

Title: The Trespasser

Codes: Mf

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Version 1.0

The Trespasser

Wind whipped the previous day's snow around our small garden, whistling over the iron and wood bench, painting the shed white at the bottom, bending the burlap-wrapped roses, and generally making a nightmare of what in summer was a lovely retreat from the city's bustle.

I was turning away from the scene outside the sliding-glass door when I noticed that someone had forced open the locked hasp on the shed door. Ours was a generally peaceful suburb, so the discovery was unexpected. I saw no footprints in the snow at the shed door, so I supposed the culprit was long gone.

To the coat closet I went, pulling out a jacket, boots, and gloves. Best, I thought, to inventory what was lost, if anything, before reporting the incident. I took a large flashlight, too, as the shed had no electrical service.

Entering the shed, I looked around and saw nothing missing; not surprising, as garden tools are not in demand at mid-winter. Rather, I saw an addition: a body in a sleeping bag spread out beside a bicycle and push lawnmower.

"Hello!" I called out, my voice even, my courage bolstered by the heavy flashlight that would be a useful weapon if the sleeping bag was occupied by a thug or, worse, an unhinged homeless squatter.

"Please don't hurt me," came the reply, a female voice, and a young one at that. Then a head appeared from the mouth of the bag. Its owner was a young teenager with blond hair and blue

eyes.

My first instinct was to challenge her and demand to know why she had broken into my shed and presumed to sleep there. But it was cold; she was frightened and clearly no threat. I wanted to get her into warmth and safety.

“Come inside, child. Let’s get you warmed up.” A few minutes later, sitting together in our kitchen, the girl having eaten and now nursing a cup of hot chocolate, the story came out. She lived several towns away and had escaped into the night to get away from a drunken, abusive pair of step-parents, her natural parents both dead.

First her father had died in a car wreck, her mother had remarried, then her mother had died of a virulent and fast-acting cancer, and now her step-father had remarried badly and moved her across the country, from California to the East Coast. In sum, her life had gone from bad to badder to baddest to the intolerably bad situation she now found herself in.

Why my shed? She was nominally a freshman, yet she hadn’t been enrolled in her town’s high school despite having moved to the town the prior week. So to date she’d made no new friends and had nowhere to go when her home life exploded.

She’d wandered the streets, ducking into backyards in the wee hours when a car approached for fear it was the cops, and had slipped into mine at such a time. Seeing my shed, and seeing a handy rock near the shed door, she had decided to strike the hasp to gain innocent entry and peace for the rest of the night. The shed had no windows to admit dawn’s light, and she’d slept deeply until I discovered her.

Now what to do? Did she want to be driven home. No! To social services? No! Could I buy her a plane ticket or bus ticket to a blood relative’s home in California? No! No! No!

Perhaps, she asked tentatively, she could stay at my house for a few days till she came up with a workable plan? Or would my wife mind? No wife, I told her. We’d gone our separate ways a few years prior. Yes, she could stay for just a few days on the living room couch or on the floor of my office, a third bedroom on the builder’s floor plan with a bath shared by my daughter’s room. My daughter was at school for the day but would return soon. For my part, I typically worked at home

part of the day, spending the rest away meeting customers.

Did I really trust this stranger, who called herself Holly, with my house and daughter? For some inexplicable reason, yes I did. I introduced her to my daughter, Katie, when she returned home just before three, and I headed out to some meetings.

Katie was in sixth grade, not so terribly distant in age from Holly. They got along well, and it was Katie who cajoled Holly to enroll at our town's high school some weeks later. Winter turned to spring, and Holly still lived with us, sleeping on the office floor, helping with cooking, cleaning, and homework that puzzled Katie. I gave Holly a modest allowance, increased it as she took on more responsibilities. Eventually, I bought a narrow bed and squeezed it into the office, along with a small chest of drawers.

Spring turned to summer, and both Katie and Holly were soon to be out of school. Katie was headed for a month to her mom's house out of state. Perhaps Holly could go with her? My ex nixed that idea. So what did Holly want to do? Reconcile with her step-parents? No no no! How about a summer camp or program of some sort? I had sent away for some brochures. She showed initial interest, then changed her mind.

"I want a summer job," she declared. I encouraged her to think about what she wanted out of the job besides money. Trying not to come across as an overbearing parent, I noted that early experiences sometimes set one on a course for life, if not for a vocation, for an avocation. As I explained further, her eyes began to roll, as only teen eyes can, so I butted out.

