

# A Family Affair

Up until I was 16, our family was close and happy. That all came to a crashing halt - literally - when a drunk driver slammed into the family car as Mom and Dad were coming home from a quiet dinner for just the two of them. Those dinners were a regular once-a-month thing for them, and us kids were always happy to give them their night out - we all knew how much they cared about US, and didn't begrudge them the time they spent with each other. The drunk was a multiple offender, and not only didn't have insurance, but was driving on a revoked license. The only good that came out of it was that they finally did something about him by tossing him in prison for the rest of his life. A little late for *my* family, but at least he wouldn't hurt anyone else.

Dad died in the crash itself. Mom hung in for a few days in the hospital, the machines keeping her alive. As miserable as it was to see her like that, it gave us - my older sister (Julie, age 19), my all-but-identical twin younger sisters (Kathy and Karen, just having turned 12 at the time), and me (Bobby to my sisters, and Bob to everyone else) - time to say our goodbyes.

The funeral was hard, but the time after it was even harder. None of our other relatives - scattered around the country - were in any position to take all of us in, and there wasn't any way in hell we were going to be separated like that. The house was mostly paid for - but not enough for us to get much out of its sale. Mom and Dad's life insurance wasn't enough to really take care of all of us for any extended period of time, either. The few thousand dollars we got from our state's Victim Relief fund went directly into college accounts for Karen and Kathy. Social Security kicked in, but it wasn't all that much. All in all, we were pretty much stuck between a rock, and another rock. The only real comfort any of us had was the fact that we'd been able to keep our dog, Woof, a big, friendly male black Lab.

By the time all was said and done, we had to move to a small (!! ) slightly run-down three-bedroom house in a different part of town. Julie had to drop out of college to take care of all of us, and times and money were tight. We weren't so poor that we had to do our shopping in the Goodwill and discount stores, but sales played a big part in when we bought clothes and food. We might have been poor, but we damned well weren't trash. Julie and I both worked part time, but the way Social Security worked, if Julie made too much money, the amount of our benefits dropped. That didn't apply to me, being under age, so it was my paychecks that got us the few 'luxuries' that we had. The little bit of work that Julie was allowed was just about her only relief - if you could call it that - from the head- and heart-aches of keeping the rest of the household running. The little bit of free time she had simply didn't matter much: she didn't get to meet many guys at her part-time job, and even if she had, we simply didn't have the money for her to be able to go out.

Kathy and Karen both understood, of course, and both tried as best they could to make things as easy as possible for Julie and me. Julie and I both told them that we wanted

them to be able to have fun, and they did - by taking advantage of every free and minimal cost activity they could find out about. But there simply weren't that many things for them to do at their age, so they spent more time at home watching TV or reading library books than Julie or I were comfortable with. The one thing that we were sure to do was to get them a computer, and sign up for one of the online computer services that were becoming popular - we were going to make damn sure that the twins had whatever they needed to do well in school.

Working as much as I did, I didn't get many chances to meet girls and go out on dates. And with almost all of my paychecks going toward keeping us from doing without, there wasn't much for me to use FOR dates, so philosophically, it worked out. Of course, that wasn't much consolation to me, and did damn little toward helping me get the chances to relieve myself of the biological pressures my hormones were producing. The net result was that more often than not, it was up to me to solve my horniness by taking myself firmly in hand...

I had gotten home a bit later than usual one payday night - when offered the chance for some 'overtime', I'd taken it without hesitation - and handed my paycheck over to Julie before heading for my bedroom. With the door closed behind me, I could feel the tightness in my back and shoulders from the extra work my boss had had for me, and knew that I'd never get to sleep unless I could find some way to relieve the stress and tension in my body. With Kathy and Karen were both asleep in their bedroom, and figuring that Julie would be busy paying bills and working out our grocery list for a little while, I decided that a nice session of jerking off was just what I needed. I stripped down to skin and laid back on my bed, thinking about one of the girls I'd seen in school that day as I slowly stroked my dick: she'd been in the hall, putting up banners for school elections. Standing up on a step ladder, she'd been reaching up to tape the top edge of the banner to the wall as I went by, and I had a clear view of her body all stretched out - in a flash, I'd memorized the way her blouse was pulled tight against her breasts, her nipples creating little dents in the fabric; the way her dress had pulled up, showing the bottom edge of where her panties molded to the mound of her pussy - and as I went by, the way they revealed the shape of her small, tight ass.

I was hard as a rock and stroking myself furiously when some small sound caused me to open my eyes - only to see Julie standing in the door to my room, frozen as she watched me pull my pud.

It was a few seconds before she realized that I'd stopped, and was looking at her. When she did, she blushed and said "I'm sorry, Bobby. I didn't mean to, uh, interrupt. I mean, I didn't know you were, uh... I just wanted to thank you for the extra work you've been putting in at your job. I'm sorry. I'll, uh, go now..."

Julie blushed again, and quickly turned around and left, closing the door behind her.

Only when she was gone did I realize I'd been holding my breath, and let it out in a loud sigh. Embarrassed at having been caught jerking off - by my sister, no less - there wasn't

any way I was going to be able to get back to that fantasy about the girl on the stepladder. The tension in my back and shoulders were long forgotten, but it was still a while before I was able to fall asleep, wondering how I'd face Julie the next day.

---

Julie and I didn't see each other the next morning, and I had my job to go to after school, so it wasn't until evening that we finally met up again. Both of us were awkward at first, but neither of us wanted to say anything about what had happened the previous night. Kathy and Karen didn't seem to notice anything wrong, but for Julie and me, the evening dragged by far too slowly.

The addition of a little more time made the next night a bit easier. By the end of the week, it was as though it had never happened - though I'm sure both of us were all too aware that it had.

Another few weeks went by, and my boss at my job managed to find enough stuff for me to do that my paychecks were noticeably better than usual. He and the people I worked with were all aware of what had happened to us, and did whatever they could to help out - whenever they could, they'd pass up any extra work so that I'd have a chance to bump up my paycheck. That Julie had dropped out of school to take care of us while I worked after school was all they needed to know that we weren't a "family of Welfare no-accounts, suckin' on the gov'ment tit", as my boss put it.

The result of the additional work was that I was more and more tired when I got home in the evening. Julie and the girls tried to help by picking up some of the 'slack', and doing some of the things that I usually did around the house. Unfortunately, we'd already gone through that kind of thing - most of what I did was stuff that none of them COULD do.

It was one evening when I came home all but dead on my feet that Julie decided that something else was needed. She got me seated on the floor in front of one of the worn - but still serviceable - chairs we had in the living room while she told Kathy and Karen to get my supper out of the oven, where she put it when I worked late. Taking a seat in the chair behind me, Julie started massaging the soreness out of my neck and shoulders. When the twins came in, she asked them if they'd feed me while she worked the tension out of me. They could see what kind of shape I was in, and they nodded before sitting on either side of me - Kathy held the plate in front of me while Karen carefully fed me the goulash Julie had made. I tried to protest that I could feed myself, and Julie just told me "Shut up, Bobby. You've been working yourself too hard these past couple of weeks, and all of us can see it. Just let us do OUR part, okay?"

I didn't try to argue with her - I simply didn't have the energy. Instead, I focused on the meal Karen and Kathy were feeding me. I was so tired, I couldn't really taste it; but the simple act of taking in nourishment was helping me get some of my energy back.

By the time I'd eaten everything on the plate, I felt better and started to get up. Julie just pushed me back down again and said "Forget it. There's nothing that needs you that much tonight. Just sit there and REST, dammit." I drew a breath to protest, then let it out again without saying anything - having had a taste of it, I knew that I needed the 'time off' she was insisting on.

I don't know when I fell asleep - but when I woke up, the angle of the sun coming in my window told me that it was late morning. I was lying on my bed, dressed only in my underwear, trying to remember how I'd gotten there when there when I realized that it was only Friday, and that I had to get to school. I jumped out of bed and got my socks and pants on when the door opened and Julie came in.

"Why'd you let me sleep so late? I'm late for school, now, and I gotta get going!" I told her.

She came closer, and put her hand on my arm, stopping me before she told me "It's okay, Bobby. I called in sick for you, so you don't have to go to school today. I told you last night, you've been working too hard, and you have to get some rest. The school can manage without you for one day - goodness knows, your grades are good enough, though I haven't got the faintest idea of how you manage THAT - and you've still got plenty of time before you have to be at work."

I started to say something, and Julie just put her finger across my lips to silence me. Being a couple inches shorter than I was, she had to reach up slightly to do so as she told me "Don't bother. It's done, and that's all there is to it. If you could have seen yourself when you came home last night, you'd know why I did what I did. Bobby, you're not going to be any help to us at all if you work yourself sick!"

With Julie's finger still across my lips, I took the time to actually *listen* to what she was saying to me - and had to admit that she had a point. I knew that I'd been more tired than I could remember ever being last night - but I still couldn't figure out how I got up to my room and undressed last night. The last thing I could remember was letting my head fall forward as Julie had massaged my shoulders.

Seeing that I wasn't going to fuss any more, Julie let her hand drop, and I asked her "How did I get up here last night?"

She gave me a half-smile and said "I was massaging your neck and shoulders, and the girls and I thought you were just relaxing - until we heard you start to snore! None of us wanted to wake you up, but we didn't want to leave you laying on the floor or trying to sleep on the couch, either. So they helped me get you up the stairs and in here. Then I sent them to bed, and I got your shirt and other stuff off."

Growing up, Julie and I had seen each other in our underwear often enough that it wasn't that big of a deal. Not a common occurrence, mind you, just not UNusual, either. In fact, just a few days before the accident, Julie had come out of the bathroom in her bra and

panties after taking a shower, just as I was heading for it in my underwear so I could do my own cleanup. We passed each other in the hall, neither of us giving the other more than a passing glance - and my comment to her that I hoped she'd left me some hot water.

After she told me that she'd been the one to undress me, both of us remembered the night a few weeks past when she had found me jerking off in my room - and both of us blushed slightly. To break the awkward silence between us, I finally managed to find my voice and tell her "Uh, thanks, I guess. I was pretty tired last night - I guess I didn't realize HOW tired."

She gave me a smile, and said "I know. Bobby, all of us know how hard you work to help out around here - not just your job, but all the stuff you do *here*, too. And on top of that, you manage to keep your grades up at school. In case you've forgotten, the worst grade you brought home since Mom and Dad died has been a 'C' - and that was in that stupid 'Music Interpretation' class you had to take; everything else has been A's and B's. Kathy and Karen know you're working so hard for all of us, but they don't really understand how much you've had to give up to do it, like I do - and even I had to be reminded."

It took me a second to realize that she was actually making a reference to the night she'd seen me with my dick in my hand - and another couple of seconds to realize that not only wasn't she blushing about it, but looking at me strangely.

I didn't say anything, though, and a moment later she came over and put her hands on my shoulders before telling me "Anyway, as much as you're doing to help keep things going around here, you still need to take some time for yourself - to relax, or do whatever you want or need to do for yourself. And the girls and I are going to make sure you get it."

With that, Julie moved close enough to give me a kiss. I accepted it as a friendly brother-sister I-love-you gesture; but as it continued, I couldn't help but start to respond. It had been so long since I'd had this kind of contact with a girl - ANY girl - that the feel of her body against mine triggered an almost instant erection. From the way it was pressing against her, I **knew** she could feel it, too - and I was surprised when she not only didn't move away from me, but started to press herself against it! When that happened, my brain completely stopped working. I put my arms around her and started running my hands up and down her back - discovering that she wasn't wearing a bra - as her hands started caressing *my* body, too. From all the work I did, I was in pretty good shape, and Julie's hands traced the outlines of every muscle in my torso as our kiss went well beyond a show of affection between two siblings. Our lips had parted and our tongues were touching when Julie suddenly pulled herself away from me and said "I'm sorry, Bobby. I shouldn't have done that."

I was panting slightly, as she was, and managed to answer "There's nothing to be sorry about; I know you haven't been out any more than I have. And it wasn't just you - it was both of us."

She gave me a wry smile, and said "Maybe so - but I'm the older of us, and I think I'd better go now" before she turned and hurried from my room. I watched her leave, and stood there for several long seconds. Then I gave a little shudder, closed the door to my bedroom, stripped naked, and proceeded to bring myself to an incredibly powerful climax - while thinking about how Julie's body had felt against me, and what she would look like naked. I cleaned the mess up with the tee shirt I'd been about to put on before Julie came into my room, and tossed it into my dirty laundry basket.

The rest of the day, I just lazed around the house - which meant that all I had to do was replace the washer in a leaky faucet, fix a broken stair on the steps outside the back door, and do some minor repairs to the old '57 Ford Fairlane I (we) had to drive. We'd had to shop long and hard to find it: something we could afford to buy in the first place, but something that didn't need so much repair that we couldn't afford to fix it. Since Mom and Dad had died, we (I) had steadily gone about getting it back into good mechanical condition. The Auto Shop teacher at school had helped by letting me volunteer it as one of the 'training aids' for his classes: that had gotten the pistons and rings replaced, the transmission rebuilt, and the electrical system redone. I'd dealt with rebuilding the carburetor, replacing the plugs and distributor, and tuning it up. It was still a long way from being in prime condition, but it was reliable - and slowly but steadily getting better.

When the time came, I took a shower, changed clothes, and headed for my after-school job. The boss didn't have any overtime for me that night, so I was home in time to have supper with Julie and the twins.

---

The next several weeks went by pretty much as normal - I picked up a little overtime now and then, but not so much that it wore me down as the extended period of it had before. Julie went out with some of the girls from the place where she worked - kind of a 'girls night out' - and came back looking happier and more refreshed than I could remember seeing her in a *long* time. We also managed to put together a birthday celebration for Kathy and Karen when they turned 13 - they had a few of their friends over, and we made an actual party out of it.

It was Memorial Day weekend when my life changed, yet again - for the better. Kathy and Karen had gone over to one of their friends homes for a sleepover, leaving Julie and me alone in the house. My boss had given us all the weekend off - with pay - and I was taking it easy by watching the races in the living room when Julie came in and sat in the chair next to where I was. I was stretched out, watching the races while rubbing Woof's chest with my feet; when a commercial came on, Julie asked me "Are you really watching that?"

"Not really", I admitted, "Just taking it easy, is all. Why?"

She hesitated a moment, then said "Uh, I just wanted to talk to you about something, is all. It's not that important."

I shut the TV off and turned to face her, saying "If it's important enough for you to want to talk about it to me, then it's important enough for me to listen. What's up?"

Julie hesitated again, then finally told me "It's about the other day - you know, a couple weeks ago, when you stayed home from school."

"What? They realized I wasn't actually sick? Other kids do that all the time!"

She smiled, and said "No, the school didn't call - as far as I know, they really think you were sick that day. What I'm talking about is what happened here in the house."

It took me a few seconds to realize that she was referring to the kiss that the two of us had shared.

"Is there a problem?" I asked, wondering how there even *could* be a problem.

She smiled again, and said "No, there's no problem from it - and actually, that kind of IS the problem."

By this time, I was thoroughly confused - something she must have seen on my face, because she went on to tell me "I'm sorry, Bobby. Maybe I should explain."

"I think so..."

"That day, when we kissed... well, I felt something. Something that I don't think most sisters feel about their brothers. While I was at college I met guys, and went out on dates, just like you did before Mom and Dad died and we had to move here. And some of the guys I went out with, well, we were more than just 'friends'. A lot more. Ever since I had to leave school and we moved here, I've missed going out with guys; I've missed it a lot more than I realized. That was why, when I kissed you, things got kind of out of hand. I felt really bad about it; but at the same time, it felt GOOD - real good! - when you were holding me and kissing me and touching me. I felt really mixed up about it, even after I went to my room and, uh, took care of myself" - that last part with a slight blush.

I just sat there in surprise as she went on "I know you did the same thing, Bobby - I found the tee shirt you used to clean yourself up, afterwards. And that just made it worse for me: knowing that you thought of ME that way. For a week afterwards, all I could think about was the way your body felt against mine, and I felt guilty and all mixed up about feeling that way about you. I thought and thought about it, and I just couldn't get it straight in my mind. Then I went out with Shelly and Wanda and Dolly from work. While I was with them, I kind of brought up the subject of what a girl should do if she felt like that about a guy that she really shouldn't have anything to do with - even if she was as feeling as lonely as I was. We all talked about it for a while, and finally decided that as long as both people were agreeable, nobody got hurt, and there wasn't any chance of kids, there wasn't any reason for them NOT to make each other happy."

"And you're telling me all this because...?"

She took a deep breath, and with a slight tremor in her voice, said "Because I want US to finish that kiss. I want for us to make love."

That was the last thing in the world that I expected her to say, and I could just sit there looking at her - long enough that she finally got nervous enough to tell me "I'm not a virgin, and haven't been since high school. Mom knew because she saw my birth control pills when I was home from school one time. I don't think she told Dad; all she said to me was to be careful. When we moved here, I stopped taking the Pill, but after I had the talk with the girls from work, I went down to the clinic and got started on them again. I've been taking them the past couple of weeks, so I know that I can't get pregnant, if you're worried about that."

She sat there, looking at me looking at her, until I finally got my wits back and told her "Julie, are you sure us... doing that would be such a good idea? I mean, we're brother and sister!"

She gave me an odd smile, and said "That's just one of the things that bothered me, too. But from the reaction I got when I hugged you, I don't think **that** part of your body really cares *who* I am. Bobby, I **know** you don't get to go out on dates like you used to - just like *I'm* not able to go out on them, either. I think BOTH of us need more relief that way than we can get from just doing ourselves - I know **I** sure as hell do! We're brother and sister? So what? That just means that we care for each other; you know we do. If we can find a little happiness and pleasure with each other, what can be wrong with that? I'm on the Pill, so it's not like you can get me pregnant. It's not like either one of us would be forcing the other one - I know that if one of us isn't in the mood or anything, then the other one would understand, and not 'push' it. And we're close enough in age, and both 'grown up' enough that it's not like either one of us would be taking advantage of the other one - both of us would know what we were doing, and why."

I was listening to what she was saying, and had to admit to myself that it made a certain amount of sense. But it was still a big jump from jerking off while thinking about her, to actually having sex with her.

Julie seemed to realize what I was thinking, and said "Bobby, it's not like we would be hurting anybody. There's no chance of pregnancy. It would only happen if BOTH of us were willing. We already love and care for each other. So if we started making love with each other, it would just be another way of showing that love, and helping each other with a problem that BOTH of us have."

I thought about it a little more before she told me "I'm not suggesting that we start sleeping in each other's bed, or anything like that - I'm just saying that if both of us are feeling the need, then there's no reason we shouldn't help each other out that way. I'm not going to push you about it, Bobby. I told you what I think, and why I think it would be



good for both of us. You think about it, too, and see what YOU decide. Whatever it is, I'll go along with it."

With that, she got up and left me to my thoughts. And think, I did - coming out of my 'trance' only when Julie let me know that our supper was ready. Even during the meal, though, I was distracted by my thoughts. Julie seemed to know what was going on in my mind - the same as what she'd undoubtedly been through, from what she told me - and simply left me alone to sort it all out myself.

After we did the dishes, we went into the living room to watch TV, and I couldn't help but notice the way the glow of the set would reveal the shape of her body underneath the light dress she was wearing - or the way her braless breasts would sway slightly with her movements. As she sat there, engrossed in one of the programs, I happened to see her face, lit up by the light from the TV, and realized how lovely she was: straight black hair she kept trimmed just past her shoulders that she tucked behind her pink, shell-like ears; brown eyes, pert nose, and slightly-full lips that just begged to be kissed. She wasn't one of those slender, fashion model types; hers was a medium frame, with just enough fat to soften her curves; her bust was full and rounded, her belly and hips trim. When she leaned over to give Woof a brief tummy-rub, she showed me that her ass was full, and nicely rounded. All in all, she was a lot more attractive than I'd ever really noticed before - and that only complicated things for me.

When it got late, the two of us headed upstairs - Julie ahead of me on the stairs, where I noticed the way her ass cheeks clenched but didn't jiggle as she climbed, telling me how firm they must be. Beneath, her legs were smoothly muscular, and well-toned. As I watched her move up the stairs, I couldn't help but start to get half-hard at the sight she presented in front of me. My thoughts were as confused as ever by the time I got undressed and into bed. At one point, I thought that I could hear a soft, rhythmic creaking coming from her room, and immediately got a hard-on at the idea that she was masturbating - but the sound was so faint that I couldn't really be sure that I was hearing it; or that it was caused by what I thought it was. It was a long time before I was able to fall asleep.

---

As she'd promised, Julie left me to my own thoughts - for the next several days, we went about our lives as though we'd never had our conversation in the living room. But the more I thought about it, the more I came to realize that for all practical purposes, there really wasn't any reason for us not to find comfort and pleasure in each other's arms. The chances of me getting her pregnant were all but zero; we weren't committing ourselves to each other for the rest of our lives; and I had to admit that I sure would feel better if I could get laid every now and then. I knew how much I loved Julie - not as a wife or bedmate or anything like that, but just as a human being; and from what she'd said, I figured she felt pretty much the same way about me. Would something like the two of us having sex with each other be *that* wrong, when we cared for each other that much? Yes, we were brother and sister; but we were also a man and a woman - didn't THAT count for

something? Both of us shared a common goal of seeing to it that Karen and Kathy were brought up in a loving home, taken good care of, and given as many chances to succeed in life as possible. From that point, Julie and I had a commitment to them, and each other, as close as any husband and wife would - was there any **valid** reason that we shouldn't extend that relationship to include the physical?

All that, and more, went through my mind as I argued with myself about both sides of the issue - until, finally, I was able to reach a decision.

It was nearly two weeks from the time Julie had sat down next to me in the living room before I was able to give her an answer. The four of us were sitting around the table at dinner when I caught Julie's eye, and then told her "I've finally decided about what we were talking about the other day."

She looked at me with considerable interest - and a trace of fear in her eyes - as I went on to say "I don't see that there's anything wrong with it - as long as the appropriate care is taken" - with a shift of my eyes to let her know that I was including Karen and Kathy.

She immediately understood that I meant we needed to keep our activities private from the girls, too, and nodded before smiling at me and replying "Of course. Any thoughts on when?"

I thought a moment, and just said "Whenever the time and opportunity are right."

Julie nodded, and the two of us went back to our meal while Karen and Kathy started telling us about the project they were involved in at school.

---

With the decision made, the next problem facing us was getting past the hurdle of learning to be physical with each other. It was something that both of us had grown up with, of course, and I think Julie found it as hard to 'let go' of all those old taboos about brother and sister as I did. But as the days and weeks went by, our kisses and touches gradually became more relaxed, more familiar, and ultimately more intimate. Both of us were nearly paranoid about not doing anything when the twins were in the house, or might show up; but that still left us plenty of opportunities to get comfortable with each other's touch.

It was a week or so after school let out that the twins came home from the 'day camp' the local Parks and Recreation department had, telling us about a week-long summer camp that was being offered for late July. Both Julie and I realized that it would be the opportunity that we'd been waiting for; but when the twins told us what the cost of the camp would be, we both also realized that it was a little more expensive than we could really afford. We still sat down and went over the budget, trying to find *some* way that would let it happen, but simply couldn't find one.

At work the next day, I was telling the guys I worked with about it when the boss came in to where we were working. He listened to me for a little bit, then asked "Your sisters have never been to camp like that?"

I said that no, they hadn't.

"They should go - hell, EVERY kid should get a chance to do that. Ride horses, camp out, burn marshmallows, the whole deal. Why can't they go?"

I admitted that the price for the camp was a little more than Julie and I figured we could afford - and that we'd tried everything we could think of to try and make it possible.

He just looked at me, and said "Hell, Bob, that's no reason. Summer camp like that, it's a helluva thing for a kid. If you're willing to let them go, *I'll* pay for it - and that goes for the rest of you guys, too!", turning to address the last part to the rest of the guys.

I could just stand there, stunned, as the rest of the guys looked at me, grinning.

I finally got my voice back, and started to thank him; he just waved it off, saying "Bob, you work hard for me, and I appreciate it. When I need you, you're here; now, you need me, and I'm damn well gonna be here for YOU. Stop by my office when you're ready to go home, and I'll have a check for you."

I don't think my feet touched the ground the rest of my shift - though I have to admit that I was a little bit nervous when I went to his office after I clocked out. He was busy with something on his desk, and I gently rapped my knuckles on the doorframe to get his attention. He looked up, saw me, and smiled, saying "Come on in, Bob. I've got the check right here - added a little extra, so they'd have some money for the junk food they sell at those camps. Can't be at summer camp without trying to rot your teeth out of your head!" with a laugh.

I tried to thank him again, and he just cut me off, saying "I told you, don't worry about it. You've never called in sick, and you're never late or leave early. This is just my way of showing my appreciation. You and your sister, you're trying to do right by those girls, and I'm not gonna see them miss out on a chance like this just because of something stupid like money. If you want to thank me, just invite me to your graduation next year, and that'll be all the payment I need."

I assured him that I'd be doing that very thing, and he smiled and handed me the check, saying "That's all I need to hear, Bob. You better get home and get the paperwork filled out so those two are able to get their places."

I didn't even look at the amount of the check; I just folded it, carefully tucked it into my pocket, and thanked him. He just smiled and waved for me to be on my way.

By the time I got home, I had recovered from the shock of what he'd done, and couldn't help figuring out a way to surprise not just the twins, but Julie, with the good news.

I waited until we were all seated for supper and were about halfway through the meal and casually said "Oh, I got a little something extra from Gus today."

None of them was really paying much attention to me as Julie asked "Oh? What was that?"

"The money to send the girls to camp like they want."

All three of them turned to stare at me for a moment before Julie said "That's not funny, Bobby."

I just grinned, pulled out the check that my boss Gus had given me, and handed it to her.

She took it and unfolded it, then gasped before saying "He did! Not just the camp fee, but the transportation charge, and some extra!"

I grinned wider as Kathy and Karen both shrieked, and tried to see the check Julie was holding. When the noise level dropped a little, I told them "Yeah, he said he added a little for some snacks for them while they were there. I didn't know he added the bus charge, though."

Julie looked up at me, and said "From the look of this, he added enough to get them some camp clothes, too!", then turned the check around so I could see the amount it was for - surprising me with the generosity he'd shown: as Julie had said, it was for not just the camp costs and a little 'pocket money' for the girls, but enough more that they would be able to get some new clothes to wear while they were there.

Both Karen and Kathy were all but bouncing up and down in their chairs in their joy at being able to go to camp as they'd wanted. Julie and I were both smiling as she told them "Okay, you two. Finish your supper, and after you take care of the dishes, you can go upstairs and make your plans for camp. I'll have the papers filled out and get them to the Parks office tomorrow so you'll be sure and have a place at the camp. We'll go shopping this weekend for clothes."

Both of them immediately settled down and finished their supper - though how the managed to eat with the grins plastered on their faces, I'll never know.

---

As promised, Julie went shopping with them that weekend, and managed to get a surprising amount of stuff with the extra money Gus had provided: both girls not only had a fair amount of new clothes for camp, but small suitcases to pack their stuff in, a small quantity of cosmetics, and a few other things - including new swimsuits. When they

showed me their new suits by modeling them, I was surprised to realize that both of them were already starting to blossom: both had small but noticeable busts, and a distinct curve to their waists and hips. When both of them were back up in their room, I asked Julie "Am I seeing things, or are they already starting to, uh, sprout parts?"

Julie grinned at me, and answered "No, you're not seeing things. Not only are they starting to 'sprout parts' as you put it, but they're starting to get pubic hair, too. The only thing missing is that neither one has started having periods yet - but I expect that to happen any time now."

"You've already talked to them about... that stuff?"

Julie grinned, and said "Damn right I have. Mom waited until I had my first period to tell me - when I started bleeding, I thought I was going to die! I'm not going to wait for that to happen to them; they know what it's all about, and even though it was kind of hard getting started talking to them about it, they're pretty open with me about it now. I think they've been doing a little experimenting; you know, finding out about their bodies, too. I've seen them touching each other's breasts once or twice, but I didn't say anything about it to them."

That was something that simply hadn't occurred to me: that my younger sisters were actually starting to grow up - and out. The idea that they were on the verge of becoming young women - and potentially sexual beings - was something I wasn't sure I was ready for. Julie could see all that going through my mind, and smiled before saying "Its okay, Bobby. I think it's going to be a while yet before they're ready to start going out on dates or getting interested in boys - or at least, interested enough to want to do anything more than just talk about them."

I just shook my head, accompanied by Julie's soft laughter. I could only wonder how Mom and Dad had dealt with it when Julie and I had hit that point, and beyond.

---

When the time came, Julie and I kept the twins company as they waited their turn to board one of the buses that would be taking them to the camp - Camp Wannamaka ( or Run amok, as we'd learned the counselors called it) - for the week they'd be gone. Both of them were nervous, and excited, at the idea of spending an entire week 'out in the wilds', away from home. Finally, their names were called, and we listened carefully to find out which bus they were assigned to, and then went with them as they carried their bags to the designated vehicle. There were a number of other girls about the same age assigned to that bus, and things were a little 'interesting' as we got their bags stored, and gave each of them a kiss and hug before they boarded. We waited where they could see us, and waved when the bus finally pulled out.

Julie and I went back to the car, and Julie took up position right next to me, pulling my hand down to rest on her thigh as I drove us home.

Back at the house, both of us paused a moment after we got inside, contemplating the fact that it would be just the two of us for the next week. It was Sunday morning; the bus would have the girls at camp by mid-afternoon, and would get them back to us late the following Saturday afternoon.

When both of us had gotten over the novelty of being in a house where the twins would be absent for several days, Julie turned to face me and said "This is it, Bobby. We've got the whole house to ourselves until the girls get back."

I turned to face her in return, and said "Yeah, we do. But we've got plenty of time, and I don't think either one of us wants to rush things. Let's just take it easy and see where it goes, okay?"

Julie smiled and nodded before saying "That sounds pretty good to me. My heart tells me its okay, but my head is a little slower."

With that, I stepped a little closer and took her into my arms, simply holding her close as I caressed her back in reassurance. She rested her head on my shoulder for a few moments, then lifted it again so she could give me a kiss - one that made it clear that she thought of me not just as her brother, but as a man. I returned it the same way, letting her know that I loved her, too - and that I welcomed having her body next to mine.

By the time the kiss ended, both of us knew that whatever happened between us would be the result of mutual love, respect, and desire.

It was Julie that pulled away from me, asking if I was hungry yet. I admitted that I was, a little; she said that she was, too, but that she really didn't feel like having a full meal. We talked it over, and finally settled on something fast and simple: sandwiches and chips. While Julie made the sandwiches, I took a bag of chips and some sodas into the living room, and set them where both of us could reach them. A couple minutes later, Julie came in with the sandwiches. She set them on the small table between the two overstuffed chairs we had, and surprised me by opting to sit on my lap while the two of us watched TV and ate our supper.

When we were done eating, Julie got up and took everything but our drinks back into the kitchen, then stuck her head back in the living room to tell me "I'm going to change clothes. Why don't you see what choices we've got for a movie?"

I knew what her tastes were in movies, and it didn't take me long to find something that would be agreeable to both of us. It was just starting when she came back into the living room - and surprising me by wearing only the old football jersey she liked to wear to bed. It only came down to mid-thigh on her, and from the way it molded to her, I knew that she didn't have either a bra or panties on underneath. I felt my dick stiffen slightly, but didn't make any comments, leaving it up to Julie to set whatever pace she was comfortable with.

Her pace, as it turned out, included parking herself on my lap again, and pulling my arms around her so that her warm, round breasts were resting against my forearms. She wasn't a small girl by any stretch of the imagination; but somehow, she didn't seem heavy or uncomfortable on my lap. In fact, it felt pretty good having her there, my arms wrapped around her.

