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Fm, mf

At 57,000 words, this one got a little ambitious. It's a good story.

Life Seven

“I don't understand, Mr. Sawchuck, is it me personally? I just want to know.”

The man broke eye contact, sat up straight, adjusted some papers on his desk, and cleared his throat. I don't think he enjoyed the question, but goddamn it, I deserve some answers.

“Matt, we've been through this before. You're a good kid, but you've been in the system for twelve years. The average stay at a home is three years - that's an average. That means some move more, and some move less. You've moved six times - your average stay is two years.”

It wasn't Mr. Sawchuck's fault, but I needed to vent. “No, this will be my seventh move. I got the usual lies from the Bobitt's - *we wanted you to move with us, but state won't allow it*. Did they really ask, or was that just B.S.?”

“They asked, Matt, but the red tape was too much for them. Letting you leave our supervision is a complex process, and for good reason. Mr. Bobitt starts his new job in two weeks. I'm sorry.”

I clenched and unclenched my fists, but tried to maintain a level voice. “The state really screws me. The McGovern's wanted to *adopt* me, and when they couldn't, they decided to find someone they could.”

“No, Matt - they didn't.”

“She told me...”

He cut me off quick. “The McGovern's were removed from the system, Matt. They were unfit. She should never have said that to you. You're lucky nothing bad happened to you - she was a fruit.”

I was digesting that bit of information when he said, “Here, let's go over it. Before the Bobitt's was... Shasta - retired. They got old. Before that was... Harkin - reason: removed at your request...”

“Mr. Harkin hit me. I'm not going to put up with that shit.”

“Nor should you ever. Before that was...”

I rolled my eyes and answered for him. “Sawyer.”

He nodded his head. “Sawyer. Reason: withdrew from the system after *name-blanked-out* burned down the home at *address-blanked-out*. The action of one of your brothers screwed you there...”

“Sister,” I corrected. “Alright, alright. I get it.”

Mr. Sawchuck folded his hands and looked at me. “Which brings us to today, Matt. I only have two homes. I had to scramble and beg for the first one, but a new home just popped up on the screen. It’s close to where you are now so you won’t have to change schools next year. It’s a new couple with no history. They’re old.”

I frowned at Mr. Sawchuck, wondering if he was trying to get rid of me quickly. I usually get a bit more information than that.

“That’s not very much to go on. You don’t look happy.”

“They’re old, Matt, and I had to pray with them before I left. Something tells me they aren’t much fun. In fact, I don’t want you to go, and I’m not supposed to say that. I’m just afraid the next time I see you, I’ll be talking to a whipped dog. You may not have much, but you still have a spark. I see too many that have gone out.”

It’s true, too. Some are dead before they get into the system, but plenty die along the way. I think the ones who dream the biggest crash the hardest. Me? I roll with the punches pretty well, and I don’t let the little shit get to me.

“So what’s the other home?” I asked, and a grin slowly spread on Mr. Sawchuck’s face.

“Well, this one could either be a dream come true, or a nightmare.”

Now I was grinning. “Jesus, Mr. Sawchuck, that’s quite a range. Why? What...”

“I’ve never dealt with this couple before, but I’ve heard of them often enough. Another case worker was talking about them last month and she said some remarkable things that I wasn’t aware of.”

“Like what?”

“Like they put all the money they get from the state into bank accounts for the kids. Like in every case where a child has lasted more than two months there, the child has stayed until they are eighteen and out of the system and even longer than that. Like the majority of the kids that stay there not only graduate high school, but do so with honors. But...”

“There’s always a ‘but’,” I said under my breath.

He nodded his head. "There's always a 'but'; that's true. In this case, the 'but' is that they only take girls."

What the fuck?

I sat up and barked at him. "So why are you telling me this?"

Mr. Sawchuck held up his hands defensively and said, "Hold on. Calm down."

He waited for me to settle back into my chair before proceeding. "They say persistence pays off, so I put it to the test, and like so many other times, *they* were right. I made a phone call."

"So they'll take me?"

"Possibly. Mr. McKenzie is away on business, so I only spoke to Mrs. McKenzie. I explained the situation to her. I told her I have a very bright young man with a minimal history of trouble, who is polite, cheerful, and in critical need of a home."

I couldn't help but smile. "You really laid it on thick."

"Yes, well... she said absolutely not, but my job is to find you a good home so I pulled out my bag of dirty tricks and went to work."

I laughed. "I didn't know you had a bag of dirty tricks. What'd you do?"

He chuckled, and leaned back in his chair. "A little praise can go a long way, Matt. I got Mrs. McKenzie to talk about her accomplishments and her beliefs. It wasn't me who mentioned she once had twelve children and now only had six - it was her. It wasn't me that mentioned all children need a secure place to get a running start at life - it was her. We talked for a long time, and I believe that when she hung up the phone and looked around, she fell a bit short of everything she'd been preaching. Her conscience must have worn on her because she called back."

He sat forward and put his arms on his desk. "She said she put it to a vote. Six girls, Matt. You would be living with six girls. Five said you should be given a chance, and one said absolutely not. Like I said, this could be a dream or a nightmare."

I weighed my options out loud. "Let's see... live with six girls - one who doesn't like me, or live with an old couple and Jesus."

"Do want to try it?"

"Make the call," I said.

Mr. Sawchuck laughed, and said, "I went for a visit, and you won't believe the place."

I didn't know what to make of her at first. Magnetic and intimidating both fit.

It was agreed that the Bobitt's would drive me to my new home, but they bailed out at the last minute and called me a taxi. They had been nice enough, but there were no tears. Mr. Bobitt stuffed a twenty into my shirt pocket as they walked me to the cab.

It wasn't a bad neighborhood. The houses were old and large, and the taxi stopped at the biggest of them all. It was by no means a fancy house, but it seemed to be in good repair.

A lady was standing on the porch smoking a cigarette. I didn't notice her until she moved, but once she did, I wondered how I missed her. She watched me get out of the cab and collect my two suitcases from the trunk. When the taxi sped off, I proceeded up the walk.

If this was Mrs. McKenzie, she was not what I expected. She made no effort to help me as I dragged both cases behind. She looked a bit awkward in the lime green dress and high heels she was wearing, and that might have something to do with it. She had a pretty face and dark red hair flowing down to her waist - I'd guess her to be in her mid forties. She sized me up with a penetrating gaze as I walked to the porch steps. Holding the cigarette by her cheek, she turned her head into it and took a drag.

At the foot of the steps I stopped and flashed her my most polite smile. "Hi. I'm Mathew, but you can call me Matt."

Her eyelids fluttered quickly as she took a long drag. Then she knelt down quickly and flashed the cigarette out in an old coffee can before standing back up and smoothing her dress.

In a clear, bold voice, she said, "Now why would I call you Matt when your name is Mathew? There are a lot of great Mathews. Do you know what the name Mathew means?"

"No."

"It means 'Gift from God'. What do you think of that?"

I couldn't wipe the smile off my face, but I couldn't think of an answer either. I only shrugged my shoulders.

"Well, at least you didn't pout. I detest people feeling sorry for themselves. I detest sneaks, and I detest liars, too. A gift from God would not sneak and lie, would he?"

"No, ma'am."

"Time will tell me the truth, but for now I'll believe you. My name is not ma'am - it's Mrs. McKenzie, and I wore this dress and put on these dreadful shoes just for you. I think it's important to show effort. Do you like them?"

“Yes, m... Yes. You look a lot different than I expected.”

“Mathew, including myself and the housekeeper, there are eight women here. When one of them asks you how they look, you should be very careful in your response. 'Different than I expected' contains zero information. It presumes I know your inner thoughts, so try again.”

“You look very pretty, Mrs. McKenzie.”

With just a hint of a smile, she said, “That was perfect, Mathew. This might be a hostile environment for you until you adapt. Or maybe not.”

I nodded my head. “I understand. I've had a lot of sisters, Mrs. McKenzie... but I like girls!”

“You like girls,” she repeated. “We'll get to that, Mathew. We normally don't take boys here, but I was asked to make an exception for you, so that must mean you are exceptional. I hope you're a good boy. I hope you become part of our family.”

I think for most Foster kids the word *family* is loaded. It's wished for secretly, but it's often spoken with cynicism.

Mrs. McKenzie must have sensed some of this because she said, “I don't use the term lightly. I'm not trying to rally you with an empty slogan. I'm not in this for the money - Mr. McKenzie has the means for me to provide some of the same benefits to others that I was lucky enough to have when I was a Foster child. Many children have passed through this house and you'll meet them because they often come by for a visit. Families don't have to be bonded by blood.”

I only blushed and nodded my head so she changed the subject.

“Things work a little different around here than in some of the homes you might be used to. We have rules. The first rule is respect, and that works both ways. You will respect everybody in this house, and they will in return respect you. I don't want to mediate every little dispute, but if you are having persistent problems with anyone, I expect you to bring it to my attention. Attacks of a personal nature will not be tolerated. You will not deride a person's looks, race, culture or anything else. Some of the people here have come from difficult backgrounds and some have problems. You will help these people, not hurt them. Have you got that?”

“I would never do that.”

“Great! Communication and social interaction is encouraged, but privacy is to be respected. You will have your own room with a door that locks from the inside. When your door is closed, you are free to do whatever it is that fifteen-year-old boys do, but when your door is opened, you are expected to be decent and to behave decently. You have a hamper in your room for dirty clothes. If you leave clothes in the bathroom, you will lose

them. Keep showers to a reasonable length, and leave the bathroom clean. Is that clear?”

“Of course.”

“We have a dinner time, and that is six o'clock. Dinner is generous, delicious, and always entertaining. I hope you are not easily offended, because you are liable to hear just about anything at the dinner table. If you like to eat, you will be here at six. Are you hungry now, Mathew?”

“No Mrs. McKenzie.”

“It's summer now, but in the fall you are expected to attend high school, and you are expected to excel. If you do not, I will find out why and we will correct the problem. I don't like idleness. Do you currently have a job?”

“No. I've never had a job. I can't get one until I'm sixteen.”

“Nonsense. You can buck hay, shovel shit, tend lawns, feed animals, or any number of other jobs, but I have a summer job for you if you are willing to learn.”

The thought of a job was almost too good to be true. “Oh, yeah! I'd love to have a job. I'm a fast learner too. I look skinny, but I'm pretty strong.”

“Well that's good, because you are going to be working with two people who live here that need you to become as strong as they are. One is a fourteen-year-old girl named Jill, and the other one, the really strong one, is Margo, and she's thirteen years old.

She's joking

I shook my head and said, “They're not really stronger than me...”

“Well, maybe you're right - I might've jumped to conclusions. Can you balance your body on one hand and do push-ups?”

My jaw dropped, and I tried picturing that. Shaking my head, I said, “I think I can only do... eight.”

Smiling, she said, “Margo and Jill are ballet dancers. I instruct them and I could use your help.”

I'm not sure why, but I asked, “Do I have to wear a tutu?”

All at once, her formal demeanor dissolved as she burst out laughing and walked down the steps to me. She parted my bangs, and then snugly grabbed a fistful of my hair. “Mathew, I don't think you'd make a very good girl. You're too handsome as a young man.”

I blushed, and she let go of my hair after shaking my head a couple of times.

“I don't expect you to be perfect, but we'll try. If it turns out that you're not perfect, but you're decent and lovable... we'll call that a victory. Now, while I have you alone, I want to tell you a little bit about your new sisters. Sit down for a moment.”

I let go of my suitcases and plunked myself down on the second step. Mrs. McKenzie kicked off her shoes and then dipped on one leg to pick them up. It was a very graceful move that made me smile. She stood on the first step and then turned around and sat right next to me so that we were touching. She talked very quietly.

“I've always had at least one or two children with emotional problems, and now is no different. The youngest two, Gina and Tina, are twins but polar opposites. They are seven years old, and I've only had them for two years. They were both severely abused. Tina is well adjusted, bright, and bubbly, and Gina isn't. Gina doesn't talk; she speaks in grunts and guttural noises that Tina amazingly understands and translates. At best, you might hear Gina use foul language. Gina is getting much better, but she still occasionally exposes herself and... other things. If you happen to see that, don't just ignore her - tell her that you disapprove strongly, and then tell myself or one of the other girls. Under no circumstances do you encourage her or touch her.”

I was emphatically shaking my head. “No. I had a sister who was always doing... stuff like that. Only for a little while - they sent her away somewhere.”

“Well, we're not quite ready to send them away. The next oldest is Margo... I already told you she's thirteen years old. Margo is as cute as a button and shes an outstanding dancer. I'll be sending her to New York next year to learn from the masters. She's an incredibly generous, gentle, and loving creature.”

“Jill, my other dancer, is a year younger than you - fourteen. She's my little Republican. No-nonsense, play-by-the-rules, entirely reliable, and highly critical. She both loves Margo, and is bitterly jealous of her too. She won't be going to New York. She'll come to grips with it, though.”

“How long have they been here?”

Mrs. McKenzie didn't even have to think about it. “Jill came here when she was seven, and Margo came here at age five. I had been teaching Jill for a year before Margo started dancing, but Margo started at a slightly earlier age.”

“So there are girls older than me that live here?”

“The other two. I'll tell you about Stacy first. Stacy is actually nineteen. She's been here since she was twelve, and she's very dear to me... for some reason. She buys and sells motorcycles and is very masculine. She often repairs them here. She also writes horrid poetry - mostly about maiming and killing men, and she has great recollection of things that never happened.”

“Is she the one who didn't want me coming?”

“They told you about that?”

I nodded.

“No. Stacy loves everybody. She might drive you crazy with kindness. Her poetry is not a warning, it's a release, and any release is better than no release. She's liable to tell you some wild, vulgar tales. You'll have to get used to her.”

Mrs. McKenzie clammed up, but she didn't move either. After a few moments passed in silence, I asked, “Isn't there one more girl?”

“Yes. I'm trying to figure out a way to tell you about her that won't frighten you, but gives you fair warning.”

“Wow! Is she violent? I can't hit a girl.”

“Well that's very nice to know. I think Rebecca is perfectly capable of violence, but that's the least of your worries with her. Mathew, you've probably never met a true genius because most people haven't - they just aren't that common. Rebecca is a genius, but she'll make you forget that she is, and then make you feel like a fool. She can think four steps ahead of you, and if she wants to, she can manipulate you like a puppet. I don't mean just you; I mean everybody. She's crass, and she can be obnoxious and cruel. She's very guarded about her emotions and her past. She's spent years with shrinks, but she took it upon herself to learn psychiatry, and... she's a genius. She began evaluating them, and correcting them. None of them will take her as a patient, so now she's on her own. She's the one who voted against you.”

“I think I'll stay clear of her.”

“Oh, do you? You're not giving her enough credit. She's insecure, and an approval junkie. If she thought you were staying away from her, then you've painted a target on your back. There's something else that works against you, and that is Rebecca is stunningly beautiful, and she's very funny. To people she likes and trusts, her charm is very real, but it's a very short list. She's in a lot of emotional pain.”

I thought about this for a minute, and said, “I'll just be nice to her, and honest with her. If she gives me shit, I'll walk away. Sorry - I didn't mean to swear.”

Mrs. McKenzie squeezed my knee and said, “You'll hear a lot worse at dinner.” Then she slapped my knee and said, “You're the new kid in the house; they are all going to test you... and flirt with you. Don't even think about becoming romantically involved, or playing doctor, or sexually harassing any of them, and... I think that's it!”

“I won't even look at them...”

“Oh, shut up! C'mon, St. Mathew; I'll show you around. Jill and Margo are at the studio, but I'll introduce you to the rest.”

The difference between a small house and a normal-sized house is usually just scale. In a large house, or very large house, there is also the dimension of style. The extra space affords an architect a little freedom to be creative. The interior of this house showed off its size, but not in any garish way. The ground floor only had a living room, a dining room, and a large kitchen. Standing in either room and looking into the other gave the impression the house went on forever. On a sunny day, such as today, it was like being outdoors, inside. As you first go in, you enter a foyer that is really just a pause between the living room and the dining room, but set back is a large staircase that does not end at a wall upstairs, but cuts into the middle of the floor. Seeing the second floor ceiling from the ground floor is a little dizzying, and seeing the entire ground floor at once was a brilliant touch by the architect. The other impression I was immediately hit with was how neat and clean the house was while at the same time feeling lived in.

Mrs. McKenzie told me to drop my bags at the foot of the stairs and then she led me into the living room.

The room was partitioned by furniture into three parts. The closest contained three huge couches forming a U around a TV set. The middle of the room contained two card tables and a wall of shelves stuffed with board games and puzzles. At one of the tables sat two young girls assembling a puzzle. They smiled sheepishly as Mrs. McKenzie led me to them.

“Girls, this is Mathew. Mathew, this is Tina and Gina.”

“Well, hi! I'm Tina,” she said. “You're my new brother!”

“Well that's true! Today I got six new sisters. It's better than Christmas.”

Tina giggled, and when I looked at Gina and said hi, she smiled politely at me, lifted her legs off the floor, and farted at me.

Tina looked first at Mrs. McKenzie and then at me. “She kind of said hi.”

The back of the room was dominated by a large fireplace, around which sat several comfortable chairs and a long couch. Recessed lights in the ceiling cast a glow on the chairs and spotlighted two floor-to-ceiling bookcases sagging with books. A girl had stood up from one of the chairs, and was nervously wiping her hands on her jeans as she looked at us. Mrs. McKenzie noticed her nervousness and led me over for an introduction.

“Stacy, I want you to meet Mathew. Mathew, this is Stacy.”

Stacy turned beet red, and her head bobbed as we shook hands. She was stocky and wore a butch haircut. She held one arm up, and said, “Hey, hug and stuff. You're my bro!”

I hugged her, and she said to me, “If anyone gives you any crap, just tell me and I'll crush them. This is a safe place. You won't get ass-raped here.”

I laughed nervously , and she said, “If you need help with anything, just ask. I'm sort of a whiz at fixing things. I'm not much of a dancer, though. I removed my own uterus when I was nine and it fucked up my grace.”

Mrs. McKenzie said, “Stacy is not one of my dancers, but she is one of my best friends, and she will be one of yours, too. We all love her. I know she's nineteen because we just celebrated her birthday last week. She came here from a pretty messed up situation.”

“Oh, dude; it was fucked up. Everyone was fucked up. They ended up having to castrate every male member of the family... even the dogs. The women were the worst, though. My sister used to take baseball bats...”

“All right,” interrupted Mrs. McKenzie. “There will be plenty of time for stories. I want to get Mathew settled in.”

Looking back at Mrs. McKenzie, Stacy said, “I guess Jill and Margo are still at the studio, so that leaves Rebecca. I think she's upstairs.”

She rolled her eyes when she said this, and Mrs. McKenzie nodded her head. “Well, no... he needs to meet Mrs. Woods. That will delay us for a minute.”

Walking out of the room, Mrs. McKenzie said to me under her breath, “Because your room is next to Rebecca's, she inspected every square inch of the wall you share, looking for peepholes. She's going to demand surprise inspections, so don't install any peepholes.”

“So I've been lugging around a suitcase full of surveillance equipment for nothing?”

“My fault. I should have been more clear.” She pointed to the room on the left of the foyer and said, “In there, is obviously the dining room. Mr. McKenzie made that trestle table himself. It seats 20, and sometimes it's full.”

“Wow! Maybe Mr. McKenzie can teach me how to make furniture.”

She stared at me for a moment before speaking. “Mr. McKenzie can be distant. Even when he's here, which is hardly ever.”

There was unmistakable bitterness in her voice, but she shook it off quickly. “Come. I need to show you the kitchen.”

We walked into a 1950's era kitchen that was dominated by a large-framed woman.

“Mrs. Woods, I want you to meet Mathew.”

The woman turned around and threw her hands up to her face. “Oh my! He's a good one! And you got him at the agency?”

“Yes, Jean. I picked him out of their catalog. You really ought to take a look through it yourself.”

“I just might. He looks starved, though. Should I feed him?”

“Well, if he makes his way back here, then we'll know he's hungry.”

Mrs. McKenzie nudged me through a doorway off the kitchen and into a small room filled with shelves. I went a few feet down an aisle of shelves so she could fit in the room and show me things. “Mathew, this is the pantry where you will find snacks and such. Mrs. Woods will pry out of you what your favorites are, and we'll stock up. We can't have you starv...”

She stopped talking and gave me a curious stare. Then she stepped into me, hugged me tight, and kissed my lips. She stepped back, and said, “I don't know what it is about tight spaces that always make me intimate. Come - we'll go meet Rebecca.”

We walked back to the Foyer and my suitcases were gone. With my mouth open, I pointed to the spot where they used to be.

She waved her hand in the air and started climbing the stairs. “I'm sure they were sick of waiting for you. Come.”

The stairs to the second floor ended in a wide hallway or lobby or sorts. Straight ahead was an open door to a bathroom, and there were two doors on the left wall, and two on the right. The immediate door on the left was opened, and inside were my suitcases and Stacy.

“I thought you could use some help with your bags, and I left you a little homecoming present.”

I thanked her as she walked past us. She started walking down the stairs, but stopped before her head was below the floor. Speaking through the railing, she said, “Mrs. M, I'm going to take the bus across town to pick up that Gold Wing I bought.” Then she looked at me, and asked, “Do you like motorcycles, Matt? Can I call you Matt?”

“Sure. Most people call me Matt. I don't know if I like motorcycles - I've never been on one.”

“Oh, dude. I'll pop that cherry. See ya.”

“Be back by six!,” shouted Mrs. McKenzie.

“She's a dear, but if she starts to get on your nerves, just tell her you want some space.”

“She's really nice,” I said.

“Let's go meet Rebecca.”

We walked to the door next to mine, and Mrs. McKenzie knocked. “Rebecca?”

From the other side, we heard a bunch of spraying and then a voice shouted, "It's open!"

I was standing behind Mrs. McKenzie when she opened the door, and my jaw almost hit the ground.

What have we here?

Lying on top of an extremely lucky bed was... a work of art reading a book. Large, flowing curls of dirty blond hair framed her Scandinavian face. She had broad shoulders that tapered down to a tiny waist, and then back out and up, forming a perfect ass. Below that were two legs that went on forever.

"Oh, hi Mrs. M. I thought you were bringing me a man, not a boy. You can have him."

Mrs. McKenzie ignored her and said, "Rebecca, I'd like you to meet Mathew."

Rebecca's face turned crimson and she wouldn't make eye contact, choosing to look at her book instead. After a few uncomfortable seconds, she said, "Does my pussy stink? Come in!"

Mrs. McKenzie clucked her tongue at that, and said, "No, but your room does. It smells like cigarettes and deodorant... look at you! You're embarrassed. I never thought I'd see the day when someone made Rebecca blush."

"Oh, fuck! You wish, Ma. I'd tear him up in ten minutes." At last she made eye contact with me, and said, "Go ahead and drop your trousers; I may as well see what you have."

I pretended I didn't hear her and instead leaned toward her bed and extended my hand. "Hi Rebecca. It's nice to meet you."

"Get your hand out of my face."

"Mathew, this is Rebecca. She attracts people with her beauty, and repels them with her mouth."

Mrs. McKenzie turned her back on Rebecca, winked at me, and started walking out of the room. "Come, Mathew. I may as well show you your room now."

I turned to follow her, and Rebecca yelled, "Wait."

She dragged herself off the bed, and with exaggerated weariness, she crossed her room and snatched a piece of paper off her desk. She walked to me without making eye contact, and said, "Here."

It was a homemade card, and on the front it said, "Welcome."

Dumbfounded, I took it from her hands, and said, "Thank you...", but Mrs. McKenzie plucked it from my hand and said, "Just a minute."

She read it, and handed it back to me. Then she started poking Rebecca with her fingers, and lunged at her, knocking them both onto the bed. Rebecca tried to fend her off, but gave in and let Mrs. McKenzie hug and kiss her. I opened the card.

I hope you are not a creep.

I smiled, and when I looked up, Rebecca was looking at me intently around Mrs. McKenzie's kisses. She pointed a finger, and said, "I mean it. You better not be, are you?"

I shrugged, and said I didn't know. "I feel like I want to stare at you, but I think that's normal. Plus, I'm sure I'll get over it. Thank you very much for the card."

Mrs. McKenzie laughed, and stood up. She walked past me, but I didn't budge. I didn't leer at her, but I did stare at her beautiful face for a moment. I blinked, and in a soft, polite voice, I said, "Would you like me to close your door on the way out?"

She shook her head slowly.

I nodded, turned, and walked from her room. Behind me, I heard, "What do you mean 'you're sure you'll get over it'?"

In the hall, I stopped to think of a reply. Mrs. McKenzie was watching me with a smirk on her face. In a normal tone of voice I said, "I sure hope I do. You're my sister."

"I'm not really your sister," she yelled back.

I smiled, and in a raised voice, I said, "I'll stare a lot when you're not looking, and just a little when you are."

I followed Mrs. McKenzie into my room, and said, "Mrs. McKenzie, I'm sick of moving. I hope this is my last home."

She scratched the top of my head, and then gave me a hug. It felt nice, and I hugged her back. She pressed her pelvis into mine, and breathed into my ear. The effect was instantaneous and caught me off guard. She felt it too. She gave one little push against my erection, and then broke of the hug. She was staring at my crotch, and in a slightly husky voice, she told me she'd call on me at 5:00pm to ride to the studio.

She walked out of the room, leaving me alone with an erection and a very confused brain.

I closed my bedroom door and flopped down on the bed, trying to work through the confusion. Either she just did something mildly naughty and I reacted correctly, or she kissed and hugged me like mothers normally do, and I'm a pervert.

No, not a pervert. Just someone who is inexperienced at kissing and hugging mothers. I probably embarrassed her. I'll be on guard next time. I'll return her motherly kiss, and not have an erection.

I happened to glance at the dresser opposite my bed, and on it was a photograph of Stacy set in a cheap frame. She was tilted in the photo, and both her mouth and eyes were opened wide. She looked insane, and I smiled at that.

Laying on the bed, just staring at the ceiling until my eyes closed. I don't think I was like that for long - just long enough to become disoriented when my door was suddenly kicked in. As it hit the wall, Rebecca jumped into the room.

“Oh my god! If you were spanking your monkey, I would have totally busted you. You have to lock your door, dude.”

I was pissed at the invasion, and said, “I didn't know there would be surprise monkey-spanking inspections.”

She looked around the room, her wild mane of hair bouncing as she nodded. When she spotted the photo of Stacy, she pointed and laughed. “I have one of those.”

I rubbed my sleepy eyes, and yawned. “You mean I'm not special?”

She knelt on my bed and leaned over me, inspecting the wall carefully. “I'm just checking to see if you've made any holes yet.”

“Why bother, Rebecca? I can see your tits right now. This is not helping me.”

She flew off the bed and pulled her shirt tight. Her face was red with embarrassment. “You didn't see my tits. I have a bra on.”

“Do you know what? It felt like I looked at something I wasn't supposed to see, so I'm going to chalk it up as seeing your tits. If anyone asks me, I'm going to say that, yes, I've seen your tits.”

“Haven't you seen tits before?”

Remember - be honest with her

I don't know. I'm sure I have.

She was all over that one. “You don't know? You're sure you have? You little liar. Well, now you have something to beat off to.”

“Well thank you for that, and thank you for the nice card. What is it with you and beating off? Why are you so worried about me beating off and drilling holes in the wall? Why do you have a pack of cigarettes in your waist? Why don't you put them in your pocket? How can

you stand being so fucking pretty? It's almost disgusting how pretty you are. I'm not even allowed to look at you without being a creep... it gives people like me no hope."

I put my arm over my face, but she said, "Look at these pants." She turned around to show me her ass before turning back and saying, "Do you think a pack of cigarettes will fit in them? These suckers are painted on because I'm fat now. I'm not pretty."

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" I said. "Do you have a fun-house mirror in your room? You're one of those people who are never happy with the way they look, aren't you? You are going to constantly nag me for reassurance that you look terrific. *Oh, look at me. Look how ugly I am.* No, no... you look even more fucking fantastic than just five minutes ago."

Embarrassed, she sat down at the foot of my bed and stared straight ahead. After a moment, she said, "Well, do I?"

I barked out a laugh, and she tried to hide her smile.

"What a pathetic loser you are, Mathew. How come you've never seen tits?"

"I don't know. There's something wrong with me. Every time I ask a girl to show me her tits, she says no."

Rebecca stood back up and fished the pack of cigarettes from her waist. In the pack was a lighter, which she removed along with one cigarette and lit it. I've never bought a pack of cigarettes, but I smoke them when friends have them. I must have looked hurt that she didn't offer me one, because she started to say something but stopped and asked, "What is it? Do you want one of these?"

"Well, I don't want to take your last one..."

"Don't mealy-mouth me with weasel words. Do you want one, or not? Spit it out!"

"Yes. I would like a cigarette, Rebecca."

"Sorry. I only have one left."

I groaned and turned over, burying my face in the pillow. A second later, I felt a cigarette bounce off the back of my head, and she said, "Watch it! That was lit! I thought you were looking."

In one motion, I was off the bed and on my feet looking for the lit cigarette, never seeing the unlit one by my pillow. She was laughing, and said, "Jesus! You can move! Coiled like a spring... what, are you tense?"

"No."

"Well, you should be when I'm around."

I was about to tell her that I've been warned, but I bit my tongue at the last minute.

“The only reason I'm in here is because I just saw my boyfriend drive by. I broke up with him yesterday. He's a fucking psycho, and he's wicked jealous. If you see a red Chevelle, dude, you better run because he's going to think you're one of the guys that I've been fucking on the side. He will knock your dick in the dirt.”

“He would think you're screwing me?” I asked. “I'm touched.”

“I know - stupid, huh? He's insane... what can I say.”

She lit my cigarette, and asked, “So what do you think of Mrs. M?”

I took my time answering because I wasn't sure if this was a trap.

“Well, she kind of scared me at first. She came off as being strict and controlling, but from what I can tell, she's really nice. I thought she was going to be an old lady.”

Rebecca made no reply, so I probed back. “What do you think of her?”

She took a long drag from her cigarette. “Are we playing a game, Mathew? I say something and you spit it back at me like an automaton.”

I had no idea what that meant, but I said, “No. I noticed you didn't answer my question. Should I put that down as evasive?”

She flicked an ash at me without looking. “Aren't you the clever son.”

“Rebecca, I...”

“Have you ever had your dick sucked, Matt?”

I know I was blushing when she looked at me, and her little smile pissed me off.

“Are all your conversations obnoxious, Rebecca?”

“Should I put that down as evasive, Matt?”

“Should I put you down as a parrot, Miss Whateverthefuckyourlastnameis?”

“Matt, you are doing okay. Don't give in to anger. Anger is a base emotion... like fear. You have a higher brain. You should become acquainted.”

I shook my head in confusion. “What are we even talking about?”

She fixed me with a sincere look and blinked her eyes. My heart almost exploded. She said, “We're not talking about anything. We're talking about... you getting your dick sucked.”

“Are you offering?”

She fixed me with that look again, giggled, and lightly kicked my leg with her dangling foot. “I'm not offering to suck your dick, but you are free to use the mental imagery.”

I calmed myself down to her level, and even managed a smile just like hers.

“You're filling in the picture quite nicely. Along with my hands all over your tits, now I can look down and see my dick in your mouth. To bad you weren't hung up on asses too - I'd be able to bend you over and stick my finger in your ass.”

“Did you say 'hung up'? What am I hung up on?”

“Let's see: spanking monkeys... did I ever get my dick sucked... drop your trousers... I'm sure there's more.”

She took a long drag from her cigarette, and her leg started kicking faster. “I get it... dicks. I'm preoccupied with male genitals. I'm just a head case, right?”

