drool. I decided what I wanted to do, if I could just make it work. If it worked with my finger, maybe it would work with my tongue.

I leaned over him, pulled the skin on his dick up tight until I saw the little circle of skin again, then leaned over and put my mouth over the end. I gave him just a minute to get used to it and then pushed down with my tongue until I felt that little circle of skin open. I moved my tongue around the head and tasted the sweet drool and just kept my tongue going in circles around the head of his dick and under the foreskin. It did work after all.

**“Shhhittt, Ariel, you’re driving me crazy,” Brad said. “Where did you learn to do something like that?”**

**I stopped and took my mouth off. “I just made it up; do you like it?”**

**“You’ve got to stop. I’m going to give you a mouthful. Just use your hand, OK?”**

**“OK, want me to get the baby oil?”**

**“Yeah, I like that.”**

**I rolled off the bed and went in the bathroom. The door was just slightly ajar. When I turned on the light, the room was empty. I didn’t catch Kerry listening or watching like I expected. Maybe he was just fast enough to get away. The sink was wet but clean. The baby oil was sitting out on the counter again.**

**I wet a washcloth, grabbed a towel and the baby oil, and went back to Brad. He was lying back on the pillows with his hands behind his head and his legs slightly spread. I moved between his legs and got on my knees. He was watching me with a big grin on his face.**

**I squeezed a trail of baby oil from the head of his dick down the shaft to his balls. I handed the bottle to him and he put it on the nightstand. When he looked back at me, I nodded at him and he nodded back.**

**I oiled everything up. I smeared it over his balls and dick until there was nothing that wasn’t wet and glistening. When I was ready, I wrapped my right hand around his shaft and started. He watched my hand as it moved up and down. I watched his face and eyes.**

**I guess he was primed because it didn’t take that long. Even without looking at his dick, I could tell from his face when he was coming. His mouth was open, his eyes were shut, and he**

looked like he was in pain. He laid down a heavy white trail from the middle of his chest down to his pubic hair. I knew it was time to stop stroking him but I kept my hand around his dick. As I watched, the globs of semen began to run off on one side.

“Hand me the wash cloth,” I said.

He did and I wiped off all the semen. I held out my hand for the towel and he handed it to me. I wiped all the oil off his dick and balls. His dick looked nice like that, still with a very light touch of oil on it, starting to go soft. I thought of one more thing that I needed to do.

I milked his dick down toward the end and watched as one fat little drop of semen came oozing out. I held his dick straight up, slid the skin back down until the head was uncovered, and then took the head in my mouth. When I thought I'd got it all clean, I straightened up and gave him a smile and a wink.

“Dad sets the thermostat to drop down to sixty two at night and it's cold outside,” I said. “If you're ready to go to sleep, let's get under the cover.”

I woke up once during the night with Brad's hard dick poking against my butt. I thought about backing up on it and nudging it into my pussy before he woke up. I wanted to do it but I decided I wanted him to be the one who put it in me. I just turned around, slid down under the covers, and gave him the blowjob I'd wanted to give him earlier. I don't know when he woke up but he had both hands on the back of my head when he came. Even with a heavy load the first time, the second was almost enough to choke me. I liked the taste of his semen because it was from him so I swallowed it.

I really didn't expect him to do me in return. I agreed with him that we didn't need to swap I love yous or oral sex. But he said it was what he wanted to do so I let him. I even helped him. I told him how to use his mouth to suck on my

little button. He did it too well and I guess I got carried away and said something when I came. He teased me about it but I don't think I really said shit five times.

It was nice to cuddle together under the blanket and the quilt, so warm and close in bed, with my butt against his groin. His big hand was covering one of my breasts and I had my feet on his legs to keep them warm. I think I went to sleep with a smile on my face.

When I woke up the next morning, I was facing the other direction, cuddled up to Brad's butt. It felt like we'd been sleeping together for ages.

### Chapter Thirty-Eight

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12

Kathryn Jessen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Daniel Weaver, MD, 45; Eugenia Williamson, 40

#### TELLING THE STORY:

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

On Sunday morning, after we spent Saturday night together, Brad called to tell his father he'd be home sometime during the afternoon. I only heard one side of the conversation but I gathered that his father was questioning him about our relationship. Brad was a perfect gentleman and said only that he'd spent the night with the family of a friend.

His father was no dummy. Brad had already told me his father knew where to find him if he wasn't home. Brad's father asked him to bring me home with him. He wanted us to go out to dinner with him and his friend. Brad asked which friend and I don't know what his father said but Brad responded "The lady hawk, huh?"

When he hung up, Brad explained. His father wanted to take us out to dinner at a nice restaurant near the hospital where he worked. His father had already invited one of his friends, the lady hawk, to dinner at seven o'clock and he would call and add two more to his reservation. The lady hawk was what Brad called the woman, a defense attorney who had a reputation for swooping down on the prosecution during a trial and ripping their case to pieces. Brad assured me she was a very warm and likeable woman except when she was in a courtroom.

I asked Mom and Dad for permission and they approved as long as I wasn't out too much past my usual bedtime of ten o'clock. I asked Brad what he'd wear and he said khakis as usual but he'd put on a navy blazer and wear a tie. I asked Mom what to wear and she told me to wear the blue dress with the gold and red pattern in it. It had an oriental look to it and was one of my favorites. Dad always made me stand so he could just look at me when I had it on. I loved the dress too but I hated to have to wear high heels with it. I wasn't that comfortable in them yet.

We left home a little after four so we'd have time for me to meet his Dad and for Brad to change clothes. Brad hadn't told me very much about where he and his Dad lived. It turned out to be a condo near the hospital. Brad drove in through the gate and then to a parking space on the basement level that had his name on it, next to one for his Dad.

His Dad was an older version of Brad. He was just as tall and more filled out and his hair was gray at the temples. If he was an indication of how Brad would look in thirty years,

I liked it. He was very gracious and nice to me and didn't ask too many questions. He embarrassed me a little when he told Brad that I was even more beautiful than he'd described me.

Maybe he was a little surprised when Brad asked me to go in his room with him to help him get dressed. Brad's room was as neat and clean as he always was. I looked at his bookshelf while he got his clothes out of the closet. We didn't have much in common in reading tastes - his seemed to be science fiction and adventure and outdoor stuff - but at least he seemed to be a reader.

His blazer was still fresh from the cleaner and his khakis were freshly pressed on a hanger. He asked me to get him a shirt while he looked for his shoes. I looked where he told me and found a very light blue oxford I thought would look good. I saw ties hanging inside the closet door and I picked out a couple of possibilities. He finally found the black loafers he wanted under the bed.

Brad shut the door before he undressed. I sat in the chair at his computer and watched. He didn't seem to mind undressing in front of me any more. He was down to skin in a minute. He opened the small bag he'd brought from our house, held up the low-rise briefs I'd bought him, and waited for my approval. I smiled and nodded. He kept looking at me while he stepped into them and pulled them up.

"This morning was the best one of my life, Arial," he said.

He put on his pants and reached for his shirt. I picked it up off the bed and handed it to him.

"Why? Just 'cause I woke you up with my cold feet when I came back from the bathroom. I didn't want to wake you up but I had to pee."

**“I wasn’t asleep when you got up. I’d been awake for a while.”**

**He sat down on the bed, still looking at me, and started to put on his socks. They were a different khaki color. He saw me looking and stopped when I shook my head.**

**“Why didn’t you let me know? Black socks would look better.”**

**“Because it was so nice feeling you spooned up against me. I never imagined something like that could make me feel so loved.”**

**“Even when I got back in bed in front of you and then put my cold feet on your legs?”**

**“I liked that too. Isn’t it funny, something like that, something I never thought about could make me feel so good?”**

**He stood up, black loafers, black socks, nice khakis, light blue shirt, perfect so far. I walked over to him and held both ties in front of his chest.**

**“Which one?” I asked. “It made me feel good when you held me and warmed me up again. I liked being with you like that until the room warmed up.”**

**“Either one’s OK with me. You choose. I wish I could sleep with you the rest of my life.”**

**“Silly. Don’t be in a hurry. What if I snore?”**

**“I’ll just kiss your mouth closed.”**

**When we went back in the living room, Brad’s father was ready to go. He stood looking at us for a moment and Brad put his arm around my shoulders and held me while his Dad looked.**

**“You two kids make a beautiful couple,” he finally said.**

**“Thanks, Dad,” Brad said. “Arial can make any guy look good.”**

**His Dad looked at me. “I try not to pry too much into Brad’s life, Arial, but last night’s the second Saturday night he’s spent at your house and I need to ask you two a couple of questions.”**

**“It’s OK,” I said. “I can guess what they are.”**

**“Are you two sleeping together?”**

**I nodded yes and Brad said, “Last night, we slept in Arial’s bed together.” I could hear the pride in his voice.**

**He looked at Brad this time. “Do Arial’s parents know about your relationship? You’re not hiding anything from them?”**

**“We’re not hiding anything, Dad,” Brad said. “We’re totally honest with them.”**

**“OK,” his Dad said, “if Kieran knows about it, I’ve got no problem with it. Just make sure you know what you’re doing with each other. If you need advice, come talk to me.”**

**“You know my Dad?” I asked.**

**“He and I are on the opera board of directors. I don’t know him well but I’ve heard lots of good things about him.”**

**Brad’s Dad held my coat for me when we left. Brad reached for it but his Dad beat him to it.**

**“I’m serious about you two talking to me. You came in this afternoon just beaming at each other. You look like you’re in love and I guess maybe you are. Just don’t mess it up like I did.”**

When we got down to the cars, Brad's Dad handed him the keys to the car, told Brad to drive, and then opened the door for me. Brad didn't know the way to the lady hawk's home so his Dad gave him directions. She lived in the top floors of an old mansion almost downtown. The bottom floors were her law offices. We all went upstairs to pick her up. Brad's Dad wanted us to see how she'd decorated with modern furniture and all sorts of art. Her rooms were beautifully done and, in some ways, I guess she was too - sort of elegant and sophisticated.

Dinner with Brad's Dad and his girlfriend was a lot of fun. Her name was Eugenia Williamson and she told me to call her Genie, like in the bottle. She was just as warm and nice as Brad had said and she had a mind as quick and sharp as anyone I've known. It was easy to see she liked Brad and his Dad both. When we dropped her off after dinner, I thought, if she was Brad's stepmother, at least she wouldn't be a wicked one.

By the time we got back to Brad's, it was almost time for me to be home. His Dad told him to use his car to drive me home and we dropped him off at the front of the condo. There was a light on the front porch at home for me but I could see lights on in the living room so I invited Brad in. I wanted Mom and Dad to see him when he was dressed up a little.

I held Brad's hand and led him into the living room. Dad was stretched out on the couch in sweats, listening to his classical music station. I didn't see Mom but then she walked in from the kitchen.

"How was your dinner?" she asked.

"Almost as good as home cooking is here," Brad said.

**“Flattery will get you another meal, Brad,” she said. “And how was Brad’s father and his friend?” she added, looking at me.**

**“I guess I was worried about meeting him at first but he was really nice,” I said. “He’s already gray at the temples and I think Brad’ll look like him someday. His friend, Genie, is a lawyer and Brad says he thinks she might be his step-mom someday.**

**“Is your father Dr. Daniel Weaver,” Dad asked, “the research doctor over at the university hospital?”**

**“Yeah,” Brad said, “he says he knows you.”**

**“I just made the connection,” Dad said. “We’re both on the opera board of directors. I’ve been just calling him Dan and I guess I’d forgotten his last name. We’re both on the committee for the opera ball in March.”**

**We sat and talked for a while longer and then Mom got up and took Dad’s hand.**

**“Come on,” she said, “let’s go to bed and let these kids have a few minutes to say goodnight.”**

**“OK,” Dad said, “but I’d like to get a picture of them if they don’t mind. Maybe they’d like to have one too.”**

**I got the digital camera for Dad and he took a few pictures of us in different poses. I thought about the last time it had been used to take pictures and wondered if I might show Brad the one of me and Kerry that Luke had taken. Mom and Dad had liked that one so much they’d framed it and put it in their bedroom. I wanted one more picture and I asked Dad if he’d take one of Brad kissing me. Brad didn’t object but I didn’t get that much of a kiss. I got some more that I liked better just inside the front door when Brad was leaving.**

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Monday was a good day at school except that I learned I'd have two tests on Friday. I didn't really mind tests but these two were both on hard subjects and I knew I needed to study every night to be ready. Mom had already reminded me that I had to keep making good grades if I wanted Dad's old BMW when I turned sixteen next Spring. I understood what she was saying, that she and Dad weren't going to put any restrictions on me seeing Brad and I had to be mature enough to restrict myself.

Tuesday started out as a good day. Brad picked me and Kerry up for school as usual. He said he had permission to leave school early for a dental appointment and he'd have to park in a different place when he came back to pick us up. We agreed on a spot to meet and Brad was waiting there with Kerry when I got out.

Brad said he'd gotten back too late to park on the school campus so he'd parked across the street at the Grease Trap. That wasn't the real name of the fast food joint but that was what all the students called it. I'd eaten there a few times and I knew why it was called that.

I held Brad's and Kerry's hands when we crossed the street at the red light. There was a guard directing the traffic as usual because all the students were trying to leave at once and it was a little wild sometimes.

When we walked into the parking lot around the Grease Trap, I saw a bunch of jocks at the back of one car. Once when we were waiting for the bus, Kerry had talked to the biggest one of them, a football player they called Grizzly. He seemed like a nice enough guy and had been patient and nice to Kerry. But another one was the guy I called the cretin, the one who had been giving me so much trouble. I tried to hold back but there were a lot of students around and Brad wasn't looking at the ones I was. Kerry was a few feet behind us.

We were walking past the jocks, only a few feet away, when Brad finally noticed them. I felt his hand tighten on mine and he walked faster and almost pulled me along. I was hoping nothing would happen when it did.

“Hey, fag, you still tryin’ to fuck the ice princess?” the cretin called.

I was watching Brad and he didn’t even turn to look. We were almost to Brad’s car when the cretin hit me. I didn’t know then what he had done. Kerry told me later he had flipped the back of his hand down against my fanny. It scared me and hurt bad enough so that I screamed.

I turned just in time to see Kerry walk into him from behind and bump him forward. At the same time, I saw Brad turning around and his big fist was aimed at the jock’s face. It hit directly on his nose with a sickening crunch.

It happened in a split second but it seemed like it happened in slow motion. The jock’s head snapped back and his body tried to follow it. He quick-stepped backward a few feet, bounced off the back of the car, and then slumped forward, down on his hands and knees. He shook his head a couple of times and then looked up. His nose was bleeding, his mouth was wet and red, and his eyes looked like nobody was home.

“Get in the car, Arial,” Brad said as loud as he could. “Get in the car, Kerry.”

Kerry was standing in front of me, not moving, and I wondered what he was doing. Then I realized he was standing between me and the jocks. The big one, Grizzly, had his arms outstretched, blocking the others from moving. He had a big smile on his face.

“Yeah, Kerry, get in the car,” Grizzly said, then looked directly at me.