Three day before Katie was heading out, Holly announced she'd landed a job selling cotton candy at a small amusement park nearby. I congratulated her. Six days into the job she quit, saying her boss was an ass. They often are, I told her.

I was comfortable with having Holly around until I noticed that, with Katie gone, Holly began wearing less and less around the house, and she began to leave the doorway into the office bathroom open when she was in there. More than once, sitting at my desk, I would catch a glimpse of bared teenage flesh: a nipple, an entire tit, an inner thigh, once or twice her pudenda, which I noted was hairless.

As I closed the door one morning, I jokingly asked, "Are you flashing me?"

"As a matter of fact, I am," she replied through the now closed bathroom door. "You never pay any attention to me."

"But I do," I said. "You are becoming an absolutely beautiful young woman."

Later that day, she modeled a bikini for me, asking my opinion. The top was skimpy and scooped low, the bottom barely existed. "What do you think?"

"You are gorgeous, Holly. Absolutely gorgeous." That was the end of that. Or so I thought.

Holly's fifteenth birthday was the following week. I asked what she wanted. The response: A job that paid well, with a boss who wasn't an ass. Regardless, it was obvious she needed more spending money.

I decided to give her fifteen hundred dollars then and there, so she could buy the wardrobe she really wanted. After all, high school can be a horrid place if you don't fit in or look out of place or appear to shop at the local Salvation Army store. Holly seemed stunned at the amount of money, but I told her that it was probably far less than her peers routinely charged on mommy and daddy's tab for their clothing.

With Katie away, we ate dinner at home some of the time, at restaurants the other times, usually at cheap chain restaurants, but occasionally at local diners and once or twice at higher end eateries. Cooking for two seemed odd, now that there were usually three of us, and eating at higher end places seemed odd as well, given our age differences. Or at least that's how I felt.

Two nights before Holly's birthday, I hit the sack exhausted. I'd spent the morning on my least favorite task, balancing the books, and the afternoon visiting, that is, strong-arming, clients who were slow to pay. My eyelids had barely closed when Holly entered my room, slipped under the covers, and hugged me. She was wearing PJs with Disney characters printed on them. As usual, I was wearing a nightshirt.

I was instantly awake. "What are you doing, Holly? Why are you in my bed?"

"I'm hugging my hero, the man I've come to love more than anyone else in the world."

"That's nice. Now back to your room."

"No. I want to stay and cuddle with you."

"Holly, this isn't appropriate."

"Yes, it is. Now go to sleep and let me enjoy being close to you." She rolled over, so she wasn't facing me, and wiggled close to me. It was a dangerous, provocative moment. A corrupt man, I told myself, would take advantage of the situation. Was I corrupt? I didn't get a chance to answer myself, as I fell asleep feeling Holly's ass grinding into my groin.

In the morning I awoke to an empty bed, as she headed off to her new job at a splash park before my alarm clock even buzzed. That evening, I told myself, I'd talk to Holly about limits.

The talk went well, I thought. Holly listened attentively as we ate our dinner and, when I was done, said softly, "I'm sorry I made you feel uncomfortable." We watched a TV show and headed off to our respective sleeping quarters.

As usual, Holly took her shower at night, so she wouldn't risk being late for work in the morning, when young mommies arrived at the splash park early to gossip, drink coffee, and let their kids play under the watchful eyes of Holly and some other teen girls.

I was getting cozy under the covers when, for the second evening in a row, Holly slipped into my bed. She didn't just cuddle, though. She kissed me full on the lips and pulled my head to her neck. She smelled wonderful as she hugged me and ran her arms over my back and shoulders. Breaking off the kiss, she whispered, "I am so sorry I made you feel uncomfortable last night. Am I making you feel comfortable tonight?"

My dick was tenting my nightshirt and my balls felt as full and as neglected as a teenager's after a four-hour necking

session. "Holly, you smell wonderful, and I love that you love me, and I love you bunches, but this is inappropriate and you're making me very uncomfortable."

Holly moved away slightly, and asked, "Why don't you date? You are a good-looking man, and surely you get horny" – her hand brushed my tent – "and clearly you are attracted to women."

"Katie has a mother and a father, both of whom love her, though I acknowledge that I get frustrated about my ex's hands-off approach to Katie. Divorce is hard enough on kids, on Katie, without having a father who is dating potential step-moms and leaving the kid with baby-sitters in the evening and sometimes all night. I just don't want to put Katie through all that."

"But you get horny."

