

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Fifty-One

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.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2

Brad Weaver, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Arial Stuart

(ARIAL)

“Do that again and I’ll bite it,” he said.

I did it again. As quickly as I could, I stuck out my tongue and pulled it back in my mouth. I thought about saying “I dare you,” but I didn’t. For a few seconds he stood still, just looking at me, some sort of serious expression on his face. Then he walked back over to the bed.

I scooted down and pulled the covers over my head. I felt it when he sat down on the side of the bed and again when he leaned over and propped across me on his hand. I waited. He didn’t do anything. I waited for a minute or so and he still didn’t do anything. Finally, I slid the quilt down.

He was waiting for me. He pulled the quilt down around my knees, then grabbed both my wrists and pushed my arms back against my pillow. He leaned over with his face close to mine. I turned my head to one side and shut my eyes. I could feel his breath on my cheek.

Still holding my wrists, he moved over me and sat down on my tummy. He leaned over again and tried to find my mouth with his. I turned to the other side and he followed me. Then, so suddenly it scared me, he

turned loose of one wrist, grabbed my chin with his hand, and turned my face up to his. He held my chin while he brought his mouth against mine, so hard it was painful for a few seconds.

I gave in and opened my mouth to him and he stuck his tongue in mine. I tried to suck it into my mouth and tried to bite it but he pulled away too quickly. I realized he wasn't holding my wrist any longer and my hand was behind his head. I opened my eyes. His face was inches from mine, his eyes wide open, looking into mine.

"Stick out your tongue," he whispered.

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will. Do it!"

I tried to stare him down but he didn't move.

"Do it!"

I did it. I stuck my tongue out. He lowered his face against mine and opened his mouth against mine. I felt him sucking on my tongue and then his teeth pressing against the tip of it. I shut my eyes again and waited. He bit me, not hard enough to do any damage but hard enough to cause a little pain. I whimpered and he stopped.

When I opened my eyes, his face was still inches from mine. I saw an expression on his face I'd never seen before. He wasn't smiling. His brows were lowered and his eyes squinting. He moved one hand down to my breast while he still held my wrist pinned with the other.

"Unbutton your nightgown!" he said.

"No."

"Do what I said."

I pulled my other hand away and he released my wrist. I used both hands to unbutton my nightgown and he slid one hand in and squeezed first one breast and then the other. He wasn't the gentle and slow Kerry I'd always known. He squeezed hard enough to cause a little pain. He knew what he was doing. His eyes were boring into mine as he did it.

He reached behind his back and I felt his hand on my thigh. He pulled my nightgown up and then slid his hand up my leg. I tried to close my legs tight but he forced his hand between them and then cupped it around my pussy.

“Don’t, Kerry,” I whispered.

He pushed my panties to one side and then cupped his fingers over my slit. He stopped and waited.

“Open your legs,” he said.

I opened them and waited for him to do what ever he had in mind. He pressed one finger, his long index finger into me and I felt it touch me and then slide into my vagina. He sat there still, just looking at me, with his finger in my pussy.

“Arial, you’re not Geppetto,” he whispered. “I’m not Pinocchio. I’m a real boy. Boys grow up to be men. Don’t you ever forget it!”

He rolled off me, off the bed, and was out the door before I could even begin to think of anything to say. When I could finally stop breathing so hard, I tried to think what it had all meant. I couldn’t. I lifted my butt up off the bed and reached down with both hands to straighten my panties. I slid one finger in my pussy where he’d touched me. It was wetter than normal.

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On Wednesday, Kerry was back to his usual self, joking and having fun, while we got ready for school and ate breakfast. Brad picked us up for school and Kerry was silly with him as usual.

He was waiting for us at the cafeteria for lunch and we went through the line together. I saw him looking around and, when he saw Nicole, he went to the table where she was sitting. She gave him a big smile and picked up her sweater off the seat beside her. I wondered if she’d been saving it for him. The two girls on the opposite side left so Brad and I took their place. Nicole was finished eating but she sat and talked with us while we ate. Kerry was on good behavior but he still had Nicole laughing before we left.

Brad couldn’t take us home after school so we rode the school bus together and Kerry sat with me. He was quiet and subdued and kept looking at the front of the bus. Nicole was sitting in a front seat with another girl and they were laughing. I didn’t know what to think.

Since Mom was with Luke and Rachael Bridges and nobody else was home, I’d checked the answering machine on Monday and Tuesday to see if there was any news about the baby. On Wednesday, there was. Mom had called about noon and said Luke had taken Rachael to the

hospital. She was home with Adrianna and would call again as soon as the baby came. I went in Kerry's room to tell him. He was taking off his jeans and about to put on shorts, rushing the season as usual. He was down to his briefs and white socks and he looked like one of my favorite fantasies

When I went in my room, he followed me and sat down in my chair. He stuck his long legs straight out and I couldn't help but see the bulge in his briefs. I went to my closet and pulled out a pair of jeans and a soft loose shirt and threw them on the bed. I stood looking at him, waiting to see what he wanted.

"Go ahead and change," he said. "I'll be good. I promise."

I pulled my shirt over my head and then unhooked my bra and took it off. I sat down on the bed and took off my shoes and socks. He was watching every move I made.

"Arial, I want to apologize for my behavior last night," he said in a soft voice.

I stood up and looked at him. I still didn't know what to think or say.

"I don't know what made me act that way," he said. "I don't ever want to hurt you."

"I told you to stop, Kerry," I said. "Twice."

"I know. I was stupid. I'm sorry."

He stood up and took both my hands in his. I looked at him and realized I was looking up slightly. He was taller than I was now.

"I am sorry, Arial," he said. "I know I hurt you and I guess I wanted to. I don't know why I acted like that. I'm really sorry."

"I've told you how to treat girls, Kerry. You should be kind and sweet and gentle. And stop if a girl says no. You can't treat Nicole like that."

"Yeah, I know. But if I ask you and you say yes, is it OK if I do something with you?"

"I suppose. What is it?"

"Would you let me kiss you?"

I nodded. He turned loose of one of my hands and put his fingers on my cheek. He brought his face to mine and, eyes open, kissed me ever so gently on my lips.

“I’m sorry, lips,” he said. “I’m sorry I hurt you.”

I couldn’t help but smile at him. He smiled back at me and stood looking at my face.

“Would you stick out your tongue, please?”

I stuck out my tongue, the tip just barely sticking out between my lips. He leaned over and kissed my tongue, again just a soft gentle kiss.

“I’m sorry, little tongue,” he said. “I’m sorry I bit you.”

I couldn’t help but smile at him again. He caught me by the hands again, backed up, and sat down in my chair. He pulled me with him so I was standing with his knees on each side of my legs. He looked up at my face.

“May I apologize to your breasts?” he asked.

“Only if you can be good, Kerry.”

He nodded and then leaned forward and kissed the nipple on my left breast.

“I’m sorry, little right breast,” he said.

I giggled. “That’s my left one, Kerry.”

He moved back and looked from one breast to the other.

“I’m sorry, little breasts. You’re so much alike I guess I got you mixed up. You’re mirror images of each other.”

He leaned forward and kissed the nipple on my right breast.

“I’m sorry I hurt you, little right breast,” he whispered. “I hope you’ll forgive me.”

I didn’t know where he was going but his general direction had been downward. I didn’t want to but I thought I’d better put a stop to it.

“I think you’d better go get dressed, Kerry. You’re apologies are all accepted.”

He sat and looked up at me.

“One more,” he whispered. “There’s one more injured party I need to apologize to.”

“No, Kerry.”

“Please.”

“Kerry, after last night, I don’t think I can trust you to be good.”

“I won’t hurt you, Arial. I promise.”

“What do you want to do?”

“I want you to take your pants off and lie down on the bed,” he whispered. “Keep your panties on. I want to kiss your pussy and apologize to it.”

I wanted him to do it but I didn’t. I didn’t know whether to trust him or not. I knew how much he wanted to make love to me. And worse, I knew how much I wanted him to do it.

“Just one kiss, Kerry. Then you go get dressed. Promise?”

“I promise.”

He stood up and pushed me back toward my bed. I felt the mattress bump against my legs and he pushed gently one more time and I fell backwards on my bed.

“I promise, Arial. Unless you tell me to do something else.”

He reached down and caught the legs of my pants and tugged. I reached to one side, unbuttoned and unzipped, and raised my butt up off the bed. He tugged again and slid my pants off and dropped them on the bed. He stood looking down at me.

“Arial,” he said, “girls are too beautiful. It’s not fair.”

He put his hands on my thighs and pushed them apart and, at the same time, got down on his knees. He leaned over me and looked at my panties where they were covering my pussy.

“It’s not fair,” he whispered again. “It just isn’t.”

“What, Kerry?”

“The way looking at you makes me feel – it’s not fair.”

“Kerry, I feel the same way,” I whispered. “I want the same thing you want. We’re really not different.”

He almost fell on me with his face on my panties. He rubbed his face against my tummy, one side and then the other, and then his mouth and nose. I could hear him breathing deeply and I didn’t want him to smell me. I knew I smelled of sweat and pee after being at school all day. I didn’t want him to stop.

He pulled back away from me, looked at my face, and then leaned over and kissed my panties right over my pussy. He kept his face there for a moment, breathing deeply, and then stood up. He held out his hand to me and I took it and he pulled me up to a sitting position. I looked down at his briefs and I could see the bulge where his dick was trying to rip its way out. He saw where I was looking.

“Yeah, look at it,” he said. “It’s not fair. Girls can do this to guys and you can see it and we have to try to hide it. We never know what you feel.”

“I told you, we want the same thing you do, Kerry. But we can’t have everything we want. You know that.”

He closed his eyes and shook his head, something I’d seen him do lately. When he opened his eyes, he gave me his big Kerry grin.

“Well, I promised. I said I’d be good and I was.”

“Yes, you were.”

“I do love you, Ariel. Maybe I’m not supposed to love my sister this way but I don’t care. I just hope you can keep on loving me. I’ll try not to screw up too much.”

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, and then turned and left the room. I stood there wanting to call him back so I could pull down my panties and let him kiss me there again but I knew we’d probably do more than that and I was afraid to let him.

I got dressed and went looking for him. The door to the bathroom was shut so I knew where he was and what he was doing. I wanted so much to open the door and help him. For the first time, I suppose I was

almost afraid of him or maybe I was afraid of myself, wanting to do something that I knew I shouldn't do.

I walked outdoors through the kitchen and then the garage. I found some clippers and cut enough flowers to make a little arrangement. I loved the smell of the jonquils. When I went back in, Kerry was in the kitchen, dressed in running shorts and sneakers and nothing else. He was on the telephone. He was tall and skinny and beautiful and sexy.

"I just called Kenjiro," he said. "He's riding his bike over and we're going for a run down at the creek. We'll be back in time for me to help you fix dinner."

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Kerry and I put the casserole in the oven a little after five o'clock. A little later, when Kavan and Kathryn came home, they made us go look at what they had. He and Kathryn had been helping clean up the plant nursery where they worked and they had the back of Kavan's pickup truck full of sick-looking plants. Kavan said they were culls and would be thrown out and he'd got them for free. He said he thought he could resurrect most of them and we could plant them around our lot.

Dad came in about five thirty and I told him about Mom's telephone call but she had called him too. He said we might get another call soon since second babies didn't take as long as first ones. Kavan showed him the plants and Dad asked him if he could get some more. He said he could use lots more if they were going to be thrown out and he could get them for free. He wouldn't tell us what he wanted to do with them. Kathryn and Kerry helped Kavan move the plants to the side of the house and I went back inside to finish preparing dinner.

Dad complimented me on the food again. Mom had left me the recipe. It was a chicken, broccoli, and noodle casserole. It was easy and good and everybody liked it. Afterwards, Kavan and Kathryn said they'd clean up since Kerry and I cooked. I told them they both needed to shower because they smelled of cow manure and then chased them out. Dad tried to help but Kerry and I chased him out too and then we cleaned the kitchen.

I think everybody was sort of hanging loose waiting for a call from Mom. All of us kids got our books and sat at the kitchen table working. Dad got some books and then sat down with us. He said he had to do his homework too.

The phone finally rang about eight-thirty. It was Mom so Dad put her on the speakerphone so we all talk to her. The baby had been born

about an hour earlier and Luke had come home for a minute to tell her and to pick up some things. They had known it was a boy for months but hadn't settled on a name. Mom said they'd decided to name him James Connor Bridges. I knew Connor was Dad's middle name but I didn't know who James was. Dad said it was Luke's father's name. I thought it was wonderful name. Dad didn't say much about it but I could tell he liked it too.

Dad asked about Rachael and Mom said she was OK. Luke had told her she had a rough time with delivery because the baby was so big. He weighed over nine pounds. Then Dad asked if she had an episiotomy and Mom said she didn't because she had told the doctor she didn't want him to do it. Dad asked when Rachael and the baby would be able to go home and Mom said Thursday morning if there were no problems overnight.

Dad asked Mom if she had any idea when she'd be home and she said she wasn't sure. She said Luke had called his father and he was coming to help and would stay for a week or so. She said she'd come home as soon as he arrived. Dad asked if Luke had called his mother. Mom said he had and she was still as religion crazy as ever and started raving about saving his soul. Luke had finally hung up on her and stood there with tears running down his cheeks. She said she hugged him and he held on to her with his face in her hair and cried.

The last part sort of saddened all of us but Dad told us to smile and not to worry about Luke and Rachael and their kids. He said that's why Mom had wanted so much to go – so she could help them with any problems and let them know we all loved them. I'd started to leave the room when I heard Kerry ask Dad what an episiotomy was. I didn't know either so I stayed. Dad looked at Kerry and then at me and then told us.

“Son, it's a surgical procedure the doctor does sometimes during childbirth.”

That wasn't good enough for Kerry.

“Aw, come on, Dad,” Kerry said, “I'm a big boy now. You can tell me more than that. If you don't I'll just go Google it on my computer. Where does the doctor do it? Why?”

“Kerry, during childbirth, the baby's head really stretches the vaginal tissue. Sometimes the doctor makes a small incision in the perineum, between the vaginal opening and the rectum, to make more room. They think it eases the delivery and prevents tearing in that area.”

Kerry said, “Gross” a split second ahead of me.

“Did the doctor do it to Mom when we were being born?” I asked.

“No, Princess,” he said, “a lot of obstetricians just do it in most of their deliveries. There are a lot of questions about whether it’s a useful procedure or not. Siobhan and I read up on it before Kavan was born and she said she didn’t want the doctor to do it to her. She said since I was there, the doctor could ask me.”

“You saw all of us being born?” Kerry asked.

“Yes, Kerry, I did. I’m glad I was there with your Mom.

“You saw me coming out of Mom?” he asked, as though he couldn’t believe it. “Was I really the biggest baby?”

“Yes, Squirt, you were. And you scared us a little because you were almost a breech birth. The doctor got you turned around in time so you were born normally.”

“What’s a breech....”?

“Google it!” Dad said. “Damn, that sounds good. Just go look it up on your computer, Son.”

Kavan and Kathryn had been standing near the door to the basement listening to everything. They laughed at Dad’s “Google it!” and went downstairs. Kerry left and I guess he was going to google it. I kissed Dad on the cheek and went to my room.

I was ready for a little quiet reading in bed. I went to the bathroom and took a quick shower and brushed my teeth. I put on my nightgown and some soft cotton panties, the kind I like to wear at night. All the time, I was thinking about babies, about Rachael having Luke’s baby, about me wanting to have Luke’s baby for so many years, and about how I loved Brad now and what it would be like to have a baby with him someday, and I tried to make sense of it all.

I’d just gotten into my book and picked up the story when I heard somebody peeing, pissing really because it was so loud, in the bathroom. When I heard the shower start I knew it was Kerry since Kavan and Kathryn had showered right after dinner. I tried to read but I kept wondering about him. When the shower stopped, I put down my book and lay there thinking.

I got up and went in the bathroom. It was Kerry, standing there in his gray thermal underwear, all foamy at the mouth and brushing his teeth. He didn't even act surprised when I walked in. I moved around him and started to sit down on the commode but the seat was up.

Kerry saw where I was going and immediately turned and put the seat down. I guess he was trying to say something and he slobbered toothpaste foam all down his front. Then I think he tried to say Shit but he just slobbered a little more. He spit and spit and then stood looking down at himself. I grabbed his wet washcloth and started wiping him off. The cloth got the foam off but left a dark wet spot on his shirt.

When I sat down on the commode and tried to wipe off the front of his underpants he tried to back away. I grabbed the waistband, pulled him closer, and looked up at his face. He was serious, not smiling, just waiting to see what I was going to do. I wiped the foam off his pants and rubbed his dick underneath and it responded the same as always. I looked up at him again and he was still serious. I was too but I knew what I wanted to do. I grabbed the waistband of his bottoms on both sides and pulled then down on his thighs.

His dick wasn't hard yet but it already looked hot and heavy. I cupped my left hand under his balls and put my right hand around his dick. I waited, just holding him, and felt his dick get firmer and stiffer. When I turned it loose, it pointed up at my face, just like it knew where I wanted it.

I kept my left hand on his balls and used my right to pull back the skin on his dick. When the head was uncovered, all purplish-red and shiny, I leaned over and took it in my mouth. I started sucking and he put his hands on my shoulders and held on. I used my mouth for a minute or so and, when I got a little tired of that, I took my mouth off and just used my hand to jack him. I looked up at his face and he was watching what I was doing, a little smile on his face.

I thought of something else he might like so I said, "You do it," and took his dick in my mouth again. I grabbed his hands and put them on the sides of my face. He knew what I meant. He started fucking my mouth. He pushed in with slow easy strokes so the head slid in between my lips and then I sucked on it and used my tongue underneath when he pulled back. I could hear his breathing getting louder. Suddenly he pulled away from me and I looked up at him.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, "I was about to come."

“It’s OK,” I said. “I want you to.”

I leaned over and tried to put my mouth on his dick again but he pulled back further.

“I don’t want to come in your mouth, Ariel,” he said. “Jack me off in the sink, OK? I like that.”

“Are you sure? I thought you liked me to suck you off.”

“Yeah, it’s good. But just jack me off tonight, OK?”

I stood up and picked up the baby oil from the counter where he’d left it when he jacked off earlier. I didn’t want it to get on his underwear so I just put some in my hand and then coated his dick with it. He turned facing the sink and I got behind him. I wrapped my right hand around and stuck my left hand between his legs so I could hold his balls with my left hand and his dick with my right. I liked that because I could imagine what was in my hands was mine. It didn’t take but about a minute or so and he squirted out three or four times, across the sink and on the mirror the first time and in the sink the next two or three. Then he put his hand on mine and made me quit jacking him.

I wrapped my arms around his waist, looked around his shoulder at our image in the mirror, and we smiled at each other in our reflection. I watched as his dick gradually started drooping and then hung down. I saw one white glob ooze out and hang on the head. He reached down and caught it on his finger and held it up to my face. I leaned forward and caught his finger in my mouth and sucked it clean. Then he reached down, milked his dick down, and pressed out another glob. He caught it on his finger too and then held it up to his own mouth. I watched as he sucked his finger clean. He turned around and put his hands on my waist. We stood there, about a foot apart, looking at each other and smiling,

“I want to apologize for something else, Ariel,” he said.

“What?”

I picked up a wet washcloth and wiped his dick clean. He watched what I was doing.

“For being stupid. For saying it wasn’t fair just because I get a hard-on looking at your pussy. I was just thinking like a dumb guy, not about what it’s like for you.”

“That’s not really stupid, Kerry. It’s just the way guys are, isn’t it?”

I reached down and pulled his underwear up. He reached inside and arranged everything the way he wanted it.

“Yeah, but girls are the one who catch all the shit. Seems like carrying a baby is bad enough but I never knew you could get split open when it comes out. I looked it up and saw all sorts of stuff. Some of the pictures were hard to look at.

“I’ve talked to Mom about having babies lots of times, Kerry. She’s told me about the bad stuff but she always says it’s worth it.”

I took his hand and led him out of the bathroom and into my bedroom. I lay down on my bed and he sat down on the side.

“Yeah but I want you to see the pictures, Arial. I saw one where the woman’s perineum had split when the baby came out. They showed that after it happened and again after it was sewn up. Then they showed one where the doctor had done an incision and sewed it up. I don’t want you to be hurt like that. It makes me feel sick to think of you getting hurt like that.”

“I love you too, Squirt.”

“Yeah, well, I do love you, but I’ve been acting stupid another way too.”

“How?”

“Wanting to fuck you. Trying to talk you into letting me do it. That’s just me being selfish. I see how happy Brad makes you. I like Brad a lot, especially how he’s so good to you. I want you to stay happy with him and I don’t want to do anything to hurt you or him. I won’t push you anymore to let me do it.”

“You know I want you to, Kerry. I just think it would cause problems I don’t know how to handle.”

“We can still fool around and do other stuff, can’t we?”

“Sure, Squirt. Brad knows we do that sometimes. He’s even said he has a lot of fun when the three of us play around together.”

He pushed me over on the bed a little to give him some room and then lay down with his head toward the foot of the bed, propped on his arm.

“Well, I’m not sucking his dick anymore,” he said.

“You said that the second time we fooled around. Or maybe it was Brad. Are you still all hung up about that?”

“I don’t know. I guess doing that’s OK. It’s just other stuff I did with Kenjiro that made me so ashamed, made me feel so bad.”

“I thought you got that straightened out when you talked to Dad.”

“You know what I mean. I don’t guess I’m hung up about sucking dick because doing it with Brad didn’t bother me. It was just having fun. I kind of liked it with Kenjiro until he came in my mouth.”

“You didn’t like that, I’ll bet.”

“Yeah. He was supposed to tell me so I could finish him off with my hand but he didn’t. His first shot was a big wad that hit at the back of my mouth. I thought I’d puke trying to hock it up. How can you stand to let me do it to you?”

“I don’t know, Kerry. It is kind of yucky. Maybe it’s just practice. You’re the first one I ever did it with and you weren’t squirting so much then. I’d been dreaming about doing it with Luke for years so when I did it at the old house, it was ‘cause I wanted to. I’ve done Brad a few times and he likes it. I guess I like to do it with the men I love. It’s not so bad then, makes me kind of hot between my legs.”

While I was talking, he pushed my nightgown up until my legs were uncovered. I knew he could see my panties from where he was lying.

“Yeah, I’ll just bet Brad would practice with me. He probably wouldn’t mind coming in my mouth but I’ll bet he’d hurl if I came in his.”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe I’ll get you two guys together again and let you try it.”

“Shit, Ariel, don’t tease me about stuff like that. I don’t want people calling me a queer.”

“Oh, you don’t mind doing it. You just don’t want anybody calling you a queer, is that it?”

“Come on, quit teasing me.”

He moved his hand up on the inside of my thigh until it was almost to my panties and then slid it up and down.

“Did you know the skin right here is about the smoothest, softest I’ve ever touched?”

“How about the head of your dick?”

“I mean on a girl.”

“Don’t you think it’s time for you to go to bed? Dad’s going to get mad again if you keep staying up until ten every night. And don’t go playing on your computer again tonight!”

“Oh, fuck! It’s only nine-fifteen. Let me stay with you a while.”

He moved his hand up higher and pushed my panties aside and started sliding his fingertip up and down my slit.

“Why? What do you want?”

“To do something for you. You know, like you did for me.”

He moved his finger up and down and deeper between my little lips and I knew he could tell how wet I was.

“You know I like that, Kerry. Can I trust you? You won’t try to get your dick in me?”

“You can trust me. The only thing I’ll stick in you is my finger and this.”

He stuck out his tongue.

“My panties are a little damp. I’ll bet my pussy’s just drooling. Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I want to. I’ll even lick your perineum. That’s what the website with the pictures called it, you know, between your vagina and your asshole.”

“You mean you didn’t know the word?”

“Nah, I don’t guess I’d ever heard it until Dad used it. On the website, they had an arrow pointing to it.”

I glanced at his crotch where something was making a big bulge. He saw where I looked and stuck out his tongue at me.

“Well, if you do it, you’d better not get too far back.”

“Why? I’ll even lick your little pink pucker. You just had a shower. It’s clean.”

He stuck out his tongue again, just a quick flick of pink.

“Kerry, that’s gross.”

“Oh, fuck, it’s not. Not if I do it with you.”

“You’re bad.”

“Well, shit, you are too. You said you’re just like me.”

“Do you feel how wet I am?”

“Yeah, I like feeling you, all hot and wet and slippery inside. It makes my dick ache.”

He pulled his hand out of my crotch, stuck it in his pants, and turned the bulge around so that it was pointed at his belly button.

“Would you turn out the lights and then let’s be real quiet? If Dad finds out you’re staying up like this, fooling around with me, he might get mad.”

He slid out of the bed and turned out the top light. He crawled back in bed with me, stretched out beside me, kissed me softly on my cheek, and then whispered to me.

“Wanna fool around with a little boy with a hard-on?”

“Yeah, but you didn’t turn out the light on my desk.”

“I want to leave it on so you can see my little dick.”

He pulled the elastic waistband of his underwear down with one hand, lifted his balls with the other, and tucked his underwear behind them. He had a hard-on but it certainly didn’t look like a little boy’s.

“You’ve got a cute little dick, Kerry.”

“Can I lick your little pussy?”

“Yes, Kerry.”

“Can I lick you anywhere I want to?”

“Yes.”

“I’m going to pretend your nubbin’s a little dick. I’m going to suck you off. You can come in my mouth and I’ll swallow it.”

“OK. I’d like that. But I’ll warn you - I’m going to shoot a big wad.”

He reached under my nightgown with both hands and pulled my panties down and off my legs. He straightened up on his knees beside me, with his hands and my panties in front of his face.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m smelling your panties. I love the smell of hot pussy.”

“Bad boy!”

“Yeah!”

He moved down to the foot of the bed, pulled my legs apart, and knelt between them. He pushed my nightgown up on my stomach and then lifted my legs and pushed them further apart.

“Hand me a pillow,” he whispered.

I handed it to him.

“Lift your butt up.”

I lifted up and he stuffed the pillow under my fanny.

He lay down and squirmed around and then the next thing I knew, I felt his breath between my legs. He lay there, breathing deeply, using his fingers to tease my wet little lips apart.

“I love the smell of fresh hot pussy,” he whispered.

He pushed back on my thighs so that my legs were bent back over my stomach. I felt his cheek on one thigh and then his nose and mouth just on one side of my pussy, then the other side.

“Pink pucker,” I heard him whisper.

He pushed on my thighs, bending me back even more and I felt his cheeks touch my buns and his tongue licking me back there, slowly, again and again.

“Kerry, don’t.”

He didn’t stop. He kept licking me, slowly, one time with his tongue flat and soft, the next with it pointed and hard. I couldn’t say anything. I felt like I wanted to explode.

“Perineum,” he whispered.

He moved his mouth up just a little and I felt his tongue licking the bridge between my backside and my pussy. I gave in. I knew I’d let him do anything he wanted to. Finally he whispered again.

“Pussy. Hold your legs up.”

I reached down and caught my legs behind my knees and held them so I was almost bent in half.

He was slow and gentle again, licking up one side, then the other, the middle, flat tongue, pointed tongue, teasing my nubbin, again and again until I thought I’d go crazy. Finally, he said something again but I didn’t understand it and I just held my legs and waited.

He licked me all the way from pink pucker, over perineum, over pussy, again and again, and I was so hot I didn’t care what he did to me.

Finally he stopped and straightened up over me. I let my legs fall and listened to him breathing heavily. After a minute or so, he leaned forward and propped over me on one arm. I glanced down and saw his dick pointing at me and his balls still held by the elastic waistband. I felt his hand, his fingers, searching, then one finger slid into my pussy, and I closed my eyes. Again he was so slow and gentle, just teasing me, feeling me. He slid his finger in deep and moved it around in me and pressed it in and up again and again, finger fucking me and it was so good. I wanted so much to come and knew I was on the verge but not quite there.

“Can I suck your little dick?” he whispered.

I nodded yes. He lifted my legs again and I caught them and held them over my tummy.

He moved back down on the bed and rubbed his cheeks and nose and mouth on my thighs and pussy again. I felt him open his mouth and start sucking on the little lips on one side and then the other. Then he used his tongue again, soft and flat sometimes, hard and pointed others. I could feel myself trembling and I could hardly hold my legs anymore.

Finally he did what I wanted him to do. He fastened his mouth on my little nubbin and started sucking and licking. I felt so hot and wanted it so much I was ready to scream. Then it hit so suddenly and so hard that I turned loose of my legs and let them fall over his shoulders and grabbed two handfuls of hair and held on until it faded away.

I felt him straighten up on his knees and tug upward on my nightgown. I rolled to one side and then the other and he pulled it up until my breasts were uncovered. Then he caught my legs and pulled them up and bent them back over my tummy again. I caught my legs behind my knees and held them. He was still and I opened my eyes for a moment to see what he was doing. He was holding his dick in his hand and just looking at me, from my breasts over my stomach, down to my pussy. He started slowly stroking his dick and I shut my eyes again. For a minute or so, I heard him grunting and felt the bed moving a little and then I heard him say something about hold it open.

“What?”

“Your pussy, Arial. It’s beautiful. Hold it open. Use your hands.”

I slid my hands down my thighs and put my fingers on each side and pulled to expose my pussy to him. I felt his thighs bumping against my fanny and I listened to him grunting again. After a minute or so, I felt a drop or two of something hot and wet land on my breast and stomach. I looked at him and he was holding his dick with the skin pulled back and the head was blood red with a long drop of white hanging. His eyes were closed and he looked like he was hurting.

I reached up and caught his hips and pulled him down on top of me. He collapsed and went limp and I wrapped my arms around his chest and my legs around his. His face was buried in my pillow and I could hear his breath rasping in and out and feel his chest heaving. He seemed in no hurry to move and I was content to hold him. I wanted so much to go to sleep with him on top of me.

Suddenly I felt him jerk and then he pushed himself up and looked down at me. He didn’t say anything. He just looked at me, blond hair all tousled, face all peaceful and beautiful, and smiled.

“Would you get us a washcloth and a towel?” I whispered. “I think somebody made a little mess.”

<><><>

Thursday afternoon, we rode the school bus home and he sat with Nicole and I sat behind them. I tried to listen to what they were saying but everybody was making so much noise I couldn't understand anything they said. She always got off two stops from ours and Kerry got up and stood in the aisle to let her get out. I watched him watch her walk up the aisle to the front and wondered what he was thinking.

When we got in the house, he said he had to go real bad and asked if he could go first. I let him and went in my room to change into some old clothes. After a few minutes, I heard him tap on my door, his signal that he was finished, and I took my turn.

When I came out, the door to his room was open. He was standing there in nothing but his white briefs and socks, holding his gray dress slacks up and inspecting them. I couldn't remember when he had last worn them. I suppose they were clean because he held them and put them on. He zipped them up and stood there looking down at them. I could see he had problems even if he couldn't. He had hanger wrinkles in both legs and I knew that would iron out. But they were too short. He looked up at me.

"Are they OK?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't think so, Kerry. I think they're too short. Put your dress shoes on and let's see."

He tried to push his foot into his dress shoes and couldn't. He sat down on the bed, took off his white socks, and tried again. He got his feet in his shoes but I could tell they were too tight. He looked at me.

"Shit!" he said.

"Don't say that, Kerry," I said. "I'll help you so you'll look nice."

"I don't know, Arial. Maybe I ought to just stay home and watch TV. Sometimes I just don't know what I'm supposed to do."

"You'll be fine, Squirt. You act more grown up than most of the freshmen at school. You've been to nice restaurants before. Just enjoy the meal and the company. We can all use good manners when we have to. It's going to be fun."

"But who ever heard of a girl her age dating a guy my age?"

"She knows how old you are, Kerry. It doesn't bother her. Why let it bother you?"

“Well, OK, I guess. But help me figure out what to wear.”

He tried on his cordovan loafers and they fit fine, even with socks. I found a nice pair of khakis in his closet and they fit him perfectly. When I pulled out his navy blue blazer, he looked at it like he was daring it to be too small. It wasn't. It fit him too. It would probably have been too tight if he buttoned it in front but I knew he never did. He looked very nice, even if he didn't have a shirt on. He looked at me for approval.

“You look very nice, Kerry. I think that's what Brad will wear. Khakis with a blue blazer is always a good combination. We just need a shirt and tie.”

“Oh, shit, do I have to wear a tie?”

“I don't know. What do you want to wear?”

“Just a shirt, like a t-shirt, you know, like some of the young guys on TV.”

“Well, you can't wear a t-shirt. That won't look good with your blazer. How about a mock turtleneck? Do you have one?”

“I don't think so. What is it?”

“It's like the knit turtleneck you wore when the weather was real cold, except it doesn't come up the neck so much. It's just got an inch or so coming up the neck. I think that's what some of the guys on TV wear.”

“Well, I don't have one.”

“Maybe Dad will take us to the Mall tonight or tomorrow night. If he can't, I'll call Brad and maybe he'll take us. I'll bet that discount store on Lexington will have some nice ones. That's where Brad and I found some nice things after Christmas.”

“Next month, you'll have your license and you can drive your own car. Are you going to drive it to school?”

“I don't think so. Brad says he likes taking us. I just wish he'd let me know when he's coming early so I could fix him a good breakfast. Even if he can't take us, I don't think I want to drive my car. I kind of like riding the bus sometimes.”

“Yeah, me too. That's where I hear all the dirt.”

Brad took us on Friday night. We tried the discount store first and found some beautiful mock turtlenecks. We got three in different colors for Kerry, Kavan, and Brad. Brad insisted on paying for them. He said he'd mooched so many meals from us he had money to burn.

When we got back home, Dad had news for us. He'd called Mom and she was coming home Saturday morning. Luke's father had come to help with the babies and would be staying a week or so. She said he was crazy about Adrianna and had held little James Connor when he wasn't playing with her. He said she wanted me and Kathryn to be ready to go shopping at noon. She wanted both of us to have a new dress to wear. I called Nicole again and asked her if she was still wearing a little black dress and she said she was. I told her we'd be by to pick her up at six and she'd be proud of the way her date looked.

Brad came over about mid-morning on Saturday. I told him Mom was on her way home and would be here about eleven o'clock and she wanted to take me and Kathryn shopping for a couple of hours. He didn't mind. He felt at home enough now so I knew he could entertain himself. I got him to take me to Ippolito's so I could get some sandwich stuff for lunch. Kerry wanted to go too but he said Kenjiro was coming over and they were going to do something with his computer. When we got back, Kerry and Kenjiro were installing some new stuff on Kerry's computer and Brad decided he had to help them. Dad was in the living room reading and listening to music. That left me to get everything ready for lunch but I didn't mind.

Mom came in on time and Dad and I helped her carry in her stuff. She was talking almost nonstop, telling Dad and me about how much fun her car was to drive and how much she'd enjoyed visiting with Luke and Rachael and taking care of Adrianna and then helping with James Connor. She said Luke's Dad was going to stay for another week and she'd already promised Rachael she'd come back when he left if they needed her. When I finally got a word in, I asked if she was hungry. She said she was so I put the rest of the stuff to make sandwiches on the kitchen counter and then called the boys.

Kavan and Kathryn came in just before we started eating. They usually worked all day on Saturday but they'd asked off for the afternoon. They were starved so I let them eat without taking a shower first.

We ate out on the deck and Mom kept telling us all about her visit. Then she told us Luke and Rachael were going to move back in three or four weeks and would live with the Andersens for a while. She said she'd volunteered to send somebody to pick up Rachael and the kids so Luke could work with the movers. Dad said he'd see if he could get free and he'd take Mom back so they could pick them up. I saw Brad looking

at me when they were talking about it and I wondered why. I knew he could tell I was happy that Luke and Rachael and their kids would live nearby but so was everybody else.

When Mom and Kathryn and I were ready to leave, I asked Brad what he was going to do while we were gone. He said he and Kerry and Kenjiro were going down to the creek and do some more digging. He said they might go up the creek and see if they could locate the area where the Indian stuff came from. I guess I didn't worry because I didn't think they could get in any trouble digging in the dirt like little boys.

When we came back from shopping, Kathryn and I took a shower and Mom helped us fix our hair. Kathryn and I had both found a nice dress to wear. Kathryn's had an oriental look to it and had a high collar. Mine was a dark gray wool with a little matching jacket. Without the jacket, my shoulders were almost bare. It showed just enough cleavage in front to tease and Mom said that's all it should show. She even loaned me her pearls. I knew the necklace and earrings were real pearls and I told her I was afraid to wear them but she insisted.

The boys were ready by five thirty and they all looked good, even if they were dressed too much alike. Mom and I made sure their hair looked good and they griped about it but they sat still. We hadn't talked about how we were going to dinner but we knew we had to go in two cars. Even Dad's big Mercedes couldn't really carry more than five and he didn't offer it. I didn't want Kavan and Kathryn to have to go in his old pickup truck so I asked Brad if he'd drive my car and let Kavan drive his Jeep. We were ready by fifteen 'til six and Nicole only lived a couple of miles away on Frost Line Road.

Mom and Dad had to preside over our departure and finally let us go. Dad couldn't let Kerry go without telling him he had to go to the door and ask for Nicole and that, if he was invited in, he should go in and meet her parents. Kerry told Dad not to wait up for us because we'd be in late. He said Dad ought to take Mom to bed because she needed a little input from him if she wanted to have a baby. Dad said he'd do his best but it might be hard on an old man. I pushed Kerry out the door to shut them up.

Kerry rode with me and Brad. My little BMW was a two-door and I offered to sit in the back with Nicole so he could have the front. He told me no thanks. He said when he got a chance to get in the backseat of a car with a girl nobody was going to keep him from it.

Nicole answered the door and invited him in and they stayed inside for a few minutes. When they came out the door, I got a look at what

Nicole was wearing. She did have on a simple little black dress but it really looked sexy on her. Her breasts were on the small side like mine but her dress was cut lower than mine. I noticed she had on low heels and I knew she didn't want to be taller than Kerry. It looked like they were the same size when they came down the walk to the car.

Brad got out of the car so Nicole and Kerry could get in the back seat. As soon as they were settled, Nicole leaned over and kissed Kerry on the cheek and whispered something to him. He smiled and whispered back at her. They both looked like they were excited to be going out. I turned around and looked at Brad. He was watching them in the rear view mirror.

I'd never been to the restaurant before but Brad had been there with his Dad. It was in an old mansion with lots of big trees and landscaped grounds around it. We drove in on a semi-circular driveway and I could see lighted paths on the sides of the building. They had valet parking so we were all able to get out in front and leave the cars with the attendant. I told him he'd better be nice to my little BMW and he smiled and said he would.

Brad had evidently made arrangements with the Maitre 'D because he greeted Brad by name and then welcomed the rest of us. He led us to a very nice table in one corner of a room. It must have been the library of the old mansion because it still had books around all the walls. There were only three other tables in the room and one was occupied by four people. Our table was set with fine china and silver and napkins standing up in little rolls in our plates.

All the boys held the chairs for the girls and we got seated without any mishaps. The Maitre 'D gave us all menus and told us our waiter for the night would be Ryan. We'd hardly started looking at the menus when a young man in a tuxedo poured water in our glasses. A couple of minutes later he brought three small plates of beautiful hors d'oeuvres and put them between the girl/boy couples. Brad said "Thank you, Ryan. That looks great." The waiter nodded and said, "You're welcome, Dr...I mean, Mr. Weaver. Carol's doing the hors d'oeuvres tonight. She's an artist at it. Let me know when you're ready to order."

When Ryan took our orders, he asked what kind of bread we'd like. He said they had three kinds, all served in small loaves, and they would still be hot from the oven. Kerry asked if we could have one of each. When Ryan brought our salads, the aroma of the bread was enough to whet anybody's appetite.

We were finishing the last of our salads when I noticed Nicole lean over toward Kerry and put her hand on his arm. She whispered something

to him and he smiled, nodded, and went back to eating. I knew what was coming next. He straightened up and I saw a startled expression on his face. He looked down at his lap and then looked around at the rest of us. It was my idea but Kathryn and Nicole loved it. She'd put her hand on his leg, on his thigh, about halfway above his knee. I thought I'd wait a few minutes before I gave Brad his turn.

Kavan and Kathryn seemed happy to be together and going out to dinner with us. He always had good manners except when they got in an argument or got their feelings hurt and I hadn't seen much of that for the last few weeks. They were both talkative and not as serious as they'd been for a while. At one point, Kathryn caught my eye and winked. When she put her hand on Kavan's arm, I knew Kavan was about to feel a hand somewhere else. He didn't react quite the way Kerry did; he just smiled like he was enjoying something.

Kerry and Nicole seemed relaxed and comfortable with each other. I guess I'd worried too much about my little brother but he wasn't acting so little at dinner. He was more subdued than usual and he paid a lot of attention to Nicole. I wondered why they kept whispering back and forth to each other.

I suppose Brad noticed that I was watching the others and he reached over and took my hand in his. I looked at him and he smiled and squeezed my hand. He held it for a moment and then started eating again. I put my hand on his arm and then a few seconds later, moved it down below the table and put it on his leg. He put his hand over mine, moved my hand up, and rubbed it over his crotch. He grinned and didn't even look at me.

When Ryan was clearing away our dinner plates, Kerry asked if the fixed price for the dinner meant he could have anything he wanted to eat. Ryan assured him it was and Kerry asked if he could have another steak, and while he was at it, some more bread. Ryan smiled, asked if he wanted it medium-rare again, and started to leave. Kerry called him back and told him he was kidding, that he just wanted to see if he really could have it.

I waited until we were having our dessert before I brought up the topic of dancing, just like Nicole had asked me. We'd all seen her in the high-school production last month, a review of favorite Broadway musicals. She was in the number from *Cats*.

"You were beautiful in the *Cats* number, Nicole," I said. "But I'm glad you told me which one you were. I couldn't recognize anybody in those costumes and makeup."

“Yeah, you all looked so much like cats it was unbelievable,” Kerry said. “Arial told me you were the one with smoke-colored head and back with white down the front. You looked like you were a real cat. I liked it when you sat there and licked your paws.”

“It was fun,” Nicole said. “The guys didn’t want to wear those tight-fitting costumes at first. When they found out they could rub against us, they didn’t mind so much.”

“Well, I didn’t know cats could dance like that,” Brad said. “That’s what impressed me – the way all of you started stretching like cats and then kind of started dancing. It just seemed like cats ought to be able to do that.”

“We’re already planning next year’s production,” Nicole said. “We’ll have plenty of girls as always but we’ll need guys again. It’s going to be a really big production. We want to involve as many different groups and as many people as we can, even some of the teachers.”

“What is it?” Kavan asked.

“I can’t tell you yet,” Nicole said. “We know what we want to do but we’re not sure we can. Mrs. Frazier has asked some of the faculty to help us with all the planning. We think we can pull it off. You’re all going to love it, if we do it. It’s based on a movie you guys love.”

“Terminator!” Kerry said.”

“No, Kerry,” Nicole said. “It’s based on a comedy. We’re changing it into a musical. And don’t ask me any more about it.”

“Are you going to dance in it?” Brad asked.

“Sure, I’ll even try to sing,” Nicole said. “But we really do need guys. Why don’t you guys volunteer to help? We’re already meeting at my house on Wednesday afternoons after school.”

“I can’t,” Kavan said. “I work a part-time job on Wednesday afternoons.”

“I can’t either,” Brad said. “My Dad’s got me working on a research project with him. I wouldn’t have time.”

Nicole looked at Kerry.

“I can’t,” he said. “I’m trying to think up a good excuse.”

“Kerry, I wish I could tell you what movie it’s based on,” she said. “I’ll bet you’d love to be in it. I wish you would meet with the group, at least once. We do a little planning first and then practice some dance routines. We’re trying to learn some of the dances from the 1950’s.”

Kerry kept trying to resist but I could see that Nicole was making progress on convincing him. I knew he could dance. He liked slow dancing and I’d even got him to try salsa with me. I asked Nicole if she’d teach him some of the routines they were practicing and she said she’d love to. She told him he’d have to be ready to get all hot and sweaty because they got a strenuous workout when they practiced. I was glad Nicole stopped there because I thought that was enough bait to hook him – the idea of her getting hot and sweaty with him.

When Brad took his napkin off his lap and put it beside his plate, Ryan came back to our table in seconds. He had a small brown bag in his hands and he gave it to Kerry. Kerry looked in the bag and then looked up and smiled.

“It’s bread, three more loaves,” he said. “Thanks, Ryan.”

“You’re welcome, Kerry,” Ryan said. “It’s just in case you get hungry later tonight.”

Ryan asked Brad about our dinner and Brad assured him it was as great as always. They talked for a minute or two and Brad asked him about his mother and about his college plans. Ryan told him she was fine and that he’d be starting college with the summer term. Brad asked if he could have some take-out desserts, two boxes with two desserts in each, for Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker and Mrs. and Mrs. Stuart. When Ryan brought the bill, he gave one of the dessert boxes to me and the other to Nicole. I watched as Brad went over the bill, changed something, and then gave Ryan the gift certificates and a credit card. Ryan watched too and then said “Thank you, Mr. Weaver.”

When we left, Brad took us down the big center hallway of the building and out the back on a covered porch.

“Would you like to go for a walk?” he asked. “They don’t charge extra for it and I need to walk off a few calories. The paths are all lighted and the grounds are beautiful at night.”

The path was lit by little lights about a foot off the ground so we could see where we were walking but it was dark enough so it was romantic. Kavan led the group, holding Kathryn’s hand, and teasing her about something and making her laugh. At one dark area they stopped and

hugged each other and the rest of us stopped and waited until they started walking again.

Kerry and Nicole were next and he held Nicole's hand too. They were whispering to each other and then laughing and giggling. He wasn't the least bit bashful or quiet with her. He was just as lively and playful as always. Nicole seemed to love being with him. At one point, Nicole got Kerry to dance down the path a little while she hummed a tune. He didn't seem to have any problem leading her and he moved as gracefully as she did. They made a beautiful pair.

I held Brad's hand, or rather, he held my little hand in his big hand. When Kerry and Nicole danced a few steps, I moved around in front of him. He guessed what I wanted to do and he led off with his left foot and we did a few steps too. The last time we'd practiced we'd tried to learn to waltz. If we'd had waltz music, I'd have loved to dance down the path with him.

When we were ready to leave, Kavan asked Brad if he could borrow his car for a little while longer. He said he thought it would be nice if he could go somewhere with his girl so they could make out. Kathryn told Kavan she'd go with him but she wasn't going to get in the back seat. It was nice to see them tease with each other. I told Kavan he still had to be in by midnight or Dad would get mad and he promised he would.

When we took Nicole home, Brad got out first and moved the driver's seat forward. He was so tall he had to put the seat back all the way so he could drive my little car. Kerry got out next and held out his hand to Nicole when she got out. She tried to tell Kerry he didn't have to see her to the door but he said he wanted to. He held her hand while they went up the walk and I watched to see what they would do. From the way Brad was standing outside the car, I guessed he was watching too.

Nicole's house had a small porch and there was a light burning somewhere on it. At the front door, I couldn't see their faces clearly. Kerry took the dessert box out of her hands and put it on a chair near the door. He took both her hands in his and they stood there for a minute or so and I wondered what they were saying. Then he leaned forward, kissed her on the cheek, and turned to go. She didn't turn loose of his hands and he turned back to her. This time she kissed him. She put her hands on his face and held him and I could see his hands come up and hold her at her waist. They probably stood there for a minute or so kissing before he turned again and came back to the car. Nicole waved at me and Brad and went in the house.

Kerry crawled in the backseat without a word. Brad got in and we started home. When we drove through a lighted area, I turned and

looked at Kerry. He had a smile on his face and was looking straight ahead. I don't think he even knew I'd looked at him.

The light near our front door was on when we parked in the driveway. When we went in the house, I saw a light in the kitchen was still on. Kerry handed me his bag and hurried down the hall, repeating "Gotta pee, gotta pee." I carried his bread and the dessert box to the kitchen and put them on the table. Brad followed me, sat down in a chair, and took off his shoes. I kicked off my shoes, reached under my dress, and pulled my panty hose down and off. He watched every move I made. I stuck my tongue out at him and he stuck his out at me.

I used the guest bathroom and sat and peed and peed and then gave a big sigh of relief and sat there thinking about our dinner together. When I came out, Kerry was in the kitchen and Brad was gone.

Kerry was holding the dessert box the waiter had given me and looking at something on the top of it. I took it away from him, told him he couldn't have it, and looked at the top of the box. It had "Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Brad, and Ariel" written on the top. I opened the box and looked. There were four servings, not two: two that looked like baklava and two like a rich chocolate tort. Brad walked in just then and I showed him what was in the box.

"I thought you told me it was dessert for Mom and Dad," I said.

"That's all it was supposed to be, Ariel," he said. "I guess Ryan added a little something extra."

"And you told me a little fib about something, Brad Weaver."

"What?"

He was grinning that half-crooked smile of his and I knew he knew what.

"About the price of the dinner. You told me it was \$50 per person. I saw what you tried to hide. It was \$75 each and then \$20 for the extra desserts."

"So?"

"Then there was tax on top of that and you changed the tip from 15% to \$100. The bill was over \$600, Brad Weaver. Why did you tell me it would be \$50 per person?"

“Because I knew you might not let me take all of you if it was going to cost much over the \$300 in gift certificates we had. I didn’t want you to worry about it.”

“Well, why did you have to change the tip like that? They put a 15% gratuity on the bill. Wasn’t that enough?”

“No, Arial, it wasn’t. Ryan gave us very good service. He earned his tip.”

“Where do you know him from?”

“From the restaurant but mainly from school. Didn’t you recognize him? He knows who you are.”

I had to stop and think and then I remembered. I’d seen him in the hallway more than once. He was one of the few who dressed like Brad. He always smiled and nodded his head at me but that’s all he ever did.

“I thought I’d seen him somewhere but tonight I couldn’t remember where. I do now. Having a tux on made him look different, I guess.

“He’s been working there for a couple of years at least. Dad goes there a lot on business and he always asks for Ryan when he makes a reservation. I told Dad some personal stuff about him and Dad always leaves him a nice tip.”

“Why? What did you tell your dad about him?”

“Well, Ryan wants to go to college but his father disappeared years ago and his Mom doesn’t get any support from his father. His Mom’s the bookkeeper at the restaurant. They have a hard time getting by.”

“He always dresses like you do. How does he afford that?”

“Arial, my clothes are probably less expensive than the jeans and logo stuff lots of kids wear. Besides, Ryan’s wearing some of my old clothes.”

He saw me raise my eyebrows and I guess he knew he had to explain.

“Before school last fall, Dad got me to call him and ask him to go somewhere with us. He took us shopping for clothes and spent a real bundle on the two of us. I said something about having lots of stuff that wouldn’t fit and Dad asked Ryan if he’d like to have it. I sorted through all my clothes and gave him a couple of boxes of stuff I’d outgrown. He

didn't mind taking it. I gave him another box full after Christmas. Don't you say anything about it to anybody else!"

Kerry spoke up. "Brad, you can save me some of your old stuff if you want to. I'm not proud. I'll wear hand-me-downs from anybody and I like the way you dress."

"I think you'll have to grow a little more, Squirt," Brad said. "Do you think you're going to be tall like me?"

"Yeah, I've been looking on the internet at how boys grow. Based on where I am now, their charts say I'll be somewhere between six three and six nine."

It was hard for me to believe that. I couldn't picture my little brother being a tall man like that.

"What did you two do with your blazers?" I asked.

"I threw mine on your bed when I went to the bathroom," Brad said.

"Mine's in my room," Kerry said.

"Well, go get them and be quiet. Don't wake up Mom and Dad."

"Why?" Kerry asked.

I didn't answer and he and Brad both went down the hall and got their coats out of the bedrooms.

"Brad Weaver, it's not my bed on Saturday nights. It's our bed and don't you forget it. Now turn your blazers inside out."

"Yes, ma'am," they both answered.

I took Brad's inside-out blazer and felt the armpit and then sniffed it. It smelled sweaty but it was just Brad and it wasn't anything I hadn't smelled before. I checked Kerry's and it was the same way.

"Kerry, get a couple of hangers out of the laundry room. Hang your blazers in there for the night. They need to dry where you sweated on them. I'll press them tomorrow."

"Yes, Mom," Kerry said, but he got the hangers and they put their inside-out blazers on them.

“And you might as well both take off those turtle-necks. You’re both all sweaty in the armpits and you can just put them on top of the washer.”

“Yes, Momma,” Brad said, and they both stripped off the turtlenecks.

I waited until they were finished and then took off my dress. Mom had bought me a new bra and panties and half-slip when we shopped. They were all pink and I knew Brad and Kerry hadn’t seen me in them yet. I put my dress on a hanger and hung it in the laundry room next to their coats to air out.

“Are you two boys going to do everything I ask you?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” they said at the same time, grinning like monkeys, looking at me.

“Then turn around and let me check your pants. If you’ve got any grease spots on them, I want to treat them tonight before we go to bed.”

“You’re so romantic, Arial,” Brad said. “Take you out to dinner and all you can think of is the laundry and cleaning.”

“Yeah, that’s the way she is, Brad,” Kerry said.

I took my time inspecting their pants. I didn’t see any spots but I decided to tease them a little more.

“You’ve both got greasy fingerprints on your leg,” I said. “You’ll have to take them off and let me treat them.”

They both looked and looked and looked and I wondered how long it would take them to realize there weren’t any spots. I guess Brad decided it didn’t matter. He pulled his belt out of his pants and then pulled them off and handed them to me. Kerry stood there grinning and then he did the same thing.

They stood there, in nothing but little white briefs and black socks while I looked at them. They both had some very nice bulges in the front of their briefs. They were both looking at me in my bra and panties and half-slip. I just let them look.

“Nicole’s going to love getting in your briefs, Kerry,” I said.

“Oh, shit, Arial, don’t tease me like that.”

“Oh, you don’t want to get in her panties?”

He stood and looked at me for a few seconds. He wasn't smiling.

"Arial, I don't know what I want. It was just nice to be with her tonight. Do you think she really liked me? I couldn't believe it when she kissed me like that."

"Did she give you a little tongue?" Brad asked.

"Yeah, just a touch."

"She liked you," Brad said. "She wants you."

Kerry closed his eyes and shook his head.

"I wish you two wouldn't tease me," he said. "It's not funny. I get so damn mixed up trying to figure out all this stuff and you think it's funny."

Brad messed up Kerry's hair and then put his arm around Kerry's shoulders. I hugged up against Kerry and Brad put his other arm around me.

"I love you, Squirt," I said. "We won't tease you. You can ask us about Nicole if you want to but it's all up to you, you know. You're the one who's got to figure out what to do with a girl."

"Yeah, Squirt, I kind of like you too. You just ask ol' Brad about girls. He's had so much experience, he'll tell you what to do."

I shrugged his arm off my shoulder and stepped away from them. They just stood there, looking at me, Brad's arm over Kerry's shoulder and Kerry's arm around Brad's waist.

"Brad Weaver, you can sleep on the couch if you're going to talk like that."

"Brad, can I really ask you anything?" Kerry said.

"Yeah, ol' Brad knows girls," he answered.

"What's that thing Arial has on?"

Brad looked at my half-slip.

"Oh, shit, Kerry, start me off with something easy."

“It’s called a half-slip, dummies,” I said. “I couldn’t wear a full slip because of the way my dress was cut around the shoulders. Mom said I should wear a half slip with my dress.”

“I thought it was just another way for girls to turn guys on,” Kerry said.

“Well, it works, doesn’t it? Look.” Brad said. He pulled the waistband of his briefs away from his stomach and looked down. Kerry leaned over and looked down Brad’s briefs. Then he pulled the waistband of his briefs out just like Brad had done. Brad leaned over and looked down inside.

“Hey, Kerry, you’re getting a hard-on,” Brad said.

“What do you do with one when you get it?” Kerry asked.

“You two are just alike – B-A-D!” I said.

I took off my half-slip and handed it to Kerry.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” he asked.

“Put it on. I just want to see if it turns Brad on.”

“Here, Brad, you put it on. I’ll tell you if it turns me on.” Kerry said, and handed it to Brad.

Brad picked up my panty hose and handed them to Kerry.

“OK, you put these on. We’ll both get turned on,” he said.

I took my half-slip away from Brad and my panty hose from Kerry.

“You guys are hopeless,” I said. “You’ll never grow up.”

“Kerry, did you hear the one about the guy who picked up a woman and took her back to his place for sex,” Brad asked.

“I don’t know. Tell it.”

“After he did it, he told her he would have done it slower if he’d known she was a virgin.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, and she told him if she’d known he was in such a hurry, she’d have taken off her panty hose.”

They both stood there looking at me, waiting for my reaction. They were both grinning like jackasses and I was doing my best not to smile.

“Well, you two turned-on little boys can just go sleep together for sex. I’m going to bed – by myself.”

I started to leave but Kerry caught my arm. He pushed me over to Brad and Brad wrapped both arms around me and pulled me up against him.

“You two go on to bed and love each other,” Kerry said. “I’m going to spank my monkey.”

That was one I’d never heard before but I knew what he meant.

“Don’t you want to come play with us,” I asked.

“Yeah, Kerry, you can play with us,” Brad said. “Just don’t ask me to suck your dick again.”

“Can we get serious for a minute?” Kerry asked.

Brad and I stood waiting, my arms around his waist, his arms around my shoulders. I could feel something in his briefs where they pressed against my tummy.

“I want you two to go to bed together and make love with each other,” Kerry said. “You don’t need me in there like a third wheel on a bicycle.”

“Don’t feel that way, Kerry,” Brad said. “I know you and Arial fool around sometimes. It doesn’t bother me. It won’t bother me if you do it with both of us.”

“What do you want to do, Kerry?” I asked.

“I don’t know. If Nicole was here, I’d take her to bed and try to figure out what to do with her. That’s what I’d like to do. I’d like to play with both of you but I don’t think I should.”

“Why?” Brad asked.

“I just think I ought to be grateful for what you two have already done for me – fixing me up with Nicole, taking me out to a nice dinner. You and Arial can enjoy loving each other without me. I’ll just go stroke my poker and think of Nicole.”

“You mean you’re going to tease your weasel?” Brad asked.

“Naah, I’m going to tussle with my muscle,” Kerry said.

“Well, I’m going to pet my panda and go to sleep,” I said. “You two can just go slay your sloths together.”

They both shut up and looked at me. I guess they didn’t think girls had lots of names for it like the guys do. I stuck my tongue out at them and then went down the hall to my room.

Chapter Fifty-Two

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2

Brad Weaver, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Brad Weaver

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(BRAD)

She’s just too much sometimes. For a moment, I couldn’t believe what I’d heard but she’d said it: that she was going to pet her panda and we could go slay our sloths. Sloths? Now she’s calling my dick a sloth? No Way. I knew I shouldn’t be surprised at anything she said or did. Still it was hard to reconcile the way she looked, beautiful and delicate and innocent, and the way she talked, open and unashamed of anything when it came to sex.

“Well, Kerry, shall we slay our sloths?” I asked.

He pulled his briefs down with one hand, pulled his balls up with the other, and let the elastic waistband catch under his balls. He sat down in a kitchen chair with his legs spread wide and held his dick straight up. Maybe he didn’t have a sloth but he had a big woody. It looked out of place on him, as big as it was, when he had so little pubic hair and none on his balls or between his legs that I could see.

“Naah, not me, boy. I’m going to asphyxiate my anaconda,” he said. He started slowly stroking it with one hand while he pulled his scrotum down taut with the other. He was watching me and I knew it was my turn.

I sat down in a chair, pulled my briefs down, and let them catch under my balls too. My dick was engorged already but it wasn’t stiff like his. I wrapped my hand around it, slid it up and down a few times, then pulled the skin down tight, and watched as it got hard.

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to choke my cobra then,” I said, trying not to laugh. His grin was as big as mine and he looked like he was having a hard time holding it back too.

“Just don’t make it mad at you,” he said.

“Why?”

“It’ll spit in your eyes.”

“Well, maybe I’d better lasso my longhorn instead,” I said.

“That’s a fine critter you’ve got there, pardner,” he drawled. “Did you say that was a pronghorn?”

“Nope, it’s a hedgehog,” I drawled back. “You touch it; you get pricked.”

“Shit, Brad,” he said, “that’s a good one. I give you two points.”

He leaned back a little more, so that the chair was pushed back on two legs, and dropped his arms to the sides. His dick was pointed back over his stomach and it suddenly started bouncing up and down.

“It’s alive! It’s alive!” he said, whispering but pretending to yell like the mad scientist.

I tried to make my dick twitch up and down like his and only halfway succeeded. He smiled and shook his head when I did it.

“Do you love her?” he asked, out of the blue. His smile was gone.

“Yeah.” I tried to think of something more to say but there were no words to describe what I felt for Arial. “Yes, Kerry, I love her.”

“I do too,” he said.

“I know.”

“Please don’t ever hurt her, Brad. Be good to her.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“I believe you.”

“Arial and I are both doing our best, Kerry. Loving somebody is new for both of us.”

“Do you think I’ll find somebody like her to love?”

“You’ll find somebody. I never dreamed I’d find anybody like her. When Kavan invited me home with him, I didn’t know what to expect. When I saw her, I didn’t believe she could love me. I’m still amazed she does.”

“Yeah, I know. I’m glad you two got together. You make her happy and you’re good to her. That’s all that matters.”

He got up, walked over in front of me, and motioned for me to get up too. He moved a step closer to me and held my dick in his left hand, his in his right hand. He pulled them down until they were both horizontal with the head of my dick just above his. He looked down at them for a moment, pulled my foreskin forward until it covered the head of my dick, and then pushed it back. He did the same with his. We both looked up at each other and grinned. He looked down and slowly stroked my dick and then his.

“Yeah, that’s some big pronghorn you’ve got there, pardner,” he whispered. “I’ll bet that little filly of y’ors loves to ride it.”

I reached down and took his dick in my hand and started slowly stroking it. He kept sliding his hand back and forth on mine.

“Shit, Kerry, mine’s not that big. Your Dad’s got a big one, Kavan too. I don’t have an inch on you.”

“Does she really like it, Brad, you know, your dick in her?” he asked.

He looked down at our dicks again and I tried to understand what he was thinking and feeling. He pushed my hand off his dick and put his in its place.

“Yeah, I think so. I try my best to make sure she does.”

“Wanna borrow mine tonight?” he whispered.

“You want to take my place, don’t you?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yeah, I guess so. What would you say if she let me do it with her?”

“I don’t know, Kerry. The stuff we’ve done so far doesn’t bother me.”

“Like jacking off on her breasts?”

“Yeah, that was fun.”

He poked his hips out, mimicking the position he’d used when we jacked off on Arial’s breasts, and gave his dick some fast strokes. I followed his example, except that I only stroked mine a few times. I wanted to save it for her, not squirt it on the kitchen floor.

“Not even when we sucked each other’s dicks?”

“No, not even that.”

“But when she sucks my dick or jacks me off, how about that?”

“She loves you, Kerry. She loved you before she loved me. I guess I’m getting used to your family. It seems OK for her to do that with you if she wants to.”

“Yeah, I guess my family is kind of different about sex, like the stuff we did at the cabin. I’m glad Mom and Dad are the way they are with us so we don’t have to hide stuff from each other.”

“I’m glad too, Kerry. I like being part of your family.”

“But you really do love her; don’t you? You want to marry her someday?”

“Yeah, I do. I hope we can be together for the rest of our lives.”

“Well, I guess that’s OK then. She can’t be with me like that.”

I wanted to go to Arial, to be with her, but I didn’t want Kerry to have to be alone, with no one to love him. It seemed weird, standing there in the kitchen, both of us holding a hard-on, talking about loving his sister. Then I remembered how he’d been when he walked back to the car after Nicole kissed him.

“How did you feel when Nicole kissed you, Kerry? Was it like your world just opened up with new possibilities? I felt that way the first time Arial kissed me and it was just on my cheek.”

“Aaww, shit, Brad, I don’t know what to do. She slipped me a little tongue and I almost came in my pants. I’d slip her a little dick if she’d let me.”

“I’ll get you a box of condoms so you’ll be ready.”

“Yeah, first Dad offered and then Kavan and now you. Shit, I’m going to be up to my eyeballs in condoms. Quit joking with me.”

“It’s no joke, Kerry. You’ve got to learn to be responsible for what you do. We’ve both got a lot of growing up to do before we have kids.”

“Yeah, I know. It scares the hell out of me.”

“Me too, Kerry. Loving Arial is scary too.”

He playfully hit me on my arm and then pulled his briefs back up. His dick was pressed against his stomach and the last inch or so was sticking out and up toward his navel.