Speaking to my sneakers, I said, “I don't know if you are a head case. I think you have issues, and I think I know what they are...”

“Are you diagnosing me now?”

“No... I mean... why do you always get me on the defensive? Yes, I diagnosed you because you asked me if you are a head case. I told you what I thought.”

“Fair enough. Your turn, Mathew.”

“How many Foster homes have you been in?”

It took a moment for Rebecca to answer, and now it was her turn to speak to her shoes. “This is my first.”

I slid closer to talk softly.

“Rebecca, this is my seventh. I'd be hard pressed to name all my brothers and sisters. Do you know what Foster kids do? We diagnose and compare. You learn the symptoms after a while. It's not just for sport; it helps you survive. It's a good thing to know who's violent and what sets them off. It's a good thing to know who steals, or who fondles or wants to be fondled. It's good to know who to stay away from. If you want me to stay away from you, then just tell me. If you don't want me to stay away from you, then tell me that - but do it now.”

The last thing I expected was for her to cry, but she swiped a tear from her eye. In a warbling voice, she said, “I don't know. I am really fucked up. I hate people, and I hate hating people. I want to change, but I can't seem to change. I want to tell you to fuck off so

bad right now.”

Her drastic, sudden vulnerability spun my head around, and I felt bad for her. She had been using her hand as an ashtray and now looked for a place to put her cigarette out. I dumped her hand into mine, took her cigarette, and walked to my dresser. I stood both cigarettes straight up on the dresser, and brushed off my hand into the wastebasket.

I sat back down on the bed right next to her. “Rebecca, we have access to shrinks. If things are bad or getting worse, then you have to see someone. This shit doesn't go away on its own. You're going to drive yourself crazy. You're not the first person to be abused. If others have overcome it, then so can you. If you don't, you could end up in an abusive relationship and re-live everything over and over.”

“Oh, no. I've vowed never to let another man abuse me. I'd cut off his balls...”

“That's not how it works, Rebecca. They'll pick at your seams, and prey on your insecurities. Your great looks are not going to attract the kindest man first, they are going to first attract the most narcissist men. The rich psychopaths who got rich by squeezing the last drop out of everything they encounter. Because he's rich and successful, you'll think the problem is yours and he must be right, and you won't know which end is up.”

Nodding her head, she said, “I've had men ask me out right in front of their wives. Men that I've never seen before have tried to corner me. Some have whipped out their dicks and told me I'll never have anything finer. It's ironic since a big fat dick is about the last thing on my list of priorities.” She swiped at another tear.

I nodded my head. “Yeah, those would be the kind of men you want to avoid. Now if besides being insecure, you also had Worthless Slut syndrome, then you would have some real problems because a big dick and a beating would be considered a good night.”

I thought that would be good for a laugh, but all she said was, “You shouldn't joke about that. How do you know I'm not a slut, anyways? I asked you to drop your trousers. I really didn't mean to show you my bra, though.”

“Yeah, I figured it was just luck, but I'll take it. How did I know you weren't a slut? You have too many problems to be a slut. Sluts are very laid back... hey, that's kind of a joke - laid back... get it.”

“You suck at trying to be funny, but you're pretty smart.”

“Well, thanks.”

Her tears and sniffles instantly stopped.

“In fact, I recently finished a psychiatric textbook that, after I translate it from German to English for you, supports your diagnosis and prognosis of abuse victims. It's quite remarkable, considering you were guided by instinct. The only thing you got wrong was thinking my problems stem from being an abuse victim. You pulled that out of your ass and

stuck it to me. Fucking idiot.”

My jaw dropped, and I turned red. “Was this all an act... the tears and everything?”

“Most of it was. I really am fucked up, and I really am sick of hating everyone, but it beats liking them.”

It was amazing how calm my voice was considering what I felt. I stood and held the door open. “Rebecca, we live in the same house so I'll always be polite, but don't ever try and talk to me again. Please leave.”

Panic filled her eyes, and she pleaded. “Mathew, I... I... didn't mean to hurt you. Don't be so sensitive...”

“You didn't hurt me. I just don't have any trust in you. I can't be near people like that.”

A hand went to her mouth, and under it, she said, “That's what I feel.” She lowered her hand, and added, “That's everybody. We should start over. You don't know me... I didn't mean anything by it.”

I lowered my eyes and shook my head. “I'm not that stupid. I'm sorry. I hope you get help.”

She stood up, and walking past me, said, “Record time. I managed to make you hate me in mere minutes.” She turned and looked at me, and there were tears brimming in her eyes. “I'm getting so good at this. Now I feel great!”

She turned around and walked toward her room. From the hall, I heard, “Fuck!”

When I flopped back onto the bed, I was pissed off and trembling. I knew I had hurt her, and that felt good. By the time I calmed down and thought everything through, I realized I'd have to extend an olive branch to her - after all, I had been warned, and I had also been asked to help, not hurt.

I was embarrassed when I answered the knock on my door.

“I'm sorry, Mrs. McKenzie. I fell asleep by accident and didn't get anything put away.”

She stepped into the room, and said, “It's Sunday, Mathew. You can do anything you wish. Anything your heart desires.”

She spotted the two cigarette butts standing up on my bureau.

“Ah, you had a visit from Rebecca. No wonder you fell asleep. Your head must have been spinning like a top. I'd rather you smoked outside, and she knows this very well, but I'll put

an ashtray up here regardless, just so you don't burn the place down. Did Rebecca...?"

I sat down on my bed, and said, "She's messed up, Mrs. McKenzie. I don't say that to put her down, I just mean... she's messed up. Is there any way I can get some warning if her boyfriend comes over?"

Mrs. McKenzie gave me a puzzled look. "Boyfriend? Rebecca has never had a boyfriend in the four years she's been here. I told you... she doesn't get along with people."

She sat on the bed next to me and talked softly. "Don't be intimidated by her. If you avoid her, it will just make things worse. Her tears are real. Underneath that lethal, manipulative brain lies a vulnerable girl who is trying to find a way to start over. She's testing you to see if you can be trusted."

"Then I failed the test. I think I... messed up."

"How?"

"Well, I jumped to a conclusion about what her problem was, and she let me run with it. When she finally straightened me out, I got mad and told her not to talk to me because I couldn't trust her."

"Mathew, she might talk about the symptoms of her problems, but don't even attempt to go near the cause. That's not a subject she is capable of talking about. You'll have to fix this with her."

"I plan to, Mrs. McKenzie. I'm sorry. You even warned me."

I flopped back on the bed, instantly sleepy once again.

Mrs. McKenzie laid back too, and then rolled on her side next to me. "Don't be ashamed Mathew."

My hands were still covering my face, and I felt the bed lurch as she moved right up against me. My arm was between her breasts as she began rubbing my chest.

"She knows her state and what has to be done, but knowing and doing are two different things. She's working through it. Being honest with her was a huge plus for you. If she sensed that, and liked you, then she is hurting right now."

I heard every word she said, but I was afraid to take my hands away from my face because I didn't want to break the moment. Mrs. M probably didn't realize that I've never had my chest rubbed. She probably didn't know how good it felt to me.

Or, maybe she did, because she started rubbing it under my shirt.

"You were a sleepy boy. I think this is putting you back to sleep." I nodded my head to that.

It felt so nice that I really didn't care when got an erection. There really is no easy way to hide an erection while lying flat on your back. Covering your face helps a little.

She stopped rubbing my chest, and slowly dragged her fingernails down to my belly. I don't know how far she would have gone, but she hit a tickle spot, and I nearly hit the ceiling. She laughed, and said, "I came in here to get you up, and gosh! Did I ever!"

I pretended to take it the other way, and said, "I guess. I was ready to fall asleep."

"Mathew, I have to go to the studio to pick up the girls, and I wanted to know if you'd like to ride along and meet them. You can see where you'll be working, and we can talk about your duties."

"Sure, Mrs. McKenzie. That sounds great. I've been wondering what I have to do."

Riding in the car, I watched her light a cigarette. She saw this, and did a double take. "Are you hoping I'll give you a cigarette? No, no... that's not going to happen. I'm not going to be a cigarette dispenser for you. I'll give you an advance and buy you a pack."

"Oh, I have twenty dollars. Mr. Bobitt gave it to me."

"Wow! That was generous. Should I stop at the store and buy you a pack?"

"That's okay, Mrs. McKenzie. If I have a whole pack, then I'll feel like I started smoking. I only smoke now and again. Plus, I'd feel funny smoking in front of you. It would seem disrespectful."

"Am I being disrespectful by smoking in front of you?"

"No! Not at all. I... didn't mean..."

"That's alright, Mathew. I just zinged you without meaning to. Women can be terrible at that."

"So what am I going to be doing for work?"

"Well, I want you to eventually assist me in strength training for the girls, and to help in what is called partnering in Ballet. There are a million terms that you will eventually learn, but it will all sound like a foreign language at first. In fact, French."

"Okay..."

"But before that happens, I'm going to use you for some manual labor. I need new sodium bulbs put in the ceiling lights. I need the windows power-washed on the outside, and hand-

washed on the inside. I also want a fresh coat of paint on the inside. So we'll start with that.”

My brain was working in overdrive, trying to plan the execution of my duties. I started ticking off requirements. “I'll need a ladder to reach the ceiling for the lights. Do you have a power washer? If not, we can rent one. Do you already know what color paint? Gloss? Is it a rough or smooth surface that I'll be painting. I'll need some rollers, a paint tray, I like to use those foam brushes for cutting in. I'm pretty good at that. Let's see...”

“I am impressed, Mathew!. You are all over this. You put confidence in me, and it feels great. It feels so great.”

“Oh, that's nothing. I hope you give me all kinds of stuff to do. I'm like a sponge when it comes to learning. I just want a crack at it.”

“And I'm going to give you a crack... but Mathew? There's something else I want to discuss with you before we get to the studio.”

“Oh, I don't care what you pay me. You don't have to pay me anything if you...”

“Shut up for a moment, Mathew... please. It's not about money. I'm paying minimum wage to start, plus lunch is on me... and a few other... benefits. No. What I wanted to talk to you about is something else.”

“What's that?”

“Well, about professionalism.”

That was the last thing I expected her to say.

“I don't have an alarm clock,” I said.

“I'll get you up in the morning. Don't be surprised if you wake up and I'm snuggling you. Do you like to snuggle, Mathew?”

“I... don't know.”

“You poor thing. We snuggle... but I'm getting off the subject... so...”

“Professionalism,” I reminded.

“Yes, professionalism; you know what a gynecologist is, right Mathew?”

“Yeah. A woman doctor. I mean a...”

“Yes. A doctor for women. Did you know that some of those doctors are men?”

“So?”

“So... do you think that when they look at a patient, look between a woman's legs... do you think they are admiring the view?”

“I don't know. I've always wondered about...”

“Jesus, maybe that was too subtle. Let me try another question... do you think they try to have sexual relations with the women, or do you think they manage to restrain themselves long enough to perform a proper medical exam.”

I hesitated in my shock, and she muttered, “Please God, let him answer this correctly.”

I said, “Well I'm sure they perform the exam.”

She let out a breath, and said, “Thank you! Yes!”

Then I added, “Then they have sex after the exam if they don't find any problems.”

I managed to truly shock her, and I held up my hands. “That was a very bad joke... a filthy joke... and I'm sorry.”

“Mathew... moving on. The point I'm trying to make is that you will be in close contact with girls around your age... a bit younger... and myself, and some of our poses look suggestive to the mind of a man. We are not heavily dressed. You are going to have to learn how to deal with that. Dealing with it doesn't mean to steal quick glances. It doesn't mean that you avoid making eye contact out of embarrassment, or stammering because your brain has turned to jelly. You will eventually get used to it, and not give it a second thought. Until that happens though, I expect you act professionally. These girls... and myself... but especially the girls are strong enough and limber enough to kick your ass before you even knew you were in a fight. They didn't get that way through good luck or the use of steroids. They got that way through endless hours of training. Some of the training, such as work at the barre, they do in the nude.”

I wrinkled my nose, and said, “Why?”

“Because the endless reps would cause painful chaffing. It's just easier that way. You will not be allowed to see that... at least until I know you are immune to the effects. During these times, I will send you out for coffee, and you will disappear for an hour. I'm telling you this so you won't be surprised if you do happen to see them in various states of undress. You could walk in now and if they were nude, they wouldn't think anything of it until they saw you leering at them. Then they become uncomfortable, and that can cause mistakes, and mistakes can cause serious injury.”

I was completely speechless, and probably looked like an imbecile with my mouth hanging open, because she asked, “Is there something you don't understand?”

Still in a daze, I turned my head slowly and looked at her. “I get paid to do this?”

“See, Mathew, what I'm trying to tell you has not made it past your penis. You are not getting paid to look at naked women. You won't even see naked women. You will only see dancers. Trust me: you will build up an immunity.”

“Is it permanent? Is that why boy ballet dancers are fags?”

She looked pissed. “Okay, Mathew... number one: they are gay, not fags. Number two, I doubt they are gay for the reason stated. Number 3: are gynecologists gay? Remember - you just had them fucking women after exams.”

I wasn't positive, but I sounded confident in my guess. “No. They are not fags.”

Her lips were thin, her jaw was set, and she clammed up. We rode in silence for perhaps three minutes before I spoke.

“Wow. This is a tough job.”

For some reason, Mrs. M cracked up at that. She was laughing so hard that she almost crashed us.

When we got to the studio, the girls were already outside waiting. Mrs. McKenzie looked a little pissed, and I hung back a moment while she flew out of the car.

“I've told you girls not to wait outside by yourselves, especially dressed like that. This is not the nicest neighborhood.”

“But we needed fresh air. The air conditioner fff flaked out again.”

This was going to be a very tough job. I've already been told the older one, Jill, is fourteen, but she looks a bit younger. She's pretty, but I have to say, standing next to Margo, the thirteen-year-old, doesn't do her any favors.

Never in my most random thoughts have I thought of getting it on with a thirteen-year-old girl... except maybe a couple of years ago when I was thirteen... and before that.

The fact is, Margo is hot. She certainly was pretty, but the way she posed... or just stood seemed to say 'fuck me' in red, white, and blue. I easily pictured her on her back with her knees pulled way up and her hips spread wide, asking me... begging me... to slam my cock into her tight little twat.

Oh, that's fucking great. I'm supposed to become immune to seeing them naked, when all I can do right now is fantasize about fucking the hell out of the young one, and she's at least wearing... leotards or whatever they are

They all started walking to the car, and I could not rip my eyes away from Margo's legs and hips. Now I understood how some people could tell when to pay a million bucks for a racehorse. Margo's gait...

Oh, to ride her

At once, three car doors opened up around me, and everyone got in. Mrs. McKenzie looked at me and asked, “How come you didn’t come out?”

“Nothing!” I blurted out.

“Nothing? That doesn’t even make sense. Your brain is jelly.”

The girls started snickering behind me, and Mrs. M added, “Maybe this *will* be a tough job.”

I quickly got myself together. Turning to look back at the girls, I said, “I’m sorry about that. I’ll be fine. I’m Mathew.” I extended my hand, and said, “You must be Jill...”

“No, I’m Margo,” the older, brunette girl replied.

“Do you know what? I’ve already dealt with the master trickster, Rebecca, and I know you are tricking me. Very funny.”

She smiled shyly, and said, “Busted.”

I extended my hand to the young blond girl. “And you are the real Margo. It’s nice to meet you.” Both sentences went off without a hitch, but along with my hand, Margo held my gaze for an eternity before saying, “It’s very nice to meet you. I’m glad you came to live with us.”

Jill groaned, and said, “Oh my god, Margo. Why don’t you just start having his babies right now.”

I whipped back around, facing forward. I could feel Mrs. McKenzie’s grin burning a hole in my cheek. After a moment, she let out a barely audible cackle.

What the fuck have I got myself into?

“Do you want me to stop and get you a pack of cigarettes, Mathew?”

“Would you?”

We were two minutes late for dinner, and the others sitting around the table gave us a whole lot of grief for that. When I noticed Rebecca, she turned red and looked away at first, but she forced herself to look at me again, and she looked... great.

I avoided eye contact with the others as I made my way toward her. There was enough noise for me to ask her if I could sit next to her without everyone else hearing me.

She didn't answer, only nod her head. When I sat down, she quietly said, "I'm sorry."

I almost touched her leg, but I kept my hands to myself. I mumbled, "I wasn't fair to you. I acted like a kid, and I'm sorry about that. I'll always talk to you, even if I don't believe you."

I wasn't looking at her face, so I had no warning. Margo sat across from us, and smiled first at me, and then Rebecca. I watched her smile slowly change to a look of concern. Quietly, she said, "You look like you want to cry, Rebecca..."

Then Margo... sweet Margo, said loud enough for the whole table to hear, "Did you make her cry, Mathew?"

Four hundred women turned their gaze to me, and hissed.

Actually, nobody looked at me; they were all looking at Rebecca who was waving her hands. She laughed, and said, "No no. He made me feel like shit because he was nice to me after I was a cunt to him. I think I'm getting my period, too."

Heads nodded, and Margo put her hand to her mouth and gave me a sheepish look. I still felt like shit, and there was obvious tension in the air.

Mrs. McKenzie broke it like a pro. "Mathew? Please stop being nice to Rebecca. I told you not to push her buttons."

Everyone was laughing... everyone except little Tina who looked shocked. Mrs. M quieted the table and asked her what was wrong.

"Well, what you said, Mrs. McKenzie. You told him to stop pushing her button."

"So?"

"Well, his clothes are on... and hers..."

This brought howls of laughter, much to the Tina's regret. Even Rebecca was laughing, and she turned to me, and said, "Wow! I didn't know you were fucking me. No wonder you were being so nice. I can't deal with someone fucking me while I'm eating..."

She scooped up her silverware, picked up her plate, and left her empty glass behind as she went and sat all alone near the end of the table.

I stared down at my still-empty plate, and grinned. Mrs. McKenzie rapped on her glass and told everyone to clean up the conversation. "Poor Mathew is going to start plotting his escape. I have to say, after spending some time with Mathew today, I really enjoyed his company. I think our clan just became a little stronger and a lot wiser today."

"And it grew a cock," Stacy added.

About four items were passed to me at once, so I had an excuse for not saying anything. I put the plates down all around me, and slid Rebecca her glass. I was hurt that she had moved, but I wasn't about to let it show. I loaded my plate, with each item and passed them way down to Rebecca. She tried to accommodate me on the last one, leaning way over to me, but I growled at her, and said, "Keep your fingers away from my mouth, Rebecca. I'm about to start eating."

Conversation was light as we all tucked into our food. Margo leaned forward and looked down the table to ask Rebecca a question.

"Rebecca? Can I sit in your seat?"

"I'm not using it, Margo. Help yourself."

Jill looked a little pissed as Margo started picking things up to move, but leaned over the table and held out my hand. Margo passed me first her plate, then her knife, fork, glass, napkin, and then the plate of meat, saying she wanted more. Then she sat back down in her chair, and said, "What was I doing? Oh, yeah! I'm so stupid!"

I made a point not to watch her glide around the table because there is no way to casually watch her. I watched both Rebecca's eyes and Jill's eyes scan Margo up and down as she came around the table and sat next to me.

Once seated, she leaned into me to talk low.

"Rebecca is my friend..."

"Please don't talk about me, Margo," Rebecca said from the end of that table.

"Oh, I wasn't talking about you, Rebecca."

Rebecca rolled her eyes, and Margo went on. "I love her, and I hope she's as nice to you as she is to me, because you'll love her too. She's very smart and funny. She talks like a whore, but she's not a whore - she doesn't even have sex, can you believe that?"

"Margo, please! Goddamn it!"

The table quieted down and everyone looked at Rebecca, but soon conversation resumed.

Margo said, "I don't know why I said that; I don't have sex either... except sometimes Jill... Mrs. M has taught us all about sex, and she said Jill was going through a phase."

I almost choked on my food. I'm sure I was blushing, and I glanced at Jill, who, thankfully, didn't appear to hear anything.

"So Mrs. McKenzie said you might be going to New York to be a famous dancer. That must be exciting."

“It’s exciting for her, but I’d be happy to dance at the studio forever.”

“Well, she had a lot of nice things to say about you.”

“Oh, I *am* nice. I’m very lovable. I’m not as beautiful as Rebecca, but I’m very pretty, too. Don’t you think so?”

I smiled, blushed, and nodded my head.

There was a lull in the conversation all around the table when Margo asked, “What? That Rebecca is beautiful, or that I’m very pretty?”

Mrs. McKenzie and I looked at each other with open mouths. “Wow! You were right,” I said.

Margo didn’t linger for an answer and plowed on. “Until tonight, Mrs. M didn’t have anything nice to say about you, Matt. Can I call you Matt?”

“Sure. I think it means *gift*.”

“Margo means *pearl*. I just thought of something: I wonder what the name *Pearl* means?”

Under her breath, Rebecca muttered, “Gem of the sea.”

Margo pointed her fork at Rebecca. “See? She’s the smartest person I know. I wanted to enter her into a Smartest Person contest.”

Rebecca smiled. “She didn’t have the postage to send me, though.”

I was still eating with gusto, but I noticed most everyone else had finished. Stacy, who sat at the head of the table, stood up and rapped on her glass.

“Attention... attention, everyone...”

When all eyes were on her, she announced that she had written another poem, and she would like to share it with the table.

“But we don’t like your poetry,” said Jill.

“It’s horrible,” agreed Margo.

Gina grunted, and Tina said, “Gina said that she likes it.” Then she added, “I don’t.”

Stacy ignored everyone, and said, “This one is called, *Run Dick, Run, and Matt*? Since you’re new here, you probably don’t know that I’m not one of those stuck-up artists who think their shit doesn’t stink and who... who... lift their leg and spray any words they want on a piece of paper and call it a message from God, and who cry like little fucking... little

fucking babies when you have your boot on their throat and a knife at their crotch telling them how much their words affected you. I'm not one of those - I welcome criticism."

"So... here it goes..."

She cleared her throat, turned red, and appeared to struggle with her own handwriting.

*Run dick, run
Dribble 'til you're done
Rest a moment to reload
Me make your head explode
Right ball Remington
Left Ball Lugar
For your shaft
I'll use a fucking bat*

Except for Gina grunting her approval, the table was silent. Stacy wasn't about to sit down until she had some kind of feedback, and since nobody else appeared to even be contemplating this, I raised my hand.

"Matt, you can go first."

"Well, I'm a little iffy on the line, *Me make your head explode*, and wonder if it might not be better as, *I'll make your head explode.*"

Stacy put a finger to her lips and stared at her poem. "You know, I tried it that way first, but something about it didn't sound right. I'll think about it. Did you want to add anything else?"

"Well, you forgot to rhyme at the end. It rhymes and rhymes... and then it doesn't."

She nodded her head a couple of times.

"Everyone, what Matt doesn't understand is that this is a modern form of poetry called Art Deco... or, as they say in France, a-la-cart. Also, it might not be obvious to all, so I want to tell you - I'm using a device called a reach-around to carry subtle meaning. You see, I'm not talking about a man named Dick, I'm actually talking about a dick. It's a reach-around, and it's very subtle and modern."

Mrs. McKenzie said, "I don't know, Stacy. This one seemed forced. It didn't have your usual passion."

"Mrs. M, you have a great ear for poetry. You see, I was going for that exact effect. I really didn't feel like writing a poem, but I sat down and made myself write one. So... I guess I captured that beautifully."

Rebecca, myself, and Stacy were the last to get up from the table and bring our plates

into the kitchen to rinse off. Stacy waited until I rinsed my plate, and then asked me, “Did you like the picture I put in your room?”

“Yes! I wanted to thank you for...”

“Good, then take this...”

She stuffed a thin strip of paper in my shirt pocket.

“It’s the address of a website that has pictures of me when I was young. I didn’t think I had any, but I was doing a search for an old friend, and I found this site, and there I was! Can you believe that? I guess I never wore pants, and I’m in some crazy poses. I was going to print them out, but then I thought, why bother? Here they are, safe on the Internet; I can see them whenever I want.”

“Oh.”

“Also, I was wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight. I have a book in my room about nasty pussy diseases, and it has a ton of pictures. I thought you might want to check it out since you’re a guy.”

Rebecca came to my rescue.

“I already made plans with him, Stacy - I’m sorry. We’re going to smoke cigarettes. He doesn’t smoke as much as me, so he has a lot of catching up to do.”

Stacy looked from me to Rebecca, and asked, “Where?”

“Just out on the porch,” I said. “You can come out with us if you want.”

Stacy looked confused. “Hold on... do you mean to tell me that you’re going outside... the real outside under the sky?”

She said this to Rebecca, and then said, “And I can watch?”

“Well, Stacy... I think Matt was just being polite. He can’t smoke very well in front of people - it won’t stay lit.”

Stacy nodded her head and looked at me. “Your secret is good with me, bro. They got stuff for that now. You take it, and your dick turns into a Genoa salami.”

“Oh.”

She nodded again. “Well, I should have my motorcycle running in a couple of days. We can go out and run over cats, or practice crashing or something. If you don’t have a helmet, I’ll make you one out of a bowling ball.”

“Okay,” I said.

Stacy walked out of the kitchen, and I thanked Rebecca for the assist.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "She's a fucking lunatic, but she's happy. I hate her."

"Well, she's been nice to me."

"Nice dig," Rebecca shot back.

"I didn't mean it like that."

"Too bad - it was pretty good. So I suppose now I have to give you a smoke."

Triumphantly, I pulled an unopened pack of cigarettes out of my pocket. "No, I have my own, thank you. Would you like one?"

She finished rinsing her plate and said, "Sure. We can go to your room."

"What about the porch? Mrs. McKenzie asked me to smoke on the porch."

"She asked you; she didn't tell you. Just tell her I smoked in there."

I was ready to give in, but then I thought about it.

"It's goddamn nice out. Let's just smoke outside."

She looked a little disappointed, and said, "You can; I'm going upstairs." Then she closed her eyes for a second, and added, "This isn't a pissing contest. I'm not trying to win; I'm just not going outside."

Her boyfriend flashed through my mind.

"Rebecca, if it's about your boyfriend, then I think you should come out. I think I can help you there."

"Oh, you can?"

"I know I can. If he drives by, I'll have a little talk with him - tell him how the world works, and if I have to, I'll tutor him in the fine art of bleeding."

She threw her head back, and laughed.

"So, Mrs. M told you I don't really have a boyfriend, huh?"

"What do you mean?" I said with a guilty look.

"Oh, shit! Don't lie around me. I'll always know, and you'll look like an ass... more of an ass. You were just a little too brave, Sir Mathew."

“Look, this is my first day here; I'm not about to go against Mrs. McKenzie's specific requests.”

Rebecca completely understood, and told me I'll be smoking alone out there.

“Fine,” I said. “But... can I borrow your lighter?”

“Are you helpless, Matt? Here... open your pack of cigarettes - I'll show you a trick.”

Intrigued, I opened them up.

“Now let me see them. I'll show you...”

After handing her the pack, she shook out one cigarette, put it in her mouth, and then she handed the pack back to me.

“There,” she said.

I looked at her questioningly, “What?”

Walking away, she said, “Now it's a cigarette lighter.”

I bummed a light off Mrs. McKenzie, who was helping Gina and Tina with their puzzle. She told me to keep the lighter, and I thanked her and went outside.

Outside, I had finished my cigarette and was wondering what to do when Mrs. McKenzie can out. I lit her cigarette, and decided to have another.

“Are you looking to sneak off, Matt? If you have friends in the area...”

“No. I don't know anyone around here.”

“Well, I don't want you running across town at night. If you need to see your friends over there, let me know and I can arrange a ride back and forth for you.”

“It's funny, Mrs. McKenzie, but every time I move I always make plans and tell my friends that I'm not going far, and I'll see them all the time. Then, when I do see them, I expect to have some fantastic time, forgetting that all we ever did was the same old shit. The only difference is that I'm not longer around everyday so I'm not up on all the stupid things in their lives.”

“I didn't make any plans this time.”

She leaned against me, and said, “I'll keep you busy this summer, and you'll meet new

friends in school next year.”

“I know. I wasn't complaining...”

“I know you weren't. You were just telling me a fact of life that you discovered. Do you know what I'm going to do after I finish smoking this?”

“What?”

“I'm going to do the same thing I do almost every night. I'm going to go up to my room, change, turn on the TV, and wait for whoever makes their way to my room to watch TV with me - usually Jill and Margo. Then at 9:00, I raid the pantry, and haul up snacks. That's my exciting life.”

“But that doesn't sound bad,” I said.

“I'm glad to hear you say that, Mathew, because we'd love your company.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Well then I hope to see you up there.”

She went back in.

I would like to hang out in Rebecca's room...

That thought surprised the hell out of me, and I denied to myself that I even thought it.

I went upstairs to my room and unpacked. I had thrown out nearly everything I had in my old room, and distilled it all down to two suitcases. There was something cathartic about the process, and it was liberating to know I could flee with everything in a moments notice - not that I had anything to flee from... or anywhere to go.

Even going at a snail's pace the task only took a half hour. I had been in my shirt all day, so I changed it, and decided I better at least try and act sociable and go upstairs.

Walking past Rebecca's room to go upstairs, I noticed her door was open. She smirked at me and I raised my hand in a halfhearted wave as I walked by.

“Hold on,” she called.

I turned, and walked into her room, but she held up her hand. “Not in the room, just... hold on...”

I stepped back out of her room while she grabbed something near her computer. She came back holding a lighter, and tried to hand it to me. “I found this in my drawer. You can have it - it even works, see?”

She flicked it alive and released the button.

“Oh, thanks Rebecca, but Mrs. McKenzie gave me one.”

“Oh. Is that where you're going now?”

“Yeah. Are you going up to watch TV?” I said hopefully.

“Yeah, right. Smoking is better for you than TV.” Her voice got real quiet and she said, “You'll make her day - Mrs. M hasn't had a man in her bed for a while. I hope you're ready... she'll probably chew you up.”

“Here we go again with the sex... I think you must want her.”

“And here we go again with the diagnosis. Have fun. Maybe they'll model their tights for you.”

“Maybe. If they do, I'll let you know so you can barge in on me while I'm spanking my monkey.”

“Just knock on the wall when you're ready to come. I don't want to watch you with your tweezers, I just want to see you blow your load.”

“No, I'm going to keep it to myself. I'm going to beat off tonight, and I'm going to use the image of your mouth. You already gave me permission.”

“So... are you saying you don't want this lighter?”

“I'm saying I already have one, but if you want to give me this one, then thank you.”

She handed me the lighter, turned around, and closed the door half way with a flick of her wrist.

I walked upstairs shaking my head and feeling tense. Rebecca is one fucked up, neurotic, gorgeous girl. I couldn't understand why she made life so difficult for herself. Even if she had things bad in the past, why compound the problem acting the way she does?

I am nice, and I'm very lovable

Realizing that I could be sitting next to the sexiest girl I've met, I hurried up the rest of the steps and angled toward the far right door where all the sound was coming from. It was a lot warmer up here and it must get brutal on hot days.

The door was wide open, and they were all looking at me, but I knocked lightly anyway.

I stared at the scene before me while a host of thoughts and sensations went through my mind. I was going to have to tell Mr. Sawchuck the happy news that this place is a dream, and not a nightmare. I would have to be careful where I looked once I got on that bed,

because everywhere I look will be something to stare at. I wondered if they had any idea what effect this was having on me. I'm sure they don't, because they would scream and kick me out if they did. I also marveled at the fact that two of the girls are younger than me, and the other other is possibly three times my age, but I found all completely desirable.