As we watched the movie, we'd casually touch each other in small, sensual, non-sexual ways. I think both of us were acutely aware of what we were doing - I know that **I** certainly was! - but neither of us wanted to 'push' things, either. So, by unspoken mutual consent, we just let ourselves drift along - at least, until the movie ended, and Julie surfed the channels until she found another one. With the decision to watch it, she scooted 'down' a little on my lap, and pulled my hands up to cup her breasts on the outside of the jersey she was wearing before letting her hands drop to her lap. I was both delighted and surprised at the feel of her breasts in my hands - as I'd thought, they were full and rounded, not so much sticking out from her chest as covering it; underneath my palms, I had the small, hard nubbins of her nipples, feeling them erect slightly as her breathing caused them to rub against the inside of her shirt where my hands were.

I was perfectly content to just sit there and hold her soft/firm breasts all night, if that was what she wanted - but it wasn't. When I didn't do anything for a while, she put her hands over mine again, and gently squeezed, letting me know what she wanted me to do. That was all the encouragement I needed, and I did just as she showed me - slowly and softly squeezing and caressing her breasts; hefting them and feeling their spongy mass in my hands; letting my palms brush against her nipples, making them even longer and harder.

As I did that, I could hear Julie's breathing become shallower and more rapid; beneath her, I knew she could feel my penis growing, and getting harder. She turned her head toward me, and I knew that she wanted what *I* wanted: for us to kiss.

My lips met hers, and the first few seconds were as though our souls were joined, just as our lips were - and then I felt her mouth open slightly, and her tongue graze across my lips. I opened my mouth in invitation, and it was only a second more before our tongues were dancing in each other's mouths. As our kiss lengthened, and our passion grew, I felt Julie's hands come up to mine again - then move them away from her breasts. But it was only for a few moments - long enough for her to pull her jersey out and up in invitation for me to slide my hands underneath, and touch her breasts directly.

When I did, I took the opportunity to let my fingertips do a proper examination of her breasts, and particularly her nipples. By touch, I discovered that she had quarter-sized areolas, puckered and crinkled in her arousal; her nipples the diameter of small crayons, and sticking out perhaps half an inch. I took as much of her breasts as I could in my hands, the slowly stroked them from base to nipple, finishing up by softly pulling on her nipples with my thumb and forefinger.

As I continued to caress her breasts, Julie responded by softly moaning into my mouth as she arched her back, pushing her chest out to increase the contact with my hands.

With the feel of her breasts memorized, I let my hands begin wandering across the rest of her body - her sides, her hips, and across her smooth, firm belly. As my touch moved lower and lower, I felt her shift her weight a little before spreading her legs apart slightly. An invitation to include that part of her body? I didn't know - but determined to find out. I gradually increased the range of my touch to include the tops, then insides, of her thighs; her only response was to try and spread her legs even farther - difficult to do, the way she was situated on my lap. But it was all the confirmation I needed that she wanted me to include *that* part of her, as well.

I finally let my hands separate to perform two different tasks: one, to caress and squeeze her breasts and nipples; the other to investigate the core of her womanhood. As one hand moved back and forth from one breast to the other, I let the fingers of the other finally drift to the dark thatch of pubic hair that I could just barely see at the vee of her crotch - and found it to be thick and soft. For several seconds, I let my fingertips luxuriate in the dense thicket of her pubic hair before letting them slide even lower to discover the thick, soft petals of her labia, and the hot, oily opening they bracketed. As my fingers mapped this new discovery, they happened on the nub of her clitoris, and found it to be the size of a large pea, erect and extremely sensitive. With the first contact of my fingertip on it, Julie groaned with a sudden increase in desire, her tongue snaking deep into my mouth.

I quickly slid my finger between the slick lips of her vagina, wetting it with the oily liquids she was producing in quantity, and transferred the precious nectar to her clitoris, keeping it lubricated as I proceeded to softly stroke it in time with the gyrations of her hips and pelvis.

I been intimate with girls before, of course, and gotten laid by several of them - but nothing in my experience really prepared me for what I was going through with Julie. Having someone SO responsive, SO eager and willing, was a novel experience for me; and I took full advantage of it. Even as I kept one hand busy with her breasts, I had the other between her thighs, doing a Braille examination of her womanhood.

With my finger between her labia, and slickened with her oils, I curled my finger slightly so the end of it was against the opening to her vagina. Julie arched her hips slightly, pressing her opening against my finger in obvious invitation for me to slide it into her. As I did, I discovered that even as wet as she was, she was also incredibly tight. It was only by slipping my finger out, and back in again, to keep it thoroughly coated with her oils that I was able to get the entire digit inside her - where I felt her insides clasp at it.

I know the inside of her couldn't really have been that hot, but it certainly seemed like the temperature of her vagina was scalding, in addition to being as small and tight as she was. I slowly eased my finger out of her - accompanied by a soft moan of disappointment from Julie - then back in again. Penetrating her the second time was a bit easier, so I slid my finger partway out, then back. Over the next minute or so, I sat there on the chair with my sister on my lap as I played with her breasts and slowly finger-fucked her as she tried to clean my tonsils with her tongue and lifted her hips slightly in welcome to each penetration of my rigid digit.



After a bit, I was able to slide my finger in and out of her easily; I decided to see how she would respond if I used TWO fingers. I changed over to using the finger next to the one I'd first entered her with, and soon had it coated with her oils; then I dipped the first finger into her again to get it re-coated. With both fingers well-lubricated, I pressed them against her opening; after a little initial resistance, both of them slipped into her as far as the first digit - as Julie nearly went wild on my lap: pulling her face away from mine, her head fell back as she released a deep groan of obvious pleasure and arousal. She'd gotten considerably wetter inside while I'd been finger-fucking her, and that helped; but getting two of my fingers inside her proved to be nearly as difficult as getting just the one in the first time - but Julie didn't seem to mind, judging from the gasps and groans and moaning that came out of her as I worked them into her.

Only when I was able to slide them in and out of her with relative ease did she lift her head again, press her lips against mine, and commence to power-cleaning the inside of my mouth with her tongue.

As I was sliding my fingers through the entrance to her vagina, my fingers and palm were softly stroking her clitoris: my fingers would transfer some of the liquids to her clitoris, keeping it lubricated for when my palm would softly rub across it. The dual sensation of my fingers filling her, and my hand rubbing across her sensitive clitoris soon had Julie gasping and moaning on my lap as her pelvis arched up in welcome each time my fingers were buried in her.

The scent of her arousal was thick in the air, and the feeling of her hot and tight vagina around my fingers and her full breasts in my other hand had me sporting one of the hardest erections I'd had in a long, *long* time; the cheeks of her ass were on either side of it, and I couldn't help rubbing it along the crease of her ass as my hands brought her closer and closer to orgasm.

It took only a couple of minutes of my double-digit plundering of her female treasure before Julie suddenly froze on my lap, her eyes wide open as I felt her vagina clamp down on my fingers so hard that I thought she'd pinch them off. A couple seconds later, I felt her relax, and quickly slid my fingers in and out of her again before she tightened around them yet again - this time as she released a low, deep groan of pleasure and release as the second wave of her orgasm overtook her.

Several more times, we went through the cycle before she finally relaxed completely, nearly collapsing on my lap as she panted softly, trying to get her breath back. I slid my fingers out of her, accompanied by a small shudder from her, and couldn't resist the temptation to bring them up to my face to sniff the heady aroma - and for the first time in my life, taste the essence of an aroused female. The taste of her was strange, yet familiar because of its unique scent - and definitely pleasing: musky, yet sweet, with a slight 'tang'. It was then and there that I quietly resolved that I would never let another chance go by to taste it again.

Julie quietly watched as I first smelled and then tasted the oils she'd produced - not offended, only mildly surprised; then pleased at my reaction to them.

I was holding her in my arms when she finally got her breathing back under control. She let me continue to hold her for another couple of minutes when she suddenly sat up and twisted around to hug me fiercely, crying as she pressed her face into my shoulder, thanking me over and over again for making her feel so good. I just sat there, holding her and softly patting her on the back as I murmured soft words of reassurance and comfort.

She finally pulled back from me a little bit to look in my face to see what my reaction was - not about her brief crying 'jag', but to the fact that we'd just had our first real sexual encounter.

She got her answer without my having to say a word: when she sat back, her ass was again on top of my erection, and she could feel it pressing against her. She gave me a surprisingly shy smile, and said "I was worried that you might have had second thoughts, or something; but I guess I didn't have to." She wriggled around a little bit, getting the cheeks of her ass half-wrapped around my erection, and told me "I think I can take *this* as a sign that you're okay with us."

I smiled, and said "I think you could safely make that assumption."

She smiled back for a second, and then suddenly got a slightly consternated expression before telling me "You brought me to such a **wonderful** orgasm, and I haven't done anything for you! Well, I'm going to take care of THAT right now!"

With those words, she slid off my lap and turned around to face me before saying "Okay, Bobby, it's your turn. Stand up and get those clothes off!"

As I started to do as she said, she reached down to take the hem of the jersey she was wearing, then pulled it up and off over her head - leaving her standing there stark naked in front of me. It was the first time I'd ever seen her naked like that, and I paused for a few seconds to really *look* at her as she just stood there, inviting my inspection.

What I saw was her full breasts, capped with dark areolas and erect nipples; a smooth, flat belly; a trim waist over nicely curved hips; and the small, dark wedge of her pubic hair. She watched me looking at her, did a small pirouette to let me see ALL of her, and smiled as she asked "Like what you see?"

I had to clear my throat, much to her amusement, before I was able to answer "I like very much!"

As I went back to trying to get my clothes off - my fingers weren't working too well, for some reason - Julie smiled at me again, and said "Here, let me help..." and proceeded to take over for me. Faster than I could have done it myself, she had my shirt off and my pants undone and around my ankles. I steadied myself as I stepped out of them, and Julie

stepped forward to put her hands on my shoulders before telling me "You made ME feel good, Bobby. Now it's my turn. Just sit back and let me take care of YOU, for a change!"

She guided me back to sit on the chair again, but with a slight change: I was sitting a little farther forward on it, so that I was leaning back more than I would normally. I quickly discovered the reason for it when she kneeled down and took my penis in her hand, stroked it softly a few times, then tilted her head forward to take it into her mouth.

It was the first time **any** girl had ever done that to me, and the sensation was incredible - and made more so by the knowledge that it was my own sister doing it. In just a few seconds, she'd regained the little bit of hardness I'd lost while getting undressed - and after that, well on my way toward Nirvana.

But she seemed to know what I needed more than I did, myself; when she had me thoroughly coated with her saliva, she let me fall from her lips. I opened my eyes, and watched as she moved to climb up on the chair with me - I could see that the insides of her thighs near her vagina were wet with her juices - then kneel down so that she was directly over where my erect penis was waving in the air.

Reaching down, she took my penis in her hand and held it steady as she lowered herself toward it, stopping when the head was pressing against her opening. As tight as she'd been around my fingers, I wasn't entirely sure that she'd be able or willing to get my erect penis in her: I wasn't one of the super-hung guys at school, but I was better off than most - nearly 7 inches long, and thick.

I saw Julie concentrating as she pressed herself down against me, and I was starting to think that it simply wasn't going to happen when the head of my dick suddenly popped through. I think both of us had a surprised and pleased look on our faces after it happened; a few seconds went by, and I felt Julie pressing herself down onto me again.

I could feel the incredible tightness of her slowly sliding down my saliva-slick erection, and when I looked at her face, I could see an expression of concentration and pleasure on her face as she slowly impaled herself on me.

The time finally came when I felt her ass resting against the fronts of my thighs, and I could feel almost my entire length surrounded and bound by the hot, tight, wetness of her - and the sensation was infinitely better than anything I'd ever felt before. We sat like that for nearly a minute, both of us savoring the sensation of my hard member buried in her.

Julie finally put her hands on the arms of the chair and lifted herself slightly, letting perhaps an inch of me slip free of her intimate hold before lowering herself again. A few moments later, she did it again, raising herself a little higher before settling down again. The next was farther still, as was the one after that. Before long, she was raising herself far enough that almost my entire length was outside of her before letting her body drop down again. From there, she started moving slowly, but almost continuously, over me - letting me slide free of her in varying measures before taking me back inside again.

The sensation of Julie sliding herself up and down my erection was incredible. All the times I'd had sex before, it had been when I was on top of the girl and fucking HER. Having a girl - my sister, no less! - on top and making love to ME was something new, and it felt *wonderful*. Rather than just pumping away until I got off, I was being made love TO - slowly, gently, and lovingly. Julie was moving me along slowly, bringing me not just relief, but **pleasure**.

I watched as her breasts slowly swayed in time with her movements over me, and couldn't resist reaching up to take hold of them - again marveling at how full, yet firm, they were. It was when I changed from softly squeezing and caressing them, and began playing with her nipples, that Julie leaned forward, bringing her breasts within reach of my eager mouth. I happily latched on to the end of one of her breasts, and started sucking softly on her areola and nipple, drawing a moan of pleasure from her as she continued to slide herself up and down my hardness.

When I had one nipple erect, I switched over to the other breast and repeated my efforts on it; then went back to the first to 'freshen' it. Back and forth I went from breast to breast, mouthing their firm sponginess, licking and sucking on her nipples, and holding them in my hands. As I did, I could feel Julie getting even hotter and wetter around me, and heard it as her increased movements up and down my penis made a softly squishing sound.

As my arousal grew, I let my hands - but not my lips and tongue - move away from Julie's breasts; I began caressing her body, tracing a path from her hips to her sides, around and down her back, then on to the smooth, firm globes of her ass, down the outsides of her thighs, then back up along the tops until I was at her hips again - then starting the whole trip all over again. I was amazed and delighted at how smooth and soft her skin was, and how firm her body; that it was my own sister's body that I was becoming so familiar with only made the experience that much more intense.

I was definitely getting close to unloading in her when I felt Julie slow, then stop, her movement over me. I looked up at her, and saw that her efforts at pleasing me had tired her out. I put my hands on her hips and held her still as I lifted my hips, pushing myself up into her. She smiled down at me, and I did it again, a little faster, then again faster still. As Julie held herself over me, I began thrusting up into her more and more quickly. Her eyes closed as she let herself concentrate on the feelings and pleasure I was bringing her. It wasn't long before I was again getting close to emptying myself into her; when I was almost there, I finally spoke up, telling her "I'm going to cum!"

I was surprised when her eyes opened, and she looked down at me and said "Yes, Bobby! Do it! Cum in me! Fill me with your juice!"

I don't really know why, but that I was all I needed to push me over the edge; a couple more hard thrusts, and I held myself deep inside her as shot after shot of my hot cum shot out the end of my dick - and when it did, I felt Julie give a shudder as she tightened around me in what must have been a small orgasm of her own.

When I felt that I'd emptied as much as I had into her, I started to let myself back down onto the chair; Julie followed me, keeping my penis inside her. When both of us again had solid support (the chair under me, me under Julie), she leaned forward even more, resting against my body. I felt the warm pillows of her breasts against my chest, and happily put my arms around her and held her close as I slowly got my breath back.

I happened to glance over at the clock on the TV, and realized that it hadn't been ten minutes since the time I stood up to take my clothes off - and barely half an hour from the time the second movie had started! As horny as I'd been, I wasn't surprised that I'd gotten off so quickly; but that BOTH of us had found so much pleasure in such a short period of time absolutely amazed me.

We sat the like that for a surprisingly long time. Every time Julie moved, it would cause her internal muscles to tighten around me, which kept me a lot harder for a lot longer - something that surprised the hell out of me. But I finally did shrink down enough that I slipped out of her, followed by my cum. Julie quickly sat up, and asked "Can you reach your tee shirt without having to move too much?"

"I think so."

"See if you can - we can use it to keep from staining the chair."

I immediately knew what she meant, and with some contortions by both of us, I managed to reach down far enough to snag it. Julie took it from me, and stuffed it between us so that it would not only soak up what had already escaped her, but any additional leakage, as well.

When she was done, she looked at me shyly and said "I guess I should have remembered about that - but it *has* been a long time." Then, with a slight blush, she added "I know the shirt's a little uncomfortable, but I'd kind of like to stay on your lap like this."

I smiled and told her "I'd kind of like to have you stay on my lap like this, too."

She smiled back, leaned against me again, and I put my arms back around her. We stayed like that until the end of the movie - when Julie heard the closing theme song, she sat up again and said "As nice as this is, I think maybe we need to clean up a little and go to bed. You've got work tomorrow, remember?"

I couldn't resist, and tilted my head forward enough to kiss each of her nipples before answering "Yeah, I suppose we do. Uh, do you think we need to sleep apart tonight?"

She smiled at me, and answered "No, I don't think so - it's just the two of us, and I WANT to feel you next to me, tonight."

I smiled back, and Julie slid herself back until she was able to get a foot on the floor, then stood up. She leaned over to grab the shirt we'd used, and then stuck the other hand out in

invitation. I took it, and stood up, too, so the two of us could hold hands as we made our way upstairs for a quick shared shower. Afterwards, the choice of where to sleep was easy: my twin bed was the largest in the house; Julie and the twins each had a single. In it, Julie and I spooned with me behind her, my arm around her and cupping her breast with her hand on my arm. I think both of us fell asleep quickly and easily.

---

I woke up much earlier than usual the next morning - and felt considerably refreshed in spite of it. Waking up on my back and finding Julie tucked into my side probably helped. I put my arm around her, and began slowly and softly stroking her side as I lay there listening to her breathe.

I had maybe ten or fifteen minutes of that solitary pleasure when I felt her give a small start next to me when she woke up. She didn't move away from me, though, and a moment later asked "It wasn't a dream, was it?"

I turned my head so that I could give her a soft kiss on the top of her head, and answered "No, it wasn't. And if it was, I want to have it again - or not wake up from it!"

She put her arm across my chest and gave me a hug before saying "No regrets?"

"Only that I had to fight with myself about it so much, and that it took so long", I replied.

She tilted her head back to look up at me and smiled; I gave her a soft kiss on the forehead in reply before she nestled her head into the crook of my shoulder again with a sigh of contentment.

A little later she asked "What do you want for breakfast?"

I thought about it for a moment, then answered "Oh, a dozen eggs, a foot-high stack of pancakes, a couple pounds of bacon, half a loaf of toast, and gallon of coffee should do it. But I'll settle for whatever you want to make."

She playfully pinched my side and asked "Whatever I want to make, huh? What happened to you getting your own breakfast?"

"Well, you asked me what I wanted, and I told you. I figured if you weren't going to make breakfast, you wouldn't have asked. Besides, YOU'RE the reason I'm so hungry."

She laughed, and said "Okay, I guess you've got a point there - but you made ME hungry, too!"

"Sure - but you asked me first!"

"Rat!"

"Yup."

"Stinker!"

"Okay."

"Fink!"

"Sure."

She tried calling me a few other names, and I just agreed with her every time. She finally laughed, and asked "Aren't you going to disagree with me about *anything*?"

"Only if you don't make breakfast", I replied.

She laughed even harder, and said "Okay, fine. I'll go make breakfast. For BOTH of us."

With that, she eased herself out from under my arm and stood up next to the bed - still naked. She looked down at me, and said "Thank you, Bobby. That meant a lot to me, last night."

I reached out and took her hand, then kissed it before telling her "It meant a lot to me, too, Julie."

She smiled, and headed for her bedroom. A few moments later, I saw her wearing a robe when she went by my door on her way to the kitchen. A couple minutes later, I got up and put on my own robe - nothing underneath it - and followed her downstairs.

In the kitchen, I found her just starting to get breakfast ready: the eggs and bacon were out, along with some shredded potatoes. She was standing at the counter next to the toaster when I walked up behind her and put my arms around her, cupping her breasts through her robe.

She put her hands on the counter and turned her head to tell me "Now, if you're going to start that kind of stuff, you're never going to get your breakfast!"

"I can wait" I told her before kissing her shoulder and slipping my hands inside her robe to start playing with her nipples.

I felt her nipples hardening under my fingers as she tilted her head back; I pressed myself against her ass, and she pressed back when she felt my stiffening penis.

She tried to protest again by telling me "Bobby, the food is going to be cold if you don't stop!"

I lifted my lips from her shoulder long enough to look at what she'd been doing, then told her "A little cold toast won't kill me - and you haven't started any of the rest of it" before starting to nibble on her ear.

She shuddered in my arms, and moaned "Oh, Bobby..." before reaching behind herself to wrap her fingers around my semi-erect penis through my robe.

I started massaging her breasts, and switched over to begin nibbling her other ear. She responded by stroking my penis through my robe until I was fully erect.

I started rubbing myself against her, and she released her hold on my penis to put her hand on the kitchen counter. I released one of her breasts long enough to pull my robe open, then lift hers above her hips. I moved closer to her, and she moved her legs apart to make room for me as she leaned over the counter. I squatted down a little and pushed my hips forward, feeling the head of my penis sliding through the soft curls of her mound.

Julie groaned, and reached behind herself again, taking hold of my erect penis and lifting it up so that the head of it slid between the already-slick folds of her labia. I pressed myself forward again, and she positioned me at the entrance of her vagina. I arched my hips, and after a little initial resistance, felt myself sliding into her. She let go of me to put her hand on the countertop again, and I reached back around to take her breast back in my hand. I pushed forward, and nearly half my erection slid into her as she moaned her pleasure. I backed out a little, and then pressed in again until almost my entire length was inside her. I pinched her nipples a little, and pressed into her some more, burying myself in her completely.

Julie's head was thrown back, and I softly bit her exposed throat several times before easing myself out of her until only the head of my penis was inside. Then, as I gently pulled on her nipples, I pushed myself back into her until the soft flesh of her ass cheeks was firmly pressing against my belly. Julie was starting to pant, and I started making love to her again - slowly at first, then gradually increasing the speed and force of my thrusts. As I did, she began moaning and crying out with the arousal and pleasure I was bringing her. My hands were busy on her breasts, squeezing and caressing them, and gently pinching and pulling on her nipples; the liquid sound of our joining filled the kitchen, as did the heady aroma of Julie's arousal.

I knew she was getting close to an orgasm when I felt her vaginal muscles begin a soft clenching around my pistoning penis; the sensation of it was enough to get me started toward my own release.

As I continued thrusting into her, and playing with her breasts, I could feel her getting hotter and wetter around me - it wasn't much longer before I could feel myself getting close. As I sped up even more, I told her "I'm close! It's gonna happen!"

She nearly screamed "Yes! Give it to me! Do it! Do it!"



I nearly pounded myself into her a few more times, then pushed myself into her as far as I could as the first wad of my hot jism fired out the end of my penis. That seemed to be all she needed, and I felt her tighten around me as she froze in place, a deep, guttural groan escaping her lips. Even as I shot spurt after spurt of semen into her, I could feel Julie's hot pussy clamping down on me in spasms as she went through her own climax.

When I'd emptied the last of my cum in her, I held myself inside her and my hands on her breasts as I started softly kissing her shoulders and the nape of her neck. Julie went through a couple more mild spasms, then shuddered slightly before letting her head fall forward. Both of us stood there gasping as we tried to catch our breath. I could feel my penis slowly softening, and was starting to wonder what Julie wanted to do about it when she spoke up, telling me "Damn, that felt good! But if you don't want to be served by a woman with cum running down her leg, you'd better hand me one of those hand towels - I can't reach them, but you should be able to."

I could reach them, and handed her one. She arranged it the way she wanted, and told me "Okay, just let me get ready, then you can pull out." She reached down between her thighs with the towel, and when she nodded, I stepped back a little to let my penis pull free of her. She quickly moved her hand to cup her mound, using the towel to collect the semen that wanted to flow out of her. To my surprise, I found the sight of her with her hand at her crotch surprisingly sexy. She turned her head, saw me watching, and blushed slightly before asking "Don't you have anything better to do that watch me?"

I grinned, and answered "Not really. Besides, I think it's actually kinda sexy..."

She made a face, then exclaimed "Men!"

With her hand still holding the towel in place, she turned around and told me "Now, you get on upstairs and take a shower - we can't have you going to work smelling like you just got laid; people will wonder about us. But don't take too long, or your breakfast really WILL be cold!" From the tone of her voice, I knew that she wasn't really mad at me - just pretending to be. That, and I could see the pleasure on her face, and the laughter in her eyes.

I stood at attention - her eyes flickered down to where my semi-erect penis waved in the air - saluted, and said "Sir, yes, Sir!"

That put an end to her even *pretending* to be mad; she laughed, and said "Go on, get!"

She wasn't far behind me as I made my way back upstairs and into the bathroom. I had just started cleaning up when I heard her come in; she stayed a few moments, then left again. I finished my shower, got dressed, and was back downstairs in time to see her taking the last egg out of the frying pan. She brought the plate over to the table, and I saw that she'd almost taken my request literally: she'd cooked me FOUR eggs, what looked like a half pound of bacon, hash browns, several slices of toast (the top two obviously cold, but that was understandable), and a LARGE cup of coffee.

With the plate safely on the table, she turned around and sat crosswise on my lap. I saw the upper slope of her breast through the opening of her robe, and couldn't resist reaching in to hold it in my hand.

Julie pretended to give me a dirty look, and said "Now you stop that! You get us going again, and you really will have a cold breakfast - and probably be late for work, too!"

I grinned, and softly caressed her breast, then offered "If you'll feed me, I won't do any more than this. If you don't...."

She gave a mock-exasperated sigh, then smiled and reached over to pick up a piece of toast. She held it in front of me, and I took a bite - cold, as I'd figured. The rest of the meal went that way - me playing with one or the other of Julie's breasts (I pulled open her robe for easier access to both; she didn't protest) while she fed me, the two of us exchanging pleasant banter and teasing each other.

By the time I'd eaten, it really was nearly time for me to head to work. I helped Julie clear the table and went upstairs to brush my teeth. When I came back down, she'd pulled her robe closed again, but was waiting for me with my lunch and a thermos. I gave her a deep, loving and passionate kiss, she swatted me on the butt, and I was out the door on my way to work.

Each morning after that, for the rest of the time the twins were at camp, Julie and I would take the time to make love before I had to leave for work. Sometimes it was before breakfast, sometimes it was after - but we didn't miss a single morning. As for evenings, we found plenty of times and ways to make love then, too. I found out that Julie had never really used her mouth on a guy, except to get him hard; with me, she went all the way, bringing me to a mind-blowing (pardon the pun) climax. In return, I learned how to perform cunnilingus on her - and brought her to her own thundering orgasms. We also learned how to make love with each other - what felt good and what felt GREAT; how to prolong the pleasure for ourselves and each other; what positions each of us liked, and which ones BOTH of us liked; we learned each other's erogenous zones; we happily discovered how to stimulate each other far beyond what we'd thought possible. We slept together each night, and both woke up happy in the morning. By the end of the week, we were far, far closer to each other - and not just physically, but emotionally and mentally - than we'd ever been.

The Saturday that the twins were to return from camp, Julie and I spent nearly the entire morning in bed, making love - sometimes slowly and gently, other times with passion and intensity. By the time we had to leave to make sure we arrived before the bus did, both of us were thoroughly exhausted, sexually - but also thoroughly happy and in love with each other.

We were waiting for Kathy and Karen when they got off the bus - and almost didn't recognize them: they'd come back far more tanned than they'd been when they left. But they recognized us, and came charging over and started telling us about all the things

they'd gotten to do. As was normal with them, they'd finish each other's sentences, so it was something like listening to a stereo that randomly switched between the left and right channels - something the family had gotten used to, but tended to confuse the hell out of anyone that didn't know them well enough. I could only pity the poor camp counselors that had had to deal with them - they were known to deliberately use their close resemblance (only the presence/absence of a single faint freckle prevented them from being EXACTLY identical) to get each other out of trouble. Their typical modus was to confuse someone as to which one was which, and depend on that person's unwillingness to punish the 'innocent' one of them by simply punishing both.

By the time they started to run down, the luggage had been unloaded from their bus; Julie and I kept them company as they went over to claim their suitcases. Julie and I offered to carry them, but Karen and Kathy said they'd do it; even going so far as to load them into the trunk of the car. All during the ride back to the house, they regaled us with stories of their various adventures.

Back at the house, Julie and I kept them company as they hauled their suitcases up to their rooms - and realized too late that the house hadn't aired out enough after our last session of lovemaking: there was still a faint scent of sex outside my bedroom. The twins didn't seem to notice, and just kept chattering as Julie followed them into their room to help them unpack - that is, collect the load of dirty clothes they'd undoubtedly brought back. I discretely went into my room and opened up my window to help air it out; it was only a few minutes before the smell of sex had disappeared.

While I was waiting in my room, I heard the twins whispering with Julie, and figured something 'female' had happened while they were at camp, and that it was probably best if I didn't inquire.

When they'd gotten unpacked, the lot of us trooped back downstairs; both of them verified that they were absolutely *starved* when Julie asked, and we decided to celebrate their return with a delivered pizza.

The rest of the evening, they told us stories about everything that had happened at camp, and all the people they'd met and things they'd done. Both of them were clearly overjoyed with the experience - prompting me to make a note to myself to thank my boss again for making it possible.

Monday morning, Julie surprised me by asking if she could use the car, even though it wasn't one of her work days. But if she needed or wanted it, I was more than willing to let her use it - it wasn't like I needed it for anything except to get to and from work. Julie drove me in to work, and said that she'd be there to pick me up when it was time to go home; I went inside, clocked in, and got started.

I was surprised when, after the morning break, I heard a P.A. announcement asking me to report to the boss's office. Wondering what was going on, I made my way there, only to find Julie and the twins waiting for me. Gus saw the confusion on my face, and told me "I

don't know what's going on, either, Bob. They just told me that there was something they had to say to me, and asked if you could be here, too."

Both of us turned to look at them, and it was Karen that spoke up first, saying "Mr. Lovell, we wanted to thank you for letting us go to camp like we wanted."

Gus smiled, and said "I was glad to do it, girls. There wasn't any need for you to come in here just to thank me."

Kathy answered him by saying "We didn't come here just for that. While we were at camp, we decided that we really wanted to do something special for you, so you would know how much we appreciate you paying for us to go. So we made you this."

And with that, she handed over a smallish box that I'd seen in her hand. Gus took it, and when he opened it up, we saw that it contained a leather belt. He took the belt out and stretched it out, revealing that they'd punched a nice design into the leather, along with his first name. It was well beyond the quality and workmanship you'd expect from a summer camp crafts project - it was clear that they'd spent a fair amount of time and care doing it.

Gus spent a couple of minutes looking at it - running his fingers along the design they'd punched, turning it over and examining the quality of the leather, and so on. Both girls were visibly nervous when he finally looked up - and immediately relaxed when they saw the pleased smile on his face. He looked at each of them in turn, then at Julie and finally me, before telling them "Thank you, both of you. You didn't have to do this; I really was glad to be able to help send you off to camp like that. But it means a lot to me that you would take the time to do something like this. You did a really nice job, and I like it a lot. How did you know how big to make it?"

Karen spoke up, saying "We, uh, kind of asked Bobby what you looked like."

Gus nodded, and told them "Well, I can see that it's the right size, and you can be sure I'll be proud to wear it. Thank you *very* much for your thoughtfulness."

Julie spoke up then, saying "We just wanted to stop by so they could give that to you. If you don't mind, we'll be on our way so you all can get back to work."

Gus looked at the twins and said "If you two don't mind waiting outside for a minute, I want to talk to Bob and your sister."

They looked at each other, and Gus smiled at them, saying "It's okay, nobody's in trouble - nowhere near. I just want to talk, is all."

Reassured, both of them made their way to his outer office, closing the door behind them. Gus looked at Julie, and asked "Did you know they did this?"