“Come on, let’s go to bed,” he said. “You take your otter and let it play with her beaver. I’m going flog my frog in my own bed. I’m going to make it say ‘ribbit’ and then I’m going to sleep. Fuck it!”

I pulled up my briefs and positioned my dick so it looked like his. He looked at my dick pointing up and then at his and then grinned at me again. We went down the hall as quietly as we could. When he started to open the door to his room, I put my hand on his shoulder and he stopped.

“Thank, Kerry,” I said.

“Please be good to her, Brad. I hope you’ll always love her,” he said.

He went in his room and left me standing at the door to Arial’s room. I thought about what he’d said for a minute or so and then opened the door.

Arial was already in bed, on the side next to her desk and the light on it. She had pulled the blanket up over her breasts but her shoulders were still bare. She was reading a book. I walked over and tilted the book up so I could see the title – Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She put in a bookmark and then laid the book on her desk.

“Did you and Kerry have fun?” she asked.

I sat down on the side of the bed, held out my hand to her, and she put her hand in it.

“He’s always fun, Ariel. He’s quite a kid,” I said. “But we didn’t flog our logs.”

“I’m glad,” she said. “Kerry didn’t want to play with us after all?”

“No, he didn’t. We talked about how we both love you and he still wanted the two of us to be together without him.”

“He’s almost always sweet like that, Brad. I hope you can see how he’s always loving and considerate. It’s not just me he treats that way; it’s most people.”

“I know. I’m not jealous of him, Ariel. I don’t mind if he goofs off with us sometimes. We’re just playing and having fun then. It’s just when I get serious with you, when we’re loving each other, I don’t want anybody else around then.”

“I know, Brad. Love is better when it’s kind of quiet and private, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, lots better. Are we sleeping in pajamas and gown tonight or do we sleep butt-naked?”

“I bought you something new to sleep in,” she said. “Me too. Look on top of my chest of drawers.”

I got up and walked over to the chest. There were a couple of folded garments on top, one dark blue, one pink. I knew which one was for me. I picked it up and shook it out. It was a flannel nightgown, a short one, too short to cover up much. I shook her pink one out. It was just as short.

“I can’t wear this, Ariel,” I said. “My dick will be hanging out in front and my butt in the back.”

“Silly, that’s why I bought it for you. If you sleep naked, your shoulders are always getting chilled. If you sleep in pajamas, you usually take off the bottoms during the night. This way you can spoon up to my fanny and be comfortable.”

I liked the idea. It did make sense. She already knew how much I liked to sleep spooned up to her, with nothing between her naked fanny and my naked crotch. I tossed her little gown to her and started to pull my briefs off.

“OK,” I said, “let’s put them on.”

“Not yet, Brad,” she said. “Let’s wait a little.”

She turned toward her desk and put the nightgown down. I saw a momentary flash of white breast and I assumed she was naked under the cover and just waiting for me. She turned the blanket down with her hands and then pushed it further down with her feet. She wasn’t naked after all. She had on some white panties, nothing else, and not the pink ones she’d worn to dinner. She had put on some very brief and lacy white ones. I couldn’t help but grin. I knew what she wanted and it was the same thing I wanted. I tossed my nightgown on top of hers, pulled my briefs back up, went around to my side of the bed, and crawled in beside her.

When I turned toward her, she turned too and held out her arms to me. I laid down, half across her, with my head between her breasts. She knew how much I liked to be close to her, with my face against the softness of her breasts, while we talked. She put one arm around my shoulders and brushed my hair off my forehead with her other hand. I took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed against her. I was where I’d been wanting to be all week.

“You should have made Kerry come with you,” she whispered. “You know I love to play with skinny little boys in white briefs.”

“Really?” I whispered.

“Yeah, I’m just a dirty old woman. I love to see your little penis sticking up out of your briefs. It’s cute. I love to put my hand down there and play with your little testicles.”

“That’s OK. I’m a dirty old man,” I whispered. “I like little girls in white panties. I like to lick their panties and taste their juices.”

“Really?” she whispered.

“Yeah! It makes my little penis get stiff.”

“I love you, Brad,” she said in a quiet voice. “Thanks for dinner tonight and being so nice to my family.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. Do you think everything went OK with Kerry and Nicole?”

“I think so. He was so grown up with her. I don’t know whether he was just acting or whether he was really comfortable with her. I don’t think she would have kissed him like that if she hadn’t enjoyed being with him.”

“You didn’t put her up to that too?” I asked.

“No. What do you mean ‘too’? What else do you think I put her up to?”

“Putting her hand on his leg, trying to give him a hard time. Just like you did to me.”

“Well, anyway, I didn’t put her up to kissing him. I didn’t know she’d do it like that. I guess it was what she wanted to do.”

I turned around again, lay down with my head on a pillow, and pulled her up against me. She knew what I wanted again. She relaxed against me with her head on my shoulder, nestled in the curve of my arm, with one of her legs over one of mine. She slid her hand around on my chest, teasing my nipples and pulling on what little chest hair she could find.

“I love you too, Arial,” I said. “I wish I could say it like that woman does in her poetry. I wish I could write poetry about how beautiful you are.”

“You’re beautiful too, Brad. I’d rather have you than a poem.”

“Yeah, but I’d like to be able to say stuff in words like she does, about how my heart overflows with love when I hold you, about how it’s like something sacred when I make love with you – I don’t know how to say stuff like that.”

“Silly, you just did.”

She slid her hand down over my stomach and started pulling on the trail of hair that started just under my belly button and wrapped around my dick and balls and back between my legs. She could drive me wild with it sometimes, just gently pulling on little tufts of hair here and there.

“I’ve never read much poetry,” I said. “Have you?”

“I guess so. Probably more than most girls.”

“Is there some you know that guys would like?”

“Sure. Try Carl Sandburg or Walt Whitman. You might even like some of Browning’s. Try it. I’ll bet you’ll understand what she says about love.”

Her hand moved down between my legs, into my briefs, cupped over my balls, and started teasing. It was another way she loved to play with me, just gently pushing one testicle up and letting it relax, then the other, until I couldn’t stand it anymore. Then she usually started playing with my dick, just touching it with one little finger, stroking the sensitive spot under the head until I squirmed. She knew the effect it had on me. When my dick started drooling, she’d use her finger to wipe it all over the head, just one little finger touching me so lightly. I let her play, using all of her tricks. It was so damn tantalizing and I didn’t want her to stop but I wanted to do something else too.

“Are you trying to drive me crazy again?” I asked.

“What? I’m not doing anything, Brad.”

“I’m going to get even with you.”

“I dare you,” she said, and turned her face up toward mine.

I dared. I closed my eyes and let my mouth find hers. I felt her tongue touch my lips and I opened to her. We did what I’d learned to love so much with her, just quiet kissing and touching until I knew I had to move on to something else.

I pushed her back and then leaned over her and found her breast with my mouth. Her little nipple was already hard. I sucked it and licked it for a moment and then pulled back and looked at it. She had the most beautiful breasts I’d ever seen, small mounds flattened a little when she was on her back, with a smaller mound under the areola and then the little rose protrusion on top of that. She pulled my head back down and I opened my mouth again.

I slid my hand down on her smooth little belly, down through the little bowl, over her navel, back up under her panties, to the mound between her thighs. I loved the feel of her little tangle of hair. It was just a little patch of silky hair above her pussy and part way down and around the sides, with very little further back between her legs. She’d wanted to trim it and shave some of it off and I’d convinced her I loved it natural. If it was shaved or trimmed, I wanted to be the one who did it. It never got in the way of my tongue or my dick anyway.

I cupped my hand down over her pussy and immediately felt the heat and dampness of her. I let my middle finger play with her little inner lips until I teased them apart and I could feel the wetness deeper in. I kept at her, just one finger, my revenge, trying my best to make her squirm like she did me. Finally I slid my finger into her and curled it back and then moved it around and around, just the way I knew she liked it. It worked; she started squirming.

I took my mouth off her breast for a moment. "May I lick your pussy, little girl?" I whispered.

"Why, little boy? Why do you want to do that?"

"To get you all hot and ready for my little dick," I said.

"OK," she said, so low I hardly heard her.

I moved down on the bed, dragging a pillow with me. She knew what I wanted; she lifted her hips. I stuffed the pillow under her and then pushed her legs up and bent them back over her. She caught her legs behind her knees and held them. I took one more look at the panty-covered feast before me and then closed my eyes.

I'd done the same thing before but it still left me with heart-pounding desire again. I stretched out on the bed, my feet hanging off, and started licking her. Her panties were wet with the moisture from inside her and the scent and taste made me want her more. I teased her with my fingers and tongue for a while and then finally pulled her panties to one side and fastened my mouth on her pussy. I didn't stop until I'd sucked and licked one orgasm out of her.

When her fingers finally relaxed and she stopped pulling my hair, I rose up over her and caught her panties on each side. She brought her legs together and I pulled her panties down and off. I quickly pulled off my briefs and stuffed panties and briefs under a pillow at the head of bed. She let her legs fall on each side of me and I lowered myself slowly down on her. I let my dick press against her stomach, her breasts against my chest, my mouth against hers, and I waited. She wrapped her arms around my chest and pulled me against her so tight I was afraid I'd hurt her. After a minute or so, she brought her legs up over mine, slid her hands down to my butt, took a couple of deep breaths, and then relaxed. I knew she'd let me know when she was ready. I wanted her but I was in no hurry. I knew I was going to have her tonight, as many times as it took to satisfy our need.

She started moving her hips underneath me, rocking back and forth a little so that my dick rubbed against her stomach. I rose up on my

elbows to take my weight off her, moved back a little, and then pressed my hips against her. Blindly, without talking, we cooperated in getting ourselves in the position we wanted, with my dick pressed against her so that the underside of the shaft rubbed against her nubbin. It was just one more of the things we'd discovered with each other. Once or twice, she'd been able to bring herself to orgasm with just the slow rubbing up and down.

“Lift up,” I heard her whisper. I knew what she wanted; I lifted my hips slightly. She reached down with one hand and guided the head of my dick to the right place. I waited patiently for her next move, forcing myself to hold still. She brought her hand out, put both hands on my ass, and pulled me against her. It was perfect again. My dick slid in just a little, just that unbelievable feeling of entering her again. She tugged again and my dick slid in a little more. I forced myself not to do what I wanted to do, not to shove it in to the hilt all at once. I waited for her to pull again. When she did, I gave in and pushed and slid into the hot wet depths of her cunt. It was all I could ever want. Almost all.

We had last made love the previous Sunday morning. I'd jacked off two or three nights during the week when we were apart but that was hardly satisfying anymore. It released some of my sexual hunger but did nothing to satisfy my need for connection with her.

I didn't last long this time. The urge to come inside her took all thinking from me and my body did what it had to do. I throbbed and squirted over and over again and poured my essence into her.

When I became aware again, she was holding me prisoner as usual. Her legs were locked around me with her heels pressed against my ass. One arm was wrapped around my back. The other held my head down close to hers. Her breasts were soft and hot against my chest. She had her mouth on my shoulder and I could feel her teeth in my skin. I didn't care if she marked me again.

I couldn't move and didn't want to move and she wouldn't let me move. We whispered and kissed, nuzzled and whispered some more, got silly, got serious, all the while staying connected. My dick inside her wasn't soft and shrunken like it is sometimes. It was still engorged and not far from getting hard again. I didn't want to move but I had to finally. My arms had lost the strength to hold my body suspended above her.

She'd finally convinced me that she didn't care if my semen or her secretions got on the sheet. She always said I had made the wet spot and I had to sleep in it. I didn't care. I hadn't thought to bring a towel and I guess she hadn't either. Without a word, I moved to one side and at the same time she turned away from me. I spooned up to her, she

bent her right leg, and I put my right leg over her left one, I curved my arm around; she caught my hand and pressed it against her breast. We both took a few deep breaths and then relaxed - all coordinated perfectly without a word.

We lay there close together, talking quietly, and I wondered if she was ready to go to sleep. The day had been long, the evening one of the best of my life, and the time in bed together wonderful again. My eyes kept closing by themselves. We were both breathing slowly and peacefully and I knew sleep wasn't far away. But there was still a nagging desire to have her again.

My dick was nestled up between her legs, damp and sticky from either my secretions or hers, still swollen and hot against her. I could feel it slowly stiffening and I suppose she felt it too. She put her hand down between her legs and touched it under the head with one finger. I let her play and gradually my dick went from stiff to rigid. I almost felt guilty for wanting her again so soon.

She must have wanted it too. She moved her hips somehow, pressed with her fingers, and the head of my dick slid between the hot slippery lips of her cunt. I let it rest there for a minute or so, savoring the feeling of her flesh surrounding mine, and then started slowly moving, just enough to let the head slide in and out of her.

We'd learned so much about how our bodies could fit together, quietly talking and laughing, trying this, trying that, finding something that worked, trying something new when it didn't. I decided to try again.

I pulled her right leg back over mine and then pulled her right shoulder so that she was half turned toward me. She bumped me a few times with her elbow and then we found that her arm would fit around my neck. I leaned over her a little and found that I could reach first her mouth and then her breast. I slid my hand downward on her stomach and felt where my dick was partially inside her. It was perfect, just what I wanted. I could kiss her, use my mouth on her right breast, the fingers on my right hand could play with the lips of her pussy where they surrounded my dick, and last, the best, my dick could slide into her just deep enough to stay there if I was careful.

I fastened my lips on one hard little nipple, slid a couple of fingers over the little ridge at the top of her pussy, and then started thrusting into her. Everything else in the world went away and I got faster and faster as I felt the need for release.

"That's so good, Brad," I heard her whisper.

I don't suppose an answer was needed but I grunted "Uh huh," anyway.

"Slow down a little, please," she whispered again. "It's so good, make it last."

I did what she asked. I tried to be as slow and gentle as I could, just sucking, stroking, fucking, all at the same time. It was something new to me and it was too good to last. It must have been just as good for her. After a minute or so, she put her hand on top of mine and pressed my fingers down on her clitoris. I felt her contractions around the head of my dick and I held still and let her have her turn. When she finished, I started thrusting faster again and within a minute or so I had my turn too.

When we untied our knot, she turned over facing me. She didn't say anything and I didn't either. I don't suppose anything needed to be said. It had been perfect for me. We lay there looking in each other's eyes. She looked as sleepy as I felt.

I slid my hand under the pillow and felt something I'd put there earlier. I pulled them out and she smiled at me. She reached up and took my briefs out of my hand and then stuffed them between her legs. Then she took her little panties and tried to use them to wipe off my dick. There was hardly enough fabric in them to do it. She left her panties around my dick and then reached up and took my hand in hers.

"Tomorrow morning, you can have my panties," she whispered. "I'm keeping your briefs."

"Why?" I asked. "They need to go in the laundry."

"No! I'm not washing them."

"What then?"

"I'm keeping your briefs for a souvenir, to remember tonight."

"Well, I'm not washing your panties either. Maybe I'll take them out and smell them when we have our golden wedding anniversary."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it? We'll be a couple of old gray-headed folks, sniffing underwear. What will our kids and grandkids think?"

"We'll tell them what we did tonight."

"I'd like to do that," she whispered.

She reached back toward her desk and pulled the two nightgowns over on the bed. We both sat up at the same time, put them on, and then laid back down, facing each other again.

“I love you, Brad Weaver,” she whispered.

“May I say it too?” I asked.

“Uh huh.”

“I love you, Ariel Stuart. Will you marry me?”

She turned over away from me and backed up against me. I pulled the front of my nightgown up, pulled the back of hers up, and spooned up against her naked fanny. I scooted up a little closer, curved my arm around her, and cupped my hand over her soft flannel-covered breast.

“Yes, Brad, someday I’ll marry you.”

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On Sunday morning, I woke to the sound of someone in the kitchen. I vaguely remembered changing positions during the night and quickly falling back to sleep with her spooned up against my naked butt. Somehow we’d changed again and we were almost face to face. My left arm was under her pillow and under her neck. My right hand was on her hip. Our legs were intertwined. Her face was just inches from mine, relaxed and beautiful.

I looked over at the bedside and saw that it was nine-thirty. I wanted to stay with her but I had to go. My dick was rigid again and my bladder was close to bursting. I turned and rolled out of bed. The front of the little nightgown fell downward but was stopped by my dick. I didn’t care who saw me. I opened the door, went out in the hall, and then in the bathroom.

After a struggle, I managed to start peeing. I drilled it down into the bowl for a minute or so and shivered with relief when I finished. I was just giving it a squeeze and a shake when Ariel walked in. I put the seat back down and moved out of her way. She grunted, sat on the throne, closed her eyes, and let it go. I couldn’t help but grin at my princess on her throne, peeing, with her loyal subject watching. When she finished, she sat there and stripped off her nightgown. I pulled mine up and off too and held out my hand to her.

We showered together, washing each other between bouts of playing. She restored my hard-on and then bent over, holding the spout, while I

tried it out. It worked fine but then she pulled away and told me I had to save it, that we'd take time to do it again before I went home. We were drying each other off, grinning and laughing and teasing, when I heard a tap on the door. It was Kerry.

"Hurry up, I gotta pee," he said.

Arial opened the door and a sleepy naked Kerry came in or maybe his dick led him in. He had a morning piss-hard too. Arial grabbed my hand and pulled me out in the hall and we left Kerry standing over the commode trying to get his dick to cooperate.

I still had a towel in my hand. We'd left our little nightgowns on the floor in the bathroom and I wondered if Kerry would be confused when he picked them up and found they were both nightgowns. I started to go in Arial's bedroom but she pulled me down the hallway toward the kitchen. I don't know why but I stopped and wrapped the towel around my waist. Arial just shook her head and then grabbed my hand again.

Kieran was leaned back in one chair at the table with his feet in another, wearing nothing but a smile. His ankles were crossed, his legs were together, and his balls were resting on his legs, with his big dick on top. Everything about him looked relaxed. He was drinking a cup of coffee and reading the Sunday paper.

Siobhan was standing at the kitchen sink washing her hands. She had on a thin robe that came down to mid-thigh. When she turned toward us and smiled, I saw beautiful full breasts, rosy nipples, and white panties. I finally managed to look away at something else. I saw a big bowl of mixed fruit on the counter and smelled some sort of pastry or bread. It was the usual Sunday breakfast I'd come to expect with them but with more skin showing than during the colder months.

We stood talking to them for a few minutes, my arm around Arial's shoulders, hers around my waist, telling them about our dinner. Siobhan poured us both glasses of orange juice and handed them to us. I'd just put my empty glass on the table when I heard a noise behind me. It was Kerry coming in the kitchen, still naked, rubbing his long hair with a small towel.

I had just turned back toward Siobhan when I heard a bump behind me and then Kerry pushed into my back and almost fell. He caught himself just in time and came on in the kitchen. It took me a minute to realize that my towel was now on the floor at my feet.

“I’m sorry, Brad. I tripped on something,” he said, with a diabolical grin. We both knew he had done it deliberately.

I looked down. My dick was behaving reasonably well. Kieran and Siobhan were both grinning; they knew he’d got me. I gave up; I surrendered. I knew I had to be as relaxed about being naked with them as they were if I was going to be part of the family. And I was determined that I was.

I pulled out another kitchen chair and sat down and put my feet in the chair with Kieran’s. I reached down and pulled my balls up, put my legs together with my ankles crossed, and let it all hang out just like Kieran. I saw him watching and smiling. I looked at Siobhan and she was looking at me too. They both knew who I was imitating.

“Arial, would you mind pouring me a cup of coffee?” I asked, and I reached for the funnies from the newspaper.

Kerry had been watching the whole episode. I was waiting for him to say something.

“Arial, you don’t want to marry that guy,” he said. “You’ll spend the rest of your life waiting on him hand and foot.”

“You’re just jealous, Kerry Stuart,” Arial said. “Women like to do things for their man sometimes. Don’t they, Mom?”

“Yes, Princess, we do,” Siobhan said. “Sometimes they even do something to please us. Your father was very sweet to me last night. I don’t mind getting him a cup of coffee.”

“Well, in that case I guess I’d better get Brad two cups of coffee,” Arial said as she poured a cup and put it in front of me.

“Arial,” I growled and made an angry face at her. It didn’t stop her or Kerry.

“What, Brad? You don’t want another cup when you finish that one?”

Kieran held his hand at his waist and quickly flashed two fingers. I knew what he meant. I nodded and then flashed him two. I thought a second and then amended that. I flashed him two and a half.

“Yeah, I know how it is,” Kerry said. “I had to punish my python twice last night before it gave up and let me go to sleep. Maybe it was something in that food we had last night.”

“That’s strange,” Kieran said. “It was hard for me to go to sleep last night too and I ate at home.”

The way he looked at Siobhan left little doubt about what he’d eaten.

“Well, maybe you’ve finally given me what I want and you can sleep better at night,” Siobhan said.

Arial squealed, grabbed her Mom, and hugged her. “Mom, do you really mean it. Are you pregnant?”

“I don’t know yet, Arial,” she said. “I will in just a few more days. When does your period start?”

“Probably Tuesday,” Arial answered. She was still hugging Siobhan.

That confused the hell out of me. What could Arial’s period have to do with whether her Mother was pregnant? I didn’t say anything but Siobhan saw the confused look on my face. I looked at Kieran and he had a smirk on his face like he knew he had done it.

“Brad, we’ve lived together for so long our periods have synchronized,” Siobhan said. “That sometimes happens with women. We usually start within a day or two of each other.”

“Well, why do you think you’re pregnant now, Mom?” Arial asked. “You wouldn’t say that without some reason.”

“It’s just the way I feel, Arial. I’ve been pregnant three times and it’s different. It’s not the way I feel when I’m about to have my period.”

“Oh, shit,” Kerry said. “It’s bad enough when they’ve got PMS; now we’ll have to put up with PBS.”

Arial gave him a puzzled look.

“Pre-baby syndrome,” he said. “Mom’s going to have twins.” He looked proud of himself as usual.

Now he really had me confused. Nobody could know that at a very early stage in a pregnancy and I knew it.

“What makes you say that, Squirt?” Kieran asked.

“I saw you flash two fingers at Brad. I know what that means.”

“Well, Brad just showed me two and a half fingers,” Kieran responded. “What do you think that means?”

“Oh, all you little kids can just knock it off,” Siobhan said. “Quit being silly!”

Kerry still wasn’t finished. “That’s what I did last night, Mom,” he said. “Twice.”

The door to the basement opened and Kavan came in the kitchen, the third naked Stuart kid. His hair was still wet and he looked damp and warm. I hadn’t even heard the basement shower. He shut the door and turned and looked at the rest of us.

“Kathryn’s still sleeping. She said she’d kill me if I woke her up before noon. I don’t know why; I was the one who was up all night.”

“Me too,” Kieran said. He looked at Siobhan and smiled.

“Me too,” Kerry said. He looked at me and I could tell he was waiting.

“Me too,” I said, “and I was up early this morning.” Arial reached over and hit me.

“What? What’d I do?” I said.

She stuck her tongue out at me.

“Kavan, Mom thinks she might be pregnant,” Kerry said.

Kavan went over to his mother and wrapped her up in a big hug.

“Just don’t have another Kerry, OK?” he said. “Have a little girl this time.”

“That’s what your Dad wants,” she said. “He wants a little girl with red hair and lots of freckles.”

“You’re the one who wants the baby, Honey,” Kieran said. “I’ll be happy whatever it is. If you’re crazy enough to have it, I just think it would be nice if we had a girl that looked like you.”

“If you’re crazy enough to give me one, I’ll do my best to fill your order,” Siobhan said.

“I’ve got some more news for the rest of you,” Kieran said. “I got a phone call last night. The realtor finally called me and said my offer’s been accepted.”

I don’t suppose anybody but Siobhan knew what he was talking about. I certainly didn’t.

“I’ve bought the lot next door,” he said. “I let him talk me out a couple of thousand more, told him it was my final offer and I wanted an answer within ten days. The realtor said the owner accepted my offer. We’ll finalize everything one day next week.”

“I still don’t see what you want with it, Dad,” Arial said. “You’ve always said nobody could build on it. With all those rocks and big trees and that steep drop off, you said there was no way a house would fit on it.”

“Would you like to know what I’m going to build?” Kieran asked.

“Somebody’s going to have to use a lot of dynamite to clear that lot for a house,” Kavan said.

“Nope, no dynamite,” Kieran said. “I’m not building a flat sticks and bricks house like this one. I’m building a small footprint house that’ll use steel beams and a new insulating-concrete process. The footprint will be ten by forty. It’ll only have four hundred square feet on the ground and it won’t require any grading or filling. It’ll just sit on the rocks.”

“That’s not a very big house, Dad,” Kavan said. “What’s it for?”

“That’s just the bottom floor, Son,” Kieran said. “That floor will be for a workshop and utilities. The second floor will sit on that and it’ll be eight hundred square feet, basically one big room for cooking, eating, and living. The only thing walled off will be a small toilet. The third floor will be another eight hundred feet with two bedrooms and baths.”

“How do you put eight hundred square feet on top of four hundred?” Kerry asked.

“Easy,” Kieran answered. “The second and third floors will be cantilevered out another five feet on each long side. There’ll even be a couple of small decks cantilevered out from the big room on the second floor and from the master bedroom on the top. Most of the wall facing east over the creek valley will be glass.”

“It will be very nice,” Siobhan said. “We’ll have to cut just a few trees for the house and a few more for the carport. We’re going to get Kavan

to landscape it with low-maintenance plants and we'll never have to rake leaves or mow a lawn."

"Where will you park a car?" Arial asked.

"Right in front of the house," Kieran said. "There'll be a carport for two cars with a covered walkway from the carport to the house. I've checked out the zoning requirements and it's OK."

"Who's going to live in it?" I asked. "It sounds like you two are planning on living there yourselves."

"Not for years yet," Siobhan said. "We're going to stay here until all of you are out on your own. Someday we'll move over there and take our little girl with us."

"Well, who's going to live there until then?" Arial asked.

Kieran looked at her and smiled. "Maybe you and Brad, Princess. Maybe Luke and Rachael and their kids. Maybe all of you for at least a little while. Who knows? It's just a house for overflow from this one."

The timer on the stove dinged and Siobhan took out two big muffin pans. She put the big bowl of fruit on the table. Someone had already put some little bowls and spoons there.

"Who wants more coffee?" she asked. "Kerry, you can get the milk out of the refrigerator."

We sat around the table eating breakfast, having fun, and reading the newspaper. I kept thinking about how it felt to be part of their family, to be so relaxed about our nakedness, so comfortable with loving each other, and so open about sex. It was hard to believe I could have come to feel that way since I'd met them last fall. Kieran finally put down the front page of the newspaper and looked around at his family. He caught me looking at him.

"Kieran, are you really OK with all this, with me and Arial?" I asked.

He looked at me with a curious expression.

"With what?"

"You know, like last night, me taking your kids to dinner, coming back and sleeping with Arial, staying here most Saturday nights?"

“Did you do something bad last night, Brad, like getting them to go binge drinking with you?” he asked.

“No, but they had tea with dinner and then coffee with dessert.”

“It was decaffeinated coffee,” Kerry said.

“You didn’t take them somewhere so you could all hook up with some kids with tattoos and piercings, you know, rings in their nose, studs in their tongue? I’ve heard some of the guys even put a ring in their dick and some gals put one in their labia.

“Yeah, Dad,” Kerry said, “the one I fucked had herpes and warts. She was hot. I loved her tongue stud when she sucked me off.”

“Kerry, that’s gross,” Arial squealed.

“Knock it off, Kerry,” I said. “I’m trying to be serious.”

“You’re talking about having sex with Arial, aren’t you?” Kieran asked. “You’re what? Still seventeen and she’s almost sixteen. Don’t kids your age have sex with each other sometimes?”

“Romeo and Juliet did,” Arial said.

“Yeah, but their parents didn’t want them to, and they didn’t live happily ever after,” I said.

Kieran leaned over toward me.

“Look, Brad, we talk with you kids about sex and try to make sure you act sensibly. You don’t hook up for casual sex like some kids. You don’t do drugs or go out binge drinking. You don’t have sex with people who’re likely to give you STD’s. You’re happy with Arial. Kavan’s still reasonably happy with Kathryn. Kerry’s happy most of the time about what he does. What are we supposed to worry about?”

“I don’t know. I guess it’s just that you and Siobhan are so different from most parents,” I said. “It seems like most of them don’t even talk to their kids about sex. They pretend the kids won’t do it until they’re married and then act surprised when they do. Maybe that’s why so many of them drink and do drugs and hook up and stuff like that.”

“Dr. Weaver, I presume,” Kerry said. “Is that your diagnosis?”

I gave him a dirty look. “Don’t even go there, Kerry!”

“Son, last night I made love with my wife,” Kieran said. “It was slow and gentle and still as good as ever. She came once with my tongue and another time riding my dick. I came a couple of times, both inside her, because we’re still not sure she’s pregnant. What did you and Arial do different?”

“Nothing,” I said. “We did pretty much the same things you did.”

“That’s what Kathryn and I did too, Dad,” Kavan said. “We weren’t trying to get her pregnant though.”

“Shit, all I had to make love with last night was my right hand,” Kerry said. “It wasn’t satisfied until I did it twice.”

“Your turn will come, Squirt,” Kavan said. “I lost my cherry with Kathryn when I was fifteen. You’re way ahead of me.”

I looked at Kieran, thinking about what he’d said. I hadn’t missed it when he called me son. I wondered if he’d done it deliberately or without even noticing it. I looked at Siobhan and she smiled and winked at me. I looked at Arial and she smiled and made a little kiss with her lips. I still wasn’t sure what to think but what Kieran said made a lot of sense. I liked being able to talk to him. I loved being able to sleep with Arial. I didn’t want to change anything.

“Well, I’ve got to hit the books for a while,” Kavan said. “I’ll let the rest of you sit and talk.”

That brought me back to another reality. I knew I had three or four hours of reading and a paper to outline before Monday classes. I wanted to stay with Arial, maybe at least through lunch or a little later. I also wanted to finish the other half of what we’d started in the shower.

“Yeah, me too,” I said. I looked at Arial. “I’d better leave a little after lunch, OK?”

“I wish you’d stay,” she said. “I need to read some school stuff too. We can go in my room and study.”

“Yeah, I know what you want to study,” Kerry teased.

“Why don’t you all go in the living room and study,” Kieran said. “I’ll make Kerry be good. I think he needs to work on some of the math stuff I’ve been helping him with. I know he needs to learn to use some of the computer programs Stuart’s given him.”

“Please, Brad, stay with us,” Siobhan said. “I’ll get Kieran to get us some steaks and we can cook out tonight. This is the first really warm weekend we’ve had so far this year. Maybe we could try the pool or at least lay out in the sun a little.”

“You can even spend another night with me,” Arial said. I looked at her, smiling at me, inviting me with her eyes, and then looked around at the rest of the Stuart family.

I stayed. I called Dad and told him. I studied with the others until mid-afternoon, with a break for sandwiches. We all lounged around the house naked, with the windows open and a warm breeze blowing through on occasion. I guess I didn’t even think it was unusual anymore. It seemed like a perfectly natural thing to do.

Late that afternoon, we tried the pool. Kieran had already had a pool company get it ready for use and the water looked inviting. All of us kids managed to horse around in it for a while, trying to get Kieran and Siobhan to join us. It was really too cold. When we got out, three guys all had little shrunken dicks and Kathryn and Arial teased us about it.

Kieran and Siobhan had brought a couple of old blankets when they came down from the house and they spread them in a sunny spot near the fence. We all lay there in the late-afternoon sun, enjoying the warmth for a while. With seven of us, it was crowded on two blankets. Kerry kept trying to cause trouble, complaining that he didn’t have enough room. We all ended up in a wrestling match to see who got kicked off the blankets. Kerry kept losing but he wouldn’t give up. Maybe it was just being silly but it helped some dicks thaw out the rest of the way. Before we stopped there were four hard-ons flopping around and getting pulled by three females.

We bathed together, all seven of us, in the basement shower, and then went to our bedrooms. The wind was getting a little chill in it so we ended up in clothes - shorts and shirts - and stayed barefooted. Kerry came out with an undershirt on, red boxer under-shorts with the label showing, and baggy khaki shorts barely hanging on his butt. His sunglasses were a cool touch. Arial and Kathryn both had on knit shirts that looked like they were too small. Neither really needed a bra and their nipples showed they weren’t wearing one.

We grilled steaks outside and then ate on the deck. Kieran gave me and Kavan a beer without us asking. Kerry asked and got a taste from his father’s bottle. We sat around talking until the light began to fade and then went inside.

I slept with Arial again. I wanted to do with Arial what Kieran said he did with Siobhan on Saturday night - make love to her slowly and gently. I think she was in the same mood. We ended up doing it twice, that is, twice for me; I didn't try to keep count of how many times she came.

Monday morning, Arial made me help her and Siobhan get breakfast ready. I didn't even mind when Siobhan put an apron on me when I cooked the sausage.

When Arial and Kerry and I finally left to go to school in my Jeep, I wanted so much to come back home with them and stay. We'd agreed early on not to be with each other all the time. We both knew we needed to be separate most of the week so we could concentrate on our schoolwork. I knew in my head that made sense but it wasn't what my heart wanted. I wanted to be with her every night.

Chapter Fifty-Three

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2

Brad Weaver, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

Monday morning I made Brad help us cook breakfast for the family. He wasn't totally lost in the kitchen but he had a lot to learn. He didn't even complain when Mom put an apron on him while he cooked the sausage. He was cute standing there in his usual khakis and knit shirt, with the red apron in front.

We had hardly pulled out of the driveway on our way to school, when Kerry asked me what he should say to Nicole when he saw her.

"I thought you called her yesterday," I said.

“Yeah, I did. I did what you said I should do: I thanked her for going out to dinner with me and told her how much fun it was being with her. I didn’t say anything about her kissing me.”

“What did she say? You were on the phone with her for quite a while.”

“We talked about lots of stuff. She said I didn’t act like a little kid and that I was more grown up than lots of older guys she knows. She told me how much she enjoyed dinner with us. We talked about the student musical production again and what they’re trying to do.”

“Did you ask her if she’d go out with you again sometime?”

“Yeah, I asked her sort of like you suggested, nothing specific. She said she would but she didn’t date much because she was so busy.”

“Is that all?”

“Naah, she said she’d like to be friends with me but I’d better not fall in love with her.”

Brad laughed and I pinched his leg.

“She’s right, Kerry,” he said. “Just cool it. You don’t need to fall in love until you get at least as old as Arial and me.”

Kerry ignored his comment.

“Wednesday afternoon, after school, I’m going to that meeting at her house, you know, with the kids who are going to do the school musical.”

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Brad asked. “I thought you wanted an excuse not to do it.”

“I don’t know. It sounds like fun. Nicole told me who else is involved and it’s a good bunch. I’d like to do something with them.”

“How will you get home from her house?” I asked. “It’s too far for you to walk. Have you talked to Mom?”

“Not yet. Nicole said that wouldn’t be a problem. Her mom’s already taking some others home in her van. She said they do a planning session first and then practice dance routines afterwards. She said they’re usually through by five-thirty.”

“Well, what’s the musical going to be?” Brad asked. “If it’s not based on Terminator, what movie are they using?”

“She wouldn’t tell me,” Kerry answered. “She said they’re all sworn to secrecy and the only way I can find out is to agree to be in it.”

“Well, I think you should do it,” I said. “When you practice with me, you’re a very good dancer. You’re not like somebody else I practice with. I can’t make up my mind whether he’s the tinman or the scarecrow.”

“Naah, I’m the cowardly lion,” Brad said.

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On Wednesday after school, Kerry rode the school bus with Nicole to her house so he could meet with the others planning the school musical. Brad offered to give him and Nicole a ride but Kerry said he wanted to ride the bus. There would be about a dozen others who were going to Nicole’s house and he wanted to get to know them.

Brad picked me up after school as usual. When we got home we said hello to Mom and talked to her a little. Kavan and Kathryn were working at the plant nursery and would come in hungry. I asked Mom if I could do something to help with dinner. She said we were going to have a cold dinner with ham and potato salad and it was already done.

Brad had a little time before he had to go to work for his father so I took him in my room so we could fool around a little. It was nice to kiss and grope each other. I think I could have convinced him to stay a little longer if I’d tried.

I decided to get my schoolwork out of the way so I wouldn’t have to do it later. I wanted to talk to Kerry about the meeting when he got home and I had a book I wanted to finish reading. I had just put my school books away when a car pulled up in our driveway, a door slammed, and I heard Kerry and a girl yelling something when the car drove away.

He was bubbling over about the meeting, how nice the gals and guys were, and how much fun it was to be with them. I tried to get him to tell me about the musical but he said he didn’t know anything yet and wouldn’t know until they decided he would have a part. Even then, he said, he’d be sworn to secrecy.

I stuck my tongue out at him and then decided I’d better be nice to him so I hugged him. He was sweaty and stinky and so I told him he was. He

begged Mom to let him eat before he showered and she gave him a roll and a glass of milk and sent him to the shower.

Thursday night at dinner, Kerry asked permission to go to Nicole's after school on Friday. He said some of the kids were going to practice dance routines and they wanted to see if he could do them too. He said Nicole's mom would drive a bunch of them home again. Dad gave Kerry permission and then gave Mom a look like he was asking what was going on. She just shook her head and shrugged like she didn't know. I didn't know either but I wanted to find out.

After school on Friday, Kavan and Kathryn were working again so Mom and I were the only ones home. About five, I heard the same van pull up in front of the house, some girls yelling, and then Kerry yelling back as he slammed in the front door.

When he came in the kitchen with me and Mom, he had a big grin on his face and he was starved as usual. He was dripping wet with sweat again and even stinkier this time. He also had a little lipstick smear at the corner of his mouth, faint lip prints on the cheek on the other side, and the colors weren't the same. Mom didn't say anything but I know she saw the lipstick. She just gave him a couple of cookies and a glass of milk and told him to hit the shower again. I think he ate the cookies in two bites and drank the milk in two swallows. Then he went down the hall to his room, singing some silly song that I'd never heard. "Why is everybody always picking on me?" He was funny when he tried to sing in a low voice.

Kavan and Kathryn came in about five-thirty and Mom decided they needed to shower before dinner too. Dad was only a few minutes behind them and I guess he didn't smell bad when he hugged Mom because she just sent him to change. Dad came back in shorts and knit shirt, bare-footed like the rest of us. Mom stuck her head in the door to the basement and yelled for Kavan and Kathryn to come to dinner. I guess that's when I realized Kerry hadn't come back yet so I told Mom I'd go call him.

The bathroom door was open and nobody was in it. The one to his room was closed but I didn't hear anything. I pushed his door open quietly and peeked in. Kerry was lying on his bed asleep. His shoes and socks and sweaty clothes were scattered on the floor. I could tell he hadn't showered.

He was lying on one side, almost on his stomach, with one long leg straight and the other bent. One arm was twisted behind him and the other was bent around in front with his hand over his eyes. His long hair was all messy and tangled. The sun was shining in on him and the

hair on his arm was shining like gold. I watched the slow rise and fall of his chest. I could have counted his ribs.

He had on just his briefs, pulled up on one side and stuck in his crack with a smooth butt cheek showing. Between his legs I could see something that I still wasn't used to. After seeing him for so many years with just little marbles down there, it was still strange to see a bulge that looked like two eggs in his briefs. He was so innocently beautiful and so male sexy my heart ached just to look at him.

I felt a touch on my arm and turned around. It was Mom. I put one finger in front of my lips and moved aside so she could see what I was looking at. She put her arm around my shoulder and we both stood there and looked at him for a minute or so. Then she kissed me on the cheek and told me to get a couple of wet cloths.

When I came back, Mom was in the bedroom leaning over Kerry and I watched her looking at him. She gently brushed his hair off his face and then leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. He jerked, rolled over on his back, and looked up at her. He stretched his long arms and legs, took a deep breath, and then gave Mom his best grin. I got the same sleepy grin when he looked at the door and saw me.

Mom and I pulled him up to a sitting position and then wiped him off down to his waist with the wet cloths. He sat there through all of it, his eyes closed, that same silly grin on his face. Mom made him stand up and she pulled his briefs down. He didn't say a word. He just kicked them off and stretched again, long arms out to the side and tight muscles in his back and butt and legs. Then he stood there with eyes still closed and a big grin still on his face. His balls were hanging down low and his dick looked all warm and relaxed against them. I waited to see what Mom would do. When she started wiping him off in front, I did his butt and the back of his legs. Our hands sort of met between his legs. I watched when Mom skinned his dick back and wiped the head clean. I wanted to do it but I didn't say anything. When we finished, he finally opened his eyes and looked around.

“Is dinner ready?” he asked, standing there naked with his dick swollen enough so it looked like it was almost ready to stand up.

After dinner, I showered well before bedtime so I could wash my hair and let it dry. I was in my bed reading when I heard Kerry in the shower. I read for a while longer, halfway expecting him to come in my room to talk to me. Finally I went to his door, tapped, and heard him say, “Come in, Arial.”

He was sitting, if you can call it that, in front of his computer, slumped down in the chair with his feet propped up on the desk. He'd made something that attached to the arm of his chair so he could use his wireless mouse on it and he had his right hand on the mouse. He was killing aliens again.

He had his left hand in his lap with his fingers curled around his balls. His dick, swollen but soft, was lying off to the side on his thigh. He also had on the new nightgown I'd bought him and it was pulled up to his waist. He did something and the screen froze.

"Like it?" I asked.

He quickly glanced down at his dick. "Yeah, it's nice."

"Silly, I meant the nightgown, not your dick. Stand up."

He stood up. "I knew what you meant. I was talking about the nightgown. But I do like my dick. I'm glad I've got another Stuart one."

I'd bought me and him and Brad flannel nightgowns the last time Mom and Kathryn and I had gone shopping. Even in cold weather, Brad ended up sleeping naked most of the time when he slept with me. Since he was so tall, his arms and shoulders were uncovered and cold too often. I thought he and Kerry both might like something that kept their arms and shoulders covered and let them be naked below when it was pulled up.

I'd got Brad an extra-large and it fit him just right in the shoulders. I'd got Kerry a large size and it was a little too big in the shoulders but I wanted it to be loose and comfortable. On both of them, the nightgown came down to mid-thigh when they were standing. Brad said his was just long enough to cover his dick when it was hanging down but he was just bragging. Kerry's covered his dick all right but it was making a nice bulge in front.

"It looks like it fits OK. What were you doing?" I asked.

"You mean playing with my dick or playing with the computer?" he answered.

"On the computer, Squirt. You know what I meant."

"Relaxing before I go to bed. I made it up two more levels tonight. The damn aliens get smarter as I go up. They almost got me. Do you want to try again?"

He got up and I sat down in his chair. He switched to the game with my name on it and the aliens got me again within a couple of minutes.

I swiveled around in the chair so I was facing him and put my hand up under his nightgown. I slid my hand up his leg and around to his behind and his butt cheek felt as smooth as it had looked when I found him sleeping. Then I cupped my other hand under his balls with my fingers back between his legs. Everything felt so nice and warm and soft except for his dick; it was almost hard.

“Who was kissing you this afternoon?” I asked.

“Nobody! What do you mean?”

“When you came in, you had one color lipstick on your cheek and another at the corner of your mouth,” I said. “Did Miss Nobody do that?”

“Oh, shit, everybody saw it at dinner?”

“No, Mom wiped it off your cheek. I wiped it off your mouth.”

“Thanks. I guess one of the girls put it on my cheek. It doesn’t mean anything. That’s just the way they are. They kiss their friends on the cheek, like they do in movies sometimes.”

I wrapped my hand around his dick and slid it back and forth. He caught his nightgown in his hands and pulled it up so he could see what I was doing. I pushed the skin back so the head was uncovered and then teased the smooth head with one finger. His dick jerked every time I touched it. Maybe all guys really are the same: just one little finger can make them a jerk.

“Well, how about the one on your mouth?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I guess I got that from Nicole. She kissed me on the mouth after we did a dance routine together. She kissed me again before I left. It’s just being nice. It doesn’t mean anything.”

I leaned over, held his dick down, and kissed it right on its shiny head. “It doesn’t mean anything,” I mimicked.

“It doesn’t, Arial. Some of the girls hug me when we do a dance routine. Guys hug me too. I know they’re not gay. It’s just the way they are.”

“Well, what were you doing that made them hug you and kiss you? Maybe I can do it with Brad.”

“It was just a dance routine that Nicole and Bob Hanson showed me. They did it together and I watched. Then Nicole asked me to do the same routine with her, doing Bob’s part. At the end of the routine, the guy and the girl sort of hug up together and he picks her up and swings her around in a circle. I just did the same stuff Bob did and, when I swung Nicole around and stopped, she kissed me on the lips. She said she couldn’t believe I could do exactly the same things Bob did after just seeing it once.”

He leaned back against his desk, spread his legs, and his nightgown fell down over his hard-on. I scooted the chair up a little closer and reached under his shirt again so I could play with him some more. He let his hands rest on the edge of his desk and watched what I was doing.

“You’ve always been a fast learner, Kerry. I’ve been telling you that when you’re dancing you just relax and enjoy it and let your body do what feels right.”

“I guess that’s the way it is. It’s not like I’m learning something. When I do it, I’m having so much fun I don’t even think about it. It’s like time stands still and I don’t even know there’s anybody else around but me and Nicole. I even did the routine with Bob, doing Nicole’s part, and it was sort of the same way, just the dancing moving me without me thinking.”

I let my hand wander all over under his shirt – up and down both legs, around a little on his stomach, touching back behind his balls, up and down a little on his dick, pulling the soft hair down there.

“Why did you do it with him?”

“They wanted to see if I could do it. After I did it with Nicole, she asked me if I could do it dancing her part with Bob. I just shut my eyes and kind of remembered what she’d done when she danced with him. Then I just did it. I even let him swing me around in a couple of circles. When we finished, he hugged me. I’m glad he didn’t kiss me though.”

“How did that go over with everybody?”

“I guess they liked it. When we finished, everybody was just standing around watching us. They even clapped when we finished.”

“Do you like Nicole?”

“Yeah, she’s really something. She just treats me like a regular guy, not like a little kid. I wish you’d help me think of something so I can ask her for another date.”

He pulled his nightgown up again and held it and we could both watch what I was doing.

“What would you do if you were alone with her in her bedroom? She might want you to mess up the sheets with her. Will you be ready for that?”

“Shit, Ariel, it’s not like I’m not trying to get in her panties. I’m just having fun with her.”

“Well, you should be ready for anything, shouldn’t you?”

“What do you mean, like, will I have a condom to use?”

I started sliding my hand back and forth on his dick, as slowly and gently as I could. It felt so hard underneath the skin. I liked watching the skin sliding over the head and then sliding back to uncover it again.

“I don’t know, Kerry. What you and Nicole do is your business but you’ve got to be responsible. You know Dad’s always preached that.”

“Well, do you want to buy me some rubbers too?”

“I will if you want me to. Who else has offered to get you some?”

“Well, Dad was first, Kavan was second, and Brad was third. If they all deliver, I think I’ll have enough to last me a few weeks.”

I looked down at his dick and slid my hand back and forth a couple of times.

“Your dick’s big enough now, isn’t it? I mean, like if you use a regular-sized condom, it will fit OK, won’t it?”

“Yeah, Dad says it is. He wants me to practice jacking off with one on so I’ll know how it feels.”

I looked at his dick. It certainly looked big enough. I looked closer. The underside of his foreskin and the head of his dick looked red and irritated.

“Did you jack off when you showered?” I asked.

“Huh?”

“You heard me. Did you jack off in the shower?”

“Yeah! How did you know?”

“Did you use soap when you did it?”

“Yeah, you told me not to use baby oil in the shower.”

“Well, the skin on your dick looks red and irritated. Don’t ever use soap to jack off, Squirt. Baby oil’s always good to use. I just asked you not to use it in the shower because it gets on the bottom of the tub and it’s slippery.”

I leaned over and took the head of his dick in my mouth and sucked gently on it and teased it with my tongue. I didn’t know whether he wanted me to play with him but he was hard enough. I wanted to play with him even if he couldn’t do anything for me. I stood up and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Lie down on the bed,” I said. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

I went first in my bedroom to get the salve I use when I have a little irritation. It was something Mom had recommended and I liked it because it was a crème and wasn’t greasy and it usually relieved any soreness or irritation after a night with Brad. I pulled my nightgown off and threw it on the bed. After that, I went in the bathroom and got a wet washcloth, a towel, and the baby oil. I guess I’d already made up my mind what I wanted to do.

He was waiting for me, stretched out on his bed, with his hand about like it had been when I walked into his room. His fingers were cupped around his balls, but now his dick was standing straight up and his foreskin was pulled down. I sat down on the side of his bed and looked at his dick. It really was red and irritated looking on the end.

“You’ve got your period, haven’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, how did you know?”

“You’ve still got your panties on. I can tell you’ve got a pad in there. That means you’re almost finished, doesn’t it?”

I squeezed out a little bit of the salve on my finger and rubbed it on the head of his dick. Then I used my fingers to smear it all over the head and down the shaft where it was red looking. His dick twitched a

couple of times while I was doing it. I didn't know whether it was because it felt good or because it hurt him.

"Uh huh, I just use a tampon when it's heaviest, like Wednesday and yesterday. I use napkins when it's tapering off. Did I hurt you?"

"Nah, it feels good. Are you going to be ready for Brad when he comes over tomorrow?"

"I should be. It's almost stopped already."

"Did Mom get her period?"

I wrapped my hand around the shaft of his dick and slid it up and down as slowly and gently as I could.

"No. I've been asking her everyday. That's the first thing Dad asks about when he comes in. Does that make it feel better?"

"Uh huh. I guess that means she's pregnant, doesn't it?"

"Maybe. It's a little too soon to know. When you're not on the pill, your periods are not as regular. She could just be late. It happens."

"I hope she is. I don't understand why she wants another baby but, if it'll make her happy, I hope she's pregnant."

"Me too. I'd like to have a little brother or sister to help raise."

"Yeah, that would be nice," he said. "We could both love it, I guess. I know Mom and Dad will."

"Would you like me to do you again?"

"Yeah, that'd be nice too."

He put his hands together behind his head and waited. I swapped hands and slid my left hand up so his foreskin covered his dick and there was a little wrinkled circle of skin at the tip. I thumbed up the cap on the baby oil, squirted just a small amount right on the little wrinkled circle, and then smeared it all over.

"The way they've been looking at each other and smiling, you'd think they were newlyweds who'd never had a baby before," I said. "I don't understand it but Mom says it's what her heart wants."

Kerry and I both watched my hand slowly sliding up and down on his dick. I liked feeling it when it was so hard and stiff and the oil made everything so smooth.

“You’re ambidextrous, aren’t you?” he said. “I hope Brad appreciates that tomorrow night.”

“What do you mean?”

“You can jack him off with either hand. If one gets tired, you can just swap.”

“Silly, I don’t think I’ll have to use my hand.”

“When Luke and Rachael move back, you can baby-sit with little Kieran Lee and James Connor both. Shitty diapers. Puking all over everything. Crying all night. You’ll probably never want to have any kids with Brad.”

“Don’t say that, Kerry. I don’t mind changing Kieran Lee, even when he’s shitty. Last time we kept him and little Paul, you liked holding him after we bathed him, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, he’s kind of nice. I just don’t want one like him for a long time.”

“Well, you just be careful then. I’d like to have a baby with Brad, just not anytime soon.”

“I wish I could be your baby,” he said. “I’d bury my face in your breasts and suck on your nipples until I got a stomach full of warm milk and then I’d go to sleep.”

“Would you like to try it?” I asked.

I lay down on the bed beside him and turned toward him. He didn’t answer. He just moved down on the bed, turned toward me, put his hand on my hip, and found my left nipple with his mouth. I put my hand behind his head and held him and let him suck. I started humming the go-to-sleep lullaby and he shut his eyes. I liked him being my baby; I always had.

“Are you asleep yet, little baby,” I asked.

He nodded just a tiny bit, never turning loose of my nipple.

“I think that one’s dry, little baby. Would you like me to do something with your little peewee?”

He took his mouth off, nodded again, and rolled onto his back with his hands under his head again. His little peewee was sticking up at an angle over his stomach. I could see something new there – a faint trail of hair from his naval down to his dick.

I crawled over him and lay down on the other side so I could use my right hand. There was still enough oil on his dick so I wasn't worried about irritating it anymore. I just did it slowly and watched how he reacted. When I saw his balls draw up and his stomach muscles get tense, I tightened my grip and moved my hand a little faster. He started grunting and then shot out a few spurts on his chest and stomach. I relaxed my grip and moved my hand slower and slower. Finally I just held it a minute or so until I felt it begin to soften. I milked it down and squeezed out another white drop on his stomach.

"Thanks, Arial. I like being your baby," he whispered, eyes still closed.

"You just lie still now, little baby, and let me clean you up," I whispered.

I cleaned up the little white strings and puddles of semen with the towel first and then gently wiped his dick off with the washcloth. I applied another little bit of the salve to the head and foreskin, pulled the skin back over the head, and coated his dick and balls with just a touch of baby oil. Finally I leaned over, kissed his tummy and his dick, and pulled his nightgown back down. When I straightened up, he was looking at me.

"There, little boy, you can go to sleep now."

"Thanks, Arial. I love you too."

"Even when we're silly like this?"

"Yeah, especially then. Goodnight."

He turned on his side and closed his eyes. I looked at him for a moment longer, thinking about the way I loved him. Finally, I turned out the light and went back in my room. I went to bed and dreamed a good dream about having a baby.

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On Wednesday of the first week in May, Brad asked me again to go to Cold Creek Canyon with him. He said the weather prediction for the weekend was for warm sunny days. A family birthday party for me was

planned for the following weekend and after that there would be school activities every weekend until school was out for summer. He said it might be our last chance if I wanted to see something special. He wouldn't tell me what it was but he said it would be worth the trip.

I asked Mom if I could go and she said I could. I gave her Brad's cell-phone number and the number for the ranger station at the park. I told her we had to check in there and they would know exactly where we were. I told her we wanted to leave early Saturday morning and I wanted to fix a good breakfast for Brad.

She said she'd be up early too and we'd make a big breakfast for everybody. I knew Kavan and Kathryn would be working all day and Mom usually tried to send them off well fed. She said she wanted to get as many as possible of the plants Kavan and Kathryn had brought home into the ground in the lot next to ours. She said Dad was going to help and Kerry would too even if he didn't know it yet.

Brad and I were on our way a little after eight o'clock. He said it was about a forty-minute drive to the park and then we had to check in with the rangers. After that, we'd drive a little more, then walk a mile or so, then cross the creek, and we'd be at the dragon's nest about mid-morning.

The park rangers all knew Brad and they were very nice to us. The one who checked us in told us that the place we wanted to see wasn't on park maps because it was so fragile. He reminded Brad that we should leave nothing but our tracks and take out only what we brought in. He asked Brad why he wanted to see that area and Brad said he wanted to show me the dragon's blood and the dragon's eggs. I didn't know what they were talking about but the ranger did.

He asked Brad which route he was going to use and Brad told him he was going to the end of the park service area, then walk down the hill to the creek, and wade across it. He asked Brad if he'd done that before because the creek was up a little and might be deep there. Brad told him he'd expected that and we would be OK wading it. I wasn't so sure when I heard him say it might be deep.

Brad gave the ranger his cell-phone number and asked him to call if anybody else was going to the same place. We were about to leave when the ranger asked us if we'd like to be honorary park rangers for the day. I didn't know what that meant and he explained that we would be expected to report any damage or vandalism to the area. He even gave us a couple of little badges that said "Park Ranger for the Day" on them.

We drove a few miles further and then parked and walked down a steep hill to the creek. The hillside was almost impenetrable with bushes but Brad finally found a path to follow. The big trees were so thick it was almost like twilight under them. By the time we got down the hill, I was glad Brad had told me to wear jeans and a sweatshirt with my hiking boots. When we got to the creek, we finally broke out in an open area. I couldn't see anything but a rock wall, almost a cliff, on the other side. The creek curved around, hugging the cliff on the other side, and there didn't seem to be any place to go when we crossed. I guess Brad could see I was puzzled. He struggled out of his backpack and stood looking at me.

"Trust me," he said. "We're close to it. You just can't see it yet. We've got to get across the creek first."

I looked at the creek. It was moving slowly but it looked deep like the ranger had said. It also looked cold.

"OK, Mr. Honorary Ranger," I said, "how do we do that?"

"I'm going to wade across," he said. "You can wade with me or I'll carry you."

"We'll get our clothes wet," I said. "Is that why you asked me to bring some shorts and a shirt?"

"We won't get our clothes wet," Brad said. "They'll be in a plastic bag. The only thing that gets wet is us. We'll wade naked."

I looked at the creek. I couldn't tell how deep it was. I knew he wouldn't expect me to do anything dangerous but I wasn't ready to wade across.

"Brad, are you sure?" I asked. "I don't see any place to go when we get across."

"I'm sure," he said. "I know exactly where we're going. Trust me. Go stick your hand in the creek."

I walked out on a rock and found a place to put my hand in the water. It was like ice. I turned and looked at Brad and he was grinning like a jackass.

"Do you want to wade with me? Or would you rather I carry you?"

"It's freezing, Brad. It's a lot colder than the creek behind our house."

“Why do you think they call it Cold Creek? A few miles upstream, it comes out of the rocks looking just like this. It’s coming from under a plateau that’s close to the mountains. It never gets warm, not even in the summer.”

“Well, what do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Let me carry you.”

“OK, then I don’t have to take my clothes off, do I?”

“What if I drop you and you get your clothes wet? What’ll you do then? You’ll freeze your butt off.”

I liked that idea of him carrying me, especially if we were both naked, so I did what he told me. We both stripped down to our birthday suits. He pulled a couple of black plastic bags out of his backpack and put my clothes and shoes in one and his in another. He tied a piece of string around the top of one bag, tied the same string to the other bag, and hung them around his neck. I thought he looked silly standing there naked with two black plastic bags hanging down on his chest but he seemed satisfied with it. He put them back down and looked at me.

“OK, are you ready?”

I nodded. I didn’t know what I was ready for but I trusted him. He picked me up in his arms, I wrapped my arms around his neck, and he started wading slowly out in the creek.

“I may get your butt wet but I’ll try to hold you out of the water,” he said.

I held on tight while he waded further. The water came up and up as he got further out and I held my breath waiting to see what would happen. I knew it had to be up to his waist when I could have reached down and put my hand in the water. He kept wading, slowly, and I could tell he was trying to find where to put his feet.

“Hold on,” he said. “I’m going to lift you. This is the deepest part.”

I held tight while he lifted me even higher. I felt his hard muscles holding me. He bent over and kissed the side of my breast and then winked at me. I liked being carried by him.

He took a few more steps, feeling with his feet, and then the water began to get shallower. After a few more steps, he strained and stepped up on something. I looked down and could see a flat rock about four

feet below me. Brad lowered me gently until my feet were in the icy water and we both waded up closer to the cliff wall. Finally he held my hand while I stepped out of the water onto another rock shelf. He climbed up beside me and pulled me up against him. I put my arms around him with my hands on his buns.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” he asked.

It hadn’t been bad for me but I knew it had been for him. His body below his waist felt like ice. I could feel a hard little protrusion against my stomach. I was glad he’d carried me. I pulled his head down and held him while I kissed him.

“Thank you, Brad,” I said.

He pushed me away and turned back to the creek.

“Wait here and I’ll go get my backpack and our clothes,” he said.

I still didn’t know where we were going so of course I waited. He was slow and careful going back and I got to watch his tight little butt disappear under water. When he got to the other side, he put on his backpack again and then slung the plastic bags around his neck. I watched this time as his frozen little dick and balls disappeared under the water. He was back with me in a couple of minutes.

“OK, it’s easy from here on,” he said.

He took my hand and we walked carefully upstream along the rock shelf, just a foot or so from the creek beside us. We’d gone just a short distance when I saw a crack in the wall ahead of us. As we got closer, I could see there was an opening to one side leading upward. We had an easy climb up through the opening and finally reached level ground again. I could see an open area a short distance away that looked like a huge almost-flat rock with only a little vegetation growing in places on it. I could see bright sunlight on the rock and what looked like little patches of red scattered around on it.

“Is this it?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, “this is the dragon’s nest. You’ll see why in just a minute.”

He led me out of the trees and onto the flat rock. It was huge. The rock looked like one formation except for occasional cracks in it, all leading toward the creek. In some of the cracks, there were bushes or little trees growing. All over the rock, in depressions, there were spots of

something that was bright red. There must have been hundreds of them.

Brad dropped our clothes and then the backpack and held my hand while we stood and looked around. The landscape was like nothing I'd ever seen. It was beautiful in a strange sort of way. I hugged up against his side and he put his arm around my shoulders and we stood there naked for a few minutes, just looking at everything.

"Do you want to put your clothes back on?" he asked. "I think you'll be warm enough in your shorts and shirt. You'll need your boots to walk on the rocks."

"Do we have to?" I asked.

"No, I guess not. If you're comfortable like this, I'll be OK when I get warm again."

I looked down at his dick. It was drawn up so small it looked like it belonged on an old statue. His balls were pulled up close to his body in one neat little package. He saw where I was looking.

"You're cute," I said.

"Thanks," he said. "If you tease me about it, you can get back across by yourself."

"Would it really be OK if we just stayed like this?" I asked. "Do you think we'll be the only ones here?"

"Yeah, I think so. It's not on any of the park maps and it's too hard to get to if you don't know the shortcut. The only other way to it is a hard walk over rough terrain for a couple of miles. We just found the shortcut by accident when we were wading up the creek. The water was a lot lower that day."

We put our socks and boots back on and Brad put his backpack and the bags with our clothes on a little rise where we could watch them. He took out his cell-phone and put it on top of everything else. He held my hand and led me to one of the little red pools.

"This is the dragon's blood," he said. "When the dragon was wounded, he hurt so bad he swung his long neck around and threw drops of blood all over the rock. Every spring you can see them for a month or so."

I looked close at the little depression and saw that the red stuff was a mat of the tiniest flowers I'd ever seen – just a roughly-circular area of blood-red little flowers.

“It’s beautiful,” I said. “What is it?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “I don’t think anybody’s ever decided what it is. It’s something like the lichens around here. You’ll see every-color lichen under the sun on the rocks. This stuff just grows in all the depressions, never out on the rocks. The depression has a little soil in it and the stuff grows in that. It blooms in the spring and turns dark in the summer. In the winter it looks like sand.”

We walked around on the rock for a while looking at the pools of dragon’s blood and the other lichens on the rocks. There were so many different kinds and colors and they were all beautiful when you looked closely at them. At one place I heard water running and gurgling.

“Where’s the water?” I asked.

Brad pointed. “It’s running down that long crack in the rock over there. It comes out of the ground over there” – he pointed again – “and runs down the crack to the creek. The rock goes back under the ground in all directions from here and it probably keeps rainwater from seeping further down. That makes the water run out on the rock in lots of different places around the edges.”

We walked over to the place where the water was running. It was just a big crack in the rock, big enough to fall into it and the water was about five or six feet down. It was so dark in the crack I could hardly see anything.

Beside the crack I saw another depression that had water in it. I looked and saw that the depression was actually a circular hole a few feet across going down in the rock.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“That’s where the dragon’s eggs are,” he said. “Would you like to see one?”

I said I would. He went over to his backpack, untied something that was rolled up at the bottom of the backpack, and carried it back. When he unrolled it, I saw it was an old blanket with U. S. Army stenciled on it.

“These old wool blankets wear like iron,” he said. “I’ll bet this one is fifty years old and there’s no telling what it’s been used for. It smells pretty bad when it gets wet.”

He folded the blanket in half and put it down with one end close to the hole. He lay down on his stomach on the blanket and stuck his arm down in the water. It was clear but as soon as he put his arm in it became muddy. He lay there with his arm in the water for a minute or so, looking up at me and grinning. Finally he got up and held out his hand to me. There was a perfectly-round rock about the size of a tennis ball in it.

“Dragon’s egg!” he said.

“Brad, it’s a rock.”

“Yeah, but how many times have you seen one as round as this? This is a genuine dragon’s egg.”

“OK, if you say so.”

“Here, let me show you,” he said. He laid down and put his arm down the hole again. He started bringing out rocks of various sizes but all of them almost round. They ranged from baseball size down to marble size. And they were all rocks. He put them around the edge of the hole and I guess they could have been dragon’s eggs.

“How do they get in the holes?” I asked.

“When the rain is heavy, the crack can’t carry off all of the water. It runs over this area of the rock and over all these holes. The park rangers say the water probably swept some rocks into a depression and they got trapped and were swirled round and round. That eventually deepened the depression into a hole and smoothed the rocks into round balls; neat, huh?”

