

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

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

Chapter Seventy-One

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Ariel Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Brad Weaver, Ariel Weaver

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(BRAD)

Friday night, we all had dinner together as usual. Over the years, we had all agreed that Friday night dinners together as a family would be the one weekly event that was sacrosanct. Other nights, we might eat on the run or miss eating with family altogether. We frequently went our own ways on weekends but Friday night was the one time of the week when all eight of us sat down at the table together as a family.

During dinner, we talked about what was happening in our lives and never about any problems we might be having.

I made sure I was home from work about five o'clock and Kavan was just as punctual. He and I sometimes came in sweaty from our jobs, him from physical exertion at his job at Manchester's and me from the tension and stress of my job at the hospital. I sometimes envied him because my job usually gave my brain a workout but gave my body little opportunity for physical exertion. We showered together, swapped back scrubs, and then changed into shorts and shirt and sandals. It felt good to get out of a suit.

Arial and Kathryn were already next door as usual. Kavan and I had asked them to stay downstairs as much as possible while we were gone. We'd even bought an extra couch so they would both have a place to rest. I usually found them downstairs when I came home, except on Friday, when they were usually next door helping with Friday night's dinner.

Kerry and Kieran were already home when we went next door. Kerry's modeling job never kept him late on Fridays. Kieran sometimes worked late on other days but never on Friday.

Siobhan and Arial and Kathryn had prepared something special again. This time dinner included baked stuffed pork chops, a Waldorf salad, and fresh yeast rolls. I teased Alannah about helping as usual.

Arial gave us an update on Brandon and how he liked to push against her stomach and kick down on her bladder at the same time. Kathryn told us what Kiley and Kathleen had been doing. The latest was that one had got the hiccups and the other didn't like it and seemed to be trying to escape. Kavan teased her that it was probably Kathleen trying to make her brother get out early. With the twins, she was bigger than Arial even though her due date was a couple of weeks after Arial's. She and Kavan had been talking to her doctor about inducing labor early. She said she might go to the hospital at the same time as Arial.

Kerry was taciturn and subdued and that wasn't normal for him. He kept looking at Siobhan but he didn't have much to say. Kathryn and Arial and Alannah, especially Alannah, couldn't provoke much of a response from him. He disappeared downstairs to his bachelor pad as soon as he'd helped the rest of us clean the kitchen. I asked Kieran what was wrong with him and he shrugged his shoulders and said Kerry had a lot on his mind and was just thinking about it.

After dinner, Kavan and I asked Kieran if he'd go for a walk with us. We often went up the hill to the crest and sat at the picnic table in the boulders when we wanted to talk to him.

"Dad, what's with Kerry?" Kavan asked, as soon as we'd left the house.

"He's trying to decide what he wants to do about Tara and about transferring to CalTech," Kieran said. "He really wants to go but he wants Tara too and he doesn't see how he can have both."

"I think there's something else on his mind," Kavan said. "He kept looking at Mom tonight and smiling but he didn't say anything."

We walked on for a minute or so before Kieran said anything else.

"I suppose I might as well tell you," he said. "Last night, Kerry and I both made love to Siobhan."

"Both of you?" I asked, and stopped in my tracks.

"Together?" Kavan asked, and he stopped too.

"And you were there when Kerry did it?" I asked.

"And it was OK with you?" Kavan asked.

"Yes, to all your questions," Kieran answered. "And that's not all. Tomorrow night, Siobhan and I are spending the night with Luke and Rachael again. This time, Kerry is going with us. He's going to be doing the same things with Rachael and Siobhan that Luke and I do. I think there's more to it than sex, though. I think it's his way of saying goodbye to us."

Kavan and I were both silent for a minute or so. I wasn't shocked. Over the years, Kieran and Siobhan had played around with us on occasion and Kavan and Kerry and I had done everything with her except actual intercourse. I knew Kerry was closer to Siobhan than anybody except Kieran. I suppose I didn't expect him to get that close.

I knew Kieran and Siobhan had raised Kavan and Kerry to understand that they could play with Arial and do most everything with her except get their dicks in her pussy. They both knew why their parents didn't want that to happen while Arial was too immature to know what she was doing. They understood the possibility that Arial could be impregnated by them and they didn't want that.

I didn't know whether they knew that she'd made love with Kerry a few times in the last couple of years since becoming an adult. The first time was when he was still fifteen. In December, after Ariel and I were married in June, he and Ariel and I had made a trip to Atlanta and Kerry finally made his dream a reality. The second time, the following summer, Kerry and I both made love to her at the same time and all three of us made a fantasy into a reality.

However, Kerry having sex with Siobhan was something I had not expected to happen. I suppose I knew Kerry wanted to but I didn't think Siobhan would have let him. And Kieran was OK with it. Damn, this Stuart family was still taking some getting used to.

"I know Luke and Rachael have a king-size bed," Kavan said, "but it's going to be a little crowded, isn't it?"

"We'll manage," Kieran answered. "Listen, don't you two tease Kerry about it, you hear? I shouldn't have told you. Siobhan and I are OK with it so you should be."

"You say it's his way of saying goodbye," I said. "Do you think he's really going to go to CalTech?"

"Yeah, I think he'll go," Kieran said. "He's just having a hard time with leaving all of us. And don't tease me, either. I'm having a hard time with it too. I love him but I've got to let him fly."

I led the way off the road and through the cluster of boulders to the picnic table. In good weather, it was a great place to talk without anybody bothering us.

"OK, what do you guys want to talk about?" Kieran asked, when we all sat down.

"Love and sex, Dad," I answered, "What else?"

"I don't know anything about either," he said, smiling.

"Dad, if you don't, I guess nobody does," Kavan said. "We're serious. We both need your help."

"OK, what about?"

"Kavan and I have been having problems with Kathryn and Ariel," I said. "We've got the same problem and we're not sure how to handle it."

“Yeah, Dad,” Kavan said. “Sometimes they’re both moody and depressed and they cry and we don’t even know what we’ve done. We do our best but we just can’t figure out what’s wrong. They usually won’t tell us.”

“Nothing’s wrong,” Kieran said. “It’s a normal part of being pregnant. They’re both feeling the effects of a lot of strange hormones and body chemicals. They’re both tired of being pregnant and not feeling normal. They probably worry that you won’t love them and that they’re not sexually desirable to you. They may even think that you’ll find other women and will want to fuck around with somebody else.

“Well, what can we do about it?” I asked.

“You can do a lot to help them cope with it. You need to be especially loving and caring with them over the next few months. You need to reassure them that you’re going to be with them for the birth and that you’ll help as much as you can when the babies are little. You know they want you to love them forever, don’t you?”

“Dad, Arial is still desirable to me,” I said. “She’s still the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen and I love her more than anything. I don’t want anybody else. I just want her. I still want to have sex with her. It’s just that I don’t know what I ought to do about it. When do I stop having sex with her?”

“Son, you should stop when Arial goes to the hospital for delivery,” Kieran said with a straight face. “Up ‘til then, it’s OK.”

“Be serious, Dad,” Kavan said. “With the twins, Kathryn is miserable a lot of the time and I know it’s going to get worse. Do you really think sex will help?”

“As long as they want it, yeah,” Kieran said. “I made love with Siobhan until a couple of weeks before Alannah was born. It was good for both of us.”

“What did you do?” I asked. “You’ve been through it four times. Help us out.”

“For starters, why don’t the four of you get together in the same bed tomorrow night?” Kieran said. “I assume you’ve done that on occasion since you’ve all been living next door. Make it a special occasion. Bathe them. Shampoo their hair. Paint their toenails. And have some slow gentle loving sex with them. Make it fun. Make it a game. Play with them. Start with oral sex and give them a good orgasm. Then it’s

important for you to get your dicks in them and have an orgasm too. That's especially important."

"What do you mean?" Kavan asked. "That's the part I have trouble with. I feel like I'm asking her to do something just to satisfy me. I don't want to do it unless she really wants me to."

"As long as you can, it's important for you to get your dick in her pussy," Kieran said. "They want you to. They want to know that they're still desirable to you and that's the one thing you can't fake. They want you to come to them for sexual satisfaction. They don't want you going to somebody else."

"Shit, I'd never do that." Kavan protested. "I want Kathryn just as much as ever. I just don't want to hurt her or the babies."

"What would you do if you were in our place?" I asked. "What did you do when Siobhan was pregnant with Alannah?"

"Yeah," Kavan said, "what did you do when Mom was pregnant with me?"

Kieran was silent for a moment, just looking around at the lights of the city blinking on. The picnic table where we were was always a favorite spot for us and all our neighbors, especially at the quiet time just before dark.

"I'll tell you what I did when she was pregnant with Alannah," he finally answered. "I can remember that. I'll tell you every little detail. I'll tell you how I gave Siobhan an orgasm with my mouth, the position I used, everything. I'll tell you how I got behind her to fuck her...no, that's not the right way to put it...when I made love to her. That's what I did, you know, made love to her. I wasn't worried about myself. I was concerned with her, making sure she knew I loved her and wanted her. Maybe I can give you some ideas you can use. You can do the same thing or something different. The important thing is – just love them."

"I do, Dad," Kavan said. "I love Kathryn so much it hurts."

"I believe you, Son," Kieran said. "You and Brad are both learning what it means to surrender yourself to love. There's a synergistic effect to love, you know. The more you love your wife, the more she will love you. The more she loves you, the more you'll want to love her. It grows and grows. That's what you should try to do. I long ago surrendered myself to loving Siobhan. It's made my life perfect. I can't want for anything more. Surrender to love. Don't hold back any part of yourself. You'll never regret it."

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Just love her. Surrender to love. That's what I wanted to do. More than anything, that's what I wanted to do. I decided not to wait until the next night. I wanted to love her tonight.

We had the windows open and a warm breeze was blowing across our bed. I had come to bed naked again. It felt good to feel the clean sheets under me and the warm air moving over me. I was watching Arial, sitting on the side of the bed, brushing her hair, that long hair that looked like silk or spun gold. She had just showered and there wasn't a trace of makeup on her face. She had on a plain white cotton nightgown that came down to her knees. It didn't matter. She was still my beautiful Princess and I loved her with everything that's me.

I got on my knees behind her and took the brush out of her hand. Every night, she brushed her hair or asked me to brush it for her. I loved to do it for her. I started slowly brushing her hair with one hand and holding it with the other. It was so soft and beautiful.

"Kavan and I want to get together with you and Kathryn tomorrow night for fun and games," I said, to the back of her head. "Is it OK with you?"

"Brad, I'm too fat and ugly to do that now," she answered. "Let's wait 'til after the babies come before we do it with them again."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," I said. "You're not fat. You're carrying our baby. And you're not ugly. You're the most beautiful girl in the world to me."

"I had fun when we played with Kavan and Kathryn last summer," she said wistfully. "It was a little sad, wasn't it? We'd all agreed to stop our pills and start trying to get pregnant and so it was a little like a farewell party."

"Somebody else is getting together tomorrow night for fun and games," I teased. "Want to know who?"

"Yes, who?"

"And I know why Kerry was so quiet tonight," I said.

"Why?"

“Because Kieran and Kerry both made love to Siobhan last night. And that’s not all. Kieran and Siobhan are going to play with Luke and Rachael again tomorrow night. And Kerry’s going with them.”

She turned and looked at me like she couldn’t believe it.

“How do you know?” she asked, incredulously.

She turned back around and I started brushing her hair again.

“Kieran told me and Kavan. He said he was OK with it so we should be. He said it was Kerry’s way of saying goodbye.”

She turned and smiled at me, a little smile that grew into a big grin, and then she started giggling.

“She was the last one, you know,” she said. “Lauren, Kathryn, Rachael, Joanne, me – Mom was the last one. He’s made love to all the women in our family now.”

“I know. While they’re all playing together tomorrow night, will you play with me and Kavan and Kathryn? Please say yes.”

She turned around again and lifted her face upward.

“Yes. Now kiss me.”

I kissed her, awkwardly, leaning down and around while she turned her face up and around. I decided not to wait until tomorrow night. I wanted to love her tonight. I moved back on the bed and lay down on my side facing her. She knew what I wanted. It was the same thing I wanted every night.

She lay down on her side, facing me, and we wiggled until we were as close to each other as her big belly would allow. I put one leg between hers, she put her leg over my thigh, I put one hand on her fanny, she put one hand on my waist, we sighed, and held each other. I shut my eyes and I suppose she did too and we lay there without saying a word, occasionally squirming, trying to get closer. After a while I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her eyes were still closed.

“Our second wedding anniversary is coming up,” I whispered. “Do you ever wish you’d had a traditional wedding ceremony, you know, with bridesmaids in long dresses, you in a beautiful white one, me in a tuxedo?”

She almost-imperceptibly shook her head.

“I couldn’t believe it when you and Kathryn said you wanted to get married outdoors, at the remains of the old church behind your house,” I whispered. “You and Kathryn just wearing white sundresses, me and Kavan in white shorts and a knit shirt. You’re always beautiful, Ariel, but you were especially beautiful that day, with the sun shining down on your hair and your bare shoulders and arms. You were like some unreal golden creature, like a goddess or something.”

“I’m just a girl, Brad,” she whispered, without opening her eyes.

“I know,” I said, “but you’re just as beautiful now as you were then. The white nightgown you’ve got on made me think of the little white sundress you wore when we got married. I don’t see you any different just because you’re pregnant with our baby.”

“You’re sweet.”

“The first time I saw the remains of that old church, I never imagined we’d get married in it. That night, when we made love for the first time, I guess I really believed we’d be married someday but I never thought it would be in the old church. It was November 18th. I’ll never forget it.”

“I wanted you so much that night,” she whispered. “I don’t think your dick was all the way in me when I started coming. And then you started coming in me and I just kept coming. Do you remember?”

“Uh huh, I never lost my hard-on and I did it again without ever taking it out. I was foolish enough to think it would always be like that.”

“And then we did it again during the night and again that afternoon just before you had to go home. That’s not counting the time in the shower when we almost did it.”

“Leaving you that afternoon was the hardest thing I’ve ever done in my life,” I whispered.

“It’s a good thing you did,” she whispered. “My pussy was so sore all day Monday and Tuesday I could hardly sit still.”

“Do you remember what I asked you after we’d finally done it?”

“What?”

“I asked you if we were really joined together, for the rest of our lives, my heart with yours.”

“Uh, huh, and I said I hope so, Brad; I really do.”

“Kavan and I talked to your Dad tonight, Ariel,” I said. “He gave us some good advice but the most important thing he told us was just to love you. He said we should surrender to love. We’d never regret it. I’ve surrendered, Ariel. I’ve surrendered to loving you as long as I live.”

“I’m glad. I have too, you know,” she whispered.

We were both quiet for a while. I was afraid she was going to fall asleep before I did what I wanted to do.

“Do you remember the first time I went down on you, you know, the first time I made love to you with my mouth?” I whispered.

“Do you mean the first time you had your tongue in my pussy?” she asked, opening her eyes and grinning at me.

“Yeah.”

“No, I don’t remember,” she said, avoiding my eyes. I knew she was teasing me.

“Ariel, be serious,” I said. “It was the night you gave me some underwear. Kerry and I were in your bedroom and you gave me and him some briefs and made us try them on.”

“Brad, I told you I don’t remember,” she persisted. “Tell me about it.”

“Ariel, I know you remember it. It was the first night I ever slept in a bed with you. I had on some briefs and you didn’t have anything on except your panties. We were getting ready for bed when we heard Kerry peeing in the bathroom. You took my hand and we walked in on him. It was the first time I ever peed while you watched me.”

“Well, you watched me.”

“See, I knew you remembered it. Then you wanted Kerry to come in your bedroom because you’d bought both of us some new briefs and you wanted us to try them on.”

“And then what happened? I don’t remember. Tell me.”

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When I pulled the little briefs up, I tucked my dick down in front of my balls as usual. Kerry pointed his upward at an angle. Ariel asked why

we did it differently and Kerry told her he wanted to impress the girls at school. I started to laugh but then I realized his dick was already big enough at twelve to make an impression on them.

“Well, I guess it doesn’t matter which way you put it,” she said. “Both of you look good enough to eat anyway.”

“Arial,” I said, “you aren’t supposed to talk like that.”

“And why not Brad? Guys say it about girls all the time. I’ve heard more than one guy say it about me. And that’s one of the nicer things I’ve heard.”

“Well, I don’t talk like that about the girls at school.”

“Brad, look at me,” she said.

I looked at her face first and held her eyes. She nodded downward and I shifted my gaze to her breasts and then lower down at her white panties.

“Say it,” she said.

I looked at her face again. I knew what she meant.

“You look good enough to eat, Arial,” I said and she did.

“Thank you, Brad,” she said. “That’s a nice compliment. I just hope you mean it.”

When we were in bed together, just holding each other, I knew what I wanted to do. I didn’t want to eat her. That’s a poor way to say it. I wanted to love her with my mouth and tongue and lips. I wanted to see what her little pussy looked like up close. I wanted to taste her and smell her, to lick her little lips until they parted and then to lick her some more so I could find her clitoris and maybe make her come. I wanted to get my nose and tongue in her vagina so I could really smell her and taste her. I wanted so much to make love to her, to get my dick in her pussy for the first time, but I wanted to wait until I could do it without a condom. I’d never used one and I didn’t want to, especially not the first time with her.

“Is it really OK for me to do what I want with you?” I asked.

“Yes, Brad, whatever you want to do. If you can wait ten more days, until Thanksgiving, you can do it without a condom. If you want to do it tonight, it’s probably safe, but maybe you ought to use one.”

“That’s not what I meant,” I said. “I want to wait ‘til Thanksgiving for that. I guess I like the idea of not being in a hurry, of waiting ‘til we can do it without using a rubber. I was thinking of something else I want to do first.”

“What?”

“You do look good enough to eat.”

“Silly. If you really want to do that, then do it.”

“OK.”

I pushed her away from me, on her back, leaned over, and found her mouth with mine. She opened to me, stuck her tongue in my mouth, and I tasted toothpaste, mouthwash, and Arial, sweet Arial. I put my hand on her breast and teased her little nipple with my thumb and finger. She put her hand behind my head and held me while our tongues played with each other.

When I thought she was ready, I moved my hand from her breast down between her thighs. I cupped my fingers over her mound and just held them there, feeling the heat and dampness through her panties. I moved my mouth from hers down to her breasts and sucked both of her little nipples into hardness.

After a few minutes of loving her breasts, I moved over her, nudged her legs apart, and knelt on my knees between them. I trailed kisses down over her stomach, that little shallow bowl, stopped for a moment at the oval jewel of her navel, and licked it until she squirmed. I lay down on my stomach, my face between her thighs, caught her legs behind her knees, splayed them wide, and kissed and licked her on the inside of one thigh and then the other. The skin there was unbelievably soft and smooth. Slowly, I kissed and licked my way closer and closer to her panties where they covered her pussy.

Finally, I couldn’t resist any longer. I kissed her there, on the thin strip of her panties that covered her pussy. I took a couple of deep breaths, inhaling the scent of her arousal, and then licked the wet spot over her vagina, tasting her for the first time. But licking the fabric of her panties wasn’t the same as licking her so I rose up on my knees and caught the fabric on both sides with my fingers.

“Lift your butt up,” I whispered.

“It’s not my butt, Silly,” she whispered, grinning up at me. “It’s my fanny. Girls have fannies; guys have butts.”

She did as I said and I slid her panties down her legs, moved to one side while she brought her legs together and pulled them off, moved back between her legs, and laid down on my stomach again. I lifted her legs and splayed them wide again and, for the first time, I saw what I had been wanting for so long to see. It was unbelievably beautiful.

“You’re beautiful here too, Arial,” I whispered in awe. “I’ve never seen a girl like this before. It does look good enough to eat.”

I lay there looking at her, with my heart pounding so hard I could feel it in my dick. Her pussy was beautiful, mysterious and enticing, a little slit in the mound, soft little curls all around it. First there was a little ridge or something between the soft mounds on each side, then little lips, hardly protruding, close together and closed, and disappearing further back where I knew her vagina was. I wanted so much to do it right but I wasn’t sure what right was. I knew where her clitoris was supposed to be but it wasn’t visible. I knew I was supposed to lick it to make her come but what if I couldn’t find it?

“I’ve never done this before,” I said “Will you tell me if I’m doing it right?”

“I don’t think there’s a wrong way, Brad,” she whispered. “Just do what you want to.”

I didn’t know what I was doing but I wanted to do it. I licked the little lips until they started to separate. I pulled back and looked and saw the darker pink or coral or red inside but I didn’t see her clitoris. I knew it was supposed to be where the lips came together at the top but there wasn’t anything there. I remembered that it was supposed to be erectile tissue so maybe it had to get hard somehow. I licked some more and looked again. Still nothing.

“Where is it?” I asked.

“It’s there, Brad; just keep doing that,” she answered.

She reached down with both hands and used her fingers to pull her lips apart and up slightly. Suddenly there it was, her clitoris, the little bump I’d felt with my finger but never seen. It was about the size of the tip of my little finger and had been covered by the little ridge. It was a blood red protrusion just where the lips came together. I leaned over and licked it gently again and again, lost in the smell and taste of her.

I wanted to feel her too, the inside of her, her vagina, so I pulled back slightly and gently inserted one finger into her and moved it around and around. She was hot and juicy inside. I pulled my finger out of her, looked at it glistening, and then sucked it clean. She moaned and I leaned over again and, as gently and slowly as I could, started licking her and finger-fucking her. I was lost in the red heat of wanting her.

“Put your finger in deeper,” she whispered. “Curl it up and rub me there.”

I decided to see if I could suck on her little nubbin so I pursed my lips and gently sucked. I couldn't suck it into my mouth, just between my lips, but, from the way she squirmed, it seemed to work. I alternated between sucking and licking and kept my finger moving deep inside her. I must have done something right. After a few minutes, she tried to pull me inside her by my hair and I felt a series of strong contractions on my finger. I was pleased with myself; I had made her come for the first time with my mouth and tongue.

When she turned loose of my hair, I straightened up and looked at her. At first her face was all scrunched up like she was hurting but it gradually relaxed. She finally opened her eyes, smiled at me, and held out her arms.

“Come kiss me,” she whispered.

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(ARIAL)

“And then what happened? I don't remember,” I lied. How could I forget it? “Tell me.”

“You jacked me off. I don't think I've ever wanted to...needed to get off worse. I'd been hard all the time I was licking you and it was like my balls were going to explode.”

“Jacked you off? Is that all I did? Didn't you like it when I stuck my finger under your foreskin and went round and round?”

“Liar. You said you didn't remember. You remember everything, don't you?”

Brandon was quiet, the lights were dim, and I should have been ready to go to sleep. I wasn't. I lay there remembering how good it had been. Maybe I did look good enough to eat but he hadn't eaten me. He had

licked me and sucked me and finger-fucked me to such a good orgasm. I remembered. I remembered it well.

I thought of Kerry with Mom and what he might have done and then what he might do when he went with Mom and Dad to play with Luke and Rachael. Mom had told me a little of what they did together and I knew they sometimes did some wild stuff with each other. I wondered how Kerry would fit in with them. I wondered if he and Dad had both licked and sucked and finger-fucked Mom. Dad was OK with it? I wondered what it was like to watch his son fuck....no, make love to his wife.

“What did Dad say when he told you what he and Kerry and done with Mom?” I whispered.

“He said, ‘Last night, Kerry and I both made love to Siobhan.’ Those were his exact words,” he answered behind my head.

“That’s all he said?”

“Well, Kavan and I asked him if they both did it, if he was there when Kerry did it, and if he was OK with it. He said the answer to all our questions was yes and we should be OK with it too.”

“And you think Kerry really did it, you know, got his dick in Mom’s pussy, not just playing around like we do sometimes? He really fucked her?”

“Your dad didn’t say ‘fucked’ when he told us. You know how he doesn’t like to use that word. He said they both made love to her. I think that means Kerry had his dick in her pussy.”

“And he said they’re going to play around with Luke and Rachael tomorrow night and Kerry is going with them?”

“Yeah. That’s what he said. Why do you ask?”

“I hope you aren’t ashamed of my family, Brad. Do you think what Kerry did was wrong?”

“I don’t know. I know what religious people say about incest but nobody in your family is religious. I’m not either. I didn’t think it was wrong when Kerry did it with you. The way he loves you, it just seemed like it was OK, like it was just, I don’t know, like it was... the way it’s supposed to be when you love someone that much. I know it was OK with me. It was a lot of fun, being timed like that the second night. I don’t mind sharing you a little. I know you’re mine.”

“Kerry’s an extraordinary human being, Brad. He’s always so full of love. He gives so much love, it’s impossible not to love him back.”

“I know, Arial,” he said. “It’s a little difficult for some of us to show others we love them. Mom and Dad didn’t teach me much about love but I’m learning from you and your family. Kerry just overflows with love for people. It seems like it’s as natural as breathing for him to love people, even me.”

“Do you remember what he said before he made love to me? He told us he doesn’t want to come between you and me,” I said. “He emphasized the word come like he meant an orgasm but I knew what he really meant. He didn’t want to do anything to hurt our love for each other. He loves you too, you know.”

“I know. I suppose that’s one reason I trusted him to make love to you,” Brad said. “I wish you could have seen how you two looked together. I’ve never seen anything sexier and more beautiful in my life.”

“I love him too, Brad” I said. “Not the way I love you but I love him. I wanted you to make a baby in me so we could be a family. I don’t love Kerry that way. I want him to find his own woman to love and make babies with her.”

I lay there in the semi-darkness, secure in Brad’s strong arms, with his spread hand holding my big belly and his little son, content to be where I was, not wanting anything else except what I already had.

“Tell me about the trip to Atlanta,” Brad whispered. “What do you remember? Was it really good for you, me and Kerry both loving you?”

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I remembered the weekend it had happened, just after Christmas a couple of years ago, after we got married in June. Brad’s dad had asked him to take the raw documents from his research project to a professor at Emory University. He had to load and unload the boxes so he asked if Kerry and I could go with him to help. At least that was the excuse.

The real reason we wanted Kerry to go with us was so I could do something I’d been dreaming of for years. Brad and I had talked many times about whether it would be wise for us to play around with others like Mom and Dad with Luke and Rachael. And like Luke and Rachael with Stuart and Joanne. And like Stuart and Joanne with Kavan and Kathryn.

We both knew Kerry occasionally was welcomed by Stuart and Joanne and by Luke and Rachael. We thought about it and finally decided that it would be OK if Kerry made love to me even though I was his sister. That would be the beginning. After that, we'd think about getting together with others, maybe even with Luke and Rachael. Brad swore he'd be OK with Luke doing it with me. I teased him about doing it with Rachael and pretended I didn't want him to.

Brad and I had been playing around with Kavan and Kathryn since we'd all moved next door to our parents. We'd done everything we could think of except that Brad had never had his dick in Kathryn and, of course, Kavan had never had his in me. We'd decided that would change too. And after that, maybe we'd do it with Luke and Rachael or with Stuart and Joanne. But we both agreed Kerry would be the first one to do it with me.

We rented a truck big enough to hold all the boxes and then left home early on a Friday morning. We made sandwiches for the trip and did just one pit stop. The trip was supposed to take about six hours but it rained some and traffic was bad and it was over seven hours before we got to Atlanta. We were all tired and stressed out from the trip and the rain and the traffic. Brad drove all the way and he looked exhausted.

With the help of the professor, we unloaded the boxes at his office. He'd made reservations for us at a motel near the university and it was nearly dark when we went looking for it. We saw the sign for the motel but Brad turned off before we got to it. There was a chicken place nearby. He didn't get any arguments from me or Kerry when he announced we were having chicken for supper. Kerry said he was starved and so did Brad so we got a big bucket and all the fixin's. We even thought to ask for some paper plates and spoons and forks.

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"Can we eat in bed?" Kerry asked as soon we'd all had a good pee.

"Yeah, but I'm getting a shower first," Brad answered. "I've sweated so much I stink. Can you wait a few minutes?"

The accommodations in our room were typical for a motel – two king-size beds, a little furniture, and a bathroom with a tub shower. Everything was clean and the bed looked like a good place to eat and relax.

"You don't stink, Brad," I said. "You smell sweaty, that's all. So does Kerry and I suppose I do too."

“I don’t care how anybody smells,” Kerry said. “I’m hungry. Just wipe your pits with a washcloth if you’re worried about how you smell.”

“We all need to get out of these clothes,” I said. “I’d hate to get grease all over them. We may want to wear them again on the trip back.”

Brad and I were wearing some Cruise Classic pants and shirts that Kerry had given us and, of course, that’s what he was wearing. It seemed like that was all he ever wore. My pants were a good fit and I didn’t want to ruin them. They both looked at me the same way – with a big leering grin.

“Don’t get any ideas,” I said. “We can eat in our underwear. Then we can all take a shower.”

We ate sitting on one of the beds, Indian-fashion, in just our underwear. I thought for a moment about keeping on my bra but I decided I wanted to be as bare-chested as they were. I’d worn some nice panties for the long trip and I was glad they still looked fresh.

Kerry had on some Cruise Classic underwear as usual but I’d never seen him wearing these particular ones before. They were skimpy briefs, hardly covering his butt in back and his pubic hair in front, in navy blue with red around the waist and leg openings. Brad had on his usual white boxer briefs, Cruise Classic, since Kerry had started getting them for him. I’d asked Brad why he liked them so much and he’d told me it was because they let everything hang loose. Kerry certainly wasn’t hanging loose in his little briefs.

It’s a good thing we took our clothes off. Eating off a paper plate filled with chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy and biscuits wasn’t easy. We had a few mishaps but we didn’t make a mess on the bed, just on ourselves and the towels we’d spread on the bed.

While we were eating, Brad kept wiggling his right shoulder and stretching his arm all around. I knew something was bothering him.

“What’s the matter with your shoulder?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he groaned. “It’s like I’ve got a catch just behind my neck on my right side. It hurts. I guess it’s tension from driving.”

“When we’re finished, lay down on your stomach and I’ll rub it,” I offered. “Maybe that will help.”

Brad and Kerry ate almost all the fried chicken. All they left was wings. Kerry got us washcloths and we wiped the residue off our hands and

other places. I noticed Brad didn't wipe his armpits. He seemed more concerned with his shoulder than how he smelled. I don't know why he worried anyway. I liked to smell him as long as it was fresh male sweat. It was a little like an aphrodisiac.

He lay down in the middle of the bed on his stomach and I straddled him, sitting on his buns, and rubbed his neck and shoulders. He took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed. Kerry lay down beside him, turned on his side, and watched me with Brad. After a while, I thought I'd see if I had given him any relief.

"Try it now and see if it still hurts," I said.

He sat up and tried moving his shoulder and neck and I could tell he was still hurting. I suppose Kerry could tell too.

"Let's put a hot towel on it for a few minutes and then let me rub him," he offered. "That's supposed to relax the muscles, isn't it?"

Kerry ran the water until it was hot and then soaked a folded towel in it. He brought the wet towel and a dry one back to bed. Brad didn't need to be told. He stretched out on the bed again on his stomach. Kerry arranged a pillow under Brad's forehead so he could be face down, then put the hot towel on Brad's neck and shoulder and covered it with the dry one. We let Brad relax, me on one side of him and Kerry on the other. After a while Kerry checked to see if the towel was still warm, decided it wasn't, and threw both towels toward the bathroom.

"Got any lotion?" he asked.

