

Bree the Boyless Wonder: The Babysitters, Part 1

(FF, Fg, f mast, g exhib, oral, fist, voy, cd, strapon, panties, puffy, exhib, vom)

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Prologue

First of all, you should know that Bree's father was long gone.

He was a Marine who hadn't lasted long after coming back from Iraq. His cheating started almost immediately and escalated in direct proportion to his meth addiction.

It had been tolerable for Annette, though. For a while. Her husband had a huge, fat cock, and she'd missed it for so long. His tour had been extended and extended and extended again. Annette had worn out several magnificent vibrators waiting to get him back. Once he was home, she'd been so happy to simply have his cock inside her again that it took her several months to notice that he wasn't nearly the same man who'd left her three years before. Not even close.

But Annette had been willing to deal with it. That is, until his addiction finally ate him whole. It started simply enough: he suddenly stopped giving her his cock. And then, not long after that, he began steadily sucking their little Bree into his ever-expanding black hole of a life. Almost by accident, and that just made it so much worse.

Late one night, Annette found her nine-year-old daughter humping the face of a fifty-something skank in their utility room while her husband sat but a breath away with his cracked smile as gigantic as the needle he was jamming in his arm. He was sweating so hard, he stank so much, and he didn't even see his only daughter grinding her fat cuntlips against the nearly toothless mouth of a woman who could barely even remember her own name.

Annette decided her daughter had to be saved, even if it meant giving up any more chances at that cock she'd so eagerly, so blindly welcomed back into her life.

It had taken all the fight out of Annette just to get the divorce finalized. When it was finally over - when her husband was done even coming to the hearings, firing his lawyer, living out of his old Dodge

Neon parked in the yard at a dealer's house - Annette had simply focused on work, work, work. And Bree. Keeping her busy with school. Keeping her focused on what the two of them could control.

Annette, much to her own surprise, was fine being done with cock. At least for a while. She barely even wanted to spread for her vibrators anymore. Sex was just a thing. Sex was just a memory. She had two lives to rebuild, and she didn't have time to waste on men - or cocks, or even fake cocks - anymore.

Bree had every right to have been crushed, but to Annette's surprise she'd handled it well. What Annette didn't know was that Bree truly hated her father.

Her daddy couldn't have cared less about her. So many times he had brought home women in the dead of night and fucked them on the cold linoleum floor, for God's sake, right in front of Bree's wide, wet eyes. He'd laughed more than once to see his daughter sneaking in to witness the spectacle. It was like he expected her to show up. Like he knew she couldn't help but get involved.

In the end, what got her daughter through it all, Annette was sure, was the fact that Bree was a brilliant girl. Smarter than most kids her age. Destined to do great things. She saw with clear, wise eyes. She'd figured things out. Her father was an irrevocable, self-absorbed, self-destructive ass. He was ruled by his addictions - to drugs, to whores - he chased his own shadow deeper and farther down a hole that would swallow him for good some day. He had no wife, no daughter. He didn't care, wouldn't care, couldn't care. Not ever again.

He'd used Bree for no other reason than because she'd shown up. She'd been curious. He'd made her undress and straddle the loose maw of a strung-out former grocery cashier and hotel housekeeper for no other reason than the fact that he thought it would be funny. To see his daughter molested. To force her to squat and receive her molestation like the good girl she was. And he'd barely even paid attention, even after all that.

Annette knew that the good in Bree was more than sufficient to see her through the tough months and years that stretched out ahead of the two of them as they struggled to move past the failure of the man in their lives, his absolute rejection of their importance, his disappearance into the fog of his own addictions, his life a smoke that soon vanished from their awareness altogether.

What Annette couldn't imagine was that, somehow, Bree had begun to truly love fucking older women. She wanted sex with women more than anything. Maybe because of her father. Maybe just because.

But his leaving their lives definitely opened a door. And Bree had run right on through before Annette got even a sliver of a chance to notice.

Her daughter was a little lesbian, through-and-through.

1

Brenda muses over how she became "Ben". Then Alicia tries to soften Brenda up.

"So it's a pretty big jump in pay, but you'd be moving into a new wing, a new department, different expectations and duties and all that. We only want RN's who've had at least a year here with us so far, with a very solid recommendation from a charge nurse and the unit's care plan facilitator. Plus, of course, it'll be 10-hour nights – that's the minimum – and there could be times when you're coming in for two weeks straight without a day off. It just depends on our census. Remember, ladies: that's the whole point of combining two positions. Sometimes it'll be great because one person's only needed like four-to-five nights per week, but there could be some times when you really are coming in every night. Anyway, we're posting it internally for thirty days before putting it on the web si...."

Brenda turned her attention once again to her phone, tuning out the hospital's head of nursing as she went on and on about the reconstituted neonatology position. It was a nurse's nightmare, at least as far as Brenda was concerned, and she has absolutely no interest in it. Who wanted to sit around staring at incubator thermometers and squirmy, squally, tiny babies all night long? Babies – and children in general – absolutely horrified Brenda. She tried to avoid them at all times. It was why she'd been in the gerontology department for sixteen straight years, and she planned on staying there until the day she retired.

She suddenly found herself thinking of Alicia, and she frowned, stabbing at her phone's screen a little harder. Alicia liked kids. Alicia talked about insemination, about adoption, even about fostering. So far Brenda had argued successfully against such insanity, but she assumed her younger lover's biological clock was ticking ever more loudly. It would soon be the thing that broke them up. Brenda was sure of it.

She herself had never felt even the slightest urge toward motherhood, and sometimes Brenda couldn't help but wonder if it had to do with how masculine she'd always been. Since childhood, she had put on muscle easily and much more obviously than other girls. Her shoulders were broader, her neck thicker. Her adam's apple in puberty was monstrous, a nearly constant source of teasing agony; even now, at thirty nine, it was every bit as noticeable as any man's. She'd started her periods just before turning eleven; they came sporadically, heavily, painfully, but it's not like that made any difference. Her ass didn't round out. Her hips didn't flair. Her breasts barely even thought about showing up.

Brenda's parents had taken her to doctors in Minnesota, of all places, to figure out if her glands were messed up. But, other than a significantly larger-than-average clitoris, the doctors all said she was

a relatively normal female, just high on the testosterone side of things, with her early period problems an anomaly in the face of that which they simply couldn't explain. They made recommendations about getting Brenda on hormone therapy if the problems proved to be socially crippling, but in the end the doctors – and Brenda's parents, reluctantly – had left her free to decide about that.

Brenda chose, the summer before entering middle school, not to become dependent on drugs for the rest of her life. Instead, she decided she simply wanted to live as a boy.

Upon declaring that decision, her parents immediately sent her to a psychologist, then another, then a couple of psychiatrists. Their recommendations were as varied and as absurd as could be expected – from suggestions of gender reassignment surgery to a recommendation for living in a group home with juvenile sexual deviants. The prescriptions that were written out for her simply got tossed in the trash. Brenda already knew what would fix her problem, and it had nothing to do with pills.

Only one shrink thought she'd be OK doing exactly what she wanted to do – which was to simply dress, act, and be a boy in the world. The hardest parts – urinating while standing up and discretely changing in and out for PE – were things she knew she could figure out. The rest was just dressing and acting, and Brenda knew she could pull that off to perfection. But her parents weren't so sure. They finally had a huge blow-up with Brenda over it. She ran away from home and moved in with the psychiatrist. After considerable legal back-and-forth, her parents signed over guardianship to Dr. Bodson, and Brenda embarked upon her remaining years of middle school in a new school district as a freshly-minted boy named Ben.

Of course, neither Brenda nor her parents realized that Dr. Bodson was a very feminine but extremely predatory lesbian; but by the time Brenda figured that out, she was happy to dive right into the depravity. She'd always preferred girls over boys, so once she'd begun living as a boy she was able to let all that lust out naturally, in plain sight, and no one thought it was strange at all. She was just another boy ogling the girls in the lunch line. Just another boy nudging his fellows with an elbow and directing their eyes toward the cheerleaders and their high-kicking, tight-bloomered glory. At her new home, meanwhile, Ben the boy quickly learned all about how Brenda the lesbian should love and serve her protector and benefactor.