He used his foot to push the eggs, one by one, back in the nest. Then he led me around and showed me that the only place the holes were found was near the crack. After he showed me, I could see how the rock surface had been smoothed and there was no debris in the area near the crack. He said they’d traced down the crack and found all sorts of rocks and other stuff that the water had swept down to the creek when it overflowed the crack. We walked back to where we’d left our clothes and he pulled his watch out of his backpack.

“It’s a few minutes after twelve,” he said. “Are you hungry?”

“Yes, but I think I’d better get out of the sun for a while. I don’t want to get blistered.”

“OK, you get the blanket and I’ll carry the rest of the stuff. We’ll find us a shady place somewhere around the edge of the rock.”

It took a few minutes but we did find a shady area under some huge old trees at the edge of the rock. The sun and warmth had felt good for a couple of hours but I was ready to relax in the shade for a while. Brad spread the blanket for us, then sat down, and I sat down with him. He took off his shoes and socks so I followed his example. It was nice to be there with him, sprawled out on the blanket in the shade with the breeze blowing through the trees.

“Would you do one more thing with me before we eat?” he asked.

“You know I will, Silly,” I answered.

“Not that. I want us to sit up, side by side, like those Buddhist guys do when they meditate. I want you to close your eyes and listen.”

“To what?”

“I don’t know. Just whatever.”

He sat up and tried to fold his long legs up. I folded mine up and then put them in the lotus position. He looked at me and tried to do it too and then gave up. He shut his eyes, still grinning, and I shut my eyes too. We sat there for a few minutes before he said anything.

“What do you hear?”

“Lots of stuff.”

“Tell me.”

“I hear birds, all kinds of birds. I hear water running. I hear the wind moving through the trees.”

“Do you hear the squirrel?”

“No, where?”

“In the tree above us.”

I listened for a minute or so and then heard a funny noise.

“There, that’s him. He’s fussing at us. We’re under his tree. He wants us to leave.”

“He told you that?”

“Sure. What kinds of birds do you hear?”

“I don’t know, Brad. Just birds.”

“I heard crows in two different directions, a blue jay, a cardinal, and, I think, a mocking bird. They imitate other birds so I’m not sure. There’s one bird to our left that’s looking at you.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because he’s saying ‘pretty, pretty, pretty.’ He sees you.”

I listened carefully for a minute and I did hear one bird repeating it’s call, three or four times, then resting, and then repeating it again.

“Silly, that’s not what he’s saying.”

“It is too!”

“It’s not. He’s a Southern bird. He’s saying ‘purty, purty, purty.’”

“Well, anyway, I think he’s looking at you when he says it,” he said. “Let’s eat and then I’ll tell you why I wanted you to come with me, OK?”

Brad had told me not to worry about what we’d eat and drink during the day. He said he’d bring the same thing he did when he hiked and I could try something different. It wasn’t really that different; it was just plain and simple. We had bread with cheese, nuts, dried fruit, and, for dessert, two navel oranges. He brought a gallon of water in one of the plastic bags he used when he hiked and he held the bag for me to drink out of it. He showed me how he could push his thumb in the stem-end of the orange and then peel it with his thumb and fingers in just a minute or so. I got orange juice on my breasts and he said he’d clean it off for me.

When we were finished, he opened the plastic bags with our clothes and pulled them out. He picked up my boots and stuffed them in my jeans, one down each leg. He put them at the edge of the blanket and then put my other clothes on top.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m making you a pillow. You can lie down on the blanket and put your head on this. I’m sorry I didn’t bring you a real one.”

I watched as he did the same thing with his boots and jeans and put his pillow beside mine.

“Are we going to take a nap?”

“We can if you want to. I’d like to talk a little bit first, OK?”

“Of course, what did you want to talk about?”

“Us.”

“Us? Just us? That’s all?”

“Yes, Arial. Be serious. This is important. You need to listen to me and then think about what I say.”

“OK. I can be serious.”

I lay down on the blanket with my head on the pillow. Brad leaned, propped on one arm, looking at me. He had his usual silly grin on his face. I couldn’t help but smile at him. I put my hands together on my tummy and shut my eyes. Let him look!

For a minute or so, nothing happened. Then he put his hand on top of mine and just barely brushed his lips against mine. I opened my eyes and looked into his, just inches away.

“Arial, I do love you,” he whispered. “You’re so beautiful. I can’t believe how lucky I am.”

“I feel the same way, Brad. I hope we can always be together.”

He pulled back so that his face was just above mine. His eyes were locked on mine.

“There’s something I’ve got to ask you, Arial. I don’t want to but I’ve got to.”

“What?”

“Luke was your first, wasn’t he?”

I looked in his eyes, thinking about what to say. I couldn’t think of anything I’d said or done which would have led him to guess. I couldn’t

believe anybody else would have told him. I knew I had to be honest, no matter what.

“Yes,” I nodded.

He kissed me very lightly just on the tip of my nose.

“Are your parents still going down to bring Rachael and the babies back? I think you said they would sometime soon.”

“Yes, in just a couple of weeks. Luke will come with their car when the movers leave. They’re moving in with the Andersen’s for a while.”

“How’s everything going to be when they move back here, I mean between us?”

“The same as they’ve been since last December, Brad. No different except maybe better.”

“Do you love him?” he asked.

I had to think for a few seconds about that. “Yes, Brad. I love him. I’m not ashamed of that. I’ll always love him. But I don’t love him like I love you. I thought I did but I don’t. I can live the rest of my life without him without crying. I don’t want to live the rest of my life without you.”

“Do your parents know?”

“Yes, they know. It happened last August when we all went to the cabin with the Andersens.”

“Will you tell me about it, just enough so I’ll know how to handle it when we’re around him and Rachael? Not now, just sometime soon?”

“Yes. But please don’t worry about it. I’ve told you how he came to live with us and how he’s almost like an older brother to me. Please don’t hate him.”

“Don’t even think like that, Arial. It happened before you ever knew me. Just like something happened to me with Holly before you ever knew me. You don’t hate her, do you?”

“No, I’m not jealous. I don’t hate her.”

“You were still a virgin to me, Arial. I hope I was that way to you. I sure as hell didn’t know much about making love with a woman. I had no idea I could feel this way about someone.”

There was something under the blanket that was sticking in my back. I sat up, stretched, and then pulled by legs up in the lotus position again. Brad didn't even try it. He moved to the other end of the blanket and sat up too, legs bent, leaning forward with his arms on his knees. I couldn't help but smile. He didn't look like an old statue anymore. His balls were hanging down between his legs so low they were resting on the blanket. His dick looked soft and full and it was hanging almost down to the blanket too. He saw where I was looking and looked down between his legs.

"You're still cute," I said.

"Show me yours," he whispered.

I leaned back, spread my legs like his, and tilted my pelvis so he could see my pussy. He looked at it and finally up at my face.

"You're still beautiful," he said.

"You are too, Brad. You might not think you are but you're beautiful to me. Everything about you"

His eyes locked on mine again and I wondered what he was thinking.

"There's something I've got to tell you, Arial. I don't want to but I've got to. You've been honest with me and I've got to tell you about it."

"What?"

"I'm afraid to tell you. I don't want you to stop loving me."

"Silly, what could you have done that's so bad you can't tell me? It can't make me stop loving you."

"A couple of years ago, when I was fifteen, I had... I don't know what you'd call it, I had... another guy and I had sex with each other for a while."

Chapter Fifty-Four

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Arial Stuart, 15; Brad Weaver, 17

TELLING THE STORY

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

“A couple of years ago, when I was fifteen,” Brad said, “I had... I don’t know what you’d call it... I had... another guy and I had sex with each other for a while.”

I could tell how much it hurt him to tell me. His brows were wrinkled up and his face was taut and I knew what I said was important.

“I love you, Brad,” I said.

He looked at me without saying anything for a while. Finally he took a deep breath, let it out, and seemed to relax a little.

“Thanks. I needed to hear you say that.”

“Do you want to tell me about it?”

“Yeah. He’s a senior at school now, a year older than me. We’re still friends but we don’t see each other much anymore.”

“Do I know him?”

“I don’t think so. I’m not going to tell you who he is.”

“That’s OK. Tell me about it. What happened? What did you do?”

“I’ve known him most of my life. We’ve been friends since we started to school. We were fishing buddies when we were just old enough to go off by ourselves. It started when we went camping on the river behind his house. We got to talking about sex and jacking off and we got naked and jacked off with each other. Then later that night we got to fooling around with each other and he gave me a blowjob. He wanted me to do him but I couldn’t. He acted like he didn’t mind but I could tell he did.”

“That’s not so bad, Brad. I know lots of guys fool around with each other when they’d rather do it with girls.”

“Yeah, well, I guess the bad thing is I liked doing it with him. The next time we went camping, I sucked his dick too. I got so damn hot and I wanted to do it. It took a few more times together but I learned to suck

his dick until he came and then I'd spit it on his stomach. He'd suck mine and swallow it but I just couldn't do that."

"Did you fuck each other?" I asked.

"No. He wanted me to fuck him but I just couldn't. He tried to fuck me once but I made him stop. I sort of wanted him too but at the same time I didn't. If we'd kept on camping together, I probably would have fucked him. Hell, I'd have let him fuck me too, I guess."

"You stopped? Why?"

"He kept telling me he was gay and talking about coming out and how his parents would kill him if he did. To look at him, you'd never know he's gay. He still hasn't come out but he says he's leaving here when he graduates next month. He wants to go where there are lots of gays, where he won't feel like a freak. I didn't think I was gay because girls turned me on more than he ever did."

"Is that why you were worried about doing something with Kerry, like something that would make him think he was gay?"

"I don't know. Maybe it was. I like Kerry a lot. It's nothing like the way I feel about you. He's just somebody I'd like to have as a friend. Anyway, I liked fooling around with him when the three of us were playing. But I don't want to do anything to hurt him. And I guess I'm kind of worried about liking it too much, when I do something with him."

"Brad, I think about what it would be like to fool around with another girl. If I got a chance, I'd do it. I'd let Nicole make love to me anytime and I guess I'd do it to her too. Sometimes I wish I could be a free spirit like her."

"You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not."

"Well, you're just making that up so I won't be ashamed of what I've done."

"Brad, you don't need to be ashamed of anything. I think we're both just normal and learning about sex and curious about what it's like with other guys and girls. I don't love you and Kerry any less just because you've sucked each other's dicks a little. I'm not ashamed of giving either one of you a blowjob. I intend to keep on doing it. I love both of you, you in one way and him in another. I'll always love my little brother."

“Sheez, if anybody had told me a few years ago that life could be so complicated because of sex, I wouldn’t have believed them.”

“Brad, my parents have always taught us that we shouldn’t be ashamed of what we do when it comes to sex. They say we’ll probably screw up once in a while but we’ll figure out what we want eventually.”

“I hope so. I just know I love you and I don’t want to fuck that up.”

“Why did you feel like you had to tell me about it?” I asked.

“You know the jock that flipped your fanny as the Grease Trap, I think he called me a fag because he thought I was one. Some of the jocks think my friend’s gay and they probably think I am too. If I tell you the truth now, it won’t matter what short of shit they spread around about me, will it?”

“No, but I wish you wouldn’t worry about what those cretins think anyway. They just call guys fags to hurt them. I don’t think there’s anything bad about what you’ve done.”

“I guess I’ve just got to learn to trust you, haven’t I, as long as I tell you the truth?”

“We’ve both got to learn to do that, Brad. We’ve already learned a lot together, haven’t we?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yeah, and I’ve learned a lot from your family too. Like when we went to the cabin last February when it snowed.”

“My family’s like that, Brad. We’re not ashamed of having fun with each other. I want you to quit worrying about it so much.”

“Did your Mom really say it was OK for you to tell me all about Luke and Rachael? You know, like how he was when he first came to live with your family, and how your Mom and Dad decided to show him what real love and sex were like? They weren’t ashamed to let you kids know about that?”

“Uh huh, she said it was OK. I talked to her about it when I knew Luke and Rachael were moving back here. She said you’d learn about it sooner or later and it would be best for me to tell you. And no, Mom and Dad aren’t ashamed that they had sex with them. Luke and Rachael were both hurt a lot growing up. Mom and Dad just tried to help them. Dad even paid for counseling for both of them when they were in college.”

“Were you going to tell me he was your first?”

“I should have told you without you asking,” I said. “I’m sorry. I just didn’t know how to say it. I didn’t want it to hurt us.”

“You don’t need to be sorry, Arial. Last August, you didn’t even know me. Please don’t worry about telling me stuff like that. I can handle it.”

“If we went to the cabin again and Luke and Rachael were there, could you handle it if we all started playing around again?”

“I don’t know. Yeah, I guess so. I never thought I could do stuff like that, especially with Siobhan. Damn, it was fun!”

“She’s still a beautiful woman, Brad. Can you imagine how Dad felt about her when they married? Think about Luke and how he felt when he was just your age, almost eighteen. Mom was just thirty-five then. Would you have done anything different if you had been him?”

“Probably not. If you were with Luke while you were at the cabin, where was Rachael? Was somebody with her?”

“Yes. Somebody you know very well. He thinks you’re a great guy.”

“You mean Kerry? Damn, that’s something! I guess it makes sense. Maybe all boys ought to have an older woman to teach them.”

“Mom and Rachael thought Luke would be a good teacher for me, Brad. So did Lauren. He really was. I wanted everything in a hurry. He was very patient and kind and loving with me.”

“Are you going to want to make love with him again?”

“I don’t know, Brad. Right now, I don’t want anybody but you. If I ever do it with anybody else, you’ll know about it and you’ll be OK with it, like Dad was with Mom doing it with Luke.”

“Do you think he and Rachael would ever want to do something with us, swapping around, you know, with me and you like they did with Kieran and Siobhan? I don’t know how I’d feel about doing that.”

“You were OK with what we did at the cabin with Mom and Dad, I mean, Siobhan and Kieran, weren’t you? Wasn’t it fun to pretend they were just kids too and then to fool around with everybody like we did? They’re not different from us just because they’re older.”

“Yeah, it was a lot of fun. I never dreamed I could do anything like that but it was fun. I’m just glad you didn’t get serious with anybody else but me. Maybe I’m just jealous.”

“Brad, I’ve never let Kerry or Kavan or Dad do what you’ve done with me. They’re family and somehow it’s just something we haven’t done. I remember how Mom and Dad talked to the three of us about it when Kavan started developing. We knew it was OK if we played with each other but Kavan knew he’d better not try to get his dick in me.”

“Well, I’m not family, Arial. Is it OK for me to do it?”

“With whom? Me or Mom?”

“Shit, Arial, I couldn’t fuck your Mom.”

“Wouldn’t you like to?”

“Yeah, sure, I’ll admit it. You know how much I like her. If she wasn’t your Mom, I’d love to do it with her. When we were at the cabin and I got my face down there in her red hair, I wanted to stick my dick in there instead of my tongue.”

“She’s a beautiful woman, Brad. I don’t blame you from being attracted to her. I was just a little girl when Luke did it with her. I knew what they’d done but I didn’t really understand it. It didn’t make me love Luke or Mom any less.”

“Damn, it’s hard to figure out, isn’t it? Maybe I’d fuck around with lots of women if I knew it wouldn’t hurt you. It’s hard to make sense of what my dick wants and what my heart wants and what my head wants. Maybe someday we’ll decide we can do what your Mom and Dad did with Luke and Rachael, maybe not. I just don’t know.”

“What does your heart want?”

“You, just you. Nobody else.”

“And your head?”

“To be the kind of man you can love for the rest of your life.”

“If you got another chance to play around, not with Mom and Dad, but with somebody closer to our age, would you do it?”

“Maybe. If it’s OK with you. Who do you mean?”

“I think Stuart and Joanne are thinking of doing something this summer and inviting us. They said something to me about it the last time I babysat for them.”

“What?”

“Lauren and Mr. Jack have invited Mom and Dad to go with them to the West Coast for a week or so this summer. They want to show them some places in Northern California and Oregon. They’d fly out and then rent a car and drive all over the place. Luke and Rachael and their kids will be staying with the Andersens then. Stuart and Joanne said maybe all of us could all go to the cabin for a couple of days.”

“You mean Stuart and Joanne, Luke and Rachael, all four kids, me and you, and I guess Kavan and Kerry too? Kathryn will be in New York then, won’t she?”

“Yeah, I think she’s going to stay there. I think Kavan’s pretty much accepted that already.”

“Well, what would we do? Do you think we’d fool around and do stuff like we did when we went in February? You think Stuart and Joanne would like to do that? Would Luke and Rachael?”

“I don’t know, Brad. When we went to the cabin last August, we had a lot of fun playing together. We spent one night in the old farmhouse, trying to find out if it was haunted, while Mom and Dad and Lauren kept the kids. We did all sorts of silly things with each other and then each slept with one person. I slept with Luke.”

“How about Kerry? Who was he with?”

“Well, he had his dick in three women that night and I wasn’t one of them. He slept with Rachael.”

“Damn, you mean he fucked Kathryn and Rachael and Joanne, all three?”

I nodded. He looked at me with just a little smile on his face. I guess he was thinking about what might happen if he went to the cabin with the rest of us and what he might do.

“Sheez, that’s hard to believe, that little Squirt could screw three different women in one night,” he said.

“Brad, I didn’t mean he did it with all three until he came. He threatened to ravage four women so we got him down and did it

instead. We were just playing around and doing silly stuff and we decided nobody could come until after midnight. I don't guess he came with anybody but Rachael."

"And you think if we all went to the cabin with them while your parents are gone, we might get silly and do something like that?"

"Maybe. It's not something we do at the cabin all the time, Brad. I told you we'll probably go a few times this summer with Aunt Kara and Uncle Alan's families. Grandpa and Grandma Stuart might even be there. We're usually naked part of the time but nobody has sex except in their own bedroom. We've never played around with all of them."

"Your grandparents, they go naked too?"

"They did one time last summer. It was the first time they'd been naked with everybody else. I know Grandpa Stuart liked it. I think Grandma Stuart was a little uncomfortable."

We were quiet for a while then. He was lying on his side, his head propped up on his arm and hand. I was lying on my back, my knees raised, and my hands on my tummy. He kept looking at my face, all serious and calm. I wondered what he was thinking.

"Life can be so damn complex, Arial," he finally said. "A year ago I never would have thought about all this, trying to understand it all and know what the right thing to do is."

"Me either, Brad. A year ago, I was still a little girl just dreaming about a man to love me."

"I've been doing a lot of thinking about us, Arial," he said. "About whether we can stay with each other and grow up and get married and have kids and be happy for the rest of our lives – all that sort of stuff."

I looked at him again. The sun shining through the leaves danced around on his face and chest. I loved looking at him, at his square shoulders and muscular arms. His hair was all mussed up but he was still beautiful.

"I think about it too, Brad, lots of nights before I go to sleep. I'm not just a silly all the time."

"I know, Arial. But listen – bringing you up here is my way of telling you something about me, about the sort of person I am. I'm not going to change. You can't make me into something I don't want to be. You're going to have to take me just the way I am if you want me."

“Are you happy with me, the way I am?” I asked.

“Yeah. I wouldn’t change anything about you. But let’s talk about me, OK?”

“OK.”

“Why do you think I brought you here, just you and me, and I didn’t take you to a rock concert or a baseball game or to the races at Charlotte?”

“Why, Brad? Tell me.”

“Because this is the kind of guy I am, Arial. I need to get off somewhere like this sometimes. I like to come here and just walk around and look at stuff. When I come with my hiking buddies, we hardly talk to each other because we know why we’re here. I like to sit down somewhere and listen. Once I brought a book to read. Maybe you think that’s stupid, to bring a book all the way out here and then sit and read it.”

“No, Brad, I don’t think it’s stupid.”

“I don’t need to be around crowds to have a good time, Arial. I can do it by myself or with a few friends. Sometimes I like to be in a crowd, if it’s something at school with a bunch of people I know. I loved going to the musical review at school. I love being with all your family. But I need places like this, where it’s private and peaceful.”

“Girls can’t come to places like this by themselves, Brad. Maybe that’s why I like to read. I can go to my own private places.”

“When I come here, I usually don’t want to talk. I like to be quiet and just listen. It’s like I reconnect with something. I can go all day at school and never think about what I want my life to be like. I come up here and I think about what’s important and what I really want to do with my life.”

I looked around at the trees and the shade behind us, the rock and sunshine in front of us, and it did seem like a good place to think about stuff like that. All I could hear was the sounds of birds and the murmur of water and the wind in the trees. We could have been the only people in the world.

“I’m glad the Park doesn’t tell everybody about this place,” I said. “It should stay just like it is, without any sign that people even exist. It’s too beautiful to be destroyed by people.”

“A lot of people would say there’s nothing much here,” he said.

“I know, but they’re wrong. There’s beauty, solitude, peace; that’s a lot, isn’t it?”

He nodded and smiled at me.

“My Dad wouldn’t spend five minutes here, Arial,” he said “He’d be bored. I’m not going to be a doctor like him. It eats up his life. I’ll never be a lawyer and bill clients for eighty-hour weeks. That’s just not me. It never will be because I won’t let it.”

“What do you want to be, Brad?”

“I don’t know yet and I’m not worried about it. I’d like to be something like your Dad, have a good job, one that leaves me time to be with my wife and kids. If you’re my wife, I’ll want you to have at least a couple of kids and I’ll love all of you with all my heart. I want to be able to spend time with my wife and kids. I don’t want a job or profession that comes ahead of my family.”

“Don’t you think that’s what I want too? I don’t want a husband I never see.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to date some other guys and see what they’re like?”

“No, Brad. Do you?”

“No, Arial, I don’t want to date any other guys.”

“Silly, you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, and the answer’s still no. I can’t ever imagine finding a sweeter, more loving woman than you. The way you look is nice too but I think I could love you even if you weren’t beautiful.”

“You’d marry me even with my crazy family?”

“You asked me once if I wanted to marry your family, didn’t you? I don’t remember why. I told you I wanted to marry you and that’s really what I want. But I like your family. I like the way all of you have accepted me into it. I’d like to be part of your family. Someday, I’d like us to have a family of our own just like yours.”

“We’re not that different from lots of other families, Brad. We don’t mind running around naked and we try to be honest with each other about sex. But we’re just like a lot of families in the way we love each other.”

“Arial, did you know I’ve never lived in a house with a yard. We always lived in apartments until Dad got the condo. When I helped you and Kerry rake leaves last fall, I thought about how nice that was for days.”

He rolled over on his stomach and propped up on his elbows. His face was just below my breasts. He put the side of his face down on my stomach and looked up through my breasts at my face.

“You’re funny. You wouldn’t enjoy it as much if you had to do it every year.”

“Maybe not. When we went down to the creek with Kerry and Kenjiro, I felt like a little kid when we started digging up stuff. I never got to do things like that when I was little. I think all kids ought to have a creek to play in when they’re little. You don’t appreciate things like that because you’ve always had them.”

“You don’t mind the way we are about sex? Are you used to that by now?”

He was kissing me lightly on my stomach when I asked. He licked out my navel thoroughly and then looked up at me to answer.

“I like the way your family is about sex, Arial,” he said. “The first night we spent together, in your house, in your bed, with your parents knowing what we were going to do and it was OK with them, I liked that. We knew they were going to do the same thing too. I like the way they let us know they do the same things we do and we don’t have to hide it from them. It’s kind of cool. I’d like to have kids with you and raise them that way.”

“You said this was serious. I guess it is, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I want you to think about where we’re going with each other. I’m not going to try to change you and you’re not going to change me. You’ve got to understand the kind of guy I am and make up your mind whether you want me for a husband some day.”

“You sure you don’t want to change me?”

He put the side of his face back down with his cheek against my pubic hair. He rubbed a finger around and around on one nipple while he talked to me.

“No, except for the way you try to manipulate me. I know what you’re doing. I may play dumb but I’m not. I talked to your Dad about it once. He says he’s happy letting your Mom run lots of stuff about their lives. He says they talk to each other so much that he knows what she wants and he wants her to have it, like wanting to have another baby at their age. I can be happy that way, Ariel. You don’t need to treat me like a puppet with strings. Just talk to me and tell me what you want. I think we can work everything out if we just do that.”

“Mom’s not just wanting to have another baby, Brad. She’s going to. She’s pregnant.”

“Are you sure?”

“She’s sure. She missed her period. She says she knows.”

“How does Kieran feel about it?”

“He’s tickled pink. They’re both so happy with it they’re like newlyweds. Just don’t tell anybody yet. Nobody but family knows about it. She wants to wait a while to be sure before she tells anybody else.”

“I guess that’s why they were looking at each other that way this morning,” he said. “I wondered why. I guess I thought it was because they’d just been making love.”

“They probably had. Mom says Dad’s at her like he was when they first married. I hope we can be like that someday, for the rest of our lives.”

“For the rest of our lives?” he asked. “Are you sure?”

He turned his face downward and started kissing all around my pubic hair, then licking it, and then pulling on it with his lips.

“Yeah, that’s the way I want it. Do you, if I quit pulling your strings?”

He reached up with his hand to get a hair out of his mouth. I couldn’t help but giggle. He finally got it out and answered.

“Yeah, that’s the way I want it. I don’t care if you do try to pull my strings, Ariel. It’s fun when you do it. I get a kick out of it.”

He turned his face back downward and started kissing me on my thighs. Then he stuck his tongue out and started licking on each side of my pussy, just where my legs join my body.

“I don’t want anybody but you, Brad. It scares me but I don’t want to change anything, not about you, not about the way we’re headed with each other.”

He looked up at me again, his face all serious.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Oh, shut up, you dummy. I’m going to cry.”

“Will you let me hold you while you cry?”

“Yes, if you’ll make love to me.”

“Here, where the dragon can watch us?”

“I will if you will.”

“I love you,” he said.

I started to say it too but then I remembered we weren’t going to say it back every time. I put my head back down on my boot and jeans pillow. He moved up closer and leaned over me, looking down at me.

“How do I love thee?” he whispered.

“You read it?”

“You said I should read some of her stuff. I’ve never liked poetry like that before. I always thought it was kind of dumb. But what she wrote is the way I feel about you, especially those lines of the poem.”

“Do you remember them?”

“Yeah, it goes: ‘How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach...’ There’s more but that’s the part I like.”

I held out my arms to him and he moved even closer to me. I shut my eyes and waited for his lips to find mine. He kissed me softly, just lips against lips, and then put his cheek against mine, his mouth just at me ear.

“I do love you, Ariel,” he whispered. “Words aren’t enough to say how much.”

“I know,” I said. “They really can’t say what we feel, can they?”

He moved back and pulled me against him, so that my breasts were pressed against his chest. He nudged his knee between my legs and I put one leg over his hip. We both moved closer until our bodies were as close as we could get – almost. I could feel something warm and firm, maybe even hard, between us. We were quiet for a minute or so looking in each other’s eyes.

“Make love to me,” I whispered. “Please.”

He just looked at me, unsmiling, with eyes boring into mine.

“I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life,” he whispered.

“And I love you that way too, Brad Weaver,” I whispered back.

He pushed me down on my back again, leaned across me, and propped over me on one arm. For a minute or so, he just looked at me, at my face, then at my breasts, my face again, back to my breasts. With one fingertip, he teased the nipple on my left breast again, gently circling around it, stroking upward on it, and then did the same to the right one. I watched as he used his thumb and fingers to tease both of them into standing up and hardening.

“I love your breasts,” he whispered.

He leaned over, found my breast with his mouth, and I shut my eyes and let him play. He used his lips and tongue on one nipple and his thumb and finger on the other. He swapped a couple of times and I drifted away with what I was feeling.

When he stopped I waited, expecting him to do something else, but nothing happened. I opened my eyes and he was looking down at me with his jackass grin on his face.

“Did you like that, little girl?”

I didn’t answer. I sat up and pushed him down on the blanket on his back.

“It’s my turn,” I said, and I slid my hand down over his face to make him close his eyes.

He brought his arms around, put his hands under his head, and waited. I looked up and down at his lanky body, hard muscles on his chest and stomach, little circles of kinky hair around each nipple, a sparse patch of dark hair in the center of his chest, a faint trail down to his navel, where the dark hair exploded into a tangle around the base of his dick and between his legs. He was cute, especially his dick, lying there on his stomach, head uncovered, ready. I put my hand on his stomach, just an inch or so away from his dick, and decided to leave it alone for a while.

I leaned over him, found his nipple with my mouth, and tried to suck it off. I heard him pull in his breath and squeeze out something that sounded like “sheeiitt.” I kept at it, sucking on first one and then the other and I could feel the muscles in his stomach harden each time. Finally I straightened up, tried to smile the way he did, and waited. When he opened his eyes, I asked, “Did you like that, little boy?”

He sat up, growled, “It’s my turn,” and pushed me down again. I put my hands under my head, just like him, and waited. He put one hand on my thigh, just inches away from where I wanted it, and then kissed me on my stomach. He stuck his tongue in my navel and licked a wet trail up over my breast, to my nipple. Then it was back to my navel, up again to the other nipple. His hand kept creeping closer to my pussy and I opened my legs wider for him.

He moved around and I opened my eyes. He was on his knees beside me, looking down at me.

“Will you let me do what I want to with you?” he whispered.

I nodded and he gave me his jackass grin again.

“No matter what it is?” he whispered.

I nodded again. He moved one knee between my legs, pushed them further apart, and moved the other knee between them. He was still for a minute or so, just looking down at me, holding his dick in his hand.

“I want to fuck you between your breasts,” he whispered.

“Brad, you’re silly. They’re not big enough to do that.”

“Yeah, they are. Just push them together.”

I put my hands on the sides of my breasts and pushed. It did make just a little cleavage there. I looked up and he was grinning even wider.

He moved up over me on his knees until he was about at my waist and then leaned over me propped up with one hand beside my head. He held his dick with the other and brought it down until it touched me. I saw a fat little drop shining at the end of his dick. He rubbed the head just between my breasts, pulled back, squeezed out another clear drop, rubbed that on me, and then started sliding his dick up between my breasts. I pushed them closer together to make them tighter on his dick. I looked up at his face. He was looking at my breasts holding his dick as he slid it back and forth.

“Is that good, little boy?” I asked.

“Yeah, but not as good as pussy,” he answered.

He moved back down again until his knees were between my legs. He held his dick in his hand and looked down at my pussy. I assumed he was ready to put it in me. I was ready too.

But then, he moved further back, lay down, and lifted my legs up and over his shoulders. For a minute, he was still and I assumed he was looking at me. I didn't care. Let him look.

He moved me like a doll, spreading and lifting my legs, bending me back. I couldn't keep my hands under my head; I moved them down and put them on his head. He kissed a trail up the inside of one thigh, then the other, licked a trail up the inside of both thighs, kissed and licked the crease between my thighs and body – I held my breath waiting for him to kiss me where I wanted it.

When he finally did, it was so good I almost cried out. He used his tongue gently, licking up each side, up the middle, pushing in just enough to part my little lips, and finally teasing my clit with just the tip of his tongue. I faded away into nothing except what his mouth was doing to me.

When he stopped and let my legs down, I looked up. He was on his knees, between my legs, looking at me.

“Did you like that, little girl?” he whispered.

“Yes, do it some more,” I whispered.

“No.”

“No?”

Why?”

“Would you get on top of me, please?” he asked.

“Why? I want you to make love to me.”

“I will but I want to see you. I want to see you sitting on me with my dick in your pussy. I want to see your face when you’re riding me. I’ll do you anyway you want but, please, do it for me.”

He lay down with his head on his boot pillow again. I straddled his body with my knees on each side of his waist, put my hands on his chest, and looked down between our bodies. His dick was standing up at an angle and I decided to see if I could get it in me without using my hands.

I shut my eyes, moved up toward his chest a little, and then moved back until I felt the smooth head touch me. I wiggled a little, pushed back, wiggled some more, and felt the head touching me in just the right place. I pushed back again and it slid in just a little. I watched his face while I slowly moved up and down, more down than up, until I felt his dick pushing against something inside. I looked down and saw another inch or so separating my bottom from his stomach.

I looked at his face and he was looking down at his dick going in me. I watched his face while I pushed down again, relaxed, and pushed again, until I felt my bottom press against him. I looked between my legs again and saw my lighter hair mingled with his darker. It was so good to have his dick inside me, filling me so good, and stretching me so much. When I looked back at his face, he was looking at mine.

“Why did you want to do it this way?” I whispered.

“Because of what I dreamed Wednesday night,” he whispered back.

“What? Tell me.”

“I had a wet dream in the middle of the night. It was just crazy mixed up stuff like always. I woke up and found out I’d come all over my stomach. I remembered what I was dreaming when it happened. You were sitting on me just like you are now and I was coming inside you.”

“Do you want to do it again?”

“Yeah, this time I want to do it for real.”

“You’ve got to do it twice.”

“Why?”

“Because I want you to do it when you’re on top of me. I want you to fuck me. Forget about being slow. Just fuck me as hard as you can. When you come, I want you to fill me up with your semen.”

I moved up until his dick was just barely touching me and then slid back down as slowly as I could.

“Damn, Ariel,” he groaned.

I slid up and down a few times, just as slowly as I could, and then stopped. He put his hands on my thighs and held on.

“What?” I asked.

“It’s so good. It’s too good,” he groaned.

I pinched each of his little nipples, moved up and down a few more times, and then stopped again. I slid my hands up over his chest to his shoulders, slid them back down with my fingernails scraping against him, and then moved up and down a couple of times.

“You like it?” I whispered.

“Yeah!”

I did it a few more times. When I lifted my bottom up, I slid my hands up to his shoulders. When I slid down on his cock, I slid my fingertips down to his navel. When I felt my bottom touch his stomach, I squirmed around a little to see if I could get his dick in any deeper. I could feel his balls pressing against my behind. I didn’t want to hurt him but I kept doing it, almost bouncing off him as I did it faster and faster. I stopped again.

“Really like it?”

“Yeah!”

I did it for a minute or so longer, bouncing up and down on him, listening to the “squick, squick” sloppy sound I was making on him because I was so wet around his dick. I saw the expression on his face change to one I recognized. I stopped again and shut my eyes. I felt something familiar.

“Are you coming?” I whispered.

He didn’t say anything this time. I don’t think he could. He just nodded. From the expression on his face, he looked like he was hurting bad. I

could feel him throbbing inside me and I quickly rubbed between my legs with two fingers and started coming too. If it felt half as good for him as it did for me, I knew it was the best kind of hurting.

When my breathing slowed down and I could relax a little, I opened my eyes. His were still shut and his face looked peaceful. I looked down at his chest and saw red stripes on the skin from his shoulders down over his chest. For a moment I was puzzled and then I realized what had caused it – my fingernails.

I lay down on him with my face in the side of his throat, his dick still in me. He wrapped his arms around me, hands on my fanny, with his fingertips just on each side of where his dick was. I didn't want to talk and I don't guess he did either. We lay there, joined together for a while, until I realized that his dick was completely soft and close to slipping out of me. I rolled off to one side and cuddled up to him.

We talked then, about everything and nothing. My head was on his shoulder and his arm curled around on my back. I could feel his hand moving tenderly around on me. I put my hand on his chest and held on to him.

“I think it would be nice to have a wedding this time of year, don't you?” I asked.

“Yeah, I think so too. When I graduate next year, would that be a good time?”

“I was sort of thinking of a couple of years from now, when I graduate. If you go to college here like you said, you'll be through with your freshman year and maybe we could get a little apartment and live near campus.”

“I haven't changed my mind. I still want to go here. The college has a number of good programs I think I'd like. I've already looked into housing a little. There are lots of apartments within walking distance of the campus. Dad says he'll help me get one. Where would you like to get married?”

“Oh, I don't know, someplace quiet and peaceful like his. I don't want a big fancy wedding. I want something with just family and a few friends. I don't want everybody to dress up with tuxedos and stuff like that. It would be nice if it could be outdoors like this, someplace close to home.”

“I've got an idea.”

“What?”

“What would you think of getting married at the old church down near the creek behind your house?”

“Brad, it’s not a church any longer,” I said. “It’s just the stone floor and part of two walls.”

“Well, it is a beautiful place, with the old trees and the creek. Remember when we went there last fall, when it was cold, and we sat there on the floor next to one of the walls? The way I felt then holding you was probably the first time I really thought we might get married someday.”

“That was nice, wasn’t it? Are we just dreaming or is this real?”

“If it’s a dream, I hope I never wake up,” he whispered.

“Me, too,” I whispered back.

“If we really try, maybe we can make our dreams come true.”

“Then let’s try, OK?”

“OK, but right now I’ve got to pee.”

“Me too.”

He stood up and pulled me up. I knew I needed to clean up a little and I tried to think of something to use. I finally thought of something. I looked inside my jeans pillow and found my cotton panties.

“You’re not going to put those on, are you?” he asked.

“No, silly, I’m not. If I can wet them, I can use them to clean up a little. Where can we go?”

He led me back across the rock to the place where the water was running down the big crack. He looked at it for a minute and I did too. I didn’t know what he had in mind. He took my hand and we walked alongside the crack, going away from the creek, and the crack split and got smaller and the water wasn’t so deep down. Finally he found a small crack, only inches wide, with clear water running through it.

“There, Princess, running water for you to piddle.”

I didn't even ask him to look the other way. I straddled the crack, dipped the hand with my panties down and got them wet, and then added a little yellow to the stream. Brad watched me, holding his dick, until I started peeing and then he peed down into the crack too. We watched each other, both of us grinning, until we finished.

When I was finished, I used my wet panties to wipe between my legs. It was as cold as ice but it felt good. When I looked up, he was still watching and grinning. I stuck my hand down in the crack again, swished my panties up and down a few times, and stood up.

When I started toward him, I think he was about to run. He stood there and let me wipe him clean too. His dick had been soft but still a little swollen when I started. By the time I pulled his foreskin back and wiped everything clean, especially when I reached under and wiped his balls, it almost looked like something on an old statue again. A guy's dick is really funny, the way it works.

We walked around on the rock some more, barefooted this time. Brad showed me a little prickly pear cactus that grew in some places on the rock and told me to watch out for them. For someone who grew up in apartments, he knew so much about the different kinds of plants growing around the rocks.

We went back in the shade again fairly quickly. The rock was warm enough under our bare feet that it became uncomfortable. Brad stretched out on the blanket with his head on his pillow again. I lay down on my tummy and propped up my head on my hands like he had done earlier.

"Could you go by the hospital with me one afternoon next week?" he asked. "We both need to fill out some paperwork if we're going to work there."

"I thought we were working for your Dad," I said.

"We are but we'll be paid from his grant money and we have to do it the hospital's way. He'll be the only one who bosses us."

"OK, Tuesday would be good. I don't have anything then. Would you eat dinner with us afterwards?"

"Arial, your Mom and Dad are going to get tired of me mooching meals."

"Well, just do something for them. They feed me and Kavan and Kerry all the time and don't expect much in return except some help with

household chores. If you're going to be family, you can start helping too."

"OK, let me know what I can do."

I moved up closer to him so that my head was right at his stomach. His dick was still soft and it was flopped over to one side. It certainly didn't look like a little thing on a statue anymore. I tried to think of something to do to tease him.

I leaned right over his middle and stuck one finger in his inney belly button. I brushed the hair away from his naval and looked in. He had a very nice inney, all clean, no lint in it. I leaned over and stuck my tongue in it. His stomach muscles suddenly got hard under my hand. I cleaned it out even if it didn't need it.

I moved down toward his feet a little more and looked at all the stuff between his legs. His testicles were scrunched up between his legs, one almost on top of the other, and it looked uncomfortable. I gently pulled them up and out and tugged on his leg. He moved his legs apart a couple of inches.

I held his balls up and looked underneath. He had more hair there than anybody in my family. It was dark and sort of came together in the middle. I could see the beginning of his crack and the hair even stuck out from there. I reached in with a couple of fingers and pulled the two sides of the crack apart a little. It was just more hair.

"Arial, what the hell are you doing?" Brad growled.

"Just looking," I said.

"Well, you've gone far enough."

"Why?" I teased. "Have you got something back there that's different?"

I tried to stick one finger back there to find out. He reached down and grabbed my arm.

"You know damn well what's back there. It's the same thing you've got. You don't need to see it."

"Well, I want to. You've seen mine lots of times. Turn over."

"You tell me what it's called and I'll turn over and you can look."

"It's your anus, Brad," I said. "Now turn over."

“No. You’ve got to say the common name for it, what everybody calls it.”

“Oh, pooh, I didn’t want to see it anyway,” I said.

“What’s the matter, Princess? You can’t talk dirty like the rest of us?”

“I can if I want to.”

“Well, say it.”

I looked at him, smiled just a little, and whispered, “Asshole.”

He grinned and turned over on his stomach. I didn’t really want to see it. I just wanted to tease him. I leaned over his fanny, kissed one cheek, and then kissed the other. He started to turn back over but I stopped him.

I pulled his cheeks apart and looked. It was just lots of hair all over back there and then a neat little brown pucker. Except for little Paul and Kieran Lee, it was the closest look I’d ever got at a guys backside. I did a kissy sound with my lips and touched the little pucker with one finger. He quickly turned back over and glared at me.

“You’re bad, Arial,” he said, glowering at me.

“Yes, and you love me anyway, don’t you?” I asked.

“Yeah, I do,” he said, changing his expression to a smile.

His dick seemed to have gotten bigger in the last minute or so. It flopped back on his stomach pointing upward. I picked it up, looked at it for a minute, then slid the skin down, and looked some more. I scrunched up closer so I could really look at it. The dark hair on his balls sort of crawled a little way up on his dick. The rest of the skin was all smooth except for all the squiggly blood vessels underneath.

I slid the skin up and down a few time, watching the neat way it covered the head and then uncovered. I saw that fremusomething under the head that I’d heard was so sensitive. I leaned over and licked it a couple of times. I guess it was sensitive. I heard Brad draw in his breath and then let it out with something he liked to say, “Sheeiitt.”

I decided maybe I’d done enough teasing. I pulled his dick toward me, sort of like shifting gears, leaned over, and took the head in my mouth. I wasn’t trying to make him come, just trying to do something he liked,

so I used my hand and mouth slowly and gently for a while. Brad didn't say anything but I could hear him breathing. After a couple of minutes, his dick was so stiff and so swollen I couldn't get my fingers around it.

I looked up at him and asked, "Are you ready to fuck me?"

He grinned. "Will you let me do it the way I want to?"

"Yes, but when you come, you've got to be on top of me."

"OK. Get up on your hands and knees."

I did what he said and he moved around behind me. He put his hand between my shoulder blades and pushed.

"Put your head down on the blanket, on your forearms."

I did what he said, shut my eyes, and waited. I felt his hand on my left hip and then felt the head of his dick touching me in just the right place. He pushed once, relaxed, pushed again, put his right hand on my hip, pulled me back, pushed, pulled me back again, and I groaned as his big dick filled my cunt completely. He stopped moving and just held me tightly against him.

"It's so fucking good," he whispered. "You say it."

"It's so fucking good," I whispered. "It's so fucking good. It's so fucking good. Fuck me, Brad Weaver, you fucker. Fuck me good."

He fucked me. Slowly, gently, dick in until the front of his thighs bumped into the back of mine, until I felt stuffed so full that I could hardly stand to have him do it and I wanted him to keep doing it forever. It was so good, just slow fucking, with him pulling back on my hips and pushing forward until we bumped into each other again and again.

"Hey, Ariel," he whispered.

"What?" I groaned.

"You've got an asshole back here. It's cute."

I didn't say anything. He saw it every time he made love to me from behind. I didn't care if he saw it if he just kept doing it to me.

I felt something touch me, in the wrong place, and I almost panicked. I realized quickly it wasn't his dick. That was still in me. It was his thumb

or finger. I felt his hand and fingers on me and I knew it was his thumb. He teased me gently with it, just sliding his thumb around and around in a circle. I was already so hot I was about to explode and he just made me hotter. I didn't care what he did.

"Can I fuck you in your asshole?" he whispered.

I bumped my head up and down on my forearms.

"Say it!"

I didn't say anything. I just let him keep on slowly fucking me and rubbing me with his thumb.

"Say 'I want you to fuck me in my asshole with your big dick, Brad Weaver.' Say it!"

I shook my head from side to side. I was just seconds from coming and I knew it.

"Say it, damn it; say it!"

"I want...you to...fuck me...in my asshole, Brad Weaver," I grunted it out.

"With my big dick?" he asked.

"Yes, with your...big dick," I grunted through clenched teeth.

He pulled my fanny back against him with both hands a couple of times as hard as he could. He stopped suddenly, pressed his thumb against my asshole, and pushed until it slid in. Everything inside me started convulsing and I held my breath as the contractions squeezed my cunt around his dick again and again.

As soon as my contractions stopped, Brad pulled out, pushed me down on the blanket, and flipped me over like a rubber doll. He fell on top of me, guided his dick back into my cunt, and then slid both arms up underneath me with his hands cupping around my shoulders. I wrapped my arms around his chest, my legs around his ass, and held on. He started pounding into me and, in almost no time, he exploded inside me.

We stayed that way, locked together, and I wanted him never to leave me. When our breathing slowed down to normal and my heart stopped beating so fast, I finally opened my eyes. He was looking down at me. I smiled, pulled his head down beside mine, and held it there.

“I love you, Brad Weaver,” I whispered in his ear. “You’re a good fucker.”

“And I love you, Ariel Stuart,” he whispered. “Can I really fuck you in your asshole someday?”

“Yes, when you’re tired of my pussy,” I said.

“Then I’ll never get your asshole cherry, will I?” he asked.

“Brad, I said you could do whatever you want to me. I mean it.”

He kissed me on the cheek, buried his face in my shoulder, and just held me.

When we finally separated, we cuddled and talked. Ms. Lauren had asked if she could have a party for me at her house and I had agreed so she and Mom had been planning it. Brad said he had a present for me and I’d never guess what it was. I tried but gave up. School would be out in a few weeks so we talked about the summer, working for his Dad, places we might go together, things we might do. He would be a senior and I would be a junior when school started again and a year later he would graduate and be in college while I was still in high school. It was almost frightening but then we talked about being together after I graduated. Just to think of that made me happy.

“Could we come back here again,” I asked, “and maybe bring somebody else.”

“Who?”

“Kerry would love this place. He’d ask you more questions about it than you could ever answer.”

“Yeah, I’d like to show it to him,” he said. “Maybe we could get Nicole to come with us, sort of another date with Kerry.”

“Kavan would like to see it. He’s really interested in landscaping stuff now. He’d love to see how beautiful this place is without anybody’s landscaping.”

“Do you think Kathryn would come too, if Kavan does? Are they still OK with each other?”

“I think so. They’re sweet with each other. I think they both know what she’s going to do.”

“Anybody else?”

“Kerry’s friend, Kenjiro. He and Kerry are getting to be good friends. They like to do things together, especially if it’s computer stuff. Maybe he’d like this place too. Maybe we could invite his sister, Akiko, too. I’d like to get to know her better, wouldn’t you?”

He didn’t answer for a minute or so.

“Arial, are you plotting and scheming again?” he asked.

“Brad Weaver, why would you think that?”

“Oh, for no reason I suppose. Just knowing you. If Kathryn leaves for New York when school’s over, Kavan won’t have a girl friend. Are you trying to set something up?”

“Brad, Akiko’s a beautiful girl but she’s nothing like Kathryn. She’s quiet and reserved and ...”

He cut me off. “OK, you are. But I want to invite somebody else too.”

“OK, who?”

“Ryan, you know, the guy who waited on us at the restaurant. I talked to him about why he’s going to college here. He’s got a girlfriend who’s a junior now. She’ll be a senior in high school with us while he’s in college. They’re talking about getting an apartment together when he starts to college.”

I counted on my fingers.

“That’s ten people, Brad. It would take three cars. I wish we could all come together. Do you think we could all come in one car, a van, if we can get something big enough?”

“Don’t you ever accuse me of pulling your strings, Arial Stuart,” he said. “You know exactly what you’re trying to do, don’t you?”

“I don’t see how you can say that, Brad Weaver. You don’t love me.”

He looked at me and grinned. I couldn’t help it; I grinned back. I guess we both knew it.

We left the park a little after three o’clock. Brad let me drive his Jeep until we hit the main highway. I was proud of myself that I didn’t kill

the engine even once when I had to stop and start again. He said I just needed a little more practice changing gears and using the clutch. When we swapped to let him drive, he patted my leg and told me he was proud of me.

We hardly talked the rest of the way home. The day had been so wonderful and I was content just to be quiet with him. I rested my hand on his leg, leaned the seat back, and closed my eyes. He found some quiet music on the radio and I drifted off into sleep.

When he called my name, I woke up and looked around. We were going up the hill to our house. I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and then turned the mirror around so I could see my face. I was a little pink from sun but nothing bad. My hair was a mess but I didn't care. Brad kept darting glances at me and smiling while I was doing it.

The garage door was closed so we went to the front door. There was a note on the door. "We're Next Door. →" We walked over to the lot Dad had bought and found Mom and Dad. We could see what they'd been doing. There were new plants all around. Even with all the rocks and trees, somebody had found good places to put the plants Kavan and Kathryn had brought home.

Mom was just picking up empty plastic bags that had been full of mulch when we left. Dad was watering some of the plants with a hose that stretched back to our house. They saw us coming and stopped. I suppose Brad was used to getting hugged after I got mine. I think he liked it more when Mom hugged him than when Dad did.

"Where's Kerry?" I asked. "I thought he was going to help you."

"He did," Mom said. "Stuart called at noon and asked him if he wanted to come over and spend the night. He said he had something new to show him about doing research. They picked him up about two o'clock."

Dad started picking up empty mulch bags again so we helped him. He'd rolled the big garbage can over so we stuffed the bags in it. Brad rolled the can back to our house and I helped Mom and Dad carry all the tools back.

When we went in the house, Mom made us all go out on the deck to take our boots off. After that, we all decided we needed a pit stop. I let Brad go first and then chased him out when it was my turn so I could clean up a little more.

We all came back in the kitchen at about the same time and Dad went straight to the refrigerator. He found two beers and didn't even ask Brad this time. He just handed him one. Mom and I had a glass of juice and we sat around the kitchen table and talked for a few minutes.

Dad stood up, stretched, acted like he was sore from working, and went over to the laundry room door. He started stripping while the rest of us just sat and watched. It was almost like a strip tease, as he took off one thing at a time, threw it in the laundry room, and then looked at us. He was down to bare skin in a couple of minutes.

"I don't know about the rest of you," he said, "but I'm about to get a long hot bath. Siobhan's worked me like a slave all day."

"Well, you're the one who bought the lot, Kieran," Mom said. "I just want to make it look nice. I'll give you a back scrub for a reward."

"That sounds good," Brad said. "Maybe I could talk somebody into giving me one."

"I'll even shampoo your dirty head of hair, Brad Weaver," I said. "But you've got to shampoo mine too."

Brad stood up, stripped off his shirt and jeans and socks, and threw them to Dad. Dad threw them in the laundry room. From the way he aimed, I guess he was trying to hit the laundry baskets.

I saw something on Brad's chest and then realized it was because of my fingernails. The marks weren't quite as red but they were still there. If Mom or Dad noticed, they didn't say anything. I don't guess they noticed he didn't have on any underwear either. The last thing before we left, he'd wet them with cold creek water and then we had used them to clean up.

He and Dad stood there like little boys showing off their penises to little girls. I know Brad had his hips pushed forward a little to show off. His dick looked just a little pink on the skin covering the head. I knew it wasn't sunburn. Mom and I just sat there and watched while they put on their little show.

"Well, come on, Siobhan, get up," Dad said. "Let's go soak in the Jacuzzi. Let these kids go shampoo each other. I'd rather have a back scrub any day."

"Why don't you invite them to join us, Kieran?" Mom asked. "We'll all fit if they sit at one end and we sit at the other. We can all soak for a while."

“That sounds good,” Dad said. “Would you two like to join us? You can tell us all about this secret place Brad wanted to show you.”

I looked at Brad, to see what he answered. He smiled and nodded.

Chapter Fifty-Five

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Stuart Andersen, 29; Joanne Andersen, 26; Paul Andersen, 4; Kieran Lee Andersen, 4 months

Kerry Stuart, 12 (almost 13)

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

I hope Dad believed me. I knew he was just kidding like he always does. He asked me if I had arranged for Stuart to invite me over for the weekend so I wouldn't have to help plant stuff on the new lot he had bought. I told him I had not and that it was Stuart's idea. I worked hard planting things with him and Mom Saturday morning. I really did enjoy it and I told him I did before I left.

Stuart came after me a little after lunch. He had little Paul with him and I played with him while Dad showed Stuart around the new lot and explained what he had planned. Mom stood and watched while I chased little Paul around her. He squealed and laughed each time I almost caught him.

On the way back, I asked Stuart if he'd give me a driving lesson at the Freeloft center. He asked me if Mom and Dad would approve and I told him about Dad letting me drive his Mercedes. He was driving the mini-van he and Joanne had bought after they moved. He said he'd show me how to drive his little sport-car, the little convertible he used to go to work, but I had to be careful shifting gears and using the clutch. His little car was almost as old as me but he loved it and didn't want another one. That was the one I wanted to drive anyway. Arial's little Beamer had a clutch too but she wouldn't let me drive it yet.

Joanne was in the great room of the new part of their house when we got there. She was nursing Kieran Lee and listening to classical music. She liked to play stuff like that when he was nursing because she said it made him relax and nurse better. I'd seen her nurse him a few times and she didn't mind if I watched. I thought it was something beautiful to see and I always told her that. I walked over and stood looking down at Kieran Lee just sucking away. His eyes were open and he was waving his free arm around but he never turned loose of the nipple. He just kept sucking and slurping. I guess that's why Joanne sometimes called him little piggy. He was already a big boy. It was hard to believe he could grow so fast.

Stuart put his arm around my shoulder and we both stood and watched. Then little Paul tried to climb Stuart's leg so Stuart picked him up and we all three watched. Stuart decided to tease me like he always does.

"Paul, tell Kieran Lee to leave some milk for uncle Kerry," he said. "I'll bet he'd like some too."

Little Paul didn't like that. He started saying something and I finally figured out he wanted his Mom's milk for his brother and for himself and he didn't want me to have any.

"Has he had any since Kieran Lee was born?" I asked.

"Yes, he's asked for it a couple of times," Joanne said, looking up at Stuart. "Stuart said I could let him have some if I'd just save him some too."

I looked at Stuart and little Paul. Stuart was grinning like he'd been caught doing something naughty. Little Paul was trying to stick his fist in his mouth again. I caught his arm and pulled his hand out of his mouth. He was still teething and everything went in his mouth.

"Did you like Mommy's milk?" I asked. I was looking at little Paul when I said it. Stuart knew who I meant.

Stuart said, "Paul, say 'Yeah, Unca Kerry, I like it.'" I knew who he meant.

"Well, none of you can have any until Kieran Lee gets all he wants," Joanne said.

She changed Kieran Lee to the other breast. He let out a squawk and then cut it off when he felt the nipple against his cheek. He nuzzled around until he got it in his mouth and then started slurping like a little

pig again. I saw a drop of white milk ooze out of the nipple where he'd just been sucking. Joanne pulled her nursing bra back over that breast and then looked up at me.

"Stuart, why don't you show Kerry what's been done in the old house? I don't think we had the big bathroom finished the last time he was here."

"You're probably right," Stuart said. "That part of the renovation was a mess, especially when they were doing the floor."

"What was wrong with the floor?" I asked. "I thought you wanted to keep all the old wood floors if you could."

"Yeah, we did, but we wanted the big bathroom downstairs to be tiled. Plus, we didn't think the old joists would support everything we wanted. We replaced some of the joists and added extra support under the bathroom. It's all tight and solid now."

Stuart led the way to the breezeway from the new house to the old house. There were sliding patio doors, double doors, on both sides of the breezeway. Both sides were open except for the screens. He slid back the screen and we went out.

The old stone house was just a two-story rectangle set on the crest of the hill with the main entry in the middle of one long side. The main part of the new addition was roughly a one-story square, connected at one corner by a breezeway to the old house. In the open triangle between them on one side, where there were a couple of huge old trees, Stuart had told me they would have a patio. In the open triangle on the other side, the two old trees were in bad shape so they'd been removed. He said that was where they were going to put the pool.

"Let me show you something," Stuart said, and led the way to the area where the patio was going to be. He walked over to the pile of stone from the old quarry down near the river.

"We had more rock quarried than we needed for the new house," he said. "We're going to use these for the patio area. We'll extend the patio to the edge of the level area and then put up a low wall. It'll make a great play area for the boys. I can sit on the wall and watch them."

He looked at the rocks for a minute or so until he found the one he wanted.

"Look at this," he said. "It's a fossil of some kind, some kind of plant."

I looked at the imprint of what could have been a cattail - a couple of leaves and then the center spike with the cattail smashed flat. It looked just like the ones that grew in the swampy area on the south side of the Freeloft property.

“Is it OK if I walk down the river with a couple of friends to the quarry?” I asked. “I’d like to see what was done in getting rocks for the new house. We found a few fossils there before your Mom bought the property and I’ll bet we’ll find some more with the new rock being dug out.”

“Sure. Maybe I’ll go with you. Would you like me to pick you and your friends up some Saturday?”

“Maybe. It’s an easy walk though. We walk down the creek behind our house to where it runs into the river. That’s a good fishing spot. From there to the Freeloft property is just a mile or so. It’s easy walking too until you get close to your property.”

“Kavan’s going to do the patio for us,” Stuart said. “I’m using him as the contractor and he’s going to hire a crew of school kids. I’ve given him a free hand to do whatever he wants to as long as he doesn’t do anything to hurt the old trees. We want them to stay there for another fifty years.”

“Yeah, he’s been reading all sorts of stuff and getting ideas. Arial and I are going to help him do a plan on the computer so he can present it to you. He’s really enthusiastic about it. He loves that sort of stuff. He says he might like to be a landscape contractor or something like that someday.”

“You think you could work for him this summer?”

“Sure. He and I get along fine. He’s always solid and levelheaded except when it comes to Kathryn and love and stuff like that. I wouldn’t be much good moving those big rocks though.”

“Well, just think about it, Kerry,” he said. “You don’t always have to have muscle to do things. I use a dolly and a steel pipe for a lever and that works fine. I’m going to have lots of work to do around here for the next year or so. Some of it will be hard manual labor. I’m going to get a bob cat and a small tractor to use to clear some areas. You could learn to handle both of them. Maybe Kavan could learn to handle a crew of kids and see whether he really wants to be his own boss.”

“He’ll do a good job for you,” I said. “Once he sets his mind to something, he won’t stop until it’s done right. That’s just the way he is.”

“That’s what your Dad says. Anyway, I’d love to have you and him around. It’s nice having two brothers and another sister. You know you’re welcome here anytime, don’t you?”

“Yeah. I’ll try not to drive Joanne crazy and wear out my welcome.”

“You won’t. She likes you too. Come on; let’s look at what’s been done in the old house.”

Stuart showed me the bathroom they’d put in on the lower floor of the old house. It was a huge room with tiled floor and walls about the same color as the rock quarried on the property. Through a door on one side, there was a sauna with what looked like redwood walls and ceiling and floor. Next to it, there was an enclosed shower almost as big as the one in our basement. Under a big window there was a Jacuzzi that looked like it would float a battleship. There were two enclosed commodes, two big sinks, and two urinals, one down low for little boys. And in the middle of it all, there was a long wooden bench to sit down.

“Damn, Stuart, you could put a big crowd in here. What do you need all this for?”

“That’s not all, Kerry. We’ve got three bedrooms upstairs and four down. Each one has a small toilet of its own. Mom’s bedroom is the only one with its own shower. Mom likes to have people around. She’s the one who suggested Luke and Rachael stay with us. Paul and Adrianna got along great last August. They’ll have lots of fun with each other.”

“Well, Mom and Dad are going to get Rachael and the kids and bring them back some time this month. Luke’s driving back with the movers. Where are you putting them?”

“They’ll be on the bottom floor with us. Mom loves kids but she wants the top floor for herself and her guests. Luke’s going to put some of their stuff in storage at the Freeloft Center. They’ll have two bedrooms just like the ones Joanne and I have. Come on; let me show you our rooms.”

“I’ll bet you and Joanne could have lots of fun playing with Luke and Rachael too. Of course, you haven’t thought of that, have you?” I asked.

“Would you like me to invite you over some weekend after they’re settled in? You can baby sit for all of us while we play.”

“Shit! No way, Jose! I like kids but I couldn’t handle four at one time.”

“Seriously, Kerry, what do you think? Joanne and I have talked a lot about what we want to do now that Kieran Lee’s not driving her crazy. We need to enjoy life a little more. We could invite you and Kavan and Kathryn, if she’s still here.”

“How about Ariel and Brad?”

“I don’t know. It might be kind of awkward to have Ariel’s old love and her new one playing with us at the same time. That’s something we’ll have to think about a little.”

“You’d better think a lot. I don’t know whether Brad even knows about Luke.”

“Yeah, well, come on; let me show you the bedrooms.”

“I’ve never been in a sauna before,” I said. “Do you think we could use it tonight?”

“Sure. A sauna’s better in cold weather but maybe you and I and Joanne can get in there before we go to bed. I usually try to get Paul to bed while Joanne’s giving Kieran Lee his bedtime feeding. If we’re lucky, we’ll get five or six hours of sleep before he wants it again.”

Stuart showed me their big bedroom and the smaller room for little Paul and Kieran Lee. I tried to remember how the old house was laid out before the renovation but I couldn’t remember exactly how it was. Now they had a small bath with a commode and sink off their bedroom and lots of closet space and I couldn’t see where it had all come from.

Their bedroom had all sorts of oriental-looking furniture and artwork in it. Opposite the door, there was a king-size bed that was maybe a foot and a half off the floor and I couldn’t see anything holding it up. I looked at some of the pictures and they looked like Japanese or Chinese men and women.

“Those are wood-block prints that Mom bought in Japan,” Stuart said. “Joanne likes them. Mom says they’re very valuable but they don’t do much for me.”

“Me either,” I said. I stood looking around trying to see how they’d turned all of the old farmhouse into bedrooms.

“Why did you design it like this, with small bathrooms for each room and one big bath for everybody?” I asked. “And where did the closets

come from? The old house had huge rooms but it didn't have any closets."

"Yeah, that was a real problem. The architect said the old inside walls were load-bearing and advised us not to try to move them. We just cut off part of some rooms for the small baths and closets. The big bath is where the kitchen used to be. The upstairs layout is about like it is down here except that Mom's bedroom area is twice as big."

"Mr. Jack's staying here now, isn't he?" I asked. "Where does he sleep?"

"With Mom. What's the matter? Are you jealous?"

"Yeah, I guess so. But if she loves him it's OK with me. He'd better be good to her."

"You remember where you slept the night Kieran Lee was born?"

"Yeah." I remembered. I didn't know whether he knew or not.

"Where?"

I just looked at him and didn't say anything.

"I came home for a few minutes during the night," he said. "I saw where you were sleeping. You were spooned up to Mom. Were you good to her?"

"She didn't complain, did she?"

"No, she didn't," he said. "She said you made her feel like a teen-ager again."

"Shit, Stuart, I didn't know what I was doing. I just wanted her to be happy."

"Well, you helped with that," he said. "I couldn't believe it when she told me what she'd done with your family."

"Where is she? I saw Mr. Jack's car outside but I haven't seen either one of them."

"They're upstairs. I think they're taking a nap. They're going out for dinner and dancing tonight. That business women's group she's in is having a black-tie evening. They'll probably be out late."

We went down the hallway to the other end of the ground floor to see where Luke and Rachael and their kids would be. It was a mirror image of Stuart and Joanne's rooms except that the rooms were empty.

We went back to the new house and into Stuart's office. He had computers and all sorts of equipment and books everywhere. He stretched out in his recliner and I took the computer chair. I spun around in it once and then caught myself before Stuart could fuss at me.

"How are you doing on your statistics work?" Stuart asked. "Do you think you understand it well enough to use a computer program to do the computational processes?"

"I'm OK. I've got a teacher at school helping me. I got stuck a couple of times and he helped me understand it. Can I input the data on my computer at home?"

"Yeah, that's what I planned on you doing. Is it OK if I give you a little pop quiz?"

"Sure."

"In addition to height, what else about a man's body could be measured in constructing a frequency distribution?"

I didn't have to think long. Something popped in my head.

"Well, if I can get, say, a thousand guys to cooperate, it's the length of our dicks."

"I was thinking about weight. Do you think measurement of dicks would yield a normal distribution, you know, a bell-shaped curve?"

"Yeah, sure you were. Let's accept that as a working hypothesis. We'll have to measure a lot of dicks to reach a conclusion."

"If the mean length of dicks is six inches and one standard deviation from the mean is one inch, what's the percentage of guys with a dick between five and seven inches long?"