I got up, picked up the towels, threw them in the bathroom, and rummaged in my suitcase for the small bottle of lotion I'd packed. Kerry straddled Brad and put a couple of dollops of lotion on his shoulders. He was rough with Brad, much rougher than me, but Brad didn't complain. He groaned some but I think his groans gradually turned into purrs.

I lay there beside them, watching Kerry massaging Brad, and I couldn't help but be turned on a little. Brad's buns, where Kerry was sitting, were still covered with his white underwear. Kerry had a nice bulge in the front of his blue briefs, not like he was turned on but because everything inside was pushed up and out by the way he was sitting on Brad. I liked looking at them together like that. I imagined how it would look if neither of them had anything on. Kerry's dick would be right in the crack of Brad's butt.

“I wish you two could see how sexy you look,” I said. “If you didn’t have anything on, you’d be sexier.”

Brad still had his face in the pillow. “Don’t get any ideas, Ariel,” he said, muffled. “I’ll suck Kerry’s dick but he can’t fuck me in the ass.”

“Brad, that’s not what I was thinking,” I protested. “I like to look at you. You’re both beautiful to me. I just think you’d look sexier, that’s all.”

“Don’t worry, Brad,” Kerry said. “I don’t want to fuck you in your hairy ass. You’re not going to get your dick in mine either. I’ve been there and done that and I didn’t like it.”

“Who did you do it with? Kenjiro?” Brad said into the pillow.

“Yeah, did Ariel tell you?”

“No, just guessed.”

“Kerry, I would never tell Brad about that !” I said. “I know how much it bothered you. I don’t tell Brad everything.”

“How was it?” Brad asked. He sat up, wiggled his arm around again, and smiled and nodded at Kerry.

“It was good when he was fucking me, damn good,” Kerry said. “I jacked off while he was fucking me and I thought I’d squirted my balls out through my dick, it was so good. It was just afterwards that it bothered me so bad. I felt like shit. I don’t ever want to do that again.”

“Did you fuck him?”

“Yeah and he felt the same way after we’d done it. We both just decided it wasn’t something we wanted to do. Don’t you say anything to him about me telling you.”

“I won’t. I’ve never done it but I came close with a friend when I was fifteen,” Brad said. “He’d suck me off and swallow it. I’d suck him off and spit it on his stomach. He wanted to fuck me and wanted me to fuck him but we never did. I used to fantasize about it, wondering what it was like.”

“The way I felt afterwards bothered me a lot,” Kerry said. “Kenjiro too. We still jack off together but that’s all we do.”

I suppose they both realized that I hadn't been saying anything, just listening to them talk about fucking another guy and being fucked by him. I'd never been fucked in my backside by Brad but I sometimes thought about it and wondered what it would be like. Sometimes I had a fantasy of him and Kerry both doing me at the same time. I decided to shock them.

"Well, sometimes I wonder what it would be like for Brad to fuck me in my backside. I've even fantasized about both of you doing it at the same time."

"You mean like a sandwich?" Brad said, a little incredulously.

"Yes, like a sandwich. One of you in my front door and one in my back door. Is that so hard to believe?"

"Brad's never done it with you before, I mean fucked you in the ass?" Kerry asked, looking at me.

"No, he knows he can do it anytime he wants to. He knows I'm his, Kerry. He can do anything he wants to with me."

"Well, why haven't you done it?" Kerry asked, looking at Brad.

"I don't know. Her pussy's so good, I just haven't gotten around to her ass, I suppose. Maybe it's because I don't want to hurt her. If I knew she'd enjoy it, maybe I'd do it."

"I think you should do it," Kerry said, grinning at me. "If you're slow and easy with her, I'll bet she would like it."

"And what will I feel like after he's done it?" I asked.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Kerry asked.

"Well, Kenjiro did it to you and you said you liked it but it just made you feel so bad afterwards and you told me you wished you'd never done it. I've got feelings too, you know. How am I going to feel after he's done it to me?"

"You're a girl, Arial," Kerry said. "I'm a guy. It's different."

"I don't see why. I'll bet we could blindfold Brad and let him do it to you and to me and he wouldn't be able to tell the difference. You'd feel bad, like you'd done something wrong, and you'd expect me to feel good about it, like it was just something I should expect him to do. That doesn't make sense, Kerry."

Kerry looked at Brad for help. “Well, what do you think? Is she right?”

“Don’t ask me, Kerry,” Brad said. “I couldn’t let Alex do it to me. I don’t think I could even let you and I like you a lot more than I liked him. I don’t know anything except that I don’t ever want to ask her to do anything that she doesn’t want to do.”

“Well, I want you to do it to me, Brad, just not this weekend,” I said. “And I’m not going to quit fantasizing about both of you doing it to me at the same time.”

We were all silent for a while, just sitting there on the bed, Indian-fashion, in our underwear, looking at each other.

“Well, what do we do now?” Kerry asked. “If you want to bug-tussle by yourselves, I’ll get in the other bed and mangle my monster by myself.”

“Bug-tussle?” I said. I didn’t understand how two people making love could be like two bugs tussling.

“She’s never been a little boy, Kerry,” Brad said. “She wouldn’t know that little boys like to catch two beetles and get them to fight.”

“Well, Brad and I don’t want you doing it by yourself,” I said. “We want you to do something with us.”

“What?” Kerry asked.

Chapter Seventy-Two

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Ariel Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Brad Weaver, Arial Weaver

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(ARIAL)

“Well, Brad and I don’t want you doing it by yourself,” I said. “We want you to do something with us.”

“What?” Kerry asked.

“I’ll tell you later,” I said. “Right now, there’s something I want to do with both of you. Will you let me do it?”

“Sure,” Kerry said, eagerly. “I’ll trust you. I don’t think you can fuck me in the ass.”

“She can’t but I can,” Brad said. “Get on your hands and knees.”

“You and what army,” Kerry responded.

“Will you two be good?” I asked.

“No, but what do you want us to do?” Brad asked.

“I want you both to stretch out on the bed and I want to smell you,” I answered. “I want to know why you think you stink.”

They looked at each other, both grinning. Brad was the first to move. He lay down on the bed, tucked a pillow under his head, and put both hands on his stomach. Kerry followed his example and stretched out on the other side of the bed.

“Now close your eyes,” I said, and they did.

I don’t know what they thought I was going to do, maybe suck their dicks, but I really did want to smell them. I was curious about why Brad thought he stunk and I thought he just smelled like a man who had been sweating. He smelled good to me.

I crawled on top of Brad, put my nose first on one side of his head and then the other, and took a few deep breaths. I smelled him and it wasn't anything bad. It was just Brad, smelling the same as he always does. Next I backed down a little, lifted his arms in the air, stuck my nose in first one armpit and then the other, and breathed deeply. He smelled sweaty but it was a good scent, the scent of a man, a little raunchy but more of a turn-on than a turn-off. I licked his hairy armpit so I could see how he tasted.

"Arial, stop that," he protested, squirming.

"What's she doing, Brad?" Kerry asked.

"I'll never tell," Brad answered.

I moved down lower on Brad's body, put my knees on the inside of his legs, bent over his stomach, and sniffed again. Nothing.

I moved a little further down, put my nose in his crotch, and sniffed again. Definitely something but still not bad. It was different from his armpits, more masculine smelling, more of a turn on. It was definitely a sweaty smell, maybe a little pee smell, though I didn't see any stain in his white underwear, but mixed in with everything else was a man smell. Maybe it was the smell of testosterone. Whatever it was, I liked it.

"You don't stink, Brad," I said. "You just smell like a man who's a little sweaty. I like it."

"Smell Kerry," Brad said. "He stinks."

I smelled Kerry. We'd been so close all our lives that I could have picked out his scent blindfolded. He smelled a little sweaty in his armpits too but it wasn't bad. I nudged his balls a little with my nose to stir up a scent and that wasn't bad either. It was just his version of a man's scent, definitely not a boy's scent, a little too raunchy.

"He doesn't smell bad, either," I said. "You both just smell like men. I wish you could understand that a little fresh sweat on a man is a turn-on for a woman. It just gets our juices stirred up and makes us want you."

"Do you hear that, Brad?" Kerry asked. "It gets her juices stirred up. Do you think we could smell her? Maybe get our juices stirred up too."

"Sure," Brad answered, and pulled me off Kerry. The next thing I knew, I was flat on my back between them and the two of them were

sniffing all over me. Brad was the first to get his nose between my legs. I knew he'd smell me through my panties. I'd been just as warm in the truck as they were and I had sweated too. I had also been more than a little turned on since we started eating, looking at them in their underwear. He sniffed me and then breathed deeply a few times. When he straightened up, something in his underwear was trying to push out a little.

"I think she smells like a woman who wants a man, Kerry," Brad said. "See what you think."

He moved to one side and Kerry took his place, with his nose touching my panties. He straightened up on his knees and grinned at me. His little briefs were having a hard time containing something inside.

"I think you're right, Brad," Kerry said. "I think you'd better give this poor woman what she wants. If you'll let me, I'll watch and maybe just wallop my walrus."

"You don't have to do that, Kerry," I said. "I told you Brad and I wanted you to do something with us."

"Well, what is it?" Kerry asked.

I looked at Brad. He had a big grin all over his face, his lopsided version of a big grin, I suppose. I think he was a little eager to see how Kerry would react when I told him I wanted him to make love with me.

"I'll tell you in just a few minutes," I said. "I want to do something for you and Brad first. I think you'll like it. Would you lie down side by side, close together?"

They didn't protest. Brad put his arm behind Kerry's shoulders and they both propped up side by side on pillows with their long legs stretched out. I straddled one leg of each and sat back just below their knobby knees. I think they knew what I was going to do; at least they thought they did. I knew I was going to ask them to do something else and I wondered if they'd be quite so eager.

They were quite a contrast in their Cruise Classic underwear. Brad's covered him from just under his navel down to mid-thigh. Kerry's were just a couple of inches wide on each side and hardly covered his pubic hair. Brad had a nice straight bulge down one leg of his. Kerry had a nice curved bulge in his. I liked both versions of Cruise Classic underwear.

I leaned over in Brad's direction, pulled his underwear down, pulled his balls up, and let the waistband catch behind his balls. Then I did the same with Kerry's briefs. I sat there on their legs looking from one to the other. Both their dicks were completely hard in seconds, hanging suspended just above their stomachs. They both looked good enough to eat. I really liked both versions of what had been in their Cruise Classic underwear.

I wrapped two hands around two dicks and started. They didn't say a word, just lay there grinning like jackasses while I sucked their dicks in turn. Brad's dick was like the rest of him, a little larger than average, and Kerry was close to catching up with him. Brad was just a little taller than Kerry now and his dick was probably a little bigger. I wondered how much longer it would be before Kerry matched Brad and then grew larger.

I wasn't really trying to make either one of them come. I knew how if I wanted to but I was in no hurry. I just held the skin on their dicks stretched down tight and licked and sucked on the head. When I looked up, Brad was laying there with his eyes closed still grinning. Kerry was watching me.

"Now, would you two do something for me?" I asked. "Just for a few minutes while I watch you."

"What?" Kerry asked.

"What?" Brad echoed and his eyes popped open.

"I want to see you two suck each others' dicks," I said. "Both at the same time. Just for a few minutes. It makes me all warm and tingly just to think about it. Then I'll tell Kerry what we want him to do with us."

"Arial, what are you trying to do?" Brad asked. "Maybe we don't want to do that."

"Brad, I want to watch you do it. You may not believe it but it makes me all hot and juicy inside just thinking about you and Kerry doing stuff with each other. Do it for me, please"

I squinted my eyes a little and sniffed a few times, like I was about to cry. They both knew I was faking it but they both agreed.

"Oh, alright," Kerry finally said. "But I don't want to be on bottom. I don't want Brad shoving that big dick of his down my throat."

“I don’t want to bottom either,” Brad said. “Your dick is as big as mine now and you’ll choke me to death with it.”

“Oh, pooh, do it side by side,” I said. “I think you can figure it out.”

They did. Brad was on his right side, left leg straight, right leg bent like a cushion under Kerry’s head. Kerry was a mirror image. I knelt behind Kerry’s back and watched.

Neither of them acted like they wanted to make the other come. They held each other’s dicks with one hand and jacked it only when they didn’t have their mouth on it. They both curved their lips around their teeth to protect the head of the other’s dick. They both used their tongue when they weren’t sucking. It was hot. But I could tell they weren’t really into it. They weren’t enthusiastic about it, the way I am when I get really hot and want to suck Brad off. They were doing it just because I had asked them to do it. I decided to push them a little, to see just how far they’d go.

“I want you to make each other come and then I want you to swallow it,” I whispered. “I dare you.”

Brad opened his eyes and looked at me. Kerry turned half around and looked at me too.

“What are you trying to prove, Ariel?” Brad asked.

“Nothing,” I said. “I just want to see you suck each other off and swallow it. I’ve done it to both of you. It’s not so bad. You’ll like it.”

“Ariel, I don’t understand why you want us to do it,” Kerry said. “I don’t mind sucking Brad’s dick sometimes. When we’re all three doing stuff with each other and we’re all hot and horny, I guess I like it a little. But why do you want us to come in each other’s mouths?”

I’d been hiding my feelings too long and I couldn’t hold them in any longer. I put my hands over my face and started crying. They wouldn’t understand. They’re both just men and they couldn’t understand what it’s like to be a woman.

Brad got on his knees, pulled my head against his neck, and wrapped his long arms around me. I really let go and cried until I was tired of crying.

“You’re both just alike,” I finally managed to say. “You don’t want to do things with each other but you want me to do them to you. It makes me

feel ...I don't know...like it's something dirty and nasty and I don't want to feel that way."

"What do you mean, Ariel?" Brad asked. "What have we done?"

I put my hands on his chest and pushed back. "For starters, I've sucked off both of you before and swallowed your come. It's yucky but I like it because I love you. I love both of you. If I didn't love you, I wouldn't want to do it. But you don't want to suck each other off. How do you think that makes me feel?"

Kerry got up and knee-walked over to me and Brad. Brad put one arm around Kerry's back and so did I. Kerry leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

"I'd rather lick your pussy and swallow your juices, Ariel," he said. "Guys don't taste as good as girls."

"He's right, Ariel," Brad said. "I like Kerry but he doesn't turn me on like you do. I like the way your pussy tastes and smells."

"I guess I want too much...I mean...you were sucking each other's dicks but anybody could tell you weren't really into it. If you really love somebody, maybe just like them a lot, you want to make sex good for them. You want to do things to please them. That's the way I am with both of you. I don't see why you can't be like that with each other. I love both of you so much and I want you to love each other too."

"Ariel, you know I like Kerry," Brad said. "I was never close to my bother but I'm close to Kerry. I like him more than a little. Maybe I love him. I don't know how to separate like and love sometimes. I just know I can't love him like I love you. I can't imagine loving anybody else the way I love you."

"It's the same way with me," Kerry said. "Kavan's my big brother and I can always depend on him. I don't know why he loves me but I know he does. I guess I can't help but love him. It's a lot like that with Brad. He's my friend and he's almost like another brother, like Stuart. I like Kavan and Stuart and Brad a lot and maybe I love them. But I already know loving a woman's different. I hope I can find one like you to love."

"Don't be mad at us if we don't understand you sometimes," Brad said. "Just tell us what you're thinking and feeling and we'll try. Is there something else that's bothering you?"

“Yes, there is. You don’t want anybody to fuck you in the ass,” I said, trying to explain how I felt. “Nobody has ever done that to you and Kerry’s only had it done to him once and he was really ashamed of it. Well, I want Brad to do it to me. I like surrendering myself to him and that’s the only thing left I’ve got to give him. I think about having both of you fucking me at the same time, one in my pussy and one in my backside. Brad’s got to get my cherry back there, so Kerry, you’ve got to put yours in my pussy. I want it. I want you both like that. But you don’t want anybody to fuck you in the ass. No, you’re men. Men don’t do stuff like that, just women. It’s alright to fuck women in the ass.”

“Arial, I...” Kerry started to say something but Brad cut him off.

“Hush, Kerry,” Brad said. “Let me handle this.”

I looked at him and waited.

“Arial, have I ever told you I wanted you that way?” he asked.

I shook my head.

“I know you’ve said I could do it anytime I wanted to,” he continued. “Maybe I’ll want to someday but right now I’m not eager to do it. It might hurt you and I promised your brothers I’d never hurt you.”

“Yeah, I get his left testicle and Kavan gets his right one if he hurts you,” Kerry said.

“Arial, I don’t have to do that to you to know that you’re completely mine,” Brad said. “I don’t think you want one of us to stick our dick in your backside. I think you just want us both to love you at the same time. Both of us do love you. We can’t both get our dick in your pussy at the same time. Maybe we could do it one after the other. Would that be OK with you?”

Kerry pulled back and looked first at Brad and then at me. He just looked at us, not saying anything. His eyes were wide open and I think he realized just what Brad had proposed.

“I know you’re completely mine, Arial, I don’t mind if Kerry makes love to you,” Brad continued. “If you really want me to, I’ll give Kerry a blowjob. I’ll swallow his come. I’ll let him fuck me in the ass. I’ll do anything you really want me to. But it won’t be because I love him. It will be because I love you. I’ll do anything if you really want it.”

“Oh, pooh, I don’t know what I want,” I admitted. “It’s been a long day...and the trip down here wore me out...and then it had to rain. I guess I’m tired and all mixed up.”

“Arial, we don’t have to do anything tonight,” Kerry said. “I’ll sleep in the other bed and you and Brad can have this one. Just let him hold you and you can go to sleep. We’re all a little tired from the trip.”

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(BRAD)

“I couldn’t believe it when he suggested that,” I said. “There we were, the three of us, on our knees on a bed in a motel room in Atlanta, hugging each other, completely naked...I wanted you so bad and I guess Kerry did too...his dick was pointing up just like mine...anyway, he said you and I could just cuddle up and go to sleep because you were tired, and he’d sleep in the other bed.”

“That’s the way he is, Brad,” Arial said. “He’s always considerate of me. He’s just like you; he’d never do anything to hurt me.”

She moved my hand down almost to her pubic hair and I felt Brandon turning somersaults. The way she accepted his movements without complaint was something I couldn’t understand. I loved to feel our son moving around inside her. It just made me love her even more for what she had to endure to bring him into the world.

When Brandon finally quieted down and stopped his flips, I moved my hand back up and cupped it under her breast. Her breasts were much larger now. She planned to breast feed Brandon.

“Did you watch his face when we told him you wanted him to make love to you and it was OK with me?” I asked. “I never thought we’d have to talk him into doing it. What was it he said, that he never wanted to come between us?”

“Nobody can ever come between us, Brad,” she whispered. “I love you too much for that. I’ll never let it happen.”

“You don’t need to worry about me letting it happen either,” I said. “I love you...and Brandon...and our next one.”

“Are you sure two is all you want?” she asked. “Maybe we should go for four like Mom and Dad.”

“Just don’t try for two at once,” I said. “I warned Kavan about what would happen if he made love to Kathryn twice in one night. He didn’t listen.”

“Well, you’ve done it twice lots of times,” she said. “I seem to remember you doing it more than twice on occasion.”

“Who, me?”

“Yes, you,” she answered. “Tell me what it was like, watching Kerry make love to me. How did you really feel about it?”

(BRAD)

“I just want you both to know that what you’re about to do is OK with me,” I said. “I know you love each other. I don’t see anything wrong if you want to love each other completely. I’ll be watching but I won’t bother you. You two go on and do what you’ve always wanted to do.”

Kerry grinned at me, not his usual big Kerry grin, just a little one. Arial grinned at me the same way. They neither said anything but what was there to say.

Arial lay down in the middle of the bed, her legs spread and knees raised, and held out her arms to Kerry. He moved over her, suspended on his arms and knees. He looked at me and I smiled and nodded. He looked down at her and she also smiled and nodded. Slowly he lowered himself down on her until his dick was pressed against her stomach. He held his head up over hers, his weight on his arms, and his chest just barely pressing against her breasts. His eyes were locked on hers and hers on his.

He started to say something. “Arial, are you....”

“Shih,” she whispered, slightly shaking her head.

She wrapped her arms around his chest and spread her legs wider and brought them up and wrapped them around him, with her ankles interlocked over his beautiful little butt.

For a minute or so, they lay there, looking in each other’s eyes, not saying anything, at least nothing I could hear. I knew they were communicating with each other.

Finally, she reached down between them with one hand and he lifted his hips. In the dimness of the room, I could barely see what she was doing, just the curve of her slim wrist and her hand holding the white

column of his dick. She brought her hand back out and put it on his butt and I knew she'd positioned the head of his dick at the entrance to her vagina.

My heart was beating so soundly I could feel it in my chest. I wanted to watch them do it, partly because they were so beautiful and sexy together and partly because I simply wanted to watch them fucking. As long as it was Kerry with her, I didn't feel jealous or possessive. I wondered if I could feel the same way if she were with Luke. Of course, I'd be with Rachael and I'd like to fuck her. She's so different, so darkly beautiful, so much a woman, not as innocent appearing as Arial.

His hips moved closer to her and I knew he was slowly pushing into her. I glanced at their faces and it was evident from their expressions, eyes half closed, slight smile, that they were both finally realizing their shared fantasy.

I stopped stoking my dick and held absolutely still. The sight of them together was mesmerizing. I didn't want to miss seeing any part of what they were doing.

He pulled back slightly, pushed again, and moved closer to her. She wiggled her hips a little, spread her legs wider, and brought them up until her ankles were locked together in the middle of his back. He pulled back again, pushed, pulled back again, pushed, until there was no room between them.

I wanted to change my position, to see how they looked joined together, but I'd made a conscious decision not to move, not to disturb them, while they were together. I started slowly stroking my dick again, felt something come out of it, and looked down as an elongated drop slowly fell on my thigh.

He stopped moving and I knew that his dick was buried to the depths in her pussy. I knew so well what he was experiencing, that moment when full connection is finally made and his body is interlocked with hers, his dick buried in her pussy. His head was still above hers and their eyes were still focused on the other's face.

Finally he lowered his face to her, his lips to hers, closed his eyes, and she turned her head slightly, closed her eyes too, and opened her mouth to him.

For what seemed like a minute or two, I lay there, turned on my side, slowly stroking my dick, watching them. They seemed to be frozen, unmoving, until I noticed the slightest movement in his hips. I looked closer. He was moving almost imperceptibly but definitely moving.

He moved his head down on the other side of hers and I could no longer see his face but I could see hers. It was evident from her expression that she was lost in what she was feeling.

Just watching them, I felt so hot and sexually aroused that I wanted to pump a gallon of semen out of my swollen balls. I wanted so much to come but I held my hand still, breathed deeply, and convinced myself to wait. Arial had promised me my turn soon after Kerry came. I wondered how it would be to get my dick in her pussy and find it juicy with Kerry's semen. Somehow, I didn't think I'd mind.

Gradually, slowly, his hip movements became more pronounced, until I could see a space opening up between them, a quick glimpse of the glistening whiteness of his dick, then the space closed as he pushed back into her.

He began to moan or grunt as he pushed back into her and I knew he was becoming lost in what he was feeling with his dick. There's a point where a man becomes lost in the feeling of his penis in a woman's vagina, his cock in her cunt, his dick in her pussy, and he is aware only of his flesh in her and how it feels and nothing else exists for him then. I watched as his movements gradually became more rapid and more forceful.

She began to squirm beneath him, to fuck up at him, as he fucked down into her, and she started a keening, whining, whimpering noise in her throat. I'd heard it before when she sometimes responded the same way to me fucking her. I knew she was on the verge of an orgasm.

He began slamming into her, grunting loudly with each thrust. He pulled back until his dick was almost out of her and then shoved it back in again and again and I knew he was completely lost, completely surrendered to the need to squirt out his semen at the entrance to her womb, as deep inside her as possible.

Suddenly he stopped moving, with his body pressed against hers, and started groaning. Arial responded with an even-shriller whimpering. I could tell she had him in a death grip of orgasm with her arms and legs holding him tight. I knew Kerry had come. I didn't know if Arial had. But she was behaving exactly the same way she did with me sometimes when I was really lost in fucking her and she was lost in being fucked.

I lay there, holding my drooling dick, watching them for a minute or two more and then I rolled out of bed, went to the bathroom, wet a couple of washcloths with warm water, grabbed a couple of small towels, and returned. They were almost as I had left them. The only

difference was that he had his head lifted above hers and was smiling down at her as she smiled back up at him.

He finally rolled off her and flopped down on his back on the other side of her. I threw one washcloth on his stomach and handed the other one to Arial. She held out her hand for a towel and stuffed it between her legs. Then she used the washcloth to wipe her face. Kerry just lay there unmoving, his dick softened enough to rest on his stomach. Finally he looked up, smiled at me, and wiped off his face and his dick.

I moved closer to Arial, leaned over her, and kissed her lightly on her lips. Her eyes were half-closed and there was a little smile on her lips, like a woman who has just been well fucked and who has come in the process. I wanted to give her just as good a fucking as Kerry but I didn't want to rush her.

Kerry moved closer to her on the other side, leaned over her, and also kissed her lightly on the lips. I moved away to give him room but he surprised me by putting a hand behind my head, pulling my face to his, and kissing me on the lips.

"Thanks, Brad," he said, looking at me.

"Thanks, Arial," he said, looking down at her. "Thank you both for letting me share in your love."

"Are you going to watch when Brad does it and maybe wallop your weasel?" Arial whispered.

"It's not my weasel, Arial," he said, grinning from ear to ear at her mistake. "It's my walrus. Walruses are big and fat and thick. Weasels are long and slim. My walrus wants to watch."

Arial looked up at me. "Are you ready?"

"Uh huh, whenever you are," I said.

She removed the towel, spread her legs wide, knees raised, and held out her arms to me. She looked so damn sexy, laying there, her long hair spread all over the pillow and bed, her breasts so soft and relaxed, her legs ready to welcome me.

I was ready, more than ready. I moved over her, held my dick in my hand, rubbed it up and down in her vulva a couple of times to lubricate the head, notched it in the entrance to her vagina, and then slid into her in one movement. Her cunt was as hot and juicy as I'd ever felt it. I lowered myself down onto her and she brought her legs up and

wrapped them around me with her ankles locked behind my butt. I began to slide my dick in and out of her, trying so hard to hold back on my need to come, wanting so much to feel her cunt enclosing my cock.

After a minute or so, she lifted her legs higher and I knew she wanted them around my neck. I lifted up a little and put first one arm and then the other on the outside of her calves. I looked down at her face and saw her eyes opened in mere slits and a little enigmatic smile on her lips.

I looked down between us at where my dick was moving in and out of her pussy. I loved to watch as my dick disappeared into her and then reappeared when I drew back. It always made me hotter. I could see a white froth on Ariel's sparse pubic hair on each side of her vagina, as well as on my dick when I withdrew. It usually happened when I fucked her for a second time and churned my semen into white foam. This time I knew it was Kerry's semen that was being whipped into spume. I didn't care. It just made the fucking of her even more erotic.

I gradually became lost in her and the fucking of her and the need to come erased all conscious thought from my head. I plunged into her again and again until she started whimpering again and then I emptied my aching balls with the head of my cock pressed against her cervix.

This time it was Kerry who rolled out of bed and went for towels and washcloths. I lay there on top of Ariel, her legs locked around mine and my dick still inside her, and watched his beautiful little butt as he went and his dick weaving around like a divining rod as he came back.

I didn't know whether he wanted another turn with Ariel. Maybe he did but he was considerate enough not to ask for it. While Ariel and I were cleaning up, he lay there on the other side of her and slowly stroked his dick. I was ready for sleep and I was sure Ariel was but Kerry still had a hard-on. Ariel and I took pity on him, made him get in the middle, and then we jacked him off.

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Saturday was a cold, raw day and I was glad we'd made plans to be inside. We went to the Georgia Aquarium and spent the day wandering through it gawking at everything. For supper we went to the Varsity and had yellow dogs and fries and onion rings. We were all too tired to do anything else so we headed back to the motel early. I hadn't made any plans for what we'd do there but I knew we'd think of something.

We did. Kerry said he was cold so he filled the tub and emptied two little bottles of shampoo in it. Then all three of us tried to get in it at

once. We halfway succeeded. We sat sideways in a row, Arial in the middle, with our long legs out in the bathroom.

We got in a pile in the bed and pulled the covers over us and snuggled for a while. That degenerated into oral sex, with two of us sucking on dicks and the other licking a pussy. I suppose we played a little too enthusiastically. Kerry was licking Arial's pussy, she was sucking my dick, and I was sucking Kerry's when it happened.

Kerry came in my mouth. The first spurt hit me in the back of my mouth and almost went down my throat. The second hit me right on the nose and who knows where the rest went. I pulled back and tried to cough the splooge up. Arial saw what was happening and I decided to try to prove something. I took a couple of deep breaths and swallowed. Then I wiped my runny nose and rubbed it on her face.

I got my revenge later. Arial sucked me off and kept her mouth on the head of my dick until she had my complete load. Then she kissed Kerry and shared my splooge with him. He looked at me while she was kissing him and I suppose he was trying to prove something too. He swallowed and then stuck his tongue out at me. Arial swallowed and stuck her tongue out at Kerry and then at me.

We pulled the covers up and rested for a while until we got to swapping around on who was in the middle. Kerry and I got hard-ons again, of course, and he poked me while I was poking Arial. I crawled over him and tried to poke him while he was trying to poke Arial. Neither of us succeeded in getting our dicks in. Arial crawled over behind me and pretended she had a dick and I didn't resist. Then she pretended to fuck Kerry and he didn't resist either. Nobody got their dick in anybody until Arial came up with a new game.

She lay down on her back and invited me and Kerry to fuck her. But she decreed that we would be limited to two minutes, timed by the one who wasn't doing the fucking, and she was going to tickle us while we were doing it. We actually made it through two turns. On my third turn, I buried my dick as deep in her as I could and I didn't even feel her hands on my ribs while I came. She invited Kerry to continue as soon as I withdrew and then tickled him into coming in less than a minute.

When I asked if she'd come, she shook her head no, so Kerry and I took turns licking her pussy. Kerry couldn't make her come in two minutes so I took a turn and sucked and licked her clit until she squealed.

When I looked at my watch, it was only nine-thirty but we'd been at each other for almost two hours. After cleaning up our mess, we

cuddled in the bed and talked until we started yawning. I think we all went to sleep without any trouble.

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(ARIAL)

“We had a lot of fun, didn’t we?” I said. “I don’t think I will ever forget the way you looked when Kerry came in your mouth and then squirted up your nose. I thought for a second you had a bad cold and then I realized what he’d done.”

“It was a lot of fun except for that,” Brad said. “I guess that weekend was what finally convinced me we could play around with somebody else and I didn’t need to feel jealous. Playing with Kavan and Kathryn was fun too, wasn’t it? Kavan was really surprised when we told him what we wanted to do with them. He couldn’t believe it was finally OK for him to fuck you.”

“Well, you didn’t mind too much, did you?” I said. “I think you were eager to get at Kathryn so you had to let Kavan get at me.”

“Yeah, I enjoyed doing it with Kathryn,” Brad said. “I enjoyed doing it with you when we swapped back. What’s not to enjoy?”

“Are you ready to go to sleep now?” I asked.

“Not quite,” he answered. “There’s something else I want to do first.”

“What?”

“Turn over and I’ll show you,” he said.

I turned over, tucked my bed-buddy pillow up under my stomach, and waited for Brandon to adjust to my changed position. He moved just once and then was still. I waited for Brad to spoon up to me but he seemed to have something else in mind. He moved toward the foot of the bed and lay back down with his head behind my fanny. I turned to look at what he was doing.