She just shook her head, and said "The night they got back, they asked if they could bring you something they'd made at camp; I just figured they'd made you a wallet, or something out of popsicle sticks. I had no idea they'd done *anything* like that!"

Gus nodded, and looked at me - and knew immediately that I'd had no idea they'd even wanted to come to the plant; I was as surprised by all of it as he was.

He looked at Julie again, and said "Well, it means a lot to me that they'd even think to bring me back something from camp. But to have spent the time and energy on something like **this**... well, it counts for more than I can say. You make sure and let them know that I really DO appreciate their thoughtfulness."

Julie nodded, and excused herself to take the twins home. That left me standing in Gus's office. He sat there looking at me for a few moments, then spoke up to tell me "Those are some kind of kids you're helping raise, Bob. They're polite - said they could come back later if I was busy; like I'd be too busy to talk to one of my employee's family! - and a lot more respectful than most. They kept calling me 'Mister Lovell', even though I said it was okay to call me Gus."

He looked down at the belt, then back up at me again, and said "It says a lot about you and your sister that those youngsters would even think to do something like this. And then to take the time and care enough to do such a fine job on it! From the look on your face when you came in here, I don't doubt for a minute that you had no idea they were going to do anything, never mind something as nice as this." He smiled, and continued "I'm not going to ask how you described me well enough for them to know what size to make this - after meeting them, I'm just going to figure it was a lot nicer than some would do it. How long you been working for me, Bob?"

"Almost a year, sir."

"Have you gotten anything except the raises everyone else has?"

"No, sir."

He looked at me appraisingly, and said "You have now. If you're conscientious enough to raise up a couple like those two, I don't doubt for a minute that you've been paying just as much attention to the work you do here - and that I just haven't been paying enough attention to YOU. Starting the beginning of this pay period, you've gotten a five percent pay raise."

I could only stand there, stunned, while Gus stood up, took off his belt, and changed the buckle over to the belt the twins had made for him at camp, and put it on. When he sat back down, he looked up at me and laughed before saying "Best close your mouth, there, Bob, before a bug flies in."

I did, and managed to tell him "Thank you, sir."

He grinned, and said "It's not my way to be taking clothes off in front of women I'm not related to - but you make sure to tell those girls that I'm wearing the belt they made for me - and I'm right proud of it."

"Yessir."

"I think that'll do it, Bob."

Realizing that our talk was over, I nodded to him, and floated back out into the plant. The guys I worked with saw the expression on my face, and asked what had happened. I told them, and every one of the congratulated me on the raise - more than a few of them adding the comment "It's about time. You've damn sure earned it, Bob."

When Julie came to pick me up after work, I told her what Gus had said to me about the girls, and about the raise he'd given me. She was pleased about what he'd said about the twins, and happy about the raise I'd gotten.

At supper that night, I did as I'd promised, and let the girls know that Gus was wearing the new belt they'd given him - pleasing both of them immensely. On the drive home, Julie and I had talked about it, and decided not to tell them about the raise I'd gotten - they'd done what they had for the right reasons, and we didn't want to 'cloud' things by adding a potential complication.

---

That five percent raise Gus gave me made a lot of difference in our lives. It might not sound like much, but when you're 17 and making not much more than minimum wage, it counts for a lot more than you'd think. That five percent meant we had that much more to work with in our budget. Sure, we still did most of our shopping during sales, but the stuff we bought was a little better than what we'd been able to afford before. And when you added in the overtime I got, that five percent magically turned into seven and a half percent - and put us that much farther ahead.

Several times, Julie made sure she had the twins with her when she took me to work, or picked me up afterwards; and just as she'd expected, they got the chance to see for themselves that Gus was wearing 'their' belt - and when he saw them, he smiled and gave them a wave.

With the twins home again, Julie and I obviously weren't as free to spend time with each other as we'd been while they were at camp - but that didn't mean that we weren't able to find SOME time to spend together. And when we did, we found that the forced abstinence only made our lovemaking that much nicer, and more pleasant for both of us.

Surprisingly, it was after school started again that we found we had more and better opportunities to pleasure each other. The twins got started on a couple of after-school activities, which left me and Julie with more time and chances to spend together.

It was a Saturday just a couple of weeks before Christmas, and Julie and I were alone in the house - Karen and Kathy had gone off to a friend's house for a meeting of their school's Christmas Dance decorating committee. Julie and I had waited to make sure they weren't coming back for something, and then started necking with each other in the living room. Things progressed from there, and we eventually found our way up to my room, where we both undressed and got into my bed. We'd gotten each other off once during a session of '69', recovered, and were making love again with Julie sliding herself up and down my dick. Just as we were both having our climaxes, I saw Karen and Kathy standing in my doorway, watching us. That immediately put a damper (!) on MY climax, but with Julie facing me, she didn't see them, and continued to cry out and spasm around my rapidly deflating penis. When the twins saw that I was looking at them, both of them blushed furiously, and quickly left toward their room. When Julie's orgasm ended, and she'd gotten her breath back, she looked down at me and asked what had happened to me. I told her that I'd seen Karen and Kathy watching us, and she immediately got off of me, the little bit of cum that I'd shot into her dripping down the inside of her thigh. Both of us got up and put on our robes, then sat on the edge of my bed, trying to figure out what to do - and not having much success.

Julie finally said "I guess there's nothing to do but for me to go in there and talk to them."

"You want me to go with you?" I asked.

She gave me a wry grin, and said "No, I don't think so. This is going to be embarrassing enough with just me and them; having you there would just make it worse - if not impossible."

I have to admit to no small amount of relief at hearing that - but I still knew that I was going to have to face them, sooner or later.

"Well, while you're in there, I'm going down to the kitchen and making myself a drink." We'd salvaged the rum and vodka from our parent's liquor cabinet, and given everything else to relatives - Julie sometimes like to have a drink when she got home from her part-time job, and I'd sometimes join her. Neither of us really drank that much, though - even nearly two years after our folks died, we were still on the same bottles that had only been half full when we'd 'rescued' them.

"Save some for me!" Julie joked, knowing that I might not even finish one drink.

The two of us got up, and Julie made a face before going over to my dirty laundry basket and pulling out a shirt. As she wiped my cum from the inside of her leg, she told me "There's no reason I need to go in there with your cum running down my leg. Besides, it's cold and uncomfortable."

I managed a small laugh, then followed her out my bedroom door after she tossed the shirt back in the basket. She turned one way toward the girls' room, and I turned the

other, going downstairs to the kitchen where I made myself a Rum and Coke - mostly Coke.

I was about halfway through it when Julie came in to the kitchen and took a seat next to me. I looked at her questioningly, and she said "You're not going to believe this."

"What's that?"

She sighed, and said "They already thought we were doing something; seeing us like that only confirmed it."

"What?!"

Julie looked at me with a half-smile and said "That day we brought them home from camp? They smelled the sex in the air, but didn't let on. At first, they thought it might have just been you and a girlfriend they didn't know about - but they smelled it again a few other times when they knew it had just been you and me in the house."

"How the hell did they know what it was?"

"It seems that they knew a little more about sex and all that than I thought they did - and they learned even more at camp. I was right that they were already investigating themselves before they left; apparently, they'd been investigating each other, too. Then when they went to camp, they and a few of the other girls their age got together and did a little more investigating - and a little experimenting, too. They've been masturbating themselves and each other for months, and have already tried using their mouths on each other. So when they kept smelling it after we made love, it didn't take them long to decide that part of the smell was a woman - and that the other part must be a guy. And with it being just you and me in the house, well, they're smart enough to figure the rest of it out."

"Oh, *shit*." That wasn't my normal way of talking, but it was the only thing I could think of that fit the situation.

Julie got up from the table and went over to make her own drink - and surprising me by how strong she made it. She started back toward the table, looked at me, and reached over to the bottle and added a generous amount of rum to the glass of Coke I had in front of me. She put the bottle back, and sat down again before saying "And that's not the worst of it."

After watching the drink she'd made for herself, and the liquor she'd added to my glass, I knew I had to ask: "How bad is it, then?"

She took a big swallow of her drink, set it down, and said "They want to be with you, too."



It took a couple seconds for what she'd said to sink in - and when it did, my response was an enthusiastic "Like hell!"

Julie looked at me, and said "Before you get too worked up, you better hear what they had to say to me."

"What?"

"That if you don't, they're going to tell their counselor at school what they think we've been doing - and that they've got enough days and times and such to make people believe them."

"But if they report us, they'll be sent off to foster homes, or an orphanage or something, no matter what happens to us!"

"I pointed that out to them. They seem willing to take the chance."

"Bullshit. They're bluffing."

"Can we really take the chance, Bobby?"

"*Huh?*"

Julie took another big swallow of her drink - and I did the same. The conversation we were having was getting to me. The drink helped - a little.

"Bobby, if they do tell, there's a pretty good chance that one or both of us will go to jail. Even if we don't, we'll be smeared all over the newspapers and TV. And even if we separate and move to different parts of the country, the story will still follow us, and get out. **You** know, and **I** know, that what we've been doing isn't wrong - but can you live with what OTHER people will say? With the way they'll talk about you - and me! - for the rest of your life? How you'll lose jobs and friends when they find out about it? Not to mention losing Kathy and Karen - probably forever?"

I thought about what she'd just said - and didn't like it.

"But they're only thirteen!" I declared. "How the hell can they want... what they're asking for?"

Julie just shook her head, and said "Damned if I know - I know I really didn't want to mess around with guys until I started high school. But those two have always been ahead of anyone else their age."

"But *thirteen*?!"

Julie sighed, and said "They're coming up on their fourteenth birthday - and that's only three years younger than you."

"But they're my little sisters!"

Julie gave me a wry grin, and said "Yeah - and I'm your BIG sister. We've already been through that, remember? And they're not so little any more - YOU pointed that out to ME, as I recall."

That comment stopped me in my tracks - she was right, on that one: I already was having sex with one of my sisters. My older sister, yes, but still my sister. The closeness of the relationship wasn't anything I could argue; the only thing I had on my side was their ages - and I was starting to doubt that that would count for much.

"Can we call their bluff?" I asked. Julie had been the one to talk to them, and she knew them better than I did, really.

"I don't think we dare", Julie answered.

"Why?"

"Because what they're asking is relatively small and simple, and what we risk losing is so much."

"Maybe YOU think what they're asking is small and simple!"

Julie suddenly turned toward me, and fiercely asked "Dammit, Bobby! Do you really think *I* want them going to bed with you? What you and I have is so special - do you believe for a MINUTE that I want to give up any part of it, for ANY reason? I love them to death; but right now, I hate them - not just for what they're doing to me, but what they're doing to YOU! After all that we already had to go through, do you think I want either one of us to have to go through it again just so THEY can get THEIR jollies?"

With that, she started to quietly cry. I tried to reach out for her, but she just pushed my arms away, telling me "I don't know what you're so fussy about, anyway - this is just a chance for you to get your jollies with a couple more girls!"

When she said that, it hurt - a lot. And made me realize how what **I'd** said had hurt her, in much the same way.

It took me several tries, but I finally managed to convince her to let me take her hand in mine. When I did, I kissed it and told her "I'm sorry, Julie. I really am. I know this is as hard on you as it is on me - maybe even harder. I was wrong to say what I did, and I know that now. No, I don't think any of those things - not for a moment. I know better. It's just that I'm a guy - making love with my grown up, adult big sister is one thing; doing it with my younger sisters, the ones I always thought of as 'little' is something

completely different to me. As hard a time as you're having with the idea of sharing me with them, *I'm* having a hard time with the idea of BEING shared - PARTICULARLY with them. Can you understand, and forgive me?"

Julie started snuffling and sniffing a bit at that, and finally managed to tell me "I think so - I know what this is doing to ME, and I guess I just didn't think about how it would be hitting you in such a different way. I guess, in a way, it's even harder for you than it is for me."

"I think it's hard for both of us - just in different ways. But that's no reason that we can't still be there for each other."

She turned her head to look at me, and managed to give me half a grin before saying "No, I guess it isn't, is it?"

"Not even a little bit." I replied - and that time, she let me reach out to her, and take her in my arms. I scooted my chair over next to hers, and held her to my chest as she cried out the last of her tears.

She was reaching for one of the paper napkins we kept on the table when we heard someone clear their throat. Both of us looked toward the doorway, and saw Karen and Kathy both standing there, dressed in their robes.

Julie and I just sat there, looking at them, until they shared a look with each other before Kathy spoke.

"We wanted to come down here and tell you that we really weren't going to tell anybody about what you were doing."

"Yeah. We just said that because we really wanted to find out what it's like to be with a guy - and we didn't think you would want to teach us..." Karen started.

"... because we're so young, and we hardly have any hair or tits yet..." Kathy continued.

"... even though what you were doing looked like it felt SO good..." from Karen.

"... and we already know what it's like to have someone touch us..."

"... even if it has just been each other, and some of the girls from camp..."

"... but we've learned a lot already, really, and we've even had orgasms..."

"... or we think we have, but we're not really SURE, but we want to find out..."

"... with someone that we know, and can trust, and won't hurt us..."

"... like we're afraid the guys we know would do. So that's why we said..."

"... we'd tell on you, but we wouldn't really, because we both love you..."

"... WAY more than we ever really told you. We both know how hard you work..."

"... to make sure we have all the stuff we need, and how much you love us, and..."

"... we know it really hurt you when we said we'd tell on you, but..."

"... we didn't know how MUCH it hurt you until we got down here..."

"... and heard you talking, and realized that what we did was so bad..."

"... that it made Julie cry, and maybe would have made you cry, Bobby..."

"... and made us realize that we couldn't MAKE you teach us about sex and stuff..."

"... if you didn't WANT to, 'cause it's not like other stuff where you can just..."

"... DO something, even if you don't want to. When it's stuff that involves your heart..."

"... like making love to someone, you have to do it cause you want to, not..."

"... because you think you HAVE to. And even though we really DO want to learn..."

"... about sex and guys and stuff, we don't want to learn it THAT way; you know..."

"... by forcing someone to do something they don't want to do. And what you two..."

"... have is so *special*; I mean, after we figured out that you were, you know..."

"... making love and all that, we could see how you were like with each other..."

"... and we realized that you really loved and cared about each other, and..."

"... after we talked to Julie, we realized that by saying that we'd tell on you..."

"... if you didn't teach us, we were hurting both of you and what you have..."

"... together, and that we were getting, you know..."

"... BETWEEN you, and messing things up for you, when all you've ever done..."

"... has been to try and take care of us and help us after Mom and Dad died..."

"... and we miss them both so much, and we don't want to lose you, so we..."

"... came down here to say we're sorry, and that we didn't mean it..."

"... and that we would never, EVER tell on you, even if they like, TORTURED us..."

"... or locked us in a room and fed us nothing but like, *gruel*, and we don't even..."

"... know what gruel is, but we know that it doesn't sound good, so we know..."

"... we don't want any, even it was all they'd give us unless we told on you..."

"... which we'd NEVER do 'cause both of us love you so much, even if..."

"... you hate us for saying we WOULD tell on you, which we said..."

"... we weren't going to do, really, but we still want to learn about sex..."

"... and guys and stuff, and we really do love you and trust you to teach us..."

"... even if we don't deserve it because we were such stinkers about trying..."

"... to get you to teach us about it, because we really DO want to learn about it..."

"... if you'll teach us, please?" Kathy finished, with both of them obviously heartbroken and crying.

After a pregnant pause, Karen spoke up again, telling us "We know we're still young, and maybe aren't so much to look at, but we really do want to know. We're both REALLY sure, aren't we, Kathy?"

They looked at each other, back to where Julie and I were sitting, then slid their robes off to fall on the floor - revealing that neither of them had a damn thing on underneath. Both of them stood there in front of us, their faces revealing they were far more worried about being rejected by us than their nudity in front of us.

The last time I'd seen either of them naked, I'd been helping Mom give them a bath shortly before they'd been potty-trained. Since that time, they'd gone through a number of changes, as I'd noticed before they went off to camp. Now, in front of me, I could see exactly what those changes had been.

Both of them were brunette, as Julie was; Dad and I had been the only blondes in the family. They kept their hair cut short, above their shoulders, and in identical styles. Both had a slight dusting of very light freckles across their small, pert noses. At about five feet tall and maybe eighty pounds, they were both on the slim side - which only served to make their developing busts that much more evident. Neither had much more than half a

tennis ball, their breasts capped with small, dark areolas that weren't appreciably larger than their pencil eraser sized nipples. Their waists were already starting to narrow, just as their hips were developing a distinctly female curve. Flat, trim bellies flowed down to the small, sparse growths of dark pubic hair each had. On each, their pudendum was still readily visible, but between their thighs, it was clear that each was turning into a woman: the very edges of their vaginal lips were *just barely* visible; at the top of their clefts, the hood of their clitorises were discernible. Both sets of legs were still on the thin side, but smooth and firm - and clearly going to develop into a set of gams that any leg man would delight in seeing. Another couple of years, and I knew that I'd have to be keeping an eye on the guys they went out with - both promised to be absolute knockouts.

They stood there in front of us, making no effort to cover themselves or show off anything - they simply waited, letting their willingness for us to see them naked make their point for them.

A couple of minutes went by before Julie finally told them "Okay, girls. Put your robes back on, and go on back to your bedroom. Bobby and I still have to talk - without you listening in!"

After they got their robes on, and we heard them climbing the stairs, I took a big gulp of my drink, put my head between my hands, and muttered "Lord, Lord, Lord."

Julie took a sizeable hit off her own drink, and said "That pretty much sums it up, I think", in agreement.

I took another swallow of my drink, rubbed my face with my hands, and asked "Okay, so now what?"

"What makes you think I know?" Julie retorted.

"They aren't going to tell about us, and didn't actually have any plan to do so - if they're to be believed", I said.

"After that little show, I think we can believe them", Julie replied.

"So that gets one situation cleared up, only to be replaced with another one. They're not going to get us in trouble, but I don't think for a New York minute that they're anywhere NEAR giving up on wanting to learn about sex."

"Not even", Julie agreed.

"And if I understood them - not always an easy task, but there you go - they are quite sure that they want me -and you! - to do the teaching."

"Mostly you, I think; but yeah, me, too."

"And if previous history is any guide, they're not going to give up trying - on either of us. If nothing else, they'll just wear us down, kind of like a Chinese water torture: one drop at a time until we cave in."

"That sounds about right."

"So we can be fairly sure that, short of a miracle, they're eventually going to get their way - they want to learn from us, almost certainly more than we want not to teach them."

"I'd say so", Julie agreed.

I sighed, took another swallow of my drink, and said "Then the only thing left for us is to try and get the best deal we can."

"That's pretty much what I figure, too."

"Then we'd better figure out what we have to work with, and which one of us does the negotiating."

"I don't think we'd better leave it to just one of us - you know how they team up to try and whipsaw people" Julie offered.

"You're right. Better it's both of us, just like it'll be both of them."

"So what do we have on our side?"

I offered a couple of suggestions, then Julie had a couple of ideas. We went back and forth, brainstorming how to deal with the twins. Neither one of us had even the faintest illusion we were going to come out ahead - 'winning', for us, meant losing as little as possible. We spent the next hour discussing tactics and strategies, planning on how to deal with the twins as carefully as if we were planning the invasion of Normandy, or some other major military operation. It was only after we'd worked out as much as we could, and had each finished off our drinks, that Julie pointed out one of the few good things to come out of the evening: that with the twins knowing what we were doing, there wasn't any reason for us to pretend it wasn't happening - that we were finally free to share the same bed every night.

With that happy prospect in front of us, we put away the bottle of rum and deposited our empty glasses in the sink before holding hands and heading upstairs to go to bed - together.

---

The next day, Karen and Kathy were both uncommonly subdued - they knew they'd done something *far* worse than they'd ever done before, and hurt and frightened Julie and me

terribly. Other than meals, they were staying in their room while Julie and I sat in the living room talking about what we were going to do about them.

It was mid-afternoon when we saw Karen head into the kitchen to get something to drink. When she started back toward the stairs, I called out "Karen?"

She came over to where I was, and I told her "If you and Kathy will come down here, we can talk about what you were telling us you wanted last night."

She nodded solemnly, and quickly went back upstairs, reappearing a minute later with Kathy. Both of them came into the living room, and took seats next to each other on the couch. Both were visibly nervous, and sat there quietly and attentively. Julie and I were in chairs facing them, and when we had their attention, Julie spoke up first.

"You know that what you did last night was wrong. When you said you would tell somebody about Bobby and me if we didn't let you have your way, you were *threatening* us - not something that people that really loved us would do."

Kathy looked like she wanted to speak, but Julie just told them "No, don't say anything yet. You said enough last night. Now it's OUR turn to talk to YOU. Just sit there and **listen** to what you did to us."

Julie went on to tell them "When you told me that you would tell somebody about Bobby and me, you hurt and frightened BOTH of us - a LOT. Did you hear what I told him might happen if you did that?" They shook their heads, and she continued "If you ever did something like that, me, or Bobby, or maybe even *both* of us, could go to jail. Yes, **jail**. And even if that didn't happen, other people would know what we've been doing - it would be in the newspapers, on TV and the radio, and who knows what else. People would talk bad about us - *real* bad. They wouldn't understand how much we love each other, or how special what we have is. They'd only know that Bobby and me - a brother and sister - had been making love. Except that they wouldn't think about it that way: that we had been making LOVE. They'd only think that we were having sex, and that's nowhere near as nice. They would only know that we'd had sex, and a brother and sister having sex is something that almost nobody could understand, not matter WHAT the reasons for it, or how much we really care for each other. People would make things so hard for us that we'd almost certainly have to separate, moving to completely different places to try and fool people that we weren't the ones they'd heard about - except that it probably wouldn't work; stuff like that is something that almost always comes out. And when people found out about us - even separated like that - we'd lose our jobs and any friends that we *might* have had. Can you see that if that happened, we'd lose everything we'd worked to try and make with our lives? And that if it happened, we wouldn't even be able to help and comfort each other - that we'd be completely alone?"

Both twins were starting to cry as Julie went on to tell them "And that's not the worst part of it. If people found out about Bobby and me, the FIRST thing they'd do would be to take you away from us. I told you that last night, and you didn't *seem* to care. But Bobby



and I **do** care - both of us love you very, very much. The whole reason we're all in this house is because Bobby and I wanted to be the ones to watch out for you, and take care of you. Do you think we'd work and try so hard to keep all of us together if we didn't love you more than anything else in the world? Can you understand how much it hurt us when you said that you *didn't care* about that by saying you would tell people about us, even if it meant you'd be taken away from us?"

Karen and Kathy were both crying openly, and looked absolutely miserable after hearing Julie tell them just how much they'd frightened and hurt us with their threats. Julie sat back a little, and it was my turn to talk to them.

"You told us last night that you knew how special it was between Julie and me - but you went ahead and *demand*ed that we give up some of it, and give it to YOU. You said that you knew how hard Julie and I work to try and make things happy and nice for us - and then *demand*ed that we give up some of the happiness and pleasure we had with each other for YOU. You *demand*ed that we give up a lot of things for you - without thinking about how much both of us **already** gave up: remember that Julie was going to college when Mom and Dad died? Do you see her going to college NOW? Before Mom and Dad died, you saw me going out on dates after school. When was the last time you saw me go out on a date, and not to WORK? Remember when Mom or Dad used to call a repairman when something broke on the house? Who does the repairs NOW?"

Both of them were starting to blubber, but Karen managed to say "We *said* we were sorry, and we didn't mean it!"

"Yeah, you did - AFTER you threatened us, hurt us, scared the HELL out of us, started to mess up the special thing Julie and I have, and demanded things from us", I replied, then continued "AFTER you did all that, saying you're sorry and you didn't mean it doesn't count for much. After you say all that stuff, what are we supposed to believe? That you didn't mean it? Or that you don't mean that you didn't mean it? Why should we believe either one? Can you give me even **one** good reason we shouldn't think you'll do something like that again? Or even do something worse? If you're going to behave like that, why shouldn't Julie and I just give up trying to keep us all together? If WE went somewhere else without you, we could probably have a pretty good chance of having a nice life together if we wanted. And we wouldn't have to worry about a couple of selfish little *kids* that don't care about anything but themselves spoiling it for us."

Julie and I were both laying it on thick - and doing so deliberately. We knew we had to drive our point home with a vengeance if there was any chance of the twins really *learning* from what they'd done. We wanted to make sure that they never, **ever** tried anything like that again, with ANYBODY.

Julie and I sat there watching them as it slowly sank in for them just exactly what they'd done - and the full repercussions of it. Not only had they done bad things to US, but their actions had come back to bite *them* on the backside, too: their honesty and truthfulness and a lot of other things were being questioned because of their thoughtless behavior.

Normally, they'd be sharing looks, using the silent communication that twins are notorious for; but now they couldn't bear to look at each other. They both knew that they'd egged each other into saying what they had to Julie; and that neither one of them had even the slightest claim to innocence, or ignorance about what they'd done, or the consequences of it.

Julie and I just waited as they stewed in the juices of their own ill-considered, irresponsible, and hurtful actions. Both of them were crying profusely, and absolutely devastated by what they'd said and done.

Finally, Kathy spoke up, telling us "I'm sorry", promptly followed by Karen's "Me, too!"

Kathy told us "I really, truly am sorry for what I - we - said, and what... *we* did to you." I knew that the change from speaking for herself to including both of them was her way of admitting that she had been part of their mutual decision. Rather than an effort to shift some of the blame to Karen, Kathy's statement was an acceptance of her part of their *shared* guilt and responsibility.

Karen followed up by saying "So am I. I... WE didn't mean to hurt you or scare you or anything like that. We just wanted to learn about guys and sex and all that, and... **we** got carried away. We forgot about everything you've already done for us, and how much you love us and help us and all that."

Kathy said "Yeah, we did. We *were* selfish and thoughtless and cruel, and we hurt and scared both of you. Both of you have worked so hard to take care of us and watch out for us since Mom and Dad died, and we just threw it all away just trying to get what WE wanted, without thinking about what it would do - not just to us, but you, too."

Both of them looked at us, tears running down their faces and obviously in anguish as Karen told us "I'm SO sorry! I didn't want to hurt or scare either one of you! I LOVE you!"

Kathy was next, telling us "Me, too - I love you, more than I know how to say. I'd *die* if we got broken up! Please, can you forgive me... us? We'll never do it again, **EVER!**"

Karen finished it for them by saying "Really, Bobby, Julie. We ARE sorry, honest. We'd NEVER tell about you, to **anyone**, *ever*. We love you too much!"

Listening to them, I knew that we'd gotten to them: it was only under EXTREME stress that they 'broke apart', each speaking for herself, instead of finishing each other's sentences. Julie apparently had the same thought; we looked at each other, then back to where the two of them were shaking with sobs, their faces wet with their tears.

Julie spoke for both of us when she asked them "You understand what you did to Bobby and me? And how it would have come back and hurt you, too?"

Both of them nodded, and she went on "Do you realize just how BAD it was, and why?"

Again, they nodded.

"Do you understand that after you pull a stunt like that, it's going to be a long time before either one of us really feels like we can trust or believe you about anything? That you're going to have to EARN our trust again?"

Their heads down in shame, they managed to mutter that they did.

"Do you understand that it's BECAUSE we love you the way we do that what you said and did hurt and scared us so much?"

They said they did, through their sniffles.

"And do you understand that that is **not** the way to get someone to do something for you - particularly when it's someone that loves you as much as we do?"

They managed to tell us that they did.

Julie and I looked at each other, and silently agreed that we figured they really did finally understand.

I was the one to tell them "If you really understand what you did to us, and promise to never, EVER do anything like that again - to *anybody* - then I guess we can forgive you."

With that, the two of them looked up at us - the sorrow and guilt plain on their faces.

"We're sorry, Bobby, really we are. I promise I'll NEVER do that again!" Karen declared, followed by Kathy's "I'm sorry, Julie. I promise, too!"

Julie and I both opened our arms, and gestured to the twins that we wanted to hold them on our laps. Both looked relieved, and quickly moved to take us up on our offer - Kathy going to Julie, Karen coming over to sit on my lap. Julie and I put our arms around them, and held them as both of them snuggled next to us and started quietly crying tears of happiness.

A while later, when they'd calmed down again, I said "If you two really want to learn about guys, and sex, and all that" - "We do!" Karen declared into my chest - "then you need to stop and think about a few things."

"Like what?" Kathy asked.

"Like the fact that both of you are so much smaller than Julie is - which means that you're smaller *there*, too. On top of that, you're both virgins, which means that even if you

weren't so small inside, there would still be the problem of getting past your hymen. Doing that can hurt if you - and the guy - aren't both ready, and careful."

Julie spoke up, telling them "Bobby's right. When I lost my virginity, it hurt - not a lot, but it still hurt. I wish *I* had the right guy, and taken my time, for my first time. And he's right about how small you are, inside. I hadn't been with a guy for a long time when Bobby and I made love the first time; and even though I wasn't a virgin, I had gotten smaller inside. If he hadn't been careful and gentle with me, I think - no, I KNOW - it would have hurt to make love again."

I picked up from there, saying "Don't forget that you're going to start having periods, either. When that happens, there's the chance that you could get pregnant if you have sex with a guy and he gets *any* of his semen in you. That means that if you got to make love *at all*, either he would have to wear a condom - which isn't much fun for either you OR him - or you would have to be on some kind of birth control. What do you think a doctor would say if you asked him for something like that? As young as you are, do you think he'd give it to you, or just call the Child Welfare people on Julie and me?"

That last part gave both of them something to think about while I had a sip of my soda.

Julie took over then, telling them "Both of you took your robes off last night to show us you were naked - but are you *really* ready to have Bobby start touching you like that? Or do you want to take it a little slower, and start with something a little easier, and let it grow from there? You said that you've been touching and learning and experimenting with each other, and even some of the girls that were at camp - but do you think you, or any of them, know as much about sex and guys as **I** do? If you want to learn from me, then it means that we'd almost certainly have to get naked, some time or other; how are you going to feel about having ME naked with you? Me, a grown woman with grown breasts and hair between my legs, and all the rest? I know you've had some sex education in school, and you and I have talked - but have either one of you really ever had a chance to look at a guys parts? Where do you think you'll be able to have the time and opportunity to really look, and even touch, if it's not with Bobby? How are you going to feel, knowing that it's HIM you're looking at and touching? And knowing that HE knows it's YOU?"

I saw Karen and Kathy having one of their silent 'talks', and Kathy spoke up, saying "We really didn't think..."

"... about all of that." Karen finished.

Julie and I let them contemplate that for a bit before I told them "Then don't you think maybe you **SHOULD** think about it? And try to see if there aren't some other things that you really ought to be aware of? What else have you forgotten? What do you think the results are going to be if one thing or another happens?"

"Like what?" Kathy asked.

"Like maybe YOU better figure that out!" Julie told them, then adding "You want us to teach you about sex, like you're grown up - but you're not *acting* grown up by trying to think about any of this stuff for yourselves."

"How can we find out about it, when we don't know where to start?" Karen asked, plaintively.

"Where to start is easy - what do you want to know? The how is the hard part - but even that isn't all **that** hard. You've got a library at school, don't you? And if what you want to know isn't there, there's still the city library - and you can read anything you want, and nobody will know as long as you read it there and don't check it out. And you've got your computer, and that online service. If you need to, Bobby or I either one will grant permission for you to look up anything you want", Julie told them.

"And while you're reading and learning, you need to keep asking yourself questions - like 'what would I think or feel if it was ME doing this?', or 'what would happen if I did this?', or 'if I did this, what would Bobby or Julie or someone else think or feel about it?', and like that", I added.

Both of them nodded, starting to understand just what it was that they'd gotten themselves into - and how much they'd assumed by their demand that Julie and I teach them.