**“I tol’ him he better leave you alone,” he said, still grinning. “He a dummy. Jus’ wouldn’t listen.”**

**Brad was still standing there waiting to see what was going to happen. Kerry opened the door and got in the back seat. I got in the front. Just before I shut the door, I heard Grizzly again.**

**“We’ll take care of dummy here,” he said, “Ya’ll go on home.”**

**We were halfway home when it hit me. Brad and Kerry might be suspended or expelled. The school’s policy in the handbook about fighting was usually enforced strictly by the Assistant Principal. Then I looked at Brad’s pants and saw blood. His right hand was cut and blood had dripped down on his pants. I couldn’t help it; I started crying.**

**Mom was home. I don’t know what I’d have done if she hadn’t been. She took Brad in the kitchen, washed his hand under cold water, and made me hold my thumb over the cut. It wasn’t bad but it had bled a lot. Mom went to the bathroom and came back with the hydrogen peroxide and a band-aid. Brad’s knuckle was bruised looking when I took my thumb off it but it had stopped bleeding.**

**We all three told her what had happened. Brad was almost apologetic about it. Kerry was all excited and kept saying Brad had really cold-cocked the jock. Then I told Mom what the student handbook said about fighting. That sobered Kerry up real fast.**

**“We’ll call your father and talk to him,” Mom said. “I think he’ll want to come home early and we can decide what we need to do. Maybe Brad should call his father.”**

**“Boy, Mom, I wish you could have seen it,” Kerry said. “Brad hit him right on the nose. He bounced off that car and dropped like a rock. Brad really did cold-cock him.”**

**“OK, Kerry, that’s enough of that,” Mom said. “Brad, you need to take off those pants and let me wash the blood out. Kerry, go get him a pair of your Dad’s sweats. He can wear them until I wash and dry his khakis.”**

**Brad wasn’t that bashful around Mom anymore. He kicked his loafers off right there in the kitchen, pulled his pants down and off, and handed them to Mom. I saw he was wearing the low-rise briefs I’d bought him and I know Mom saw it too. She looked at me and gave me a smile.**

**“Arial, would you fix us all a cup of hot chocolate while I wash these,” she said.**

**We sat around the kitchen table and sipped hot chocolate and talked for a while and then Mom decided it was time to call Dad. We listened while she told him everything and I could tell he said that he’d be right home. I knew somehow everything was going to be all right.**

**She hadn’t been off the phone for more than a couple of minutes when the call came from the Assistant Principal’s office. His secretary said Kerry was suspended until a hearing could be held next week. When Mom asked about Brad, she said he was suspended too. Kerry was looking at Mom with absolute disbelief in his eyes.**

**“He can’t do that, Mom,” he said with anger in his voice. “It’s not right.”**

**“I don’t know, Kerry,” she said. “Wait ‘til your father gets home. Maybe he’ll know what to do.”**

**“But damn it,” Kerry said, still mad, “he can’t suspend us. The student handbook says when a student can be suspended. If it’s like drugs, they can do it immediately. If it’s just fighting, they have to have a hearing before anybody can be suspended. We can’t be suspended without a hearing.”**

Mom looked at him with uncertainty and shook her head. “Are you sure? Have you got your handbook here at home?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. I memorized the fucking thing. It’s just that damn Assistant Principal. He was the football coach until they promoted him because his teams kept losing. He’s just mad ‘cause Brad hit one of the football players, one that’s supposed to play Friday night.”

“Don’t talk like that, Kerry. Go get your handbook,” Mom said and then turned to Brad. “And I think you’d better call your Dad and tell him.”

Brad called him and I could tell his father didn’t get upset. In fact, Brad’s voice seemed to get calmer as he talked. He finally listened for a couple of minutes, gave his father directions to our house, and then said, “OK, Dad, I’ll be right here.”

He looked at Mom and said, “Dad’s coming over too. He’s going to call Genie and see if she can give us some advice. He’s going to ask her to come with him if she can.”

“Good,” Mom said, “Arial, Kavan and Kathryn should be in any minute now. You kids get the Chinese take-out menu and plan something for dinner. There are six of us living here and Brad makes seven. Your Dad and Genie make nine. Get enough for ten because we all like it left over. When you get through with that, put the leaves in the dining room table and set the table for dinner. I’m going see if the washer’s done yet.”

When Kavan and Kathryn came in, we had to tell them what had happened. A few minutes later Dad came in and we told him. And then a little later, Brad’s Dad and Genie came in and we told them. I guess that’s when I realized I might have caused the problem.

“Dad, I may have caused this, sort of indirectly,” I said.

**“What did you do?” he asked.**

**“The student newspaper’s been trying to run some articles about harassment at school, especially sexual harassment. The jocks are the worst ones doing it. There are five undercover reporters for the paper and I’m number four. The five of us have been keeping journals since January. We turn them in to the paper and they summarize them and send them to the Assistant Principal. He won’t let them be published and won’t do anything to stop it. I think he may know who the undercover reporters are and maybe the jocks know.”**

**“I’m confused,” Dad said. “Why do they go to the Assistant Principal?”**

**“He’s the one who has to approve articles for the student paper,” I said. “And he’s the one who’s supposed to handle sexual harassment problems at school.”**

**We were all sitting around in the family room still talking when I realized Genie wasn’t saying much. She was reading the student handbook and listening to what we were saying.**

**“OK, maybe you kids could use a good lawyer,” she said. “Anybody know one?”**

**Kerry was the first one to realize she was joking and he started laughing.**

**“Seriously,” she said, “this is going to be fun.”**

**She looked at Dad and at Brad’s Dad.**

**“You two give me a dollar each,” she said.**

**They did and she took charge.**

**“OK, you’ve got yourself a lawyer. Now, there’s no way he can suspend the kids without a hearing. But he’s got worse**

problems because he hasn't done a damn thing about the sexual harassment and that's also spelled out in the student handbook. He's assigned the responsibility for it and it sounds like he's ignored it as long as it's from his jocks."

"What should we do?" Dad asked.

"It's not five yet so I should be able to contact somebody at the school. I'm going to talk to the principal. It just so happens she's a woman unless the handbook is wrong and I don't think she's going to be too happy with the whole mess. I'm going to get an appointment with her tomorrow morning."

"Well, what should Brad do tomorrow?" his Dad asked.

"Go to school. Kerry too. Just go to class like they always do. If the Assistant Principal says anything to them, they're to say that he'll have to talk to their lawyer. I'll give them both one of my cards. I think the Principal will have the word out that it's OK after I talk to her."

"What do you want us to do?" Brad's Dad asked.

"Probably nothing," Genie said. "Let me call the Principal. After I explain the basics to her, I think you two can go to work tomorrow. I'll work out the detailed solution with the Principal tomorrow. Like I said, this is going to be fun."

Mom stood up and spoke to Genie and Brad's Dad. "We're calling for Chinese take-out. Would you like to stay for dinner with us?"

She got a lot of enthusiastic nods, including the two who had been asked.

Genie took out her cell phone and picked up the student handbook. "Where can I go while I make the call? I don't want the kids to hear what a bitch I can be when I have to."

**“In the living room,” Mom said, “I’ll shut the door so you can yell if you want to. Kieran likes a cold beer on occasion. Would anybody else like one?”**

**Mom got six orders but she only came back with three. Genie took one into the living room with her. Our Dads sat talking and drinking the other two. The Chinese food was ordered and delivered before Genie came back out of the living room.**

**“I’ve got an appointment with her at ten tomorrow morning. Kieran and Dan can go to work. Kerry and Brad and Arial can go to school just like they always do. I think you’re all going to like what happens.”**

**While we were eating, we kept begging her to tell us what she’d worked out but she wouldn’t. She just kept saying we’d have to wait until after she met with the Principal and made sure they agreed on what needed to be done.**

**Mom and Dad finally seemed to relax and enjoy meeting Brad’s Dad and Genie, even if the occasion wasn’t what anybody wanted. As Mom and Dad were showing them out, I heard Dad ask them if he and Mom could take them out to dinner if they could get a baby-sitter. I could have done without that little bit of sarcasm.**

**As they were leaving, Brad’s Dad called back, “Be home and in bed by ten, Brad. Try not to cold-cock anybody else before then.” I wanted to yell back and ask if it was OK if Brad hot-cocked somebody but I knew I’d better keep my mouth shut.**

**When Brad had to leave, I walked him out to his car. He wrapped his big parka around me and just held me. For the first time, we both said, “I love you” at about the same time.**

**We were all happy with the agreement Genie worked out with the Principal. She’d dropped some strong hints of a sexual harassment lawsuit with a claim for monetary**

damages and then settled for something that cost the school nothing, that is, nothing that cost money.

The student paper printed a number of articles about the mess the following week. One was headlined “Brain Cold-Cocks Jock,” and I could tell somebody had interviewed Kerry about it. There were two letters of apology, one from the Assistant Principal and one from the football player. He did play on Friday night but he didn’t need to put anything under his eyes to darken them. There was a longer piece about sexual harassment at the school, how school policies were going to be enforced to stop it, and the promise that future editions would include excerpts from the journals of five girls at the school.

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Wednesday was a good day at school. Lots of people talked to me and smiled at me but none of them were jocks or jock lovers. I knew the school rumor-mill had done its usual work. Thursday was even better. The principal was in the cafeteria when I went to lunch. She went through the serving line with me and then sat with me and Brad and Kerry. I think everybody’s head was turned in our direction. I guess that’s when I really began to believe the whole mess was over.

The principal said she and Genie had had a good long discussion Wednesday morning and made it sound like it was just two friends talking. She said we couldn’t tell anyone but, if she had her way, the problem would be transferred to the main administrative offices at the end of the school year so it couldn’t have any contact with students. We all knew who she was talking about. Kerry waited until she finished before he said anything.

“Grizzly didn’t do anything wrong, Ma’am. He probably kept it from getting worse.”

**“I know, Kerry,” she said. “He came to me and told me about it yesterday. He admires you for what you did for your sister.”**

**I watched Kerry’s face and I could tell that he was almost choked up. I knew he could fake it just like I could. With our fair skin, we could both make our face get red around our eyes so it looked like we were about to cry. But then I saw that his eyes were really moist and, as I watched, a tear rolled down his cheek. He reached up and wiped it away with a finger. I didn’t believe even Kerry could fake that.**

**“Just don’t let the jocks get at my sister any more,” he said. “If they do, we’re going to school somewhere else.”**

**The principal reached over and put her hand on his. “They won’t. But if they do, they’re not going to this school. You’re staying. You’re going to be the Valedictorian when you graduate from here.”**

**Kerry looked around to see if anybody was watching him while the principal was holding his hand. I looked too and they were watching, at least everybody who could see our table. I don’t think the principal cared; she didn’t let go of his hand.**

**“Come on, Kerry, give me a smile,” she cajoled. “Quit worrying.”**

**She shouldn’t have asked. Kerry managed to give her one and I knew he knew what he was doing this time. It was the same Kerry grin he used on me and Mom and Kathryn when he wanted something.**

**“Your father really went to bat for you to get in here early,” she said. “He really believes in you and thinks you can do anything. I wasn’t sure you could.”**

**“Have you changed your mind?” I asked.**

**She looked at me. “Did you know Kerry has made the highest score on every test he’s taken so far? He’s made a perfect score on every test except one in a science class and he was ten points ahead of everybody else on that. And speaking of tests, are you going to be OK with two tomorrow or do you need to delay them?”**

**I know she didn’t hear the thud of the load falling off my shoulders when she asked me that. Just knowing she cared about how I was doing as a student made me know I’d be able to handle both of them. I smiled and looked at Brad and Kerry. “I’ll be OK now.”**

**<><><>**

**Thursday night, Kerry and I both decided to pee and brush and bathe at the same time. I undressed in my room and then walked in on him in the bathroom. It was hard to believe it was just one week since he’d helped me shave my legs. It seemed like ages ago. I dumped my clothes in the hamper and then picked up his and put them in too.**

**He was standing over the toilet with his left hand on the wall in front of him as usual when I walked in. It made me think of the way he looked on Saturday night when Brad and I walked in on him and he had on his thermal underwear, except that this time he was naked. He really did have the most beautiful little butt I’d ever seen. He turned and looked at me, gave me a smile and then looked back down while he peed. When he finished, I watched while he milked the last drops out, shook it, and then turned and motioned with his hand that I could have the throne. He even put the seat back down for me.**

**I sat down and peed too. I never could understand why Kerry had to say I tinkled and he pissed. It didn’t sound all that different to me. He leaned back against the bathroom counter and watched me. I didn’t bother to pat dry since I knew I was going to shower.**

**“Thanks for what you did for me Tuesday,” I said.**

**“What?” He put paste on two toothbrushes and waited for me.**

**“You know what you did,” I said. “You told Mom you accidentally bumped the cretin. I saw your hands just before you bumped him. You really shoved him, didn’t you? Shoved him hard.”**

**“Nah, I just bumped him,” he said, but he was smiling and we both knew the truth.**

**“Well, he probably weighs twice as much as you and you bumped him kind of hard, didn’t you?”**

**“Yeah, I guess I did. Do you want to shower first?”**

**“And then you stood between me and the pack of jocks, didn’t you?”**

**“Huh, what do you mean? I had to stand somewhere and I wasn’t gonna get in the car and leave you and Brad alone.”**

**“Well, we both know what you did, don’t we?”**

**“I guess so,” he said, and looked at me without a smile this time. “I couldn’t let them do anything else to you, Arial.”**

**I sat there and looked at him and I knew he wasn’t faking it this time. He had tears rolling down both cheeks. I stood up and hugged him against me as tight as I could. I wanted to cry too. When I let him go, he wiped the tears off both cheeks.**

**I gave him my best smile and said, “Let’s brush and then we can shower together, OK?”**

**His smile came back in a hurry. “OK.”**

In the shower, he bent over to test the water coming out of the faucet until it ran warm. I couldn't help it. His butt was just too tempting. I stood behind him and put both hands on his cheeks and played with him while he waited. When he diverted the water up to the showerhead and turned around, his dick was almost hard. I decided I wanted to do something for him after we got through showering.

He wanted to wash me so I made him get my mild soap instead of his stronger stuff. It was nice having him wash my back so I spread my legs and even pulled my cheeks apart so he could do it all. When I turned around for him to do my front, his dick was sticking up and pointing toward my face.

He lathered up a cloth and did my arms first, my shoulders next, and then slowed down when he came to my breasts. He was as gentle as possible but my nipples were standing out like pencil erasers when he stopped. When his hand got down to my pussy, he washed me there just as gently and looked straight in my eyes while he did it.

When he dropped the cloth and just let his fingers stay between my labia, I didn't say anything. I just shut my eyes and opened my mouth slightly. A few seconds later, I felt his lips on mine and his tongue between my lips. I teased him with my tongue until he stuck his in my mouth and then I caught it and sucked on it. When he pulled back, he was already breathing heavily.

He kept one finger in me, moving in and out, around and around, while the warm water cascaded over both of us. We were both warm and wet outside but I knew I was even warmer and wetter inside. He tried to bend over and find my breasts with his mouth but he had trouble doing it while keeping his finger in my pussy.

I held up both breasts for him. They were so small I couldn't lift them much but it was enough. He fastened his mouth on the nipple on one and started sucking. I put one hand

behind his head and the other on his shoulder. I shut my eyes again and let him do whatever he wanted. I knew I was about to come and I wanted so much for him to move his finger up just a little, to touch me there. I waited and then decided to take matters into my own hand. I reached down, grabbed his hand, and pulled it up so that his finger was touching my clitoris.

La petite mort. The little death. I was beginning to realize what it meant. When I became aware of myself again, Kerry was holding me up and I was slumped against him. I tried to smile at him.

“That was a good one, huh?” he said.

I couldn't say anything so I nodded. He held me against him and I could feel his hard-on pressed against my stomach. I wanted so much for him to be able to put it inside me but I knew we couldn't. I decided to give him the next best thing after I got through washing him.

I scrubbed his back first, hard like I knew he liked it. When I got down to his butt, he even reached back and held his cheeks apart for me, just like I'd done for him. I squatted down and washed down his legs and then pulled them backward, one at a time, sort of like shoeing a horse, and washed his feet. He never did get around to washing mine but I didn't think it mattered.

When I finished, I turned him around and started at his chest. I knew he was trying to lift Kavan's weights to develop his pecs so I told him his chest was filling out nicely.

“Can I wash behind your ears,” I asked. He knew what I meant. He grinned, said, “Yeah,” and I skinned his dick back and washed the head and shaft as gently as I could.

That's when I decided exactly what I wanted to do. If I couldn't have his dick in my pussy, I wanted it in my mouth.

If I couldn't let him leave his semen in my pussy, I wanted him to leave it in my tummy. I wondered why I'd ever hated the idea of having a guy's semen in my mouth and had thought it would be gross. I wanted Kerry's in my mouth. I wanted to taste him. I wanted to know it went down to my stomach and then became part of my body. I wanted to know he was part of me.

I reached outside the shower curtain and found a towel. I folded it a couple of times like he'd done a week ago and I guess he knew what I was going to do. I put it in the bottom of the tub and knelt down on it. The shower water was cascading down on Kerry's head and shoulders and then on down into my face. I didn't care. I leaned forward and took his dick in my mouth. He put his hands on my shoulders and held on.

I didn't want to get in a hurry. I was enjoying what I was doing too much for that. I just kept one hand on the shaft of his dick, sliding it back and forth, kept the other hand on his balls, and kept my mouth sucking on the head. I knew all the deep-throat stuff was a crock of shit. Kathryn and I had talked about it often enough and we agreed it was a guy's ultimate fantasy and not something we really wanted to do. But this time, I wanted to do it with Kerry. I wanted him as deep in me as possible. I decided to try.

I tried to get my breathing under control like the books said. When I was ready, I pushed forward slowly until I felt the head of his dick press back against my throat. I pushed one more time and felt my nose touch his stomach. I pulled back and took a couple of deep breaths and felt my gag reflex subside. The second time was easier. After that, I didn't even feel like gagging. I kept doing it until I felt Kerry's fingers digging into my shoulders and heard him say, "Arial, I'm gonna come."