"Ben? Do you mind? Ben?" Brenda's head finally shot up, her reverie shattered, her phone quickly disappearing in the pocket of her scrubs. The head of nursing was frowning at her, the red dot from her laser pointer skittering accusingly over the spot where the offending device was hidden. "You know the policy about phones in meetings, Ben. Come on."

"Um, sorry," Brenda muttered, briefly purpling with embarrassment and anger. Fucking bitch. Being one of less than ten male nurses in

the hospital made Brenda stand out anyway, and it didn't help that the other women considered him to be extremely handsome and flirt-worthy. It did, however, often get him off the hook for a lot of things, especially if he smiled his brightest and simply apologized, which was of course what he did just then. "My bad, Janice! My bad! Please continue."

Janice, nearly sixty, fat, and asthmatic, wheezed at him for a moment in consternation, then blinked and smiled pleasantly at the rest of the nurses assembled, as if to say, "Aw, it's just our Ben!" Then she turned and went back to her stupid agenda, while Ben pondered the problem with Alicia.

Alicia was five years younger, absolutely gorgeous, perfectly feminine. No one knew she was a completely closeted lesbian. Brenda had been the first man Alicia had ever been physically attracted to, much to her own confusion, but once Alicia learned that Ben was really not the boy she'd lusted after, their future got real solid real fast. They dated for just a month before moving in together. They'd been sharing a house for almost ten years now, and Brenda couldn't imagine a happier life. Except for the baby thing. For the past year Alicia had been bringing it up more and more regularly. Brenda was going to have to figure something out.

And then Annette showed up.

Two days after the meeting, Brenda was nearing the end of her shift when she got a text from Alicia, who happened to be off that day: "get home quick i got a big surprise". And so Brenda did. Big surprises usually meant new sex toys had arrived in the mail, or new videos, or Alicia had scored great seats to some concert or secured an invite to a girls-only orgy out of town. Alicia's big surprises were always good, always fun, and always related to fantastic orgasms, so Brenda dutifully cut out of work exactly on time and blasted her Ducati straightaway home.

She found Annette Myers sitting with Alicia in their kitchen, drinking martinis. Brenda was confused. Annette Myers was possibly the most heterosexual woman she'd ever met. Annette was an RN in the ICU, and neither Alicia nor Brenda really knew her all that well, outside of a few interdepartmental holiday parties and a couple of rather random group dinners out. However, the whole hospital knew about Annette's ex-husband, Dave, and his huge cock. Her ex had apparently been very well-endowed and extremely gifted with his manhood. Now that they'd been divorced for nearly a year, Annette hardly passed up a chance to tell other women about how much she missed her drug-addicted ex's magical tool. Annette, in fact, had become rather infamous behind her own back because she couldn't seem to help but complain about the loss of her ex's magnificent penis. It was like a compulsion she could not control. Whenever nurses went out for drinks or got together for parties on the weekends, sooner or later Annette would start up the "oh, how I miss his dick" monologue, which of course got really old really fast.

The first thing Brenda heard when she entered the house was Annette's voice: "...so lucky to have Ben around. There's nothing better than a man... I mean, you know...." and then a burst of giggles. Brenda stepped into the kitchen as the giggling subsided, doing her best "embarrassed male" act.

"Argh! Women and their sex talk! I'm outta here!" She yanked two beers out of the fridge in mock horror and tried to shoot Alicia her best wtf? look. She got three steps toward the back of the house before Alicia managed to get up and catch her by the arm.

"No, wait, Ben! Annette's not here to talk about that kind of stuff. I need you to listen to what she has to say. *Please?*" Brenda looked down into Alicia's huge eyes and melted. She found herself easily tugged back to the kitchen table, sitting down, and taking a long, studied pull on her Sam Adams.

Annette cleared her throat and somewhat disconsolately shrugged, "Sorry, Ben. Guess I'm a little... obsessed." She looked between Brenda and Alicia, then back to Brenda, then at her drink, getting herself back together. Brenda took another swig of her beer and checked Annette out. She certainly liked Annette as a physical specimen – she was tall and curvy and very fit at thirty-five, a woman who clearly took pride in maintaining her figure and attracting men. It was all the cock-crazy stuff going on inside her blonde head that turned Brenda off, though. Such a shame to waste a fine woman like that to nothing but men for an entire life.

"Ben," Alicia began, breaking the silence as Annette finished off her martini and composed herself. "Annette needs some help with her daughter."

Brenda frowned and broke off her ogling. She stared hard at Alicia, who was trying very hard not to smile. Daughter?

"Yes, well, here's what's going on," Annette broke in, back on her game. "I asked about that job in neonatal, and they're going to give it to me. The pay is a gigantic raise for me, and I might finally be able to start saving some money and get our lives back on track. Problem is, though, it's nights, it's not a lot of days off, and I've got a daughter with nobody to watch her. My parents and my brother and sister all live out of state. My husband is, obviously, not capable. His parents are the worst trailer trash you've ever seen, and his sister is a prostitute and a drug addict. That's how he got the fucking meth to begin with, you know? And she's pregnant now, too. Big surprise how that happened."

Annette went on and on about her fucked-up circumstances and the chance she wanted to grab with the new position at the hospital. Brenda could feel Alicia staring at her face. She knew her color was rising. This was bad. This was really bad.

"So, anyway, one of the girls in ICU said you and Alicia were considering adopting or fostering or something. I thought maybe you might be interested in something sort-of close. Like kind of deep-

immersion babysitting, I guess...." Annette chuckled nervously at that, then batted her eyelashes at Ben's reddening face. The look hit him hard, but he didn't just cave.

"What? Alicia?" Brenda turned to her lover in shock and rising anger. "You've been talking about the kid thing with your *co-workers*? How is that any of their business?!"

Alicia came out of her chair and flew into Brenda's lap, throwing her arms around her neck and nuzzling, pleading. "I'm so sorry, Ben! I just can't help it sometimes. You know how much I want a kid!"

Annette, uncomfortable, cleared her throat and pushed back from the table. "Listen, I don't want to cause a problem. Really. I'll just go."

Alicia squeaked and buried her face into Brenda's shoulder. Brenda felt hot tears seeping through her shirt. A lump rose in her throat. To her own horror, she found herself asking Annette to sit back down. To stay.

"How old is your daughter, anyway?"

Annette brightened back up. "Ten! She doesn't need *much* looking-after, not really. Just a safe place to be at night. That's all she needs. She's the smartest, quietest thing you've ever seen. She reads lots of books and is really good at keeping to herself. She spends hours in her room listening to her iPod and drawing and ... stuff. She's my little angel...." Alicia squeezed Brenda for all she was worth and whispered "Oh please oh please oh please, just think about it, Bren..." so softly into her lover's ear.

Brenda cleared her own throat then. "What's her name?" Alicia practically shivered with joy and settled more comfortably into Brenda's lap, taking the cap off the other beer, sipping it happily.

"Brianna – well, Bree, actually. That's what I call her. Bree." Annette reached down to the floor for her purse and came up with a wallet full of pictures. "She's my pretty girl...."

And indeed she was. Blonde, skinny, smiling. But still a kid. Still a pain-in-the-ass kid.

"I don't know..." Brenda began. But Alicia was ready.

"We've got two extra rooms here, honey," she argued. "All that junk in the back room *could* just go into the garage, right? Couldn't it? Or... or maybe we can put the exercise equipment from the workout room into the garage? I don't know, I'm just thinking.... But we have an extra room, either way, don't we?"

The back room with the "junk" was their sexual playpen, replete with a large, stained futon pad on the floor in one corner, a Sybian machine, a sex swing, and several sets of eye-bolts and chains in the ceiling. There was no way Brenda was going to deconstruct that room. It had taken them almost ten years to get it just right! And hell, she'd have to deadbolt it if some kid started staying the with them, like *that* wouldn't make a girl suspicious.

Alicia was going into full puppy-dog mode, poking out her lower lip, blinking with those large, beautiful hazel eyes. She'd wiggled deeper into Brenda's lap innocently enough, but her ass was now pressing against Brenda's mound in the sweetest way. She could feel the humidity rising in her panties. Her big clitoris – perpetually unhooded anyway, a situation that always posed its own wonderful problems – was already engorged and rubbing deliciously against every little movement her lover made. And Alicia knew it. She kept shifting her weight, just a little, just a bit, constantly. It was breaking Brenda down.