"About two-thirds?"

"Come on, Kerry, you tell me! Exactly! I know you know it. And quit spinning around in the chair."

I didn't even realize I was doing it. "It's sixty-eight point two seven percent."

"If your dick is two standard deviations from the mean, what's the percentage of guys with a dick longer than yours?"

"Five."

"Nope. Think!"

I spun the chair around once and then sat there and thought for a minute or so. I shut my eyes, visualized a bell-shaped curve, and went over the basics. When I opened my eyes, Stuart was grinning at me.

"OK, assuming you meant *plus* two standard deviations, it's about two and a half percent. If you meant *minus* two standard deviations, it's about ninety-seven and a half percent. I was wrong 'cause I was including both plus and minus deviations."

"That's right. Five percent includes guys with dicks less than four inches and guys with more than eight inches. If your dick is plus three standard deviations, what does that mean?"

"I get all the girls." I spun around in the chair once, looked at him, and grinned. He shook his head and grinned back at me.

"Why?" he asked.

"If it's a thousand guys in the population, I've got the biggest dick. I've got a mean nine fucking inches."

"Are you sure? Plus or minus three standard deviations includes ninety-nine point seven percent of the population. Couldn't you have a couple of guys with bigger dicks?"

"Nope!"

"Why not?"

"Well, ninety-nine point seven includes all guys with dicks up to three standard deviations longer and down to three shorter than the mean. So point three percent includes guys with dicks more than three deviations shorter than the mean plus more than three deviations longer. So there are three guys with either little bitty dicks or real horse cocks. I don't have a little bitty dick."

“If I told you the correlation coefficient between how tall guys are and the length of their dicks is point nine zero, what does that mean?”

“I want to grow up to be real tall.” I spun around in the chair again.

“Come on, Kerry!”

“It means there’s a very strong correlation between a guy’s height and the length of his dick. Bigger guys have bigger dicks.”

“Do you think the correlation’s really that strong?”

“Shit, who knows? I haven’t seen enough dicks to form a hypothesis.”

“I haven’t either but I don’t think it’s that strong. Kavan’s dick is bigger than the mean. Do you know how many standard deviations?”

“He and Dad are about the same, close to seven and a half inches. That’s plus one and a half deviations.”

“Mine’s about the same as Kavan’s and your Dad’s. How big is yours now?”

“Just a cunt hair under six inches. Why don’t you call him your Dad?”

“Because Paul was my real Dad and always will be. How big is your dick going to be?”

“Oh, about eight inches if I keep pulling it. Maybe longer.”

“Shit, Kerry, be serious. What can you say about the probability that your dick will be longer than average?”

“Well, me and you and Kavan carry some of the same genes as Dad. Genes determine lots of things about our bodies - like hair color and height and build. I’m just like Dad in all those and so are you. I’d say the probability is pretty high I’ll have a dick like his.”

“OK, I guess you pass. Just don’t go showing off at school with any of this.”

“I won’t. Most kids wouldn’t know what we’re talking about, anyway.”

“I’m trying to come up with another assignment for you. Are you ready for it?”

“Yeah, but I can’t work on it until after school’s out. I’ve got to concentrate on school work for the next few weeks.”

“Are you still going to make all A’s?”

“Yeah. What sort of assignment is it?”

“I want you to do some reading on sampling.”

“Sampling what?”

“Oh, lots of different things. What percentage of the girls in your school loses their virginity at fifteen? What percentage at sixteen? That sort of thing.”

“I’d like to raise the percentage for fifteen year old ones a little.”

“Yeah, me too. How do you think we could find out?”

“Well, we can’t ask all of them; that’s for sure.”

“We don’t need to. Suppose you asked ten girls and found out that five were still virgins. What would that tell you?”

“Shit, Stuart, there’s over six hundred girls in my school. Would that mean about half of them are still virgins?”

“If you take a sample, what sort of conclusion can you reach about all the girls?”

“I think I’d conclude I’d better get busy. I think I’d better quit studying and start fucking.”

“Yeah, dream on, Squirt. Do you think we might be able to reach a conclusion about the population, that’s all the girls, just by asking ten percent, that’s sixty girls?”

“I know where you’re leading me. You don’t really have to ask all of them to reach a conclusion; you just take a sample.”

“That’s right, Kerry. A sample won’t give you an answer with absolute certainty. But it can give you an answer like three hundred plus or minus maybe five percent. That’s what sampling can do for you. It saves you a lot of work, finding out if girls have already been dicked.”

“I wouldn’t mind that kind of work.”

“Me either. What if we wanted to reach a conclusion about all the high schools in the state, say one thousand of them? Would our sample have to be one thousand times as big?”

“You’re leading me again, aren’t you? You want me to say yes so the answer must be no. Maybe it only needs to be ten times a big.”

“You’re right. You read up on sampling and we’ll work on it whenever you’re ready. Now swap chairs with me.”

I got in his recliner and stretched out. He sat down in the computer chair, closed his eyes, and spun around a few times. Finally he opened his eyes, took a couple of deep breaths, and smiled at me.

“Stuart, did you ever see the movie Forrest Gump?” I asked.

“Yeah, I liked it.” He spun around once more.

“Do you remember when he started doing his walk about?”

“Yeah but I never could understand why he did it.” He spun around again.

“Sometimes I wish I could do a walkabout like that. Just go off and see everything and not have to worry about stuff.”

“Yeah, me too,” Stuart said. “I wish we could do it together.” He spun around a couple of times.

“Yeah, damn school! Fuck it!” I said. I was grinning and I didn’t really mean it.

I looked at him and saw he was grinning too. We both knew we couldn’t do it. I would have liked to do a walk-about with him.

“Yeah, damn work! Fuck it!” he said. He spun around once and then stood up. He held out his hand to me. I took it, he pulled me up, and we swapped chairs again.

“Maybe someday,” I said and he nodded.

“I’ve got us some nice steaks for dinner,” he said. “How do you like yours? Just don’t say well done.”

“I like mine big and bloody. Just singe its ass and throw it on my plate.”

“Sorry. Joanne’s a little squeamish about that. You’ll have to settle for medium rare, like mine.”

“Just don’t do it well done and I’ll eat it.”

“OK, I’ll fire up the grill about six. We like to eat early enough to go for a walk afterwards. Paul loves to explore the woods around here. We’ll bathe the kids and put them down about nine. Then we can get in the sauna before we go to bed if you want to. Now let me show you some stuff I’m working on.”

“You never did tell me where I’m going to sleep. I left my stuff in the big room. I’ll get it and put it away.”

“Well, I thought you might like to sleep with us.”

That was a surprise. “Are you kidding? What’s Joanne going to say about it?”

“She thinks it would be fun. We’d have asked you before now but she’s had her hands full with Kieran Lee.”

“Do you mean what I think you mean? You’re saying we might play around a little before we go to sleep?”

“That’s exactly what I mean, Kerry. Joanne and I had a lot of fun playing with everybody last August. I don’t think we’ve ever had more fun than we did that night we slept in the haunted house.”

“Yeah, I liked that. I enjoyed being ravished. What are we going to do?”

“Well, tell Joanne you liked it. We don’t have any specific plans and anything is probably OK. We’ve talked about it and decided we’ll all just play and have fun.”

“You really don’t mind if I do it with Joanne?”

“You’re not going to try to steal her away from me, are you?”

I decided to tease him for a change. “Yeah! After I make love to her, she won’t be satisfied with you anymore.”

“Well, I’ll just have to take that chance, Stud. Seriously, I want us both to be good to Joanne. She’s still in baby-mode and she likes lovemaking to be slow and gentle. Just try to let her take the lead and then make sure you do your best to please her.”

“Do you ever talk to Dad about me, I mean, about some of the sex stuff I’ve done?” I asked.

“I talk to him a lot, Kerry. Joanne and I kind of like the way your Dad and Mom have raised you. We’re trying to decide whether we can raise our two boys the way you’ve been raised.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” I said.

“He doesn’t get into specifics in anything you and Arial and Kavan have done. He told me about the weekend all of you spent at the cabin in February. He said you kids convinced him and Siobhan to quit being parents and just be kids again and you all had a lot of fun. If it was like the week we were there last August, I’ll bet it was fun. That’s the sort of thing Joanne and I’d like to do.”

“Well, why haven’t you?”

“Kerry, it’s not easy on a woman to carry a child. Joanne’s a great mother. She makes sure she does everything she can to have a good healthy baby. We’ve been thinking more about having a baby than we have about having fun.”

“Do you have to stop having sex after the baby gets big?”

“No, not really, you just have to be more considerate of a woman. Don’t expect a blowjob when she’s got a touch of morning sickness unless you want to get puked on – that sort of thing. A woman doesn’t want her legs bent back over my shoulders when she’s got a big belly. Joanne likes it when I’m spooned up to her with ‘bout half my dick in her. A lot of it’s just common sense. Sex doesn’t have to stop; you just have to do what she wants to do.”

“Do you like it then?”

“Yeah, sure, I really do. It’s always good with her. When she’s pregnant, I know it’s my baby too. She’s the one carrying the baby but it’s something we both care for. Gentle slow sex is great too, Kerry.”

“Did your Dad ever tell you about what he and your Mom did with my Dad, you know, so your Mom could have you?”

“Yeah, he told me. Once I got over the shock, after I decided he would always be my Dad, even if Kieran is my biological father, we talked a lot. I think he got a kick out of remembering what he and Mom had done with your Dad and telling me about it.”

“Well, do you ever talk with my Dad about it? I wonder sometimes how he felt when he was just sixteen and already a father.”

“We’ve talked about it lots of times. Just a few weeks ago, he was telling me about some of the things he learned from Mom and Dad, especially their attitude toward sex. I asked him how he’d feel if I invited you to fool around with me and Joanne like that.”

“What did he say?”

“He just said it was OK, just to be sure to teach you the things that will make you into a good man and a good husband someday.”

“What were you like when you were a teenager? Did you screw around a lot?”

“Yeah, I was pretty wild. I looked a lot like you and the girls in Oregon were pretty free with their favors. I got my first blowjob when I was twelve and my first fuck when I was fourteen. I helped a few girls give up their virginity, especially in high school. Now can I ask you a question?”

“May I?”

“OK, I’ll say ‘May I?’ but I’m going to start correcting your grammar too.”

“‘Can I?’ is OK then.”

“Did Kavan ever tell you what we did when we were at the cabin last August?”

“No, but I know you and Joanne spent a night with him and Kathryn. I don’t think you were playing Rook. What did you do?”

“Kavan was trying to teach me something – something you guys have already learned.”

“What?”

“Not to be so fucking afraid of touching another guy. To quit being so damned homophobic, if that’s the right word.”

“What do you mean? Are you afraid of homosexuals? Lots of guys are afraid of being called a homosexual.”

“No. I just mean afraid of any sort of physical intimacy between guys. It was something that happened last August. Kavan saw how uncomfortable I was when your Dad hugged me when we were both naked – it was right after we came back from running, me and him and Kavan. You came in the kitchen naked and Kieran hugged you. Then he hugged me.”

“So what? Dad’s a hugger. He hugs all of us and it doesn’t make any difference whether we’ve got clothes on or not. It’s not about sex; it’s about love.”

“Well, I wasn’t used to being hugged by a guy, especially with both of us naked. Kavan picked up on it and tried to get me to relax. When we were at the cabin, Joanne and I were playing with him and Kathryn and he did something that’s about as intimate as two guys can get.”

“Shit, I don’t think either of you fucked the other so I’m guessing he sucked your dick. Did he?”

“Yeah. They tied me down and blindfolded me. Then they all three went down on me. I thought it was just Joanne and Kathryn.”

“Well, how did you feel about it?”

“Panicked, at least for a minute or so. Then I thought about why he’d done it. He’d been telling how he’d grown up, I mean, being relaxed about being touched by another guy, like when you’re playing king of the creek. I asked him about it once and he just smiled and said the devil made him do it. He said doing something homosexual was about as drastic as anything he could think of to make me quit being homophobic. I guess it was.”

“Damn, I don’t think he’s ever done anything like that before.”

“He said he hadn’t. I hadn’t either so we tied him up and the three of us sucked his dick. Except he wasn’t blindfolded and he saw me do it.”

“It didn’t make you queer after all, did it?”

“Nope. It just made everything easier after that. I didn’t have any real trouble eating stuffed pussy.”

“What’s that?”

“You don’t know?”

“Uh, uh.”

“It’s going down on a woman when she’d got a dick in her pussy. Want to try it tonight? I’ll do it if you will.”

“Fuck, yeah, I’ll try anything, Stuart. Except bend over and let you fuck me in the ass.”

“Don’t worry, Kerry. I’m not into little boys. Girls turn me on, not guys. I like you but not that way.”

“Stuart, did you and Joanne ever do anything with anybody else before you moved here, you know, stuff like we did last August at the cabin?”

“No, not really, not after we married. I met Joanne my last year in college and we got married while I was in grad school. I calmed down a lot then, maybe too much. I think I paid too much attention to getting my doctorate and not enough to my wife. I’m doing my best to put her first in my life again. That’s the sort of thing I talk to Kieran about, how to make a really good marriage. I’d like mine to be like his.”

“Yeah, I hope mine is too. Mom and Dad seem like they really love each other. Do you think Mom’s beautiful?”

“Yes, Kerry, she is. She’s unusual. That red hair of hers is really something. Some women might not like to have freckles on their cheeks and nose and forehead but they’re part of her beauty. And then the stuff most people never see, boy, the first time I saw her naked, I couldn’t believe it. Later, I told Kieran he was a lucky son of a bitch and he just smiled and said he thought so too.”

“I like to look at her face when she doesn’t know I’m watching her,” I said. “She almost always looks happy and that just makes her more beautiful.”

“I know what you mean,” Stuart said. “A couple of days after I first met her, I was watching her, looking at her face, thinking about how beautiful she was, and she looked up and caught me. Her eyes lit up and she got just a little bit of a smile and then she puckered up her lips and acted like she was throwing me a kiss. It was really something.”

“Do you…” I started, and Stuart cut me off.

“Kerry, are you going to keep asking me questions or are we going to get to work?”

“OK, we’ll work. But don’t forget you’re going to show me how to eat a stuffed pussy tonight.”

We worked together for a couple of hours on his research. He explained what he was trying to do and I understood some of it. He asked me to replicate some stuff he'd done, entering it into the program on his computer. We came up with the same results and he seemed pleased that he'd done it right. He wasn't fooling me. He knew he'd done it right. He just wanted to see if I could.

Joanne nursed Kieran Lee again just before we ate so he'd be peaceful and let her enjoy her dinner. I offered to help Stuart but he said I would be enough help if I just kept little Paul out of trouble. I picked him up and we watched Kieran Lee getting his dinner for a few minutes. Then I carried him outside and we watched Stuart grill the steaks.

When we ate, I put little Paul in his high chair next to me so I could help him. He wanted me to cut up his steak and then he tried to use his fork. Sometimes he got it in his mouth that way; sometimes he just used his fat little hand.

Mr. Jack and Ms. Lauren came in the kitchen while we were eating. He was in a tuxedo and she was in an evening gown, and, boy, they were really something to look at. Mr. Jack's salt and pepper beard was short and neat but his hair was still long and combed back. He was tall, probably taller than Dad, and just as slim. He looked like some character out of an old movie. Ms. Lauren was just as elegant. She looked taller and I saw she had on what Mom calls medium heels. Her gown looked pretty damn expensive and it was perfect on her.

I told Mr. Jack I wished I had a tux and could take Ms. Lauren dancing. He said he heard I'd already danced with her. I wasn't sure whether he really meant dancing since I didn't know what Ms. Lauren had told him. I just said I liked dancing, especially with her. He said maybe they could rent me a tux and then let me go with them the next time they went. After they left, Joanne asked me whether I would really like to go to a dance like that or whether I was just being nice. I didn't have to think about it; I told her I'd love to get a tux and go dancing if I could get me a girl or borrow somebody else's.

After we cleaned the kitchen, we all went for a walk in the woods. Stuart put Kieran Lee in his papoose carrier and little Paul walked most of the way by himself. Stuart was clearing a trail that looped around the crest of the hill. Part of the trail followed an old roadbed and it was easy walking. When little Paul got tired, I carried him for a while and then Joanne took a turn.

When we got back to the house, we all went in the great room of the new house. The evening sun was pouring in through the window wall. I knew the glass was treated to keep out the heat and the glare but the room was almost too warm and too bright. Stuart had showed me how to use the control system to adjust everything and he handed me the remote. I guess he thought I was going to play with it but I fooled him. I lowered the blinds right the first time and adjusted them to cut out most of the light. Then I turned on the ceiling fans and set them to low. When I handed the remote back, he just nodded and smiled.

In front of the stone fireplace, there were two big leather couches facing each other, separated by an oriental rug with a big coffee table on it. Stuart and I moved the table so little Paul would have room to play. Joanne sat down on one of the couches and put Kieran Lee down on the cushion beside her. Stuart and I took the other couch and little Paul started running around and yelling. We all just sat and watched him for a while.

When he came to me saying “Naky time,” trying to take off his shirt, I looked at Joanne and she nodded. I pulled his shirt up and off, sat him in my lap while I took off his sneakers and socks, then stood him up and pulled his shorts and briefs off. He grabbed my hand and started saying, “You too, Unca Kerry.”

I looked at Joanne again and she just smiled and nodded again. I hadn’t seen her naked since last fall, before the baby started making her belly big. We’d already started being nudies around our house again now that the weather was warm. I didn’t know whether the Andersens were going to be nudists too but I wanted to get naked and play with little Paul. He was trying to untie the laces on my sneakers so I just heel-toed them off and then zipped off everything else.

I got little Paul down on the rug, started wrestling with him, and had him laughing and screaming in just a minute or so. I blew some big wet bubbles on his fat little belly and he loved it. I looked at Joanne and Stuart to see whether it was OK and they were smiling. Joanne was holding Kieran Lee in her lap so he could watch us too. He was waving both arms and he looked like he was grinning at me. Paul attacked me and I let him pin me down so he could blow bubbles on my stomach.

Then Stuart stood up and stripped and got in on the fun. Little Paul and I ganged up on him and blew bubbles on his stomach while he pretended to fight us off. Stuart made me get on hands and knees and give little Paul a ride on my back. Then he showed me how he did leg lifts lying on his back while Paul was straddling his ankles and holding on to his calves. I tried it too but I couldn’t lift him more than a couple of times.

“I wish Lauren was here so she could see what you three naked jay birds are doing on her oriental rug,” Joanne said when we stopped to rest for a minute. “If you make Paul pee on it, you can pay to have it cleaned.”

I looked at the rug. It was beautiful but it looked a little worn already and I couldn’t see why she would care that much. She saw me looking at the rug.

“It’s a very expensive oriental rug, Kerry,” she said. “It’s very old and rare and a lot of museums would love to have it to display.”

“Then why does she have it on the floor?” I asked.

“Because that’s the way Mom is,” Stuart yelled. Then he grabbed me and wrestled me down again and little Paul piled on us.

We played for a while longer, until it was almost dark in the room. Joanne made us stop and we all went in the kitchen for a bowl of ice cream. Little Paul fed himself and got it all over his face and belly. Kieran Lee started fussing so Joanne opened her shirt, lifted her nursing bra, and stuck her nipple in his mouth. Stuart and I sat and watched her while she ate a big bowl of ice cream and Kieran Lee nursed. I started getting a hard-on watching her so I pushed my dick down, crossed my legs on it, and then finished off my ice cream. Joanne saw what I did and she just smiled.

When we finished, we all went over to the old house to get ready for bed. Joanne took Kieran Lee to the boys’ room to change his diaper while Stuart and I took little Paul to the big bathroom for a shower. He was used to me giving him a bath and he loved it because I played with him. I scrubbed him all over except for his dick while Stuart watched.

“You missed something,” Stuart said.

“Uh uh, watch this,” I said.

I soaped up the washcloth real good and handed it to Paul.

“Wash behind your ears, Buddy,” I said.

He leaned over so he could see over his belly, pulled his foreskin back with one hand, and washed his dick with the cloth in the other. He popped a boner about as quickly as I do and then looked up at me and Stuart with a big grin on his face. He handed the cloth back to me

“You do it too, Unca Kerry.”

He and Stuart watched me do it too. I stopped before my dick stood straight up like his. I started to rinse the cloth but Paul stopped me.

“Dad do it too,” he insisted, giggling.

I passed the cloth to Stuart and he washed behind his ears while Paul and I watched. His dick didn’t stand up either but it filled out some.

“Well, I guess it makes sense now,” Stuart said. “I wondered why he kept saying something about washing behind his ears when I washed under his foreskin. I didn’t know where the hell he’d learned that.”

“Yeah, I taught it to him,” I said. “Grandpa Stuart taught it to Dad and Uncle Alan. When they were little he’d tell them to wash behind their ears and they knew he meant to skin their dick back and scrub it. Dad used to say the same thing to me and Kavan.”

“Well, I guess we can teach Kieran Lee the same thing, can’t we, Paul?”

Paul giggled and said, “Yeah.”

Stuart started to turn the shower off but I stopped him and asked him if he wanted a back scrub.

“Whose back have you been scrubbing, Squirt?” he asked.

“Kavan’s and Dad’s. We always did it when we were growing up. Lots of times when we showered together we’d do it for each other. We still do it sometimes.”

“Well, any time you shower with me, you can do mine for me. Joanne does it sometimes but we don’t get to shower together much lately.”

“Just do like Dad did with me and Kavan. Shower with little Paul and Kieran Lee and you can teach them to do it. This shower is big enough for a bunch of people.”

“Yeah, I like that big shower you’ve got in your basement. I especially liked the way we all showered together last August. That’s why I made this one so big.”

“Grandpa Stuart has a big one in his basement too. He and Dad and Uncle Alan used to shower together. That’s why Dad put in a big one for us when we bought the house.”

I scrubbed Stuart's back and then I braced my hands on the wall so Stuart could do me. He was too easy with the soapy cloth and I had to tell him to rub harder, like I did. Little Paul watched us and then he put his hands against the wall so we could do his back.

Afterwards Stuart sat him on the counter and brushed his hair and then brushed his teeth. I got my bag and did my own hair and teeth. Stuart did his too while little Paul waited, watching us. When we finished, Stuart put him down on the floor. He ran over to the urinals, to the lower one, and then turned and looked at Stuart.

"Come on, Dad," he said. "Let's pee."

"Let Unca Kerry do it with you tonight," Stuart said.

I did it with him while Stuart leaned back on the counter and watched us. Little Paul did a pretty good job and peed in the urinal most of the time. He missed a little when he looked up at me doing it.

We all went in Stuart and Joanne's bedroom so little Paul could get his goodnight kiss. Joanne was on the bed playing with Kieran Lee. Stuart picked Paul up and held him over for his kiss. Then I took him to his own bedroom so I could read to him. He picked out two books for me to read but he was asleep before I finished the first one.

When I went back to the other bedroom, all the lights were out except for a little one on the chest opposite the bed. Stuart and Joanne were both sprawled out naked on the king-size bed propped up with pillows. Joanne had her ankles crossed so I couldn't see much except some dark hair. Kieran Lee was asleep between them but his mouth was still sucking.

I didn't really know whether they wanted me to sleep in the bed with them or maybe sleep somewhere else. The bed was big enough for three but I didn't know whether they wanted me in the middle like Kieran Lee or maybe Joanne would be in the middle.

Joanne held up one finger to her lips so I knew to be quiet. Then Stuart picked up Kieran Lee and took him to the boys' bedroom. Joanne patted the mattress beside her and I knew she meant it was OK for me to get in their bed. I crawled in at the foot of the bed and sat down cross-legged. I didn't want to be in Stuart's place when he came back.

"We're trying to get the boys used to sleeping in the same room," Joanne said. "Kieran Lee usually wakes up once during the night now. Sometimes Stuart goes and gets him for me. I nurse him here in the

bed and then put him back down. If you sleep with us, we might wake you up.”

“Is it really OK for me to sleep with you and Stuart?” I asked. “When I asked him where I was going to sleep, he said we might all fool around a little and then I’d sleep with you and him. Is it really alright with you too?”

“Yes, it’s OK with me, Kerry,” she said. “Stuart and I’ve talked about it and we both think it would be fun if just once in a while we could play like we did at the cabin.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do? I’ve learned a lot about sex already but...”

She cut me off. “Don’t worry about it, Kerry. We don’t have a program planned. We just thought it would be nice to relax and enjoy being with each other. I imagine you and Stuart will think of something to do with me. He always does. I think I know a couple of things you might enjoy.”

I was about to ask what when I felt Stuart’s hands on my shoulders. I hadn’t even heard him come back in the room.

“Show him what we did last weekend, Honey,” Stuart said.

Joanne uncrossed her ankles, moved her legs apart, and then spread them wide with both legs raised and knees bent. I could see her pussy and everything but I didn’t know what Stuart meant. I looked up at Joanne’s face and she was smiling at me. Stuart rubbed my shoulders and pulled me back against him. I could feel his thighs and dick against my back.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

I looked back down at her pussy again. It was all neat and looked like I knew it was supposed to but I still didn’t know what Stuart meant. Her pubic hair was almost black and neat and short. Underneath that I could see the soft mound that curved back between her legs and then split. At the top of the slit I could see the little thingy where a woman’s clitoris is and then the little lips inside the mound where they stuck out a little. I could even see a little pink where they separated and maybe even her asshole or something dark further back.

“Well, what do you think?” Stuart asked.

“He doesn’t know how hairy it usually is, Stuart,” Joanne said. “Show him yours.”

Stuart walked around and got on the bed beside Joanne. He spread his legs and lifted them like Joanne had hers. His balls hung down between his legs and his big dick was half-hard and laying on one side on his leg. I looked back at Joanne and then at Stuart and then at Joanne and finally it hit me. Neither one of them had any hair down there except for right above Stuart's dick and above Joanne's pussy. I understood. They'd shaved down there.

"Shit, you've both shaved it, haven't you?" I asked.

Chapter Fifty-Six

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Stuart Andersen, 29; Joanne Andersen, 26; Paul Andersen, 4; Kieran Lee Andersen, 4 months

Kerry Stuart, 12 (almost 13)

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

<><><>

(KERRY)

"Shit, you've both shaved it, haven't you?" I asked.

"Yeah, we did it when we were playing around last Saturday night," Stuart said. "Joanne hadn't trimmed her pussy or shaved anything since Kieran Lee was born. She let me trim it and then I talked her into letting me shave it. She made me agree to let her shave me too."

"She shaved your balls?" I asked. They looked hairless like mine used to be.

Stuart lifted his balls up so I could see further back. I couldn't see any hair even back there.

"Yeah, first time I've ever had that done. She was good though; didn't nick me even once."

Joanne rolled forward and stretched out on her stomach with her face right in front of me. She pushed on my chest and I leaned back and propped on my arms. I looked down and my dick was pointed right at

her face and I didn't even remember it getting hard. If I fired one, I'd probably shoot her eye out. She reached forward, ran her fingers through the hair above my dick, and then lifted my balls up to look behind.

"Will you let me shave you too, Kerry?" she asked. "I promise to be careful."

"Oh, fuck, Joanne, I don't have enough hair down there to shave."

She pulled the hair above my dick, ran her fingers around on my scrotum, and then lifted my balls to look behind again. She pulled on some hair on my balls and then reached behind and pulled some back there I didn't even know I had.

"Stuart says his is already itchy," she said. "Mine's a little scratchy too. If you'll let me and Stuart do you, we'll shave Stuart again and then you two can shave me. Is that OK, Stuart?"

I looked at Stuart and he was grinning like mad and nodding his head up and down. He rolled forward and stretched out on his stomach beside Joanne. He looked closely at my balls and then lifted them and looked behind.

"You've got lots of hair, Kerry," he said. "It's just real fine and blond like mine used to be. You need a shave. You need one real bad."

I knew he was just teasing me. I wanted them to do it but I didn't want to look like a hairless little boy again. I reached down and put my fingers on the hair above my dick, what little there was.

"You can't shave this," I said.

"OK, we won't," Joanne said.

She started to get up and then touched a spot on the blanket.

"Damn, I'm leaking again," she said.

I looked where she had her fingers. It looked like a little wet spot to me. At first I thought she meant her pussy was leaking but then I realized that the spot was where her breasts had been.

"Well, we can fix that," Stuart said. "Would you like to help me stop her from leaking, Kerry?"

I didn't know what to say. I looked at Joanne's breasts and saw one little white drop hanging on one nipple. How could we stop her from leaking? Then I remembered what they'd teased me about earlier.

"Shit, I thought you were just kidding me about that this afternoon."

Joanne just smiled at me and moved up to the head of the bed. She lay down, propped up on a couple of pillows, lifted her breasts with her hands, and looked at me again.

"Which one do you want, Kerry?" she asked.

"They're both good," Stuart said. "You pick one and I'll take the other."

I crawled up beside her and looked again. The white drop was gone but I remembered where I'd seen it. I put my finger on the nipple of the breast closest to me.

"This one's mine," I said.

Stuart crawled up on his side of the bed, laid down, and leaned over Joanne. I didn't wait for him. I leaned over, took her nipple in my mouth, and started sucking real easy. I tasted something warm and sweet on my tongue, sweeter than regular milk. I looked up when Stuart took the other nipple and I saw him wink at me. Then I felt Joanne's hand behind my head, pulling me down. I shut my eyes and sucked and swallowed and sucked and swallowed. It felt like it was going straight to my dick.

"You can stop now," Joanne said, after a little while. "I think they're both empty."

I opened my eyes and looked up. Stuart was lying beside Joanne, propped on his elbow. They were both looking at me.

"Did you like that?" Stuart asked, grinning at me. I looked at Joanne, grinned too, and nodded hard enough to give me whiplash.

Joanne crawled off the bed and stood up. She held out both hands to us. "Come on, let's go play," she said.

She led the way and Stuart and I followed her to the big bathroom. Stuart was humming, "Shave and a hair cut, two bits." I tried to hum the tune from the Barber of Seville where Buggs spins Elmer up in the barber chair. Joanne started giggling and then Stuart grabbed my butt with both hands from behind and I bumped into Joanne's butt with my dick. She swung her hand around behind her to swat me but she

missed. Stuart pulled open the door to the bathroom and waited for us. I tried to grab his dick when I went in but he dodged my hand.

In the bathroom, Stuart went in the sauna and adjusted the heat controls. While we waited, Joanne wrapped her arms around me from behind and pulled me back against her. She slid her hands down my stomach and curled one over my balls and the other around my dick. I could feel her soft breasts against my back and her bush against my buns. Stuart turned around and caught us. He grinned and shook his head.

“OK, Kerry,” Stuart asked, “do you want to go first?”

I guess I was ready for anything like I always am but this was something new. I wanted to see how it was done before they shaved me. I sort of hated for Joanne to take her hands off me too.

“Naah, I want you to go first,” I said. Joanne slid her hand up and down on my dick, pressed herself against me harder, and rubbed her bush around on my butt.

Stuart didn't argue. “OK, but you'd better be careful. I'm not sure I want to trust my balls to you.”

He opened a cabinet and pulled out some white towels. I didn't know what I was supposed to do so I just watched. Next he pulled the wooden bench over closer to the sinks and spread one towel over it. He rolled up another towel and put it on one end. Then he straddled the bench and laid down on his back, legs spread wide, knees bent, feet still on the floor, and his head on the rolled towel. He put his hands together on his stomach and looked up at us.

“OK, I'm ready,” he said. “If Joanne can turn loose of your fucking dick, you two can shave me.”

Joanne turned loose of my fucking dick, swatted me on the butt, and moved over to the other side of Stuart. I looked down at his balls, hanging down between his legs, and his dick, off to one side on his thigh. I couldn't see anything that looked like it needed shaving. Joanne must have seen that I was a little confused about it. She reached down and lifted Stuart's balls. I couldn't see any hair, just the line from his balls that ran all the way back to his asshole.

“Run your fingers over that,” she said, “and then feel his balls.”

I dragged my fingers up the dark line behind his balls and it was as sticky as a bunch of little briars. Then I cupped my hand over his balls and I could feel little stickles again.

“You mean it’s like that in just seven days,” I said. “Why does anybody want to shave down there? Doesn’t it itch?”

“You just wait,” Stuart said. “It feels so goood when you’re shaved. You’re gonna love it when Joanne rubs your balls with lotion.”

Joanne ran hot water in the sink and then soaped up a cloth. She gave it to me and I just stood there like a dummy until she told me to use it on Stuart. I didn’t understand why because I knew he was clean from showering with me and little Paul.

She picked up a couple of folded towels, handed me one, and then got down on her knees on her towel beside Stuart. I knelt down on my towel on the other side. Stuart’s dick was still lying on his leg and looked like it was just a little short of getting hard now. I lifted his balls with one hand and started washing with the other.

“The warm soapy water is what makes the hair soft,” Joanne said. “Let the water soak in for a few minutes and you’ll always get a better shave.”

She held Stuart’s dick straight up, pulled the foreskin down, and put her mouth over the head. I held the washcloth on his balls and watched until she straightened up. His dick flopped back down on his stomach, almost up to his naval. It was hard now but just not stiff like mine.

“Kerry, you need to learn how to shave,” Stuart said. “You’ll be doing it in a few years. It’s the same whether it’s on your face or between your legs.”

“Shit, I’d start shaving tomorrow if I had somebody who would suck my dick,” I said.

Joanne took the cloth out of my hand and wrapped it around Stuart’s balls. “Stand up,” she said.

When I did, she leaned over Stuart, pulled my dick down to horizontal, pushed my foreskin the rest of the way back, and took the head in her mouth. I shut my eyes and held on to her shoulders while she tried to suck my balls out through my dick.

Somebody slapped me on my butt and I looked down. It was Stuart, looking up at me with a big grin on his face. Joanne stopped what she

was doing and grinned at me too. I took a couple of deep breaths and tried to tell myself not to get in a hurry.

We shaved Stuart again, from asshole to belly button, including his balls and the skin on his dick where hair was growing, everything except for the patch just above his dick. Joanne shaved one side and told me what to do and then I did the other side. Stuart's dick even tried to cooperate by standing up over his stomach. He just watched us, his hands on his stomach, and a big grin still on his face. We didn't nick him, not even once.

"Kerry, you really could use a shave," he said, when he sat up. "You've got a little mustache and you've got long hair too far down beside your ears."

I did what Arial does, just stuck my tongue out at him. I knew I had a little hair on my upper lip, especially close to the corners of my mouth, but it was real light and I didn't see why it needed shaving. And I didn't care if my hair was long on the sides. Stuart's hair was long too and had been as long as I'd known him. I'd been parting my hair in the middle and then just combing it back over my ears, just like his, for months now.

"I started shaving when I was thirteen," Stuart said. "I got a few zits and Dad taught me how to wash my face and shave. He said shaving would help clean the oil out of my pores and keep my face clear. I guess it did the job until I was about sixteen. I got zits for a year or so then but they weren't bad."

"Yeah, Kerry, you lie down and let us shave your face too," Joanne said. "You're beautiful and I wouldn't want you to get zits."

I didn't care if they shaved my face. I'd already agreed that they could shave down below. I straddled the bench and got in the same position Stuart had been, my legs spread with my feet on the floor, my hands on my stomach. I shut my eyes and waited.

Somebody put a warm wet towel over my face, curving it around so that my nose was the only thing uncovered. Then somebody started washing all around my dick and balls with a warm washcloth. It did feel good to have somebody else do it. Then somebody wrapped another wet towel around so that only part of my dick was sticking out. That was OK too. I started to relax and enjoy it and then somebody started sucking the head of my dick. That was more than OK; it was great. I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

“Don’t go to sleep, Kerry,” Joanne said. Then I realized somebody was still sucking my dick at the same time she was talking. I pulled the wet towel off my face and looked. Stuart was looking at me, grinning, and Joanne was whispering in his ear.

“What’s the matter?” Stuart asked.

“Nothing,” I said. I didn’t see how I could have been mistaken. She had been talking while somebody’s mouth was on my dick. It had to have been Stuart’s. I decided I’d just play dumb and see what they would do; maybe I would show him I didn’t mind sucking his dick either.

Stuart lathered up my face and then he shaved me. He told me how I should always shave down on my cheeks and up on my throat and how I should wash around my nose every day because that was where oil glands were. I already knew that. I’d watched Dad more times than I could count and he’d told me how to shave. He’d even shaved me once. It was nice to have Stuart shave me though.

When they were through Joanne leaned over and gave me a kiss on my cheek. Stuart stuck his tongue out at me and then kissed me on the other cheek. Joanne stuck her tongue out at Stuart and then kissed me on the mouth and even pushed her tongue between my lips. I looked up at Stuart, not really asking him to kiss me, but just wondering if he would. He did. He shrugged his shoulders, leaned over, gave me a good kiss, and even used his tongue. I tried to bite it but he was too quick.

Then Stuart pulled the towel off my crotch and lathered me up down there. When he handed the razor to Joanne, I wasn’t so sure I wanted her to shave me. She and Stuart swapped out though just like I’d done with her when she and I were shaving him. Stuart bent my dick all around, sort of like shifting gears, so Joanne could shave the skin on it where it joins my balls. They didn’t cut me even when they were shaving my balls.

Last Stuart made me put my feet up on the bench so he could shave back between my legs. I told him I didn’t have any hair there but he shaved it anyway and then showed me a bunch of hair on the razor. When they were finished, Joanne wiped me clean with a cloth and then leaned over and kissed my dick on its head. I looked at Stuart to see what he was going to do. He leaned over, kissed my dick too, and then stuck his tongue out at me.

Joanne got in position on the bench, took a couple of deep breaths, and shut her eyes. I’d helped Ariel shave around her pussy a couple of times but I’d never helped shave a grown woman. Stuart let me use a soapy cloth on her and I tried to do it as gently as possible. I’d never

washed a woman's pussy and I didn't know exactly how to do it. I knew a woman didn't want stuff like oils and lotions in her vagina but I didn't know about soap. Joanne reached down with both hands and pulled her big lips wide and so I just rubbed her pussy real easy.

Stuart was ready with another warm washcloth and he wiped all the soapsuds away. The skin around Joanne's pussy was darker than Arial's or Mom's but the inside was just as pink. I think my dick liked what it saw because it started throbbing and jerking a little.

Stuart leaned over and kissed Joanne on her belly, looked up at me, and then got down on his knees between her legs. He gave her pussy a couple of long licks all the way to her clitoris. He looked up at me, licked his lips, and then did it some more. I waited to see if he'd give me a turn. I wanted to do it too.

When he moved out of the way and motioned for me to take his place, I knew it would be OK for me to do it too. I kissed her tummy, stuck my tongue in her belly button, and then shut my eyes and gave her pussy another good licking. I tried to do as good a job as Stuart. I licked her from just short of her asshole, up through her little lips, on up to her clitoris, and then I really licked that a few times. My dick really liked for me to do that. It was so stiff I could have cracked a nut with it.

"You boys are supposed to be shaving me," Joanne said. "Can't you wait until we get in bed to do that?"

"It was Kerry," Stuart lied. "I told him to wait."

"He's lying, Joanne," I said. "He put me up to doing it."

"Well, I'll give both of you a half hour to stop," Joanne said. "Each!"

We stopped. We shaved her, Stuart on one side and then me on the other. When we were finished, Stuart made me use my tongue to see if everything was smooth. It was and I told Stuart it was but he decided to use his tongue to check anyway. I guess Joanne decided we'd played with her long enough. She sat up, stretched out her arms and then her legs, and stood up.

"OK, let's get the lotion," she said. "We'll do Stuart first again, Kerry next, and then me. I'll bet Kerry will really like this."

I didn't know what she meant but they showed me. Stuart got on the bench on his stomach and I helped Joanne rub him with lotion on his back. Joanne told me the lotion was some she'd been using on her stomach since Kieran Lee was born to help it get smooth again. She

said Stuart had rubbed it on her lots of times and he usually got into trouble doing it. I knew she meant he usually got his dick into her. She said she'd rubbed him with the lotion last Saturday night after she shaved him and he really liked it.

When we were rubbing Stuart's back, I could tell from the way he groaned and sighed that he liked it. Then Joanne slapped him on the butt and he turned over on his back. His dick was all red and standing up above his stomach and so I guess it liked it too. Joanne held the lotion bottle and squirted some on my hands. She told me to rub it on his balls and everywhere we'd shaved and see how smooth it was. It was really smooth on his balls and behind them the skin was as smooth as little Paul's butt.

Joanne held his dick straight up and squirted a big dollop of lotion right on the head. Before it could run down on the shaft, she smeared it all over his dick. Then she pulled the skin on his dick down tight and slid her other hand up and down a few times. I looked at Stuart's face and I could tell he either liked that a lot or else he was dying.

She pointed at me and then at Stuart's dick so I did the same thing she'd done. Stuart's dick was big and red and hard and I knew I had to be careful. My dick had been hot and hard so long, I knew it would blast off with just a couple of strokes like I was giving Stuart. I guess Stuart knew it too. He reached down, grabbed my hand, and made me stop.

He opened his eyes, breathed heavily a couple of times, smiled, and stood up. "OK, Kerry, it's your turn," he said.

I handed his towel to him, spread mine out on the bench, and then lay down on my stomach. My legs were hanging off too much and I wasn't comfortable so I scooted up a little. I lifted up my butt and straightened my hard-on up toward my stomach. Then I had to figure out where to put my hands. I did what Stuart had done. I brought them together under my head and shut my eyes. I was ready.

"I'm going to do your shoulders and back," Stuart said. "Joanne's going to do your butt and your legs. Let us know if you're about to come."

"Shit, I'm close to it already," I groaned.

Stuart knelt down on the side in front of my face, put lotion on his hands, and started. It felt great to have both his hands rubbing all up and down my back. Then Joanne started with her hands on one leg. That felt even better. By the time Stuart was working on my shoulders

and Joanne was kneading my ass and thighs, I felt even closer to coming.

Somebody slapped me on the butt. "OK, Kerry, turn over," Joanne said. "Stuart's going to do your chest and I'm going to do your stomach."

I rolled over and tried to get comfortable again. Stuart tucked the rolled-up towel under my head and I put my hands together at my waist. My dick was rigid, up at an angle over my stomach. I was ready for her to rub it too. The overhead light was shining directly down in my face so I grabbed a towel and laid it over my forehead and eyes.

"I'm ready," I said.

"Yeah, you sure are," Stuart said. "Do you want us to do something for you?"

"Yeah," I whispered.

"What?" Joanne whispered.

"Oh, fuck, I don't know," I said. "Just do something, OK?"

They both worked on me for a few minutes, Stuart on my chest and Joanne on my stomach, and I waited for somebody to lotion up my dick and balls. Finally I felt a big spurt of something cool on my scrotum and then somebody's hands smearing it all over. I tried to relax and enjoy it.

There was no way I could relax. I felt a hand on my balls, just gently rolling them around and teasing me. Then I felt a finger slide down behind them all the way back to my asshole. I tried to tighten up but that didn't stop the finger. It slid back and I squirmed and it just pushed against my pucker one time and then slid back out from between my buns. Relax, hell, there was no way I could relax. The muscles in my legs and butt were tight and my stomach felt about as hard as Kavan's gets when he shows off his six-pack. Then I felt somebody straighten my dick up with two fingers.

"Look, Stuart, Kerry's dick is drooling," Joanne said. "I didn't know little boys did that."

"Damn, it sure is," Stuart said. "Maybe he's not a little boy after all. Do you think he can shoot off yet?"

"I don't know," Joanne teased. "Do you think we can find out?"

“I don’t know,” Stuart teased. “What do you think he wants us to do?”

I just lay there, eyes shut, without saying a word. I knew they were teasing me. I knew somebody was going to find out what happened when I came.

Somebody wrapped their hand around my dick and then I felt another spurt of lotion right on the head. I pulled in my breath and held it and waited. I think every muscle in me was tight. I felt a hand, maybe two hands, maybe three or four, all over me down there. Everything was so slick with the lotion and it felt so damn good I could hardly stand it.

Somebody put a hand on my balls and started slipping and sliding all around them. The fickle finger even slid back to my pucker again and gave me a quick tease before moving on. At the same time, another hand was moving up and down on my dick, just real slow, sliding the skin up and down like I do when I jack off. The muscles in my butt were so tight they were lifting me off the bench. I didn’t see how I could stand any more.

Then I felt two hands on my dick and I knew what I was about to get. One hand pulled the skin on my dick down so tight that it almost hurt. Another hand slid up my dick, squeezing tight, up over the head, and off. Then back down, still squeezing tight. Damn, it was a two-handed jack off like I do sometimes. The lotion made everything so slippery and so damn good. I got the same treatment again. And then I got it again. And then a few more times. I was about one second away from coming when everything stopped.

“Are you about to come, Kerry?” Stuart whispered in my ear. I nodded. The towel slid off my face and Stuart put it back. My heart was pounding too hard and I was breathing too hard to do anything else.

Joanne whispered in my other ear, “Kerry, I’m going to clean the lotion off your dick and off my hands. I don’t think it’ll hurt your dick but I don’t want to taste it and I don’t want any in my pussy.”

I nodded and the towel slid off my face again. I put it back over my eyes and squeezed out a “Yeah!” What else could I say? Maybe I wasn’t going to get just a hand-job after all.

Stuart kept massaging me while Joanne washed her hands. He worked on my shoulders first and then slid his hands down over my chest to my stomach. I moved my hands to my sides so he’d rub lower down but he stopped just short of my dick.

“You like oral sex, Kerry?” he asked, whispering, his face just over mine.

“Yeah,” I whispered back.

“OK, Squirt, you just relax and we’ll take care of you,” he whispered.

I felt a hot wet cloth on my dick and balls and I knew Joanne was back. She wiped everything off my dick and balls and then wiped me dry with another towel. Then she wrapped one hand around my dick and started sliding it up and down real slow. I felt Stuart moving around and I wondered where he was going. Then I felt him put his hands on my legs and slide them up to my balls. Joanne’s hand moved and Stuart’s hand replaced hers on my dick. He did the same thing she did, jacking me real slow. I just relaxed some more and let him do it.

After another swap, I felt Joanne start sucking on the head of my dick. She’d suck me a little while Stuart jacked me and then she’d stop and she would jack me some while she sucked some more. I’d been hot and horny for too long and I knew it wasn’t going to be long before I came.

She was doing a good job on my dick, sucking on the head while she slid her mouth up and off and her tongue slid up the sensitive part just under the head. I guess they knew I was close because Stuart started jacking me faster. I couldn’t be still. The muscles in my stomach and butt and legs started tensing like they always do and I started hunching upward into her mouth. When I started coming, I froze with my butt up off the bench and let the squirts fly into her mouth. It felt like my balls were emptying out through my dick.

When I stopped coming, Joanne took her mouth off and they swapped hands again. Somebody, I didn’t know which one it was, kept jacking me real slow, and just barely moving up and down. It felt so damn good but I wanted them to quit because my dick was too sensitive. Then I felt something warm on the head of my dick like somebody was spitting on me. I didn’t know what the hell was going on.

I pulled the towel off my face and looked down toward my dick. Joanne and Stuart were on opposite sides of me, both of them leaning over. Joanne was still jacking me, looking at me and grinning. Stuart leaned closer to my dick and spit on the head and I thought I saw white semen mixed in with the spit. I really didn’t know what was going on.

They swapped hands again and Stuart started jacking me and I started squirming because I couldn’t stand for anybody to do it anymore. Then Joanne leaned over and spit on the head of my dick and it looked like

she was spitting out some of my come too. I couldn't stand to be touched any more and I tried to sit up and pull away from them.

Stuart pushed me back down and then leaned over and spit again, just a little bit. He turned and looked at me and grinned.

"What's the matter, Kerry?" he asked. "I thought you wanted a good blowjob."

I didn't know what to say. I'd thought it was Joanne sucking my dick. I knew they'd both had their hands on me but I had been thinking it was Joanne who had been sucking me. Had Stuart been doing it too? Were they swapping mouths like they swapped hands? Shit, I didn't know.

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

I just looked at him and I didn't know what to answer. He and Joanne were both grinning at me.

"You can't tell the difference, can you?" Stuart asked.

"Both of you?" I asked.

"Yeah," Stuart said. "When we were at the cabin last August, Kavan and Kathryn and Joanne did it to me. I thought you might enjoy it."

"We tied him down and blindfolded him," Joanne said. "Kavan surprised the hell out of us when he took turns with us sucking Stuart's dick."

"Yeah, it surprised me too," Stuart said. "We tied Kavan down without a blindfold and I helped Kathryn and Joanne suck his dick. He said it was a first for him and I know it was for me."

I still didn't know what to say. I didn't want to tell them that I'd done it with Brad and with Kenjiro. I didn't know whether Stuart wanted me to suck his dick too. I knew it wouldn't bother me if I did but I didn't want them to start thinking I was queer or something if I did.

Stuart grabbed a towel and wiped everything off my dick and balls. My dick wasn't stiff anymore but it wasn't exactly soft. I knew it would stand up again because I could tell it wasn't satisfied with just one time. Stuart stood up and his dick was still hard and sticking straight out.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go sit in the sauna for a few minutes and then go to bed."

The sauna was maybe six feet by six and had wooden benches around the back and one side wall with a little wooden table or footrest in the middle. Just inside the door, there was small heater with a wood protective shield around it. I spread my towel and sat down on the bench where the two parts came together and put my feet up on the footrest. Joanne sat down beside me and patted me on the inside of my leg. Stuart checked the thermometer on the wall, adjusted it a little, and then sat down on the other side of me. He put his feet up beside mine and Joanne did too.

The temperature in the sauna wasn't all that hot. It was about like it gets on our hottest summer days. It felt great. I shut my eyes, leaned my head back, and relaxed. For a few minutes I listened to Joanne and Stuart breathing on each side of me. I'd just started sweating when I felt Stuart get up. He did something to the heater and steam started pouring out of it. Within a few seconds I could hardly see the door. Stuart sat back down beside me and I put one hand on his leg and the other on Joanne's.

"Well, whose turn is it now?" I asked.

"Let's do Joanne," Stuart said. "I love the taste of a sweaty pussy."

"Nope," she said. "You guys can just wait until I'm in the bed. I want to lay back and enjoy it. These benches are too hard."

"You didn't complain last Sunday night," Stuart said.

"Well, your Mom did," Joanne said, giggling. "She said she had a bad case of slat butt when Jack got through with her."

"All four of you were in here together?" I asked.

"Yeah, Joanne dared Jack to go down on Mom and Mom double-dared me to go down on Joanne," Stuart said. "We did it at the same time. You should have heard them moaning and groaning."

Joanne stood up and motioned for me to move over. When I did, she pushed Stuart's feet off the footrest and sat down. She pushed his legs apart and leaned over between them. His dick was still big and swollen but it wasn't hard and standing up. She held it straight and slid her hand up and down a few times.

"Kerry, I want you to listen to him groan," she said. "It's his turn to get a good blowjob now."

"Do you want me to help you?" I asked.

“No, I can do it. I’ve had lots of practice,” she said.

“Well, I don’t mind helping,” I said.

“Have you ever done it before, Squirt?” Stuart asked.

“Sure,” I said, “hundreds of times. I’m an expert.”

“Shit, I never know what to believe when it comes to you and Kavan,” Stuart said. “You do what you want to but you don’t have to.”

“Just don’t come in my mouth,” I said. “That’s the part I don’t like.”

“It’s just like raw oysters, Kerry,” Joanne said. “Once you get used to the taste and how slimy it is, it goes down real easy.”

It didn’t take Joanne long to get his dick up and hard and then a minute or so later Stuart started groaning. I couldn’t make up my mind whether or not I wanted to help her. When she straightened up and took a few deep breaths, I decided I could do it to him too. I squatted down between Stuart’s legs and wrapped my hand around the shaft of his dick and my lips around the head. Between jacking and sucking, I made him moan some more. His dick was such a big mouthful that I understood why Joanne needed to take a break.

Joanne took another turn and then I did my best to make him moan some more. When I stopped, Joanne started to take my place but Stuart stopped her.

“Just use your hand, Squirt,” he said.

I held his dick straight up and started jacking him. His balls were drawn up so tight it looked like one was on each side of his dick. I looked up at his face and his eyes were squeezed shut and he was frowning like he was suffering. I knew he wasn’t. I knew he was just short of blasting off.

When he came, he squirted out once about a foot straight up, then another big blob up about two feet, and then three or four more times. By the time he was finished, my hand and his dick were covered with his stuff, and it was running off my hand and down between his legs. I couldn’t believe how much came out of him and I was damn glad he hadn’t come in my mouth. I looked over where Joanne was watching.

“Damn, that looks like a pint of oysters, Joanne,” I said.

Joanne passed me a towel so I could wipe his stuff off my hand. Then she wiped around Stuart's dick with another towel. He just lay there, eyes closed, silly grin on his face, like he expected her to do it.

We sat there in the sauna for a few more minutes, sweat pouring off us, and I thought Stuart was about to go to sleep. Finally he opened his eyes, shook his head like a dog, and stood up.

"Come on," he said. "Let's rinse off in the shower and then go to bed."

Stuart said we had to rinse off in cold water if we wanted to get the real benefit of a sauna. Joanne didn't want to but he insisted. After I got over the shock, it wasn't that bad. I couldn't figure out what the benefit was though. All it did was shrink my dick down to little kid size and pull my balls up tight. Stuart's shrunk down almost as bad.

When we got out, Stuart grabbed a towel and started drying Joanne's back. He was so rough I was afraid he'd hurt her but she seemed to like it. I rubbed her front with another towel, hard except when I rubbed her breasts. Then I got rubbed front and back next and I thought I'd lose some skin. It felt good when they stopped though, like my skin was all warm and alive and sensitive. Stuart got his turn last and I didn't show him any mercy. All the rubbing got some blood circulating in two dicks again.

Joanne and Stuart had two blow dryers on the bathroom counter. Joanne told Stuart to do mine before he did his. I knew her hair would take lots longer; a woman's hair always does. My hair and Stuart's were both kind of long but nowhere near as long and full as Joanne's. I let Stuart do mine first and then he used his brush and parted my hair the same way I do, just like he does his. I told him I hoped he didn't give me cooties.

When we went down the hall toward their bedroom, Joanne stopped outside the door to the boys' bedroom. She held one finger up to her lips and we all three went in real quiet. Kieran Lee was on his side with his thumb almost in his mouth. His nightgown had twisted up and his fat little belly was showing. Joanne stuck one finger in his diaper to check, then straightened his nightgown, and pulled the blanket up over his legs. Little Paul was on his back with his arms and legs in all directions. He still had on the nightgown I'd put on him earlier but his little white briefs were gone and I saw them on the floor. His face was so beautiful and peaceful it made me wonder how he could be such a little devil sometimes. Joanne covered him up too.

Stuart adjusted something on the wall and then put his hand on my shoulder and nudged me toward the door. When we got in their

bedroom, he adjusted something on the wall next to the boys' bedroom. I guess he saw the puzzled look on my face.

“Intercom,” Stuart said. “We can hear the boys but they can't hear us. No matter how much Joanne moans we won't wake them up.”

Joanne came in just then and shut the door behind her.

“Oh, are you going to do something to make me moan?” Joanne asked. “I thought you two would be ready for sleep.”

“Are you ready to go to sleep, Kerry?” Stuart asked.

I shook my head about like a Great Dane dog. I think my cheeks were even flapping a little.

“I think it's Joanne's turn,” I said. “Let's do something for her.”

“What have you got in mind, Squirt?” Stuart asked.

“I don't know. Maybe you could show me what you were talking about this afternoon. Does she like that?”

“Stuart Andersen,” Joanne said, “what have you been telling him? I'm going to beat you.”

Stuart hid behind me with his hands on my shoulders. Joanne tried to get at him and he kept turning me around so I was facing her and he was always behind me. We were at the foot of the bed when Joanne shoved me and I bumped into Stuart and we both fell back on the bed. I almost panicked because I knew I was falling between Stuart's legs and I didn't want to crush his balls. I didn't. He caught me and pushed me to one side. Joanne crawled on the bed, straddled Stuart, and pinned his wrists to the bed. He wasn't really trying to get away. I just watched.

“Now, what is it you two were talking about this afternoon?” she asked.

“Something you loved when we did it with Kavan and Kathryn at the cabin last August,” he said. “Would you let Kerry help me do it to you again?”

Joanne looked over at me.

“What was it Kavan called it?” she asked me. “Eating stuffed pussy? Do you really want to help him do that, Kerry?”

I didn't know exactly what eating stuffed pussy meant but I was curious to find out. I knew I liked to eat pussy anyway; I don't mean really eat it but just get my tongue and mouth and nose at it.

"Sure, if you two'll teach me how to do it."

"My Dad, you know, Paul, he dreamed it up and then he and your Dad did it to Mom," Stuart said. "I think your Dad was almost sixteen then. Last August, Mom taught Kavan and Kathryn how to do it and then they showed us."

"And Stuart's right when he says I loved it." Joanne added. "I think any woman would love it."

I looked at Joanne. "Would it be OK if I did something else with you first, just me and you?" I asked.

"I guess so," she said. "What is it?"

I looked at Stuart. "Is it OK with you if I kiss Joanne? It's just something I want to do. All this stuff we've done is fun but I really want to kiss her."

"Sure, it's OK with me, Kerry," he said. "Maybe you'd better ask Joanne though."

I looked at Joanne. "May I kiss you, please?"

She smiled at me. "Yes, Kerry. I'd love for you to kiss me. Do you like kissing girls? Did you kiss Nicole?"

"Who told you about Nicole?"

"Your Mom did. All she said was that Brad took all of you out to dinner and you had a date with Nicole. Was she nice?"

I told them about Brad taking us out to dinner and Ariel fixing me up with Nicole and how much fun we had and how she kissed me when we took her home. I told them about the musical production the kids at school were going to do and how they wanted me to be part of the cast. I told them how much fun it was to practice dancing with Nicole and how much I enjoyed being with the group from school. I finally realized I was running on and on and Stuart and Joanne were both listening patiently and smiling at me.

"It sounds to me like you really want to kiss Nicole, Kerry," Joanne said. "Maybe you want to do more than just kiss her."

I didn't know what to say. I did want to kiss Nicole. And, yeah, I wanted to do more than just kiss her. But I didn't want Joanne to think I just wanted to kiss her because I couldn't do it with Nicole.

"I do, but...damn, it's not like that. I want to kiss you because you're Joanne. As long as I've known you, you've never really kissed me. You gave me one quick little kiss when we were at the haunted house last August. You've got a beautiful face and I like you and I like your mouth, and I... Shit, I'm just making it worse. I..."

Joanne held out her arms to me and smiled at me. "Come here, Kerry."

I looked at Stuart and he just smiled and nodded.

I crawled over to Joanne, kissed her, just lips to lips with my eyes open and hers open too. I pulled back a little and tried to think of what to do. She put her hands behind my head, closed her eyes, and pulled my face back down to hers. I closed my eyes, felt her lips against mine, and then her mouth opened and I felt her tongue. I stopped trying to think and melted into her.

I don't think anybody said anything much after I kissed Joanne. I just did what I wanted to with her. I licked and kissed a trail down over her breasts and stomach down to pussy. She let me lift and spread her legs and she held them while I licked and kissed some more between her legs.

When she pushed me away, then got up on her knees and pushed me down, I looked at Stuart. He was just lying there on his side, his head propped up on one arm, smiling and watching.

I quit looking at him when Joanne straddled me. My calves and feet were hanging off the foot of the bed so I started to move up a little. I bumped into something, turned and looked, saw Stuart putting a pillow under my neck, and just relaxed. Joanne was backwards, her face toward my feet, her butt toward me, and I didn't know why. When she held my dick straight up, notched it in the right place, and slid down until her ass was on my stomach, I didn't care which way she was facing. It was so damn good, the first time my dick slides into a pussy, the best feeling I've ever felt. I reached down, held her by her hips, and just enjoyed it while she eased up and down on my dick.

My eyes were almost closed but I saw Stuart move down to the foot of the bed and then I couldn't see anything but his shoulders. I felt fingers touching my balls and I saw Joanne's hands on Stuart's shoulders and I didn't care who was touching me. I felt a tongue licking up one side of

my dick and then the other. That's when I finally knew what Stuart meant by eating stuffed pussy: what he was doing to Joanne while she was sitting on my dick. He was licking up the shaft of my dick and the lips of Joanne's pussy at the same time. I could tell he stayed with his mouth and maybe his tongue on her clitoris before he started up again. I just did what I wanted to do and pushed upward into Joanne slow and easy while Stuart ate all the stuffed pussy he wanted.

When Joanne rolled off me and Stuart got back on the bed, I didn't say a word. I just moved down to the foot of the bed and waited until she got her pussy stuffed again and stopped moving on Stuart. I looked at his big dick stretching her pussy wide, those little inner lips separated, that little blood-red nubbin sticking out at the top, the shiny red flesh wrapped around Stuart's dick, his balls hanging down between his legs. It was all hot as hell and I was too and I wanted to do what Stuart had done.

So I did. I didn't care whether I was licking Stuart's dick or the lips of Joanne's pussy. It was all the same and I wanted to lick and taste and smell and then do it some more so I did. I kept doing it and then I felt Stuart start pushing his dick upward into Joanne's pussy slow and easy like I had done and I felt Joanne's hands leave my shoulders and grab me by my hair and I still wanted to do it.

She leaned back over Stuart and, at the same time, pulled my hair until I moved my mouth up to her clitoris. I knew what to do. I knew what I wanted to do and what she wanted me to do. I opened my mouth, fastened my lips around her clitoris, and sucked and tongued and kept doing that and she kept pulling my hair. Then she grabbed me behind the head, pulled my face so tight up against her I could hardly breathe, and started pushing her pelvis against my face. I did my best to keep on licking and sucking and she started groaning and kept banging her pussy against my face.

She finally turned me loose and I pulled back and looked up at her. Her eyes were shut and her face looked like she was in agony. I knew what had happened so I smiled. I'd made her come and it was a good one.

She rolled off Stuart, moved up on the bed, flopped on her back, and opened her arms. "Come here, you little...you little...clit-sucker. Come fuck me."

I looked at Stuart and he nodded. I scrambled up and over her, held my dick with one hand, rubbed the head up and down between her juicy lips, and then slid it in with one long slide. Joanne wrapped her arms tight around my chest, locked her legs behind my ass, and pulled me deeper into her. I just let my dick do what it wanted to. I shoved it in as

deep as I could and pulled it out and shoved it in as hard as I could and I lasted maybe a minute or two before I emptied out my balls in her cunt.

Joanne gave me a little time for my breathing to slow down before she pushed me and I flopped down beside her. I looked for Stuart and saw that he had reversed his position, his head at the foot of the bed. I knew he had been watching me fucking his wife. I hoped he had enjoyed the show and I decided to do the same thing when he took his turn.

Stuart hardly gave Joanne time to catch her breath before he took my place and then I realized it was his place. He eased his big dick, all shiny and red, into her the same way I had, in one long slow slide. She wrapped her arms around his chest and locked her ankles over his back, just like she'd done me.

Just as soon as Stuart got his dick all the way in her, I moved down to the foot of the bed so I could get a good look at the action from between their legs. I liked the way Stuart's dick slid in until his balls hid even her asshole from me.

After maybe a half dozen strokes, I saw something white come out of her pussy, some of it on the shaft of his dick, and start drooling down toward her asshole. At first I didn't know what it was but then I figured that it had to be my semen that Stuart was pumping out of her. Damn, that made me hotter than ever. My dick had softened a little after I came but watching Stuart fucking Joanne made it stiff again. I was jacking my dick sort of slow but I had to stop because it felt like I was about to come again and I wanted to come in Joanne if I got another turn tonight.

Stuart really gave her a pounding while I watched but Joanne must have liked it because she was fucking back at him. They even got coordinated so that she was lifting up at the same time that he was coming down and their contact made a loud slapping sound. Stuart lasted about as long as I had, a minute or two, before he shoved his dick in one last time and froze and I knew Joanne was getting another load of semen.

I lay there with my hand on my dick, wondering if Joanne would let me fuck her again. She just lay there with her eyes closed and Stuart acting like he was dead on top of her. Finally she opened her eyes, looked around, and found me.

“Kerry, would you get me a washcloth and a towel?” she asked me. “I think I'm going to need them or somebody's going to sleep in the wet spot and it's not going to be me.”

I did more than she asked. I ran the water until it was warm, soaked three washcloths, found a couple of small towels, and went back in their bedroom. My dick was stiff and sort of flopping around in front of me when I walked but my hands were full and I didn't care.

Stuart was still on top of Joanne but at least he had propped up on his elbows and didn't look dead any longer. I stood there beside the bed waiting for one of them to tell me what to do. Joanne looked down at my dick and then up at my face and smiled at me.