I wanted to taste him. I didn't want him to shoot it down my throat without tasting him. I stopped deep-throating him and just held my mouth on the head, sucking him, while I

**jacked him with my hand. I could tell when he came, just a series of throbs in my mouth and hand and the sudden strange taste on the back of my tongue. It wasn't really like bleach; it wasn't salty; it was just Kerry and I liked it so I swallowed it.**

**I stood up and he hugged me or maybe he was just holding on like I was. When he was ready, we both got out of the shower on the towel I'd laid beside the tub. I grabbed a towel and dried him off first. When I started to dry his dick and balls, I saw a little more semen hanging from the slit so I stooped down and got that too.**

**He started drying me and then asked, "Does Brad know we fool around like this?"**

**"Yes, I told him."**

**"What did he say?"**

**"He didn't seem surprised. He just said he wished he'd had a sister to lend him a hand when he was growing up."**

**"Does he know about Luke?"**

**I knew what he meant. "No, not about Luke specifically. He knows I'm not a virgin. I told him I'd had about as much as experience as he'd had, with just one guy."**

**"Is that all Brad's done, just with one girl?"**

**"Yes, he told me about it. It wasn't nearly as good an experience as mine but I didn't say that to him."**

**"When are you going to do it with him?"**

**"Probably two weeks from today, on Thanksgiving, the twenty-fifth."**

**"Why do you keep waiting? Don't you want to do it?"**

**“I told you when I started taking birth-control pills that the doctor said I should wait two full cycles before intercourse to be safe. If everything works like it’s supposed to, I should be out of commission as of Sunday and that’ll last four or five days. So the weekend before Thanksgiving is the earliest we could do it.”**

**“You mean you’ll get your period this weekend; you’ll start menstruating?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“Why don’t you just say that? Why do girls always make it sound like something’s not functioning right when they get their period?”**

**“Because most guys don’t know what it’s like for us. You wanted to watch me change my tampon so I let you. I’ll bet there’s not another guy at school who’s seen that.”**

**“Well, if I’m going to be a gynecologist, I’ve got to learn all about it, haven’t I?”**

**I didn’t know whether or not he was kidding. “Are you serious?”**

**“No, I’m just kidding. You know I’m always curious about everything. Anyway, I still don’t understand why you’re waiting so long just so he won’t have to use a condom. Do you remember that time, just before we went to the cabin last August, when you tried putting one of Kavan’s rubbers on me? It was too loose and we couldn’t figure out how to make it fit right? Brad’s dick’s bigger than mine. They should fit him OK.”**

**I couldn’t help but laugh. “Kerry, I found out the reason why that rubber was too big for you. Kavan’s is bigger than most guys’ dicks; he uses a size that’s larger than regular.”**

**“Shit, I thought they just came in one size.”**

**“I’m going to bed,” I said. “I’ve got two tests tomorrow. I don’t want to let my grades drop and make Dad mad at me.”**

**“He won’t be. He loves you as much as I do.”**

**I stood and looked at him for a minute, thinking about how much I loved him.**

**“Kerry, would you kiss me before you go to bed?”**

**“Sure,” he said, and leaned over and gave me a little smack on the lips.**

**“I don’t mean like a brother kisses a sister. I mean like a man kisses a woman.”**

**His dick was almost hard again when I finally pushed him away and went in my room to go to bed.**

**<><><>**

**On Friday, both my tests were in the morning so I was able to relax at lunch. Brad and Kerry waited for me to go through the serving line. We were eating when Grizzly walked up behind Kerry.**

**“You OK, Kerry?” he asked.**

**Kerry looked around and gave him his usual big grin. “Yeah, Grizzly, I’m OK. Thanks for what you did and for talking to the Principal.”**

**“Didn’t do nothin’,” he said. “They mess with you or your sister anymore, lemme know. You a good kid.”**

**“You won’t kill them?” Kerry joked.**

**“Nah, jes messum up a little,” he said.**

He grinned like white piano keys and put his ham-hand on Kerry's shoulder for a moment. I looked around and saw most of the kids in the cafeteria watching.

When he was gone, I looked at Brad. "Is your Dad going to let you come over this weekend?"

"I guess so. We had a long talk last night and he's not mad at me. Mainly he wanted to know if we were having any more trouble. I can't spend the night though, not tonight or tomorrow night. He and Genie are fixing dinner together at home tonight and he wants me to be there. I think they're getting serious about each other and he wants her to get to know me better. I can come over during the day on Saturday."

"What are you doing Saturday night?" I asked.

"My Mom's invited me to dinner with her and my step-father. Dad told her what I did and she wants me to come talk to her. I don't know why. She didn't talk to me that much the last few years while she was married to Dad."

"Well, are you still going to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with us?" I asked.

He grinned so quickly I knew the answer before he said, "Yeah."

"Why did you decide to stay with your Dad when they divorced," Kerry asked.

"I didn't; I stayed with Mom until after she married again. Then I felt like I didn't belong there and moved in with Dad. She's too self-centered and doesn't care much about anybody but herself. Dad's always too busy but he does care a lot about me and he doesn't mind showing it."

**“Well, come over Saturday and help me rake leaves,” Kerry said. “Kavan and Kathryn will be working all day and Dad wants me to rake up the leaves and carry them down to the mulch pile.”**

**“Maybe I’ll do that, Kerry,” Brad said. “I’ve never had to do any kind of yard work. I’ve never lived in a house that had a yard. I think I could enjoy being outdoors doing something like that.”**

**“Mom and Dad are going to be gone too,” I said. “They’re going to Lauren’s apartment to work with her. Dad wants to talk to her about his plans for Andersen Security and Mom needs to talk with her about her investments and stuff. If you come over, I’ll help rake too.”**

**“Just don’t come too early,” Kerry said. “It’s supposed to be down in the teens again tonight and clear and cold tomorrow. I’m not going to start ‘til about ten and I’m going to put on thermal underwear under my jeans.”**

**When I left to go to my next class, I knew what the student handbook said about public displays of affection at school but I squeezed Brad’s hand, kissed my fingertips, and rubbed the kiss on his lips anyway.**

**<><><>**

**On Saturday morning, Brad called before eight and asked if I’d had breakfast. When I said I hadn’t, he told me he was calling on his cell-phone and was about to stop at a bakery for breakfast pastries. He asked if I’d make a pot of coffee and wait for him. I told him Kavan and Kathryn were already gone but Mom and Dad were still home and he should bring a something for them too.**

**I still had on the flannel pajamas I’d slept in and I’d put on socks and my bear slippers when I got up. I’d even put on a terry robe because I was still cold. I decided not to change**

but I did wash my face again and brush my hair a little better.

Brad came in wearing his big parka with jeans and boots. He handed me a big bag of stuff that had a smell good enough to make me hungry. He threw his parka in the corner of the kitchen, grabbed me, and pulled me to him in a big hug. He was still holding me when Mom came in the kitchen. She was dressed about like I was, with a robe over her flannel nightgown.

“Hello, Brad,” was all she said.

“I’m early,” he said, “but I just couldn’t wait any longer.”

Mom walked over to the two of us and tried her best to wrap her arms around both of us.

“You’re both too young for this,” she said, “but you have my blessing,” and she gave us both a kiss on the cheek.

She poured herself a cup of the coffee I’d made. It was two-thirds de-caf and one-third caffeinated; Mom said Dad was too stressed with his new job and she was trying to reduce his caffeine intake. She leaned back against the kitchen counter and watched us. Brad still hadn’t let me go and I wasn’t about to try to get away.

“Brad, let me see your hand,” Mom said. I’d seen it Wednesday and Thursday but I’d forgotten about it on Friday. I wanted to see it too. I led him over to Mom and we all three looked at it. The middle two knuckles were badly bruised and discolored and the small cut had already scabbed over. Mom asked if he could make a fist and I could tell it was painful when he tried to close his fingers. She lifted his hand up and kissed it where it was hurt.

“Well, I suppose it’ll just take time,” she said. “If you three are going to rake leaves, just keep your gloves on and be careful with it.”

**She opened the refrigerator and I knew what she was going to do - our usual Saturday morning mixed fruit bowl of whatever we had with just enough sugar to keep it from discoloring. I poured Brad a cup of coffee the way I knew he liked it - no cream, no sugar - and sat it on the kitchen table. By the time Mom and I had finished with the fruit bowl, Dad came in too. Kerry staggered in a few minutes later, still half asleep, and collapsed against Mom while she hugged him. I guess he was cold too because he had a robe on over the thermal underwear he usually slept in. After Mom hugged him, he staggered over to Dad and got another wrap-around hug. Dad held his head against his chest and stroked his hair as usual.**

**We sat around the kitchen table and ate breakfast and talked for a while. Mom asked me to fix a hot meal for dinner because Kavan and Kathryn would be in about five. She said they were cleaning the warehouse at the plant nursery where they worked and they'd be dirty and tired and hungry when they came in. She said she and Dad would probably be back about the same time but wouldn't be back to cook. I asked if Italian stew would be good and she said OK.**

**“What's Italian stew?” Brad asked.**

**I told him what was in it and how it had been a favorite of Mom and Dad even before any of us kids were born and how we all loved it.**

**“I'm calling Dad,” he said. “I'm going to see if he'll let me stay for dinner here. Genie likes to do fancy French stuff and I'd rather eat with you. Maybe if I promise to be home by seven o'clock, he'll let me stay. Is that OK with you?” he asked, looking at me.**

**He didn't need to ask but I nodded OK anyway. He had to plead with his father a little but in the end I knew he got his way. I heard him say, “Yeah, by seven, no later.”**

Mom and Dad were gone before nine. Brad and Kerry and I washed the breakfast dishes and made up all the beds. I made Brad take the garbage out and got Kerry to vacuum the family room. It was close to ten and, when Brad came back inside, I asked him how cold it was. He said it was above freezing already and the sun was shining so it wasn't too uncomfortable outside.

"Have you got your thermal underwear on?" I asked Brad.

"Yeah, can't you tell? I can hardly move. I've got some long briefs somebody bought me and my long underwear on under by jeans. I've got the top to the thermal underwear on under my sweatshirt. With those two cups of coffee, I'm already sweating."

"Well, come on and I'll go change," I said.

"I'm think I'll put on my long briefs too," Kerry said. "Gotta protect the family jewels."

"Bring your stuff in my room so we can talk while we change," I said.

Brad followed me down the hallway into my room and sat down at the chair to my desk. Kerry came in a few seconds later with his arms full of his clothes and dumped everything on my bed. I hung my robe up and took my pajama top off. I never wore a bra at night and Brad's eyes homed in on my breasts. Kerry threw his robe on the floor, pulled his long underwear bottoms off, and turned them inside out in the process. He started looking for his briefs in the pile on the bed. I picked them up and handed them to him. Brad picked up his long underwear, turned them right side out, and handed them back to him.

"Can we raise our kids to be like this, Arial?" he asked.

"What?" I didn't know what he meant.

**“Like you and Kerry, undressing in front of each other and not being the least bit self-conscious about it. I like it and when we have kids, I want them to be the same way.”**

**“Damn, Brad,” Kerry said, “When are you and Arial getting married?”**

**“Not for years,” I said, as I pulled my pajama bottoms off. All I had on was my white panties and white cotton socks. I saw Brad looking me up and down so I decided I’d give him an around and around too. I turned slowly in a circle and found he had a big grin on his face when I finished modeling my outfit. I put on my thermal underwear, jeans, and sweat shirt while he watched every move I made.**

**I put on gloves and an old coat of Kerry’s, rips and stains and all. Brad and Kerry put on their coats and gloves too and we all went out in the front yard. The maples were all bare and the big hickory was almost bare. I sort of hated to see them like that because it was fun to rake leaves on a sunny fall day. I sent Kerry and Brad to the basement to get the rakes and the big tarp we used to carry the leaves down the hill to the mulch pile.**

**We all warmed up enough shortly to get rid of our coats. We finished raking the front yard and carrying the leaves down the hill just before noon. I hated to go inside. The air was cold and dry but the sun was shining and it was a beautiful day with a few scattered clouds moving quickly overhead.**

**I was standing beside the big pile of leaves when Kerry tackled me. We sprawled out in the leaves and Brad jumped in and tried to pull Kerry off me. That’s when Kerry and I both turned on Brad and got him down in the leaves. I don’t know who was winning the wrestling match but we were all having fun. I started stuffing leaves under Brad’s and Kerry’s sweat shirts and got some stuffed in mine in return. Kerry finally stopped and laid back in the leaves, his arms**

and legs outstretched, his eyes closed. I joined him and watched as Brad flopped on the other side of me.

“Let’s eat lunch outside,” Kerry suggested. Brad and I both agreed so we went in long enough to raid the refrigerator for food and drink. We all took the time for a pit stop and then carried everything down the hill. We ate propped up against the stone retaining wall part way down the hill. The wall faced to the east and had been warmed by the morning sun. We had barely finished when a cloud blocked out the sun and I felt cold. When I stood up, I saw a bank of darker clouds to the west and I was ready to go indoors. We started back up the hill.

I know Kerry wouldn’t believe me but I really hadn’t made any plans on what to do with Brad. I suggested that we shower together in the basement shower. Since Dad and Kavan and Kerry had enclosed the shower area, it was nice to get in there and get it all hot and steamy. Kerry had a better idea.

“Nah,” he said, “let’s get in the Jacuzzi. There’s only three of us this time. We’ll all fit.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said. “OK, Brad?”

He was shaking his head from side to side.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Just the idea of getting in a Jacuzzi with you. I guess I fantasize about that. Didn’t expect to have your little brother in there at the same time.”

“Brad,” I said, “I’ve gotten in there with Kavan and Kerry since we moved into the house when I was seven. When we were little we all got in there with Mom and Dad. If there was room, I think we’d all still be doing it.”

**We went in through the basement door and up the stairs to the kitchen.**

**“Yeah, after Kathryn came to live with us, we got her in there with us once in while,” Kerry said. “Kavan sat her on the edge of the tub once and showed me how to go down on her. That’s the first time I ever did it with Arial.”**

**“Jeeze, you fool around like that with each other, in your parent’s Jacuzzi? Do they know about it?”**

**“Brad,” I said, “I told you how my family is about stuff like that. We don’t hide from each other.”**

**“Well, what does he mean when he says he did it with you? What does *it* mean?”**

**I realized how he could have misinterpreted what Kerry had said. I led the way into the laundry room and started stripping. Kerry followed my example and Brad did too after a minute or so. I started the washing machine filling with water.**

**“I told you that too,” I said. “We learned about oral sex from books Mom and Dad gave us and from talking to them. We learned how to do it by practicing on each other. That’s the *it* as far as Kerry and I are concerned and it probably always will be.”**

**He shook his head from side to side again -- I knew it was his way of showing disbelief -- but he was smiling.**

**“Go ahead, Brad,” I said. “Say it.”**

**He knew what I meant. “Jeeze, Loueeze, your family’s sure gonna take some getting used to.”**

**“Brad,” Kerry said, “it’s nice to be able to be honest with each other. When Kavan started jacking off, he’d let Arial and me watch. He wasn’t ashamed of it like most guys are.**

**Dad's even shown us how to do it and explained what was happening."**

**I was down to panties and white socks and Kerry was down to his mid-thigh briefs and socks. When he started to take off his socks, I stopped him. Brad was a little slower than we were and Kerry and I waited while he pulled his sweatshirt over his head and stripped off his thermal underwear. He started to take off his briefs but I stopped him.**

**"Wait," I said. "Everything except your briefs and socks."**

**That made him grin even wider. I started picking up our clothes, shaking them out, and putting them in the washer. They both helped. When I shut the lid, I took their hands and led them to Mom's and Dad's bathroom.**

**I leaned over the side of the tub and started the Jacuzzi filling. I looked up and saw two grinning guys. They both had their eyes on my fanny. I turned around and sat down on the side of the tub.**

**"You guys aren't the only ones who have fantasies," I said. "I've thought about having the two of you to fool around just like this, with nothing on but white briefs and white socks."**

**"I'm cold," Kerry said. "Let's get in the tub."**

**"Me too," I answered. "But can you wait just a minute. I want to be naughty first." I looked up at Brad's face and he was shaking his head again.**

**"Arial, I think you've got just as much devilment in you Kerry does."**

**"Don't you like it?"**

**"Yeah, I never thought of you like this but I like it."**

**“Then you two get over here in front of me, hands behind your back.”**

**They looked like two versions of the same thing, with Kerry just a little bit smaller. I could tell both their dicks were pointed straight down into the same package as their balls. They both looked good enough to eat.**

**I put one hand on Brad and one on Kerry. I knew my hands were cold but what they had in their briefs wasn't. It was warm and soft at first and fun to play with. Then it started getting firmer and I decided it was time to start playing naughty.**

**I reached down through the horizontal fly and pulled Brad's dick out first. I tried to be slow and careful this time. He sort of bent over with his butt sticking backwards a little to give me more room in front and it came out without any protest this time. Kerry did the same thing when I turned to him.**

**I guess I'll always be amazed how quickly a guy's dick can go from soft to firm to hard. They were a little too far apart so I pushed them closer together. Brad put his arm around Kerry's shoulders; Kerry put his around Brad's waist. It took me a little while to get my hands coordinated so I could jack both of them at the same time instead of alternately. I didn't really want to make them come so I just did it as slowly as I could. From their silly grins, I think they both liked it.**

**“Arial, your hands are cold,” Kerry said.**

**“I'll bet my mouth's not,” I said, and that was the last thing I said for a while. I started with Brad and sucked on the head of his dick for a minute while my cold hand held the shaft. Then I gave Kerry a turn and held on to his hand warmer. I still didn't want to make them come yet. I just wanted to play and I didn't get any protests from either. Finally I decided it was time for me to really get naughty.**

**I stood up, slipped my panties off, and dropped them on the floor. I sat back down on the Jacuzzi rim and it was already nice and warm under my butt.**

**“OK, it’s naughty time,” I said. “I want you two to jack off on my breasts. Kerry, you aim for this one” - and I cupped my hand under my left breast – “and, Brad, you aim for this one” - and I cupped my right hand under my other breast.**

**“Arial, you’re not just naughty; you’re bad,” Brad said.**

**“If you don’t want to do it, just say so,” I responded and waited for him to say something else.**

**“Come on, Brad,” Kerry said. “This is one I’ve never done before. Let’s do it!”**

**“Only if I can do what I want to with her and I’m not going to say what it is,” Brad said. He waited for me to respond this time.**

**“OK,” I said, and I put my right hand down between my legs. I started like I always do, just two fingers, one on each side of my clit, sort of rolling from side to side. My pussy was warm and wet, not just moist like it usually is, because I’d been thinking about what I might do with Brad and Kerry all morning.**

**Brad’s piston hadn’t started and I looked up and saw he was watching what I was doing with my right hand. I put my left hand over his, leaned over and put my mouth on the head of his dick and got him jump-started. Kerry didn’t need any help; he was already stroking back and forth.**

**I watched them doing it while I did it to myself. It was funny the way they both did it. I know neither had learned to do it from the other but they did it the same way, just like Kavan did too. Each held the shaft of his dick part way down and just slid the skin back and forth. Every stroke, the skin slid**

over the head and they never touched the head directly with their hand.