"I don't know," Brenda repeated, trying to concentrate, struggling to find an angle. "Are you saying she would, you know, like... move in with us?"

Annette explained, "Well, first of all, just let me tell you that this position will be enough of a raise for me to be able to pay you pretty well to watch after her. She just needs a place to stay at night where I know she'll be safe and cared for. I can't take this job and work all those nights if she's going to be at home alone. And the thought of just paying some *stranger* to come in and watch after her is – well, creepy."

Girl, you fucking think I'm a *man*, Brenda thought. I'm about the creepiest stranger you're ever going to meet! But what Brenda said out loud was, "I guess we can think about it," she glanced down at Alicia, who trembled with anticipation, "and let you know, like, in a couple days?"

That night, though, after one of the most intense, orgasm-wracked lovemaking of their relationship, Alicia finally had her way. Brenda called Annette just before midnight and told her they'd be happy to look after little Bree.

2

What will Brenda decide once Alicia's true intentions are finally revealed?

Brianna Myers arrived for her very first night two weeks later.

The exercise equipment had been moved to the garage – they were now only parking the motorcycle in there – and of course the door to their sex room had a brand new deadbolt. Brenda nervously checked everywhere in the house a dozen times over in the days leading up to Bree's first time over, making sure no vibrators or bottles of lubricant had been randomly left out on a bookcase or in a kitchen drawer. They kept the erotic art prints up, though, after making sure with Annette that it was OK. Annette had told them that Bree wouldn't be bothered by that kind of stuff. "I'll make sure she's mature about it," Annette said. "But she knows all about the birds and the bees already."

Bree was gorgeous. Alicia, in fact, seemed to have a hard time

breathing that entire first night, she was so enraptured. Brenda was still nervous about having a kid in the house, but it took her only a little longer to come around to appreciating Bree's natural beauty and charm. Alicia, however, was hooked right away.

Arriving in flip-flops, a fitted cotton Hollister t-shirt, and a pair of rather tight, mid-thigh length board shorts, it was easy to see everything about Bree's young body without having to look all that pervy doing it. She was tall for being just ten. Her legs were disproportionately long, her torso almost too short by comparison. She didn't have breasts yet, but the buds were there, puffy nobs with semi-erect nipples that tented out the front of her shirt just slightly, undeniably, wonderfully. As her pictures had hinted, Bree was very thin, but pleasantly so. Her hips were only just beginning to flare out a little. Her back was naturally swayed. Her feet were large and slender and very finely boned, as were her hands. Someday she was going to be a statuesque woman, a stunning beauty.

Bree's blonde hair was nearly white, straight, and very fine. Her ears stuck out through the silky strands and made her look almost elfin. Her eyes were a deeply-hued blue, and they twinkled intently, like a bird's. Freckles across the bridge of her nose kept her looking perfectly girly, though, while her mouth always seemed just on the edge of a very happy, very big smile. She kept her shoulders straight and her chin up. She looked her babysitters in the eye when they greeted her. "Hello," she'd said simply, in a high, happy voice. Later on, Brenda noticed other things. Bree had a way of biting her lower lip and wrinkling her brow about those gorgeous eyes of hers. She liked to touch herself unconsciously when she talked, to rub her hands across her upper arms, to play with her hair, to rub one foot atop the other. She was absolutely fetching.

They small-talked but briefly, that first night, then showed Bree all around their house – even going right up to the sex room door and telling her quite frankly that it was an "adults only zone", which of course made Bree giggle and all three of the adults blush. Annette had recommended being honest about such things, though; she was the girl's mom, after all. She would know her best.

"You'll be respectful of what married people sometimes do, won't you, sweetie?" Annette asked her little girl. "If you're going to be here most of the time at night, they need to know that they can enjoy their intimate times without worrying about you nosing around." A couple of very pointed looks slashed back and forth between mother and daughter, while Alicia and Brenda merely blushed deeper and backed away, glancing almost giddily at each other. If only Annette knew! Just one time nosing around the two of them going at it, and Bree would certainly get the shock of a lifetime.

They finally got Bree installed in her room that first evening – which Bree was free to begin decorating as she pleased, she'd been told, and which Annette had already furnished for her with a brand new bed, dresser, and desk – and Annette sped off for her first-ever night

shift in her new department. It was a special 7-to-5 slot, so she would be back for her daughter before the two of them left for the hospital, themselves. They'd be getting her most nights after dinner, really not long before her bedtime. It looked for all the world like it really might not be all that big a deal, after all. Brenda allowed herself to relax. Just a little.

But then Alicia started going to the girl's door every five minutes, it seemed, asking what Bree might like to drink, if she had enough covers, enough pillows, if she wanted to come watch TV with them. Brenda finally had to drag Alicia into their bedroom, and even then she very nearly had to barricade the door. It wasn't until she got her happy little lover naked and dripping that Alicia finally seemed to turn her focus away from Bree. But not for long. With two of Brenda's fingers buried deep in her cunt and another sliding sweetly into her quivering ass, Alicia finally burst.

"Oh God, Brenda. Oh fuck. Fuck! I want her. *I fucking want her so bad!*" Brenda stopped her hands, dead stopped, and stared at her lover.

Alicia had huge tears in her eyes. Her face was quickly soaked with them. She looked every bit as horrified as Brenda at what she'd said. But she shrugged, helpless.

"You saw her, didn't you? You saw her. You saw how... how *perfect* she is. I mean... right? Right? Oh God...." Alicia sobbed, her hands covering her face, and Brenda didn't know what to do.

"We have to send her back," Alicia groaned, sniffing. "We can't let her stay here because I swear to God I'll have to have her."

Brenda couldn't speak. There was a lump thickly pulsating in her throat. She crouched over her petite princess there on the floor, fingers frozen inside her wet, hot holes, and found herself unable to do anything at all. Alicia had never shown this side of herself before. She'd told Brenda very little about her sexual past, other than the fact that she didn't fully accept being queer until college. Brenda had always assumed Alicia had been more or less a typically repressed late-bloomer. Alicia, for being such a deeply closeted - yet privately enthusiastic - lesbian, had always been unbelievably, well, normal. *Brenda* was supposed the freak in the relationship.

"Oh God, I don't want to go to jail..." Alicia moaned, wracked with more sobs. She cast a tortured look at Brenda. Her eyes were wide and wild. She'd just spilled one of her deepest secrets, and now the vulnerability was about to swallow her whole. Alicia looked lost, scared.

"You think I'm a monster, don't you?" It came out as a thin, frail whisper. "I won't blame you if you leave me. Or turn me in. I'm sick. So fucking *sick*."

Brenda found herself shaking her head, her own tears falling onto Alicia's quivering belly. "No, baby, I'll never do that. And you're not

sick. You're OK. You're not a monster, baby...."

Alicia snuffled back a great deal of snot and wiped at her eyes. "Yes I am. Yes I fucking *am*."

Their eyes were locked. Alicia gulped air and finally whispered, "You don't know about... certain things, Bren. Stuff about me... OK? You... you just don't know."

Neither breathed much for a long time. Alicia eventually shook her head and looked up at the ceiling in supplication. "I'm so fucking twisted, Bren. So fucking *bent*. We have to cut this off. Right now."

But Brenda shook her head. Seeing Alicia so frightened was breaking her heart. And there was something else, too. Something that shocked Brenda as it broke upon her consciousness: she liked seeing her lover horny for that little girl. She practically vibrated with a new surge of lust, imagining her lover that way, wondering what she'd done in the past, what she might do in the very near future.

It was turning her on, flooding her underwear, and suddenly Brenda found herself very open to the idea of babysitting Brianna Myers. Much to her own surprise, Brenda began to imagine all kinds of forbidden scenarios involving that blonde elfin child, both with and without Alicia involved. She cleared her throat nervously, her heart pounding, struggling for the right words to keep it all together.

"We can handle this, baby. Together. It'll be all right."