"Sure, but there's porn and the privacy of my bedroom." Had the bedroom been lit, Holly would have seen me blush. "Holly, I've told you too much. Now scoot off to your bed."

She leaned in and kissed me hard, her tongue softly probing just beyond my teeth, and one hand reached down and squeezed my tent. "OK. To be continued." After she left, I jerked off to the memory of her scent.

Holly's birthday arrived, and so did the time for her to scurry off to work. I managed to stumble out of bed and wish her happy birthday before she headed out the door, eating a Pop-Tart as she went.

Late that afternoon, I stopped work early and took Holly to an ice cream parlor at the local mall. As we shared a banana split, I handed her a gift envelope with another thousand dollars in it. "Happy birthday!" I confessed I'd been surprised by how little the earlier fifteen hundred had enabled her to buy. I hadn't realized just how expensive teen fashions had become.

Holly gave me a buss on the cheek, and stopped eating the yummy we were sharing. She was champing at the bit to start shopping. "Go! Buy what you want. I'm going to head home. Call me when you're ready to be picked up."

She called about eight o'clock. When loading her haul into the

car, I noticed a bag from Victoria's Secret. Did Holly really need to buy lingerie? Then again, that chain sold bras, so maybe that was what she'd bought.

We shared a birthday cupcake I'd bought at a bakery, and then streamed the teen classic *Sixteen Candles*. And so to bed.

Once again, I'd barely gotten cozy when I heard Holly enter my bedroom. This time, she didn't slip under the covers. Rather, she came around to my side of the bed, pulled the covers down, turned on the bedside lamp, and knelt beside the bed. "Look at me, sleepyhead." As I blinked in the strong light, she kissed me, then leaned back so I could look at her chest.

She was wearing a gossamer nightie that let me see every detail of her tits. Her nipples were of average length but erect, surrounded by small pale areolas, the lamplight making the most of their slight puffiness. Her young breasts pushed the nipples slightly upward, as if she had dipped in the sea and risen up, thrusting them to the heavens.

Holly lifted her hands to her shoulders and pushed the nightie off of them, revealing the entirety of her breasts. The only mystery now was the firmness of their flesh, but I had no doubt they enjoyed the hardness of young globes, barely born from the flesh over her ribs.

"Holly!" I exclaimed. "What are...."

Before I could utter my question, she stopped me with a kiss and, leaning forward, replaced her lips with a tit, pressing it hard onto my face. "I'm claiming my birthday present, kind sir. I love you more than I have ever loved anyone in the world, even more than I loved my own my mother. I love you, and I want your love.

"I want you to be my first, lest some asshole teenage Lothario attack me before I can gift my virginity to you." Holly stood up and allowed her nightie to fall to the floor, revealing a slender, sculpted body with a shaved snatch.

My nightshirt was heavily tented. She grabbed the hem, pulled it to my chest, grabbed my johnson, and popped it into her mouth. She swirled her tongue over the tender tip, sucked for a few seconds, then released it.

Holly climbed on the bed and straddled me, grabbed my tool anew, and nestled it at the start of her furrow. Slowly she lowered herself on it while leaning forward and kissing me. "Fuck me, dammit, fuck me!"

I had intended to break away as soon as Holly paused in her assault, but that resolve had vanished as surely as my dick had inflated to full hardness. I gently pulled her head closer to me and kissed her deeply, my tongue dancing and exploring her mouth.

My hands slid down her slender back to her trim hips and pushed them down, ever so slowly, as my prick slowly entered her, deeper and deeper, millimeter by millimeter, until my pubes touched her Mons Venus and we were joined together. Holly sat on me, smiling and giggling and kissing a hand that had reached for a tit. "There," she asked, "that wasn't so awful, was it?"

I raised my head and pulled hers down and kissed her. "This changes everything, you know. Leaving aside the fact that I'm now a sex offender and statutory rapist..."

Holly put her hand over my mouth to shut me up. "I know, I know," she said, "you're now a perv with a girlfriend who's barely older than your daughter. But you haven't consummated our relationship. We need to actually fuck, once I'm used to you, and you need to cum inside me."

She remained absolutely still for several minutes, then she began subtly rocking. I moved with, rather than against, her rocking, to reduce as much as possible my dick's motion within her – I was doing what I could to prolong our union.

After a minute of my contrary motion, I began to hesitantly fuck. A few quick thrusts, a few weak ones, a few deep ones, a few shallow ones, and so forth, as I gained a rhythm, then abandoned it, until finally I felt I had gained control of my dick and it wouldn't suddenly fire on its own. Then, and only then, did I start to fuck rhythmically.