All three girls are in satin slips. Jill is lying in Mrs. McKenzie's arms with her head resting between Mrs. McKenzie's ample breasts, and Margo is next to them, holding out her arms to me. I resisted the urge to run to the bed.

I went to the far side of the bed and sat on the edge, but Margo pulled me backwards and started to maul me, saying something about always wanting a baby brother. Laughing, I reminded her that I was older than her.

"I don't give a shit. I just wanted some kind of brother. Now I've got someone to scratch my back and tickle my arm. Jill hogs Mrs. M... Oh! You have to have Mrs. M tickle you! She's got the best touch."

Mrs. McKenzie laughed and buried her face in her hands for a second, and then she pushed Jill off her so she could reach a couple of pillows to put at the headboard.

"Here, Mathew. Sit up here and get comfortable. Don't mind them. Margo... get off him and let him get comfortable."

I crawled all the way up and laid back on the pillows Mrs. M piled for me next to hers. Margo said, "Open your arms," and then she flopped back on me and wrapped my arms around her.

Again, Mrs. McKenzie covered her face and shook her head. She remained sitting up high, and Jill settled back down with her head on Mrs. McKenzie's stomach.

"What are we watching?" I asked.

"It's a stupid jock movie, but the boys are cute," Jill said.

I glanced at her when she said this, and my eyes almost popped out of my head. A foot and a half above Jill's head are two breasts. They belong to Mrs. McKenzie, and they are much nicer than they let on to be when covered by clothes. Not huge, but nice and large, and well shaped. What really caught my attention was her breast furthest from me, for poking out of her slip was a long nipple.

I've stared at Playboys for hours admiring all the curves that the women presented. My favorite parts of women are their legs and their ass, but only by a little bit. What could top those parts were breasts that somehow fit my idea of outstanding, and it seemed a common trait among those kind of breasts were long nipples. Not huge nipples - long nipples.

Mrs. McKenzie's nipple peeking out of her slip was longer than any of the one's I'd seen in a magazine.

I quickly looked away, not wanting to get busted staring, and also because I felt a stirring in my loins and I hoped Margo didn't. I don't think she did because my dick was down, along my leg, and not pointing at my chin. The way Margo was laying would make it painful if I did get a full-blown erection because I'd be unable to adjust it.

Margo took one of my arms and demonstrated exactly how she wanted me to tickle her arm. This raised goosebumps on my arm, which amused Margo and kept her working my arm another five minutes. Then it was her turn.

Mrs. McKenzie's nipple was like a source of gravity, pulling my eyes to it relentlessly. As soon as I ripped my eyes away, they would slowly roll in my head until I was looking once again. I couldn't see how she didn't know it was poking out, but thankful she didn't.

This went on for about twenty minutes before I got busted, and it was Margo's fault. She scolded me several times for not paying attention to her arm because, it seems, I would stop scratching when I was staring at a nipple. The last time must have caught Mrs. M's attention because when my eyes drifted for a peek - a good long peek - I glanced at Mrs. McKenzie's face and she was staring right at me smiling a smile that asked me if I enjoyed the show. Then she sort of rolled her eyes, and pulled her slip back over her nipple.

“Margo, how long were you going to have Mathew scratch your arm?”

“Until I go to bed.”

“Here, Mathew, give me your arm.”

Mrs. M started scratching my arm, and Margo was right; she's got a touch that's electric. She teased me a little about my goosebumps, but only a little. After a few minutes, I happened to look at her chest again, and once again, her nipple was trying to make an appearance. The edge of her slip had bent her nipple over, and I found myself rooting for it's freedom.

With her moving her arm to scratch mine, it didn't take long for her nipple to finally break through to full light, but now it seemed to actually stand at attention. It appeared to be even bigger, and now I had a painful erection.

I have to get out of here, because I swear to god, I'm ready to dive on her nipple and never detach.

Since I couldn't just ask Margo to sit up while I adjusted my dick, I told everyone that I was getting tired, and wanted to put my stuff away before I went to bed. The two girls were engrossed in the movie and didn't say a thing, but Mrs. McKenzie asked if I was going to have a smoke first.

“I think so. That, a belt of scotch, and a cold shower.”

She chuckled, and so as not to disturb the girl's viewing, she quietly asked, “That bad, huh?”

“If we’re talking about the same thing, Mrs. McKenzie, the word bad doesn’t fit.”

I jostled Margo, and she pretended to ignore me. I almost grabbed her tits, and only caught myself at the last second, instead grabbing her ribs and tickling.

She was off me in a second with a yelp and rolled over to Jill. I clearly heard her whisper into Jill’s ear, “I gave him a hard-on.” Jill just swatted her away from her head. If Mrs. McKenzie heard her, she gave no indication.

We walked down to the second floor, and Mrs. M opened the door on the left and peeked in on Gina and Tina. Stacy had them all tucked in, and they were watching some children’s program that I could only hear.

Across the hall was Rebecca’s room, but her door was closed now. The light was on and I could hear the rapid tapping of keys.

We walked past my room, and I was glad I turned off the light so Mrs. McKenzie couldn’t see that I’d already unpacked. We went down to the bottom floor, and stepped outside to a beautiful night.

Speaking in a soft voice, she said, “You failed bad.”

“I knew you were going to say that!” I shouted in a whisper, and she laughed.

I could only see her outline, so it was easy to forget I was talking to an older woman.

“Mathew, haven’t you ever seen a breast before? Gosh.”

“Mrs. McKenzie, you’re the second person to say that to me today.”

“Rebecca?”

“Yes. She gave me a lighter... if you want yours back.”

“No, keep it. She gave you a lighter... that’s not like her at all. I think you’ve gotten her curious. I wanted to strangle her at dinner, though, for changing seats. That was really rude of her.”

“I didn’t mind. I know she’s got problems, and... I don’t. At least not like hers. How did she... last here?”

Mrs. McKenzie took a moment to answer.

“Because this has to be her home. Here, or an institution, and she knows that. She’s been here three years, and believe it or not, she’s much better now. She showed rapid improvement for the first two years, but this last year, she sort of plateaued. It’s killing her, too. She’s not moving forward, and it’s scaring her.”

We smoked in silence for a minute and then she hit me with the type of question I was starting to get used to.

“So I have to know, Mathew, did you like what you saw? I just want to know if I still have it.”

It was a good thing she couldn't see me blush.

“Very much, Mrs. McKenzie. I'm sorry for staring. It caught me off guard, and...”

“And what?”

“Well... I've seen pictures in magazines and I have a favorite type, and... yours was it.”

“What is your favorite type?”

“Long nipples.”

I could feel her smiling in the dark.

“Rebecca could probably tell you why that is. She knows all that psychobabble, but I bet it boils down to... better sucking.”

I laughed nervously.

“Thank you for being honest with me. You can always talk to me about anything. I had only asked because in my youth I used to turn a few heads, but those days are gone.”

“I don't know how you say that, Mrs. McKenzie. I was blown away by how beautiful you are when I saw you. You must not get out enough.”

“I'm married - not that I've seen Mr. McKenzie for months, or that we've had... relations in years.”

“I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. McKenzie. That must be very hard on you.”

“It's not, Mathew. I don't mean to sound corny, but I have you guys. Everything I have is wrapped up in you guys, and that's the way I want it. You don't have to mention my marriage problems to the agency either... unless you see it as a problem somehow. You know how the state can get.”

“Do I ever. I would never say anything. This place runs like clockwork, and you've shown me more attention in one day than my last place did all year. Plus...”

“Plus what?”

“Mrs. Bobitt never showed me her tits.”

She laughed, while she fumbled around for the butt can. Finding it, she dropped her cigarette in, and stood up.

She put her hand on my cheek and kissed me tenderly on the lips.

“Good night, Mathew. I'm very glad you came to live with us. Welcome home.”

She went inside, and left me on the porch with damp eyes and inner peace.

A few minutes later, I went in and almost bumped into her. She was carrying a plate of snacks and she let me go first. When I ducked into my room, I said good night again, but she must not have heard me because she just walked by.

I didn't bother turning on the light; I just stripped down to my underwear, and got in bed. I briefly thought about going into the bathroom to beat off, but decided I was too comfortable. The light from the hall was streaming in, and I wondered if I should get up and close the door.

I didn't wonder for long because I heard a squeak coming from the direction of the stairs going up, and a moment later, Mrs. McKenzie peeked into my room.

“Mathew? Can I talk to for a second?”

“Sure, Mrs. McKenzie.”

She came in and sat on the bed. She placed a hand on my bare chest and began rubbing it.

“Something has been nagging me, and I want to make sure I didn't leave you with the wrong idea. In our conversation today, in the car, I had mentioned that you would become used to seeing women in various stages of undress, and I think I used the word immune.”

“I was kind of wondering about that. I'm not sure I want to be immune to women.”

She gave a sigh of relief. “Well, I'm glad I asked. One careless statement and I could have left you confused and worried.”

She laid down on one elbow, propping her head up with her hand.

“Are you up for a frank discussion right now?”

Maybe it was the way she talked so softly, or that her silhouette was so... curvy, but I was suddenly alert, and I found her presence intoxicating.

“Sure, Mrs. McKenzie. I'm getting used to it, and I really enjoy talking with you.”

“Mathew, how much do you know about sex? Has anyone had a talk with you? Are you

already experienced?”

“I think I know about it. Nobody’s had a talk with me... no adult, but I...”

“Talk with friends?”

“Yeah.”

“So you... know what arouses a woman... what turns her on.”

“I think so.”

“What?”

“Well, show her... you know... your penis.”

“Mathew, if you are going to have an active, healthy love life, you should know how to arouse a woman, and simply showing her your penis is not the way.”

“Oh.”

“First, to put your mind at ease, getting used to seeing women undressed does not mean you will damage your love life, or become gay. If anything, your love life will improve because you will have better control. Sexual arousal rarely is just visual. It includes touch, smell, taste, and mental stimulation. Even visually, there is a big difference between sexual exhibition, and simply being nude.”

“Some of the girls who come to live here need to be taught about this, and some already know. You’re the first boy that I’ve had that’s at the age, but I don’t see why I shouldn’t give you the same benefit they get. Is this making you uncomfortable?”

“Not at all, Mrs. McKenzie. As long as it doesn’t make you uncomfortable.”

She chuckled, and then asked me, “Do you have an erection right now?”

My heart started beating a mile a minute, and I nervously said, “No.”

She stopped rubbing my chest, and said, “Raise this arm, Mathew.” She indicated my arm furthest from her. I raised it up, and she took hold of my hand.

“Relax, and bring it to me.”

She pulled on it, and I rolled toward her. She changed her grip on my hand, and then placed it flat on her breast.

“Feel, Mathew.”

To tell you the truth, I was a little scared, but I gave her breast a squeeze. She put her

hand on mine, and said, “That wasn’t a feel. Grab it firmly, and feel it.”

I did, too. I allowed myself to really feel it - to *freely* feel it. I was instantly hard, and I didn’t want to let go. I didn’t know what to do, but I felt her nipple swell under the fabric of her slip.

“Did that dispel any doubts?”

I nodded my head, but I guess she didn’t see me. She said, “Well?” and reached down and lightly touched my dick, and then she withdrew her hand just as fast.

“I would say the experiment worked,” she exclaimed.

I started to remove my hand from her breast, and she said, “Not yet. Feel under the fabric. Feel how large and firm the nipple gets when stimulated.”

I couldn’t see what I was doing, and I was having trouble getting more than my fingertips under her slip. She dipped her shoulder, and shrugged the slip off of it.

“Push my gown down, and you will have free access to the whole breast.”

Her breast was large, and surprisingly heavy, and she encouraged me to lift it up and hold it in my hand.

“Pinch the nipple between your thumb and finger. Pinch it more firmly than that... yes... now roll it around under your fingers.”

“It’s getting even longer,” I said. “And it’s getting hard.”

“That’s because I’m becoming aroused.”

She flipped the covers back, and her hand went to my dick, but this time, instead of lightly touching it, she grabbed the shaft firmly.

I reflexively tensed, but she quietly told me to relax a couple of times, and then began stroking it through my underwear.

I forced myself to relax, to let her touch what wanted to be touched, and I allowed it to feel great. I started moving my hips a little to her strokes, and she proceeded to free my cock through the fly. I looked at my open door, and didn’t care.

“That was very easy, Mathew. Just a few touches, some light encouragement, and you are now fully aroused for whatever sexual activity you and your partner decide upon. You do not have to ejaculate as fast as possible. Many couples prefer to prolong the activity for maximum pleasure. Besides vaginal intercourse, the woman can perform oral sex with her mouth, or she could even agree to anal sex. Intercourse itself can take place in many positions. I could straddle you, and lower myself down, I could get on my hands and knees, making the vagina very accessible for mounting from behind. The male can also engage in

oral sex with the female, using his mouth and tongue to stimulate her vagina and clitoris.

Her rhythm was very steady, and I was slowly building up to release. She said, "I can use your breathing patterns as a clue to the height of your arousal. I can slow my strokes to lower your stimulation, or, I can bring you to an exiting climax like so..."

She sat up, and then leaned over me, guiding my penis into her mouth. Mrs. McKenzie knew what she was doing, and less than a minute later, she was sucking every last drop of come from my dick. I have nothing to compare to, but I bet we had exceptionally clean sex. There were simply no body fluids lost to the environment.

I was still rocking and rolling when she sat up and shrugged back into her gown.

"Mathew, you performed wonderfully. You responded in just the right ways to various events, and you have a very pleasing size and shape. I would consider having sex with you again, and that is the goal. With sex, there is no biggest, or best, or anything like that. There is only you and your partner, and did the two of you have an enjoyable time. If the answer is yes, then you will enjoy an active and healthy love life."

I nodded.

"Well, did you enjoy it, Mathew?"

"It was beautiful, Mrs. McKenzie. It was better than I imagined. You made me feel very comfortable."

"That's wonderful. I don't feel it's my place to make love to you. I only wanted to show you the basics, but once aroused, I didn't want to leave you in that state unsatisfied. That's why I brought you to climax. When making love for real, you will devote considerable attention to your partner, exploring her with your fingers and tongue, and talking sweet... and dirty to her. Listen to her if she tells you what she wants. She may not. She may like just what you are doing. You should enjoy her climax as much as she enjoys yours."

She stood up.

"I'll wake you in the morning for work."

"Mrs. McKenzie... thank you very much for everything."

"You're welcome, Mathew. Good night, and sweet dreams."

Over the next two weeks the event was never mentioned, and it slowly began to fade in prominence. I was disappointed by this, expecting a sign from Mrs. McKenzie that what we did was special to her also, and most of all, hoping for more lessons.

She's acted oblivious, and a couple of days ago when she woke me, I had moved her hand to my erect penis, and she gave me a mild scolding.

“Mathew, this is not like you - you have better manners than this. Showing me you have an erection does not impress me in the least. If you think I'm going to service you whenever you are aroused, then you simply insult me.”

“But you said you'd...”

“I said I'd consider it, and I was speaking in a different context. One thing is for certain - it's out of the question until you learn better self control and respect.”

“I'm sorry, Mrs. McKenzie. It won't happen again.”

“I know it won't because you're a good boy. You've done a great job at the studio and the girls all love you.”

“Not everyone.”

“But Rebecca does like you.”

“Sometimes I feel like I'm making real progress with her, but then it all comes crashing down and I wonder if it was wishful thinking.”

“No, it's not. You do make progress, but when she realizes it, she becomes scared and shuts you out again. I know it's tough. Most people wouldn't even try any longer, and that's why she likes you.”

...

That was a few days ago. Rebecca and I have been building up again. Last night Rebecca even contemplated going out for a cigarette after dinner. I thought the reason she didn't go out was because she's simply a recluse, but I suspect she's actually afraid to go out.

What Mrs. McKenzie probably doesn't know, and the reason I haven't written Rebecca off is because I have a mild crush on her. My heart aches to look at her, and my blood races when I stare at her. She let's me stare sometimes. It's not just her looks... it's all of her.

I'm hoping she will let me stare at her this morning - at least for a minute before I go to work. I've been going to work in a fantastic mood because, scolding aside, Mrs. McKenzie wakes me up by sitting on my bed, rubbing my head and chest, and saying nice things to me. Sometimes she let's me fall back asleep for ten minutes while holding her. It does wonders for my attitude.

I've been so busy at work that I haven't had much time to build up my immunity, but the girls have been working in full leotards and tights anyway. It's merely eye-popping, not erection-inducing.

I haven't been watching too much TV upstairs because the heat in that room is too much for me to take. Between Mrs. M's slip, and Margo rolling all over me, it's more a torture than anything.

Today is Friday, and it's my first payday. Two weeks pay, minus taxes and bullshit.

I took a shower and got dressed, and ran down the stairs two at a time. Heading toward the kitchen, I glanced into the dining room and stopped cold.

There sat Rebecca reading the newspaper and eating a bagel. She was still in her flannel pajamas, and she wore her reading glasses. Morning sunlight streamed through the window, becoming entangled in her beautiful mane of curly hair. She was breathtaking.

She pretended not to see me, and simply read the paper while my eyes feasted. Eventually, a smile spread across her face, which she had to balance with an insult.

“Do you know how hard it is to read the paper with a little boy just staring at you? What do you want, little boy?”

“You know what I want, Rebecca. I'm pretty sure I shout it out in my sleep every night.”

“A cock?”

“Your puny insults mean nothing to me. I fart at your insults. Plus, today I am a man! Today this man brings home a paycheck.”

She smiled at that, and nodded her head. She went back to reading the paper, and as I headed toward the kitchen, I heard her say, “I'm happy for you.”

I floated on air all the way through work, but even after work, good fortune wasn't done with me yet.

We got home at 4:30 so I had time to shower before dinner and wash off the sticky grime I'd accumulated during the day pulling weeds around the building, and sweeping the pavement.

After my shower I went to my room to dump off my dirty clothes. I still had my shirt off while I dried my hair, and I was considering counting my money again when the door kicked in.

It was Rebecca, of course, but this time she stared at me for a few seconds, speechless.

“Holy fuck... you could use a few pounds, but all in all, very edible. You look yummy. Then she regained her form.

“Did you spank in the shower?”

She was in a beautiful yellow dress, and I said, “Yes, but I wish I had seen you earlier. I still had you in your pajamas. You know what your pajamas do to me, but I have to tell you, that dress... you're a heartbreaker, Rebecca. You're a beautiful young woman.”

“Well... I hope you washed all your sperms down the drain. You missed a glop the other day.”

She still catches me sometimes, and I looked at her with a guilty expression which, of course, got her laughing.

“So, Rebecca... are you ready for a night out? I've got a pocketful of money tonight.”

“How many hours did you work?”

I told her, and almost instantly she told me, to the penny, how much money I had.

“I'd do good to learn from you,” I said. “You are one smart, cool cucumber.”

She blushed at this, and said, “Most people want to run from that. You're fucking weird...”

I knew what was coming, and in desperation, I shouted a command at her.

“Don't you leave!”

“What?”

I slowly walked up to her, never breaking eye contact. She shook her head and looked at me like I was crazy, but she didn't move - only turned redder the closer I got.

“Rebecca, I'm about sick and tired of you running away when we get friendly and I complement you. I'm immune to your insults, and I don't believe anything that comes out of your mouth, but one thing I don't have a defense for is you running away. I'm sick of starting over every few days. I don't want anything from you, and I certainly don't need anything from you. I'm fresh with you, but that's just a role that I play because you expect it. You're so far out of my league that it's just a running joke. If you are serious about wanting to get better, then stop running from me and see how it goes. I'm no threat to you, and you know it.”

“What... what are doing? Stop it.”

“What am I doing? I'm offering you a hand out of that fucking pit you fell in. If not out of it, I'll at least sit on the edge and talk to you so you're not alone.”

“What do you want?”

“I want nothing. I want you to smoke a cigarette outside with me. That's all I want.”

She looked me in the eyes and nervously smiled, and the effect was almost overpowering. It's easy to forget she's only seventeen, but not right now. She looks like a scared, beautiful, vulnerable seventeen-year-old girl right now, and I'd kill to kiss her, but I'm not letting her see that.

Very quietly, without breaking eye contact, she said, "It's dinnertime, Mathew."

I nodded and walked to the bed to get my shirt. She recovered some of her composure and said, "Leave the shirt off. At least at the dinner table."

"I can't leave it off. You'll all start taking your shirts off."

Through most of dinner, neither one of us spoke to the other. It wasn't until I had nearly cleaned my plate that she first spoke.

"I don't know how to act. I might try and destroy you. I hope you're serious about... me not hurting you. I hope... you give me a chance."

I nodded my head. "And the same for me. I hope I don't fuck up. I might need your help. I'm not as smart as you. If I'm fucking up, you need to tell me how to respond to you, because guessing really sucks."

She looked down at her plate for a long time, and then took a bite. With her mouth full, she said, "Alright."

Quickly she added, "I'm not going outside tonight, though."

I didn't say anything at all, and five minutes later, after she ate the last bite on her plate, she said, "I'll go out with you."

She knew I was thrilled. I knew this, because she wouldn't look at me. Under my breath, I said, "That only took two weeks. I should of tried for something bigger."

"Mathew, are you still going to hit on me?"

"If you don't mind."

"Not at all. As long as you don't mind rejections."

"You already said you would go out with me. You used those exact words. We're partners now. We should go buy condoms."

She burned me again.

Or so I thought. I had been standing on the porch for ten minutes with an unlit cigarette

in my mouth, and I was deciding how best to handle this when the door opened, and out she came.

My first instinct was to bite her head off, but I quashed that fast. Then her appearance struck me, and all my anger dissipated.

“I can see you changed your clothes, and I'm pretty sure you put on makeup, but did you actually change your hair too?”

“Don't worry about it.”

She tried to walk past me, but I stepped in front of her. “Oh, no you don't. I've been waiting for ten minutes. I deserve a good, guilt-free stare.”

She let out an exasperated sigh. “It wasn't ten minutes; it was two at tops. Go ahead and get your fill. I did it all for you, bla bla bla, whatever, whatever. Where's my smoke?”

“I know you're nervous, Rebecca, but let's walk around the block. I don't want to talk right here.”

She hesitated, and made complaining noises. I walked down the steps, and turned to look at her from the walkway.

She looked pissed and scared... like she wanted to cry.

Then she reached a decision and held her head up high. I was invisible. She looked right through me walking down the steps. Then she walked past me without looking. I was a couple of steps behind her, but when she reached the end of the walkway, she stopped and would not get on the sidewalk.

I stepped onto the sidewalk and turned left.

With panic in her voice, she said, “Where are you going?”

“Around the block. C'mon!”

“Give me your fucking hand.”

I stared at her, and she slowly extended her hand toward me.

She almost crushed my hand with her grip. She gave me a nervous glance and said, “Might as well give you a thrill.”

Rebecca shuns intimate contact, so for her to hold hands...

I felt very close to her just then, and very protective, but I still allowed for the possibility that I'm confusing these feelings for wanting to fuck her.

We walked in silence past the first few houses, but it was a comfortable silence. I was soaking it up, and just maybe she was too. If someone at the house saw us walking away, hand in hand, then it might look like we're breaking the rules, but the rules wouldn't be there if this was a low probability event, so we must be following the natural progression of life and whatever higher purpose we are slaves to.

“What are you smiling about, Mathew?”

“I'm not smiling, Rebecca.”

“You're fucking smiling, Matt, and I want to know why without having to penetrate your feeble screens of resistance.”

I tried not to laugh, but that didn't work. Eventually, I said, “I was just thinking.”

“No shit, Shirley. It wasn't gas. What were you thinking about?”

“You know, you're trying to pry something out of me, and then you'll get mad when I tell you, but I have no choice because you're just going to hound me until I tell you. So... if you must know... I was thinking about fucking you. I was thinking how cool that would be.”

“Wow! I feel special,” she said. “But you know that's not going to happen, right?”

“Right.”

“Then that's cool, but please keep your thoughts to yourself, okay?”

“Do you want to know what's funny, Rebecca? I'm not smart enough to know when you are feeding me bullshit for your own amusement, but I don't actually care. As exasperating as you are, I'm really enjoying being out with you. I'm flattered that you are here with me. I'm holding hands with you, and it feels great.”

She let go of my hand, but then smiled at me and grabbed it again. Even in the fading light her smile hammered my heart. I hadn't even noticed that we were walking fast until she slowed our pace.

“Rebecca, I didn't realize you were so serious about not leaving the house. If this is too much, we can go back now.”

She shook her head. “No. Let's keep going. I'm doing alright.”

We were approaching the end of the block, and I asked her to choose left or right to go around the block.

“Can we go one more block?”

“You mean straight?”

“Yes. Don't make a big deal of it, please.”

Once across the street, I joked with her a little. “Have you ever thought about what would happen if you applied your powers toward evil?”

“It's not a joke, Mathew. I fear falling into a deadly relationship where I am used and manipulated. You probably think that I fuck with people for cruel fun, but that's not it. I do it because it's the quickest way for me to find a reason to reject someone who's getting too close.”

“So am I beyond that now?”

“Only by your request. Don't kid yourself about being immune to all my defenses. I can burn you in a second.”

I should know not to push, but I was feeling cocky.

“I'm not sure that's true anymore, Rebecca. I can spot your setups. I know your style.”

She let go of my hand, and stopped walking.

“Mathew, you just failed. I'm sorry. You didn't spot this setup. If you made it through this simple thing, I would have known that I could trust you. You'd be eating my pussy tonight.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I'm talking about how easy it is to burn you... anyone. If I were to tell someone that I'm afraid to go outside, or afraid to do something they suggested, and then do it anyway, such as I am now, I could see if they exploit my vulnerability. If they say threatening things like *I can spot your setups, I know your style* while I'm in a vulnerable position, then what are they going to do when I *really* am in a vulnerable position?”

I flushed with anger.

“You mean this was all an act? You burned me again?”

She lunged for my hand, and said, “No, but I just did now. Don't tell me you are immune to me, and don't fucking let go of my hand, even if I let go.”

We started walking again in silence, and after a few seconds, she asked, “Is your head spinning? Do you know which end is up?”

I didn't want to talk to her, so I didn't.

“I just wanted you to really see how defenseless someone is to manipulation. It's sick. I'm sick, Mathew. Remember? I've trained my 182 I.Q. brain to use subversion as a defense against... for defense. It's good at it. It's so good that it can conjure up almost any outcome I desire, consciously or subconsciously. Do you know what that means? It means that

delusions have a great place to nest. The smallest insecurity is nurtured to the point where I can find or devise any situation that allows me to say, 'See! You don't love me,' or 'See! I can't trust you.'"

"Mathew... I know what you are thinking right now, too. I know the question you are dying to ask. It's the question that usually sends me into a rage, but I'm not going to do that with you right now, because this is me trying, so go ahead and ask it."

"Why do you do it? What are you defending against?"

"I have a reason. I know the source of my problems, I know the psychopathology, and I even know the cure. I know two cures, actually, but one is terminal. The pain is great enough that I keep it as an option. I know this is all confusing to you, but you've stuck it out this far, so I'm going to ask you to please stick with me some more. Can you do that?"

"Yes, and do you want to know why I can say yes?"

In a mocking voice, she said, "*Because you're immune to my pain...*"

"It's not a joke, and yes, I am. You think you just proved that I'm not because you burned me and I got mad. I'll admit that I got mad, but if I felt hurt, it lasted about seven seconds... it lasted until I remembered what you are. I already have no trust in you. I can only be pleasantly surprised. There's something weird about that."

"Low expectations?"

"No; this is different - it's more like zero expectations. There is no room for disappointment. If an expectation is fulfilled then there is a reward of joy, or satisfaction or whatever, and if an expectation is not fulfilled, there is disappointment. What I'm saying is that the worst you can do to me - lie, insult, and manipulate me - doesn't cost me anything, Does that make sense?"

"Only vaguely. Try again."

"Okay... let's say your problem is that instead of lying to me and manipulating me, that you kick me in the balls without warning. We can be talking and wham! I say *ouch, you fucker - you hurt me!* I can solve that problem by wearing a cup. We can be talking and wham! But we just keep talking because your kick cost me nothing - I didn't even feel it. I can see your foot head toward my groin, and know that it's just your ball-kicking problem and that I'm wearing a cup - it doesn't affect me. I wear a psychic cup around you. Does *that* make sense?"

We had slowed to a crawl and I wish I could see her eyes. She was staring at me, but I didn't know if she thought I was crazy or what. All she said was, "Yeah," but it sounded distant.

She picked up our pace and started swinging my arm. "Fucking amazing."

“What is?”

“What you just said!”

“I'm going to add zero-information sentences to the things I ignore. I learned that term from Mrs. McKenzie - 'Fucking amazing' is a zero information sentence.”

Rebecca squeezed my hand hard. “Alright, I'm going to tell you something more about me. Don't you feel lucky?”

“Does it involve your boyfriend too?”

She ignored me. “I study psychiatry. I've been doing it for three years... and I know that means nothing to you, so let me add that my years are like dog years when it comes to studying - I knew English, German, Spanish, and Italian... and then I turned nine.”

“If that's really true, then wow!”

She gave a little laugh. “Your funny.”

She began to speak fluent something and something else... it was all foreign.

“So... I did all this studying because I suspected the shrinks were in no hurry to fix me... being on the clock and all, but I felt they were ignoring my life in the process. I was wrong; it *is* a slow process.”

“So you wanted to speed things up!”

“Yes, but it turned into a pissing match with them. It's an interesting field, and an inexact science, so there's a lot of room for debate. It's not cut and dry like math. Math is immutable truth - even God can't make $2 + 2 = 5$. So... after a while they stopped seeing me, and the worst ones basically said I was untreatable instead of smarter than them. That just fed into one of my problems.”

“The need to be loved?”

“That's not even a fucking problem! Whenever you're ready to listen I'll start talking.”

“Sorry. I'm ready.”

“So I'll get to the point: I have a butt-full of problems - all sorts of neuroses, and some of them are very dangerous to me. In technical terms, I'm a cunt hair away from the funny farm, and I don't want to go to the funny farm. I don't keep people away because I'm afraid of people; it's because I'm afraid of disturbing my world until I know I'm ready. The most dangerous of my problems centers around insecurity - it can lead to paranoia and delusions, and delusions are a ticket to hell with one stop at the funny farm if they run wild. There it is, all spelled out. Now you know more about me than anyone else, save two shrinks.”

I tried to find what I missed, but I couldn't find it.

“Rebecca, why was that so hard to say? Why the big secret?”

“Matt... on the one hand, I'm glad that you don't get it, but on the other...”

“Just tell me, please.”

“You didn't run, Matt, and that's good. Many, many people would run for the hills when you tell them you are a C.H. From the funny farm, and start qualifying the statement. They run, or they exploit you. That's why, on a personal level, I don't tell anyone. The other reason I don't tell anyone is that these things have a way of becoming self-fulfilling. People expect you to act like a fruit, and in our desire to please... It's best if I just say nothing, and since it's my life, I'm not so concerned about hurting someone's feeling by lying to them. Now you understand. When I say I distrust people, I'm being truthful, but my distrust is not what you thought it was. It's not paranoia - it's legitimate defense.”

We were coming up to the next intersection.

“Which way, Rebecca - left or right?”

“Straight.”

“It's dar... it's getting dark. Are you sure?”

“It *is* dark, and I'm sure. I'm not afraid of the dark. So Matt... now it's your turn. You have to answer one of my questions.”

“Shoot.”

“Why do you bother with me? Why so persistent? I burn you, and you find it in yourself to not only forgive, but to allow yourself to get burned again, and again, claiming it doesn't matter. Even more remarkable is that no reward was offered to compensate for the risk of getting burned. You were not pressured to do it, and you were not enticed to do it, so why did you do it?”