Alicia closed her eyes and whimpered. There was another long silence. Eventually Alicia's hands slowly drifted to her perfectly round, small breasts, her fingers straying gently across her nipples. Alicia played with herself that way, still weeping, for several minutes, with Brenda's fingers remaining motionless inside her.

"But I want to *fuck her*," Alicia sighed. "I want to suck on her tiny pussy. I want to taste her. I want to bite her little titties. I want to lick between her toes. I want to sniff her sweaty asshole and eat it for days. God. I want to watch her piss. I want to watch her come. I want to ride her face. I want her hands inside me. I want her. *I want her*."

Brenda shushed her lover as she began sobbing again, still twiddling her nipples, now hunching her hips a little against Brenda's hands. Brenda started her fingers moving again, and Alicia moaned loudly, arching her back and digging her heels into the carpet. "It's OK, baby," Brenda crooned. "Tell me more about it. Let me make you come while you tell me...."

Alicia soon rocketed into orgasm after orgasm, barely able to rasp out her thanks by the time they were done. Brenda worried briefly about the possibility of Bree overhearing them, but they were at the far side of their bedroom, on the far side of the house from where Bree had been tucked in. If they could keep the noise down, Brenda didn't see any reason why they couldn't just talk it out like that anytime Alicia felt too tempted. Brenda could bring her off, and

they'd all be OK. She told her lover as much as they showered off. She didn't tell her anything about her own steadily rising desires.

But Alicia just shook her head, working the soap into Brenda's ass crack. "It won't work, Bren. Not for long."

Brenda disagreed, but only barely. Alicia looked calm now and totally serious about it.

"What will you do when it finally happens? When I... you know...." Alicia asked in a small voice, leaning back to soak her hair, raising her arms to fan out her beautiful blonde curls. Brenda's breath caught for probably the thousandth time as she admired her lover's breasts, water cascading over them like a glaze.

"I- It won't," Brenda finally stammered.

"But it will. I'm telling you. It will."

Brenda shook her head, but she had no words. Alicia, smiling sadly, didn't either. They finished their shower in silence, and in silence they finally slid naked into bed.

Just before drifting off to sleep, Brenda rolled over to spoon with her petite blonde love. Kissing her ear, she softly whispered, "I will always love you, no matter what."

3

It's just the first night, and Alicia is already losing control. What's Brenda going to have to do to keep her lover out of trouble?

Later that night, Brenda awoke with a start. Alicia wasn't in the bed. The bedroom door was closed, the master bathroom was empty. Alicia wasn't anywhere nearby. Brenda lay still and tried to remember what had awakened her. A noise? A feeling? What had she been dreaming about?

Her heart pounding, Brenda rubbed at her eyes and sat up. She felt Alicia's pillow – still warm. Her hand slid farther down the sheet, detecting her lover's warm presence still recently enough. Then she hit the wet spot. There was a slick-sticky sheen of juice bigger around than Brenda's hand. Raising her fingers to her face, sniffing, tasting, there was no doubt. Alicia was extremely horny. Maybe she'd been masturbating beside her for hours.

But obviously that hadn't been enough.

Brenda jumped out of the bed and leapt for the door, out into the hallway in an instant. The house was silent, dark. It was nearly 4 AM, the time for REM sleep, and Brenda suddenly found herself light-headed, disoriented from waking, rising, and moving so rapidly.

Entering the kitchen, she paused and leaned against the counter bar to steady her head and get the blood flowing correctly. Down the hall on the other side of the great room, which began just beyond the open kitchen, Brenda could just barely make out the door to Bree's

room. It was wide open.

When Brenda got there she found Alicia standing beside Bree's bed, one hand on her breasts, the other working fingers steadily over her mound. Her back was to the door, but enough moonlight backlit the mini-blinds – Brenda could see the glistening juices of Alicia's pussy as they trickled down the insides of her thighs. She could hear the squishing, slapping noise of her lover's hand as it worked her pussy over and over. Alicia moaned softly, shaking, panting.

Bree was sleeping soundly on her back, sheet and covers thrown aside, her arms thrown up above her head, her feet spread-eagled.

She was naked.

And she was drooling. An aged, worn Cabbage Patch doll kept unblinking vigil upon the bed next to her pillow. It leaned slightly against the headboard and stared cherubically at Alicia's increasingly fervent masturbation. Bree's soft snores attested to her ignorance of the perversity going on just a foot away from her bedside.

Brenda's heart was in her ears. Her brain flooded with the sound of her own pulse. She felt dizzy again and had to lean against the door jamb. Alicia was already giving in! Brenda felt so guilty and so utterly horny. Why hadn't she told her no? Why hadn't she supported sending the girl away? What was wrong with her? With both of them?

Her fingers, she realized, were already mirroring Alicia's, feeling their way across her own nipples, sliding their way between her fat labial folds. Brenda's large, protruding clitoris was hard to avoid, but she had a lot of practice delaying that contact when it was necessary. Best to save her nob until the latest, best time to touch it. Instead, she began to finger herself, trying desperately to make less noise than Alicia, not to draw any attention and risk startling her utterly transfixed lover.

Brenda's nipples, fat and stiffly huge upon her muscular chest, began sending electric waves of ecstasy straight into her core, making her entire vagina – and especially her clitoris – throb with an urgency that almost scared her. She stopped stroking her nipples and sent that hand, instead, into her ass-crack, wiggling a finger into her damp, sensitive butthole. That was more work. It would help postpone the big moment, which really needed to slow itself down at that point. But she had to touch herself at least a little!

Then Alicia stopped masturbating. She slowly bent over Bree's nearest knee, placing her hands gently and firmly upon the bed, settling her weight steadily lower until her face was only an inch above Bree's puffy young pudenda. She sniffed deeply. Then she sniffed again.

A groan softly escaped, more like a growl, from Alicia's bent, trembling form. Brenda had a three-quarters view of Alicia's naked backside, could only make out a sliver of her face, but it was clear she was opening her mouth, extending her tongue. Her face rose a

little, checking Bree's breathing, thinking it over. There was a teetering moment of pause.

This was it. Alicia was about to go down on the kid. Bree was going to get licked, and she was going to wake up.

Brenda backed out of the room and rushed silently into the kitchen, where she caught her breath just enough to clear her throat. Then she did it again. She opened the refrigerator and closed it. Little noises. Enough to be heard by someone awake down the hall, but not by a dreaming ten year-old.

Alicia appeared in Bree's doorway almost immediately, standing hesitantly, staring in stillness at Brenda. Brenda went to her, taking Alicia's wet fingers and sucking on them.

"Don't wake her up, baby," Brenda barely whispered. Alicia was already trembling, weeping heavily.

Brenda sighed, then managed a smile. "Not tonight. Let's do something else instead."

She pulled Alicia back into Bree's room and drew her down onto the floor beside the bed, putting Alicia on all-fours with her chin on the mattress, her face a hair's breath from Bree's long and slender bare foot. Alicia gasped and immediately sniffed at the girl's toes, glancing back at Brenda to make sure it was OK. Brenda checked for Bree's regular snoring, then winked at Alicia and moved behind her, working her fingers gently, deeply into Alicia's swollen, soaking cunt.

It only took a few steady thrusts before Brenda's entire hand was inside, fingers cupped around her thumb. Alicia, despite her petite frame, had always been easy to fist. Her vagina stretched readily for Brenda's plunging knuckles. The sucking, popping, slapping sounds were startling at first, and Brenda had to slow the rhythm considerably.

Alicia arched her back and bit into the edge of the mattress, moaning softly, her fists clenched and knuckling hard upon the floor. She was holding herself up like a horny little gorilla-girl as she chewed in ecstasy at the covers. She rocked herself back into a semi-squat, thrusting her pelvis hard into Brenda's forward movements, pushing herself closer and closer to orgasm.

Brenda reached up under Alicia with her other hand and rubbed at her lover's round, swinging breasts, alternating nipples, pinching sometimes at whatever random flesh she could catch. And pinching hard. Alicia was squirming, rocking. The bed was quivering. Alicia's hair fell across Bree's ankle and swept off again, causing Bree to scissor her legs and roll over, onto her side, facing them. They froze. Her snores had stopped.