Julie and I kept quiet for a couple of minutes before she told them "Bobby and I aren't going to do anything to stop you from learning about sex - but we're not going to try to push into learning about it, either. If you want to learn about it from us, then it's up to YOU to let US know what you want to learn - and show us that you're grown up enough to be responsible for learning it. Either one of us will answer any question you've got; if we don't know the answer, we'll help you find it."

I spoke up, saying "Julie just said that we aren't going to stop you from learning, and we mean it. Anything you want to do with each other or to yourselves is fine - we're not trying to tell you that it's okay to do stuff that we know you've already been doing. We're saying that you don't have to be afraid of us knowing about it - you don't have to try to hide any of it from us. If you want to kiss or touch each other, that's fine. If you want to run around the house naked, knock yourself out - just keep a robe or something handy in case we have a surprise visitor. The house rules about closed doors still stands: everybody knocks first, and waits for an answer before going in. Beyond that, it's up to whoever's in the room to decide what and how to cover up anything they don't want seen. If someone turns shy or bashful, they're free to ask you to leave - so do it. Looking is expected, but try to be polite and not stare. Touch someone else only if you're willing to have them touch you the same way. Comments about how someone looks should be polite, if you have to say anything at all - which you shouldn't. In other words, you're expected to be polite and respectful of other people, and responsible for yourself. Understood?"

I saw Kathy nodding, and felt Karen doing the same.

"Fair enough. We all know the rules around the house. Outside, nobody knows anything is different - we're just like everyone else, right?"

"Right!" Karen and Kathy said in unison - and with considerable enthusiasm.

"Good. Now I think it's time you went upstairs and got yourselves cleaned up - it's not too long before supper", I told them, giving Karen a little swat on the butt.

They got up and went upstairs quietly. Julie and I could see that we'd given them plenty to think about.

When we heard their bedroom door close, Julie turned to me and asked "Well, what do you think?"

I thought for a moment, and answered "I think we probably made our point about what they did to us last night" - "I guess!", Julie agreed - "As for the rest of it, I think we got through to them about what they didn't know and needed to learn on their own. After that, I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

Julie nodded, and the two of us sat there for quite a while, lost in our own thoughts.

---

From that point on, things started changing around the house. Julie and I continued to share my bed at night, and neither one of the twins showed any interest in the matter at all - though I suspect that they might have heard me or Julie a time or two when we made love. On the other hand, Julie and I heard as one or the other - or sometimes both - of them found their own releases. Whether it was individual or mutual pleasuring, we didn't ask - and pretended not to know about.

The twins did as they were told, and started trying to figure out for themselves what it was they needed to know, and learning it. Every so often, one or the other would come to Julie or me and ask a question. We'd answer them as best we could; if we didn't know, we'd get on the computer or go to the library with them, and find the answer.

As the weeks went by, we learned to be a lot more casual with each other - as Kathy and Karen got more and more chances to see me or Julie in just our underwear, or even naked, they began to relax about us seeing them the same way. It took a while, but I finally got over the guilt of the involuntary erections I'd sometimes get whenever I saw them walking around the house in just their panties - or, a few times - completely naked.

Valentine's day proved to be a memorable day for both of them: Karen started her first menstrual cycle the day before; Kathy had her turn the day after. Fortunately, Julie had already talked with both of them about it some time before, so neither one was frightened by it - in fact, both were mildly pleased (despite the mess and mild discomfort) to have it finally happen. Julie had already laid in a small supply of the products they'd indicated

they'd want to use, so it wasn't even necessary to make a quick run to a store because of the suddenness of it.

Once we hit the point of the girls letting us see them in varying stages of undress, it wasn't much longer before they were willing to touch, and be touched - at least, above the waist. They'd seen Julie sitting on my lap, holding my hands on her breasts; and it was Karen that finally dared to do the same thing - surprising me mightily the first time she moved my hand to cover her small breast. But I didn't say or do anything to indicate that I thought it was any kind of special event, or invitation to do something more, and Kathy soon followed Karen's example. Neither of them made a frequent or regular thing out of it - but it still happened often enough that we all got used to it.

When their 14th birthday came around, Kathy and Karen told Julie that what they *really* wanted was to learn about guys - and more specifically, **guy parts**. So the party they had for their birthday consisted of exactly four people: them, Julie, and a naked me. Both of them were noticeably shy and nervous when it started, but Julie's matter-of-fact tone and my (feigned) indifference eventually settled them down. As was to be expected, I had an involuntary response to some of the instruction, but Julie just took it in stride and used the opportunity to explain a few things to them.

---

When it got close to Memorial Day again, I got called to the office of my counselor at school - Mr. Williams. After I sat down in front of him, he looked through a file on his desk, then looked up at me and said "You've done pretty good here at school, Bob. You're carrying a pretty good grade average - particularly in light of the job you have after school. What are you going to do after you graduate?"

"I thought about college, of course - but I've still got two sisters in middle school, and it's my job that brings in most of the money."

He sighed, and said "I figured as much. Bob, your grades are good enough to get you into college, easily. What about a scholarship - would that help?"

"I don't think so. I talked it over with my older sister, and it's not just paying for school - though that's a part of it; its food and rent and all the rest of it, too."

"I expected that, too. Bob, here's the deal: the state is starting a new program, aimed at kids pretty much in your situation - smart enough to get into school, and motivated enough to make it, but that can't afford to lose the income from whatever jobs they have because they're either the sole or primary support for their families. What happens is that the state pays the tuition for you to go to school part-time, AND reimburses your employer for part of your salary if you're working in whatever field you're studying. Does that sound like something you'd be interested in?"

"Sure does!"

"What were you thinking about studying, if you went to college?"

"Something to do with computers. We got one for my younger sisters, and I've been able to spend some time on it. I pretty much figured out how it worked, and I've tried learning how to write programs for it. Simple stuff, really, but it helps me understand what's going on inside it."

He nodded, and said "The whole field of computers is going to open up in a few years. Anybody with formal training in them is going to be able to pretty much write their own ticket. That's one of the areas the state is willing to go half on salary on - they figure it's going to be a growth area, too. Other stuff - trades, clerical, office, and such - they're only going a quarter or even just ten percent of salary. Do you need any help finding a company that would let you work for them on computers while you went to school?"

I thought about something Gus had said a few weeks earlier, and answered "Maybe not. Where I'm working after school, the boss was saying that he wanted to get some computers for the office. I can talk to him and see if he'll let me change jobs."

Mr. Williams told me "You do that. Make sure you let him know the state would reimburse him for part of your salary - as much as half of it. He can call me if he has any questions; I've got the full details here."

I thanked him, and left, going back to my regular classes.

That afternoon, when I got to work, I asked his secretary if I could talk to Gus that day - or if not, if I could get an appointment. She told me that she thought he'd be available, and that she'd make a P.A. announcement when he was able to see me. I thanked her, and went to my work station.

A while later, I heard her announcement, and went to Gus's office. He was waiting inside, and when he saw me in his door, told me "Come on in, Bob. I understand you wanted to talk to me about something?"

"Yes, sir. I got called into my counselor's office this morning, and he told me about a new program the state is getting ready to start. It sounded pretty good."

"Tell me about it."

I did - not just what the state program was, but about the computer we had at home, how I'd been learning on it, and what I thought I wanted to study if I got to go to college.

When I was done, he just sat there looking at me for a couple minutes, apparently lost in his own thoughts. I was afraid that I'd said or done something wrong, and was really starting to get nervous when he suddenly snapped out of it and looked at me before saying "That's some program, all right, Bob. And you're right, I *was* thinking about getting some computers for the office here. But then I realized that there wasn't any of us



that knew how to use the darn things, and we'd be god-awful slow while we learned - so I decided to forget about it."

I thought I'd just lost my best shot at going to college; he must have seen the expression on my face, and quickly said "But listening to you just now, I realized that I wasn't as bad off as I thought I was - and even if I was, I can't afford NOT to get them. More and more of the competition is using them, and I don't dare get left behind. And if you've already got a computer at home and know how to use it, then you're a fair piece ahead of the rest of us in here. I'm going to go ahead and start getting us switched over from pen and paper to computers - and you're going to help me. This state program sounds like just the thing to help BOTH of us - with the state reimbursing me for part of your pay, it makes it cheaper for me, and with them paying for it, you get your schooling. How much am I paying you now?"

I told him, and he said "No, that's not enough for computer person. We'll bump that up by half - no, we'll double it, since the state will be paying half anyway, and there's no reason to short you on this. You'll be needing the money for books and such - you said the state only paid tuition, didn't you?"

I said that was what Mr. Williams had told me, and Gus said "That's it, then. You go ahead and finish your shift tonight, but report to me as soon as you get out of school tomorrow. We're going to have to get together so you can tell me what all we need - the computers, the - software? - and anything else. When you come in tomorrow, it'll be at your new pay rate. What the hell do I call you - what kind of job title do I give you?"

I didn't have the faintest idea, and just waited until Gus finally said "Ah, hell, let's make it good - you're my Lead Computer Operator. You're my only computer operator, so you must be the lead one, right?", laughing.

I laughed, too, and said "I guess so!"

"When do you get out of school - graduate, I mean?"

I told him, and he said "That sounds good to me - first Monday after that, you start here full time. Until then, we can get you enough hours as my computer operator to keep your paychecks up, okay?"

I said that sounded just fine, and he told me "Until you get all of us trained and up to speed, you're gonna have your hands full, Bob. You ready for that?"

I grinned, and said "I guess I'm gonna find out!"

Gus laughed, and said "Yeah, I guess you are. But I think you can do it, Bob. If you can work here like you have, keep your grades as good as they've been, AND help raise those two sisters of yours, I reckon you can do 'bout anything you set your mind to. What was your counselor's name? I'll be calling him tomorrow to get the exact details on this state

program. You make sure you get in there and apply for it; between me and him, I reckon we can get the state to admit you. If need be, I can make a couple calls that'll help, too."

I assured him that I'd be in Mr. Williams' office first thing in the morning, gave him Mr. Williams name and the school's phone number, and went back to my workstation. At break time, I told a couple of the guys I worked with about what had happened, and they were not just happy for me, but actually congratulated me and encouraged me to do it. One of the more senior guys, Willie, told me "Bob, most of us are out here 'cause we DIDN'T get to go to college. You're a hard worker, and all of us respect that - but you're *smart*, too, and we respect that even more. If you can get a college education and not have to do this kind of work, I don't reckon there's a one of us that would begrudge you the chance. There's probably a few gonna try to talk bad about you - smarty-pants, college-boy, crap like that. Don't you listen to them - they'll just be jealous 'cause you're smarter than they are, and that you're getting a chance they likely don't deserve. Okay?"

I nodded solemnly, and he just grinned and clapped me on the shoulder before telling me "Now you best get back to work - can't have you slacking off your last night on the line!"

---

When I got home, I couldn't wait to tell Julie and the twins - and all three of them kissed and hugged me in their happiness at the good news.

Over supper, Julie announced "Okay, everybody. We can't have Bobby wearing jeans and a tee shirt in an office. We're going to have to get him some office clothes - white shirt, slacks, maybe a jacket and tie. We can do it, but it's going to mean keeping expenses down for a couple weeks. Does anybody have any reason we can't?"

Kathy and Karen just looked at her like she'd just suggested they paint themselves purple. Julie just smiled and said "That's what I thought."

---

The next morning, I was waiting outside Mr. Williams' office when he got to school. He looked at me, a little surprised, but responded agreeably to the big grin I had on my face. When we were in his office, I told him about my meeting with Gus, and he told me "Sounds like you've got a pretty good boss, Bob. When he calls, I'll have all the information ready for him. In the mean time, you need to fill out this application, and get it back to me as soon as you can. I'll be passing it along with my recommendation; I can't guarantee you'll be accepted, of course, but you fit the program parameters so well I can't imagine why they *wouldn't* accept you."

With that, he handed me a small pile of papers; when he saw the expression on my face at the idea of having to fill all of them out, he laughed and said "Don't worry - most of that is just instructions. But you still have a fair amount of printing to do to fill it all out."

I tucked them into my knapsack, and thanked him as I stood up to leave. He looked up at me and said "I think this is going to work out just fine for you, Bob."

Whenever I had a chance the rest of the day, I would pull out the instructions for all the forms he'd given me and read them - I didn't want to make any mistakes that might cost my what could well be my one and only shot at going to college.

---

As instructed, I reported to Gus just as soon as I could manage to get to work after school - with that including a brief detour to home so I could change into clothes that were more 'office' than the jeans and tee I usually wore. Gus saw what I was wearing, but didn't say anything - though I did see him nod to himself, apparently in approval.

We sat down in his office and he told me about all the stuff that the company had to do - invoices, purchase orders, time and payroll, and so on. It didn't take me long to realize that a businesses needs were a LOT more serious than what we were used to at home. I listened closely, and asked a lot of questions - which seemed to please him, strangely - while taking a *lot* of notes. I was completely surprised to discover that nearly three hours had passed when he suggested that we call it a day, and pick up where we left off the next afternoon.

As we were getting our things together so we could leave, I told him straight out that a lot of what we'd talked about was new to me, and that I was going to have to do a lot of studying and learning before I could give him any solid recommendations about what we needed. He smiled, and said "Bob, if you'd told me anything BUT that, I'd have had you back out on the production line. I already figured you didn't know much about what goes on in the offices here, and that you'd have to learn it. But with the grades you get in school, I know you CAN learn it, and learn it fast enough for what I need. I don't expect you to be perfect - I KNOW you're going to make mistakes. I trusted you to know what you don't know, and you proved I was right to do it by asking me all the questions you did. I can't begin to tell you how much it has cost me over the years because folks didn't want to ASK. You know more about computers than I do. I know more about running a business that you do. We work together, we can learn from each other and BOTH of us will be better off. I'm not looking to run out and buy a bunch of computers next week - or even next month. If you get after it, you'll know enough to be able to give me the answers I'm after when I need them, for right now. As we get into this computer stuff more, you're going to have to keep learning - but that's why you'll be going to college, right?"

I grinned, and said that I reckoned so. He went on to tell me "It ain't gonna be easy for you, Bob - but I got confidence in you. You worked hard for me out there on the production line, and I know you'll work hard for me in here - the difference is, out there, you were exercisin' your back; in here, it'll be your brains. You ready to make that change?"

"I'm ready. I don't know if I can, but if I can't, it won't be because I didn't give it my best shot."

He put his hand on my shoulder, and said "I can't ask for more than that. And I'm thinkin' that your best shot is gonna be plenty good enough. Now let's get on home."

I walked with him out to the parking lot - and when he saw where my car was, told me "You're office staff, Bob. You can park over here, now."

I nodded, got in my car and went home - where Julie and the twins were eagerly waiting to hear how my first day in my new job had gone.

---

A few days later, Mr. Williams saw me in the hall at school, and gestured for me to come to his office after I'd eaten lunch. I did, and when I got there, he had me take a seat before asking "How are you doing in your new job?"

I admitted that I was discovering a lot of things about business that I'd never really thought about before. Mr. Williams smiled, and said "That's to be expected. That was a pretty hefty jump you made, going from production to the office - particularly for somebody that's just a couple weeks from graduating high school. Any problems?"

I said that I'd been staying up a little later than I meant to, reading books and trying to learn more about business and computers so that I could have better answers for what Gus was asking. Mr. Williams told me "Don't worry about that right now, Bob. He called me yesterday to see if I'd heard anything about your application - he wants you in that program as much as I do. We got to talking, and he told me that he thinks you're doing - and I quote - 'a helluva good job'. You've got finals next week, so I think he'd understand if your attention was on that, for right now. Once you pass them, you'll have nearly two weeks before graduation - and I'll make arrangements with your teachers so that you have as many study halls as you want, so you can do your reading and studying there."

I nodded, and answered "I wasn't worried too much about finals, but you're right - I do need to take care of those before I worry too much about this other stuff."

He smiled and said "Bob, as good as your grades have been, I don't think you'll have any trouble with final exams, either - but why take the chance?"

Having said pretty much everything he wanted to, he excused me so I could be sure and get to my next class on time.

---

As I'd expected, I didn't have any trouble with final exams; I passed all of them with relative ease. And as he'd promised, Mr. Williams talked to all my teachers, and got me

study halls to replace all my classes - when he told the teachers about the promotion I'd gotten and the state program, all of them were more than happy to do it. My last few days as a high school student were spent doing nothing but reading and taking notes. The school didn't have much on computers and business, so I was reading stuff I got from the city library.

When graduation came, Gus was in the audience, right there with Julie and the twins, just as he'd said he'd be - and wearing the belt the twins had made for him at camp, pleasing them immensely. His wife Belinda was with him, and seemed to enjoy being there as much as he did.

After the graduation ceremonies were over, he came over with Julie and the girls and congratulated me. I thanked him, and he told me "Bob, there's something I do for every one of my employees that graduates - whether it's high school, getting a General Education Diploma, or college." With that, he handed me a folded piece of paper. When I got it unfolded, I saw that it was a check equal to a week's pay. I could just stand there, speechless; Julie finally took it out of my hand and looked at it - then gasped. Both of us were looking at him in a mixture of awe and surprise when he told me "I went to college, too, and I know how much an education means. Every time one of my people graduates, they get a check for a week's pay - before taxes - just to make sure they understand that more education means more money in their pocket. I reckon you'll be wanting to celebrate tonight, so I'll be heading on home, now. I won't expect you in the office until Monday - have yourself a good time, and I'll see you then."

He shook hands with me, and his wife gave me a kiss on the cheek before the two of them said their goodbyes to Julie and the twins. When they were gone, Julie showed the check to Karen and Kathy, who both got wide-eyed at the amount.

I went around and said my goodbyes to the teachers that I'd really liked, along with the very few people in school that I'd been able to call 'friend', then the four of us went out to the car and headed home. There, the twins and Julie waited patiently as I changed clothes, and the four of us went out to eat to celebrate my graduation. I knew a lot of the other kids would be going to parties and finding other ways to celebrate; but I was perfectly content to have the company of my three sisters.

When we got home, we all went upstairs to change, then collected in the living room. There, I found that they'd actually bought a copy of my all-time favorite movie - *Close Encounters* - on videocassette, and had the TV and VCR all set. Julie brought us in some sodas while Kathy and Karen made popcorn for all of us. While we were waiting for them, Julie and I got into a little bit of an argument about what to do with the check Gus had given me. I wanted to give it to Julie to use for all of us, and she insisted that it was my bonus from Gus, and that I should spend it on whatever I wanted. I tried to argue that what I wanted to spend it on was the family, but she wasn't having any of that. It wasn't until after the twins came in with the popcorn that we finally made an arrangement: half would go toward family expenses, and I'd agree that the other half would be 'mine' - but that I was allowed to use some of it for the clothes I'd need for work.

With that out of the way, it was time for the movie - but only after Kathy climbed into my lap, and Karen took up station on Julie's. Because it was 'my' night, the three of them were careful to just sit quietly and watch the movie, rather than chatting as they usually did when we watched a rented movie.

After it was over, it was late enough that we all decided to go ahead and call it a night. Karen and Kathy both kissed and hugged me goodnight after congratulating me and telling me how happy they were for me. Julie waited until we were alone in my room - and we finished up the night with a long, slow, gentle session of '69' that left both of us thoroughly satiated.

---

The next morning, Thursday, the twins still had to go to school; they'd have to go for a half-day on Friday, then they were done for the summer.

I got to sleep late - until the ungodly hour of 7:00 AM - while Julie got up to fix them breakfast and lunches to take to school. Before they left, they came up to my room to kiss me goodbye, and smiled and dimpled at me when I patted them on their butts. When they were gone, Julie took her robe off, and climbed back into bed with me so the two of us could cuddle for a while. At noon, Julie got ready, and then left for her part-time job, leaving me alone in the house. There wasn't anything pressing for me to do around the house, so I just got the book I'd been reading and found myself a comfortable position on the couch to finish it up.

I'd finished it and was just laying there thinking about what I'd read when Karen and Kathy got home from school. Both immediately went upstairs to change clothes, surprising me when they reappeared in the living room wearing only their panties. They came over to where I was laying, and Karen gestured that they wanted me to sit up. I did, and Kathy indicated that I needed to move over a bit; when I was appropriately situated, they sat down, one on each side of me; then snuggled into my sides before pulling my arms around them, each placing one of my hands on a breast. By that time, things had progressed enough that when they did that, it was a sign that I was welcome to caress their breasts and nipples - which I started doing, feeling their nipples erect slightly in response. Both of them had grown out a little more, so the breast in each hand made a nice handful, the nipple pressing into my palm.

I looked from one to the other with a raised eyebrow in question; it was Kathy that spoke first, saying "Bobby, we've been thinking, and there's something we wanted to ask you."

"What's that?" I asked.

Karen said "Well, ever since our birthday when you let us, you know, um, *look* at you so we'd know about guys, we've been thinking about stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Um, well, you know that we've been talking to Julie, right?" Kathy asked.

"Yeah - we don't talk about *exactly* what you say to either of us, but we know **in general**, so that we can answer your questions and stuff better", I replied.

"Well, we've been, uh, touching ourselves - you know, masturbating - and, well, each other, too. And Julie kind of helped us find out how we could make ourselves feel better than we could before." Karen said.

Kathy followed that by saying "But sometimes, we can hear it when you and Julie are doing something." Realizing what she'd just said, Kathy quickly amended herself, saying "I mean, we can't hear **WHAT** you're doing, we just know you're doing something because we can hear it when Julie has an orgasm."

"And we were, uh, wanting to know if it would be okay... If you would mind, um, helping us have orgasms like Julie's", Karen finished.

"You want me to make love to you?" I asked, surprised and concerned.

Both of them got strange looks on their faces before Karen said "Oh, no! We don't think we're ready for **THAT** yet!", followed by Kathy saying "Julie told us that sometimes you and her... that you..."

"That you use your hands and mouth on her." Karen blurted, making both of them blush before lowering their heads to stare at their feet.

I grinned to myself, and told them "If you think you want to try that, *I* don't mind - but you'd better check with Julie to see if **SHE** has any objections."

Kathy quickly lifted her head to look at me, and exclaimed "Oh, we would! We wouldn't want to do anything with you that would upset **HER**!"

Karen added "Yeah! We thought we'd better ask if it was okay with you first, since if you said 'no', there wouldn't be any reason to ask her. But you didn't, so we'll ask her before... you know."

I smiled at them, and said "Okay. As long as Julie doesn't mind, I don't."

Both of them looked up at me and said "Thanks, Bobby!" in unison. We sat there a few more minutes before they got up and went back up to their bedroom - doubtless to figure out how to approach Julie with their request.

Julie got home a little after 6:00, and I caught her before she went upstairs. I quickly let her know about the twin's request - she didn't seem all that surprised - so she'd have a little warning before they approached her about it.

When they heard Julie come upstairs, Karen and Kathy came back downstairs - wearing oversized tee shirts - to make supper, as they did on the days she worked; it was their way of trying to make things a little easier on her. They weren't as good of cooks as Julie was, but what they made was still reasonably tasty, if simple.

After supper, Julie and I were sitting together on the couch when the girls came in and took seats in the chairs across from us. They sat quietly until a commercial came on the TV, then Kathy spoke up: "Julie?"

Julie muted the TV and turned to face them.

Kathy told her "There's something we wanted to ask you."

"What's that?"

"We decided that we were ready to, uh, start letting guys start touching us, and stuff." Karen offered.

"and stuff?" Julie asked.

"Uh, well, touching us, and maybe, um, using his mouth on us." Kathy answered.

"You said 'his', so it sounds like you have someone in mind. And what does that have to do with me?"

Kathy and Karen looked at each other, and Karen answered "We were hoping that you wouldn't mind... that you'd say it was okay if Bobby was the one we started with. We already asked him, and he said it was okay with him as long as you didn't mind. Do you?"

Julie waited a few seconds before saying "If you really want to try it" - "We do!" Kathy declared - "then I guess its okay. What did you have in mind?"

They shared another look, and Karen said "We've had orgasms, but we sometimes hear what it's like when you and Bobby are together..."

Kathy spoke up to say "And you told us that sometimes you can Bobby use your hands and mouths on each other and..."

"... we want to do that with him, too, to see if we can have orgasms ..."

"...as good as what you sound like when you're with him." Kathy finished.

"So you want him to touch you like that, and use his mouth on you?" Julie asked.

They nodded, and her next question was "And did you plan to do anything to him?"



They looked at each other again, and Kathy said "Uh, well, yeah, we wanted to."

"If it's okay, and he doesn't mind." Karen added.

Julie turned to look at me - and give me a smile that the two of them couldn't see. We'd talked about it before, and she'd finally gotten me to admit that the idea of having a chance to be naked with them didn't hurt my feeling all *that* much.

Julie's face was composed again when she turned back to them and asked "How did you want to do all this? And when?"

The first question obviously threw them, but they were ready for the second, Karen answering "Uh, we were hoping that Saturday would be okay."

"But how did you want to do it? The two of you together with him, or just one at a time? Or did you have something else in mind?" Julie asked.

Realizing that she wasn't asking them for the gory details of what they wanted to do, but the logistics of it, both looked considerably relieved when Kathy answered "We aren't really sure about that - I mean, both of us are kind of scared about it. We were hoping that you'd stay with us, and kind of help us get started."

Julie smiled, and said "I think I can do that" - to the twin's obvious pleasure.

"Thanks, Julie - and Bobby!" Kathy told us, followed by Karen's "Yeah, thank you SO much!" before the two of them left o go back up to their bedroom.

When they were gone, Julie snuggled into my side and asked "Do you think they're ready for this?"

"Damned if I know - I guess we'll find out Saturday."

"Do you think *you're* ready for it?" Julie teased.

"Well, I've had enough time to get used to the idea. It'll still be kinda weird, what with them being so young and all." I paused a few moments and added "But I love them, and don't want them to have the kinds of problems you told me you had. Besides, it might be kinda fun, actually..."

That last part got me a playful pinch from Julie before she told me "You realize, of course, that once they get a chance to start having fun with you, they're probably not going to want to stop."

That was something I hadn't thought about - I figured their request was just a one-time deal. I looked down at Julie and asked "You're kidding, right?"

She grinned at me, and said "Not even a little bit. I remember what it was like for me when **I** finally got to start having orgasms with guys. The ones I gave myself were nice, and the ones I had with other girls were better - but with guys? There's just no comparison - I guess it's just the way a girl's mind is hooked up; at least, if she's not completely gay. I know you'll be even more patient and gentle with them that you are with me, and that'll only make it better for them. So yeah, I think it's going to be more than just this once."

I was sitting there thinking *that* one over when she told me "And just so you know, there's a pretty good chance that once they've gotten used to having you touch them and bring them orgasms, it's probably not going to be long before they decide they're ready for the next step, and ask you to make love with them - so you'd better start getting used to **THAT** idea, too!"

The whole conversation we were having was starting to overload my mind, and I just sat there for several minutes thinking it over before I asked "So what are **YOU** going to have to say about it, if all this turns out the way you think it will?"

Julie sighed, and said "As long as they don't get in the way of what you and I already have, I'll be okay with it. I don't think that you're going to be chasing after them, or anything like that, so as long as they don't come to you so much that you can't take care of **ME**, it'll be okay. I love them, too, and if they're going to learn about sex and all that, I'd rather they learn from someone that I know will treat them right, and not rush them; for that, I trust **YOU** more than I'd trust anyone else in the world. Just make sure you save some for me, okay?"

I hugged her close, and answered "You'll always be first with me, Julie."

She looked up and gave me a pleased smile before tilting her head back a little to give me a kiss on the cheek.

---

The next morning, I went through another one of the books I'd gotten from the library while Julie went grocery shopping. She was home well before the twins got out of school, and had lunch ready for all of us when they got home. Afterwards, it was decided that it would be a good time for all of us to go out and do a little shopping - primarily for me, to get clothes more appropriate for my job. I managed to keep the amount of stuff we bought for me down by pointing out that I'd need clothes that I could wear to school, too, and that we should keep some of my 'allowance' back for later. Julie grudgingly agreed, but let me know that I **would** be getting more stuff later. The one thing she wouldn't let me slide on, though, was a suit. We found ourselves in one of the larger department stores, and Julie and the girls got together to pick one out for me - charcoal gray, with a vest and two pairs of pants. It wasn't one of the store's top-of-the-line brands, but just short of that. Julie went on to get one of the store's tailors to make the measurements needed to fit the suit to me. That added a little to the price, but when we got the suit back

a few days later, I had to admit that it certainly made the suit look better on me. Nobody was going to mistake it for some thousand dollar Armani number, but they'd certainly know it had been tailored to/for me. Between the tailoring and the couple of ties the three of them had picked out to go with it, I had to admit that I looked and felt like a lot more than a kid that had only recently graduated high school.

On the way home, we stopped off at the library. I returned the books I'd borrowed, and got a couple more - Julie and the girls each got a couple of books while we were there, too.

Back at the house, we all got our purchases put away, then kind of gravitated to the back yard to enjoy some nice weather. When it got close to supper, Julie suggested we just cook some burgers on the grill - an idea that met universal approval. I got the grill fired up while Julie and the twins got things ready; when the charcoal was right, I got the burgers going - I was as bad in the kitchen as Julie was good; but when it came to the barbeque grill, the situation was just the reverse. Woof, of course, was at my side the whole time I was cooking, just *waiting* for me to drop something. Between the wagging tail and his look of intense concentration as he tried to make it happen through sheer force of will, I couldn't help but break apart one of the patties and give him pieces of it every now and then - earning me his undying gratitude and continued company. We normally didn't feed him 'people' food, but it was kind of a special occasion, so Julie and the girls didn't say anything - they just looked on with amusement. Woof had been trained to stay away from any table that people were eating at, so we didn't have to worry about him begging or trying to steal anything off our plates as I got the burgers loaded onto them.

After we ate, the twins volunteered to clean up, leaving Julie and I to sit outside and relax. We'd been just watching the world go by for quite some time when Julie asked "So, are you ready for tomorrow, Bobby?"

It took me a second to realize what she was asking, and I just grinned and said "About as ready as I **can** be, I guess. Are you?"

She laughed, and answered "About the same, I think. I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow, exactly, but one thing I'm sure about: this family isn't ever going to be the same afterwards!"

I laughed, too, and replied "I don't think we've been the same since that night you came into my room..."

Julie knew what night I was talking about, and said "No, I guess we haven't, have we? Are you sorry about any of it?"

I reached over and took her hand to give it a squeeze, and answered "Not even a little bit. I knew I loved you before; my only regret is that it took me so long to realize just how MUCH I love you."

She squeezed my hand back and smiled, and the two of us sat there holding hands until the sun went down. The twins must have seen how happy we were out there, because they left us to ourselves until we got up and went inside.

---

The next morning, when Julie and I went downstairs to get some breakfast, we found the twins in the living room watching TV. With my promotion and raise, we'd decided that we had enough money coming in that we could afford cable TV - and the girls had quickly discovered a fondness for one of the 'nature' channels.

In the kitchen, we saw that the girls had gone ahead and gotten their own breakfast: cold cereal and English muffins. It sounded pretty good to us, too, so we did the same - with the addition of coffee. Julie and I teamed up to do the breakfast dishes, and then went into the living room to watch TV with the twins.

They were on the couch, so Julie and I each took 'our' chairs. After we'd been seated a few minutes, Karen got up to come over and sit on my lap, while Kathy went to Julie's. It was a relatively cool morning, and none of us was wearing anything more than just underwear, so it felt good to hold them and keep each other warm.

As we watched TV, Karen casually took my hand and moved it to her breast, then squeezed it, letting me know that she wanted me to play with it a little bit. As I did, I saw from the corner of my eye that Kathy was doing the same thing with Julie. The twins continued to watch TV while Julie and I softly caresses their breasts; after a bit, I looked over to Julie; she looked back at me, and we silently agreed that the twins were starting to 'make their move' - and that we'd go along with it.