He lifted my right leg in the air, moved closer to me, and put his head down on the inside of my left thigh with his face close to my pussy. I moved my bed-buddy and tried to see what he was doing but all I could see was part of the top of his head.

“Brad, what are you doing?” I asked.

“You still look good enough to eat, Arial,” he whispered. “You said I could do anything I wanted to. But I’m not going to eat you. I’m going to make fuck you with my six-inch tongue. I’m not going to stop until you tell me to stop. Tomorrow night, I’m going to make love to you with my dick. Tomorrow night, I’m going to let my dick show you how much I want you and how much I love you. Tonight I’m going to show you with my mouth.”

“Brad, don’t be silly,” I said. “You don’t really want to...”

I tried to think of some reason why he shouldn’t want to but I couldn’t. With the first touch of his lips, I wanted him to do it. I tried to tell him why he shouldn’t do it but I couldn’t speak.

He kissed the inside of my thighs, first my left thigh, and then my right one. He must have covered every inch of skin on the inside of my thighs with kisses. Then he started over again, licking my thighs this time, and I gave in to him. I wanted him to do it to my pussy and I knew he would do it in his own good time.

When he was through kissing and licking my thighs, he moved closer to me and started again, at the juncture of my thighs with my vulva. He kissed me there until I was almost ready to scream for him to lick my pussy. Then he stopped and I felt the touch of something, his tongue, no, his nose at the top of my vulva. I heard him breathe deeply a few times and then he stopped. I waited.

“I love the scent of your pussy, Arial,” he whispered. “I may want you before I smell you but it always makes me want you even more.”

I didn’t answer. I didn’t think his comment needed a reply.

I felt the touch of his tongue, just the lightest touch, on my little lips, licking upward. He kept at me and I knew the lips of my pussy were separating and spreading like they always do. Then he licked me from my perineum, over my vagina, and up to my clitoris. He did it again and again. With one hand, I reached down, around my big belly, and pulled his hair. He kept licking me while I felt it building and building. Then he concentrated on my clitoris, licking it and sucking it, and I pulled his hair even more. I tried to protest that it was too much but I couldn’t say anything. And finally I exploded in pulsing contractions that made me lose my mind.

When I could think again, I realized that Brad had moved my bed-buddy pillow out of the way and I was now close to him. He was flat on his back in the middle of the bed and I was on my side with one leg over

his and my belly supported by him. My head was on his shoulder and his arm was around my shoulders. He was gently brushing my hair back out of my face. I was content to rest for a while so I shut my eyes and just floated.

“Do you want me to stop, Arial?” he whispered. “Do you believe I love you? Do you believe I love you, my mouth loves you, every part of me loves you? Do you want me to stop? You must tell me you believe I love you and you want me to stop.”

“I believe you, Brad,” I managed to say. “I know you love me. Please stop. I can’t take anymore.”

When I remembered that he was probably aching for release, I opened my eyes and reached down to his dick. It was still hard. I gently stroked it a couple of times and watched his foreskin cover and uncover the head.

“It’s your turn,” I whispered. “Let me put you out of your misery.”

“OK,” he whispered. “Let me get the baby oil and a towel.”

“No, I don’t want to jack you off this time. I want to use my mouth on you.”

“Arial, you don’t need to do that,” he said. “Remember, we don’t swap I love yous or oral sex. If you want to do something for me, just jack me off. I love the feel of your hand doing it.”

“No, Brad. I want to suck you off,” I said. “I want you to come in my mouth.”

From my perspective, his dick looked funny. I couldn’t see the length of it, just the big red plum-like head. As I stroked it, I saw something crystal clear ooze out the slit in the middle and I watched as it slowly dripped down on his belly.

“Arial, it might make you throw up again,” he protested.

I’d had a touch of morning sickness during my second and third months of pregnancy and hadn’t been able to suck him off. When I finally tried again, in about the fourth month, I’d thrown up. I tried to tell him that it was just an accident, that I’d got a mouthful of semen, more than I could swallow, and gagged on it. It wasn’t because of the baby. Still it was rather unpleasant for both of us. He hadn’t let me do it to him since.

“Brad, it’s what I want,” I whispered earnestly. “I want you to come in my mouth and I want to swallow you so you’ll be in my tummy and you’ll become part of the baby.”

“Arial, it doesn’t work like that and you know it.”

I sniffed a few times. “I know, Silly. But I want to do it anyway. I love you so much and I want you to be part of me. Please!”

“Arial, don’t do that to me. I’m glad I can’t see your face this time. You make your eyes get red and you squeeze out a few tears and I’m supposed to give in to you as usual.”

I hadn’t even realized I was doing it.

“I’m not faking it, Brad. I’m sorry.” I sniffed a few more times.” I guess pregnant women do have strange cravings.”

“Damn, I never thought I’d refuse to let somebody give me a blowjob,” he sighed.

“You’re mean,” I said.

“You know, Dad told me something once about Mom and why they got divorced, He said she could hardly stand to put her hand on his dick. She always made him feel like his dick was something nasty. If she had to guide it into her pussy, she’d hold it with just her thumb and one finger.”

“That’s awful, Brad,” I said, and meant it.

“I guess that’s why it means so much to me when you play with my dick and balls. I like for you to touch me. You seem to be having fun, like you really like to do it.”

“I do. You’ve got a beautiful dick, Brad. I like to see it all hard with the blue veins standing out and the head all red. I like your big balls too. I like them when they’re drooping down between your legs or when they’re drawn up on each side of your dick and you’re about to come. I like to look at you when you’re all hot for me. Anyway, it’s not just your dick now; it’s my dick too. It belongs to me as much as to you.”

“What! You don’t like it when it’s soft?” he said. “I don’t have a hard-on all the time, you know.”

“I know. You’re beautiful when it’s soft too,” I said. “So are Dad and Kavan and Kerry. You’ve all got beautiful dicks and balls.”

“Yeah, but mine’s not as big as theirs,” he said. “Mine used to be bigger than Kerry’s but now his is just as big as your Dad’s and Kavan’s, maybe bigger.”

“Silly, size doesn’t matter that much. Yours is bigger than average. Theirs are just a little bigger than yours, maybe a quarter inch.”

“My tongue is longer than theirs,” he whispered.

“I believe you,” I whispered back. “It’s long and you know how to use it. I like your tongue, Mr. Weaver.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Weaver,” he said.

I slowly stroked his dick, our dick, watching the foreskin uncover and then almost cover the head. I changed my grip so that my finger tips were on the underside of it and I could milk it down. The first time I stroked downward toward the head, more clear stuff oozed out and slowly dripped down on his stomach. I grinned at how silly it all was.

“I couldn’t believe it the first time you jacked me off in the sink in your bathroom,” he said. “I didn’t know girls did stuff like that. I never imagined a girl doing something like that for me, especially you.”

“I loved your dick the first time I ever saw it. That day on the deck with everybody else around, I thought it was beautiful the way the head was peeking out of your foreskin. It’s a good thing you weren’t circumcised. I wonder whether we’d be here together if you had been. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a circumcised one. Are they really as ugly as girls say?”

“Shit, I don’t know, Ariel,” he said. “A dick’s a dick, I guess. Most of the guys I’ve seen were cut but I’m glad Dad didn’t have me done. I don’t see how a guy can stand having the head of his dick rubbing against his undershorts all the time. ”

“Are you ready?” I asked.

“Yeah, let me get the baby oil. The first time you jacked me off, you squirted baby oil on my dick. I like it like that.”

He rolled over, went in the bathroom, came out with the baby oil and my damp towel and a big grin, and was back in bed with me in just a few seconds. He flipped the baby oil open and handed it to me. I squirted a little on his balls and handed it back to him.

I rubbed his balls with the baby oil first. They were so soft and loose hanging down between his legs. I didn't know why they were called balls when they were more like eggs. I really did like to play with them, especially when they were coated lightly with oil.

After a while, I held out my hand for the baby oil again and then squirted a long trail down the underside of his dick. Before it could run off, I wrapped my hand around his dick, smeared the baby oil all over, and started slowly stroking it.

He just laid there, one arm around my shoulders, the other fore-arm covering his eyes, and let me do it. It didn't take that long. I'd learned to read his body's signals so I waited until his balls began to draw up and then I did it faster.

Poor Brad. He must have been miserable with all that in his balls. He erupted in a torrent of white strings and drops, the first of which flew over his chest and all the way to my face, and a half dozen follow-ups which left his chest and stomach covered with white puddles. I wiped my cheek off and licked my fingers. Brad drew in a deep breath, shuddered a couple of times, and then relaxed.

One of the white blobs was trying to run down his side so I caught it with my fingers and wiped it on his chest. Another started running too and I smeared it around on his stomach. Maybe I was naughty but I wiped up all of the other puddles on his stomach and chest and then used the flat of my hand to smear it all over him.

"Do you like to play in it, little girl?" Brad asked from behind my head.

"Uh huh, do you want me to clean up your mess?" I asked.

"Yeah, if you're through playing."

I reached across him for the damp towel and then wiped up his semen. When he was all clean, I cuddled his dick in my hand and just held it. I liked to hold it when it was soft and swollen and warm in my hand.

"Have your dad talked to you any more about us moving to his condo?" I asked after a while.

"Yeah, he says it's what we should do. Since he and Genie married, he says he stays at her place all the time now and hardly ever uses it. He doesn't want to sell it, says it's a good investment. We haven't settled on how much rent we'd pay. He doesn't really want us to pay him anything."

“That’s nice, Brad, but we really should pay him something. I don’t like it when everybody is always trying to do things for us. I want us to start taking care of ourselves. I’d like to stay here for maybe a month after the baby comes and then move. I hate to move but we can’t all stay here. This place isn’t big enough for two couples with children. Kavan and Kathryn will need Mom’s help with the twins more than we do.”

“I agree,” he said. “I’ll tell Dad we want the condo and we’ll work out something on the rent. What are you doing?”

I scooted down on the bed until my face was just inches away from his dick. It was soft but still swollen, almost as big as it is when it’s hard. I blew my breath on it and then stroked it gently, just watching his foreskin cover and uncover the head, not doing anything except playing with it.

“Nothing.”

“Feels like something to me,” he whispered.

I blew little puffs of air on the head of his dick and then whispered, “I’m giving you a blow job, Silly.”

I changed my grip so that my fingertips pressed on his urethra and then squeezed downward toward the head of his dick. I knew there was usually a little more semen that stayed in him after he came and it slowly oozed out. I was right. A blob of white semen came out of the slit. I quickly took the head of his dick in my mouth, sucked it clean, moved my mouth off, and then swallowed. It didn’t taste bad. It was just part of Brad and I liked to taste him.

“Are you satisfied now?” he asked. “It’s in your stomach and you’ll digest it and I’ll be part of you. You’re bad, Arial. You’re bad and you’re crazy.”

“Oh, pooh, that little bit wasn’t enough to satisfy me. I wanted the whole load. Can I suck you off now?”

“Arial, what’s got into you tonight?” he whispered.

“Nothing. That’s part of the problem.”

“If you’ll promise to play with me and Kavan and Kathryn tomorrow night, I’ll promise something will get into you. Maybe Kavan and me both. Would you like that?”

I was busy licking the head of his dick so I just grunted “Uh huh.” Within a minute or so, his dick was hard and standing up above his belly by itself. I put my cheek down on his stomach, bent his dick down to my mouth, and sucked on the head. Then I cupped my hand under his balls and played with them. I really did like to feel them moving around in his scrotum when it was soft and hanging down. I decided to do what I wanted to do but I thought I’d make sure it was OK with him.

“I’m going to suck you off, Brad,” I whispered. “I’m going to make you come in my mouth this time and when you’re all finished, I’m going to swallow it. If you don’t want me to do it, just say no.”

I waited at least a minute and he didn’t say anything. I didn’t think he’d have the will power to refuse a blow-job and I was right. He put his hand on my head and gave me a gentle nudge. Within a few minutes, I had a mouthful of warm semen.

I moved back up on the bed until my face was just inches above his and looked in his eyes. His chest was heaving up and down and he was breathing through his mouth. I thought about letting some of his come drool out of my mouth into his. He must have guessed what I was thinking. He opened his mouth wide and tilted his chin up. I shook my head no and then swallowed once, twice, and a third time until all of it was gone. Then I kissed him. A moment later, I pulled back away from him and grinned at him.

He shook his head. “You’re bad, Arial, but I love you anyway.”

I didn’t answer that. Maybe I was bad but I knew he liked it. I turned my back to him, pulled my bed buddy back in support of my stomach, took a couple of deep breaths, and then relaxed. He spooned up to me, reached down, and pulled the sheet up to our waists. I knew what he’d do next. He tugged my nightgown up in back, moved closer to me so that his dick was nestled between the cheeks of my fanny, put his right leg over my left one, reached his right arm around and under my nightgown until he found my breasts with his hand, buried his face in my hair, sighed a couple of times, and relaxed. It was what he did most nights. I loved to go to sleep with him holding me.

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(BRAD)

“Damn, I’ve got to pee,” I whispered. “Don’t move, OK?”

“Hurry back,” she answered. “I’m sleepy.”

I turned over, rolled out of the bed, and went in the bathroom. My side of the bed was next to the bathroom door and I'd offered to let Arial have that side so she'd be closer to the bathroom when she had to go pee at night. She said she liked to sleep on her left side when I spooned up to her and she didn't mind having to walk around the bed to get to the bathroom.

I turned on the lights in the bathroom and assumed the position in front of the commode. I had to grunt to get started and the first thing that came out was a little bit more white semen followed by a yellow stream. I couldn't help but grim; Arial hadn't got all of my second load.

It didn't make sense to me that she wanted to suck me off and then swallow it. I'd tasted semen before, mine when I first tasted it at thirteen, Alex's when I sucked him off, and Kerry's a few times, and it wasn't anything I wanted in my mouth on a regular basis. Why would she want to? She always said she liked the taste of it because it was from me but that was hard to believe.

Maybe there was some truth in what Kieran had said, that she did it because she didn't want me going to somebody else. Maybe it was just one way she could show she loved me and she did it because she knew I liked it. She didn't have to swallow it though. I don't care if she spits it out on my stomach or in a towel like she sometimes does. I've told her that often enough.

Maybe she really does like it because it comes from me. I know I like getting my tongue in her pussy and the taste and smell of her juices don't bother me. I guess they just make me hornier. I suppose I like doing it as much as she likes me doing it to her. Maybe she really does like sucking me off and swallowing once in a while.

I flushed, put the seat back down, and started to leave the bathroom. My hand was on the light switch when the sight of Arial stopped me. She was still on her left side, her back to me, with the sheet over her ankles and her nightgown pulled up to her waist. Her left leg was straight, her right one was bent, and everything between them was clearly visible in the light from the bathroom.

I stood there looking at her, marveling at the beauty of what I saw. I couldn't see her stomach and, from my perspective, she could still be the woman she was before I got her pregnant. I know there's nothing in this world more entrancing than the body of a young woman, most young women, and Arial is the most beautiful one I've ever seen. I couldn't take my eyes off her rear end.

The profile of her right hip was a curve more faultless and exquisite than anything I ever drew in my geometry class. The skin covering her right buttock, no, not her buttock, just the right half of her fanny - she never called it her butt - was flawlessly smooth and creamy looking. In the middle of her fanny I could clearly see her asshole and that's not the word for it because it doesn't fit, maybe her pink pucker as Kerry once called it, maybe her rosebud as I like to call it, a beautiful hairless little puckered circle between her cheeks.

I'd had my dick in her rosebud just once, when Kerry and I made a sandwich with her. I didn't have any desire to have it in her that way again. She'd told me more than once that every part of her belonged to me and that I could have it any time I wanted it. Maybe knowing that I could was enough and I was satisfied not to have it.

Her pussy wasn't as clearly illuminated but I could see the cleft mound with the two little wings of her inner lips just barely protruding. It was hard to believe that an opening was there large enough to accommodate the girth of my dick. My heart ached at the thought of it stretching enough to permit the entry of our son into the world.

Her left leg was straight and the skin on the inside of her thigh looked so smooth and soft. As many times as I'd had my hands, my cheeks, my mouth and tongue there, I knew it was as smooth and soft as any baby's butt.

I had said she was bad because she'd had her way with me, for whatever reason she wanted it. I knew she wasn't bad, not in the slightest. She was still the most innocent girl, sprite, woman imaginable. From reading the survey data from Dad's research, I knew what bad people were like, both boys and girls. She was open and honest about sex but there was nothing bad about her. She was as pure and innocent and beautiful and sweet and loving as anybody could be.

I had told her I'd surrendered to love, to loving her, almost to worshipping her, and I knew it was true. If only I could let her reach into my heart and know how much I loved her, she'd never doubt me again. She would know I love her and I will love her forever.

"What are you doing, Brad?" she said, turning to look over her shoulder at me.

"Oh, nothing," I answered and turned out the light in the bathroom.

I slid in behind her and spooned up to her again. I pulled the sheet over our hips, reached down and nestled my dick in between the cheeks of her fanny, moved a little closer, put my right leg over her left one,

found her left breast with my right hand, stuck my face in her hair, and inhaled the smell of her clean hair.

“Good night, Ariel,” I whispered. “I love you with all my heart.”

I moved my hand down to her belly and rubbed it.

“Good night, Brandon,” I whispered. “Thanks for being good while I was loving your mother.”

Perhaps he felt my hand. He moved around inside Ariel and then was still again.

“He said goodnight, Dad,” Ariel whispered.

“Uh huh, sure he did,” I whispered back.

Chapter Seventy-Three

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Ariel Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Brad Weaver, Ariel Weaver

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(KATHRYN)

Friday night we all ate dinner together as usual and our four guys raved about the dinner. Arial prepared the baked stuffed pork chops, following Siobhan's instructions. Siobhan made the yeast rolls and I made the Waldorf salad. With her mother's help, Alannah made the Spanish rice. I suppose I was becoming more like Siobhan; I enjoyed seeing the guys eat food I'd prepared.

Immediately after dinner, Kerry disappeared to his basement bachelor pad. He had seemed strange during dinner. He was more serious than usual, not joking and having fun like he usually does, and was especially kind and considerate to Siobhan. I wondered what was going on to cause him to be that way.

Brad and Kavan asked Kieran to go for a walk with them up the hill to the picnic area. They didn't ask the rest of us to go and I knew it was because they wanted to talk to Kieran about something. I wondered what it was this time.

Siobhan, Arial, Alannah, and I went in the family room to relax. Siobhan found a nature program on TV and put Alannah on the floor to watch. Arial and I sat on the love seat and both decided to take off our socks and sneakers. I slouched down, stretched my legs out straight, and wiggled my toes. Even with my usual afternoon nap, it had been a long day and I was tired from carrying two babies.

Arial watched me until I started wiggling my toes and then she took off her sneakers and socks and wiggled her toes too.

"Kathryn, are your ankles swollen?" Siobhan asked when she turned from putting Alannah in front of the TV. "They look like it. How about yours, Arial?"

I held my right leg up and looked around my big belly at my ankle. Maybe it was a little swollen. I put my right foot back on the floor, lifted my left leg, and looked around my belly from the other side. My left leg looked the same, maybe a little larger than normal around my ankles.

Arial watched me and then looked at her ankles. "I can't see any swelling, Mom. How do you tell?"

Siobhan sat down on the floor in front of us, Indian fashion. She took Arial's left foot and my right one and put them in her lap. She looked for a minute or so, leaning to one side and then the other. Then she picked up my foot, held it in one hand, and pressed her finger against my ankle in a couple of places. She picked up Arial's foot and pressed on her ankle a couple of times.

“Do you see the difference?” she asked.

I could certainly see a difference in my ankles compared to Arial’s. Mine were much slower in getting back to normal after Siobhan pressed down on them.

“You’re both a little swollen,” Siobhan said. “Yours are worse, Kathryn. Why don’t you both lie down on the floor and put your legs up on the couch? Let’s see if that helps.”

Arial and I both lay down on our backs on the floor, put our calves up on the couch, and tried to get comfortable. Siobhan stuck a couple of pillows under our heads. That helped but there was no way I could be comfortable with the weight of two babies bearing down on me. I decided to try to tough it out for a few minutes.

“Mom, why was Kerry acting so strange tonight?” Arial asked. “He was being so sweet to you and he was so serious. I don’t think he made us laugh a single time tonight.”

I tilted my head back and saw an upside-down Siobhan. Was she smiling? I shook my head and moved around until I could see her without her being upside down. Now I saw she had a strange smile on her face, like she knew something that we didn’t know.

“I suppose I might as well tell you,” she said. “Kieran and Kerry both made love to me last night.”

“Both of them?” Arial squealed.

“Both of them?” I squealed at the same time.

“Yes, both of them. Kerry wanted to and I wanted him to and it was OK with Kieran. So we did it.”

“You’ve got to tell us all about it,” Arial said.

“Yes, please, Siobhan, tell us every little juicy detail,” I said.

“I’m not supposed to talk about it,” she said. “Kieran’s always told the boys that a gentleman never talks about what he does in bed with a lady.”

“Yeah, but you’re a lady,” Arial said. “A lady always tells other ladies everything and I do mean everything. We’ll never tell the guys. Let them go on thinking we never talk about them.”

“Come on, Siobhan,” I pleaded. “We swear we’ll never tell the guys. What they don’t know can’t hurt them.”

“You promise you won’t tease Kerry about it?” she questioned. “He’s having a hard time deciding what he wants to do, whether to go to school in California, whether to get serious with Tara or not.”

Of course, we promised.

She sat down on the floor between us, leaned back on the couch, looked at Alannah to see that she was engrossed in the TV, and then she told us. In a low voice, she told us everything, and I do mean everything, even the bit about how hard she came when Kerry had his thumb in her asshole, two fingers in her pussy, and his tongue licking her clitoris. Arial and I hung on to every word.

“Oh, lordy, I’m so hot,” Arial giggled, when Siobhan was finished. She caught the front hem of her dress and waved it up and down. Siobhan glanced down between her legs and then grinned and shook her head.

“Oh lordy, I’m so hot I could just die,” I said, and waved my dress up and down too. Siobhan looked down between my legs and her smile got wider.

Alannah got up and came over to where Arial and I were lying on the floor, flapping our dresses over our overheated pussies.

“Mommy, they don’t have any panties on,” she giggled.

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When Kieran and Kavan and Brad came back from their walk, I was ready to go home and I suppose Arial was too. It was a short walk to the house next door that Kieran had built on top of the rocks. It wasn’t our house. It wasn’t Brad and Arial’s house. It was Kieran’s and Siobhan’s house. But Kieran had insisted that we shouldn’t pay any rent while we were in college. For four years we’d lived there, sharing everything with Brad and Arial. It had been a wonderful four years. It was as much my home as any place I’d ever lived.

As usual, Brad and Arial and Kavan and I hugged Kieran and Siobhan and little Alannah before we went next door. Kerry would have gotten hugs from us too but he had disappeared downstairs to his basement bachelor pad after dinner and hadn’t resurfaced.

Brad and Arial, hand in hand, led the way along the pathway to home and Kavan and I followed, hand in hand too. The guys had installed

little lights along the path and it was easy to follow even on the darkest nights. We walked through the rocks and trees to the carport and then across the bridge to the entryway to the first floor. It seemed strange to me that nobody had anything to say but perhaps we were all thinking of something.

We pattered around the great room for a while, straightening up, and then hugged each other before we went up the stairs. Brad and Kavan seemed to be hugging each other longer than usual and I noticed that Brad was whispering something in Kavan's ear. I wondered what they were trying to keep secret.

Our big king-bed was a welcome sight and I lay down on my side without even taking anything off. We had two king-size bolsters on our bed plus two regular-size pillows. I tucked a bolster up against my stomach, a pillow under my head, sighed a couple of times, and relaxed.

Kavan sat down on the side of the bed in front of me, took off his sneakers and socks, then stood up, pulled his shirt over his head, dropped his shorts – he'd gone commando again – and went in the bathroom. I watched his beautiful ass as he walked away from me. The family had always kidded Kerry about his beautiful little butt. Kavan's was just as beautiful to me and maybe more so. His was milky white without anything to mar it. He had freckles all across his shoulders and they tapered off around his waist and his butt was just a beautiful hard muscular man's butt with no freckles.

I watched him as he peed, putting on a good show as he uncovered, squirted noisily in the commode, milked his dick down, shook it a few times, and finally slid his foreskin back over the head. I kept watching as he buzzed his teeth for two minutes with his electric toothbrush and as he brushed his hair for more than two minutes. I could see him from the side as he looked in the mirror, brushing that beautiful red hair of his. His dick was soft but not really limp. It was sort of standing out away from his balls, not touching them, just curved down like it wanted to stand up and look around. He looked at me and smiled and I knew he knew I'd been watching him. I was so glad he was my husband.

I knew what he'd do next and I was right. He wet a couple of washcloths, put toothpaste on my electric toothbrush, and came back in our bedroom with a towel over his arm, washcloths in one hand, and my toothbrush in the other. I turned over on my back. He handed me my toothbrush and one of the washcloths, then sat down on the bedside and took off my sneakers and socks. While he wiped off my feet, I brushed my teeth, wiped off my face and arms, and then waddled to the bathroom to spit and pee.

He'd already turned down the bed spread when I came back in our bedroom and was lying there on his back, naked, waiting for me. He had his ankles crossed and his balls were resting on his thighs and his dick was warm and heavy looking on top. For a minute or so, I stood there looking down at him while he looked up at me and grinned. I wanted to be naked with him so I pulled my shift over my head, crawled on the bed, curled up to him with my big belly against him and my head on his shoulder.

"Did you think Kerry's behavior was a little strange tonight?" he asked.

"Well, he wasn't kidding and cutting up like he usually is," I answered, careful to not let on that I knew why he'd acted that way.

"Kieran told me and Brad something when we were going up the hill tonight. He didn't say I couldn't tell you, just that we shouldn't tease him or Kerry about it. Want to hear it?"

"You know I do."

"Dad and Kerry both made love to Mom last night," he said.

"Both of them?" I responded, trying to pretend I didn't know about it.

"Yeah, both of them. He said they both made love to her and he was there when Kerry did it. I suppose he was watching. I wonder who got sloppy seconds."

"Kavan, that's not nice. You don't call it that when you do it with me a second time. Is that all he said?"

"He wouldn't go into detail about what they did and we didn't ask him. He told us something else you aren't going to believe."

"What?"

"He said tomorrow night, he and Mom are spending the night with Luke and Rachael again, you know, like they do sometimes. He said this time Kerry was going with them and he'd be doing the same things with Mom and Rachael that he and Luke do."

"What does that mean, the same things?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I guess it means anything and everything, like we've done with Stuart and Joanne. Just a lot of fun and a lot of sex."

“And like we did with Brad and Arial.”

“Yeah, I suppose so.”

“Damn, I wish I could have watched, don’t you?” I said.

“I don’t know. I guess I’ve known a long time that Kerry wanted to do it with Mom but I’m having a little trouble believing she really let him.”

“Kavan, you know how Kerry is,” I said. “He may be the tallest man in the family but he’s still like a little boy and when he looks at you with that beautiful face and uses that smile on you, well, I think any woman would let him make love to her. Are you jealous of him?”

“No, not really. I’ve known for a long time that he wanted to make love to Mom but I’ve never felt that way. I just like to think of her as Mom and that’s all. I’ve got the one woman I want.”

“Who?”

He ignored my question. “Kathryn, do you really think the stuff we do is OK? I mean swapping partners with Stuart and Joanne, swapping with Brad and Arial. It’s a lot of fun but I sometimes wonder if we go too far.”

“Kavan, don’t you think it just makes us closer to each other. I like the way we’ve been with Brad and Arial the last four or five years. I like living with them. We’ve bathed together, slept together, eaten together, and fooled around with each other. I think Brad and Arial finally decided they wanted to go all the way and let me have sex with Brad and you have sex with Arial. I don’t think it’s hurt us just because we’ve swapped a few times. It’s just made us love each other more.”

“You don’t think it’s hurt our marriage? I don’t want to do anything to hurt our marriage, especially now that you’re going to have the twins.”

“I don’t think it’s hurt our marriage one bit. I don’t want Brad or Stuart. It’s nice to play with them but I’ve got the one man I want.”

“Who?”

I ignored his question. “Kavan, could I change the subject? Do you remember how it was when you came to New York to get me? How we fucked and fucked and fucked and then fucked some more.”

I squirmed a little closer to him, pulled my hair back out of my face, and put my head back down on his shoulder. I reached down to where his dick was lying on his thigh, swollen but not hard, wrapped my hand around it, pulled his foreskin down, and lay there looking at the head of his dick. I liked his helmet, that's what it looked like, the way it flared out into a ridge.

He had one arm around me with his hand on my back but I wanted it somewhere else. I reached back and pulled his hand to my breast. He cupped his hand under my swollen breast and I put my hand on top of his for a minute and then reached back down to his dick.

"Yeah, I remember," he responded. "Dad doesn't like to use the word fucked to describe what he does to Mom. Seems like it's a pretty good word to describe what I did to you."

"Don't say it like that, Kavan," I said. "I was just as much involved in the fucking as you were. If I remember correctly, there were a couple of times when you were laying there with your hands behind your head and a big smirk on your face while I fucked you. I'd forgotten how good it was to ride a big horse cock to Banburry Cross."

"Was I smirking?" he asked.

"Yes, you were. You knew how much I loved to have your big dick buried to the balls in my pussy. You knew you had me again. Maybe you didn't know it but I had you too. I knew I wasn't ever going to let you go again."

"I knew it...that you had me, I mean," he said. "I knew you had my heart in your hands and it was of full of love for you."

"You Irish do love to kiss the Blarney Stone, don't you? Anyway, that first night, when you fucked me again after doing it twice that afternoon..."

"Three times."

"OK, it was three times for you. I don't know how many times it was for me. I must have had a dozen orgasms. After a while I didn't know whether I was coming or going.

"The way you were moaning and whining, you were coming."

"Shut up. Anyway, that first night, when we did it again with me on top of you and you fucking up into me and me fucking down on you, I knew I had to have you for the rest of my life. We went to sleep with me on

top of you and your cock still in my pussy and your come and all those juices from me started drooling back out of me and I tried to get up and clean us up and you wouldn't let me and we went to sleep like that with your big dick still in my pussy and all those juices running down on your balls. You said you didn't give a shit how messy it was and you wrapped your arms around me and wouldn't let me go and we went to sleep like that...it was so good."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said.

"Do you remember how good it was?" I said, thinking of one night in particular after we'd wandered around in Little Italy almost all day.

"Yeah. It was not just good; it was great. I remember."

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(KAVAN)

I followed Kathryn's instructions and found the parking garage. Then I walked about a block to the apartment building where her mother lived.

I kept reminding myself – be patient, be kind and considerate, don't push her, don't get angry, don't raise your voice, listen to what she says, don't act like you want to have sex with her, don't get in a hurry, think before you say anything, don't insist that she come back with you, be sweet to her.

In the elevator, I kept reminding myself that she'd said I could come to New York to see her but she wouldn't promise me that she'd come back with me. When I found the door to her mother's apartment, I stood there for a minute or so, breathing deeply, trying to get good control of myself. She had to come back with me. What could I do or say so she would want to go home with me?

I rang the doorbell, stood there a minute, then rang it again. I heard something scratching on the door in front of me and I realized that there was a peep hole there. Then I heard the sound of a chain being moved, the sound of the door being opened. And then there was Kathryn.

Everything I'd planned to say went flying the minute I saw her. I walked in, she closed and locked the door, and then turned to me. We stood there looking at each other. I couldn't think what to say.