Alicia kept her face buried in the mattress, her pelvis shuddering involuntarily, her orgasm obviously just about to break over her. Brenda prayed Alicia could keep it together. She was holding her breath, staring hard at Bree's face, afraid to pull her hand out of her

lover's vagina. Any movement, she feared, was going to wake the little girl completely. Alicia was ready to explode.

They remained in that awkward, nude tableaux for several more minutes. Then Bree finally rolled herself back upright, peeling her sweet face off her drool-soaked pillow. She resumed her snoring. By then Alicia had slipped away from the edge of her crisis. Brenda slid her hand slowly free, and they silently backed away from the bed and left the room, closing the door softly behind them.

Back in their own room, Alicia immediately dropped back down to her knees and accepted Brenda's hand in one brutal thrust. Her shrill yelp shocked both of them, but they kept on, feeling safe behind their own closed door. It took less than a minute for Alicia to buck herself to orgasm, mewling breathlessly into the carpet, sweat breaking out across her back.

As the moment subsided, Brenda indulged in one of her favorite things. She leaned down and tongued her lover's asshole, digging deeply into her sweet, dark ring, sucking, slurping. Alicia chuckled wickedly and wiggled back hard against her face. Brenda's thumb on her free hand found Alicia's clit and flicked across it in time with her probing tongue.

Alicia quickly came again, shuddering even more intensely than before, and this time her vagina closed hard around Brenda's hand. Brenda gasped in shock and recognition, sensing a very rare moment in their lovemaking. Alicia loved it when she was clenched up like this with her lover's fingers deep inside: Brenda roughly folded her hand into a real fist, wide with knuckles punch-ready inside. Then she flexed it and shoved, just hard enough.

Alicia ground her teeth against the scream caught in her throat, her vagina still squeezing, spasming around the hard hand inside it. She shot herself forward and nearly hit her head on the base of the night stand. Brenda's hand was caught, her arm nearly yanked from its socket. She fell into her lover's splayed legs, bashing her nose against Alicia's tailbone.

Alicia shook violently through the remainder of her orgasm, completely spent, sprawled face-down in absolute exhaustion. She was nearly asleep before Brenda ever got her hand finally free. There was blood all over Alicia's backside. Brenda has busted her nose.

"Well, baby," Brenda eventually managed to mutter, after helping wash her lover off – and her own face. She gently tucked Alicia back into bed and said, "I guess we're fucked."

But Alicia was already unconscious. Smiling.

4

It's just the first morning, but Bree has more than one surprise in store for Brenda!

(It was summer, so Bree had no school to attend in the mornings. She would rise and ready herself for her mother, usually getting to the kitchen at about the same time as Brenda. Alicia was a much lazier morning person. It took her twice as long as Brenda to get up and moving about. She was lucky most mornings to even get a bite to eat before having to rush off to work. It was why Brenda always rode in separately on her Ducati. Alicia's department might be a little lenient on the chronic tardiness, but Brenda's sure as hell wasn't!)

That first morning was uneventful, except that Brenda walked into the kitchen to find Bree already finished with two Pop-Tarts and staring with deep interest across the kitchen counter at the pictures arranged on the fridge. All were of Alicia and Brenda in various places and states of drunken, happy devotion. Brenda was very carefully male whenever they were out, so those pictures didn't give away her secret. Nevertheless, the way Bree's little brow wrinkled over her bright blue eyes gave Brenda some pause. This kid was really concentrating on something.

"Good morning, little Miss Myers," Brenda said cheerfully, stepping in the path of the girl's gaze and opening the fridge door. "I hope you had a good first night."

Bree grabbed at her glass of milk and nodded happily, "Yes! The bed's nice." She was charmingly chirpy. She almost sounded like a parody of a ten year-old girl, her voice was so highly-pitched.

Brenda found the cream cheese and made herself busy with a bagel. The toaster was between them on the counter, just a little to the side of where Bree sat. Brenda's back was to the fridge and she was no longer blocking Bree's view of it. The girl went back to staring hard at something she saw there.

Brenda tried not to notice. "You have your mom to thank for that bed, you know. I guess you ought to tell her that you like it. I guess." She shrugged, feeling stupid. How could small talk be so hard with a kid? Maybe part of it was because this particular kid slept naked the first night she was a guest in someone's house! Brenda could hardly look at Bree without seeing her as she'd been the night before: asleep, legs spread, delicious.

Bree took another long swig of her milk. Her hair was perfectly combed, straight, and soft-looking. Her thin, translucent ears poked out like little pink sails on the sides of her head. There was a skylight beyond them – it sat above the great room let in a flood of morning sun, and it shone around her head like a halo. Her eyebrows were so light and thin they were nearly invisible. Brenda glanced hard, several times, at Bree's intense eyes, captivated. The blue was deep water ocean reflecting a cloudless summer sky. There were things alive in the depths. There was light so strong upon the surface. There was churning power. Playful cool.

This was a fucking kid?! Brenda once again found herself stunned at how radically her opinion of children – at least this child – was

changing.

Bree wore a thin, tight top, almost blindingly white, with spaghetti straps. Her bare shoulders were pleasantly muscular, not bony but athletic. Her nipples stood erect and insistent as they pushed out beneath the shirt, her small puffy breast buds perfectly outlined by the clinging fabric. Brenda leaned over the bagel toaster nonchalantly, trying to look busy. She had enough of an angle to see that the girl wore a short pair of black and white jogging shorts, slit high up the side. She was practically sitting on her bare narrow ass. Just like the night before, she wore no shoes or socks and swung her bare feet casually, carelessly.

Brenda felt her pussy begin to seep. She sighed, smiling tightly as she looked away. Her undies were going to squish around madly as she ground her pussy against her seat all the way to work. Her motorcycle's thrumming was surely going to get her off. She made a note to bring a change of underwear – boy briefs, in her case – and second pair of scrub bottoms with her, in case she was so obviously satisfied by her ride that she needed a change once she got to the parking garage.

She had to stop looking at the girl, though, first-things-first, or she'd have to bring herself off right there at the house and that would make her late!

"I like that one," Bree suddenly chimed, nodding her head at one of the pictures on the fridge. She raised her glass to finish the rest of her milk. Brenda could sense the girl looking at her as she turned to find the right picture.

"Which one? There are so many..." Brenda mumbled, an ache rising in her throat. She knew, of course, which one Bree had found. Dammit! How could they have left that one out? The two of them were at Apollo Beach, a dune rising behind them. There was no one else in sight.

The camera had been self-timed and set on their cooler, framing them just from their waists up. But they were nude. It was obvious. They had that completely contented, abundantly joyful look of the naked in nature.

Brenda's chest was fully visible, but with her broad shoulders and well-muscled pectorals, the only thing vaguely feminine about her was her fatter-than-normal nipples, which in the shot were fully erect. Otherwise, Brenda was Ben, just like always, a handsome man on the beach. Alicia's torso was twisting into Brenda's – Alicia had been the one to set the camera and jump back into the shot. Only one of her breasts was visible, but the nipple was hidden, pressed against Brenda's upper arm, the roundest, sweetest profile of a breast that a ten year-old girl could have ever seen.

Brenda held her breath and turned to look back at Bree. The girl was staring straight at her and smiling slyly. She said very simply, "I think you two must be very, very naughty."

Bree held Brenda's panicked gaze for a long moment before the woman managed to clear her throat and go back to her bagel.

"You're both *naked* in that picture. Aren't you?" Bree insisted. "Like, totally naked on a beach!"

Damn. Brenda could only blush and shrug, trying to smile in a cool adult sort of way. She was terrified to meet Bree's eyes. But before the moment had stretched too awkwardly for too long, Bree's mother was at the door. It was time for the girl to go home.

Annette let herself in, asking how things had been, and Brenda played it off perfectly. "No sweat, easy-peasy! She's a perfect angel."

Bree's mother laughed at that and winked at Brenda. "Well, she's a ten year-old, remember? I'm sure you'll be seeing her Hannah Montana side soon enough!" Bree had come to the door and hugged her mother, burying her face in her scrub top, burrowing between her big breasts. Annette ruffled her hair and looked down affectionately. "But still, her crazy-kid moments are really pretty tame! She's probably as close to an angel as we're going to get!"