They might have both been cold while we were raking leaves but their balls weren't drawn up like they're supposed to when they're cold. I'd seen lots of guys, from babies to boys to grown men, in the creek at the cabin and I knew what cold water did to their balls. When we were outside, maybe Brad and Kerry had had enough layers down there to protect their family jewels and keep them warm. Both sets of balls were swinging back and forth with every stroke they made.

The head of Kerry's dick looked dry and, when I checked Brad, his did too. I wasn't going to get up and get the baby oil for them so I decided to give them a little lube the best way I could. I leaned over and sucked on Brad's dick for a minute and left him enough of my saliva to make his skin slide better. I still had enough left over to give Kerry a little lube job too.

I was getting my own lube job with my fingers. I started dipping down into my vagina and getting my slippery stuff and rubbing it on my clit. I still wasn't ready to touch it directly but I was close.

Kerry started grunting and I knew what that meant. He moved up closer to me, maybe to get better aim, and then squirted out a few white strings directly on his target. He even hit the bulls-eye with one shot. I looked up and grinned and he was grinning back at me.

When I looked at Brad's face, I could tell he was close too. The cords in his neck were standing out tight and his mouth was open and he was breathing through it. I looked down and saw two big blood vessels on his stomach below his naval, both pointing down toward his dick. He was doing it so fast his hand was a blur.

When he came, his aim wasn't as good as Kerry's. He squirted out about a half-dozen streams that landed from just under my throat down over my breast, the right one he was aiming for, and down on my stomach.

I decided to try for mine so I let my fingers slip down in my pussy again and pulled them up, all wet and slippery, until they dragged the hood off my clitoris. It didn't take but a few strokes and the contractions started back somewhere inside me like they always do. It was another good one and I wasn't able to think straight for a minute or so.

I sat there grinning like an idiot while I looked up at two more grinning idiots. When I felt like my legs were strong enough, I stood up and pulled both of them as close to me as possible. I squirmed around against Brad and then Kerry and then Brad again and then Kerry again until I'd smeared their semen all over their stomachs and chests as well as on mine. Maybe they did think I was an idiot but they started squirming too. I guess we'd have been glued together if it had all dried.

"There," I said, "now you guys have to take a quick shower with me before we get in the Jacuzzi."

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Arial Stuart, 15;  
Kerry Stuart, 12

Brad Weaver, 17

### TELLING THE STORY:

Arial Stuart

<><><>

**(ARIAL)**

**“Kerry, would you start the shower for us?” I asked. “I’ve got to pee.”**

**“Me too,” he answered, just like I knew he would.**

**I sat down on the toilet while Kerry stuck his head in the shower stall. Brad watched and smiled down at me while I peed.**

**“Kerry always has to pee before he gets in the Jacuzzi,” I said. “He peed on Dad once when we first moved in here and we were all getting in the tub together. I think he was three. Kavan used to tease him about it so much that he always has to go now before he gets in the Jacuzzi.”**

**“Well, I’ve got to go too,” Brad said. “If I hear water running, it makes me have to piss too.”**

**“Which water running? Me or the shower?”**

**“Both, I guess.”**

**I got up and lifted the seat for him. Kerry turned around from the shower and walked over beside Brad.**

**He stuck his tongue out at me and then grinned. “Guys can do it two at a time,” he said, and moved into position beside Brad.**

**“I want to watch,” I said. “I’m bad.”**

**Brad put his left arm around Kerry’s shoulder and pulled him up closer to the commode, “Come on, Squirt, I’ll share.”**

**I watched as the two of them did it, exactly the same way: pull the foreskin back, aim, let fly, shake, squeeze, and cover up. Men! They’re funny.**

**“You’re not bad, Arial,” Brad said. “You and Kerry are both so full of mischief you keep me off guard. But you’re not bad. I love you anyway.”**

**I walked over to him and put my head on his shoulder and my arms around his waist. “I’m glad,” I said. “I don’t understand all this stuff, you know, about love and how I feel about you. I love Kerry but it’s not the same way I love you. I just hope I can figure it out some day.”**

**“You two are lucky, to be able to love each other so much,” Brad said. “My brother and I are friends but I don’t guess I really love him.”**

**“You don’t mind if I keep loving Kerry?” I asked. “I can’t stop loving him just because I’m starting to love you.”**

**“Are you two love birds going to get it on or are you going to get in the shower with me?” Kerry asked.**

**Brad reached over and grabbed Kerry’s arm and pulled him up closer to us. He wrapped his long arm around Kerry’s back and I put mine around Kerry’s waist. We stood there in a hug, my cheek against Brad’s right shoulder, Kerry’s against his left, Brad’s face bent down almost between ours.**

**“You’d better treasure your sister’s love, Squirt,” Brad said. “She’s teaching me to love her and I like it. Maybe she can even help me learn to love you.”**

**“Oh, shit,” Kerry said, and pulled away, with a big grin on his face. “If you two are going to get lovey-dovey with me, I’m leaving. Besides somebody smells.”**

**The shower in Mom’s and Dad’s bathroom was nice but it wasn’t really big enough for three. For one, it was plenty of room. For two, it was a lot of fun. For three, it was a little crowded. I couldn’t remember the last time Kavan and Kerry and I had been in it together.**

**Brad and Kerry and I managed to fit OK as long as we maintained a triangle. We'd probably have had plenty of room if they hadn't both had hard-ons. Dicks do get in the way sometimes.**

**We just used our hands at first to wash the glue off our fronts. A little rubbing under the hot water was enough to get us all clean. Every time I wiped one of them down, I'd give their dick a quick pull. I was afraid they wouldn't want to touch each other but they didn't seem to mind. Brad even started it by pulling Kerry's dick first and, of course, Kerry had to return the favor. Kerry started groaning and saying he was going to come but I knew he was teasing, at least I hoped he was.**

**Brad started shuffling around and I wondered what he was trying to do. He backed up into one corner, got me in front of him, and pushed Kerry into the diagonal corner. He had his dick pressed up against my stomach and Kerry's was pressed up against my back. They started sliding up and down against me and I wondered if they were both going to come or if they were just teasing me. I turned around once between them and Brad curled his arms around and put his hands on my breasts, a thumb and finger on each nipple. Maybe I couldn't get a hard-on but I sure could get a hot-on.**

**I felt the water temperature drop suddenly and I knew the washing machine had finished its wash and started the rinse part of the cycle. I'd set it to wash on hot and rinse on cold but the inflow to the washer usually made the shower temperature drop. Dad said it was because the water pressure into the water heater dropped and so less hot water came out. I couldn't understand it and I knew not to shower while the washer was on but I forgot.**

**"Come on, love birds," Kerry said, "let's get in the Jacuzzi."**

**He didn't get any arguments this time. We were out, dripping wet, across the six feet or so, and in the Jacuzzi in**

seconds. I made Brad get in on the big end so I could get in beside him. I pushed Kerry to the little end and he didn't mind. They were still trying to settle how to arrange their long legs when I slipped in beside Brad.

Hot swirling water was heaven on a cold day. Kerry still wanted to play. He said he was a U-boat captain, ordered up periscope, and one poked up. Brad said he had a ballistic missile, showed it to me, and asked me if he could launch it. Kerry liked that one. Kerry said he had a torpedo ready to fire. I told them they'd better not launch or fire anything in the Jacuzzi. After a while I made Kerry switch places with me and I straddled one leg on each while I played with the torpedoes or maybe it was the missiles. Nothing went off but Brad said he had a charge ready in the firing tube.

When my fingers started turning into prunes, I decided I was ready to get out. We all helped each other dry off and that was more fun. Kerry kept trying to grab Brad's dick while I was drying him off. Brad got around behind him and grabbed him in a bear hug and told me to pull Kerry's dick off. I tried but it wouldn't come off.

Finally I made them stop playing and told them to pick up all the towels and socks and underwear. I led them through the house to the washer, put our first load in the dryer, and started a second load.

"Arial, when we get married, are you going to do the housework in the nude?" Brad asked.

"No, Silly," I answered. "You are."

I suppose I'd have my work cut out for me, if we did get married, training him. I tried to think how he'd look vacuuming the carpet wearing nothing but a hard-on like he had now.

"I've got to dry my hair," I said. "You guys have got to give me a time out."

**They followed me to the bathroom between my room and Kerry's. I turned on the hair-dryer and started brushing my hair. Brad and Kerry watched me and every time I lifted my arms they both had their eyes on my breasts. They started whispering back and forth with each other, deliberately cupping a hand around their mouth so I couldn't hear what they were saying. I couldn't have heard over the hair dryer anyway. One would talk and the other would nod and then they'd reverse. I knew they were planning something.**

**"OK, what do you guys want to do now?" I asked when I finished. "We've got about an hour and a half before we've got to start dinner."**

**They didn't answer. Instead, Brad bent down, scooped me up in his arms, and carried me into my bedroom. Kerry was right behind us. I was right; they'd been planning something. Brad held me while Kerry pulled the comforter and blanket down to the foot of my bed. Then he dropped me right in the middle of my queen-size bed while Kerry closed the blinds. The room was dim and quiet and Brad was on the right side of my bed with Kerry on the left.**

**"What are you two up too now?" I asked.**

**I shouldn't have asked.**

**"Oh, almost six inches," Kerry said.**

**"Oh, about seven inches," Brad bragged.**

**"Sillies, I meant what sort of evil plan have you devised for me?"**

**"It's not evil, Arial," Brad said. "We're just going to love you for a while."**

**“Yeah, there’s a catch to it though,” Kerry added. “You’ve got to stay on your back with your eyes closed while we do whatever we want with you.”**

**“You promised, Arial,” Brad said. “When you asked us to jack off, you said I could do whatever I wanted to with you.”**

**I didn’t know what he meant by whatever. “I thought we were going to wait a few more weeks before you did whatever with me,” I teased.**

**‘Shit, Arial, you know I didn’t mean that. You know we’re just playing with you. You’re not gonna get this until Thanksgiving.” He reached down, wrapped his hand around his dick, and waved it at me.**

**“You promise? You two little boys, you and Kerry, you’re not going to try to stick those little things in me?”**

**Kerry giggled. “Only if you open your mouth. Then I’ll give you my big thing.” He wrapped his hand around his dick too.**

**I stuck my tongue out at Kerry and then I opened my mouth and made a big O. Brad saw me and laughed.**

**“Let me get this straight. You want me to lay here in the middle of the bed with my eyes shut and you two do whatever you want with me.”**

**“That’s it,” Brad said.**

**“Oh poo, I thought you guys wanted to play,” I said, and I shut my eyes.**

**I heard them take a few steps and then Brad got in the bed on my right side and Kerry got in on my left. At least I thought that until I realized they were both standing beside the bed to begin with and didn’t need to take even a few**

steps to get in the bed. I started to peek and then remembered I'd promised.

They both turned on their sides so that they were facing me and each other. They must have planned well. The first thing they did was to pull the blanket back up so it covered the three of us. Next they moved up as close to me as possible, with their faces right at my shoulders, almost in my hair, their legs touching mine. I could feel two hard dicks pressed against my hips.

Brad reached down and pulled his dick out from between us and just let it rest on my thigh. I waited for Kerry to do the same thing and, when he didn't, I reached down and helped straighten his out so it rested on me too. It was kind of neat, one dick for each hand, just begging for me to hold them. I wrapped a hand around each and tried using them like I was rowing.

"Just like rowing a boat, isn't it?" I asked.

"No, it's not, and will you for once just shut up?" Brad responded.

"What?"

"You heard me. You don't have to joke about it. Just shut up and relax. Let me and Kerry love you without the cute remarks. And turn loose of my dick."

Well, maybe he wasn't exactly being nice but I liked it when he took charge. I turned loose of two dicks, let my hands rest on my stomach, and relaxed.

It was nice to just lay there with my eyes closed while their hands moved over me, sort of randomly touching me on my shoulders, breasts, stomach, and thighs except where I wanted to be touched.

Brad moved up a little on the bed, leaned over me, and found my mouth with his. I knew it was him. Kerry's cheeks and chin were still as soft as mine. Brad was already shaving and I felt a little stubble on his chin. I put my hand behind his head and opened my mouth to him.

He found my breast with his hand and started teasing the nipple with his fingertips. Kerry did the same thing on the other side and I wondered how they were cueing each other.

After a minute or so, Brad's lips left mine and I felt Kerry's replace them. There was no mistaking them. I'd been kissed by both of them enough to know the difference. I felt Brad scoot lower on the bed and then his mouth found my breast and his hand started playing with the hair on my mound. I wanted so much for him to touch me between my legs but I just let him do whatever he wanted at his own pace.

Then Kerry moved down and found my other breast with his mouth. They were both doing the same thing - just gently licking my breast like it was an ice cream cone, and then still gently sucking on the nipple. I could have let them do that for the rest of the afternoon. I guess they tried to take up the same space because I heard two heads bonk and somebody whispered, "Shit."

Kerry's hand joined Brad's on my stomach and they both played with my curls. I kept waiting for them to touch me between my legs but they just kept touching me everywhere but there. Finally, Brad caught Kerry's hand in his and pulled it down so that they both had a hand on my thighs near my knees. They pulled my legs apart so that I ended up with my legs spread, one over each of theirs, and then the other of theirs over mine. I felt a pillow being dragged down on the bed, over me, and then they both started pushing it up under me. I lifted my butt off the bed and let them put it where they wanted it.

They both put their mouths back on my breasts and so I pulled the blanket up and over our heads, making a nice

dark warm cave for us. It was nice just to relax and let them do whatever they wanted. They were both sucking and licking and nuzzling my breasts. They were both teasing me with one hand, up and down on the inside of my thighs, down and around under my knees, up with fingertips until they touched my buns, just not where I wanted them to touch me.

I almost grabbed somebody's hand and put it where I wanted it but I tried to wait to see when they'd do it and what they'd do. Just when I thought I'd lose patience with them, they finally did it, both of them did it. I felt two mouths and two sets of fingertips touching me so gently it was almost as if I was imagining it, just fingertips on the mounds on each side of my pussy, just two mouths, tongues, on my breasts. It was getting hot in the cave so I pushed the blanket down off my face and took some deep breaths.

Finally one of them took mercy on me. I felt a hand move up the inside of my thigh and one finger traced up and down on my slit and then found the place where it could slide into me. I was wet, hot and wet, and I wanted it in me. The finger stayed in me, stirring up my juices and slowly getting deeper and deeper into me.

Then another hand slid up my other thigh and joined the first one. They both played in my pussy for a while and then one hand moved up to my clitoris. One long finger curled around inside me and kept moving in and out. Another finger kept stroking my clit, dipping down in my honey pot, and stroking upward again and again. Two mouths, two fingers, I just waited until it started and then let it ripple and quiver inside and then roll over me and squeeze deep inside me and I didn't know what they were doing anymore.

They let me rest for a few minutes but they didn't stop playing with me. I knew Kerry loved to touch me on the inside of my thighs because he said it was so soft and smooth and I guess Brad decided he did too. They both

alternated between my breasts and my thighs and touching me everywhere except for my pussy. They both kept nuzzling my throat and cheeks and occasionally kissing me on the corner of my mouth.

Brad finally decided he was ready to do whatever - something else - with me. He moved down and over me, put his big hands on my waist, and sort of lifted or pushed me toward the head of the bed. Kerry moved one pillow up so it was still under my head and then Brad moved the other one up so it was still under my butt.

Brad moved further down and spread my legs wider and I think I started holding my breath then. He started wiggling around and I finally realized he was trying to kick the blanket loose where it was tucked under the foot of the bed so he could have more room. I started to giggle then but when he bent over and started kissing me on the inside of my thighs I held my breath again.

Kerry was on his knees too, beside me, and he kept kissing me and then moving down to suck on one breast, on the other, and then kissing me again. Each time the pattern was the same, just a little touch of tongue between my lips, just a few soft sucks on my nipple while his hand held it, then the other nipple.

I knew they'd left me wet and wide open, with my inner labia spread wide like they always are when I'm hot and ready. The first time Brad's tongue touched me, it moved from the bottom of my pussy, all the way up to my clit. He held my thighs spread wide and licked and licked and licked. I finally had to start breathing again. I could feel an ache somewhere inside me, a need to have something inside my pussy.

After a few minutes, Brad straightened up and moved to the other side of me, still on his knees. Kerry moved down under the blanket, on his knees between my thighs. Just as I felt his tongue start teasing me between my legs, Brad

started kissing me. His mouth tasted the same as my fingers did when I'd had them in my pussy. If this was whatever, I hoped they'd keep doing it forever.

They kept at me until I lost consciousness of time and everything else except for their mouths and hands on me. I wanted so much to feel Brad's hard dick in me or maybe Kerry's. I didn't care which and I knew I wanted it like I'd never wanted anything before. When Brad moved his mouth from mine down to my breasts, I couldn't keep quiet any longer.

**"Brad, do it, please. I want to feel you in me."**

He didn't say anything. He just kept his hands and mouth on my breasts.

**"Please, Brad. I want you. Please do it."**

**"No, Ariel. Not yet. Just a few more days. You can't want it any more than I do."**

He moved back down and it seemed like he almost pushed Kerry to one side. He put his hands behind my knees and lifted my legs so that my feet were on his back. I knew I was wide open to him and I wanted so much for him to put his dick in me. Instead he slid one finger, just one long finger, inside me, and then started using his tongue on my vaginal lips again, and I knew I was going to scream if something didn't happen. He must have known how I felt. He finally put his mouth just where my lips joined and started sucking. I could feel my clit being sucked into his mouth and his tongue lapping at it. I exploded.

It felt like my insides, my pussy, was squeezing down and around on something inside me but I knew that what I wanted wasn't inside me. It went on and on and I knew I was making strange unintelligible noises but I couldn't stop. I waited for them to stop so I could stop too but they didn't.

Kerry's mouth was on my breasts, first one and then the other, and then on my mouth. He was tongue-fucking me; that was the only way to describe it. His hands were all over me or maybe they were Brad's. I tried to push him away because I couldn't take anymore and he stopped but only to swap places with Brad.

Brad started kissing me. I could tell it was him because the hair on the back of his neck felt so different than Kerry's fine hair. His mouth was open on mine and he was trying to suck my tongue out of my mouth. His big hand was on my breast, tweaking my nipple. Kerry licked me on the inside of my thighs, long wet licks up to where they joined, and then he fastened his mouth on my cunt and tried to suck everything out down there. I started coming again or maybe it was still because the aftershocks had never stopped when the next wave of contractions began. They were trying to drive me out of my mind and for the first time they succeeded.

When I finally opened my eyes, Brad and Kerry were still on each side of me, slowly stroking their cocks and watching me. Brad asked me if I was OK and I couldn't talk. I nodded yes but I would have nodded yes to anything he said. I shut my eyes again.

I suppose they were being sweet to me because they finally left me alone for a while. They whispered back and forth above me but I didn't really care what they were saying. I just wanted to stay warm and relaxed and sleepy. After a few minutes, I remembered that they hadn't come yet. I took a few deep breaths and opened my eyes to two grinning guys.

They were in mirror positions on each side of me: on their sides, heads propped with hands, hands wrapped around cocks, slowly stroking. I hoped they were finished doing their whatever to me because I was going to give them some of it back.

I got up on my knees and made them get close together. They were propped on pillows against the head of the bed. Their shoulders were touching but their legs were still farther apart than I wanted. I told them to get closer and pulled Kerry up by both hands. Brad put his left arm behind and I let Kerry lay back down on it. Now they were close enough, touching at their hips, their thighs touching all the way down.

I straddled their legs where they were side by side, one knee between Brad's legs and the other between Kerry's. I leaned back with my butt on their knees and just looked at their dicks for a minute or so. They were both hard and sticking up over their stomachs. Brad's dick was bigger but, considering their body size, Kerry's looked bigger on him. Brad's balls looked swollen and Kerry's did too. I wondered if that was what blue balls looked like, not really blue, more pinkish-red and swollen.

I wrapped my left hand around Brad's dick and my right around Kerry's. At first I tried to do them both at the same time but I couldn't get it coordinated right. So I just jacked Brad first and then Kerry. That worked fine. I wasn't in any hurry to get them off anyway.

They both just lay there grinning at me like idiots and let me do all the work. I decided to see if I could do something to wipe those grins off their faces. I leaned over Brad, pulled his foreskin down tight, wrapped my lips around his dick, and tried to suck the head off. When I looked up, he wasn't smiling; he was holding his breath. I gave Kerry the same treatment and his grin disappeared too.

When I looked at Brad, he was grinning again. I didn't care. I just kept at it, using my hands on them at the same time, my mouth on them one at a time, just slow and easy, letting them grin all they wanted to. Then Kerry started giggling while I was sucking Brad's dick. I switched and then Brad started laughing. I played their little game for a couple of

turns each and then decided I didn't like being played for a sucker.

"It's not fair," I said.

"What's not fair?" Brad asked.

"Both of you got at me and tried to drive me crazy. There's only one of me doing whatever to you. I could use some help."

"You mean that?" Kerry asked.

"Yeah, we need another girl," I said.

Kerry started to get up. I don't know what he thought he was going to do but Brad pushed him down on his back again and then got on his knees beside me.

"I'll help you," he said.

I looked at him like he really was crazy. I'd just been joking, I guess, and I hadn't expected him to help me with Kerry. "I'm just joking," I said.

"It's OK," he said. "We'll both drive Kerry crazy and then he can help you with me."

I didn't believe him and I guess it showed. Then he wrapped his big hand around Kerry's dick, leaned over, and did the same thing I'd been doing - tried to suck the head off. Kerry's eyes looked like a couple of marbles in two saucers. After a minute or so, Brad straightened up and looked at me.

"Your turn."

I took my turn for a while and then straightened up. Brad gave me another big smile and then took a turn with Kerry. I don't know what he thought he was doing - whether he

really wanted to suck Kerry's dick or whether he was just saying it was OK for me to do it or whether he loved me enough to do it when he didn't really want to. I don't guess it mattered. Kerry's eyes closed and his hands were clenching the sheets and I knew he was close to coming.

When Brad straightened up again, I leaned over to him and gave him a kiss. I'd intended it to be just a quick smack but it turned into an open-mouthed battle. He put his hand behind my head and wouldn't let me go. I forgot about Kerry for a moment until I felt him moving below me.

When I looked down, he had his own hand on his dick and it was moving so fast it was a blur. While I watched, I saw the muscles in his stomach tense so that he looked like he had a six-pack. Then a second or so later, he let out one long squirt that flew straight up his chest and landed on his throat, another which landed in the middle of his chest, and a couple more that dropped on his stomach.

"Damn, Kerry, I thought you were too little but you're got real firepower in your torpedo," Brad said.

Kerry couldn't say anything. He was gasping for breath and I could see his pulse pounding in his throat. But he could still grin, one more of his big Kerry grins. When I got through laughing, I went to the bathroom for a washcloth and towel.

Brad lay back and started stroking his dick again, just doing it real slow, while he watched me clean up Kerry. I decided it was his turn to go crazy this time.

I moved over him and nudged his legs apart with my knees. He turned loose of his dick and left it to me so I took charge. I just started stroking it at first and watching it drooling. I hadn't seen Kerry's dick doing that but I guess he wasn't old enough yet. I squeezed upward, watched a couple of big fat drops ooze out, caught them on my finger, and then sucked

my finger clean. It was sweet to my tongue, nothing like semen.

I decided we'd played with Brad long enough and it was time to put him out of his misery. I leaned over, pulled the skin on his dick down tight, wrapped my lips around it, and tried to suck the head off again. At school I'd heard one of the girls say if at first you don't succeed, keep on sucking 'til you do suck seed. I tried and I could tell he was getting close when he put his hands on my head. I guess he remembered he wasn't supposed to do that and then moved them down to my shoulders.

"OK, big boy, let's see what you've got in that missile," Kerry said.

I looked up and he was on his knees beside Brad.

"You don't have to, Kerry," Brad said.

"I know. I just thought I'd give Arial a little help," he answered. Then he leaned over, held Brad's dick straight up, and put his mouth over the head. He just held it while he sucked it but when he took his mouth off, he jacked it up and down so fast and hard I was afraid he'd hurt Brad. Brad didn't seem to mind if his dick got rough treatment. He just laid back propped on pillows, his hands to his side, hanging on to the sheets just like Kerry.

When Kerry finally let me have a turn, I decided to be rough too to see if Brad could tell the difference. He couldn't, I guess. Men! They're all alike. Brains turn to mush when they've got a hard dick. I almost bit his dick to see if he'd like that too.

After one more turn each, anybody could have seen that Brad was ready to launch his missile. His balls were drawn up so far they weren't hanging down at all. They were neat and tight on each side of the base of his cock. I'd never seen a guy's balls do that before.

I started to take another turn but Brad decided what he wanted to do. He wrapped one big hand around mine on his cock, pushed my head away with the other, and started jacking a fast as he - or we - could. He launched a big white payload up and over on his chest and then fired a few others behind the first. He was a little off center and the puddles started running down on his ribs almost as soon as they hit. I grabbed the towel off the nightstand and wiped them up before they messed up the sheets. I didn't want to have to do any more laundry.

We just lay there talking and being silly and laughing until I remembered I was supposed to do something for dinner. I checked the clock and decided it was time to get in the kitchen.

I chased them both down the hall to the laundry room so we could get dressed. The first load with our jeans and sweatshirts was still warm in the dryer so we put those on without any underwear. The second load of towels and socks and underwear was still in the washer so I put them in the dryer and started it. I didn't think it'd matter if we didn't have on underwear for the rest of the day.

I made Kerry brown the Italian sausage in olive oil while Brad peeled the potatoes. I chopped the celery and garlic and onions and set the herbs and spices out on the counter. I opened two big cans of tomato sauce, showed Brad how to chunk the potatoes, and waited on Kerry to finish with the sausage. The only other thing we needed was a big loaf of Italian bread and I found two in the freezer.

Not long after the stew pot started simmering, I heard the buzzer on the dryer go off. I pulled everything out in a basket and took it in the kitchen. I pulled out my socks and put them on over my cold feet. The floor was a little cold and the warm socks felt wonderful. I let Brad and Kerry dig out their own socks. I folded Brad's briefs and long underwear and put them in a sack so he could take them

home. I threw Kerry's to him so he could put them away. I folded mine and took them in my room. When I came back, Brad and Kerry had the towels folded.

Everybody enjoyed the Italian stew. Brad and Kavan and Kerry ate like they hadn't had anything to eat in days. We all sat around the kitchen table talking after dinner. Mom asked me what we'd been doing all day.

"We swept up the leaves and carried them down to the mulch pile," Brad said. "I guess I wouldn't mind living in a house with a yard. It was fun."

"We got in the Jacuzzi together," Kerry said. "After freezing all morning, it was nice to have a hot soak."

I didn't say anything and I guess Dad picked up on it.

"Didn't you have a good day, Princess?" he asked.

"Yeah, I had a very nice day, Dad. But these two have been cutting up and trying to drive me crazy."

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On Friday morning of the week before Thanksgiving, Kerry and I were both in the bathroom together, getting ready for school. He set the timer and we did our two-minute brush. When we got through rinsing with mouthwash, he handed me the mousse I sometimes used on my hair.

"Do my hair?" he asked.

I knew what he wanted. Usually he just brushed his hair neatly, parting it in the middle and brushing it back over each ear. Once in a while he wanted me to do something different for him. I rubbed some of the gel over my hands and then massaged it into his hair. I used my hands to smooth it back on the sides and then combed my fingers through it on top so it was in spikes and tangles. He

watched what I was doing in the mirror. I liked it. He gave me a big smile and I knew he liked it too.

“Arial, some of the girls at school think they’re playing with me,” he said. “I just act like a little kid and play along with them.”

I wasn’t sure what he meant. “Maybe you’d better explain that.”

“Well, you know Mary Susan Burgoyne, the cheerleader, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I know her. Who doesn’t?”

“She keeps coming on to me.”

“Kerry, she’s sixteen and she’s the girlfriend of one of the football players. You’d better be careful with her.”

“It’s not me, Arial. She’s in one of my classes and she sits behind me. Monday, she tapped me on the shoulder before class started. When I turned around, she had the top button on her blouse open and she leaned over and showed me the top of her tits. She pretended she had a question about the class but we both knew what she was doing.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Yeah, she’s got nice tits but she doesn’t have a brain in her head. She asked me if I liked what I saw and I said, “Yeah, you got anything else worth looking at?”

I couldn’t help but giggle at that. Just like Kerry. “What did she say then?”

“She asked me if I’d know what to do with it if she showed it to me.”

“Come on, what did you say then?”