She looked at my face and around it and I could tell she was checking out my hair. It was long again. I had let it grow out again after Kiki and I broke up. It was longer than it had been when Kathryn had left. Before I left for New York, I'd even gone to a mall style shop, for the first time, and let them style it. I suppose it was close to the lion mane that she had talked me into before she left.

She looked like the same Kathryn I'd known and loved so much. Her hair was a little shorter than it had been, just down to her neck, not down to her shoulders, but it was still so beautiful on her. She had on shorts, a knit shirt, and white socks, just like she'd worn when she was living with us, if she wore anything at all.

Suddenly she did that thing with her head, where she throws her hair back out of her face and then her eyes lit up in the same mischievous way and her mouth turned up in the same smile I'd loved so much. I couldn't help it. I started toward her with my arms held out and just said her name. "Kathryn." I swallowed hard but I couldn't think of anything else to say.

She came to me, held her finger to my lips, said "Ssshhh," and tilted her face up to mine. I bent down to her and kissed her. For a brief second I tried to remind myself to be slow but then all thinking and all restraint went flying. I wrapped my arms around her, she wrapped her arms around me, and we kissed.

All consciousness left me. I stood there, my open mouth against hers, trying to pull her body into me or me into her, wanting her, needing her, drowning in her.

After a minute or so, she took her hands off my butt and pulled my shirt out of my shorts. I moved back slightly and looked at her. She was smiling, that same crazy Kathryn smile that had mesmerized me since that day she first swam naked in the pool at home. She pulled my shirt up and I lifted my arms so she could pull it over my head.

As soon as my shirt was gone, I pulled her shirt out of her shorts and up and over her head. She wasn't wearing a bra. I couldn't take my eyes off her breasts. I kept looking from one to the other. She still had the same perfect breasts, full and heavy looking, with a little droop, but not enough so that she needed a bra. When I looked up at her face again, she was standing there, smiling at my reaction to seeing her breasts. She knew I'd always loved them.

I wrapped my arms around her and kissed the smile off her lips. Her breasts were flattened against my chest, burning me, her nipples

already hard against me. We stood there forever, kissing, lost in each other.

Finally I knelt in front of her, put my hands on her back, and, with closed eyes, pressed my face against her breasts, turning from side to side and rubbing against the softness of her. I breathed deeply, inhaling the clean womanly scent of her, and it was the same as I'd grown to love. I opened my mouth and blindly sought out the nipple of one breast. I sucked on it while she put her hand behind my head and pressed me to her. I moved over to the other breast, opened my mouth wide, and tried to suck everything into my mouth.

I fumbled with the waistband of her shorts, trying to find the catch or button in the front to open them. She reached down, held my hands still, then reached to the side and unzipped. I pulled her shorts down, she stepped out of them, and I stood up again, looking down at her, little white panties barely covering her hips, dark pubic hair showing through. I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted anything.

I briefly glanced at her face and saw that it was about the same as mine, unsmiling, all serious, intent on looking at me as I was intent on looking at her. She stooped down on one knee, unbuttoned my shorts and pulled everything, shorts and briefs, off at the same time. While she was doing it, I heel-toed my sneakers off and stood there naked except for white socks. I watched her face as she looked at my cock. It had been engorged in my briefs but, released, it swelled into an erection in seconds.

She grabbed my cock and pulled me toward another room. Heart pounding, I followed her into what I assumed was her room. All I saw was a bed, a twin bed, against one wall. She pulled, I pushed, and we went tumbling down on the bed. I slid down, grabbed her panties at each side, and ripped them off her. I shoved her legs apart, stuck my face between them, opened my mouth against her pussy, and tried to eat and suck her and tongue-fuck her. She smelled the same and tasted the same and I felt like I was home again in her.

“Kavan, I want you,” she groaned. “Come up here. I want you in me. Please!”

I moved over her, grabbed my cock in my hand, and looked down to see where I wanted it. She slapped my hand out of the way, grabbed my cock with both of her hands, and pulled downward on it until I felt the hot wetness of her cunt with the head of my cock. I pushed once, she wrapped her arms around my chest, I pushed again, she wrapped her legs around my waist with her ankles centered on my ass, I pushed again, she tilted her pelvis up slightly, I pushed again, and my dick slid

in until I felt her pelvic bone against mine and my balls against her ass cheeks. I was home.

I tried to remain still in her but my body insisted on moving. Within seconds I was pistoning in and out of her. She started groaning louder and louder and then her groaning turned into a higher-pitched whining and I felt her cunt squeeze my cock and I stopped thrusting for a minute, buried to the depths of her cunt, and rode out her coming. When she was silent, I slowly started thrusting again, then gradually got faster and harder until I was pounding into her as hard as I could. Within a minute or so, I felt everything in me squirt out through my cock into her cunt. I was home.

When my consciousness returned, I realized that my dick was still buried to my balls in her and all of my weight was on her. I pushed up on my elbows and looked at her. She was smiling at me, eyes closed, but still smiling at me. It was so good to know that she was smiling at me.

“I love you, Kathryn,” I whispered. “I love you with all my heart.”

“Is that your heart I feel inside me?” she whispered, opening her eyes. “You’re a hard-hearted man, Kavan Kelly Stuart.”

“That’s not my heart, Kathryn Ann Jensen,” I whispered back. “That’s my dick. It loves you too. Every bit of me loves you.”

We lay there joined together, me looking down at her, her looking up at me, and talked about everything and nothing. My dick didn’t seem to want to go soft and I didn’t want to take it out of her warm depths. Finally I told her about Kiki and she told me about Paolo. I told her how I’d been so attracted to Kiki and how it had been like a fire that burned me and then slowly died out. She told me about Paolo and how dark and Italian-sexy he had been and then one day she realized he didn’t love her and she could never love him.

“Kavan, after Paolo and I broke up, I stopped taking the pill. I decided I was through with men...

I interrupted her. “You mean there’s a chance you might get pregnant?”

“I don’t think so,” she said. “I...

“I’ll marry you, Kathryn. I’ll marry you as soon as we get back home. We’ll have the baby and I’ll be the happiest man in the world. Please say you’ll marry...”

“Kavan, slow down,” she said. “Let me finish a sentence.”

“I love you, Kathryn. I don’t want to live without you. I...”

“Kavan!” she said in a tone of voice that reminded me of Mom getting impatient with me and whatever I was doing. I looked down at her and waited. I realized that my dick was still hard inside her and that I’d been slowly moving my hips and marveling at the feel of her flesh enclosing mine. I pushed back into her and held still.

“I was going to say that I stopped taking the pill when Paolo and I broke up. He didn’t love me. He loved himself and he wanted me to love him. I decided I was through with men and I stopped taking the pill. Then you kept calling me after you broke up with Kiki.”

“Kathryn, Kiki was...”

She put her fingers against my lips again and shook her head no. I waited for her to tell me whatever.

“Forget Kiki. Forget Paolo. It’s just us now, Kavan. Anyway, I started taking the pill again a couple of months ago when you kept calling and saying you still loved me. I’m safe now. You don’t have to marry me because I might be pregnant.”

I looked at her, trying to be all serious and unsmiling. “I know that, Kathryn. I just thought you’d want to marry me if I got you pregnant from what we just did. I want to marry you because I love you so much. I do. I love you so much. I don’t want to live without you. I want you to come home with me and be with me for the rest of my life. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll marry you pregnant or not. I want us to go to college together like we talked about doing. Please say you’ll come back with me.”

She put one hand over my mouth and the other on my cheek.

“Hush, Kavan,” she whispered.

I hushed and lay there on top of her, my dick still inside her, still hard. I waited for her to say something.

“I’m going home with you, Kavan. We’ll try to do what we’ve talked about. I don’t know whether I can go to college with you. My father’s not going to help me. Mom will but she has a hard time getting by. I’ll get a job and maybe I can take a few courses at night. We’ll...”

“No, you won’t,” I said. “I’ve got it all figured out. We’ll still live at home. Mom wants us to. We’ll eat with them. Mom and Dad both say there’s no need to worry about room and board as long as we’re in school. Mr. Manchester wants you to come back to work there. I’m just about running the place now and you can help me. We’ll both have part-time jobs at Manchesters. Mom and Dad will help us too. All we’ve got to worry about is tuition and books. I’ve got enough saved to give us a good start on that. We might not have much money to play with but we’ll have each other. That’s enough. We can manage. We can, Kathryn!”

“You’ve got it all figured out, haven’t you?” she whispered.

“Yes. You know me, Kathryn. You can call it a fault or you can call it a...whatever...a virtue. I think ahead. I plan. I know what I want. There’s only one thing I need to make it all perfect and that’s you.”

“Yes, Kavan,” she said. “I know you. I like knowing you. I like loving you. I like fucking you.”

“Kathryn, you can major in Finance and maybe get your Certified Financial Analyst certification. You said that’s what you’d like to do. Mom says she’ll help you. That’s a goal you can plan on. That and marrying me.”

“And are you going to major in Landscape Architecture like you said? Maybe be your own boss someday and have your own business.”

“Yeah, but right now I’d like to major in you. Do you think you could help me?”

“Yeah, I’ll kill you if you don’t.”

I started moving again, just slowly sliding my dick in and out of her and knowing that I was making love to the one woman I wanted for the rest of my life. She put both hands on my ass cheeks, wrapped her legs over my back, and shut her eyes.

“Kathryn, I want to give you babies someday,” I whispered. “I want us to be a family with kids and...”

“Ssshhh, Kavan,” she interrupted me. “Right now, I want you to fuck me again. I want you to love me with that big dick of yours. I want to feel your big balls bouncing off my ass. Just shut up and fuck me.”

I did what she asked me to do. After a while I did it again.

I was almost asleep when I heard a faint noise. I looked up and to the side and saw the door to the bedroom closing. I was still on top of Kathryn, still wrapped up in her arms and legs. My dick was finally soft and wet and warm inside her overflowing pussy. I knew Kathryn's mom had come home.

Kathryn tucked a little towel between her legs, put on her panties, and put on a robe. I put on my shirt and shorts, and we went in the living room to greet her mom. She didn't fuss at us. She hugged me, hugged Kathryn, and then we started talking. After a while, she suggested that Kathryn and I might take a shower while she prepared us some dinner.

We did it again after we went to bed. Kathryn's mom said she'd planned on me sleeping on the living room couch but somehow she knew I didn't want to. We slept in Kathryn's bed. She fucked me this time. She straddled me and rode me until she came again, whining and groaning. I put my hand over her mouth and she bit my hand. Then I fucked up into her, holding her hips suspended a few inches above me. I added a little more semen to all the other deposits and then lay there with my dick in her while everything started drooling back out. She tried to get up and get something to clean us up but I wrapped my arms around her and my legs around hers and refused to let her go. We went to sleep that way, locked together.

I stayed for five days, playing tourist with Kathryn and her mom on the weekend, then just Kathryn and me for a couple of days. She took me to little Italy, to the Statue of Liberty, to all the usual tourist spots, and all I could think of was what we'd be doing that night. We fucked, made love, fucked a lot, loved a lot, and I was the happiest man in the world. When we left Kathryn's mom was crying but she said she was glad we were going because now she could get some sleep.

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(KATHRYN)

"I remember what we did one night," I said. "It was the night after we'd wandered around in Little Italy all day and had a late lunch at that fancy Italian restaurant and you paid the bill and acted like you were used to spending that kind of money. I loved you for the way you were trying to impress me."

I slowly stroked his big dick, using just my thumb and a finger, so I could see all of it. I liked watching his foreskin slide up and over the head of his dick and then slowly slide back down. He was doing almost the same thing to me, just using his thumb and one finger on one nipple. I looked at what his hand was doing. The nipple on my breast

looked like it was an inch long. The babies wouldn't have any trouble finding that.

"Yeah, I remember," he said. "That night I ate your pussy and then told you I couldn't decide whether I liked the garlic and anchovies in the pasta better than I liked the taste of your pussy and you tried to beat me up and we fell off the bed wrestling. Then when we finally stopped laughing and crawled back in bed, you wanted me to fuck you from behind."

"And we slept together in my twin-size bed for six nights and there was room on both sides of us because we were so close together."

"And your mother came in one morning before she left for work to kiss us goodbye and we were laying there with the covers pulled up and pretending to be asleep and I was behind you and I had my dick in your pussy and we both started laughing the minute she went out the door."

"And then I got my period on the way back and you were so disappointed because you wanted to fuck me first thing when we got back and you'd already got everything ready and even had a king-size bed made up so we could move in next door with Brad and Ariel."

"Well, I did without for three whole nights."

"And after you did it you looked so funny laying there beside me with your dick all red and you wanted to do it again without washing because you said you'd just get it red again."

"Well, I did."

"We were so silly, Kavan," I said. "We were silly but it was so good. I hope it can be like that again after the babies come."

"It will be, Kathryn," he said. "We're good together. It's like we're made for each other. It's not just the fucking. It's the living together and playing together and just being together. It's going to be hard with the twins but I promise you I'll help all I can and we'll still be good with each other. I love you and I love the twins and we're going to be a good family together."

"What did you and Brad talk about with Kieran tonight?" I asked. "I know you talked about something besides what Kieran and Kerry did last night with Siobhan and what they're going to do with Luke and Rachael tomorrow night?"

“Oh, nothing,” he said. “We just wanted some of his advice on how to deal with pregnant wives. With four kids, no five counting Stuart but I guess he doesn’t count because he wasn’t around when Lauren was pregnant with him, anyway we just wanted some expert advice on how to make you and Arial happy and not feel so miserable with the babies.”

“What did he say?”

“He said we should love you and make sure we were kind and considerate of you. He said the weepy-wailies you get are just from hormones and stuff and being tired of being pregnant and you’ll be your old self after the babies come. He told us something I’m still thinking about...that you still want my dick in your pussy even if you are pregnant. Do you?”

“Yes, Kavan,” I said, truthfully. “Once in a while, I feel like breaking it off when you come at me with a hard-on but most of the time I still want to feel you inside me. Tonight, I wish you could fuck me from the rear and I could feel that big dick of yours splitting me open and pounding away at me.”

“You know we can’t do that,” he said. “The doctor told me I’d better avoid violent thrusting...that’s his words...or I might end up breaking your bag of waters and then the twins would have to be delivered immediately, maybe by Caesarian section. Was he just trying to scare me or could that really happen?”

“I don’t know, Kavan. I’m no expert on all this. Siobhan told me the same thing...you know...not to let you fuck me like that. I asked her if it was OK for you to get your dick all the way in me if you were slow and gentle and she said it was probably OK and she and Kieran had done it like that. She told me and Arial something she and Kieran had done when she was pregnant. She said Kieran would get his dick all the way in her and then hold still and bring her off with his fingers on her clit.”

“Shit, I don’t know if I’d have that much control,” he said.

“Well, she said after they did that, she’d lie down on her side and Kieran would get behind her and fuck her ‘til he came. She said he couldn’t get but about half his dick in her that way but it was enough.”

“Yeah, it’s enough to make me come but that way I miss being face to face and feeling your breasts against me. I miss having your legs wrapped around me while I’m doing it. I guess the one thing I miss the most is being able to kiss you while I’m on top of you doing it. I love

you, Kathryn, and I love it when you just wrap me up when my dick's in your pussy."

"Do you think we could try it like your Mom said, you know, you get your dick in me from behind and just be still and use your fingers to make me come?"

"Do you really think it would be safe?" he asked. "I don't want to do anything to hurt the babies."

"I don't see why not. If you just ease your dick in, I doubt if they'll even wake up. If they do, they'll just treat your dick like a punching bag. I'll bet you'd like that."

"Come on, Kathryn," he said. "Be serious. I'm willing to try it but I just don't want to hurt you or the twins. I'll never forgive myself if I do."

"Don't you want to try it?"

"Yeah, but let me tell you something else before we do it. Tomorrow night, when Mom and Dad and Kerry are playing with Luke and Rachael, Brad and I want to get together for a little fun and games with you and Ariel. What do you say?"

"I say that's ridiculous, Kavan. Who wants to play with a couple of big fat pregnant women?"

"Brad and I do, that's who. I know we can't do all the stuff we did before you and Ariel got pregnant but there are lots of things we can do that you'd enjoy. I'll paint your toenails."

"Kavan, I don't want..."

"I'll shave your legs."

"Shit, it's not my legs that need shaving. Have you looked at my pussy lately? I haven't seen it in over two months. I'm so hairy down there..."

"Let me give you a trim and a shave tonight," he said. "I like to do that. I've been getting too much hair in my teeth lately."

"Kavan, don't make me laugh."

"I'm going to hack up a hair ball one of these days and it's all your fault because you won't let me trim it."

I couldn't help but giggle at that. I tried to imagine him hacking up a hair ball of pussy hair.

"Do you really want to?" I asked.

"Yeah!"

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(KAVAN)

I knew how hairy she was. As long as I'd known her, she'd kept her pussy trimmed and shaved. Sometimes in the summer, when she was wearing a bikini, she even had it waxed. I couldn't imagine how painful it must be to have your pubic hair ripped out by the roots. Whenever she shaved it, a week or so later it was like a briar patch when I went down on her. That didn't stop me; it just irritated my cheeks a little.

I was just glad I didn't have to shave mine. I didn't mind her giving my pubic hair a trim. In fact I guess I sort of liked it neat and short. She'd shaved me, balls and all, once and it almost drove me crazy when it was growing back out. Since then I'd let her trim mine but I didn't want to be shaved again.

But since she's been pregnant, I don't think she's shaved it or trimmed it not even once. When she had morning sickness and was throwing up all over the place, she didn't shave anything, not even her legs. When that stopped, in about her third month, she started shaving her legs again but not around her pussy. Now, if her legs get shaved, I have to do it. I've told her more than once I'd trim and shave around her pussy but she doesn't want me to.

Now she really has a sporrán down there. Mom saw it and called it that so I looked it up. I suppose that's a pretty good name for it.

She has a dark thatch of hair all over her pubic mound and it extends all the way back to her asshole. On the sides of her slit, it's a little thinner and it creeps out onto her thighs a little bit. Sometimes it almost covers up her pussy until I use my thumbs and part it to the sides so I can get my tongue to her clit.

Maybe she thought I'd be turned off with her pussy all hairy but I wasn't. It was more of a turn-on, seeing her clitoral shaft and the squiggledy lips of her pussy almost covered by hair. I never had any trouble getting a hard-on looking at it or getting into it. I'd threatened once to get a brush and then brush her pubic hair to each side before I went muff-diving.

I put a towel under her butt to keep the hair off the bed and then I went to work with the scissors. On her mound I left the hair about an inch long. When I pulled back and looked at it, I liked that. It looked good enough to eat. Then I pruned back the hair on the sides of her slit a little shorter. Again, I looked and liked what it saw. It looked even more like it was good enough to eat. I lay down on the bed, making sure my hard-on didn't get bent, and tried a few licks. Nothing got in the way so I lay there slowly licking her for a few minutes.

"You'd better stop, Kavan," she whispered. "I don't want to come until you've got your dick in me."

"OK," I said, straightening up. "Do you want me to shave you a little bit?"

"Just a little. Just enough to sort of neaten things up."

I got a couple of towels and put them under her butt so I wouldn't get the bed wet. Then I used a warm soapy wash cloth to get all her hair wet. I always washed my face with warm water and soap before I shaved so I figured what worked for the gander would work for the goose. Then I shaved around her pussy just enough to make it look even better. Damn, it really did look good enough to eat. I wiped her clean and then lay down and just slowly, gently, licked her pussy. I think she was purring.

"You'd better stop again," she whispered.

I straightened up, took a few deep breaths, and then leaned over her big belly. I kissed it again and again, asking Kiley and Kathleen to please be good while I put something in their space. They didn't say anything so I guess they understood and agreed.

When I straightened up again and looked at her, I saw her erect nipples. Her breasts had always been beautiful to me. Around home, she had never worn a bra until she got further along in pregnancy. Now she wore one most of the time and even had a nursing bra already. She had showed me how it worked and I had pretended I was first Kiley and then Kathleen. As long as her nipples were now, I knew they wouldn't have any trouble finding them. I leaned over her and tried both of them for a minute or two. She cupped her hands under her breasts and offered them to me, one at a time.

Again, I straightened up and looked at her face. She was smiling at me and had that the look in her eyes, the one that says I love you. I'd always loved her smile. I'd always loved to see that look in her eyes.

“I love you, Kathryn,” I said.

“I love you, too, Kavan,” she whispered. “Are you ready?”

“Yeah.”

She turned over, got on her knees, and spread her legs a little. She put her head down with her forehead on a pillow. I knee-walked behind her and touched the entrance to her vagina with the head of my dick.

“I’m going to just put it in and then hold still. Do you want to use your fingers on your clit or do you want me to do it?”

“You do it,” she whispered. “I can tell the difference. I like it when you do it. It makes me come better.”

I pushed once and watched as the head of my dick separated her labia and disappeared inside her. I let it rest for a second, pulled back, and pushed it in until the head and part of the shaft was in her. Damn, it was good, as good as I’ve ever had it, pregnant or not. I pulled back again, pushed again and slid into her wet depths a little more. There was still at least an inch of dick separating us.

“You OK?” I whispered.

“Yeah.”

“Are the babies OK?”

“Yeah, they’re still.”

She reached back underneath her belly, caught my balls in her hand, and pulled. Of course I followed my balls and my dick slid into her pussy until there was no more dick to give her. She held my balls pressed tightly against her and rubbed them around and around on her. That was a new one on me. I wondered what she was feeling, whether she was rubbing my balls against her clit. From the way she was moaning, I suppose that was what was happening.

“Use your fingers, OK?” she whispered.

I leaned over her a little, put my arm around her, reached under her big belly, and sought out her slit. When I found it, I reached back further to where my dick was in her, pushed my fingers under my balls where she was holding them pressed against her, and where her juices were pouring out. I smeared the lube up and around where her clitoral

shaft was and then used just two fingers. I didn't get in a hurry. I just rubbed it until I felt the hard bump of her clitoris and then I concentrated on that. Shortly, I felt her pussy trying to strangle my dick and I knew she was coming.

I felt movement inside her and I knew her orgasm had awakened one or both of the babies. I pulled my dick slowly out of her and I waited for her to tell me what she wanted. She groaned a couple of times, flopped down on the bed on her side, and turned her butt toward me.

I knew what she wanted. I spooned up to her, she lifted one leg in the air, I wiggled until my dick was against her vulva, and she reached down and nudged it to her opening. She dropped her leg down and I pushed my dick in as far as possible, about half way. I held still for a moment to see if the babies were going to move again. When they didn't I started fucking her from behind. I moved one hand under our bodies to her hip, put the other on top, and held her by both hips while I fucked her. I tried to be slow and gentle so it took a couple of minutes until I was squirting everything out of my balls into her.

I lay there until my dick softened and was pushed out of her, then I looked around on the bed for one of the towels I'd brought from the bathroom. When I found it, she lifted her leg again, I tucked the towel against her pussy, and we relaxed and spooned up against each other.

"That was good, Kavan," she whispered. "You're a good fucker."

"I love you, Kathryn," I whispered. "That's why."

"I love you too, Kavan. Am I still a good fuck?"

"The best. None better."

"I hope so."

"You still haven't answered my question about whether we're going to play with Brad and Arial tomorrow night."

"Do you want to?"

"Yeah."

"While Kieran and Sioban and Kerry are fucking around with Luke and Rachael?"

"Yeah."

“And there’s one big orgy over at their house and another here at our house?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you and Brad want to do this time? Do you still want to swap partners?”

“Yeah. That would be good, wouldn’t it?”

“Do you think Brad would want to do it with me?”

“Yeah, he says he wants to.”

“And you want to do it with your sister?”

“Yeah, that’s what we’d planned. Do you think we ought to swap partners first or maybe wait until second?”

“You’re thinking of doing it twice?”

“Yeah, like we did before we got you two pregnant. Well, maybe not just like it. We both know we’ve got to be careful with you.”

“You and Brad both want to make a deposit in my little pussy? Is that what you want?”

“Yeah, and we both want to drop a load in Ariel’s.”

“Do you know you’ve answered yeah to every question I’ve asked?”

“Yeah!”

“I don’t see why it matters who goes first. You both get sloppy seconds either way.”

“I thought you didn’t want me to call it sloppy seconds.”

“I guess that’s what it is, isn’t it? Are you ready to go to sleep?”

“I love you, Kathryn. I love you with everything that’s me, including my heart. I love the babies too. We’re going to have a good life together.”

“I love you too, Kavan. Now are you ready to go to sleep.”

“Yeah.”

Chapter Seventy-Four

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart, Kathryn Stuart, Brad Weaver, Arial Weaver

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(KAVAN)

On Saturday morning, I woke up about eight o'clock with a steel-pipe of a piss-hard and a bladder demanding to be emptied. I was spooned up to Kathryn with my dick between her legs nestled up against her pussy. I rose up and looked down at her. She had her bed buddy pulled up against her big belly with her leg thrown over it. She seemed to be sleeping like a log. I rolled out of the bed as gently as I could and tip-toed into the bathroom.

In the shower, I tried to piss but my hard-on didn't want to cooperate. I stood there, leaning over with both hands against the wall with the water spraying down on my head, waiting for my dick to decide what it wanted to do. Finally it decided to yield to the insistent urge and I pissed and pissed and pissed and damn it was good. I stood there under the spray, eyes half closed, and watched my urine hitting the shower wall in front of me, all the while thinking about what I had done with Kathryn last night and what Brad and I were going to do with Arial and Kathryn tonight.

I was almost through showering when I saw Kathryn come in the bathroom. She sat down on the commode, her head hung low, while she peed. I assumed that she would want to bathe too so I waited until she opened the shower door and stepped in with me. She wrapped her arms around me and leaned as close to me as her big belly would allow. I turned both of us around so that the shower cascaded down on her back and head and then, when she finally stood up by herself and reached up to wipe her hair out of her face, I soaped up a wash cloth and bathed her.

While I was drying her off, I was thinking about the best way to handle what could be an uncomfortable situation. I knew Mom and Dad, and, I assumed, Kerry would stop by sometime during the day to check on us before they went to Luke's and Rachael's. I didn't want anybody to cause any problems, not even the slightest.

"Did I ever tell you I love you?" I asked.

"Yes, but I don't mind hearing it again," she answered.

"I do, Kathryn," I said as earnestly as I could. "I love you and I thank you for being my wife and for being the mother of our son and daughter."

"I love you, too, Kavan," she answered. "I like being married to you and being pregnant with Kiley and Kathleen. I'm ready for them to get out of me though."

While I dried myself, I watched Kathryn through the bathroom door. She put on panties, little ones so they wouldn't bind around her stomach, and then came back in the bathroom and put a panty liner in the crotch. I just smiled at her and she smiled back. I'd put a three-day load in her pussy last night and she probably still had most of it in her.

"Let's go wake up Brad and Arial," I suggested. "I want to talk with them this morning."

"What about?"

"Mom and Dad and Kerry will be over here sometime this morning before they go play with the Bridges. I just want to make sure we're all singing the same song."

She looked at me seriously. "That's a good idea, Kavan. We can talk while we're having breakfast."

She grabbed a little robe from behind the bathroom door and put it on. I don't know why. It always hung open because she didn't want anything tight around her pregnant belly.

Luke's and Arial's bedroom door was closed but I opened it and stuck my head in. Since we'd grown accustomed to living with each other, we never worried much about privacy. I saw Brad's head and shoulders but I didn't see Arial's. I glanced toward their bathroom. The door was open but I didn't hear anyone inside so I knew she was still in bed with Brad.

I took Kathryn's hand and we walked in quietly. Brad and Arial were facing toward each other but her head was lower down, under Brad's chin, and the cover was pulled up almost over her. They were both sleeping soundly.

We stood there looking at them for a minute and then Kathryn lifted the cover and crawled in behind Brad. I went around to the other side of the bed, crawled in behind Arial, and moved up against her so that my dick was right in the crack of her ass, I mean, her fanny, since that's what she always calls it.

"Good morning, Kathryn," Brad said, sleepily.

"Good morning, Kavan," Arial said, just as sleepily.

"Good morning," Kathryn and I both said, as cheerfully as possible.

"Stop that, Kathryn," Brad growled.

"What's she doing?" Arial murmured.

"Brad's got a biiiiggg piss hard," Kathryn said. "He's got to pee."

"Arial doesn't have one," I said. "How do I know if she has to pee?"

"Put your hand under her belly and press," Kathryn said. "She'll let you know."

"Don't you dare, Kavan!" Arial said, drowsily. "I'll kill you."

"Pee! Pee! Pee! Pee!" Kathryn chanted.

"I'm going to kill you too, Kathryn," Brad said. He threw the covers off, slid down to the foot of the bed, and bolted for the bathroom, his morning piss hard in his hand and pointing the way.

Arial was right behind him. “Let me go first, Brad!”

“I can’t,” he said, still holding his dick. “I’ve got to go bad!”

“Pee in the sink!” Arial squealed.

She pushed him aside, sat down on the commode, took a deep breath, and then started squirting. Brad glanced back in the bedroom at me and Kathryn watching and then smiled at us. He went over to the sink, bent his piss hard down, and started pissing in the sink.

Suddenly Arial farted in the commode, not a little lady-like fart; she emitted a veritable varoom of a fart. She looked up at Brad, saw Kathryn and me watching, and stuck her tongue out at us.

“I think my Princess pooted,” Brad whispered, and then started laughing. He choked off his pissing before he sprayed everything and stood there at the sink, holding his still-hard dick in one hand and leaning on the counter with the other, bent over in convulsions with laughter. He finally got back in control and finished peeing.

I didn’t want to laugh about my sister farting but there was no way I could help it. I suppose Kathryn felt the same way because she was holding her hands under her belly and trying not to laugh too hard.

Arial ignored us. She stood up, walked over to Brad, wrapped her arms around his waist, and nestled her head against the side of his throat. Brad wrapped his arms around her and they stood there with their eyes closed holding each other as close as her pregnant tummy would allow.

I took Kathryn’s hand and we left them to their embrace. It was time for us to go downstairs and start breakfast. Brad and Arial were up.

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(BRAD)

It was my turn to cook Saturday morning breakfast for the four of us so I put on my green, white, and red Italian apron with “Baci Il Cuoco” on the front. Arial or Kathryn usually had some remark to make about me showing my ass with it on but I didn’t care. I was frying sausage patties to go with the pancakes and I wasn’t about to get splatter burns on my family jewels.

Kavan was grinding some beans to make coffee for us. Arial and Kathryn had sworn off anything except decaf so he had to make two

pots, one for them and one regular for me and him. He finally got through grinding the beans and started talking again.

“I think Mom and Dad and Kerry will probably come over here to check on us before they go play with the Bridges,” he said. “I want us all to be very careful not to cause any problems, especially with Mom. I know we like to tease Kerry but let’s just be as nice as we can to all of them. OK? Let’s make sure we’re all singing the same song.”

I recognized that he was in his version of father mode. After living with him and Kathryn for so long, I knew him better than I’d ever known any other man. Arial and I seldom had any problems living with them and when we did, I usually deferred to him. He was probably the most level-headed guy I’d ever known. He was certainly my best friend.

I had also been thinking about what to say when they came over here. Kavan and I had promised Kieran not to tease Kerry about what he had done with his mother. I didn’t want to do or say anything that would cause Siobhan to feel bad. I suppose she was more of a mother to me than my real one and I probably loved her more than my real mother. However, I’d never fantasized about doing with my real mother what Kerry had done with her.