Holly uttered the sensualist's prayer of "O gawd, o gawd, holy shit, I'm cumming," and her tight, de-virgined cunt squeezed me tight. I joined her pray and fired rope after rope into her cunt.

Once we descended from our climaxes, and a torrent of kisses, I gently rolled over so she was at my side. I was barely still inside her. "I think," she said, "we'll need to change the sheets."

"I think we need to talk about what just happened. It shouldn't have, and it shouldn't...." Once again, she shut me up by kissing me.

"It should have happened months ago, and it is going to happen again and again, just not tonight. I'm a bit sore right now." Holly got out of bed and walked, slowly, keeping her legs slightly spread, to my bathroom, where she drew a bath and slipped in to soak her bruised and battered parts.

Curious, I looked at the sheets. The top sheet was fine, but the bottom sheet was blood-stained, probably forever. I stripped the sheets, put the bottom one in the washer to soak in bleach, and tossed the other in the regular laundry basket. Then I headed to the master bath.

Holly looked up at me, smiling mischievously. "Gotcha," she said softly, then beckoned me closer for a kiss, and persuaded me to join her in the tub.

"I know, I know, it was a horrible idea. I'm a flighty teen and will blab to someone and get you sent to prison, and/or I'll regret tonight for the rest of my life, and you've taken advantage of me, and you're an evil person, and I'm jailbait. All bullshit. All of it. I love you deeply, deeply, deeply, and I want you again, and again, and again.

"Maybe my love for you will fade, maybe it is just puppy love and will fade away, but right now it is exactly what I want!"

I sat in the back of the tub and Holly settled against me. My hands found her tits and flat tummy and cute earlobes, and my lips found her earlobes, too. I cannot imagine any guy on the planet Earth, even the Pope if the old guy could still get it up, who wouldn't have been Holly's willing victim that night.

She was sex incarnate, and she was bound and determined to keep fucking me. I had no vote in the matter – and except for the matter of prison, I was delighted. But Holly was in no rush for a repeat. "I loved making love to you," she said, "but damn am I sore just now."

Later, when we put a new sheets on the bed, I finally got my say. "Holly, I'm forty-one years old to your fifteen. You are going to meet some young hunk and want him more than you wanted me tonight. That might be next year, or next month, or next week. I'm not a hunk, if I ever was.

"And when he comes along, I promise to get out of the way and let you sow your wild oats, or since you're a girl, gather your wild oats. All I ask is, don't lie to me. I will understand and get out of the way. The sex 'itch' is primal and will not be denied. It wasn't back in the day when half of women died in childbirth, and yet women still had sex, and it won't be denied today. You'll see.

"Bring the guy home, here, to this house. You can use my bed; I'll sleep on the narrow bed in the office."

Holly looked hurt, puzzled, then angry. She simmered and finally said, "I'm not going to cheat on you. I love you with all my heart. I am yours. Forever, I hope." I pulled her to me and hugged her.

In the morning, we talked about birth control. No, she had taken no precautions. She stuck a pillow under T-shirt and walked around teasing me. We ended up going to an all-night pharmacy near the local trauma hospital and buying Plan B for her and some condoms for me. "You're gonna need more condoms than that," she said upon noticing that I'd bought only half a dozen.

I watched as she swallowed the abortifacient, and drove her to the splash park. Later that day I made an appointment for her at her doctor's, for birth control pills. I was largely ineffective as I sat in my office that day and thought. Between sweet memories of fucking Holly, and her joyful love-making, I thought of Katie and what the hell I had gotten myself into.

Katie was only three years younger than Holly. How was she going to react to my having bedded her best friend, which Holly had become? Would she report me to the cops out of anger? On the slight chance she didn't report me, would she accept an ersatz stepmom? I was in a hell of a mess, we were all in a hell of a mess, and Katie would be home in a couple of weeks.

The two weeks before Katie returned were sexual heaven.

Holly learned the joys of cunnilingus. Her clit would pop out and stand proud with just a lick or a tease. It would thicken with more licks, and suddenly, like a thunderclap from a clear sky her breathing would turn ragged and she'd scream "I'm cumming," as if it were news to me. Her legs would draw up and her tummy would tighten, and her cunt would squeeze whichever fingers I had used to tickle her insides.

She also learned the joys of giving head, how licking could create results as dramatic as sucking and pumping. At first she was reluctant to swallow; by the eve of Katie's return she had acquired a taste for the white nectar and demanded I change my diet so I could produce more and more.

When I discussed my concerns with her about Katie's return and possible reactions, she smiled enigmatically and accused me of being 'clueless.'

Katie flew back on a Saturday night. Coming out of the secure area, past the TSA exit guard, she was positively beaming. A few weeks with her mom always seemed to supercharge her spirits. It didn't hurt that she also always returned with an extra suitcase, sometimes followed by UPS deliveries. She and her mom were both born to shop.

My daughter seemed uncertain as to which of us she should hug first. Holly got a quickie first hug, I got a bear hug, Holly got a bear hug, and the girls started whispering excitedly to each other. Katie looked like she was going to explode with glee. She danced over to me and poked me in the ribs, giggling. "Took you long enough, Daddy." My puzzlement was complete.

On the drive back to our house I heard Katie exclaim, "You didn't!" and "No effing way!" and "This I gotta see!"

"See what?"

"Uh, nothing, Daddy."

When we were home, and once Katie was settled in, it was time. "Katie, the three of us need to talk." Katie looked at Holly, who looked at Katie, and they both giggled and tried to look

solemn.

Before I could say anything further, Katie gave me a hug and said: "I know, Daddy. I know you and Holly are lovers, and I'm ecstatic for you both. And, yeah, I know I have to keep my mouth shut, and I know that you guys now sleep together all the time. I've known since, like, the night you guys did it. Holly texted me almost immediately afterward. It was all I could do to keep from telling Mom."

"If anything," said Holly, "Katie should get credit for pushing us together. She knew I was horny, and she knew you hadn't gotten any for a long time, so she, like, encouraged me."

"Just one thing, Daddy. Please promise you won't get all puritanical on me if I decide to have sex when I'm fourteen or fifteen." I must have had a truly odd expression. "Eww. Not with you, Daddy, with a boy. Or maybe a hunky teacher...just kidding!"

"I promise, as long as you promise to practice safe sex."

Katie hugged me and told me I was the best dad in the world. I wasn't so sure, but I wasn't going to argue the point.

After that, sex with Holly got better and better. We were both more relaxed and experimented more. She found an old copy of *The Joy of Sex* in my bookcases and had us try the positions therein. I found a copy of Masters and Johnson's opus on *Human Sexual Response* and gave it to her. She read a few pages, wrinkled her nose, and said she'd stick with *The Joy of Sex* and 'actual fucking.'

One thing was certain: the cunt of a fifteen-year-old novice is a lot tighter and a lot more enjoyable than that of a woman who has given birth, specifically my ex's.

Plus, a skinny teen is a great cowgirl as you can lift her and reposition her and, basically, she's a better all-around fuck regardless of her cunt, as you can bend her lithe body in all sorts of delightful ways, and she's all for it. A woman past her mid-twenties, unless she's a ballet dancer, typically has put on weight, isn't particularly flexible, and almost certainly isn't into sexual experimentation at every opportunity.

Fast forward three months, a full two months into Holly's sophomore year.

One Saturday morning, after she'd sucked off my morning wood totally hands free, Holly crawled up the bed and said, "Remember when you said that someday I'd meet a hunk and want to gather my wild oats and I was so totally pissed off at you for daring to say that?" I nodded.

"Well, you were ever so right, and I was ever so wrong. There's this junior who is so luscious that I swear I get wet just thinking about him. So, does your offer still stand? Can I bring him home and bonk him in our bed? Pretty please? And please don't be mad at me. I love you but, well, I really want to fuck this guy."

I hugged Holly and kissed her and held her close. "Of course you can, and with my blessing. Just remember, safe sex, always, so we don't get any nasties, up or down. Always use a condom, even for oral sex."

"Even when I suck you?"

I kissed her sexy lips. "Of course not, silly!"

That weekend Holly "entertained" the guy, a wrestler named Jason who had, I overheard her telling Katie, 'fucking fantastic abs' but a tendency to shoot a little too soon. A month or so later, when Abs was history, I overheard Katie complimenting Holly on some fantastic video as I was walking into the living room. The instant silence as I got nearer aroused my suspicious mind.

"Just what video spectacular are you guys talking about?"

"Uh, nothing," Katie said.

"Katieeeeeee," I said, in my best parental guilt-trip voice. "Don't duck the question, Katie." I turned to Holly: "Tell me what's going on. And please don't lie to me."

Holly smiled and ran her hand over my jean-clad ass. "I hid a few cameras in our room and got some nice shots of Jason's abs."