“I don't know, Rebecca, but I sound like one hell of a guy.”

“Mathew... you are, but don't evade. You claim to have reduced the risk of getting hurt to zero... by your calculus. You think you can't get hurt, and maybe that's true. This allows you to take a chance without even considering a reward. By already assuming total loss, you've got nothing more to lose, and therefore you don't need to be compensated for risk of loss because there is none! So... why do you do it? Tell me, or I'll kick you in balls.”

I chose my words carefully.

“Oh my god, Rebecca... you are so stupid! You have to be the dumbest genius that I've ever met. There's no single reason, and you'll hate the reasons I'll give you because they are

so fucking obvious.”

“Fine. Tell me anyway.”

“Well, my conscience got to me. I felt guilty that I gave up on you, knowing you are such a miserable, pathetic basketcase. Not everything can be measured by risk and reward, or cost and benefit.”

“Yes it can. In some way, it can.”

“Are you sure you're a genius?”

“See? That's a very dangerous question to pose to a delusional person. It happens to be that I'm not currently delusional, but that's why I should have terminated you by now - dangerous questions. So... cost/benefit...”

“Let me ask you something, Rebecca... does it make sense to feed a terminally ill cancer patient? Isn't it just a waste of food?”

No longer swinging my arm, she seemed a little testy when she answered. “Because it would be cruel. You don't want to be cruel to the pathetic creature.”

“But why? The cost/benefit just isn't there, is it? What's the benefit? What possible benefit is there in feeding a terminally ill patient? Why give them food?”

She may not have liked the subject matter, but the clinical treatment of it was something she couldn't resist.

“Two reasons come to mind. First: irrational hope of recovery - a miracle. Second: there are perceived or hoped-for rewards.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“In your case, fucking me.”

“That could be one. Another one might be getting into heaven for a good deed done. I'm not really devout, and I stand a snowball's chance in hell at fucking you, so there might be benefits with better odds, but it's been so long for you that you may have forgot about them. Can you name one?”

“Security?”

“I have no idea where the fuck you got that from. I'm sure some shrink would be interested. No... how about friendship or companionship? I don't trust a thing you say or do, but I really like talking with you. I like looking at you, and holding your hand, and never giving a shit, really, about what comes out of your mouth. Never let a terrific-looking, funny genius go to waste. All those elaborate defenses you created, but you left a gaping hole that an aircraft carrier can sail through: you're likable. To me, you're likable - idiot.”

In a very quiet voice, she said, "I'll tell you, Mathew, you better be very careful. If you keep acting the way you do, some girl... some girl is liable to fall for you. Not me, of course, but I can easily see why some girl would. It would probably scare her a little, or even a lot... and cause her to act like a fucking cunt sometimes and then hate herself for that. I'm just warning you because in the event that happens, do yourself a favor and stay clear of her."

"I think you should stay the hell out of it, Rebecca. This is between me and her. She can be very kind to me, and she's shown me a lot of trust and effort already. Maybe I shouldn't give up so easy. Do you think she'd want me to give up?"

"Probably not. Poor you."

"Poor, poor me. Rebecca? Which way?"

"Um, I think we should go forward another block."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I'm trying to remember what frightened me so much about this." She started swinging my arm as we crossed to the next block.

On the other side, I said, "The thing that frightens me the most about walking with you is saying something stupid."

She slowed to a crawl again, but didn't say anything at first. After a few seconds, I saw her head slowly shake.

"I'm so sorry, Mathew. Your worst fears keep getting realized over and over."

"That was funny. I have to tell you, Rebecca, I know mental problems are not always apparent at the surface, but... other than your wormy brain, you seem very normal. Already you're a huge bonus for me. My psychic nut protector really works great - keep kicking."

"Mathew?"

"Yes?"

"I think there's a store on the next block. Can I buy you an ice cream without you taking it the wrong way?"

"You can buy me an ice cream, but how the hell can I take that the wrong way? That was a stupid thing to say."

"Matt, I feel very stupid right now."

“Rebecca, what’s wrong with your voice? Why is it all soft and sweet?”

“Because I feel funny, Mathew.”

“Funny good, or funny bad?”

“Funny fuckin’.... weird”

“Rebecca? Are you okay?”

“Mathew, don’t read anything into this, but... if you told me you wanted to kiss me right now, I would!”

She spoke the last words in awe, and I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Remarkably, my brain didn’t turn to mush.

“Rebecca, *can* I kiss you? It’s not funny if you are just tricking...”

“Stop walking please.”

We were under a street light when I stopped, and she turned to face me. With growing horror, I realized that I didn’t know exactly what to do, but she took right over.

Making sure that I couldn’t get away, she held my face with both her hands and kissed me not so much like a sister, but more like... what I’ve only seen on TV... and on the inside of my eyelids at 3:00am when I can’t sleep and I’m thinking about a petty girl that I like.

It was strange because when the kiss stopped, I found my arms around her waist, holding her tight. I don’t remember putting my arms around her. I also don’t remember learning how to kiss like that, and I know I gave her a terrific kiss right back.

Still holding her, I said, “Wow! Holy fuck! That was the best kiss and I don’t have a hard-on. That problem didn’t last long. Do you want to hear something crazy?”

She was smiling at me, and said, “You mean that wasn’t it?”

“I just saw time compressed, and I realized that a perfect life would be going for a walk and kissing you like this every single day until we shrivel up. I just can’t imagine anything better. Life is much simpler than I thought. Huh!”

“Mathew...”

“I’m holding you, and you are smiling at me. How messed up is that? I don’t want to let go of you.”

“That’s because you have a hard-on now. I can feel it pressing into my snatch.”

“But I don’t want to let go.”

“Let go of me.”

I immediately let go of her, and said, “I’m sorry.”

“You’ve got nothing to apologize for. You are a perfect gentleman, and my panties are soaking wet! That’s why I asked you to let me go... I’m not going to fuck you on the sidewalk.”

“My heart is going nuts right now.”

“You look really happy, Mathew. I’m going to try and say this calmly for the record, and then I’m going to go insane. You really turn me on, and for these ten seconds, I’ve really enjoyed my impulse. You made me happy, and I’m actually sort of proud that I made you happy - you should see your face. Now I’m going to go and kill myself, alright?”

“What?”

“I can’t do this, Matt! I’ve been telling you that. I can’t be... involved with a fifteen-year-old boy. I can show you the notebooks... the plan.”

“Rebecca, now you’re killing me. It’s two fucking years! That’s all. Who cares about age?”

“No, it’s thirty two years. Don’t you understand? You could really fuck me up. If I ever have a relationship again, it’s going to be with a shrink who understands how long and difficult... everything will be with me. I’m not even ready to start meeting anyone. I have to first stop fearing and despising everyone I meet. You have given me hope that it can happen, but it can’t be with you.”

She moved out from under the streetlight.

“Rebecca, you can’t just order a shrink boyfriend or husband from a catalog. It doesn’t work that way.”

“You are such a fool, Mathew. Of course it works that way. Do you think there’s something special about us? Do you have special feelings only for me?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“It’s dope, Mathew. You walked into a houseful of women You are under the influence of fucking powerful drugs right now... hormones. We both are. We’re not special. We’re just slaves to machinery we can’t control. My desire to kiss you, and your sudden feeling of wanting to be with me every day? Oxytocin! I could give you a shot of it, and push you into any woman at a bus stop, and you’d fucking imprint on her and swear she’s the one for you. You can afford to bump into people, I can’t. I have one shot at this if I’m lucky. If it doesn’t work, I go insane, and I’m not about to roll the dice with a little boy. I’m sorry.”

“Rebecca, every cell in my body is screaming that you are wrong. One minute ago we

were kissing, you were laughing, we were walking the streets hand in hand...”

“It was a giant mistake, Mathew. I allowed myself to live in the moment. I wanted to do something nice for you, and it felt great. I would give anything to take walks with you and kiss you every night until we blow away to dust, but it's too early. If I fell in love with you, do you know what would happen? I would have to know where you were every minute of the day. I would hate everyone who tried to take you away, which is everybody you talk to. Then I would hate myself, and I would end up hating you. That's the train wreck we would be facing. You can at least limp away, but I'll never escape myself.”

Time stalled out while my brain ran through corridors looking for any door that she didn't slam shut and lock behind her.

There's always a door. Even Romeo found a door, but this wasn't the time to walk through it.

“Rebecca... okay. Alright.”

A sob escaped her unseen mouth. “What does 'okay' mean? You'll leave me alone?”

“No.”

She sniffled for two minutes before saying anything.

“I fucking hate crying. I can taste copper when I cry... like blood. It brings me back to all the other times when I cried, and makes me feel sick. I hope I don't puke on you.”

“Mmm me too, I guess. But we'll deal with it. Can I walk you home now?”

“I told you I'd buy you an ice cream!”

“Another night, Rebecca. Then I can walk with you again. I just want to walk with you again. Let's go home now.”

We started walking back.

She was gripping my hand very hard again, and I could feel her trembling... like she was cold.

“I'm so embarrassed. I'm... really sorry.”

“Don't worry, Rebecca. Gosh, I embarrass myself all the time.”

“Do you, Mathew? Tell me something terrible about yourself. I don't want to hurt you. I'm... so sick of it, and... you don't deserve it. Just tell me something terrible so I can hate and fear you. I need to despise you.”

“I do have one secret.”

“Out with it, Mathew.”

“Sometimes, when I'm all alone, I touch myself inappropriately.”

She either sobbed or laughed, but not for a few moments did she say anything.

“That's my secret. I have a vibrator. It's just little. It's only this big... like a fifteen-year-old boy.”

“Thank goodness,” I said. “I thought you were going to tell me you had a baby.”

She stopped walking and let go of my hand. “What the fuck did you just say?”

“I said, I thought you were... going...”

“She told you, didn't she? That fucking cunt! That fucking cunt! I'll kill her!”

She started gasping for air.

“Calm down, Rebecca...”

“Fuck you! Why do you need to know about that?!? WHY DID SHE TELL YOU?!?!”

She started hyperventilating and I grabbed one of her arms but she clocked me hard across the head with her other arm. Bright lights flashed in my field of vision, and my knees buckled from under me, but I didn't lose consciousness. I staggered to my feet but my legs would not obey my brain, and I fell again.

I got my legs under me, but I cannot feel that girl's hand anymore, and my ear is ringing loudly. I heard a cry behind me... someone yelling *I broke you* but before I could turn all the way around to look, someone either tripped me, or pushed me and when I tried once again to get up, I was knocked to the ground and landed on my face.

Just as I stood, the ground tilted forward. I pinwheeled my arms, and almost maintained balance... if I just had some warning...

Again, the cry behind me: *I broken you! Please God... please God! Please!*

I've got to get up. Something bad is happening. I can't turn around because the only way to stand is to hop on one leg... and now I've gone off the curb, and I think I broke a rib.

Everything suddenly shifted, and I don't know what I'm doing in the street. I sat up and shook my head to clear it. I'm supposed to remember something, but whatever it is, it's just out of reach. It's *something* and *something*.

Something and something

I heard a cry behind me, and it clicked. *The cry!* But this cry was different. I forget what the other one was, but this one is *please don't leave me alone, Mathew.*

Now I know what the other *something* is. It's Rebecca. How can I be so fucking stupid? I forgot about her, and now she's lost.

I stood, and ran toward her voice.

“Mathew! Please don't leave me alone...”

My mouth was dry, and I huffed “I'm not going to leave you alone...”

She wasn't that far after all, and I almost plowed into her. Christ!

She threw her arms around my neck, and held on for dear life.

“Rebecca, I thought you were next to me. How did I lose you? Oh, god; I'm sorry. I would never leave you. What happened?”

She was almost strangling me with her arms, but one hand gently stroked the side of my head which, for some reason, hurt like hell. I didn't realize she was having trouble drawing a breath, but all of a sudden she drew a lung-full of air, and wailed.

“I hurt you! How could I hurt you?! I broke you! Please don't hate me! Please!”

I pried her off me, and shook her. “Rebecca! I'm fine. I'm okay. I think you just knocked me loopy for a moment. I didn't see it coming. I'm fine. I don't hate you.”

“Jesus Christ, Rebecca... please stop crying, will you?”

As soon as I took my hands off her, she fell to the sidewalk. She was sobbing hard, and trying to talk, but she could do neither very well, and ended up puking on her hand.

I sat down behind her, and pulled her back to my body and hugged her and rocked her until she went limp in my arms. All on their own, her fingers were twirling the hairs on my wrists, and with the back of her head on my shoulder, she said, “Don't ever let go.”

I was conscious of time passing, and started to become nervous. “Rebecca, we have to move. If a cop comes by, we'll have some 'splainin' to do. Can you stand?”

“Mathew, you scared the hell out of me. You kept falling down. I thought I broke your brain. I'm so sorry.”

“Rebecca, it's alright. You were having a panic attack or something. I thought you were going to pass out, that's why I grabbed you. You've got a great right hook.”

“Mathew... I feel like an ankle.”

“An ankle?”

“Yeah... three feet lower than a cunt.”

“Well, that's why you have to stand up. C'mon... upsidaisy..”

“I clobbered the nicest person I know; I wonder what this does to my schedule.” She held up her thumb and index finger, and said, “I was this close to marking major progress tonight. Now I have to view the whole thing in a different light. I'm not sure I'm making progress on any front.”

I gently shook her. “Rebecca, forget your fucking charts. I can't put my finger on it yet, but there's something wrong with your plan... something illogical. It will come back to me.”

I finally got her to her feet, and got her moving. We walked two blocks in silence, but on the third, I talked to her.

“Rebecca, whatever I said that set you off... you shouted you were going to kill her. Who were you talking about... Mrs. McKenzie?”

“Yes.”

“She didn't tell me anything about your circumstance, only that you are sad, smart, and potentially dangerous to me. She even told me to stay the hell away from your personal life. I didn't know... I still don't know...”

“Mathew, that's one place I don't go. If I ever do go there, it will be on my terms.”

She shook her head, and said, “Goddamn... I clocked you hard...”

No shit. My head is killing

We crossed a street, and she said, “This is our block.” Then she stepped in front of me and put a hand on my chest. “Can we hang back and have a smoke first?”

“That sounds good.”

“You look like shit, Mathew. You've got some road rash on your face and head, your shirt's ripped...”

“You've got puke on your hand,” I interrupted. “I remember thinking I broke a rib, but it's not broken.”

“Mathew... I don't know what you are to me anymore. I am so fucked up. I have to sort it out. I know one thing: you have changed me. I'm not sure how, but you have. I also know that I have a special bond with you. I hope to have you in my life every day. I don't know in what way. The house is going to have to get used to me treating you special, because you are special to me. You stepped out of nowhere and rocked my world.”

“Rebecca, I don't feel like thinking about it.”

For some reason, this brought a tear to her eye. She blinked it away and flashed me a smile.

“And another thing... that was the best kiss I've ever had. I had no idea I was playing with fire.”

“Speaking of fire... do gynecologists fuck their patients?”

She blinked at me several times, and said, “Matt... we have to get that head looked at.”

“Just answer, please.”

“That's how we pay for the exam.”

“Really?”

“No, you ass! What's this all about?”

“Nothing.”

There's three things you should never fuck with in the world. The first is love - never fuck with that. The second is women's intuition - you'll lose. The third must not be very important because I forget what it is, but heed the first two.

“So Mathew... I've been meaning to ask you: what do you think of Margo?”

“I don't know. She seems like a nice kid.”

“Oh, you fucking mealy-mouthed, weasel-worded weasel. Gee, you didn't happen to notice she's built like a goddess?”

“She's only thirteen, Rebecca.”

“So that makes her invisible? It's not just her body... every move she makes is somehow erotic. Give her a lollipop some time. I dare you to sit still in a chair and watch her eat a lollipop.”

“You sound jealous.”

Very calmly, she said, “No I don't.”

“I'm not jealous of her. I like Margo. She's kind of spacey, but... I like her a lot. Sometimes she comes up to my room and lets me brush her hair for an hour or two. I love her hair. She has that slow, sweet voice, too. When she talks, I swear I can see big juicy hearts coming out of her mouth. For some reason, I usually whip out my vibrator after she

leaves. She's just... sexy.”

“You just gave me way too much information, and way too many visuals. What's all this with Margo?”

“Nothing.”

Jill was the only one who saw us come in, and she never said hello. She took one look at me and went up two flights of steps to either her room, or to tell Mrs. McKenzie.

For some reason, both Rebecca and I were starved, and we raided the pantry. I could see her fading, so I went upstairs and ran the tub, hoping the sound would not create problems. She got her pajamas from her room, and I pointed her to the bathroom. She asked me to come in and watch that she didn't pass out and drown. This was my chance to see her nude, but with all my strength, I averted my eyes. I think she was disappointed.

After her bath, I had a sudden fear that the who house would be outside the bathroom door when I opened it, but it was just a fear.

“Will you stay with me until I fall asleep, Matt?”

“No. I heard a thump upstairs. You'll be asleep in eight seconds anyway.”

“Okay. Goodnight.”

We almost kissed, but we both wrinkled our noses and went to our rooms.

I sat in my room with the door open, the light from the hall providing the only illumination. My ear was still ringing, and I was stiffening up as my body burned off adrenaline. My mind flashed through scene after scene, some making me wince, and some smile.

I had been sitting on my bed for perhaps ten minutes, and because of my sore rib, dreading having to pull off my pants. I groaned to myself when I heard the upstairs floorboards squeak. I prayed for them to stop, but a moment later, I heard the stairs creak.

Mrs. McKenzie eventually came into view past my door, and she saw me sitting up.

“Jill told me you had blood on your head. Are you alright?”

I nodded, and she came in. Her hand went to the wall, but I asked her to leave the light off.

“Is it that bad?”

“No. The light will hurt my eyes.”

“Have you been drinking?”

“No, Mrs. McKenzie. If you need to hear the story tonight, you should come in and sit down, because it's not a simple one.”

I gave her the highlights, and let her ask for the details. Even so, it was half an hour until I said, *'And then we came in.'*”

“You poor, poor thing. Please don't be mad at her... my god.”

“Mrs. McKenzie, maybe I gave you the wrong impression. Other than for a few minutes, I had fun tonight. I think a major breakthrough happened.”

“Tell me exactly what set her off, Mathew.”

“Okay, she said it would be easier if I had a dark secret she could hold over me, because she never wants to mess with me again. The she asked me directly if I had a dark secret, and I gave her a joke response...”

“What was it?”

“I'm embarrassed to say, Mrs. McKenzie.”

“Oh stop, Mathew... I've sucked your dick, for Pete's sake.”

“Alright, alright... I said I... masturbate occasionally, and she laughed. Then she said that she did too, and I said, 'That's a relief - I thought you were going to tell me you had a baby.' At first she thought you told me, but I set her straight.”

“And then she did all this damage to you?”

“No. She rang my bell, and I went loopy and fell down a couple of times. It scared the hell out of her.”

“It looks painful, Mathew...”

“It's not. It's just a few scrapes, and I have a sore rib, and my elbow must have bumped because it hurts a little. I'll be fine. Can I ask you a question?”

“You can always ask, Mathew.”

“Does she have a baby?”

She weighed the answer carefully, before shaking her head. “Not on this earth.”

“Oh, no. Oh, no. I'm such an asshole.”

“Stop it! How could you know? You don't beat yourself up over shit you have no control over. That's as bad as feeling sorry for yourself.”

“Yes, Mrs. McKenzie.”

She swung off the bed and knelt on the floor. I felt my left foot move, and I said to her, “You don't have to do that. I can get it.”

Her head came up quickly. “Mathew, it's late and I don't feel like listening to you protest right now. Just shut up until you are tucked in.”

“Okay.”

She finished removing my shoes and socks, and asked if I need help standing up. I told her no, but then I was leveled by a bolt of pain when I tried to stand straight up. She helped me to my feet, removed my shirt, and then undid my pants. Very efficiently, she had them down to my knees, and then helped me sit back down so she could pull them off. I was grateful, and thanked her.

“I want to see the shape of that rib. Let's get up again... now step into the light.”

She poked the sore rib until she got a satisfying cry of pain. She quickly checked my other ribs, and seemed satisfied.

She pulled back the covers for me, and helped me into the bed. Then she told me to slide over so she could be comfortable too. She wanted to stay with me until I went to sleep.

When she had her arms around me, I decided to ask her for advice.

“Mrs. McKenzie, I'm supposed to learn self control around nudity, and the other day you say I need to learn respect and self control around women who turn me on, and when I first moved here, you said I am not to form a romantic relationship with any of the girls... do you remember that?”

“Yes. Not those exact words, but close enough.”

“I think there's something wrong with me, because I'm having a hard time turning off my heart like that.”

“Oh, dear. I... I... look; you can't form an attachment to me. How many boys your age do you see with women my age?”

“Maybe they just hide it,” I said. “They could be everywhere.”

“As for having feelings for one of the girls... if something was allowed to develop, but later didn't work out, then it becomes very difficult to live together. I assume this is about Rebecca?”

“How did you know?”

“I think you took a pretty good knock. Have you two had relations?”

“No. We aren't even sure what our feelings are... or she isn't. I guess I'm not sure either. I know I want to fuck her... excuse my language... but I think it goes deeper. How do I turn it off?”

“Mathew, you tell yourself that it can't work without a high cost, if at all.”

“Hmmm cost/benefit again.”

“In this case, it's difficult Mathew, because you are helping her, and you might be very important to her.”

“She said I am.”

“Let's see how she does, Mathew.”

“Is there anything else you want to know?”

“Yes. I really feel that I've put forth a strong effort in many areas, and I took some lumps tonight, and I think I've earned the privilege of sucking on your nipple. That's all I want to do. I just want to feel the warmth and comfort of your breast, and the security of your nipple.”

“Mathew, not for any of the reasons you just gave, but only because you sound so pathetic and reached so low will I let you have my nipple. It's called mercy sex, and it works once every thirty-three years. Is tonight the night?”

“I think it is, Mrs. McKenzie.”

“You poor thing. Now this goes no further than my nipple tonight, but here, this might make you feel better.”

She scooted up, and I scooted down, and when mouth met nipple, all the best paired inventions flashed before my eyes - pork and beans, cheese and crackers... you name it, and they all started with mouth and nipple. I found that I enjoyed immensely burying my whole face in her breasts while sucking on her nipples, and I equally enjoyed moving a considerable distance away from her breasts while pulling her long, perfectly-shaped nipples along with me.

Even though she said I'd only get a nipple, soon Mrs. McKenzie was passing out bonuses and tossing off favors of the flesh, spirit, and mind.

“It's so wet, Mrs. McKenzie... I want to taste it...”

“Yes... taste it. Oh, Mathew... that’s wonderful. Your mouth feels so good on my... vagina. Lick it, and pull on it... yes! Oh, yes!”

“Um, Mrs. McKenzie... please stop squeezing my head. It’s very sore.”

“Suck on my pussy, Mathew. Suck my... cunt... you dirty, dirty little boy.”

“Mrs. McKenzie?”

“What is it now, Mathew! Christ!”

“Well, I used to imagine fucking as happening a certain way, but right now my... hips aren’t imagining the same thing.”

“What? Make sense!”

“I want to mount you, but if I do, I think my hips want to ram my penis in and out very hard and fast. I really want to jam it into you hard, but is that violent? Am I a pervert?”

“Mathew... you can get a running start and fly through the air if you want. Just fuck me before someone walks past the room and decides to investigate. Fill me up. I want you to come inside me. I want to feel your hot come inside my cunt.”

“Oh! Yes... such a big boy. Oh oh oh oh oh...”

“Mrs. McKenzie? I like this better than the first time, but I think we’re making a big mess.”

“Make as big a mess as you can, Mathew.”

“I like fucking you. I think we should fuck all the time... Oh boy... Mrs. McKenzie...”

“I’ve changed my mind, Mathew. Come in my mouth. Come on my face.”

“Yes, Mrs. McKenzie. Anywhere you wish.”

I was woken at 6:30am by Mrs. McKenzie, and she was very snuggly and sweet.

“Good morning, Mathew. I hope you feel well. I hope you feel as well as I do. Filled to bursting with life!”

“Wow! Look at the mess,” I said.

“Shhh. Perhaps you vomited.”

“I only ejaculated three times... a lot of this must be from you.”

“Shut up! I'm sorry. How are you feeling, Mathew?”

“I think I'm fine.”

“Splendid!” She said, loudly, and then barely audible, “Do you remember what you said last night?”

“Do you mean about fucking you?”

“Shut the fuck up! Are you deaf this morning? Yes, that.”

“Sure I remember.”

“Outstanding. I decided to give you a raise.”

“You don't have to do that, Mrs. McKenzie - I'll fuck...”

She slammed her hand over my mouth, and kept it there. I watched her expression change from horror to admiration before she spoke again.

“Do not, I repeat, do not speak of fucking me... in any way or doing any other thing. If anyone asks, you are still a virgin.”

“Is the state coming out for an inspection?”

“No. Just zip it.”

“Have you seen Rebecca?”

“Oh, yes. There are wild rumors flying, and to look at her, they seem credible, but we know the truth.”

Quietly, she said, “Get up, you dirty, dirty little boy. We have work to do.”

I was thunderstruck by the sight of Rebecca sitting at the dinner table. She was eating an English muffin and reading the newspaper, but looked extraordinary in her reading glasses and flannel pajamas. I desperately wanted to suck on her neck and bury my face in her large, luxurious curls.

I was allowed to stare extra long this morning before being rewarded with a bright smile. I bit the ball of my thumb and headed for the kitchen.

Stacy was in the kitchen fixing a plate, and flashed me a big smile and said good morning when she saw me. I walked up to her, kissed to top of her head. “Good morning, big Sis. What are you doing today?”

“I need a brake line but I'm a little short on cash right now, so I have to steal one somewhere.”

Rebecca came into the kitchen, and Stacy said, “Dude, rules or no rules, whatever you did to her last night... keep doing it. I don't often say *fuck the bitch*, but I'll root you on if you want.”

Rebecca blushed, and talked in giggles. “Stacy! I already told you, we didn't do anything. We just walked.”

Stacy looked at her, and said, “Walked and fucked. You are freaking me out. Stay away from me,” and she scooted out of the kitchen.

Rebecca couldn't stop smiling, and said, “Everyone is giving me shit for being nice this morning. They think all I needed was a good fuck, and that you supplied it. Life can be so complex, can't it? How's your head?”

I walked right up to her, and quietly said, “Which one?”

She gave me a confused look, and asked, “Did you hurt yourself spanking?”

“No! I'll tell you tonight.”

“Mrs. M?”

“How did you know!?!” I whispered.

“I should have told you. I thought maybe she only likes girls. Why? What happened?”

“Tonight.”

She followed me to the dinner table, and tried to get me talking, but Mrs. McKenzie came down and was hovering.

“Mathew, I think the girls are already in the car, so we're waiting on you.”

“I'm finished now, Mrs. McKenzie. I'll eat my muffin in the car.”

I shoveled the last of my bacon and eggs into my mouth. I mumbled to Rebecca and handed her the plate.

“Sure, I'll rinse your plate. Do you want me to wash your underwear too?”

“I O U,” I mumbled with my mouth full.

I ran to the car, and jumped in to a mixed reception. Margo was smiling her sweet, beautiful smile at me, and Jill was frowning at me. Mrs. M backed down the driveway, and headed out.

From the back, Jill said, “Mrs. McKenzie, how come you are not yelling at Mathew for breaking the rules? Why is he allowed to date Rebecca?”

Both Margo and Mrs. M started talking at once, and Mrs. M told Margo to speak.

“Well, I think that Jill should only worry about her own problems and not those of others. I think it's so sweet that Mathew went on a date with Rebecca. She's such a sad girl, and this morning she was the happiest I've ever seen her. I think you should let them date so they don't have to sneak around, Mrs. McKenzie.”

I don't fucking believe it. Hearts really do come out of her mouth when she talks

“Thank you, Margo. Mathew, would you like to respond?”

“Well, I'd like to correct some bad information.”

“Please do.”

“All I did was invite Rebecca to the porch for a cigarette after dinner last night, and it was so nice out, that I asked if she wanted to walk around the block. She told me she didn't like to leave the house, but I walked down the steps, and she bravely followed.”

“Mathew, can you think of any reason why someone would come to the mistaken belief you went on a date?”

“Well, Rebecca made me hold her hand because I think she was frightened, so it may have looked suspiciously like romance, but it wasn't. She actually hurt my hand. Also, because things were working out for her, she became overconfident and decided to push our walk from one block, then to two, three, and even four blocks or more before all the wheels fell off the wagon. At one point, she came very close to knocking me unconscious, but it was during some sort of panic attack, so I wasn't mad at her, but you can see how all this could be mistaken for romance.”

Mrs. McKenzie laughing out loud, Jill was still snarling at me and shaking her head like she didn't believe me, and Margo was swiping tears from her eyes.

I began to think about how awesome girls are, and how completely fucked up they are, too.

Mrs. McKenzie broke that thought when she looked in the rear-view mirror, and asked, “Are you okay, honey?”

Margo sniffled, and nodded her head. “It's such a happy and sad story. I feel terrible for Rebecca, but at the same time, I'm proud of her, and Mathew is a hero to me. I'm so proud of you, Mathew.”

I'm sure I was crimson when I mumbled, “Thank you. It really wasn't... a big deal. Just a

walk, a breakdown, and a... beating.”

“Jill, Honey... you're being awfully quiet back there, what are your thoughts?”

“Nothing. I just think Rebecca gets away with everything because she has a loud mouth and because of her looks.”

“Well, life isn't always fair.”

We pulled up to the entrance of the studio, and Mrs. McKenzie told the girls to get started on something French-sounding, but we had to go to the hardware store. She watched them enter the building and then lock the door behind them, then we headed to the store.

Heading back to the studio, Mrs. McKenzie took a call from Mr. McKenzie that I would label as informative. It turns out that he will not, in fact, be home this week, and yes indeed, he did have his whore with him. He in turn learned that with the addition of me to the household, she couldn't think of a single thing he was needed for anymore, so he could stay away for as long as he wanted. He asked something, and Mrs. McKenzie came close to losing her composure.

“I'm sucking his cock, Peter! I let him fuck me in the ass - what do you think of that?”

Then he said something else, to which she responded, *“I already gave him a raise!”*

She seemed a little preoccupied after that, but she did at least rub the inside of my thighs and occasionally my crotch the whole time she apologized for her use of profanity on the phone. I may have actually opened my legs for an easier reach.

We left the ceiling tiles in the car and went inside. I needed to clear an area before I brought everything in.

We were in a windowless room that she uses for storage, and I was once again arguing my case for doing the whole ceiling. I could hear the girls thumping and talking quietly in the other room, but I could only see so far down the hall where their voices were coming from.

I heard the unmistakable voice of Margo say, “I'll ask her.”

She appeared in the hallway, and then entered the room, and I nearly went out of my mind.

Margo was topless, wearing only black tights and ballet slippers. Yes, I'm quite familiar with breasts now, but I'm not going to call myself a pro yet. Still... her tits are perfect.

All her lines are perfect.

Why am I not getting a hard-on?

“Mrs. McKenzie? Jill really wants to go back to fondu, relevé, relevé for the...”

Mrs. McKenzie sighed deep, and said, “My little waltzer. Do you agree?”

“I do, Mrs. McKenzie.”

“Then do it! You girls must trust your judgment. You know this cold. Chop chop.”

Margo started to run off, and Mrs. McKenzie yelled, “Wait!”

Margo turned back around with a questioning look.

“What did I say about attire?”

Margo glanced at me briefly, and said, “But I don’t care, Mrs. M. He doesn’t bother me. I mean, it’s Mathew!”

“But what if it bothers him?”

Margo’s eyes went wide, and she put a hand to her mouth. She turned strait toward me, and said, “I’m sorry, Mathew. Sometimes I’m so stupid!”

“Nothing!” I blurted.

She beamed ear-to-ear, and said, “Super.”

I turned to Mrs. McKenzie, and delivered my finest performance to date.

“I’m actually fine with this, Mrs. McKenzie. Why is that? I mean, I can see she’s beautiful, so why... am I not reacting to it? Is it because of her age?”

“No, I don’t believe that’s it, Mathew. It’s because she is not drawing attention to her breasts. She is not exhibiting, and you are not fixated or preoccupied. If you were devout, you would probably be going out of your skin right now.”

She nodded to Margo, and said, “Very well, but you will continue to wear bottoms. That goes for Jill as well.”

From the other room, Jill yelled, “Thank you, Mrs. M. It’s freakin’ hot in here.”

“Are you sure you know nothing of cooling systems, Mathew?”

“Oh, boy! Now I’m not sure anymore. Maybe I *do* know about cooling systems! Let me ask my penis...”

“I deserved that.”

We went and looked again anyway. I didn't want her doing anything stupid.

I followed her into the studio proper, glancing casually and briefly at Jill, and making a mental note that she too has a fabulous pair of tits. I decided I liked tits very much, and it's senseless to score them. They're all wonderful. From now on, I'm not going limit myself to long nipples.

Mrs. M was staring at the old cooling unit, and I told her once again to call a pro.

I was looking all around the room, admiring my paint job, and the gleaming row of windows that started three quarters up the wall. I glanced at the ceiling and was mortified to see that the wire grill on one of the lights was dangling down. I had forgot to latch it.

“Shit. I need to get that grill. I have to interrupt you girls for a few minutes while I drag the ladder out.”

Mrs. McKenzie said, “Girls, why don't you work on your aplomb while he fixes the light.”

Jill groaned at this, and I promised I'd work as fast as a could.

“Would it be forward for me to ask questions about what you are doing? What is aplomb?”

“Balance,” Jill said right away. Mrs. McKenzie looked like she was going to say something, but let Jill's answer stand.

“Oh. Aplomb - balance.”

I started walking away to fetch the ladder from the storage room, when Margo cut me off. “Mathew? Aplomb is actually a lot more than balance. If you're really interested, maybe I can knock on your door after you have your cigarette and walk with Rebecca. I can tell you about it.”

She turned to Mrs. McKenzie, and asked, “Can I do that, Mrs. M?”

It was obvious that Mrs. McKenzie has a lot of affection for Margo, because she was beaming at her with pride. “Of course you can, dear.” Then, as an afterthought, she added, “If it crosses your mind, though, you might consider wearing a top.”

Margo blushed crimson, and said, “Of course I will. Golly.” She turned back to me, and asked, “Would that be alright with you?”

Am I imprinting?

“That would be very much appreciated. If I'm going to help, I need to learn everything. If you don't have a top, I've got shirts you can wear.”

“Oh, thank you! That's very nice.”

Behind her, Jill buried her face in her hands, and shook her head.

We got home with time to spare, so I took a shower before dinner. Back in my room, I removed my shirt to put on deodorant, and a familiar scene unfolded. It started with my door being kicked in.

Did you spank again?”

“Yeah. Shit - I forgot to send it down the drain.”

“That’s alright,” said Rebecca. “Mrs. M will lick it up.”

I looked at her sharply. “What?”

Rebecca looked a bit confused. “Remember? This morning?”

“Oh, yeah. I think I was just imagining things.”

“Fuck you. If you don’t want to tell me, that’s fine, but don’t lie.”

“You’re right, Rebecca. I’m just not sure what to make of a few things. Even today, Mrs. McKenzie rubbed my thigh when we were alone in the car.”

“That’s it?”

“It was enough to make me think... never mind.”

Rebecca said,, “Call me when you have some real news.”

“Want to know a secret, Matt?”

“I thought we didn’t have any more secrets. Is this a new one?”

“No. I forgot about this one.”

“What is it?”

“Sometimes I pee in the shower.”

“That’s nothing, Rebecca. Sometimes I take a dump in the shower.”

“Oh, fuck. I love your sick humor.”

“Are we going for a walk after dinner?” I asked.

“Why, are you looking for another beating?”

“I already told you: it's well worth it. This weather is fucking awesome... just say yes.”

“Sure. Why not. Got to give everybody something to talk about.”

“You have a fan, Rebecca.”

“Who?”

“Margo! She cried for you today. She was happy and sad for you, and she worries about you. Jill threw both of us under the bus this morning, and Margo jumped all over her for that.”

“Really? I haven't visited her for a while.”

“Invite her to go along on our walk.”

“Good idea, You don't mind?”

“Why would I mind?”

“I don't know.”

I looked at Rebecca for a clue, and ended up taking a guess. “I think some nights I'd like you to myself, if that's alright, but I think Margo deserves time with you too. If she sees in you what I do, then she appreciates spending time with you.”

Rebecca was staring hard at my chest, and said, “I think that's a little greedy and selfish, wanting me all for yourself sometimes, but if it makes you feel special, then I'm sure it can be arranged.”

“Did I mention that I saw Jill's and Margo's tits today? Mrs. M is right; it didn't excite me because they weren't... what's the term she used...?”

“Exhibiting.”

“Yeah. They weren't exhibiting.”

“It's complicated, Mathew. I don't feel like getting into it.”

“Let's go eat. It's no-shirt Saturday.”

“Yeah, right.”

I had planned on telling Rebecca about my wonderful lesson last night, but I chickened out. That bothered me for reasons that I couldn't identify.

At dinner, I was introduced to two former residents who came for dinner and a visit to the old home. I was glad to see they lifted Mrs. M's spirits. She likes holding court.

Dinner was Chicken Cacciatore over homemade pasta, glazed carrots whateverthefuck, homemade rolls, and everyone was given a small glass of red wine, which I thought was pretty cool. In other words, dinner was outstanding.

Margo finished before us, and when she got up to rinse her plate, Rebecca motioned her over. There was so much chatter and people moving about that we just asked her right at the table.

I admired the way she picked through the knots of people and chairs. She just bends whatever part of her body she needs to clear obstacles, and moves forward, always with perfect balance. When she got to us, she surprised the hell out of me by bending down and kissing my cheek. Then she slid onto Rebecca's lap and draped one long, graceful arm around her neck. Looking into Rebecca's eyes, she let out a long sigh, and said, "You look so happy. I've been worried about you."

Rebecca held her cheek and told her she looked like a doll. "I feel good, Margo, and I miss you. Mathew and I were wondering if you would like to go on our walk with us tonight."

She looked at me, and then at Rebecca, and slowly shook her head with a smirk on her face.

Rebecca said, "I won't beat you up. I promise."

Margo giggled at that, and said, "I wouldn't be mad at you if you did. You can beat me up anytime you want."

"That's what Mathew says, too. So why won't you go?"

"Because I want you two to go."

"But we want you to go with us."

"I would have to invite Jill, and I don't want to do that."

"Honey, that's fine. You can invite her if you want."

"But I don't want to. Can I watch TV in your room tomorrow night?"

"Only if you let me do your hair."

"And maybe you could invite Mathew?"

“Oooo... and you were doing so good. Why do we need him?”

Margo looked crestfallen, and said, “Are you serious?”

“No, I was just teasing. Why don't you ask him.”

“Will you, Mathew? Will you watch TV in her room tomorrow night?”

“Is she going to be there?”

“Oh, god! You *are* stupid like me sometimes. Yes, she'll be there. It's her room.”

“I'll go, but if she takes a swing at me, I'm out of there.”

Rebecca piped up. “Oh, good. Now we know how to get rid of him, Margo.”

Margo shook her head at Rebecca. “I'm not going to hit him - he's too dear.”

“You know we're just kidding, honey. I didn't hit him on purpose. He's been like a good dream. I'm still not sure if he's real.”

Margo nodded, and then turned beat red. “Rebecca, I just remembered something that I have to tell you, and I hope it doesn't make you mad.”

“What?”

“Well, you know we practice at the studio without clothes sometimes, right?”

“Yes.”

“Did you know that Mathew is working there?”

“I did hear that; yes.”

“Well... we were topless today. Mathew saw us.”

“Really? Did he pinch your nipples?”

“No!”

“He didn't put his mouth on them, did he?”

“No! Stop it. It's not like that.”

“Did he at least tell you that you have nice tits?”

“No. He didn't do anything.”

Rebecca kicked my chair and scolded me for being so rude.

“So you're not mad?”

“Honey, he's not my boyfriend. I'm not mad at all.”

“Why are you pushing me off your lap?”

“I want to smoke.”

Margo stood up, and I said to her, “I don't know how long we'll be gone, but I doubt it will be more than an hour.”

“Okay. I hope everything goes well.”

“If you feel a thud, that's probably me hitting the ground, and you should come running because Rebecca will need help getting home.”

I convinced Rebecca to skip doing her hair, so tonight I only waited on the porch for five minutes before she came out. She walked right past me and ran down the steps. From the middle of the walkway she waved at me and said, “C'mon! What are you waiting for?”

“She was all bluster and bravado until we were on the sidewalk, then her hand snuck over and found mine.

“So why did you tell Margo that we would be back in about an hour? Do you have a date or something?”

“It's not a date. She's going to teach me what aplomb is in ballet.”

“What is this, a private lesson?”

“No. In fact, why don't you learn it with me? It might be interesting.”

“That's alright. I don't want to crash anyone's party. Where is she teaching you, the living room?”

“No, my room. You won't have to go far.”

“Oh, your room. How nice.”

“Rebecca, do you really think I invited a thirteen-year-old girl up to my room to have sex?”

“Oh, like you'd be the first fucking guy on earth to do that.”

“Is this the behavior that you warned me about?”

“This is nothing. Imagine if I liked you.”

“I see what you mean. It's a good thing you don't like me.”

“Yes, and a psychiatrist would never have said that. You don't know shit about dealing with these problems.”

“But you do. You should know the best way to deal with tonight's situation. I would think that attending the lesson with me would be the best.”

“It's not. It actually has a negative long term effect because my presence serves as the excuse I need to keep the delusion alive. I'll reason that my presence merely foiled one encounter, and now knowing that I'm on to you, you will be much more clever and careful in your next rendezvous. It opens up the realm from when she's in your room, to any time you are out of sight.”

“I can see that. Yes. So what are we shooting for?”

“It's a very difficult target. It's trust without proof. It boils down to this: I want to stay out of your room tonight, and wake up in the morning confident that you didn't sleep with Margo. It sounds simple, but it isn't.”

“Why without proof?”

“Well, I'm simplifying. If proof can be obtained for free... that is... without altering the terms, then that is obviously a superior solution. If you were unaware of a video camera in your room, then I would have a means of obtaining free proof. I could simply watch the tape in the morning.”

“But what if I discovered the camera, and didn't let on?”

“Mathew, you get a gold star. Now you are getting a sense of the difficulty. I can keep finding ways to maintain the delusion. If you weren't fooling around on my secret tape, then you must have discovered the recorder and changed your behavior. Now we are back to square one.”

“So how do you solve it? How does anyone solve it?”

“Isn't it obvious?”

“Probably, but not for me right now.”

“The solution is to wake up in the morning and ask if two decent people who care a great deal about me would conspire to hurt me. If the answer comes up 'probably not', and I can

derive comfort from that answer, then the delusion no longer exists.”

I thought about that for only a second before I saw the resolution.

“So, ignoring the possibility that I could force Margo to have sex with me, do you think that Margo would willfully hurt you?”

“No.”

“How confident are you that she wouldn't?”

“Extremely.”

“Do you think I would force her into having sex?”

“No.”

“How confident are you in that assessment?”

“Extremely.”

“Since it takes two to have sex, you have just stated that it is extremely unlikely that sex between Margo and myself will take place.”

“Correct.”

“Was that better?”

“Much better.”

“Are you cured.”

“Sort of... for a little while. That's the tricky part with delusions. Even one altered term can bring it all crashing down again. If you suddenly brought a girl that I didn't know to your room for a lesson, then all progress could unravel.”

“So how are we going to deal with tonight?”

“I don't know. I'm going to bed. You deal with it.”

“But you were jealous just a few minutes ago.”

“Yeah, and you helped me through it. It was fucking stupid, but remember how we got here. We used a methodical process and reasoning instead of the mind-fuck game that we started with - *well, it's a good thing you don't like me.*

I decided to walk through the door I found last night.

“I should tell you now that I found a way to be the man that fits within your fucked up plan.”

“Oh, really? That sounds pretty ambitious. Fifteen-year-old boy turns thirty-two.”

“I become a psychiatrist, Rebecca.”

“Why? Just so you take away every excuse I have for not dating you? You want to solve all my problems just so you can date me. What a self-centered prick you are, Mathew.”

“Rebecca, when you're drifting off to sleep tonight, as I rape Margo in my room, I want you to think about the fact that I have technically found a way to re-qualify myself as the person you describe as being the only one you can possibly consider having a relationship with. You slammed every door shut in my face... all with theoretically good reasons... yet I managed to create a roadmap, a plan, if you will, to position myself as your perfect suitor, using all your definitions and qualifications of what a perfect suitor is, and I stand a chance of executing my plan in roughly the same time horizon as yours, if not a little quicker. How fucking fantastic am I?”

“You are... really, really fucking fantastic.”

We walked in silence for another block, and every time I glanced at Rebecca, she was smiling at me.

“You're staring at me, and it's creepy. Why are you wearing that creepy smile, too?”

“Would you really try to become my psychiatrist just to be with me?”

“Would I? You mean, *when* I...”

“What if I change my qualifications? What if I instead will only consider men who are missing both arms? Would you cut off your arms for me?”

“You have to solve this problem first. You can't just decide you have a different set of problems. Let's get through the first set, and then see what happens. You might, for instance, become a lesbian - then what would I do?”

“What if I become one tomorrow?”

“You won't! You have to have sex to become a lesbian. You'll only think you are a lesbian, and we'll just add it to the list of issues I have to deal with.”

She pointed just ahead, and said, “There's the store.”

Both of us stopped at the same time and looked at each other.

“You want to go back?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“You still owe me an ice cream.”

Walking up the steps, Rebecca said, “I bet Margo is sitting at your door.”

“And I bet your wormy brain is cooking up all kinds of wild things right now.”

“Really? I'll suck your cock if she isn't. I'll let you fuck me any way you want if she isn't, and I'm serious.”

We went through the front door, and I raced up the stairs. In front of my door, rising to her feet, was Margo.

“Hi Margo.”

“Is everything alright, Mathew? You sound sad.”

“Oh, I'm fine. Just a little tired from walking and running up the stairs. Thank you very much for doing this. I'm trying to talk Rebecca into hearing this too. You don't mind, do you?”

“No! I wish she would come dance, too.”

Rebecca reached the top of the stairs, and said, “I'm sorry, Margo. I already told him I was going to bed. If nothing else, I'd stay just to hear you talk... I love your voice, but I'm beat.”

“I'll teach you anytime you want to learn, Rebecca.”

They hugged, and Rebecca dragged her tired ass a few more feet to her room, and waved. I opened my bedroom door and flipped on the light. I turned to invite Margo in, but I couldn't find her. I had to turn all the way around to realize she already scooted into my room behind me.

She was looking all around, taking it all in.

“I've never been in your bedroom before. I've never been in a boy's room before.”

“This is just a bare room, Margo. All I have in it is this clean ashtray and this picture of Stacy.”

Margo asked, “Do you want some stuff for your room?”

“What kind of stuff?”

She thought for a moment, and then said, “Glitter?”

“What color?”

“Gold.”

“Gold is too gaudy for my taste, but thank you.”

I sat down on the edge of my bed and looked up at her. “I don't have a chair to offer you, but you can sit on the bed.”

“Okay.”

She sat down next to me and bounced eight or nine times on the bed.

“Margo, you're the first person to bounce on my bed.”

She punched me in the upper arm, and said, “Ya, right. No way.”

“God, Margo... you are... you are... a funny girl.”

“Thank you for saying that. I think I'm funny too. I like being happy - there's nothing wrong with being happy. Jill says I'm brain-impaired and says I'm annoying. I need my own bed.”

I knew I might be plunging into a pool full of alligators, but I had to ask. “Did Jill become meaner after your body developed?”

“That's what it's all about, Mathew. She has a love-hate relationship with my body. I only love it.”

Margo stood up gracefully and walked to the door. She closed it silently against the frame, and then silently engaged the deadbolt lock.

I whispered, “Margo, I'm not sure we should do that. Someone might not like the idea of you being locked in here.”

She sat back down and said, “Only Rebecca, and she was tired. When she's tired, it only takes her one minute to fall asleep. It's her medication. I closed the door because Jill wouldn't dare knock on this door, and the lock is for just in case. I wanted to tell you that Jill is the one who started the rumor about you and Rebecca.”

“I guess I knew that.”

“She doesn't believe your story. She says the only way Rebecca can go from mean to nice in one day is because you fucked her. I know Rebecca. I know Rebecca doesn't fuck, and I told Jill that, but she says I'm an idiot. Then I really pissed her off when I said that if fucking makes someone so happy, then she should be the happiest girl on earth. Did you

ever have a Foster brother who wanted you to stick a candle up his ass?"

I lunged behind her for the pillow to muffle my laughter. All these disgusting words and images are being delivered to me by the sweetest voice coming from the cutest face belonging to a most gentle and graceful young girl.

I felt her get off the bed, and I thought maybe she took offense to my laughter, so I sat up fast. Margo had taken off her top and now she was taking off her pants. Under her clothes she wore a white, mostly-transparent nylon stocking that fit from her neck to the bottom of her feet. Numerous runs in the stocking made me think of Frankenstein.

I'm starting to think that I was run over by a car and killed, and the fact that I've been mostly good really did pay off. I cannot believe this very special girl has locked herself in my room, and is wearing only a nylon.

Very quietly, she said to me, "I'm a little glad that Rebecca isn't here, because I'm not sure she'd like what I'm wearing. I have nothing here except this old thing. Everything else is at the studio. It would even be better for me to do this in the nude... do you want me to take this off?"

"Um, maybe you shouldn't. I'm not sure I would respond as professionally as I should. Let's see how it goes."

"Okay, but you are going to have to look at my body at some point and not just my eyes."

I let my eyes drift down her body, and I took my time doing it because I wanted this image to last for life.

"Aplomb, Mathew, is a lot more than balance. It's the foundation of a ballerina. It is how form is achieved. It starts with some basic principles...."

Dear, sweet, stunning Margo - deliverer of private lectures on ballet theory, child-goddess with no sense of time. I sat through easily two hours of mind-numbing terminology and static poses. My erection is just a distant memory, but if I understand her correctly, something big is about to happen.

She walked just past the dresser and faced me. Without warning, she made her head and her feet exchange places while moving from where she was, to standing right in front of me.

There was no thud. There was no shake. There was no sound at all to the move. She's obviously made of liquid.

Standing before me, I had to fight off a strong urge to nuzzle her breasts, and kiss her

stomach.

“Mathew, I'm going to show you that move in stages. I want you to see what I do. But first, a comparison...”

She stood in the middle of the room, and bent over, resting her palms on the floor along with her feet. Then she sort of hopped on her feet, her legs going higher into the air each time, but always coming back where they started.

“I'm using my legs muscles to propel my legs up, and notice how ungracious the movements are. If I kick hard enough, my feet will be in line with my head, and I'm upside-down - a stable position. To complete the revolution, I simply fall forward, and let gravity take over.”

She was back on her feet, standing before me, and said, “My legs were at a constant velocity only once, and that was at the inverted position. In order to complete the circle with a constant leg velocity, I must use aplomb. Witness...”

She was magic

Starting from the same position, her feet came off the ground not by way of a kick, but simply lifted off the floor and rose at the same rate until she was inverted. They then fell slightly forward and began their gravity-defying descent at the same constant velocity. When they touched down, she was once again bent in half, but the other way. From that position, she stood without moving her legs - only turning her feet outward and flexing her muscles.

I was blown away

She fed off my enthusiasm, and said, “Mathew, you must come here and feel the muscles as I constantly readjust my body's distribution for the needed balance. Kneel here...”

I did as I was commanded, and the touching phase of my lesson commenced.

Move after move, I felt and I felt. I was the blind pupil, and she the master, guiding my hands to her next tactile treasure.

Oh, lord, is she firm.

Oh, lord, is she soft.

Oh, lord, does she smell fine.

It came to be where I was kneeling upright, and she was balanced upside-down on her neck and hands. Her legs were in the air, and slowly one came down to the left, and the other to the right, until each were perpendicular to her torso. It was a perfect, full split, and I was staring at her beautiful pink gash through the sheer fabric of her stocking. I was no longer timid about staring, and I no longer was bashful about my erection.

She has been commanding me, and I have been touching her sweet body in ways that she

loves.

She issued the next command.

“Mathew... run your hand along my leg-line, and admire it's straightness. Start at this ankle, and proceed.”

“Oh god, Margo... it's so straight.”

“Feel along to the knee.”

“Oh god, Margo... here's your knee. The back of your knee.”

“Mathew, keep moving your hands.”

“Oh god, Margo... here's your creamy thigh, and its as straight as... something very straight.”

“Mathew, you know what to do.”

“Oh god, Margo... how can I keep going? I've run out of leg!”

“There's only one place to go, Mathew.”

“Oh god, Margo... your honey-filled center?”

“Go there, Mathew... now... stop there! Rub it back and forth. Slowly... no, rub my pussy hard, Mathew... no... help me up, I need to take this off.”

I watched her strip out of the stocking, and fall onto my bed. She told me to take off my pants, and I did.

Then she told me to take off my underwear, and come closer.

I did, and she sat up. She gripped my stiff cock, and looked into my eyes.

“I've never touched a penis. It's so smooth and hard, and this part is so soft and hot. I want to suck it.”

“Suck my cock, Margo. Enjoy it, and then I'm going to fuck you.”

“I've only been fucked by a candle, Matt. I sure am glad I have a brother now. I love your cock.”

With my light on, we got it on. I devoured her pussy, sucking her whole cunt into my mouth and sticking my tongue inside her as far as it would go.

I fucked her, and she made me stop so she could suck my cock before fucking her again. I

fucked her in the ass, and then fucked her pussy again. I came on her tits, I came in her mouth, and I came deep in her cunt - twice. Hearts were flying everywhere.

In the wee hours, after Margo and I practiced excessively sloppy sex, an idea hit me, and she and I had a little chat.

“Boy, Margo, I sure feel guilty about what we did to Rebecca. That was really sleazy of us, her only two friends, to have sex behind her back.”

“Mathew, you're starting to scare me. Just don't tell her.”

“No, I don't think I could live with that, and I sure as hell ain't dying. Who do you think started it, Margo? Was it me or you?”

“I don't think it was either of us. It just started.”

“I don't know. I think I should take the blame. I think it was when I was feeling your stomach muscles while standing behind you. You had to have felt my tongue.”

“You're such a gentleman, Mathew. If you really insist, then you can be the one who started it.”

“But Margo, you have to back me up. To set her free, it's important that we both screwed her over.”

“Well alright, but I still don't understand it.”

“Margo?”

“Yes?”

“I just had my mouth over every square inch of your body at least three times and we never kissed. Can I have a kiss?”

“Oh sure, Mathew. Anytime you want a kiss, just ask... or just kiss me.”

We kissed, and this sweet kid kissed sweetly.

“Margo, how was the sex?”

“You performed wonderfully, Mathew. You responded in just the right ways to various events. I would consider having sex with you again, and that's what's important.”

“Margo, I'll always remember this night. You are a special treat, and I'm very fond of you, but you have to get back to your room now. Chop chop.”

I woke up in a panic, thinking I had missed my ride to work, but then I remembered it was Sunday and I didn't have to work.

Yippie!

I went downstairs and looked into the dining room, and there was Rebecca, in her flannels and reading glasses, reading the paper. It was 10:00am.

“How come you didn't wake me?” I asked her.

“You needed your sleep. You were raping Margo until... what? Early in the morning... I figured I'd let you rest.”

“Yeah, it was after 4:00am when she left. What a tiger! She was tough to catch.”

“Shut up, you perv.”

I poured a cup of coffee and toasted a bagel, and sat back down with Rebecca. I stared at her while she read the paper. For some reason this caused her to smile and re-read the same paragraph over and over until she threw the paper at me.

We stared at each other for five minutes, and I warned her that when my coffee was done, I was going to crawl across the table, sit in her lap, and nuzzle her flannel-covered breast. I only had two sips left when a streaking bare bottom flew down the steps from the second floor and turned into the living room.

I took a sip, ready to put my plan into action, when Gina came running into the dining room. I glanced at her... “What's she doing, Rebecca? Is she fingering herself?”

“Gina, knock it off!” yelled Rebecca.

“That's disgusting,” I said to Gina, “Your fingers must stink!”

Stacy came running after her, holding a change of clothes. She scooped Gina up and started dressing her. “Well, I think I'm going to take the girls out for some fresh air and sun today. Is there anything you guys want from the dump?”

Neither Rebecca nor I could think of a thing, but I'm sure we'll think of something after she's gone.

“Well, I guess that leaves you two to hold down the fort.”

“Seriously? Everyone's gone? Where's Mrs. Woods?”

“Come and gone. Lasagna in the fridge for tonight. If you guys are looking for something to do, I think they're dragging the lake for a body today. Anyway, we'll be back before dinner.”

“Stacy?”

“Yes, Rebecca?”

“I don't know... Everything. Thanks.”

“I gave you a picture, right?”

Rebecca laughed, and with that, Stacy and the kids were out the door, leaving me with what I thought'd be an awkward moment, but Rebecca asked me to follow her upstairs.

I don't know why I followed so far behind... Rebecca had to coax me around every turn all the way into her bedroom. She shut the door and locked it, and I was suddenly very nervous.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm not fucking you, if that's what you think.”

What a strange world it is. Inexplicably, I was relieved, and you can put that one on the couch and analyze it.

Her room was bright and sunny, and she knelt on her bed to open the window onto a perfect day. She curled up in front of the window, and asked me to get the pack of smokes and the ashtray off her dresser. I brought them over to her bed and marveled at the the color of the sunlight in her beautiful mane of hair.

She patted the bed in front of her, and said, “Come up here, little boy.”

I crawled up onto her bed and padded my way over to her on all fours, not stopping until the entire length of our bodies were touching and she had her arms wrapped around me. Her flannels felt great, and when she began to stroke my hair and rock me in her arms, I glimpsed a memory of a flannel blanket that may or may not have been real.

The sun was warm, and her heart was beating, and if I'd even been more comfortable and content, I forgot when it was.

“Tell me about your parents, Mathew.”

I kissed her hand and nodded my head, and understood.

“It's not just chance that everyone is gone today, is it?”

In a husky voice, she said, “No.”

I kissed her hand again, and held it close to me.

“My parents... I'll try and drag it out, but there's not much to tell...”

“I'm not sure how I was born, because I don't even have a father. My mother's name was Mary, but I wouldn't read too much into that. She was eighteen when she had me. I was with her for three years, and as far as I know, I was treated well... or well enough in that time. I was taken from my home and never returned because my mom died of a drug overdose the following year. She was a runaway, and I don't know what she was running from, but I've had the usual litany of phantom grandparents, rich uncles, and lost brothers searching for me for years.”

“It's not much, Rebecca, and for that, I'm sorry; but it's pretty tame, and for that, I'm thankful.”

She kissed the top of my head, and I spun around to face her. She sunk down a little so that her breast was next to my cheek. This humored her, and she popped it out of her pajama top and let me put my mouth on her nipple and gently suckle. This was not overtly sexual... at least for me, and I don't believe it was for her, either.

She would start on her time, but I could make it a little easier for her. Looking into her eyes, I told her how I felt.

“I love you, Rebecca.”

I said it three times in a row while staring into her eyes, and she looked down upon me with a beautiful, peaceful smile.

She formed the words but they barely made it out of her mouth before they were drowned by tears.

“One week...”

And her story began.

Once begun, it had to finish, but it was forty-five minutes before she spoke again, and the only thing I could do for her was wait it out. For forty-five minutes she sobbed, incapable of speaking a word. Incapable of sight, she closed her eyes the whole time while she held my head close to her heart.

“I had my baby for one week.”

Sunlight and tears, and I know I'll forever carry the image of her too-young face pouring forth the grief of her life into the vivid light. Her green eyes open, searching, but still not seeing, except for maybe the past.

“My baby was born on May 9, when I was thirteen years old. My Pa was not supposed to

get me pregnant.”

“Oh, Mathew... I don't want to tell you... I don't want you to know how terrible the world can be. I just want to hold you like this, and never let you see...”

Far away, and miles past that lies the marker in my life when I last cried, but here I set my next.

“Rebecca, you won't break me. I'll always get you home. I'll never leave you alone. I'll never hate you. I'm with you.”

“Do you promise? How do I know? This is it!”

“You've already trusted me, Rebecca, and I was there. I know this is it. You've waited long enough, and that's what I've been trying to tell you. Just hold my hand, because I'm with you.”

Her breathing was fast, and erratic, and I wanted her pain to end. My tears, brought about by her suffering soon gave way to fright as she began to hyperventilate.

I talked to her in a soft voice.

“Slow down. I'm here. I'm right here with you, I need you to breathe slowly. That's the only thing you have to do now - breathe slow.”

In time, her breathing began to settle into a regular rhythm as she stared down at me with no emotion on her face. I know she's stuck on a psychic ledge right now, unwilling to let me see more.

If she heard it from me... if she heard the worst thing imaginable spoken from my lips... she's got to move off this ledge.

“Rebecca, are you trying to tell me you harmed your baby?”

A combination of horror and disgust spread on her face.

“No! I didn't harm my baby - my mother did.”

I nodded, but showed no emotion - clinical.

“And you were thirteen? Just a kid yourself?”

“He was born in the hospital, and we didn't come home for five days. My mother never came to visit because she knew. I lied, and said it was a boy who got me pregnant, but she knew.”

Rebecca was doing better. Her breathing was regular - just a couple of quick gasps, and her crying had stopped and gave way to sniffles. I tried to keep her moving.

“Where did you go when you left the hospital?”

She glanced out the window. “I had to go home. Where else could I go?”

“Were you told not to go there?”

“No. My mother said she didn't want anything to do with the baby, but she never kicked me out.”

“Mathew, I feel like I'm talking to you from a dream, like this this isn't me. Have you ever had surgery?”

“If a wisdom tooth counts...”

“Even my aural perception is altered, I'm probably in mild shock. I'll try and remember this.”

“Then maybe...”

“No. I want you to know why, too. I've rationalized most of it, Mathew. I no longer feel guilty because I realize that it wasn't my fault.” Through fresh tears, she added, “There was was nothing I could do to save him.”

She took a deep, deep breath and slowly let it out.

“If Pa had kept his mouth shut, she would've come around in time. I know she would have. My denials left enough doubt in her mind that cognitive dissonance would have worked its magic. She brought me food... I wouldn't leave my room. She would have come around...”

I kissed her hand and stared at a button on her pajamas while she tried to compose herself. I could tell some of her shock was wearing off.

“They had fight... I woke up to them fighting, and my baby was still sleeping next to me. My Pa was drunk, which didn't happen very often. He was... brilliant... overpowering... He was a philosopher and a painter, and I was in love with him when I was young. He began spending more time with me and less with Ma and... my perfect world started losing its color. The yelling went on, and I rocked my baby and started singing to him... I wanted to wake him up so I didn't have to hear them fight. They grew quiet and I relaxed, and then.... I heard him.”

“Telling your mother?” I asked.

She nodded. “*That's right! It is mine! What the fuck did you expect? I can't even have a conversation with you because you're too fucking stupid!*” He told her that he was glad she knew, because there were going to be some changes. I heard him come up the stairs, and she was right behind him. They went into their bedroom, and he started throwing things.

He told her to get her shit out of the room because I was moving in. The baby started crying, but now I wished he slept. Pa...”

She stopped, but I nudged her, not letting her stall again. She sniffled loudly and nodded her head.

“He opened my door and told me to bring the baby. I shook my head, and he yelled at me to get up. I jumped up with the baby. It was crying, and he stepped into my room and said, ‘Come in to our room. I want to watch you feed our baby.’ I shook my head, and he walked over to me. From the doorway, my mother said, ‘Don’t you touch her!’, and he leered... it was the scariest thing I had ever seen. He put his hand on me... on my breast, and I begged him to stop. My mother came into the room and held out her arms and told me to give her the baby.”

Rebecca looked at me with pleading eyes.

“Mathew, I was relieved. I was happy at that moment. My mother was helping me protect my baby. Pa didn’t even notice as I handed her the baby, he only started using both hands. I told him I couldn’t have sex, and he said he didn’t want sex, and then he said there was nothing wrong with my mouth. My baby was screaming, and I could hear him going downstairs with my mother, and I was relieved. I stood there with my eyes closed as my father fumbled with my top button. I didn’t care; I was relieved.”

Rebecca wasn’t crying. She was sitting up with her eyes closed. My head was in her lap, but she no longer was playing with my hair. She opened her eyes and looked out the window, seeing nothing of the present.

“I heard a loud bang, and the crying stopped.”

“Oh my god...” was all I could say, and I buried my face in her stomach.”

“No, Mathew - it wasn’t that kind of bang. Pa was against guns, and that was too bad for him. I threw him off me like he was a ragdoll, and I ran downstairs. My mother was in the kitchen with her back turned, blocking my view of what she had done, but she still had the cleaver in her hands. She turned her head to the side, and hissed, ‘Get out!’”.

Now it was Rebecca’s turn to shake me. She made me look at her... made sure I understood something very important.

“Did you know, Mathew, that it’s not always true what they say about a mother having superhuman strength when protecting a child. I should go on talk shows to explain that to mothers so they don’t carry the same guilt that I did. No, when someone holding a bloody knife tells you to get out, what you do is scream, run into a wall, fall down, scream because you know they are about to chop something off you, and eventually, somehow, find yourself in your neighbor’s house unable to speak - only point before you pass out.”

I was trying not to cry, and kept swiping at my tears, and she was patting my head.

“At the trial, they detailed the one blow that killed my baby, and the twenty-two cuts that killed my Pa. They count cuts while fleeing as defensive cuts. The fatal blow was to the neck, but it wasn't the last blow. The trial was brutal for me, and this may be hard for you to understand, but I wanted my mother back. There wasn't a jury on earth who would convict, and the prosecution quickly agreed to an insanity plea. She was insane. I was actually relieved, less than three months after, when they told me she had cut her wrists and died. It's not hard to do when you are determined.”

I let go at that point, and she let me. She knew I had to work through it, just I did with her. It was useless trying to tell her how sorry I was, and she didn't want that anyway.

“Mathew, you were right about my plan, and about shopping for the perfect companion. We've only known each other for two weeks and you told me you love me. I believe you because I know how easy it is to love someone you just met. It happens every time a baby is born, but in a sense, I needed a re-birth. I kicked and screamed, and you kept pushing...”

She laughed at that, and through snot and tears, I asked, “Is that why you're so beautiful to me?”

She laughed loud, and I did too, but I buried my face. She pulled my hair and it hurt, and then she pulled it harder until I looked at her.

“I fucking love you, Mathew!”

I stared into her eyes, and just as I had watched her face change during her story... *thirteen, thirty, seventeen, thirteen...* in that way I flipped through my secret judgments during the brief time I've known her. *Beautiful, insecure, evil, dramatic, dramatic, dramatic...* never once getting close to the truth. I pegged her as a victim of sexual molestation because... maybe because it was easy, but most likely because that's as far as my brain would go by itself. It doesn't run down those rivers it can't navigate. Not once... even after I knew she had a baby... not once did I wonder if her mother might've chopped it up. It's just too impossible to contemplate...

All her security, all her love, everything that defined her life was taken from her in an instant by the people she loved the most.

No wonder she wants to keep people away, and it's a wonder the mental hospital doesn't look appealing to her. A life of sedation must have its pluses on some days. How strong do you have to be to draw your own map out of hell? Constantly looking to see where you are... fearing a wrong turn that puts you right back where you started.

How feeble my advice seems now... what could I have shown her that she hasn't seen for herself? Nothing... just my hand. Just my hand.

And my stupid plan to...

Oh, shit... Margo!

I know my eyes were wide when I looked at Rebecca...

She said, "I know what you are thinking."

"No you don't, Rebecca. Believe me, you don't."

"I absolutely know what you are thinking."

"No you don't."

"Matt, you feeble-brained little boy - I know what you are thinking."

"Oh no you don't. Not at all."

"I've got a video tape, Mathew. I know exactly what you are thinking. I'm amazed you didn't look for hidden cameras in your room after our conversation last night."

I sat up fast and covered my nuts, but she quickly put her hands up.

I could only shake my head in denial.

"You... you're just fucking with me... haha."

"Matt... for once, I'm not."

"HAHA! And now you're lying again! I caught you!"

"Mathew, did I ever tell you that I used to have severe problems? Before you came to live here, we took a vote. I was the only one who voted against you coming here. Do you remember hearing about that? When the vote went against me, well... you didn't stand a chance. You were nothing to me. You were just another threat, and my sick brain would easily destroy you. Mrs. M almost caught me... I told her I was looking for peepholes."

"Where is it?"

"It's right there..."

She pointed to the corner, to a white cord running from the top of the wall down to where I couldn't see.

For some reason, I said, "That's very neat wiring."

"You never looked at your curtain rod. There's a wire running across the top of your window frame, and a few inches along the wall until it disappears. I used a staple gun to keep it neat, and then I painted over the staples and cord to make it look old."

"I know that wire!"

I covered my face with my hands. “Look...”

In a mocking voice, Rebecca said, “*Oh god, Margo... your creamy thighs...*” She switched back to her normal voice, and continued.

“Mathew, didn't I tell you she was fucking hot! I watched it live. I could have stopped it. When she took off her clothes and I saw what she was wearing, I almost kicked down your door.”

“Why didn't you? Was it some kind of test?”

“Believe it or not, no. I knew you didn't stand a chance, but then she started explaining aplomb and... she was so sincere... and boring... and you sat there like a perfect gentleman and listened.”

I nodded my head. “I wanted so bad to go to sleep, but I was afraid of hurting her feelings. She was so serious.”

Silence followed. I couldn't bring myself to look at Rebecca, but I could feel her smiling at me.

“*Rub my pussy hard, Mathew...*”

“Stop it, please!”

I was clutching at straws, and looking for lifelines... anything.

“Rebecca, I'm sure you're not going to believe me now... you'll think I'm just saying this, but I was going to tell you about Margo...”

“Duh! Hello? Earth to Mathew! I have the tape! I listened to your feeble plot.”

“Oh, yeah.”

“You wanted me to discover the power of forgiveness, because that's what you discovered with me.”

Yeah

“Yeah. I'm so embarrassed. How could you have watched?”

Rebecca blushed deeply.

“It certainly helped me sort out my feelings for you. I thought you might make it through, and I was only listening... and you said something very stupid that made me laugh. Soon, both your brains had shrunk down to just limbic systems, and my clinical side realized I would probably never again get to see two young adults, believing they were unobserved, discover the pleasures of sex with one another. I watched both of you lose your superego,

as your id took over completely. It was the clumsiest... sweetest... most erotic thing I'd even seen. Smell my fingers - they must stink..."

She waved her hand at me, and I involuntarily ducked away from it and laughed.

She folded her hands in her lap, and said, "You have a lot of problems right now, Matt, and Margo is one of them."

"You mean because she has a crush on me now?"

"No. If she does, then that's something else. The problem I'm talking about is much simpler and more immediate."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Margo wants us to be together. She doesn't want to hurt me, but you asked her to hurt me. Simple Margo - girl goddess. She doesn't have a clue about what you are trying to do, and she's going to be a mess - I know her very well. We're going to have to straighten this out with her together."

"Oh."

"Mathew, there's not a man on earth who would have reacted any different than you did. I don't think she went to your room intending to seduce you... I don't think she expected to be turned on, but she's a curious girl and... like I said: she's sexy... and sexual. You gave her some good attention, though. Of course... you had a good teacher."

I had forgotten all about that, and I looked at Rebecca in shock.

"Please don't tell..."

"It's not that simple. I know all about Mrs. McKenzie. I was a little disappointed you didn't tell me. you were going to, remember?"

"I wanted to, but I didn't want to get her into trouble."

Very calmly, Rebecca said, "She's your big problem. I'm going to tell you something that you'll either be able to rationalize, or which might make you hate me. Before I do, though, I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you in case things get weird and we never have the chance."

She clearly had some anger issues...

She teased me, and told me that she burned me again... telling me I'd never fuck her as she stripped naked before my mesmerized gaze. She can burn me like that anytime she wants.

Her body is as flawless as her face, and she got off watching me watch her. She held my face, and then kissed my lips, and then she pushed me down and told me to eat her pussy. I wanted to... I really did, but it became difficult when she put her whole weight on my mouth and nearly suffocated me.

She crushed my nuts in her hand, and then stuck her finger up my ass. I didn't like that at all, so she stuck two up my ass as far as they would go.

Then she punched me in the head again... the side that still hurt... and told me what a scumbag I was for begging sex from Mrs. M on our "special night."

Then she apologized, sat on my dick, and silently fucked us both to climax with her eyes closed the whole time. It bore no resemblance to my fantasies about her.

Then she lay next to me, hugging me for dear life while she cried for ten minutes. After that, she sat up as though nothing at all happened, and lit a cigarette for both of us.

"Matt, what's your relationship with Mrs. McKenzie? Define it."

"I didn't mean for it to happen," I began, but she rolled her hand for me to get on with it.

"She's my boss, and my... teacher?"

"Matt, you'll shake your head at this, but I don't mean it literally. She's your mother, Matt."

"Now that's sick!" I said. "You and your perversions. She's just... really nice, Rebecca."

"I know she is, Matt, and I haven't even fucked her in the ass. I like Mrs. McKenzie, but I'm not under her control. She's never tried to have sex with me either."

"Well, you're a girl," I said.

"So isn't Margo... and Jill."

"Oh, now she's doing them, too?"

"Matt... think. When you asked Margo how the sex was, what did she say?"

Rebecca is right, and I knew that. Why did I choose to forget that? Rebecca saw it in my face. She knew that I knew.

"I didn't know how often, Matt, but I knew Mrs. McKenzie favored lessons on the girls, and I know for a fact they were the kind of lesson you got on your first night here. She used to stay within her bounds, and the bounds did not include passion. She had to be able to

look in the mirror and believe she was only providing a thoughtful, educational, nurturing lesson - not having sex with a kid.”

“And then I came along.”

“That’s just it, Matt: I’m pretty sure you didn’t just come along. I think she had plans for you, and I’ve thought that since before you came here. Before you protest, remember that I know a thing or two about psychology.”

“Rebecca, you might be right, but what’s wrong with what she did? It was... great! It was very helpful... and pleasant.”

“And if it stayed there, then I wouldn’t even be mentioning it. The problem is, you are part of a fantasy that she has been spinning...”

“Wait a minute...”

Rebecca charged ahead.

“Mrs. McKenzie sucked your dick the very first night you came here to live. That’s fast. That’s a pretty bold thing to do on a casual whim, but I think she already knew how it would go down. I didn’t see it at first, but she manipulated you here to begin with.”

“How?”

“I was the only girl who voted against you coming here, but if it was an uninformed vote, you would have lost - possibly by a landslide. The reason it didn’t go that way was because of how Mrs. M pitched you to everyone. She shot down every objection raised, and reassured everyone who had any doubts. In other words... she had already decided. All the others are completely loyal to her.”

“Then why the vote? She could have decided herself.”

“I don’t want to get into that right now. It was better for you that she did, anyway. Everyone would have been critical of you otherwise. The vote made everyone feel good about you before they even met you, because nobody likes to think they made the wrong decision.”

“So what does that have to do with...”

“Sucking your dick?”

“Yeah.”

“Because she had been fantasizing about it.”

“And I suppose she told you that?”

“Of course not. I'm only speculating, but I'm doing it with a lot of information on my side. She didn't want you here herself at first, but slowly the idea looked better and better to her. Once she subconsciously accepted the idea of you living here, she could go to town rationalizing the decision.”

“My case worker, Mr. Sawchuck, said he manipulated her into feeling guilty.”

Rebecca clapped her hands and laughed..

“Perfect. I bet there's some truth in that. She's the hero for taking you in.” Rebecca shook her head, and said, “Ahhh... the sacrifices we make.”

“Are you saying she brought me here just to suck my dick? Rebecca... you make her out to be some kind of psycho - plotting and manipulating...”

“Mathew, manipulation is rarely planned in detail. Favorable scenarios are created, and then opportunities are looked for. When spotted, manipulation is used to nudge things into place. You know all about it.”

“What do you mean?”

Rebecca mimicked me.

“All I need is your nipple...”

“That was manipulation, Matt. She even called you out on it. You didn't plan it, and you may not recognize it as such, but it was manipulation. Tell me the truth: were you hoping to have sex with her again after the first night? Were you hoping it would be a habit?”

“I guess. Yes.”

“And who could blame you? The problem was, she couldn't fit that into her boundaries. She needed a new reason... a new scenario... a new opportunity... a new excuse for your dick to be in her mouth.”

I shook my head to clear it. “And you knew all this was going to happen?”

“It wasn't like that. I didn't suspect the fantasy until she mentioned you helping her at the studio. I started listening very close. She was rationalizing and justifying right before my eyes. Soon, there were many benefits to letting you live here. Any doubters heard these benefits straight from her mouth. Everyone else couldn't wait to have you here, even though they knew nothing about you, really.”

“So what is the problem, Rebecca?”

“The problem might be this new dramatic turn in your relationship. You begged her for sex... not even sex... you begged to suck on her tit - which can be interpreted as a nurturing activity - and she let you. I'm sure that was not planned. Even worse, when you

didn't exactly feed from her breast, and instead went wild over her tits... humping her leg the whole time... she responded with arousal, and that very much was outside her normal boundary. She probably would have beat herself up the next day and slowly slipped into denial, except you had to mention over and over and over how much you enjoyed fucking her, and you thought it ought to be a regular activity. After she'd been fucked every way except sideways and covered in your sperm, she agreed. But..."

"There's always a *but*," I said.

"But... she doesn't have any clean way out of it - only rejection. One of you has to say stop, and I almost hate to think what would happen if it's you. Even worse - she might be reincorporating her new bounds into her fantasies."

"Wait... I thought you said sucking my dick was her fantasy."

"I don't think so. I don't know this for a fact, but I don't think that's the end of it. I think the fantasy has something to do with the studio, and the only thing I can think of there are the girls - the girls who used to, and maybe still receive lessons from her. Do you know what that means?"

"That I get to fuck Jill, too?"

"Fifteen-year-old boys are just barely more functional than eggplants, aren't they? What it means is that Mrs. M could decouple from reality more and more. She'll be a threat. At the least, she runs the risk of being exposed, and that sends us all searching for new homes, and unwanted attention, and everything else. - all because you needed to suck on her nipples."

"I'm sorry."

"Besides fucking you with the door wide open, has she been acting reckless? Do the girls know or suspect anything?"

"I don't think they do, but now that you mention it, she did do one thing..."

"What?"

"Gosh, it didn't seem important at the time, but now I wonder..."

"Fucking speak, Mathew!"

"Well, she told Mr. McKenzie that she's fucking me. She said it to hurt him."

Rebecca was disturbed by this news.

"Mathew, I have to tell you something... I'm worried about you..." She laughed at me, and continued. "You may have bought the whole circus. She used to be very controlling of Mr. M. That's why he's elsewhere with a different woman. He won't say anything to rock the

boat, because he's allergic to scandals, and whenever he's forced to get a divorce, it's going to cost him his nutsack. But you..."

She started laughing again, and I didn't like that at all.

"Then again, Mathew, this could all be paranoia. I could be having a delusion. Do you think so?"

"No. But then I'll see Mrs. McKenzie, and she'll confuse me the other way, and then I'll think you're nuts until you break her spell again."

"Just be alert, and... give me three hundred dollars."

"What? That's most of my money. What for?"

"You know me, Matt. I want to be prepared. I want all of us to be prepared."

We heard a car pull into the driveway, and looked at each other in shock. We forgot we were still naked.

They were getting out of the car as we scrambled into our clothes. Mrs. McKenzie and Jill both had armfuls of plastic bags from the mall, and Margo was an empty-handed mess. Her hair was all over the place, and she walked like a poster for depression.

Rebecca got up, unlocked her door, and plucked a tissue off her dresser. She licked it and, sitting next to me, wiped the little bit of dried blood from my lip. We both lit another cigarette, taking quick, nervous drags.

We heard lots of feet clomping on the stairs, then the hall, and then there was a knock on the door.

"It's open!"

Mrs. McKenzie gave Rebecca a compassionate smile and said, "I just wanted to see how you were doing."

Rebecca's voice trembled a little when she said, "I'm doing very good."

"Great."

Jill peeked in, and said to Rebecca, "You're still in your pajamas?" Without waiting for a reply, she turned and followed Mrs. M upstairs.

Dragging her feet was Margo, and she waited until Jill had disappeared before turning into Rebecca's room.

She looked at Rebecca, turned red, and started crying. Rebecca flew off the bed and shut her door. She walked up to Margo and just before hugging her, asked me, “How’s that plan working, Matt?”

Margo was still crying into her hands when Rebecca turned her around and hugged her close.

“It’s alright, Margo - I know all about it.”

Margo pointed backwards. “He said it’s all his fault!”

“He did? That shithead!”

Margo looked back at me, and said, “I just wanted to show him how hard it is to make it look easy, and he kept pressing against me and running his hands all over me. He confused me!”

She spat the last words at me.

Rebecca cut her off. “No, no. Don’t start blaming it all on him, but honey? You have to realize that dancing in a revealing outfit all alone in a boy’s room is not the smartest thing to do. It will lead to exactly what happened. You confused him just as much as he confused you. It was a big sloppy mess of confusion.”

Margo looked at me and said, “I’m sorry for confusing you.”

I wanted to smile, but I didn’t. “I’m sorry for confusing you, too.”

Margo turned to Rebecca and pawed me off.

“He really is a sweetheart. He hardly touched me.”

Rebecca rolled her eyes and looked at me. Now I did smile... and laugh.

“He doesn’t even like me - he likes you. I don’t know why I let him...”

Rebecca’s mouth dropped open for a moment, and then she said, “Men can be such assholes! The next man who tries to touch you... tell him to take a hike.”

Margo sniffled once more, and said, “Maybe.” Then she stood back and announced, “I’m not sure I can watch TV in here tonight with you two.”

Rebecca said, “Margo, You’ve been forgiven. I don’t want you avoiding me. I want to do your hair.”

“That’s not it; I’m just so tired from doing aplomb and sex all night. I won’t stay awake.”

“Oh.”

“Dinner’s in an hour. I’m going to take a bath. I sure love you, Rebecca. We’re going to be best friends forever.”

Rebecca held Margo by the shoulders and leaned her forehead on Margo’s. “You fucked my almost-boyfriend, Margo. Of course we’ll be best friends forever.”

Margo moped upstairs, and as soon as her head was out of view, I said, “You were right.”

“What?”

“You were right.”

“You were right.”

“You were right.”

“Was I right, or was I right? That little suggestion you planted in her head really took hold. She was really starting to believe it was all your fault.”

Mrs. McKenzie started coming downstairs. She stopped a third of the way down, and bent down to look at us.

“I’m sorry; I don’t mean to interrupt, but Mathew, when you guys are done talking would you come upstairs? I got you some sneakers at the mall, and I want to see if they fit. Also, I want to talk about work.”

Rebecca stood, and said, “We’re actually done, Ma.” Then she turned to me, and said, “Saved by the bell. Thanks for listening Matt. Sorry for talking your ear off.”

Following Mrs. McKenzie upstairs, I worried about getting eaten.

We walked past Jill in her room off to the left. She was in her panties, and I thought about pointing out that she doesn’t have the door closed, but indecent doesn’t really fit the situation. It would be like calling the cops because someone is throwing money all over your yard.

“Jill, honey, get your pants on and go downstairs and get ready for dinner.”

“Dinner’s not for another half hour or so.”

“Jill, honey, don’t argue with me, alright? I have to have a talk with Mathew, and I don’t want you snooping around. We’ll wait.”

“Margo is in there taking a bath.”

“Margo is playing with dolls and could give a rats-ass.”

Jill wiggled into her pants and stomped past us. Angry feet for a ballerina.

Walking toward Mrs. McKenzie's bedroom, I heard splashing and a muffled conversation. *I love you, John. And I love you, Pete.*

In the room, I pointed my thumb toward the bathroom and asked Mrs. McKenzie, "Is she playing gay dolls?"

"It's Margo, Mathew. I'm sure they're happy, and that's all that really matters."

She flopped heavily on the end of her bed, and exhaled loudly. "I'm beat. You must be mentally drained after today... are you alright?"

"Yes, Mrs. McKenzie. It was brutal, but I'm glad that I was there for her. She's doing good."

"God, I hope so. She has so much potential. You're sneakers are in that box on the chair. I got them because they were on sale and I thought they looked good. If you don't like them, or they don't fit, I'll take them back."

Clothes shopping is one of the things I'm looking forward to now that I have my own money. One thing I won't need, though, is sneakers because inside the box was a pair that I would have picked out myself.

I thanked Mrs. M profusely, and asked her how much I owe her.

"Mathew, you don't owe me anything; I'm just glad you like them. Margo picked them out. Haven't you noticed all the girls here have nice clothes? Even Stacy has a nice new leather vest and workboots."

"Actually, I did notice. I keep forgetting they are Foster kids, too. Everyone is settled in so comfortably."

"We have a bit of excitement planned for next weekend. A Russian ballet troupe will be in San Francisco, and I managed to wrangle a practice session for the girls, and a sponsorship meeting with some executives and I need you to chaperone the girls and keep them out of trouble."

"San Francisco? How will we get there?"

"Hitchhike, Mathew. How do you think?"

"Airplane?"

"Yes."

Without getting up, Mrs. McKenzie undid her pants, wiggled them off her hips, lifted her legs high into the air, and stripped them off, along with her panties.

Did she plan this? Is this why she sent Jill downstairs?

I had a poor angle for viewing, so I was not really affected by this display.

“Mathew... remember the other night when I took off your shoes and socks and pants and shirt for you when you were in pain?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

“We'll call it even if you just hand me my new pants off the back of the chair. I just want to rest like this for... 33 seconds. That's all I ask. Will you do that?”

“I'd love to, Mrs. McKenzie.”

“You are such a dear.”

I walked over to the chair and did not so much as glance at her going by. I thought about tossing her the pants, but that would be... wrong.

As I walked toward the bed, she bowed her knees out wide, while keeping her feet touching. Her arms formed an S, and her head was turned to the side. All around her was her dark red hair, and she had shaved her pussy. She was looking off to the side, but she had grin on her face. I felt like I was looking at a different person.

My voice was quiet not because I didn't want Margo to hear, but out of reverence.

“Mrs. McKenzie, you look like you're twenty-four years old. You are so beautiful. My heart is racing right now.”

She rolled her eyes at me, and her grin widened. “I shaved, Mathew.”

“I see that.”

“Do you know why?”

“So I can put my mouth on it? So the taste of you can drive me out of my skin?”

“Yes. Just for you. My pussy... is just for you.”

She turned her head to look at me, and then she rolled her eyes at the bathroom. “We'll have warning.” Then she reached down, and pulled on the lips of her meaty pussy.

It's the first time I've seen it in the light, and I've never seen anything so enticing.

“May I get closer?”

She nodded her head, and spread her legs wide.

Not too quick, and not too slow, my mouth was on her. Two small licks, and then I fit as much of her pussy into my mouth as I could, and I sucked, and tongued her sweet snatch.

I was horrified when she started moaning loudly, but I could not take my mouth away. I could not seem to get enough... she tasted so great. I pulled my mouth away for a brief moment, giving me a view of her engorged clitoris and labia. She started pulling on her clitoris, and in one motion I swept my pants down to my knees.

Just that one taste and one good look, and I knew I was too late, so I didn't even attempt to penetrate her. I watched her fingers expertly tug on her inflamed, swollen clit, and she watched me stroke my shaft. It was only seconds later when I aimed for her face - four or five feet away. I put pressure on the vein about two inches from the end of my dick, and let fly for distance. The first shot was high over her head, but there was no escaping the second and third shots as they splashed into her face.

It was the best release I've ever had.

I don't believe she had an orgasm, but I know she got off. For some reason, I decided to play it formal again.

"Mrs. McKenzie, I never knew a body could look and taste so good. I apologize for ejaculating so quickly... I was overcome by an incredibly heightened state of arousal. I couldn't get over the sight of your fingers stimulating your clitoris, and you looked so young and beautiful. I've never seen anything so sexual, and erotic. I should have been neater."

"It's fine, Mathew, I understand. You didn't do a single thing wrong. The next time, just move closer... just move to my mouth and ejaculate into it, then I can suck you too. You did a marvelous job with your mouth."

"I wanted to ejaculate into your vagina, I wanted my penis inside you, but I knew I didn't have proper control. There would have been no problems entering you - I'm certain I've never been stiffer."

"Mathew, your enthusiasm is really quite remarkable."

"You make me feel relaxed and confident."

She turned her head toward the bathroom, and shouted. "Margo, honey! Dinner is in a few minutes. Wrap up your bath!"

She looked at me contemplatively. "Gosh. I hope Jill and Margo find a mate as thoughtful as you when they finally experience a man."

"Well, it makes me feel... proud that you enjoy being intimate with me."

"You should hurry down to dinner, Mathew."

"Aren't you eating?"

“I'll be down shortly. I have to get your sperm out of my hair.”

“Again, I do apologize for that, Mrs. McKenzie.”

Over the course of the week, a couple of things became apparent. The first was that I perversely enjoyed fucking Mrs. McKenzie while on camera... even waving to Rebecca a couple of times, and the second thing was that Rebecca really knew her shit.

Every once in a while she would ask a flurry of questions that assisted her in some assessment that she's doing.

“She bought you sneakers... they look good. Did she say they were special just for you?”

“No. She said she buys everyone clothes.”

“She does. Has she done anything special just for you?”

“No. What are you getting at?”

“I'm trying to find out if you are owned yet.”

“Actually, Rebecca... now that I think of it...”

“What?”

“She did do something special for me; she shaved her pussy, and she said it was just for me.”

Rebecca looked a bit puzzled at that, and shook her head.

“That's ambiguous. That's something she could do for either a lover, or a boy-toy. Of course, I do have to point out that she's shaving her pussy for a fifteen-year-old boy. Has she been talking about sex in front of you and the girls at the same time?”

“No, but she told me she wished that the girls could experience someone like me for their first.”

“Wipe the smile off your face, Matt! And while I'm at it... quit waving on camera! It's childish, and it's sort of a dead giveaway for entrapment.”

“Don't you have enough footage for whatever it is you're plotting? Can you take the camera out now?”

“I will if you want me to, Matt.”

“No. At least I know where this one is.”

My first airplane, and everything on it worked fine for the hour and a half we were in the air. Mrs. McKenzie put us all up in a hotel nicknamed the Jukebox, but it was actually a pretty big building.

When we checked in, the clerk frowned and mumbled something about changing us from a king to two doubles, and looking at me, he stressed the couch was a pull-out. Mrs. McKenzie corrected him fast, insisting the original reservation was correct. The girls didn't even hear this exchange as they were too giddy looking up at the shopping mall on the next floor. I wondered what they would have thought about her insisting we all shared one bed.

In the room, the girls no sooner began plotting which luxuries to indulge in first, when the phone rang with an invitation for all of us to join the Russian troupe for a banquet. Mrs. McKenzie got caught up in the moment and indulged us with a quick shopping trip we had no business taking. She dropped over a grand on clothes, and we never even left the hotel.

We looked fantastic, and so did everyone else. Had there been a contest, though, Margo and Jill would have been first and second, hands down, with Mrs. McKenzie coming in a close third. That's not to say I didn't thoroughly enjoy being teased and fussed over by a seemingly endless number of Russian girls, but... maybe I'm just partial.

Something both troubling and pleasant was a rekindled interest in Margo that evening, and it was mutual. I sat on the far right of our little party, and she was to my left. I loved when she talked because it gave me an excuse to turn my head and stare. Several times I stared anyway, and she stared right back. I would try to smile, but it would hurt the lump in my throat. Pretenses are not her style, but she is discreet, and the noise gave us plenty of cover.

“Mathew, you have my heart all aflutter tonight.”

Maybe because we were in our own little world where we left pretty much alone, whereas a steady stream of people kept Jill and Mrs. McKenzie engaged, flattered, and laughing. A couple of times Russian dancers made their way over to flirt with me. When the second one did, Margo discreetly took hold of my left hand and placed it on her right thigh. For the next hour, her legs slowly parted while my hand made an agonizingly slow journey toward her crotch, but never moving out from under the table. She started slouching more and more in her chair, but Jill must have sensed the sparks flying, and I took my hand away just in time before she got up and knelt between Margo and myself.

Jill was slurring her words, and I realized Mrs. McKenzie was slurring her words too. In fact, everyone else was - it seems Margo and I forgot to drink. Margo tossed back her glass of wine, and I did the same. She was having a hard time hiding her irritation with Jill, so she tried to ignore her by talking to me.

Jill sat in my lap and began pointing out Russian dancers, asking me what I liked and disliked about each one.

“An’ I know you thin’ Margo is beau’ful, but wa’ bout me?”

“Jill, when I saw you tonight, my heart did flips. Margo? What did I say about Jill tonight?”

A waiter was pouring more wine in our empty glasses, and Margo waited for him to pass before looking at me and saying, “You said you wanted to pull her panties down and fuck her.”

Both Jill’s and my jaw hit the ground. Margo tried not to smile, but did anyway. Jill looked at me, and slapped my chest.

“Matt! You din’t! Did you?”

“Well... I said if you weren’t my sister then I’d... you know.”

“What? Pull my pannies down and fug me?”

“I was just kidding,” said Margo. “Mathew said you looked beautiful tonight.”

Jill slipped off my lap, and onto Margo’s and whispered something in her ear. She laughed at her own joke, and I got the strong sense that Margo wanted to say something but held back, downing her glass of wine instead.

We made it back to the room at about 10:00pm. I was the least drunk, but I still had a glow on. I was drunk enough to change into my new pajamas in front of Mrs. McKenzie while the girls changed into theirs in the bathroom. This I had done at Mrs. McKenzie’s slurred suggestion, and she told me I had to take off my underwear too. I enjoyed this little show too much, and that was all too obvious even with my pajama bottoms on. I had to dive under the covers when I heard the bathroom door open, and Mrs. McKenzie tried to pull the covers back. She almost succeeded until I twisted her thumb and pissed her off. She had her nightie in her hand as she staggered and sulked toward the bathroom.

Margo acted nonchalant as she got into bed, but she stared into my eyes the whole time. She was clearly staking her place next to me when Jill dove right between Margo and myself.