I continued to fondle Karen's breasts: softly caressing one, then the other; holding one or the other in my hand as I ran my thumb across its nipple, and feeling it harden under my touch; gently squeezing and massaging them, back and forth from one to the other. It was a slow process, but eventually, I had Karen slightly squirming around on my lap - and a while later, I could detect the faint scent of aroused female. Discretely looking down at her panties, I thought I could see that they were a bit darker at the crotch - as though from the overflow of her juices. I didn't say anything, though, content to let Karen - and Kathy, if she was anywhere near the same condition - to set their own pace and make their needs and wants known when they were ready.

It was nearly another half hour before Karen finally looked up at me and uncertainly asked "Bobby? Would you take me upstairs? I... I think I'm ready to... you know..."

I smiled down at her, and said "Sure, I can do that."

Kathy spoke up then, asking Julie "Uh, can we go, too? I think I'm ready, too..."

Julie grinned at her, and answered "Yeah, we can go, too. Where to?"

It was Karen that answered, saying "We, uh, thought that our room would be better - you said you'd be with us, and our room is the only one with two beds so everybody would have someplace comfortable."

"That's fine" I told her.

Karen slid off my lap - giving me a look of surprise when she discovered that I'd gotten an erection from touching her. Kathy got off Julie's lap, and gave me a similar look when she saw my erection tenting my briefs. Julie kept her from embarrassing herself by taking Kathy's hand; I did the same with Karen, and the two pairs of us made our way up to the girls bedroom. It was the largest in the house - Julie and I had decided that since the two of them were going to have to share a room, it might as well be big enough to hold them. Besides which, neither of us had any need - or expectation of needing - anything larger than the rooms we'd taken for ourselves.

As a consequence, the girls' room was nearly twice the size of my room, and half again Julie's. They'd arranged their beds and other furniture so that each of them had a little bit of 'private' space, but that they were still close enough to keep each other company. Anything they shared, like their computer, was situated in the 'common' area.

Karen led me to her bed, while Kathy did the same with Julie. I could tell that Karen was extremely nervous, and said "How about if you just sit on my lap on your bed? Then if you want us to do anything else, we're already there?"

Karen nodded, and as she waited for me to situate myself on her bed, I saw Julie finding her own spot on Kathy's bed - and when Karen joined me, Kathy made her way to Julie's lap.

With Karen on my lap, I tilted my head down to kiss her softly on the forehead; she looked up at me and smiled, reassured. Julie reached over and turned on the radio they had on the table between their beds, then selecting an 'easy listening' station and setting the volume low. That helped fill a vaguely awkward silence, and I put my arms around Karen again. After a minute or so, I started slowly caressing her body - and after a bit, her breasts, as well. It wasn't long before I again had her squirming on my lap and the faint scent of her arousal tickling my nose. I gradually began to expand the range of my touch to include first her torso and arms, then on to her belly. She gave a faint start when my hands finally came in contact with her legs, but when I only ran my hands along the tops and outsides of her thighs, it didn't take her long to relax to my touch.

I lowered my head to kiss her again, surprising her by placing my lips on hers. She was hesitant at first, but she soon began to kiss me back as she let her hands come in contact with MY body. Her initial touch was soft, and almost reluctant; but when I didn't object or say anything, she grew bolder and her contact became firmer and more insistent.

I was kissing her again when I finally let my hand trace it's way along the inside of her thigh, from knee to mid-thigh, then back up and around to her hip. As my touch

approached her nylon-clad mound, I felt her stop breathing, then resume again when it became clear that I wasn't going to touch her there - yet.

I continued to let my hands wander across her body and down her legs; on each return journey from her knees, I'd trace a path along the inside of her thigh - and get a fraction of an inch closer to her crotch before veering off. After a minute or two of that, her eyes were closed as she concentrated on the feel of my soft touch on her skin; I let my eyes flicker down to her panties, and saw that there was a distinct change in their color between her thighs - confirming what my nose had already told me.

A few more passes along the inside of her thigh, and I felt her shift her weight slightly as she let her legs fall open a little farther. I chanced a look over at the other bed and saw that Julie had Kathy in a similar position - with the exception that it looked like Julie was maintaining a running commentary of soft words into Kathy's ear.

Turning my attention back to Karen, I let my hand wander semi-randomly on her body - her breasts and nipples, sides, belly, hips and waist, and legs were all subjected to my soft touch. A few more minutes, and my caress of her thighs finally ended with the edge of my hand brushing across her mound. Karen's breath caught in her throat, and she deliberately opened her thighs in invitation to repeat the contact.

Instead, I softly kissed her on the lips and asked "Would you like for us to lie down next to each other?" She opened her eyes to look up at me, and quietly nodded.

I eased her off my lap, then onto her back while I lay on my side next to her. I quickly went back to caressing her body, but began softly kissing her face and lips, too. As the seconds ticked away, and my fingers continued to trace a path along the insides of her thighs, Karen spread her legs even more, making it even easier for me to include the visibly damp crotch of her panties in my journey. With each touch, I would make the contact a little firmer, and last a little longer; it was only a few minutes before my fingers were almost continuously rubbing her obviously wet pussy through her panties.

When she started lifting her pelvis in response to my busy fingers, I slowly kissed my way down to her chest, by way of her throat and shoulder. My final stop was her breast, where I began licking and sucking on her hard, dark nipple - and drawing an impassioned gasp from her as she held my head in her hands, keeping me there. It took only a few minutes before she was softly panting as my mouth and lips went from one breast to the other and back again while my fingers danced between her thighs.

She moaned softly, and I moved my head back up next to hers so I could whisper in her ear "Do you want to take your panties off?"

She opened her eyes again, and nodded enthusiastically; I took my hand from her crotch and she didn't even glance at where Julie and Kathy were sitting as she lifted her hips and quickly peeled them down her legs before kicking them off. With them out of the way, she let her legs fall open, gasping slightly when my fingers directly touched her labia.

Her hands went to my head again, and with only the faintest pressure, she let me know that she wanted me to pay attention to her breasts again - and I did, happily. As I nursed at one breast, then the other, my fingertips began an exploration of the delicate petals of her blossoming flower.

I quickly discovered that her vaginal lips were small and thin, the area between them thoroughly wetted with her oils. As I investigated further, I learned that her pubic hair was starting to fill in, but was still a small patch of incredibly soft down. At the top of her cleft, her clitoris was almost completely exposed, and sensitive to my touch. I carefully went back to explore the area between her thighs, finding her opening to be hot, wet, and incredibly small. I felt her tense slightly when I first touched her opening with a fingertip, but when I didn't do anything more than simply touch her, she quickly relaxed.

With my mouth at her breasts, I used my hand to slowly, carefully, and *deliberately* go about the process of steadily increasing her arousal and passion. I'd wet the end of my finger with her juices, and then use them to lubricate her clitoris as I softly stroked and circled it, causing her to begin a slow lifting of her hips in response. Then I'd lower my hand a bit to wet my finger again before sliding it between her labia and a little ways into her vaginal opening. Each penetration like that was done slowly and gently - and went a little deeper than the one before. Karen tightened a little at first, but when I didn't 'push' the issue, and continued to be patient and gentle with her, she soon accepted what I was doing - then began to enjoy it.

Finally, as I'd expected, I came in contact with the barrier of her maidenhead. When she felt me come up against it, she immediately tensed - then relaxed again when I backed away from it. With the knowledge of how far inside her I could go, I slowly began finger-fucking her - with my hand curled along her mound, the palm of my hand would apply a slight pressure against her clitoris with each in and out stroke. Before long, she was panting almost continuously, and I could feel her insides begin clenching my finger as she got closer and closer to an orgasm - until, finally, it hit her.

Her eyes flew open as she stared far into space, her tight, wet vagina clamping down on my finger where it was inside her. Her mouth opened, and she released a long, drawn out cry of "A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-h-h-h-h-h-h!" as spasm after spasm washed through her.

As her climax tapered off, I gently slid my finger out of her - she lifted her pelvis to delay the process - and moved to put my arms around her. She was still panting slightly, but wrapped her arms around me and hugged me fiercely before starting to cry into my chest. Confused, I looked over to where Kathy was sitting cross-legged in front of Julie, staring at the reaction Karen had had to having my finger inside her. Kathy was between Julie's thighs, and Julie had one hand on Kathy's breast, the other inside her panties. Julie saw me looking at her, gave me a big shit-eating grin, and indicated that Karen was crying because she was happy - not because I'd done anything to hurt her.

Relieved - and aroused by the sight of Julie and Kathy - I held Karen close and started softly stroking her back as I murmured soft reassurances into her ear. After a bit, the

waterworks stopped, and Karen pulled back a little to look up at me with absolute joy on her face as she told me "Thank you, Bobby! That was SO much better than anything I've felt before!"

I smiled, and answered "I'm glad I could help. But there's still more, if you want..."

She looked up at me, mildly confused, and I explained "That was just my hand. Do you still want to find out what it's like when I use my mouth?"

Her eyes got big, and she could only slowly nod her affirmation that she did.

We kissed, and I felt her tongue hesitantly touch my lips. I opened my mouth to her, and responded by letting my own tongue make an incursion into hers. She responded, and it was only a few seconds before our tongues were dancing and dueling in each other's mouths. When the kiss finally ended, Karen was panting again, and I could feel the hard nubbins of her nipples pressing into my chest. I looked down at her in question, and she nodded that she was ready for what was to come next.

I softly kissed her forehead, then her eyelids, cheeks, and lips. When our lips parted, I went on to apply a series of kisses along her jaw, then down to her throat, and across her shoulder before moving even lower to her upper chest. She put her fingers in my hair again, holding my head as I slowly kissed my way across and down her body, with delays at her breasts and belly-button. As I got closer and closer to her pelvis, she spread her legs again, her thighs parting in anticipation of what was next.

I kissed my way around her small pubic fleece, it's soft, fine hairs tickling my lips and nose before my head lowered enough for my tongue to make a series of hit-and-run contacts across her semi-erect clitoris. That brought it completely out of hiding, and I gently circled it with the tip of my tongue for a few seconds, drawing a soft moan from Karen as she lifted her hips in response.

Moving still father south, I was finally greeted with a view that I'll never forget: the sight of her exposed - and aroused - womanhood. The lower half of her mound was hairless, making it easy to see the small, thin lips of her labia. Between them, she glistened with the overflow of her lubrication - not just from the orgasm she'd had, but the apparently eager anticipation of what I was about to do. I couldn't resist, and dipped my tongue between them, collecting a taste of her - and as the heady flavor of her musky/sweet oils filled my mouth, I saw that her vaginal lips had stayed separated, revealing the pink, wet entrance to her vagina.

Having had a taste of her, this new view of Karen was more than I could stand, and I didn't hesitate to place my mouth over as much of her mound as I could before tracing the folds of her labia with the tip of my tongue as I tried to softly suck out even more of her delicious nectar.



In just a couple of minutes, Karen was writhing on the bed, moaning and gasping in response to the sensations I was creating in her - and producing even more of the juices that I was so eagerly consuming.

I was forced to ease off from what I was doing when I felt the muscles in my neck starting to stiffen. I realized that I might not be doing enough to bring Karen to another orgasm, and lifted my head slightly to begin using my lips to softly 'pull' on her fully exposed clitoris - bringing me another round of soft moans as she lifted her pelvis in response.

Rather than all but throw her into another orgasm, though, I chose to carry her along to an even stronger one by switching back and forth between licking her labia and exposed opening as though they were an ice cream cone (a flavor that would always be my favorite, I decided) and circling and rubbing her clitoris with the end of my tongue. The effect on her was one of two steps forward (my tongue on her clitoris), and one step back (my lapping at the fluids she was producing). I took the opportunity to cup her smooth, tight ass cheeks in my hands to hold her steady during the process; it was several long, delicious, pleasant minutes before I felt her getting close to another release. Again, I decided to maximize her pleasure, and brought her close to the edge several times before backing off to enjoy myself - but I finally had mercy on her, and with a furious tongue-lashing of her sensitive clitoris, launched her into what must have been the most powerful orgasm of her young life: she cried out loudly as it hit her, then could only gasp and moan and shudder as wave upon wave of release washed through her. The clenching of her vagina pushed out small waves of her oils, where I greedily licked them up, prolonging her release.

My actions could only make her climax last longer - they couldn't keep it from ending. When it finally tapered off, she was left laying there with a fine sheen of perspiration on her body, panting softly as she tried to get her senses back.

I lifted myself from between her legs, and was surprised when I felt Julie's hand on my shoulder. I turned to look at her, and she said "Here, let me hold her for a while - I think you need to take care of Kathy, now!"

I looked over at Kathy, and saw that she'd already shed her panties, and was sitting there with one hand on her breast, the other in her crotch as she looked from Karen to me and back again.

I turned back to Julie, and she leaned in for a kiss - then grinned, and proceeded to lick my face clean of Karen's juices. When she was done, she used her hand to dry my face, and then nudged me toward where Kathy was sitting. As I moved closer, I could see Kathy watching me with shy anticipation, and a fair amount of desire in her eyes.

When I was next to her, I cupped her face in my hands and kissed her forehead before asking "Are you ready for this?"

She apparently didn't trust herself to speak; she only nodded that she was.

"Do you want to sit on my lap for a while, first?"

She shook her head, and I asked "You want to lie down?" She nodded again, and I guided both of us down onto her bed - she on her back, me on my side next to her.

"Are you nervous? Do you want me to go slow?" I asked.

She looked up at me with total trust in her eyes, and answered "No, Bobby, I know you're not going to hurt me", and in a softer voice added, "You don't have to go slow; I... I just want to feel what Karen did!"

I put my hand on her belly before lowering my head to kiss her on the lips. She surprised the hell out of me when I did by opening her mouth a little, and letting her tongue slip out to make hesitant contact with my lips. I parted my lips in response, and she didn't delay to slip her tongue between them, touching my tongue with hers - accompanied by a soft moan.

As our tongues introduced themselves to each other, I moved my hand up to her breast, finding its areola tight and crinkled and her nipple hard and erect. I softly caressed it for a bit, and then moved my hand over to the other, which was as tight and aroused as the first. When our kiss ended, Kathy was panting softly and making small noises of pleased arousal. I started softly kissing her all over her face as my hand left her breasts to begin a journey of discovery. I learned the feel of her body from shoulders to hips, one side of her body to the other, marveling and delighting in the soft smoothness of her skin and the soft curves and firm muscle it covered. Once my hand was past her waist, Kathy pulled my head down for another kiss; our lips were locked together as my hand finally reached her smooth, firm thighs. The first time I let my hand drift along the inside of her thigh, she raised and parted them in open invitation to touch the core of her blossoming womanhood.

I didn't immediately begin touching her there, though. As eager and willing as she was, I knew that she was ready for it; but I wanted to make it as special for her as it had been for Karen, so I continued to softly tease the insides of her thighs - first one, then the other, starting at her knee and moving upward. Each caress was a little longer than the one before, and ended a little closer to the treasure between her trim legs.

Finally, though, contact was made: my caress of her thigh ended with my hand softly cupping her mound, my finger lying in the crease between her extended labia. Under the heel of my palm, I could feel the soft cloud of her pubic hair, and a little lower, the slight pressure of her clitoral hood. As with Karen, the lower half of her pudendum was still hairless, and I could feel the soft warmth of her skin on my fingers - except for the one that rested between her vaginal lips: it was lying in a hot, damp furrow.

I slowly curled my finger, drawing the end of it between her labia - and collected a surprising amount of her moisture as it slid across the opening to her vagina before my fingertip reached her clitoris. There, I used the ample lubrication she'd provided to start rubbing and caressing it, and slowly teasing it out from under its hood and into full erectness as Kathy pressed herself against my hand. I let my finger fall back along her mons, and repeated my actions, getting even more of her oils to use when I began a slow, gentle circling of her clitoris with my fingertip. Kathy responded by arching her pelvis up in time with my actions, panting and moaning softly as her arousal continued to grow.

I kissed my way down from her face to her breasts, by way of her ears and throat and shoulders. I took the end of her breast in my mouth and began softly sucking on it as I moved my hand back down between her thighs. Kathy quickly put her hands on my head, holding it in place while I brought her nipple to even greater length and hardness. While I was doing that, I was using my fingertip to trace the folds of her labia, learning that they were as small and soft and thin as Karen's had been - and that she was easily as hot and wet between them as her sister. When the end of my finger was wet enough, and I began to gently probe at her opening, Kathy didn't have any concerns about what I was doing - if anything, she spread her thighs even further and lifting her pelvis in encouragement.

As slowly and gently as I had with Karen, I carefully eased the end of my finger into Kathy's tight opening - accompanied by her soft moans as she continued to lift her hips, welcoming the new sensations I was creating. As I had with Karen, I eventually came upon the obstruction of her hymen; Kathy didn't exhibit any of the nervousness Karen had at my first contact with it, but I still backed away from it, careful not to cause her any pain or discomfort.

With the knowledge of my much of her I could penetrate, I did for Kathy what I'd done for Karen: cupped my hand on her mons, using my palm to gently pressure her clitoris as I slid my finger in and out of her. Kathy's greater comfort with what I was doing, and her correspondingly greater arousal, made my efforts that much more effective. Sooner than Karen had, Kathy found herself experiencing what I could tell was a powerful orgasm. Her young vagina clamped down on my finger, making it almost impossible for me to move it inside her as she softly cried out with the start of her release.

I continued to move my finger in her a little bit as I licked and sucked on her breast in time with the contractions I could feel in her. I let my eyes wander over to where Julie and Karen were, and saw that Julie had shed her panties. Both of them had erect nipples, and their vaginal lips were extended and glistening as they stared at the sight Kathy and I presented them: the angle we were at, I knew that they had a fairly unobstructed view between Kathy's thighs, and could see her labia wrapped around my finger.

As Kathy came down from her climax, I eased my finger out of her and moved to hold her in my arms. She lay there stunned for a few seconds longer before turning slightly and wrapping her arms around me as she kissed my face over and over again while repeatedly telling me "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you..."

It felt pretty nice to have her firm young body pressed against mine that way, but there was still more for us to do - and I was looking forward to it.

I gently pried her arms from around me and eased her back onto the bed. Looking down at the expression of happiness on her face, I smiled and asked "Was that as nice as you thought it would be?"

Her face lit up, and she answered "Oh, it was SO much better than I ever thought it could be!"

I grinned, and asked "Was that enough? Or do you want to find out about the rest of it, too?"

She got a slightly puzzled look on her face before remembering that all I'd done thus far had been to use my hand on her - and that I'd also used my mouth on Karen. Then she remembered how Karen had responded to what I'd done, and Kathy's face got an expression of eagerness as she grinned and told me "I want the rest of it, too!"

I lowered my head to kiss her, and she let me know in no uncertain terms that she was more than willing and ready for the next step - our lips had barely touched when hers parted and she slid her tongue into my mouth.

As our tongues tangled, I moved my hand up and started squeezing and caressing her breasts, and softly pulling on her nipples. She arched her back a little, pressing her chest into my hand even more.

We eventually had to come up for air, leaving both of us panting slightly. Kathy laid back on the bed, and let me begin kissing her, just as I'd done with Karen - slowly easing my way down her body, investigating and memorizing it with my lips and tongue as I went.

I finally reached her pelvis, and kissed my way through her fine, soft hair - and on down between her raised and parted thighs. Again, I paused a few seconds to memorize, and delight in, the sight before me.

Kathy's appearance, of course, was different than Karen's - but only in the way her vaginal lips were parted, and other such minor details. Otherwise, I would have found it impossible to tell the difference between them; not surprising, I suppose, in light of the fact that they were identical twins. In any case, Kathy's labia and pudendum were a treasure to see - thin, delicate vaginal lips shining with the overflow of her virginal nectar; the soft, smooth skin of her mound flowing around them.

I lowered my head and ran my tongue from the bottom of her cleft to the top, ending with a slight flick of my tongue across her exposed clitoris. Along the way, I got the full taste and flavor of her, and found it to be incredibly similar to Karen's, but still unique - and still delightful.

Over the next couple of minutes, I continued to apply myself to stimulating and arousing Kathy with my lips and tongue - gently sucking on her clitoris, circling and fluttering across it with my tongue, licking and softly sucking her labia, and so on. But with Kathy's ready acceptance to having my finger inside her, I also went on to put my mouth over her opening, and slide my stiffened tongue into her as I used my upper lip to massage her clitoris - something that pleased her tremendously, judging from the groans she released and the way she would lift her pelvis in response.

In fact, Kathy kept her hips and pelvis tilted up toward me so much that I felt comfortable reaching up to put my hands on her breasts as I continued to orally stimulate her - and felt her small, firm breasts tighten under my touch as her hard nipples pressed into my palms.

It was only several minutes - far too soon, in my opinion - before I felt her body stiffen as she cried out with her release. Her vagina tightened, all but pushing my tongue out of her; I used it instead to softly stroke her clitoris in time with the waves of tension I could feel passing through her body as she climaxed. As the waves of pleasure passing through her grew softer and less frequent, I slowed then stopped my ministrations before moving up to lie next to her again, and take her in my arms.

I chanced a look over to where Karen and Julie were sitting, and found that each of them had one hand on a breast, and one between the other's thighs, slowly masturbating each other. At the sight of them, I realized that the smell of aroused female was far stronger than could be explained by what I'd just done with Kathy, and knew why. Julie saw me looking at them, and managed to give me a sheepish grin - but didn't stop what she was doing.

After Kathy had recovered from the intensity of the orgasm she'd had, she looked up at me in something akin to awe before whispering "Oh, Bobby! That was *so* incredible!"

I smiled down at her, and said "I'm glad you liked it - I enjoyed doing it, too."

"You... you like doing that, too?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I thought it was just girls..." she said, before blushing with the realization that she'd admitted to something she and Karen had been doing.

I smiled again, and told her "It's okay, remember? Julie and I told you that you didn't have to be afraid of telling us stuff. You already told us that you and Karen were touching and kissing; it's not that much more to try putting your mouths where your hands had been."

"It's okay? You don't mind?"

"As long as you're doing it because you want to, and you're not hurting each other; then its okay, and I don't mind. Julie won't mind, either, if you want to tell her."

Kathy looked a bit uncertain at that, but I just nodded in reassurance. After a bit, we both looked over to where Julie and Karen were. Apparently, seeing that Kathy had recovered enough to be talking with me, they'd decided to put an end to their fun - but I could see that both of them were still pretty aroused.

Julie spoke up, saying "Karen? Would you like to go over and be with Kathy so Bobby can come over here with me?"

Karen didn't even bother to answer; she was in bed with us almost before I could blink, to Julie's amusement. I moved out of the way so she could lay next to Kathy, and made my way over to sit next to Julie. I still had an erection, and not one of them made any pretense of not looking at the bulge it made in my underwear.

Sitting next to Julie, I could see a very faint, very fine film of perspiration on her, and knew that it was because of how aroused she was. And being closer to her, I could detect her own unique scent, telling me how wet and ready she was. Discovering that she got so excited and aroused from watching me with each of the twins while she had her hands on the other one left me feeling rather amused - and more than a little excited.

Julie and I waited while Karen and Kathy held each other for a while, and whispered back and forth, comparing notes and experiences. They finally sat up next to each other, either not knowing or not caring at the view they gave us when they chose to sit cross-legged.

When she had their attention, Julie told them "Now, both of you know what it's like to have a guy touch you, and use his mouth on you. I think it's safe to say that you liked it..."

Both twins grinned and blushed slightly before Julie went on "Both of you know that all Bobby did was use his hand and mouth - and that he kept his underwear on. I know he did that so that you wouldn't worry that he was going to try anything else with you. But you can see that he has an erection - which means that he liked doing what he did, and that he thought both of you were sexy, too."

The two of them looked surprised and pleased at that last bit of information.

Julie saw it, of course, and went on to tell them "When we had that lesson where you two got to see and touch Bobby's penis and testicles, you remember that he got an erection then, too. I told you then that an erection was something that guys can't really help - any more than we can help it when we feel ourselves getting wet between our legs, or our nipples getting hard. The big difference is that with guys, it's a LOT more obvious!" - making the twins smile and nod.

"If you're with a guy and you're not doing anything sexual and he gets an erection, don't think that you *have* to do anything with him. Guys - especially ones that are younger than Bobby - will get an erection about almost anything, at any time of the day or night, no matter where they are or what they're doing. So don't let them try to tell you that they got it because of something you did, and that you have to help them with it - that's *bullshit*."

Julie's choice of words surprised the girls, and served to emphasize what she'd just told them - as she'd meant it to. She went on "On the other hand, it is **not** right for you to be doing sex stuff with a guy, let him make YOU feel good, and then not do the same for him. If you're going to let a guy do stuff with you, it's only fair that you do stuff back - if you're going to let a guy touch you, then you should be ready to touch him back. How would you have felt if Bobby had made you feel so good, then stopped before you had an orgasm? Would you have been happy about that, or disappointed and mad? It's the same way with guys, only more: don't start doing anything sexual or intimate with them unless you're willing to do something to give them some relief. Because guys can get excited faster and easier than we can, it makes it tougher for them when nothing happens."

Kathy and Karen both nodded their understanding before Julie told them "I'm not saying that you have to have sex with a guy. The same way that you can use your hands or your mouth to make each other feel good, you can do the same things with a guy. The basic idea is the same, you just have to do it differently because all his stuff is on the outside."

I hadn't know this was going to turn into a training session, but cooperated with Julie when she told me to lift my hips, then slid my briefs down my legs and off my feet - leaving me sitting there with my erect penis waving in the air.

With their eyes continually wavering to where my erection stuck up, the twins listened as Julie said "Do you remember what it felt like when Bobby had his finger moving inside you? That's what you should try to make a guy feel like with your hand. Bobby, lay down so they can see easier."

I did as I was told, and wasn't surprised when Julie reached over to wrap her hand around me before saying "See? Just hold him like this, and slide your hand up and down..." as she began stroking her fist up and down my erection. I looked over, and saw that Kathy and Karen were listening closely - and watching even closer - as Julie used me to demonstrate the correct way to jerk a guy off.

"You two come on over here, so you can see - and I want you to try it, too, so you know what to do."

Both girls quickly came over and climbed up to where I was laying. It made things a bit crowded, but *I* certainly didn't mind!

Julie demonstrated for another minute or so, then had each of them give it a try as she quietly corrected any mistakes they made. Being the focus of attention of three females - all of them my sisters - was having a definite positive impact on my libido.

Finally satisfied that the twins had the basics worked out, Julie next told them "If the guy is someone *really, really* special, and he's made you feel extra good, then you can use your mouth on him, if you want. You know that Bobby is circumcised, and what that means. Sometimes, if a guy isn't circumcised, or if he isn't real good about washing himself, you'll find out that he has kind of a bad smell. If he does, then you don't have to use your mouth on him - in fact, you probably shouldn't. If he doesn't smell good, then he's dirty there, and you won't want to have him in your mouth like that. But Bobby is careful to keep himself clean, so I know its okay to do this..." - and promptly took half my erect penis into her mouth while the twins eyes got positively huge. Julie bobbed her head a few times, then let me slip from her lips to tell them "What Bobby did with his mouth to you is called 'cunnilingus' - but you've probably heard other girls call it 'eating pussy', or just 'eating'. What I just did is called 'fellatio' - or 'sucking dick' or 'cocksucking'. Both cunnilingus and fellatio can be called 'giving head'. If I did fellatio to Bobby until he climaxed - squirted his semen - it would be called 'a blowjob'."

Both girls looked a bit uncertain, and it was Kathy that tentatively said "It looks kinda gross... I mean, isn't that where his pee comes out, too?"

Julie didn't hesitate in the slightest, saying "Yes, that's where his pee comes out - just like your vagina is where stuff comes out when you're having your period, and that's where YOUR pee comes out. Bobby didn't mind doing that to you because you were clean there; just like I don't mind doing this because he's clean NOW. If a guy is willing to do something like that to make you happy and feel good, don't be too fussy about doing something that would make HIM happy and feel good. Besides, I love Bobby; and it makes ME feel excited to know that I can make HIM excited this way."

With that, Julie took me into her mouth again, and slowly slid her lips along my penis while the girls - slightly chastised - had a chance to think over what she'd just told them as they watched her.

After all I'd done with the twins, Julie's warm mouth on me felt wonderful. So wonderful, in fact, that I could feel myself getting close to unloading my balls into her talented mouth. Julie could feel it when my penis started to twitch, and interrupted what she was doing to tell Karen and Kathy "You can do this for as long as you want to - and if you do it long enough, the guy will squirt his semen. If you want to, you can catch it in your mouth, then spit it out or swallow it when he's done. If you don't want to do that, you can take your mouth away right before, and use your hand to finish him."

"Uh, how do you know? When he's going to squirt, I mean?" Karen asked.

Julie answered "You put your hand on his testicles - his balls. When you feel them pull up next to his body, you know that he's going to do it. I know that Bobby really liked what he was doing with you, and it won't take much for me to make him climax. Here, put your hands on his balls, and you can feel it when I make it happen for him."



Both girls reached out to tentatively put a hand on my balls; Julie gently corrected their touch, so that each was cupping one of my testicles. Having my twin younger sisters holding my balls in their hands only made me that much more ready when Julie began sucking on my dick again, sliding her lips up and down as her tongue caressed the sensitive underside. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to the incredible sensations she was creating, and the eroticism of the soft, warm hands of Karen and Kathy cupping my scrotum. It wasn't more than a couple of minutes before I felt my balls tighten, then Julie pulled her mouth off my penis and used her hand to masturbate me to a thundering climax - the first hot jet of my cum shot well into the air, coming down on my chest while the next landed lower, and the third lower still, before the remaining spurts simply flowed out the end, lubricating Julie's stroking hand.

When I opened my eyes, Kathy and Karen had completely forgotten about having their hands on me - both were in silent awe at the results of Julie's tender ministrations. As my penis began to soften, Julie released her hold on it, and asked the twins "Would you like to feel it?"

Both started slightly in surprise, and then hesitantly reached out to Julie's proffered hand, feeling the texture and wetness of my jism. Both were amazed by it, particularly when it formed threads as they separated their fingers.

Julie told them "I just told you that you can catch it in your mouth, if you want to. Usually, that's what I'd do when I did that to Bobby, but I wanted you to see what it looks like when a guy climaxes, and what his semen feels like. You won't know if you like the taste of it until you actually try it" - and putting the words in action by letting them watch as she carefully licked my cum from her fingers. Both girls were surprised, but recovered; then after a few moments thought, each delicately stuck her tongue out to sample the taste of what she had on her fingers. Both wrinkled their noses at first, but after a moment, tried it again - and then proceeded to lick their fingers clean before Kathy announced "Its okay, I guess. Kind of salty", before Karen made her own pronouncement "I kinda like it - it's kind of like custard, only different."

Julie looked on approvingly, and said "I think most guys taste different, just like girls taste different - the basic taste is pretty much the same for each; it's just that each one adds something that makes it *theirs*, and no one else's."

The twins nodded absentmindedly, both looking at my deflated penis.

Julie saw them, and asked "Do you want to try it? To see what it's like to have him in your hand, and maybe in your mouth?"

Both turned to look at her in surprise, and nodded. Julie smiled at them and said "Its okay, I don't mind. You have to learn sometime or other, and it might as well be here and now, with someone I know will be patient with you."

Karen and Kathy both turned to look at me, and I nodded my head to let them know it was okay (!) with me, too. After sharing a look with each other, their first carefully considered action was to use their mouths to clean up the small puddles of semen still on my body. Julie moved toward my head a little bit to make room for them, and I raised my forearm far enough to let my hand rest on the inside of her thigh. Julie turned to look at me, smiled, and moved a little closer so that I could reach the area between her thighs.

The twins shared their self-assigned task of cleaning me up, each taking an area that meant they got approximately equal amounts of my cum to sample. When they were done, they looked up at Julie who nodded her head approvingly, and said "Since Bobby just had a climax, it might take a few minutes before he can get hard again - but if you're gentle, it'll still feel good to him to have you touching him." They smiled in response before moving their attention to my penis. Each remembered what Julie had told them, and they took turns using their small, soft hands to stimulate me. Between what they were doing to me, and what I was doing to Julie, it was only a few minutes before I started to respond to their touch.

When I was semi-erect, Julie told them "When a guy is like that, he'll usually get hard again faster if you want to use your mouth on him."

Kathy was first to try it, and soon got the idea with Julie's patient guidance. Kathy had been listening, too, and when it was her turn, Julie only had to offer suggestions as to the different things that could be done. Back and forth they went, each learning from what Julie told the other, and from the reactions they got from me as they first learned - then perfected - their respective techniques.

My hand was busy in Julie's crotch during all that time, and I could hear and feel it as she steadily got more and more aroused. The twins had long since managed to get me completely erect; it was only the pauses as one stopped and the other started that kept me from getting too close to unloading in one of their warm mouths.

Julie finally decided that I was as ready as I was going to be, and proceeded to reveal a streak of exhibitionism I hadn't known she had by telling the girls "Okay, that's enough, I think. Both of you know what it's like to take care of a guy using your hand and your mouth, and both of you know what a guy's cum tastes like. He's made both of you feel good, a couple times each, but he still hasn't made love. I don't think either of you is ready for that yet" - both solemnly shook their heads - "so I'll do it with him. If you haven't seen it before" - she knew they hadn't, we always closed the bedroom door for that very reason - "you can sit over on the other bed and watch - but keep quiet!"

Both girls quickly scampered over to the other bed, and Julie reached down to extract my hand from between her legs - the twins suddenly realizing where it had been, and what I must have been doing.

Julie quietly nudged me around until I was sitting on the bed, my back resting against the wall. She straddled my hips with her back toward me - leaving the twins with a clear view between her legs.

Taking my saliva-slick erection in her hand, Julie raised up and moved herself slightly so that she was in the position she wanted to be, then holding me steady, lowered herself onto me. She was so wet inside that she got nearly half my length inside before she had to pause. With me firmly in place, she let go of me and leaned back slightly. Supporting herself on her arms as she raised up a bit, she paused a moment - purely for show in front of the twins, I'm sure - then lowered herself again until she had almost my entire penis inside her.

I looked over at the twins and saw that both of them were positively mesmerized by what they'd just seen - and simply astounded that my penis had actually disappeared inside Julie. That it *was* inside her was unquestionable: from the way Julie was leaning back, there couldn't be any doubt that I really, truly was inside her.

Julie's head fell back a little, and I couldn't help whispering into her ear "Sometimes you are SUCH a show-off!" - and feeling her consciously tighten her vagina around me in response.

I reached around to take her breasts in my hands as Julie started to slowly lift herself up again. While I softly squeezed and caressed her soft mounds, Julie began to slowly ride me - raising and lowering herself in slow, deliberate movements. From the times we'd made love before, I knew that Karen and Kathy could both see Julie's vaginal lips being stretched as my penis slid out of her, only to disappear again as my penis re-filled her. What must also have been obvious to them was how incredibly wet Julie was - I could feel my pubic hair getting damp from the overflow of her vagina, and my penis felt a cool breeze each time Julie lifted herself up, leaving only the head of my penis inside her.

As Julie continued to move slowly over me, I tilted my head forward a bit and began kissing her shoulders and neck - and softly biting her, drawing a deep moan of pleasure and arousal from her in response.

When I felt Julie starting to tire, I put my hands on her hips to hold her steady, and started slowly lifting my hips to thrust myself into her. With my hands on her hips, the rhythm of my thrusts got her breasts swaying slightly; I saw both of the twins were fascinated by the sight of Julie's larger bust moving that way - even as each had a hand on one breast and the other between her thighs.

After a while, the effort of thrusting up into Julie became a bit much, and when I began to slow down, Julie picked up the slack; with not interruption of our lovemaking, we made a smooth transition from me being the active one to Julie doing the work - if you could properly call what we were doing 'work'. Julie must have seen what the twins were doing just as I had, because her motion over me grew a little faster, and more enthusiastic; in

return, I moved my hands back to her breasts and started softly pinching and pulling on her nipples - something that she always enjoyed tremendously.

Julie gradually got tired again, and we again managed to make the transition so that I was thrusting up into her again - without missing a stroke, or having to slow down in the slightest. A glance at the girls, and it was obvious that each was masturbating while watching Julie and I make love: their legs were spread wide, making it easy to see that each was dipping a finger into her wet vagina, and using the moisture to lubricate her erect clitoris while the other hand squeezed her breasts.

The sight of them so openly engaged in such a personal act stimulated me much more than I would have expected, and I could feel myself getting even harder inside Julie as I increased the pace of my thrusts into her. Julie must have found them as exciting as I did, because I could feel her getting even hotter and wetter inside. A couple minutes later, I felt Julie's vagina start a faint clenching around me, and knew that she was getting close to an orgasm. I looked at the twins again, and saw that both of them were masturbating furiously, their eyes locked on where Julie and I were joined. That sight, and the feeling of Julie's hot, wet pussy tightening around me was all I needed to start me toward my own climax. I started pumping into Julie faster and harder, and she responded by letting herself move a bit lower over me, so that I could penetrate her as far as I could. As I got closer and closer, I felt Julie getting wetter and tighter around me until it was simply too much: with a couple of hard thrusts, I buried myself up into her as far as I could before my penis sprayed her insides with the first hot jet of my cum. Julie nearly screamed in response and tightened around me almost painfully as she fell into her own climax. I was still filling her with my jism a few seconds later when I heard first one of the girls cry out her release, then a second later, the other. Knowing that we'd been watched by the twins, and that they'd gotten off so strongly from seeing us, only caused me to all but empty my balls into Julie's depths. By the time my climax was over, I felt as if I wouldn't be able to cum again for a month - and it was wonderful. Julie was still clenching around me as her orgasm tapered off; I took her in my arms and carefully guided both of us to lie on our sides on Karen's bed with my penis still inside her.

We looked over to where the twins were, and saw that both of them were sitting there glassy-eyed, panting softly with one hand still between their thighs. Julie softly shuddered when I softly bit her ear before telling her "Yeah, you are SUCH a show-off - but I think we got a little show of our own!"

She turned her head and grinned at me, saying "Yeah, we did, didn't we?" She then lifted one of her legs to let it drape over mine - leaving a clear view for the twins to see that I was still in her - before taking my hand and holding it on her breast. I nuzzled the back of her neck, and she shuddered again before telling me "Stop that, or you'll have me humping a chair leg or something!" with a laugh.

I stopped, all right - but only because it turned out to be more fun to watch the twins slowly coming down from the orgasms they'd given themselves while they watched Julie and I making love. Karen was the first to realize that we were watching them, and she

blushed furiously when she realized that her hand was still cupping her mons. She guiltily brought it out, and hid it by using it to prop herself up. Her next action was to try and discretely nudge Kathy - who was still too far gone to care much about *anything*, never mind who was looking at her. Eventually, Kathy came out of it, too - and responded to seeing us watching her in almost the same way Karen had.

Julie and I just smiled at their discomfiture before Julie told them "It's okay. Both of us already knew that you were touching yourselves, remember? And both of us have already seen both of you naked. We made love right here in front of you; I think both of us knew that you would get excited by it - and I've got to admit that it was pretty exciting for ME to watch you make yourselves feel good."

I spoke up then, saying "Like Julie said - you haven't done anything that you haven't done before. The only difference is that you loved and trusted us enough to let us see you doing it; and I liked watching you, too - it made me feel even more sexy than I usually do when I'm making love with Julie."

Both girls were shocked at what we'd said, and Karen asked "Really? You didn't mind?"

I smiled, and answered "No, we didn't mind at all. Like I said, it made it even more fun to make love than usual."

As they thought that one over, both of them looked us over - and realized that I was still inside Julie. Her eyes big, Kathy looked at Julie and asked the obvious "He... He's still hard? Inside you?"

Julie gave my arm a little hug and answered "You can see that he is. He's not as hard as before, but it still feels nice to have him there. 'Specially when he's so nice about holding me like this, afterwards."

Karen was surprised enough to simply come out with the question "Can we look?"

Julie just laughed, and said "Yes, you can look - and even touch a little, if you want. Just be careful not to touch so much he pulls out of me. If you do, all the semen inside will leak out, and probably make a mess on your bed, Karen."

Both of them nodded solemnly, then got up and came over to kneel down side by side in front of us. For a little bit, all they did was look, but eventually their curiosity got the better of them and they tentatively reached out to begin touching us. Both were careful to follow Julie's warning and not do anything that would cause me to slip out of her - but that didn't stop them from getting a damn good idea of what each of us felt like, and how we were joined.

When they'd finally decided that they'd seen enough, both sat back on their haunches and Kathy asked "Is there anything we can do? If you want to get up, I mean?"

Julie told them "If you want to, you could get me a towel - even a small one - from the linen closet."

Karen quickly got up and nearly ran - causing a number of interesting motions in her anatomy - to get one. When she got back, she kneeled down next to Kathy and offered the towel to Julie. Julie just said "This is something you're going to have to know about whenever you start making love with a guy, so you might as well help. Karen, you unfold the towel, and hold one end of it against me, where Bobby's inside me. When he pulls out of me, you slide the towel between my legs to soak up his stuff. Bobby and I will roll onto our backs; when we do, Kathy can use the other end of the towel to dry Bobby off. Okay?"

Both of them nodded, and Julie turned her head toward me and said "Okay, Bobby. Get ready.... NOW!"

I moved my hips back, pulling my softened penis free from her even as Karen was slipping the towel into place. I scooted back a bit, and Julie lifted her leg so I could roll over onto my back. She set her leg down, and I scooted back next to her, our hips touching. In that position, I was close enough for Kathy to take the other end of the towel in one hand and my wet penis in the other. In short order, she had me pretty well cleaned off; Julie spread her legs a little bit, and Kathy understood to add that end of the towel to the other. Julie closed her legs again, holding it in place, and rolled back onto her side. I rolled onto my side, too, and then forward so that I was spooning with Julie. Julie told them "Thanks, guys", pleasing both of them that they'd been able to help.

Both of them were still kneeling there, watching us, when Julie told them "Look, I know that what happened today was pretty special for you. And I know that now you know what it's like to have a guy touching you and all that, you're probably going to want it to happen again."

At that, both of them got slightly guilty looks, and Julie told them "It's okay - you don't have to worry about it. If you want to get together with Bobby again, it's okay with me - *as long as you don't do it so much that he doesn't have the time or energy for me.* I mean that. If I want to make love with him, and he's too tired because one or both of you have worn him out, I WILL be **seriously** upset with you. Do you understand me?"

They nodded, and said that they did.

I spoke up then, telling them "I liked doing what we did today - with BOTH of you. I love both of you more than I could ever say. But what I feel for Julie is even bigger than that; Julie is always going to be number one with me. Do you understand?"

They nodded again, and I went on "If one of you - or even both of you - want to have fun like this with me, that's fine - I'd like it, too. But if I say 'no', that means 'no'. It doesn't mean that I don't love you, or that I wouldn't *like* to, it just means that I want to be sure

and save some of myself so Julie and I can have fun, too. So don't get mad, or upset, or think that I don't care for you any more, okay?"

They looked from me to Julie and back again before Kathy said "Really, Bobby, Julie - I love you, and I wouldn't EVER want to do anything that would keep you from, uh, having fun."

Karen added "Me, too. I *really* like what we did today, and I want to do it again - but not if it means that you two couldn't do it, too."

Julie and I smiled at them before Julie told them "Thank you. And just so you know, I don't think Bobby or I would mind if you wanted to make yourselves feel good, or have fun with each other, even if we're in the same room with you - and I hope that you won't mind if we do the same thing. Okay?"

They smiled, and Karen said "I won't mind - it's kinda fun and sexy, watching you!" with a laugh. Kathy laughed, too, and added "Me, too - on both of what she said!", making Julie and I laugh, in turn.

Julie told them "Fine. Now I think it's time you two got cleaned up. Go ahead and take a shower - together, if you want - but make it quick one. Bobby and I have to wash up, too; it's after lunch, and I'm *hungry*!"

The twins giggled, and both got up and headed for the shower; a few moments later, Julie and I heard the water running, and shortly after that, the laughter and giggles as they 'helped' each other wash. Surprisingly, they did manage to keep it quick, leaving enough hot water for Julie and me to clean each other up.

None of us felt like dressing, so lunch was cold cut sandwiches and chips in the living room. As the rest of the day wore on, various combinations of us would team up for a little friendly touching and kissing. It didn't take the twins long to get used to having my erect, or even semi-erect, penis pressing against them - they understood that it wasn't an invitation or request for more intimate activity between us; they actually seemed to think of it more as a comment on how I felt about them, and took it as a compliment.

The next day went by quietly - except for the time the twins got into a session of '69' that got me and Julie going; the two of us climaxed just a few seconds after the girls got each other off. When they were done with each other, the twins waited until Julie and I separated; Kathy came over to sit on my lap and let me lick the taste of Karen off her lips before she started using her mouth to clean my penis while Karen went about licking as much of my cum as she could out of Julie's pussy; and bringing Julie to another orgasm in the process. The feeling of Kathy's warm mouth on me felt great; that and the sight of Karen bringing Julie to another orgasm got me hard again much sooner than I would have expected. Kathy took it upon herself to take care of that not-so-little problem, swallowing every drop of my cum when she finally brought me to climax, licking her lips and wearing a self-satisfied smile when she was done.

Over the next several weeks, the twins got together with me and Julie in varying permutations for our mutual pleasure. They didn't come to me as often as Julie had feared, but certainly often enough to keep ME happy. Whether they figured it out for themselves, or heard about it from Julie, they seemed to understand my male limitations, and so focused most of their activities on her and each other. One afternoon, I got home from work to find all three of them tangled up on Julie's bed; I could only stand there in awe as they brought each other to at least two orgasms that I was aware of before they collapsed from their efforts. When they were done, I went through and kissed each of them 'hello', and got a taste of the other two in the process. A truly unique experience...

At work, Gus kept me busy learning the various details of how a business was run - I followed the path of all kinds of documents, learning how they were generated, where they went, what they were used for, and so on. Sales invoices, bills of lading, shipping invoices, purchase orders, inventories, proposals, production schedules, and anything else he could think of was brought to my attention - and along the way, I learned that every bit of it had SOME purpose necessary to running a successful business. I also learned how long the different forms had to be kept, how long they were good for, and so on. Then, on top of that, there was the 'routine' day-to-day paperwork: letters to and from customers and suppliers, insurance companies, the government (!!) at various levels, and all the paperwork resulting just from employee activities - the occasional job-related injury (mostly minor), sick days, doctor visits, vacations, holidays, employment applications, reviews, and god-knows-what-else. It didn't take me long to realize that almost nothing could happen without SOME kind of form or other paperwork being generated, routed, handled, sorted, collated, stamped, and stored.

That's not to say that all my time was spent fiddling with paperwork - quite the opposite, in fact. After a couple of meetings with him, and some time for me to figure things out, he finally ordered some computers. When they arrived, I was the one that got them put together and set up for the staff - and then began training people on how to use them which turned out to be a full-time job in itself for the first couple of weeks. Once folks got the hang of them, though, the calls for help that I got quickly tapered off, leaving me free to plan out the next phase of our computerization.

When Gus found out that I was spending some of my own money to buy reference books after I went through everything the public library had, he reimbursed me for what I'd already spent, and told me that if there was anything else I needed that was job-related, that I could charge it to the company.

The biggest problem I had in planning was trying to get the most 'bang for the buck' on our purchases, and how to organize things for the greatest ease and efficiency. I finally went to Gus with my problems, and he told me to go ahead and figure a long-term solution that could even include moving offices and staff around - and to come up with a series of in-between goals that would get us there from where we were. I didn't figure he was going to just accept anything that I came up with, but it was still a lot of



responsibility that he was giving me. But I thought about it, and went through a series of plans to make it happen - going through each to see if there wasn't some change I could make that would make it faster and cheaper. I'll freely admit that the first few passes I made at it simply sucked - I would have fired me for them! But I kept at it, recognizing my mistakes, and learning from them. I eventually ended up with something that seemed like it would work. I still didn't take it to Gus, though - instead, I put it away for a few days before taking another look at it. When I went over it again, I still couldn't find anything wrong with it, and put it away again - for a week. The second time I pulled it out, I saw that there were still a couple of small rough spots - but I couldn't think of any way around them, despite two solid days of skull-sweat. I finally decided that I had to take it to Gus. He had it for a couple of days before he came to my 'office' (a room without a door), and sat down to talk to me about it one morning. He picked away at it for a couple of hours, approaching different aspects of it from different directions; each time he did, I had to explain him why I thought the way I'd suggested would be better than what he was asking. He didn't like the rough spots in the plan any more than I did - but when we were done, he told me "That's about as good of a reorganization plan as I've ever seen, Bob - and I've seen a few. It looks like you made the right decisions at the right places, and for the right reasons. There's a couple tough places, but that's to be expected. I think it's taking a little longer on paper than it has to, but I can't be sure of that - besides, this stuff NEVER happens quite the way you expect it to, and it looks like you've allowed for that. My only suggestion would be to have another look at it here and here" - he pointed out a couple places in it that I hadn't been real comfortable with - " and then break it up some, so we have some definite 'this part is DONE' points so we can see how it's going. Bring it to me when you're done, and we'll have at it." - the last part coming as a complete surprise; I hadn't figured that I'd thought about it enough to have it that close to being acceptable to him.

He must have seen the surprise on my face, because he told me "You've been learning more than you think you have, Bob. I admit that I was kinda surprised at how good this was, but when I got to thinking about it, I realized that you pay attention to what you're doing, and that you're careful to think ahead of what you're working on. I know you've been working hard on this, and studying a lot about what goes on around here. Not just what we actually do here in the plant and offices, but the theory behind it - and it shows. I know you're still going to have a passel of studying and learning to do before we get done with this; that networking stuff still baffles the hell out of me, and I can just barely understand that database stuff you talk about - but I know when somebody's got a good head on their shoulders, and knows what they're talking about. I ain't saying that you haven't make mistakes - both of us know you have; and a couple of dillies, at that. But you owned up to them, learned from them, and didn't make them again."

He sat back and gave me a sly smile before saying "I got a call from the state, the other day. Seems they wanted to know if you really worked for me, and if you were really my Lead Computer Operator. I told them that no, you weren't my lead operator."

My face fell, and Gus laughed before saying "What I said was that you were actually my computer manager. They didn't want to believe me, so I faxed them a copy of this plan

you came up with, along with my notes about it and copies of the purchase orders you've made for computers. After they had a chance to look at all of it, they finally called me back and said that they'd decided that yeah, you ARE a computer manager. I got to talk to the head honcho for that program they started, and after we jawed a bit, he finally told me that I could tell you that they're going to approve your application. You should be getting the letter in the mail any time now."

It took a few seconds for what he'd said to sink in - and when it finally did, I realized that I was being given the chance to actually go to college, and have somebody actually TEACH me about the stuff that I'd been spending so much time trying to learn on my own. I was so thrilled, I didn't even mind that he'd know about my approval for a couple of DAYS before telling me about it.

Gus smiled at the expression I must have had on my face, and told me "Bob, I told you, you've got a pretty good head on your shoulders. If you do as good in college learning this stuff as you did in high school while you were working here, you're gonna make all of us right proud of you. I know you haven't been putting in for overtime, and I don't think for a minute that you could have been learning all this just while you've been at work here - which means that you've been spending a fair amount of your own time reading and learning. I expected that you'd be doing some of that - but from the look of this, you've been at it more than I would have asked. You go ahead and take the rest of the day off - and tomorrow, too. This plan will still be here when you get back, and you've earned yourself some time off."

I thanked him, and he just stood up and offered me his hand. I stood, too, and shook with him before he told me "I told you I was gonna work you, Bob, and you stayed right with me. I'm glad I gave you the chance to show me what you could do."

I was fairly busting with pride at hearing that, and Gus just gave my hand another shake before telling me "Now go on and get out of here, before I think of something for you to do!", with a grin.

"Yessir!" I answered, picking up the briefcase Julie had talked me into getting, and making my way toward the door.

Outside in the parking lot, I heard someone calling my name; when I looked around to see who it was, I saw that it was Willie, the older guy that had talked to me my last night on the production line. He came over to have a look at me, and smiled, saying "Looks like you're doin' all right there, Bob. But what's with going home so early?"

I briefly told him about being approved for the state program, and that Gus had given me the rest of the day off to celebrate. Willie just grinned at me as he said "Sounds like you're doin' pretty good. We've been hearing about all the stuff you keep doing to make things easier in the office. Maybe you don't realize it, but when you make things easier in there, it makes things easier out on the line, too - and all of us appreciate THAT. You keep it up, and you'll have all of us working for you before long!"

I thanked him, and he just shrugged it off; we wished each other well, and he headed back toward the production area - turning once to give me a smile and wave.

---

Julie was all kinds of surprised when I pulled into the driveway next to the house; she came out to see what was going on, and started crying and laughing when I told her what Gus had said to me about my application being approved. We hadn't any more than gotten inside the house before she was hugging and kissing me like there was no tomorrow - and I was kissing and hugging her right back.

A couple of hours later the twins got home, and were surprised to see me sitting in one of the chairs in the living room. They just stood there, looking at me, wondering why I was home so early. Julie came up behind them, and said "Girls, come on into the living room. There's something we've got to tell you."

Both of them came in and took seats next to each other on the couch while Julie stood in the doorway. They were looking at us nervously when I told them "I got some news from Gus at work today. It was about my application for that state program we told you about."

I didn't think it was possible, but the two of them got even more somber looks on their faces, and I managed to keep my voice and expression under control as I told them "I found out I was approved. I'll be able to start going to college part time this fall."

It took them a few seconds to get past the tone of voice I'd used, and actually listen to the words I'd said. When they finally realized that it was GOOD news, both of them nearly screamed their delight - and outrage at the trick Julie and I had played on them. Both jumped up and came charging over to us, Kathy almost jumping into my lap while Karen wrapped her arms around Julie. All four of us were laughing and hugging, just as Julie and I had done when I got home - with the three of them crying in happiness, to boot.

It was Kathy that asked "You won't be going to school all the time, will you, Bobby?"

"No, just part time - but that doesn't mean that I won't have to study and everything. If anything, I'll probably have to study harder, because it's college."

Julie spoke up, telling them "He's right. The only real change will be that he'll be studying for college, instead of high school - and college is a LOT harder. He's got a different job now, so he won't be working his body so much; but you can bet that he'll be working his *mind* a LOT harder. And if he doesn't do well enough in his classes, they can take him out of the program - so as careful as we all had to be while he was in high school, we have to be even MORE careful while he's studying. Okay?"

Karen and Kathy looked at each other before Karen said "Okay. We know this is really important, and we won't bother him when he's studying."

I gave Kathy a hug and told them "But not bothering me doesn't mean that you can't give me a hug or a kiss if you want to!"

Kathy smiled up at me, and said "Good! 'Cause I **like** kissing you!", to Julie's and Karen's laughter.

---

The next day, I was home when the letter from the state arrived - Julie and I celebrated by making slow, gentle love with each other for nearly two hours.

The letter from the state said that I had to go to an orientation meeting later that month; Gus didn't hesitate to give me the time off. At it, I learned that the state was teaming up with colleges to make the program as efficient in time and money as they could - something the person giving the orientation said was "unique in the annals of government".

Half the day of orientation was spent explaining the details of the program - what grades I had to maintain, how tuition and salaries would be paid, and so on; plus filling out the applications for whatever college we were applying to. The other half was used to give each of us a one-on-one session with a counselor, looking at the classes we'd taken and how we'd done in them to give us credit for some of the more 'basic' classes. They were using my high school grades to determine what classes I could skip over in college - because I'd carried over a 3.75 average, and taken some advanced courses, I was exempted from a lot of the classes like English, Humanities, and a few others. And because I was going to major in Computer Science, that - and my high school grades in the subjects - got me out of a few other things, like Chemistry and Physics. By the time they got through, I was still looking at a couple years worth of classes, even if I went full-time; but that was still a big improvement over having to deal with the full 4-year curriculum.

I was feeling pretty darn good when I got home from it - and felt even better after the welcome home Julie and the twins gave me.

I had the college handbook and schedule for the coming fall with me, and Julie and I sat down that night to start figuring out what classes I needed to take, and what order and schedule would be best. We were a little bit hampered by not knowing how much time Gus would be willing to give me away from work - if any.

The next day, I asked him about it, and he told me "Bob, I'll work with you on it as much as I can. You know what you're doing here, and how important it is. As long as you don't leave me hanging on something important, I'll give you three half-afternoons or half-mornings a week; anything more, and we'll have to talk about it. Can you work with that?"

I assured him that I could - that I'd only thought an hour or two twice a week would do it.

He told me "If you can do it in that, that'd be better, of course - but if you really need it, take it. Just keep me and the rest of the office up to date, so we know when you'll be here."

I hastened to assure him that I would, and that seemed to be all he needed. That night, when I got home, Julie and I got together again, and it didn't take us long to work out a schedule for the semester. As it turned out, I'd only need to leave work a half hour early one day a week; Julie and I didn't have any trouble agreeing that as nice and helpful as Gus was being, it was still better for me to try and get as many classes as I could for after work hours.

In due time, I got confirmation from the school that I'd been accepted, and told when and where to report for registration and class scheduling.

---

As it got close to Labor Day, Julie and I both noticed the twins were getting more and more 'frisky' - not just with each other, but her, and even me. So when I got home from work the Friday before the 3-day weekend, I wasn't all *that* surprised when Julie met me at the door and said "Karen and Kathy want to talk to us after supper. They wouldn't tell me what it was about, so you know it's probably something to do with everything that's been happening between us. Or more to the point, sex."

I sighed, and nodded, telling her "I expect you're right. And you probably suspect the same thing **I** do - that they're going to tell us that they think they're ready to take it farther."

Julie made a face, and said "Yeah, that's what I think, too. Are **YOU** ready, if that's what they want?"

I looked past her, and Julie understood, telling me "They're upstairs in their room."

I sighed again, and answered "I don't particularly **WANT** to - but if they're really that determined, then I'd rather have it happen with me, under controlled circumstances, than have them go out and have a rough time of it the first time."

Julie nodded, and told me "That's what I'd want for them, too - *if* it has to happen this soon. The first time is always special; I'd rather have them remember it as special-good than special-bad. I know you don't necessarily *want* to do it, either - I think **BOTH** of us would be just as happy if they waited a while longer. But if it has to be someone, I trust you to do it right, and not hurt them any more than necessary."

Both of us stood there a few seconds before I offered "Maybe they just want to tell us they want new sneakers for school, or something..."

The expression on Julie's face told me what she thought of *that*.

Supper that night was a quiet affair - something to be expected, I suppose, with Julie and I wondering/fearing what the twins wanted to tell us; and Kathy and Karen keeping silent until they were ready to make their big announcement, whatever it was.

After supper, Julie and I teamed up to do the dishes while the twins went back up to their bedroom. When we were done, we went into the living room to watch TV. The filler program between the evening news and the start of prime time was scrolling the credits when Kathy and Karen came into the living room and took seats next to each other on the couch. Knowing what was coming, I turned the TV off, and Julie and I turned to give them our full attention.

Kathy started it off by telling us "Bobby, Julie - we wanted to tell you that we've been having fun" - "Lots of fun!" Karen interjected - "with you - I mean, the touching and kissing and all that."

Karen picked it up then, saying "Both of you have been SO nice about it, and you've both taught us SO much about how to feel good - not just by ourselves, but with each other, and with you."

Kathy took over then by saying "But we've been thinking about it, and what you told us before - you know, about what we wanted and all that. And we've been doing a lot of reading and learning and everything. And we've decided that we're ready."

"Ready for what?" Julie asked.

"Ready for Bobby to start making love with us." Kathy replied.

Julie and I looked at each other, our worries and fears confirmed.

"We've been thinking about it REAL hard", Karen told us, adding "We even kind of eavesdropped on some of the older girls we've heard talking, and we know that it might hurt and everything, but we're *really* sure that we don't want to be virgins any more."

"Yeah", Kathy confirmed, before saying "As nice as it feels when you two make us feel good, we think that it probably feels even better to actually make love. And we're going to have to stop being virgins **sometime**, so we want it to be with someone both of us love, and that we can trust. Bobby, you were so gentle and patient with us when you helped us find out what it felt like to have a guy touch us, and used your mouth on us, that we decided that we wanted YOU to be the one we give our virginity to."

"Why should I believe that you're really ready?" I asked.

They looked at each other before Karen said "Because we've been *really* careful to learn as much as we could about it - we even read what other women said about what it was like for them the first time, and what they would have had done different, or what they wished had been different about it. We *really* thought about it a LOT, and while we were

even a tiny little bit unsure or worried about it, we didn't say anything about it to you; we waited until both of us were absolutely **positive** we wanted to do this - we didn't want one of us to do it before the other one because we knew that the one that waited would start thinking SHE had to do it, too. We know that once it happens, we can't UNdo it - that we can't go back to being virgins again. We know that if it was just losing our virginity, we could find almost any guy that would do it - but we love you and trust you to make it good for us; or at least, as good as it CAN be for our first time."

Kathy hesitated a moment, then added "We don't want to just start having *sex*. We want to learn what it's like to make LOVE, like what you and Julie do. We've heard so many girls - some of them not much older than WE are! - talking about what it's like when they're with their boyfriend, and we don't want that: just to have some guy on us so he'll be our boyfriend, or doing it just because we're bored, or we **can** have sex. We want to be with someone we know loves us the way you do. We want it to be something special, and we know that if we learn from you, we won't feel like we have to do anything with anyone else unless we think they'll be as nice and careful as we know YOU would."

Julie and I looked at each other again, and I had to admit that it sounded as though they really HAD given it a lot of thought. But I still wasn't sure, something that Julie could see in my eyes.

She turned to them and asked "What do you think will happen if Bobby does that? What do you WANT to happen?"

Again, the twins shared one of their silent communications before Karen told us "We thought about that, too. We know that we don't want Bobby to have to wear a condom or anything - both of us want to feel it when he climaxes inside us the first time. So we want it to happen right before either one of us starts our period. Even though some of the girls at school that are younger than we are have already started having sex, we know that we're still kind of young - but we know that Bobby would be gentle with us, and help us stretch a little bit inside, so that when he put his penis in us, it wouldn't hurt so much. Both of us already know that we get really wet inside, and that helps make it easier, too. We read that it's easier if the girl is on top so she can decide how fast to go; you know, how much of the guy she lets in, and how quick, so we know that's how we want to do it the first time. It would be something really special, so we don't want to be together when it happens; both of us want to be alone with him so that it's our private time with him. Kathy would get to go first, and when she was done, it would be my turn."

Intrigued, Julie asked "How would you decide she was done?"

"We thought that each of us would get to be with him until he climaxed twice", Kathy replied.

Julie looked at me, obviously surprised and even a little impressed that they'd thought it through that far. I saw her expression change as something came to her, and she turned

back to ask them "What about afterwards? What do you expect will happen or be different if he does that for you?"

They shared another look, and Karen answered "We were hoping that you wouldn't mind if he made love with us, too. But if that isn't okay, then we would accept it, and not try to do anything more with him than we already have. We know we're probably still too young to get birth control, so we'd only want to make love with him when we *couldn't* get pregnant - like right at the end of our periods, and before they started again."

"And if you decided that you liked making love, and wanted to do it more often than that?" I couldn't help asking.

Kathy answered "Then we'd want you to wear a condom - but we really don't want you to have to do that; we read that wearing one means the guy might not get as much pleasure as the girl, and we **want** you to enjoy making love with us, as much as possible."

"When did you want all this to happen?" Julie asked.

Both of them looked at us before Kathy answered "We were hoping that we could do it this weekend, if you agreed. We read that sometimes the girl is sore afterwards, and we wanted a little time to get over it if that happened to us. If it's okay, I would go first tomorrow; then Bobby could do Karen Sunday if he needed to wait or rest. Then we'd both have Monday to get over it if we were sore or hurt or anything."

I could only sit there, surprised at how carefully they'd thought things out, and planned for it. As hard as it was for me to admit it, I had to concede that they seemed to have done their research, and learned what they were getting themselves into. About the only thing they *hadn't* told us was how they'd settled on who would be first - and I suspected that that was only because we hadn't asked.

I looked from one to the other before saying "Okay, you've had your say. Let me and Julie talk about it, and we'll let you know what we decide in a little while."

Neither one of the argued or made any fuss - they simply stood up and headed for their room, obviously ready to accept whatever decision we gave them.

When they were gone, Julie came over to sit on my lap. I put my arms around her and she told me "As much as I hate to say it, it sounded like they really did what we told them: found out what they needed to know, figured out what they had to do and what the consequences would be, and politely made their request. It sounded to me like they thought it through pretty good - they were even ready when I asked them what about afterwards."

I nodded, and said "I have to admit that their reasons for what they wanted sounded pretty good, too. They let us know what they wanted, and why we - I! - should give it to them."



They're not trying to make any outrageous demands; far from it! Once I make them non-virgins, they're willing to let it stop there, or so they say."

Julie made a face, and said "From the way they acted when you told them we had to talk, I actually think they WOULD let it stop there. They wouldn't be happy about it, but I don't think they'd push it, either. If it turned out that they like making love as much as I do, they'd probably just start looking for a guy that WOULD treat them nice, and do it with him. At least, if they're making love with you, we can be sure they're not going to catch anything, or have anyone start talking about them."

"It sounds like you've made up your mind to agree", I said.

Julie just looked at me and replied "I guess I have - they said the right things in the right way. If you can stop thinking about them as your little sisters, you'll realize it, too."

I sighed, and said "I already did that - and you're right, they DID say the right stuff. I still wish they'd waited a little longer, but only because they ARE my kid sisters. But if they've matured that much, then I guess all I can do is try to make it *right* for them the first time, like they asked."

Julie leaned against me and gave me a big hug before saying "I know it isn't easy for you, Bobby, but I think you're making the right decision."

We sat there for a few minutes before I finally asked "Okay, so who goes upstairs to give them the news?"

Julie sat up and grinned at me before saying "Since it's you they're after, they might as well hear it from you. Want me to go get them?"

"Sure - I might as well get this over with."

Julie playfully slapped at my arm and said "C'mon, Bobby. It's not like they're asking you to put on a ballet tutu and dance with them in the school play, or anything! Look at it this way - now you'll have not one, but THREE females eager to keep you satisfied!"

I grinned, and said "Well, there is that, I suppose....", making her grin back.

Julie left, returning a couple minutes later with the twins in tow. Both quickly took their seats, and waited patiently for one of us to tell them our decision.

I looked at them, and after collecting my thoughts, told them "Julie and I talked it over, and decided that what you were asking was pretty fair and reasonable; so I'm willing to do it."

Both of them got delighted looks on their faces before I told them "BUT there are a few things you have to know, and understand."

That immediately sobered both, and they waited for me to continue.

I did by telling them "I'm sure you already know this, but I want to say it just to make sure we all understand it: whatever happens between us - you, me, and Julie - is for us and us ONLY. Nobody outside this house is to **ever** know about it. If anyone ever found out that I made love with you, not only would I go to jail for a long, long time; but they'd break all of us up - probably separating you two, too."

That immediately got their attention, of course, and Kathy told us "Bobby! We'd never, EVER tell anyone! Not even a little bit! We love you, and we don't want you to go to jail because of us!" as Karen nodded enthusiastically in agreement.

"Good, because I don't want to go to jail; and more important, I don't want us to be broken up. The second thing is that Julie doesn't mind if you want to make love with me, too, even after you're not virgins. The third thing is that we absolutely, positively have to make sure that you don't get pregnant, or catch any kind of diseases. That means that we can ONLY make love when you can't get pregnant. Julie and I are only making love with each other, so we know that we aren't going to get anything from each other. If you go out and make love with someone else, there is a CHANCE - maybe only a small one, but still a *chance* - that they could give you something. We obviously can't stop you from making love with someone else; but if you do, there's the possibility that they'll make you sick in a way that will have people asking questions that we can't reasonably answer - which will only make for MORE questions. You understand?"

Both nodded, and I went on "Finally, I want to make a suggestion about your plans. I think it would be nicer if I spent a whole day - twenty-four hours - with each of you, instead of just having two climaxes. That way, we can take our time, and we'll all have plenty of time to make it happy for all of us. If Kathy is supposed to be with me first, then I think it would be nice if Karen got to sleep with me - yes, I said 'sleep!' - the night before, to kind of balance things out a little more."

They thought that over, looked at each other, and then back at me before Kathy said "You're right, Bobby - it **would** be more fair", to which Karen added "And I think a whole day sounds a LOT better than the other way."

Julie spoke up then, saying "I've got a suggestion, too. Bobby, and whoever he's with, should keep the door closed while they're inside. That way, me and whoever is outside will know to leave them alone so they can make love or cuddle or talk or whatever else they want to without being disturbed."

Both twins nodded at that, as I did.

"Then if you understand the 'rules', and you're sure you want to do this, then we will.", I told them.

Both were smiling broadly as they got up from the couch and came over to where Julie and I were sitting - Karen climbing into my lap, Kathy going to Julie's.

As I held her in my arms, Karen looked up at me and said "We really are sure about this, Bobby. We're both nervous - but we're not afraid."

I hugged her and answered "I'm nervous, too - but I'm not afraid, either." She smiled up at me and snuggled into my chest.

We stayed like that for the rest of the evening - except for the times one or the other of the twins would get up to get all of us a snack to munch on, or refresh the iced tea we were drinking.

When it got late, Julie told Kathy "If you want to, you can sleep in my bed with me tonight."

Kathy grinned, and said "I'd like that" before the two of them led the way upstairs, Karen and I following. Once we were inside my room, and the door closed, Karen got visibly nervous - but when she saw me taking my clothes off for bed, she quickly did the same, and then climbed in with me to spoon against my front. I put my arm around her and cupped her breast in my hand. The feel of her small, tight ass against my penis caused it to inflate slightly; she turned her head to look at me, and I just smiled at her and gave her a little kiss on the end of her nose to reassure her - both that she was welcome in my bed, and that I wasn't going to try anything more with her. She smiled and wriggled a little closer, wedging my semi-erect penis between the cheeks of her cute little ass. I was surprised at how nice and comfortable it felt to be holding her like that - but I still couldn't help staying awake for a little while, wondering what the next couple of days would be like. I don't think Karen fell asleep any sooner than I did...

---

I woke up the next morning lying on my back, with Karen on her side next to me with her head resting on my shoulder. I could feel that she had one arm on my chest and a leg thrown across mine - and her small, firm breasts pressing into my side as the soft down of her pubis faintly tickled my hip. She was already awake, and lifted her head to look up at me when she felt me start to move. She gave me a positively radiant smile before wishing me a good morning. I kissed the top of her head, and wished her the same in return.

We stayed like that for several minutes before she said "I heard Julie and Kathy get up and go downstairs. It feels really nice to be with you like this, but today is Kathy's day, and I don't want to take any of it away from her."

"I like being with you like this, too - but I think you're right, we probably should be getting up now."

Karen slid away from me and stood next to the bed. I got up, too, and asked her "Would you like to take a shower with me before we go downstairs?"

She grinned and nodded, and the two of us went into the bathroom to get ready for what promised to be an 'interesting' day. As we cleaned up, we managed to behave ourselves - mostly.

After we dried off, I made a brief detour back into my room, taking a couple of small towels in anticipation of needing them later. Still naked, Karen and I went downstairs to find Kathy and Julie - both as naked as we were - in the kitchen as Julie prepared breakfast. Julie looked up and said "Perfect timing, as usual. Breakfast is bacon and cheese omelets. Bobby, you just sit down; Karen, you can help by making some toast for everyone."

Karen did as instructed, with a slight detour to get me a cup of coffee. I sat down next to Kathy, and sipped my coffee after taking her hand in mine, holding it.

Breakfast was surprisingly relaxed, considering that all of us knew what was going to be happening that day. Julie and I both talked with each of the twins, trying to help calm and reassure them. Afterwards, Karen helped clean up the kitchen without having to be asked by Julie; Kathy and I made our way back up to my bedroom.

When the door was closed behind us, I turned around to see that Kathy was even more visibly nervous than Karen had been the night before - understandable, of course. I went over to her and took her in my arms to give her a hug and kiss on the top of her head before telling her "Its okay, Kathy. There's no hurry on ANY of this. We'll just take it easy, and let things happen as they happen. I'm not expecting anything from you, and I'm not going to try to hurry you or rush you."

She tilted her head back to look up at me and said "I know that, Bobby", with total confidence and trust in her voice. She went on to say "I know you won't hurt me or do anything I don't want you to; you were so nice and patient and gentle with us before. It's just that, well, I've never done this before" - the last part with a small laugh - "and I don't know what to expect, really."

I grinned at her and answered "I know you haven't done this before - that's why you're here, right?"

She grinned back, and I went on "There's nothing to be nervous about. Like I said, we just take it easy, and let it happen. We've got all day and all night, so there's no hurry. Even if you change your mind and don't want us to go that far, it's okay - I won't be mad."

With a serious look on her face, she told me "No, I'm not going to change my mind. Yeah, I'm nervous - but I'm **sure**, too."

I cupped her face in my hands and kissed her on the forehead before telling her "That's fine, too. We just had breakfast, so how about if we just rest a little bit, and talk to each other?"

She gave me a relieved smile, and willingly let me lead her to my bed. In short order, she was in essentially the same position Karen had been not long before - and the two of us lay there for a while, simply talking - and getting to know each other all over again, one on one. We ended up with Kathy laying on her back, me resting on my elbow next to her, looking down at her - and without our noticing it, nearly three hours had gone by. It was Kathy that noticed the time first, then pointed it out to me, smiling.

"I guess it worked, didn't it?" she asked.

"What worked?"

"Taking it easy, I mean - we've been like this for almost three hours! Both of us are naked in your bed, and all we've done has been *talk*."

"I liked talking with you like that."

She smiled, and said "I liked it, too. But that's not why I'm here."

"It is, if that's what you want." I replied.

"I did want - but now, I want more, too."

"You're not nervous any more?"

"No, not even a little bit" she answered with certainty.

I didn't say anything in reply - I just put my hand on her breast and started caressing it, cupping it my hand before slowly drawing my fingers from her chest to the rapidly-hardening nipple at its peak before cupping it again.

Her other breast visibly tightened in sympathy with the attentions it's mate was getting, and I could hear Kathy's breathing start to increase as my touch had the desired effect. I moved my hand to her other breast and repeated my actions, causing her areola to pucker, pushing the hard pebble of her erect nipple even further into the air. After a few moments, I lowered my head to kiss her, and wasn't surprised in the slightest when I felt her tongue touch my lips. I opened my mouth to her, and our tongues gently danced as I continued to fondle the obvious symbols of her developing womanhood.

As the seconds ticked by, our kiss continued - and Kathy's hips and pelvis started lifting off of the bed slightly. From our previous encounters, I knew that she was getting aroused, and gradually let my hand trace a path down her body, ending at the small, soft tuft of her pubic hair. She readily opened her thighs for me, and I let my hand dip even

lower, my fingertips following the cleft of her sex to where her labia were already lengthening, the area between them warm and slick with her juices.

Another couple of minutes, and Kathy was panting, and moaning softly with her steadily increasing passion; my touch between her thighs had her pelvis moving almost continuously.

Moving my head down her body, I starting licking her nipple as I softly sucked on as much of her breast as I could get into my mouth - making her gasp in response. With her desire finally high enough, I let my finger slip between her vaginal lips, to press softly against her opening. Kathy didn't hesitate to spread her legs even farther, and lift her knees to open herself to me. As I continued to nurse at her breasts, I slowly and gently worked my finger into her - first past the tight ring of her entrance, then farther inside, until I came to the obstruction of her maidenhead. She didn't flinch or show any signs of hesitation or discomfort as I went about carefully testing the thickness and strength of her hymen. In fact, her only response was to moan even louder, and lift her hips in invitation to continue my penetration.

Once satisfied that I would be able to get past her cherry, I went about trying to stretch her to accept my penis. She was easily taking the one finger that I was using on her, so I carefully lubricated both my ring and little fingers, then gently worked them into her, stretching her a little farther. That only seemed to excite her more, and it was only a minute or two before I decided to try my ring and middle fingers - those two being a little smaller in diameter than my erect penis. It took a little longer, and I had to be even more careful, but eventually, Kathy was able to accept having both of them inside her with relative ease. That left only the first small part of her vagina stretched, but it was enough to let us get started, if that was what she wanted - and judging from the way she was moaning and lifting her hips in welcome to my efforts, she wanted it very much, indeed.

When I slid my fingers out of her, she released a soft groan of disappointment, and opened her eyes to look up at me. I simply told her "That's enough to get me started inside you. But I think it would be easier for you if you had an orgasm so that you were as wet and relaxed as possible before we try anything more."

She nodded, and I said "If you want to use your mouth on me while I do the same to you, you can have an orgasm, and your saliva will make me slick, too."

She nodded enthusiastically, and readily pushed me onto my back before getting onto her knees long enough to straddle my face. Without hesitation, she leaned forward, and then lowered herself so that she could take my erect penis in her mouth and eagerly started licking and sucking on it.

I took a few moments to look at the view she was giving me of herself - her mons only half-covered by her soft, fine pubic hair; the way her vaginal lips were extended, dark red and parted with her desire, revealing the pink entrance to her young womanhood. All I

had to do was to bring her to orgasm, so that she would be as ready as possible for what was next - a task that was certainly more pleasure than work.

Lifting my head, I extended my tongue and drew it slowly and softly between the petals of Kathy's inner lips, collecting a full taste of the nectar of her arousal as she softly moaned around my penis. From the way she was licking and sucking on me, I knew that she wanted to have me inside her, and didn't delay any longer; slipping my tongue between her labia again, I slid it toward where they flowed out from her clitoris. There, I paused only long enough to savor the soft feel of the fringe of her pubic thatch teasing my upper lip before starting a soft, rapid fluttering of my tongue across her exposed and engorged clitoris. In just a few seconds, she was moaning almost continuously as she arched her pelvis down, trying to increase the pressure I was applying. But I wanted her as wet and relaxed as I could possibly get her, and moved my head away to keep her from accomplishing her goal of achieving a fast, but smaller, orgasm.

Even so, it was only a couple of minutes before I felt the entrance to her vagina start a slight clasp that told me she was getting close to her release. A couple of minutes more, and it happened: letting my erection pop free from her mouth, Kathy lifted her head to release a loud cry of pleasure as a mini-flood of her juices flowed out of her vagina and onto my eagerly waiting tongue.

As spasm after spasm of pleasure washed through her, I continued to tickle her clitoris with the tip of my tongue, prolonging and intensifying her pleasure. Only when I felt her all but collapse on top of me did I stop my oral assault.

Moving carefully, I gently eased her off of me, and then moved around so that I could hold her in my arms. When her breathing was again under control, she wrapped her arms around me and hugged me fiercely; then released me to say "Thank you, Bobby - after that, I **know** I'm wet and relaxed enough inside!"

Having said that, she got to her hands and knees and told me "I... I want you to make love to me like this the first time. I know it might not be the easiest way for me, but it's what I want to do."

I looked at her uncertainly, and she nodded that that was really what she wanted. I moved over to give her a kiss on the lips, then on to kiss the peak of one of her breasts. She shuddered slightly, but didn't say anything. I got to my knees, and the two of us maneuvered a little so that I was in position behind her. I paused a few moments to memorize the sight and the occasion: the firm, round globes of her ass, the tuft of soft hair between her thighs, and her thin, delicate labia framing the opening to her wet vagina, inviting me to be the first to sample her womanly charms.

My erect penis was still glistening with her saliva, and I didn't doubt that between the lubrication she'd left on it, and what she had inside, there was more than enough to make it possible for me to fill her with my manhood. The only question in my mind was whether the attempt would be as pleasant for her as I wanted it to be.

Taking myself in hand, I moved a bit closer and slid the head of my penis up and down between her shiny-wet vaginal lips, wetting it even more. Kathy gasped at the first contact, then sighed in pleasure. Easing my hips back a bit, I positioned the end of my erection at her opening. She didn't hesitate to press herself back against me, helping to hold me in place. Holding myself steady, I pushed my hips forward, pressing myself against her - and after a few seconds, felt myself starting to slip into her, much to my surprise. Another couple of seconds, and I popped through the tight ring of her entrance. She gasped slightly, but from the tone, I knew that it was surprise and not pain. Still, I stopped for a few seconds to give her time to get used to the sensation of having me inside her - and to give her another chance to change her mind about going further.

To the contrary, she began pressing herself back against me, sliding herself even further onto me; stopping only when we both felt me pressing against the blockage of her maidenhead. We both held still then as I leaned forward a bit and reached around her to take her small, firm breasts in my hands and start gently pulling and pinching her nipples - something I knew that she enjoyed tremendously.

After a bit, I told her "We can stop now, if you want, and you haven't lost anything. You'll still be a virgin, and that's something you can change in the future, if you want. If we go on, there's no turning back if we go past this."

"No! I **don't** want to stop! I *want* this to happen - here, and now, and with you!"

"You're sure?"

"Yes! Please, Bobby! Do this for me. I WANT it!"

Recognizing the inevitable, I didn't say anything more - I just eased myself back a bit to make sure I was well-lubricated with her oils, and pressed myself in before stopping at her hymen again. A few more strokes like that, and I could feel her getting more aroused by the sensations I was creating inside her. On my next thrust, I pressed into her a little harder - and was surprised and amazed when I not only hit her maidenhead, but pushed on through it. Kathy squeaked when it happened, and I immediately stopped - only to have her tell me "No, don't stop! It didn't hurt, really - I just felt kind of a tug inside, and then it was gone."

A bit uncertain, I still did as she asked - and wasn't surprised to see traces of blood on my penis when I slid it almost all the way out of her. But she didn't seem to be in any pain or discomfort, so I pushed myself back into her, penetrating her until over half my penis was inside her incredibly hot and tight vagina. Back out, then back in again - until only an inch or so of me was still outside her. At the head of my penis, I could feel the deepest part of her, and knew that if I went any farther I would be stretching and filling her completely. Kathy simply wiggled her hips, letting me know that she wanted more. I withdrew until only the head of my erection was inside her, then eased myself forward again - stopping only when I felt the tight ring of her opening squeezing the base of my penis as the rest of her vagina was wrapped - oh, so tightly! - around my manhood.



Below me, I heard Kathy softly say "I did it! I did it! Oh, God, that feels so good!"

I had to admit to myself that the feeling of the warm globes of her ass pressed against my lower belly as her tight, wet sheath softly squeezed my penis felt pretty damn good, too.

We held ourselves still for a bit, each of us delighting in the sensations created by our union - but I was the one to move first, holding her hips steady as I slowly arched my hips back to withdraw from her before pressing myself back in again, just as slowly. As I did, I heard Kathy's soft moan as her head tilted back in welcome and pleasure of my penetration of her young womanhood.

Even with the 'loosening' I'd done to the entrance to her vagina, she was still tight. And hot. And wet. And burying myself into her that way was a treasure - one that I had to admit that I looked forward to experiencing again when I deflowered Karen the next day. But right then and there, it was Kathy that had my attention and Kathy that was bringing me so much pleasure. Over the next couple of minutes, I slowly increased the speed of my thrusts into her - and she happily, even eagerly, accepted every one of them. It wasn't long before I was making love to her fully and completely; and listening to the groans and gasps as Kathy's pleasure and arousal steadily increased with each stroke.

And with each stroke, she got a trifle wetter - something that made pistoning in and out of her not only easier, but somehow, more pleasurable and more exciting.

From the way she was responding, I knew that Kathy was enjoying our love-making tremendously - something that surprised me, considering that this was the first time for her. Amazingly, I realized that there was a pretty fair chance that she might actually have an orgasm; but from the sensations she was creating around me, I knew that there was no way of knowing if it would happen for her before I found my own release. It simply felt too damn good to be making love with her that way.

We continued to make love that way, my hips in almost constant motion as I continued to slide myself in and out of Kathy's tight opening. Much sooner than I wanted, I felt the faint tightening of my balls that told me that my climax wasn't far off. I tried everything I could think of to try and put it off so that I could not only brink Kathy that much closer to her own orgasm, but so that I could prolong the pleasure I was getting from making love with her; but it didn't do as much good as I wanted. It finally got to the point where I knew I was going to cum - the only question was how hard. I slowed down to take a few long, slow strokes in and out of her to intensify the feelings I was having in the head of my penis, then couldn't help but rapidly thrusting into her several times before trying to bury myself in her as far as I could, groaning when my dick tightened and I washed the deepest part of her with my hot jism.

As it happened, I heard Kathy cry out "Oh! I can feel it! You're shooting in me!" before releasing her own loud cry and tightening around me even more as she climaxed.

I could feel her young, tight pussy begin a rhythmic spasming, running from the base of my penis to the head as though her internal muscles were trying to draw out every drop of semen that I had, and keep it inside herself. But I filled her so completely, so thoroughly, that there was only so much space for my hot cum. As I continued to squirt jet after jet of hot semen into her, it forced out what was already inside her; I could feel my thighs and hers being soaked by the overflow of our combined juices.

Kathy neither noticed, nor cared - she was simply too far gone into the void of her own release as the spasms washing through her slowed, then subsided. When they'd tapered off enough, I saw and felt it as she had a brief period of weakness. I quickly took her body in my arms and guided both of us - still joined - to lay on our sides on the bed.

As Kathy lay there, I could still feel her vagina tighten around me every so often - whether it was caused by the slight movements of her body or after-effects of her orgasm, I didn't know; the only thing I was certain of was that they were enough to help keep my penis semi-erect and inside her.

After a couple of minutes, I felt Kathy's body shaking slightly; when I looked down at her, I could see that she was quietly crying. I gave her a brief hug before asking "What's the matter, honey?"

She sniffled, and replied "Nothing's wrong, Bobby. I'm just so happy, is all. You were so gentle and everything, and it felt so *good* to make love with you like that - and then I even had an **orgasm** from it! You've been so nice to us - me and Karen - even after we were such *stinkers* that night. But you still love us enough to do THIS for me, us, I mean! Oh, Bobby, I love you so much!"

I just hugged her again, and told her "Its okay, Kathy. I know you love me, and Julie knows you love her, too. Yeah, you and Karen **were** both a couple of real stinkers that night - but you apologized and learned from it. Julie and I will NEVER stop loving you, ever. Sometimes, we might not like what you do, but that doesn't mean that we don't love you."

Kathy nodded her understanding, and started to move closer to me before realizing that my half-hard penis was still inside her. She turned to look at me, her eyes wide in surprise. I just grinned and told her "I liked making love with you, too. I can feel your insides kind of squeezing me, sometimes, and it feels good - but I guess you know that already."

She grinned back, and answered "Yeah, I kinda figured that out" before getting a slightly distracted look on her face. A few moments later, I felt her vagina twitch, and a moment after that, felt it again. It wasn't long before I realized that it was Kathy, deliberately going about learning how to control her internal muscles, and making me feel good in the process.

After a bit, I got her attention and told her "It feels really nice, what you're doing - but we just made love" - "I remember!" she declared with a smile - "and it's going to be a little while before I can do it again. You might want to wait until then, so you know if what you're doing is having the effect you want."

She gave me a mischievous grin, and nodded.

A few moments later, she crinkled up her nose before telling me "Uh, I feel kind of, um, weird - you know, *there*. Like I just started my period, only different."

I smiled and said "That's probably us - I mean, our, uh, juices and stuff. My semen, and a little bit of your blood."

She looked surprised and a little frightened, and I quickly reassured her "No, you're not bleeding to death or anything - it's just that when your cherry broke, you bled a little bit. Perfectly normal."

She thought about it a moment, and said "Yeah, Julie told us that might happen. It still feels kinda icky and gross, though."

I grinned before I told her "We can take a shower, if you want."

"But wouldn't we have to, uh, move? Wouldn't that kinda make a mess on your bed?"

"Yes, we'd have to move; and yes, it would make a mess on my bed. Except that I brought a couple of towels before breakfast. We use one to catch everything before it makes a mess, is all."

She smiled at me, and nodded her understanding. I went on to tell her "If you can stay with me, I can reach one of them, and then we can clean up a little."

"Clean up a LOT, I think!" with a giggle.

It didn't require much effort on Kathy's part to ensure that we didn't 'uncork' while I got one of the towels. I got it unfolded and handed it to her, she nodded when she was ready, and I pulled back from her enough to pull my penis free - and even as it was slipping out of her, she had the towel ready, not letting a drop of our combined juices leak onto my bed. Just it had with Julie, the sight of her holding a cloth between her legs to catch my cum as it leaked out of her brought me a little bit of a thrill. But not so much that I couldn't move to stand at the edge of the bed, take her in my arms, and carry her to the bathroom where I gently deposited her on the commode. That done, I gave her a smile and a little wave before leaving and closing the door behind me - giving her some privacy as she dealt with the consequences of her first complete sexual encounter. Back in my room, I opened my window to air things out a bit, and waited a couple of minutes before going back to softly knock at the bathroom door. I heard Kathy's soft "Its okay, Bobby",

and went in to find that she'd started the shower, and was rinsing the towel out to ensure that it didn't stain from the blood that had gotten onto it.

She gave me a shy smile when she realized that I'd seen what she was doing; I just smiled back and got into the shower with her. When she was done, she set the towel aside and we had a nice time cleaning each other off - until we started running low on hot water. That was our cue to dry off and find our way back to my room, closing the door behind us again before I closed the window.

For the next couple of hours, neither of us felt any need to say anything - we were closer than we'd ever been before, in more than the obvious way. We just lay there next to each other, both of us accepting whatever contact our bodies happened to make as we occasionally shifted position; neither of us felt any need to make it overtly sexual or intimate.

Toward early afternoon, both of us drifted into naps; I woke up to find myself on my side with Kathy on her back in front of me, her legs draped across mine as she continued to sleep. She was so beautiful laying there that I could only lay there and look at her. Her delicate profile; her smooth, soft skin; the flowing curves of her developing body - all of them only made me realize how much she'd offered to me, and how much I would always treasure the experience I'd had with her.

I was still looking at her when she woke up. When her eyes opened, she was briefly confused to find that she wasn't alone; but when she saw who was sharing the bed with her, she looked over at me and smiled - warming my heart all over again.

I lowered my head, and the two of us kissed, lovingly.

"You okay?" I asked.

Her smile only widened before she answered "More than okay. I feel *wonderful*!"

She wriggled a little closer to me, and felt my penis softly pressing against the back of her thigh. She gave me a mischievous grin, and started rocking her leg, applying a soft, rhythmic pressure against it. It had the effect she was apparently after, since her grin widened as she felt it growing in response.

I raised an eyebrow and asked "You sure you're ready for more?"

She answered "Yup! And I think you are, too. But this time, I want to go slow and make it last longer."

With that, she nudged me to roll over and lay on my back; when I did, she sat up and spun around on her butt so that her head was almost even with my semi-erect penis. Then she moved to her hands and knees to move far enough that she could take me in her hand before lowering her head and taking the head of my penis in her mouth. I wasn't about to

let the chance to return the favor go by, and didn't delay in reaching out to put a hand on her leg. With my stiffening member still in her mouth, she turned her head to look back at me; I flicked my tongue at her to let her know what I wanted to do and she grinned around me before nodding and lifting her leg to let me guide it over my head.

That left her neatly straddling my head - and gave me a clear view of the area between her thighs. I could see that her clitoris was already starting to peek out from under its hood, and her labia were visibly extended and parted in her arousal. I quickly slid my tongue between them, and discovered that she was already starting to produce another batch of the delicious oils that were uniquely hers.

She'd said that she wanted to go slow and make it last longer, and that's what we did. For a long time, each of us found our pleasure in pleasuring the other - as Kathy slowly licked and sucked on my erect manhood, I did the same to her labia and clitoris. A couple of times, she felt me starting to get too close to my release, and would slow down - or even stop - what she was doing to give me time to 'pull back'. For my part, I had to reason or desire to reciprocate - far from it. I continued my oral assault through two orgasms for her.

After the second, she released her lip-lock on my manhood to tell me "I... I want you inside again!"

I quite probing the opening to her vagina to respond "I think I'd like that, too. How?"

She understood that I was asking how she wanted me to make love to her, and she said "On top of me - but I want to see, too" before moving to sit next to me, and turning to face my head.

I scooted over to make room for her, and she quickly laid down where I'd just been. I reached up to grab one of my pillows and told her "If you want to see, I think we'll need this." She looked at me quizzically, but understood when I nudged her hip to indicate that she should raise up. When she did, I quickly got the pillow situated before moving to my hands and knees over her. She readily pulled her knees up and spread her thighs, opening herself to me. I slipped between her legs, and she lifted and spread her knees even more to make room for me. I got myself into position when she surprised me by reaching between us to take my saliva-slick erection in her hand before sliding it up and down between her labia a couple of times, wetting it even further with the lubrication she was producing.

When she was satisfied, she positioned me at her opening and lifted her head so that she could look down to where I was poised at her entrance. Her eyes locked on the sight, she softly told me "Do it, Bobby. Put it in!"

Shifting my weight a little bit, I pressed myself forward; after just a second, I felt myself slip through the tight, wet ring of her opening. Her eyes widened, but she just said "Yes, that's it! Finish it - fill me up again, but do it slow!" Satisfied that I wasn't going to slip

out of her, she released her grip on me and pulled her hand away so that she had a clear view of our union.

Again, I did as she commanded - sliding myself into her for an inch or so, then pausing a moment before withdrawing slightly to make sure I stayed properly lubricated with her oils before pressing in again. I was perhaps halfway in her when I heard her soft "This is so sexy - I can see it and feel it at the same time!"

I continued to ease my way into her, and her eyes never wavered from where my manhood was slowly disappearing into her hot, wet channel. Only when my pubic bone was pressed against hers did she let her head fall back with a contented sigh. I held myself in her, and after a few moments, I felt her again teaching herself how to control her internal muscles.

The effect was incredible as she learned to clench herself around me in a series of 'ripples' that ran from one end of my penis to the other, and back again. Once she got proficient (!) at that, she went on to try other things, finishing by learning to tighten her vagina *lengthwise* so that I would feel it along the underside of my penis, then one side or the other, then along the top. Each time she learned how to do something that felt good to me, she could feel me responding inside her - and would 'practice' it a little longer. If I'd been willing to let her, she could have brought me to a climax just from the way she was able to manipulate herself around me.

But I wanted more than to simply get off because of the tricks she was learning to perform internally: I wanted us to make **love**. When she paused after a bit, I slid myself out of her; as I did, she raised her head again to watch - then moan softly as she watched and felt it when I pressed myself into her again, filling her with a single long, slow motion. She continued to watch for a bit as I did it again a little faster, then again, faster still. Only when I was pistoning in and out of her at a slow, steady pace did she finally let her head fall back again, the pleasure and arousal plain on her face.

We continued to make love like that, the steady pace of our lovemaking pleasing both of us. As the minutes went by, our arousal grew, along with the love and affection we felt for each other. After a while, I knew from the way Kathy was responding underneath me that she was ready for our lovemaking to find its proper conclusion.

I slowly increased the speed of my thrusts, and the force with which I was entering her; Kathy responded by lifting her hips and pelvis in welcome and eager acceptance. Before long, I was entering her as quickly and deeply and enthusiastically as I'd ever done with Julie, and Kathy was accepting it as easily and as readily as Julie ever had.

A little more, and Kathy wrapped her legs around my waist, locking her ankles as she opened herself to me completely, letting me penetrate her as deeply as possible while she gasped and moaned her way toward her approaching orgasm.

And, of course, it finally happened - with a loud cry, Kathy froze in place, her vagina tightening around me as she was overwhelmed by her climax. I continued to thrust myself into her even-tighter sheath, something made possible only by how incredibly wet she was inside. Even so, the slippery friction of her stimulated me more than I could have imagined, and it was less than a minute before I made my own contribution to the situation - unloading wad after wad of my semen into her.

I held myself over her body and deep inside her as both of us finished, then came down from, our respective climaxes. Kathy was still a little dazed when I lowered my head to start softly kissing her face and shoulders. With each touch of my lips, she would give a little shiver and soft moan, pleased with my attentions. Her ankles finally unlocked, and she unwrapped her legs from around my waist to lower them to the bed, panting slightly as she looked up at me in a mixture of love, pleasure, and satiety.

Taking her in my arms, I moved one of my legs to the outside of hers and carefully rolled over onto my back, bringing her with me so that she ended up lying on top of me. She moved her leg back to the outside of mine before lowering herself to rest on me, my semi-erect penis still inside her. She nuzzled my chest before sighing her pleasure at having me hold her that way.

We stayed like that for quite a while - interrupted only when Kathy raised up long enough to grab the other towel and tuck it between us to keep our respective fluids from draining onto my bed when I finally shrank enough to pull free of her. Other than that, Kathy didn't seem the slightest bit concerned about the consequences of our lovemaking - she was content to lay on me with my arms wrapped around her for as long as I was willing to have her there; which was a very long time, indeed.

We must have lain there for nearly an hour before my stomach finally reminded us that we'd completely missed lunch - and that supper was fast approaching. When she heard it, Kathy giggled, and said "Yeah, I'm getting hungry, too!"

A few moments later, she lifted her head enough to give me a soft kiss on my throat before rising up even more to kiss me on the lips. I tilted my head to look down at her, and she smiled at me radiantly before saying "Thank you, Bobby. I thought it would feel good to make love - and you made it even better than I thought it would be. And you were so nice and patient and gentle with me, too. I don't think I could have *asked* for a better first time - or a second one, for that matter!"

I smiled and answered "I'm glad it turned out good for you."

She grinned and said "Oh, it turned out **way** better than just 'good' - it was *wonderful*!"

We kissed again, tenderly, and when Kathy started to get off of me, we discovered that we'd become 'glued' together as a result of our combined juices drying. That reduced her to a fit of giggles, and even had me smiling, before we carefully (!) got ourselves separated.

Once that task was safely accomplished, we held hands as we went into the bathroom to clean up again. When we'd finished our shower and were drying off, we heard a discrete knock at the door before Julie told us "If you two are ready for some food, supper will be in about ten minutes. You don't have to get dressed all the way; Karen and I just have panties on."

I acknowledged Julie's message, and we heard her footsteps go down the hall toward the stairs. When we were both thoroughly dried off (we tested each other repeatedly and VERY carefully), Kathy and I went back into my bedroom to put on some underwear before heading downstairs. There, we found that Julie and Karen had set up trays in the living room - and further, had set Kathy's and my food on one tray, expecting that she'd sit on my lap as we ate.

After we'd finished the cube steaks and mashed potatoes that Julie had prepared, Karen cleaned up, leaving Kathy free to stay on my lap. As the four of us watched television for the rest of the evening, she stayed there, wearing a Mona Lisa smile as she occasionally sighed her contentment and pleasure. Karen - and even Julie - couldn't help but look at her every so often. I heard as Julie softly told Karen first "I wish *I'd* felt that way after my first time!", then a bit later, "Don't be jealous, Karen. I'll bet you look the same way after your turn!" - to which Karen replied "I'm not jealous, Julie - I'm **happy** for her! And I know Bobby will be as nice to me as he was her."

When it got late, I was surprised to discover that Kathy had fallen asleep on my lap - something that amused both Julie and Karen. I simply held her in my arms and carried her up to my room, where I removed her panties, then my underwear, before getting into bed next to her.

---

I woke up to find Kathy in my arms the next morning - already awake and apparently just watching me as I slept. I smiled at her and said "Good morning, Sunshine. Sleep well?"

She gave me a big smile in return and answered "REAL well. Uh, did I fall asleep downstairs?"

"Sure did. You and Karen agreed to twenty-four hours, so I brought you up here."

"And you took my panties off, too?"

"Yup. I figured you might like to be naked with me."

She smiled again and said "Yeah, I would have... do... whatever!"

I laughed, and replied "Yeah, I know."

She got a mildly serious look on her face and told me "Thank you, Bobby."



Mildly perplexed, I asked "What for?"

"For yesterday. For making me a woman. For making me so *happy* and being so patient and gentle while you were doing it. For last night. For everything you've done - not just about guys and sex and everything, but all the other stuff that you - and Julie! - do for me and Karen."

I hugged her and answered "Its okay, Kathy. What we had yesterday, it was something special" - "I'll say! I'm **never** going to forget it!" - "and it'll be something I always remember. But all the rest of it... well, that's just what I - we - do because we love you so much."

She started to cry a little bit, which surprised me. I took her in my arms again and asked "What's the matter?"

Through her tears, she managed to answer "Both of you love us so much, and work so hard to keep us happy and safe and all that - and even after Karen and I scared and hurt you so much, you're still willing - both of you! - to do THIS for us! I don't know how you can love us so much!"

I gently stroked her back as I told her "Kathy, we DO love you - so much that we CAN forgive you when you do stuff like that. Remember yesterday, when I told you that we always love you, even when you do things we don't like?"

She nodded into my chest, and I went on "Well, it's true. Do you think we COULD let you be with us like this if we didn't love you that much?" - she shook her head - "We DO love you, more than either one of us could ever begin to tell you. Yes, you and Karen scared the *hell* out of us, and hurt both of us. But we both know that you're young, and still have a lot to learn about growing up. I told you, we'll both always love you no matter what - it's just easier when the two of you behave yourselves. And when you behave, it makes things easier and happier for **all** of us, doesn't it?"

I heard her soft "Yes" before continuing "Then can you remember that you don't have to be tricky or anything? That if you're honest with us, that we'll listen to what you have to say, and honestly *think* about it before we give you an answer? And that if we have to tell you 'no', it's because we're older and know a little more than you do - that we're not just doing it to be mean?"

She nodded again, and I finished up by telling her "Kathy, Julie gave up college so she could try to take care of all of us - you, Karen, and even me. And I got a job to help Julie take care of you two. I really didn't think that I would ever get a chance to go to college - but then my counselor at school told me about the state program, and it was like God himself smiled down on me. If it wasn't for that program, I'd still be out at the factory, working on the line with the other guys. What I'm saying is that it was pure, dumb luck that I got a chance to go to college instead of working at the factory. Luck isn't something that Julie and I want to have to count on for you and Karen. That's why the FIRST thing

we did was set up bank accounts to pay for you and Karen to go to college after you graduate high school. And that's why both of us are trying so hard to take care of both of you, and help you learn to grow up - so that YOU don't have to depend on luck to do better than Julie and I expected WE could. That's what families do when they love each other, is try to help one another. I know that sometimes you don't understand why Julie and I have to tell you that there's something you can't do, or something that you HAVE to do - but it's our job to think about stuff that you and Karen don't know or understand, because both of us love you so much. If Mom and Dad were still here, they'd be doing the same thing - for the same reasons: because all of us love you and want you to have every opportunity to do good in life. As hard as it is for you, remember that it's even harder on us: as much as we love you and WANT to tell you what you want to hear, we still have to think and worry about what happens with you. You know how much Woof likes to go out of the yard and play, don't you?"

"Yeah"

"But you know something that Woof doesn't, don't you? That if he does that, there's a chance that he might get lost, or hit by a car, or some other bad thing happen to him - so you have to keep him from doing something he WANTS to do because you know that what he wants isn't necessarily what's good for him. You have to tell him 'no' because you don't want something bad to happen to him, right?"

"I understand what you're saying. I don't like to have to tell him he can't do that, and it kind of hurts me when I have to hurt his feelings when he doesn't want to listen; and it's the same thing with you and Julie - only it's worse for you, because we're your sisters and you love us so much."

"That's it, exactly."

She thought that over for a bit, and finally tilted her head back to look at me as she said "Bobby, I'll try to remember that, and be good so that you and Julie don't have to worry about me so much. I promise."

I hugged her again, and said "That's all either one of us could ask for, Kathy - that you *try*. And even if you don't always manage to do it, remember that we still love you, more than anything else in the world."

She hugged me back, and the two of us lay there quietly until we heard Julie and Karen go past my room on their way downstairs. Kathy said "I really like being with you like this - but today is Karen's turn, and I want her to feel as good as you've made me feel."

"You want to go downstairs for breakfast, then?" I asked.

She answered by moving out of my arms to stand next to the bed. She looked down at me for a few moments, then leaned down to give me a kiss on the cheek before saying "I love you, Bobby."

"I love you, too", I replied, making her smile before I got up to stand next to her. We each put on our underwear again, and with an arm around each other, we went downstairs to see what was for breakfast - both of us pleasantly surprised to find Julie and Karen getting set up to make French toast.

After breakfast, we all chipped in to clean up the kitchen; when we were done, Karen hung back a little bit while Kathy and Julie made their way toward the living room. Figuring that she wanted to say something to me, I delayed to so that the two of us were alone in the kitchen. Karen came over to where I was standing and led me over to one of the chairs. After nudging me to indicate she wanted me to sit down, she climbed into my lap and pulled my arms around her before telling me "Bobby, I know that you aren't going to do anything to hurt me - last night, I could see how happy you made Kathy. But I'm still a little bit nervous, too. If it's okay, I'd like to just stay downstairs for a little while, first."

I put a finger under her chin and gently lifted her face so that she could see me as I told her "Karen, that's fine. We can stay downstairs as long as you want. Or, if that's what you want, we can wait for this until some other time, when you think you're ready. It doesn't have to be today - or next week, or next month, or EVER. It's up to you when and if we make love, okay?"

"But I **do** want to make love with you, Bobby!" she declared, adding "I guess I'm just not as brave as Kathy, is all."

"It's not a question of whether you're as brave as Kathy - it's just that you're being more careful, and want to go slower. That's YOUR decision, and no one else's. You have to do what's right for YOU, when it's right for you to do it."

"That's about what Julie told me when I talked to her about it after we went to bed last night. Then she said I should talk to you, and that you'd understand. I guess she was right."

"Sometimes that happens", I teased her.

Karen grinned at me, and reassured, got off my lap and led the way into the living room where Kathy and Julie were watching one of the Sunday morning news and entertainment programs. I sat in one of the chairs, and Karen didn't hesitate to sit in my lap and pull my arms around her. I simply sat there, holding her, and giving her an occasional kiss on the top of her head. An hour later or so, she tilted her head back; I let mine fall forward so she could whisper in my ear "I think I'm ready to go upstairs, now." I nodded, and she quietly slipped off my lap. I got up, too, and the two of us started for the stairs. The only notice paid to us was a look of encouragement and reassurance that Kathy gave Karen.

When the door to my bedroom closed behind us, Karen guided me to a seat at the edge of my bed before moving to stand between my legs. I put my arms around her waist and waited to see what she wanted to do.

When I didn't do anything more than that for several seconds, Karen visibly relaxed and told me "I... I want to be naked with you, Bobby."

I moved my hands to the waistband of her panties, and slipped my thumbs between the material and her skin, then raised an eyebrow in question. She nodded, and I slowly slid her panties down her legs, letting her use me as a support when she lifted first one foot, then the other, out of them. With a soft nudge, she let me know that she wanted me to stand up; when I did, she returned the favor, leaving both of us standing naked in front of each other. Another soft push, and she had me seated at the edge of the bed again. After a few moments, she reached out to take my head in her hands and pull it forward until my lips were even with her breasts. Taking the hint, I opened my mouth and gently sucked one of her nipples into my mouth, accompanied by her soft gasp. I also reached up to put my hands on her waist again, and after sucking on her nipple for a few seconds, let them slide around and down so that I was cupping the smooth, firm globes of her ass. She didn't object, and I started slowly caressing and kneading them as I used my lips and tongue to bring each of her small, dark nipples to glistening hardness.

From there on, my time with Karen wasn't much different than what I'd spent with Kathy; the only significant exceptions were that Karen wanted to lower herself onto me for the first time, as she'd heard was easiest. As with Kathy, getting past her maidenhead turned out to be easier than I think either of us expected, though she bled a little more from it. The other major change was that she had me make love to her from behind for her second time. The entire time, I was patient and gentle and caring; Karen quickly gave herself over to me once she fully understood that I wasn't going to hurt or rush her in any way. Because of the previous day's experience with Kathy, I was able to last a little longer with Karen - and brought her that much more pleasure as a result.

Karen, too, stayed in my lap for supper, and fell asleep there afterwards - making Julie and Kathy both smile as they looked on approvingly.

---

Monday morning found the four of us seated around the breakfast table - Julie obviously pleased and amused at the quiet, pleased demeanors of the twins. When we'd finished eating, Kathy and Karen cleaned up without being asked, leaving me and Julie free to find seats in the living room. Well, seat, actually - I hadn't any more than sat down before I found Julie on my lap. She snuggled into my chest and said "Well, Bobby, it looks like you did a FINE job on breaking in your 'little sisters'!", teasing me.

I grinned and answered "Well, it was a dirty job - but *somebody* had to do it." - and earning myself a playful slap on the chest from her before she replied "Broke your heart, too, I'll bet. Really, Bobby, I don't think either one of them will **ever** forget their time with you. Last night, Kathy told me how you were with her, and how happy you made her. From the way Karen's floating around, I think it's a safe bet you did the same for her."

"I heard you that first night - telling Karen that you wished you'd felt the way Kathy did after YOUR first time."

"It's true, too. My first time, it was with one of the guys from school, in the back of his dad's station wagon at the drive-in. Both of us were scared we'd be seen, it went too fast, and it hurt. It wasn't until afterwards that I realized he hadn't used a condom, and I was **so** scared I was going to get pregnant. It didn't happen, of course, but that only made it worse for me. The sad part was, we broke up a couple months later - we were just too nervous and scared with each other, I guess. With them, I know they're going to be *happy* to remember it for the rest of their lives; and it makes me kind of jealous, a little."

"You don't have to be jealous - you've got me, too, for as long as you want me."

She smiled and snuggled closer before saying "Yeah, there is that."

---

In the months that followed, Kathy and Karen kept their promise to Julie and me - neither one of them did anything to get in the way of what Julie and I had. They were more than willing to make love with me when they were between menstrual cycles, and Julie willingly accommodated them, since it was just a few days once a month. Only once did they want to try making love during their periods - after presenting me with a box of condoms (I didn't ask where they got them), neither they nor I found the experience particularly satisfying; and least, not as satisfying as **WITHOUT** the condoms. That only seemed to make them that much more eager when we *could* make love skin-to-skin.

One of them got the idea of trying to find out if there was any other kind of contraception they could use; it didn't take them long to realize that anything other than an IUD or the Pill was either too messy or too unreliable. They checked further, and discovered that until they were 16, even an IUD was available only through a doctor - and both declared that all they wanted for their 16th birthday was a visit to the clinic so they could get one.

---

I started college as planned, and it didn't take long before all of us developed a system that ensured that the twins and I all did well in our studies. Gus was understanding and helpful about my class schedule - mostly because I kept it from interfering with my work as much as possible. Still, he didn't mind me studying at the office as long as the rest of my work was done.

It was getting close to Christmas again, and Julie and I had gone out to one of the local shopping malls to see about getting presents for the twins who had elected to stay home. Things were crowded and busy, so both of us were relieved when it didn't take us long to find gifts that we knew they'd like. Even after stopping off for a quick bite at a fast-food place, we got home well before we'd expected we would.

When we got inside, both of us were mildly surprised when Woof didn't come charging up to welcome us home - during the winter months, we let him stay in the house, putting him outside every so often to let him relieve himself.

We carried our packages upstairs to my room and put all of them in my closet until we could wrap them when the twins weren't around. That done, we started down the hall to Julie's room, only to discover why Woof hadn't been there to greet us: he was in the twins room, busily humping Kathy as she kneeled at the edge of Karen's bed, her face buried between Karen's thighs.

Julie and I could only stand there in shock as Woof pounded his glistening red dick in and out of Kathy's pussy, his forelegs wrapped around her waist. We could see the knot at the base of it banging against her opening as Kathy enthusiastically licked and sucked on Karen's exposed and engorged clitoris. None of them had the attention to spare to notice our presence; after a few moments, I felt Julie tug on my shirt as she started to lead the way back downstairs.

Without saying a word, we found ourselves in the kitchen; Julie sat down at the table as I went about making each of us a drink - a **strong** one.

I set Julie's in front of her, and then took a seat across from her - surprised to hear her softly saying "fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck!*"

About that time, we heard as Kathy cried out her release; Julie and I just looked at each other. A minute or so later, another cry as Karen started her own orgasm.

As Karen's cry died out, Julie asked me "So NOW what, Bobby?"

I just looked at her and answered "Like I know?"

"We can't have Woof trying to hump them every time someone comes over for a visit!"

"We can't have Woof trying to hump them *at all*. It's called bestiality, and I'm pretty sure it's illegal."

"It is - but so is the rest of what we're doing, remember?"

"Yeah - but at least with us, it's with another human being. But a **dog**?"

That seemed to shut both of us up, and we just sat there deep in our own thoughts. We'd each gone through about half our drinks when Woof showed up in the kitchen, coming over to each of us for a little ear-rubbing and chest-scratching. He was still there when the twins showed up in the doorway - obviously surprised to find us at home.

From the looks on our faces, they knew that we'd seen what they'd been up to - neither one said a word as they quietly came over to take seats at the table with us.

Julie was the first to speak, asking them "Do you want to tell us about it?"

They had one of their wordless conversations before Kathy spoke up, telling us "We didn't mean for you to find out about it that way."

"How DID you mean for us to find out?" I couldn't help asking.

"We were going to kind of ease into it", Karen said, adding "We planned to tell you later, after Christmas. We were going to sit down with you and tell you that we found someone that could make us feel good, but that couldn't give us any diseases or make us pregnant or tell anyone about us."

"And when we asked who that was?" Julie asked.

Kathy answered "We thought that if we could sit down and talk to you about it first, we could really emphasize the parts about not getting pregnant and no diseases and all that, so that it wouldn't matter so much."

"But *Woof*? Didn't you think that we might have something to say about you wanting to have sex with a dog?"

"Like Kathy said: we figured if we really brought out the positives, it might not matter so much - particularly after you had a chance to think about it. I mean, it's not like he can get us pregnant or anything. He can't tell anyone, and he can't give us any diseases like you warned us about."

"But why a dog? Why *Woof*?" I asked.

Both of them blushed, to my surprise, before Karen answered "We were, uh, fooling around one day - you know, uh, using our mouths on each other when *Woof* came in. We hadn't closed the door enough to latch it, and he kind of pushed it open. Both of us were **really** surprised when he came over and started licking Kathy."

Here, Kathy picked up, telling us "When he started doing that, it felt *so* good - I mean, his tongue was going WAY farther inside me than Karen could. I started getting really turned on, when all of a sudden he jumped up on me."

Karen told us "I was under her, and I could see his, uh, dick start coming out as he tried to put it inside her. He didn't look much bigger than Bobby, and I told Kathy that, but she still didn't want him doing that to her. I got out from under her as quick as I could while she kept moving around so that he couldn't get inside her. I managed to pull him off of her, but he was still hard. That's when both of us really got to look at him, and we realized that he was almost the same size as Bobby - at least, the part in front. But we still weren't sure about it - I mean, having him inside us like that. So we chased him out of the room; then we took a shower and went back into our bedroom to talk about it."

"We really weren't sure about it - him being a dog, and us being people. But the more we talked about it, the more we realized that it wasn't such a BAD idea: *he* wasn't going to tell anyone what we were doing, *he* couldn't get us pregnant, and we didn't think he had any diseases that could hurt us or make us sick."

"So how did it happen?" Julie asked.

"Well, before we did anything with him, we checked to see if we were right about not being able to get any diseases from him. We were, but both of us were still a little scared of actually *doing* anything with him. So at first, all we did was let him lick us - he was SO good at it, he made us have really good orgasms. Whenever he wanted to jump up on one of us, though, we'd team up to make him feel better - one of us would hold him while the other one used her hand to make him cum; he always liked that. After we did that a few times, we realized that he was clean, you know, there, and that he was only a little bit bigger than Bobby. Finally, when he tried to jump on me one time, I let him. It felt really weird at first, but it also felt really good, having him inside me like that. I even had an orgasm when he shot his stuff inside me", Kathy told us.

Karen added "After Kathy did it, I tried it the next day - and it really *did* feel good. He does it really fast and he doesn't last very long, but I can still have orgasms from it. It's not as nice as when we're with Bobby, so we only do it when we're really, *really* horny - maybe a couple times a month."

Julie and I sat there in silence for a minute or two, trying to digest what we'd just heard. Finally, I told them "Okay. You two go on upstairs while Julie and I talk about this."

Both of them left; Woof stayed behind to lie in his favorite spot right in front of the fridge, where the air off the coils helped keep him warm.

The two of us continued to sit there, deep in our own thoughts, as we sipped at our drinks. Finally, I spoke up, saying "As much as it pains me to say it, they had some valid points."

Julie looked at me as though I'd just sprouted another head.

I sighed, and added "I know Woof's still a dog, but they were right about some things. First, he can't get them pregnant. Second, I think we can be pretty sure he's not going to tell anyone." - that got me a dirty look from Julie, which I ignored as I went on to say "As for whether or not they can get any diseases - I just don't know. I'm inclined to think they can't; at least nothing sexual. I suppose there's a chance they could get something else, but I'm still tempted to think not."

"Surely, you're not approving!"

"Whether I approve or not, they've already been doing it. Sure, we can tell them to stop, and they might even do it for a while - but do you really think they'd stop for good



without having some kind of alternative? What do we do? Get each of them a dildo or vibrator? Find a friendly doctor that'll fix them up with contraception so I CAN give them the sexual relief they're after? Have me make love with them anyway, and roll the dice? Tell me: what other options do we have?"

Julie just sat there, her jaw working without any noise coming out.

I sighed, and said "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to come down on you like that. Both of them said that they've already been letting Woof fuck them. It doesn't seem to have done them any harm - other than feeling guilty about hiding it from us. I can vouch for the fact that it sure as hell hasn't gotten in the way of their wanting to make love with ME. It sure doesn't seem to have hurt Woof any. Yes, it flat throws me off, the idea of them letting Woof fuck them - but as long as it's only sometimes, and they don't want to do it JUST with him, I'm having a hard time finding any reason they can't or shouldn't. If you think about it like they're using him as a method of contraception, it actually kind of makes sense."

"What do you mean, a method of contraception?" Julie demanded.

"Look, they're only doing it during their periods - as in, when they're fertile. But because he's a dog, he can't get them pregnant. So, they're getting fucked like they want, but doing it in a way that **guarantees** they can't get pregnant - as in absolutely ZERO chance. Even the Pill and IUDs aren't that good. That he can't tell anyone or give them anything only makes it better."

Julie stared at me for several minutes, obviously thinking over what I'd just said.

"You're serious", she finally said.

I shrugged, and said "Unless you can come up with some way to keep them from doing it again, I don't see a lot of choice anyway. You heard Karen say that he's their LAST choice, not the first. From the way they act when they're with me, I don't doubt for a second that they'd rather be making love with a guy than letting a dog fuck them."

"But..." Julie started to say, then stopped.

"But what? They told us how it started - as an accident. They didn't just start bending over and letting Woof start humping them; they thought it through and did their research, just like we told them they had to do before starting with us. What do we have to complain about, really, if they found a solution to a problem that we didn't anticipate? Sure, neither one of us particularly likes the solution, but that doesn't change the fact that it works FOR THEM. Both of us were hung up on the brother-sister thing, but we got past that, and we're making each other - and them - happy now. We went outside the box to find a solution to OUR problem, and wound up making the box bigger. They've gone outside the box again - do we leave them there, or just enlarge the box some more?"

"I still don't think they should be using a dog to get off", Julie told me.

"Fine - I don't think they SHOULD, either. But until and unless we can find a working alternative, that's what they've got. If you want to, we can try the other options, and see how that works - if one of them does, I'd be delighted. But I'm not willing to bet money that any of them will accomplish what you want - for the twins to give up having a live penis, even a dog's, bringing them pleasure while they're having their periods."

We sat there and worked out a strategy that both of us could use before finishing our drinks and heading upstairs to have a talk with the twins. Presenting them with a united front, we explained that having sex with Woof was something that was pretty unusual, and certainly illegal. We went on to tell them that if they wanted - and they did - we would get them some sex toys to try, instead of letting Woof hump them. Julie didn't much appreciate it when both of them pointed out that Woof was their method of last resort - that they'd tried almost everything else to find the kind of pleasure they got from actually making love: their hands, various inanimate objects, and so on. Both made it abundantly clear that their first choice was a real, live GUY (more specifically, *me*).

When bedtime came around, Julie opted to sleep alone that night. I knew that she was upset with me, but didn't say anything - I could only trust that her innate fairness and good sense would eventually let her realize that once she got rid of the emotional charge of what we'd seen, the reasonableness of it would prevail. It took nearly a week, but she eventually returned to sharing my bed at night.

As we'd promised, we found a way to get the twins a few sex toys - a couple of different dildoes, and a vibrator. They liked them, and used them with considerable enthusiasm - but they still sometimes used Woof as a substitute for me. They could tell that it bothered Julie more than it did me, at first, and they were a lot more careful to avoid letting her find out what they had been doing. That meant that there were a few times that I would go upstairs to discover one or the other of them on her hands and knees, being enthusiastically pounded by Woof - a sight that soon had me sporting erections when I found them like that.

It took a few months, but Julie finally learned to accept what they were doing. She never really endorsed it, but seemed willing enough to leave them alone - and as she did, the twins gradually became more and more open about what they were doing; as they did, Julie or I had more and more chances to see them - or even watch.

---

I continued to work for Gus while attending school. Julie and I got together to plan my class schedule as soon as the course listings were available, and we were always able to keep the conflict between my classes and work to a minimum. Along the way, I earned another raise from Gus after my reorganization plan was implemented. It took the better part of a year - we decided to stretch it out a little - but when it was complete, there was a marked increase in office efficiency. And that increase flowed out onto the production

floor, lowering our expenses and allowing us to increase sales and profits. Everyone got a pretty hefty bonus for Christmas that year - and Gus and the office staff made sure the production people knew how it came about.

For their sixteenth birthday, Julie and I took the twins down to the clinic, where both were set up with IUDs. We celebrated with a weekend-long sex marathon that had the folks in the office asking me if I was okay the following Monday morning. With nothing to stop them from making love with me, Kathy and Karen both quickly tapered off letting Woof have them - something that relieved Julie considerably.

The rest of my time going to college, I had the willing company of all three of them, pretty much any time I wanted one of them. Julie was still my first choice, but she willingly stepped aside every so often so Kathy or Karen could have time with me. As the twins grew up, they grew out, too - both of them eventually looked like slightly smaller versions of Julie: buxom, leggy, and incredibly beautiful. As I'd expected, it didn't take long before the guys at their school started sniffing after them - and much to my relief, both of them were FAR more selective about who they went out on dates with than I could have hoped for.

My 21st birthday was on a Friday; Julie and the twins made arrangements with Gus for me to have the day off from work - then proceeded to try and kill me by all three of them ganging up on me for another sex marathon. They finally had mercy on me the third day, allowing me to rest and recover - desperately needed - with plenty of tender loving care from all three of them before I had to go back to work on Monday.

I graduated with a Computer Science degree right on schedule - I was in the Senior class while the twins were Freshmen. I kept working for Gus while they were in school, and continued to learn and study at home, after work. I thought I saw a trend developing, and wanted to be in a position to take advantage of it as soon as Kathy and Karen were out of school. Kathy and Karen both did well enough in school to get scholarships to help pay for college - something that eased the burden on us. I continued to turn my paychecks over to Julie, who managed the family finances - and managed them beautifully. By the time the twins graduated - Kathy with a degree in Accounting, Karen with one in Engineering - we had a pretty tidy nest egg set aside. I finally broke the news to Julie about what I'd been studying and thinking, and she quickly saw the potential of it. For their part, the twins wanted to find jobs at the same company, and were willing to join in with us while they looked for a company that would hire both of them.

We carefully figured out what the expenses would be - time, effort, AND financial - and decided that we could do it. We started getting things ready, and when the time came, I let Gus know about my plans - that I wanted to start my own business, developing web pages for a rapidly-growing Internet, and specifically, designing front ends to allow access to databases. To my surprise, he not only encouraged me to do it, but offered to help finance getting it started - with generous terms that would let me buy back his share of the company over several years. I talked it over with Julie, and we accepted his offer -

we thought that we could make a go of it with the money we had on hand; Gus's share would all but ensure our success.

We found a house in a semi-rural area that was for lease, with an option to buy. We paid to have a high-speed connection brought in, and made the move. It didn't take me long to find a couple of clients - the first one being Gus and his company. That was all we needed to get started. As I designed the web pages and interfaced them to the client's databases, Julie and the twins got the house remodeled to our needs, and redecorated.

With the references given me by our first few clients, it wasn't long before I had as much work as I could handle - and then some. Web page design was still a fairly new field; that I could also hook them into a customer's database - and do it so well - was sufficiently unique that I actually had people contacting ME to see if I could work for them.

I did most of the database interfacing; Karen quickly learned to help design the web pages. Julie managed the operation, with assistance from Kathy. In less than a year, we were well past 'breaking even', and were actually making more money than we'd anticipated. After having it fully inspected and appraised, Julie and I decided to take the option to buy the house - and were soon well ahead of the payment schedule set up with the bank. Of course, Gus was always FIRST on our payback list. We also had enough that each of us was able to get our own NEW car - but we kept our old Ford as a reminder, and a backup vehicle.

The twins found a company that was willing to hire both of them - and it was close enough that they could continue to live with us, and commute to work.

The few neighbors we had knew that the twins were my younger sisters - and simply assumed that Julie was my wife. We didn't do or say anything to correct them, and in a few years, we were openly living as man and wife - though without benefit of clergy, as they say. Kathy, then Karen, each found a guy she liked, and after really getting to know them, got married. Until then, though, both continued to live with Julie and me - and share beds with us up until their respective wedding nights. Even after marrying and moving in with their husbands, one or the other of them comes by every few weeks for an overnight 'visit' - mild debauch is more like it.

Julie and I were careful to never have any children of our own - neither of us wanted to roll the genetic dice that way. But we still have plenty of opportunity to have kids around the house - Karen and Kathy are both pleased as hell to bring theirs over to show off and have us spoil them. I'm not certain, but I'm pretty sure they use us as a baby-sitting service so the two of them can go off somewhere and continue to have their own fun with each other. Julie says she thinks so, too - but neither one of us minds.

Woof? He found himself a couple of lady friends - and we've got the puppies to prove it.