Bree then remembered that she'd forgotten her duffel bag in her room and ran back to get it. Annette confirmed that evening's drop-off time with Brenda, thanked her, and then went back to her car to wait, leaving Brenda in limbo, her bagel forgotten. Then Bree rushed back by, her flip-flops in one hand and her duffel bag in the other. She stopped suddenly and came back into the house just as Brenda was moving out of the kitchen to close the front door. Brenda stopped, thinking the girl had forgotten something else.

But Bree went straight at Brenda. She shot up on her tippy-toes and threw her flip-flop hand around Brenda's neck, pulling at her, leaning in to kiss her soundly on the mouth, working just the tip of her tongue between Brenda's lips. It was over in an instant. Before Brenda could even move, Bree had released her and was bouncing out the door, grinning wildly.

"See you tonight, *Ben!*" Bree giggled, then disappeared into her mother's idling Corolla.

5

Alicia and Brenda have to cope with their elevated horniness somehow....

Work that day was agony. Brenda masturbated three times in the staff restroom, certain after each that her pussy must reek all to hell, sure she'd be found out. Her nipples were so stiff she had to resort to layering paper tape over them to keep them less obvious. Even after doing that, she still grabbed a spare t-shirt from her locker and put it on beneath her scrub top, just for good measure.

Alicia texted her just as their shift was ending: "at home in playroom got 1 hour b4 bree so hurry". Brenda did.

Alicia was in the swing with their biggest vibrating butt plug already up her ass. The controller was on the floor beneath her, the cord running down to it out like a thin tail. It was set to maximum pulse. Alicia was mewling, one hand alternating nipples, the other working one end of their favorite double-dong in and out of her soaking wet cunt.

"Hurry, Bren! Oh God!" Alicia gasped, biting her lip.

Brenda was naked in an instant, gently taking the other end of the dildo and working it up inside her own dripping pussy. The dong was special, the two ends joined to make a slight V, with one end different than the other. Brenda always used the "male" end, which was for the woman doing the thrusting. It had a pair of adjustable thigh straps that Brenda expertly secured about herself, pulling the shaft deeper inside her pussy until the other end of the dildo rose lewdly from her own pubes like her very own dick.

The nob between the two ends was fat and top-heavy and covered in tiny protruding pleasure nubs. It was sweet murder on Brenda's huge engorged clitoris. Just getting the dong seated deeply and fuck-ready already had her nearly coming, the nob was rubbing against her clit already.

"Come on, come on," Alicia urged, yanking at her nipples with each hand. Then she paused, laughing, and reached up for Brenda's own chest.

"What's this?" she chuckled, jerking roughly at the paper tape covering Brenda's left nipple. She repeated the motion on the right nipple, tossing the tape over her shoulder. Brenda's tits surged with blood tingling fiercely. Then Alicia's hands squeezed at them, hard. Brenda cried out and nearly fell to her knees.

"Had a little nipple problem at work today, dear?" Alicia asked sweetly, twisting the nipples between her fingers until Brenda thought they'd rip off. Then she let them go and went back to her own, closing her eyes again. "You must have been horrrrrrrr-ny...."

The sudden pain made Brenda break out in a sweat. She gulped air for a moment, recovering. Then she slid Alicia's end of the double-dong back inside her lover, immediately thrilling at the sensation of the vibrating butt plug as it was translated down the length of the dong into her own thumping cunt.

Alicia groaned and shook all over, raising her legs until the soles of her feet rested on either of Brenda's shoulders. Brenda couldn't help but turn her face and sniff, one foot at a time, running her tongue lightly over Alicia's insteps. God. A woman's feet after a day inside socks and shoes. Her cunt clenched around the fat hunk of latex inside her.

"Fuck me *hard*, you goddamn dyke!" Alicia screamed.

And Brenda did.

Bree wants something badly, and it's not what Brenda expects!

Bree arrived at the house only ninety seconds after Brenda re-secured the padlock on the playroom door. She had only just then managed to put her scrubs back on, trying to look presentable for their imminent guest, and Brenda was certain beyond a doubt now that she stunk like crazy. Alicia was already back in their bedroom, showering. Brenda found herself caught in the kitchen, getting a bottle of water out of the fridge.

"Hi, Ben!" Bree giggled, coming through the front door after a light perfunctory knocking. She walked right at Brenda, smiling beautifully. She wore the same wedge heel flip-flops again, but her running shorts and spaghetti-top were gone. Now she had on a yellow summery babydoll dress, which only came down to mid-thigh.

"Momma said to tell you sorry she couldn't come in. She's running late!"

Brenda backed up a little, cornered, trying not to stare at the girl. Her silky white-blonde hair was tied up in pigtails. God!

Bree pouted out her lower lip and looked at her toes, which were freshly painted black. Brenda saw that the girl's fingernails were vivid blue, though. A band-aid stretched loosely across the inside of her left ankle. There was an intricate, skillfully self-drawn tattoo around her right wrist, roses and vines of thorns in black and red Sharpie marker. The kid had certainly kept herself busy all day.

"It's my fault she's late. I didn't want to eat my broccoli." Bree screwed up her face in disgust. "It's just so yucky!"

Brenda took a breath, then a drink from her bottled water. She forced a laugh. "I'll bet you let it get cold, didn't you? You have to eat broccoli when it's nice and warm, silly thing."

Bree shrugged and promptly closed the remaining distance between them. She stepped up so close that Brenda had to spread her arms to either side. It felt just like surrendering. But she did it automatically, put her arms out, let her step right in.

Bree leaned into her, turning her face to rest it against Brenda's chest. The girl sighed and wrapped her arms around Brenda, hugging tightly around her waist. Brenda, still holding the water bottle out to one side, slowly brought her other hand back in and patted Bree on the head. The girl hummed happily to herself as she felt Brenda's hand stroke her hair.

"I like it here," Bree said. "You guys are so nice."

Brenda cleared her throat. She had to get away. She stunk! Bree couldn't miss it! What the hell would she say if Bree asked about it? How could she explain how this *guy* Ben smelled like an all-day horny, four-times-coming dyke slut? But Bree was holding on really tight, digging the side of her face in really deeply between Brenda's

well-muscled pecs. Brenda couldn't just step back – she was already leaning into the corner of the counter! And this girl didn't want to let go.

Bree had more to say. Her voice drifted up to Brenda, high and small, fragile. "Ben?"

"Yeah, Bree?" Brenda held her breath, certain a hygiene question was on its way.

"Can I watch TV tonight before bed?"

Brenda chuckled for real that time. The affection was a ploy after all. She was just softening an old fogie up!

"Well..." Brenda began.

But Bree cut her off. "Oh, please!" She released Brenda and stepped back, clasping her hands before her chest, dipping at the knees a little, eyes big as plates. "Please, Ben! My bedtime's not really until ten in the summer – I know Momma mentioned that, right? Last night I went to bed *waaaaay* before normal. There's been a Hannah marathon all day, and the last two episodes tonight are going to be new ones!"

Brenda took the chance to get clear and began edging along the counter toward the short hallway that led to her bedroom. She took another swig of water and pretended to think it over. A thin shred of her innate annoyance with children rose to mind. Fucking kids! Hannah Fucking Montana. Really. How could that possibly be so fucking important?

"I guess I'll see what Alicia thinks," Brenda copped out. She was at the edge of the kitchen. Finally! "She's in the shower right now, but I'll make sure she talks to you about it when she comes out. Why don't you put your bag in your room and then go ahead and put your show on? I'm guessing that'll probably be all right."

"Oh, thank you thank you thank you, Ben!" Bree squealed and ran at her, hugging her even harder. Her face didn't turn that time, either. The girl's nose crammed itself right up against Brenda's chest, straight into her left breast. In horror, Brenda felt the Bree's mouth opening, her lips quickly closing around Brenda's stiffening nipple. Then teeth. The little thing nipped her – hard!

Gasping, jerking away reflexively, Brenda grabbed at her chest in shock and pain. She dropped her water bottle on the floor and nearly tripped over it as she backed into the hallway. Bree had let her go and danced away the instant her teeth had sunk into Brenda's nipple. Now she was giggling, running away from Brenda toward her own room. Rubbing sorely, Brenda couldn't help but admire the girl's long legs as she flounced away.