I put a plate of pancakes and another of sausage between Arial and Kathryn and then poured some more pancakes. Kavan poured glasses of orange juice and milk. I was thinking about whether I would really make love with Siobhan instead of fantasizing about it. Would Siobhan let me do it? Would Arial really let me do it with her mother? I honestly didn’t know the answer to either question.

“Kavan’s right,” I said, looking at Arial. She was always teasing Kerry about something. “He and I promised Kieran we wouldn’t tease him or Kerry. We all need to be nice to the three of them.”

Arial and Kathryn were sitting at the bar where we ate almost all our meals. They both had on loose white robes, hanging open, but Kathryn had on little white panties too. I could tell there was a sanitary napkin in her panties so I guessed that Kavan had decided not to wait until tonight to start loving Kathryn. Of course, I hadn’t waited either. I’d licked Arial’s pussy until she had a good orgasm and tried to pull all the hair out of my head. Maybe it was more like her loving me. She had jacked me off and then given me a blow-job so my semen was in her tummy instead of her pussy.

“Well, if we can’t tease Dad or Kerry about it, I’m certainly not going to tease Mom,” Arial said. “I’m just glad she finally got her turn with him. What do you suggest we say?”

“Just say ‘Have a pleasant evening’ and smile,” I suggested. “We all know what they’re going to do. I don’t think it’s that unusual after what we’ve all done. Why make a big deal about it?”

“Couldn’t I tease Kerry just a tiny little bit?” questioned Arial, looking at me and grinning.

“I’ll spank your little butt if you do,” I said. “I’ll spank it ‘til it’s nice and red and you’re crying and then I’ll make love to you.”

“Please do, Daddy,” Arial said, in a little girl’s voice.

Kavan poured four cups of coffee and stood listening. I could tell he was thinking about something.

“Be serious, Arial,” Kathryn said. “I think the guys are right. We know what they’re going to do. Let’s all just be on our best behavior, especially with Siobhan.”

“Ok, but will you guys just tell me one thing?” Arial asked. “Have either of you fantasized about making love to Mom?”

I looked at Kavan. I didn’t know about him but I knew I’d fantasized about doing it with Siobhan for years.

“I have,” I said being honest. “But I’ve never tried to get her to do it with me it. She’s more like a mother to me, more than my real mom.”

“I have too,” Kavan said. “Shit, I’m like Kerry. I’ve fantasized about making love to lots of women. Dad says that’s normal and I think it is too. I’m not ashamed of it.”

“Have you ever thought about you two getting together and making love to Mom at the same time?” Arial asked. She bent over her two pancakes and started cutting them up. “Pass the pancake syrup, please,” she said without looking up.

I passed her the syrup and then looked at Kavan. I hadn’t thought of that. Together? It sounded like something that might be lots of fun. I chose not to incriminate myself by answering and neither did Kavan. I suppose our grins were evidence enough.

“Have either of you thought about what Arial and I might be doing with Kieran while you two are getting it on with Siobhan?” Kathryn asked. She started eating too and just sat there chewing and waiting for our answers.

Kavan and I both looked at her. The two of them? Together? With Kieran? I hadn't thought anything about it. I never expected it to happen.

"What do you mean?" Kavan asked.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose," Kathryn said. "Is that the way it goes? I mean Ariel and I might just like to get it on with Kieran."

"Now?" I said like a dummy. "You mean while you're pregnant?"

"Of course not, Silly," Ariel said. "I mean sometime after we get out of baby-making mode. I mean...I didn't say we wanted to do it with Dad. I was just wondering what you'd think."

"Yeah, like on their silver wedding anniversary," Kathryn said. "That's coming up soon. You two could give Siobhan a present while Ariel and I give Kieran one."

We all looked at each other grinning. It was a quite a fantasy, I suppose. I had never thought of it. I wondered if we would really do it.

"I don't know if Dad would be OK with you two jumping his boner, I mean, his bones," Kavan said, then looked at me. "Do you and Ariel know what Dad did not long after Kathryn came back from New York with me?"

"I suppose I don't," I said, looking at Ariel. "Do you know what he's talking about?"

"No," Ariel said. "What happened?"

"About a month after Kathryn came back from New York with me, Dad asked me and Kathryn to go for a walk with him, you know, like we do sometimes when we've got something important to talk about," Kavan said. "While we were sitting at the picnic table at the crest of the hill, Dad apologized to me and Kathryn. He said he never should have had sex with Kathryn. He said he loved us and wanted us to be happy together. He said he was sorry if he had hurt our relationship by doing it with her and he wanted us to forgive him."

"Ariel, I wish you could have been there," Kathryn said. "You'd have been proud of your father. He had tears in his eyes and he had a hard time talking to us. I told him he wasn't responsible for me and Kavan almost breaking up. Kavan told him the same thing."

“Why did he think he was responsible?” Arial asked. “We were all kind of wild and stupid that night. I told Brad about it and you know what he said.”

I answered for Arial. “Yeah, I said it again. This Stuart family’s going to take some getting used to.”

“He thought Kavan had been jealous of him having sex with me,” Kathryn said. “He thought that was part of what made us almost split up.”

“Well, was it?” Arial asked.

“No, it wasn’t,” Kavan said. “I told him it wasn’t. He said he’d always believed it was and he wasn’t ever going to have sex with Kathryn again. That’s why I think your anniversary plans won’t work.”

“I’ll bet it would work if all four of us went to them together and told them what we wanted to do,” Kathryn said. “We’re all adults now and they’ve got to let us be responsible for our actions.”

“I still think it’s a nice fantasy,” Arial said. “If the four of us agree, then I don’t see why they’d tell us no. We all know they like sex just as much as we do.”

“Let’s quit dreaming about that and get back to reality,” Kavan said, looking at me. “Are you and Arial OK with us getting together tonight? Kathryn says she is. I thought we might start by bathing you and shaving your legs. Maybe I’ll let Brad shave Kathryn’s and I’ll shave Arial’s. Do either of you have any problem with swapping a little bit?”

Arial looked at Kathryn and they both broke out in big grins.

“Oh, I don’t think we’ll mind swapping while you guys...shave our legs,” she said. “Do you, Kathryn?”

“No, I guess not,” she said. “I’ll even let Brad...bathe me.”

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(ARIAL)

After lunch, Kavan and Brad wanted to do some yard work, repairing one of the paths we’d made before we moved into the new house. They went upstairs, came back down in old sneakers, shorts, and sweatbands, and went down the stairs to the basement.

Kathryn and I decided to watch a movie together. It had been a while since I'd seen Shakespeare in Love so I suggested that one. Kathryn approved so we sprawled out in our recliners. I liked being able to rest for an hour or so after lunch and I suppose Kathryn did too. The double doors leading out to the deck were open and I occasionally heard Brad and Kavan talking.

The deck off the great room was cantilevered out from the house and was overhung by the deck for the bedrooms above. We'd realized soon after we moved in that the bottom deck would be a lot more usable if it was enclosed so our four guys had screened it.

The movie was almost over when we heard Brad yelling. I left Kathryn watching, went out on the deck, and looked through the screen. Brad and Kavan were working on the path just downhill from the house. They were using big pry bars to move rocks again. They still had on sneakers and sweat bands but their shorts seemed to have disappeared. I watched for a minute and then decided I'd better invite Kathryn to watch the show.

I stuck my head back in the great room and told Kathryn to come look. She heaved herself out of her recliner and waddled out on the deck with me. We stood and watched our men working, in just sneakers and sweat bands, and forgot all about the movie.

"When our four guys were first making the paths around the house, they had on sneakers and shorts and sweatbands," I said. "Did I ever tell you about it?"

"I don't think so," Kathryn answered. "That was while I was in New York, wasn't it?"

"Uh, huh," I answered, looking at our two guys bent over, showing their butts.

"And Siobhan was pregnant with Alana?"

"Yeah," I said. We watched Brad straighten up and scratch his balls and then Kavan did the same thing. I wondered why ball scratching seemed to be contagious. Men are so funny.

"Yeah, they got all sweaty moving rocks and stuff and Mom and I were watching them and wishing they'd lose their shorts. We were talking about how sexy they were. She said she'd had fantasies about all four of them more than once. I told her how I'd almost raped poor Brad one night while fantasizing about Kavan and Kerry.

“Well, I’m having a fantasy about what we’re going to do tonight,” Kathryn said. “Are you going to tell me what caused you to have one about Kavan and Kerry and then take it out on poor Brad? I feel so sorry for him, almost being raped.”

I told her how I’d gone downstairs to turn off the television and had seen Kavan and Kerry in bed naked and how Kavan had a big hard-on standing up over his stomach and Kerry’s dick was almost as hard and almost as big. I started wishing they’d wake up and pull me in the bed with them and both fuck me. Then I went back upstairs to Brad and woke him up by sucking his dick and then he’d fucked me and I wasn’t satisfied so I’d got him hard again and then I’d ridden him until I got mine.

“I love riding Kavan like that, with his big dick stuck all the way up in me and I just wiggle around on it until I come,” Kathryn said.

We both giggled and then we stood there watching our two naked men while I told her about that Saturday afternoon, how Mom and I had watched our four men working and she had told me she had fantasies about having sex with Kavan and Kerry and Brad. I didn’t tell her what Kavan did with Kiki that night. I knew Kavan had told her about Kiki but I didn’t know how much he had told her.

The guys started back uphill, lugging all their tools. I knew they were coming back into the house through the basement and up the stairs. The movie was over but I didn’t care if I’d missed part of it. Kathryn and I had enjoyed a better show.

“Do you really think we could help Mom realize her fantasy?” I asked. “I know Brad would like to make love to her. Do you think Kavan would do it too, you know, both of them at the same time.”

“I think we could convince him,” Kathryn said, “especially if you and I are busy with Kieran. He may think he’s never going to make love to me again but I think he just might. Are you sure you really want to do it with your Dad?”

“Yeah, just once, me and you together,” I replied. “We’ll give him something to remember for the rest of his life.”

“Are we just being silly, Ariel?” Kathryn asked. “Here we are, two fat pregnant women, dreaming about making love with your father. You’ve never done it with him before.”

“I know,” I answered. “I’d like to though, just once.”

“Well, I don’t know about you but I’m going to get fucked tonight,” Kathryn said. “Do you really want to swap husbands with me?”

“Uh, huh, but I want to get fucked twice. Do you think they’ll be able to get it up twice?”

“I think we might able to help them,” Kathryn said, giggling. “Do you want Brad first or would you prefer Kavan?”

“I don’t care,” I answered, giggling too. “Either way they’re going to get sloppy seconds, aren’t they?”

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(KATHRYN)

When Kavan and Brad came up the stairs from the basement, Ariel and I were both in the kitchen drinking our third glass of milk for the day. They came up the stairs with nothing on but sneakers, still dripping with sweat, both covered in dirt except where the sweat had washed it away. They were also about as masculine sexy as possible, with their balls hanging down halfway to their knees and their dicks swinging like pendulums.

Kavan grabbed the milk jug, turned it up, drank thirstily, and then handed it to Brad. He chug-a-lugged the rest of it, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and gave a deep sigh.

“What happened to your shorts?” Ariel asked. “That old woman on the next ridge was probably out bird-watching with her binoculars again.”

“Shit, I don’t care if she sees my red-headed woodpecker,” Kavan said.

“We sweated through them,” Brad said. “Kavan took his off so I just followed his example. I like being naked when I’m working outdoors. It’s something the Stuart family taught me.”

“Brad dared me to do it,” Kavan said.

“Did not!” Brad exclaimed, just like a little boy with his brother.

“Did too!” Kavan said, and made a face at Brad, just like another little boy.

“Ariel, would you fix me a big glass of iced tea,” Brad asked. He stuck his tongue out at Kavan. “I’m too dirty to touch anything.”

“Yeah, fix two while you’re at it,” Kavan said, and showed Brad his finger.

Arial and I just stood still looking at them. “Are you two little boys through?”

They both grinned and nodded to her.

She dug two big cups out of the plastic drawer, filled them with ice, and then opened the refrigerator.

“Do you want sweetened or unsweetened?” she asked.

“Unsweetened,” Brad said, and then changed his mind. “No, wait, I could use some energy. Make it sweetened.”

“Me too, and fill the cups all the way up with ice.” Kavan said.

I filled the cups with ice and Arial poured their tea and then we watched while they drank and drank and drank. I didn’t see how they could hold so much but they did. When they’d drained the last, Kavan gave a big sigh of satisfaction and then looked at us.

“We’re going take a shower and then rest a few minutes,” he said. “Do you ladies have anything planned for the rest of the afternoon?”

“No, nothing much,” Arial answered. “We thought we might leave it up to you guys to think of something.”

“Well, just hang loose,” Brad said. “We’ll be back down in about thirty minutes and maybe we’ll do something together.”

Arial and I crawled back in our recliners and turned the TV on. She gave me the remote and I started flipping. About thirty minutes later, I heard them come down the stairs and walk across the floor behind our chairs. They didn’t say anything; they just walked around so they stood between us and the TV. I used the remote to turn off the TV and then looked at them.

They were both squeaky clean, freshly shaved, with their hair neatly combed. Both were naked except for one thing. Each had on a black tuxedo bow tie. Each also each had an erect penis standing straight out from his body. It was the second time I’d seen them like that. The first time was after the opera.

“I thought you returned your bow ties when you returned your tuxedos,” I said. “It’s been what...a year and a half since the opera? Why have you kept them?”

“We both returned our tux,” Brad said. “Kavan said he wanted to keep his bow tie so he could remember that night. I decided I’d keep mine too.”

“Yeah, that night was worth remembering and I don’t mean the opera,” Kavan said, grinning.

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(KAVAN)

We were just finishing dinner on a Friday night when Mom and Dad laid it on us. They surprised us with tickets to the opera, four seats in the dress circle of the balcony, the most expensive in the house. They were for the Friday night opening performance of Carmen. Dad also gave me a card from Regal Formal Wear, good for two tuxedo rentals. Mom gave Kathryn and Ariel another card. I showed them the card for me and Brad and I looked at theirs. Theirs was good for rental of two formal gowns at the same place. We were all speechless.

“I don’t guess there’s any way we can turn you down, is there?” I finally managed to ask.

Dad was adamant. “Nope, it’s a done deal. You four are going to occupy those seats next week. You’re going to see me and Kerry dressed up like Spanish soldiers and you’re going to hear Jack Coleman singing in the chorus. You’re going to get cultured, whether you want to or not.”

Mom was on his side. “Kavan, those are our seats you’ll be sitting in, ours and Lauren’s and Jack’s. Lauren and I are helping with costume changes. Jack has a small role as a bandit where he actually sings by himself and he’s in the chorus the rest of the time. Kerry will be a Spanish soldier first and a bandit later. Your Dad will be a Spanish sergeant and will sing in the chorus. You four are going to enjoy the opera. Carmen’s a great intro to opera for you.”

“Who’s going to take care of Alannah?” I asked.

“She’s spending the night with Stuart and Joanne,” Mom said. “She’s all excited about it. She and Kieran Lee have already been making plans on what they’re going to do.”

“Damn, there goes another good excuse,” Brad said.

Kerry was on their side as well. “You are all going to love it. I thought I’d hate it when Dad asked me to be a soldier. It’s got some really great music in it and the best part is when Carmen gets stabbed.”

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We did love it. Well, maybe I didn’t exactly love it but I’ll admit I liked it.

The four of us decided that we’d dress the way Mom and Dad wanted us to and try to be as elegant as we possibly could.

Brad and I wore matching black tuxedos with white shirts and not a touch of color anywhere except for the cummerbunds. I wore a dark red one which Kathryn said matched my hair. Brad wore a blue one which Ariel said matched his underwear.

Ariel and Kathryn wore nearly-identical long gowns which showed the tops of their breasts almost down to their nipples and then had a shawl on their shoulders in case they wanted to cover up. Ariel’s gown was ivory colored and Kathryn’s was rose. The gowns were cinched in just under their breasts and were loose and flowing below. They both wore cloaks, yeah, cloaks, black ones which covered them from the neck down and even had a hood. I thought they were crazy but, when Brad and I removed their cloaks in the lobby of the theatre, everybody was looking at us. I felt like a red-headed penguin going up the stairs to the balcony but I managed to act dignified. I knew Brad was as ill at ease as I was but he managed to hide it too. At least I had the most beautiful girl in the world on my arm. Maybe Brad’s girl was just as beautiful. I wouldn’t want to argue the point.

After the opera, we were invited to a reception for the cast. We didn’t think we’d know anybody at the reception but we were wrong. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coleman, otherwise known as Mr. Jack and Ms. Lauren, talking to Dr. and Mrs. Weaver, Brad’s dad and his wife Genie. I didn’t feel so out-of-place when I saw them. Both the guys had on tuxedos and the ladies had on long gowns like Ariel and Kathryn, except not so sexy. Then Mom and Dad and Kerry showed up, dressed the same way. I had seen Dad in a tux before but I almost didn’t recognize Kerry in one. He was really handsome in it but I guess all of us guys were. Mom and Ms. Lauren and Genie were elegant in their gowns but Ariel and Kathryn were beautiful and sexy, especially sexy.

Kerry was holding some long-stemmed roses in his hand and he gave one to Mom, one to Ms. Lauren, one to Genie, then one to Ariel, and another to Kathryn.

“Carmen had too many presented to her when the opera was over,” he said. “I asked her if I could have a few for some beautiful ladies.”

There were lots of people in long gowns and tuxedos but there were also lots of people dressed in ordinary clothes. There was a photographer taking pictures for the opera and Dad got him to take some of all of us. Then a day later I saw our pictures plastered all over the Living section of the newspaper and there was an article, about half as big as the review of the opera, about how we were dressed. I didn’t find out until months later that Dad had arranged the whole thing at the opera company’s request. They wanted to use the pictures of us in their opera brochure for the next season.

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We finally got home from the opera and reception just before one o’clock in the morning. I don’t think any of us were ready for sleep. We didn’t want the magic to end. At the front door, I knew it was time to begin the scenario that Brad and I had planned.

“Come on, Brad,” I said. “Let’s use the bathroom down here. We’ll let the ladies use the bathrooms upstairs.”

We had all stood in line at the opera to pee during the second intermission. The ladies’ line was out the restroom door and I was afraid that Kathryn and Arial wouldn’t get to pee before the intermission was over. The gentlemen’s line was shorter and Brad and I peed and then waited on them. We made it back to our seats just as the lights dimmed.

“Well, we’re going to get out of these gowns before we pee,” Arial said. “Then we’re going to take a quick shower. Come on up when you’re through. We’ll both be in our bedroom.”

We watched Arial and Kathryn as they went up the stairs to our bedrooms and then started getting out of our tuxedos. We both stripped down to skin and then put on one thing we’d just taken off – the bow ties.

“How do I look?” Brad asked.

“Like a waiter in a nudist restaurant,” I answered. “You didn’t tell Arial, did you?”

“Nope, Do you think they suspect anything?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” I answered. “Are you sure you and Arial are OK with us swapping.”

“Yeah! We’ve talked it over,” he said. “We’re both ready to try to be like you and Kathryn, you know, like you two swapping with Stuart and Joanne. Are you sure you and Kathryn are OK with it?”

“Yeah, we’re OK. She said it was about time you two had a little fun with somebody else. Stuart and Joanne will be glad to issue you an invitation any time. Luke and Rachael have said more than once they’d like for you and Arial to play with them. I think you can take your pick of either couple for starters. Maybe we’ll even swap with you again.”

“Are you sure you want to make love with your sister?” Brad asked. “And are you sure you don’t mind me making love with Kathryn?”

“I’m sure,” I said. “You know we’re not going to steal each other’s wives. They’re already talking about babies and you’re going to have to do the deed with Arial and I’ll do it with Kathryn.”

“You’re not mad or hurt because we started with Kerry, are you?” he asked.

“Naah, he’s not but fifteen and he’s not getting any right now as far as I know,” I said. “Anyway, I know how close he and Arial are. I’ve never been jealous of their relationship.”

“Are you sure you can keep it up for Arial?” he teased.

“What do you mean?” I asked in return.

“Well, I know Kieran let you and Kerry fool around with her while you were growing up as long as you didn’t try to get your dick in her pussy. Do you think you can do it now?”

“Do you think you can do it with Kathryn? I’ll warn you, she can be a ball buster at times. She may just eat you alive.”

“Well, at least I’ll die happy. Do you want to surprise them with hard-ons?” he asked. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his dick. It looked like it was just about ready to stand up.

“Yeah, I like that idea,” I said, and walked over directly in front of him. I pushed his hand off his dick, wrapped my hand around it, and started stroking it. He just stood there grinning at me.

“Well, damn, Brad, can’t you return the favor?” I said.

“I can do better than that,” he said.

He moved closer to me and then reached down and pulled my dick up until it was underneath his. He started sliding his hand slowly back and forth, jacking both of us at once. We stood there, foreheads touching, and watched. Within a minute or so, we were both fully erect

“Brad, do you trust me?” I asked.

“Yeah, why do you ask?”

“Because Kathryn and I want to teach you and Arial something new, something I don’t think you’ve ever done before.”

“I trust you. You and Kathryn know what we like,” he said. “No S and M. No anal sex. I imagine anything else will be OK with us.”

“Well, come on, let’s go upstairs. You’re about to get an education in more ways than one.”

We went up the stairs and turned toward their bedroom, his and Arial’s. The door was partially closed and when we pushed it open, we were the ones who were surprised.

Arial and Kathryn were lying on their king-size bed, side by side. They were both naked except for the shawls they had worn to the opera. The shawls were not over their shoulders; they were draped across their hips. The crowning touches were the long-stemmed roses. They both had the stem of a rose clenched in their teeth.

I crawled on the bed, straddled Kathryn, and took the shawl off her hips and the rose out of her teeth. I stripped the bud from the stem, crumpled the bud in my hands, and then let the petals fall on her stomach and between her legs. When I looked to the side, Brad was straddling Arial and following my example. I looked down at Kathryn, red rose petals on her stomach and her dark pubic hair, and silently mouthed the words, “I love you, Kathryn.” She smiled at me and mouthed the words, “I love you too, Kavan.”

“I love you, Arial Weaver,” Brad said out loud. “I’ll even say it loud enough for the whole world to hear me.”

“I love you too, Brad Weaver,” she answered. “I don’t care if the whole world hears it as long as I do.”

I moved back down on the bed, gently kneed Kathryn's legs apart, flopped on my belly between them, and raised and spread them. I kissed and licked my way up the inside of one thigh and then the other and then rubbed my face between her legs. I glanced up long enough to see that she was smiling down at me and then I used my thumbs to stretch her pussy wide open. I brought my face against it and licked her from her just above her brown pucker all the way to her belly button, including her rose petals. I heard her suck in her breath and hold it so I did it again. And again. Then I glanced at Brad and Arial long enough to see that he was doing the same thing to her. I quit thinking about them and surrendered to the sight and smell and taste of Kathryn's cunt.

After a couple of minutes, I remembered we were going to swap. I straightened up, touched Brad on the shoulder, and pointed at Kathryn. He grinned at me and we swapped partners. I pushed Arial's legs up and apart until her wet pussy was grinning at me and then licked her from just above her pink pucker to her little belly button. She smelled and tasted a little different from Kathryn but it was still the unbelievably cock-hardening smell and taste of cunt. I shut my eyes and kept on licking her.

"Brad, don't make me come yet, please," I heard Kathryn plead. "Let me and Arial do you guys for a while, OK?"

I lifted my head and looked to the side. Brad looked like his face had grown attached to Kathryn's pussy. I didn't know what he was doing but, when I glanced up at Kathryn's face, it was clear she loved it. I tapped him on the shoulder and he straightened up and looked at me.

"Whassup?" he said. His nose and lips and chin were wet and shining.

Before I could answer him, Kathryn rolled over toward Arial and whispered something in her ear. Arial immediately started giggling and so did Kathryn.

"What's so funny?" Brad asked.

Arial stopped giggling long enough to tell us. "She said if Don Jose had known how to use his tongue like Brad, Carmen would have been his forever."

"Well, I want to see if Kathryn and I can teach you two something," I said. I looked at Kathryn and then continued. "Do you remember what we taught Stuart and Joanne at the cabin? I'd like to teach Brad and Arial the same thing."

“You don’t think they already know how to do it?” she questioned, grinning.

“Maybe they know how but I don’t think they’ve ever done it,” I said. “When they told us what they did with Kerry when they went to Atlanta, they didn’t mention it. I don’t think they know about it.”

“OK, but how can we tie him down?” she asked.

Brad gave me a look that told me that wasn’t about to happen. Arial just looked puzzled.

“We don’t need to,” I said. “Just let him get in the middle of the bed and close his eyes. He can pretend he’s tied down.”

“What are you two talking about?” Brad asked.

“It’s something you’re going to like, Brad,” Kathryn answered him.

“Yeah, and then we’re going to do something Arial will like,” I said, looking at Kathryn.

“Like?” Kathryn giggled. “She’s going to love it.”

“Are you sure you trust me, Brad?” I asked.

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“Then get in the middle of the bed, on your back, legs spread a little, hands on your stomach, eyes closed. Pretend you’re tied down and blindfolded.”

When he was settled, Kathryn immediately straddled one of his legs, with her butt just below his knee, and motioned for Arial to sit on the other leg. As soon as Arial was in place, Kathryn leaned over, held Brad’s dick up straight, and wrapped her lips around it. While she was sucking on the head, she held his dick in one hand and played with his hairy balls with the other. When she slid her lips up and down on his dick, she did it slow and easy, just enough to keep him hot and wanting but not enough to make him come., Through it all, Brad just lay there with his eyes closed, his hands on his stomach, and a big smile on his face.

After a minute or so, I crawled up between Brad’s legs on my knees, put my hand on Arial’s back, and pointed at Brad. She understood. She touched Kathryn on the shoulder and, when she straightened up, Arial

leaned over and started slowly and gently sucking his dick, just like Kathryn had been doing.

A minute or so later, I touched her on the shoulder and she straightened up and looked at Kathryn. I suppose she thought that Kathryn was going to take another turn. I took Kathryn's hand in mine and put it on Brad's dick, so he'd feel a woman's hand on it. Then I leaned over and took a turn sucking his dick. I was just as easy and gentle as Ariel and Kathryn had been. I didn't want Brad to come, especially not in my mouth.

When I stopped and motioned for Kathryn to take a turn, Ariel was looking at me like she couldn't believe what I'd done. I suppose she was surprised because I'd never done that with Brad before. We rotated around a couple of times and then I decided it was time to let Brad in on what had been happening.

"Brad, open your eyes," I said. I waited until he lifted his head off the pillow and looked at the three of us, Ariel and Kathryn still sitting on his legs and me kneeling between them.

"Brad, who's been sucking your dick?" I asked.

He looked puzzled. "Ariel and Kathryn?"

"Who's in the bed with you?" Kathryn asked.

"You and Ariel and Kavan," he answered and then looked directly at me.

"Have you been doing it too?" he asked, with a serious look on his face.

I nodded. He looked at Ariel and she grinned and nodded. He looked at Kathryn and she grinned and nodded. He looked back at me and then slowly smiled like he had known all along that I was sucking his cock too.

"Did you know I was doing it too?" I asked.

"Yeah, I knew. I'm not stupid, you know. I figured something was up when you wanted me to pretend I was blindfolded," he said. "I didn't have my eyes closed all the way. I watched you doing it. You're just as good as Kathryn and Ariel."

Ariel and Kathryn both started giggling. I felt a little foolish. I said the only thing I could think of to say, "Damn,"

“Are you ready to let me and Arial and Kathryn do you?” Brad asked.

“Yeah, but are you sure you want to suck my dick?” I asked. “It might make you turn queer.”

“Shit, Kavan, I’m not worried about that,” he said. “The day you turn me on like Arial does is the day I’ll worry about it. Kerry and I do it to each other sometimes when he plays with me and Arial. We all know it hasn’t made him gay and it sure as hell hasn’t made me that way.”

“Well, there’s a reason why I did it,” I said. “You three can do it to me and then Kathryn and I want to show you something. Arial is going to love it. But you can’t do it if you’ve got hang-ups about getting your mouth on another guy’s dick.

As soon as I was in the middle of the bed, Arial straddled one of my legs, Kathryn sat on the other, and Brad knee-walked up between my legs. I put my hands behind my head, kept my eyes open to watch, and let the three of them do me. I suppose when a guy has a hard-on, it doesn’t matter whether it’s a man or a woman sucking his dick. I didn’t really care. It was damn good no matter who was doing it. After a few minutes, when they’d all had a couple of turns, I sat up and stopped them.

“Brad, are you and Arial ready for something new?” I asked.

Brad looked at Arial and she nodded. “She says she’s ready so I guess we are. That’s why we’re here tonight, to play with you two and maybe learn something new.”

“OK, now remember, we want to show you and Arial something where you’ve got to be OK with getting your mouth on another guy’s dick. Arial will enjoy it more than you but you’ll like it too. After we do you and Arial, the two of you can do me and Kathryn, OK?”

At my instructions, Brad got in the center of the bed, close to the foot, with his legs bent and spread, and his feet on the floor. I stuffed a pillow under his head and then held out my hand to Arial. She looked at me like she didn’t understand what I wanted her to do.

“Straddle Brad,” I said. “Kneel over his dick so your calves are next to his waist. When you’ve got his dick in your pussy, lean back and hold on to your ankles.”

Arial started to straddle Brad with her face toward his but Kathryn made her turn the other way, toward the foot of the bed. When Arial was settled on Brad’s dick, I threw a pillow down on the floor at the

foot of the bed and got down on my knees. Brad's dick was about half buried in Arial's pussy and his balls were hanging low between his legs. Arial's pussy was stretched tight around his dick and, at the top, I saw her little clit just peeking out from under its hood.

"Let me go first, Kavan," Kathryn said. "I want to suck Brad's hairy balls."

I moved over to one side and let her get in place. "Just don't get his hair in your teeth," I said.

I suppose she wanted to give Brad a thrill first. She had trouble doing it but she slowly sucked one of his balls into her mouth. She gently tugged on it, released it, and then repeated the performance with the other. Next she licked one of his balls, then up on the shaft of his dick and, at the same time, the lips of Arial's pussy, all the way up to her clit. I heard a hissed intake of breath from Arial and a groan from Brad. Then she licked his other ball, up to where Arial's labia were stretched around his dick, and all the way to her clit again. I knew from doing it with Kathryn and Joanne how a woman felt when she had a big dick stretching her pussy and a tongue licking her clit at the same time. They both said it made them have the most intense orgasms ever.

I leaned over to Kathryn and whispered to her, "Don't lick her clit. We don't want her to come yet. You get her hot and wanting it. Then let me do it and I'll give her a really big O."

"OK," she whispered back. "Are you going to stuff me and let Brad and Arial have their turn?"

"Yeah, that's the idea," I whispered.

"Brad, don't just lay there like you're dead," I said out loud. "You're such a fuck up; maybe you could wiggle your ass and move your dick in and out of Arial a little."

"Yes, sir," Brad said. "I'm not dead yet," imitating the guy in Monty Python. He started moving, gently fucking up into Arial.

I let Kathryn play a little longer while I watched Arial's face and breathing and tried to judge when she was about to come. When I saw her smile start turning into a grimace, I thought she was on the verge so I pulled Kathryn away from her.

I got between Brad's legs and leaned over with my face inches away from where the two of them were joined together. Brad was still flexing his pelvis and slowly fucking upward into Arial's pussy. I watched for a

little while, without doing anything except blowing my breath at Arial's clit. I wanted her to cool off a little so I could get her all hot again and then make her go off like she was having a seizure.