"Stuart, Kerry's got another hard-on so I guess he wants to fuck me again," she said. "If he does, are you going to want to do it again too?"

Stuart turned and looked at my dick. "Maybe. Two times is usually my limit but maybe I can get it up again. I'll be damned if I'm going to try to compete with him though."

He started to roll off Joanne but she wrapped her legs and arms tighter around him and wouldn't let him.

"Kerry, can you tuck one of those towels between my legs before he pulls out? I'm afraid I'm going to overflow on the bed," she said.

I leaned over Stuart, put one hand on his back, and looked down between his legs. He spread his legs a little but I still couldn't see where to stuff the towel. All I could see was his big balls hanging down and that told me where his dick was so I just pushed the towel under his balls until I felt Joanne's ass. I knew I'd done it right when she thanked me.

Stuart rolled off her on the other side and I looked down between her legs. I saw what I guess was a mixture of my come and Stuart's drooling out of her pussy and then she tucked the towel up over it and closed her legs.

I handed her a washcloth, handed Stuart one, and kept one for myself. I used mine to wipe my hair back and then wiped the sweat off my face. After that, I skinned my dick back and wiped it off too. When I looked up, Stuart and Joanne were wiping their faces too. I waited 'til Stuart wiped his dick off and then I held out my hand for their washcloths. I just tossed them in the open bathroom door.

Joanne wiggled over a little so I got in bed beside her, on my side, with my head propped up on my hand. She still had the towel between her legs and I wondered if that meant she didn't want to do it with me

again. I still had a hard-on and I still wanted to fuck her but I didn't want to do anything if she didn't want me to.

"If you two want to go to sleep, I'm OK. I think my dick will go down if I just leave it alone. I don't have to do it again," I said, not really meaning it.

"Kerry, you can do it again if you want to but I'm warning you my pussy is probably like a swamp with all you and Stuart have put in it," Joanne said. "Are you sure you want to do it again?"

I looked over at Stuart. He was on his side with his head propped up in his hand.

"Go ahead, Kerry," he said. "I'm not going to try to compete with you but, if you're not through in a half hour, I'm going to call time on you. I'm not going to let you wear my wife's pussy out. I might want to get in it again."

I didn't need a half hour. I just let my dick do the thinking and it was satisfied within maybe five minutes. When I rolled off her, Stuart moved up closer to her and tucked the towel back between her legs. I lay there on the other side of her, my sloppy dick flopped on my belly, and let my heart and breathing slow down to normal.

Joanne must have wanted to be cuddled by me and Stuart both. She reached over, grabbed my arm, and pulled. I moved up closer to her, put one leg over hers, and bumped into Stuart's leg over her other leg. He reached down, patted me on my leg and I knew it was OK so I moved up close to Joanne until my face was in her hair. Joanne put her hand on my hip and I shut my eyes and let the world go away.

I guess I was almost asleep when I felt Stuart get up. I watched through half-open eyes when he left the bedroom and went in the bathroom. I heard him pissing and then he was back in just a minute or so with a couple of damp towels. He threw one at me and one at Joanne. I caught both of them, let her take one, and then wiped off with the other, my face first and my dick and balls last. I tucked the towel between my legs, cuddled up close to Joanne again, and shut my eyes.

We all wiggled around a little and then settled down. Joanne was in the middle and at first I was spooned up to her butt and she was spooned up to Stuart's. I thought about how nice it was to have her butt against me and my hand on her breast. Then we all rolled over and I thought about nice it was to feel her soft breasts against my back while her hand cupped my dick and balls. I was trying to decide which was better when I thought of something I wanted to say.

“Joanne,” I whispered.

“Yes, Kerry,” she whispered back.

“Thanks for sharing your love with me,” I whispered.

After a minute or so, I realized I hadn’t thanked Stuart.

“Stuart,” I whispered.

“Yeah.”

“Thanks for letting me fuck your wife. She says you’ve got to invite me over every weekend from now on.”

“Yeah, dream on, Kerry,” he whispered.

Kieran Lee woke up some time during the night and his crying woke me up. Joanne pushed against my back a couple of times and I figured she thought I was Stuart. Maybe I thought I was too. I rolled out of bed and was halfway to the boys’ room when I realized what I was doing. Little Paul was still sleeping. He’d kicked his covers off again and he was lying there with a little hard-on. Then I started to change Kieran Lee’s diaper and found another hard-on. I already knew what that might mean - that he was just about to pee – so I just put the same diaper back on him and took him to Joanne.

Joanne had turned on a little light near the bed when I got back. Stuart was still asleep or at least pretending to be. I put Kieran Lee on the bed beside Joanne and then watched while she stuck her nipple in his mouth and he started sucking. I lay down close to them and watched him nurse. I knew Mom had breast-fed me and I wondered if that was why I still liked to get my mouth on a woman’s breasts.

After a few minutes, Joanne picked up Kieran Lee and gave him her other breast. She was propped up then, cuddling him in her arms, and the breast he’d just had still looked full and inviting. Joanne saw me looking at it and she nodded. I scooted over closer, put my mouth on her breast, and she put her hand behind my head again. I guess Kieran Lee had sucked it dry because I only got a little taste.

When Kieran Lee finished nursing, I took him back to bed again. This time when I checked his diaper, it was drenched. I changed him and went back to bed with Joanne and Stuart. Joanne was still awake and Stuart was snoring just loud enough to hear. Joanne kissed me on my cheek, told me I was going to be a wonderful husband and father

someday, then kissed me again, on the mouth this time. I was thinking about what it would be like to be a father and hoping it wouldn't be anytime soon when I went to sleep.

On Sunday morning, Luke called while we were eating breakfast. He wanted to know if the move was still on before he called Mom and Dad to see if they could still come pick up Rachael and the kids. Stuart told him we were all ready for them and asked what he could do. I don't know what Luke said but Stuart told him he'd have a big work party ready to help Saturday afternoon. Then Joanne talked to Rachael for about half an hour while Stuart and I played with little Paul and Kieran Lee.

About mid-morning, Mr. Jack and Ms. Lauren finally got up. Stuart told them Luke and Rachael would be moving in next Saturday and then Ms. Lauren and Joanne started talking about what they needed to do to help them. Stuart asked Mr. Jack if he would watch little Paul while he took me for a driving lesson.

He put the top down on his little convertible and then let me drive it down to the Free loft center. There were some cars parked there and some guys walking around. I guess they all knew Stuart and his car because they just waved. I drove around the drivers' training area and stopped and started and backed up and parked. I only killed the motor a couple of times trying to get used to letting the clutch out while I pushed in on the gas. At least I didn't grind any gears so Stuart didn't have to fuss at me.

I was about to start through the training route for the third time when I heard Beethoven's Ode to Joy. Stuart pulled out his cell phone and motioned for me to park. I did and sat and listened while he talked to Joanne.

"That was Joanne," he said, when he was through. "Your parents called. Luke called them and they're going down to pick up Rachael and the kids next weekend. They're bringing some stuff over for lunch for all of us. They want to make plans for next weekend."

"Just Mom and Dad? Are Kavan and Kathryn and Arial and Brad coming too?"

"Yeah, everybody's coming. Arial and Brad are coming in her little BMW. Kavan and Kathryn are coming with them. Your Mom and Dad are going to stop by that Italian deli and get some stuff for lunch."

"Ippolito's?"

“Yeah,” he answered. “Listen, why don’t you ride back with Ariel and Brad and get Kavan and Kathryn to ride with your parents. Maybe you can talk Ariel into bringing you back down here and you can show her you can handle a manual transmission.”

“Yeah, I’d like that. Thanks for teaching me.”

He put his hand on my shoulder. I looked at him and saw a serious questioning expression on his face.

“Are you alright with what we’ve done this weekend, Squirt?” he asked.

“Yep, you’re a good teacher, Stuart. You can even make statistics interesting. Shit, I’ve never heard a teacher use an example where the problem was about how long guys’ dicks are. Maybe they ought to try it. I’ll bet the kids at school would wake up.”

“I wasn’t talking about what we did yesterday afternoon, Kerry,” he said. “I was talking about what we did last night, me and you and Joanne. Are you OK with that?”

“I knew what you were talking about,” I said. “But it’s the same thing; isn’t it? Last night, you were just teaching me about sex and making it fun so I enjoyed it. I just wish all kids could have good teachers like I’ve had, like Ms. Lauren. I really appreciate what everybody’s done for me.”

“I don’t think many teachers let their students do what you’ve done.”

“Yeah, but Stuart, it’s like you letting me drive your car. You told me how to use the clutch and shift gears but I have to do it myself before I really learn it.”

Stuart just sat and looked at me for a minute. He took a couple of deep breaths, shook his head, and smiled a big smile at me.

“Kerry, everybody’s told me how smart you are. The way you learn, especially math...you amaze me sometimes. And now I wonder if you already understand something I’m still trying to learn...maybe you need to teach me.”

“Math’s easy,” I said. “It’s a lot easier than learning about love and sex and stuff like that. When I get married, I want to do it right like Mom and Dad have. I don’t want to fuck up like Brad’s parents did, especially not like Luke’s parents.”

“You’re right, Kerry,” he said. “I don’t want to fuck up either. I couldn’t want a better wife than Joanne or kids better than little Paul and Kieran Lee. Now do you want to drive back up to the house?”

“Yeah!”

Chapter Fifty-Seven

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 16; Kerry Stuart, 12 ³/₄

Kathryn Jensen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart

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(KAVAN)

On Sunday, we all went to the Andersen’s for lunch. Mom and Dad wanted to talk with them about going to pick up Rachael and the kids and about helping them when Luke arrived with the movers. Mom and Dad were planning to leave on Friday just after lunch, spend the night with Luke and Rachael, and then come back on Saturday with Rachael and the kids. Luke said the movers had promised to have everything loaded by mid-morning and would then arrive here about mid-afternoon.

Brad, Arial, Kerry, Kathryn, and I just sat and listened to most of the planning. When they talked about who would help when the movers arrived, I told Mom and Dad I’d switch my weekend workday from Saturday so Sunday I could help. Brad and Arial and Kathryn and Kerry said they would help too. Then Dad asked me what we were going to do on Friday night while they were gone. I hadn’t really thought about it but I guess Arial and Kerry had. They asked Mom and Dad if we could just stay home and invite a few friends over for a cookout and swim party. I could tell they really wanted to so I decided I’d better volunteer to be in charge.

“Dad, if you’ll let us, I’ll promise to be responsible for everything. There won’t be any alcohol or stuff like that. We won’t play music too loud. We won’t cause any trouble. We’ll just cook out and play in the pool and nothing else.”

“Who are you going to invite?” Mom asked. “I don’t think you ought to have a big crowd. Maybe five or six more would be enough.”

“If they have any problems, they can call me,” Stuart said. “It won’t take me ten minutes to drive over.”

I thought of a better idea. I didn’t know anybody at school I really wanted to invite but I did want to invite Stuart and Joanne.

“Dad, if Stuart and Joanne can talk somebody into babysitting, I’ll invite them,” I said. “I still want you to leave me in charge though.”

“Yeah, that’s a good idea,” Kerry piped up. “I’d like to invite Kenjiro and Nicole.”

“You could invite Kenjiro’s sister too, Kerry,” Arial said. “She’s Brad’s and Kavan’s age. I’ve talked to her a lot since you and Kenjiro got to be friends. I like her.”

“Yeah, invite Kiki too,” Kerry said. “I like older women, especially beautiful ones.”

“You like all women, Squirt,” I said. “I thought she had a Japanese name.”

“She does,” Kerry, responded. “Her name is Akiko but her American friends call her Kiki. Kenjiro calls her that most of the time but sometimes he calls her Aki-chan.”

“How old is she?” Dad asked, looking at Kerry.

“She’s a junior so I guess she’s about the same age as me and Kathryn,” I said.

“Could I invite Ryan Spenser and his girlfriend?” Brad asked. “I don’t know her very well – her name’s Laura Robinson - but I know him and he’s a good guy. They’ll both start at the university this fall.”

“Who’s he?” Stuart asked.

“He’s a senior at school. His Mom’s the bookkeeper at the restaurant where we went to dinner and he’s one of the waiters.” Brad said. “His Dad left them years ago and they have a hard time getting by. He never complains about it and he’s one of the nicest guys you’ll ever meet. We’ve talked a lot about what we want to do someday.”

“That’s just twelve people, Mom,” Kerry said. “That’s not a big crowd.”

“Why do you want to be in charge, Kavan?” Dad asked. “You could just let Stuart and Joanne keep things under control.”

“Yeah, but I’d rather do it,” I said. “I want you to know I can be responsible. I want Stuart and Joanne to be our guests so they can relax and have fun like the rest of us.”

“I don’t think you should plan on swimming in the nude, Kavan,” Mom said. “Nicole may not know how we are about that. I know Kenjiro’s OK with it but I’ve never met his sister. What would Ryan and Laura think about it? You don’t want to make your guests uncomfortable.”

“I don’t see why not,” Brad said. “Nobody worried about me being uncomfortable the first time I went swimming with all of you.”

“Well, I had to check you out, Brad Weaver,” Ariel said. “I wanted to know whether you were a keeper or not.”

“Yeah, I could check out Nicole,” Kerry said. “I could see if she’s a keeper.”

“I think Mom’s right, Kerry,” I said. “I think we should all wear swim suits. Everybody will be more comfortable then and we can just relax and have fun.”

“Well, is it OK if I wear a Speedo then, one of those Mom got us at the charity sale last winter?” Kerry asked. “Nicole can check me out.”

Mom and Ariel and Kathryn had gone to a huge charity sale one Saturday last winter. They came home with a dozen or so big bags of clothes, something for everybody. I don’t know what all they found for the girls but they found jeans, shirts, sweatshirts, and other stuff for guys. They bought one huge plastic bag of swimwear for \$20, all of it new stuff but smelling like smoke from a fire. There were some things for women and girls in it but most of it was for men and boys. There were lots of Speedos and briefs for guys as well as some baggies. We tried to find out where it came from since most guys around here wear baggies but there were no store tags.

After we tried on all the other stuff, we got in the bag of swim wear. We were all in the family room with stuff thrown all over the place in different piles for the one who wanted something. Kerry started looking at the Speedos and claiming the small ones. Ariel told him to try them on and he just stripped naked and started putting them on, taking them off, throwing them in his pile, and trying another one.

Arial checked the sizes and passed some on to the other guys and then told us to try them on. I think Brad was still a little self-conscious then about being naked around Mom and Dad but when Dad and I tried on some he did too. Mom and the girls started teasing us to model the Speedos for them and we did. They didn't hide that much on a guy. If a girl wanted to check out a guy, she wouldn't have any trouble if he was wearing a Speedo.

"Wear the blue one, Kerry," Kathryn said. "You know, the blue one with a red band around the waist. You looked good in it."

I knew which one she meant. Kerry had claimed one Speedo that fit him like a second skin, dark blue with a red strip around the waist. On the sides, there was maybe two inches of fabric. In front, it barely covered Kerry's equipment.

"Yeah, that one's sexy, Kerry," Arial said. "We've got to pick out something sexy for Brad and Kavan."

"If you kids are going to wear stuff like that, what are your guests going to wear?" Dad asked. "Maybe you'd better wear something that covers up a little more."

"Stuart's going to wear a Speedo," Joanne said. "I'm wearing a bikini if I can get my breasts in it."

Stuart looked at her like he was surprised. "I am? You are?"

"Yes, you are," Joanne said. "And yes, I am."

"We haven't been invited," he said. "Anyway, we don't have a babysitter."

"You do have a babysitter," Ms. Lauren said. "You have two of them."

Mr. Jack held up his hand and acted like he was resigned to his fate.

"And you're invited," Arial said. "Both of you."

Kerry leaned over to Mom and whispered something in her ear. She started laughing and whispered something back to him. He asked her something else and she whispered back again. This time all he said was "Oh," and I think he started blushing.

"What was that about?" Dad asked.

“He wanted to know what happened if Kieran Lee needed to be fed while she was gone,” Mom said. “I told him she would use a breast pump and leave a couple of bottles of her milk at home for him. Then he wanted to know what happened if Joanne’s breasts made too much milk while she was away from Kieran Lee. I told him she could just give it to him.”

Kerry kept looking at Stuart and both of them were grinning like they knew something the rest of us didn’t. It made me wonder what he’d been doing with Stuart and Joanne last weekend.

“Well, I don’t think you kids should have a pool party while we’re gone,” Dad said. “I’m not sure I can trust you to be good.”

“Daaaadddd,” Ariel squealed. I think she made three syllables out of one.

“Oh, alright, Princess, you kids can have a pool party,” Dad said. I knew he would give in to her; he always does.

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At noon on Tuesday, Kathryn and I were about to go in the school cafeteria for lunch when we saw Kerry and Kenjiro coming down the hall. We waited for them just outside the cafeteria door. While we were standing there, one of the school’s two security guards passed us, walking fast. I knew him so I spoke to him but he didn’t answer. When the four of us went in the cafeteria, he was standing near the serving line and looking around. I looked too but I didn’t see any trouble.

Kathryn and I were in front of Kerry and Kenjiro in the serving line. The line went down a wall and was hemmed in by a rail on the side open to the eating area. The place was noisy as usual and I looked around and back at the guard but I still couldn’t see any reason for him to be there.

The line moved along a little and some other kids lined up behind us. Everything seemed normal so I guess I forgot about the guard. There were some kids in front of us and they seemed to be hanging back in the line a little. Then suddenly four of them pushed past us, and went to the back of the line. They were talking loudly but, with all the noise, I couldn’t understand them.

With them out of the way, I saw Jerome Watson and I knew who the security guard was watching. Jerome was always causing some sort of problem. Everybody knew he had shit for brains and it was always spilling out of his mouth. He was always getting somebody pissed at

him and he seemed to love it. I always tried to keep Kathryn and Arial away from him so they couldn't hear the filthy way he talked about girls.

Jerome was really skinny and always dirty looking, with his pants hanging off where his butt was supposed to be. He looked about the same as he always does. His underwear was showing and he knew the dress code prohibited that. His shirt, cut off about his belly button, looked greasy and sweaty. His sneakers were untied and almost falling off.

Usually he acted like he didn't have enough energy to move. He loved to park his ass somewhere so it was in the way and then refuse to move. This time, he was different. He was almost bouncing off the walls. He was moving from the wall to the guard rail and back. His arms and head were moving around too and it was like he was being jerked around by something invisible.

Kathryn was just a little in front of me, with her back to Jerome, when the other kids backed up, and she didn't see him. Jerome saw her though and started muttering something. I didn't know what to do but I caught her arm so she wouldn't move forward. I looked at the guard and saw he was looking at Jerome.

When I turned around again, Jerome was looking at me and Kathryn with a really mean mad look on his face. He said something that sounded like "snooty booty bitch" and just stood there when the line in front moved on. I looked at the guard again and saw him coming in our direction.

When I turned around again, Jerome was right behind Kathryn with his hands around her. He was groping at her breasts and thighs and saying something real loud. I heard something that sounded like "shove my dick down yo' throat" and I tried to pull Kathryn away from him and behind me. He held on to her so I turned loose of her and then shoved myself between him and Kathryn, with his face right in mine. His breath hit me and I could smell a stink of alcohol and other stuff. He was still reaching out toward Kathryn and yelling stuff that didn't make any sense except for the dirty words. I put my forearm against his chest and shoved him against the wall.

That's when he finally seemed to see me. He started struggling against me, trying to find room to hit me with his fists and trying to knee me in my balls, all the time keeping up his wild nasty talk. He squealed something that sounded like "can't steal my bitch," swung his arm around, and hit me on the side of my head with his hand, right on my ear. It hurt like hell and made me as mad as I've ever been.

I turned sort of sideways so he couldn't knee me in the balls and shoved him against the wall again. He started trying to claw at my face with both hands so I shoved him against the wall as hard as I could. That made him even worse so I shut my eyes, lowered my head, and butted him in the face. At the same time, I reached down between his legs and grabbed a handful. I could tell I had his nuts so I squeezed as hard as I could. He kept struggling so I kept squeezing. Then he started making a loud choking sound. I opened my eyes and saw my arm had slid up so my forearm was against his throat and his eyes were rolling back in his head. I leaned my head up close to his and whispered, "I'm going to kill you, Jerome. You're dead meat. Kiss your balls goodbye."

I gave his nuts one more good squeeze, pulled down on them as hard as I could and then let him go. He bent over, clutching his balls, and I moved away from him. He choked a couple of times, gave me a look like nothing I'd ever seen, and then turned toward Kathryn again. I looked in that direction and saw Kerry standing between her and Jerome. Kerry had his back in our direction with his arms around Kathryn and he was looking over his shoulder at what was going on.

Jerome acted like he didn't even see Kerry. He shoved me and started toward Kathryn again. Kerry tried to stay between him and Kathryn but Jerome shoved him against the wall. I was trying to grab Jerome again when Kerry bounced off the wall and came back at Jerome. I saw a look of determination on Kerry's face and then his arm swung around and I saw his fist headed for Jerome's face. I heard it splat and Jerome staggered back against me. I grabbed him from behind with my arms around him, pinning his arms to his sides. I didn't know what the hell was wrong with him but I knew I wasn't going to let him get loose to go after Kathryn again.

Then something big straightened up on the other side of Jerome. It was Grizzly, ducking under the rail. He looked at me with that big smile of his and winked.

"Let'im go, Kavan," he said. "I'll take care ov'im."

I looked up the serving line and saw the security guard was right behind Grizzly. I let Jerome go and Grizzly grabbed him, wrapped his arms around him in a bear hug, and picked him up. Grizzly stood there, grinning, holding Jerome like a little kid. Jerome's feet were off the floor and they were the only things moving.

"Jerome, you gon' be good now?" Grizzly asked.

Jerome started nodding his head and stopped struggling. Grizzly kept his arms around him, looking at something behind me.

I turned around. It was Mrs. Frazier, our principal, and the other security guard. They both pushed around me and stood in front of Jerome and Grizzly. Grizzly nodded his head to the principal and then just stood there, smiling at her, still holding Jerome. She didn't say anything but Grizzly did.

"Mrs. Frazier wan's you to be good, Jerome," Grizzly said. "You gon' be good?"

Finally Jerome nodded. Grizzly looked at me and nodded.

"You OK, Kavan?" he asked. "Kin I turn'im loose now?"

I took a couple of deep breaths and tried to calm down. My heart was still pounding away, my ear was ringing and still hurt, and I wanted to kill Jerome. I kept breathing as deeply as I could and waiting. I wanted to kill him and something told me that didn't make any sense but I pushed it aside. Finally I felt like I was back in control of myself again, enough to put on a face like I was calm. I still wanted to kill him. I knew it would feel good to do it.

"Yeah, Grizzly, you can let him go," I said.

Grizzly let him down so that his feet were touching the floor. He opened his bear hug and kept his big hands around Jerome's skinny biceps. Jerome stood there quietly for a moment and then looked around. His eyes passed right over Mrs. Frazier and found me again.

Suddenly he snatched his arms out of Grizzly's grip, tried to push between Mrs. Frazier and the guard, and then was yanked back. I saw Grizzly behind him but I couldn't see what he was doing. Then Jerome's feet were jerked out from under him and he fell forward. Grizzly had a grip on the back of Jerome's pants and was holding his butt up a couple of feet while his head and feet were down on the floor. I thought maybe it was finally all over. Then I heard something rip and Jerome crawled forward toward me, out of his pants and sneakers, leaving Grizzly holding his pants.

Before Jerome could get up, the security guard beside Mrs. Frazier was on top of him. He pushed Jerome down on the floor, pulled his arm around behind his back, put the little plastic handcuffs they use on one arm, and reached for the other arm. Jerome still wasn't finished. He twisted around, slugged the guard on his face, broke loose, and then ran toward the emergency exit from the cafeteria. I saw his red boxer

shorts almost falling off his skinny butt and legs as he banged the door open and ran out. The alarm went off and then the two security guards were right behind him. Jerome tripped over somebody sitting on the steps outside, went flying, and then both guards were on top of him. I could still hear him screaming and yelling, all sorts of words I hated for Mrs. Frazier to hear. The emergency door slowly closed and the alarm stopped.

I looked at Mrs. Frazier, wondering what to do. She was looking at me and then toward the emergency door. I looked beyond her. Kerry had his arms around Kathryn and her head was buried in his shoulder. She was crying. Kenjiro was rubbing her back and talking to her. I looked around the cafeteria. Everybody was standing up, looking at us. Nobody was saying a word.

Just then, one of the male coaches came down the serving line to where Mrs. Frazier was standing. She grabbed his arm, said something I didn't understand, ducked under the rail, and went out the emergency door. The alarm screamed again and then cut off when the door shut.

Everybody started talking at once. The coach tried to say something but couldn't get anybody to listen. Grizzly knew how to get their attention. He let out a piercing whistle, waved his big arms over his head, and then yelled, "Coach said everybody sit down 'n' shut up!" When they did, Grizzly just looked at the coach and grinned, waiting for him to take charge.

He told Grizzly to take me to a table and make me sit down. He pointed at Kerry, Kathryn, and Kenjiro, and told them to go with me. He looked around, found some of the football players, and called them to him. I didn't hear what he was saying.

Grizzly ducked under the rail so the four of us followed him. He found a table almost empty, jerked his thumb up, and three guys cleared it the rest of the way. Kerry and Kenjiro sat down and I waited for Kathryn.

When she sat down, I took the seat beside her and grabbed her hand. She looked at me and smiled but her face was still wet from crying. I looked at Kerry and he was smiling too but he looked like he was proud. I held out my left hand to him and he put his right one in it. I turned it over and looked at his knuckles. They were red and looked a little bruised. I ran my thumb over them and he winced. Finally I looked up at Grizzly, standing behind me. He put his hands on my shoulders and smiled down at me. I shut my eyes and tried to let go of my anger. I tried but I couldn't smile. I still wanted to kill Jerome. I

knew I shouldn't feel that way. It scared me but I still wanted to kill him.

Some of the students brought all of us trays of food and then stood around. Some others brought us different things to drink and they either patted me on the back or shoulder or said a few words to Kathryn or Kerry. Grizzly stood until he saw that one of the trays was his and then he sat down beside me.

"Eat!" he said. "Ain't that what y'all come in here for?"

We were all through eating, just sitting there, trying to decide what to do, when Mrs. Frazier came back in the cafeteria. When she walked up to our table, she waved the football players and the coach away and then sat down with us.

"The police are taking him directly to the emergency room. They think he's high on something. They smelled alcohol but they think it's also drugs of some kind. Are you late for your classes?" she asked.

I said, "Yes, Ma'am," and the others nodded. She pulled out her ever-present excuse pad, initialed five, and passed them out to us.

"Now, you can all relax," she started. "I saw what happened and I can't blame you for any of it. Kathryn, are you all right? Do you need to see the nurse?"

Kathryn leaned over against me and I squeezed her hand. She tried to smile but I could tell she was still close to crying.

"I'm OK, Mrs. Frazier," she said. "These guys will take care of me."

"I know," Mrs. Frazier said. "That's what they were doing with Jerome. Kerry, let me see your hand."

He held it out to her and she held it and looked at his knuckles. She rubbed her thumb over them, just like I'd done, and he winced again. She made him wiggle his fingers until she was satisfied nothing was broken and then took his hand in hers again.

"Perhaps you shouldn't have hit him, Kerry, but you didn't do anything wrong. I know you were just trying to stop him from grabbing Kathryn again."

She turned to me.

“Kavan, I’m not sure what you were doing to Jerome, but I saw where your hand was and the expression on his face. I think you were causing him a lot of pain, weren’t you?”

I nodded. I didn’t see any reason to deny it but I didn’t see any need to tell her I wanted to rip his balls off.

“Well, I want you to be careful around the school, especially in the parking area. Some of Jerome’s friends may try to get back at you. I want you to park in the guest area for the rest of the school year. Stop by the office and I’ll write you a parking permission.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I answered. “Am I in trouble? I didn’t start anything with Jerome, Mrs. Frazier. I don’t know what was wrong with him. He acted like he was crazy, trying to get at Kathryn.”

“No, Kavan, you’re not in trouble,” she said. “I heard what he was screaming and it did seem like he was crazy with something. I just wish the kids in the cafeteria hadn’t heard it. I asked the police to make sure I got a call about Jerome when they know something. I’ll call your parents and tell them about it. You’ve got nothing to worry about.”

The first time-period after lunch, Kathryn and I had different classes. I decided to skip my class and stay with her. When we went in her classroom, the teacher didn’t say anything. He just nodded. Kathryn started toward an empty seat and I guess it was hers. I held her hand and pulled her toward the back of the room so we could sit together. I kept looking at her and I could tell she was still upset and nervous. In the second time period, we had a class together and we always sat next to each other. When we sat down, I reached over and held her hand. The teacher saw us but she didn’t say anything. She’d already heard about Jerome if the school grapevine was as good as usual.

When classes were over, Kathryn and I stopped by our lockers and then started to the parking lot. Brad and Arial and Kerry were standing just outside the door waiting for us. Maybe Kerry had just told them what happened because Arial was looking at his hand. When Kathryn saw them, she walked over to Kerry, hugged him up against her, and whispered something to him. I knew we weren’t supposed to have open displays of affection on school grounds but I didn’t care. I hugged both of them and told him “Thanks, little buddy.”

Kerry rode home with Brad and Arial. I was glad because I wanted to be alone with Kathryn. When we got in my truck, I pulled her up against me and just held her for a minute or so. I didn’t think I needed to say anything; I just wanted to show her I loved her.

But Kathryn wanted to talk. She started while we were still in the parking lot at school and didn't stop until I asked her to when were going up the hill to our house. All I could do was listen while she cried and sniffed and talked and cried and talked.

I thought she would be OK with what Kerry and I did in protecting her from Jerome but it was almost like we'd done something wrong. I hadn't hit him. I had just tried to restrain him. I guess I felt sorry for him a little because he was so little and scrawny. If he hadn't slapped me on my ear and hurt me so bad, I probably wouldn't have hurt him. I couldn't fault Kerry for hitting him - boy, he almost cold-cocked him - because that seemed like it was needed after I couldn't hold onto him.

I wanted to love her and take care of her and protect her and it was like she didn't want me to. I tried to act normal and calm when we went in the house because I knew Mom would be waiting. Inside I was so damn confused I didn't know what the hell was wrong with me and Kathryn as usual.

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On Wednesday afternoon after school, Kathryn and I went to our part-time jobs at the plant nursery and landscaping company. The previous Monday, we'd started straightening up the bagged stuff like fertilizer and mulch. Kathryn had used the forklift and I'd done the hard part of lifting and tossing bags. This time, Mrs. Manchester asked Kathryn to help with customers so I had to finish moving the bagged stuff by myself. I sort of liked using my muscles to arrange the bags. It was as good as lifting weights any day, even if it did leave me smelling like sweat and cow manure and fertilizer.

We got home just after five o'clock, in time to get a bath before dinner. There was a van in our driveway and I knew it was Mrs. Whittaker bringing Kerry home. After she left, I parked in the driveway. Kerry waited for us to get out of my truck. The way he was grinning I knew he wanted to tell us something. I just wanted a shower.

"Whatzup, Squirt?" I asked.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Yeah, and I want to shower. Can it wait?"

"You guys go shower," Kathryn said. "I don't want to."

"You can shower with us," Kerry said. "I want to talk to Kavan but I don't care if you hear."

“No, I can’t,” she said. “You two go bathe.”

Kerry looked confused. The three of us had showered together a couple of times on the afternoons when we were working and Kerry was practicing with the school musical bunch. He started to say something but Kathryn cut him off.

“I’m just getting over my period, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “I’d rather bathe by myself.”

I thought to be so smart he could be so dumb sometimes. But then I thought maybe I was the dumb one. She wouldn’t let me make love to her last night and she’d said the same thing then. But she hadn’t put a sanitary napkin in her panties when we were getting dressed for school this morning. I guess I assumed we could make love tonight. Why did she tell Kerry that?

Mom was in the family room reading but I could tell what she’d been doing. There was a smell in the air of garlic and onions and beef and I knew it was one of my favorite casseroles. I was starved. She wanted to know if I’d heard anything else about Jerome.

All day at school the kids had been talking about Jerome’s weird behavior, with all sorts of stupid reasons for his craziness. I had talked to Mrs. Frazier and got the straight scoop: Jerome was about twice the limit on alcohol and he also had cocaine and some unidentified drug in his system. He had thrown up in the police car and then almost choked to death on it. The police took him to the emergency room and that’s all that saved him. The doctors thought he was a goner from overdosing but they managed to pull him through. The police cleaned out his locker but nobody knew what they found. They still had Jerome in custody.

Kathryn had already heard about Jerome so she went to the bathroom and then downstairs to our bedroom. Kerry stood around listening while I told Mom what I’d learned.

“Well, I’m glad he’s OK,” Mom said. “Did Mrs. Frazier have anything else to say about what you two did?”

“No, Ma’am. The police talked to Jerome today. He tried to say I’d called him a name and that’s why he was so mad. He didn’t get anywhere with that excuse.”

“What did he say you called him?” Mom asked.

“He said I told Kathryn to look at that crazy little nigger,” I told her. “But Mom I didn’t. I didn’t hear anybody say anything like that and I know I didn’t say it. Mrs. Frazier’s already checked with the security guard and some others who saw everything. They all said the same thing, that he was lying. Mrs. Frazier said she knew me and she didn’t believe I’d say that.”

“Mom, he didn’t say it,” Kerry said. “There were some kids ahead of us in line and they might have said it. They pushed past us and went to the back of the line because of Jerome. Kavan doesn’t say stuff like that. He never has.”

“I know, Kerry,” Mom said. “I’m proud of both of you because you don’t say things like that. Now I think you two stinkers had better get a bath before dinner. I don’t want to have to smell you while I’m eating.”

I couldn’t smell Kerry but he looked like he needed a shower. His hair and his shirt looked like he had been squirted with a hose. He’d come in from the dance rehearsals like that more than once. He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the basement door. I knew he wanted to use the basement shower with me. I could tell he had something he wanted to talk about.

We stripped off in the basement, put our dirty clothes in a laundry basket, and put the basket at the foot of the stairs so we could take it up to the laundry.

Kerry couldn’t wait. He started talking while we were getting undressed. He had to tell me what had happened with Nicole. I could tell something had happened because his dick looked like it was ready to stand up.

“Nicole kissed me a couple of times this afternoon,” he said. “The first time she kissed me after we did a routine together. I kissed her back and tried to hold her. It kind of surprised me because the other kids were watching. They kept kidding us about it.”

“Well, what’s so bad about that?” I asked. “I thought you said they were all the kissy huggy type anyway.”

I turned on one showerhead, adjusted it the way I like it, and handed Kerry the back brush. He knew what I wanted. He soaped up the brush and started scrubbing my back.

“Yeah, but, the second time, she did it when nobody else was around. Everybody else went upstairs, getting ready to go home, and I stayed to

help her clean up. She kissed me again and we both tried to swab out the other's tonsils. It was hot."

"Did you get a hard-on?"

"Fuck, yeah! Nicole had her hands on my butt pulling me against her when we were kissing. Before we went upstairs I grabbed my backpack and held it in front of me until I got in Mrs. Whittaker's van. I'm going to have to get me a good jock strap to hold my dick down."

"Shit, Kerry, don't worry about it. Let'em see it. Kathryn said she thought it was a compliment when we first started fooling around."

"Oh, sure, like Mrs. Whittaker will think it's a compliment. She's nice but it's not her panties I'd like to get into. Will you do my back now?"

I scrubbed his back while he stood under the spray. His skin wasn't as oily as mine and I couldn't see any problems on his back. It was all just smooth and clear like it had always been. I saw he had one hand in front of him and I knew what he was doing. I wanted to do the same thing.

Kathryn's period had started Saturday and I hadn't jacked off but once since we made love on Friday night. I was looking forward to getting some tonight but I probably wouldn't if she was going to say her period wasn't over.

I wrapped my left hand around my dick and started stroking it. Kerry turned around, saw what I was doing, and smiled his crazy grin. I hung up the brush, swapped hands, and we stood there under the warm water watching each other while we stroked our dicks.

I heard the basement garage door opening and I knew Dad was about to pull in. Mom used the one-car garage in the front of the house for her BMW. Ariel got half the basement garage for hers. Dad got the other half for his Mercedes. I always had to park my truck on the driveway. I didn't hear Dad's car but it was so quiet we wouldn't have heard it even if the shower had been off.

The door to the shower opened but I didn't see anybody. Then I heard somebody yell, "Who's using up all my hot water?" We both knew it was Dad, even if he was trying to disguise his voice.

"It's just your two dirty sons," Kerry yelled. "Our mean Mom made us take a bath before dinner."

Dad opened the door wider and looked in. He had on a suit and tie like he does when he's got to meet with people. We both stopped jacking off and just stood there holding our dicks. He smiled and shook his head like he always does. He knew what we were doing.

"Hard day, huh?" he said.

"Yeah, come join us," Kerry said. "We were just trying to figure out what to do with our hard-ons."

"Yeah, Nicole kissed him," I said. "He's got the hots for her."

Dad undressed just outside the shower door. He found a hanger where we kept robes and hung up his pants and coat. He threw his underwear and socks in the laundry basket, stepped in the shower, and closed the door behind him.

"Don't let me stop you," he said. "I know how it is. Since your Mom got pregnant, I never get any pussy. I'm hard-up too."

I knew he was kidding like always. I guess Kerry didn't.

"You mean you can't do it while she's pregnant?" he said. "Why not?"

Dad waved us to move aside, got under the shower, and stood there, eyes shut, with the water spraying down on his head and shoulders. Kerry and I stood there, both moving our hands back and forth.

"He's kidding, Squirt," I said, loud enough for Dad to hear. "He and Mom are like two newlyweds in rut. He gets so much pussy he never has to jack off."

Dad opened his eyes, smiled, reached down, and started sliding his hand back and forth on his dick. Kerry and I watched while it expanded into a full-blown hard-on.

"Well, come on," he said. "You invited me to join you. That's what I'm doing."

I turned on the other shower and slanted the head so it was spraying next to the one Dad was under. He moved back a little and Kerry and I got under the shower again. We were like three points on a triangle, standing there jacking off, watching each other, smiling at what we were doing. I couldn't ever remember Dad jacking off with both of us at the same time.

Kerry came first. He cupped his left hand under his balls while he gave his dick hell with his right. He squirted out a few times and then his hand slowed down while he milked out the rest. I did the same thing he'd done. I grabbed my balls, tightened the muscles in my ass and thighs, and squirted out a three-day load. Dad did it just like we did it except he shut his eyes when he did it. I could tell he tightened his muscles too because I could almost see a six-pack on his stomach. It looked like he had a three-day load too.

We stood under the shower, gradually relaxing and slowly squeezing the last semen out of the tubes. I started thinking about how it felt to have a Dad who would jack off with his sons. He'd always told us it was the most natural thing guys could do and we should never be ashamed of doing it. I was glad he wasn't ashamed to do it with us.

"Well, who's going to scrub my back?" he asked after a while.

I scrubbed his back and Kerry started talking about what he'd done with Nicole. He finally got around to asking what he wanted answers for.

"Dad, what do you think I should do," he asked. "She acts like she wants to do something with me but I'm not sure. I'd love to do it with her but I don't want her to laugh at me."

"What do you think he should do, Kavan?" Dad asked.

"Don't ask me, Dad," I said. "I can't figure out what to do with the one I've got. He's going to have to make up his own mind about Nicole."

"He's probably right, Squirt," Dad said. "You know her better than we do. You're going to have to read her signals and make up your own mind how far to go with her. Don't push yourself on her. Don't hurt her. Make sure you're responsible like I've told you. Have you still got some of the condoms I gave you?"

"Yeah, I did what you told me," he said. "I practiced putting one on and then jacking off with it on to see how it feels. I've got plenty left. Kavan and Brad gave me some too."

"Well, I don't know what else I can tell you, Son," Dad said. "My dad trusted me not to hurt Allison when I was just thirteen. I'll just have to trust you to handle this."

"Who was Allison?" Kerry asked.

“Sweet little tomboy Allison,” Dad said, smiling. “We were both thirteen and we really had the hots for each other. Remind me and I’ll tell you about it sometime. Let’s get upstairs. I’m hungry.”

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During dinner, Mom started talking to Kathryn about flying to New York. She was real casual about it, like it was something Kathryn did all the time. She invited her and Arial to go shopping for some pants that would look good traveling and wouldn’t need ironing. Kathryn told her she’d be fine in jeans like most kids wear but Mom and Arial both ganged up on her and talked her into going shopping. I had a feeling Mom just wanted a good opportunity to talk to Kathryn without the rest of all around.

We all pitched in to help clean the kitchen as usual. Then Mom told Kathryn and Arial to be ready in fifteen minutes and they left the kitchen. I asked Kerry to help me with a Google search and we went to his room. It took maybe ten minutes to find what I wanted and to print out five pages. I went back toward the kitchen to go downstairs and that’s when I saw Mom and Dad.

Dad was sitting in a chair with his legs spread. Mom was standing between his legs, holding his head against her breasts. Dad’s arms were around her waist and his hands were on her back. His face was turned to the side and I could see it. He had his eyes closed and I could see him taking deep breaths and letting them out. Mom’s eyes were closed too and she was breathing about the same way. I stood there and watched them for a minute or so, wondering what they were feeling and thinking. Then Kerry came out of his room, talking to me, and they both opened their eyes. Mom walked past us without a word, smiling at me and Kerry, and went down the hall to their bedroom. Dad just sat there, smiling at us too.

“I think I’ll go for a walk up the hill while they’re gone,” Dad said. “Anybody want to go with me?”

That was exactly what I wanted. I’d been thinking about how I could get some private time with him ever since I got home. I needed to bounce a few ideas off him to see what he thought. I was pretty close to making up my own mind about what I wanted to do but he was always good about listening when I needed to talk. Then it hit me that he was probably creating an opportunity to talk with me like Mom was doing to talk to Kathryn.

“Do you want to go, Squirt?” Dad asked. “Do you need to study tonight? Do you need me to help you with anything?”

“Yeah, I want to go,” Kerry said. “I’ve got to type something up and maybe you could read over it for me. It’s not that much. It can wait.”

Going up the hill, Kerry talked with Dad about Nicole some more. Dad never did try to tell him exactly what to do, except that he told Kerry he had to be responsible for his own actions when it came to sex. That was about the same thing he’d told me when I started with Kathryn.

When we got to the crest of the hill, we sat down at the picnic table close to the big boulders. The sun was shining through some broken clouds off to the west and the clouds closer to us were all shades of red and pink. We sat there without talking at first, just watching the slow change as the sun slid out from under the clouds and began to touch the horizon.

“Have you had any problems at school, Kerry?” Dad asked. “Is your hand OK?”

Kerry held out his hand, spread his long fingers, and wiggled them. I could see a little red discoloration on his knuckles and down his middle finger.

“Nah, Dad, no problems,” he said. “My hand’s OK. I kind of like it like this. Every time somebody asks, I just show them the finger.”

“How about you, Kavan?” Dad asked. “Is there any way I can help you with the Jerome situation?”

I told him Mrs. Frazier said I didn’t have any problems and didn’t need to worry. I told him what I’d learned about the cause of Jerome’s behavior and what he’d accused me of saying. Then I told him I didn’t say anything like that and Mrs. Frazier had witnesses who would back me up.

“You didn’t need to tell me that, Son, that you didn’t say it,” he said. “You’ve never talked about people like that. I’m proud of the strength of character you’ve developed. You’re a fine young man.”

“I’m not that fine, Dad,” I said. “I’m still having problems figuring what to do with Kathryn. Can I bounce something off you?”

“Sure, I may not be able to give you any more advice than I’ve given Kerry,” he said. “I’ll listen and tell you what I think. You’ll have to make your own decisions.”

I told him what Kathryn had been like when we were coming home on Tuesday. I tried to explain that I didn't feel like she had to thank me for protecting her but I didn't expect her to blame me for it either. I told him I'd been thinking about the situation and I thought maybe she was upset and crying because she knew I loved her and was protecting her and it just made her own situation more difficult to handle. I knew she loved being part of our family and was happy being with us. I understood why she wanted to have a chance to spread her wings in New York with her mother. I told him I could understand the conflict she felt but what I couldn't understand was why she just couldn't make up her mind about it.

"What do you think you should do, Son?" he asked. "What can you do?"

"Dad, I think she really loves me and just doesn't want to hurt me. She feels safe and loved with our family and she never had that with her Mom and Dad. She's got an opportunity to take charge of her own life and take some chances. She just can't decide what she wants to do. I think I'm going to have to tell her what I want her to do."

"What is that, Son?"

"I want her to go to New York this summer. I want her to get away from me and our family for a while. She needs to decide what she wants without me being around. I'm not trying to get rid of her, Dad. It's like you and I've talked about before. I want her to spread her wings and fly on her own for a while."

Kerry had been listening without saying a word, for a change. Now he piped up.

"What are you going to do while she's gone? What if she doesn't come back?"

"I might date some other girls. I'm going to tell her to do the same thing. I'll promise her not to fall in love with anybody else this summer. If she comes back, we'll see if we can get along together better. If she doesn't come back, well, I don't have a good answer for that."

The sun was almost down below the horizon and the entire Western sky was ablaze. We sat there watching.

"What do you think, Kerry?" Dad asked. "If you were his father, what would you advise him to do?"

"Shit, Dad, I don't know. I'm not that smart."

“Well, you’ll be a father someday. You’ll have to give your kids advice sometimes. Should Kavan tell her he wants her to go to New York?”

He looked at me for a minute. Finally he said, “Yeah, I think he needs to tell her that’s what she should do.”

Dad sat for a minute or so and looked at the sky. “I think you’re right, Son. I think Kavan needs to tell Kathryn to go spread her wings. She’ll have to decide whether she wants to fly back to him. Women don’t want to hurt the people they love. They’ll put someone else’s happiness ahead of their own. Sometimes a man has to make up a woman’s mind for her, to make her do what *she* wants to do, so she’ll be happy.”

I guess that’s when I knew what I had to do with Kathryn and that it was the right thing to do. We sat there for a few more minutes, just watching the last of the glow on the horizon. When we started back down the hill to our house Dad got between me and Kerry and put his arms on our shoulders. I felt more at peace than I had for two days. I thought of something else I wanted to ask Dad.

“Dad, is it OK if I ask you something about you and Mom, something kind of personal?”

“Sure, Son, what is it?”

“After dinner tonight, when you and Mom were hugging in the kitchen, I was watching you.”

“Well, that’s OK. We don’t hide from you kids when we want to hug each other”

“Yeah, but I saw your face. What were you thinking when you were doing it? What were you feeling?”

He didn’t answer right away. We just walked on, his arms on Kerry’s shoulders and mine.

“Did you know your Mother has a few gray hairs, Son?” he finally asked.

I didn’t know what he meant. “Nah, Dad, I didn’t know that.”

“Well, she does. Do you think we all have some sort of inward yearning for the things that are beautiful and good in life, something that’s a wonderful part of being human?”

“You mean like guys like to look at beautiful women?” Kerry asked.

“Well, maybe that’s some little part of it,” Dad said. “Do you think your Mom is beautiful? Is her red hair beautiful?”

I could answer that. “Sure, Dad, she’s a beautiful woman. Her hair’s beautiful too but sometimes I wish mine wasn’t so red.”

“I’ve always loved her red hair,” he said. “It seems like I’ve always loved her. Now that her hair’s started turning grey, I love her even more. Does that make any sense to you?”

I didn’t answer and, for once, maybe Kerry didn’t know what to say either.

“She’s given me the most precious gift a man could ever get, Kavan. That’s what I was thinking about. She’s given me her love. She’s given me the red out of her hair. Maybe she’s given it to you too.”

I saw the lights on in the kitchen and family room and I knew Mom and Ariel and Kathryn were back from shopping. When we went in the house, I went through the family room and into the kitchen looking for them. Mom was in the kitchen preparing a bowl of fruit for breakfast. We all liked it especially when she put a touch of some kind of liqueur in it, like that orange stuff. She told us Ariel was in her room and Kathryn had already gone downstairs to our bedroom.

Kathryn was sitting on our bed, using scissors to remove tags from a bra. I saw some other underwear on the bed, a pair of jeans, and a pair of navy blue pants.

I kicked off my sneakers, saw she was watching me, and put them in the closet beside my work boots. I stripped off my shirt and shorts and folded them nicely. I’d only worn them for a couple of hours and she’d taught me to put them on the dresser to wear again. I hadn’t put on any underwear after I showered but she knew I liked to go commando when I was at home. She put the bra to one side and picked up some panties to take the tags off them.

“Your Mom knew I needed some underwear and she paid for all this,” she said. “I told her I had money but she insisted. She got Ariel the same thing she got me but she didn’t get anything for herself.”

She stopped and just looked at me. I could see her eyes shining like she was close to crying again.

“Kathryn, that’s just one way Mom shows she loves us. She’s probably the most loving woman you’ll ever meet. She and Dad are both that way. They’ve always made sure we know they love us.”

She sniffed a couple of times and turned her head away from me.

“Yeah, but she’s your mother. She’s not my mother. Why does she treat me that way, like I’m her daughter?”

“It’s because you’ve acted like one,” I said, truthfully. “Since you’ve been with us, you’ve been respectful and nice to Mom and Dad. You’ve done more than your share of work around here. I always had to help with my own dirty clothes before you came. Now you do it for me most of the time.”

“Well, you know I don’t like washing dishes,” she said. “You usually do that for me when it’s my turn.”

I just stood and looked at her for a minute or so. She picked up the jeans and started removing the tags. I knew she was hurting and I knew I was too. I wanted so much to do something to make her happy. I knew it was time to do what I had decided to do.

“Kathryn, look at me,” I said.

She turned toward me. I could see the trail of a tear down one cheek.

“I want to tell you something, something important. I’ve been thinking about it and I want you to listen and not say anything until I’m finished. Will you do that?”

She nodded and I sat down on the bed beside her. She started removing the tags from the pants Mom had bought her.

“I want you to go to New York this summer,” I said. I stopped and waited for her to respond like I knew she would. She turned back to me and started to say something. I held up my hand and she knew I wanted her to stop.

“Yeah, I want you to go to New York. *You* want to go to New York. *I* want you to stay here with me. But I know you can’t have what *you* want if I have what *I* want. I do love you. I want you to be happy. I want you to go to New York this summer.”

I stopped and tried to organize my thoughts.

“If you stay here with me this summer, you’ll always feel obligated to me and my family because we love you. You’ll feel like we’re making you stay cooped up when you want to fly on your own for a while. If you and I are going to have a chance at staying together, you’ve got to be free to do what you want to.”

I stopped and waited. I felt like what I wanted to say was coming together. I hoped she understood what I was trying to do.

“You go to New York and stay with your mother this summer,” I said. “You think about what you want to do, what you want your life to be like. We’ll stay in touch. We’ll come up with a time when I can call you each week. You say your Mom’s working a lot at her job. You’ll have a lot of free time. You’ll be able to see the city, go places, do things, whatever you want.”

I knew what I had to say next and I was afraid to say it.

“If you meet another guy and you want to date him, do it. Your Mom has told you there are kids your age where she lives. Get to know some of them. Do stuff with them.”

She put down the last of the new clothes Mom had bought her and just looked at me. At least she wasn’t crying and didn’t look angry.

“If I want to date somebody while you’re gone, I’ll do it. Shit, I might even date more than one girl. I’ll just promise you one thing: I won’t fall in love with any of them. I’ll keep you inside me until the end of summer. I hope you’ll try to do the same thing.”

She started smiling at me. Maybe I was putting my ideas together OK.

“At the end of the summer, if you come back to me, we’ll work hard at making our relationship permanent. We’re young but we’re not too young to marry. I don’t think there’s anything that would make me happier than having you for my wife.”

“What happens if I don’t come back?” she asked. I was going to get to that next anyway.

“Then we’ll agree that our lives will go in different directions. We’ll always be proud of what we had and the love we shared. Someday, maybe when we’re old, we’ll think about each other and smile and be happy we knew each other.”

“Kavan Stuart, do you know I love you?” she asked.

“Yeah, and I love you too. Now, will you listen to me and go to New York this summer and be happy?”

She looked at me, smiling even more now. “Yes, I’ll go.”

She stood up and started undressing. I watched, wondering what she was going to do and what she wanted me to do. She pulled the sweatshirt over her head, did that thing with her hands behind her back, and tossed her bra on the bed. I sat there looking at those beautiful perfect breasts, perfect except for the little red stripe underneath and on her side where the bra had rubbed. I looked up and she had a different smile on her face. She knew how much I loved her breasts.

She unbuttoned her shorts, pulled them off and threw them on the bed. She had on white panties and her dark pubic hair showed through them. I could see that she didn’t have a sanitary napkin in her panties. I knew she used those things that went inside her when her period was worst and then used just a pad when it was tapering off. I didn’t even see a stain on her panties. I knew she sometimes made a mess. She’d even rinsed her panties out in the shower with me a couple of times.

“Why did you tell Kerry you were just getting over your period?” I asked.

She looked at me, still smiling. “Because I am, Kavan.” She looked down where I was looking, at her panties, and then back at me.

“Do you want to make love with me?” she asked.

I nodded. I guess I always wanted to make love with her, even after I’d done it a time or two. I couldn’t hide it; I knew my dick showed it.

“Kavan, when I’m menstruating, it’s not like plumbing. I can’t just turn a faucet and have it stop. Sometimes there’s a trickle or a drip for a few days afterwards.”

I just sat and looked at her. I knew what I wanted to do but I didn’t know what she wanted.

“I’ve wanted you so much the last couple of days,” she whispered. “Maybe it’s because you protected me from Jerome. Maybe it’s just because I love you and I like what we do together. I didn’t want to shower with Kerry. I wanted to shower with you. I wanted you to make love to me in the shower. If we made a mess, I didn’t want Kerry to be there and see it.”

I stood up and held out my hand. “Could I shower with you, please? I got all sweaty walking up the hill with Dad and Kerry.”

“Are you sure?” she asked, looking down at my dick. “Even if you stir up something and get your dick even redder than it always is?”

I nodded. “I’m sure. Please.”

She pulled off her panties and tossed them on the bed. We held hands while we went to the shower.

We washed each other. We didn’t play and tickle each other. I didn’t grab her butt and she didn’t grab my dick. We just washed each other slowly and gently while we looked in each other’s eyes and smiled. My dick was almost hard before she washed it; afterwards it was pointing up and so hard it was hurting. She let me wash her pussy, first with a cloth, and then with just my fingers while the warm water ran down and off both of us.

“Go get the bench, OK?” she said. I knew what she meant. She wanted me to get the old bench we kept in the basement and used for everything, even in the shower sometimes. I brought it in the shower and waited for her to tell me where to put it. She pointed close to where the shower spray was coming down. She looked at it, moved it a little, and then sat down on it. The spray was coming down in front of her, hitting on her face and chest.

“Come here,” she said, and motioned to a spot in front of her.

When I got in place, the shower was spraying down on both of us, on Kathryn’s chest, on my stomach and dick and legs. She pulled my dick down to horizontal and took the head in her mouth. I put my hands on her shoulders, shut my eyes, and let her suck me.

I wanted to come in her and empty my balls in her, every drop of my sperm, with my dick, with all of me, with everything inside me. I’d just come not three hours earlier but it had washed down the drain and it didn’t satisfy anything. I knew what I wanted to give her: my semen as part of me, everything that’s me. I didn’t want it in her mouth, not in her stomach; I wanted it in her pussy, in her cunt, up in her womb, so I stayed there no matter whether she left me or not. I wanted her pregnant and mine and I knew I was stupid for wanting it.

“Don’t make me come in your mouth, OK?” I said. “I want to come in your pussy.”

She nodded. With my dick in her mouth, she nodded, and kept sucking and licking and sliding her lips up and down on my glans and sliding one hand up and down one the shaft and holding my balls with the other. I held on to her shoulders and felt everything building up in me. When she stopped, I opened my eyes and looked down at her.

Her head was dripping wet, her hair was hanging down in black strings, and her face was clean and pink with no makeup. Her breasts were dripping water from the hard little knobs of her nipples. She was beautiful. She was everything I wanted and I wanted her so much it hurt.

She turned around and moved to the end of the bench and I waited. She bent over, put her forearms down on the end of the bench, put her head down on her arms, spread her legs, ass up in the air, and said, "Fuck me."

I looked down at her, at her ass with the shower cascading down on it. Her little brown asshole was there for my taking but I didn't want it. As long as we'd been together, I'd never wanted it. Just inches away was her cunt, soft mounds on each side, little lips inside those, lips open at one end just enough to see the pink and red inner flesh. I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck her forever until I got me inside her so deep she could never get me out.

I set the head of my dick just where the lips were already separated and pushed gently. The water lubricated my dick and her pussy lips and it was warm but it wasn't slick like she is inside her. I pushed again and her cunt opened to me and the head of my cock slid into her. I stopped and waited. She wiggled her ass and I pushed again and slid deeper in her. I could feel the cunt slipperiness of her, not the water slipperiness. It was different. I put my hands on her thighs and pulled her ass back while I pushed forward and slid the rest of the way in. She was hot inside and I was where I wanted to be and I didn't ever want to leave.

"Don't hurt me, Kavan," she said. Her head was down, face on her forearms, and her words were muffled. At first I didn't know what she meant and then I did. A couple of times, when I was fucking her from behind, I'd rammed my dick into her cunt too hard and I had hurt her. She'd told me it was probably because I was hitting an ovary and it was like the pain I felt when I got hit in the balls. I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted to ram every bit of me into her but I didn't want to hurt her.

I tried to keep my fucking her under control. I pulled back until just the head of my dick was holding her cunt lips open and then slowly slid it back in her. I watched it sliding in and out and I didn't see anything red or even pink, except my flesh and hers. The water from the shower was

spraying down where we were joined and it would have washed everything clean anyway. I shut my eyes and quit watching our fucking and just concentrated on what I was feeling.

I didn't get in a hurry. I just slid my dick in her as slowly as I could, feeling the slipperiness of her cunt as her flesh molded to mine. I knew I was close to coming but I didn't rush it. I just kept doing the same thing, slowly sliding in and slowly pulling out, and felt it building in me.

When I came, I lost all control as usual and pushed into her as deeply as I could. I held her by the hips so she couldn't pull away and let my semen spurt out time after time into her deepest recesses. Even when I was finished coming and my brain started functioning again, I held her against me, her ass up against me so tight that the shower water ran off on each side. Finally I realized what I had done.

I hadn't made love with her. I hadn't even made love to her. I had fucked her. I'd thought of nothing except what I was feeling. I hadn't thought even once of what she was feeling. It was what she had told me to do but I knew I should have thought about her while I was doing it, not just about how her cunt felt around my dick.

I pulled out of her and let the shower spray over my dick. I didn't see anything on my dick. It was red like it always is, especially after it has been in her, but she hadn't made a mess on me.

I pulled her up, made her sit on the end of the bench, and then pushed her down so she was lying on her back. I spread her legs wide, knelt between them, shut my eyes, and let my mouth find her cunt. The shower water was cascading down on my head and running down between her legs.

I didn't tease her and lick her like I usually do. I went straight for her clitoris. I opened my mouth over it and sucked and licked it until she started squirming and bumping her pelvis against my face. Then I wrapped my arms around, underneath her legs, my hands on her hip bones, and held her down tight against the bench. She put her hands on my head, fingers in my hair, and I guess I knew she'd pull my hair. I fastened my mouth back on her clit and licked and sucked an orgasm out of her.

When she finally turned loose of my hair, I stood up and looked down at her. She lay there on the bench, one arm over her eyes, breasts soft and almost flat with hard little nipples, legs spread wide, cunt lips open, her vagina not closed but open like a little dark tunnel. I wanted my dick in there. I wanted her again. I looked at my dick. It was still

swollen, not hanging down, almost standing up, not hard, but not far from it.

I turned off the shower, picked her up in my arms, kicked the shower door open, and carried her into our bedroom. I eased her down on our bed and then eased down on top of her. I tried to keep most of my weight off her while I got close enough to feel her breasts against my chest and my dick against her stomach. She wrapped her arms around my chest and then locked her legs around mine. I found her mouth with mine and then her tongue with mine and I melted into her.

A few minutes later, my dick was rock hard against her stomach so I lifted up. She knew what I wanted. She slid one hand between us, put the head of my dick in the right place, and I pushed it into her in one long slow motion. When I felt my dick completely inside her, buried to my balls, I stopped motionless, lifted my head, and looked down at her face. She opened her eyes and smiled up at me.

“What are you trying to do, Kavan?” she whispered. “Are you trying to make sure I’ll always remember what your big dick feels like inside me?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t know what I’m doing. I just want to love you and make love to you and fuck you until...shit...I don’t know. I just want you so damn much it hurts.”

“No, it doesn’t,” she said, smiling at me. “It feels good.”

“Yeah, it feels good to have my dick in your pussy. It’s my heart that hurts.”

“I know,” she whispered. “Mine too.”

“I’m sorry for all the stuff I did to hurt you, Kathryn,” I said. “I didn’t mean to. I was just stupid and didn’t know any better.”

“I know,” she said. “You’re a good man, Kavan.”

I eased my dick out most of the way and then slid it back in to the hilt.

“Am I good like this?” I asked.

I pulled out and then pushed back in again.

“The best!”

I did it a couple of times.

“Want me to fuck you?” I asked.

She shook her head no.

“Why not?”

“I want to fuck you. I want to get on top.”

I slid my arms under her and curved my hands around over her shoulders. She tightened her arms around my chest and her legs around mine. We rolled together as one, still connected, until I was flat on my back and she was on top of me.

“I want to ride a horse cock,” she whispered.

I remembered. It was from the nursery rhyme about riding a cockhorse to Banberry Cross. We’d had fun with it once, being silly while she was on top of me, trying to make the nursery rhyme as dirty as possible.

“I see a fine lady, upon a fine horse,” I said.

“You’re a fine horse, Kavan. Am I a fine lady?”

She slid up and down on my dick and combined it with the back and forward motion she liked.

I nodded and said, “With rings on her fingers and rings on her toes.”

She changed it to the dirty version, “With come on her fingers and come up her nose.”

She did that thing where she flexed her pelvis and slid back and forward with my dick fully inside her. I knew what she was doing and decided to help her. I stuck my thumb in my mouth, wet it with saliva, and held it down between her legs so her clit would rub against it.

“She shall have music wherever she goes,” she whispered.

“She shall have horse cock wherever it goes,” I whispered.

“Is that all?” she asked.

“She shall have my love wherever she goes,” I whispered.

She rode me, eyes closed, and I watched as her breathing got faster and faster and her face went from a Mona Lisa smile to some sort of grimace. Suddenly she grabbed my hand and pressed my thumb against her and I felt the contractions of her orgasm around the shaft of my cock. I held still and let her ride it out.

After a minute or so, she opened her eyes and smiled down at me. “Are you ready?” she asked.

I knew what she meant. I sat up and wrapped my arms around her, she wrapped her arms around me, and we rolled again, still connected, until she was on her back and I was on top of her. I waited until she got comfortable, with her arms around my chest and her legs locked over my ass. I slid my hands under her back and curled them around her shoulders so she couldn't get away from me. I fastened my mouth on hers, shut my eyes, and then I began. I knew I wasn't likely to hurt her in this position. The only way she'd ever complained was when I was fucking her from behind. Everything gradually faded away until I was nothing but horse cock riding her. When I came, it seemed like I was pouring my very soul into her. Maybe I was.

Chapter Fifty-Eight

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Stuart Andersen, 29; Joanne Andersen, 26

Kavan Stuart, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17

Arial Stuart, 16; Brad Weaver, 17

Kerry Stuart, 12 ³/₄; Nicole Whittaker, 15

Ryan Spenser, 18; Laura Robinson, 18

Kenjiro (Ken-chan) Daniels, 15; Akiko (Kiki) Daniels, 17

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart

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(KAVAN)

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On Thursday, at school, Kathryn and I met with Arial and Brad and Kerry during lunch period and we all decided what we wanted for the pool party. Brad insisted on giving me fifty dollars to cover some of the cost. I took it because I don't like to argue over stuff like that in front of everybody. I decided I'd put it in an envelope and put it in his drawer in Arial's room. After school, he and Arial were working together on his Dad's research project so Kerry rode home with Kathryn and me. We stopped at the supermarket to get what we needed. I didn't think it would cost much more than Brad had given me but we ended up spending over twice that much.