"You're the *best*, Ben!" she called out over shoulder, disappearing in a swish of yellow skirt behind the lightly slammed door.

Brenda cleaned up her spill and made a full retreat to the bedroom,

still rubbing her wounded tit.

7

Brenda is caught unprepared for Bree's revelation.

Bree lay on her stomach on their long couch and stared raptly as Miley Cyrus sassed her way across the large, wall-mounted television. She'd changed into a long pink t-shirt, but lying on the couch it rode up naturally and so the hem stayed most of the time crumpled just below where her ass plunged down into her thighs. Every now and then she'd rock side-to-side a little, rearranging her weight, and Brenda could catch glimpses of plain white panties. Bree's long bare feet often rose into the air, crossing and re-crossing, kicking slightly at nothing, her hamstrings bunching delicately.

It was driving Brenda slightly crazy, but she'd busied herself with her laptop at a nicely oblique angle at the kitchen counter, surfing the Internet aimlessly, just trying to hide the fact that she was constantly sneaking peeks.

Alicia couldn't even stay in the room.

Brenda was sure her lover was deep into some seriously good porn on her own laptop, wearing out her favorite orange vibe. She'd emerged to greet Bree and to eat the beans and rice that Brenda had prepared, but all throughout the meal she'd stared in agony at Bree's ass and long legs. Alicia could barely even finish her food. She mumbled, "Sorry," and grabbed a corkscrew and a bottle of Chiraz from the cabinet. Then she was gone down the hall, groin-first.

And Brenda soon discovered she really couldn't deal with the ridiculous sitcom. It made her want to throw things. Despite the sexily-prostrate ten year-old on her couch, Brenda finally had to evacuate. She'd changed into her workout clothes, anyway, so she headed to the garage and climbed on the stationary bike.

Two stations later, covered in a cleansing sheen of sweat, Brenda was fully in the zone. It was a cardio day, so she took full advantage and threw herself into it with extra intensity. Nothing better to burn the edge off her smoldering libido than to ramp up and up and up, with those sweet light intervals in between. She was bent into the rowing machine with zen-like concentration when Bree wandered into the garage, so she didn't notice the little girl's presence until she stepped around in front of her, waving cheerfully.

"I'm going to bed now, Ben!" she chirped. "Thanks again for the TV!"

Brenda slowed, then stopped her rowing, grabbing at her nearby towel. From her position nearly on the floor, she could see right up the front of Bree's t-shirt. The girl's crotch strained against her panties, as if they were a little too small for her. The fabric was stretched tightly, splitting her vulva apart, the lips separated and fat-looking. Brenda knew she was staring. She grabbed at her water bottle and sent her eyes up to the ceiling, swallowing, swallowing.

"Did you like the new episodes?" Brenda managed to say, finally lowering her eyes and studying her own knees intently.

"Oh, yeah, totally!" Bree sang. "I have, like, five posters of her in my room. And a big old pillow."

She did a little bounce up onto her toes, then rocked back to her heels. She did that several times, then her hands reached down hesitantly for the hem of her t-shirt. She pulled it lower and out to the sides, twirling the edges around her index fingers. Brenda risked a glance up. Bree was looking right at her.

"Ben? Can I ask you something?" She wore a little frown, and her deep blue eyes bore down on Brenda with an unsettling intensity.

"Um, sure, Bree. What?"

Bree squatted. She put her knees together, pulling her t-shirt forward to cover herself all the way down to her toes. It was like she popped inside a pink t-shirt shell. Her hair wasn't in pigtails anymore. It hung loose all around her face. A strand was caught in the corner of her mouth. In the harsh florescent light of the garage, the girl's freckles stood out on her pale face even more.

"Why is your name *Ben*?" she whispered.

A long silence passed between them. A car passed by on the street beyond the closed garage door. The florescent lights hummed coldly above them. Brenda's voice strangled, caught in her throat. Her heart hammered.

Bree went on. "I mean, you're not *really* a Ben, are you?"

Brenda could only stare.

"You're a woman," Bree said simply. "A woman who just looks a lot like a man. And you build up your muscles and stuff to... to hide your soft things."

"Bree, listen..." Brenda croaked, but she didn't have the words. She stopped.

Bree stood then, smiling more brightly than ever. "You smelled so... so much, earlier. Down *there*." She widened her eyes excitedly and pointed at her own crotch.

"That's what made me, like, totally sure about it."

Brenda groaned inwardly. Of course, the smelly lezzie's stinky cunt.

"But first it was your nipples," Bree declared. "They are *such* lady nipples. You know? Made for babies to suck on. And Alicia."

She giggled and in an instant pulled her t-shirt up over her head and off completely. The harsh light washed her belly out in a white flatness, but that only served to emphasize the contrast of flesh to be found above: Bree's naked, budding breasts. Hard little shadows stretched down from the bumps on her chest, making them appear cone-like, as if just released from a suction pump. Her areolae were

engorged, her nipples were almost red. They were utterly, stonily erect.

Bree raised the fingertips of one hand and stroked them softly while she spoke.

"I'll have fat nippies soon, too, just like you... but I bet my tits get a lot bigger! I mean, you've seen my Momma, right?!"

With that, she laughed and tossed her t-shirt into Brenda's lap, skipping past her and out of the garage. "Good night, Ben!" she called out tauntingly over her shoulder. "I'm going to bed now!"

After Brenda was sure she could walk, she staggered into the master bedroom, clutching the sweetly-fragrant t-shirt in her hands, panicked and desperate to tell Alicia about what just happened. She knew she was caught. Her whole life was probably only days away from bursting apart in some thick, sticky mess of a scandal. Brenda felt nauseated, barely able to walk the last few steps down the hall to their door. She fought back her panic, the bile that wanted to rise.

She'd admitted nothing, but did it matter? The kid had figured it out! She was just too damn smart, and Brenda was too fucking stupid.

And, Brenda had to admit, Bree was too damn sexy. Even in the middle of her silent hallway meltdown, Brenda felt the heat in her crotch, the lust that kept surging through her frame like chest-high waves, lifting her up, making her float. She needed release. From the sudden and insane stress of Bree's intrepid sleuthing. From the steady and unrelenting allure of Bree's delectable body. God! Those little titties! That pussy in those tight panties!

But when Brenda finally made it to the master bedroom, it was too late. Alicia was unconscious, totally passed-out drunk.

The bottle of Chiraz sat empty on the night stand beside her. The laptop was open but tipped sideways off the pillow she had propped it on. Brenda turned her head to see the screen, but the battery had run out. It was off. The orange vibrator was off, too, but still halfway lodged in Alicia's sticky pussy.

Brenda could see reddened pinch-marks all over Alicia's breasts and belly and inner thighs, from where Alicia liked to squeeze sharply at her own flesh when she worked her dildo really hard. Her legs were sprawled, and Brenda reached between them. A slender butt plug was fully-seated in Alicia's ass. Brenda jerked back suddenly as Alicia loudly snored, snorted, and kept snoring.

Brenda sighed. She sniffed deeply at the t-shirt in her hands one more time, then walked across the house to Bree's closed bedroom door. She hung it on the door knob and stood for nearly a full minute, listening intently. There was nothing. She wondered if Bree was naked again, on top of her sheets.

Then she sighed and trudged back her own bedroom and the shower. There was still one more orgasm to go, it seemed.

Brenda doubted she'd sleep at all that night.

8

As Bree bares it all, Brenda is finally, fully exposed.

It didn't take long in the shower. The detachable shower head had a pulse function that could bring Brenda off in less than thirty seconds, easy. Just point and shoot.

Her huge clit could barely stand a normal shower, anyway. It was usually a game of twist-and-tuck, shoving her hips and ass all around to keep her crotch out of the direct line of fire – that is, unless she wanted some breathless thrills fifty times a shower, being careless with where that wicked water might hit. Thankfully, the shower head also had a very gentle function as well, so she could at least rinse off down there without losing all muscle control and dropping to her knees every time.

But, oh, when she wanted it to... that shower head was very nearly the best lover she ever had!

Serenaded by Alicia's drunken snores from the bed, Brenda toweled off slowly, lost in thought.