“Oh no you don’. I don’ truss you.”

It was the first time I’ve seen Margo mad. She flashed Jill a nasty look, and said, “Fuck you... I don’t know what your problem is.” Then Margo moved as far to the edge of the bed as she could, and rolled on her side. Jill snuggled up to her, and tried to placate her, but Margo almost took her head off with an elbow.

“Fine... be that way! I was juss kiddin’.”

Jill rolled onto her back away from both Margo and myself, and she pouted. I wisely kept my mouth shut, figuring I would already have someone pissed off at me coming out of the bathroom in a minute, but I was wrong on two counts.

It wasn't a minute. It was more like fifteen minutes when Mrs. McKenzie came out of the bathroom. Margo was lightly snoring and had rolled onto her back, causing Jill to move closer to me. I could tell she was getting tired, but she wasn't out yet.

“I wiss the light was off. I'm dizzy. I wiss the light was off.”

“Are you going to be sick, Jill?”

“No.”

I got up and grabbed the ice bucket while turning off the light.

“Jill, if you feel sick...” I said as I got back into bed, “then say something, because I have a bucket right here.”

She nodded her head, and then rested it on my shoulder when I settled.

When Mrs. McKenzie finally came out of the bathroom, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. By the light of the TV, it looked like she was in a small teddy, and that teddy might be sheer.

“How come the light's out? I din't smuggle this boddle of bubbly for nothin'. This pardy's jus' startin'.”

She popped the cork and it went flying just over my head, hit the wall, and bounced onto Jill. She didn't even open her eyes.

Mrs. McKenzie stood beside the bed and I got a good look at her by the light of the TV. The only thing she really was wearing was a tiny pair of dark satin panties. The white teddy she was in was almost completely transparent, and her nipples were standing straight out one full inch and very fat. She looked at Jill asleep on my shoulder, and laughed.

“You two loog so cute. Wanna see sonthin' cute?”

She pulled her panties down, and said, “I shaved again. My pussy's all sof and wet jus' for you.”

I put my finger to my mouth, and said, “Shhh!” If Jill heard, she gave no indication.

Mrs. McKenzie handed me the bottle and climbed into bed. “Drink!” She said. “Drink, drink, drink.”

I took one sip, and handed it back to her. She guzzled some, and dropped it on the floor.

“You don' mine sleepin' with all us girls, do you?”

“No, Mrs. McKenzie, but it's getting late.”

“Oh, don't you dare! Dare Mrs. McKenzie me. I'm suggin' your cock. I wanted to sug your cock all night.”

“No, Mrs. Mc...”

She flung the covers back, and tried to unbutton my pajama fly, but she had also uncovered Jill, who promptly rolled onto her side, and flung a leg over me. I said a silent thanks to her, but Mrs. McKenzie spotted something interesting.

“Loog under her... she's not wearing any unnies.”

She lifted Jill's nightie, exposing one beautifully shaped, small ass cheek, and then she began rubbing it.

“Wissh I had a watermelon, wissh I had a wettermelon.”

Mrs. McKenzie was cracking herself up, but I was growing increasingly uncomfortable. She crawled up a foot or so, and began planting light kisses on Jill's thigh, working up to her ass cheek, and eventually burying her face in the crack of Jill's ass. Jill let out an irritated whine, and waved her hand in the general direction of Mrs. McKenzie, but she didn't wake and Mrs. McKenzie didn't stop.

A moment later, Jill started breathing irregular, and she moved her knee up to my chest, exposing more of herself to Mrs. McKenzie. Jill started grinding her crotch into my hip, and Mrs. McKenzie took Jill's leg off me, and twisted her so Jill's ass was flat on the bed. Then she spread her legs, and started feeling Jill's cunt. After a moment, she placed a hand on each of Jill's tiny ass cheeks, spread them wide, and presumably began tonguing her asshole. I didn't have a clear view.

I was fascinated by this, and becoming aroused and appalled at the same time. Mrs. McKenzie looked right at me as I watched her.

She lifter her head for one moment, and said, “I love eating Jill.”

Jill gave no indication she was either awake, or enjoying this but when Mrs. McKenzie tried to bend Jill's knees, Jill kicked her in the head, rolled on her side, and once again threw her leg over me. This was quickly followed by her arm around my chest, and her mouth right near my ear. Her leg was laying across my erection, and that was a good thing, because I probably would have let Mrs. McKenzie feast on my dick. As it was, she was sitting up, and rubbing her head. The kick took whatever fight she had in her, and she crawled up on the other side of me and went to sleep.

Something woke me at the crack of dawn, and I realized it was the bathroom door

closing. I heard someone peeing, did a quick inventory, and deduced it was Margo. She came back out and was ready to crawl back in, but she noticed me looking.

“Are you awake, Mathew?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

She looked at the situation, flipped back the covers, grabbed Jill's ankles - both of which were next to me - and she yanked Jill half off the bed.

“Move over, bedhog!”

Jill whined once, and scrambled back up into the bed, and Margo eased herself next to me. She lifted up for a second and hiked her nightie up.

“Rub my butt,” she whispered into my ear, and just as Jill had done that night, Margo threw her leg over me, and hugged me. I could only reach the top of her ass with my arm, so I rolled over to face her, and ran my arm between her legs to rub her ass that way.

Five seconds later, she was clamped onto my arm, and another five seconds after that, I was rubbing her pussy while she breathed heavy in my ear. She became soaking wet as my fingers explored her soft, velvety cunt. I began pulling on her lips, and gently slipping my middle finger inside her.

“Ohhh, that's so good, Mathew,” she whispered in one breath. “I never want this to stop.”

In a voice as quiet as hers, I said, “I love listening to you, Margo. Keep talking to me.”

She reached down and expertly undid the button on my fly and pulled my dick out of my pajamas.

“It's so long, and hard. Lay flat.”

Once again, I did as she commanded, and she slithered on top of me while still laying down. Slowly she eased down, and my cock easily penetrated her. She went slow, rocking a little at a time until my whole length was inside her. Then she started sliding up and down the whole length of it, not once letting in come out.

Granted, it was just getting light, but I have no idea how Jill and Mrs. McKenzie slept thru it. It wasn't that we were loud vocally, or violently shaking the bed, it was just... the sound of her pussy, and our passionate kisses, and her breathing. Margo cannot help but telegraph when she's getting fucked.

“I know you're getting close, Mathew. I can feel it.”

“I am. You feel so good.”

“Come inside me, please. I don't want to pull out.”

“Alright. Tell me when.”

“You'll know, Mathew.”

My whole body began to warm from the inside, and I became acutely aware of Margo's own pleasure. Not in the sense that I wanted to please her - I knew she was pleased - but it was more like I could feel her working the muscles of her pussy, constricting around my cock when she pulled up to the tip, and then she'd relax and engulf my entire cock in her soft cunt. I could feel her flesh responding as she gave in to it completely.

I was aware that she was talking to me... whispering in my ear as I pumped load after load of cum inside her. She was saying beautiful things and making me dizzy, but I don't remember what she said. She kept me inside her for twenty minutes while we kissed passionately... lovingly... erotically.

We snuck out of bed, slipped into the shower together, and made love one more time. She had squatted down and pushed out more cum than I thought either I could shoot, or she could hold. Then we washed each other, and symbolically devour the other in an act of pure, uninhibited sex. It didn't have the warmth and passion that our earlier lovemaking did, but it had the animal fury and lusty freedom as our first night - cocks, cunts, fingers, and mouths.

We got out of the shower, and had to wake the others so they wouldn't miss the troupe practice. I stayed back at the hotel while they practiced. When they came back, I had to listen to Mrs. McKenzie tear Margo a new one for performing so shitty. Margo didn't care - she couldn't wipe the smile off her face. It seems sex is not the best thing to do before ballet, but who knew?

Tonight was the night that Mrs. McKenzie was to have her business meetings, and she told us to order room service or go down to one of the restaurants in the hotel. The girls were getting along surprisingly well, and they decided it would be room service, and an early night. We ordered room service, and they showered and got into their nightgowns before I finished watching Jeopardy!

Nobody told us room service took forever on Saturday nights. The girls took it in stride, but I was certain I would become distended from hunger. I was at the door in one jump when it knocked, only to find out that everything was fucked up on Saturday's. One of the Russian's had sent a bottle of vodka to Mrs. McKenzie, but it was almost three hours late.

The girls made gagging gestures at the thought of drinking. I felt compelled to act like an asshole, and show how brave I was by pouring and downing about four ounces of the vodka on my empty stomach. I put the bottle on top of the microwave, and fought to keep down the booze until dinner arrived.

Dinner was scrumptious.

The girls had some kind of seafood plate that smelled outrageously good, and my prime rib was mouthwatering. I had ordered a slice of cheesecake for desert... something the girls reflexively avoid. However, upon seeing mine, they had to have a tiny bite. I already had a tiny bite, so I knew what would happen, and just pushed it to them to eat. Margo did feed me the last bite, though.

It was after 10:00pm when we finished dinner, and I was getting beat. The girls, however, were still hopped up, and I can't blame it on the dessert because it started before that. I grabbed my flannel pajamas and went into the bathroom for a shower.

I took a nice long shower because I could. I began to hear loud thumps, and loud laughter, and thought they were goofing off doing ballet moves. When I finally exited the bathroom, I saw that I had been completely wrong.

“What the fuck are you two doing? You drank over half the bottle of vodka!”

Jill said, “No shit, Sherrllock,” and Margo said, “So? So what?”

I thought about it, and said, “Fine. But I think you've had enough. You girls are loud.”

“Wha were you doin' in the batthhroomb beating off? Playin' wiff you little weeny winky dink?”

That was Jill, and she cracked herself up, but not for long.

“Un Uh,” said Margo. “He's got a long... (hic), long... cock.”

“Oh, an' how dyou know this? You spy on him?”

“No. (hic) I've sucked his cock. Hehe.”

“Shut up!, Mar.. Margo,” said Jill.

“Yes, shut up Margo,” I said. “Jill, Don't listen to her.”

“I won'. I'm wiff her all the time. If she sucked yur cock... then... what were we tal... oh yeah; then I sucked your cock. Have I ever sucked...”

“No Jill. I'm the only one who sucks my cock.”

“Wow! That's lucky.”

I glanced at Margo, and said, “What's wrong, Margo? Why are you looking at me like that?”

Her head bobbed a couple of times, and she said, “You... you tol' (hic) me to shut up!” Very quietly, she added, “I hate you.”

“That’s too bad, Margo. Does anyone want to join me for a shot of vodka?”

I unscrewed the cap and drank from the bottle. Then I took another swig.

“Oh, mygod. Wha did I say? I don’ hate you, Ma... Mathew. I (hic) LOVE YOU!”

Margo lunged out of the chair, fell to the floor, and grabbed my leg.

“It’s okay, Margo. I know. Let go.”

“You do?” Very quietly, so only everyone in the room could hear, she whispered, “Let’s go fuck.”

Jill lunged for her on the floor. “Margo! Quit it! Don’ sssay shit li that.”

Margo kicked Jill, and connected, but Jill was on top of her and in retaliation, pulled Margo’s hair with both fists. Margo immediately started crying, and I grabbed Jill, picked her up, and threw her on the bed to separate them.

“She fuckin’ kicked me!” Shouted Jill, but I ignored her.

I got behind Margo, lifted her to her feet, and sat her back in her chair. She was still crying, and rubbing her head.

“It’s alright, Margo. No... Jill didn’t rip your hair out. Stop crying.”

Christ fuckin’ sakes

“You shouldn’t have kicked me! Are you alright?”

I pointed at Jill, and told her to get back on the bed.

“Fuck you! You’re not my brother! I mean father!”

“Jill, please... I’m asking nicely.”

“I’m jus’ going over here...” she said, as she circled around Margo and myself. She stopped at the microwave, and grabbed the bottle of vodka. When I walked toward her, she held it up as if she were going to smash it over my head. I snatched it from her hand, and held it above my head, looking for a place to hide it from short people.

Holding onto my leg, I dragged Jill around on the floor while she yelled at me to give her the bottle.

“Quiet! Listen! What’s that noise?”

Jill shut up, and in the ensuing silence, I heard Margo snore.

“Itss Margo.”

“Help me carry her to bed, Jill.”

“Okay.” She stood, and fell into me.

“I’ll get her, Jill. Jut fold back the covers.”

I got Margo over my shoulders, but I hiked her nightgown in the process. Jill started punching me.

“Hey, no peegkin... peegkin at her pannies.”

“Jill, her ass is behind me - I can’t see anything. Just get the covers!”

She did, but then collapsed on the bed right where I was going to dump Margo. I had to put Margo on the bed at a funny angle, walk around and uncover the other side of the bed, and then drag Jill over to make room for Margo.

Once I had both girls under the covers, I climbed in myself, nearly out of breath. Jill was to my left, and Margo was snoring to the left of her. When I looked, Jill was squeezing Margo’s perfect tits, and then her own.

“My tits feel good toots, don’t they? I said toots!”

“They sure do, Jill.”

“You dinnt even feel em’.”

God’s truth, I just wanted to shut her up, so I gave one of her tits a quick squeeze. This amused Jill greatly.

“Now I getta feel your cock! I like sayin’ that... cock!”

“No you don’t, Jill. Jill! Knock it off!”

“Juss kidden.”

She dropped her head on my shoulder just like the night before, and I thought *at last! She’s crashing*. I heard her sniffing, and my first fear was that she became emotional, and I would have to listen to her cry and slur, but that wasn’t it at all.

She sniffed again, and said, “What’s that smell? It smells so good.”

She was sniffing at my armpit.

I smelled my other one, and could barely smell anything.

“Oh my god, that smells so good!”

She was nuzzling into my armpit and smelling it, and this is when I became very discouraged.

Her simple sniffing and nuzzling gave me an erection, and I began to feel that arousal was like an affliction that can strike at anytime from anywhere, and I was a chronic sufferer.

It didn't help that I was flashing on the sight of Mrs. McKenzie munching Jill's ass, either.

She rubbed up against me, and threw her leg over me. Crawling right underneath my arm, she began rubbing her face into my pit.

She was inhaling deeply, and like her sister asleep next to her, was used to issuing commands.

“Take off your shirt.”

I had a raging hard-on, and I took off my pajama top. She immediately went to work with her tongue and mouth. First it was my nipples that she licked and sucked on, and then she painfully bit my bicep, and then she made her way to my armpit, which she licked and sucked just like she was eating a pussy.

“I bet you're good at eating pussy, Jill.”

“I love eating pussy. I love eating Margo's cunt, but she won't let me do it anymore.”

She climbed up on me, and it didn't take long for some part of her to brush against my stiff cock and get her attention. When she saw the tent in my pajamas, she didn't even ask. She was like a lizard. She turned around on her elbows, and grabbed onto my dick. Then she started licking my bare belly just like she was licking frosting off a cupcake. She pushed my pajama bottoms down just ahead of her licking, and her tongue went over my groin, along my dick, over my dick, down the back side of my dick, and down to my balls. Then she licked back up, and turned into a sword swallower.

Jill is small, and it was easy to lift her bottom half so she was straddling my chest. She was wearing panties under her nightie tonight, but she was eager to shed them once I pulled them down.

As short as she is, I had to sit up and pull her toward me for any kind of access. I stared at her pussy. She had a lot of hair on her pussy, and whorls of it ran along the inside of her ass cheeks, and a fine dusting circled her asshole. I had never seen such a hairy pussy, and I dove in.

I can see why Mrs. McKenzie enjoys Jill's snatch. It was completely different than what I knew I liked, and maybe the novelty is what turned me on. She had no lips to speak of, just a tangled mass of dark hair that hid a moist, pink crack that seemed to wrap around all the

way to her asshole. I couldn't just eat her out. I had to use my fingers to spread her apart and see her pink slit. The contrast was brilliant, and made me want to eat deep. I followed all along her slit, and then right to her asshole. She loved when I started tonguing her little pink sphincter.

“Jill, do you like my cock?”

She nodded her head, but that wasn't good enough for me.

“Say it, Jill. Tell me you like sucking my cock.”

She shook her head no, and I smacked her ass very hard. It surprised the hell out of me, because I've never wanted to do that before. For some reason, I had to punish her.

She didn't cry out in pain, nor did she beg for more. She simply lowered her head, and said, “That hurt.”

“I know it did. It hurt quite a bit, but not too much, right.”

She thought about that, and without turning around to look at me, she said, “I've never had anyone pull some of my cunt hairs out with their teeth. Just... two or three.”

“I've got teeth marks in my arm, Jill. What makes you think I won't bite your cunt?”

Upon hearing that, she grabbed my cock with both hands and started to suck on it furiously. That was fine with me, because I could not spread her tiny little ass cheeks far enough, or get my tongue deep enough into her snatch and her ass.

She was mashing her crotch into my face, and rubbing it up and down my nose. I sucked on one side of her cunt, and began to bite it very carefully. She cooperated perfectly, remaining very still lest I miscalculate.

If she had bitten my dick with the same force, I would be in severe pain, and that's why I was very careful with my own biting. I would lightly bite, and then kiss and suck, and then bite just a little bit harder in a different spot, and kiss and lick even longer.

“Oh, fuck! Mathew! YES! Don't bite my cunt. No! Not that hard... YES! Bite it again, harder! BITE MY CUNT! FUCK! ... Ouch! Fucker!”

“Sorry.”

“Lick my asshole again, Mathew. Lick my fuckin' asshole, you pig.”

Once again, a vicious-sounding slap in the ass, and I was rewarded with a bright red hand print, and what sounded like a genuine sob.

“I'm sorry, Mathew.”

“No you’re not. I’m going to stick my finger up your ass.”

“Oh, FUCK! Yes. All the way in... YES! FUCK ME!”

“I want to, Jill. I want to fuck you,” I said softly.

“No! Don’t stop! FUCK! ALL THE WAY IN!”

“Jill... I want to fuck you in the ass.”

Without saying a word, she got off me, and onto the bed. She was on all fours, and my dick looked ridiculously large pressed against her asshole.

“I think it’s too big, Jill.”

“You FUCKING girl, Mathew. I bet you suck cocks.”

I don’t know if she was expecting a slap for that, but I couldn’t help but chuckle.

“I’m going to fuck your ass, but I don’t want to hear a noise from you - not a fucking noise.” I pulled her hair sharply, and said, “Have you got that?”

“Yes.”

I spit on her asshole, and I was inside a moment later. I grabbed her jaw and spun her head to the side so I could watch her grit her teeth as I plowed in deeper, and deeper. She was in pain, but her shouts died in her throat. Soon, I was sliding in and out with ease.

“Good girl.”

“Ohhh, fuck my ass. I love your cock. Let me suck it.”

“Not yet. Not until I’m ready to fuck you in your holy.”

“You’re not going to fuck me.”

“Jill, I’m going to fuck you.”

“No, Matt. I’m serious. No fucking.”

“What do you mean, no?”

“I don’t fuck. You are not going to fuck me.”

“Why not?”

“Because. I’m saving myself.”

I pushed her back, and pinned her hips down with my knees. I took hold of my dick, and ran it along her slit, almost penetrating her. I kept waiting for her to say something... to tell me no, as I pushed it harder and harder into her crack. She still didn't say anything, but she started to sob.

The tip of my dick went into her pussy, and then I was off to the races, pounding her tiny cunt. She was so small that I sat her on my lap, and told her to watch my cock go in and out of her as I fucked her from six inches away.

"I told you not to fuck me. I didn't want to get fucked!"

"Shut the fuck up!"

"You're raping me."

The tone in her voice suddenly scared the shit out of me, and I pulled out.

"Oh, my god, Jill! Are you serious? I'm so sorry."

I was hugging her, and kissing her face, but she started cackling.

"Oh, you fucking pussy, Mathew. What a fucking girl you are."

"I knew it! You ruined it, Jill. I don't even like this kind of sex. You are one kinky chick. I've never not come, and now I don't even want to."

With red welts on her ass, pulled hair, black streaks under her eyes from crying... Jill was a fucking mess. She got up, and walked toward the bathroom, flipping me the bird from behind her back.

A few minutes later, she strolled back toward the bed looking a whole lot better.

"Jill... do you ever have... regular sex? You're such a hot little number, and I'd..."

"I don't know, Matt. We're about to find out. Can I sit on you?"

"Yes. I lied about not wanting to come. I'm still hard as a rock."

She rolled her eyes, and said, "Well... let me take care of my man. We wouldn't want to leave him in a state."

She lowered herself down on my shaft, and said, "Thanks for biting my cunt. That was incredible. I never thought of that."

She was riding me slowly, and I just sat back and smiled at her.

"You're such a doll, Jill. Can I have a kiss?"

She turned red, and rolled her eyes.

“Please, Jill?”

She leaned forward, and I held on. It took seven or eight of my best passionate kisses for her to realize that I wanted to enjoy all of her, not just her snatch. After a while, she even let me get on top.

I remember talking with her after sex but I don't remember falling asleep, and she obviously didn't either. We would have had a bit of explaining to do under normal circumstances, but as it was, we were in no danger of Mrs. McKenzie finding us naked in bed, because Mrs. McKenzie couldn't even let herself into the room.

I woke to the sound of muffled crying, not knowing where it was coming from. When I got up to investigate, it was loudest right outside the door. I was completely naked when I opened the door, but Mrs. McKenzie didn't even notice. The only thing she did was fall on her face.

“No more toes...” She said.

She said it several times, but since her shoes were missing, I could see that her toes were fine.

I walked her to the bed while she held up an imaginary glass, and said, “A toes to America - no more toes.”

She sat hard on the bed and fell to her side. I noticed Jill peeking, and she suggested the bathroom. She got up just as naked as I, and together we walked Mrs. McKenzie into the bathroom, and lowered her to the throw rug right by the toilet. Jill got her a pillow, threw a blanket on her, and turned out the light.

We went back to bed naked, and I'm almost certain we woke at some point during the night, and fucked again.

A knock on the door woke me in the morning, but I tried to ignore it. I was relieved to hear Jill's voice talking quietly. I risked a quick peek, and she was not only in her nightie, but she was signing for room service breakfast.

I didn't hear Margo stir next to me, but I felt the covers rise. She looked at me, and asked, “Did we fuck last night?”

“No, Margo. You keep imagining that.”

Jill looked a little pissed, and said, “Yeah... me too.”

In fact, that sounds good to me, too.

I don't believe the trip went according to Mrs. McKenzie's fantasy. She was hurting bad that Sunday, and we almost missed our flight back. She remained in a black mood for almost a week.

As the summer wore on, I found myself performing many delicate balancing acts. Mrs. McKenzie slowly started to assert control over me, and she didn't need to do this. I was already fully available to her in every way she wished, so it was quite confusing to me when she began to control my time and my freedom.

The camera was gone from my room when I came back from San Francisco, and Rebecca has not made love to me since, though we get along fine. I lied to her about my sexual adventures in SF. I'm pretty sure she didn't believe me.

She knows Mrs. McKenzie still visits my room. She hears her coming down the stairs at night, and Mrs. McKenzie is becoming careless. Rebecca says its intentional - an act of aggression, and she continues to grill me for details during our evening walks.

“So she's been demanding that you come up and watch TV with her. Alone? Just you two?”

“No. Margo and Jill have been there, but Margo left the last two times I've gone up. I don't think she's mad at me, she's just distant.”

“She's been that way with me too, Matt. I'm going to have a talk with her.”

“There's something else, Rebecca.”

“What?”

“Two nights ago Mrs. McKenzie gave me a handjob under the blanket with Jill right there watching TV with us. And last night, I'm almost certain she was playing with Jill.” I should have been honest earlier about Jill and Mrs. McKenzie with Rebecca, but better late than never.

“That's not good, Matt.”

“I think the girls know, anyway.”

“Matt, I could hear her in your room one night last week. I don't even want to know what you were doing.”

It's a good thing, too. There's a certain sense of excitement being slightly exhibitionist, but that night was embarrassing. The door was open as usual, and things had started out playful and fun. Mrs. McKenzie was in one of her moods, though. Filthy talk led up to the predictable finale of anal sex, but this time she wasn't quite satisfied. She went into the bathroom and came back with a jar of Vaseline. I panicked, thinking she was going to try something with my ass, and that wasn't going to happen.

“Hold out your hand... I'm going to smear it up.”

“What are you doing?”

She talked while she gooped up my entire hand.

“It's not what I'm doing, It's what you are doing. I let you fuck me in the ass, and you'd think that would be enough for you, but nooooo. You are such a dirty little boy... sticking your whole hand in my cunt.”

I kept trying to stop, and she kept making me go. I'm sure what Rebecca heard sounded like childbirth - lots of grunting, huffing, and swearing. I found it stressful and, frankly, embarrassing. I don't want to do it again.

The kinkiness I can deal with, but the possessiveness, I can't. Around the middle of August, things began to take a turn.

“I don't want you walking with Rebecca anymore.”

“Don't say that. You don't mean that, Mrs. McKenzie.”

“Don't argue with me, Mathew. You know how much I don't like that.”

“Mrs. McKenzie, those walks are very important to her and I.”

“That's why I'm putting an end to them. You're becoming attached to her.”

“It's not like that, and you know it. I'm walking with her tomorrow night. If you want to tell her to stop, and she does, then fine; but I'm not going to be the one to hurt her.”

“I'm very concerned about Rebecca. If she becomes attached, it could send her over the edge. She's such a smart girl - such a lovely girl.. I'd hate to use the power vested in me to have her committed. Can you imagine her, Mathew, with sunken eyes... her head shaved... drooling all over herself while orderlies play with her cunt to amuse themselves... using her own shit to write *help me Mathew* on the walls...”

“I don't think you'd do that, Mrs. McKenzie. You're just angry, but you're not cruel.”

“FUCK YOU! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!”

Anger is a base emotion, an ugly emotion, and one I've been teaching myself to master. It allows me to see things more clearly, and form better judgments. It wasn't fear or anger that she saw in my eyes as she screamed at me, it was pity with a pinch of regret.

I told Rebecca about it, and she wouldn't talk or look at me for half a block. I knew she was crying, and I put my arm around her waist as we walked.

“Remember the money you gave me, Mathew?”

“Yes. Do you need more?”

“No. Thank you. I guess I should tell you what I did with it. You, myself, Jill, and Margo have papers that say we are emancipated. They are signed by a judge, but I haven't submitted them, so the state is not aware of any changes. Stacy is now the legal guardian of Gina and Tina, but you can't say anything to anyone about it - especially to any of the other girls.”

“How the hell did you manage that?”

“There are a lot of back doors, Mathew. Forgery, and fraud helped considerably. It's just a precaution. Other precautions are being taken, also.”

“Can you get in trouble?”

“No. You don't know enough to testify against me. Stacy does. Stacy is helping with some things, but I have another set of documents to have her admitted for observation in the event of her having to testify. You know me, Mathew. I try to cover all bases.”

“Oh, my god... you're going to get your ass in a sling. How did you get Stacy to help you? I didn't think you two got along all that great.”

“She and I are at the house while you all are at the studio. Stacy knows Mrs. M is fucking you, and she's worried about the same things I am... about our lives being upended overnight.”

Rebecca and I ate our soft ice cream in contemplative silence as we strolled back. Every minute I had to look at her. The cars that drive by, or the people that we pass see a heartbreaking beauty who appears to be in her own little world - strolling, eating ice cream, never making eye contact. If they knew the totality of what I know about her... well, they would be in awe the same as I am.

“I resent Mrs. McKenzie now,” I said. “I should have stopped it early.”

“You would have been gone in an instant, Matt. This is going to be interesting to see how she reacts to your defiance. It's too late to send you away as punishment. She'll be afraid to do that.”

“Because I might turn her in?”

“Mmm she might rationalize it as that, but she's afraid you wouldn't beg her to take you back - that she's not needed. She equates that with love.”

“Well... I have to leave sometime, right?”

“It's funny, Matt, but I can relate to her. The thought of you leaving my life... I can't even think about.”

“Rebecca... can we go to the lake now? Let's sneak off right now. I want to fool around with you. I... want to fuck you and get stupid with you.”

“Hmmm you're tempting me, but it'll get dark soon.”

“I'll let you hit me. You can kick me in the balls.”

“You're really temping me now... but no; wait.”

I pouted.

“Don't pout, little boy. I'll sneak in and give you a blowjob at dawn, okay?”

“Just sneak in and lay next to me.”

As she promised, Rebecca visited me early the next morning. For an hour and a half, I did something with her that I never do with Mrs. McKenzie - I kissed her.

Deep, passionate, lip-chapping kisses, and a little petting to boot. Before she left my room, at her insistence, she gave me a blowjob anyway.

Margo wasn't feeling well on Friday, and begged out of going to the studio. Mrs. McKenzie hadn't given me any serious work, and she was tied up on the phone all day.

Out of boredom, I watched Jill practice. We had not once talked about our romp in San Francisco, and I got the impression she was embarrassed about it - like it was the alcohol... which I'm sure it was.

I had pulled up a stool and watched her perform a very graceful routine. It was an exerting number that left her in a sheen of sweat, and there was something mildly erotic in that. At some point I must have stopped observing, and started admiring... and then leering.

She got off on that.

“What are you doing, Mathew?”

“I'm just watching.”

It was a slow conversation because she'd only ask me a question when she moved near me, and I'd have to wait for her to come back to answer in the same soft voice.

“Am I turning you on?”

“You're beautiful”

“I didn't ask you that.”

“You're sweating, Jill.”

“Do you like when I sweat?”

“It's mutual, Jill.”

“Want to help me stretch?”

“At the barre? Nude?”

She stayed away in her dancing for a minute before coming back.

“I have an outfit.”

“Okay.”

Jill stopped dancing and went to a rack of outfits, and selected one. Against the wall, out of sight from Mrs. McKenzie, she stripped down, put on the leotard, and waved me toward the barre. Mrs. McKenzie was deep in conversation, oblivious to Jill's impromptu exercise.

For one hour, Jill gave me a torturous peepshow and had me touch her everywhere except the places I wanted.

Mrs. McKenzie finally came out of her office, and alert to that, we appeared very professional. Mrs. McKenzie decided she'd have some professional fun doing an old number with Jill, and invited me to watch them. She went and changed, and came back out in a leotard that fit even worse than Jill's, and both flashed me their gash for the next two hours.

A very easy day at work, and payday to boot.

At dinner that evening, Rebecca quietly told me to hurry up and eat because we had to talk.

Margo still wasn't feeling well, and skipped dinner. After asking Jill about her, Mrs. McKenzie said, “She'd been moping. I don't know what her problem is.”

“It's New York,” Jill said. “She doesn't want to go.”

“Well, she's going.”

If that was really the problem, then Mrs. McKenzie's solution would have been tidy, simple, and final.

But that wasn't the problem at all.

“So what's the big news, Rebecca? It feels like old times.”

“Let's walk another block, Mathew.”

“... now you have me worried. What the fuck?”

“Just walk.”

We nearly jogged to the next block, and then we sat on a wall that we've sat on before. It was somebody's wall in front of somebody's house, and it was a stout wall - it's builder intending that it bear heavy burdens.

“Margo's pregnant, Mathew.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“HAHA! I caught you! I caught you lying again!”

“I wish I were lying.”

“But it can't be, Rebecca. You know Margo... she's imagining it.”

“Oh? It can't be? It can't be? Think, Mathew, what makes a girl pregnant?”

“But we only... that was a couple of months ago.”

“It's hard to believe, Matt, but believe it. I made her buy the first test, and I made her buy the second. She didn't go to the studio today because I took her to the doctor. She's pregnant.”

Rebecca didn't say a thing as this news penetrated my thick skull. It took a long time.

“Is she okay?” I finally asked.