When we got home, we started getting everything ready. Mom said she would mix up the hamburgers and do other stuff in the kitchen if Kathryn would help her. Kerry and I cleaned the grill, washed off all the outdoor furniture, and swept up around the picnic area under the tree and around the pool. We pulled a half-dozen foam rubber mats out of the basement, washed the spider webs off, and spread them around near where we going to put Brad's tent. Kerry dug out all the old squirt guns and boogie boards and other stuff we played with in the pool and checked to see what still worked.

After dinner, Dad and I talked about the pool party and I assured him that we wouldn't have any problems and he and Mom shouldn't worry about us. I told him again that there wouldn't be any alcohol. I told him Ryan had asked about that when I invited him and he said he didn't drink because his father was an alcoholic and he didn't like to be around it.

When Dad pulled out his billfold and offered me a hundred dollars, I shook my head and told him I didn't need it. He insisted and said he had some work he wanted me to do so I took it. I decided I'd hang on to it to see if he actually had something he wanted me to do and if he didn't I'd give it back to him. I wanted to be responsible for everything, especially paying for our party. I'd already saved enough in my bank account with Mom that it wouldn't hurt me to pay for our fun.

Friday was a perfect day in late May with temps in the eighties and only a few white clouds. After school Kathryn and I went straight home to finish up everything for the party. I drove around to the back of the house and parked in Dad's half of the garage. It wasn't safe to park in the street in front of our house so I'd told everybody to drive around to the back. With Arial's little car and my truck garaged in the basement, we could get at least four more cars in the back yard.

We went in and made a quick pit stop and then changed. I put on the Speedo Kathryn had picked out for me, black in back, gray in front, red stripes on the side, and she put on a bikini in hot pink with black accents. She told me mine was sexy with my red hair and freckles; I told her that hers was probably going to cause a few hard-ons. We put on knit shirts and shorts over our swimwear like Kathryn and Arial had decided we should. Kathryn put on a shirt that said, "I'm with stupid!" I dug out my baseball cap that said, "Kiss my ass!" in Russian.

Kerry and Nicole rode with Brad and Arial so Nicole could stop by her house and change. They were in Arial's little car and she parked it in her spot in the basement garage. When they came out in the back yard, I saw Nicole was dressed like we were, in sandals and shorts and shirt. She stayed in the back yard with me and Kathryn while Kerry went in to change. When he came back out he had on some old shorts of mine that were too big on him and a shirt with the sleeves cut off. The sunglasses were a cool touch as usual and his long hair looked like he'd moussed it and forgot to comb it. When Brad came back out, he had on shorts and shirt and sandals too but he still looked buttoned down and neat. Arial was her usual neat-freak self, beautiful and perfect.

She asked Kerry and Nicole to help her carry stuff out of the house and then told me and Brad where to put up the tent. I told her I thought I was in charge of everything. She just stuck her tongue out at me as usual.

Brad had parked his Jeep in the back yard when he came Friday morning. He'd brought a tent and some other stuff for the party, and then ridden to school with Kerry and Arial in her car. Arial had wanted something for shade and she liked the tent idea after Brad suggested it. The first thing we did was set up the tent between the pool and the picnic area. Brad said it was a four-man tent, eight by ten feet, but it didn't look big enough to sleep four. On one side, we raised a flap on poles to make something like a porch and then opened that side of the tent. When we got through with the tent, I stood back and looked at it.

"What do you want this thing for?" I asked. "It's heavy as hell and there's still not much room in it."

"Damn, Kavan, you just don't appreciate good stuff," Brad answered. "I got it at a garage sale for fifty bucks and it costs about four hundred new. You could be in this thing in a storm and still be nice and dry."

"Have you already tried it out?"

“Not yet. Ariel said she’d go camping with me if I got a better tent. She said she wasn’t going to sleep in the little one I use when I go backpacking. I got this one so Her Royal Highness would go with me.”

“Well, when are you going?”

“Sometime this summer. You and Kerry want to go?”

“I don’t know. With Kathryn gone, I’d planned on just working hard and saving everything I could. Take Kerry. Maybe he could get Nicole to go and the four of you could have a lot of fun.”

“Yeah, he’d probably love to get her out in the woods,” Brad said. “Maybe Ariel and I could show them how to do it.”

“Shit, he knows how. Just let him and Nicole figure out what they want to do. Anyway, there’s not enough room in that thing for four people.”

“Sure there is,” he said. “It’s eight by ten. A twin bed is three feet wide. We could put three blow-up mattresses inside and put two people on each one. We could squeeze six in. It might be tight but it would be fun.”

Ariel and Kerry and Nicole came back with arms full of old bed spreads and blankets to put on the foam mats. She made me move a couple of the mats so they were in the shade of the tent. I was just waiting for her to give me my next job when I heard a horn blow.

It was Kenjiro and his sister. Kenjiro was driving and Kerry invited him to drive into the pool but he stopped. They both had on what looked like a long shirt or maybe a short kimono, white with black Japanese characters on it, and black shorts. She was beautiful: thin with almost nothing on her chest but with an exotic face and straight black hair and dark almond eyes. If I didn’t like tits so much I’d have been glad to jump her bones.

A couple of minutes later Ryan and Laura drove down the driveway into the back yard and I pointed to a spot for him to park. Ryan looked as buttoned down as Brad and Laura wasn’t much looser. Stuart and Joanne came last, blowing the horn as they came down the drive. They were in his little convertible with the top down and both were wearing baseball caps and sunglasses. When they got out of the car, I saw they had on shirts and shorts and sandals like the rest of us. They didn’t look much older than me and Kathryn.

After everybody was introduced, Ariel explained why she’d asked them to wear shorts and sandals and a shirt. She wanted pictures of

everybody, in couples and in groups. She said she'd burn them to a disc for anybody that wanted them. She told them the camera would be on the table during the party and anybody could use it.

I let Arial tell everybody what we were going to do: eat and swim and play some silly games. Brad asked her what sort of games and she told him to just wait and find out. Maybe he was worried that it might be games like we'd played at the cabin.

She had two plastic cups, one for the guys and another for the girls. She said the girls were going to draw a name first and that it couldn't be the name of the guy who had brought them to the party. Then everybody had to talk to the person whose name they drew and nobody else for five minutes. Kerry griped because it didn't sound like fun to him. Nicole told him to cool it because we were doing it so everybody got to know somebody else, maybe somebody new. It was a good icebreaker. I got to talk to Laura on the first drawing and Nicole on the second.

After that, we stood around and talked and posed for pictures for a while. Arial told everybody to go up the steps to the deck if they needed to go in the house and follow the signs to the bathrooms. Brad took Ryan and Laura in tow and showed them around. Kathryn must have been talking girl talk with Nicole and Kiki because they all shut up when I came near. Stuart and I carried the soft-drink cooler out of the basement and Kerry brought the cups and other stuff.

Finally, Arial announced it was time for the first real game. We drew names again and I got Kiki's. Kathryn told everybody to get something to drink out of the coolers and we'd play the game while we had some hors d'oeuvres. Kiki and Kenjiro had brought a tray of hors d'oeuvres and so had Ryan and Laura. Arial handed each of the guys a plastic plate and told the girls to fill them up. She led the way with Ryan and explained what to do. She said there were seventy-two servings, six different things, and we had to put two of each on each plate. I held the plate while Kiki loaded us up with stuff. When I looked around to see what we were supposed to do, I saw Arial and Ryan standing near one of the foam mats.

"OK, everybody, listen up," Arial said. "We're playing shipwreck. We've all been on board a sailing ship in tropical waters. The ship has sunk and these are our life rafts. Pick one because you're going to be on it for a long time."

I put the plate and my drink down near one of the mats and then put Kiki's down next to mine. I looked around for Kathryn and saw her with Kerry. Stuart was with Laura, Brad with Joanne, Ryan with Arial, and Kenjiro with Nicole. I didn't see how shipwreck was going to be

that much fun. When Arial told me how she wanted the foam mats arranged, she acted like it was going to be fun to play and I guess I expected something wild from her.

“Arial,” Kathryn said, “you’re forgetting something, aren’t you?”

“What?” Arial’s face was a picture of innocence and I knew something was up.

“If we’re all going to be on life rafts, aren’t we supposed to be in just our swim suits?”

“Oh, yes, I forgot,” Arial said. “Everybody take off everything else.”

She pulled her shirt off, pulled her shorts down, and kicked them up in the air. I glanced around at the others and then looked at Kiki. She unbuttoned her kimono and tossed it to one side, slipped her shorts off, tossed them, and I think my eyes bugged out. She had on a couple of thin strips of black material with white Japanese writing on them. Maybe she didn’t have that much up top but she sure as hell was sexy in that outfit. When I finally looked up at her face, she had that smile that said she knew what I’d been looking at. I let my mouth shape a silent “WOW” and I think she replied “Glad you like it.”

I glanced around again and saw Kenjiro in something that was identical to Kiki’s except that he had on just one piece. Kerry had worn the blue Speedo with the red waistband. Kathryn said he was sexy as hell in it and, from the smile on Nicole’s face when he turned around for her inspection, I think she agreed. Kerry drew a circle in the air and she turned around to let him get a good look. She might have been little on the slim slide but she was showing about half a fine rear end.

Stuart did have on a Speedo and Joanne had on a two-piece outfit that looked like she’d bought it before she was nursing a baby. She looked pretty damn good for a woman with a baby just a few months old. She caught me looking at her breasts and winked at me. I licked my lips slowly and deliberately. She knew what I meant.

Even Brad and Ryan had on Speedos and they were the ones I wasn’t sure would do it. I think Ryan got bug-eyed checking out six bikinis. Arial and Kiki were probably the closest to naked and he couldn’t decide which one he wanted to look at the most. Brad was standing there with one arm around Arial checking out all the other females.

I’d seen naked women most of my life but a pretty one in a Bikini could still get a rise out of me, especially that sexy thing Kiki had on. It looked like everybody had done what Arial and Kathryn wanted them to do.

We all had on something that was as close to naked as we could get away with. Maybe this was going to be fun, almost as much fun as it would be with nothing on.

“OK, everybody, you can sit down on your life raft,” Kathryn said. “And pay attention because we’ll give you some more instructions when you’re settled.”

We all sat down and then Arial took over.

“All the guys are part of the ship’s crew. The girls were sailing with their old maiden aunt, who” – She made a pretense of wiping tears from her eyes. – “unfortunately went down on the captain.”

“Arial, you mean, went down *with* the captain, don’t you?” Kathryn asked.

“Oh, yes, what did I say? Forgive me,” Arial said. “Anyway, the guys have been trying to get the girls to screw with them, I mean crew with them, but they haven’t had any luck. This is their chance.”

“There’s just one thing to watch out for,” Kathryn said. “There’s a great white shark circling around under the life rafts so don’t put your hands or feet overboard.”

“And you’re all starved so it’s time to eat before we do anything else,” Arial said. “Please try the hors d’oeuvres that Kiki and Ryan brought. I hope you’ll try everything but just eat what you like, please.”

“Oh, there’s one more thing,” Kathryn said. “You can’t feed yourself. You have to feed the other person in the life raft.”

We all sat on our foam rubber life rafts and ate the goodies. At first I felt stupid feeding Kiki and then having her feed me. We had trouble keeping our legs on the life raft and we kept bumping knees getting close enough to feed each other. Every time I fed her, her lips touched my fingers and, when she fed me, my lips just happened to touch her fingers. When I fed her the last stuffed mushroom, she held my hand and licked the juices off my fingers and I felt it all the way down in my Speedo. I kept looking in her eyes and she kept looking in mine and I wondered if she was thinking the same thing.

I guess everybody else was doing about the same because there was a lot of silly stuff happening on the other life rafts. Ryan got embarrassed when Arial had to tell him to look at her fingers when she fed him. He got back at her when he apologized and told her he was looking at something else he’d like to have in his mouth.

Kerry got up on his knees and introduced himself to Kathryn as a nobleman's son pressed into service aboard the sailing ship. Then he pulled the waist of his Speedo out a little in front and pretended he was a ventriloquist. He acted like somebody in his Speedo was talking and said something like "Pleased to 'eat you, m'lady," or maybe it was "meet you." Kathryn didn't let him get away with that. She leaned over, pulled his Speedo away from his stomach, looked down in it, and said, "Pleased to meet you too, little fellow. You're cute." Some of the guys almost rolled off their life raft laughing, including me.

When we were through eating, Ariel called for everybody's attention again.

"Kiki brought the smoked-salmon sushi rolls. Did you like them?"

She got a lot of good comments. The little rolls were good. I'd eaten two of them. Kiki insisted that I eat them and I hadn't protested when she fed them to me. She said she got enough sushi at home.

"There's just one thing wrong with them," Ariel continued. "They have a very strong aphrodisiac in them. If you ate even one, you're going to be very horny in a few minutes."

That got a lot of suggestive comments, mainly from the guys. I thought it really would be nice to have Kiki feed me something like that. Then on second thought, I knew I wouldn't need the aphrodisiac.

"You forgot the stuffed mushrooms Ryan brought," Kathryn said. "Didn't they have something in them too?"

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot," Ariel smirked. "The pate stuffing contained a very strong sleeping potion. If you ate just one, you're going to be very sleepy in a few minutes."

"Hot damn," Kerry said, "I ate two salmon sushi and no mushrooms. Watch out, Kathryn, you're about to get crewed."

Kathryn held her hand up to her mouth and yawned. **"Oh, I'm sorry, Kerry, I ate two mushrooms and no sushi. You'll just have to row your own boat."**

"Just wait a minute, Kerry," Kenjiro yelled. "She'll never know if you do it or not."

"No, Kerry, you can't do that," Joanne said. "You wouldn't give a girl a date-rape drug and then have sex with her, would you?"

“Shit, I’ll never get screwed,” Kerry pretended to pout. “I might as well be sleeping with the sharks. I guess I’ll die a virgin.”

“Does anybody get to have sex?” Arial asked. “Brad, do you get to do it with Joanne?”

“I don’t know,” Brad answered. “Joanne and I both ate sushi and mushrooms. Can we do it in a hurry?”

“Sorry, you’re half asleep already,” Arial said. “Just enjoy your wet dream.”

“Kavan, how about you and Kiki?” Kathryn asked.

Kiki and I had done the same thing she and Kerry had done. “You gals have got this thing rigged,” I said. “You know Kerry and I both like sushi.”

Nobody got to have sex. Kenjiro and Nicole had done the same thing as Brad and Joanne. Stuart had eaten two salmon sushi and one mushroom and Laura had one mushroom. Arial had fed Ryan two sushi and he’d fed her two mushrooms.

Next, Arial and Kathryn decided it was time for a quick dip in the pool. They wanted the guys to do a six-gun salute of cannon-balls off the diving board while they sat on the sides of the pool and watched. We decided we wouldn’t unless the girls did it too. I didn’t see any reason to give them a show unless we got one in return. They made us go first and I didn’t mind, even if they were shooting at us with the super-shooters. The show was pretty damn good watching from below when they did it and we squirted them good when they came off the diving board.

After that, Kerry and I decided on something we wanted to do. We wanted to have a battle with the girls on the guys’ shoulders. I told everybody it was something we did every summer in the creek at the cabin. Most of the time it was guys on guy’s shoulders but sometime it was girls on guys. I didn’t tell anybody we sometimes did it naked at the cabin. I had Nicole on my shoulders first and she got pulled off in no time. After Kathryn got pulled off Kenjiro, I got her on my shoulders for a while. Kerry tried to get Laura on his shoulders and she squealed like he’d grabbed something. Maybe he had. It was all a lot of fun but after a while the girls decided they’d been groped and dunked enough and said it was time to grill hamburgers.

I had just lit the charcoal to start grilling hamburgers when I heard Arial ask Kerry to do the penguin. He said he'd do it if I would do it too. It was something we learned to do last summer. We'd been practicing diving and then swimming under water and Kerry had turned it into fun. Nobody had seen us do it except Arial and Kathryn.

We'd dive off the board, nothing fancy, just a simple head-first dive, swim under water from the deep end of the pool to the shallow end, and then kick and pull ourselves out in one fast movement. If we did it right, it looked like we were propelling ourselves out of the water by swimming like penguins. The part I didn't want to do was the penguin walk going to the diving board and then again when we got out of the pool. I thought it looked stupid but Kathryn liked it. She said my butt was every bit as cute as Kerry's.

I pretended I didn't want to but I guess I really wanted to show off in front of everybody. Kerry was standing there with his arms straight down on the sides grinning at me. I handed the spatula to Stuart and lined up behind Kerry. We did the stiff-legged penguin waddle to the diving board and then Kerry hopped up on it. I waited to see how he'd do.

He stood there, took a few deep breaths, a few short steps and then one long one, came down perfectly, and then flew up and over in a dive with almost no splash. Damn, he'd done it perfectly. I gave him a second to start swimming underwater and then I took off. I got a better lift off the board, went higher, and then went in cleanly. I swam to the shallow end, gave a few quick kicks, grabbed the drain gutter, and pulled out. Kerry was already standing there grinning and I knew he'd come out like a penguin too. I lined up behind him and we waddled back to the picnic area.

I guess everybody was impressed. Kerry and I got kisses and hugs from Nicole and Kathryn. Then Kerry went around and got a hug and a kiss from the other ladies. I was checking the grill when Joanne grabbed me and hugged me and kissed me. Then Laura and Kiki were teased into doing it too. I just got a quick cheek kiss from them.

I had just started to put on some hamburgers when Joanne came back, looked at the raw hamburgers, and whispered, "I like my meat big and rare...really rare...raw...and full of blood!" I put the barbeque apron on; I needed to hide something.

The hamburgers were a big hit with everybody and I got lots of compliments on how good they tasted. I didn't tell them Mom had made them up for us. Joanne had brought dessert for us, double-chocolate brownies, and they were a big hit too.

I guess everybody was too stuffed to play for a while. Arial and Brad sprawled out on one of the life rafts under the tent canopy so she could get out of the sun and most of the others did the same or got in some shady spot. The sun was getting low but it was still pretty hot if you were directly in the sunshine.

We lay around talking about school and what we were going to do for the summer. Stuart got a lot of questions. I'd introduced him as my half-brother. Laura was curious about that and he gave her an explanation without really telling her what Dad and Ms. Lauren had done. Then when he mentioned his job and said he already had a PhD, Ryan got him to tell about that. We got to talking about college life and Stuart and Joanne told us some wild tales.

Kiki and Kenjiro got lots of compliments on the kimonos they'd worn. Kiki explained that they were called happi – she said happy spelled with an i – and were traditional Japanese wear. She said her Mom had bought them on her last trip to Japan. She showed everybody the design in a circle on the back and explained what it was. It didn't look like a dragon to me. She said her Mom was a buyer for an American company, an expert on Japanese art stuff, and she went to Japan about twice a year.

Arial had told everybody how to get to the bathrooms in the house so I didn't think anything about it when different people or couples disappeared into the house for a while. I glanced up at the deck once and saw Ryan and Laura up there looking down at the pool area. Ryan was behind her and slightly to one side and it looked like he was kissing the side of her face or maybe just whispering in her ear. He had his hands on her breasts and she had one hand over his with the other hand down over his crotch. He'd never told me how close they were but that answered it.

A little later, Kathryn and I went in the house to pee. She took her bikini top and bottom off, wet a cloth, then sat down on the commode and peed and wiped her face with the cloth. I pulled my Speedo off, leaned back against the counter, and watched. When I finished with my turn and turned around, she was brushing her hair. I sat down on the commode and watched. She used both hands, lifting her hair with one and brushing with the other. I loved the way her dark hair fell around her face even if it was shorter now than it had been during the colder months. I especially loved the way her breasts looked with her arms up. I'd always thought her breasts were perfect, just the right size for her, and with her arms raised, they were even more beautiful.

When she was satisfied with her hair, she straddled my knees and started with mine. I'd been letting her style it since Christmas and it was longer now than it had ever been. She parted it in the middle and then brushed back on each side. I still wasn't used to the way it felt on my ears and neck but she said she loved it longer so I let her have her way. My hair wasn't as straight as Arial's and Kerry's. It had more of a natural wave to it, sort of like Mom's. It wasn't as red as Mom's, more of a bronze color than red, and Kathryn said it made me look like a lion. I still hadn't made up my mind whether I'd get my usual summer buzz cut when she left.

"What do you think of Kiki?" she asked. "Do you like her?"

"I don't know," I answered truthfully. "She's beautiful in a sort of exotic way. I guess I just can't figure her out."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you're open and warm and when you smile you sort of light up. I can tell you're happy because you smile with your eyes too. When she smiles, her eyes don't match her lips. I couldn't tell whether she liked being on the raft with me or if she was just putting up with me. I guess I don't know what to think about her."

"She's very beautiful, Kavan. I think she's just a little shy and maybe uncomfortable because she doesn't know us. Why don't you try to get to know her this summer? Ask her for a date."

"Don't start trying to line me up with somebody else, Kathryn," I said. "I just want to work and be by myself this summer. I need to think about us and about what I want to do. I love my job at the landscaping business and I want to look into college programs in that area. I don't need to get involved with another girl."

"I'm not pushing, Kavan," she said. "I just want you to know it's OK with me if you do date someone else. It's what we agreed we'd do."

All the time she was brushing my hair, I kept my eyes on the soft curve of her stomach and the tangle of damp curls on her mound. I could see just the beginning of her cleft and I wanted to get my mouth down there again. I didn't want to think of another girl. I had the one I wanted.

Kerry and Nicole vanished once and, when they came back, he said he'd been showing her his computer. I checked his Speedo and it looked like he'd been showing her his hard drive. His hair had been combed or brushed straight back, not parted like it usually is, and hers

had been brushed too. I knew they both had hair that was a damp mess like everybody else's when they left. I guess Arial noticed it too.

"Who did your hair, Kerry?" she asked.

Kerry grinned at Nicole and that answered it. "Nicole wanted to brush her hair so I let her use my brush. I told her I had cooties but she didn't care. She let me do hers and then she did mine."

I wondered what else they'd done for each other.

Kathryn and I finished picking up and putting away so I looked around for a place to sit down. I was ready to lean back and relax. There was a little L-shaped stone wall at one corner of the pool near the diving board and Kiki and Nicole were sitting on towels on the wall. Dad and I had tried to use just the flattest stones on the top when we built it and it was OK to sit on, except when you had a bare butt.

Kerry and Kenjiro were back in the pool and it looked like Kenjiro was trying to do the penguin. Nicole and Kiki were watching and acting like cheerleaders. Stuart and Joanne had pulled two of the life rafts over to the stone wall, put one of the mats against it and the other flat, and they were sitting side by side on the mat, watching, leaned back and relaxed looking.

That looked good to me so I motioned for them to move over. Kathryn was talking to Brad and Arial. I pulled her over to the mats and we sat down side by side. I put my arm over her shoulders, pulled her up closer to me, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered in her ear, "Thank you."

"For what?" she whispered back.

"For helping me," I answered. "For playing hostess. You've been making sure everybody has a good time and has whatever they want. Have you had fun too?"

She turned her head and looked me in the eyes.

"It's been perfect, Kavan," she said. "It's simple things like this - being with nice people, being silly with each other - I'll miss it this summer."

"It'll be here for you this fall," I said. "You go to New York this summer. My family will still be here this fall. I'll still be here."

She half-turned toward me, slid her hand up my leg, over my crotch with a little pause and squeeze, and then tickled me on my stomach.

“I know,” she said. “What if I’m not? Will you be OK?”

I slid my hand down to her breast and pushed my fingers under her bra until I felt her nipple,

“I told you I will,” I said. “What did somebody say? Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.”

“You haven’t lost me, Kavan. I just need to be on my own for a while.”

“I understand. I really do. Just remember I love you.”

“What are you two whispering about?” Joanne asked. “Stuart and I need to go in the house for a while. If you want to lie down and get it on, you can have the whole life raft.”

“We can wait a little while,” I said. “Has Stuart got to pee again? Damn, it must be rough to get so old he can’t hold it for a while.”

“I’m not the one about to overflow, Kavan,” Stuart said. “It’s Joanne. She wants me to go help her.”

“Help her what?” Kerry asked. I looked up and he and Kenjiro were standing just behind the wall, dripping water. I wondered how long they’d been standing there.

“She needs to put something in a bottle for Kieran Lee,” Stuart said. “Would you like to help her?”

“I wish you’d brought Kieran Lee,” Nicole said. “Kerry’s told me all about him. He’s crazy about him and little Paul.”

“Arial and Kerry have been great about baby-sitting since we moved here last summer,” Joanne said. “Kerry has even learned to change Kieran Lee’s diaper.”

“Yeah, and when she puts her milk in a bottle, I even like to feed him,” Kerry said.

“Well, that’s what she needs to do, Squirt,” Stuart said. “Would you like to help her bottle up a little milk for Kieran Lee?”

“Shit, Stuart, don’t try to embarrass me in front of everybody,” Kerry said. “I think it’s neat how Joanne is about nursing him and letting me learn about it. I don’t mind helping her use the breast pump.”

“If you don’t mind letting Kerry help, would it be OK if I watched,” Nicole asked. “I’d like to learn about it too.”

“Maybe you could just bring everything out here and put on a live performance for the whole crowd,” Stuart said. The way he was grinning when he said that was just like Kerry does sometimes. He tried to duck but Joanne punched him in the stomach.

Joanne didn’t do a live performance but she did let Kerry and Nicole help her. They were in the house for maybe fifteen minutes. After they came down the steps from the deck, Kerry held Nicole’s hand while they walked down to the pool. Joanne followed behind them and I could tell she was looking at two sexy little butts and grinning about it.

The sun was finally low enough so that the trees were blocking it and the pool area where we were was in shade. Dad had liked the big trees when we bought the house. When we started swimming in the nude I understood why. Dad and Kerry and I had done lots of work cutting and clearing from our house part way down toward the creek but Dad wanted the big trees left for a privacy screen from the view on the next ridge.

Stuart and Kerry and I pulled the rest of the mats close to the pool area so we could all be close together. Ryan and Laura claimed one of the mats and stretched out on it. He lay down behind her, spooned up to her, and put his hand on her stomach. Kenjiro was sitting in the lotus position, like Kerry does sometimes, and Kiki was beside him kneeling Japanese style. Brad was sitting with his legs spread and knobby knees up and Ariel was backed up between them. I decided it was time to ask the question.

“Laura, we don’t usually swim like this,” I started. “We do something different.”

She looked puzzled. “What?”

“We usually swim in the nude,” Kathryn said. “We do everything pretty much like we did today. We just don’t have anything on when we do it.”

That broke the ice and we all talked about it. Ryan and Laura thought it was great that my family liked to be nudies when we used the pool. Kenjiro had already told Kiki and she felt the same way. Kerry kept whispering in Nicole’s ear and she was smiling and nodding. I wasn’t sure they’d feel the same way when I asked the next question.

“We’re going to invite a few friends to a pool party about once a week over the summer,” I said. “We’re hoping we won’t have to worry about

what to wear for the rest of the summer. Would you like to come back and swim with us?"

Ryan whispered in Laura's ear. She listened, turned and whispered to him, then listened again.

"If it's like today, just without swimsuits," she said, "we'd love to come back."

"Who else might be here?" Nicole asked. "I'd like to try it. I think I can talk my parents into letting me. I just don't want everybody at school to know about it."

"We don't tell just anybody, Nicole," Kerry said. "We just want to invite a few other people. It's always been family but Mom and Dad said we could invite a few friends this summer if we want to. They said they'd stay out of the way. Like Kathryn said, it will be about like today except we won't have on swim suits."

"Well, I'd like to do it," Nicole said. "I don't understand why people think it's bad to be like nudists. I think it would be fun. If it's OK with your parents, I'll bet my parents would let me do it."

Kerry pumped his fist and said "Yeah!" Nicole smiled at him and shook her head. "Don't let your imagination run wild, Kerry," she said.

"Did you ever play twister?" Kerry asked her.

"Yeah, why?"

"Did you ever play twister in the nude?" Kerry asked, then added, "Don't let your imagination run wild, Nicole."

She covered her face with her hands. I could still see her blushing on her cheeks and throat.

We told them about going to the cabin with Uncle Alan and Aunt Kara and their families and how we had grown up being nudists with all of them. Kerry told them about the creek downhill from the cabin and how much we liked skinny-dipping and playing games. Ariel told them how much fun it was to have dinner on the deck at the cabin with all our relatives and everybody sitting around eating and being silly. I guess we were able to convince Nicole and Kiki and Ryan and Laura that nudists were just like everybody else, except that they weren't self-conscious about being naked.

For another hour or so, we lay around the pool and talked while the daylight gradually faded into darkness. Occasionally, somebody would get up, stretch, jump in the pool for a few minutes, and then come back to the group. Nicole talked Kerry into doing the penguin again and he talked her into trying it. Everybody watched while they did the penguin walk to the diving board. Kerry swam underwater to the other end of the pool and came out like a penguin. Nicole didn't try that part. She just swam out of the deep area and came up. Kerry dived in again and came up next to her. I guess they ended up with their arms round each other because their faces were only inches apart.

Ryan and Laura pulled me away from the others and told me they wanted to cut out. He said she had to be home in a couple of hours and they wanted a little private time. I offered to let them use our basement bedroom but they both grinned and Laura said they had already made plans. I didn't ask what they were but from the way they had been holding each other I guess everybody knew.

"Have you really played Twister in the nude, Kavan?" Laura asked.

"Yeah, with guys and gals both."

"Well, don't you guys get excited," she asked, grinning.

"Sometimes," I answered truthfully. "The gals do too. They just don't show it as bad. That just makes it more fun. You get used to it."

"I don't know whether I could get used to it," Ryan said grinning. "I'd like to try. It might take me a few years."

"Well, I think you're going to have plenty of time, Ryan," Laura said.

When they left, Kiki said she and Kenjiro needed to leave too. We tried to get them to stay but they said they'd promised their parents to be in a little early because they were all going somewhere the next day. Nicole had to leave too so Arial and Brad offered to take her home. When Nicole put on her shorts and shirt again, Kerry put on his too. He said he always walked her to the door and he didn't think he ought to do it in nothing but his Speedo.

Stuart and Joanne offered to help me and Kathryn clean up. I got Kathryn and Joanne to take care of all the stuff that needed to go in the house to the kitchen. Stuart and I bagged the trash, put all the mats in the tent, picked up the towels and pillows and threw them in too, and turned off the outside lights. When the girls came back, the four of us settled down again on the stone wall next to the pool and waited for Brad and Arial and Kerry to come back.

Kerry came running out of the garage seconds after Arial parked her car. He ran toward the pool, stripped off his shirt, hopped a little while he pulled off his shorts, and then stopped long enough to pull off his Speedo. He let out a loud war whoop, ran to the diving board, and threw himself off. It wasn't a dive. His arms and legs were spread as wide apart as possible and his head was back. At the last second, his hands went down to cup under his balls. I'd seen him do it before. He came up and started swimming laps. In the semi-darkness it was hard to see him. All I could see was long arms appearing and disappearing in the black water.

I decided it was time to turn my wild one loose too. I stood up, stripped off my Speedo, used my fingers to loosen my scrotum, and sat back down with my legs spread wide, letting it all hang out. Kathryn stood up, took off her top and bottom, shook her breasts at me, and then sat back down beside me. When I finally looked up at her face, she winked at me.

Brad and Arial and Stuart and Joanne watched the show. I nodded at Stuart and he pulled Joanne up and they stripped off too. I watched Joanne turn loose her breasts and then pull her little bikini bottom down her long legs. I liked the way her breasts looked, so full and heavy when she bent over. I didn't know what Kathryn was looking at but she said "Very nice," and I answered, "Yeah, I agree." She turned and looked at me and said, "I was looking at Stuart's dick, Kavan." It took me a couple of seconds but I answered "Well, so was I." That brought out a howl from Brad.

Arial stood up and held out her hand to Brad. He looked around at the rest of us and then slid his Speedo down his legs. His dick looked about like mine felt, that it had been too close to hard for too long. Arial did something and her bra sort of fell off. Then she slid her bikini bottom down, caught it on foot, and kicked it at Brad.

Stuart said "Very nice," and I answered, "Yeah, I agree." I thought I knew what he'd say next and I was right. "I was looking at Brad's dick, Kavan." I answered "Well, so was I. It is very nice." That brought out some giggles and laughs from three women. Brad looked like he didn't know what was going on. Poor guy. I did so love to embarrass him when I could.

Brad tried to act nonchalant. He looked up at the stars, scratched under his balls like I'd done, pulled on his dick a couple of times to stretch it out, and then looked back at me and grinned. "I'm glad you two like it. I think your dicks are very nice too." Arial stuck out her tongue at me and tried to hit Brad but he danced away. I remembered

how he had been the first time he was nude with us. He certainly was relaxed about it now.

Kathryn leaned over to me and whispered in my ear. I turned and looked at her. She had that look on her face, the one that said so much and made me want her so much. From the first time I'd seen it, it always had the same effect on me. She knew how to use it.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She nodded. "You said I should make up my own mind and then do what would make me happy. It's what I want to do, Kavan."

"Yeah, but he's got the hots for Nicole," I said. "Do you really think it would be OK with him?"

"Well, the rest of us have somebody to sleep with," Kathryn said. "I hate for Squirt to have to sleep with just his right hand. Anyway, it's what I want to do."

"What are you two talking about?" Arial asked. "What do you want to do?"

I looked at her and realized that she and Brad were listening to what we said. Then I looked further and saw that Stuart and Joanne were listening too. I looked at the pool and couldn't find Kerry in the dark. Finally I saw him hanging on the end of the diving board. He turned loose and disappeared silently under the black water.

"It's about Kerry," I answered. "Kathryn doesn't want him to be alone for the rest of the night."

"He's quite a kid," Stuart said. "I wonder if he knows how much different his life is from most boys his age."

"He knows," Arial said. "We all know how much different our lives are from most kids. Most of them have never seen their parents nude and don't get taught much about sex. Our parents have always been open and honest about stuff like that."

"Yeah, you Stuarts are different," Brad said. "We went to the cabin last winter and Kieran and Siobhan let us treat them like just another couple of kids. I guess that's the first time I really believed parents were just like us when it comes to sex. I'll bet a lot of kids think their parents don't even do it anymore."

“It was kind of a shock when we moved here last August to find out how different you are,” Joanne said. “You’d all be more at home in California or Oregon.”

“I guess Kerry could go home with us,” Stuart said to Joanne. “I think he enjoyed his visit last weekend. Do you want to invite him to go with us?”

“You mean come with us, don’t you?” Joanne asked, grinning.

“I guess that’s up to you,” Stuart said.

“He could come with us,” Arial said. “Brad and I have played around with him some. We love to have him with us. He’s a lot of fun.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Kathryn said. “I want him to stay with Kavan and me. He got to play with Stuart and Joanne last weekend. Arial’s off limits in one way because she’s his sister.”

“Go ahead and tell them what you want to do,” I said. “It’s OK with me.”

“What’s OK with you?” Kerry asked. “What does Kathryn want to do?”

I hadn’t noticed Kerry walking up and I don’t suppose anybody else did either. I didn’t say anything. I just nodded at Kathryn and smiled.

“I want to sleep between you and Kavan tonight,” Kathryn said. “I want you both to make love to me and then hug me and hold me when I go to sleep.”

Kerry grabbed a towel and rubbed his long stringy hair into a damp tangled mess. He wiped his face dry, then his chest and stomach, his genitals, and his long legs. He straightened up and looked around at the rest of us. He was serious, not smiling, and I wondered what he was thinking. Finally he grinned and said something.

“I’d rather sleep with Nicole.” He paused. “Shit, I want to do more than sleep with her. I want to make love to her.”

“We can’t help you there, Squirt,” I said. “That’s between the two of you.”

“I kissed her tonight when we went in the house,” Kerry said, looking at Kathryn. “It was like we couldn’t stop kissing each other.”

“I understand, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “Kavan and I were like that when we first started going together. This isn’t about Nicole. This is about the way I feel and what I want. After you and Kavan protected me at school, I decided I wanted both of you to sleep with me. Is that so bad?”

Kerry didn’t answer. Nobody else said anything. We were all waiting to see what Kerry would decide. I watched his face but his expression didn’t give away anything. He was looking out over the valley behind our house, sticking his little finger in his ear to get out some water, and wiping his hair back away from his face. In the dark, it was hard to see him clearly but I thought I saw a glint of something in his eye. He sniffed, shut his eyes, sniffed again, and I wondered if he was about to cry.

“I don’t want you to go, Kathryn,” he said, finally looking at her. “I want you and Kavan to stay together. He’s the one who protected you, not me. All I did was slow Jerome down one time. You want a man like Kavan, not a kid like me.”

Kathryn went to him and pulled him up against her so that his face was beside hers. I could hear her whispering to him. He sniffed a couple of times, said “Oh, shit,” wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, wrapped his arms around her, and buried his face in her neck. I went to them, put my arms around both of them, and held them. We stood there silently for a minute or so.

“It’s OK, Squirt,” I whispered. “It’s OK if you love Nicole. It’s OK if you love Kathryn too. If she wants both of us to make love to her, if that will make her happy, let’s do it. We’ve got to let her go so she can decide if she wants to come back to me.”

Finally Kerry pulled away from us and punched me on the shoulder.

“Oh, shit, let’s all get naked and get in a pile,” he said, with that big grin back on his face.

“I second that,” Brad said.

“Brad Weaver, if you haven’t noticed, all of us are already naked,” Arial said.

“Well, I think we should all go in the tent and get in a pile,” Brad said, grinning. “Kavan thinks the tent will barely hold four people. Let’s show him it will hold seven.”

Joanne whispered something to Arial. Arial motioned with her finger to Kathryn and she joined them. I watched three heads close together,

listened to the giggles and whispers, and wondered what they were cooking up for us guys. Finally the girl group broke up and Arial told us what to do.

“You guys get in the tent and arrange the mats and pillows. Close all the window flaps and the door flap so it’s really dark inside. We’re going in the house for something so just wait for us.”

“Arial, what are you and Kathryn and Joanne up to,” Brad asked. He knew my sister well enough to know they’d come up with something new.

“That’s not the right question,” Kathryn said. “The right question is what are you guys up to.”

“Oh, shit,” Kerry said. “I think us guys are in for a hard time.”

“Joanne, do you think we ought to stay any longer?” Stuart asked. “I thought you wanted to get home to take care of Kieran Lee.”

“We can stay another hour or so,” she answered. “Jack and Lauren were tickled that we’d go off and let them keep the kids. If we get back a little after midnight, I can take care of Kieran Lee then.”

“Yeah, but when are you going to take care of Stuart?” Kerry asked. “It might be hard on him to make him wait.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Joanne said. “If it’s still hard when we leave, I’ll think of something to do when we get home.”

The girls went to the stairs leading up to the deck, still whispering and giggling. We could hardly see the white butts going up the stairs but we all watched anyway.

“Well, come on, we’d better go pee before they get back,” Kerry said.

We followed him to the stone retaining wall downhill from the pool and lined up. I could barely see four streams arching over. I guess we were all trying for distance. Stuart was the one who said it this time.

“It’s great to be a man and take a good hot piss on a warm spring night like this.”

We went back to the tent and arranged things so we had three rows of mats, two deep, with blankets over them, and pillows and damp towels scattered around. When Brad closed the window flaps on each end, it was so dark I could hardly tell who I was looking at.

“Shit, there’s not room for all four of us to lie down,” Kerry said. “I guess Stuart will have to wait outside.”

“Oh, no, Squirt,” Stuart said, “you let Nicole get away. You need to go on to bed.”

“Oh, let him stay,” Brad said. “He can watch.”

“Yeah, like I can see something,” Kerry said.

We kept moving around on our hands and knees trying to find room for four pairs of long legs. I’d just settled down in a corner when I heard Kerry giggling.

“Damn, Stuart,” he whispered, “don’t bite my dick so hard.”

“Shit, it’s your fault,” Stuart whispered back. “Don’t pull my hair and I won’t bite your dick.”

“Let Kavan suck it,” Brad said. “He doesn’t bite and he’s got good manners. He doesn’t talk with a mouthful.”

I decided to play along with them. I tried to make sounds like somebody swallowing something and choking on it. I hocked and retched and pretended to spit something.

“Damn, Brad, you said you’d tell me when you were going to come.”

“Kavan, can I be serious for a minute?” Stuart said. “I want to ask you something.”

“Yeah, what?”

“It’s about what Kathryn said, about Arial being off limits to Kerry. I thought there wasn’t much you and Arial and Kerry hadn’t done with each other.”

“Yeah, you’re right, I guess,” I said. “Over the years, we’ve done most everything with each other except for the biggy. I’ve never tried to get my dick in her pussy and, as far as I know, Kerry hasn’t either.”

“And Siobhan and Kieran knew about it and didn’t mind?” Stuart asked. “They didn’t fuss when you were kids and you played doctor with each other?”

“It seems like I’ve always known how Arial’s equipment is different,” I answered. “I vaguely remember lying on my stomach with my face between her legs and trying to figure out where things were. Maybe I was about six or seven. Mom and Dad had given us our first book explaining sex and I was trying to find her vagina. Mom walked in on us. She just asked what we were doing.”

“Yeah, but when you got older, didn’t you want to get your dick in there? Did you ever try?”

“I guess I wanted to, just because I was curious. But Dad was always talking to us about how he trusted us when it came to sex. I remember lots of times him talking to me and telling me I’d betray his trust if I tried to do it with Arial. I guess that’s what kept me from trying.”

“How about you, Squirt?” Stuart asked. “You’ve never had your dick in your sister’s pussy either?”

“Nope, I never have either. Dad’s talked to me too, about how he trusts me about sex. I guess I’ve always known we shouldn’t try to do it with Arial. But it’s not just Dad. It’s more than that.”

“What do you mean?” somebody asked and I realized Brad had said something over in his corner.

“Well, I guess Arial and I are pretty close because she’s always been like a little Momma to me,” Kerry answered. “I think we love each other a lot more than most brothers and sisters. I just don’t ever want to do anything to hurt her.”

“Your dick’s not that big yet, Squirt,” Stuart said.

“I don’t mean it that way,” Kerry said. “It’s just that she’s so happy with Brad and I don’t want to cause them problems. I like him. I think he’s a good guy for Arial.”

“Thanks, Squirt,” Brad said. “I like you too.”

“She’s your sister too, Stuart,” I said. “At least she’s your half-sister. I guess you can’t do it with her either. Why are you asking about it?”

“I’m just trying to understand how things are with all of you,” he said. “Brad cold-cocked a jock last fall when he bothered Arial. Now Kerry drops a crack-head when he tries to get at Kathryn. I don’t want any of you guys getting mad at me. I’d like to play around with you but I don’t want to get punched out.”

“Shit, Stuart, I’m not going to get mad at you,” Kerry said. “You and Joanne have been...I mean...the way you’ve both been so nice to me and taught me stuff...I couldn’t get mad at you.”

“I think I hear them coming down the stairs from the deck,” Brad said. “What do you think they’re going to do to us?”

“Well, whatever it is, I’m just going to relax and enjoy it,” I said. “I’ll bet we’ll like it.”

Fifty-Nine

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Stuart Andersen, 29; Joanne Andersen, 26

Kavan Stuart, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17

Arial Stuart, 16; Brad Weaver, 17

Kerry Stuart, 12 ³/₄; Nicole Whittaker, 15

Ryan Spenser, 18; Laura Robinson, 18

Kenjiro (Ken-chan) Daniels, 15; Akiko (Kiki) Daniels, 17

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart

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(KAVAN)

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“I think I hear them coming down the stairs from the deck,” Brad said. “What do you think they’re going to do to us?”

“Well, whatever it is, I’m just going to relax and enjoy it,” I said. “I’ll bet we’ll like it.”

“Yeah, well, I told Arial she’d better quit getting me to play games with all of you,” he said. “I’m beginning to like it too much.”

“Brad, Joanne thinks you’re one sexy guy,” Stuart said. “She said she’d love to get you in a sixty-nine with her on top.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet she said that,” Brad answered. “What would you do if I actually did that with her?”

“What would you do if I did it with Arial?” Stuart asked. “Would you cold-cock me too?”

Brad didn’t answer. I don’t know if he could have but he was saved by footsteps just outside the tent. The three of them didn’t say anything when they came in the tent. They just pushed the entry flap to one side and silently slipped in. Then I heard the zipper on the entry flap being closed and it was almost completely dark in the tent again.

“OK, where are you guys?” Arial asked. “I can’t tell which is which.”

We all answered “Here” and I guess our voices were identification enough.

“We want you to line up, side by side, heads toward the back of the tent,” Kathryn said. “Keep your legs stretched out straight.”

With a little pushing and shoving and groping and griping, we finally got ourselves arranged side by side.

“Where are you, Stuart?” Joanne asked.

He was next to me, on one end of the row. He answered. Maybe he was trying to imitate Kerry’s voice but he didn’t fool me. Then Kerry answered on the other side of me and he was trying to imitate somebody, maybe Stuart. They couldn’t fool anybody. Brad answered from the other end of the row.

“Good,” said Joanne. “That’s where we want you. There are only three of us so Stuart will have to wait. We’re going to show these kids what we can do with cocoa butter.”

I had no idea what she was talking about but Stuart did. He said, “Hot damn, you guys are gonna love this.”

“Joanne, is that the stuff you rubbed on your nipples after you pumped your milk out?” Kerry asked.

“It’s made by the same company,” Joanne answered. “But this stuff has lots of other uses.”

“Did you help her rub it on her nipples, Kerry?” Brad asked.

“Up yours, Brad,” Kerry said. “Quit teasing me. I just watched. Joanne said Kieran Lee sucks so hard her nipples get sore.”

“Well, did she let you taste it, Kerry?” Stuart asked.

“Up yours too, Stuart,” Kerry said. “Joanne said she didn’t have to wash it off before Kieran Lee nursed so I tasted it. It was OK.”

“Leave him alone, Stuart,” Joanne said. “I put a little on Nicole’s finger and told him to taste it. Nicole put her finger in his mouth. It was all perfectly innocent, wasn’t it, Kerry?”

“Yeah, it was all perfectly innocent,” Kerry said out loud, and then whispered, “Except my dick tried to rip its way out of my Speedo.”

“OK, you guys shut up now,” Arial ordered. “We’ve got to get in place so we can do something.”

They shuffled around a little and kept bumping into my legs and whispering to each other. Finally somebody stopped and straddled my legs with her ankles touching my calves. I heard a whispered “OK?” and a couple of whispered “Yeahs.” The one over me knelt down and settled in her place with her butt on my knees. From the moaning and groaning on one side of me, I guessed that someone had done the same to Brad and Kerry.

I barely heard somebody whisper, “Here. Get some,” and a few seconds later, someone whispered, “Ready?” and then a “Yeah,” and an “Uh huh.”

I felt a hand on my dick and then on my balls. I had no idea whose hand it was and I had no idea what was about to happen. My dick didn’t care. It knew something was going to happen and it was almost hard already.

Then I felt a second hand on my dick, with something, maybe grease, a little bit like Vaseline, maybe a lotion or salve of some kind. The hand started smearing it all over my dick and it quickly changed into something slippery, not really greasy, just slippery as hell. Then the hand smeared the stuff all over my balls and even back between my legs as far as fingers would reach. It smelled good.

“Jeeze, what is this stuff?” I heard Brad ask.

“Shit, don’t ask, Brad,” Kerry responded. “Whatever it is, it’s good stuff.”

It was good stuff. She had both hands on me now, up and down on my dick, rolling my balls around, teasing behind them. Whatever it was, it was damn good stuff. I lay there and let her do it and my dick went from hard to harder and then hardest. I wasn’t about to come but I knew I wouldn’t last long. The stuff made even a hand job a mind-blowing experience.

“Ready?” someone asked again barely whispering, and I heard a couple of faint “Yeahs.”

Whoever it was playing with me wrapped one hand around my dick and pulled down to my stomach, stretching my foreskin back so tight it was almost painful. Then she put another hand on the shaft, squeezed it tight, and slid it up and off over the head. Next she slid her hand over the head and down, squeezing as tight as she could. It was almost too much to bear and I groaned. Then I groaned a lot more when she kept doing it. It was like nothing I’d ever experienced. As much as I’d jacked off, I’d never felt anything quite like it – sort of like the tightest and slipperiest pussy I’d ever been in, if a tight pussy could clamp down and squeeze my dick out of it.

I suppose Kerry and Brad were getting the same treatment. Brad was groaning and Kerry was using his favorite word, drawing it out until it was a hissed “Shiiittt.” Whoever was doing him started giggling.

“OK, let’s shift,” I heard Joanne say in a normal voice. She was the one who had been doing me. She moved over to straddle Stuart’s legs and somebody else straddled mine.

“Kathryn?” I asked. I smelled something familiar and I knew it was her.

“Yeah, do you like it?” she answered. Her hands started sliding and stroking and I finally managed to squeeze out a weak “Yeah.”

“Brad, you can do it for yourself for a while,” Arial said. “I’ve got to help poor little Squirt with something.”

“Well, is anybody going to tell me what this stuff is?” Brad asked again. “I want to get some for me and Arial.”

“It’s something Lauren told me to use when I was pregnant with little Paul,” Joanne answered. “It’s a combination of cocoa butter and some

other skin softeners. Women use it on their stomach when they're into late pregnancy. It helps to prevent stretch marks."

"Yeah, and sometimes they use it on their husband's dick when they can't fuck anymore," Stuart said. "Sometimes a husband uses it on his dick while the wife watches and giggles."

"You guys try it by yourself," Kathryn suggested. "I'll bet you'll like it better than baby oil."

I slid my hand over my balls and around and up my dick, and then stroked it a few times. It was damn good stuff, maybe better than baby oil but I couldn't remember when I'd last used that.

"Can I place an order for a case of it?" Kerry asked. "It's better than baby oil any day."

I felt Kathryn's hands slide up my thighs so I moved my hand out of the way. She wrapped her hand around my dick and started stroking it while she teased my balls with her other hand.

"Kerry, I brought it for your Mom," Joanne said. "In a few months, she'll start using it when the baby gets bigger."

"Yeah, Kieran can have lots of fun rubbing it on Siobhan's tummy," Stuart said. "He can warm her up for something else."

Kathryn's hand was sliding slowly up and down on my dick. I relaxed and let her do it while I listened to Stuart and Kerry and Brad talk.

"Can you really do that, have sex, I mean, when the baby gets big?" Brad asked. "It won't hurt anything if they keep on doing it?"

"You just have to be careful," Kerry said. "You shouldn't put your weight on her or use positions where you penetrate her the deepest. There are still lots of positions you can use to get your dick in her pussy. They're all great."

"How do you know, Dr. Squirt?" Brad asked.

"We talked about it when he visited with us last weekend," Stuart said. "He doesn't ever run out of questions when he gets started."

That made me wonder what they'd done with Kerry except answer his questions. I knew he wouldn't tell me even if I asked him.

“But do women like it then?” Brad asked. “When Arial’s pregnant, will she really want me to have sex with her? When the baby’s really big, will she still like me to do it?”

Kathryn pushed one slippery finger back behind my balls into my crack. She kept her hand moving so I didn’t care where her finger went. I didn’t care what she stuck up my asshole.

“Yes, Kerry, we like it,” Joanne said. “Stuart was slow and kind and careful with me with both babies. We did it until about a month before the baby was born and it was always good.”

“Yeah, for about a month before the baby’s born and about a month after, I had to jack off,” Stuart said. “That’s when I learned how good cocoa butter is.”

“I don’t think you could get your tongue in deep enough to hurt the baby, Brad,” Kerry said. “Maybe Arial would like that.”

“Quit teasing him, Kerry,” Stuart said. “I think I did go down on Joanne about two weeks before Kieran Lee was born. He kicked and wiggled for about a half-hour after she had an orgasm.”

“It’s time to shift again,” Joanne said. “I’ll help Brad. Who gets to jack off by himself?”

“I’ll help Stuart,” Kathryn said, “if he wants me too. Maybe he’d rather row his own boat.”

I felt her move off me in Stuart’s direction. Then I felt Arial’s knee between my legs and Kerry’s leg against mine. I waited but she was just sitting there with half her butt on my right knee.

“I did a half-shift,” Arial said. “I can do Kerry and Kavan both and nobody’s left out.”

“Why should we do it for them?” Kathryn asked. “Why can’t they do it for themselves?”

I decided to see if I could stir up a little trouble. I leaned over to one side to Kerry and then the other side to Stuart and whispered to them. Then I reached to the left and wrapped my hand around Stuart’s dick, reached to the right and wrapped my hand around Kerry’s dick. I felt his hand wrap around my dick and I knew he had Brad’s dick in his other hand. I started slowly sliding both hands up and down and I felt Kerry do the same. I waited to see how long it would take the girls to figure out what we’d done.

“Oh, let’s be sweet to them,” Joanne said. “Maybe they can do something for us later tonight.”

I felt Arial’s hand slide up my thighs searching for my dick. Kerry kept his hand on it. She found his hand and started feeling around, trying to figure out what was going on. I guess Joanne and Kathryn were doing the same thing. Kathryn found Stuart’s dick with my hand already on it and then slid her hand up my arm until she understood what I’d done. I suppose Joanne found Kerry’s hand already on Brad’s dick too.

“I think Kavan and Kerry are already doing everybody,” Joanne said.

I turned loose of Kerry and Stuart and felt Stuart’s hand wrap around my dick and start stroking. I assumed he was using his right hand on my dick and his left on his own. If Brad had understood what Kerry whispered to him, I assumed he was jacking his own dick and Kerry’s as well.

“No, we’re not,” Kerry said. “Somebody’s got a sweet little soft hand on mine. Who is it?”

Joanne giggled. “Brad’s doing double duty for himself and Kerry. What’s Stuart doing?”

Kathryn giggled too. “He’s doing Kavan and himself at the same time. Maybe they don’t need us anymore.”

“Well, let’s just go in the house and let them have their fun,” Arial said. “I’m tired and sleepy.”

“Don’t go,” I heard Kerry whisper, in a little-boy voice. “I’ll cry if you do.”

“I thought we agreed we’d be sweet to them and let them lay there while we jacked them off,” Kathryn said.

“Please, don’t go,” I whispered. “I’ll be good.”

“I thought we agreed we’d do that and then give them all a blow job,” Arial said. “Then they can do something for us.”

Brad said it too, “Please, pretty please, don’t go. I’ll be good too.”

“I thought we agreed to put them to bed with a good fuck if they could still get it up,” Joanne said.

“Yeah, please don’t go,” Stuart said. We’ll be good little boys. You’re bad girls and we want to give you a good licking. My tongue’s got a hard-on.”

“Yeah, I second that,” Kerry said. “My tongue’s got a hard-on too.”

“Mine doesn’t,” Brad said, “but it’s six inches when it’s soft.”

“Damn, Brad,” I said, “that’s longer than your dick. No wonder Arial loves you.”

They made us beg a little more but they finally relented. We did just what they said; we laid back with our hands crossed on our stomach and let them have their way with us. Arial, I think it was, put another coat of the stuff on my dick and jacked me with one hand. I guessed she had the other on Kerry’s dick.

After a minute or so, they shifted around and whoever straddled me settled down with her butt on my knees. She used two hands and pushed my foreskin down tight while she slid the other hand up and off over the head of my dick. Within a minute or so, I had all I could take. I tightened my legs and butt and I guess she knew what that meant. She did it as fast as she could. I blasted out a big load that landed on my chest and stomach. I grabbed somebody’s hand and made her stop because the feeling was so intense it was almost painful.

“That’s one,” Joanne said.

“Nope, that’s two,” Arial said beside me. “Stuart just came too. He and Kavan had a simultaneous orgasm.”

“Well, one of you take Kerry and I’ll finish off Brad,” Kathryn said from the other end of the row.

Joanne moved off my legs and over to Kerry. It wasn’t long before she said, “Number three just squirted all over everything.”

“Well, you’re the...you’re the one who pointed it,” Kerry panted.

“What’s the matter, Brad?” Stuart teased. “Doesn’t Kathryn know how to do it?”

“Don’t listen to them, Kathryn,” Arial said. “Brad cheated. We went in the house to pee a couple of hours ago and Brad made me jack him off in the sink.”

“Stick a finger up his ass, Kathryn,” Kerry suggested. “He likes that.”

“Kerry, that’s gross,” Arial squealed.

I heard Brad moan. There was no mistaking what was happening to him.

“I used two fingers, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “That did it.”

Brad wasn’t about to let them say stuff like that without getting back.

“It’s even better... when Kerry’s got... his dick up my ass,” he groaned.

Arial squealed Brad’s name this time, dragging it out, and Kathryn and Joanne started giggling.

“Joanne, I thought you were supposed to catch it in your mouth when I came,” I said. “Now, I’ve got it all over my stomach.”

“Yeah, and then swallow it like Brad does,” Kerry said.

Arial squealed out Kerry’s name again and all of us started laughing.

Some more dirty suggestions got thrown around before we all finally settled down. I took a couple of deep breaths to relax and realized we’d replaced the musty smell of the tent with something else. I could smell semen above everything else but there were also the smells of sweat and aroused women. It was a potent brew.

“Somebody’s stinking up the tent,” I said.

“It was Brad,” Kerry said. “He farted.”

“I did not,” Brad said. “It was Kathryn. She almost blew my knee-cap off.”

“It’s not that kind of smell,” I said. “I think there are some hot women around here. Do you guys want to help me cool them off?”

“Yeah, throw me a towel so I can wipe this stuff off,” Brad said.

“Don’t let him wipe it off, Kathryn,” Arial squealed. “Smear it all over him.”

I lay there and listened to the other guys cussing and I guess they were getting a coat of semen and cocoa butter on their stomachs. Joanne moved off Kerry and started smearing something around on my dick and balls and then up on my stomach. I didn’t stop her even when she

rubbed her hands on my cheeks. I sniffed deeply a couple of times and I really got a good whiff of it then.

“I smell come in the cocoa butter but I think there’s another scent,” I said. “I think Joanne’s had her fingers in her pussy. I bet they’ve all been stirring up something.”

I heard sniffing beside me. “You’re right, Kavan,” Stuart said. “This little pooh-bear on my legs has definitely had her fingers in her honey-pot.”

“Shit, that’s a good one, Stuart,” Kerry said. “Now Brad’s got a pooh-bear princess with a honey-pot pussy.”

“Yeah, I like it,” Brad whispered. “Honey’s good to eat.”

“Well, just take a deep breath or two,” I said. “With the stinking old tent, cocoa butter, semen, sweat, and honey-pot pussy, we’ve got a powerful mixture. We ought to bottle it and sell it.”

“Yeah, I haven’t smelled anything as potent as this since last August when we spent the night in the haunted house,” Stuart said.

“Stuart,” Joanne groaned, “shut up!”

Everybody shut up. It took me a second to understand that Brad was the only one who hadn’t been in the haunted house. And that Arial was there -- but with Luke. I guess we were all wondering the same thing -- whether he knew about Arial and Luke.

“It’s OK,” Brad said. “I know what happened last August when you were all at the cabin. Arial’s told me all about it. I’m OK with it.”

“Are you sure, Brad?” Joanne asked. “You’re going to meet Luke and Rachael tomorrow. I hope you and Luke will be friends.”

“We will be,” Brad said. “I know how much the Stuart family loves Luke and Rachael and their kids. Arial’s told me what happened with her and Luke. She even told me who Rachael had for company while Luke was with her. I’m glad her first time was a hell of a lot better than mine.”

“Well, are we going to give these women a good licking or not?” Stuart asked.

“Naw, let’s give them a good fucking,” Kerry suggested.

“That can come later, Kerry,” I said. “Stuart and Joanne can get it on when they go home if he can get it up again. Brad probably can’t get it up because he’s been jacked off twice. We’ll let him and Arial go on upstairs to bed. You and I have a date with Kathryn, remember?”

“Promises, promises, that’s all I ever get,” Kathryn said.

“Yeah, they can’t do anything but talk,” Joanne said.

Arial started to say something but she cut it off with a different sort of squeal this time. She fell half on top of me and Stuart was half on top of her. I grabbed Joanne and wrestled her down between me and Kerry. Brad must have done the same thing to Kathryn and I don’t know where she landed but Kerry yelled. “Damn, you broke my dick off.”

I straddled Joanne, caught her wrists, and pinned her down. She pretended to resist for a few seconds. I leaned over and whispered in her ear, “I envy Kieran Lee.”

She whispered back, “You can have a taste if you want to, little boy. Stuart and Kerry got at me last weekend. I might as well let you and Brad taste momma’s milk too.”

I didn’t care whether Brad got his or not but I wanted to. I slid down on her a little, found her breasts with my hands, and found one big stiff nipple with my lips. I sucked gently and tasted warm sweet milk. She put her hand behind my head and tried to smother me in her breast.

Stuart and Arial were still wrestling next to me. I guess he was trying to pin her down too.

“Stuart, what are you trying to do?” Arial groaned.

“I’m going to bite your butt, Princess,” he said. “I’ve wanted to since the first time I saw you.”

Somebody pushed against my shoulder and Kerry whispered next to my head, “Move over. Let me have some too.” I moved over to the other breast and found a nipple again. Joanne had one hand behind my head and I suppose the other was behind Kerry’s. I could hear him sniffing and breathing and I figured Joanne was trying to smother him too.

“If you two do this to Kathryn tonight,” she managed to groan, “she’ll need both your big dicks to put out the fire in her pussy.”

I straightened up and felt off to the side where Arial and Stuart were. I felt his back; he was bent over Arial. I felt down lower; he had her on her stomach with his head about where her butt was.

“Brad, Stuart’s biting Arial’s butt,” I said.

He didn’t say anything. All I heard was moaning and groaning and squealing on both sides of me.

“Brad, did you hear me?” I asked. “Stuart’s biting Arial’s butt.”

“He can’t hear you, Kavan,” I heard Kathryn whisper. “I’ve got a leg-lock on his head.”

“Does he know how to use his tongue?” I asked.

“I heard that,” Brad growled. “Kathryn’s trying to kill me. She almost broke my neck.”

“Yeah, it’s like he’s trying to kill me,” Kathryn whispered. “I’ll swear he does have a six-inch tongue.”

“How long is yours, Kavan?” Joanne whispered.

I decided I’d show her but I wanted to see if I could get Brad to do something first. I leaned over to whisper to Kerry and all I felt was his butt. He was leaned over Kathryn, either with his mouth on her breasts or kissing her.

“Brad, come over here,” I said. “Joanne’s got something for you. Let Kerry take care of Kathryn for a few minutes.”

“Stuart, you’re going to break me in half,” Arial whispered.

I felt in that direction and touched her leg and Stuart’s arm. I explored a little more and knew what he’d done. He had her on her back now, holding her legs bent back, with his head down at her pussy. It seemed like a good plan to me.

Brad and Kerry must have collided because I heard a bonk and a “Shit” and an “O, fuck,” at about the same time. When they finally got rearranged, I pulled Brad closer and told him what Joanne wanted him to do.

“Shit, I can’t do that,” he protested.

“Yeah, you can,” I said. “Kerry and I already have. I’m going down on her while you get a little taste.”

I caught Joanne’s legs behind her knees, lifted and spread her, and tried to find room to get my head down to her pussy. She pushed herself toward the back of the tent with her hands and I tried two or three ways to get at her without kicking the front side of the tent down. I finally bent my legs off to one side, slid my cheek down the inside of her thigh, and let my nose lead me to it. Her honey-pot was wet, drooling wet, and ready. The scent and the taste went straight to my dick. It was already rigid again and I wanted so much to shove it in where my tongue was.

“That’s good, Brad,” I heard Joanne whisper. “That’s good, Kavan.”

“Yeah, that’s good, Stuart,” I heard Arial sigh.

“Yeah, that’s good, Kerry,” I heard Kathryn murmur. “Just keep on licking it right there.”

I don’t know how much longer we kept on giving them a good licking. After a while, Stuart was straddling Arial and I guess he was trying to fuck her between her little tits or maybe trying to get her to suck his schlong. I decided to help him. I got my mouth at her little pussy and made her squeal the way she always does.

When I straightened up for a breather, Brad was rolling around with Joanne and I couldn’t tell what they were doing. I felt around until I figured it out. He was flat on his back and she was straddling his head. I groped some more and realized she was probably sucking his dick while he had his hands on her ass cheeks, his head bent up, and his mouth on her pussy. I pulled his hair just to let him know I knew what he was doing. Then I just shook my head in disbelief. It was hard to believe he’d actually do it.

I stood up, put my hands on Joanne’s back, stepped over her, and moved in Kathryn’s direction. She and Kerry were cuddled up together. I felt around again and figured out what they were doing. She was flat on her back. Kerry was on one side, his face at her breast, his hand down at her pussy. It was something she liked – a mouth sucking gently on her nipple while a finger slid around and around in the juices of her cunt with just the lightest of touches on her clitoris. I lay down on the other side of her, found her other breast with my mouth, and let my finger join Kerry’s in her cunt. I loved to do it to her too.