Bree had figured her out. She knew Brenda was faking it, playing at being Ben – Ben the man, Ben the boyfriend, Ben the stud with the muscles and the hot red Italian motorcycle. She knew the odor of Brenda's wet, hungry cunt. Not the smell of a Ben's musky cock. She'd put her mouth on Brenda's nipple, for God's sake! She knew. She knew, and she wasn't afraid to tell Brenda that she knew.

Brenda found herself on the toilet, sitting on the closed lid, naked, half-dried, caught, confused.

The kid was only ten. She didn't have the guile to blackmail her, did she? And if she didn't, what then? What if she was really an innocent, naïve, and she let the secret out just because? Just for giggles?

Brenda thought the girl was somewhere between. Not a schemer, not an angel, certainly not a fool. She'd made sure Brenda knew what she'd discovered. And then she'd taken her shirt off and given it to her. And run off to bed.

Shivering, Brenda rubbed her goose-pimpled arms and replayed the scene carefully. Still seeping from her rapid, massive orgasm in the shower only a few minutes before, her pussy began to build fluids again, leaking heavier the longer she thought about it all. Her aroma filled the bathroom. Brenda found herself dipping in fingers, licking, sniffing, tasting herself and thinking thinking thinking about that little girl.

Had Bree really invited Brenda back to her bedroom? Had she really half-stripped for her and made a perfectly clear offer?

"Why is your name Ben?" she'd whispered....

It shook Brenda to remember it, sent her wobbling off the toilet lid and over to their extra-long garden tub, where she fumbled distractedly to fill it. She climbed in right away, thankful for the cold shock on her ass and back, hungry to feel the water slowly warm, rising over her anus, her cunt, her thighs, until she simmered and sank away. She ignored her already-wrinkled fingertips and toes, her fresh-orgasm blush, her wet dripping hair.

She was eager to soak and explore the memory she'd stumbled across. She wanted to fully recall it, see it clearly – the first time that question had come to her, spoken almost exactly the same way, the only other time anyone ever asked. It had been her first lover, Samantha, that summer she was eleven and visiting all the doctors. They'd had her first, in a way, but that rodeo gal – God – she'd certainly had her the best....

It was a long time before Brenda noticed anything beyond the bath tub. Then came a small, high sound.

"Ben? Ben? Are you in there?" It was Bree's voice, so close and so quiet on the other side of the bathroom door.

Brenda surged up out of the full tub, shaking herself free from remembrance, instantly terrified. Why was the kid in their bedroom?

"Ben?" The girl was whispering. Alicia must still be asleep. Alicia! Had Brenda even covered her up before coming into the bathroom? Was her lover still lying there, totally exposed, with a vibrator hanging halfway out of her cunt and a plug up her ass?

Brenda went dripping to her side of the bathroom door, cracking it only just. She fumbled with her free hand to yank a towel off the nearby rack and wrap it around her waist.

"What's wrong, Bree? What?"

Bree took a few steps back, smiling sweetly. Brenda could see past Bree enough to tell that Alicia still sprawled, passed out in the exact same position on the bed, fully exposed, absolutely, whorishly wide open and used.

Then Brenda saw something else. Bree was naked. Her hands worked lightly over her little pussy, pushing on her clit, rubbing her lips.

"*When* are you going to come *fuck* me, Ben?" the little girl whined. "I'm soooo tired of waiting. I mean, I'm like getting sleepy and everything. Can you please hurry up?"

Brenda's heart hammered in her chest. She felt so light-headed anyway, from jumping up out of the tub so fast, and now dizziness threatened to topple her right over. She flung her hands out for support, her towel dropping to the floor. Bree sucked in her breath, eyes wide. Then she grinned. The door had drifted open only about six more inches, but that was all the little girl needed.

Brenda could hide no more. Ben was history.

Bree giggled, covering her mouth, staring wickedly at Brenda's

exposed crotch. There was a sick wrenching of time. Everything jerked to a stop. Brenda couldn't move, couldn't breathe. A fire burned out from the center of her brain, radiated through her flesh in one giant rage of pins-and-needles fury. Her skin hurt. She felt dipped in acid.

Her vision tunneled. She needed to vomit. Badly.

Brenda slammed the door and leaned against it, panicked, panting, the room spinning. Her feet slipped out from under her. She fell hard onto the tiled bathroom floor, her ass slapping wetly, the back of her head thumping numbly against the wood of the door.

"Hey! Why'd you *do* that?" Bree protested. Over the roaring inside her jangled head, Brenda could hear Bree's little bare foot stomp the floor. "That's not fair!"

The fucking towel she'd fucking dropped on the fucking goddamn floor was under her hand, crumpled on the floor beside her. Brenda raised it to her face, covering her eyes and nose and mouth, and sobbed. Everything spun. It was all twirling and tipping. Rolling over. Rising fast.

Then she leaned forward and threw up all over her own crotch and legs. Beans and rice. Protein shake. Beer and something pink.

Brenda was stunned, unable to do anything but heave until her stomach fully emptied. Then she heaved a little more. She reached out a trembling finger and feebly traced it through the disgusting mess on the floor between her thighs. She pushed a wet lump back and forth, trying not to smell it all. Splatters extended a yard beyond her splayed feet. A mad scatter of pinkish, rice-infested spray climbed the side of the tub.

Her legs were coated in slime. Her cunt was drowning in it. There was so much mess pooling at her crotch, she couldn't even see the top of her slit. A thick gob of something dripped slowly from her nose. She wiped it away with the back of her hand, her eyes watering fiercely.

Brenda had to gulp for air before she found her voice. Her throat was raw and burning. Little chunks still floated around in her mouth, and her saliva was building heavily, dangerously. Brenda had to fight the urge to spew again as she spoke. "Bree, listen-"

"Omigod! Did you just *puke*?" Bree squealed. Brenda could hear her with frightening clarity, as if the little girl was leaned down against the door exactly opposite of her head. "Are you OK?"

Brenda cleared her throat, spit, did it again a few times. "No, Bree. I'm not."

There was a pause. "Aw jeez, Ben. I'm so sorry."

"I- It's OK. It's... OK." Brenda's head felt lighter than ever. Her voice wasn't even in her own head. It came from somewhere outside, and she listened to it like a fly on the wall. The floor felt like it was tilting.

Another pause. "Can I, like, help? Do you need some medicine or something?"

"No... Bree. No medicine. No... help." The floor was getting closer. Why was it getting closer? Brenda's torso jerked as she came back back from the brink of blacking out, her legs spasming, heels clattering briefly on the tiles. The puke spluttered sickly as her thighs and ass jerked about in a random dance of nerves. Her head came back hard and cracked against the door again, and this time Brenda really felt it. Thin laser lights of pain arced across her vision. She was still tunneling. Tunneling.

Her tongue felt thick. She heard her own voice mumbling. "Just... go to your room. Please. Please...."

And that was it. Brenda slid into darkness. She never heard the sounds of a little fist knocking frantically on the hollow, hard wood of the bathroom door. She never heard the keening cry, never felt the panicked child rattling the door knob, unable to push it open, her weight slumped against it, a heavy lump of muscle and bone tipped sideways on the floor.

Author's Note

*Fifteen years ago I worked with a woman who had spent her entire adult life passing as a man. She had no penis, of course; she was in the technical sense a lesbian, but she identified in the culture as a man. That's fascinated me ever since. Her lover was the one who told me the secret, and I had to swear to her that I wouldn't let her "man" know - or anyone else, for that matter. Why did she tell me? It was more or less a great combination of luck, timing, and alcohol. She and I were both slightly drunk at the time. I had observed to her at a party one night that her "man" sure would look pretty as a girl, and I asked her slyly if they'd ever played dress-up. She looked at me like she'd just swallowed a scotch bonnet, then bolted down her screwdriver and pulled me outside the house. All she told me was this: "Taylor plays dress up every day, honey. She's a lesbian. **We're** lesbians." Then I had to promise promise promise not to tell. The woman who'd told me, obviously, was very feminine and totally closeted. She had a wild, exhilarated look in her eyes when she let me in on their secret, and an equally horrified look just a moment after she'd finished. I don't work with her lover anymore, but they only live about forty-five minutes away. I often wonder if anyone else ever found out, or if they're even still together.*

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