**“Nothing, I just stuck my tongue out a little and licked my lips. She acted like she couldn’t believe I’d do that.”**

**“Would you do it if you got a chance?”**

**“Shit, I don’t know. I’d like to lick her to a couple of orgasms and then fuck her silly. But if I did, it’d be all over school the next day. She can’t keep her mouth shut.”**

**“Who else?”**

**“Two or three others. They think it’s fun to tease me about sex. They act like I’m too little to know anything about it. I do like you do, just smile and don’t say anything.”**

**“Well, that’s probably the best thing to do. Don’t let them know what you’ve done because they’ll probably spread it all over.”**

**“Arial, if I ask you something, will you give me an honest answer?”**

**“Sure. What is it?”**

**“Do you think maybe I made a mistake starting to high school two years early? Do you think maybe I should have waited?”**

**“Of course not, Squirt. You’ve got A’s in every course you’re taking. You can do the work without any trouble.”**

**“I don’t mean that. It’s just that all the girls are at least two years older than me. The seniors are six years older. I’ll never have a girlfriend.”**

**I really hadn’t thought about that before. He made friends so easily I guess I didn’t worry about him having friends in high school.**

**“What about Leigh?” I asked. “Wouldn’t you consider her your girl friend?”**

**“Naah, we’re just friends. I like her a lot but about the only thing we have in common is we both like to fool around. I can’t see getting serious about her.”**

**“Then you should be careful with her. She doesn’t deserve to be hurt by you.”**

**“I know. Do you think I could come up with something so she’d dump me? If I dump her, it probably would hurt her feelings. If she dumps me, she’ll probably be OK with it.”**

**“Maybe. If you want me to, I’ll help you think about how to get her to do it.”**

**“It’s just that she’s so immature about so much stuff. The high school girls are a lot more interesting to talk to.”**

**“Kerry, she’s a year older than you.”**

**“Yeah, I know, but if we couldn’t fool around, we wouldn’t have much to talk about. I just wish some of the girls at the high school would like me.”**

**“There are lots of nice girls who like you, Kerry. They talk to me sometimes about you.”**

**“Who? Name one.”**

**“Nicole Whittaker. You know her. She lives a couple of miles from here, over on Frost Line Road.”**

**“Yeah, she’s nice. She’s got brains and looks but she’s about your age. She wouldn’t be interested in me.”**

**“Well, she is. She and I are in two classes together and she’d always asking me about you. She thinks you’re the cutest guy she’s ever seen.”**

**“She’s classy like you, you know, the way she acts and dresses, but in a different way. She never wears jeans either and her outfits are weird sometimes but she always looks great. I wish I could date somebody like her.”**

**“She loves to dance. Every time the school does a play or a musical that needs a dancer, they get her. Maybe you two have something in common there.”**

**“Come on, Ariel, I’m not that good a dancer. I like practicing with you and Mom but...”**

**I cut him short. “We’ve got to get out front and wait for Brad. Anyway, you’re a very good dancer.”**

**“Well, I’d do the horizontal mambo with her.”**

**“Would you go somewhere with her and me and Brad if I set it up?”**

**He looked at me like he couldn’t believe it could really happen.**

**“Yeah!”**

**We went out on the front porch to wait for Brad. The morning was cold but the sun was shining from a cloudless sky.**

**“Mary Susan almost showed it to me on Wednesday,” Kerry said.**

**“What? In class?”**

**“Yeah, she tapped me on the shoulder again. When I turned around, she uncrossed her legs real slow, like she wanted me to look. She had on a short skirt and I don’t think she had on any panties.”**

**“You couldn’t tell?”**

**“Naah, if she did, they were black ones.”**

**“I hope nobody saw you and her. We don’t need any more problems.”**

**“Well, I had a problem later, a hard one.”**

**“You mean you got a hard-on?”**

**“Yeah, but that’s nothing unusual. I have’em all the time.”**

**“What do you do?”**

**“Well I usually just try not to think about it. If I get to thinking about the class, it usually goes away by itself. I’d have been OK if Mrs. Redford hadn’t asked me to demonstrate a problem.”**

**“In front of the class? You mean read the problem, explain it, and then show how you worked it? She used to get me to do that last year.”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“What did you do?”**

**“I just looked straight at her and asked if I could beg off this time. I think I surprised her ‘cause I’ve always done it before when she asked.”**

**“Do you think it’ll hurt your grade?”**

**“Naah. After class was dismissed, she asked me to stay for a minute. She asked me why I didn’t want to work it. I just told her.”**

**“You mean you told her you had a hard-on.”**

**“Sure, except I called it an erection. She’s been married for almost a year. I’ll bet she knows what one is.”**

**“What did she say then?”**

**“She just laughed and said OK but I had to raise my hand the next time she called for a volunteer.”**

**“She’s a good teacher. Most students love her.”**

**“Yeah, I think she’s great. Just as I started to leave the room, she called my name. I turned around and she told me to watch out for Mary Susan, said she’s a tease. I didn’t say anything but I sort of mouthed the words cock teaser. She just smiled and nodded her head.”**

**“I wish you wouldn’t worry about having girl friends yet, Squirt. Just have friends - guys and girls. That’s what I’ve always done until I started going with Brad. You know I’ve done lots of stuff with a crowd and maybe one guy asked me to go but we didn’t consider ourselves boy friend and girl friend, just friends. It’s a lot easier that way.”**

**“Are you and Brad still planning to do the deed next week? When he comes over for Thanksgiving dinner?”**

**“I don’t think I’m going to wait ‘til then. He’ll spend most of this weekend with me and I think we’re going to do it Saturday night.”**

**“I hear his car coming up the hill. Does he know about your plans yet?”**

**“No, and don’t you let him know. I want it to be a surprise.”**

## **Chapter Forty**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Arial Stuart, 15;  
Kerry Stuart, 12**

**Brad Weaver, 17**

**TELLING THE STORY:  
Arial Stuart**

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**(ARIAL)**

**Friday night, after dinner, I asked Mom to chase everybody else out of the kitchen so I could talk to her while we cleaned up. When the rest of the family left, I told her about my plans.**

**“Mom, Brad’s coming over tomorrow morning to stay until Sunday afternoon. I want to do it with him Saturday night.”**

**She looked at me for a minute or so like she was thinking about what to say.**

**“The last time we talked, I think you said you and Brad had done pretty much everything except ‘it’. I assume you meant he hasn’t had his penis in your vagina.”**

**I giggled. Since when was she a stickler for the scientific terms? “No, Mom, I mean he hasn’t had his dick in my pussy.”**

**She giggled too. “Come on, Arial, I don’t believe you. You’re telling me he hasn’t had his pecker in your pussy?”**

**“It’s true, Mom! The only thing he’s had in my pussy is his fingers and tongue.”**

**She stopped laughing and just smiled at me. “Is he a good lover, Princess?”**

**I knew it was time to be serious. “I think so. We’re having lots of fun and we’re both learning about each other. He doesn’t have much experience with girls.”**

**“Does he know how to satisfy you? To make sure you have orgasms? He doesn’t go off and leave you wanting?”**

**“Yes, he’s always considerate of me. You remember last Saturday, I told Dad that Brad and Kerry had been trying to drive me crazy all day - well, they took turns going down on me and when I came I think I almost fainted.”**

**“Kerry said you three got in the Jacuzzi. You all three fooled around too?”**

**“Yeah, it was fun.”**

**“What did Brad think about having Kerry involved?”**

**“I think he was OK with it.”**

**“Does he understand that a woman doesn’t necessarily have orgasms from vaginal intercourse, that he may have to lend you a hand or maybe a tongue to help you come?”**

**“I think so. So far he’s a good learner. I’ll make sure I teach him what I want him to know.”**

**“It’s important, Princess. That’s one thing that makes your father such a good lover. If he comes inside me before I do, he’ll use his fingers or mouth to give me an orgasm too. He’s always loved to get his mouth down there and he’ll use his tongue on my clit no matter how big a mess he’s made in my pussy. Some men just want to roll over and go to sleep after they get theirs.”**

**“Maybe I’ll just see what he’s willing to do tomorrow night,” I said.**

**“I know you said you were going to wait until Thanksgiving. It’s just a few more days. What made you change your mind?”**

**“I don’t know. I just want to do it. I’m all mixed up sometimes. I think I love him but I know we’re too young to be getting serious with each other. It’s just that I wish I could be with him the rest of my life. Last time we were fooling around, I wanted to feel him inside me so bad I almost cried. Am I making any sense?”**

**“Yes, Princess, you’re making perfect sense. You’re just a normal young girl trying to learn what it’s like to love a man. Don’t make a problem out of it.”**

**“I won’t. He’s always so sweet and nice to me. I tease him more than I should and he never gets mad at me. He treats me nicer than I deserve. I told you we talked about waiting until after I’d been on birth control for a couple of months; well, he’s the one who’s held to that. I’d have done it already if he hadn’t held back. He says it’s just too important for us to do it without thinking.”**

**“He’s right, you know. Most guys would probably have sex with you without worrying the least bit about the consequences.”**

**“I told him how you got pregnant with Kerry, how the antibiotic made your birth control pill fail. I asked him what he’d do if I got pregnant.”**

**“What did he say?”**

**“Exactly the right thing. He said he’d marry me, we’d keep the baby, we’d raise a family of beautiful kids together, and he’d be the happiest man alive.”**

**“Sounds just like your Father.”**

**“Yeah, I guess so.”**

**“You know it’s OK with your Father and me for you to sleep with Brad, to have sex with him. We’ve always tried to be honest about sex and love with you. Kieran and I both think you’ve shown a lot of maturity with Brad. What’s bothering you about going the rest of the way?”**

**“I don’t know. It’s just such a big step. We’re so young and I know we’re not ready to assume the responsibility for our lives yet. I just want you and Dad to know how I feel so you won’t be disappointed with me.”**

**“Arial, we’ve never been disappointed with you. I don’t think we ever could be. Now, tell me what I can do so you young lovers have a good night together.”**

**“Nothing, I guess. Don’t come running if I yell. Don’t let Kavan and Kerry tease me and Brad. I’d just like to have a quiet peaceful time with him.”**

**“Kavan and Kathryn will be working at the plant nursery tomorrow until five. They’ll be home after that just long enough to bathe and then they’re going to a party. When they come home, they’ll be too tired to bother anybody.”**

**“What about Kerry? I love him to pieces but he’s so full of mischief sometimes.”**

**“Does he know what you and Brad are planning?”**

**“Yeah, but Brad doesn’t know yet. I just decided this week.”**

**“You were supposed to have your period this week, weren’t you? Will that be finished?”**

**“It started last Sunday night, just like the info sheet for the birth control pill said it should. No problems. I’m OK now.”**

**“Kerry’s already made sure he won’t be a problem for you. When I came home this afternoon, he asked me if he could**

go spend the weekend with Stuart and Joanne again. I asked him if Stuart had invited him. He said he hadn't but he'd told him he wanted him to come back anytime so they could work on some research stuff together. Kerry called him before dinner and got an invitation. I'm dropping him off before noon tomorrow."

That made me stop and think for a minute. I just shook my head in amazement. I guess Mom knew how I felt. She usually does.

"What?"

"It's just Kerry. He'd the most lovable little brother any girl could ever have. I guess I'll always wonder how he can give so much love to other people."

"I feel the same way about him, Ariel. All of us have loved him so much he could have become spoiled by it and never think of anybody but himself. Instead, he gives back so much love it amazes me."

"What are you and Dad doing tomorrow night?"

"We talked about going out to dinner. Do you think Brad would like to go? Could you two wait until after that to do it? I promise not to call you on Sunday morning."

"Where would we go?"

"A little Italian place your Dad and I know. It's dark and quiet and all the booths are sort of private. It's the sort of romantic place where lovers can look into each other's eyes and think about what they're going to be doing later that night."

"Will you and Dad be thinking about it?"

"Yes, Princess. We're still lovers, you know. I wish I could open my heart and let you in so you could see how much I

love your Dad. They have cloths on the table and you can put your hand under it, on Brad's cock, and tease him. I'll do it to your Dad if you'll do it to Brad. Is it a deal?"

I knew Mom would understand if I talked to her. I hugged her and she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek.

"I just hope Brad doesn't come in his pants," I said.

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Saturday morning, Brad rang the bell at the front door about mid-morning. I'd asked him to wear some old clothes so we could take a walk and to bring something nicer for when we went out to dinner. He didn't complain when I asked him to go to dinner with my parents but he said he hoped it was a place where he didn't have to dress up. I'd told him the clothes he wore to school would be OK.

When I answered the door, I saw he had khakis and an oxford dress shirt in a plastic bag and a pair of loafers in his hand. I led him down the hall to my room and opened the door to my closet. I pushed my clothes down a little on the rack so there was room for his. He stood looking at my closet for a moment – it was as neat and organized as his - and then hung up his clothes and put his shoes on the floor.

He took off his big parka, the one he wore to school on really cold days, and looked in my closet again. I guessed he was looking for a hanger for his coat. I took it from him and tossed it on my bed.

"I'm not a total neat-freak," I said. But I didn't tell him I'd already made up my bed with clean linen, the nicest ones I had.

"Where's everybody?" he asked.

**“Kavan and Kathryn have been gone since before eight. They’re working again today. Mom’s taking Kerry over to stay with Stuart and Joanne for a couple of days. Dad’s around here somewhere.”**

**I took his hand and led him to the kitchen. I’d made a fresh pot of coffee just before he rang the bell because Dad asked me to. I didn’t tell anybody but I made it with just de-caf so I could have some too.**

**Brad did the same thing he usually did when we had a minute alone - he hugged me. He pulled me against him, spread his legs wide so he was shorter, and wrapped his long arms around me. I put my arms around his waist and tried to bury my face in the side of his neck. After a minute or so, he cupped his hands around my buns and pulled me against him tighter.**

**We were standing like that when Dad came in from the family room. He had on sweats with just socks and I guess Brad didn’t hear him until he spoke.**

**“Good morning, Brad.”**

**Brad almost jumped. His hands quickly left my buns and moved up to my waist.**

**“Good morning, Mr. Stuart,” he said.**

**Dad put his coffee cup down on the counter and walked over beside us. I wondered what he was doing and then I felt one of Brad’s hands on my fanny again. When Dad took hold of my wrist and moved my hand down so it was on Brad’s butt, I knew what he was doing. He walked around on the opposite side, moved my hand, and then moved Brad’s so we were both cupping each other’s behind.**

**“Equal opportunity groping,” he said, and then poured himself another cup of coffee and left us standing in the middle of the kitchen.**

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Mom was back by lunchtime and the four of us had sandwiches together. Afterwards, I asked Brad if he'd go for a walk with me. I'd always liked to go to the remains of the old church building down on the bottomland near the creek behind our house. There wasn't much of the old building left except the stone floor and parts of two walls. Dad said it had been built about a hundred years ago and had been washed away in a flood in the 1930's. It was a beautiful spot under some big maple trees and I thought it still felt sacred. It was one of my favorite spots to picnic.

When Brad saw the old church remains, he loved it too. The sky was a cloudless blue but the temperature was in the forties and the wind was blowing occasionally. We found a sheltered spot near one of the old walls and Brad found a clean place on the floor so we could sit down. He sat down first, legs spread, knees bent, and I knew what he wanted. I sat down and scooted back between his legs so I could lean against him and he could put his arms around me. He just sat and held me for a few minutes. I didn't feel any need to talk and I guess he didn't either. I was learning to like being close and quiet like that.

"Arial, why do you want me?" he asked after a while.

"What do you mean?" I really didn't understand what he was asking.

"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. You could have any man you wanted. Why me?"

"Silly. There's no answer to a question like that."

"There's got to be," he insisted. "I'm feel like I'm too tall already and I haven't stopped growing. I'm awkward and uncoordinated sometimes. I think I look OK but I'll never

be called handsome. I guess I'm satisfied with me but I just don't feel like I'm good enough for you."

"I think you're taller than Dad. How tall are you?"

"Six two. My Dad said he didn't quit growing until he was about nineteen. I may end up six three or four. How tall are you?"

"I haven't measured lately. Mom's five nine and I'm just a little shorter than her. I think I'll be tall like her. If you and I are both tall, we'll just have tall kids."

"But we ought to have more in common than that, Arial," he said.

"Brad, when's the last time you wore jeans to school?" I asked.

"Huh? I can't remember. I don't think I ever have."

"Have you ever seen me in jeans at school?"

"Naah, you're always dressed kind of classy. I think you wear pants most of the time and skirts once in a while. I've never seen you in a dress at school."

"And you've always got on khakis or some other color casual pants. You wear dress shirts to school and I don't know anybody else who does that."

"It's because my arms are so long – I wear a thirty-six inch sleeve - and I can get my sleeve length in a dress shirt. I like permanent-press oxford shirts. They're easy to iron and always look nice."

"Brad, will you marry me?"

"What?"

**“If you iron your own shirts, I want to marry you before some other girl gets you.”**

**“OK, so we’re both neat-freaks. What else do we have in common?”**

**“Does your Dad make you study?”**

**“No, he doesn’t have to.”**

**“Then why do you do it?”**

**“I do it for me, because I want to. I don’t know what I want to do when I get out of college but I know what I want to make out of myself. I make my grades for me, not for anybody else.”**

**“So do I.”**

**He was quiet for a minute or so.**

**“OK, so we’re both tall neat-freaks who like to study. What else?”**

**“Because I’ve never been happier than I am right now, sitting here on a cold stone floor with your arms around me.”**

**“Yeah, it is kind of nice, isn’t it? What else?”**

**“Because I love you and you love me and there’s no rational reason why but we do.”**

**He was quiet and I guess he was thinking about us, just like I was.**

**“Arial, I don’t think I’m falling in love with you. That makes it sound like I trip over something and then I’m there. I think I’m growing in love with you, just a little more all the time. Is it like that for you?”**

**“Yes, Love.”**

**“So do you think we can keep growing in love together until we get married and then keep growing when we have kids?”**

**“I hope so. That’s what Mom and Dad have done.”**

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**Saturday night, in our booth in the restaurant, Brad didn’t come in his pants after all. He squirmed and I wouldn’t stop until he had a hard-on. He tried to swat my hand away until I leaned over and told him to look where Mom had her hand. Dad was leaned back with a smile on his face and a look in his eyes that could only mean one thing. When Brad realized Mom was doing the same thing to Dad, he finally relaxed and let me hold his cock. By the time we had tiramisu and cappuccino for dessert, he returned the favor by sliding my dress up and putting his fingers on the inside of my thigh.**

**We were back home just before nine. Brad thanked Mom and Dad for dinner and we stood talking for a few minutes. I still hadn’t told him what I’d planned and I was glad Mom hadn’t let it slip in teasing us. I started to lead Brad down the hall to my bedroom but Mom asked me to wait a minute. She went in the dining room and picked up a shopping bag hidden behind the door. When she handed it to Brad, he looked at me with questions in his eyes.**

**“It’s presents for two young lovers,” she said. “Kerry wanted to get you something and he and I stopped by the mall on the way over to Stuart’s and Joanne’s this morning.”**

**Brad reached in the bag and brought out a couple of gift-wrapped packages, one small, one larger. He handed the larger one to me and I looked at it and saw my name in Kerry’s handwriting.**

**“Well, aren’t you going to open them?” Dad asked.**

**“Hush, Kieran,” Mom said. “They can open them in their bedroom.”**

**“Do you know what’s in them?” Brad asked Mom.**

**“Yes, Kerry told me what to get and I helped him pick them out.”**

**“It’s not anything bad, is it? No dirty jokes or stuff like that?” I asked.**

**“No. They’re nice presents. Kerry wrote two notes before they were wrapped. I don’t know what he wrote but he I think he knew what he wanted to say.”**

**“Then let’s open them now, Arial,” Brad said. “I don’t mind if your Dad knows what’s in them. I guess it’d be OK if they know what Kerry wrote.”**

**I nodded and Brad opened his package. He slid the ribbon to one side and off and then handed the wrapping paper to Mom. There was a small box inside. When he opened it, I saw something made of a blue silken fabric inside. He picked it up and it was a pair of lounging shorts. In the bottom of the box was a small paper with Kerry’s handwriting on it. Brad read it and then held it in front of me.**

**“A gift of love is always more precious when it’s beautifully wrapped,” I read out loud.**

**I felt like I wanted to cry but I held it in. I pulled the end of the ribbon on my package and the knot came undone. When I folded back the paper, there was another box. I held it over toward Brad and he lifted the lid. Inside there were three different items, all in pink silk and lace. I picked up the one on top - panties, the next one - a bra, and the next**

one - a short lacy peignoir. Underneath there was another note. I read it and then held it over in front of Brad.