“She's scared, Matt. She's certain you're going to hate her, and she's certain she'll be kicked out of the house. She won't even consider an abortion. She's certain she's having a boy named John, and she'll love him even if he's gay.”

Smiling, I said, “Why does that not surprise me?”

“Matt, before you think too much on this... how do you feel right now?”

“Honestly?”

“Yes. Please.”

“Happy. Weird. Scared.”

Rebecca touched my hand, and I could feel her staring at me. I guess I knew this, but it fully hit me then that I was sitting next to my best friend... the best friend anyone could hope for.

“How do you feel about this, Rebecca?”

She sighed. “I feel a lot of things. I feel the complexity of life... and the simplicity of life. I feel wonderful for both of you, and I feel sorry for both of you. Mostly wonderful.”

“I'm not marrying Margo, Rebecca.”

“That may be, but I hope you make her part of your life. She needs to know we are all here for her. We're here for you too, Matt.”

“Is my life over, Rebecca?”

“Why? Because you fathered a baby? It's hardly over. It's just beginning. If you run and hide, you'll always be running and hiding. Don't be overwhelmed. Nothing really has changed except instead of having nothing, you'll have a child... probably an extraordinarily beautiful child.”

“But I can't... I'm only...”

“Mathew, it needs nothing from you except love, attention, and kindness. Your baby will have plenty of help.”

I could not internalize the news. I sat for I don't know how long as the world tried to press down on me. I was supposed to be carrying the world on my shoulders then, but I couldn't. If you refuse to think about it, it's easy.

“What are smiling about, Mathew?”

“I'm not smiling, Rebecca.”

“Mathew... don't make me stomp your head.”

“Rebecca, I still dream of holding your hand, and walking with you, and kissing you.”

“What the fuck do you think we've been doing, Sherlock? Every night. Maybe we don't always kiss, but sometimes we do.”

“But now that will change.”

“Give me one reason why that will change. We may be pushing a stroller with us, but we can still walk... and maybe we'll even kiss.”

“You're such a doll, Rebecca. I don't have the words to tell you how much I love you. You know that, right?”

“Yes.”

Margo hid herself from the world, but on Sunday morning, Rebecca told me to go to her room because Margo was waiting to talk. I tried to beg out of it, told her I still wasn't ready, told her how difficult it was.

“While you're doing that,” she said, “I'm going to talk with Mrs. M.”

Margo was already in tears when I knocked and entered, and she didn't want me looking at her.

Sitting on Rebecca's bed, she looked so lost and helpless - so young.

A strange sensation came over me while staring at her. I shut the door and I crossed the room to kneel before her. I hugged her, and pressed the side of my head against her belly. She kissed the top of my head and continued to cry, and then she put her arms around my head and hugged me tight.

I told her how beautiful she looked, and for some reason, I told her I was proud of her. I don't know why, but I *was* proud.

I sat next to her while she composed herself. Eventually, when it was just a couple of dabs with her hanky and some leftover sniffles, she stared into her lap, and asked, “Do you remember how much fun we had that first night?”

“Margo, I'll never forget it for as long as I live. Do you really know it was that night, and not San Francisco?”

She nodded her head. “When I think back on it, I guess I even knew that night. I knew you struck gold, but I blocked it out.”

I stared out Rebecca's window and shook my head.

“It sure was fun.”

“I know,” She said. “Have you had fun with Rebecca yet?”

I thought about lying, but it would be pointless. Margo has no reason to be jealous.

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh, good. Did she have fun?”

“I believe so.”

“I'm so happy for her.”

I smiled, and held her face, and waited for her to look me in the eyes.

“Rebecca loves you, and so do I.”

She looked so vulnerable when she asked, “Do you really think so?”

I gave her a kiss that surprised us both because it felt like a lover's kiss. It was the kiss that her first lover should have led with, and it confused us both.

“Wow... that was really nice,” she said. “How did you learn that?”

“I don't know.”

She looked down at her lap, and said, “I think my water broke.”

I laid down behind her and hugged her, and she swung her legs up on the bed and laid down with me.

“I didn't mean to do this to you, Mathew.”

I stroked her hair and shook my head.

“We didn't think, Margo, but now is not the time for regrets. Rebecca says all that I have to do is love the baby, give it attention, and... something else. I forget, but it was something I can do. I can buy food, and clothes and stuff, but I don't know what to do about you. You are supposed to be a ballet star.”

“Mathew, I didn't even want to go to New York. I was trying to figure out how to tell Mrs. McKenzie. I saw those Russian girls. They were so good, but all I could think of was that they were in the circus - moving from town to town, or getting called to the theater to perform. I love the art and grace, but I don't want to perform. I don't want to be in the circus.”

“I actually know what you mean, Margo. I don't know how this works, but I know I'll do whatever you and the baby need me to do.”

“Mathew, I don't want to be alone.”

“I won't leave you alone, and neither will Rebecca and I'm sure Jill won't either. Mrs.

McKenzie might be a little upset, but I'm sure she won't abandon you. If she's going to be mad at anyone, it'll be me. We'll know soon enough."

"I asked Rebecca not to tell that you are the father."

I sat up fast and looked at her. "Margo... you have to tell her it's me."

"Why?"

"Because you suck at telling lies. Why would you want to lie?"

"Because... I saw how she treated Mr. McKenzie when he cheated on her."

I turned red, and reflexively looked away.

Of course everyone knows. Face the truth

"Margo, I don't think Mrs. McKenzie thinks I'm her boyfriend. She certainly shouldn't."

"Boy, Mathew; Rebecca's right: you *can* be stupid. You should get that looked at."

It was quite a while before Rebecca came into her room.

The good news was that there were no thundering commands from above, but the bad news was, Margo and I were summoned anyway - just much quieter.

"But what did she say, Rebecca? Do we have her blessing?"

Rebecca shook her head. "I'd like to know the same thing. She's played a very cool hand. Whatever you do, don't antagonize her, and Matt? You might have to put up with her for a while yet."

"Fuck that! I already said she's not going to control me anymore."

"Matt! Please. I hate to sound dramatic, but do it for your baby."

I was in disbelief. "And now you are going to control me? Are you going to hit me over the head with my baby every time I don't do something you want? Don't teach Margo that trick."

"I'm sorry Mathew, but you have to look at the situation. Right now Mrs. McKenzie feels like she's losing everything. Her star pupil... her investment just got knocked up by her lover. That's a huge problem for her. You're going to help her feel secure, and I'm going to help her feel secure. If we don't, then one-by-one, she'll get rid of us until she has Margo all alone, and then she'll really go to work on her. She's probably going to start with you, because you're the easiest to explain away as a problem. She feels betrayed by you, so you better start making yourself useful to her."

“This really sucks, Rebecca.”

“It might get easier pretty soon. She's about to get some very good news. In the meantime... act miserable tonight at dinner.”

“Act? That should be a real stretch, Rebecca.”

Rebecca pointed toward the stairs, and said, “She waiting for you two in her room. You better get a move on.”

Margo grabbed her own back, and said, “I can't go. I'm going to have trouble with the stairs.”

Rebecca and I exchanged glances, and I said, “Margo... you're only two months pregnant. The baby only weighs a couple of grams.”

“That's easy for you to say, Matt.” Margo then turned to Rebecca, and asked, “Do my nipples look bigger?”

“C'mon, Margo. It's going to be alright.”

Hand in hand, Margo and I walked upstairs. As we were about to enter the room, a dress went sailing through the air and landed on the floor. All we could see of Mrs. McKenzie was her feet on the bed, but once we entered the room, we saw her lying on the bed completely nude except for a skimpy pair of panties. I was glad to see she didn't go out of her way for us.

She didn't speak, only stared at us for a minute, and there was no softness in her eyes.

“Well... how did this happen, Margo? Was it rape?”

Margo cleared her throat, and said, “Yes. It was better than you sh... it was better than what you told us.”

I cleared my throat, and softly said, “Margo, she said *rape*, not *great*.”

That wiped the smile off her face. She blushed, and shook her head no.

Mrs. McKenzie looked back and forth between us without saying a word. I tried to read her expression, but she had none. She just bit her bottom lip in thought.

“Rebecca says you've missed two periods. Is that correct, Margo?”

“Yes... two.”

In barely controlled anger, Mrs. McKenzie said, “And Rebecca says you did a home pregnancy test. Is that true?”

Margo nodded. "Two, just to make sure."

"And Rebecca says she took you to a doctor, is that true?"

"Yes."

"You went to Rebecca before me? Is there a reason you trust that psychotic cunt more than me?"

Daggers shot from Mrs. McKenzie's eyes.

"Well?"

"Yes. She can't kick me out of the house."

I greatly admired Margo's courage just then. I thought that's where she'd lose it, but she gave no sign of breaking down.

It was frightening how fast Mrs. McKenzie's face softened in compassion. "Margo, I'm not going to kick you out. These things happen sometimes. It's unfortunate... but they do happen.

"Really?"

"Of course, honey. You're family."

Tears welled up in Margo's eyes, and I sensed she wanted to rush and embrace Mrs. McKenzie. One moment later, though, and that thought was dashed.

"You're family, honey, but the child isn't. You are not keeping that baby."

Margo's head sort of twitched while she tried to process what she just heard.

I spoke up for her.

"Mrs. McKenzie..."

"You shut the fuck up, Mathew. I'm saying this calm. You and I have a different discussion coming up, but right now, unless you want me to slice off your balls right this instant, then you'll shut your fucking mouth."

Margo spoke before I could reply. "Mrs. McKenzie... I'm going to keep my baby."

"No. No, no, no... get that out of your head. You're only thirteen. You're too young to have a baby. Plus... you're going to New York, honey!"

Margo hesitated - unsure what to say. "I guess this is a good time to tell you that I don't

want to go to New York.”

Mrs. McKenzie blinked a few times, and said, “Margo. All of this is too much for your brain to process at once. I want you to go downstairs, and... do whatever it is that mental defectives do, and we'll continue this conversation. I would just as soon throw you off the roof than listen to you cry right now, so... get the fuck out of here. Go!”

I mustered all my strength to keep cool... but failed.

“You fucking cunt... it takes just one moment to undo all that good you strive for. You fucking cunt...”

Judging by her looks, our other conversation would be happening about now.

In unison, both Mrs. McKenzie and I said, “Margo, leave...” and she left.

After her footsteps faded down the stairs, Mrs. McKenzie said, “So... tell me, Richard, did you...”

She put a hand to her mouth, and smiled. “Did I just call you Richard? Why, that's Mr. McKenzie's name. It seems you two have a few things in common. You both like to fuck blondes half your age.”

“Margo is only two years younger than me, and it happened by accident.”

She started laughing sarcastically. “By accident? How do you fuck someone by accident?”

I couldn't resist smirking at her, but I refrained from saying it out loud. I was rewarded with a flash of hatred, but it was gone as fast as it appeared.

Mrs. McKenzie stared at me with a grimace.

“Have you offered to marry her?”

“No.”

“Are you going to?”

“No.”

“Well aren't you a catch. Do you actually want this baby?”

“Yes, I do. I want whatever Margo wants.”

“Wow! What a loyal brother. You fuck your sister, and want to keep her baby. Going to raise you a crop of Mongoloids, huh?”

Center yourself. Control.

“I understand your bitterness, Mrs. McKenzie. I really do.”

“NO YOU DON'T!”

“Mrs. McKenzie... we need your help. We are dependent upon you, and we are hoping you will adopt the baby into the family. There's no reason anything else has to change.”

“Mathew... save your psychobabble. I've already had one lunatic try it with me today.”

She got up, and went to a dresser. Bending down, she opened the bottom drawer and removed a dildo that was about a foot long, and as big around as a baseball bat.

She walked right up to me and struck me across the side of the head with it, and I saw stars.

“This is how easily you are replaced, Mathew. Your entire worth is less than this... you pathetic piece of shit. Get the fuck out of here, Go start packing your shit - you're leaving tomorrow.”

Before I got out of the room, she said, “Oh, and Mathew? If you even think of telling another soul about Margo's condition, I will strike down upon thee with a great fury and vengeance.”

I didn't tell anyone that I had been kicked out. I didn't pack, either. I didn't believe she would follow through - at least not yet.

She'll have fun abusing me

Dinner that night was a little stilted. First, we had Rebecca sitting down at the far end of the table, all by herself. Then, as Mrs. McKenzie tried to make small talk, Margo started crying, and ran from the dining room. She clomped loudly all the way up to the third floor, and then slammed a door so hard that the entire house reverberated.

“Oh Dear,” said Mrs. McKenzie. “Does anyone know what's wrong with Margo?”

Tina said, “Yes - she's upset.”

“Oh... that's what it is. I'll have to have a talk with her after dinner. She's been doing so well, too.”

Stacy belched loudly, and said, “Be careful, Mrs. M... it could be a trick. My uncle used to run crying from the table, and when I'd go to see what was wrong, it was always something with his pecker. If Margo claims a snake bit her in the snatch and tells you the poison has to be sucked out or she'll die... don't believe her. Or... if she claims she just found a hole in

her ass and wants you to see how deep it is...”

“Yes, Stacy. Thank you. I'll be on guard.”

Five minutes later, Gina burst into laughter and spoke the first sentence that I've ever heard from her. “Everyone has a hole in their ass!” She said.

After dinner, I went outside for a cigarette and waited for Rebecca. After smoking a second one, I knew Rebecca wasn't coming. I'm pretty sure this is all and act for Mrs. McKenzie's benefit.

When I went back inside, I quickly and quietly padded up to the third floor, and for the first time ever, I stepped into Margo's room.

Quietly, I said, “Hi Margo,” as I sat down next to her.

Without looking at me, she said, “Mathew?”

“What is it, baby doll?”

“Will you hold me?”

And just like that... like it was the most natural thing in the world, we embraced and fell back on our sides facing each other.

“Margo, I promise you that you will have our baby and things will be fine. I'll kill her if I have to.”

That last part really surprised me. I hadn't even thought about it, but once I said it, I knew it was true.

She smiled at me, and then we kissed, and I didn't want it to stop. They were kisses of love, not passion, but they went on and on, and one thing is bound to lead to another.

Suddenly, she pushed me away and sat up. “Mathew... you have to go.”

I wanted to ask why, but I didn't. I just want things to happen her way right now.

I stood, and looked at her while she wiped away a silently-shed tear.

“Margo, I'm only going as far as downstairs. If you ever need me to hold you, come to my room, or stomp three times, and I'll be here before you open your eyes. I love you, Margo. I hope you visit me.”

“I will, Mathew. I'm having your baby.”

I left her room, and went to mine, but all I could think about was her.

What was going on with me? I know I'm supposed to feel shame, so why didn't I. I forced myself to think of Rebecca, to think of her breathtaking beauty and her penetrating gaze, to remember her perfect words and effortless intelligence. I had to force myself to hold her image, but inevitably I would drift back to Margo.

You'll imprint on anyone

I woke with a start and saw a familiar silhouette in my doorway. I stopped myself from groaning.

She had the advantage of seeing my eyes, while I could only see her backlit shape. Without a word, she came toward me, right up to the edge of my bed. She made no other move - only stood there looking down at me, and I grew uneasy.

“Oh, you poor thing. I'm sorry that I forgot about you. I've been negligent. I know just what you want.”

“Mrs. McKenzie...”

“Shhh. I don't want to hear another word. Just lay back and relax, and let me take care of my man.”

My dick is the great betrayer. I'm afflicted with a betraying dick, and it makes me sick. Stiff and straight up, reaching out to be noticed... and it was.

With a startled laugh, Mrs. McKenzie sat on the bed and took hold of my penis. She said, “Oh, you poor baby... look at you! You *did* miss me!” She pointed my dick at my face, lowered her head, and started sucking on my balls. “What a beautiful big boy you are... and such big balls. Such mmm... delicious, big... mmm... balls. Such a perfect, gorgeous cock. I'm not going to miss a drop. I'm going to eat all your sperm, because that's what a woman should do for her big strong man.”

She slowly put my cock in her mouth, and it completely disappeared. Nobody can suck a cock like Mrs. McKenzie. In and out of her throat with ease.

My cock was betraying me, but my mind wasn't. I wanted her away from me. I couldn't stand her presence. I tried to come. I wanted it over, so I tried and tried. It was too stiff; it didn't want to pump; it wanted to fuck.

“I'm soaking,” she said as she got up on the bed and stood over me. She held the edges of her nighty as she lowered herself down. A sharp intake of breath, but no pause or even slowing until she bottomed out. She remained like that and rocked back and forth ever so slightly - like a cat getting ready to pounce. Then she lifted up, and she was off to the races.

Up and down, she bucked like a jockey in the homestretch of the Preakness. Soft moans gave way to grunts, grunts gave way to moaning howls, and then the foul language started - her words timed to her thrusts.

“Fuck. Me. Your. Cock. Fuck. Me. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! Fuck! FUCKME! FUCKME! FUCK MY CUNT! COME IN MY CUNT!”

In a merciful act of loyalty... or out of its own embarrassment, my dick finally did a moonshot deep into her womb. One-hundred-million strong, an invasion of galactic proportions, all for naught, but my dick didn't care in the least. It had delivered the payload, and I thought I heard car alarms going off in the distance.

Her face was illuminated by the light from the hall. Her eyes were closed, and she had a psychotic grin on her face as she rocked gently from side to side, as though swaying to a song only she could hear. Her eyes remained closed as she talked to me.

“I think, Mathew, that tomorrow we'll take some time off to do a little shopping. I'm going to buy you a dress - a nice short dress so your balls hang down. Then we can come home for some afternoon delight. You can fuck me in the ass, and then I can shit out a baby for you. A little brown baby named John Mathew.”

She climbed off me and touched my nose with her finger.

“Sleep well, big boy.”

“Glad to hear you made yourself useful.”

That was the only thing Rebecca said to me the next day, and she sounded bitter when she said it. She didn't even so much as look at me at dinner or later. In fact, she didn't speak to me or look at me all week. Good acting is one thing, but now I'm starting to feel a little insecure about our relationship.

If Margo is alone with Mrs. McKenzie for more than five minutes, she ends up crying. Mrs. M is working on her about the baby, so I've been sticking close to Margo whenever I can. I don't think crying is healthy for the baby. I don't think Mrs. McKenzie's suggestions are healthy for it either.

The following week was more of the same, but halfway through, something unusual happened which showed Rebecca's precognitive prognostications to be amazingly accurate.

When we got home from the studio that Wednesday evening, Rebecca yelled downstairs to Mrs. McKenzie that she signed for a registered letter, and it was on the dining room table.

I had gone to the kitchen for a cold drink, but when I came back and passed the dining room, there sat Mrs. McKenzie with tears in her eyes. I had never seen that, and I grew concerned.

“Is everything okay, Mrs. McKenzie?”

She got a hold of herself quickly, and nodded her head. Smiling, she said, “Yes... I was caught by surprise... some good news. I'll... tell everyone at dinner.”

Not until dinner was almost over did Mrs. McKenzie tap on her glass.

“Everyone, I have some news to tell you...”

I happened to glance at Margo who, judging by her shade of red, was assuming Mrs. M would let the cat out of the bag.

“As I'm sure you all are aware, Mr. McKenzie and I have been having our difficulties. Something you may not be aware of, and something weighing heavily on me, is that, in the event of a divorce, there would be a split of assets, such as this house. One would have to buy out the other in order to retain ownership of the house. - something I certainly couldn't do. You would all have to find new homes.”

She looked at everyone around the table, each in turn gazing down at their plate, unhappy with the idea.

“Well,” she continued. “I have just received a letter from Mr. McKenzie offering to give full ownership to me under the condition that I don't sell the house until I'm an old lady... sixty-five..., and that I update my will to bequeath the house to Stacy in the event I perish before then. He's thinking of you girls... though I'm sure it will look good on his bio.”

Nobody said anything as she looked around. “Well? Aren't you all happy? Nobody can take our house away!”

A cheer went up, and everyone breathed - everyone except Margo. In an unplanned, yet masterful stroke, she stood up and said, “Oh, sure... everyone is happy we have a place to live, but what about John?”

Rebecca and I were the only people who had a clue what Margo meant, and we didn't say anything.

Finally, Mrs. McKenzie asked, “What the hell are you talking about, Margo?”

“My baby! He needs to know he has a place to stay, too! You can't take him away from me!”

The only people surprised by this announcement were Jill and the twins. Under normal circumstances, Stacy would have also been surprised, but Stacy was far from normal.

This put Mrs. McKenzie on the spot, and she uttered a very significant statement. She said, “Nobody is going to take your baby away.”

I was blown away.

Jill asked Margo, "You're having a baby?"

Margo nodded, and embraced a dumbstruck Jill.

"Did you see who the father was?" Asked Stacy.

Margo gave her a confused look, and then nodded.

"Were you looking through your legs when you saw him? Because they don't look the same upside-down. Identifying his mug shot is tougher than you think."

"I know his name," said Margo.

"Who?" Jill asked, but Margo immediately shot back "None of your business."

Mrs. McKenzie actually seemed pleased with the answer.

"Well, it's about time one of you two girls got pregnant," said Stacy as she nodded between Margo and Jill.

Mrs. McKenzie clucked her tongue, and said, "Stacy! She's only thirteen."

Stacy looked at Mrs. McKenzie, and said, "So? That's how old my grandmother was when she had me."

"Hold on..." I interrupted. Everyone gave me a sharp look, but I had to hear this. "Did you just say 'when your grandmother had you?'"

"Yeah... oh, that's right; you wouldn't know. When I was nine, my mother married my grandfather so I started calling her grandma. I was her fifth kid. She's up to twenty-two kids now, but they tied her tubes. The last I heard, my grandfather's been trying to untie them but, even though she has a huge vagina, he can't get both hands in to untie them. I don't know why one of the kids doesn't do it for him. Lazy, probably."

"Oh."

"Want to hear something amazing about my grandmother, Matt?"

"Um..."

"All twenty-two of her kids were born in sequential order from oldest to youngest. How fucking freaky is that?"

"I'm not sure."

Margo suddenly sat up fast, and everyone looked at her.

A smile slowly spread across her face. "I just felt John kick."

Rebecca spoke up from the far end of the table. "Margo, remember what the doctor said? You're only two months pregnant. The baby doesn't even have legs right now."

"Oh, yeah. I think I have to poop."

In September I went back to school, and this greatly pleased Rebecca. We've been walking again.

I only worked half as much, but that was fine because Mrs. McKenzie had stopped paying me anyway. She also tried to take away all the money I'd been saving, but I gave it all to Rebecca. In less than a month, she had parlayed a little under four-thousand dollars into twenty-three thousand through derivatives trading. That's before her fees and commissions, of course.

Not that she's said anything, but I know Margo hates me going to school. She's the only reason I go to work after school. It's kind of like our time together, because she mostly avoids me at home. It's getting very difficult for me to look at Margo in her leotards because her pregnancy is starting to show, and I'm finding her even more appealing than usual.

I've told her a couple of times now that I wished she would come to my room and visit.

"You look just like a wolf right now," she said the last time.

She sees me staring, and I know she loves it. Mrs. McKenzie doesn't like me going to the studio anymore because I'm distracting, but she likes me home alone with Rebecca even less. She doesn't like me, but she won't let go.

She can be quite abusive... and kinky. She never did get me into a dress, try as she did. She did get me in a pair of pantyhose, but that's because they felt so good on my dick... until she ripped it free.

She also came to my room last week and pissed on me while I was sleeping. Being woken like that in the middle of the night provoked an automatic and violent response. I pulled her off my bed by her hair, and slammed her head into the wall hard enough to where it should have scared the hell out of her. She liked it, though, and she wanted me to slap her face. I told her that she's disturbed, and since then, she's only visited once, and all she did was meekly give me a blow job and then she slinked away. I definitely know where Jill learned her sexual habits.

Jill asked me to make a baby inside her the other day, but I refused. I was tempted, though. Because I don't derive pleasure from Mrs. McKenzie, I've been feeling sexually pent up. Rebecca holds my hand on our walks, but I get no kisses or early morning visits from her

anymore.

On Friday, Dec. 16, a most spectacular thing happened to me.

Margo and I have been getting very close. I dote on her every whim, and I'm extremely protective of her. She's been mostly studying ballet instead of practicing it lately, but she still dances enough to keep fit. Everyone assures me her dancing is safe. She's in week 32 of her pregnancy, and it's outrageous how fucking great she looks pregnant. She knows it, too. It's not just that she looks great, it's that she is ultra-sexy.

I've been going upstairs in the evening to see what she wants from the kitchen. She's not shy about it, sometimes making me go out to get her stuff. When I come back with her request, we talk for a while, but always with a few feet between us. It's never for too long because this awkward feeling develops where she knows I want to get close to her, and I know she wants to get close to me, and that bugs her. I leave like a gentleman, but I always quietly tell her I love her, and sometimes she gives me one tender kiss, and tells me that she loves me.

Margo asked me to skip school on Friday. She did it the night before as we kissed goodnight. It was a lover's kiss.

I went to school Friday morning, and after declaring myself present, I went straight to the nurse and told her I was going home to crawl into bed. I'm doing better in school than I ever have, and I hadn't missed any days. What could they say?

I rushed home and got there just before 9:00am. I quietly went upstairs so as not to wake Rebecca. I figured she was still sleeping since she mostly stayed awake into the wee hours doing research into her new hobby - derivatives and securities trading. I wanted to sneak past her and go upstairs to Margo's room, but as I climbed to the second floor, I noticed my bedroom door was open. I always close my door.

I peeked in my room, and she was smiling at me from under the covers. She yawned, and stretched, and then held out her arms. She still had sleepy eyes and bedhead, and she looked very sexy. I quietly closed and locked my door, and then I sat on the edge of my bed.

"You smell so good, Margo. I can smell you all through this room, and it smells like... I don't even know how to describe it. It smells like beauty and life."

In her soft, sweet voice, she said, "Do you know what I've been doing? I came down here right after you left, and got into your bed. It was still a little warm. I rolled around in it, and I've been smelling your pillow, and I've been smiling like a doofus thinking about you."

"Are you still in your pajamas?" I asked her.

"Yes, the ones you bought me. My maternity pajamas."

“I'm going to get into my pajamas.”

“Okay, Mathew. And then I'm going to get into your pajamas, too.”

With my back turned, I stripped off all my clothes, and then I put on my flannel pajama bottoms, but that's all she let me put on.

I crawled into bed, and as soon as I was next to her, I had an erection. It would have to wait, because all I wanted to do was kiss her, and hug her, and look at her.

Well, that's not true. The more I looked at her, the more I had to touch her. I lifted her top to expose her round belly, and I couldn't stop touching it and kissing it. It was so sexy, and beautiful. It turned me on so much, and my touching it and kissing it really turned her on.

“You did this to me, Mathew. You made me fat and beautiful. Do you want to see what else you did?”

“Yes. What?”

She lifted her top some more and showed me her tits. I almost shot my load right there and then. She saw the look in my eyes, and she started squirming and smiling wide.

“Touch them. Press down on them.”

For just a brief instant, I flashed back to Mrs. McKenzie on that first night, but it disappeared as fast as it came. My heart was hammering in my chest as I reached for her newly pendulous breasts - both standing up fat and tall, but falling slightly toward her sides under their weight. Her nipples appeared darker and much more pronounced. As my hands moved toward them, a drop of milk formed on the tip of each nipple as they grew hard.

I guess I knew that she would lactate at some point, but I never gave it any thought. When I pressed down on her breasts, a spray of milk came out of each, and I was in awe.

My mouth immediately dove for the closest nipple, and she went wild. As soon as I tasted her sweet milk, I started dry-humping her, and she had her legs spread wide. I couldn't get enough of her tits. I drank from one while squeezing the other, squirting milk all over my face, and everywhere. She was writhing, and squeezing the tit I was sucking on with both her hands. I came up for air for just an instant.

“Oh, my god, Margo! I have never been so turned on.”

“Mathew, I almost had an orgasm just watching you suck on them. Touching my tits makes me so horny now...”

I was back on her tit, sucking milk in abundance while she ran her hands all through my hair, and pressed my face into her chest.

“I'm so horny, Matt... pull down your bottoms, I want to squirt milk on your cock...”

I was out of my bottoms in a second flat, and as promised, Margo began spraying milk on my dick. In three strokes, I was coming on her face.

Neither of us heard anything before my door kicked in, and I think I was still pumping my load as I stared in confusion and disbelief.

I was expecting Rebecca, the kicked in door and all, but I was staring at Mrs. McKenzie.

She had a cleaver in her hand.

It's funny how you remember all the little details. I remember looking from the gleaming blade to the black handle and thinking, *quality*. I also thought *heavy*, and as weird as it sounds, I tried to guess its weight - 2 pounds... one kilo. From far away, I heard Margo scream, but then two arms reached through the doorway and two hands grabbed fistfuls of Mrs. M's hair - hard.

Mrs. McKenzie was dragged backwards so fast she had no time to react. Then she was out of sight, into the hall, and then I heard Rebecca's voice say, “Down you go...”

I swear the staircase must have tripled in length, or at least that's what it sounded like listening to the knocks and the final house-rattling thump. I jumped up without thinking, and walked to the doorway.

Again, the weird thought processes.

My own voice, from far away. “Rebecca... how come you're holding the cleaver?”

“Because, Matt, if she cut herself, it would make things more difficult to explain.”

“... you... you thought of that?”

“You know me, Mathew. Go tell Margo that everything is okay. In fact, close your door. Stay in your room.”

“Did she fall?”

“Yes, Mathew.”

“How bad did she fall?”

“I don't know. She's looking at me right now. She keeps sticking her tongue in and out. Go in your room.”

It's a beautiful early summer evening, but I'm slaving away over the stove. I've learned to

cook pabulum, and tonight's my night to feed Mrs. McKenzie.

Margo is teasing me, lightly bumping into me, holding out son between us as she does so. She's anxious for us to take our walk... and stroll. She spoiled... and happy. She breast-feeds John, myself, and I busted her breast-feeding Rebecca - Rebecca claiming it was only clinical curiosity.

Margo and I invited Rebecca into our bed once, but she refused. She likes having me alone, but not too often. She likes curling up with John much more, and that suits Margo very well. Margo is a tiger who needs her play time.

I also occasionally fool around with Jill. We sneak, but I don't think anyone is fooled. She wants a baby too, and I suppose it's only up to fate on that one.

Mrs. M loves little John. It's sort of sad that he'll outgrow her mentally in a year or two.

When Rebecca is not doting on John, she's researching and writing about the phenomena of greed. She's perfect for it, having suffered a nasty bout of it that almost ended in disaster for more than Mr. McKenzie.

After the house was transferred to Stacy, and once hospice had released Mrs. McKenzie into Stacy's care, I brought up the issue of money with Rebecca, asking how long my twenty or thirty grand was going to last us. Rebecca tried to brush it off, telling me not to worry, but I'm a dad now so worrying comes natural.

It seems trading derivatives was just a little too risky and unpredictable for Rebecca, so she decided to de-risk like the pros and start trading on inside information. She levered up her hold on Mr. McKenzie in a big way, involving him deeper and deeper into... whatever she could, apparently. It got so bad that he was soon suspected and then identified as the source of leaked investment banking information, and a big scandal is still unfolding far far away from us. Rebecca claims she left over ten million dollars behind when she pulled the plug on everything, but not before securing \$2,073,067.33 into a trust fund administered by a federal judge that she managed to entrap along the way. She showed me the account.

She has convinced me to drop the idea of becoming a psychiatrist, claiming I'll just end up sleeping with most of my female clients and causing complications.

I'm doing great in school, I enjoy being a dad, and I can't imagine life any better.



My apologies to the fields of psychiatry and ballet