After a minute or so, I started licking where the two of them were joined: Brad's balls, the shaft of his dick, and the lips of Arial's pussy. Each time I stopped tantalizingly close to Arial's clit. Finally, I licked up one more time, to her clitoris this time, and fastened my lips on it. I tried to suck it into my mouth and then I licked it as hard as I could. She responded like a wildcat, grabbed me by my hair, and pulled me so tightly against her that my nose was buried in her pubic hair. I kept my mouth on her clit and kept sucking on it while she whined and groaned and carried on like she was dying.

After a minute or so of just sitting on Brad, unwinding from coming, Arial rolled off him, crawled up on the bed, flopped face down in a pillow, and said, "I'm dead." Brad moved up beside her, flopped down on his back, and said, "I'm not dead yet." His dick was hovering over his stomach, all red and shining. He looked like a man who was very much alive and ready for some serious fucking.

"Kavan, get in the bed beside Brad," Kathryn said. "Let me keep you and Brad entertained until he and Arial are ready to return the favor,"

I stretched out next to Brad and looked at my dick and then at his. Mine was just as bone-hard as his and was standing up a few inches over my stomach. I knew I was ready for some serious fucking too but I was determined to hold back until Brad and Arial ate Kathryn's stuffed pussy. I made up my mind that as soon as Kathryn got her big O, I was going to have my dick in Arial's pussy for the first time in my life.

"Remember, Brad," I said, quoting from Monty Python. "Every sperm is sacred, every sperm is great, if a sperm is wasted, God gets quite irate."

Kathryn looked at me like I'd lost my mind. Arial lifted her head and looked at me with just as much puzzlement.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, "What I should have said is: Don't waste your sperm in Kathryn's mouth. You've got to deposit them in Arial's pussy, right up there at her cervix, so they think they can get to her egg."

"That's OK, Kavan," Brad said, and quoted from the chorus again. "Every sperm is wanted, every sperm is good, every sperm is needed in your neighborhood."

Arial and Kathryn were still looking at us like we'd lost it. I just said "Monty Python" and they understood.

One Saturday afternoon last winter, while Mom and the girls were shopping, Brad and Kerry and I had talked Dad into watching Monty Python's "The Meaning of Life" with us. We'd all agreed it was one of the best movies we'd ever seen.

"We're in agreement then," I continued. "We've got to deposit our sperm in their pussies, not in their mouths, not on their breasts or bellies or anywhere except in their pussies."

"OK, I agree. Can I squirt mine in Kathryn?" Brad asked.

"Yeah, and I'm going to deposit a big load in Arial," I said.

"You hear that, Arial?" Brad turned his head and said in her direction. "Kavan wants to squirt a little semen on your cervix. Is that alright with you?"

"I'm dead," she whispered, still unmoving. "I can't stop him."

Chapter Seventy-Five

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kavan Stuart, Kathryn Stuart, Brad Weaver, Arial Weaver

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(KAVAN)

“I’m dead,” she whispered, still unmoving. “I can’t stop him.”

Kathryn straddled my left leg and Brad’s right, took our dicks in her hands, and then leaned over and started sucking dick, starting with me and then Brad. She wasn’t trying to make either of us come, just keeping us hot and ready and enjoying it. Brad and I lay there with our hands on our stomachs and let Kathryn have her way with us. Ariel finally lifted her head and looked to see what we were doing.

“Eating stuffed pussy ought to be outlawed,” she said, groaning. “I think I almost had a heart attack.”

“I told you you’d like it,” Kathryn said, and then went back to sucking dick.

Ariel just lay there, propped up on one elbow, and watched for a while. Brad and I just lay there enjoying what Kathryn was doing. Kathryn just kept on sucking dick and didn’t have anything else to say.

“Ariel, do you want to help me eat Kathryn’s stuffed pussy,” Brad asked. “I think I know how to do it by myself if you want to rest.”

“You start and I’ll just watch for a minute,” she answered. “I want to see what it looks like and then maybe I’ll take a turn.”

I was ready. I moved down to the foot of the bed, legs spread and bent, feet on the floor, and held out my hand to Kathryn. She quickly straddled me, facing toward my feet, and encunted my dick. Her pussy was so hot and drooling that my dick slid in with no effort on my part. She leaned forward, wiggled her ass from side to side, and I felt every inch of my dick swallowed up by her pussy. She just sat there for a minute or so, barely moving, while the head of my cock tried to push through her cervix.

“Oh, fuck,” she groaned. “I love your big dick when it’s up in my throat.”

Brad rolled off the bed and knelt between my legs. He pushed my knees farther apart but then didn’t do anything. I suppose he was just looking. Then Kathryn leaned back and grabbed her ankles with her hands so my dick slid part way out. I knew what he was seeing: Kathryn’s clit sticking out from under its hood, a triangle of blood-red pussy under that, then her labia stretched tight around my dick, and

my balls snuggled up tight to the shaft of my dick, all swollen and ready to come.

“Damn, that looks good enough to eat,” Brad said.

Arial rolled off the bed and stood behind Brad, looking down at where my dick was partially buried in Kathryn’s pussy.

“Well, go ahead,” she said. “Just leave some for me.”

I started flexing my pelvis slowly and gently, fucking up into Kathryn. Brad started licking and I felt his tongue on my balls and the shaft of my dick. I shut my eyes, kept rolling my hips, and Brad kept licking. After a minute or so, he stopped and I felt Arial’s hands on my legs and then her tongue on my balls and dick. I wondered if they were licking all the way to Kathryn’s clit.

“Last time we played with Stuart and Joanne, I stuffed her and then Stuart and Kathryn ate it,” I said, still with my eyes shut and flexing my pelvis so my dick barely slid in and out of Kathryn. “Then we swapped and Stuart stuffed Kathryn and let me and Joanne eat it. Next time, let’s do it that way.”

“Is there going to be a next time?” Arial asked, stopping for a moment.

“Only if you want to,” Kathryn whispered.

“I want to,” she said, and then resumed licking.

Brad and Arial swapped around and after a while I could hardly tell who was eating Kathryn’s stuffed pussy. It didn’t matter. They were both good at it even if they’d never done it before.

Nobody had anything else to say for a few minutes until Kathryn said “Oh, shit” about a dozen times and tried to pinch my dick off with her cunt.

I waited for her to move off me. I knew what I was about to do. When she finally fell to one side, I sat up and looked at Brad and Arial at the foot of the bed.

“Brad, I’m about to make love to your wife,” I said. “Would you mind making love to mine?”

“That’s not what I want, Kavan,” he said. “I want to fuck the hell out of Kathryn. I’ve been easy and gentle too long. I want her on her back

with her legs around my butt and then I'm going to pound her fucking ass through the fucking mattress."

"Shit, I was just trying to be polite," I said. "That's a pretty damn good description of what I want to do to Arial."

"You can't fuck the hell out of me, Brad Weaver," Kathryn said, mock contemptuously. "Kavan's been trying to do that for years and he hasn't done it yet!"

"Yeah, but you've never been fucked like I'm going to fuck you," Brad threatened.

"Well, you'd better make sure I come again 'cause if you don't I'm going to ride you until I do," Kathryn counter-threatened. "You think you can keep it up?"

Arial crawled up to the head of the bed on one side, laid down on her back, spread her legs, bent her knees, and held out her arms to me. "There's talkers and there's doers. Come here, Kavan!"

I didn't need a second invitation. I crawled up between her legs and on top of her, held my dick in my right hand, and supported myself with my left.

"Hello, little Sister," I whispered softly, looking down at her.

"Hello, big Brother," she responded, smiling up at me. "Put it in. I'm ready."

I rubbed the head of my dick up and down between her drooling pussy lips, found her vagina, and sunk it in up to my balls in one long easy slide. Then I eased down on her until my chest was mashing her little breasts flat and my face was buried in her hair. She locked her ankles together over my ass and wrapped her arms around my chest.

I looked over to one side at Brad and Kathryn and saw that they were doing the same thing that Arial and I were. She had her legs around his ass and her arms around his chest. He had his face buried in her hair. I could hear them whispering but I couldn't make out the words.

I looked back down at Arial. She was smiling up at me, her eyes and her mouth both smiling.

"When we were kids, I dreamed of doing this so many times, Arial," I whispered. "Dad said he trusted me not to do it but I wanted to so much."

I pulled back a little and pushed in until I felt my balls against her fanny and then I held still. It was so damn good.

“I know, Kavan,” she whispered back. “I wanted you to do it. I wanted it so much. Lots of nights I did myself thinking about you and what your big dick would feel like in me.”

I pulled back about halfway, then slid in again, wiggled around trying to get deeper in her, and then stopped again. It was too fucking good to stop but I didn't want it to be over too quickly.

“I'm trying to be still,” I whispered. “I'm too hot for a fuck to...it's just too good...once I start, my dick's going to take over...and my brain's going to shut down.”

“That's OK, Kavan. Let it take over. I'm ready.”

I tried to be still but my hips started slowly moving. The feeling of her hot juicy pussy wrapped around my dick was too much. In spite of myself, my hips started moving faster and faster. In a minute or so, I lost all consciousness except for the feeling of my cock sliding in and out of her cunt. Quickly, all too quickly, I knew I was about to come and I shoved my cock all the way in and erupted in an orgasm that seemed to last forever.

I lay there on top of her, my dick buried to my balls in her, unable to move, wanting so much not to have to take it out.

“Kavan, look,” Arial whispered in my ear.

I looked to the side and saw Brad plowing Kathryn. His hips were rolling in the same wave-like motion as mine were a few seconds earlier except that he was slower. Kathryn's hips were moving to meet his thrusts and she seemed just as slow and deliberate. I could see most of the shaft of Brad's dick when he pulled back. I knew what he was feeling. I'd fucked Kathryn so many times like that, pulling back until the head of my dick was almost out of her pussy and then slowly easing it back in. That was enough to tell me he wasn't close to coming yet. Arial and I watched them, all wrapped up in each other, just slowly fucking.

“They're beautiful together, aren't they?” she asked. “I've got such a handsome husband and you've got such a beautiful wife. I don't mind if Brad makes love to her.”

“I don’t mind either, Ariel,” I said. “I’m glad I finally got to make love to you even if I couldn’t last long.”

“Are you through,” she asked. “It doesn’t feel like you’re finished.”

My dick had lost some of its stiffness after I came but it was still engorged enough to hold its shape. I started moving again, mimicking Brad’s rolling motion, careful not to let my semi-hard dick slip out of Ariel’s pussy. Gradually I felt it regain its stiffness as I pushed it into her overflowing cunt. She started fucking back at me, meeting my thrusts with her own. Then the world faded away again and I was nothing but cock moving in cunt. Nothing else existed. I lasted longer this time before I finished emptying my balls in her. It still wasn’t long enough and I wanted to fuck her again.

When I looked to the side this time, Brad and Ariel had changed positions. She was now on top of him with her hands on his shoulders and his dick buried so deep in her that all I could see was their pubic hair mashed together. I knew what she was doing – riding a horse cock, with that back and forward then up and down motion that rubbed her clit against the base of Brad’s cock. Brad was lying there with his eyes closed and his hands on Kathryn’s waist while she rode him. I wondered if he had already come once doing it with him on top and, if so, how she had got him hard again so quickly. Then I realized I’d probably gotten hard again just as quickly. The newness of fucking somebody else, especially my sister, had been quite an aphrodisiac.

Ariel and I watched them until Kathryn evidently got what she wanted, another good orgasm. She sat there on Brad for a minute or so, slumped down over him, and then he lifted her up a few inches and played fuck-up again, only this time he was shoving his cock upward into her pussy. It was easy to see when he came. He slammed her down on his dick and held her there, straining to make sure his dick was squirting its semen directly on her cervix. I wondered if it was for the first time or the second for him.

We lay there for a while, me still on top of Ariel with my soft dick still in her pussy, and Kathryn still on top of Brad. Finally I rolled off Ariel toward the side of the bed and then Kathryn crawled off Brad and lay down in the middle of the bed beside Ariel. Nobody seemed to have anything to say.

Later, we swapped partners again and I spooned up behind Kathryn while Brad spooned up behind Ariel. We were all facing inward on their king-size bed. We lay there talking, being close, loving and being loved, playing with each other. Kathryn and Ariel both had towels

between their legs. I was sticky and crusty on my cock and balls and all around but I didn't want to get up and wash.

After a while, Kathryn took the towel from between her legs, lifted one leg, found my semi-tumescent dick, tucked it between her legs, and closed her legs around it. With just one or two fingers, she played with the head and it slowly stiffened again. When it was hard enough, she tilted her butt back, pressed upward under my cock, and the head slid into her wet cauldron.

I watched Brad and Ariel as they did the same thing and they watched me and Kathryn. When I started slowly thrusting into Kathryn, Brad did the same to Ariel. I kept my eyes open, watching them, watching Brad's dick slide in and out of Ariel's pussy, occasionally glancing at their faces. I felt Kathryn's fingers touch my dick and I knew she was rubbing her clit so she would come again. When I felt her cunt trying to strangle my dick, I came for the third time in one night, an aching and hurting orgasm that was so good, I couldn't believe it.

"That was a good fucking opera," Brad whispered after a few minutes. "I never thought it would make me so fucking horny."

"When do they have another one?" Ariel asked.

"They're doing La Boheme in March," I said. "Let's go."

"OK, I'll go if it will affect you guys like this one," Kathryn said.

The clock-radio beside their bed said it was after four o'clock when we finally went to the bathroom to pee and wipe up a little and then stumbled back to bed. I spooned up to Kathryn and Brad did the same with Ariel. We all slept, the four of us in their king-size bed, until noon on Sunday.

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(ARIAL)

"Oh, pooh," I said. "It was just some silly old opera, wasn't it? What was worth remembering about that night?"

Kathryn and I were still in our recliners, big bellies sticking up, loose cotton shifts covering us, relaxed and comfortable. Kavan and Brad were standing in front of us, both naked except for a tuxedo bow tie, both showing us a big hard-on with their balls hanging down low.

“Nothing much,” Kavan answered. “If you’ve forgotten what I did with you that night, I’m not going to remind you.”

I looked at him seriously, as though trying to remember, and then slowly smiled at him.

“I remember, Kavan,” I said. “It was wonderful. I don’t think Kathryn and I will ever forget that night. Are you two as horny now as you were then?”

“No, but we thought you two might take pity on your husbands tonight and let us love you,” Brad said. “We can’t do what we did that night but maybe we could do something if you’ll let us. We’ll both like to make love to both of you.”

“You mean swap partners,” Kathryn said. “I don’t know why Kavan wants to make love to me with this big belly and I certainly don’t see why you would.”

“It’s because I love you, Kathryn,” Kavan said. “That’s our boy and girl you’re carrying and I’m damn proud to be making a family with you. I just love you...oh, shit...what can I say? I love you, believe me, I love you.”

“I love you too, Ariel Weaver,” Brad said. “I don’t understand why it’s so hard for you two to believe we love you when you’re pregnant. Can’t you understand that we want you, want to make love with you? We can’t fake hard-ons, you know. Guys don’t get them if they’re not turned on by a woman.”

“I believe you,” I said. “It’s always nice to hear my husband say he loves me. Just try to hang on to that love for the next month or two. You’re about to have to do without the sex for a while.”

“We know that, Ariel,” Kavan said. “Brad and I’ll both just choke our cobras once in a while for relief. You know we’re going to do it and I’m not ashamed to admit it.”

“Not me, boy. I’m going to asphyxiate my anaconda,” Brad said.

“Well, the next time you feel like doing that, would you do something and let me and Kathryn watch,” I asked. “Brad knows what it is. He and Kerry have already done it and let me watch.”

Kavan looked at Brad and waited for him to explain.

“Arial got me and Kerry to play like we were Wild Bill Hitchcock and Dead Eye Dick and see who could shoot the other the quickest,” Brad said. “We stood about a foot apart and jacked off and shot each other. She just sat there watching us do it. She’s weird.”

“I am not,” I said. “It was one of the sexiest things I’ve ever seen. I liked seeing you two do it.”

“Yeah, I’d like to see that too,” Kathryn said. “You’ve got to do it and let us watch.”

Brad and Kavan kept looking at each other. Maybe they were waiting to see who would give in first. Brad did.

“OK, I’ll do it,” he said. “How about it, Kavan?”

“Yeah, I’ll do it, too,” he answered, heaving a big sigh.

“Well, we’ll see you guys in a couple of weeks and you’re going to put on a show for us,” Kathryn said.

“You’re both going to have to get used to doing without, you know,” I said. “Kathryn and I have been talking about when to stop having sex with you. My due date is about a month away so I think Brad’s getting his last tonight.”

“And my due date is about a week or so later,” Kathryn said. “But I’m cutting off Kavan tonight too. I don’t want to take any more chances on him poking that thing in me and causing the twins to come early.”

“Are we all in agreement then, that tonight will be our last time until after the babies come,” I asked.

Kavan shook his head no. “Dad said he used his tongue to give Mom a good orgasm about two weeks before Alannah was born. Is it OK if we do that for a while longer?”

I looked at Kathryn and she shrugged. “We’ll see. Now, what do you two want to do for the rest of the afternoon?”

“We thought we might take you upstairs and bathe you for a start,” Kavan said. “Maybe shampoo your hair, shave your legs, trim your pussy hair a little, paint your toe nails, rub your belly with Mother’s Friend, rub the rest of you with some lotion – is that about it, Brad?”

“Yeah, and then we’ve got something good to eat tonight and it’s not stuffed pussy,” Brad continued. “It’s something we got from Ippolitos.

It's braciolo, Italian-style stuffed steak roll in tomato sauce. We'll make us a salad and cook some pasta. How's that for a romantic dinner?"

"And after dinner what do you want to do," Kathryn asked. "Do you guys really want to swap partners and make love to us like we did after the opera?"

"Well, no, not like that," Kavan said. "We know we've got to be slow and gentle with you but we would like to swap. After the opera I guess we both wanted to fuck both of you, I mean really screw the hell out of you. Tonight we just want to make love to both of you. There's a difference, you know. We just want to love you."

"I know," I said, and crooked my finger at Brad. "But there's something I want to do first."

I levered my recliner upright and sat up. Brad walked over in front of me and stood there. I sat there looking at his dick and his balls and I guess that was a turn on for him. His dick raised upward a more little until it was like the lever in the recliner. I wrapped my hand around it and pulled his foreskin the rest of the way back. Pregnant or not, I wanted so much to feel it in me, with the big head of it lodged against my cervix and his balls resting on my fanny. I knew I was going to miss it.

"Do you think it would be OK if I had a little protein to go with my glass of milk?" I asked.

"Don't tempt me, Arial," Brad said. "Kavan and I have already planned what we want to do tonight. I'm going to make love to you and Kathryn and he's going to do the same thing. We don't want you two doing something for us; we want to do something for you."

Kathryn motioned for Kavan to come to her and I watched as she sat up and put her hand around his dick. She pushed his foreskin back and then kissed his dick right on the head.

"I'm going to miss you, little fellow," she said, looking at it like she thought it had enough intelligence to understand. I watched as she leaned forward and took the head of his dick in her mouth.

"Is that its name – little fellow?" I asked. "It looks kind of big to me."

"No, I didn't mean it like that," she said, interrupting what she was doing long enough to respond. "I just mean I'm going to miss having it in my pussy."

I leaned over to Brad, cupped his balls in my left hand, held his dick down with my right, and wrapped my lips around the head. I wanted to make Brad come in my mouth. As yucky as it was, I wanted his semen in me, in my mouth, in my tummy. I wanted his dick in me, in my pussy, with the head of it trying to push through my cervix while it squirted out his semen. I wanted him on top of me and me underneath him so I could feel his body against mine. I knew I was about to have to stop having him like that and I didn't want it to stop. I shut my eyes and just kept sucking his dick.

"Arial, you've got to stop," Brad said, and pulled away from me. He held out both hands to me and pulled me upright.

I felt a sudden case of the weepy-wailies coming on and I hugged up against Brad and tried to stifle them. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't keep from crying and I didn't even know why I was crying.

"What's wrong, Princess?" Brad whispered.

"Nothing."

"Arial, talk to me," he insisted. "Have I done something wrong?"

"No, no, no, you haven't done anything wrong. You've done something right. You and Kavan...you've both done something right. You're trying to love me and I don't see how you can and I wish this baby would hurry up and get here so you can really love me the way I want you to and, oh, shit...I don't know.

I felt Kavan pressing against me, pointing his dick off to one side so he could be closer to me and then I felt Kathryn's big belly against me and I cried a little more. Finally, I'd cried enough except I couldn't stop sniffing so I held my head up.

"Arial, it's alright," Kathryn whispered. "I understand."

"Well, I don't," Brad said.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It's OK, Princess," Brad said. "I love you. You don't need to apologize."

"Let's all go upstairs," Kavan said. "We've got the bathroom ready for you. You two try to be good and let us take care of you."

Brad held his arm for me, I put my hand on it, and we went up the stairs, me still sniffing. Kavan and Kathryn were right behind us.

When he led me into our bathroom, I was pleasantly surprised. They'd brought two aluminum folding chairs from the balcony and covered them with big bath towels. They'd stacked a pile of fluffy white towels on the counter and hung two white robes on the wall. They had my mp3 player docked and the music, just the music, not the words, from Carmen was playing. They'd even scattered a bunch of lighted candles around.

Brad and I had the big bedroom with the Jacuzzi in the bathroom. Kavan and Kathryn shared the smaller bedroom with the big shower. As long as we'd all lived together in the Stuart overflow house, we'd always used both bathrooms depending upon whether we wanted to shower quickly or soak in the Jacuzzi.

"We're going to start by shampooing your hair and bathing you," Brad said. "There's not really room for all four of us in the Jacuzzi at one time so we'll both do one of you while the other one waits. Who wants to go first?"

"Do Kathryn first," I said. "I'll wait."

I wasn't entirely being nice to her. I wanted to watch and see what they were doing to her.

"OK, would you like a robe while you wait?" Kavan said. "We may be a while. We're not going to get in a hurry with you."

I didn't see why I needed a robe since the bathroom was warm but I let Brad put one on me. He and Kavan both removed their tuxedo bow ties and put them on the bathroom counter. Then Brad led me to a chair and stood behind me while I got comfortable. He slipped something over my head, over my eyes, and I reached up and pulled it down. It was a black sleeping mask that I sometimes used when I napped. He put it back over my eyes.

"You've got to wear it while we're busy with Kathryn, Princess," Brad said. "We've got a few surprises planned for you."

"Oh, pooh," I said. "I wanted to watch."

"You've got to promise not to peek, Ariel," Kavan said. "And, Kathryn, we want you to be silent too. Can you do that?"

"Probably not," I heard her say, "but I'll try."

“Arial, can you just sit there and not say anything and not peek?” Brad asked.

“Are you two going to do me like you do Kathryn?” I asked.

“Yes,” Brad said. “We’re going to shampoo your hair and bathe you, just like Kathryn.”

“OK.”

They certainly took their time with Kathryn in the Jacuzzi, more than enough to wash her hair and bathe her. While they were doing it, nobody said anything to give away what was happening. I heard the hand-held shower spraying. I heard the music from Carmen playing. I heard Kavan and Brad whispering instructions to Kathryn. I heard some distinct moans and groans and sigh, from all three of them. I knew they were doing something else to Kathryn in addition to shampooing her hair and bathing her. I tried to imagine what it was from the sounds they were making but I couldn’t. Whatever it was, it sounded like Kathryn was enjoying it.

After a while, I heard them helping Kathryn out of the Jacuzzi and then drying her off. Finally, Brad removed my sleep mask and I looked around at them. Kathryn was seated in the other chair, wrapped in a white robe, and was smiling like she knew something I didn’t. Brad and Kavan were still naked and they still had erections. I wondered what they’d been doing that kept them up.

“Are you ready for your turn, Princess?” Brad asked, holding out his hands to me.

I looked at Kathryn and saw her smiling a satisfied smile. I looked at Brad and Kavan and they were smiling too. I knew I was about to get something more than a bath but I didn’t know what. It didn’t matter. I put my hands in Brad’s and he pulled me upright and helped me step into the Jacuzzi.

They put me in the middle of the tub, with Kavan behind me and Brad in front of me. Kavan checked the water temperature and then started spraying me. The spray was set on some gentle setting and it was just the right temperature for me.

“Kavan’s going to wet your hair now,” Brad said. “Why don’t you close your eyes and put your hands on my waist so you can keep your balance? Then he’s going to shampoo your hair and I’m going to wash your face. Then we’ll rinse you off so you can watch everything else.”

I closed my eyes and surrendered while Brad very gently washed my face and Kavan also very gently shampooed my hair. It was almost down to my waist now, lots longer than Kathryn's but Kavan was slow and patient.

I felt Brad's dick bumping against my stomach and I knew he was doing it deliberately. Then Kavan's dick started poking me in the back and I knew they'd planned this. I just kept my eyes shut and enjoyed what they were doing, including poking me with their dicks.

"I'm going to rinse now, Ariel," Kavan said, and I felt the spray on my head again. At the same time, Brad put his hands on my breasts and caught my nipples between his thumb and one finger. Then he stooped down and replaced his thumb and finger on one breast with his mouth. At the same time, Kavan pressed his dick against my back and started sliding it up and down while the warm water cascaded down my back. Brad reached under my belly, cupped my pussy in his palm, and slid one long finger between my labia and into my vagina, Mouth on one nipple, fingers tweaking the other, finger sliding back and forth in my pussy, hard dick sliding up and down on my back – all while the warm water sprayed over my head, my shoulders, my breasts, my back – I moaned with pleasure and realized it was exactly the sound Kathryn had been making.

"I'm going to wash your back now, Ariel," Kavan said. "Could you bend over a little, please?"

He put his hand in the center of my back and pushed. I bent over a little. He pushed again and I bent over even more. He pushed again and I bent more and felt something poking in my face. I opened my eyes just wide enough to see that it was Brad's cock and then I closed them again and opened my mouth. I held onto his waist with both hands, captured his dick with my mouth and slid my lips up and down on the head.

"Spread your legs a little, Ariel," Kavan said. "I'm going to wash your bottom now."

He turned the sprayer down over my behind and then used his hand and the warm water to wash me. At first, he just gently rubbed my pussy, pressed his fingers against it until the lips opened, then rubbed some more. It felt wonderful but I wondered if his finger was all I was going to get in me.

He moved his hand up to my pink pucker and pressed on it. The warm water spraying down back there and his fingers sliding and pushing

against me made me groan. I remembered Kathryn groaning and I wondered if they'd done her the same way. Then he pressed harder with just one finger and my sphincter yielded and his finger slid into me. I stiffened and tried to push it out. I didn't want him to do it. I wanted Brad to do it. Then his finger was gone and I felt the head of his big dick pressing against me, in the wrong place, and I didn't want it in my backside.

Just as I stopped sucking Brad's dick to protest, Kavan slid the head of his dick down a little and pushed it into my pussy. I started to protest, that he couldn't push it in all the way. He must have known what I was thinking.

"Relax, Ariel," he said. "Trust me. I won't hurt you or the baby. I won't put it in all the way."

I relaxed and let him do it. He was slow and gentle, just barely sliding the big head of his dick back and forth between my labia, holding me by both hips, fucking me so slow and easy.

Brad curled his arms around me on both sides, cupped my breasts in his hands, and started teasing my nipples with his thumbs and fingers. I nuzzled around with my mouth until I found his dick and started sucking it again.

"Just relax and let it come, Ariel," I heard Kathryn say. "They did me the same way."

Kavan stuck the hand-held sprayer underneath my belly so that the water was directed between my legs. It was set on pulse and the beating of the warm water against me felt wonderful, especially when it hit me between my legs.

It was all just too much and I wanted so much to come so I relaxed and quit holding back and let it happen. When I came, in a series of body-wrenching contractions, I felt all the muscles in my legs give way and I started falling.

"Hold her, Kavan!" I heard Brad say.

"I've got her!" Kavan replied.

When I came to myself again, I realized I was standing upright. Kavan had his arms around me, locked together under my boobs and over my big belly. I could feel his dick pressed against my back. Brad had his hands in my armpits holding me up too. I could feel his dick touching my belly. All I could do was smile weakly at him.

“Are you OK?” Brad asked, looking down at me and smiling.

I tried my legs and found I could stand by myself. I was still quivering inside but I was OK. I was more than OK. I nodded to him.

“Good. Let Kavan hold you while I wash your legs and feet, OK?”

“What happened to you, Arial?” Kavan teased. “I think you almost fainted.”

When they finally finished bathing me, I sat in the chair beside Kathryn with my eyes closed and a big smile on my face while Brad used the blow-drier and brush on my hair. Kavan stood behind Kathryn and did the same for her. I didn’t think it was necessary but Brad knelt between my legs and insisted on blow-drying and brushing the hair between my legs. I didn’t stop him when he got the scissors out of the drawer and – his words - pruned my bush a little.

Finally, he pulled back away from me and was still, kneeling there between my legs, looking at my pregnant belly, my swollen breasts, and finally my face. I let him look. Then he leaned over and kissed me right on my almost-popped-out belly button.

“I love you, Brandon,” he whispered. “Please be good to your mother when you come into the world.”

He looked up at me, smiled, and then turned his head to one side and rested it between my breasts. I put my hands on his neck and head and held him close to my heart. I wondered if he could hear it beating with love for him.

“I love you too, Arial Weaver,” he whispered. “We’re going to have a good marriage and a family of our own. I’m so glad you’re my wife.”

“Brad, we’re not finished. When you’re through getting your nummy-num, we’ve got to shave their legs,” Kavan said. He had put his tuxedo bow tie back around his neck and was holding out Brad’s to him.

Kathryn and I sat in our chairs, side by side, while Kavan and Brad shaved out legs. They did it without a single nick. They made a big mess on the floor but I didn’t care. I was too relaxed and content to care about things like that.

In the bedroom, Brad and Kavan rubbed out tummies with Mother’s Tummy Butter and then rubbed everywhere else with lotion. Then Kathryn and I leaned back against the headboard and let them give us a

pedicure and polish our toe-nails. I felt so pampered it was almost worth getting pregnant to be treated this way.

While they were doing our toe nails, their dicks finally began to lose their stiffness. They were still big and swollen and the uncovered heads were almost blood red. I felt so sorry for them and I wanted so much to do something for them.

“Are you ready for dinner now?” Brad asked. “We’ve got some stuffed Italian round steak for you. It’s simmered in tomato sauce and very tender and juicy. I think you’ll like it.”

“Yeah, and then after dinner we’re going to stuff both of you with some more round steak,” Kavan said. “It’s rough and tough and full of blood. I know you’ll like it.”

(BRAD)

After dinner, Kavan and I cleaned the kitchen and stuffed the dishwasher. Then we offered our arms to our wives and led them back upstairs to our bedroom.

They didn’t question when we asked them to get in the middle of the king-size bed, on their sides, face to face. Kavan and I stood at the foot of the bed for a minute, looking at them, and then carried out the next step in our plan.

I lay down on my side on the corner of the bed, behind Arial, moved up closer to her, lifted her right leg in the air, and rested my head on left thigh. Arial’s pussy was right in front of my face and I was in the best position for loving her with my mouth and tongue.

“Are you ready, Kavan,” I asked.

“Yeah, let’s give them a good licking,” he said. “We’ll let them tell us when they want to swap.”

“OK. Don’t be in a hurry. Just take your time.”