“Make sure Brad is patient in opening his gift of love. It might be hard but he’ll enjoy it more,” he read out loud. I looked at his face and I could tell he was blushing.

I tried not to cry but I couldn’t keep the tears out of my eyes and I wasn’t faking it either.

“I guess he’ll never cease to amaze me,” Dad said and I knew he meant Kerry.

“Dad, would you take a picture of Brad and me after we put them on?” I said it on impulse because I wanted to show the picture to Kerry.

“Arial!” Brad growled.

Maybe I should have thought about how he would feel before saying anything.

“I’m sorry, Love,” I said. “I’d like Kerry to see us and I’d like to keep it so we can look at it when we get old.”

I knew we’d both get hugged before we went to my - our - bedroom. Dad’s always been the big one for hugging and I think he’s getting worse as he gets older. Brad hugged Mom back but I don’t think he knew where to put his hands when Dad wrapped him up in a hug.

“You could have told me what you were planning,” Brad said, just as soon as we went in my bedroom. “I wondered why you’ve been grinning all day, like a tiger getting ready to pounce.”

“I thought it would be a pleasant surprise,” I said.

**“It is, Ariel. But I’ve already bought a present for you too. I was going to surprise you with it next Thursday. I didn’t bring it with me.”**

**“What is it? Tell me,” I begged.**

**“Nope, you’re just going to have to wait now. It’s just a little something I hope you’ll wear. And don’t beg me because that’s all I’m going to tell you.”**

**He wanted to take a shower before we went to bed but he said I couldn’t shower with him. He said if he got a hard-on, it wasn’t going to go away by itself and I’d never get a picture. He made me go first and I just rinsed off and went back in my room wrapped in a towel. He’d already stripped down to his briefs - the ones I’d given him - and I looked around for his clothes. The closet door was open and I saw his pants and shirt on hangers next to the dress I’d worn to dinner.**

**He must have just rinsed off too because he was back in our bedroom in just a few minutes. He had on the lounging shorts and maybe he didn’t have a hard-on yet but the shorts didn’t hide much. His dick looked like it was about half-hard, like it was the first time I saw it.**

**I’d put on the bra and panties and peignoir Kerry gave me. The fabric was so thin I could see the darker color around my nipples in my bra. When I looked down, I could see the darker color of the hair on my mons in my panties. I’d never had a peignoir before and I couldn’t help but wonder why women wore such silly things unless it was because they wanted to look sexy for a man. They certainly didn’t hide much.**

**I let Brad stand and look at me for a couple of minutes and then I took his hand and led him down the hallway to my parent’s bedroom. The door was closed so I knocked. I heard Dad say, “Come in.”**

Dad was standing behind Mom, brushing her hair. The only thing he had on was lounging shorts too, red ones, and they didn't hide his dick any better than the ones Brad had on. From the side, it looked like he was half-hard already too. Mom was sitting in a chair. She had on an ivory-colored nightgown, one I'd never seen her wear before. It was beautiful with her skin and red hair.

"You're beautiful, Mom," I said. "Where did you get the nightgown? Did Dad give it to you?"

"No, Princess," she said, "it's one I had when we got married. I put it away and saved it because it was getting worn out. I just thought it'd be nice to pull it out for tonight. Your Dad always loved it."

"Kieran," Brad said, and I realized it had always been Mr. Stuart before, "could we have a picture of you and Siobhan too? I'd like to be able to show our kids what their grandparents looked like when I tell them about tonight."

"Are you going to tell them everything, Brad, about this crazy Stuart family?" Mom asked.

"Sure," he said. "Our kids are going to be raised just like yours were. We're going to tell them everything."

We found a blank section of wall to use as a backdrop and I took a few pictures of Mom and Dad. I made sure I got one of him brushing her hair because I'd seen him do that so often. Brad and I might have been the young lovers but it was easy to see Mom and Dad were lovers too, and not old ones.

Dad took a bunch of pictures of me and Brad. I made him take one, from the side, of Brad untying the straps that held the peignoir closed. I asked him to retie it but he couldn't because his hands were shaking so I did it. Dad took a couple of us standing, holding hands, looking at each other,

and one of Brad sitting in the chair with me standing beside him.

When we got ready to leave the room, I could tell Brad wanted to say something to my parents. I looked at his face and it looked like he was all choked up. He kept looking at Mom and then at Dad and then at me. Finally, Dad decided to chase us out.

“Go on, you two,” he said. “Siobhan and I’ve got something we want to do tonight. Maybe you two young lovers can think of something too.”

I turned to leave but Mom had one more thing to say.

“Arial, I made your Dad reset the thermostat for tonight. It won’t drop until midnight and it’ll warm up tomorrow morning at eight.”

I took Brad’s hand, pulled him out of their bedroom, and closed the door behind us. I started to go in my bedroom but Brad put his hand on my shoulder and stopped me. Before I could turn around, he scooped me up in his arms, carried me in, and stood there holding me.

“Marry me,” he said, with a big grin on his face.

“OK,” I answered.

“Do you mean it?” he asked, and the grin was gone.

“Yes, but we’re going to have a very long engagement.”

“What was the thermostat business about?” he asked.

“Dad’s got it set to drop to sixty-two at night, usually at ten, coming back up at six. Tonight, our bedrooms will be warm until midnight.”

Brad put me down gently on my bed. I knew I weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds, the same as Kerry, but he lowered me slowly as though I weighed much less. I hated to leave those strong arms. He did have a very muscular chest and arms and it made me feel good to be held against him.

I moved over so he could get in bed beside me. He didn't seem to be in a hurry so I tried to hold back too. He propped up on one elbow with his cheek in his hand and grinned, looking first at my face and then down over the rest of my body.

“Kerry's right, you know. A gift of love is more precious when it's beautifully wrapped.” He put his other hand over my stomach, moved the peignoir to both sides, and rested the palm of his hand on my bare skin. I waited but that was all he did.

“Kerry's not here, Brad. It's just the two of us. He wanted us to be alone tonight.”

“I know.”

He reached for my hand and moved it down between his legs. There was something there that was almost hard. It was bent down, straining against his shorts. I rubbed my hand up and down on the length of it. He put his hand on top of mine, pressed my hand against his cock, and leaned over and kissed me.

It was a chaste sort of kiss, just his lips against mine, nothing more, but I felt a warmth start throughout my body. He pulled back a little and looked directly in my eyes. When he leaned forward again, I waited until I felt his lips and then stuck the tip of my tongue out. A second later, I felt the tip of his tongue touching mine and I felt my heart begin to beat faster. I opened my mouth wider to his and, at the same time, slid my hand inside the fly of his shorts. His cock was hot and almost hard and I tugged it around until it was pointed up toward his navel.

He kept doing the same thing, kissing me, pulling back, looking, then kissing me, and I felt his hand begin to wander. He cupped my breasts in his hand and twirled his thumb around over the fabric covering my nipples. He moved his hand down and cupped it over my mound, just holding it there, sliding his fingers up and down over the fabric covering my pussy. I wrapped my fingers around his cock and did the same thing to him, sliding my hand slowly up and down. I tried to be as gentle a possible when I pulled it out through the fly of his shorts.

I suppose time began to slow down for me and I don't know how long we just kissed and played with each other. For a while it was enough but then there came a time when I knew it wasn't enough. Brad must have known it too.

“May I unwrap my present now?” he asked.

“You may unwrap yours but I want to go first. Please,” I coaxed.

He nodded and rolled over on his back. I rolled over too and got on my knees beside him. His dick was standing up at an angle over his stomach, the head partially uncovered, a glistening smear at the slit. It was beautiful. I looked at it, wanting so much to feel it buried inside me, knowing that it was finally going to happen.

I tugged on each side of the elastic waistband of his shorts and he lifted his butt off the bed to let me pull them down. I tried to lift them high enough in front to clear over the head of his dick but that didn't work. Brad reached down and helped me get the shorts over it.

“I don't want you to break it off before I get a chance to use it,” he said.

I looked down at his cock. It was standing up at an angle over his stomach, sort of throbbing or twitching. The

foreskin was pulled back part way so most of the head was exposed. His legs were together and his balls were resting in a V on top of his thighs. It was all beautiful to me but something was different and I couldn't figure out what it was. Finally it hit me. There wasn't nearly as much pubic hair as usual. It was short and neat.

"What have you done?" I asked. He knew what I meant.

"I trimmed it a little bit this morning. I like the way yours is so neat. I thought maybe you'd like mine better the same way."

I ran my fingertips over the skin where the shaft of his cock connected with his scrotum. It was smooth and I knew there was usually crinkly hair there.

"You shaved some too, didn't you?"

"Just a little. Do you like it?"

"Yeah, but next time, I want to shave it."

"OK, if you'll let me do yours."

I nodded and wrapped my hand around his dick. He watched my face as I slid my hand slowly up and down. I kept my eyes on his. I didn't need to see what my hand was doing; it showed in his eyes.

"Don't make me come, Arial," he said. "I haven't jacked off since Wednesday night."

I stopped moving my hand, held his dick straight up, leaned over, and took the head in my mouth. I just played with it with my lips and tongue without sucking on it. I wanted him to come, just not in my hand or mouth. I straightened up and smiled at him.

"Tonight, when you come," I said, "you'll be inside me."

**I lay back down on the bed and he rolled over toward me. I was ready for him to unwrap his gift. I moved up toward the head of the bed, trying to get a pillow under my head, and then realized we were still on top of the comforter.**

**“Damn, Brad, get up. We’ve got to turn the comforter back.”**

**He chortled - I guess that’s the right word for the funny noise he made - and rolled off the bed. I rolled off on the side next to the wall and we turned the comforter down together. I kept a light blanket on the bed too and I picked up one of the pillows to turn that down. Underneath the pillow was a hand-towel, a new one I’d never seen before. On top of the hand-towel were a half-dozen foil-wrapped chocolate kisses. Brad picked up the other pillow and found the same thing. When I had made the bed that morning, there had been nothing there.**

**“Kerry?” Brad asked.**

**“No. He was already gone when I made the bed this morning. It was either Mom or Dad. I’m guessing both. Dad wouldn’t buy the towels but I know he has kisses like these in his desk.”**

**“I love chocolate but what are the little towels for?” Brad asked with a big smile on his face. He looked funny standing there holding the pillow with his dick pointing across the bed at me. I liked it.**

**“They’re so I don’t have to make you get up and get me a towel after you make love to me, Dummy. So we don’t make a mess on the bed.”**

**“Oh,” he said.**

**We folded the blanket down and got back in bed in the same positions as before.**

**“I like chocolate, too,” I said, “but you’ve got something else to unwrap before you get your candy.”**

**He reached over and found one end of the ribbon that tied the peignoir in front. I’d tied it in a bow since he couldn’t. He tugged on it so it untied. He pulled one of the straps on my shoulders and I rolled and pulled my arm free of the peignoir. He pulled the other strap and I pulled my arm free on the other side.**

**He looked at me and shook his head. “God, you’re beautiful.”**

**“You’re not finished yet,” I said.**

**He moved over closer so his head was over me and looked down at the bra. I could see his forehead wrinkle; I wondered what was puzzling him. He touched me between my breasts, on the bra.**

**“Where does this thing come apart? Is it in back like a regular bra?”**

**“Brad, you’re smart,” I said. “This thing is made so a woman’s lover can take it off her easily. What do you think?”**

**“Oh,” he said. He leaned over closer and looked at the part where the two cups were joined together. I knew the clasp was there but I suppose it was hidden behind the lace. He touched me and finally found it. He tried to open it with one hand but that didn’t work.**

**“Use two hands, Love,” I said, and I couldn’t help but giggle.**

**“Arial, don’t make me feel like a fool. Maybe you don’t believe me but I’ve never done this before. I don’t know how these things work.”**

He moved closer and used two hands. It worked and the two cups separated. I took a deep breath and waited for him to uncover my breasts.

With just his fingertips, he brushed the cup off on one side and then the other. Still, with just his fingertips, he traced a circle around one nipple and then the other. I looked down and saw my nipples standing up already. He stopped and just looked at my breasts. I waited for him to do something. Finally, he lay down, half on me, with his head between my breasts, his face turned so that his cheek was on my chest. I couldn't see his face but I could feel his slow breathing. I waited.

He didn't seem to be in a hurry so I tried to be content to wait with him. Finally he turned again, turned his face so that I could see him, see his eyes in contact with mine, and he brought his hand to one breast and his mouth to the other. It was like an electric jolt to me. I could feel the response all down my body and between my legs. I put my hands behind his head, closed my eyes, and enjoyed what he was doing to my breasts.

I didn't hurry him; I just let him play. He was the one who decided he was ready to unwrap the rest of his gift. He reached down with one hand and cupped his fingers around my mound. I opened my legs to give him room. At first he simply rubbed me, up and down, exploring between my legs. When he was ready, he pushed my panties aside and searched out my pussy with one finger. I was wet and ready for him when he teased my inner lips apart. I heard him take a couple of deep breaths and I waited and let him play.

He moved again so that he was on his knees beside me and took hold of my panties on each side. I lifted my butt up off the bed so he could pull them down. He pulled. I lifted my legs, thighs up, so he could pull them up. He pulled. I held my legs up while he pulled them down my calves and off. I put my legs back down and spread them for him.

He moved over me and came to rest between my legs, on his knees, sitting back on his heels, looking down at my pussy. I waited while he looked at me.

“God, you’re beautiful, Ariel,” he moaned.

“You’ve said that, Brad,” I whispered.

“Would you let me put a pillow under your hips?”

I handed him the other pillow and lifted my hips up off the bed. He tugged the pillow under me. I waited while he looked some more. Finally he decided what he wanted to do.

He moved further down on the bed and sprawled out on his stomach with his face between my legs. I looked down and could see his eyes, looking at my pussy. He moved back up a few inches and brought his mouth against me. I closed my eyes and let him do whatever he wanted.

He used just the tip of his tongue, licking up on each side of my pussy, moving closer and closer to the center with each lick. I think that’s when I started holding my breath each time his tongue touched me. He moved to the crease between my outer and inner labia - the same teasing touch with just the tip of his tongue. Finally, just when I was ready to scream, he sought out the part of my opening where I wanted his cock and began licking up until he found my clit, always just the tip of his tongue. I could feel the heat and tightness building inside me.

“Please, Brad, don’t make me come like that,” I whispered. “I want to come with you inside me.”

He didn’t answer. He moved up and over me and I knew we were finally about to do it. I was scared but I wanted to do it. I reached down between us and waited until he brought his cock into my hands. His arms were stiff and straight on

each side of me and the only other place we were touching was where his legs held my thighs apart.

He began to lower himself on me, slowly, and I guided his cock toward my opening. When I felt it touch me, I rubbed the big smooth head up and down between my lips, lubricating it. He waited until I was ready and until I finally seated it in the right spot. He pushed once and the head slid into me, spreading my pussy wide, so wide, but so good. He waited again and I moved my hands from between our bodies.

**“Open your eyes, Arial. I want to see it go into you.”**

I opened my eyes but I was confused. He was looking in my eyes, not down between our bodies. He lowered himself part way down on me and I could feel his body trembling. His eyes were wide and unblinking. He pushed once and I felt his cock slide into me just a little bit more. It stretched me, filled me, but it was so good I still felt like screaming. He pulled back once, pushed again, and it went a little deeper. I could feel him trembling even more. His eyes never left mine.

He did it once more and I knew I couldn't hold back any longer. I felt it sweep over me like a scalding wave, starting somewhere deep inside me, powerful contractions squeezing my pussy around his cock. It was still going on when I felt him collapse on top of me, as though his arms had given out. He fell on top of me, his chest against my breasts, and his face beside mine. He pushed once, twice, pushed it all the way inside me, so deep that it was pain and pleasure at the same time, and then said something, “I can't...” and then I felt his cock throbbing deep inside me at the same time that my pussy was contracting around it. I wrapped my arms around his chest and my legs around his and pulled him against me and into me and wanted never to let him go.

**Time really does stand still. There are aftershocks to earthquakes. I could feel my pussy rippling around his cock while we lay joined together for the first time. He was breathing as though he'd run a race but then so was I. I could feel his heart beating against mine or maybe it was just our one heart.**

**I could feel his cock gradually losing its stiffness inside me. I waited for it to lose its size but it stayed almost the same, softer now but still big, still filling me so much that it made me want to cry with joy. I could feel his balls too now, so soft and warm, resting between my legs on my ass cheeks.**

**Finally he lifted his head so that his face was over mine. He didn't say anything. He gave me one gentle kiss, just my lips against his, and then looked in my eyes again.**

**"What did you start to say, Love?" I asked.**

**"When?" he asked and I could see his brows wrinkle in puzzlement.**

**"Just now, when you started to come inside me."**

**"I didn't say anything."**

**"Yes, you did. You said 'I can't...' and then you stopped."**

**"Oh, I don't know."**

**I became aware that there was something under me, just under my ribs on one side, and it was uncomfortable.**

**"There's something under my back. Would you get it out, please?"**

**I tried to roll over and he shifted his weight on me and we rolled together. He reached his hand under and found it. He pulled it out and held it in front of my face. It was a**

chocolate kiss and it looked like it had been mashed almost flat.

He supported himself on both elbows while he unwrapped it. It was partially melted and he licked the foil wrapper and then turned it to me so I could lick it too. He stuck the brown lump in his mouth and held his fingers to my mouth. I sucked one and then the other clean. He leaned over and brought his lips to mine. I opened my mouth to his and he gave me a kiss. I gave it back, smaller, and he gave it back again, smaller still. It disappeared somewhere and we stayed with open mouths, still sharing the kiss.

We stopped to breathe and Brad looked around on the bed. He reached out beside us, found another kiss, unwrapped it, grinned at me, and popped it in my mouth. We shared four kisses before I made him stop, begging him to save some for later.

“What did you say I said?” he asked.

“You said, ‘I can’t...’”

“I can,” he said, and flexed his cock inside me. It was hard again. He said it again and flexed it again. Once more. Yes, whatever it was, he could. It was hot and hard and so good and filling me and stretching me and I hoped he’d never take it out.

He moved his arms again so that they were beside me, his forearms beside my chest, his hands curled under and around my shoulders. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him down on top of me so I could feel his chest pressing against my breasts and my stomach against his. We were close but I wanted him closer and deeper in me. I brought my legs up, bent them, and wrapped them around him so that my ankles were locked behind his ass. That was better. He was stretching my pussy almost to splitting with his big cock and it was all I could want but I wanted it deeper still.

He started slowly, easing his cock out of me and then back in to the depths, and I savored every second of feeling his flesh moving in me. Gradually he began to move faster, to push it into me harder. Within a minute or so he was shoving into me so hard that it jolted me toward the head of the bed. I thought any minute I'd bump my head but then I realized I wasn't moving after all. He was holding me in place underneath him with his hands. His grip on my shoulders was almost painful. My pussy couldn't quite decide whether it was feeling pleasure or pain or both at the same time.

**"Wait, Love, please. Not so fast. You're hurting me," I finally managed to say.**

He stopped instantly, his cock still buried in me. I felt his hands relax their grip on my shoulders and the muscles in his body lose their tension. He lifted his face from my shoulder and looked into my eyes.

**"I'm sorry, Ariel. My dick was thinking for itself."**

I moved my hands up to his neck and pulled his lips down to mine. We opened to each other and played tongue tag for a minute until he pulled away.

**"I am sorry, Ariel. I said I'd never hurt you. I'm sorry."**

**"Ssshhh, Love. It was good hurting. You were just going too fast. Can you slow down a little?"**

**"I'll try."**

He started moving his cock in and out of me again, slowly this time, and it was all good. I lifted my legs into place over his back and locked my ankles together again. It was all so damn good I wanted to cry.

Brad started to squirm around on top of me and at first I couldn't figure out what he was trying to do. He swung one arm down and around and caught my leg behind the knee and pulled and locked it in place. He did the same with the other arm and I was pinned beneath him. I was bent in half, my knees near my chest, my feet in the air over Brad's back, and his cock was so deep in me I wondered how I could hold it within me. For a minute or so, he just stayed that way, his chest flattening my breasts, his breathing heavy beside my ear, his cock hot and hard in my pussy. Finally he lifted his face above me again.

**“OK?”**

I took a deep breath and nodded and he began to move in me. He was slow and careful this time, his eyes locked with mine, his hips moving up and down gently, his dick filling me and then withdrawing. Everything in my pussy felt liquid and I could feel the wetness smeared all about it. He lowered his face to mine again and our mouths opened and he started tongue-fucking me above in rhythm to cock-fucking me below. It was too much and I could feel myself starting to come again.

It wasn't strong and hard this time, just easy waves that kept rippling around while he slid his cock in and out. It seemed first like it had stopped and then it would start again. He kept sliding his cock in and out and I wondered if he even knew I was coming all the time while he was doing it.

Finally I felt his muscles tighten and his breath came out of his mouth into mine and I knew he was coming too. His thrusts became more and more erratic and he shoved his cock into me one last time, as deep as it could possibly go, and I could feel his convulsions somewhere inside me. The split second his spasms stopped, he released my legs and collapsed on top of me and I locked my ankles together over his ass and held him in me as tight as I could. I could feel

something hot and wet seeping out of me and down the crack of my ass.

He stayed on top of me, dead weight, almost smothering me with his body, while our breathing slowly returned to normal. I could feel his cock gradually softening this time. I didn't want him ever to take it out but, as he finally began to move, I realized that my pussy was going to squeeze it out as it softened. It almost hurt to feel it leaving me.

“Do you see those towels, Love? I think I'm going to need one,” I whispered.

He raised his head and looked around. He reached out with his hand and brought one back to my hand. When he finally rolled off me, I stuffed the towel between my legs and closed them. I couldn't move. I shut my eyes and gave in. I felt him moving around and I knew he was wiping himself dry with the other towel.

He reached down and pulled the blanket up and over us, rolled the other direction, turned out the bedside light, and then stretched out beside me. I turned on my side, my butt to him, and he spooned up against me. I could feel the towel wrapped around his dick pressing against my backside. When he put his arms around me, I took his hand and held it to my breast. I couldn't think of any words to say what I was feeling but Brad managed to find the right words.

“Are we joined together now, Ariel, for the rest of our lives, my heart with yours?”

“I hope so, Brad, I really do.”

“Me, too,” he said and those were the last words I heard.

Some time during the night something woke me up. The comforter was pulled up over us and Brad was still spooned up against me. I was warm and sleepy under the cover and the room was cool now. As I gradually became awake, I

realized that what I felt between my legs wasn't a towel anymore. It was Brad's dick, hard and hot and pressed against my pussy between my thighs. His hand was still on my breast. Then he did it again and I knew what had awakened me - his thumb and finger were gently tweaking my nipple. He started sliding his dick back and forth between my legs as slowly and gently as possible. I let him play for a while without letting him know I was awake.

Finally I knew I'd had enough teasing. I reached down with one hand, moved my hips back a little, and pressed on Brad's dick just under the head. It slid into me with no resistance, just the head and a little more but that was enough at first. I let him play some more and he quietly slid it in and out and I could feel the hot wetness spreading everywhere outside my pussy. He'd opened the floodgates and there was a deluge pouring out. I didn't care. I let him play until I decided what I wanted. What I wanted was more.

I moved away from him and rolled over. I pushed him over on his back, swung my leg over him, and straddled him. I reached down with one hand, seated his cock in the right place, and slid down on it in one continuous motion until it was buried entirely in me. He pulled the comforter up over my head and his, so it was like we were in a cave, and then wrapped his hands around my ass. I could feel his fingertips back there, just on the lips of my pussy where they were stretched around his cock. I was warm under the comforter but I was steaming hot on top of Brad.

I tried to remember how Mom had told me to do it. Slide up and down and then flex my pelvis forward until I felt my clit rub against the base of his cock. Just when I began to think it wasn't going to rub on Brad's dick like hers did on Dad's, it began to work. It was just the faintest touch of my uncovered clit against the base of his cock but it was enough. It took only a few seconds until I felt my pussy start convulsing around Brad's dick. It was too much this time and I started saying bad words.

Brad gave one little snort or laugh and moved his hands to my hips. He lifted me up above him a few inches and started shoving his dick upward into me. I could feel my aftershocks rippling around each time he hit bottom. It didn't take long for it to be too much for Brad too. He shoved it in one last time, pulled me down so hard the bones of my pelvis hit painfully against his, and starting shooting inside me. Maybe I couldn't feel his come squirting inside me but I could feel his contractions as clearly as my own.

When it all died away, I stayed on top of Brad. I could feel something running out of me and I knew he had to be getting drenched. I didn't care. I didn't even want to make him look for the towels again. Fuck the fucking sheets, I thought. I stayed there and his cock was still filling me when I went back to sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, the room was bright with light through the closed blinds. I was spooned up against Brad this time and my face was pressed against his naked back. The comforter was around my neck but Brad's shoulders were uncovered. I realized the room was already warm and knew that it was after eight. I took a couple of deep breaths and immediately wished I hadn't. Something smelled musky, fishy, whatever, and it wasn't a stink but it wasn't an odor I wanted to breathe any longer than I had to.

I reached down for Brad's dick. It was hard again. I'd heard Dad and my brothers talk about piss-hards more than once and I knew it wasn't ready for me again. I held it for a while anyway. His pubic hair felt kind of crusty like something had dried there. He let me know he was awake too.

"Gotta pee," he said.

"Me too," I responded.

"Don' wanna get up."

**“Me neither.”**

**We lay there for a while longer and he finally gave in first. He rolled out of the bed and let his hard-on lead him into the bathroom. I thought he looked cute with his hair all messed up and his dick pointing straight to where it wanted to go, like some sort of divining rod.**

**I waited and didn't hear anything even though he'd left the door open. I was beginning to wonder what he was doing when I heard him finally start. It sounded like somebody had a fire hose squirting down in the toilet. It went on and on and I started giggling. When he finally stopped, I heard him give a big sigh of evident relief, say “Your turn,” and then the toilet flushed.**

**I rolled out reluctantly and went in the bathroom. The seat was down and it was dry. Maybe he was a keeper. I sat and peed - and peed and peed. He just watched me with a big grin on his face. I stuck my tongue out at him and wrapped some TP around my hand and patted dry. It didn't hurt but I could tell my pussy had had a good workout during the night.**

**I got in the tub and started the shower. Brad got in with me and pulled the shower curtain closed. The warm water felt so good in my face and over my body. Brad's hands all over me felt even better. We kept washing and fooling around and washing a little and fooling around a lot more and he had another hard-on by the time we were clean.**

**When we got out, we helped dry each other. I wanted to dry my hair but Brad wanted something else. He didn't even ask, just turned me around and pushed on my back so that I was bent over the bathroom sink. He held me down with one hand and guided his cock with the other. He missed the spot the first time but I helped the second time and he hit the spot.**

I'd given my pussy a little cleaning with my hand and with water while I was in the shower but I hadn't worried about the stuff deeper in me. He started banging into me and stirred it up in no time. I rested my forearms on the counter with my head over the sink. He put both hands on my hips and held me while he did what he wanted to. It didn't take very long before I felt him shove it in as deep as possible while he stopped moving or breathing or anything except shooting another load deep inside me. I loved it.

After a minute or so, he slowly pulled his dick out and let me stand up straight.

"Did you come?" he asked.

"No, Love, but it's OK, I don't..."

He cut me short. He picked me up in those strong arms again, carried me back in the bedroom, threw me on the bed, pulled so that my butt was on the edge of the bed and my legs were splayed wide. He dropped to his knees, put his mouth on my pussy, and nuzzled until he found my clit. He sucked and tongued and in no time I came again. I would have been OK without it but I was much better with it.

When I could move again, I knew I needed to clean up a little before I got dressed. I started to do it in the bathroom so he couldn't watch but then I decided he might as well learn. I went in the bathroom, got a wet cloth, a sanitary napkin, and came back in my room. I opened my dresser drawers and found a pair of panties. I used the cloth to wipe up as much as I could, spreading my pussy lips to get the inside cleaned a little. He watched everything with a grin until I picked up the sanitary napkin and my panties.

"What do you need that for?" he asked. "I thought you had your period the first part of the week."

I could see his brows drawn up in puzzlement again. Men! Sometimes they're easy to read but they can be so dense.

**“I did, Love. But somebody’s put four little deposits of semen in my pussy. Some of it’s already drooled out but there’s still a lot in me. If I don’t put a napkin in my panties, I’ll make a mess on everything when I sit down.”**

**“Oh.”**

**“I love you, Brad,” I said.**

**“I’m glad. Me too.”**

**“You love you too?”**

**“No, damn it. You know what I mean. I love you, Arial.”**

**“I knew what you meant, Brad. It’s just fun to tease you.”**

**After I dried my hair, we got dressed. Brad looked good in the sweats I’d bought him. We were both in Navy blue, one of my favorite colors. When we went looking for somebody else, Mom and Dad were sitting in the kitchen. They had orange juice and a carafe of coffee on the counter with some of Mom’s banana-nut bread. They said Kavan and Kathryn were still sleeping.**

**We started teasing each other while we were having breakfast, sort of comparing notes about what we’d done during the night but not really being explicit. When Mom asked me if I’d reached a conclusion about whether Brad was a good lover, I decided to tell her exactly what he’d done. I thought Brad would blush red as a beet when I told Mom and Dad what he’d done after we’d had our morning shower. But Mom started telling off on Dad too and then Dad gave us the low-down on Mom and Brad told them how I’d gone back to sleep in the middle of the night with his dick still in me. Before it was over, they knew everything Brad and I had done and we knew what they’d done. There wasn’t much difference; Brad and I had just done more of it. It felt good to be treated like a grown-up by my parents,**

sort of like we were equal and, when it came to sex and love, I guess we were.

About mid-afternoon, Brad said he needed to be home in an hour or so. I told Mom and Dad we were going in our room to take a nap. They knew we weren't really sleepy. Brad and I found out how messy making love four or five times in about twenty hours could be. He said he didn't care if it was messy when it was so good and I felt the same way. When he finally left I went in my room and had a good cry. It wasn't because I was unhappy; it was because I was so happy.

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Thanksgiving was a wonderful day for me. All of my family was there, all five of us. Kathryn was there with Kavan and Brad with me. I felt bad that Kerry didn't have anybody of his own so I made sure we were all extra nice to him. The Andersens, part of my extended family I guess, were there, Lauren, Stuart, Joanne, and little Paul. It would have been perfect if Luke and Rachael and Adrianna Bridges had been there too. But I knew they'd be moving back in the spring after their baby was born. It was wonderful to have such a big family of friends and people I loved. I hoped Brad and I could someday start another family something like this one but maybe not quite so mixed up.

Brad gave me the gift he'd bought for me. He said he wanted to give it to me the first time we made love but somebody hadn't let him know the schedule had changed. It was a beautiful gold necklace with a pendant of two entwined hearts. There was a small stone in each heart and I recognized one as my birthstone. I looked on the back of the heart and found my name engraved there. Brad's name was on the other. I put it around my neck and decided to leave it there from now on.

Mom had planned a real Southern Thanksgiving, no Turkey Day for us. We had baked ham, sweet potato casserole, apple-onion-cheese casserole, collard greens, and some

**other stuff. We had corn bread and rolls and I think the rolls were the only thing we didn't cook ourselves. Dessert was pecan pie and coconut-orange cake. None of it was low calorie but it was great food. I thought Brad was going to bust wide open eating so much.**

**But that night and for the next two that he slept with me, I helped him use up a lot of calories. A couple of times, I even got a few calories directly from him. But I didn't have to worry about them making me fat.**

**TO BE CONTINUED:**

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