I heard some more groaning and moaning on the other side of the tent and then somebody whispering “Oh, shit,” over and over again. I knew

it was Ariel, the little princess who said that when her Prince Charming made her come. It always seemed funny to hear that coming from her. Whatever Stuart had done, she sounded like she liked it.

Just a little later, I heard groaning beside me and then somebody gasping for breath.

“Oh, shit, yeah,” I heard Joanne whisper. “You have got a six-inch tongue, Brad.”

I decided it was time to see if we could make Kathryn say “Oh, shit,” too. I grabbed Kerry’s hand and guided his finger to her clitoris. I curled my hand around, slid my long finger into her as deep as I could and started stirring up the honey-pot. It didn’t take long until I felt her contractions on my finger.

She said it. “Oh, shit, oh, shit, don’t...you’ve...that’s enough,” followed by some incomprehensible grunts. I let my finger be still and stopped sucking on her nipple. I could feel the ripples down there around my finger.

Everybody was quiet for a few minutes. Then I heard some shuffling and moving around on the other side of the tent.

“Did you put a hickey on Ariel’s butt?” I heard Joanne ask.

“Nope,” Stuart said.

“Well, what did you do that had her squirming around so?”

“I put one on the inside of her thigh, right next to her pussy,” Stuart whispered.

“Well, I think Brad probably put one or two on me,” she said. “I couldn’t believe he would do that.”

“I was just trying to breathe, Joanne,” Brad whispered.

“If you hadn’t tried to stick your finger in my asshole,” Joanne said, “I wouldn’t have tried to suffocate you.”

“Ariel likes it,” Brad said. “I thought maybe you might like it too.”

We lay there for a while, talking and joking, arms and legs entangled, hot and sweaty and stinking, all seven of us squeezed up in a row – Kerry, Kathryn, me, Joanne, Brad, Ariel, Stuart. I don’t think anybody

felt like moving but the tent was just too hot now. I was dripping sweat and I knew what I wanted next.

“I’m ready for a shower,” I said. “Anybody want to join me?”

Nobody answered but the tent emptied quickly and there was a mad dash for the basement shower. I was the last one in. Somebody had turned on the light and everybody looked like they’d been doing just what we had been doing. Everybody’s hair was a mess. Everybody was shining with a mixture of whatever all over their body. We stood looking at each other and grinning.

The shower room was eight feet by eight so there was plenty of room for all of us. Brad started both showerheads and we all tried to squeeze under them at once. After a little shoving and rubbing, we settled down and started washing each other. Arial insisted on having her hair shampooed. She said the pool chemicals made it look green if she didn’t. Joanne and Kathryn wanted their hair shampooed too so the four of us guys shampooed three gals and bathed them. I didn’t mind; I liked rubbing soapy tits and ass.

They helped bathe us too. I got a back scrub, got washed all over with a soapy cloth, and had my dick and balls thoroughly cleaned four times. I knew there were only three women but I didn’t care if one of them did a repeat or if Stuart did it. My dick couldn’t have gotten any harder either way. The other three guys evidently liked it as much as I did; Kerry’s dick was pointing at the ceiling as usual and Brad’s and Stuart’s were up at an angle like mine.

While we were drying each other off, Brad started playing grab-ass with Arial and whispering to her. I guess I was wrong about his recuperative abilities; he had it up again. Arial definitely acted like she wanted him to use it.

Stuart asked Joanne if he could smuggle his hard-on home for later. Then Kerry asked him if he could drive his little convertible with his dick in the way. Stuart said he could if Joanne would shift gears. I suppose Joanne knew she had to get serious again. She said she had to be Mommy before Stuart got at her again. Arial and Brad gave them a quick hug and goodbye and then ran up the stairs. Arial was squealing at whatever Brad was doing and he was holding his dick in one hand.

Joanne and Stuart put on their clothes and sent Kerry upstairs to the kitchen to retrieve Kieran Lee’s bottle. Kerry and Kathryn and I hugged them goodbye and then I walked out with them so I could open the side gate and then close it after they left. We stood next to their little convertible talking for a few minutes.

“Thanks for inviting us, little brother,” Stuart said. “It was fun.”

“You’re welcome, big brother,” I said. “Did you really bite Ariel’s butt?”

“Yeah, I’ll bet she’ll show it to Brad. Ask him,” he said.

“Kavan, is Kathryn OK with coming to our house for dinner next Saturday night?” Joanne asked.

“Yeah, she’s looking forward to it.” I answered. “Who’s going to be there? I assume Luke and Rachael will be. You’re not going to surprise us with a going-away party and a bunch of people, are you? Kathryn wants everything kept quiet and simple.”

“Mom and Mr. Jack are going to be gone; they’re flying to Chicago on Thursday,” Stuart said. “Joanne’s going to be cooking for six adults and four kids. She won’t tell me what but she says it will be something good.”

“I’ll be cooking for just six adults,” Joanne said. “We’re going to feed the kids and put them to bed early.”

Joanne got in the car, put on her baseball cap, and waited for Stuart.

“Mom’s going to shop for some clothes for Kathryn,” Stuart said. “Siobhan gave her a list of sizes. I think they’re going to get her some really nice clothes. Joanne and I have a set of luggage for her. Did you find what you wanted for her?”

“Yeah, I’ve got her a digital camera,” I answered. “I’d like to get her a cell-phone and prepay for it for while. Do you think that would be OK or would she feel like she’s got to call me all the time?”

“I think that’s a great idea,” Joanne said. “You two do understand that you’re invited to stay the night with us, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I told her. She wants to know whether we’re all going to be sleeping in separate bedrooms or whether you’re got something else in mind. I’d like to know too.”

“We’ve been talking to Luke and Rachael about it,” Stuart said. “They think we should just relax and enjoy ourselves without any specific plans, sort of like what we did tonight. Would you two be OK with that?”

I slapped a mosquito on my thigh.

“Yeah, I think so,” I said. “Just a quiet little orgy, huh?”

Stuart got in the car and put his baseball cap on. He looked up at me and I could see a big grin of white teeth.

“Well, somebody showed us how much fun that can be,” he said, and started the car.

I held the gate open for them to leave, closed it again, and went back in the basement.

Kerry and Kathryn were already in our basement bedroom. Kerry was sitting on the foot of the bed, dick straight up, and she was standing between his knees, blow-drying his hair. He was holding a hairbrush and looking straight at her breasts. Her hair looked damp but it had already been brushed neatly. She stopped the blow dryer and started brushing Kerry’s long hair back on each side.

“We’re not trying to dry it completely,” she said. “Just enough so it will finish drying without being all messed up.”

I stood and watched her doing Kerry’s hair. I knew he liked it long like Stuart’s hair. Kathryn had talked both of us into letting our hair grow longer and letting her and Ariel style it. Kerry kept his parted in the middle with the sides brushed back and it usually looked neat. I kept mine parted on the right side, brushed toward the left on top, and then brushed back on each side. Mine wouldn’t stay neat like Kerry’s and she often brushed it for me once or twice in the day.

Whenever I worked at the plant nursery, I sweated so much that it was a tangled mess. She made me some dark-colored sweatbands that tied in the back to keep it under control. She said I was really sexy like that and told me to notice how women looked at me when I was working. I guess she was right but I still wanted to cut it short when she was gone so it wouldn’t be so much trouble. When she turned and looked at me, I knew it was my turn so I sat down beside Kerry.

“Not many women are as lucky as I am,” she said, “to have two beautiful guys to love her.”

She brushed the tangles out of my hair slowly and gently, used the blow dryer, and then brushed some more. I sat and did what Kerry had done – stare at her beautiful breasts. I couldn’t imagine how a woman could have breasts more beautiful than hers. I didn’t want to think about not seeing them and touching them again. I wanted to bury my face between them and smell the clean woman smell of her and then get my

mouth on those stiff little nipples. I guess my dick understood; it had wilted a little when I'd gone outdoors with Joanne and Stuart. Now it slowly raised its head up and looked up at where it was going to go in a little while. When she stopped brushing, I looked up at her. She looked down at my face, then further down, back up, and smiled at me with her mischievous smile.

"Are you ready to play again?" she asked. "Kerry is."

I looked over at him. He was flopped back on the bed, propped up on his elbows, long legs bent over the end of the bed, his dick suspended over his stomach, and legs apart with his balls hanging low.

"Whenever you are," I answered. "We don't have to hurry, you know. We can sleep late as long as we're at the Andersen's place by noon."

She pushed me and I flopped back like Kerry. After my dick stopped bouncing, it was up in the air like Kerry's. I parted my legs so my balls could hang loose too. Kathryn stood there and looked back and forth at us, our faces and then our genitals.

"You guys really are beautiful, you know," she said. "Your hair is different but you're just alike in everything else. It's easy to tell you're brothers."

"I hope my dick is as big as his when I stop growing," Kerry said. "I'd hate to have the smallest Stuart dick."

"You're probably going to have the biggest," I said. "Mine wasn't as big as yours when I was your age."

Kathryn pushed us a little further apart, crawled up on the bed between us, and sat down Indian fashion. She put a hand on each of us.

"How big is it, Kerry?" Kathryn asked. "And don't tell me you don't know. Kavan says every guy knows how long his dick is."

He didn't say anything. I looked over at him and saw a big grin on his face. I knew he had a new measurement to report.

"I measured it as six inches last time," he said. "It's grown about an inch and a half in the last year or so."

"When do guys stop growing?" she asked. "Kavan's dick has been about the same size since I got introduced to it."

They were both looking at me. I didn't know the answer. I just knew what had happened to me.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess my dick grew kind of fast for a while and then stopped. The rest of me is still growing. Dad says that's the way he grew. His dick got big and then stopped and he kept getting taller and skinnier. After a while his body started filling out and then stopped. That's the way Kerry and I will probably be too."

She crawled up further and lay down propped up on pillows against the headboard. She patted each side and Kerry and I crawled up to her.

"How big is your Dad's dick?" she asked. "Is it the same as yours?"

"Yeah, about the same," I answered. "Mom and Arial measured both of us a couple of years ago. We're both a little over seven inches."

"Seven and a quarter," Kerry said. "I've got an inch and a quarter to go."

Kathryn scooted down on the bed a little so she could get a hard-on in each hand. I just lay there and watched what she was doing with Kerry's.

"You'll make it, Squirt," I said. "I'll bet you'll be almost eight by the time you're old as me."

"It's not the size that makes a man a good lover, Kerry," Kathryn said. "Big is nice but it's the way Kavan treats me that makes me love him. He's always considerate of me and tries to make sure I enjoy it too. He doesn't just get his and turn over and go to sleep."

"Dad's good about teaching us stuff like that," Kerry said. "I've learned lots of good stuff from the books on sex he's given me but the best is what he teaches me."

"He's given us little lectures about love and sex for years," I said. "We've learned to listen and think about what he's saying. He's just about the best Dad a guy could want."

"Do you remember the one he gave us last fall when Brad took us on the hiking trip in the state park," Kathryn asked. "The one about how he felt about your Mom."

"You mean when he was trying to convince Brad he didn't have to be ashamed of getting a hard-on when he looked at Arial naked?" Kerry asked.

“Yeah, that one,” Kathryn said. “I wanted to cry when he told us about how he felt about Siobhan. I wish my Dad had felt like that about my Mom.”

“They’re good about letting us know how they love each other,” I said. “They don’t hide much from us.”

“Why did you guys hit him with your hats?” she asked.

“Because we love him,” Kerry said, and I suppose he was right.

“Well, I hope you all appreciate how nice it is to have parents like yours,” Kathryn said. “There aren’t many who treat their kids like they treat you.”

“We know it, Kathryn,” I said. “Our family’s a lot different. I’m glad we were raised the way we were.”

“Yeah, me too,” Kerry said. “I think all kids ought to be raised like we were.”

I put my right leg over Kathryn’s right knee and put my hand under her breast with my thumb on the nipple. I saw Kerry looking at me with his eyebrows raised. I nodded to him and he put his left leg over hers and cupped his hand under the other breast.

“You guys made quite a team when you got at me like this in the tent,” she said. “With a mouth sucking on each nipple and two fingers playing in my pussy, I thought I’d died and gone to heaven. I would have let you do that all night if somebody hadn’t decided it was time to give me a really big O.”

She slid my foreskin back and then rubbed the head of my cock against her leg. I watched her do the same thing with Kerry’s. He was watching what she was doing with my cock.

“I didn’t know a woman’s nipples get sore from a baby sucking,” Kerry said. “Does Kavan make yours sore?”

“Not really,” she said. “Once in a while they get a little irritated. I just rub something on them and they’re good until the next time.”

“Like that cocoa butter stuff?” Kerry asked. “It didn’t taste bad. I’ll bet it would taste good if it’s on a woman’s nipples.”

“Do you want to try it, Kerry?” she asked.

“Yeah!” he answered, grinning at me. I was grinning back. I wanted to try it too.

“Where is the cocoa butter?” I asked.

“Somewhere in the tent,” Kathryn answered.

“I’ll go get it,” Kerry volunteered.

He was up and off the bed and almost out the door when he stopped, turned back, and looked at us.

“Have you got a flashlight?” he asked.

“You can’t put it on your dick this time, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “I don’t want to get it in my pussy.”

“That’s OK,” he said. “I don’t think your pussy will need any, will it?”

I reached over in the drawer of the nightstand and pulled out the little flashlight I used if I got up at night, especially if I went outdoors. Kerry tip-toed over, grinning, his dick bouncing up and down, grabbed it, and tip-toed out the door to the basement area.

I yelled after him. “Bring us some of those damp towels.”

“Don’t you and Kerry ever argue and fight?” Kathryn asked.

“What? Why?” I asked back. I was thinking of everything but fighting with Kerry.

“You know. Argue, fuss, fight, like most brothers do. You two always seem to get along great.”

I thought about it. I supposed she was right. We did argue just a little once in a while but we never really argued and fought enough for Mom and Dad to get involved.

“I don’t know. I guess we’ve always been like that. I suppose he knows he can get what he wants by getting along with me. Why do you ask?”

“It just seems unusual, I guess. He really respects you, you know. Sometimes he acts like you’re his dad. I was just wondering how you two got that way.”

“We moved here when I was...eight, I think, and he was about three. Mom and Dad gradually let me go down to the creek and roam around in the woods with my friends. Sometimes he wanted to go with us but Mom wouldn't let him. He might have been six the first time she let him. She made him promise he'd obey me just like he obeyed Dad. He learned pretty quickly not to cause me any problems. A couple of times he did something I told him not to do. I told Dad and he had a serious talk with him. He told him he'd better do what I said or he could just sit home. After that, he listened to me and did what I said.”

I heard the basement door to the outside being closed and locked and a few seconds later Kerry came in our bedroom and stopped in the door, his finger on the light switch, holding up the cocoa butter and still grinning. His dick was still holding up by itself. He had towels draped over both shoulder.

“On or off?” he asked.

The overhead light was the only one turned on in the room. It didn't matter to me. I looked at Kathryn.

“Leave it on, please,” she replied. “I want to see both of you.”

He shut the door, dropped the towels on the floor, crawled across the bed in a flash, opened the jar, and held it out to me. I looked at Kathryn's breasts and then at her face.

“Well, go on,” she said. “Do it. I want you to.”

I stuck a finger in the jar. The stuff was surprisingly hard, about like butter when it comes out of the refrigerator. I dug down a little and got a little of the yellow stuff on my finger.

“Get you some, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “Just a little bit.”

He got a little on his finger and we started rubbing it on her nipples. As the stuff warmed, it became slipperier and her nipple became harder. I used my thumb and a finger to tweak it into standing up. When I looked over at her other breast and Kerry's fingers, the nipple had stood up for him too.

“That's erectile tissue, isn't it, Kerry?” Kathryn asked.

“Yeah, it's got a little hard-on. Can I suck it?” he answered.

“Yeah, please, both of you.”

The stuff had a pleasant smell and the taste wasn't great but it wasn't bad. I did it like I knew she liked it. I cupped my hand under her breast and sucked gently on the nipple. Once I raised my head and looked at Kerry then at Kathryn. Kerry had his eyes closed, I think, because all I could see was his long eyelashes. I watched his mouth sucking about like I'd seen Kieran Lee do it on Joanne, only maybe not quite as hard. Kathryn had her eyes closed and she had a little smile on her face. I lowered my mouth back to her breast and licked and played some more.

"That's so good," she whispered. "I wish Stuart or Brad was here."

"What do you want them for?" Kerry asked. He must have had her nipple still in her mouth because I could hardly understand what he said.

"I'd like to have a third mouth somewhere else," she whispered.

Kerry and I rose up at the same time and looked up at each other. He was grinning that wide grin and I knew he knew where.

"Go ahead, Kerry," I said, winking at him. "You can kiss her on the mouth. It's OK with me."

"Will you swap with me in a minute or two?" he asked. I nodded.

I watched as he got up on his hands and knees. He started to move down on her but I shook my head no. He questioned me with his eyebrows. I nodded toward her head. He shook his head no. I shook my head yes. He shrugged and moved up on her. She still had her eyes closed and a smile on her face.

Kerry leaned over and licked her lips. She jumped in surprise and opened her eyes. Kerry kissed her again and pulled back. She reached up and pulled his head down to her. I watched them play tongue tag for a few seconds and then moved down on her.

She didn't resist when I pulled her legs apart, lifted them, bent them back, and then lay down with my face at her pussy. The lips were open a little but I wanted them wide open. I turned loose of her legs and she kept them in the air. I used my thumbs to pull on each side of the big lips. Her pussy opened the way I wanted it, all that coral-red flesh from the wrinkled opening of her vagina, over the little bump of her urethra, on up to the brighter red of her clitoris peeking out of its little elongated hood. I started licking all of it.

I loved the way her cunt smelled and tasted when she was aroused. It always made my dick get a little harder, even when it was so hard it hurt. Then I realized that I was rubbing it on the sheet and irritating the area just behind the head. I lifted my hips, reached down, and pulled my foreskin as far forward as it would go. I lay back down and started licking her again, keeping my hips still.

Kerry tapped me on the shoulder and I lifted my head and looked at him. He was on his knees beside Kathryn. He jerked his thumb upward and I swapped with him.

When I moved over Kathryn's head she still had her eyes closed. When I kissed her, she opened them and we both tried to look at each other when our eyes were about an inch apart. I felt her lips get firmer and change their shape and then she giggled. I lifted up away from her, bewildered.

"Kerry was rubbing my button with his nose," she whispered.

I had never thought of that. "Did you like it?"

"Yeah, but a tongue is better."

"A dick would be even better," I whispered.

"He's using his tongue now," she whispered so low I could hardly make out what she was saying.

I looked down at him. His hair had fallen over and I couldn't see what he was doing. He had both hands on her thighs and he'd bent her back further than I had. I wrapped one arm around Kathryn's legs, behind her knees, and pulled just a little. Kerry looked up briefly, saw what I'd done, and put his face back down. This time he had both hands on her hips, fingers pointed in at her pussy, and I could see his head moving up and down. I shook my head, thinking that I'd had to wait until I was fifteen to learn how to do what he was doing with her and he'd already learned and he wasn't quite thirteen.

"Kavan, tell him to stop, please," Kathryn whispered.

I looked back at her. "Why?"

"I don't want to come yet. I want to rest a minute or two and then I want to feel your dicks in me."

"Well, we can't both do it at the same time. Which do you want first?"

“I don’t care. But I don’t want you to get carried away and come within a minute or two. I want you to do it slow and easy so I can feel you in me. I want it to last for a long time. You decide who goes first.”

“Kerry, can you hear me?” I asked.

He looked up at me and grinned and stuck out his tongue. “Yeah.”

“Kathryn wants us to give her a good fucking, you first.”

“You sure?” he asked. I didn’t know whether he was asking me if I wanted him to go first or if it had been Kathryn’s idea.

“Yeah,” I said. “She wants you to do it real slow and easy and make it last a long time. If you feel like you’re about to come, stop and pull out and let it cool off, OK?”

“What are you going to be doing?” He asked.

“Watching,” I said.

“Kerry, I want you on top of me for a while,” Kathryn said. “Then you can swap with Kavan and watch.”

He crawled up on top of her and stopped on his hands and knees.

“I wish we could all do something together at the same time,” he said, looking at me.

I’d been thinking the same thing. I’d thought of some things we could do that would be fun. I didn’t know if he’d ever done what Kathryn and I did with Mrs. Lauren. If it worked with one guy and two girls, it would work with two guys and one girl. I even thought of one thing we could do so we both had our dicks in her at the same time. It was something I’d never done before. I didn’t know if she’d go for it.

Kathryn reached up and pulled his dick. He looked down at her and smiled.

“You be slow, now,” she said. “I want to be fucked good before anybody comes.”

He settled down on her and I watched as she guided his dick to the right spot and he eased it into her.

“OK, I can do that,” he said. “I’ve already come twice today. It might take a few minutes to come a third time.”

“Twice already?” she asked.

She brought her legs up, bent then back, and locked her ankles together with one heel right at the crack of his ass. She liked to do me that way and I guess it was becoming sort of automatic with her.

“Yeah, I did it real quick in the bathroom before we went to school this morning. Then Joanne jacked me off in the tent.”

She wrapped her arms around him, pulled him down, and her breasts flattened against his chest. She liked it when she had me against her like that. She’d told me more than once that she liked to feel my hard pecs against her breasts and my hard cock in her cunt.

“Did you wash out the sink before you left?” Kathryn asked, grinning up at him. I knew she was teasing.

“Yeah. I even lifted the toilet seat before I peed. I’m learning not to leave a mess for somebody else. I’m not a hopeless case.”

I watched him flex his hips and slowly ease them back down. I decided I wanted to watch up close and personal. I moved up so my face was just inches from theirs.

“Is it OK if I watch the action down below?” I asked. “I want to see Kerry’s six-incher bottom out and his balls up against your ass.”

They both turned and looked at me with grins on their face.

“Will you let me watch you from behind when you do it?” Kerry asked.

I nodded. Kerry looked down at Kathryn. She nodded. He nodded too.

I moved around on our big bed until I found a spot where I could see between Kerry’s legs. I grabbed a pillow, folded it in half, and propped my head on it so I could watch with both hands free. I wrapped one hand around my dick and the other around my balls and watched Kerry and Kathryn put on a show for me. It reminded me of the time Kathryn and I had done the show for everybody at the cabin.

He was doing it like she wanted it – slowly and gently. I watched him pull out his six-incher and then slowly ease it back into her. I knew how proud he was. I remembered how I’d felt when mine finally hit that mark. I guess guys are always proud when they know they are going to be at least average. I watched as he pulled out and I could see all of the coral and red flesh of her cunt as he slid it back in and the neat black

hair all around. She'd decided to quit shaving around it and just keep it trimmed, said she was tired of it being scratchy and itchy. I knew how she felt because I sometimes scratched my face or something else on her stubble.

Kerry eased it out again and back in until his balls were against her ass and I couldn't see anything. He stopped for a few seconds and then eased it out again. Damn, it was one hot show. He slid it in slowly again and all I could see was his hairless scrotum right over her asshole.

Hairless? He's got some hair on it, I knew. He showed his balls to me occasionally, proud that he was getting hair on them and behind them, as well as his little patch of pubic hair. I moved up closer and looked between his legs. He had a little stubble behind his balls and maybe a little on them. Damn! He's shaved it. Or somebody had shaved it for him. I didn't see how he could shave back there himself. Now who had been doing that for him? He'd been with Joanne and Stuart last weekend. Joanne must have done it. Shit, I guess he got at her last weekend.

I realized I was stroking my dick faster than he was moving and I felt a faint urge to keep on doing it faster and faster until I came. I took a deep breath, stopped jacking my dick, and just held it in my hand. Kerry did it for a minute or two longer and I think Kathryn realized he was getting faster and faster too. She slapped him gently on the butt.

"Don't you think it's time Kavan had a turn," she asked.

He turned and looked down where I was.

"Nah, just let him jack off," he said. "I'll take his turn."

I reached up and slapped him on the butt a little harder.

"Like hell you will," I said. "Get your butt down here and watch how I do it."

I took his place and Kathryn guided my dick into her pussy. When my dick was seated and I was all wrapped up by her, I put my lips next to her ear.

"Did you feel Kerry's balls and behind them," I asked. "Somebody's been shaving him. I'll bet it was Joanne last weekend."

"Why would she shave him?" she whispered in my ear. "He doesn't have much pubic hair yet anyway?"

“No fair whispering,” Kerry said, somewhere back behind me.

I turned and looked for him. He was down at the foot of the bed, kneeling, one arm resting on the bed, the other almost out of sight. I could see his hand moving and the head of his cock exposed on each stroke.

“Are you comfortable?” I asked. “Can you see?”

“Yeah, you can do it now,” he said, and grinned at me. “I can see OK.”

I turned back to Kathryn. She had a wide grin on her face and looked like she was having a hard time keeping from giggling.

I tried my best to do it the way she wanted, just sliding in to the hilt and out to the tip, doing it as slowly as I could. I lifted my head and looked down at her. She had her eyes closed and just a tiny smile on her lips now. I’d seen that look lots of times.

After a couple of minutes, even doing it so slow, I could feel the urge building up in me and I knew I had to stop or I’d come in a minute or so. I stopped and just held it still in her. I tried to think it back down but I knew I couldn’t and I didn’t want to take it out. She opened her eyes and looked up at me.

“What’s the matter?” she asked.

I shook my head slightly. I couldn’t say anything. I was dangerously close.

“Are you about to come?” she whispered.

I nodded slightly. She took her legs off my back and her arms from around me. She pushed gently against my chest.

“Don’t come yet, please,” she whispered. “Take it out.”

I pulled out and flopped over on the bed beside her. I lay there breathing heavily, my heart pounding and my dick throbbing.

“Kerry, can you find me one of those towels?” she asked.

I opened my eyes and saw him standing at the foot of the bed, one hand moving up and down on his cock. He picked up a towel and threw it to her. She rolled over and wiped the sweat off my chest and then wiped all the stuff off my dick. That made the urge go far enough away so that I felt in control again.

“Was that good, Bro?” Kerry asked. “Did you come?”

I shook my head. “No but I was damn close.”

Kerry walked around on the other side of the bed away from me and lay down. He moved over beside Kathryn and put one leg over one of hers.

“What’s your pleasure, now, M’Lady?” he asked.

“I think we should all cool off, Kind Sir,” she answered. “My knight’s lance was overheated.”

We all lay there for a few minutes, doing nothing much except talking.

“Kavan says somebody’s been shaving your balls,” Kathryn accused.

“Yeah, I did it,” he lied.

“Behind them too?” she questioned. “I don’t believe you. I want to see.”

He rolled over on his back, his hand still on his dick, and Kathryn rolled over and sat up. I sat up too and moved so I could see. She lifted his balls and looked behind them. She held them up with one hand and then rubbed her fingertips over them and back toward his asshole.

“All right, tell us,” she said. “Who did it?”

“A gentleman never talks about what he does in bed with a lady,” he answered.

“It was Joanne, wasn’t it?” I asked.

He nodded and that big smile spread over his face.

“Did you have fun with her and Stuart last weekend?” Kathryn asked.

He nodded again.

“Come on, Kerry, tell me,” Kathryn pleaded. “It’s your turn again.”

“Joanne shaved Stuart’s balls a couple of weeks ago when they were playing around. She trimmed his pubes and shaved on his stomach a little bit. It looked neat. She said she’d let us shave her if I’d let her shave me. I wouldn’t let her shave on my stomach. Stuart shaved my face.”

“Did you like it?” Kathryn asked.

“Yeah, it was fun with her and Stuart shaving me. My dick liked it a lot.”

“Did you like shaving her?” I asked.

He nodded. His big grin would have been answer enough.

“What else did you do?” Kathryn asked.

“Do you want me to tell everybody what about what we do tonight?”

“If you don’t tell me, I’m going to sit on you?”

“Promises, promises.”

“She likes to sit on me, Kerry,” I said. “She rides a cock horse to Banbury Cross. Sometimes she comes so hard she almost breaks my dick off and then she comes so hard she almost pinches it off.”

“I’m not telling you anything else,” he said. He put his hands behind his head, put his long legs together, and crossed his ankles.

“Then just lay there, butt-head,” she said. “You’re about to get ridden hard and then put out to pasture wet.”

She straddled Kerry, knelt over him with her hands on his chest, and tried to catch his dick with her pussy. He kept his hands still behind his head, not helping her. I moved over, reached behind Kathryn, grabbed Kerry’s dick, and held it straight up.

She peeked back between her legs, wiggled around a little, and caught his dick with her pussy. I pulled my hand out and she slid all the way down. All I could see between them was Kerry’s balls all bunched up on his thighs and under her ass. I straightened out with my head down near Kerry’s feet so I could watch the show.

I knew he was about to get the ride of his life. With me she’d start off at a slow walk, gradually speed up to a trot, and then finish off with a full gallop. Kerry still had his hands under his head and I guess he thought he was going to have a peaceful ride. I knew better. I watched her moving up and down on his dick while I stroked my own.

When I saw Kerry’s hands come down to Kathryn’s thighs, I knew she’d changed her pace. She wasn’t sliding up and down so much. She was

sort of rocking back and forth, flexing her pelvis, keeping his dick buried to the hilt inside her. With me, it always felt like the head of my dick was being rubbed by something firm, almost hard, inside her and it would drive me wild. I didn't know if she'd rub the end of his dick like she did mine but I saw his hands grip her thighs until his fingers were making dents in her skin.

She changed her pace again, She leaned forward, hands on his shoulders, and combined the up and down with the back and forth. That was the one that usually got me. It usually got her too. I knew the back and forth put pressure on her clitoris and she almost always came not long after she started it.

Then Kerry started grunting and groaning and saying "Oh, sshhhiiiiittt! Oh, sshhhiiiiittt!" Even pinned down, it looked like he was trying to shove his dick up into her deeper. His face looked like he was in agony. She was really riding him hard now and he kept groaning and cussing.

Suddenly she lifted up off him, swung all the way around, straddled me, slapped my hand out of the way, held my dick straight, and settled down on it, all in about two seconds. I tried to hold onto her thighs while she rode me. She was into a hard gallop in seconds and I knew she was about to get hers. She froze and I felt her little lemon-squeezer trying to pinch off my dick. I held still until I felt the last little contractions.

Then I rolled her off to the side, rolled with her, kneed her legs apart, lifted her legs and spread them, bent her back, and settled myself between them. She grabbed my dick and positioned it. I shoved it in hard enough to make her grunt, pulled out, and shoved it in again. I probably didn't last a minute before my balls erupted. I tried to push my dick deeper in her even when my balls were against her ass cheeks. Every time I'd spurt, I'd shove it into her as hard as I could. After maybe a half-dozen thrusts, I stopped and I could feel her rippling and moving and maybe coming again.

I lay there on top of her for a minute or so, eyes closed, breathing heavily, her hands on my ass, mine on her shoulders from behind. Once in a while, she wiggled around and around beneath me and then subsided. When I finally opened my eyes and looked down at her, she opened hers and smiled at me. Kerry was on one side, head propped up with his arm, watching us. I rolled off to the other side and collapsed. The three of us lay there looking at each other without saying a word.

Finally, Kathryn pushed Kerry and he rolled over with his butt to her. She spooned up to him and put her hand on his hip. I spooned up to

her and put my hand on her side. I didn't hear a thing except heavy breathing that slowly got quieter and quieter. I was sleepy but I didn't want to go to sleep. I didn't know what I wanted but I wanted to stay awake. I shut my eyes and had almost drifted away when I heard her whisper my name.

"Kavan."

"Yeah."

"Would you get me a towel, please?"

"OK. Kerry, would you get her a towel, please?"

"OK."

Nobody moved.

"If somebody doesn't get me a towel, you're never going to get anything else," she said.

Kerry and I rolled out of bed at the same time. We both picked up one towel each and then both tried to pick up the third towel. Kerry turned it loose and smiled at me. I walked around in front of Kathryn, handed her a towel, and we all wiped off the same way, face, chest, and then between the legs. I threw my towel to Kerry and he dropped both at the door to the basement. Kathryn tucked hers between her legs. Kerry turned off the light and we both crawled back in bed with her.

I lay there in the dark spooned up to her, thinking about what we'd done. I hoped we'd done what she wanted. I could think of only one thing we hadn't done. One of us would have to do something I'd never done with her. I had never really wanted to but I knew I would if I knew she wanted me to. I didn't know whether Kerry had ever done it like that. I didn't even know if he'd want to do it. She'd said she wanted both of us to make love to her at once. The only way I could think of to do that was to make a sandwich with her. One of us would get his dick in her asshole while the other one got his in her pussy. I wondered what she'd say if I suggested it. I wondered what Kerry would say. I decided I'd wait a while, to see if anybody woke up and started anything else. I drifted away into sleep thinking about it.

Chapter Fifty-Nine

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Stuart Andersen, 29; Joanne Andersen, 26

Kavan Stuart, 17; Kathryn Jenssen, 17

Arial Stuart, 16; Brad Weaver, 17

Kerry Stuart, 12 ³/₄; Nicole Whittaker, 15

Ryan Spenser, 18; Laura Robinson, 18

Kenjiro (Ken-chan) Daniels, 15; Akiko (Kiki) Daniels, 17

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart

<><><>

(KAVAN)

<><><>

“I think I hear them coming down the stairs from the deck,” Brad said. “What do you think they’re going to do to us?”

“Well, whatever it is, I’m just going to relax and enjoy it,” I said. “I’ll bet we’ll like it.”

“Yeah, well, I told Arial she’d better quit getting me to play games with all of you,” he said. “I’m beginning to like it too much.”

“Brad, Joanne thinks you’re one sexy guy,” Stuart said. “She said she’d love to get you in a sixty-nine with her on top.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet she said that,” Brad answered. “What would you do if I actually did that with her?”

“What would you do if I did it with Arial?” Stuart asked. “Would you cold-cock me too?”

Brad didn’t answer. I don’t know if he could have but he was saved by footsteps just outside the tent. The three of them didn’t say anything when they came in the tent. They just pushed the entry flap to one side and silently slipped in. Then I heard the zipper on the entry flap being closed and it was almost completely dark in the tent again.

“OK, where are you guys?” Arial asked. “I can’t tell which is which.”

We all answered “Here” and I guess our voices were identification enough.

“We want you to line up, side by side, heads toward the back of the tent,” Kathryn said. “Keep your legs stretched out straight.”

With a little pushing and shoving and groping and griping, we finally got ourselves arranged side by side.

“Where are you, Stuart?” Joanne asked.

He was next to me, on one end of the row. He answered. Maybe he was trying to imitate Kerry’s voice but he didn’t fool me. Then Kerry answered on the other side of me and he was trying to imitate somebody, maybe Stuart. They couldn’t fool anybody. Brad answered from the other end of the row.

“Good,” said Joanne. “That’s where we want you. There are only three of us so Stuart will have to wait. We’re going to show these kids what we can do with cocoa butter.”

I had no idea what she was talking about but Stuart did. He said, “Hot damn, you guys are gonna love this.”

“Joanne, is that the stuff you rubbed on your nipples after you pumped your milk out?” Kerry asked.

“It’s made by the same company,” Joanne answered. “But this stuff has lots of other uses.”

“Did you help her rub it on her nipples, Kerry?” Brad asked.

“Up yours, Brad,” Kerry said. “Quit teasing me. I just watched. Joanne said Kieran Lee sucks so hard her nipples get sore.”

“Well, did she let you taste it, Kerry?” Stuart asked.

“Up yours too, Stuart,” Kerry said. “Joanne said she didn’t have to wash it off before Kieran Lee nursed so I tasted it. It was OK.”

“Leave him alone, Stuart,” Joanne said. “I put a little on Nicole’s finger and told him to taste it. Nicole put her finger in his mouth. It was all perfectly innocent, wasn’t it, Kerry?”

“Yeah, it was all perfectly innocent,” Kerry said out loud, and then whispered, “Except my dick tried to rip its way out of my Speedo.”

“OK, you guys shut up now,” Arial ordered. “We’ve got to get in place so we can do something.”

They shuffled around a little and kept bumping into my legs and whispering to each other. Finally somebody stopped and straddled my legs with her ankles touching my calves. I heard a whispered “OK?” and a couple of whispered “Yeahs.” The one over me knelt down and settled in her place with her butt on my knees. From the moaning and groaning on one side of me, I guessed that someone had done the same to Brad and Kerry.

I barely heard somebody whisper, “Here. Get some,” and a few seconds later, someone whispered, “Ready?” and then a “Yeah,” and an “Uh huh.”

I felt a hand on my dick and then on my balls. I had no idea whose hand it was and I had no idea what was about to happen. My dick didn’t care. It knew something was going to happen and it was almost hard already.

Then I felt a second hand on my dick, with something, maybe grease, a little bit like Vaseline, maybe a lotion or salve of some kind. The hand started smearing it all over my dick and it quickly changed into something slippery, not really greasy, just slippery as hell. Then the hand smeared the stuff all over my balls and even back between my legs as far as fingers would reach. It smelled good.

“Jeeze, what is this stuff?” I heard Brad ask.

“Shit, don’t ask, Brad,” Kerry responded. “Whatever it is, it’s good stuff.”

It was good stuff. She had both hands on me now, up and down on my dick, rolling my balls around, teasing behind them. Whatever it was, it was damn good stuff. I lay there and let her do it and my dick went from hard to harder and then hardest. I wasn’t about to come but I knew I wouldn’t last long. The stuff made even a hand job a mind-blowing experience.

“Ready?” someone asked again barely whispering, and I heard a couple of faint “Yeahs.”

Whoever it was playing with me wrapped one hand around my dick and pulled down to my stomach, stretching my foreskin back so tight it was almost painful. Then she put another hand on the shaft, squeezed it tight, and slid it up and off over the head. Next she slid her hand over the head and down, squeezing as tight as she could. It was almost too

much to bear and I groaned. Then I groaned a lot more when she kept doing it. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced. As much as I'd jacked off, I'd never felt anything quite like it – sort of like the tightest and slipperiest pussy I'd ever been in, if a tight pussy could clamp down and squeeze my dick out of it.

I suppose Kerry and Brad were getting the same treatment. Brad was groaning and Kerry was using his favorite word, drawing it out until it was a hissed “Shiiittt.” Whoever was doing him started giggling.

“OK, let's shift,” I heard Joanne say in a normal voice. She was the one who had been doing me. She moved over to straddle Stuart's legs and somebody else straddled mine.

“Kathryn?” I asked. I smelled something familiar and I knew it was her.

“Yeah, do you like it?” she answered. Her hands started sliding and stroking and I finally managed to squeeze out a weak “Yeah.”

“Brad, you can do it for yourself for a while,” Arial said. “I've got to help poor little Squirt with something.”

“Well, is anybody going to tell me what this stuff is?” Brad asked again. “I want to get some for me and Arial.”

“It's something Lauren told me to use when I was pregnant with little Paul,” Joanne answered. “It's a combination of cocoa butter and some other skin softeners. Women use it on their stomach when they're into late pregnancy. It helps to prevent stretch marks.”

“Yeah, and sometimes they use it on their husband's dick when they can't fuck anymore,” Stuart said. “Sometimes a husband uses it on his dick while the wife watches and giggles.”

“You guys try it by yourself,” Kathryn suggested. “I'll bet you'll like it better than baby oil.”

I slid my hand over my balls and around and up my dick, and then stroked it a few times. It was damn good stuff, maybe better than baby oil but I couldn't remember when I'd last used that.

“Can I place an order for a case of it?” Kerry asked. “It's better than baby oil any day.”

I felt Kathryn's hands slide up my thighs so I moved my hand out of the way. She wrapped her hand around my dick and started stroking it while she teased my balls with her other hand.

"Kerry, I brought it for your Mom," Joanne said. "In a few months, she'll start using it when the baby gets bigger."

"Yeah, Kieran can have lots of fun rubbing it on Siobhan's tummy," Stuart said. "He can warm her up for something else."

Kathryn's hand was sliding slowly up and down on my dick. I relaxed and let her do it while I listened to Stuart and Kerry and Brad talk.

"Can you really do that, have sex, I mean, when the baby gets big?" Brad asked. "It won't hurt anything if they keep on doing it?"

"You just have to be careful," Kerry said. "You shouldn't put your weight on her or use positions where you penetrate her the deepest. There are still lots of positions you can use to get your dick in her pussy. They're all great."

"How do you know, Dr. Squirt?" Brad asked.

"We talked about it when he visited with us last weekend," Stuart said. "He doesn't ever run out of questions when he gets started."

That made me wonder what they'd done with Kerry except answer his questions. I knew he wouldn't tell me even if I asked him.

"But do women like it then?" Brad asked. "When Ariel's pregnant, will she really want me to have sex with her? When the baby's really big, will she still like me to do it?"

Kathryn pushed one slippery finger back behind my balls into my crack. She kept her hand moving so I didn't care where her finger went. I didn't care what she stuck up my asshole.

"Yes, Kerry, we like it," Joanne said. "Stuart was slow and kind and careful with me with both babies. We did it until about a month before the baby was born and it was always good."

"Yeah, for about a month before the baby's born and about a month after, I had to jack off," Stuart said. "That's when I learned how good cocoa butter is."

"I don't think you could get your tongue in deep enough to hurt the baby, Brad," Kerry said. "Maybe Ariel would like that."

“Quit teasing him, Kerry,” Stuart said. “I think I did go down on Joanne about two weeks before Kieran Lee was born. He kicked and wiggled for about a half-hour after she had an orgasm.”

“It’s time to shift again,” Joanne said. “I’ll help Brad. Who gets to jack off by himself?”

“I’ll help Stuart,” Kathryn said, “if he wants me too. Maybe he’d rather row his own boat.”

I felt her move off me in Stuart’s direction. Then I felt Ariel’s knee between my legs and Kerry’s leg against mine. I waited but she was just sitting there with half her butt on my right knee.

“I did a half-shift,” Ariel said. “I can do Kerry and Kavan both and nobody’s left out.”

“Why should we do it for them?” Kathryn asked. “Why can’t they do it for themselves?”

I decided to see if I could stir up a little trouble. I leaned over to one side to Kerry and then the other side to Stuart and whispered to them. Then I reached to the left and wrapped my hand around Stuart’s dick, reached to the right and wrapped my hand around Kerry’s dick. I felt his hand wrap around my dick and I knew he had Brad’s dick in his other hand. I started slowly sliding both hands up and down and I felt Kerry do the same. I waited to see how long it would take the girls to figure out what we’d done.

“Oh, let’s be sweet to them,” Joanne said. “Maybe they can do something for us later tonight.”

I felt Ariel’s hand slide up my thighs searching for my dick. Kerry kept his hand on it. She found his hand and started feeling around, trying to figure out what was going on. I guess Joanne and Kathryn were doing the same thing. Kathryn found Stuart’s dick with my hand already on it and then slid her hand up my arm until she understood what I’d done. I suppose Joanne found Kerry’s hand already on Brad’s dick too.

“I think Kavan and Kerry are already doing everybody,” Joanne said.

I turned loose of Kerry and Stuart and felt Stuart’s hand wrap around my dick and start stroking. I assumed he was using his right hand on my dick and his left on his own. If Brad had understood what Kerry whispered to him, I assumed he was jacking his own dick and Kerry’s as well.

“No, we’re not,” Kerry said. “Somebody’s got a sweet little soft hand on mine. Who is it?”

Joanne giggled. “Brad’s doing double duty for himself and Kerry. What’s Stuart doing?”

Kathryn giggled too. “He’s doing Kavan and himself at the same time. Maybe they don’t need us anymore.”

“Well, let’s just go in the house and let them have their fun,” Arial said. “I’m tired and sleepy.”

“Don’t go,” I heard Kerry whisper, in a little-boy voice. “I’ll cry if you do.”

“I thought we agreed we’d be sweet to them and let them lay there while we jacked them off,” Kathryn said.

“Please, don’t go,” I whispered. “I’ll be good.”

“I thought we agreed we’d do that and then give them all a blow job,” Arial said. “Then they can do something for us.”

Brad said it too, “Please, pretty please, don’t go. I’ll be good too.”

“I thought we agreed to put them to bed with a good fuck if they could still get it up,” Joanne said.

“Yeah, please don’t go,” Stuart said. We’ll be good little boys. You’re bad girls and we want to give you a good licking. My tongue’s got a hard-on.”

“Yeah, I second that,” Kerry said. “My tongue’s got a hard-on too.”

“Mine doesn’t,” Brad said, “but it’s six inches when it’s soft.”

“Damn, Brad,” I said, “that’s longer than your dick. No wonder Arial loves you.”

They made us beg a little more but they finally relented. We did just what they said; we laid back with our hands crossed on our stomach and let them have their way with us. Arial, I think it was, put another coat of the stuff on my dick and jacked me with one hand. I guessed she had the other on Kerry’s dick.

After a minute or so, they shifted around and whoever straddled me settled down with her butt on my knees. She used two hands and pushed my foreskin down tight while she slid the other hand up and off over the head of my dick. Within a minute or so, I had all I could take. I tightened my legs and butt and I guess she knew what that meant. She did it as fast as she could. I blasted out a big load that landed on my chest and stomach. I grabbed somebody's hand and made her stop because the feeling was so intense it was almost painful.

"That's one," Joanne said.

"Nope, that's two," Arial said beside me. "Stuart just came too. He and Kavan had a simultaneous orgasm."

"Well, one of you take Kerry and I'll finish off Brad," Kathryn said from the other end of the row.

Joanne moved off my legs and over to Kerry. It wasn't long before she said, "Number three just squirted all over everything."

"Well, you're the...you're the one who pointed it," Kerry panted.

"What's the matter, Brad?" Stuart teased. "Doesn't Kathryn know how to do it?"

"Don't listen to them, Kathryn," Arial said. "Brad cheated. We went in the house to pee a couple of hours ago and Brad made me jack him off in the sink."

"Stick a finger up his ass, Kathryn," Kerry suggested. "He likes that."

"Kerry, that's gross," Arial squealed.

I heard Brad moan. There was no mistaking what was happening to him.

"I used two fingers, Kerry," Kathryn said. "That did it."

Brad wasn't about to let them say stuff like that without getting back.

"It's even better... when Kerry's got... his dick up my ass," he groaned.

Arial squealed Brad's name this time, dragging it out, and Kathryn and Joanne started giggling.

"Joanne, I thought you were supposed to catch it in your mouth when I came," I said. "Now, I've got it all over my stomach."

“Yeah, and then swallow it like Brad does,” Kerry said.

Arial squealed out Kerry’s name again and all of us started laughing.

Some more dirty suggestions got thrown around before we all finally settled down. I took a couple of deep breaths to relax and realized we’d replaced the musty smell of the tent with something else. I could smell semen above everything else but there were also the smells of sweat and aroused women. It was a potent brew.

“Somebody’s stinking up the tent,” I said.

“It was Brad,” Kerry said. “He farted.”

“I did not,” Brad said. “It was Kathryn. She almost blew my knee-cap off.”

“It’s not that kind of smell,” I said. “I think there are some hot women around here. Do you guys want to help me cool them off?”

“Yeah, throw me a towel so I can wipe this stuff off,” Brad said.

“Don’t let him wipe it off, Kathryn,” Arial squealed. “Smear it all over him.”

I lay there and listened to the other guys cussing and I guess they were getting a coat of semen and cocoa butter on their stomachs. Joanne moved off Kerry and started smearing something around on my dick and balls and then up on my stomach. I didn’t stop her even when she rubbed her hands on my cheeks. I sniffed deeply a couple of times and I really got a good whiff of it then.

“I smell come in the cocoa butter but I think there’s another scent,” I said. “I think Joanne’s had her fingers in her pussy. I bet they’ve all been stirring up something.”

I heard sniffing beside me. “You’re right, Kavan,” Stuart said. “This little pooh-bear on my legs has definitely had her fingers in her honey-pot.”

“Shit, that’s a good one, Stuart,” Kerry said. “Now Brad’s got a pooh-bear princess with a honey-pot pussy.”

“Yeah, I like it,” Brad whispered. “Honey’s good to eat.”

“Well, just take a deep breath or two,” I said. “With the stinking old tent, cocoa butter, semen, sweat, and honey-pot pussy, we’ve got a powerful mixture. We ought to bottle it and sell it.”

“Yeah, I haven’t smelled anything as potent as this since last August when we spent the night in the haunted house,” Stuart said.

“Stuart,” Joanne groaned, “shut up!”

Everybody shut up. It took me a second to understand that Brad was the only one who hadn’t been in the haunted house. And that Arial was there -- but with Luke. I guess we were all wondering the same thing – whether he knew about Arial and Luke.

“It’s OK,” Brad said. “I know what happened last August when you were all at the cabin. Arial’s told me all about it. I’m OK with it.”

“Are you sure, Brad?” Joanne asked. “You’re going to meet Luke and Rachael tomorrow. I hope you and Luke will be friends.”

“We will be,” Brad said. “I know how much the Stuart family loves Luke and Rachael and their kids. Arial’s told me what happened with her and Luke. She even told me who Rachael had for company while Luke was with her. I’m glad her first time was a hell of a lot better than mine.”

“Well, are we going to give these women a good licking or not?” Stuart asked.

“Naw, let’s give them a good fucking,” Kerry suggested.

“That can come later, Kerry,” I said. “Stuart and Joanne can get it on when they go home if he can get it up again. Brad probably can’t get it up because he’s been jacked off twice. We’ll let him and Arial go on upstairs to bed. You and I have a date with Kathryn, remember?”

“Promises, promises, that’s all I ever get,” Kathryn said.

“Yeah, they can’t do anything but talk,” Joanne said.

Arial started to say something but she cut it off with a different sort of squeal this time. She fell half on top of me and Stuart was half on top of her. I grabbed Joanne and wrestled her down between me and Kerry. Brad must have done the same thing to Kathryn and I don’t know where she landed but Kerry yelled. “Damn, you broke my dick off.”

I straddled Joanne, caught her wrists, and pinned her down. She pretended to resist for a few seconds. I leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I envy Kieran Lee."

She whispered back, "You can have a taste if you want to, little boy. Stuart and Kerry got at me last weekend. I might as well let you and Brad taste momma's milk too."

I didn't care whether Brad got his or not but I wanted to. I slid down on her a little, found her breasts with my hands, and found one big stiff nipple with my lips. I sucked gently and tasted warm sweet milk. She put her hand behind my head and tried to smother me in her breast.

Stuart and Arial were still wrestling next to me. I guess he was trying to pin her down too.

"Stuart, what are you trying to do?" Arial groaned.

"I'm going to bite your butt, Princess," he said. "I've wanted to since the first time I saw you."

Somebody pushed against my shoulder and Kerry whispered next to my head, "Move over. Let me have some too." I moved over to the other breast and found a nipple again. Joanne had one hand behind my head and I suppose the other was behind Kerry's. I could hear him sniffing and breathing and I figured Joanne was trying to smother him too.

"If you two do this to Kathryn tonight," she managed to groan, "she'll need both your big dicks to put out the fire in her pussy."

I straightened up and felt off to the side where Arial and Stuart were. I felt his back; he was bent over Arial. I felt down lower; he had her on her stomach with his head about where her butt was.

"Brad, Stuart's biting Arial's butt," I said.

He didn't say anything. All I heard was moaning and groaning and squealing on both sides of me.

"Brad, did you hear me?" I asked. "Stuart's biting Arial's butt."

"He can't hear you, Kavan," I heard Kathryn whisper. "I've got a leg-lock on his head."

"Does he know how to use his tongue?" I asked.

“I heard that,” Brad growled. “Kathryn’s trying to kill me. She almost broke my neck.”

“Yeah, it’s like he’s trying to kill me,” Kathryn whispered. “I’ll swear he does have a six-inch tongue.”

“How long is yours, Kavan?” Joanne whispered.

I decided I’d show her but I wanted to see if I could get Brad to do something first. I leaned over to whisper to Kerry and all I felt was his butt. He was leaned over Kathryn, either with his mouth on her breasts or kissing her.

“Brad, come over here,” I said. “Joanne’s got something for you. Let Kerry take care of Kathryn for a few minutes.”

“Stuart, you’re going to break me in half,” Arial whispered.

I felt in that direction and touched her leg and Stuart’s arm. I explored a little more and knew what he’d done. He had her on her back now, holding her legs bent back, with his head down at her pussy. It seemed like a good plan to me.

Brad and Kerry must have collided because I heard a bonk and a “Shit” and an “O, fuck,” at about the same time. When they finally got rearranged, I pulled Brad closer and told him what Joanne wanted him to do.

“Shit, I can’t do that,” he protested.

“Yeah, you can,” I said. “Kerry and I already have. I’m going down on her while you get a little taste.”

I caught Joanne’s legs behind her knees, lifted and spread her, and tried to find room to get my head down to her pussy. She pushed herself toward the back of the tent with her hands and I tried two or three ways to get at her without kicking the front side of the tent down. I finally bent my legs off to one side, slid my cheek down the inside of her thigh, and let my nose lead me to it. Her honey-pot was wet, drooling wet, and ready. The scent and the taste went straight to my dick. It was already rigid again and I wanted so much to shove it in where my tongue was.

“That’s good, Brad,” I heard Joanne whisper. “That’s good, Kavan.”

“Yeah, that’s good, Stuart,” I heard Arial sigh.

“Yeah, that’s good, Kerry,” I heard Kathryn murmur. “Just keep on licking it right there.”

I don’t know how much longer we kept on giving them a good licking. After a while, Stuart was straddling Arial and I guess he was trying to fuck her between her little tits or maybe trying to get her to suck his schlong. I decided to help him. I got my mouth at her little pussy and made her squeal the way she always does.

When I straightened up for a breather, Brad was rolling around with Joanne and I couldn’t tell what they were doing. I felt around until I figured it out. He was flat on his back and she was straddling his head. I groped some more and realized she was probably sucking his dick while he had his hands on her ass cheeks, his head bent up, and his mouth on her pussy. I pulled his hair just to let him know I knew what he was doing. Then I just shook my head in disbelief. It was hard to believe he’d actually do it.

I stood up, put my hands on Joanne’s back, stepped over her, and moved in Kathryn’s direction. She and Kerry were cuddled up together. I felt around again and figured out what they were doing. She was flat on her back. Kerry was on one side, his face at her breast, his hand down at her pussy. It was something she liked – a mouth sucking gently on her nipple while a finger slid around and around in the juices of her cunt with just the lightest of touches on her clitoris. I lay down on the other side of her, found her other breast with my mouth, and let my finger join Kerry’s in her cunt. I loved to do it to her too.

I heard some more groaning and moaning on the other side of the tent and then somebody whispering “Oh, shit,” over and over again. I knew it was Arial, the little princess who said that when her Prince Charming made her come. It always seemed funny to hear that coming from her. Whatever Stuart had done, she sounded like she liked it.

Just a little later, I heard groaning beside me and then somebody gasping for breath.

“Oh, shit, yeah,” I heard Joanne whisper. “You have got a six-inch tongue, Brad.”

I decided it was time to see if we could make Kathryn say “Oh, shit,” too. I grabbed Kerry’s hand and guided his finger to her clitoris. I curled my hand around, slid my long finger into her as deep as I could and started stirring up the honey-pot. It didn’t take long until I felt her contractions on my finger.

She said it. “Oh, shit, oh, shit, don’t...you’ve...that’s enough,” followed by some incomprehensible grunts. I let my finger be still and stopped sucking on her nipple. I could feel the ripples down there around my finger.

Everybody was quiet for a few minutes. Then I heard some shuffling and moving around on the other side of the tent.

“Did you put a hickey on Arial’s butt?” I heard Joanne ask.

“Nope,” Stuart said.

“Well, what did you do that had her squirming around so?”

“I put one on the inside of her thigh, right next to her pussy,” Stuart whispered.

“Well, I think Brad probably put one or two on me,” she said. “I couldn’t believe he would do that.”

“I was just trying to breathe, Joanne,” Brad whispered.

“If you hadn’t tried to stick your finger in my asshole,” Joanne said, “I wouldn’t have tried to suffocate you.”

“Arial likes it,” Brad said. “I thought maybe you might like it too.”

We lay there for a while, talking and joking, arms and legs entangled, hot and sweaty and stinking, all seven of us squeezed up in a row – Kerry, Kathryn, me, Joanne, Brad, Arial, Stuart. I don’t think anybody felt like moving but the tent was just too hot now. I was dripping sweat and I knew what I wanted next.

“I’m ready for a shower,” I said. “Anybody want to join me?”

Nobody answered but the tent emptied quickly and there was a mad dash for the basement shower. I was the last one in. Somebody had turned on the light and everybody looked like they’d been doing just what we had been doing. Everybody’s hair was a mess. Everybody was shining with a mixture of whatever all over their body. We stood looking at each other and grinning.

The shower room was eight feet by eight so there was plenty of room for all of us. Brad started both showerheads and we all tried to squeeze under them at once. After a little shoving and rubbing, we settled down and started washing each other. Arial insisted on having her hair shampooed. She said the pool chemicals made it look green if she

didn't. Joanne and Kathryn wanted their hair shampooed too so the four of us guys shampooed three gals and bathed them. I didn't mind; I liked rubbing soapy tits and ass.

They helped bathe us too. I got a back scrub, got washed all over with a soapy cloth, and had my dick and balls thoroughly cleaned four times. I knew there were only three women but I didn't care if one of them did a repeat or if Stuart did it. My dick couldn't have gotten any harder either way. The other three guys evidently liked it as much as I did; Kerry's dick was pointing at the ceiling as usual and Brad's and Stuart's were up at an angle like mine.

While we were drying each other off, Brad started playing grab-ass with Ariel and whispering to her. I guess I was wrong about his recuperative abilities; he had it up again. Ariel definitely acted like she wanted him to use it.

Stuart asked Joanne if he could smuggle his hard-on home for later. Then Kerry asked him if he could drive his little convertible with his dick in the way. Stuart said he could if Joanne would shift gears. I suppose Joanne knew she had to get serious again. She said she had to be Mommy before Stuart got at her again. Ariel and Brad gave them a quick hug and goodbye and then ran up the stairs. Ariel was squealing at whatever Brad was doing and he was holding his dick in one hand.

Joanne and Stuart put on their clothes and sent Kerry upstairs to the kitchen to retrieve Kieran Lee's bottle. Kerry and Kathryn and I hugged them goodbye and then I walked out with them so I could open the side gate and then close it after they left. We stood next to their little convertible talking for a few minutes.

"Thanks for inviting us, little brother," Stuart said. "It was fun."

"You're welcome, big brother," I said. "Did you really bite Ariel's butt?"

"Yeah, I'll bet she'll show it to Brad. Ask him," he said.

"Kavan, is Kathryn OK with coming to our house for dinner next Saturday night?" Joanne asked.

"Yeah, she's looking forward to it." I answered. "Who's going to be there? I assume Luke and Rachael will be. You're not going to surprise us with a going-away party and a bunch of people, are you? Kathryn wants everything kept quiet and simple."

"Mom and Mr. Jack are going to be gone; they're flying to Chicago on Thursday," Stuart said. "Joanne's going to be cooking for six adults and

four kids. She won't tell me what but she says it will be something good."

"I'll be cooking for just six adults," Joanne said. "We're going to feed the kids and put them to bed early."

Joanne got in the car, put on her baseball cap, and waited for Stuart.

"Mom's going to shop for some clothes for Kathryn," Stuart said. "Siobhan gave her a list of sizes. I think they're going to get her some really nice clothes. Joanne and I have a set of luggage for her. Did you find what you wanted for her?"

"Yeah, I've got her a digital camera," I answered. "I'd like to get her a cell-phone and prepay for it for while. Do you think that would be OK or would she feel like she's got to call me all the time?"

"I think that's a great idea," Joanne said. "You two do understand that you're invited to stay the night with us, don't you?"

"Yeah, I told her. She wants to know whether we're all going to be sleeping in separate bedrooms or whether you're got something else in mind. I'd like to know too."

"We've been talking to Luke and Rachael about it," Stuart said. "They think we should just relax and enjoy ourselves without any specific plans, sort of like what we did tonight. Would you two be OK with that?"

I slapped a mosquito on my thigh.

"Yeah, I think so," I said. "Just a quiet little orgy, huh?"

Stuart got in the car and put his baseball cap on. He looked up at me and I could see a big grin of white teeth.

"Well, somebody showed us how much fun that can be," he said, and started the car.

I held the gate open for them to leave, closed it again, and went back in the basement.

Kerry and Kathryn were already in our basement bedroom. Kerry was sitting on the foot of the bed, dick straight up, and she was standing between his knees, blow-drying his hair. He was holding a hairbrush and looking straight at her breasts. Her hair looked damp but it had

already been brushed neatly. She stopped the blow dryer and started brushing Kerry's long hair back on each side.

"We're not trying to dry it completely," she said. "Just enough so it will finish drying without being all messed up."

I stood and watched her doing Kerry's hair. I knew he liked it long like Stuart's hair. Kathryn had talked both of us into letting our hair grow longer and letting her and Arial style it. Kerry kept his parted in the middle with the sides brushed back and it usually looked neat. I kept mine parted on the right side, brushed toward the left on top, and then brushed back on each side. Mine wouldn't stay neat like Kerry's and she often brushed it for me once or twice in the day.

Whenever I worked at the plant nursery, I sweated so much that it was a tangled mess. She made me some dark-colored sweatbands that tied in the back to keep it under control. She said I was really sexy like that and told me to notice how women looked at me when I was working. I guess she was right but I still wanted to cut it short when she was gone so it wouldn't be so much trouble. When she turned and looked at me, I knew it was my turn so I sat down beside Kerry.

"Not many women are as lucky as I am," she said, "to have two beautiful guys to love her."

She brushed the tangles out of my hair slowly and gently, used the blow dryer, and then brushed some more. I sat and did what Kerry had done – stare at her beautiful breasts. I couldn't imagine how a woman could have breasts more beautiful than hers. I didn't want to think about not seeing them and touching them again. I wanted to bury my face between them and smell the clean woman smell of her and then get my mouth on those stiff little nipples. I guess my dick understood; it had wilted a little when I'd gone outdoors with Joanne and Stuart. Now it slowly raised its head up and looked up at where it was going to go in a little while. When she stopped brushing, I looked up at her. She looked down at my face, then further down, back up, and smiled at me with her mischievous smile.

"Are you ready to play again?" she asked. "Kerry is."

I looked over at him. He was flopped back on the bed, propped up on his elbows, long legs bent over the end of the bed, his dick suspended over his stomach, and legs apart with his balls hanging low.

"Whenever you are," I answered. "We don't have to hurry, you know. We can sleep late as long as we're at the Andersen's place by noon."

She pushed me and I flopped back like Kerry. After my dick stopped bouncing, it was up in the air like Kerry's. I parted my legs so my balls could hang loose too. Kathryn stood there and looked back and forth at us, our faces and then our genitals.

"You guys really are beautiful, you know," she said. "Your hair is different but you're just alike in everything else. It's easy to tell you're brothers."

"I hope my dick is as big as his when I stop growing," Kerry said. "I'd hate to have the smallest Stuart dick."

"You're probably going to have the biggest," I said. "Mine wasn't as big as yours when I was your age."

Kathryn pushed us a little further apart, crawled up on the bed between us, and sat down Indian fashion. She put a hand on each of us.

"How big is it, Kerry?" Kathryn asked. "And don't tell me you don't know. Kavan says every guy knows how long his dick is."

He didn't say anything. I looked over at him and saw a big grin on his face. I knew he had a new measurement to report.

"I measured it as six inches last time," he said. "It's grown about an inch and a half in the last year or so."

"When do guys stop growing?" she asked. "Kavan's dick has been about the same size since I got introduced to it."

They were both looking at me. I didn't know the answer. I just knew what had happened to me.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess my dick grew kind of fast for a while and then stopped. The rest of me is still growing. Dad says that's the way he grew. His dick got big and then stopped and he kept getting taller and skinnier. After a while his body started filling out and then stopped. That's the way Kerry and I will probably be too."

She crawled up further and lay down propped up on pillows against the headboard. She patted each side and Kerry and I crawled up to her.

"How big is your Dad's dick?" she asked. "Is it the same as yours?"

"Yeah, about the same," I answered. "Mom and Ariel measured both of us a couple of years ago. We're both a little over seven inches."

“Seven and a quarter,” Kerry said. “I’ve got an inch and a quarter to go.”

Kathryn scooted down on the bed a little so she could get a hard-on in each hand. I just lay there and watched what she was doing with Kerry’s.

“You’ll make it, Squirt,” I said. “I’ll bet you’ll be almost eight by the time you’re old as me.”

“It’s not the size that makes a man a good lover, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “Big is nice but it’s the way Kavan treats me that makes me love him. He’s always considerate of me and tries to make sure I enjoy it too. He doesn’t just get his and turn over and go to sleep.”