"Is that all?" I asked skeptically.

"Er, no. It is actually some rather nice porn. Don't make me erase it, please!"

"You shouldn't have made it, but no, I won't insist you erase it. But never, ever share it, for porn has a way of spreading around the Internet, and it is forever. And underage porn is very, very illegal.

"I have to ask, Holly, when did you start making videos in our bedroom?"

"Remember when you gave me money for my birthday? Just before I seduced you?" I nodded. "I used a good chunk of it to buy a multi-camera spy system. Installed it in your bedroom before that night, to" – she searched for a word – "to memorialize my very first time."

"She did great job, Daddy," Katie added. "Lots of camera angles, and she edited it perfectly so it flows seamlessly."

"You mean you've watched porn of me?"

"Yeah. I thought I'd be gross to watch my father fuc... making love to my best friend, but it is really sweet. You did a great job, Daddy."

Not knowing what to say or do, I just shrugged, and told the terrible teens not to share the video with anyone, ever. They promised. I asked Holly to remove the cameras from our bedroom, but she refused. Said she wanted to memorialize her future encounters. She did promise no more videos with me in them, at least until we started trying to make a brother or sister for Katie, who clapped her hands in anticipation.

Holly decided, in her senior year, that she would start her post-high school education at our community college rather than at a four-year school. I encouraged her to reconsider, but Holly didn't want to abandon me or my dick, and Katie wanted her around at the start of her sexual education.

Holly also hinted strongly that someone should ask for her hand in marriage and impregnate her, but I stressed education over fuckation. I knew I would lose the argument sooner rather than later, but I really wanted her to get a good education. I

did note that piece and quiet, and a piece of tight cunt, was more my style at age forty-four or -five than diapers and playpens.

Barely into her junior year, just after her fifteenth birthday, Katie latched onto the guy she wanted, in her words, 'to be her popper,' but pronounced 'poppa.' His name was Ethan and he, too, was an ab-endowed member of the wrestling team. Holly and I both thought Katie's choice was slavishly weird, but it was Katie's clit, Katie's cunt, and Katie's choice.

The night in question, the video setup being hooked into the TV in Katie's room, Holly made popcorn and made me watch my daughter's defloration as we made out on Katie's bed as she and Ethan romped on ours.

I was deeply disturbed by my allowing myself to watch my daughter strip and reveal her tits and naked pud. Holly had installed so many cameras that no detail of Katie's fine anatomy was left to the imagination. She had a hot, hot, hot body, as any high school soccer, volleyball, and basketball would. Her face wasn't shabby, either. And those firm, high-pointed teen tits!

Teen sex can be exciting and also clumsy, but I have to say I was proud of Katie's skill in putting a condom on the guy. "She practiced that on me," Holly told me proudly. "I bought a strap-on, and wore it, while she practiced putting on the condom with her mouth. You know, like the best whores do. Betcha he doesn't even know he's wearin' a rubber."

"How did you learn that trick?"

"I read about it, and then I practiced putting condoms on you, only I can also take them off with my mouth. Here, I'll show you." And she did! "Bet you never knew." I admitted that she'd totally fooled me. "I never fucked you while I had you capped. I just did it while sucking you, so I could figure out how to teach Katie."

We returned our attention to the TV in time for the big event. Lover boy had been reluctant to give Katie head, but she'd insisted. She had him spread her lips with his tongue, dive in with his fingers, and then tongue her clit to a climax. "She

learned what the guy should do by watching the video of you deflower me.”

“Don’t you think she’s awfully bossy in bed? The poor guy....”

“Poor guy? He’s getting to fuck a hot chick on a nice bed, and getting a sex lesson that should last him a lifetime.”

I learned my place in the world over the next two years, as both Holly and Katie used ‘my’ bedroom for their romantic entanglements. One time, I even found myself watching from Katie’s room as they double-teamed a student from the junior college.

And then came the day that Holly made her decision. She was about to turn twenty. Was she going away to college for two years (at least), or what? “I found the perfect solution,” she announced. “I can study remotely for a B.Sc./M.Sc. in engineering management/software management and never leave home. But only on one condition.”

“Which is?” Katie and I demanded in unison.

“That one of you marry me and knock me up pronto! Katie needs a brother or sister yesterday, and my lover is already forty-six. We need to get a move on.”

That’s why I’m writing this between changing diapers while Holly is away for three days, to take exams on campus. Katie? She had the good sense to go away for college.

FINI

Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net