I was slow and gentle with Arial. I held her leg in the air with one hand, played with her pussy with the other, finger-fucked her part of the time, and licked her until her little labia separated and her blood-red clitoris crept out from under its hood. I knew that if I concentrated on her clit she’d come in just seconds and I didn’t want that. I wanted to keep her in a state of arousal as long as I could so it would be better for her when she finally came.

“It’s time for you to swap,” Kathryn said after a while.

We swapped and I did with Kathryn a mirror image of what I’d done with Arial. Kathryn’s pussy was darker and hairier than Arial’s but with my eyes closed there wasn’t much difference. It was just as hot and juicy and tasted and smelled like the pussy of a woman who wanted to be fucked.

“It’s time to swap again,” Arial whispered, and Kavan and I changed partners once again. This time, I decided I’d been patient long enough. I eased a finger into Arial’s pussy, licked all around everywhere but her clit, then eased another finger into her, kept my two fingers rubbing where her so-called G-spot is, and concentrated on licking and sucking her nubbin. She was ready. I felt the strong contractions of her vagina on my fingers as she came. She almost pulled me bald-headed as usual and almost suffocated me in her pussy.

When she released me, I moved around behind her, spooned up to her propped up on my elbow, and watched Kavan and Kathryn. I couldn’t see what he was doing with his mouth and tongue but I could see the effect of it in Kathryn’s face. She looked like she was in sweet misery and she also tried to suffocate Kavan with her pussy when she came.

I didn’t give Arial a chance to cool off. I spooned up to her, eased my almost-bursting cock between her legs, slid it back and forth a few times until it was wet from her overflowing pussy, then reached around her belly, pressed my cock just under the head, and slid it into her. I tried to be slow and patient but I was too hot, too ready to come, too needful of release, to wait. Within a minute or so after I got my dick in her, it was spitting out a big load of semen in her pussy.

I lay there waiting for my breathing and my heart to return to normal, my dick still in her pussy, with my arm around her stomach and my hand pressed against it. I felt Brandon moving around inside her and then, I swear it, I felt him try to kick my dick out of her. There was a definite kick or something and I felt it in my dick. I couldn’t help but laugh. Arial must have felt it because she started laughing too.

I rose up and looked over at Kavan and Kathryn. They were in the same position but neither was moving. I assumed he’d just given Kathryn her first load of semen for the night.

“What are you laughing about?” Kathryn asked.

“Brandon just kicked me,” I said. “I swear he did. He tried to kick my dick out of Arial’s pussy.”

We lay there talking for a while: about babies and what we were going to do with them, what it would be like not being able to have sex, whether Kathryn wanted to have her labor induced when Ariel went into labor so our three kids would have the same birthday, when we could start having sex again, what it would be like to breast feed the kids, whether we'd have to use rubbers or some other birth control because neither Ariel or Kathryn wanted to start taking the pill again while they were nursing their babies, how Kathryn was going to manage having two nursing babies, what would be our living arrangements after the babies came, whether we could have sex without a penis in a pussy, whether we'd even want to have sex while the result of having sex was crying and puking and pooping and driving us half-crazy, and about the only thing we were certain of was that we were about to have a big change in our lives and it was all going to be good eventually.

After a while, Kathryn and Ariel rolled out of the bed, cupped their hands under their pussies, went in the bathroom, and shut the door. Brad and I left them, went down the hall to their bathroom, had a good piss, and then washed up. We didn't hurry but when we went back to our bedroom, the bathroom door was still closed. We lay side by side in the bed and waited patiently until they finally came out.

Ariel crawled in the middle of the bed next to me and Kathryn crawled in next to Kavan. We'd just spooned up to them and gotten comfortable when Kathryn made an announcement.

"Ariel and I have made up our minds about something," Kathryn said.

"It's about time," I said. "Ariel's never made up her mind about anything before."

"Brad Weaver, I'm going to kill you," she exclaimed.

"Shit, that's nothing," Kavan said. "Kathryn makes up my mind about things all the time."

"Kavan Stuart, I'm going to kill you too," Kathryn exclaimed.

"Seriously, what have you two decided?" I asked.

"We've decided we don't want to live apart after the babies come," Ariel said. "We want to keep living together somehow. It doesn't matter where we live as long as we can stay together."

"Ariel, you know we can't do that," I said. "There's just not enough room here for two couples and three children. Kathryn and Kavan are

going to need more help than we do. It just makes sense for us to move to Dad's condo."

"Well, we'll just have to think about it," she insisted. "There must be some way for us to stay together. Let's talk to Mom and Dad about it. I don't care where it is as long as we're together."

"The old house at Manchester's is going to be empty. It's old and needs a lot of work but there's a lot of room," Kavan said. "We might think about that."

"We think the carport in front of the house might be converted into another bedroom area," Kathryn said. "That way, we could stay close to your parents."

"Oh, sure, Kavan and I could do that," I said. "All we need is lots of time and money. We'll do it in our spare time out of our petty cash."

"Well, we can think about it," Kathryn insisted. "We just like living together and I think you guys do too."

"Yeah, it's nice but I'm not up to thinking about it tonight," I said.

"It feels like you're not up to anything else tonight," Ariel teased. "You two are not through, you know."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "I guess I can do it if I have to. If I'm up to it."

"You and Kavan just lay there and let me and Ariel see whether you're up to it," Kathryn said.

"Yeah, you two guys just lay back and shut your eyes and let me and Kathryn see if we can do miracles and raise something from the dead," Ariel said.

They succeeded. Kavan and I lay there propped against the headboard, hands behind our heads, while Ariel and Kathryn got on their hands and knees over us and then used both their hands and mouths to resurrect our dicks. My dick was still swollen but it was limp and laying on my stomach when Kathryn started. When she finished, it was suspended over my stomach and ready to find a pussy to get into. Ariel was just as successful in re-awakening Kavan's dick and it looked like it was just as ready as mine to be back inside a pussy.

Kathryn and Ariel didn't even ask us who was going to be with whom. Ariel lay down on her side and Kavan spooned up behind her. Kathryn

lay down in front of me and I was spooned up against her and my dick was in her pussy in just a few seconds.

I lay there watching my friend, my brother-in-law, my buddy, fucking my wife and he and my wife watched me fucking his wife. I held Kathryn's right leg in the air while I fucked her from behind and Kavan did the same with Ariel except that it was her left leg.

Finally, I shut my eyes and just concentrated on what I was feeling in my dick. Awareness of anything else faded away as usual and I came for the second time in Kavan's wife, getting his sloppy seconds. I didn't care.

We lay there in that state of relaxation that always comes after fucking, not saying anything, me holding Kathryn's breast sometimes and her big belly the rest of the time. My dick was still between her legs, soft now, but still just barely in her pussy. I knew it would come out if I moved but I didn't want to move and let the flood out. I knew she'd want me to get her a towel and I didn't want to move away from her.

Kavan and Ariel lay there facing us and his hand was either on Ariel's breast or on her belly, like mine. I couldn't see if he still had his dick in her pussy but maybe he did because he seemed just as reluctant to move as me.

"Can we just go to sleep like this?" Ariel whispered. "I'm probably going to make a big mess on the bed when Kavan's dick comes out but I don't care. It's just too good to move."

"Yeah, let's just make a big mess on the sheets," Kathryn answered "You've got a mattress pad on the bed, haven't you. It won't stain the mattress."

"Is that OK with you, Kavan?" Ariel asked. "Do you want to go for washcloths and towels?"

"Nope, fuck the sheets," he said. "I'm dead now. Let Brad do it."

"I'm dead too," I whispered. "I've been fucked to death."

"What do you think Mom and Dad and Rachael and Luke are doing with Kerry?" Kathryn whispered. "Do you think Siobhan and Rachael are getting fucked by all three of them?"

"I think he's finally getting his last fantasy satisfied," Ariel answered. "And I think Mom's getting hers too. And I'll bet Siobhan and Rachael get fucked by all three guys."

“Brad, what do you think of the Stuart family now?” Kavan asked. “Do you wish I’d never invited you home to meet Arial?”

“Nope,” I answered sleepily. “I’m glad you and Kathryn invited me to ride home with you that day. And I like being part of the Stuart family. I never thought it would be like this but I still like it. I like being part of a big family.”

“You just like getting to make love to Kathryn,” Arial whispered, just as sleepily. “You men are all alike.”

“Well, I’m glad they are, Arial,” Kathryn said. “I like being loved by everybody in the Stuart family, especially the men. Now everybody shut up and let’s go to sleep.”

Nobody had anything else to say. I lay there with the head of my dick still in Kathryn’s pussy, feeling all the juices oozing out around it, and I didn’t give a shit if we did make a mess on the sheets. It was just too good to move.

Sometime during the night, I got up to piss and, when I came back, Kavan took a turn. I started to get behind Arial so Kavan could have Kathryn’s butt to spoon with. When he came back, Kathryn rolled out of the bed, grabbed his hand, and they went down the hall to their bedroom. I crawled in bed behind my wife, put my hand on her pregnant belly, and was asleep in just minutes.

(KATHRYN)

On Sunday, Kavan and I slept late. I got up to pee some time after daylight and, when I crawled back in bed, Kavan crawled out and staggered into the bathroom for his turn. When he came back, he spooned up to me and we slept the sleep of the exhausted. Maybe Kiley and Kathleen were as tired as I was. They didn’t start their gymnastics until almost noon.

Arial and Brad came in our bedroom to wake us up this time. I was just coming back out of the bathroom from another pee and Kavan was still dead to the world. I let Arial and Brad pry him off the bed.

We had a leisurely lunch and then watched a movie for a while. We kept watching next door to see when Kieran and Siobhan and Kerry came back from the Bridges. It was almost four o’clock when we heard Kerry and Alannah playing in the pool.

The four of us got dressed enough to walk next door. The path between our houses was visible from the street and we didn't want to upset the neighbors with the sight of two naked pregnant women.

Kieran and Siobhan were in the family room talking when we went in. Arial and I got hugs from Kieran and Siobhan hugged Brad and Kavan. We talked for a while, with no mention of what we or they had done the night before. After a few minutes, Brad and Kavan decided they wanted to join Kerry and Alannah in the pool. Arial and I stayed with Kieran and Siobhan a while longer, talking about everything except what we had all been doing the night before. Finally I couldn't resist any longer.

"Did you all have fun with Kerry last night," I asked.

"We had a very pleasant evening," Siobhan said, smiling.

"I think Kerry enjoyed being with us, don't you?" Kieran asked her, smiling just as big.

That's all that was said. I thought to myself that, if Arial and I both got after Siobhan, we could find out everything that had happened.

Arial and I went down the kitchen stairs to the basement and then out the door under the deck. We stood for a minute watching Brad and Kerry and Kavan and Alannah.

Brad and Kerry seemed to be competing, taking turns off the diving board into the pool. As we watched, Kerry did a perfect somersault and then went in cleanly. Brad did the same thing, was just as beautiful in the air, and went in with almost no splash.

Kavan was lying down in the grass beside the pool, evidently showing Alannah something. From my perspective, I saw his head with his glorious lion mane of red hair and his muscular shoulders. Alannah was squatting beside him, a serious look on her face, looking at something in his hand.

We walked quietly down the slight incline to the pool, waddling along like two pregnant penguins, in our pool outfits of loose shift dresses with flip-flops. We were almost to Kavan and Alannah when she looked up and saw us. Immediately the serious face disappeared and she grinned at us.

Kavan turned and looked over his shoulder. When he saw us, his face lit up too with a big smile and shining eyes. He shook his head momentarily, throwing his tangled hair back out of his face. He'd evidently been in the pool too because his hair looked dark and damp.

The only thing he had on was something I'd found for him at a garage sale. It was a necklace, almost a choker, with two large ruby-like stones at his throat. I thought the stones matched the color of his hair. He protested that he couldn't wear something like that but he let me have my way and wore it at home. It was as distinctive as everything about him.

His skin was not as creamy white as Siobhan's, with just a little bit of a tan, with freckles across his shoulders and forearms and his forehead and cheeks. His eyes were blue-gray like Siobhan's. His teeth were white and perfect enough so he'd never had to have braces. Maybe his face wasn't as beautiful as Kerry's but I liked it more. It was especially beautiful turned toward me with love showing in his smile and his eyes.

Alannah was a perfect naked cherub of a girl, with a fat little belly and butt. She was Siobhan made over, a loving little girl, unspoiled in spite of having so many people who loved her.

I took off my shift dress, the only thing I'd worn while we walked from one house to the other. Arial did the same and we both stood there with our swollen bellies hanging out grinning at her. She already understood that Arial and I had babies in our tummies though she probably didn't understand how they got there.

"Look, Kathryn, look, Arial, it's a click beetle," she said "I found it."

I looked in Kavan's hand and saw a large slender beetle that was a brilliant metallic green. It was almost jewel like.

"It's the biggest and best one I've ever seen," Kavan said. "Alannah found it under some leaves."

"Why do you call it a click beetle?" Arial asked.

"Watch," Kavan said. "Do it again, Alannah."

Alannah put one fat little finger on the beetle's back and I suppose she pressed down. The beetle gave a quite-audible click and then flipped up in the air a foot or so and out of Kavan's hand. He quickly grabbed it again and held it out to me. I pressed down on its hard shiny back, it gave another click, and went tumbling out of Kavan's hand again. He and Alannah scrambled for it and caught it. He held it for Arial and she made it click and spring out of his hand again.

"I'm going to put it on the display board at Manchester's and on the web site. The next time Alannah comes in, her name will be on the

board with the beetle's name. What do you want to name him, Alannah?" he asked.

Kavan had turned one wall at Manchester's into a display board for local insects. If a kid found the insect, he let the kid name it and that name was posted along with the common and scientific names and the kid's name. Most of the insects seemingly were found by kids and they got credit for the find.

"I don't know," Alannah said. "What's a good name, Arial?"

"How about Clive Clickbeetle?" Arial suggested.

"Yeah, that's good. Clyde Clickbeetle. I like that," she giggled.

Kavan looked up at Arial and winked. She winked back. Clyde it was.

Brad and Kerry stopped diving and came to see what we were looking at. Kavan put the beetle in Brad's hand and told Kerry what to do. The beetle clicked and went flying out of Brad's hand and into a flower bed. Immediately, Kerry and Kavan and Brad were all on their knees trying to find the beetle again. It was quite a sight. Three guys, naked, on their hands and knees, with their bare butts shining and their balls hanging down between their legs. Brad's and Kerry's balls were drawn up into a rounded shape from the cool water in the pool. Kavan's were hanging down like two eggs in a bag and the head of his dick hung down a little bit lower. I tried not to laugh and almost succeeded. They found the beetle and stood up.

"What's funny?" Kerry asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered. I wasn't about to tell him.

Just then, the basement door under the deck opened and Kieran and Siobhan came out, naked like the rest of us.

Kieran walked over to me and Arial and put an arm around each of us. He leaned over to me first, kissed me on the cheek, and then to Arial. He leaned back over to me and asked how Kiley and Kathleen were doing. He listened to my report on their antics and then leaned back to Arial and asked her about Brandon. It felt good to have his arm around my shoulders.

Kavan waited patiently and then showed Kieran and Siobhan the beetle. He explained what it was and that Alannah had named it. Of course, they made a big fuss over the beetle, much to Alannah's delight. Kavan put it in Kieran's hand and told Siobhan to press on its back. It

clicked and sprang out of his hand but Kavan was ready for it. He caught it in mid-air this time.

I stood there with the Stuart family, all of us more or less in a circle, all of us naked, with Kieran holding me and Arial close against him, enjoying the antics of a silly beetle. I looked at Brad and Kerry and noticed that their dicks and balls were still drawn up from the cool water in the pool. Kavan's balls looked warm and relaxed and were hanging low as usual, with his big dick nestled between them. I had seen Kieran's equipment when he and Siobhan were walking down to the pool and it was like Kavan's, relaxed and big, just with a different color scheme.

All four of them - I'd had all four dicks in my pussy, Kieran just once, Brad a few times, Kerry a few more times, and Kavan more times than I could count. As Brad once was fond of saying - this Stuart family takes some getting used to. I suppose he was accustomed to it by now and I was too. I knew it was unusual but I liked being part of it. I really felt that I was loved, not just for sex, but really loved by four different men. I knew Arial and I loved each other like sisters. Siobhan treated me like one of her own, like a daughter, and I felt she was a second mother to me. I felt loved and secure being part of such a big family and I liked the feeling. I'd never felt that way growing up with Mom and Dad constantly fussing and fighting.

It felt right to be bringing Kiley and Kathleen into the family. I knew they'd be loved by their Grandpa Kieran and Grandma Siobhan. I knew they'd be loved by their Uncle Brad and Aunt Arial. And Uncle Stuart and Aunt Joanne and their two. And Uncle Luke and Aunt Rachael and their two. And Grandma Lauren and Grandpa Jack. If Uncle Kerry was around, I knew he'd love them too. I hated so much to think of him leaving the family but I knew it was inevitable.

I put my arm around Kieran's waist, leaned against him, and looked up at his face. He pulled me closer against him and smiled down at me. I smiled back at him, puckered up, and made a little kissing smack. I felt Arial's arm above mine, around Kieran's waist, and I looked over at her. Kieran turned to look at her and I suppose he smiled down at her too. She smiled back and, I suppose she heard me, then gave him another air kiss.

Siobhan moved between Kerry and Brad and that caught my attention. Looking at us, she put her arms around their waists. They both looked at her, saw her looking at us, and then put their arms around her shoulders and back. The six of us stood there, grinning at each other, looking at each other, and nobody said anything. I don't suppose we

needed to say anything. I felt the love that bound us all together and I suppose the others did too.

Between us, Kavan was on his knees, still playing with Alannah and the click beetle. Alannah pressed down on the beetle's back again. It clicked and flipped through the air and landed directly on Kavan's dick. He grabbed for it and Alannah started giggling and tried to help him catch the beetle again.

TO BE CONTINUED:

Chapter Seventy-Six

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Ariel Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

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SIOBHAN)

“Don't put me down, Daddy,” Alannah begged. “Carry me in the house.”

When Kieran straightened up from helping her out of her car seat in the rear of my little BMW, she wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. I don't think he could have put her down if

he had wanted to. I knew he didn't want to. He almost always gave in to her pleas.

She could have walked the few feet into the kitchen from the front garage where I parked my car. I suppose she had missed us for the couple of days while she stayed with Stuart and Joanne and their two kids. She and Kieran Lee had always been close friends and she usually enjoyed her visits. She had never been away from us so long before.

Friday morning, Arial and Kathryn went to the doctor together as usual, with Kavan driving them this time. Arial was in good condition for her pending delivery, with no serious concerns. The doctor said she could expect to have her baby any day soon.

However, Kathryn had a couple of problems and the doctor wanted to put her in the hospital for more tests. In addition to all the routine problems, her blood pressure was much higher than her previous visit and Kiley's vital signs indicated he might be in trouble.

I wanted to go with her and Kavan to the hospital so I first called Kieran with the news and then called Joanne to ask if she would keep Alannah. She suggested that I let her stay with them for the weekend.

They subjected Kathryn to a barrage of tests after she checked into the hospital on Friday afternoon. Kathleen was in the head-down position and ready to be born. But Kiley had not turned completely and seemed to be having some problem in getting turned head-down. Kathryn's doctor, a woman who had also been my doctor with Alannah, said the blood pressure problems could be controlled with medication and prescribed it. She also said she'd like to try immediately to manipulate Kiley into position, and then, since Kathryn's due-date was about two weeks away, to go ahead and induce labor on Saturday morning. She said both twins were fully developed and didn't need to stay in utero just to gain more weight.

Kieran and I stayed with Kavan and Kathryn the rest of the afternoon and evening. About seven, the doctor came in, tried to manipulate Kiley into position, didn't succeed, and said she'd like to take her to an operating room to try again. That scared Kavan and Kathryn but the doctor assured them they didn't need to worry. Kavan wanted to be with her but the doctor said Kathryn would be sedated and he wouldn't be needed. She was in the operating room for almost an hour but, when the doctor came back out, she raised her thumb in the air and we knew she had succeeded.

Kavan insisted that they would be OK until the next day and he wanted me and Kieran to go home to get some sleep. Kathryn groggily agreed. We promised to be back as early as possible the next day and we left them with Kavan holding Kathryn's hand and looking down at her.

About three Saturday morning, we got a telephone call from Brad. Ariel had gone into labor. Kieran and I rushed next door and, when I found out that the contractions weren't that close, we reassured them and we all settled down and waited for a couple of hours. By five, her contractions convinced me that she was really in labor and that we should take her to the hospital too.

At the hospital, the nurses had already started Kathryn on the medications and drips to induce labor. When they found out that we'd brought them someone else already in labor, they moved another bed into a birthing room and put Kathryn and Ariel in the same room.

It was almost midnight when the first of our grandchildren was born. Kathleen entered the world at eleven forty, followed by Kiley at eleven fifty one. Brandon waited until almost two o'clock Sunday morning before he made his grand entrance.

Kieran and I stayed at the hospital for a couple of hours after Brandon's birth and then went home to get a little sleep. I wanted to stay with Kavan and Brad but Kieran said it was the boys' place to be with their wives. He took my arm and firmly led me out of the room.

We slept until Kavan's call at noon on Sunday. He reported that both mothers and all three children were doing well. He said he and Brad had taken turns getting a little sleep on a cot brought into the room. Kieran said we were about to come back to the hospital and asked if they wanted anything.

Late Sunday afternoon, Lauren and Jack and Stuart and Joanne came to the hospital for a short visit, bringing Alannah back to us. A little bit later, Kerry and Tara came to see the babies. Kiley and Kathleen and Brandon got a lot of oohhs and aahhs from everybody. Alannah was fascinated by the babies but she was ready to go home with us.

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(KIERAN)

“Did you like seeing the babies, Angel?” I asked.

“Yeah, they’re neat,” she answered. “But they’re so little. Whose babies are they?”

“Well, two of them, they’re called twins, belong to your brother Kavan and his wife Kathryn. The other one belongs to your sister Arial and her husband Brad.”

“I know that, Daddy,” she said with an exasperated tone. “I meant how do they know which babies belong to Arial and Brad and which belong to Kavan and Kathryn? They all look a lot alike.”

“No, they don’t,” I said, trying to be slow and careful. “The one with red hair, like yours, that’s Kiley, he’s a boy and he belongs to Kavan and Kathryn. There’s only one girl, she’s Kathleen, and she belongs to them too. Then there’s another boy named Brandon, he has dark hair, and he belongs to Arial and Brad.”

“Oh, I understand. Kiley has red hair like his daddy and me. I can remember that easy. And the girl is his sister so she has the same daddy and mommy. Arial just had one baby and that’s Brandon and he looks like Brad; doesn’t he?”

She seemed to be satisfied with my explanation and resumed eating. Siobhan and Alannah and I were trying to make a dent in the big pot of spaghetti that had been intended for the whole family on Friday night. As usual, I’d cut up Alannah’s spaghetti and meat balls into smaller pieces so she could eat it with a spoon. She liked spaghetti and usually got most of it in her mouth.

“Would you like me to bathe you in the Jacuzzi tonight, Angel?” I asked. “Joanne says you played with Kieran Lee and James Connor this afternoon and you probably need a good bath.”

Joanne had told me that they had gone swimming with Luke and Rachael and their kids on Saturday afternoon. Kieran Lee and James Connor seemed to be competing for Alannah’s attention. She said the three of them had played in a sand pile on Sunday and Alannah probably needed a good head-scrubbing to get the sand out. She said Paul Andersen, at 9, and Adrianna Bridges, at 8, already considered themselves boyfriend and girlfriend and couldn’t be bothered with the little kids.

“Yeah, I like that,” she said. “Would you get in there with me, Daddy?”

“Well, I was hoping to get in there with your mother before we go to bed but I wouldn’t mind bathing with another beautiful lady first. Will you let me give you a good shampoo?”

“Yeah, if you want to,” she said.

Siobhan had been listening to me and Alannah while she was eating. Just like Arial, Alannah had me wrapped around her little finger and Siobhan knew it.

“That would be nice, Kieran,” she said. “I’ll clean the kitchen if you’ll bathe her and then read her a story. When you’re through, we can get in the Jacuzzi together.”

“Why can’t we all get in there together?” Alannah asked.

“Because we’re eating supper late tonight, and you didn’t have a nap today, and it’s almost your bedtime,” Siobhan answered. “That’s why.”

“Oh, alright,” Alannah said with a big sigh.

I sat in the Jacuzzi with her backed up between my legs and took my time in shampooing her hair. I suppose my mind was on what I was going to be doing with Siobhan later. When I stood up to help her out of the tub, my dick was engorged and almost ready to stand up. Alannah stared at it while I dried her but she didn’t say anything about it.

I let her get comfortable in bed while I looked for a book to read to her.

“Daddy, how did the babies get inside Arial and Kathryn?” she asked.

I sat down on the bed beside her. “Do you want me to tell you about babies again or do you want me to read to you? I’m not going to do both tonight.”

“Tell me about babies again,” she answered. “I like that better than any old book.”

“Well, Angel, it starts when a man and a woman make love. They lie close to each other in bed and kiss and hug and play with each other. The man gets an erection; you know, that’s when his penis gets big and stiff.”

“Like yours does sometimes,” she butted in, and rose up to look at my penis.

“Yes, all men get that way sometimes,” I answered, and spread my legs to let my dick fall between them.

She butted in again. “Boys too. Sometimes Kieran Lee and James Connor, their penises get hard but they’re not big. Little Paul’s is bigger than theirs and it gets really stiff.”

“Yes, boys too. Anyway, the man puts his penis in the woman’s vagina and moves it in and out. We call that making love and it feels really good to both of them. After a while, it feels so good that the man ejaculates. That’s just a big word meaning semen squirts out of his penis. Semen contains lots of little swimmers called sperm. They all go swimming like crazy, up through her cervix, the opening between her vagina and her womb. The womb is the place where the baby matures.”

“Do I have a womb?” she asked.

“Yes, all girls and women have a womb,” I answered. “It connects with your vagina. Quit butting in.”

“OK,” she yawned.

“About once a month, the woman’s body releases an egg, a little tiny one, and if one of the sperm finds it, bang, it goes into the egg, and that makes a baby. The baby stays in the woman’s womb for about nine months and then it’s born. That’s the way you were made and that’s the way all babies are made.”

“Why did you and Mommy make Kavan and Arial and Kerry and me?”

“I’ve told you that before, Angel. I loved your mother so much and she loved me just as much and we wanted to have children so we could love them too. We had Kavan and we loved him so much we decided to make another baby and we had Arial. Then we had Kerry and we loved him too. We thought we had enough children but, after a while, your mother wanted another baby to love. So that’s when we made you and we found out we still had lots more love to give you.”

I leaned over and kissed her on both cheeks, her forehead, nose, and chin. She giggled like she usually does.

“I like that story,” she yawned. “Did Kavan make love to Kathryn twice?”

“I don’t know. Why do you ask?”

“Well, Kathryn had two babies so he must have done it twice.”

“No, Angel, that’s not necessarily true. Sometimes a woman’s body releases two eggs at the same time. If both eggs are fertilized, she has twins.”

“What’s fertilized?” she yawned sleepily.

“It’s what happens when a sperm goes into an egg. Now are you ready for sleep?”

She turned over on her side and shut her eyes. “Yeah, I like that story. It’s nice. I’m glad you and Mommy made me.”

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(SIOBHAN)

I cleaned the kitchen and then started a load of laundry while Kieran was bathing Alannah and reading her a story. My clothes were sweaty so I just undressed in the laundry room and put my dress in with the first load. I had just taken off my bra and panties when Kieran surprised me. He grabbed me from behind, turned me around, and kissed me. I didn’t resist. When he finally stopped, he pulled away from me and grinned down at me.

“I love you, Grandma,” he said.

“I love you, too, Grandpa.

“Wanna fool around?” he asked.

“Are you sure?” I asked. “Fooling around just leads to children.”

“Yeah, I’m sure. We didn’t do it last night and I’m kind of horny.”

“Can you wait a little bit?” I asked. “I need to tell you something. Lauren wants us to help her with something.”

“I can wait. I’m going to grab me a beer. Want one?”

“No, wait, yeah, get me one too.”

We went in the kitchen and I sat down at the table while he got two beers out of the refrigerator and two frozen mugs out of the freezer. Then he went back to the refrigerator and got the boiled egg that had

been left over when I made chicken salad earlier in the week. I waited until he'd poured both beers and we'd both had a sip.

"What are you going to do with the egg?" I asked.

"I'm going to eat it," he answered. "What's up with Lauren?"

"Well, there are a couple of things," I answered, as I cracked and peeled the egg. "She's wondering if either Brad and Arial or Kavan and Kathryn might like to move into the little brick house that was the Manchesters. It's empty but she doesn't want to rent it. She said either couple could have it for at least six months, rent-free, maybe longer."

"Yeah, I know she won't put it up for rent because she'd have to let just anybody in it. I suppose we ought to tell both couples and then let them decide who takes it. Does that sound OK to you?"

"Yes, but she said she'd like for Kavan and Kathryn to take it but she doesn't want to hurt Arial's feelings by not offering it to her and Brad too. She said Kavan and Kathryn are already closer to Stuart and Joanne."

"I suppose we might help the kids make the right decision. What else?"

He spread his legs wide and I couldn't help but notice that his balls were hanging low in his scrotum and looked almost swollen. His dick was engorged and hanging down too but it looked like it was ready to stand up. I spread my legs, slid toward the front of the chair, and tilted my pelvis so he could have something to look at too.

"She wants our help in formulating a land deal with Kavan," I answered. "When he bought Manchesters, he got twelve acres of land. It's used mainly for the plant nursery and the city's grown up all around it. You know Kavan wants to move the nursery out away from town and just keep the main store on a couple of acres at its present location. The Manchesters wouldn't sell the land but Kavan says he could sell it for commercial purposes like maybe a subdivision and make more than enough to buy a bigger parcel of land further out."

"Yeah, I know. I'm keeping my eyes out for something. He wants at least twenty acres and that's hard to find until you go way outside of town."

He was keeping his eyes out for something between my legs too. But I was busy looking at something too. I was watching as his dick slowly got firmer and then began to lift away from his balls.

“Well, Lauren said he might like to relocate the plant nursery to her property. She said he could have some land on the highway and to the right of the road to Andersen Security. She’s open to all sorts of possibilities, maybe a lease, maybe a swap, and she wants me to figure out a deal that would be good for both her and Kavan. She says a plant nursery would be a good barrier between Andersen Security and the highway. Kavan would get what used to be a cow pasture before it grew up.”

“I don’t think he’ll do a swap. I think he wants the profit on the sale to reorganize and expand Manchesters.”

“I wish he hadn’t agreed to keep the name Manchesters for the business when he bought it,” I said. “I’d like to see the business in his name.”

“Well, the Manchesters were adamant about that and maybe they did it for Kavan. Anyway, it’s just as long as they’re both alive and then he can name it anything he wants.”

“Would you tell Kavan about her offer?” I asked. “I know he doesn’t need to worry about it right now with the babies. I think I ought to have his permission before I start looking into how he and Lauren could do something.”

“You’re right,” he said. “You’re the Certified Financial Analyst so I’ll leave it up to your wizardry.”

He reached down to his dick, pulled the foreskin back, and we both watched as it continued its slow rise. When it was standing up, he looked at me with a grin or maybe it was a leer.

“I can’t help it. I’m horny,” he said, and let a big beer burp escape.

“You’re always horny,” I said, and burped back at him.

“I want something to eat,” he said, still leering at me.

“Well, eat your egg,” I said.

“Maybe later,” he answered. “Right now I want to eat some pussy.”

“You can’t have it,” I said. “I haven’t had a bath since yesterday and it probably smells like sweat and pee. You wait until we get a bath.”

“Fuck waiting,” he said. “I don’t care. I want some now.”

He slid off his chair, knelt down between my legs, wrapped his hands around my ass, and pulled me forward so that I was barely sitting on the edge of the chair. He leaned forward, tried to get his mouth to my pussy, and couldn't, no matter how he tilted his head. He sat down on the floor with one leg under my kitchen chair and the other one out beside it. He tried again and succeeded this time.

He used his thumbs to stretch my labia out to the sides and then licked me from below my vagina to above my clit. I thought fuck waiting, closed my eyes, put my hands on his head, and let him have his way with me. After a minute or so, he pulled back and looked up at my face and then back down between my legs. I looked at his face while he looked at my pussy. He looked like a little boy who had discovered something new. He stuck his first finger in my pussy, as deep as he could, and then was motionless.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Checking your temperature,” he whispered. “You’re hot.”

He added his long middle finger to the other one, slid them both into me, and curled them around.

“You’re wet. You’re hot and you’re wet.”

“Yes, Kieran, I’m hot and I’m wet. I want your dick in me.”

“I’ll do that in just a few minutes. Hand me that egg,” he said.

I expected him to do something naughty but I didn’t know what. I handed him the egg.

He leaned over so that his face was about a foot from my vulva, pressed the egg against the entrance to my vagina, and then used one finger to push it in as deep as he could. He sat there just looking.

“Push it out,” he whispered.

I pushed and the egg slowly reappeared and fell into his waiting hands. He immediately pushed it in again.

“Push it out,” he said. I did and he caught it and pushed it back in.

“Damn, you’ve got some good pubococcyx muscles in there,” he whispered. “I’ll bet you could pinch my dick off if I stick it in there.”

“If you want me to, I’ll try.”

“In just a minute,” he said. “Push it out again.”

He quickly leaned forward and put his open mouth against me. I pushed again and felt the egg go out of me and into his mouth. He used his lips and then his tongue and pushed it back in me. Again, I pushed it out into his waiting mouth. He caught it, spit it out in his hand, and then laid it on the kitchen table.

“Damn, that’s something,” he whispered.

He moved so that he was on his knees between my spread legs, wrapped his hand around his dick, and looked down to see where to position it. I saw a crystal-clear drop hanging on the slit at the end and then he pushed it in me until the head was inside me.

“Push it out,” he whispered.

I pushed but I couldn’t push it out. The head of his dick was about the same size as the egg but the egg didn’t have a long shaft attached to it. I knew it didn’t matter. He just wanted to feel my muscles contracting around the head of his dick. I pushed again, relaxed, and then did it again. I relaxed, squeezed again, and he pulled his dick out and then immediately reinserted it in me.

He started moving just the head of his dick in and out of me. He was looking down at what he was doing and I was looking at his face. He seemed so serious and intent on something.

“Damn, that’s good,” he said, looking up at me. “I love the way your pussy feels around my dick. Do you like it?”

“No, Kieran, I don’t like it. I love it,” I said truthfully.

“I’d better stop,” he said, and sat down again in his chair. “My dick’s about to take over and I won’t be able to stop until it gets what it wants.”

He sat there looking at me, at my face, my breasts, my open legs.

“Everything about you is red,” he said. “The hair on your head, your lips, your nipples, your pubic hair, your pussy, especially your pussy – damn, I love you, Siobhan. I really do. I’m so horny for you and I love you.”

I looked at his dick and balls. The head of his dick was just as red as any part of me and his balls were swollen and pink.

“You can’t make another baby in me, Kieran. You’ve just been around the boys and they’re both horny for some good sex and you just absorbed it. Seeing all those babies just makes you want to make one with me.”

“Maybe you’re right,” he said. “Oh, well, I guess it’s time for me to eat the egg.”

He stood up, got a knife, and then sat back down and quartered the boiled egg. He salted and peppered the quarters and then stuck one in his mouth and chewed and looked at me.

“Damn, that’s good,” he whispered, when his mouth was empty. I picked up another quarter, held it out to him, and he leaned forward and took it in his mouth.

He ate the second quarter, then picked up another piece, and held it out to me. I leaned forward and took it in my mouth and ate it. It was like no boiled egg I’d ever had.

He ate the last quarter and then just sat there, looking at me, and smiling. I smiled back.

“I love you too, Kieran,” I said. “Even if you’re just a naughty little boy, I love you.”

“I’m never going to grow up,” he said. “I’m never going to change. Now, can we go take a bath and then go to bed and fool around? I’m horny.”

He stepped in the Jacuzzi first and then held out his hand to me. When I got in, he immediately sat down on the side of the tub, put his hands on my butt, and pulled me against him so that his face was between my breasts. He rubbed his face against my breasts slowly and gently, breathed deeply a couple of times, and then turned so that his cheek was against me. When I looked down at his face, it looked like his eyes were closed.

“Siobhan, I do love you. Did you know that?” he whispered, “I love you for being my wife, for giving me such fine kids, for living your life with me. I couldn’t want for anything else in life.”

“I love you too, Kieran, even if your hair is getting a little thin on top,” I whispered back, looking down on his head. “Will you keep loving me when my butt gets too big for your hands?”

“Hush,” he said. “When your butt gets bigger, there’ll just be more of you to love.”

He kissed the nipple on one breast and then the other. Then he caught one nipple in his mouth and gently sucked on it for a few seconds before moving over to the other. His hands moved over my butt and then were still with the tips of his fingers barely in my crack.

“Well, it’s harder for me to keep my weight down now,” I said. “I don’t want to get fat so you won’t love me.”

“That’ll never happen,” he said. “I’ll bet you don’t weigh five pounds more than you did when we married.”

“It’s more like ten pounds, Kieran,” I said.

He licked my nipples, one after the other, and then blew his breath on them, until they were standing out.

“I don’t care, Siobhan. I really don’t. You’re a grandmother now. Just remember old bald-headed Grandpa’s going to love you the rest of your life.”

“I hope so,” I whispered. “Do you really feel old?”

“No, not really,” he said. “I’m slowing down but I still enjoy life just as much as ever, maybe more. I still get just as horny for you as ever.”

“Well, don’t tell anybody but I get horny for you too.”

“You shouldn’t worry about your butt and getting fat and stuff like that. Sleeping with you, spooned up against your butt, with my hand on your breast, maybe with your hair in my face - that’s the best way in the world to go to sleep. I love it when there’s nothing between us and my dick sort of nestles up against your ass. That doesn’t mean I want sex, not always; that just means I’m where I belong, holding you, being close to you.”

I cupped my hands under my breasts and turned so that one was in his face. He did what I wanted him to do. He opened his mouth and sucked on the nipple just like one of my children. A little later, I offered him the other breast and shut my eyes and let everything else go away.

Finally, he slid off the side on the Jacuzzi into the swirling water and then leaned back against the big end. When he held out his arms to me, with his legs bent and spread, I knew what he wanted. I sat down between his legs and leaned back against him.

He played with my breasts for a few minutes, stroking them, gently pinching the nipples with his thumb and one finger. When he slid his hand down over my stomach, I opened my legs to him. He played with me, lightly touching my pussy, spreading the lips apart, letting one finger slowly creep into my vagina. I shut my eyes and enjoyed what I was feeling.

“Why didn’t you want to be in the birthing room when your grandbabies were born?” I asked.

“Don’t look at it that way,” he answered. “I’ve been there with you four times. Every time, I wanted to be with you and maybe I helped you a little bit. I just felt it was important for Kavan and Brad to be with Kathryn and Arial. When a guy sees his child being born, how hard it is on the mother, I think it strengthens the bond between husband and wife. A father can be a lot of comfort and encouragement to a mother. Same for a grandmother. The girls wanted you to be there because you’ve done it four times. They didn’t need me in there.”

“Well, you would have been proud of Kavan and Brad. They were about as sweet and loving and caring as you were. Arial had a fairly easy time. Kathryn didn’t. I think she hurt a lot more than Arial but she stood up to it very well. Kavan was a lot of help to her.”

“Well, I’m just glad it’s all over for both of them,” he said. “Now comes the hard part, trying to figure out how to raise the kids. Will they both be coming home tomorrow?”

He started stroking upward between my legs, two fingers touching and separating my labia and then lightly grazing my clitoris. At the same time, he held my breast with the other hand and pinched and played with the nipple with his thumb and one finger. I loved what he was doing.

“I suppose so,” I answered after a while. “Dr. Hazelwood said she’d probably release them some time after lunch if nothing comes up. Do you have to go to work tomorrow?”

“Nope, I’m taking a couple of days off so I can help. You just tell me what to do. Do you still want to stay with them their first night home?”

“Yes, if you don’t mind taking care of Alannah. I think Kavan and Brad will be ready for a good night’s sleep.”

“I might stay with you. We could put Alannah on a pallet over there. She can sleep through almost anything.”

I moved away from him and patted the side of the Jacuzzi. He knew what I wanted. He sat down on the side of the Jacuzzi and spread his legs. His scrotum was warm and relaxed and his balls were hanging down into the Jacuzzi. His dick had finally lost its hardness and drooped down over them, enlarged but limp. I giggled and shook my head.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Your balls. They’re hanging down maybe six inches from your body. It looks kind of funny.”

“You know warm water always does that to my scrotum,” he said. “It just makes them as relaxed as the rest of me.”

I lifted his dick, slid the foreskin back, and sat there looking at the big red head.

“What did you and Kerry talk about,” I asked, then leaned over and took his dick into my mouth down to his wet pubic hair. It was soft but it was still a damned big mouthful.

“What do you mean? When?” Kieran answered.

I held his balls in one hand and kept his dick in my mouth until I felt the first signs of it stiffening. Then I held the skin down tight and slid my mouth slowly off.

“This afternoon, at the hospital, you know, when you and Kerry went to get us something to drink,” I finally answered.

“What did you and Tara talk about while we were gone?” he answered with another question.

“I asked first,” I insisted and then opened my mouth again and slid it down his dick about halfway. I held the skin back with one hand, held

his balls with the other, and slid my lips up and down until his dick was engorged and standing up by itself.

“We talked about Tara. What else? He said he’s enjoying the weekend with her and her folks. She’s got one brother and one sister and she’s the oldest. He said it seems like a very nice family and they haven’t given him too much of a third degree.”

“Yeah, that’s about what she told me. But I mean Kerry and Tara, their relationship. What about them?” I took a deep breath and then resumed sucking his dick.

“Well, you’d be proud of our son. He said they haven’t made love yet. He said she’s a really nice girl and he doesn’t want to hurt her. From what he said, they’re fooling around like teenagers always do but he’s not pushing her into going all the way. He said we’ll know when they do because he wants to bring her home for their first time, like Kavan did with Kathryn and Arial did with Brad.”

“Is there anything new on his plans to go to CalTech and whether she’s going with him?” I asked and again took his big dick in my mouth.

“Not really. She wants to go but they’re both busy learning about each other so they can make a permanent relationship out of it. That guy Kasegawa that Stuart put Kerry in contact with is advising both of them now. He says they really want Kerry at CalTech and Tara would be welcome too. He says he can guarantee she would be admitted and Kerry already is, even though he hasn’t got a formal letter of acceptance. Kasegawa says it’s coming. Damn, if you don’t stop that I’m going to be coming too.”

“Well, don’t you dare come yet,” I said. “You can’t come until we’re in bed.”

“Well, shit, if I can’t come you lay down in the tub and let me go muff diving,” he said, and he slid off the side of the Jacuzzi down into the water.

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(KIERAN)

“Kieran, you can’t do that,” she said, giggling. “Not in the Jacuzzi. You’ll drown.”

“Well, stand up then, and let me try it that way,” I said.

I knew I couldn't do it underwater. I also knew I could do it with her standing up and me kneeling down in front of her. I slid off the side of the Jacuzzi as she stood up and she turned to face me and spread her legs. I pulled her up closer, tilted my head back, and kissed her wet pussy. She put her hands on my head and held on.

I closed my eyes and gave her a good licking. I wrapped my arms around her legs with my hands behind her, just touching her labia, and then licked all around her clitoris. I pulled back once, looked, and saw her little red nubbin out from under its cover, so I fastened my mouth on that area and sucked and licked it until she started squirming and pulling my hair. Then I stopped.

"Damn you, Kieran Conner Stuart," she said, breathlessly. "Why did you stop?"

"Because you can't come until we're in the bed," I said.

I turned my face to the side and pressed my cheek against her stomach.

"I really do love you, you know," I whispered. "I love the way your eyes light up sometimes when you look at me. I love your mouth when you pucker up and give me a rabbit kiss. I love your breasts when your nipples are hard from me sucking on them. I even love your wet pussy. Damn, I really love your pussy, wet or not. Can I stick my dick in it for a minute or two?"

"You can't come until we're in the bed," she whispered.

"I know. I just want to feel your wet pussy all around my dick, Grandma. Can I do it from behind?"

"Yes, if that's what you want, Grandpa," she said.

She got down on her hands and knees in the Jacuzzi and stuck her ass back at me, her pussy just above the water level. I moved up closer to her and she reached back with one hand and guided the head of my dick to her vagina. I pushed once, she wiggled her ass from side to side, I pushed again, pulled back, pushed, and gradually my dick disappeared into her. When I couldn't see the shaft of my dick anymore, I leaned over her, cupped my hands under her pendulous breasts, and laid my head on her back. For a minute or so, I slid my dick in and out of her, so agonizingly slowly, marveling at the heat and slipperiness of her pussy and how good it felt.

“Damn, this is so good, Siobhan,” I whispered. “I wish it would never end.”

“It’s not going to end for a long time, Kieran,” she whispered back. “Lauren says she and Jack still have good sex. Maybe we will too. I’m going into menopause in a few years but I hope we’re still doing this in twenty-five more years.”

“Me, too,” I whispered.

“If you can still get it up, I’ll help you put it in,” she whispered.

“Shit, I can find your pussy in the dark.”

“I know,” she said. “You’ve done it often enough. Can we go to bed now? My knees are beginning to complain.”

While we were drying off, she brought up Tara again. She was standing there, rubbing herself with a towel, staring at my dick. It was still pointing upward.

“Tara seems like a sweet girl and I can understand why Kerry is smitten with her,” she said. “I hope he doesn’t use profanity around her or her family and doesn’t talk about sex too much.”

“Sweet girl?” I answered. “At the ball game, did you hear what she screamed when I threw that guy out?”

“Yes, Kieran. She was excited because you got a double play. I don’t think yelling ‘Kieran, you nailed that sucker.’ was bad.”

“Yeah, and after Kerry struck out their last man and we won twenty-one to twenty, she was screaming even louder. I stood there at second base and watched and everybody was looking at her.”

“Well, you and Kerry just had a good cheering section that day. Does she know we’re a nudist family?”

“Yeah, Kerry’s told her about that, how he grew up so it’s just part of the way we are,” I answered. “Why did you start thinking about Tara and Kerry again? I thought you were thinking about going to bed with me.”

“I am, Kieran,” she said. “I was just wondering if Tara’s seen Kerry’s dick when it’s hard like yours is. All three of you Stuart guys are kind of big, you know. If she’s seen it, I wonder what she thought of it.”

“Four Stuart guys,” I said. “Stuart’s my son too and he’s a Stuart even if he does have a different last name.”

“Is Kerry bigger than you?” she asked. “I know he’s taller than you are. Is his dick bigger?”

“He says it is,” I answered. “Mine hasn’t been measured since you and the kids did it years ago. He says his is seven and a half inches. That’s a little longer than mine but I don’t care. I’m proud of my three sons. I don’t care if they’re bigger or taller or more successful than I am.”

“I don’t suppose it matters,” she said. “I couldn’t tell the difference between his and yours when you two made love to me.”

“He wants her to come to dinner next Friday night and then go for a swim afterwards, in the nude, I mean. Do you think Arial and Kathryn will be able to get in the water? If they do, I imagine Brad and Kavan will too.”

“Maybe,” she answered, still looking at my dick. “There’s no physical reason why they can’t. It depends on how they feel. Anyway, I’m going to plan dinner for all eight of us, nine with Tara.”

“Don’t forget Kiley and Kathleen and Brandon,” I said. “Why do you keep looking at my dick?”

“They won’t be at the table,” she answered. “I like looking at it. I’m thinking about what I’m going to do with it tonight.”

“They might. What if one of them is screaming to be fed when we’re ready to sit down at the table? What do you want to do with it?”

“Kieran, we can always delay dinner a few minutes while one of them is nursing. They can do what I did, when we were at your parents, put a towel over their shoulder so nobody can see and let the baby nurse while they’re at the table. If your dick’s still up, I want to go for a long ride.”

“Uh, uh, I want to see. My father got to see you nurse our kids, even at the table once or twice. You can ride it all you want to.”

“Of course you do, you dirty old man. But it’s up to them and what they’re comfortable with. I want to ride you and then I want you to get on top of me and pound me through the mattress.”

When she handed me the blow dryer, I didn't complain. I stood there behind her, my dick still pointing up and touching her ass, while I dried and brushed her beautiful red hair.

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(SIOBHAN)

In bed together, we both lay on our sides, a couple of feet apart, looking at each other. I held my eyes on his, waiting to see whether he wanted to start something. At first he only stared back at me. I couldn't hold the serious look any longer; I grinned at him. He gave me a smile in return and moved over close to me.

We managed to get our arms wrapped around each other as usual. My breasts were against his chest and my leg was thrown over his hip. His dick was still hard and pressed against my stomach. I suppose neither of us was in any hurry to do anything with it. I knew I'd get my fill of it before we went to sleep.

"May I say it again?" he asked.

"What?"

"Just that I love you. I don't know why I'm feeling it so intensely tonight," he said. "I just feel like I've got to tell you but telling you once doesn't stop me from wanting to tell you again. Does that make sense?"

"It does to me, Kieran," I said. "I feel the same way. I love you and I love our children and I love our grandchildren and my heart feels like it's running over with love for my family."

"Do you really love me?" he asked.

"Yes, Kieran, I really love you. Now could I change the subject? Do you think Kavan and Kathryn will want to move to the little Free loft house?"

"Well, it would solve a problem, wouldn't it? Somebody's got to move from next door. There's just not room for two couples and three babies. We never planned on that."

He curled his hand around my hip until his fingertips found the lips to my pussy and then he started playing. He wasn't trying to get his finger into my vagina; he was just stroking the little lips and separating them to get to the juicy insides.

For a minute or so, I was conscious only of his fingers touching my pussy. Then I remembered that we were talking about our kids as usual and I realized that Brad and Ariel wouldn't have to move and that was probably what Kieran wanted.

"If Kavan and Kathryn move, Ariel and Brad won't have to move to his father's condo," I said. "They can stay next door and have plenty of room. Your little princess can stay close to us for a while longer. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, I'll admit it, but I still worry about Kathryn. I know Kavan's going to be a good father but those twins are going to be a hand full."

My hand was certainly full, full with his hard dick. I was slowly stroking it, maybe in reverse, sort of pulling on it.

"Yes, but Lauren and Joanne and Rachael have all said they'd love to help Kathryn with the twins."

"Yeah, if Ariel and Brad stay next door, it would make it easier for us to take care of Brandon while she finishes her degree at college," he said. "I'll help with him while I'm home but you're going to have to do most of it during the day."

He moved down on the bed a little and sought out my breast with his mouth. Since I couldn't reach his dick any longer, I held my breast and offered the nipple to him. He licked it a few times and then took it in his mouth.

"I don't mind," I said. "She's thinking of taking three courses, maybe two during the day when classes meet three times, then one at night when they meet two times. She says she can probably get her day classes back to back. We could both help her. Are you still going to change diapers?"

He stopped sucking so he could answer. "Yeah, I'll just hold my breath like I did with our four, unless baby poop has stopped stinking. I don't want her to stall on getting her degree. I want her to have a college degree like the others."

"Don't worry," I said. "Brad wants her to finish too. He's promised to help her in any way he can."

"We'll all help her, Honey," Kieran said. "That's what family's all about."

Suddenly he pushed me onto my back and then rolled over so that he was sitting astride my waist. He put his hands on the sides of my breasts and pushed them together. He held them like that and then moved up until his dick was just touching the undersides of my breasts.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I want to fuck you between your breasts,” he said. “OK?”

“I thought you didn’t like to use the word fuck to describe what we do.”

“I don’t but I suppose it’s a good word to describe what I want to do tonight. I want to fuck you and fuck you and fuck you until we’re both exhausted from fucking. I’m so horny that fuck sounds pretty good.”

“You can do it but it won’t work with your dick dry,” I answered. “Fuck me in the mouth first and I’ll leave it wet.”

“OK.”

He moved up until his dick was resting on my chin and his balls were hanging down on my throat. I tried to take the head of his dick in my mouth but the angle was all wrong. He moved higher on the bed so that his knees were in my armpits and then leaned over me. That was better. His dick was pointed almost straight down and I could reach it easily with my mouth.

“Don’t gag me, now,” I whispered. “Do it easy. You know how.”

I opened my mouth and he lowered himself just a little until I could wrap my lips around the shaft of his dick, with the big head filling my mouth. I kept my lips firm so that he didn’t scrape against my teeth and he moved up and down so just the head of his dick moved in and out of my mouth. As he pulled out, I made sure my tongue was pressed under the head.

I held on to his hips while he fucked me in the mouth. It was something we’d done occasionally. It wasn’t my favorite sort of sex play but I knew he liked it. I suppose it had something to do with the fact that I was helpless under him and he was in control.

I pulled down on his hips and he understood the signal. He stopped moving in and out and slowly pushed his dick into my mouth, until the head pressed against my throat. When I took my hands off his hips, he understood again, stopped pushing, and slowly pulled back

an inch or so. I took a deep breath, put my hands back on his hips, and pulled again. He pushed until the head was pressed against the back of my mouth again.

I knew I couldn't deep throat his dick. We'd tried a few times and I'd gagged too easily. We'd learned, if I could signal him when to press and pull back, that I could take about half of his dick in my mouth. I would have liked for him to fuck me in the mouth like he fucked me in my pussy, with the entire length of his dick sliding in and out of me. He'd never tried to push me into it or, rather, it into me.

I pushed him back and he knew I'd had enough. He moved back down until he was straddling my waist and pressed his dick down between my breasts. I pushed them together and he began to slide his dick back and forth between them. He'd tried to explain why he liked to do it and I suppose it made sense – that it was just another way he could claim me as his and that he wanted to fuck me in every possible way.

I watched his face as he watched his dick sliding back and forth between my breasts. He would glance at my face, smile, and then look back down at what he was doing. He did it for a couple of minutes and then moved back down on the bed. This time, he held his dick downward so it ended up between my legs instead of pressed against my stomach. He moved his hips back and forth, a dry fuck, I suppose, except that the lips to my pussy were already open and I felt the shaft of his dick become wet.

“Have you talked to Dan lately about Brad?” I asked. “Has he said anything about how Brad is doing in his job at the hospital?”

“Yeah, I talked to him last Thursday,” he said. “It's too early for Brad to have any sort of evaluation. Dan said he had talked to Brad's boss about him and he said they're really pleased with him. You know Brad so you already know some of what his boss said – that he's intelligent, hard-working, a self-starter, and he's extremely likeable.

“And he's very lovable but I guess that doesn't matter in his job.”

Maybe Kieran was content for a moment just fucking me another way, slowly moving his dick back and forth between my legs, but I wasn't. I reached down, caught it just in time, pulled it upward, tilted my pelvis, and the head was diverted into my pussy. He squirmed to get it in deeper and then started slowly fucking me where I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted to feel his big dick filling me and pushing against my cervix and trying to open it up so he could squirt my womb full of another load of his sperm.

“Maybe it does,” he finally said. “He was the top graduate of the university’s Hospital Administration program this year and with his GPA they paid good money to hire him. They’re going to rotate him around in lots of positions for a year or two and then decide where to put him more or less permanently. You know him. He’ll work out fine at the hospital.”

“It doesn’t matter that his father is a doctor there?”

“No. All the doctors are in a separate organization from the hospital. The hospital just provides services for the doctors. Brad’s on his own in the hospital. Don’t worry about him.”

“I can’t help but worry about him, Kieran. I feel like he’s my son and I love him too. I want him and Arial to be happy together.”

“They are. Even if Dan and I did sort of get them together, they’ve made it into a good marriage. Brandon will just make them closer together.”

He almost broke his neck trying to get his mouth to one of my breasts without losing the connection of his dick my pussy. I cupped my hand under my left breast and pulled it up so he could get his lips around the nipple.

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(KIERAN)

“Kieran, do you remember the first time we made love?” she asked.

I quit sucking and fucking for a minute. I remembered it very well. “Uh huh, your apartment, 1103 Lexington Avenue, Saturday, June 11, 1984. We made love all day. You guided my dick to your pussy and I pushed it in. I came five times. You came, I don’t know how many times, but, the first time, we had a simultaneous orgasm.”

“Then I got on top of you and you helped me to come by rubbing my pearl with your thumb while I rode you.”

“Yeah, that was good,” I said.” After you came, I lay there underneath you and fucked up, I guess that’s what you’d call it, and I came so hard it blasted you a foot into the air.”

“It did not.”

“Well, it felt like it.”

“Well, anyway, could we do that again?” she asked. “I’d like to get on top of you and go for a ride and you can use your thumb to help me come like you did that day.”

“I’m not going to fuck up this time, you know, me fucking up into you while you’re on top. When it’s my turn, I want to get on top and pound you through the mattress until I come.”

“I’ve never gone through the mattress yet,” she said. “Maybe I’ve dented it a little.”

“Well, just wait,” I said, and rolled over on my back and pulled her on top of me.

She brought her legs up so that her knees were on each side of me, then rose up over me, and began slowly to ride me. She was wet inside, almost dripping, and hot and it was good, damn it was so good, so fucking good, so good fucking her or her fucking me. I cupped my hands under her breasts, with my thumbs and fingers gently pinching her nipples. I waited while she rode me. I knew she’d tell me when she was ready for me to help her.

When she opened her eyes and nodded at me, I knew she was ready. I put one hand on her stomach, with my thumb curled around her mound, and started gently rubbing her clitoris. It didn’t take long. I felt her internal muscles clenching on my dick, a couple of strong contractions first, gradually fading away to almost nothing. I knew she’d come good. I was in no hurry for my turn. I waited for her to tell me.

“It’s your turn,” she whispered after a minute or so.

We wrapped our arms around each other and she locked her legs around my ass as we rolled together until she was underneath me and we never lost the connection of my dick in her pussy. It was perfect.

I began to fuck her, to make love to her, as slowly as possible, totally lost in the wonder of feeling my flesh immersed in hers, sliding in until the head of my dick reached the bottom of her pussy and our pubic hairs were matted together, sliding out until just the head of my cock held open the lips to her cunt. I slowed down even more, almost ceasing to move, taking forever to slide my dick in and out, wanting to savor all the sensations her pussy was giving to my cock.

In spite of my best intentions, I began to thrust into her faster, gradually losing all consciousness of time and place again, lost in the

miracle of loving her, of fucking her, of being connected to her. I knew that I wasn't going to last long at the pace I was thrusting but I didn't care. The instinctual need to deposit my sperm at the mouth of her womb swept me away. It was only a minute or so until I felt the first sensations of an impending eruption. I shoved my cock in harder and harder, wanting to flood her with my life. Her fingernails were digging in on my ass but I felt no pain. I hadn't worried about giving her another orgasm and so I was surprised when I felt a contraction around, not in my cock, and realized that it was hers. That was the final trigger. I stopped moving while I spurted out again and again inside her. I looked down at her and saw that her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, a smile or grimace of pure pleasure on her face. I knew I loved her and she was mine and I was hers.

We lay joined together, holding each other as tightly as possible, coming down from the pleasure of our shared orgasm, our panting turning into normal breathing, cooling off from the heat of passion. After a while she opened her eyes and looked up at me.

"Kieran," she whispered, "we did it again! Damn, we did it again, just like the first time. I can't believe it!"

"Yeah, well, just don't expect me to be able to do it all the time."

"I don't. When you're ready, do you think we can do it four more times?" she answered, and immediately yawned.

"Sure. Just wake me up when you're through," I answered and then yawned back at her.

(SIOBHAN)

We were snuggled up in our favorite go-to-sleep positions – both of us on our left side, his right leg over my left, and his right hand holding my left breast. I was beginning to fade into sleep when he whispered to me.

"Siobhan, you know I don't believe in much but do you want to know something I do believe in?"

"Yes, Kieran."

"I believe in love. I believe in the power of love. I know I love you and I love our kids and I know I'm going to love our grandkids. It's the one thing that makes all this living worthwhile. I guess if God is love, I believe in God, but I don't believe in any old gray-bearded grandfather who lives somewhere up in the sky and who cares about me and what

I do and who cures a boil on my butt when I pray to him and all that sort of shit. I just believe in love because I know it's real."

"Maybe that's enough."

"Do you think I fuck you because I love you or do I love you because I can fuck you?"

"No you fuck me so you can create new life in me," I answered. "I wish I could still get pregnant from a fucking like you just gave me. I wish we could go on having babies as long as we live."

"Me too," he said. "I wish I could knock you up with twins and they could both have a breast to suck on and I could watch and maybe they'd leave a little milk for me."

"Well, you can't do that anymore," I answered. "You've had your turn. Now it's up to your kids to create new life and I think Kavan and Arial have got off to a pretty good start. I hope Kerry and Tara will carry on some day."

"Me too," he whispered. "I envy Kavan, squirting Kathryn full of Stuart sperm and getting her pregnant with twins. I guess I envy Brad fucking Arial and..."

"Hush, Kieran," I said. "It's their turn now. Go to sleep."

"I'm not sleepy," he said.

"Well, I am, Grandpa" I said. "I love you and I know you love me and that's all that matters. Now I'm going to sleep and you can lay there and ponder all the mysteries of life if you want to."

"Yes, Grandma," he whispered. "I guess maybe I'm ready to go to sleep too."

"Good night, Kieran, I mean Grandpa."

"Good night, Siobhan, I love you even if you are a grandmother."

THE END

Author's Note: We have finally come to the end of The Measure of Man. Kieran and Siobhan are grandparents. In Chapter 1, when he was trying to convince Siobhan to have dinner with him, Kieran told

her: “For the first time in my life, I’ve met a woman with whom I’d like to have grandchildren. That’s the sort of relationship I’m looking for.”

There are still stories which could be told as life goes on for the Stuart Family. What will happen with Kerry and Tara? Will Brad and Arial continue to grow deeper in love with each other now that Brandon has joined them in making their own family? Will Kavan and Kathryn manage to retain their sanity as they cope with their twins, boy and girl, Kiley and Kathleen? How will Kieran and Siobhan celebrate their silver wedding anniversary? What will happen during the second twenty-five years in their married life when they are the center of an ever-growing family? And what will happen to little red-headed Alannah as she grows up as part of the Stuart family?

Unfortunately, there must be an end to any story, although the lives of the characters in *The Measure of Man* will continue, at least in my imagination. I really hate to stop telling the story. I think of chapters I’d still like to write.

Are there any chapters you wish I’d write? Do you want to know more about what happens in the life of certain characters? Send me an e-mail message telling me what you wish I would write. I make no promises but I am reluctant to let my characters go. Who knows?

Maybe I will add a chapter or two someday.

Gil Gamesh