“Dad’s good about teaching us stuff like that,” Kerry said. “I’ve learned lots of good stuff from the books on sex he’s given me but the best is what he teaches me.”

“He’s given us little lectures about love and sex for years,” I said. “We’ve learned to listen and think about what he’s saying. He’s just about the best Dad a guy could want.”

“Do you remember the one he gave us last fall when Brad took us on the hiking trip in the state park,” Kathryn asked. “The one about how he felt about your Mom.”

“You mean when he was trying to convince Brad he didn’t have to be ashamed of getting a hard-on when he looked at Ariel naked?” Kerry asked.

“Yeah, that one,” Kathryn said. “I wanted to cry when he told us about how he felt about Siobhan. I wish my Dad had felt like that about my Mom.”

“They’re good about letting us know how they love each other,” I said. “They don’t hide much from us.”

“Why did you guys hit him with your hats?” she asked.

“Because we love him,” Kerry said, and I suppose he was right.

“Well, I hope you all appreciate how nice it is to have parents like yours,” Kathryn said. “There aren’t many who treat their kids like they treat you.”

“We know it, Kathryn,” I said. “Our family’s a lot different. I’m glad we were raised the way we were.”

“Yeah, me too,” Kerry said. “I think all kids ought to be raised like we were.”

I put my right leg over Kathryn’s right knee and put my hand under her breast with my thumb on the nipple. I saw Kerry looking at me with his eyebrows raised. I nodded to him and he put his left leg over hers and cupped his hand under the other breast.

“You guys made quite a team when you got at me like this in the tent,” she said. “With a mouth sucking on each nipple and two fingers playing in my pussy, I thought I’d died and gone to heaven. I would have let you do that all night if somebody hadn’t decided it was time to give me a really big O.”

She slid my foreskin back and then rubbed the head of my cock against her leg. I watched her do the same thing with Kerry’s. He was watching what she was doing with my cock.

“I didn’t know a woman’s nipples get sore from a baby sucking,” Kerry said. “Does Kavan make yours sore?”

“Not really,” she said. “Once in a while they get a little irritated. I just rub something on them and they’re good until the next time.”

“Like that cocoa butter stuff?” Kerry asked. “It didn’t taste bad. I’ll bet it would taste good if it’s on a woman’s nipples.”

“Do you want to try it, Kerry?” she asked.

“Yeah!” he answered, grinning at me. I was grinning back. I wanted to try it too.

“Where is the cocoa butter?” I asked.

“Somewhere in the tent,” Kathryn answered.

“I’ll go get it,” Kerry volunteered.

He was up and off the bed and almost out the door when he stopped, turned back, and looked at us.

“Have you got a flashlight?” he asked.

“You can’t put it on your dick this time, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “I don’t want to get it in my pussy.”

“That’s OK,” he said. “I don’t think your pussy will need any, will it?”

I reached over in the drawer of the nightstand and pulled out the little flashlight I used if I got up at night, especially if I went outdoors. Kerry tip-toed over, grinning, his dick bouncing up and down, grabbed it, and tip-toed out the door to the basement area.

I yelled after him. “Bring us some of those damp towels.”

“Don’t you and Kerry ever argue and fight?” Kathryn asked.

“What? Why?” I asked back. I was thinking of everything but fighting with Kerry.

“You know. Argue, fuss, fight, like most brothers do. You two always seem to get along great.”

I thought about it. I supposed she was right. We did argue just a little once in a while but we never really argued and fought enough for Mom and Dad to get involved.

“I don’t know. I guess we’ve always been like that. I suppose he knows he can get what he wants by getting along with me. Why do you ask?”

“It just seems unusual, I guess. He really respects you, you know. Sometimes he acts like you’re his dad. I was just wondering how you two got that way.”

“We moved here when I was...eight, I think, and he was about three. Mom and Dad gradually let me go down to the creek and roam around in the woods with my friends. Sometimes he wanted to go with us but Mom wouldn’t let him. He might have been six the first time she let him. She made him promise he’d obey me just like he obeyed Dad. He learned pretty quickly not to cause me any problems. A couple of times he did something I told him not to do. I told Dad and he had a serious talk with him. He told him he’d better do what I said or he could just sit home. After that, he listened to me and did what I said.”

I heard the basement door to the outside being closed and locked and a few seconds later Kerry came in our bedroom and stopped in the door, his finger on the light switch, holding up the cocoa butter and still grinning. His dick was still holding up by itself. He had towels draped over both shoulder.

“On or off?” he asked.

The overhead light was the only one turned on in the room. It didn’t matter to me. I looked at Kathryn.

“Leave it on, please,” she replied. “I want to see both of you.”

He shut the door, dropped the towels on the floor, crawled across the bed in a flash, opened the jar, and held it out to me. I looked at Kathryn’s breasts and then at her face.

“Well, go on,” she said. “Do it. I want you to.”

I stuck a finger in the jar. The stuff was surprisingly hard, about like butter when it comes out of the refrigerator. I dug down a little and got a little of the yellow stuff on my finger.

“Get you some, Kerry,” Kathryn said. “Just a little bit.”

He got a little on his finger and we started rubbing it on her nipples. As the stuff warmed, it became slipperier and her nipple became harder. I used my thumb and a finger to tweak it into standing up. When I looked over at her other breast and Kerry’s fingers, the nipple had stood up for him too.

“That’s erectile tissue, isn’t it, Kerry?” Kathryn asked.

“Yeah, it’s got a little hard-on. Can I suck it?” he answered.

“Yeah, please, both of you.”

The stuff had a pleasant smell and the taste wasn’t great but it wasn’t bad. I did it like I knew she liked it. I cupped my hand under her breast and sucked gently on the nipple. Once I raised my head and looked at Kerry then at Kathryn. Kerry had his eyes closed, I think, because all I could see was his long eyelashes. I watched his mouth sucking about like I’d seen Kieran Lee do it on Joanne, only maybe not quite as hard. Kathryn had her eyes closed and she had a little smile on her face. I lowered my mouth back to her breast and licked and played some more.

“That’s so good,” she whispered. “I wish Stuart or Brad was here.”

“What do you want them for?” Kerry asked. He must have had her nipple still in her mouth because I could hardly understand what he said.

“I’d like to have a third mouth somewhere else,” she whispered.

Kerry and I rose up at the same time and looked up at each other. He was grinning that wide grin and I knew he knew where.

“Go ahead, Kerry,” I said, winking at him. “You can kiss her on the mouth. It’s OK with me.”

“Will you swap with me in a minute or two?” he asked. I nodded.

I watched as he got up on his hands and knees. He started to move down on her but I shook my head no. He questioned me with his eyebrows. I nodded toward her head. He shook his head no. I shook my head yes. He shrugged and moved up on her. She still had her eyes closed and a smile on her face.

Kerry leaned over and licked her lips. She jumped in surprise and opened her eyes. Kerry kissed her again and pulled back. She reached up and pulled his head down to her. I watched them play tongue tag for a few seconds and then moved down on her.

She didn’t resist when I pulled her legs apart, lifted them, bent them back, and then lay down with my face at her pussy. The lips were open a little but I wanted them wide open. I turned loose of her legs and she kept them in the air. I used my thumbs to pull on each side of the big lips. Her pussy opened the way I wanted it, all that coral-red flesh from the wrinkled opening of her vagina, over the little bump of her urethra, on up to the brighter red of her clitoris peeking out of its little elongated hood. I started licking all of it.

I loved the way her cunt smelled and tasted when she was aroused. It always made my dick get a little harder, even when it was so hard it hurt. Then I realized that I was rubbing it on the sheet and irritating the area just behind the head. I lifted my hips, reached down, and pulled my foreskin as far forward as it would go. I lay back down and started licking her again, keeping my hips still.

Kerry tapped me on the shoulder and I lifted my head and looked at him. He was on his knees beside Kathryn. He jerked his thumb upward and I swapped with him.

When I moved over Kathryn’s head she still had her eyes closed. When I kissed her, she opened them and we both tried to look at each other when our eyes were about an inch apart. I felt her lips get firmer and change their shape and then she giggled. I lifted up away from her, bewildered.

“Kerry was rubbing my button with his nose,” she whispered.

I had never thought of that. “Did you like it?”

“Yeah, but a tongue is better.”

“A dick would be even better,” I whispered.

“He’s using his tongue now,” she whispered so low I could hardly make out what she was saying.

I looked down at him. His hair had fallen over and I couldn’t see what he was doing. He had both hands on her thighs and he’d bent her back further than I had. I wrapped one arm around Kathryn’s legs, behind her knees, and pulled just a little. Kerry looked up briefly, saw what I’d done, and put his face back down. This time he had both hands on her hips, fingers pointed in at her pussy, and I could see his head moving up and down. I shook my head, thinking that I’d had to wait until I was fifteen to learn how to do what he was doing with her and he’d already learned and he wasn’t quite thirteen.

“Kavan, tell him to stop, please,” Kathryn whispered.

I looked back at her. “Why?”

“I don’t want to come yet. I want to rest a minute or two and then I want to feel your dicks in me.”

“Well, we can’t both do it at the same time. Which do you want first?”

“I don’t care. But I don’t want you to get carried away and come within a minute or two. I want you to do it slow and easy so I can feel you in me. I want it to last for a long time. You decide who goes first.”

“Kerry, can you hear me?” I asked.

He looked up at me and grinned and stuck out his tongue. “Yeah.”

“Kathryn wants us to give her a good fucking, you first.”

“You sure?” he asked. I didn’t know whether he was asking me if I wanted him to go first or if it had been Kathryn’s idea.

“Yeah,” I said. “She wants you to do it real slow and easy and make it last a long time. If you feel like you’re about to come, stop and pull out and let it cool off, OK?”

“What are you going to be doing? He asked.

“Watching,” I said.

“Kerry, I want you on top of me for a while,” Kathryn said. “Then you can swap with Kavan and watch.”

He crawled up on top of her and stopped on his hands and knees.

“I wish we could all do something together at the same time,” he said, looking at me.

I’d been thinking the same thing. I’d thought of some things we could do that would be fun. I didn’t know if he’d ever done what Kathryn and I did with Mrs. Lauren. If it worked with one guy and two girls, it would work with two guys and one girl. I even thought of one thing we could do so we both had our dicks in her at the same time. It was something I’d never done before. I didn’t know if she’d go for it.

Kathryn reached up and pulled his dick. He looked down at her and smiled.

“You be slow, now,” she said. “I want to be fucked good before anybody comes.”

He settled down on her and I watched as she guided his dick to the right spot and he eased it into her.

“OK, I can do that,” he said. “I’ve already come twice today. It might take be a few minutes to come a third time.”

“Twice already?” she asked.

She brought her legs up, bent then back, and locked her ankles together with one heel right at the crack of his ass. She liked to do me that way and I guess it was becoming sort of automatic with her.

“Yeah, I did it real quick in the bathroom before we went to school this morning. Then Joanne jacked me off in the tent.”

She wrapped her arms around him, pulled him down, and her breasts flattened against his chest. She liked it when she had me against her like that. She’d told me more than once that she liked to feel my hard pecs against her breasts and my hard cock in her cunt.

“Did you wash out the sink before you left?” Kathryn asked, grinning up at him. I knew she was teasing.

“Yeah. I even lifted the toilet seat before I peed. I’m learning not to leave a mess for somebody else. I’m not a hopeless case.”

I watched him flex his hips and slowly ease them back down. I decided I wanted to watch up close and personal. I moved up so my face was just inches from theirs.

“Is it OK if I watch the action down below?” I asked. “I want to see Kerry’s six-incher bottom out and his balls up against your ass.”

They both turned and looked at me with grins on their face.

“Will you let me watch you from behind when you do it?” Kerry asked.

I nodded. Kerry looked down at Kathryn. She nodded. He nodded too.

I moved around on our big bed until I found a spot where I could see between Kerry’s legs. I grabbed a pillow, folded it in half, and propped my head on it so I could watch with both hands free. I wrapped one hand around my dick and the other around my balls and watched Kerry and Kathryn put on a show for me. It reminded me of the time Kathryn and I had done the show for everybody at the cabin.

He was doing it like she wanted it – slowly and gently. I watched him pull out his six-incher and then slowly ease it back into her. I knew how proud he was. I remembered how I’d felt when mine finally hit that mark. I guess guys are always proud when they know they are going to be at least average. I watched as he pulled out and I could see all of the coral and red flesh of her cunt as he slid it back in and the neat black hair all around. She’d decided to quit shaving around it and just keep it trimmed, said she was tired of it being scratchy and itchy. I knew how she felt because I sometimes scratched my face or something else on her stubble.

Kerry eased it out again and back in until his balls were against her ass and I couldn’t see anything. He stopped for a few seconds and then eased it out again. Damn, it was one hot show. He slid it in slowly again and all I could see was his hairless scrotum right over her asshole.

Hairless? He’s got some hair on it, I knew. He showed his balls to me occasionally, proud that he was getting hair on them and behind them, as well as his little patch of pubic hair. I moved up closer and looked between his legs. He had a little stubble behind his balls and maybe a little on them. Damn! He’s shaved it. Or somebody had shaved it for him. I didn’t see how he could shave back there himself. Now who had been doing that for him? He’d been with Joanne and Stuart last

weekend. Joanne must have done it. Shit, I guess he got at her last weekend.

I realized I was stroking my dick faster than he was moving and I felt a faint urge to keep on doing it faster and faster until I came. I took a deep breath, stopped jacking my dick, and just held it in my hand. Kerry did it for a minute or two longer and I think Kathryn realized he was getting faster and faster too. She slapped him gently on the butt.

“Don’t you think it’s time Kavan had a turn,” she asked.

He turned and looked down where I was.

“Nah, just let him jack off,” he said. “I’ll take his turn.”

I reached up and slapped him on the butt a little harder.

“Like hell you will,” I said. “Get your butt down here and watch how I do it.”

I took his place and Kathryn guided my dick into her pussy. When my dick was seated and I was all wrapped up by her, I put my lips next to her ear.

“Did you feel Kerry’s balls and behind them,” I asked. “Somebody’s been shaving him. I’ll bet it was Joanne last weekend.”

“Why would she shave him?” she whispered in my ear. “He doesn’t have much pubic hair yet anyway?”

“No fair whispering,” Kerry said, somewhere back behind me.

I turned and looked for him. He was down at the foot of the bed, kneeling, one arm resting on the bed, the other almost out of sight. I could see his hand moving and the head of his cock exposed on each stroke.

“Are you comfortable?” I asked. “Can you see?”

“Yeah, you can do it now,” he said, and grinned at me. “I can see OK.”

I turned back to Kathryn. She had a wide grin on her face and looked like she was having a hard time keeping from giggling.

I tried my best to do it the way she wanted, just sliding in to the hilt and out to the tip, doing it as slowly as I could. I lifted my head and looked

down at her. She had her eyes closed and just a tiny smile on her lips now. I'd seen that look lots of times.

After a couple of minutes, even doing it so slow, I could feel the urge building up in me and I knew I had to stop or I'd come in a minute or so. I stopped and just held it still in her. I tried to think it back down but I knew I couldn't and I didn't want to take it out. She opened her eyes and looked up at me.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

I shook my head slightly. I couldn't say anything. I was dangerously close.

"Are you about to come?" she whispered.

I nodded slightly. She took her legs off my back and her arms from around me. She pushed gently against my chest.

"Don't come yet, please," she whispered. "Take it out."

I pulled out and flopped over on the bed beside her. I lay there breathing heavily, my heart pounding and my dick throbbing.

"Kerry, can you find me one of those towels?" she asked.

I opened my eyes and saw him standing at the foot of the bed, one hand moving up and down on his cock. He picked up a towel and threw it to her. She rolled over and wiped the sweat off my chest and then wiped all the stuff off my dick. That made the urge go far enough away so that I felt in control again.

"Was that good, Bro?" Kerry asked. "Did you come?"

I shook my head. "No but I was damn close."

Kerry walked around on the other side of the bed away from me and lay down. He moved over beside Kathryn and put one leg over one of hers.

"What's your pleasure, now, M'Lady?" he asked.

"I think we should all cool off, Kind Sir," she answered. "My knight's lance was overheated."

We all lay there for a few minutes, doing nothing much except talking.

“Kavan says somebody’s been shaving your balls,” Kathryn accused.

“Yeah, I did it,” he lied.

“Behind them too?” she questioned. “I don’t believe you. I want to see.”

He rolled over on his back, his hand still on his dick, and Kathryn rolled over and sat up. I sat up too and moved so I could see. She lifted his balls and looked behind them. She held them up with one hand and then rubbed her fingertips over them and back toward his asshole.

“All right, tell us,” she said. “Who did it?”

“A gentleman never talks about what he does in bed with a lady,” he answered.

“It was Joanne, wasn’t it?” I asked.

He nodded and that big smile spread over his face.

“Did you have fun with her and Stuart last weekend?” Kathryn asked.

He nodded again.

“Come on, Kerry, tell me,” Kathryn pleaded. “It’s your turn again.”

“Joanne shaved Stuart’s balls a couple of weeks ago when they were playing around. She trimmed his pubes and shaved on his stomach a little bit. It looked neat. She said she’d let us shave her if I’d let her shave me. I wouldn’t let her shave on my stomach. Stuart shaved my face.”

“Did you like it?” Kathryn asked.

“Yeah, it was fun with her and Stuart shaving me. My dick liked it a lot.”

“Did you like shaving her?” I asked.

He nodded. His big grin would have been answer enough.

“What else did you do?” Kathryn asked.

“Do you want me to tell everybody what about what we do tonight?”

“If you don’t tell me, I’m going to sit on you?”

“Promises, promises.”

“She likes to sit on me, Kerry,” I said. “She rides a cock horse to Banbury Cross. Sometimes she comes so hard she almost breaks my dick off and then she comes so hard she almost pinches it off.”

“I’m not telling you anything else,” he said. He put his hands behind his head, put his long legs together, and crossed his ankles.

“Then just lay there, butt-head,” she said. “You’re about to get ridden hard and then put out to pasture wet.”

She straddled Kerry, knelt over him with her hands on his chest, and tried to catch his dick with her pussy. He kept his hands still behind his head, not helping her. I moved over, reached behind Kathryn, grabbed Kerry’s dick, and held it straight up.

She peeked back between her legs, wiggled around a little, and caught his dick with her pussy. I pulled my hand out and she slid all the way down. All I could see between them was Kerry’s balls all bunched up on his thighs and under her ass. I straightened out with my head down near Kerry’s feet so I could watch the show.

I knew he was about to get the ride of his life. With me she’d start off at a slow walk, gradually speed up to a trot, and then finish off with a full gallop. Kerry still had his hands under his head and I guess he thought he was going to have a peaceful ride. I knew better. I watched her moving up and down on his dick while I stroked my own.

When I saw Kerry’s hands come down to Kathryn’s thighs, I knew she’d changed her pace. She wasn’t sliding up and down so much. She was sort of rocking back and forth, flexing her pelvis, keeping his dick buried to the hilt inside her. With me, it always felt like the head of my dick was being rubbed by something firm, almost hard, inside her and it would drive me wild. I didn’t know if she’d rub the end of his dick like she did mine but I saw his hands grip her thighs until his fingers were making dents in her skin.

She changed her pace again, She leaned forward, hands on his shoulders, and combined the up and down with the back and forth. That was the one that usually got me. It usually got her too. I knew the back and forth put pressure on her clitoris and she almost always came not long after she started it.

Then Kerry started grunting and groaning and saying “Oh, sshhhiiiiittt! Oh, sshhhiiiiittt!” Even pinned down, it looked like he was trying to shove his dick up into her deeper. His face looked like he was

in agony. She was really riding him hard now and he kept groaning and cussing.

Suddenly she lifted up off him, swung all the way around, straddled me, slapped my hand out of the way, held my dick straight, and settled down on it, all in about two seconds. I tried to hold onto her thighs while she rode me. She was into a hard gallop in seconds and I knew she was about to get hers. She froze and I felt her little lemon-squeezer trying to pinch off my dick. I held still until I felt the last little contractions.

Then I rolled her off to the side, rolled with her, kneed her legs apart, lifted her legs and spread them, bent her back, and settled myself between them. She grabbed my dick and positioned it. I shoved it in hard enough to make her grunt, pulled out, and shoved it in again. I probably didn't last a minute before my balls erupted. I tried to push my dick deeper in her even when my balls were against her ass cheeks. Every time I'd spurt, I'd shove it into her as hard as I could. After maybe a half-dozen thrusts, I stopped and I could feel her rippling and moving and maybe coming again.

I lay there on top of her for a minute or so, eyes closed, breathing heavily, her hands on my ass, mine on her shoulders from behind. Once in a while, she wiggled around and around beneath me and then subsided. When I finally opened my eyes and looked down at her, she opened hers and smiled at me. Kerry was on one side, head propped up with his arm, watching us. I rolled off to the other side and collapsed. The three of us lay there looking at each other without saying a word.

Finally, Kathryn pushed Kerry and he rolled over with his butt to her. She spooned up to him and put her hand on his hip. I spooned up to her and put my hand on her side. I didn't hear a thing except heavy breathing that slowly got quieter and quieter. I was sleepy but I didn't want to go to sleep. I didn't know what I wanted but I wanted to stay awake. I shut my eyes and had almost drifted away when I heard her whisper my name.

“Kavan.”

“Yeah.”

“Would you get me a towel, please?”

“OK. Kerry, would you get her a towel, please?”

“OK.”

Nobody moved.

“If somebody doesn’t get me a towel, you’re never going to get anything else,” she said.

Kerry and I rolled out of bed at the same time. We both picked up one towel each and then both tried to pick up the third towel. Kerry turned it loose and smiled at me. I walked around in front of Kathryn, handed her a towel, and we all wiped off the same way, face, chest, and then between the legs. I threw my towel to Kerry and he dropped both at the door to the basement. Kathryn tucked hers between her legs. Kerry turned off the light and we both crawled back in bed with her.

I lay there in the dark spooned up to her, thinking about what we’d done. I hoped we’d done what she wanted. I could think of only one thing we hadn’t done. One of us would have to do something I’d never done with her. I had never really wanted to but I knew I would if I knew she wanted me to. I didn’t know whether Kerry had ever done it like that. I didn’t even know if he’d want to do it. She’d said she wanted both of to make love to her at once. The only way I could think of to do that was to make a sandwich with her. One of us would get his dick in her asshole while the other one got his in her pussy. I wondered what she’d say if I suggested it. I wondered what Kerry would say. I decided I’d wait a while, to see if anybody woke up and started anything else. I drifted away into sleep thinking about it.

Chapter Sixty

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Arial Stuart, 16; Kerry Stuart, 12 ³/₄; Kenjiro Daniels, 15; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

Kenjiro and I were eating lunch in the school cafeteria on Tuesday when a pack of jocks walked by. One of them, Aaron Davis, said it again.

“Hey, little pussy, how ya doin’? Did you hurt your sweet little hand hitting Jerome?”

I didn't say anything as usual. I just smiled at him and then turned back and started talking to Kenjiro again.

"What was that about?" he asked.

"Nothing, just another stupid jock, thinks he's something."

"Why did he call you a little pussy?"

"Shit, he calls me worse than that sometimes. He says I'm nothing but a smart-ass little girl, sucking up to all the teachers."

"Fuck him! Are you going to let him get away with it?"

"I don't care, Ken-chan. I think I'm already more of a man than he'll ever be. He's not worth worrying about."

Kenjiro started eating again. The mystery meat was supposed to be meatloaf but it sure as hell wasn't like Mom's. I watched him and I could almost see the wheels turning in his head. He was thinking about something and I knew it was about Aaron Davis and his stupid remark. When he started smiling, I looked for the light bulb over his head.

"I've got it," he said.

"Got what, meatloaf diarrhea?"

"Yeah, diarrhea of the brain. You're going to challenge him to a duel."

"Like hell, I am," I said. "He'll kill me."

Kenjiro just shook his head yes. I shook my head no. He shook his head yes. I shook my head no and gave him the finger. He leaned over closer to me, pushed my hand down, and smiled.

"Look, I've got an idea for something that'll really shut him up. Let me check out something and I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

"I'm not getting in any more trouble with jocks, Ken-chan. We've just got one more week of classes and then three days of finals. Nobody blamed me for hitting Jerome but I'm staying out of trouble for the next couple of weeks."

"You won't get in trouble. Trust me. Wait'll you hear my plan. You're gonna love it."

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I didn't see him the next day at school until I went to the Chew and Choke for lunch. He was waiting in the hall outside the cafeteria. We went through the line and then grabbed one of the small tables against the wall that held just two people.

"You really are going to love it," he said. "One of the jocks owed me for helping him with his computer. I called him and found out what I needed to know. You're gonna challenge Mr. Aaron Asshole Davis to a duel. I'm going to be your second and Davis can get him one. We're going to get Grizzly to be the referee. We'll let Grizzly in on it. He'll love it too."

I sat and looked at him and ate my gooey slice of Friday pizza. I couldn't believe he'd get me into something where I'd get hurt or get in trouble. Would he? Maybe he would. What the fuck? Who knows?

"I'll kill you if you get me in trouble again," I said.

"Shit, Kerry, we're friends. I'm not gonna get you in trouble."

"Yeah, sure you won't. What's your plan?"

He told me. I loved it. We talked about how to set it up. Over the next few days, two demented geniuses put together the plan and set up everything. I challenged Aaron the following Monday. We held the duel in one of the boys' bathrooms Tuesday. I loved every minute of it. I won the duel.

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On Friday, the last day of classes, I had honors trigonometry with Mr. O'Reilly, the one the students call Mr. O'Really, just before lunch. We had gotten along so well fall semester in honors analytical geometry, I made sure I got his trig class in the spring. When the class was over, he pulled me aside as I started to leave and asked me if I'd go to his office so we could talk. I didn't suspect anything bad; I thought he wanted to talk to me about what I had done in his course.

Mr. O'Reilly was one of the math teachers I'd been working with about math courses to take. I'd made an A in his honors geometry class fall semester and I had another A going in honors trig. I wanted to take all of the math the school offered and we couldn't see where to fit them all in. He'd agreed to help me do two of the easy ones on my own and all I had to do was take the same tests everybody else took

When we walked into his cubicle, Mrs. Redford, my English teacher, was sitting in one chair and the school principal, Mrs. Frazier, was sitting in another. After the jock trouble fall semester, she talked to me lots and she always smiled and nodded or waved when she saw me. There were two empty chairs - one opposite Mrs. Frazier and one behind the desk. I stopped dead in my tracks.

“Come in and sit down, Kerry,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I got you a turkey club sandwich and a pint of milk for lunch. Will that be OK?”

Mr. O’Reilly sat down in the chair behind the desk and started taking food out a big brown bag. That left one chair. I was trapped. I knew I’d been set up. But something smelled good and I was hungry. I took a deep breath and sat down.

“How’re you doing with statistics, Kerry?” he asked.

“I’m doing fine, Sir. My half-brother Stuart’s letting me help him with some research he’s doing for the University. He’s teaching me what to do with different statistical tools and we’re figuring out what we need to do with some data he’s analyzing.”

“You’re studying statistics, Kerry?” Mrs. Frazier said. “I didn’t think we offered statistics. That’s a college course, isn’t it?”

“The school doesn’t, Ma’am. Mr. O’Reilly’s helping me learn some of it on my own. He loaned me a couple of books and he’s helping me when I get stuck on something.”

“O’Reilly?” Mrs. Frazier asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Nobody said anything for a minute, just sitting there smiling, and I finally realized what I’d done. I looked at Mr. O’Reilly and he just shook his head and smiled.

“O’Reilly, Kerry,” he said. “My name’s O’Reilly.”

“I know. I’m sorry, sir,” I said. I wished I could crawl under the chair. I’d never called him O’Reilly to his face and I guess I’d said it because that’s what so many students called him. He was a nice guy and he’d gone out of his way to help me. I hoped I hadn’t blown it.

“I hope you don’t mind having lunch with me and Sarah and Andy,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I wanted to talk to you and I didn’t want you to have

to come to my office. I thought it might be best if we just kept this confidential.”

“Am I in trouble?” I asked.

“No, no, you’re not in trouble,” she answered. “Sarah says she and you are good friends. She says you’ll tell me the truth about something. Will you?”

I looked at Mrs. Redford. She was taking the sandwiches from Mr. O’Reilly and putting them on plastic plates. I could smell bacon and something like a fruit cobbler.

“What?”

“We’ve heard rumors about you being in some sort of duel last Tuesday. There are different versions depending on who’s telling it. We need to clear it up before school is over. We thought you might help us understand what happened.”

“Shi..jeeze,” I said. I let my breath out and slumped down in the chair a little. Not in trouble? It sure as hell sounded like trouble to me. I hated to do it but I had to kill Kenjiro.

“Would you like to have your sandwich before we talk, Kerry?” Mrs. Frazier asked. “I’m hungry and I’ll bet you are too. My boys always were when they were your age.”

“Am I in trouble?” I asked again.

Mrs. Frazier smiled at me and shook her head. “Kerry, I told you you’re not in trouble. I just like to know what’s going on in my school. When I can, I like to stop trouble before it starts.”

Mrs. Redford was holding out a paper plate with a sandwich toward me. I reached over and took it. The wrapper around the sandwich said Mama Dora. I knew it would be good. Anything from there always was.

“Do I smell some kind of fruit cobbler?” I asked. I wanted time to think.

Mr. O’Reilly reached in the bag, brought out four big covered bowls, and put them on the desk. I knew I’d smelled it.

“We’ve got two peach, one blackberry, and one apple,” he said. “Which do you want, Mrs. Frazier?”

“They’re all good,” she said. “Let Kerry choose first.”

“Can I...May I have the blackberry?” I asked. Mrs. Redford pushed it toward me on the desk. Mr. O’Reilly reached in the bag again and held out a pint container of milk for me.

We sat and ate without talking for a while. I finished my sandwich and cobbler and milk. Mrs. Frazier ate about half her peach cobbler and then looked at me.

“Kerry, I can’t eat any more. If you don’t mind eating after me, would you like to finish my peach cobbler?”

I knew I was being set up. They were being too nice to me. I decided I’d better cooperate. Mrs. Frazier waited until I’d finished her cobbler.

“Now, Kerry, perhaps you can tell me all about this duel I keep hearing about. I’ve heard three or four different versions.”

I tried to think how to tell her and keep it clean at the same time. I decided I couldn’t. I looked at Mrs. Redford. I’d talked with her once about something and she hadn’t fussed at me about keeping it clean. She saw me looking at her and she smiled at me and nodded.

“You can tell me, Kerry,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I’ve raised two boys. There’s not much I haven’t heard. Just tell it like you’d tell one of your friends.”

“You won’t get mad at me if it’s kind of dirty, will you?”

“I don’t think it can be any worse than what I hear in the hall every day, can it?”

“Well, it started when Aaron Davis kept calling me a little pussy.”

I looked at the three of them. They didn’t seem shocked or offended.

“Well, go on,” Mrs. Frazier said.

“He called me that Thursday of last week when I was eating with Ken-chan; that’s Kenjiro Daniels. We came up with a way to make him shut up.”

“Why do you call him Ken-chan?” Mrs. Frazier asked.

“In Japan they change the name like that when they’re talking to friends. The chan part means he’s my friend.”

“I didn’t know that,” she said. “What did you do?”

This was the part I didn’t want to talk about but I didn’t see any way out of it.

“Well, you know guys are kind of sensitive about how big their...you know... their...”

Mrs. Frazier interrupted me.

“You can say penis, Kerry. You can say dick if you want to. My boys said it.”

I decided to go for it. “Well, guys’re sensitive about how big their dick is. If you want to put a guy down, you accuse him of having a little dick. You can even say he doesn’t even have one and that’s what Aaron was doing when he called me a pussy.”

“From what I’ve heard, you showed him up,” Mr. O’Reilly said. “Is that right?”

“Yes, Sir. Kenjiro knows mine’s kind of big, at least, kind of big for my age. He said it was probably bigger than Aaron’s and I ought to dare him to, you know, see whose was bigger. We came up with the idea of a duel.”

“I heard you even had seconds and a referee; is that right?” Mrs. Frazier asked.

“Yes, Ma’am. Kenjiro was my second and some guy I didn’t know was Aaron’s. We got Grizzly to be the referee because nobody messes with him.”

“What was Grizzly doing with the yardstick?” Mrs. Redford asked.

I looked at her and it looked like she was trying to keep from laughing.

“I told him to bring a ruler. He said he couldn’t find one except for the yardstick.”

“Somebody told me Aaron thought you’d challenged him to some sort of real duel,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I heard you challenged him to a duel in front of his friends last Monday and said, since you were smaller, you’d get to choose the weapons and he’d have to meet you in the boys’ bathroom or else he was chicken and he’d have to apologize.”

That was pretty close. I'd actually told Aaron he'd be chicken shit if he didn't meet me.

"Yes, Ma'am. That's about right."

"Well, what happened in the bathroom, Kerry?"

"Nothing, Ma'am. Grizzly got us back to back and said we had to take three steps and then turn around. Aaron asked me what we were going to use for weapons and Grizzly told him we were going to use our dicks. He said when we turned around we had to drop our pants and he'd check to see who had the biggest one."

"And did Aaron do it?"

"Yes, Ma'am. He did it. He didn't want to but he did it. He conceded and said Grizzly didn't have to use the yardstick. After we pulled our pants back up, he apologized for what he'd been saying and even shook my hand."

"I heard you even had witnesses lined up," Mrs. Redford said.

"Yes, Ma'am. We made sure we had some guys we knew we could trust. Grizzly let four of them in the bathroom with us."

"Kerry, there's something I don't understand," Mrs. Frazier said. "What if you'd lost the duel? What would Aaron have done then?"

I didn't see any need to tell them how Kenjiro had said we could make sure Aaron's dick was smaller. He told me a guy's dick always got smaller when he was anxious about something. He said it was part of the fight or flight response and staying in that state for a long time induced anxiety. So we decided on the duel and then made it worse by not telling Aaron what the weapons would be. He had to come to the boys' bathroom not knowing what he was facing.

I really didn't think I needed to tell them I'd cheated a little. Kenjiro told me the duel might be close and we decided I'd get to the bathroom a little ahead of Aaron and get ready. I pretended I had to piss and I went in one of the toilet stalls and stroked my dick until it was almost hard. I knew it'd hold its size for a while unless I jacked off and it was probably close to five inches when I pulled my briefs down. I thought Aaron was going to chicken out when he saw my dick but he pulled his shorts down too. I had him beat by an inch or so.

"I knew I wasn't going to lose, Mrs. Frazier. Kenjiro knew a jock who owed him a favor. He called him and told him what we were thinking of

doing and asked him how big Aaron's...you know, his dick was. Then he made him promise not to tell anybody ahead of time. He was one of the witnesses."

Mrs. Frazier and Mrs. Redford were both smiling so big I knew they were getting a kick out of it. Mr. O'Reilly was trying to act like it wasn't funny to him. I tried to act serious but finally I couldn't help but smile too.

Mrs. Frazier shook her head. "Kerry, what am I going to do with you? Am I going to have to put up with stuff like this for three more years?"

"No, Ma'am. Just two," I said.

She looked puzzled. "Why just two?" she asked.

"Well, I'd like to graduate in about three years so I can start to college when I'm fifteen. Can I do it?"

Mrs. Redford smiled at me and shook her head too. "You probably can, Kerry; you probably can," she said.

"Kerry, if you do that, your parents will have three kids in college at once," Mr. O'Reilly said. "That's a big financial drain. Why don't you slow down and stay with us for four years?"

"Mom and Dad are already helping us plan. They've already got college investments for us. Mom's the financial wizard. We think we'll be OK. We're all going to the university here and keep living at home. Kavan's going to keep working part time at Manchester Landscaping. Arial's going to be working with Brad on a research grant his Dad's got. By the time I graduate from high school, maybe I can find something to help out."

"Well, if anybody can do it, I guess you can," Mrs. Redford said.

"My half-brother, Stuart, he's already got a Ph.D. in chemistry. He wants me to start planning on scholarships, especially in the sciences. He thinks I could get one at his alma mater if I go there for a Ph.D."

"Kerry, you do remember I'm an English teacher," Mrs. Frazier said.

I knew she was. I didn't understand why she reminded me. Then it dawned on me. I used my hand to erase an imaginary blackboard and then wrote on it.

“My half-brother, Stuart, has a Ph.D. in chemistry. How many times do you want me to write it?” I asked.

She just grinned and shook her head again.

“Have you already chosen your major in college, Kerry?” Mr. O’Reilly asked. From the look on his face, I couldn’t decide whether he was being incredulous or sarcastic.

“No, Sir, just something in the sciences. I don’t want to major in English.” I looked at Mrs. Frazier when I said it and she shook her head again.

Mrs. Frazier wasn’t quite through. “I think we need to get this committee meeting back on track. Kerry, from the way you describe it, nobody touched anybody else’s penis. Is that correct?”

“Yes, Ma’am. We made sure that couldn’t happen when we planned it. If Grizzly had used the yardstick, we had to hold our own penis.”

“And neither of you had an erection or engaged in any sort of sexual activity?” Mr. O’Reilly asked.

“No, Sir!” I said. “Mine was hanging down. I don’t think Aaron had a har...I mean, an erection. I didn’t touch mine and Aaron didn’t touch his while I was watching.”

“Did you just have guys for witnesses?” Mrs. Redford asked. “From the way some of the girls talk, it sounds like they were witnesses for the duel.”

“No, Ma’am,” I said. “It was just us guys.”

Mrs. Frazier looked at Mrs. Redford and then at Mr. O’Reilly. They all still looked like they were about to bust out laughing.

“Mrs. Redford, Mr. O’Reilly, you’re both on the student disciplinary committee. Can you think of anything in the student conduct handbook that says boys can’t expose themselves, that is, pull their pants down, as long as they’re in the boys’ bathroom?”

“No, Ma’am,” Mrs. Redford said. “I believe that’s where they’re supposed to do it, isn’t it?”

“I believe that sort of behavior is entirely proper in the circumstances, Mrs. Frazier,” Mr. O’Reilly said, looking straight at me. “I think we can

conclude that there are no reasons to charge Kerry with any violation of the student conduct code.”

I put my hands on the arms of the chair and started to stand up. I didn't even know anything like that was being considered.

“May I go now?” I asked. I looked at Mrs. Frazier when I said it.

“Not yet, Kerry,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I've got something else I want to talk to you about.”

I slumped back down and looked at them. “Jeeze, what now?” I said, and they all three started laughing.

“Andy, would you mind if I used your office for a few more minutes to talk to Kerry,” Mrs. Frazier said. “I think the committee's adjourned unless one of you has some more questions for Kerry.”

“*Oh*, I don't *really* have any thing else to ask him,” Mr. O'Reilly said, looking straight at me and smiling. “You're welcome to use my cubbyhole as long as you need it.”

“I don't either, *really*,” Mrs. Redford said.

They both left and I heard them whispering and laughing as they went out. Mr. O'Reilly patted me on the shoulder as he walked past and Mrs. Redford mussed up my hair.

“Did you *really* just have a meeting of the student disciplinary committee?” I asked Mrs. Frazier. “Are you mad at me for what I did?”

“Yes, Kerry, we had a meeting,” she said, smiling at me. “There are five members of the committee. We had a quorum with three. We just wanted to make sure there'd be no trouble because of your duel. And I'm not mad at you.”

“I'll try not to cause any more problems, Ma'am,” I said. “At least not for the rest of the school year.”

“Kerry, you're not causing problems,” she said. “When I go home tonight, I'll have a huge smile on my face when I tell my husband about this. He'll get as big a kick out of it as I have. And you'd better not tell anybody I said that.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“I’ve got a couple of other things I want to ask you about,” she said. “There’s a modeling and advertising agency the school has worked with for quite a few years. They’ve got a client that wants about a half dozen young kids to work for them as models. There’ll be a year-long contract and lots of work. Do you think you’d be interested? It might turn into a good way to earn something for college.”

“I don’t know, Ma’am. I don’t know enough about it to give you an answer.”

“I don’t expect you to say yes or no right now. I’ll give you their brochure describing what the models will be doing. You can think about it and talk to your parents. If you’re interested, I’ll put you on the list. When I’ve got about twenty names, I’ll call a meeting with Mr. DeMaria. He’s in charge of the account.”

“I thought you said they want a half-dozen kids.”

“Yes, that’s right. They’ll work with everybody on the list for a while and then select the ones they want. I can put you on the list but it will be up to Mr. DeMaria as to who’s picked.”

“He’s not gay, is he?” I asked. I knew that was stupid as soon as I said it.

“I don’t think so, Kerry. If he is, he’s got Mrs. DeMaria fooled. She’s a friend of mine and I don’t think she’s easy to fool. Why do you ask?”

“I guess I thought lots of models were gay. Some of those TV programs make it look like they’re all gay.”

“That’s not the real world, Kerry. My youngest son, Dan, is working as a model. He got his start when he was in high school here. He’s in college now studying architecture and modeling for a big New York agency. He’s cutting quite a swath through the female ranks. Every time he comes home, he’s got a new conquest.”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. I should have kept my mouth shut. I told you I don’t know that much about modeling.”

“Kerry, Dan’s earning enough modeling to make your head swim. He makes more than I do and he’s working part time. You should see the sports car he drives.”

“Well, that part sounds interesting. I’d love to have some good wheels.”

“OK. Come by the office and ask my secretary for the brochure. Talk to your parents and see what they think. I’ll talk to them too before you go on the list. I’m going to talk to Arial and Brad too and see if they’d be interested. Don’t tell Arial, OK?”

“Yes, Ma’am. Why do you think we’d make good models?”

“You’re all tall and thin and quite photogenic. Arial’s one of the most beautiful young girls I’ve ever seen. You’re not too bad yourself for a boy. Your smile and your eyes are your best features. Brad’s got a great body and face for modeling.”

“He doesn’t think he’s good looking. He says he’s skinny and his face is kind of mixed up. He’s told me he doesn’t know why Arial wants him for a boyfriend when she could have anybody she wants.”

“Kerry, he’s a very good-looking young man. He’s thin but he’s got an athletic-looking body. His face isn’t beautiful like yours but it’s warm and intelligent looking. He’s a lot like my son, Dan.”

“You said the school’s worked with the agency for years. Why does the school do it?”

“The DeMarias have sort of adopted us. The school will be used as a background in most of the photos. We give them logistical help. In return, Mrs. DeMaria teaches a one-semester course for us every year. They also give us a lot of freebies in things like advertising and printing and hire a lot of our students to do the dirty work.”

“What’s dirty work? I don’t want to do anything like that.”

“Not that kind of dirty, Kerry. I don’t know what the agency calls it. It’s just part-time work for our kids. It’s doing things like carrying equipment, setting up, helping with anything that’s needed, cleaning up when they’re through. They make quite a mess.”

“What would I be doing?”

“Modeling clothes. The account is with a big department store chain. In any one photo shoot, you might have to change clothes a couple of dozen times.”

“What kind of clothes? Good stuff? Mom doesn’t like it when I ask for some of the designer-label stuff.”

“Well, that’s exactly what it is, Kerry. It won’t be ads for generic jeans and underwear. It’ll be for the high-price labels so many kids think they’ve got to have to fit in.”

“I’d have to model underwear?”

“Yes, Kerry, but that’s only a small part of what you’d be modeling. You don’t mind being seen in your underwear, do you? The guys and girls have different changing rooms but you’ll be in your underwear a lot around other guys.”

“No, Ma’am. I don’t think that would be a problem. I might have a problem if I had to change with the girls.”

“Like the one you had in Mrs. Redford’s class?” she asked, with a big grin.

“Da...I mean... Did she tell you about that?”

“Yes, Kerry. She told me. It’s nothing bad. She loves to have you in her class. She’s very fond of you. She says you’re probably the best student she’s ever had.”

“I don’t know. I don’t mean to do anything bad, Mrs. Frazier. Some of the girls love to tease me, see if they can make me get, you know, aroused. I wish they’d just leave me alone. I can’t help it.”

“I know, Kerry. Remember, I’ve got two sons. They used to tell me about all their problems. Dan got teased just like they’re teasing you. It just means they like you. They’re attracted to you, you know.”

“You think so?”

“Yes, Kerry, I know so. I know a great deal about what goes on in my school. Most of the girls are your admirers. I imagine you’ll start cutting a swath through your fans sooner or later.”

“Damn, I hope so.”

“Watch your language, Kerry. I’ve got something else I want to talk to you about. Do you have any interest in drama, things like acting, singing, dancing?”

“Yeah, some, I guess. I’m meeting with the group that’s going to do the school musical. I may be in it if they decide I can do OK with singing and dancing. It’s fun so far.”

“The musical’s going to be based on a movie,” she said. “Do you know which one?”

I didn’t want to tell her that nobody would let me in on that until they decided I was good enough to be in the cast for the production. I hoped she would tell me if I acted dumb.

“No, Ma’am, just something about the Fifties.”

“The students put on some sort of production every year, Kerry, usually in March or April. For next year, they’re tackling their most ambitious project yet. They’re writing a musical version of the Porky’s movie. Do you know that one?”

“Yes, Ma’am. That’s a classic teen-age raunch movie. I guess all kids know it. Like Fast Times at Ridgemont High and Ferris Bueller’s Day Off and Risky Business.”

“Well, they’re talking about writing their own version, clean enough so the school can approve it. It’ll use a lot of the old Fifties songs and the kids will lip-sync some of those and sing some. They’ll write some original ones and they’ll sing all of those. They’ll be dancing like they did in the Fifties, whatever that was. They’re talking about involving as many students as possible, maybe even using the choral group and the different instrumental groups and the school band. It’s going to be a huge production if we can pull it off.”

“I was wondering why they were starting with it now. I guess it takes a lot of work, doesn’t it?”

“Kerry, it takes a year to mount their usual production. In this case, we’ll have to get copyright permission for the movie and the songs. The songs are no problem; the movie is but I think we’ll be OK there too.”

“I don’t know what I can do in something like that. I can dance some and I’m having fun trying to learn. I’m even trying to sing.”

“Kerry, I’ve seen you in the cafeteria with Nicole Whittaker. She’s one of the main ones working on getting it organized. They all want you in it. She says she’ll teach you how to dance.”

I didn’t know anybody had talked to Mrs. Frazier about me being in the musical. She made it sound like they wanted me for something specific.

“Who’s they? You mean, they asked you about me being in it?”

“Yes, Kerry. They asked for my help. They want you to play Peewee.”

Oh, shit, that was one of the central characters. My heart started beating faster.

“Damn, I can’t do that, Mrs. Frazier.”

“Kerry, I told you to watch your language. I hear worse everyday but I’m supposed to tell you not to do it.”

“I’m sorry. It just slipped out.”

“Kerry, do you know why he was called Peewee in the movie?”

“Yes, Ma’am. He got that nickname because of the size of his...you know.”

“Yes, Kerry. I know. And everybody will know you’re not really a peewee, especially after your duel. Maybe you don’t exactly fit the part but, if you can keep your pants up, you can do it. The students will love it if you play the role. Think about it.”

I was too confused to know what to do. It sounded like somebody had been pulling strings to get me in the musical to do Peewee. I had been thinking they just wanted me to do some little role.

“I don’t know, Mrs. Frazier. I’ve got too much to think about. I don’t know whether I could do it or not.”

“Kerry, there will be a bunch of the faculty in it. They’ve asked me to be in it too. I may take one of the lead female roles.”

“Who? What do you mean? They want you to play...Mrs. Whatsername?”

“Mrs. Ballbreaker.”

“No, Ma’am, Mrs. Ballbricker.”

“Kerry, you didn’t have to say Mrs. Whatsername.”

“Well, you just told me to watch my language.”

“They’re writing something they call Ballbricker’s soliloquy for the scene where she meets with the other coaches and the principal in his office. They want me to recite it, maybe even sing it.”

“Yeah, that’s a great scene.”

“Do you know any of the old Fifties songs? I don’t know what you kids are listening to today.”

“No, Ma’am. Dad likes classical stuff. Arial likes stuff she calls Salsa so she can dance to it. She makes me dance with her sometimes.”

“Yackity yack, don't talk back.”

I didn’t know what I’d said this time. I hadn’t cussed and I was trying to be polite to her.

“Yes, Ma’am, I’m sorry.”

“No, Kerry. That’s a song from the Fifties by the Coasters. There’s a line which goes ‘yackity yack, don't talk back.’ Have you ever heard it?”

“I don’t guess so.”

“Why is everybody always picking on me?”

Shit, I couldn’t keep up with her. That was one of the songs I'd heard at Nicole's house. Yeah, it seemed like everybody was picking on me. What was anybody doing to her? I didn’t know what to say.

“That’s a line from another Coasters’ song, Charlie Brown,” she said. “It’s one they want you to lip-sync.”

Was she calling me Charlie Brown? I’m not like the kid in Peanuts, am I? I was even more confused.

“Sheez, maybe I can do that. Whatever.”

“Have you got internet access at home?”

She stood up so I did too. I hoped we were about through talking.

“Yes, Ma’am. I’ve got my own computer.”

“Look those songs up tonight. See if you can download them. Just imagine how the audience will respond when you lip-sync the line about picking on me. The audience will love it.”

“Oh, boy, I should have never let Mr. O’Reilly talk me into coming in here today.”

“Why, Kerry?”

“I get bushwhacked by the disciplinary committee and I’m supposed to go out modeling clothes and singing and dancing. I’ve got too much to think about.”

She put her arm around me and pulled my head down to her and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Kerry, if you’ll do Peewee, I’ll do Mrs. Ballbricker. It’ll be fun. I’d love to do it. How about it?”

I didn’t know what to say. I just took a deep breath and then nodded. I couldn’t even remember what class I was supposed to go to and I knew I was probably late.

During my afternoon classes, I tried to pay attention, especially when my teachers talked about what would be on the final exams, but all I could think about was what had happened during the day. I tried to sort it all out and think about what I wanted to do, not what somebody else wanted me to do. When I thought about what they wanted and the way they’d kept it from me, I started to get pissed, royally pissed, and I was ready to tell them to go fuck themselves, or maybe just tell them to shove it. One minute I’d be ready to quit the production before I ever really got in it. The next I’d think about how much fun it was trying to do a dance routine with Nicole and the way I felt when the guys and gals said I was doing great. Maybe I could do the dancing but the singing, boy, that’s something else. Maybe the best thing would be just to be quiet about what I’d learned and see what happened. But, damn, I was pissed at Nicole and the others, yanking my chain like that, pretending they were just trying to see if I could dance well enough to be in the production, not one fucking hint they wanted me to play Peewee. Damn, she could at least have been honest with me.

When school let out, Ariel was waiting for me at our bus stop and we got on the bus and sat together. She wanted to talk as usual but I didn’t for a change. I kept thinking about the meeting with the disciplinary committee, a little about the modeling possibility, and a lot about the school musical. I guess Ariel wondered where I was because she put her hand on my leg and pinched me.

I looked over at her. She was looking straight ahead and acting like it wasn’t her who pinched me. I glanced down and caught a flash of light blue in her shirt. She had on a little shirt that buttoned down the front and it was unbuttoned some at the top. I saw the smooth curve of her breast and the light blue of her brassiere. It made me think of what happened the night Kavan and I had gone for a walk with Dad.

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When we came back from walking with Dad, Kavan disappeared to tell Kathryn what she should do about going to New York. Dad started talking to Mom in a low voice like he didn't want me to hear. I didn't see Ariel so I assumed she was in her room reading. I went in my room and started to do something on my computer but I couldn't think of anything I wanted to do. I decided to do my brush and flush and then read a while. Nights were still a little cool so I put on some boxer shorts and a t-shirt and some white socks to keep my feet warm. I got a book and sat down in my computer chair but I didn't want to read either. I just sat there and thought about things.

After a while, I heard Ariel showering and doing her brush and flush. The bathroom door opened and then she tapped a couple of times on my door. When she came in, she was ready for bed too. She had on white socks, white panties, and a white t-shirt. She never wore anything underneath that at night and I could see her nipples poking the shirt. I sat up straight in my chair and held out my hand to her.

"What do you want, little boy?" she whispered.

"A hug, that's all, just a hug," I whispered back.

She let me pull her up between my legs and I wrapped my arms around her with my hands on her back and pulled her closer. I turned my face sideways and nestled my head between her breasts. She put her hands behind my head and held me. I shut my eyes and breathed in the clean girl smell of her. I decided that this was what I wanted. I could feel her chest rising and falling and my breathing settled into sync with hers.

"Mom and Dad were doing this in the kitchen tonight after dinner," I said.

"What?"

"Just this. Mom was holding Dad's head to her breasts and they both had their eyes closed. Kavan was standing there watching them. I walked in with my mouth running and they broke it off. I wish I hadn't disturbed them."

"It is nice, isn't it?"

It was nice. I didn't want to let her go. I didn't want to do anything with her except be close. I just wanted to be held against her breasts.

"Is something bothering you, Kerry?"

I took a deep breath and let it out. "I don't know. I've just been thinking about things and trying to decide what to do. Sometimes I don't know what the right thing to do is."

"Are you talking about sex? Maybe with Nicole."

"It's not just about sex, Ariel. It's about love and wanting to be loved and not wanting to hurt her and wanting to make her happy. It's just all mixed up. I just want to do what's right."

"Kerry, maybe you are doing what's right," she said. "You're thinking about somebody else. You're not trying to push her into doing something with you. If you were like most guys your age you'd probably just want to get your dick in her pussy and never think about the rest of her. Did you do something else with her? I mean, besides kissing her."

"I guess so. A little. When we had the pool party, I came in the house with her to use the bathroom."

"I saw you leave together. You were holding her hand going up the stairs. Did you use it together?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I let her go first and then I used it. When I came out, she was standing here in my room looking around. I'm glad it was kind of dark so she didn't see the mess. I kissed her and put my hand on her breast. I was kind of afraid she'd slap me but she didn't."

"What did she do?" she asked.

"She just smiled at me and moved my hand off. Then she pulled her top up, took both my hands, and put them on her breasts. Maybe you think you've got little breasts but hers aren't as big as yours."

"Is that all you did?"

"Yeah, she let me hold her breasts for just a few seconds and then she put her top back in place and we came back to the pool."

"Did you get a hard-on?"

"Yeah, we were standing up against each other and I know she could feel it. It was as hard as it could get in that damn Speedo. I thought I would rip out."

"Is that why you dived in the pool as soon as you came back to the party, to get cooled off?"

“Yeah.”

“Kerry, she wants the same thing you do. Just let her take the lead. It’s like a dance. You can let her lead sometimes, can’t you?”

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Arial pinched me again and I realized the bus was almost full and Nicole was getting on. She usually tried to sit up front because she got off first. I’d asked her about it and she had said she didn’t like to have to run the gauntlet. When she saw me she smiled and winked at me and then sat with a girl who had saved her a seat.

I sat there looking at the back of her head, thinking about how much I liked dancing with her, touching her, smelling her, even when she got sweaty, and then how it felt when she kissed me. Just thinking about what she did with her tongue made my dick take notice. I’d felt like a damn fool when I put three of the rubbers Dad gave me in my backpack. No way was I really going to get to use them with her. When the bus turned onto her street, I made up my mind what I wanted to do.

When Nicole started toward the door, I told Arial I’d be home later and followed Nicole out the door of the bus. A bunch of kids got off and she didn’t even notice me. She’d already started walking toward her house by the time I saw her. I ran after her and called her name. She turned toward me and waited.

“Kerry, what are you doing here? We’re not practicing anymore until after finals are over.”

“I know,” I said. “I want to talk to you.”

“Well, nobody’s at home at my house. I’m not supposed to invite any guys in when I’m there by myself.”

“I need to talk to you,” I said. “It won’t take long. We can do it on the front porch.”

“Oh, I guess it’ll be OK. Mom knows you. You aren’t going to try anything; are you?”

“I told you, I just want to talk to you. You haven’t been honest with me about me being in Porky’s.”

She stopped, looked at me for a minute, then took my hand and started walking again. She didn't say anything so I didn't say anything else. I didn't want to let her know I was mad at her. Maybe I wasn't really mad but I didn't like the way the group had kept everything from me.

When we went in the house, she said she wanted to change clothes and use the bathroom. She said I could use the bathroom the guys used when we were practicing and I could wait for her in the kitchen. I didn't really need to go bad but I decided I'd do it anyway. I dropped my backpack on the floor in the entry hall and went to shake the dew off my lily.

Afterwards, I sat down at the bar in the kitchen and waited for her. She came back in a few minutes, barefooted, in a knit shirt and shorts. I could tell she didn't have a bra on but I'd already seen her like that when we were practicing. She had small breasts, even smaller than Ariel's, and her nipples were just little bumps under the shirt. I could tell she'd washed her face and all her make up was gone. She was just as beautiful without it, maybe even more beautiful.

She got a soft drink, a couple of glasses with ice, and we sat and drank and looked at each other.

"Why do you think I haven't been honest with you, Kerry?" she asked. "Who told you we were going to do a musical version of Porky's?"

"I'm not going to tell you who told me," I said. "All of you want me to play Peewee, don't you? Why didn't you tell me that?"

"Kerry, we haven't been dishonest with you. We do want you to play Peewee. One of the girls said you'd be perfect for the role even if you weren't short like the movie Peewee. We just didn't know whether you could sing or dance. We wanted to see if you could before we told you."

I just looked at her, trying to think like the others would think when somebody said I'd be perfect for the role. Maybe it would make sense to check me out carefully if I was being considered to play Peewee.

"Kerry, the role of Peewee is the most important one in our musical," she said. "If we don't have somebody good for that, the whole thing might flop. Can't you see that?"

"Yeah, I guess so. But why weren't you all straight with me? Maybe I can't sing and dance good enough. Shit, I'm not going to cry if I don't get to play Peewee."

“Kerry, the group decides how they want to handle things. It’s not just me. They didn’t want to hurt you by saying they wanted you for Peewee and then telling you sorry you’re not good enough. The group has to make the decision, not me.”

“Well, have they decided yet? Am I good enough? When’s somebody going to tell me?”

“No, we haven’t decided yet. So far, you’re perfect. I’ve never danced with anybody like you. Lots of guys are like, well, like they’ve got their feet in buckets of concrete. You’re like...I don’t know...like somebody who was born dancing. When I dance with you, it’s like I know exactly how you’re going to move and I’m connected to you. I love that feeling, dancing with you.”

“Yeah, me too. I guess I feel the same way, like I’m connected to you. It’s funny. I just look in your eyes and I can see whether I’m doing something right. You sort of smile with your eyes.”

“When you did that dance routine with me after Bob and I showed you how just once, the group couldn’t believe what you did. Bob said you changed some of it and made it better than he’d done it. Then when you danced my part with Bob, they were blown away. They thought it was incredible. You’ve got a great natural ability for dance, Kerry.”

“So you think they might want me? What if I can’t sing?”

“That’s not as important. You don’t need to be a great singer too. Peewee is supposed to be just a high school kid, not an opera star. But there is one way you’re don’t exactly fit the role.”

“What’s that?”

“You know why he’s called Peewee in the movie, don’t you?”

“Yeah, ‘cause he’s got a little dick. What’s that got to do with it? Nobody’s going to see mine.”

“I heard about your duel with Aaron Davis last Tuesday,” Nicole said. “The whole school’s heard about it.”

“Yeah, that’s the way Kenjiro and I planned it. That’s why we got witnesses we knew couldn’t keep it to themselves.”

“You are so bad, Kerry. Poor Aaron is getting teased to death.”

“Well, maybe he shouldn’t have called me a little pussy,” I said.

“What if you’d lost the duel?” she asked.

“I was pretty sure I wouldn’t. The whole thing was rigged.”

She sat and looked at me for a minute. I guess she was trying to figure out how I could rig something like that.

“You’ve got to tell me how. I’m dying to know what you did.”

I told her everything: how we found out how big Aaron’s dick was, how we made him anxious, how I primed my dick ahead of time, how Grizzly was in on all of it, and how we got the blabbermouth witnesses. She was grinning as wide as Mrs. Redford by the time I got through.

She reached out her left hand across the table toward me and I laced my fingers through hers. Hers were long and slim, about like mine, except I didn’t have red polish on mine. We both sat looking at our hands and then we made a church together, a lop-sided one because my fingers were longer, and let our thumbs play with each other.

“Kerry, please don’t be mad at me,” she said. “I like you. Maybe I like you too much. I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you.”

“I’m not mad, Nicole. I’m not mad at anybody, I guess. I like the idea of being in the musical, dancing, especially with you. I just don’t know whether I want to be Peewee. What if I’m not good enough?”

“Then we’ll tell you, Kerry. So far, everybody wants you. I do. I think you’ve got the part if you want it. Just wait and let the group decide.”

I held out my left hand toward her, palm open, and she put her right hand in it. I closed my fingers around her hand. It felt light and small and soft inside my hand. I looked up into her eyes and felt connected to her again.

“If I play Peewee, do I get to dance with you?” I whispered.

She smiled at me, with her eyes as well as her mouth.

“Yes. Before the musical is over, I’m your girlfriend. We even get each other’s cherry. That’s not exactly the way it was in the movie but we’re going to change it.”

“Well, I guess that rules me out then,” I said, grinning at her. “Somebody’s already got mine.”

Her face changed and she looked at me like she couldn't believe it.

"You're kidding me!"

I shook my head.

"You've already done it with a girl?"

"Yeah, but don't ask me anything else. I won't talk about it."

She smiled and then slipped into a giggle.

"I guess I can't play your girl then, 'cause somebody's already got mine too."

"You're kidding me!"

She laughed, pulled her hand out of mine, and pushed mine down on the table. She put her hand on top of mine and sat looking at it.

"It's funny," she said, almost whispering. "You're just a little taller than me and maybe weigh a little more but your hand's so much bigger than mine."

"I'm going to be a big guy some day."

"But you're not even a teenager yet."

"I'll be thirteen in three months, Nicole. I'm not exactly a little kid."

She grinned. "Yeah, well, the whole school knows that."

I held my hands up, fingers spread wide, and she put hers, palm to palm, against mine. Her fingers weren't as long as mine. She laced her fingers through mine again and we sat opposite each other, both our hands palm to palm, fingers laced together.

"I won't fall in love with you, Nicole," I whispered. "But don't ask me not to like you."

"I won't, Kerry. I like you too."

"I like touching you, even if it's just hands."

"Me too."

“What happens when Peewee and the girl get each other’s cherries?” I asked. “How does it happen in the musical?”

Her eyes almost closed; her face looked sort of dreamy.

“They’re at a dance. The stage is full of couples dancing, just slow dancing. Everybody’s close together, some still moving, some standing still, just swaying. Peewee and his girl are in the center of the stage and at first all the lights are on. The lights dim and then a spotlight finds Peewee and his girl. The other lights gradually go out and all the other couples slowly leave the stage. Peewee and his girl slow down and then stop, just holding each other. At the very end, they kiss and the spotlight goes out.”

“Well, when do they do it?”

“That’s it, Kerry. You’re supposed to know they’re going to do it when all the lights go out. That’s what we’ve got to make the audience believe.”

“Damn, that’s not very sexy. Is that the way it was in the Fifties?”

“I don’t know, Kerry. Mrs. Frazier made us promise we’d keep it clean enough so we wouldn’t cause any problems. She said she was risking a lot letting us do Porky’s. She said we had to keep in mind what all the parents and the school board and people like preachers would think. She says it’ll be more romantic if we’re not too explicit.”

“Just so we don’t let them know what we’re really like, huh, so they can go on believing we don’t ever think about sex, don’t know anything about sex, ...and don’t need to know anything about sex.”

“I guess so.”

“Are you going to let me rehearse that scene with you?”

“We’re trying to pick out a song now. It’s got to be a romantic Fifties song. I’ve listened to a bunch of songs and picked out a few that I think would be good. One of the guys is doing the same thing. The whole group will listen to the ones we choose and then pick out one.”

“Nicole, I want to do it.”

“Now?”

“No, I don’t mean now. I mean I want to play Peewee. What did you think I meant?”

“What do girls usually think when a guy says he wants to do it?”

“Oh, shit, that wasn’t what I meant.”

“Would you like to try the slow dancing scene with me?”

“Yeah! Can we try it when we rehearse next week?”

“I mean now.”

“Huh? How can we?”

“Well, the others aren’t here but we can imagine them. I’ve got the CDs down in the basement where we practice. That’s where Mom makes me listen. She says she likes the music but doowop gets old after a while.”

“What’s doowop?”

“That’s what they called some of the music from the Fifties.

“What’s your favorite song?”

She stood up so I did too.

“It’s called A Kiss from Your Lips by a group called the Flamingos. Want to hear it?”

“Yeah! Let’s go.”

TO BE CONTINUED: